The Colonial Standard.

FEAR GOD. Devoted to Agriculture, Politics, Literature, Local and General News. HONOR THE QUEEN.

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S. H. HOLMES,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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FRASER & HOLMES.

New Glasgow, Oct. 8, 1858.

Daniel Chisholm,

SADDLE, TRUNK & HARNESS MAKER, UPHOLSTERER, &c.

New Glasgow, - - N. S.

Nov. 23.

Card.

JOHN McKINLAY, Barrister, Attorney, &c., &c., has removed to **South Market Street**, near the offices of the "Colonial Standard" and "Eastern Chronicle."

Pictou, November 16, 1858.

H. J. Fraser,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant;

Wholesale Dealer in

TEA, FLOUR, STOVES, & AMERICAN MANUFACTURED GOODS.

Nov. 16, 1858.

James McDonald,

BARRISTER AT LAW, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Office opposite Harper's Hotel,

CHURCH STREET, PICTOU, N. S.

John R. Noonan,

SHIP BROKER AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in Messrs. Arnison & Co.'s Building, (Formerly Custom House.)

WATER STREET, PICTOU, N. S.

W. J. Lorrain,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE AND GROCERIES.

WATER STREET, PICTOU, N. S.

MARTEN & DAVIS,

Wholesale Dealers in

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, &c.

No. 166 State St., & 54 Long Wharf,

Antonio Marten, } BOSTON.
Joseph H. Davis. }

REMOVED TO MARKET STREET.

H. R. Narraway,

MANUFACTURER OF

LEAD PUMPS, LEAD & COPPER SCUPPERS, COMPOSITION RUDDER BRACES, BUTT BOLTS, TIN & SHEET IRON WORK.

☞ Large quantity of STOVE PIPES, &c., for sale.

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THIS spacious and airy building is every way adapted for the accommodation of travellers. By his strict attention to the comforts of his visitors, and by supplying their wants, the Subscriber trusts to merit the continued patronage of the public.

☞ ALES, PORTER & OTHER LIQUORS.

JOHN MAXWELL.

Pictou, October 12th, 1858.

ACADIAN HOTEL,

Opposite West Front Province Building,

HALIFAX, N. S.

H. HESSLEIN, PROPRIETOR.

Card.

DR. WM. E. COOKE has resumed the practice of his Profession in the town of Pictou.

Residence at the House in GEORGE STREET, recently occupied by the late Mrs. William Brown.

Pictou, July 15, 1858.

SHIP CHANDLERY.

Fall, 1858.

GOURICK, Hemp and Manilla CORDAGE, Extra Bleached Navy and CANVAS, Galvanized WIRE ROPE, Oakum, Tar, Pitch, Rosin, Varnish, CHAINS, ANCHORS, Ships' Cabooses, Saddle Bags and Cabin Stoves, Patent Windlass Capstans, Iron and Composition Block Bushings, Composition, Galvanized and Iron Spikes, Banks' best Refined IRON, Glasgow Scotch IRON brand, Clinch Rings, Compasses, Deep Sea Lines, Bunting, Ensigns, Jacks, etc., etc.

For sale by BLACK BROS. & CO.

Nov. 2, 1858.

Prospectus.

We issue to-day the first number of THE COLONIAL STANDARD, a Journal to be published weekly in the Town of Pictou.

This paper will be devoted to AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, LITERATURE, and SCIENCE; and in its columns will also be found the latest and most interesting news, both foreign and domestic.

The AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT of this paper will receive our special and careful attention. Firmly believing in the vast importance of Agriculture, and considering it as the basis upon which the prosperity of a country mainly depends, it will always be our endeavor to promote its interests, and encourage its progress, both as a science and as a practical art. The science of Agriculture, and the operations of husbandry, have been more thoroughly and successfully investigated, by the laborious researches of scientific men, and the skillful and repeated experiments of practical farmers, than those of any other branch of human industry. Every science has conspired to elucidate its principles, and to illustrate the processes, upon which its remunerative prosecution depends.

We shall, therefore, from time to time, endeavor to explain these principles, and enforce upon the attention of our readers, the consideration of such points as the following:—A more thorough system of mechanical tillage; the economical preparation and preservation of manures; the selection and proper rotation of crops, suited to the soil and climate of this Province; the improvement of our stock, and the introduction of such labor-saving implements of husbandry, as the circumstances of the country may require. These and kindred subjects affecting the interests of Agriculture, we shall strive to treat in such a manner, as to make *The Colonial Standard* worthy of the patronage of the farmer.

In its POLITICAL DEPARTMENT, it will be a decided advocate of the principles of true CONSERVATISM. "*Fear God, and honor the Queen,*" shall be our motto. The principles of the British Constitution are our admiration, and shall be our guide; and to promote the best interests of our country shall ever be our great object. It shall be our aim to preserve and strengthen that wide-spread spirit of conservatism, which we believe to be cherished by a vast majority of the people of this Province.

We shall endeavor to keep the people fully informed upon public affairs, and shall thoroughly criticize all measures tending to affect their interests. The interests of the country, the management, and future progress to completion, will demand, and shall receive, our careful attention; and the interests of the eastern section of the Province, in relation thereto, shall be constantly kept in view.

We shall hold ourselves bound to foster that fine spirit of genuine loyalty, that influences the people of this Province, in spite of all the efforts of Howe and his party to republicanize them. We shall advocate the most perfect freedom, both civil and religious, that any people can enjoy, and we shall expose to merited ridicule and contempt all the quackeries by which the great Rasiliad press is doing the public *usque ad nauseam*, with a view to the restoration and resuscitation of a defunct party, which once and too long exercised dominion in Nova Scotia.

We shall earnestly warn the people against recalling to power that faithless and incompetent faction to whom we owe our *financial embarrassment, the bitterness of party strife*, and the inevitable curse of *party domination*.

We shall eschew falsehood and the manufacture of facts, and therefore our periodical will be conducted on principles diametrically adverse to those of the Morning *Chronicle*, the *Presbyterian Witness*, and other factories of hypocrisy and defamation.

We shall not meddle with private reputation, and we shall deal fairly with the characters of public men.

We shall assume the perfect equality of all religious denominations, and assert and defend the indisputable right of private judgment, in matters of faith, showing the value we set on our own religious freedom, by the scrupulous respect we are willing to pay to that of our neighbor; and we shall have frequent occasion to admire the odor of sanctity which sheds its benign influence over the columns of the Liberal press, and on the somewhat suddenly-awakened conscience of Joseph Howe, that curious champion of Protestantism.

We shall occasionally amuse our readers by analysing the affected religious fervor with which the editor of the *Presbyterian Witness* is wont to fall upon his knees and thank God for the defeat of a Conservative candidate. And we shall guage the full measure and depth of that all-absorbing love of pure and undefiled religion, which has so suddenly seized the minds of Howe, Young, Annand, and the whole troop of Great Radical iconoclasts, who have raised the hue and cry against Romanism, and pledged themselves to the utter extirpation of superstition and idolatry.

Finally, we shall make our paper useful, amusing, and instructive, to all classes of readers; and shall always bear in mind the motto which we have adopted for *The Colonial Standard*.

PICTOU, Oct. 12, 1858.

Subtract from many modern poets, all that may be found in Shakspeare, and trash will remain.—*Colton.*

Satan is a subtle angler, and uses great cunning in the casting of his net, and searching out the vein of water, where every one is delighted.

Literature.

EDGAR AND ATHELWOLF.

A TALE OF ENGLAND IN OLDEN TIME.

If we extend our researches back to a period of five, seven, or ten centuries ago, and examine the general aspects of the human race at that remote date, we shall discover that man was then as he is at the present day. We know that the world constantly advances in science and art, but when we look at man in the early ages of the world, we see that he is still the same being as formerly. The same passions govern him, the same motives hold sway over him, and he is still the same creature of circumstances. Love, revenge and avarice, the three potent agents in his heart, have retained their hold upon him in no degree the aspect of humanity is the same in all ages and in all lands.

But whether it be that in our day men in high places have learned to dissemble their passions with a cloak of deception, or that crowned heads are in reality more of men and less of demons, it is a certainty that the day of kingly tragedies is past and gone. Here and there, in the countries of Europe, we may find a relic of the feudal ages, a waif which has floated down the stream of time, preserved by some chance intact amid the wreck and ruin of the system of which it formed a part. Few as they are, they served to remind us of those days, happily forever gone, when the hand of every man was raised against his fellow, and the law lay in each man's strong right arm.

Peaceful and happy as is England now, rich in her manufactures, mines and well-tilled fields, her history presents a sad reverse in the past. There are more Macbeths in history than the Scottish king. There have been powerful motives, secret hates, unlawful loves, which the cold details of history have passed over untouched. What do we know of the inner, secret lives of the monarchs who rest in Westminster? Has not the tomb swallowed and shut from the world revelations, the counterpart of which were never written?

The Saxon kings who reigned in England between the period of Alfred's death and the Norman conquest on the field of Hastings, were a bad and vicious race. Coming in direct descent from that great and pious king, they more resembled the bloody Danes against whom his sword was drawn, than him. After slumbering dormant for centuries, the vices and passions of the earlier Saxons, who strove for ages with the Romans for the mastery, seemed to have been revived in their descendants. The period embracing all the years from Alfred's death to the invasion of William of Normandy, might have its history appropriately written in blood with the dagger's point. Kingly vice and crime were rampant, and the priestly rule and authority of the times confirmed and suffered it without rebuke. In many instances the crown was but a faithful ally in support of the mitre, and the head that carried the former was not oftener engaged in devising schemes of evil than that upon which the latter rested.

Two centuries, or even more, after the events of years thereafter, there reigned a king in England, by the name of Edgar. Coming to the throne when a mere boy, scarce fifteen years of age, he placed no check upon his vicious indulgences. He reigned for himself, and not for his people; his aim was the gratification of his own desires, let the cost be what it might. There have descended to us, it is true, instances of his generalship and ability, for such he should be doubled in number, they would still be much overbalanced by his crimes. His character is handed by monks in written parchment, but the lie is given to this by the revelations of impartial history.

And yet Edgar was not all a cruel, wicked despot. Far worse men than he have been unjustly praised in prejudiced biography, and there have been kings in England to the wickedness of whose deeds he never approached, even in his greatest excesses. But considered as a monarch, as a man who should live a pure and stainless life as an example to his subjects and a pattern to his successor, he was, in truth, wofully deficient. This much is necessary to be said in order that we may rightly understand the tale of his strange bridal.

Chief among the courtiers and followers in the train of Edgar was Athelwolf, who was at this time of equal age with the monarch. Both were young, not more than twenty-five years of age. Whether it was that the courtier shaped his tastes and pursuits after those of his master, or that constant companionship had assimilated them, it matters little; we know that their characters were strikingly alike. They had been companions when boys, before Edgar bore the diadem on his brow, and thus we find them grown up together from childhood.

And yet there lay between them but little love; their friendship was far different from that of Damon and Pythias. It was rather the selfishness which binds two persons together, each expecting to be benefitted, and caring for nothing beyond. King Edgar regarded Athelwolf as a dependent; he saw in him only the servile hireling who could pander to his vicious tastes and procure for him unlawful pleasures. And Athelwolf bore no superfluous good will to Edgar. While the king sustained and protected him in his evil employments, defending him from the just vengeance of others—while he kept him in the position of courtier and confidant, thus raising him in the eyes of the good and virtuous to a high esteem, his time, his arm, his goodwill was for the king and against his enemies. It was thus that affairs stood at the opening of our story.

King Edgar had granted audience to the nobles and commons, and at the close of the day he sent a messenger to Athelwolf, demanding his presence at the royal apartment. The courtier entered the room and was about to sink on his knee before the king who was reclining, his countenance overspread with weariness, when Edgar bade him desist.

"Nay, Athelwolf," he said, "we will dispense with the forms of court for the while. I have called you that you might render your advice and assistance."

"They are ever at your majesty's command," responded the counsellor.

"Tush, Athelwolf, use no such kingly salutations now. You are to serve me as a friend in this business; let majesty rest for a time."

"As it pleases," was the response.

Athelwolf saw that the business was important, and that his help was greatly needed; therefore he threw off the etiquette that is habitual to a courtier.

"Tell me, Athelwolf, saw you ever the Lady Elfrida, the daughter of Olgar, Earl of Devonshire?"

"Never with my own eyes, but the beauty of her person and the grace of her deportment have been wide spread through the kingdom."

"This much I know," returned the monarch; "my ears have been constantly filled with the praises of the Lady Elfrida. Every officer of the court hath ever something to report concerning this paragon, and my curiosity is fully aroused in the matter. It is a highly trifling office which you are now to perform for me, Athelwolf, and I do but do according to my desire, I will reward you beyond your hopes."

"Say on, my lord; if it be possible in accomplishment, it shall be done."

"Thanks, Athelwolf, for your zeal; but the business is delicate, not difficult. I would have you go to the castle of my Lord Olgar of Devonshire, not as the servant of the king, remember you, but as a gentleman of his household, employed upon no business at present—merely seeking diversion. Become acquainted with his daughter; observe her well as to her beauty of body and mind; converse with her and try her wit, and after tarrying for a period, return with all haste to me and say whether she might be deemed perfect fitted for Edgar's bride. Will you undertake this faithfully?"

"I will, your majesty; I will betake me to the road upon the early morrow, and return with all convenient speed."

"Yet stay a moment, Athelwolf. I confide this trust to you because I know you to be crafty and secret, and I wish you now to use all your craft and secrecy. By no look, word or action, must you betray the presence and interest of your king in this matter. Heed this, if nothing else."

A frown rested upon the brow of Athelwolf, as he thought by whose instrumentality he had become crafty and dark in purpose, but he restrained his emotions, and with another assurance of fidelity, left the apartment. According to his promise, he started forth upon his mission the following morning. His thoughts were busy as he rode some distance in advance of his escort, and he revolved in his mind the apparent hesitancy of the king in confiding the business to full faith of—that he was held in distrust by Edgar, and that he reposed but little confidence in him. He saw that it was possible the king might procure a substitute, and dismiss him from his service; and his further reflections assumed the form of a soliloquy.

"If I can turn the present business to my advantage with no great detriment to myself," he mused; "my affection for Edgar will not forbid it. And yet, his reward may be greater than I think for at present; but if I, myself, might win the prize, aside from the object of my visit—"

He paused as if plunged into a deeper train of thought. He had even now begun to calculate the comparative rewards of faithfulness or treachery to the king, and it was evident from his manner that the claims of friendship and the sacredness of the trust reposed in him, had but slight weight in his mind. The courtier and his escort reached Devonshire Castle at the close of the day, and the hospitable lord admitted them, without question as to their rank. Athelwolf represented himself as a gentleman without rank, travelling to the residence of a friend, which he expected to reach the next day.

The earl was in the prime of life; a staunch supporter of the king. The Lady Elfrida was introduced, and much as Athelwolf had heard of her beauty, he was amazed to behold it. She was, in truth, beautiful enough to turn the brain of all the lords in the kingdom. Her figure was tall and queenly; her face as lovely as the seraph faces which are pictured upon the canvass of the old masters; her long, black hair was suffered to fall in braids down her back, and her every motion, and expression of feature was replete with witchery. In her conversation with Athelwolf, she assumed an air of innocent familiarity and smiling friendliness which completely fascinated him, and his mission, duty to his king—everything was forgotten but how he might win the love of the peerless Elfrida!

But he was cautious in his proceedings, and although father and daughter plainly regarded him with approbation, he would not press his object with too much zeal upon this, his first visit. He spent the night at the castle, and the next morning reluctantly departed, after having first promised to repeat his visit at some future day.

Again in the saddle, he had an opportunity to reflect upon what his future course should be. Should he remain faithful to his king and sacrifice his own passion, or should Edgar be deceived that his love might flourish? The struggle would have been a severe one to a man of principle and honor, but with Athelwolf these sentiments were strangers. His only question was as to the *safety* of the proceeding; if this could be arranged to his satisfaction, he would hesitate not long in his course; he knew that the impetuous temper of Edgar would brook no deception, least of all upon such an affair as this. But love blinded him; he saw but the prize to be gained him, and he quickly resolved upon his course.

We may find some slight extenuation for his conduct in the ardor of his love, though stern duty admits of no such palliation. But his duplicity brought its own punishment, and the sequel was a terrible vengeance upon his head. Upon his arrival at the royal palace, he instantly sought the king, who waited to receive him with anxious watchings.

"Speak, Athelwolf," said the king, eagerly; "have we heard right of the Lady Elfrida?"

The courtier, with a simulated expression of sorrow upon his face, hesitated a moment, and Edgar impatiently repeated the question.

"Ah, your majesty, I fear to level all your hopes by my words."

The king was visibly affected by the answer, but in a calm tone he bade the courtier give an account of his interview and his whole impressions.

"Your majesty," said Athelwolf, "when I undertook this business my heart failed me lest my report should not equal your desire, and perhaps my unwillingness was wrongly considered by you. But I have done your bidding, and though you censure the evil tongues who have spread false reports concerning the beauty of the Lady Elfrida, at least acquit me of all blame."

"That I will promise you, my faithful friend; and now continue."

"So sooner did I behold the lady than my soul was filled with indignation at the base liars who have so deceived your majesty. I would not tell you that Elfrida is ugly or deformed, but the homeliness of her features and the stoop of her body as she walks, would well warrant me in saying it. She has a—but why should I continue, when my words would wound your heart? She is old and unhandsome, and although her mind be great in learning, she is no fitting bride for a king."

Edgar mistrusted not the speech of the courtier, and though his disappointment was great, he soon recovered from it. He consoled himself with the thought that there were fair maidens enough in England, and the matter was dismissed from his mind.

It was sometime before Athelwolf ventured to continue his plot, but at the proper moment he cautiously opened the matter to Edgar, saying that although Elfrida might not be a proper queen to sit beside Edgar on the throne, and although he had at first felt great repugnance to her, still, in view of her father's title and wealth, he had thought that he should be sufficiently pleased with her as a wife, to sacrifice something to obtain her hand. The craft and cunning of the courtier disarmed the king's suspicions, and he readily gave his consent.

Athelwolf now surmounted the most difficult part of his task, and he flew to Devonshire Castle immediately upon leaving the king. There he was welcomed by the earl and his daughter, the latter taking the occasion to show her preference to him. He pressed his suit with all the ardor of his impetuous nature, and the Lady Elfrida smiled graciously upon him. He had explained to the earl that he was an officer of high rank in the king's household, and his consent to marriage was not withheld. In short, the lapse of a few weeks from the time of Athelwolf's arrival made him the husband of the Lady Elfrida.

Thus far he had prospered; but with the object of his pursuit gained, his peace of mind was gone forever. Harassing fear lest the king should chance to see his bride and learn his deception, seized him, and his slumbers at night were broken and fitful. Elfrida was kept carefully secluded at Devonshire, and his heart was tortured with doubt as to the result of the stratagem.Ead by both his wife and Edgar with queries as to why Elfrida was not presented at court, his cunning was taxed to the utmost to invent subterfuges and evasions. It was at this crisis of affairs that the first deeply-seated suspicions of the king was aroused, and his doubts were shortly after confirmed by the receipt of a communication from a secret enemy of Athelwolf, whose jealousy of the latter's power incited him to the step, revealing the duplicity of Athelwolf, and advising the king to visit him at Devonshire and judge for himself of Elfrida's charms.

Edgar was deeply moved. He was, as has been said, a man of strong passions, and the discovery of this deliberate fraud by one in whom he had placed his confidence, and in a matter which related so nearly to his own welfare, enraged him beyond all bounds. That the prize should be wrested from him in so underhanded a manner was a cause for resentment in his mind; but deeper than this lay the insult which it implied to the *king*. As a man he might have forgotten, if not forgiven it; but as a king, it rankled in his breast like a barbed arrow. Dissembling his anger, he commanded Athelwolf to be called.

"My friend," said the king, in a calm tone, "why have you so long neglected to bring your lately-wedded bride into our presence? Is it meet that you should continue in this bad example?"

The blood forsook the cheeks of the courtier, and he attempted to stammer out an equivocal reason for his conduct, but Edgar cut him short with an appearance of sternness which was, doubtless, real.

"Enough, enough, Sir Athelwolf; attempt no denial of your unwillingness! I fear me that your fears speak louder than your loyalty, but we can suffer this subterfuge no longer. Upon the day after to-morrow I shall visit you and your bride at Devonshire. See well to it that you fail not to have suitable preparation made for our coming."

"But your majesty," commenced the horror-struck Athelwolf, sinking almost to the floor in the excess of his fears, "the castle at Devon is not in readiness for a royal visit, and—"

"And never will be while the wife of Sir Athelwolf lives therein!" answered Edgar, to whom the exhibition of the wretched Athelwolf's fears seemed a confession of his guilt. "Hence, on the instant, sir knight, and prepare your wife for a visit at the court of Edgar, after the royal visit. According to common report, her beauty has reappeared since her marriage."

Athelwolf retired from the royal apartment, seemingly abashed and humbled, but in reality desperate and moody. He knew not what to do, what course of action to pursue. How would Elfrida regard him if he should reveal all his duplicity to her, and what would be the consequences should he allow Edgar to behold his beautiful wife? His thoughts distracted him through the day, and when the night came he tossed in feverish sleep upon his couch.

In the morning he was decided. He saw but one course to pursue; and that, to throw himself upon the mercy of Elfrida, reveal all to her, and ask her to appear to the king as he had represented her to him—old, ugly and repulsive. Ah, he had to learn, to his sorrow, the pride which the beautiful Elfrida had hid from him; he had yet to learn the hate and revenge of which she was capable!

He was in the saddle at sunrise, and unattended and alone rode madly towards Devonshire. He used the spur freely, but his steed could not keep pace with the rapidity of his thoughts. His mind was engrossed with one absorbing idea; with Elfrida rested his fate! And what was it to be—life or death? Athelwolf could not decide. He had wooed and won Elfrida simply for her beauty; she had fascinated him, and he became her husband. Of her inner being, of her thoughts, feelings and impulses, he knew nothing; he knew not even if she loved him; he was to her Sir Athelwolf, and she to him—an enigma!

Thus it was, and keenly did he feel that the solving of this enigma would give him life or death. Not that he feared Edgar for himself; gladly would he have met him in single combat if it could have availed him aught, but it could not. It was the king's power against the hand of every noble in the land would be raised against the regicide, and the stake, perhaps, would be his fate.

He drew up his panting steed at the gates of Devon ere the sun had set, and entering the house, called for Elfrida. She came forth at the sound of his voice, surprised, and apparently annoyed at his sudden appearance. He gazed upon her a moment, as if seeking to read her state of mind, and then motioned her to a seat. Never heeding his gesture, she said:

"My lord, what agitates you?—your face is pale and haggard, your dress disordered, and your eyes blazed and bloodshot! Why this sudden and hasty arrival?"

"Elfrida, be calm and I will tell you all. Listen to what I am about to say, and then decide my fate."

She was about to speak, but he continued in a rapid voice, now and then tremulous with emotion:

"My wife, it needs not that I should repeat the story of my love; you know it best. The first time that my eyes rested upon you, on that fatal day, I loved you; loved you with a criminal zeal. Know Elfrida, that my love for you caused me to forget my honor, my loyalty, my manhood! Your fatal beauty ensnared me, lured me, as I fear to destruction."

Athelwolf paused, mastered by his emotions. He seemed to realize now for the first time the enormity of his offence; the flagrant breach of trust of which he had been guilty.

"Elfrida," he continued, "when you first beheld me, I was engaged upon a secret message for the king. Edgar had heard reports of your wondrous beauty, and had selected me to judge of their truth. You start and pale! Hold for a moment and hear me out. I saw you—I loved you. Duty in vain admonished me to stand firm to my trust; I had resolved to risk everything for you, life, honor, all! I decoyed the king and won you. My life since then has been rife with fears which were not considered ere the deed was done past hope of amendment. And now the king has learned of my deception, and to-morrow he comes hither to behold you with his own eyes!"

Elfrida received his words in silence. Her color came and went, and her bosom heaved with excitement, although Athelwolf could not tell its nature. But there seemed little of gentleness or love in her countenance, and her heart was untouched by his wild emotion.

"And what would you that I should do, Sir Athelwolf?" she said. "Speak your whole thoughts that I may know in what manner to act."

"My beloved Elfrida!" he exclaimed, rapturously, "if you will but do as I shall say, I will bless you forever! I would have you mask your charms, conceal your beauty in such a way that Edgar shall feel that I served him faithfully. You can paint and distort your features into a semblance of ugliness, and alter your tones from their present softness to harsh and unmusical sounds. Do this, Elfrida, if you love me!"

"Enough, my lord," she replied, "it shall be as you say. I will simulate a shape of ugliness which shall confirm your words to the king, and if I save you I shall be amply rewarded!"

"Dearest!" exclaimed the now happy Athelwolf, clasping her in his arms; "your reward shall be in your lord's true love forevermore!"

"Nay, my lord, the work is not yet accomplished; woman's wit as well as woman's cunning must be employed. You must be absent when the King arrives, and shortly after enter the apartment in great haste; hence he will think you just arrived, and not having yet been with me, the deception will appear perfectly truthful."

"I leave it all to you, Elfrida; save me from the wrath of Edgar, and henceforth you are my all!"

All the night he was by her side, and lingered around her in the morning as if he feared to lose her protection.

Shortly after sunrise she bade him hasten to the wood and await the coming of the king. He departed reluctantly from her; but scarcely had she heard the castle gate close, when a change came over her. Rising from her seat, she paced the room in haste, her queenly form dilating with excitement, and her eyes, before so soft and gazelle-like, now flashed with scorn. At last she stopped before a mirror, and thus gave vent to her passion:

"Fool, fool! to think to bind me to him after telling me of the king's passion which he so basely betrayed! And now shall Elfrida be content to dwell with his equal and call him lord—Elfrida who fired the heart of Edgar! Ha! ha! ha! I had been from me! A [illegible] comes hither! [illegible] fairer now than ever before; Edgar shall bow before me and make me queen! But Athelwolf—ah, he deceived and betrayed me, and I will punish him not. He would have me disguise myself—Edgar shall this day behold my more beautiful than ever did Athelwolf, and my hand shall be the reward of the king for the murder of the husband!"

With these words the ambitious woman betook herself to her chamber, from which she emerged, ready to receive the king, clothed in splendid apparel well fitting the elegance of her figure, her flair sparkling with pearls, and her face radiant with pleasurable smiles. The gallop of a horse at the court announced the king's arrival, and he presently entered the room where sat Elfrida in waiting. She was about to fall upon her knee, when he restrained her, saying:

"Nay, beautiful creature, rather permit me to kneel to you!" which he did and kissed her hand.

He gazed a moment upon the features of Elfrida, and then, in a low and pleading tone, said:

"And is this the Elfrida who was torn from me by vile deceit and wrong?"

"It is, your majesty; and you have but to say whether or not the author of your wrongs is to live."

"Ha! say you so? Can it be that your love is for me? But speak—what would you have me do?"

"Hist—we have both been deceived by the same man; that man is in the wood just beyond the castle, and you wear a sword!"

"Stay a moment!" cried Edgar; "if I do slay dead which you from him forever, will the hand be mine?"

"If it so please you; none other should possess it."

The king tarried but to press his lips to those of the willing Elfrida, and drawing his sword, he rushed out in search of Athelwolf. He soon turned in a short time, his bloody hands and frenzied manner the best evidences of his success.

"Henceforth, sweet Elfrida!" he cried, "thou shalt be Edgar's, and his alone!"

The body of the miserable Athelwolf was discovered in the wood, pinned to a tree by a dagger of the retrenchful monarch. It was buried by the servitors of the castle, and the name of Athelwolf was forgotten. But not entirely forgotten, for One still lived who could absolve him from his soul the guilt of the fearful deed. Edgar and Elfrida were married, and for years they reigned over the realm; the ties of mutual love were not theirs. Palsying crime, the purity of love could not be kept from them, and their after lives were retribution for their heads. Edgar filled an early grave, a victim of unguardened passion; while his queen, the once beautiful Elfrida, dragged out a longer term of crime and wretchedness, neglected, despised and forsaken.

And thus our story ends. It may be considered as an example of that truth which is stranger than fiction, this narrative being strictly and historically true in every particular. And thus the moral: we may learn from it that wickedness, urged on to crime by lawless passion, surely brings its own retribution; and that kingly power, although arrogating to itself royal license, can no exception to the rule.

Don Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the great discoverer, gives this description of his father: "The Admiral was a well formed man, above the usual stature, with a long face and somewhat high cheek bones, without any aspect either of fullness or leanness. His nose was aquiline, his complexion pale and lighted up with lively colors. In his youth he had had light hair, which by his thirtieth year, had become all white."—*Histoire del Sig. Fernando Colombo*, Italian version, Milan, 1614.

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