

MAGICIAN OF JUDEA.

The shades of an eastern twilight had gathered into gloom over the Camp of the Crusaders after their march towards Ascalon and the busy hum and bustle of Knights, their men at arms and steeds had ceased, giving the place of quiet and calm to what had before been a scene of uproar and confusion; here and there among the tents might be seen the stalwart form of a sentinel with his bright cuirass and morion glittering in the moonbeams which was just rising over the mountains of Holy Palestine.

The part of the camp at which our tale begins, was that occupied by the followers of the English King, whose tent in the centre and immediately surrounded by his principal knights and nobles, was distinguished by the banner of St. George, which waved and floated about in the dull sickly breeze as if it too felt the enervating effects of a climate which had already made fatal inroads into this fine army. Sentinels posted within short distances of each other, armed cap-a-pie guarded and protected it on every side, whilst the entrance was defended by two gigantic henchmen, who completely cased in armour, stood leaning on their ponderous axes with arms folded like statues of solid steel. The attention of one of the last named men was suddenly called to the figure of a man advancing towards him muffled in an ample cloak, which aided by the shade of the canvas of the tent in which he moved proved an effectual disguise, whether this was the object of the intruder or not.

"What would you," exclaimed the guard stepping forward and raising his weapon over his head, "stand forth, and tell me what would you here?"

"I would speak with a Christian Knight, one Sir Vere Hubert, by whose commands I am here."

"Now by the mass, Filo Hugh," said the sentinel to his fellow soldier, "here is a pretty knave—faith, thou shalt give us a better account of thyself than that, or by St. George you go no farther, unless you pay toll—three broad pieces."

"Ay, toll, Morrison," replied his companion, "tell him pay it down; but speak softly man, or by the cross we shall have St. Vere among us."

"Leave it to me to adjust; thou well knowest my art at such things," replied the first; "well, sirrah, let us see the contents of thy purse; if thou valuest a whole skin be quick."

"Peace," said the stranger, advancing, and bending towards the sentinel, "see you this signet, or do you refuse to acknowledge it?" so saying he dropped a massive gold ring into the broad hand of the man.

The demeanour of the man at arms was instantly changed, for drooping the point of his weapon, he raised his morion, drew aside the curtain forming the door of the royal tent, and respectfully held it whilst the stranger went in; then carefully replacing it, he resumed his position.

Scarcely had the muffled figure entered the outer apartment, when a Knight completely armed, advanced towards him from the remote end of the room, seized him by the arm, and drew him towards the light which proceeded from a huge brazen lamp on a tripod in the centre.

"Whom have we here," he exclaimed; "by my soul the careless knaves will admit Saladin himself next."

"They have but admitted thy servant, the meanest of that great leader's followers," replied the person addressed "who comes by thy request, and not by any will of his own."

"Oh, Ebn Ben Seid, the wise man of Seir," exclaimed Sir Vere, releasing him, "pardon my lack of courtesy, Sir Magician, but thou art somewhat late, I marvel greatly that thou wert not punctual."

"The sun is not more true to his course, than Ebn Ben Seid to his time, but know Christian that it depends not upon the Prophet, but upon the Ruler of Destinies, whose will I foretell."

"Well be it so," replied the Knight; "I pretend not to see what my fate may be, nor would I know, for it matters little when death comes, if I die like a good warrior and true."

"The book of fate is open to all," said the sage, "to King and Noble, to Knight and vassal, and though some are more glorious than others, all are alike sure, are alike certain, none may avoid fate."

"It may be so Ebn," resumed Sir Vere, "it may be even so, but you come not to tell what shall befall me, but one, whose life is of more account, than one thousand such as Vere Hubert, his faithful follower."

"Who mean you," said Seid; "nearest thou the bright star of your Nazarene hosts, your leader to battle?"

"I mean," replied the Knight, "Richard Plantagenet, Richard the lion-heart, Englands King."

"Said I otherwise," resumed the Magician. "Is not this recorded; did I not see it written ere I came? there now hovers o'er the royal dwelling, a bright star! be its signs for good or evil, I shall unravel."

"Doff then thy heavy cloak," said the Knight, "and follow me."

The magician slowly divested himself of

his ample outer garment, and displayed the person of a venerable looking old man, slightly bent, but possessing a vigour which might naturally belong to one of much fewer years. He was arrayed in a rich eastern dress, which was fastened around the waist with a large sash or girdle, wrought with various signs and emblems, among which the heavenly bodies were most conspicuous. His head, contrary to the custom of the east was covered with a high conical cap, the top of which was crowned with a jewel which glittered as the light danced on it.

"Lead on," he exclaimed, "into the presence of him who would know what shall happen, and Allah be propitious."

"The Holy Virgin be praised replied the knight, "that I am not thus ambitious; for by my honor, I see not why our Royal leader should thus consult those heathens instead of fighting them."

"It is his destiny," said the astrologer: "know that he can no more remove from the path determined by fate, than the cedars of Lebanon may migrate to the gates of Mecca; yet lead on, my son, for time wears, and I must return ere the sun shall shine on the top of Arrarat."

"You shall have your desire, Ebn," resumed Sir Vere, and passing across the room followed by the Sage, he raised the canvass, and they both stood in the presence of him they sought.

Reclining upon a pile of cushions at the farther end of the apartment, was the object of their visit; his head supported by his hand, showed the full bold features of Richard, which were turned towards the ceiling of the room; his right hand rested on the handle of his massive axe, of which he made so good a use. A little apart stood a richly dressed page, with folded arms, intently gazing at the silver lamp which hung from the roof.

"Ha! who have we here," exclaimed the king, starting from his recumbent position. "Vere, what brings you into our presence uncalled?—say."

"The orders of my noble master," replied the knight, pointing to the magician, which were to introduce you wise man."

"Ebn Ben Seid of Seir," said Richard, "welcome sir Sage—advance to our presence, for we would know something of thy science."

"The poor knowledge thy servant possesses, is but little of itself; but I have that revealed which may satisfy my lord."

"We are willing to think so," replied the king, "for we have heard much of thy knowledge among the fastnesses of Judea; our faithful Hubert has but done our desire by bringing thee here."

"I have already said," said the Astrologer "that my poor knowledge will avail little of itself, yet Allah be praised, that I weak mortal as I am, am permitted to read the future from the vast book above."

"Ha! it is well the monk is gone," replied Richard smiling, "or else Sir Sage, we should have paid dear to Holy Mother Church for this—by St. George, is it not so Sir Vere?"

"Most true, my noble Prince," returned the Knight, crossing himself, "and not without reason would he be harsh in this matter."

"Thou art superstitious, Sir Knight," replied the king frowning; "I say thou art superstitious; come forward Sir Magician, we would see a specimen of thy vaunted powers."

Advancing into the centre of the room, without replying, the Astrologer traced a circle, and kneeling upon one knee, he undid the costly girdle from the waist, and taking from its full folds a small casket of gold richly and curiously wrought, with the signs of the zodiac, in the most precious stones of the east, he placed some incense on the top, and putting the whole in the centre, he drew a scroll from his bosom and commenced an incantation. After proceeding thus for some moments, he took the large ruby from his cap, and having traced a few characters within the circle, he laid both aside, and turned to the king.

"What would you?" asked the king.

"Thy palm," replied the sage.

"Thou hast it," said Richard, holding forth his open hand: "read there—thou hast a brave book."

Long did the magician pause over the object of his study ere he raised his eyes; and as he did a shade of doubt passed over his features.

"Wouldst thou O king," he said, "that I tell thee what shall happen to thee whether for good or evil; for Allah forbid that I should speak aught of falsehood."

"We would know of the future, Sir Sage," replied the king: "speak all thou wouldst say without fear."

Releasing the hand he held, the magician resumed the scroll, and kneeling by the side of the circle, he recommenced his incantation: suddenly a dense volume of smoke burst from the casket containing the incense curling upwards until the top formed the apex of a pyramid, the base resting on the outer rim of the magic line.

"Kael, spirit of darkness," exclaimed the Astrologer, "keeper of the destinies of man—I command thee by my power to speak."

"What wouldst thou of me," replied a hol-

low voice from the cloud; "speak that I may return to darkness."

"Spirit of evil," returned the magician, "I would know what shall befall he who is now before thee—he at whose command thou hast been summoned to earth; tell to him the future."

"Twere well," replied the voice, "if the islander of the north had never sought fame on the burning deserts of the south."

"Ha!" exclaimed Richard.

"Silence!" muttered the Sage.

"I see the wild storm of the north, and the burning wind of the south have met with desperate fury, and the scattered south is broken up and flying—but again it gathers—there rides the foremost cloud black and dark—the lion in his course—fly—fly—for Ælia, fly—there lurks among the north winds, birds of ill omen, one of gaudy plumage has darted suddenly at the throat of another of more might and strength; he flies away towards the north, and the winds disperse, the whole is broken and gone. The lion of the north has fallen into the power of the birds of ill omen, and long will it be ere he is free, yet he is released and returns to find his lair filled with serpents and scorpions; he drives them forth and vanishes."

"Goes the light suddenly out," said the Astrologer, hoarsely, "or goes it gradually forth?"

"The time is past," screamed the Spirit; "seek to know no more."

As this was said, the cloud gradually melted away, and left the Prince and the Sage, with the Page and Sir Vere.

"Prince of England," exclaimed the Sage as the King threw himself back on his couch "if thou art wise, thou wilt never see the walls of Jerusalem; if thou art wilful, proceed—say no more." So saying, he gave up the casket, replaced it in his girdle, put the scroll in his bosom, and bending thrice lowly before his royal auditor, he signed to Sir Vere to depart.

"Sage of Seir," said Richard, "we would reward thee; receive a guerdon for thy service."

"The wisdom of man may be bought with gold," replied the Magician, "as for thy servant, he desires it not; farewell, oh! Prince—be wise; and wrapping his cloak about him, he went forth from the tent, accompanied by the Knight.

"Sir Sage," exclaimed Sir Vere, as they passed the last tent of the camp, thou art now free to return to thy dark study, yet reveal to me the scene I have witnessed."

"Nazarene," replied the Magician, "I may not say; go, think on what is past, and remember the birds of ill omen. I augur by the dark clouds of the future, misfortune and ill treatment; watch well—be vigilant—be careful—farewell,—and he turned and left him standing.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.

Dear Friends—There are three things I very much wonder at:—The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, bricks and clubs into fruit trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is that men should be so foolish and even so wicked as to go to war and kill one another; if they would only let one another alone they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would only stay at home, the young women would come after them.

The Coblenz paper contains the account of an extraordinary natural phenomenon, born in that neighbourhood, of a male child with two heads, four arms and shoulders, but with only one body and two legs. The creature and mother are doing well, and if they live will put the noses of the Siamese youths out of joint.

LIFE IN MISSISSIPPI—A gentleman informs us that he started at two o'clock, p.m. the other afternoon and walked ten miles—caught twenty fish—killed five snakes—walked down two rabbits—ran a deer three miles, and would have caught him if he had not slipped off; and got back home the same evening before 4 o'clock.

A SPIRITED WISH.—The editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, says he knew an old lady who said that she wished that a stream of good Santa Cruz rum, as big as her broom handle would run down her throat from the rising to the setting of the sun.

A gentleman recently travelling in the country, called out to a boy, "where does this road go to my lad?" "Well, I don't know where it goes, but it is always here when I go by."

The following advertisement will be found in the Times of Wednesday:—A respectable young married woman is in want of a child.

After a marriage in Connecticut, the bridegroom took the parson aside most mysteriously, and whispered to him, "Cant you take the pay out in taters?"

Notices

CONCEPTION-BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbor Grace Packet

THE EXPRE Packet, being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbour Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and Portugal Cove on the following days.

FARES.
Ordinary Passengers 7s. 6d.
Servants & Children 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double Do. 1s.
And Packages in proportion.

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other Monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYDALE,
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE
PERCHARD & ROAG,
Agents, T. JOHN'S.
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the morning of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.
Ladies & Gentlemen 7s. 6d.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3 6
Single Letters 6
Double do. 1 0
And Packages in proportion.

N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES, given him.

Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR for the Cove, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'Clock in the Morning and the Cove at 12 o'Clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet-Man leaving St. JOHN'S at 8 o'Clock on those Mornings.

TERMS.
After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single 6d.
Double, Do. 1s.
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for 1. John's, &c., will be received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr. Patrick Kieley's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr. John Cruet's.

Carbonear,
June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET

On a Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on the East by the House of the late Captain STARR, and on the West by the Subscriber's

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow.
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1836.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at this Office.