

which had so recently taken place; he mourned the depravity of the young man, and shrank with sickly dread from contemplating the peril in which his child was placed. He wondered who and what the stranger could be who had so mysteriously appeared at such an eventful crisis, and then disappeared as suddenly. Something darkened the old man's vision, and raising his head, the object of his thoughts stood before him; his arms were folded on his breast, his look was bent downward, and as his face was in the shade, his features could not be distinctly seen. A violent and unaccountable tremor shook old David's frame; he arose from his seat and was about to speak, but the stranger stepped on one side, and turned quickly round to face the west. The last red streaks of departing day glared upon his sallow countenance,—they gazed long and earnestly at each other, till sympathetic emotions arising from consanguinity prevailed, and "David!"—"Jonas!" was simultaneously uttered by the long separated brothers.

"Art from the dead?" exclaimed David, shuddering as he recollected he had worn a sable habit in remembrance of his deicide.

"No, brother, I am yet amongst the living," replied Jonas, with solemnity; "and though long estranged from my family, I am now determined to do them justice; it is not necessary for me to detail the causes of my absence, nor the manner of my return; I come to demand the hand of Annie for my son."

There was a something commanding and superior in the mode of this short address that staggered David; but he mildly replied, "It may not be, brother, except with her own consent. Oh Jonas, Jonas! is your reappearance here to be the signal for renewed contention and persecution?"

"It is for you to determine that," rejoined the imperious brother; "Richard must have the girl, and that, too, without loss of time. I have most powerful reasons for this union, and, if thwarted, can move the springs of vengeance to my purpose."

"That I am somewhat in your power Jonas, I am well aware," returned the placid David, "but surely you must be fully sensible that the blow which prostrates me must also strike you down. Have you no feelings, Jonas—no lingering kindness of brotherhood?"

"Think you," replied Jonas, with a lowering look of contempt, "that long lingering years of captivity and sorrow have not wrung the blood of affection from my heart, and dried up all those sources of sweet fellowship that soften existence. Chains and the brand, and dungeons and stripes, are but poor stimulants to fond remembrance. Brother, they steel the breast—they destroy the bonds of relationship—they madden the intellect;" and he glared wildly like a maniac, "they turn a heart of flesh into a heart of stone!"

"That you may have suffered wrong, Jonas, I can believe," argued David; "but that is no reason for your turning persecutor to your name and kindred. I have not brought injury or hurt upon you, but would rather relieve than do aught to distress you; why then should you seek the downfall of me and mine?"

"I do not seek your downfall, David," answered the determined brother; "I know that what I am about will prove a benefit to all. Richard must have the girl!"

"Then, Jonas, I defy you!" vociferated the old man, clenching his fist, and holding it erect: "though all the horrors which you may have suffered become my portion; though an ignominious end should seal my doom, I will not sacrifice the happiness of my child to purchase safety."

"Your child—ha, ha, ha!" and Jonas' laugh rung wildly in the void, "your child, indeed! now this is rank mockery. You know the girl is no more your's than she is mine, though you can best tell in what part of these shingles is the unballowed grave that contains one who was, probably, her father."

A faint shriek was heard within the light-house—it was from Annie, who had been an involuntary listener to their conversation, and the last words had forced from her an exclamation of horror. David entered the building, and the poor girl fell at his knees! her pale face turned upwards to the old man, and her glaring eyes looked intently into his.

"Is it true, father? is it true?" exclaimed she, imploringly. "Say, am I not your child? tell me what fearful tale is this?"

"Annie—my own Annie!" returned the old man, his voice tremulous with anguish, and the hot tears falling upon her pallid cheeks, "Annie, my own Annie, hear me. I am a woe-stricken, heart-broken, and guilty man. There is my accuser—you are not —"

"Peace, fool!" roared Jonas, standing at the door; "would you destroy your only hope of safety? the time is not yet come—leave her for the present: I have yet much to say to you;" and he walked away.

Old David moved to follow his mysterious relative, but Annie clung to him yet tighter. "Nay, father—dearest father, for the love of those that are gone, if not for mine, do not go with that dark, bad man: indeed, you must not quit me. Say that I am your child—no, no, your hand would never deprive a fellow-creature of existence."

Another wild laugh from Jonas was succeeded by heavy groans from the tortured breast of his brother. "Oh God!" said he, "depart not from thy servant in this hour of bitter trial." He

paused a moment; and covering his face with his hands, seemed to pray inwardly; then looking at the prostrate girl, he exclaimed—"Rest quiet, my love, I shall not leave you; I will just go out and speak to this cruel wretch—but I will soon, very soon return."

He left the building, and the brothers, walking to a spot on the point, out of hearing, (which Jonas seemed to have purposely selected) they held a secret communing together. Annie was too deeply interested in what had thus so strangely come to her knowledge, not to watch their proceedings. She saw the man called Jonas vehemently urging some strong inducement on his aged relative: he pointed broad away upon the sea, and then at the upper light—he stamped his foot upon the shingly shore; he took up some of the stones as if carefully to examine them, and then dashed them into the water. He paced to and fro, using gesticulations that betokened energy of manner, and though Annie could not catch one word that was uttered, she frequently heard his sonorous voice, and his wild, unnatural laugh broke the solemn stillness of approaching night. Old David's actions were those of remonstrance and entreaty; but, at times, there was a determined firmness in his manner that betokened a resolute resistance; and thus Annie watched till their figures became gigantic in the gloom.

Darkness had overspread both land and ocean when the brothers re-entered the light-house. "Annie, my love," said David, "this is the father of the young man, Richard, and he earnestly solicits your acceptance of his son," and the old man stopped.

"And what does my father say?" inquired Anne, approaching David, and taking both his hands within her own.

"You have been a dutiful and a good girl, Annie," replied the venerable man, "the solace of my old age, and now—" he stopped again.

"What, father, what?" uttered she, looking in his face imploringly; "only say that I am your child, and Annie will do any thing to purchase a parent's peace and safety."

"I told you so," said Jonas: "the girl is reasonable, and would not let her father perish, when a small sacrifice might rescue him!"

"May I not know what cause there is to fear?" inquired the shrinking girl; "tell me the danger, that I may judge for myself of the necessity of that which I would do."

"Your father's life is in jeopardy—one word from me and an ignominious end upon the gallows would be his fate. Take Richard for your husband, and all will be well," replied Jonas.

"It is false!" exclaimed the excited maiden. "I will not believe it. Father, why do you not deny it? and, if it is true, even the sacrifice you call upon me to make, would not protect us from a wretch who has no feelings of compassion."

"Your taunt is just, young woman," returned Jonas, harshly. "It is not alone the happiness of my son that I seek. I have deeper, stranger motives."

"They cannot be just or holy," pleaded the afflicted maiden, "or they would not urge me to break my pledge of fidelity to another."

"Whatever they are they must, for the present, rest with myself," rejoined he, haughtily. "Your father's existence will become forfeited to the laws of your country, and you—what will become of you when cast upon the world?"

"Oh! would that William were here to council me in this grievous strait," uttered Annie, mournfully; but suddenly her eye lighted up; she gave the brother of her father a fierce look of contempt. "Oh, had he—had William been here, you would not thus have dared to pollute even this humble dwelling with your presence."

"You do well to brave it thus," replied the obdurate Jonas, and taking her arm, he led her to the door, and pointed to the stars. "Look," said he, "see those bright, sparkling orbs that gem the Almighty's throne. By them I swear—that if, by tomorrow's dawn, my requests are not complied with, you shall find my threats are not mere idle breath. I go now; think well of the prospect before you." He turned to depart.

"Stay, stay," said she, detaining him, and drawing him within the entrance, so as to front the grey-headed David. "Father, you heard him," uttered she, calmly, but with firmness, "you heard him, and will you let him depart unanswered?" The old man shuddered. "What! not one word of denial? Father, dear father, it is Annie asks you what is this fearful thing which he threatens to reveal?"

Jonas had looked on with a smile of demoniac pleasure, and when he heard the poor girl's appeal, he slowly uttered, "Mur—" but he was not allowed to finish the word, for the strong grip of his brother was on his throat, as he vociferated, "Now, Jonas, thou liest."

But Annie neither saw nor heard what followed—vivid imagination had completed what Jonas had begun, and she sunk senseless upon the floor. Then was there the unnatural spectacle of kindred struggling with kindred—a deadly vengeance burning at either heart; but David's physical strength was not equal to that of Jonas: with the former, the feelings of revenge passed quickly away. When he saw his prostrate child, his hold relax-

ed—he was dashed violently on the ground, and his persecutor stood erect.

"We part in bitter enmity, then," said the latter, in a hissing voice, between his grinding teeth.

"No, no, not so," returned the fallen man; "even now," and he looked at Annie by his side, "aye, even now I can forgive you," but Jonas heard him not: he had hurried from the place.

David arose, and lifted up his unhappy child. "Are we alone, father?" said Annie, recovering; "has it been some horrible dream that tortured me? Marry Richard, and forsake William to save my father from a fearful end? I have been sleeping—it is—"

"Partly true, my Annie," continued her father, pressing his lips upon her fair forehead; "but calm yourself, my child—he shall not have you, Annie—not even death shall wring compliance from me."

"Oh, my father," exclaimed she, "tell me what was the import of those strange words; he said I was not your child, and you seemed to acquiesce; oh, relieve the agonized suspense of my wretched mind!"

"I cannot at this moment," answered he; "I am not yet myself; passion has gained the mastery; but you shall soon know all. Have I not ever been an indulgent parent to you? and will you doubt me now?"

"Oh, no, no," replied she, "I will not doubt: you have watched over my feeble infancy—you have—"

"Enough, enough, Annie," interrupted the old man, as he approached the staircase door; "I will ascend and kindle the lights, which have been too long neglected; place my chair, girl, as you have been wont to do, and reach down your Bible, that I may hear you read those psalms of David, in which he implores the mercy of the Lord."

Annie complied, and when her father descended, she read to him the 31st and other psalms, till his mind grew apparently tranquil. Then he related to the poor girl many of the incidents of her early life, promising to reveal the whole on the morrow, and she sought her humble chamber; but she heard the door of the light-house open, and from her little casement she saw her father go forth, and, as he walked to and fro upon the beach, raising his hands imploringly to heaven, she became sensible that he was pouring forth the agony of his heart in fervent prayer. Annie knelt by her lowly pallet, and in earnest whisperings she offered up her fervent petitions to the throne of Grace.

To be continued.

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

TURKEY.—A Turk, infamous for many barbarous acts, presiding at the town of Tun'ta, in the Delta, went one night to the government granary of that town, and finding two peasants sleeping there, asked them who they were, and what was their business in that place. One of them said that he had brought one hundred and thirty ardeb's of corn from a village of that district; and the other, that he had brought sixty ardeb's from the land belonging to the town. "You rascal!" said the governor to the latter: "this man brings one hundred and thirty ardeb's from the lands of a small village; and you, but sixty from the lands of the town." "This man," answered the peasant of Tun'ta, "brings corn but once a week; and I am now bringing it every day." "Be silent!" said the governor; and, pointing to a neighbouring tree, ordered one of the servants of the granary to hang the peasant to one of its branches. The order was obeyed, and the governor returned to his house. The next morning he went again to the granary, and saw a man bringing in a large quantity of corn. He asked who he was, and what quantity he had brought; and was answered, by the hangman of the preceding night, "This is the man, sir, whom I hanged, by your orders, last night; and he has brought one hundred and sixty ardeb's." "What!" exclaimed the governor, "has he risen from the dead?" He was answered "No, sir: I hanged him so that his toes touched the ground: and when you were gone, I untied the rope; you did not order me to kill him." The Turk muttered, "Aha! hanging and killing are different things; Arabic is copious: next time I will say kill. Take care of Ab'oo Da'-'oo'd." This is his nickname.—*Lane's Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.*

REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF WINCHESTER.—During the minority of Edward III., a Parliament was held in the castle of this city, by appointment of the queen-dowager, before which Edward Plantagenet, third son of King Edward I., and Earl of Kent, was arraigned for high treason, and through the machinations of the dowager, and the Earl of March, condemned to lose his head, without being allowed the liberty of pleading, or of attesting his innocence. On the eve of St. Cuthbert's day, A.D. 1330, he was brought to the scaffold, erected in the middle of the market-place, where he stood till five in the afternoon, before any one could be prevailed on, either by threats, or the promise of reward, to undertake his execution. At length, a notorious condemned criminal, one who had laid a long time under sentence of death, in consideration of being rewarded with his liberty and life, undertook the cruel business, which was ac-