

love, the dreadful signal was given of the approach of the Priest of Bramah, to denounce the Brachmachira as an apostate. She knew those sounds which smote on her ear—and she knew that, if she escaped with life, she would become for ever a *chancalas*—an outcast whom any one might slay who met her. She besought the missionary to fly and leave her to her fate; but he, whose slightest touch before she had regarded with horror and pollution, snatched her—pothine loathe—in his arms and fled with her to the recesses of a vast cavern in the adjacent rocks. They followed the windings of a long passage, and at last found themselves in one of those immense *caem*-temples dedicated to Vishnu, Seeva, and Bramah. They had hardly time to conceal themselves before the procession of priests entered, preceded by the Brachmachira's own grand sire. The fearful rites were begun, and the Brachmachira heard herself accursed by her own grand sire, dethroned as the High Priestess of Bramah, expelled as a *chancalas*, and sentenced to a horrid death. This rite being performed, the priests withdrew. The beautiful priestess and the priest of another religion were now alone, the world before them; but both liable to be put to death for their crime, as it was regarded—though both were and remained innocent of crime.—They wandered together for many days, trying to effect a retreat from their foes to Goa, and in her deepest distress, though adoring the man, the Brachmachira always sought mental consolation in her idolatrous worship. He often rebuked; she repented, and promised, but sinned in the same moment again. The truth at times flashed through the missionary's mind, and filled him with remorse and consternation. He had seduced the woman, but failed in making her a convert to his own or an apostate to her religion, whatever her professions, or, indeed, her wishes. Habit had fixed her early impressions too deeply in her soul, ever to be eradicated by man. They travelled in the night,—for the Hindoos would have slain her as an apostate priestess, if they had discovered her, and have killed him as the seducer of a *Brachmachira*—in their estimation the most terrible of all crimes. They knew a caravan had passed through the valley and desert for Goa, and they hoped to overtake it. They did so at last, and their lives were saved.

We are forced here to skip over much of the story. Among the travellers by the caravan were two Jesuits, who detested the Order to which Hilarion belonged. They concealed themselves from him; but watched him closely. The missionary now knew that he was drawing near the place where he must abandon her whom he had deprived of friends, honor, wealth—all that is valuable in life—she had given up all to follow him; and he, struggling with the feelings of human nature which rent his bosom, resolved to place her in a convent as soon as he arrived at Goa, in which she would be compelled to embrace a life of celibacy, as a convert (for he had baptized her) to a religion which she had professed to adopt, not for its sake, but for his. One evening the caravan halted, from the excessive heat, earlier than usual. *Luxima*, the name of the priestess, left her litter, and was joined in a silent retreat by Hilarion. She found him sad, gloomy, sorrowful, yet kind. She poured forth all her love for him; and he told her—they must part. She wept, and he, unable to withstand her tears and labouring under the remorse of having dragged her from her country, threw himself on her bosom. At this moment, the two Jesuites,

who had watched them, pounced upon them. They took them both prisoners and conveyed them under a guard of soldiery from Tatta to Goa. *Luxima* was confined in a convent; Hilarion in the prison of the Inquisition. The Jesuits charged him with heresy and seduction, and, with the usual ceremonies, he was condemned to be burnt alive in the Grand Plaza. *Luxima*, through the instrumentality of the pundit mentioned early in the work, had previously made her escape from the convent, and had been denounced (as she had been baptised by the monk) as a *relapsed*,—and consequently liable to be burnt alive too. From her retreat, however, she saw the procession pass along the street with the condemned, among whom she discovered Hilarion. Labouring under a delirious fever from her previous sufferings, she rushed after the procession; arrived in the square just as the flames began to rise around Hilarion; and wildly threw herself into his embraces. The Hindoos, so slow to rise in insurrection, when they saw her whom, from certain marks on the forehead, they knew to be a priestess of Bramah, thus endangered, became inflamed with rage. They beat off the officers of the Inquisition; overthrew the soldiers; and, in the confusion, the condemned escaped to the lower end of the square, which is washed by the sea. Hilarion threw himself and his convert into a boat, and they reached the mountains on the opposite side of the harbour. Here *Luxima* spoke to him for the last time. The hour of her death had arrived. Her cup of suffering, through and for him, was full. "Live," she said to him, "that thy beneficence to the people of my nation may redeem the faults of her who for thy sake has been guilty. . . . And thou wilt also check the Christian's zeal, and bid him follow the sacred lesson of the God he serves, who, for years before the Christian era, extended his merciful indulgence to the errors of the Hindoo's mind, and bounteously lavished on his native soil those blessings which first tempted the Christian to seek our happier regions. * * * For thee I forfeited my caste, my country, and my life: for it is true that, still loving more than enlightened, my ancient habits of belief clung to my mind; thou to my heart. Still I lived thy seeming proselyte, that I might live *thine*; and now I die as Brahmin women die, a Hindoo in my feelings and my faith—dying for him I loved—and believing as my fathers did." "Tell my countrymen," she added, speaking to the Hindoo pundit, "that I, having gathered a spotted flower in the garden of love, expiate my error by the loss of my life. . . . Tell them, when thou speakest of me, that thou sawest her die whose soul was as pure from sin as, when clothed in transcendent brightness, she outshone in faith and in virtue all the women of her nation?" "Bramah," she exclaimed with her last breath, "Bramah!" She grasped the hands of the missionary and died. But he replied not to the last glance of life and love. The pundit burnt the body of the convert in that retreat; the missionary was never heard of more.

It is impossible to do justice to a work of this kind in such a sketch as this; but it may direct attention rather to the subject than to the work, and, perhaps, a lesson might be learnt from it. If the benignant Father of all can tolerate nations, of what

* The Inquisition had no power over the Moors or Musselmans, or the Pagans or Hindoos, unless they embraced the Christian faith, and then, if they relapsed they were burnt alive.

ever creed, it is not for man to seize with intolerant hand the thunderbolts of Heaven and launch them on all he may deem the foes of God. With civilization, kindness, and persuasion, the principles of Christianity will, in God's own time, permeate all nations; but when we see men endeavouring to root out one superstition by the introduction of others; when we see flames of persecution arising in the name, though far from the spirit, of God, we then see that men, under the pretext of converting the heathen, are really doing all in their power to prevent the extension of Christianity. Conversion, to be worth anything—to be desirable—is a slow process—the result of conviction; and conviction grows out of inquiry and meditation. It is like the seed sown by the husbandman. Its growth is slow, and it comes slowly to maturity, and never without due mental culture and a trial of all things. It is easy to breed bigots; to raise up men and women as believers of a certain creed, if never permitted to read or hear but one side of a question; but this is to make bigots, and not consistent Christians, who embrace what they profess because they have examined what can be said against as well as for it, and who have embraced it from conviction.

Four days Later from Europe.

New York, July 8

The steamship *Baltic* arrived this morning at an early hour. It is the quickest passage on record.

Liverpool, June 28.—Breadstuffs—Brown, Shipley & Co. quote market dull, with a decline of 2d on wheat, and 6d. on flour. Little doing in corn. Western Canal, Philadelphia, and Canadian flour 36s a 38s 6d per quarter.

Messrs. R. Maxwell & Co., quote white American wheat at 11s 6d a 11s 9d; Ohio flour 36s 6d a 39s; 40s. 6d for extra.

The Russians are evacuating the Principalities in great haste.

The "Asia" arrived out on 25.

The Liverpool Corn Market was steady at last quotations.

The news brought by the *Baltic* is brief, but of importance.

The Russians have evacuated the Principalities, and are concentrating their forces beyond the Pruth.

Two nights before the steamer left, the Russian reply to the Austrian note was reported at Liverpool. It is to the effect, that as a mark of high consideration for Austria, Russia consents to evacuate the Turkish territories.

The expulsion of the Russians is entirely the work of the Turks.

A despatch from Vienna dated the 24th instant says that the Russians are in full retreat to Moldavia.

The Russians in the Dobrujscha are also retreating—a Turkish army 20,000 strong is advancing to relieve Rassova.

Omur Pacha is advancing at great speed with his entire force to the Danube.

The following important dispatch announcing the immediate retreat of the Russians from the Sultan's dominions was published on Monday evening:—

Paris, Monday, June 26th.—The Monitor's public intelligence from Bucharest to the 23rd by telegraph via Belgrade, says: the siege of Sulistra, suspended on the 13th, has now been raised by superior order.

The Russians have evacuated Georgia, and the whole Muscovite army is about to retire beyond the Pruth in the direction of Dikshan and Verlat.

The entry of the Austrians into the Principalities is decided.

The Russians have withdrawn their oxen and everything moveable on which they could lay their hands, leaving nothing behind but their wretched paper money.

BLACK SEA.—The "Sidon" and "Inflexible" arrived at Baltzuck on the 2d of June, from