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FOR A. As bright as morning's golden sun, When rising with unclouded power; Be all the days, the dreams and joys, Which fortune shall around their shower.

Unhappy as a gloomy lake, At daylight's mid and balmy close; To thy mild morn' some of dream, Which merrily round thy vision throws.

And never may night's gray portal be, To thy mild morn' some of dream, But rather bring joy to those rays, Which glittering stars so freely shed.

And as thou gaze'st kind of him, Whose memory loves to dwell with thee; Who ever sees thee brightly in smiling mood, But that thy portrait he may see.

HENRY KEMPVILLE.
Ottawa Lodge, Nepean.

THE RUSSIAN GUARDSMAN.

A TALE OF THE SEAS AND SHORES OF THE EAST.

BY BENJ. FRANKLIN POORE.

CHAPTER I.

It was Alexis Orloff who had sent the petition, although few of his acquaintances would have recognized the once dashing guardsman in the occupant of that dirty cell, in the slave market at Constantinople. Nor had he been fully conscious of his situation until the day before, when a regiment of soldiers, in parade in the Hippodrome, passed by the place of his captivity, with a fine band. The familiar sounds roused the young soldier's martial pride; his flushed cheek became ashy pale; and intelligence once more gleamed on his wan features. Recalling the circumstances of his peril, of his capture, and of his present situation, he was hesitating what steps to take, when a Greek entered with his dinner—a greasy wooden bowl filled with boiled rice. The revolting food aroused the young man to the necessity of extricating himself from his position.

"Tell me," he asked, "why I am confined here?"

"Because," replied the Greek, in a sultry tone, "a Turk picked you up at sea, and wishes to sell you to some one in Asia Minor. We, Greeks, know full well that here 't might makes light.' You will find it out."

"But I am a Russian—a Russian officer?"

"Never mind. You purchaser will obtain a ransom for you, and that is what you will be bought for."

"This is outrageous. Can you not take a message to the Russian ambassador? See, here is a ring that has escaped the notice of your captors—take the message and it shall be yours."

"It was a diamond, and the poor Greek eyed it with wistful eyes."

"No, no," he at length replied, "I dare not. But I can do for you what I did for a young Pole, last year, who was in your present plight."

"And that?"

"I can give you writing materials, and you can draw up a petition to the sultan, which my wife will hand him in the morning as he goes to his bath."

"Surely he will not detain me?" said Alexis.

"He will let you go, but you must be ready, and the ring is yours."

The man left, and within an hour he returned with wretched writing apparatus, and the document was sent, whose receipt we have described.

Every moment now seemed an age, and Alexis paced his pathway, once so bright, while every joy had withered like the gourd-like beauty which the prophet saw, and passed away like a dream. Ambition, love, happiness—all true bliss, without alloy, had faded away, and trouble's bitter current poured like a winter's flood through his brain. Then came stealing back, unbidden and noiseless as a dream the fondness of his love, and his proud heart trembled as he remembered how he had been repulsed—misunderstood. Then came appearing before him the face of his grandfathers; and it was late, before sleep, which he had vainly sought, would come to his aid.

It was late the next morning when Alexis awoke, and he found his mental activity revived by the night's rest. The Greek assured him that his wife had handed the petition to the sultan—nor was it long after, as Alexis was gazing from the window into the courtyard of the prison, he espied an unusual commotion. It was caused by the arrival of Mustapha, wearing the well known household dress of the seraglio, and the dealers looked around him.

One offered some gawdie-eyed hours from Candia; another had slaves from Nubia; and others Greeks, of either sex. But the guardian, so obsequious just before when in the presence of the sultan, waved them away with an imperious gesture, and demanded the owner of the young Russian, picked up at sea.

Half an hour more, and Alexis was in the seraglio, putting on a becoming Greek costume, which he selected from a wardrobe kept by the sultan for those nocturnal excursions in which Oriental rulers indulge.

The guardian was apparently well satisfied with the striking change in the personal appearance of his purchaser; and, after the toilet was completed, he conducted Alexis to a structure which realized the brightest dreams of Oriental splendor. It was a large circular pavilion, with walls of the purest marble, surrounded by a glazed dome, and having two minarets windows, opening upon the Bosphorus. A white marble fountain in the centre threw its feathery spray high up towards the dome, and the silver foam fell into a large deep basin, in which sported gold and silver fishes. Around the fountain, with the space for a walk intervening, was a thick row of gigantic orange trees, mixed with large camelia bushes—the golden fruit and verdant foliage of the former contrasting beautifully with the rich clusters of waxen flowers, of every color, with which the latter were laden. Then there was a broad walk, paved with variegated marbles, reaching unto the walls, against which were trained every conceivable variety of rare climbing plants, sometimes waving their long wreaths of tropical vegetation in graceful festoons; then the marble like serpents, until they floated in mingled masses, waving in the soft perfumed breeze.

It was a paradise, and Alexis stood entranced near one of the windows, gazing alternately on the scene without and the loveliness within, while the odor of the flowers cast a sort of somnolence over his senses. The rustling of silks startled him from his reverie, and turning Zalahah stood before him.

"I congratulate Major Orloff on his release from captivity," said she, with a smile like the glorious full moon rising from the sea in a dark night. And as her ripe beauty flashed before Alexis, he thought that the features were familiar—haunted him.

"I respect the justice of the sultan—for I am told that he is my deliverer; and I thought to see him here."

"You will not see him now. Tell me, and the sultan's voice trembled, "do you not a maiden named Elissa?"

The question brought the blood tingling the young man's cheeks, and he replied with a sigh.

"Alas, I fear that she—"

"But we have heard strange news about crusing with—"

"With me, madame."

"Alexis endeavored to appear composed; his color changed rapidly, and his voice unsteady."

"A curious fortune threw us together; and a sad fate separated us."

The sultan fixed her full eyes on him with a look of lurking suspicion; but her scrutiny met with an expression of such perfect integrity and honorable bearing, that all her doubts were immediately dissipated.

"Forgive me," she exclaimed, "for I had my suspicions. I—"

She was interrupted by an exclamation of joy from Alexis—for while she spoke the "colored" came round the Seraglio Point, and near Saunra had come to pull down the cross, and detain the Moslem center to its former station. Carefully and cautiously had they approached, and now they were quietly slumbering within range of the squadron heavy batteries, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited them.

"Stay I beseech you," entreated Zalahah, "there is a purse containing gems of great value."

"Woman," interrupted Alexis, "I seek your wealth."

The scene was one which only an artist could describe. The sultan, a fond, dotting old man, had looked the means of making her daughter happy, and was about to entrust it to a young man whose look was evidence of his honor, whose manner showed his interest in the girl's heart. But he after many uncomprehending adventures, had so completely misunderstood her that he imagined her a discarded favorite all probability seeking to purchase his life. For a moment there was a dead silence;—no one still proffering her purse—the other returned it with scorn.

"I must go," he exclaimed, "there my friends."

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fro in the cool sea-breeze. Gently did the pale light fall on Elissa, tingling her pallid countenance with a visionary lustre, as she gazed forth upon the water.

She started, and joy beamed from her eyes, clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"The 'Nicola!' At length Alexis has come."

It was not the Russian man-of-war, however, but a larger vessel, that came gliding into the harbor of Scio—its lofty masts and spars, with their net-work of cordage, loomed up far into the blue sky. In her wake, as if a faro, came another; and that in its turn was followed by a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth—their light sails all furled, coming majestically up to the anchorage, before the citadel.

A sound was heard on board of this formidable squadron, save the occasional creaking of a block, until the line was directly opposite the town, when a heavy plunge in the water, beneath the bows of the foremost frigate, was followed by similar sounds from the others. It was the Turkish fleet come to punish the devoted Scioes for having revolted, and Osman Bey, with the army which he had assembled near Saunra had come to pull down the cross, and detain the Moslem center to its former station. Carefully and cautiously had they approached, and now they were quietly slumbering within range of the squadron heavy batteries, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited them.

Elissa had been roused from her slumber by the cannonade; nor was it long before she could hear the distant screams of her bereaved Scioes, while they fled to their residences on their way to the mountains. Many a bolt of the impending festivities, her beauty gone, rushed towards her crazy heights—their fears excited by the brutal indignities committed on their sisters, or their friends, before their eyes. Nor was it long ere infuriated murderers, in hot pursuit, knocked at her gate, demanding admittance. A prey to the most horrible apprehensions, she managed to secret herself, and saw her domestics slaughtered at the gate which they employed to guard. Ransacking the house, the demons departed without having discovered her, and she determined to escape.

But having left the house, and nearly reached the gate, she saw another party of Turks approaching. She all retired to the mountains, and there she hid herself, and her efforts to conceal it had thrown her, and she found herself cold and benumbed, surrounded by corpses. Her beautiful abode of the previous day, was now a hideous pile of ashes slacked in blood, from which rose burning fragments.

Necessity arising, she sought a place of refuge, and she soon perceived a cave, which she entered, and there she hid herself, and her efforts to conceal it had thrown her, and she found herself cold and benumbed, surrounded by corpses. Her beautiful abode of the previous day, was now a hideous pile of ashes slacked in blood, from which rose burning fragments.

The boats of the citizens approached; and some of the boats were crowded with refugees, who were welcomed to their cabin, and offered them refreshments—but there was an unpleasant restlessness in his eye, and his lips curled with angry lines.

The old man, and his wife, offered their treasures, and had all the blood upon their faces, to which the stern soldier listened with apparent attention. An hour passed, and a subordinate officer entered, raising his hand in military salutation, he stood motionless.

"Speak," said Osman Bey.

"The troops are landed, and drawn up on the beach."

"Is well," replied the bey. "Go on shore and let all wait the signal."

The officer withdrew, and Osman continued, addressing his horror-struck guests:

"Men of Scio!—Years ago, there came here a young Frenchman, exiled from his home because he followed Napoleon's victorious eagles. He loved one of your daughters, loved her with a pure devoted affection, and she returned his heart's passion. But you, with your accusations of pride and nobility, based upon your ill-gotten coin—interposed. The mind of the maiden's father, narrow as the column of his ledgers, was poisoned, and he refused his consent—may, when the church had hallowed these loving hearts by a holy vow, he spared his daughter from his door. And you sided him in so basing the prospect of his daughter's husband, that he could not hold out bread for his cherished bride. Nay, look not at her innocent and innocent. You, Kalerdy, refused to employ him as a copyist, although your book were far in arrears. You, Maronto, told him that unless he paid his rent, miserable pittance as it was you would spurn him from the hotel where he had found a shelter. You, Denard, went around the city, armed in restoring Consul Orloff's daughter. Now, cravens, you start! The poor Frenchman is now here again—here with sword and fire! Hasten to your homes, to your wives, and proclaim that the hour of vengeance has arrived!"

He left the cabin; and his auditory frozen with horror, remained motionless. They too well remembered having interposed to aid Consul Orloff in bringing his daughter home; and it had always been said, since Osman Bey took command of the sultan's troops, that he was animated by a fierce desire for vengeance.

But ere they could recover from the terror, a file of soldiers entered to form them out of the cabin at the point of the bayonet. They hurried into their boats, determined at least to die with their families—but even this consolation was denied them. No sooner had they got clear from the frigate, than her broadside was brought to bear upon their boats, and a shower of grape-shot was poured into their midst.

When the smoke had cleared away, a few mutilated corpses and fragments of boats, circling on the crimson tide, gratified the blood-thirsty wretch, who, standing in the quarter-gallery of the frigate exclaimed:

"So shall every Scioe perish!"

The cannon-signal was fearfully obeyed on shore, and the work of extermination was at once commenced. The moon shone in piles before the doors of the houses they in vain endeavored to defend, while the Moslems, infuriated massacred all within reach of their yatagans. It was vain to implore mercy!

The young maidens, but a few days before the pride of the island, found their loveliness no shield, then, but fell stabbed before their mother's eyes, or flying into the gardens, were caught by their long and braided tresses, and quickly despatched. The wild and confused cries of pain and death were mingled with the fierce shouts of "Mahomet and vengeance!" Greeks knelt, imploring pity, or sought to escape with desperate speed, while the Turkish soldier rushed by with his reeking weapon, holding in his hand some head, dripping with blood.

Neither did a close day stop atop to the carnage. The moonlight, spreading vividly over the town, the shores, and the rich groves of fruit-trees, rendered escape or concealment impossible. Even during the night, when the moon shone at intervals from very weariness, the loud sounds of horror and carnage sunk into those of more lulled and bitter woe. The

heart-broken wail of parents over their dying child; the shuddering tones of despair of those whom a few hours would render inevitable death; the cries of the orphan and the widow around the mangled corpse; the wailing wretches, mingled with curses on the murderers, weary to heaven. But those passages for mourning were brief. Soon again the stillness of the night would be broken by the clash of arms; and the dismal wail of the Ottoman soldier; "Death!—death to the Greeks!—to the enemies of the Prophet! Allah! Allah! And Osman Bey who had come on shore armed his troops to the slaughter. Every house and garden were strewn with corpses—beneath the orange-trees, by the fountain-side, on the rich carpet and the marble pavement, lay the young and the beautiful, and the aged, in the midst of their loved and beloved, retaining the agonizing breath of life, until the sun, when a heavy plunge in the water, beneath the bows of the foremost frigate, was followed by similar sounds from the others. It was the Turkish fleet come to punish the devoted Scioes for having revolted, and Osman Bey, with the army which he had assembled near Saunra had come to pull down the cross, and detain the Moslem center to its former station. Carefully and cautiously had they approached, and now they were quietly slumbering within range of the squadron heavy batteries, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited them.

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