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### THE TWO BROTHERS.

AN IRISH TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

With a vehemence of grief that was pitiable, Hugh uttered cries of despair, and tearing himself from a spot he dreaded to leave he mounted a horse, which he spurred to the nearest town for a physician to come and see his now apparently dying brother. The doctor a man of great skill and humanity, instantly attended the summons. But the visit was unavailing. The patient grew worse every minute. Never before had the physician witnessed such a scene of family distress. "Oh, Felix, Felix, Felix, darling," cried Hugh, in the agony of his repentance, "spake to me, spake harshly, cruelly, blackly—oh, say you wont forgive me—but no, that I couldn't bear—forgive me in your heart, and before God, but don't spake with affection to me, for then I'll not be able to bear it."

"Hugh," said Felix, from whose eyes the keenness of his brother's repentance wrung tears, despite his burning agony; "Hugh dear"—and he looked pitifully in the convulsed face of the unhappy man—"Hugh, dear, it was only an accident, for if you had thought—that it would turn out—as it has done—But no matter now—you have my forgiveness—and you desire it; for, Hugh, dear, it was as much and more my own thoughtlessness and self-will that caused it. Hugh, dear, comfort and support Alley here, and Maura, too, Hugh; be kind to them both, for poor Felix's sake." He sank back, exhausted, holding his brother's hand in his left, and his mute, heart-broken bride's in his right. A calm, or rather stupor, followed, which lasted until his awakening spirit, in returning consciousness of life and love, made a last effort to dissolve in a farewell embrace upon the pure bosom of his wife.

"Alley," said he, "are you not my wife, and am't I your husband? Whose hands should be upon me—in what arms but yours should I die? Alley think of your own Felix—oh, don't let me pass altogether out of your memory; an' if you'd wear a lock of my hair (many a time you used to curl it over on my cheek, for you said it was the same shade as your own, and you used to compare them together,) wear it, for my sake next your heart; and if ever you think of doin' a wrong thing, look at it, and you'll remember that Felix, who's now in the dust, always desired you to pray for the Almighty's grace, an' trust to him for strength against evil. But where are you? My eyes want a last lock of you; I feel you—ay, I feel you in my breakin' heart, and sweet is your presence in it, avourneen machree; but how is it that I cannot see you? Oh, my wife, my young wife, my spotless wife, be with me—near me!" He clasped her to his heart, as if, while he held her there, he thought it could not cease to beat; but in a moment, after one slight shudder, one closing pang, his grasp relaxed—his head fell upon her bosom—and he, Felix, who that morning stood up in the bloom of youth and manly beauty, with the cup of happiness touching his very lips, was now a clod of the valley. Half unconscious—almost unbelieving that all could be over, she gently laid him down. On looking into his face, her pale lips quivered; and as her mute wild gaze became fixed upon the body, slowly the desolating truth forced itself upon her heart. Quietly and calmly she arose, and but for the settled wretchedness of her look the stillness of her spirit might have been mistaken for apathy. Without resistance, without a tear, in the dry agony of burning grief, she gently gave herself up to the guidance of those who wept, while they attempted to soothe her.

At the inquest, which followed, there was no proof to criminate the wretched brother, nor were the jury anxious to find any. The man's shrieking misery was more and frightful than death itself. From "the dark day" until this on which I write, he has never been able to raise his heart or his countenance. Home he never leaves, except when the pressure of business compels him; and

when he does, in every instance he takes the most unfrequented paths, and the loneliest bye-roads, in order to avoid the face and eye of man. Better, indeed, to encounter flood or fire, than to suffer what he has borne, when the malicious or coarse minded have reproached him in what we trust, is his repentance with his greatest affliction.

Alley, contrary to the earnest solicitations of Hugh and Maura, went back to reside with her mother. Four years have now passed, and the maiden widow is constant to her grief. With a bunch of yarn on her arm, she may be occasionally seen in the next market town, the chastened sorrow of her look agreeing well with her mournful weeds. In vain she is pressed to mingle in the rustic amusements of her former companions; she cannot do it, even to please her mother; the poor girl's heart is sorrow struck for ever. She will never smile again.

Reader, if you want a moral, look upon the wasted brow of Hugh O'Donnell, and learn to restrain your passions and temper within proper limits.

### A RUSE.

[The following extract is taken from the last work of that amusing and talented author, Captain MARRYATT, R. N.]

The Pirates returned to their vessel discomfited. Those on board, who were prepared to hoist in ingots of precious metal, had to receive naught but wounded men, and many of their comrades had remained dead on the shore. The captain was melancholy and downcast. Hawkhurst was badly wounded, and obliged to be carried below as soon as he came on board. The only capture which they had made was their former associate Francisco, who, by the last words spoken by Hawkhurst as he was supported to his cabin was ordered to be put into irons. The boats were hoisted in without noise, and a general gloom prevailed. All sail was then made upon the schooner, and, when the day dawned, she was seen by the Spaniards far away to the northward.

The report was soon spread through the schooner that Francisco had been the cause of their defeat; and, although this was only a surmise, still, as they considered that, had he not recognised the vessel, the Spaniards would not have been prepared, they had grounds for what had swelled into an assertion. He became, therefore, to many of them an object of bitter enmity, and they looked forward with pleasure to his destruction which his present confinement they considered but the precursor of.

"Hist! Massa Francisco!" said a low voice near to where Francisco sat on the chest. Francisco turned round and beheld the Kroumen, his old friend.

"Ah! Pompey, are you still on board?" said Francisco.

"All! no," replied the man, shaking his head; "some die—some get away—only four Kroumen left. Massa Francisco, how you come back again? Every body tink you dead. I say no, not dead—ab charm with him—ab book."

"If that was my charm, I have it still," replied Francisco, taking the Bible out of his vest; for, strange to say, Francisco himself had a kind of superstition relative to that Bible, and had put it into his bosom previous to the attack made by the pirates.

"Dat very good, Massa Francisco; den you quite safe. Here comes Johnson—he very bad man. I go away."

In the mean time Cain had retired to his cabin with feelings scarcely to be analysed. He was in a bewilderment. Notwithstanding the wound he had received by the hand of Francisco, he would never have sanctioned Hawkhurst putting him on shore on a spot which promised nothing but a lingering and miserable death. Irritated as he had been by the young mans open defiance, he loved him, loved him much more than he was aware of himself; and when he had recovered sufficiently from his wound and had been informed where Francisco had been sent on shore, he quarrelled with Hawkhurst and reproached him bitterly and sternly, in

language which Hawkhurst never forgot or forgave. The vision of the starving lad haunted Cain, and rendered him miserable. His affection for him, now that he was, as he supposed, lost for ever, increased tenfold force; and since that period, Cain had never been seen to smile. He became more gloomy, more ferocious than before, and the men trembled when he appeared on deck.

The apparition of Francisco after so long an interval, and in such an unexpected quarter of the globe, acted, as we have before described, upon Cain. When he was taken to the boat he was still confused in his ideas; and it was not until they were nearly on board, that he perceived that this young man was indeed at his side. He could have fallen on his neck and kissed him; for Francisco had become to him a capture more prized than all the wealth of the Indies.—But one pure, good feeling was still unextinguished in the bosom of Cain; stained with every crime—with his hands so deeply imbrued in blood—at enmity with all the rest of the world—that one feeling burnt bright and clear, and was not to be quenched. It might have proved a beacon-light to steer him back to repentance and to good works.

But there were other feelings which also crowded upon the mind of the pirate-captain. He knew Francisco's firmness and decision. By some inscrutable means, which Cain considered as supernatural, Francisco had obtained knowledge and accused him of his mother's death. Would not the affection which he felt for the young man be met with hatred and defiance? He was but too sure that it would; and then his gloomy cruel disposition would reassume its influence, and he thought of revenging the attack upon his life. His astonishment at the re-appearance of Francisco was equally great and he trembled at the sight of him as if he was his accusing and condemning spirit.—Thus did he wander from one fearful fancy to another, until he at last surmised up resolution to send for him.

A morose dark man, whom Francisco had not seen when he was before in the schooner, obeyed the commands of the captain.—The captain rose and shut the door.

"I little thought to see you here, Francisco," said Cain.

"Probably not," replied Francisco, boldly; "but you have me again in your power, and may now wreak your vengeance."

"I feel none, Francisco; nor would I have suffered you to have been put on shore as you were had I known of it. Even now that our expedition has failed through your means I feel no anger towards you, although I shall have some difficulty in preserving you from the enmity of others. Indeed, Francisco, I am glad to find that you are alive, and I have bitterly mourned your loss; and Cain extended his hand.

But Francisco folded his arms and was silent.

"Are you then so unforgiving?" said the captain; "you know that I tell the truth."

"I believe that you state the truth, captain Cain, for you are too bold to lie; and, as far as I am concerned, you have all the forgiveness you may wish: but I cannot take that hand—nor are our accounts still settled."

"What would you more? Cannot we be friends again? I do not ask you to remain on board. You are free to go where you please. Come, Francisco, take my hand, and let us forget what is passed."

"The hand that is imbrued with my mother's blood, perhaps!" exclaimed Francisco.—"Never!"

"Not so, by G—!" exclaimed Cain.—"No, no; not quite so bad as that. In my mood I struck your mother. I grant it. I did not intend to injure her, but I did, and she died. I will not lie—that is the fact; and it is also the fact that I wept over her, Francisco, for I loved her as I do you. (It was a hasty bitter blow that," continued Cain, soliloquizing, with his hand to his forehead, and unconscious of Francisco's presence at the moment. "It made me what I am, for it made me reckless.) Francisco," said Cain, raising his head, "I was bad, but I was no pirate when your mother lived.—

There is a curse upon me; that which I love most I treat the worst. Of all the world I loved your mother most; yet did she from me receive most injury, and at last I caused her death. Next to your mother, whose memory I at once revere and love, and tremble when I think of—and each night does she appear to me—I have loved you Francisco; for you, like her, have an angel's feelings; yet I have treated you as ill. You threatened me, and you were right. Had you been wrong, I had not cared; but you were right, and it maddened me; your appeals by day—your mother's in my dreams."

Francisco's heart was softened; if not repentance, there was at least contrition. "Indeed I pity you," replied Francisco.

"You must do more, Francisco; you must be friends with me," said Cain extending his hand.

"I cannot take that hand—it is too deeply dyed in blood," replied Francisco.

"Well, well, so would have said your mother. But hear me, Francisco," said Cain, lowering his voice to a whisper, lest he should be overheard—"I am tired of this life—perhaps sorry for what I have done—I wish to leave it—have wealth in plenty concealed where others know it not. Tell me, Francisco, shall we both quit this vessel, and live together happily without doing wrong? You shall share all, Francisco. Say now, does that please you?"

"Yes; it pleases me to hear that you will abandon your lawless life, Captain Cain; but share your wealth I cannot for how has it been gained?"

"I cannot be returned, Francisco; I will do good with it. I will indeed, Francisco. I will—repent;" and again the hand was extended.

"Francisco hesitated.

"I do—so help me God! I do repent. Francisco, taking the still extended hand,

"May God forgive you, too!"

"Amen!" responded the pirate, solemnly covering his face up with his hands.

In this position he remained some minutes, Francisco watching him in silence. At last the face was uncovered, and to the surprise of Francisco, a tear was on the cheek of Cain, and his eyes suffused with moisture. Francisco no longer waited for the hand to be extended; he walked up to the captain, and taking him by the hand pressed it warmly.

"God bless you, boy! God bless you," said Cain; but leave me now."

Francisco returned on deck with a light and grateful heart. His countenance at once told those who were near him that he was not condemned; and many who dared not take notice of, now saluted him. The man who had taken him out of irons looked round—he was a creature of Hawkurst and he knew not how to act. Francisco observed him, and with a wave of his hand, ordered him to go below. That Francisco was again in authority was instantly perceived; and the first proof of it was, that the new second mate reported to him that there was a sail on the weather bow.

Francisco took the glass to examine her. It was a large schooner under all sail. Not wishing that any one should enter the cabin but himself, he went down to the cabin door and knocked before he entered and reported the vessel.

"Thank you Francisco; you must take Hawkurst's duty for the present—it shall not be for long; and fear not that I shall make another capture. I swear to you I will not Francisco. But this schooner, I know very well what she is: she has been looking after us some time; and a week ago Francisco, I was anxious to meet her, that I might shed more blood. Now I will do all I can to avoid her, and escape. I can do no more, Francisco. I must not be taken."

"There I cannot blame you. To avoid her will be easy I should think; the Avenger outsails everything."

"Except, I believe, the Enterprize, which is a sister vessel. By heavens! it's a fair match," continued Cain, his feelings of combativeness returning for a moment; "and

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