Written for Gleason's Pictorial.

THE RUSSIAN GUARDSMAN.

A TALE OF THE SEAS AND SHORES OF THE EAST.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

CONTINUED.

"There is no passion
More spectral or fantastical than Hate;
Not even it opposite, Love, so peoples air
With phantoms, as this madness of the heart."

RECOVERY!—What can be more delightful than to leave a couch where one has wrestled with suffering, and to gaze from the open window upon the luxuries of vivifying nature—especially when the prospect is such as met the convalescent gaze of Alexis Orloff.

The consul passed a great portion of his time with the convalescent, pointing out the various objects of interest visible from the windows, and questioning him about his campaigns.

In vain did the young man occasionally endeavor to lead the conversation back to the days of his childhood, with a hope of eliciting some information about his parentage. The consul had, evidently a horror of the subject—so much so that one day when Alexis inquired:

'Grandfather, was my father at all military in his tastes?'

The old gentleman arose and replied in a stern tone of voice:

'You should have sense enough, Major Orloff, to discover that in the Russian consulate, at Smyrna, bygones are bygones. I have endeavored to be a father to you, and, badly as I may have performed the duties, you must be content with me.'

'Nay, nay,' said Alexis, 'my dear kind—'

But ere the sentence was fairly begun the consul had waved his hand as he passed through the door. When he came again he was kind as before, but made no allusion to the past, and Alexis felt it a duty not to return to the subject. Occasionally, though, recollections of his childhood would pass across his mind with the shadowy distinctness of objects seen when the eyes are half-closed; but while he endeavored to grasp the reminiscence thus flitting through the twilight of his brain, they would vanish like a forgotten dream, with the waker struggles to recall, but has nothing save a remembrance that he dreamed.

As Alexis recovered, he became acquainted with the various subordinates in his grandfathers employ: all of whom with one exception, appeared to take great interest in explaining the departments under their especial charge. But Monsieur Lavalette, head book-keeper and cashier, evidently regarded the major as an intruder at his desk, exhibiting a surliness that well became his appearance.

Now Alexis, while at the military academy, had shown such an aptitude for accounts that he had been selected to keep the quarter master's books, and there conceived a great liking for intricate calculations. Debtor and creditor, rations and forage, average and primage, were music to his ear; while his practiced eye revelled in long columns of figures, multiplications or quotations. It was by no means strange, then, that he should feel more curiosity in the bulky tomes in his grandfather's counting-room, than in the yard where the figs were packed; the loft where the wool was assorted; or the warehouse where European merchandise tempted the turbaned venders to add to their stocks in the bazaar. Perhaps, too, the evident desire of Monsieur Lavalette to keep him from the ledgers made him more anxious to examine them, and one day at dinner he mentioned his wish to his grandfather.

'Certainly, my dear boy,' was the reply; 'certainly. You will find them in better order than those of his imperial Majesty, for I am sure that Lavalette has no superior. Now that I think of it, there is something that I wish you would find out; so come down with me before he leaves for his den.'

They were too late, for just as they entered the inner counting room, the ponderous keys of the old-fashioned brick and iron safe resounded in the lock. A frown clouded the Frenchman's face; but he put the key in his pocket and inquired:

'Do you wish anything, consul?'

'Never mind this afternoon; never mind. You know I wish to order an invoice of hard ware, and should like to know how large a draft I can draw upon London. You have not found time for a balance of that account for several months, and as the major here wishes to keep his commissariat knowledge in practice, I thought we could let him square it up.'

A bright scarlet spot had appeared upon the cheek of the book keeper while his employer spoke; but he calmly replied:

'I was not aware that you were so anxious about the English account, knowing as you must that the balance to your credit will more than cover the draft necessary. But if you wish, I will return here to-night and aid the major in—'

'Never mind,' interrupted the consul, 'to-morrow will do. Besides, the Spanish consul is coming to-night to hear the major recite his campaign. So good day, Lavalette.'

As they left the counting-room, the Frenchman appeared to breathe easier, and a ghastly pallor again took possession of his cheeks. Muttering to himself he left the consulate, threaded several narrow lanes, and did not look up until he arrived at his own door, where he rattled the iron ring, confined by a notched bar, that served as a knocker.

An old black woman soon opened the door and ushered her master in. Little furniture graced the entrance, or the room into which it led; but Lavalette passed directly into a smaller apartment, the bay window of which looked into a garden and commanded a view of the harbor. Richly carpeted, adorned with mirrors, and filled with evidences of female taste, a stranger would have thought himself in the boudoir of some Parisian demoiselle; yet no lady was visible. Agreeable as was the sceae, it did not appear to awaken pleasant emotions in the breast of its masculine occupant, who walked moodily to and fro, evidently absorbed in deep thought. A peculiar rattle of the ring on the outer door appeared to arouse him, and he listened attentively. Soon footsteps were heard, the door opened, and Manassah entered the room.

'What news?' exclaimed Lavalette.

'She is well; and my deliverer?'.

'Too well for our safety. You know of course who he is?'

'My heart told me—'

'And your heart,' interrupted Lavalette, 'must get him out of the way at once, or all will be discovered. Just fancy, the youngster has taken such a fashion for book keeping that old Orloff has given him permission to examine his London accounts. Have you sold the draft?'

'For good gold. I found an English vessel at Scio, that has brought arms and powder for the would be rebels; and he was glad to have good paper instead of a metal of which some Barbary pirate might lighten him. He is there by this time, and the old tyrant will soon find his account more evenly balanced than he thinks for. But that is not why I hastened back—there is trouble brewing in Scio, and a strong force is necessary to put it down.'

'Talk not of what is brewing,' passionately exclaimed Lavalette, 'when a day may prove my ruin. Let that boy once get interested in the complicated accounts, and he will unravel them, exposing all. Besides I have regretted letting her go ever since her departure.'

'But I tell you she is well.'

'She may be—I doubt it not. Yet how sad and dreary it is here, where her smile once gladdened my coming, and where—'

'She counted your peculations,' interrupted Manassah.

'Peculations!' said Lavalette, in a scornful tone. 'That from you.'

'No, no. I was wrong,' replied Manassah, in a soothing tone. 'The plan was mine, and you have but carried it out, fairly earning your share of the booty, while I should bear the crime. And it is a crime! Did he not destroy my life embitter my brightest dreams of happiness, and cast a cloud over my sunlight of joy? No, no, good Lavalette; you have done nobly, and you will be richly rewarded. A few months more, and you can enjoy your native air, happy in the society of your niece, with wealth enough to purchase respect. And he the proud, the haughty Orloff, will be disgraced, degraded, despised.'

The eyes of Manasseh flashed as he spoke, and he ground his teeth with convulsive rage, while his fingers twitched nervously—as if they would fain tear in pieces the objects of his animosity.

'Bravo!' exclaimed Lavalette, with a sarcastic grin of delight; 'but do you know that after all our plans may fail? After years of degrading humiliation, my long cherished dreams of wealth, that you have so steadily nursed, may be dispelled like the fog of the morning when the sun casts forth its beams. The prize is almost within grasp—shall we see it snatched away? Wish you to see the object of your hatred triumph?'

'You speak in riddles. Is not everything successfully brought to a close? Have not drafts, either real or forged, gone everywhere that funds await his command? Is not your niece safe, and can you not retire, without suspicion, before the explosion?'

'One day more,' answered Lavalette, 'and I could leave the ruined bankrupt to the tender mercies of his creditors, and the degradation that inevitably awaits a Russian who brings his nation's honor into contempt by his individual misconduct. One day more—'

'And why not a week? The draft is barely paid, so that there is no fear of hearing from it, and the lugger will be at anchor yonder to-morrow,' said Manassah, pointing towards the harbour as he spoke.

'But the examination! Listen. Firmly do I believe in the inexorable decrees of fate; and I almost know that if the young man examines the books, all is lost.'

'What can be done?'

'What can be done?' asked Lavalette. 'Did you ask that question, when you first persuaded me to undermine the man who had treated me with confidence? Did you ask that question, as you encouraged my wrong by picturing a golden future as the price of my success? Have you asked that question, as you have drawn in the meshes of your net!—and now is a boy to step in and leave me to suffer all, while my poor niece is destitute. What is to be done! Do you ask that question, when the offspring of him you so fiercely hate stands in the way! Rather let me ask you—you who would ruin degrade, kill the lion—how his whelp can be removed from the path of vengeance?'

Manassah, who had sank upon an ottoman, was evidently a prey to strong emotion. There was a moment's pause, and then, springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

'Lavalette, I faltered; but, you forget that the young man saved my life at the risk of his own. Yet, even he shall not check my thirst for revenge, although I cannot harm him. Remember, too, he would have saved Elissa. She, too, was in peril.'

'I had forgotten that,' growled the Frenchman. 'But can we not remove him for a time, and thus carry out our scheme?'

'Exactly; and now let us have something to eat and drink, most worthy host, for vengeance gives an appetite. We will arrange the matter so that your darling books can be wound up in true business style.'

And the two then went into the larger room, where a table was already spread, at which they both sat down. Opening a bottle of champagne, Lavalette filled the glasses, and gave as a toast:

'To the downfall of that prosperous merchant—Consul Orloff!'

"A form more active, light and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;
The modest yet the manly mien,
Might grace the court of maiden queen."

"THE CAMP!" said Alexis to himself as he sat at the breakfast table with his grandfather, and looked up from a note just handed him by Demetri. Then after perusing the missive a second time he added:

'Are there any troops quartered in this vicinity?'

'Yes,' replied the consul. 'Some apprehend that the revolution broken out in Greece will extend this way, and a considerable force has been raised by the Turkish authorities. But why do you ask?'

'I have just received an invitation to visit the camp this morning, signed by Osmer Bey.'

'Accept it by all means. I have never seen him but learn that he is Christian by birth, and the most daring officer in the Sultan's forces. The ride to the camp is short—just long enough for an invalid, and Demetri shall attend you. Of course you will go in uniform; and I wish to see how you look in your major's epaulettes.'

Before Alexis could reply, there was a clatter of hoofs in the court-yard, and he went to the window to ascertain who was there. It was a mounted Mameluke who held by the bridle a spirited Arabian charger, superbly caparisoned, who chawed his bit and proudly tossed his head as if to invite a rider. Now if there was anything for which the young officer had a passion, it was a fine horse; so that when Demetri came in with an announcement that the Mameluke had come to offer him the use of the steed below—one of Osmar Bey's own steeds—there was no longer any hesitation. Hastening from the room, he soon arrayed himself in uniform, and descended to the court-yard, where he sprang into the saddle, managing the spirited animal with that grace of self-possession which is a military equestrians.

The consul with several friends and all the slaves were in the court-yard; and the young gentleman's heart beat high as the encomiums lavished upon his graceful figure yielding to the motions of his steed, had that grace which lent an additional charm to each well-proportioned limb. The embonpoint of a sick room, too, had added his soft skin that the ruddy glow was visible beneath; while what he experienced at prancing once more in the saddle, gave life and action to his frank, open countenance.

Then his costume—the rich dress of a major in the Imperial Hussars—was strikingly beautiful, even in the land of Oriental luxuriousness of attire. A tightly-fitting suit of blue was nearly covered with heavy gold embroidery, while a scarlet pelisse, trimmed with equal richness, hung loosely from the shoulders, with the same graceful motion as waved the plume from his cap, in front of which were the arms in solid gold. The hilt and scabbard of the sabre, hanging at his side were of the same precious metal, richly ornamented.

The girths needed some adjustment, and while Demetri was arranging one of the buckles, Monsieur Lavalette came to the other side of the horse.

'Nay,' said he in an obsequious tone as every word came hissing forth as if from heated iron, 'the account which I have to examine is ready for your inspection.'

There was something so peculiar in the man's looks that Alexis forgot all about the horse, and the camp, and his grandfather's accounts thus thrust before him. It was evident he could not see them. But the consul called out:

'Never mind the accounts now, Alexis. They are in safe hands; and, perhaps, Monsieur Lavalette can give me the information I so need.'

'Very complimentary, Monsieur!' said Lavalette, with a bow, while his eye flashed fire; and he returned to the counting-house.

'Good day, grandfather. Good day, all,' exclaimed Alexis, touching his horse with his spurs, and cantering out of the court yard, followed by the Mameluke. A gallant looking horseman was the attendant, with flowing costume, scimeiter, and an air of that haughty pride peculiar to the successful soldier. To the surprise of Alexis, he spoke in good French:

'To the left, major, and give your horse rein. He knows the way.'

The Turkish Camp was now before them, presenting a scene of rare picturesque beauty, that charmed Alexis, familiar as he was with the pomp of the tented field.

'Orloff,' announced his guide; and Osmar Bey, the sole occupant of the tent, as they came in, rose, and advanced to meet his guest, saying:

'You are welcome to my quarters. I am glad that they are thus honored.' He thanked him for the compliment and offered seat, where he had any thing to look at his host. He was a man of stalwart frame, whose attitude naturally haughty, while his nature was marked by decision and energy. His expansive forehead was furrowed; and his pallid cheek attenuated; yet from beneath his dark eyebrows, bright gleams of hope somewhat contracted by habitual care testified that time alone was capable with wrinkles or with grey hairs. A short, heavy black beard concealed the resolute outline of the lower portion of his face, but left exposed a massive neck, left bare by his Albanian costume. The long, blue tassel of his cap hung down over his shoulders; arms, covered only by a thin shirt, came through the slashed sleeves of an embroidered jacket, which thus with the pelisse, disclosing a tight vest; a white belt was tightly bound about the waist by a crimson sash; and embroidered gaiters covered yellow slippers. A more beautiful costume was never worn by Christian or by Infidel.

Pipe and coffee were brought by negro slaves, and, after a few moments' pause, laying down the amber mouthpiece of his snake-like water-pipe, he remarked:

'I suppose Achmet has informed you, that we both soldiers of France by profession—indeed, your uniform is the associated in my recollection with that. But now, I trust, the flags which we fight wave in harmony.'

'I trust, also,' replied Alexis; 'for I hear General Ipslanti has endeavored to embroil the two powers, in order to carry out some scheme for the benefit of Greek nation.'

'Such a idea! Neither will Capo d'Istria and his 'Philomusians,' do more than I am too well aware of their plots.'

'But that chance,' inquired Alexis, 'is not congregated here? Surely no danger is feared?'

The brow darkened.

He replied: 'And yet there are those whose wings will require to be clipped if they aspire to the eagle's flight. This is rather a camp of discipline, and I hope, in return for the pleasure of your visit, to show you the glories of the crescent, in company with the untried levies who are being taught the modern school of warfare. This is a review at noon, and the trumpet announce that the hour is near at hand. Excuse me until I can put on my regimental uniform: for example, as you probably know, goes a great way in making a reform.'

Saying, the bey left our young friend retired to make the contemplated change.

Short time the bey re-appeared, in a blue frock-coat and pantaloons of European military cut, excepting the crescent star upon his left breast instead of epaulettes, as an indication of rank. His head-dress was the same, and a richly ornamented belt, fastened by a golden-lace belt. Offering his arm to Alexis, they went to the front of the tent, and the young officer felt beat with military pride as the scene era before him filled with troops disposing on their arms.

'I must go,' said Alexis; 'but I really dislike to leave a scene where there is so much loveliness and kindness.'

'If you must go, wait a few moments, and I will accompany you.'

The announcement gave Alexis great pleasure, for somehow he had become deeply interested in his host, nor could he but think that he had met withhim before. Those eyes were not to be mistaken.

Short time horses were brought to the front of the tent, and Osmer Bey reappeared, dressed in the plainest manner.

'I do not wish to undergo the ceremony of visiting the city in state,' said he laughingly; 'besides, some rascally Greek might choose to begin the contest hereabouts, by giving me a taste of his knife.'

'It is your society, not your uniform, that pleases me,' said Alexis, in a laughing tone; and bidding good day to the few officers remaining in headquarters, they rode off.

Again did the young man endeavor to elicit from Osmer some incidents of his early adventures; but he was unsuccessful, and to have been pointed in his questioning would have been rude. They rode faster than Alexis had come in the morning, and had nearly reached Smyrna at sunset.

'You will come to the consulate?'

'Excuse me, major; I have not as yet been into society, here, and rather prefer not going. Associated as I am with Mahommedans, it is not very agreeable to hear their and my motives questioned—so you must let me leave you at yonder fountain.'

'Nay, sir, but I know my grandfather would be delighted to see you, and to thank you for your hospitable kindness to me—a stranger.'

'Do we not belong to the great military family? Surely I, as your father, have a better right to entertain you than your grandfather?'

And as the bey said this there was a peculiar expression about his eyes that Alexis never forgot, although many years have passed away before he could interpret it.

'Well, I hope that the fortune of war will never lead the son to combat the father.'

'Why not? If a father violates his sacred obligations, what should withold the son's hand? But stop—I misunderstood you. In our case, major, I hope the intimacy of to-day may ever brighten. And, as here we are at the fountain adieu. Promise to visit me again.'

They shook hands cordially; and, having pledged himself that he would soon ride out again, they separated. In a few moments more, Alexis was in the court yard of the consulate, and gave up his horse to an attendant, who had ridden with them from camp. His grandfather met him at the door and welcomed him home; while old Katina was in his chamber, when he went up, arranging the curtains exclaimed:

'Why my young master, how the ride has improved your looks. You have as much color as your father had, tonight.'

'My father!'

'Bless me, I forgot;' and the old lady hobbled down stairs, apparently very much disgusted with herself for her indiscreet remark.'

'With this mystery!' said Alexis to himself, as he took off his uniform. 'But never mind, I have a kind grandfather and a noble father in arms. Yet I should like to know, and—I will know.'

Having arrived at this philosophical axiom, he concluded his toilette, and went down into the dining room, where his ride was made manifest by the enormity of his appetite. The old gentleman was very inquisitive; but appeared sorry when he learned how many troops Osmar Bey had collected.

'Depend upon it,' said he 'there is some trouble brewing, and I fear that our Greek friends will suffer for their desire to establish the old Hellenic empire. Every act of their leaders but serves to awake the fanaticism of the Turks, which, when once aroused, can only be quenched in blood.

The door opened and in walked Monsieur Lavalette, obsequious as ever, carrying two large account books, which he laid upon the table.

'I cannot show these books to your grandson this evening, Mr. Consul,' he said, with a fawning smile, 'for Manasseh is in the city, and has sent for us; but his superior knowledge of accounts will enable him to find what you seek.'

'Sent for us!' exclaimed the consul. 'Once he used to come cringing here, and wish to loan me money; but now he has involved me somewhat in his operations, I have to go to him.'

'Manasseh—Manasseh,' repeated Alexis. 'Where have I heard that name?'

'You saved his life major,' replied Lavalette, 'and now he wishes to save your grandfather's credit.'

'Save my credit! Thank heaven, he cannot weaken or save it; and tonight I hope to break from his usurious clutches. As to his thanking you, Alexis perhaps he fears you will bring in action against him—ha! ha! But if we must go, Monsieur Lavalette, let us start at once. After your ride, young man, you must be fatigued—so good night.'

In a few moments Alexis heard the court-yard gate close.

"Oh, treacherous night,
How lend'st thy ready veil to every treason,
And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade."

MOONLIGHT and midnight! Lovely everywhere, but especially in a large city, where they contrast strongly with sun-glare and bustle of day. In the country, although the yeoman's voice does not echo as he drives his team afield, or the bees hum their pean to industry, or the birds make the air melodious, there is no unusual quiet—nature is ever heard, at midnight as at noon, in the murmuring of the wind, the rustling of the leaves, and the dreamy singing of the books. But in the city, where the battle of life is so unceasingly waged from early morn till late in the evening, there is a midnight hour of solemn quiet. This contrast is more especially marked in an Oriental city, like Smyrna, where every sound is hushed by ten o'clock. The cries of the muezzus, inviting the faithful to evening devotion, are no longer heard, the tat-too beat of the drum no longer warns straggling soldiers to their barrack beds; the sound of the viol is not heard at the coffee houses; and even the songs of the mothers, hushing their babes to sleep, are themselves stilled. Watchers weary of the night may be astir within doors, but quiet reigns without, only broken by the cool plashings of a fountain or the sea-breeze playing among the minerats of some sepulchral looking mosque. And on the evening of which we write, the full orbed moon sat enthroned among her retinue of stars, in a clear cerulean sky, bathing all things beautiful in a mellow light, while charitable shadows concealed many a dark nook.

Lured by the beauty of the scene and yielding to a melancholy influence that had stolen over him, Alexis was seated the bay window overlooking the bay, unmindful of the lateness of the hour. Few except those who have enjoyed the delicious climate of Smyrna, can comprehend the undimmed beauty of such a night, when the very elements appear to slumber, and the most agitated mind can enjoy a melancholy repose of thought. Such was the case with Alexis, and yet a melancholy presentiment disturbed his happiness—a vague, hateful consciousness of danger and of disappointment—a knowledge that the glorious stars which thronged the azure vault above were not more thickly strewn than were the cares across life's pathway.

Growing restless, and wondering, too, why his grandfather had not returned, Alexis put on his cap and started out. It was not his intention to have gone out of sight of the consulate; but he walked slowly on until the darkness around his path made him aware that he was in the dwelling of the dead, which, in Smyrna, joins the busy haunts of the living. On either side rose thick groves of cypress trees, those waveless emblems of mortality; while beneath were equally interminable forests of tombs, each cold marble strangely distinct in the surrounding darkness, like a phantom, keeping watch over his own slumbering ashes.

Turning, Alexis saw two individuals, who appeared to be watching his movements—for they halted when they perceived that he had stopped. Could it be that they were following him? Naturally brave, he nevertheless felt somewhat nervous, for he was entirely unarmed; but in order to satisfy himself as to their intentions, he walked slowly onward. To his excessive annoyance a glance over his shoulder occasionally showed that his attendants maintained the same distance as when he first noted their presence. This was unbearable, and he stopped suddenly—so did they—and when determined to ascertain whether they were purposely dogging his steps he turned round and retraced his path, the figures steadily retreated as he advanced—strong presumptive evidence of an anxiety on their part to avoid him as pertinaciously as was he desirous to get rid of them.

But the moment he emerged from the hallowed precincts of the burial ground, the retreat was stopped; and while he was endeavoring to make out what sort of characters were waiting for him, he was seized by four others, who came from some hiding place. Resistance was impossible, and ere he could recover from his amazement, he found himself, hand cuffed and gagged, hurried rapidly over the uneven pavement. In a short time the plash of water met his ear, and then he saw that he had reached the quay. Here he was unceremoniously lifted into a ship's boat, and made to sit in the stern, where two men held him fast. It is needless to say that he was indignant at this brutal treatment, for which he could assign no reason at all sufficient to justify his detention. He was not aware that he had uttered a word against the government; and had he been so indiscreet, they surely would not dare to outrage Russia by thus kidnapping an inmate of the consulate, who was in the emperor's service.

Who his captors were he could not well ascertain—for their forms were shrouded in large cloaks, while handkerchiefs muffled their faces. He was positive, however that one of them was a mulatto; and this but added to the mystery of his position—for he did not remember to have seen one of the doomed race since his arrival. Four other men were in the boat, and Alexis remarked that they conversed in "*lingua francia*," a mixture of French and of Italian, spoken in the Levant by mariners of all the bordering countries. An hour passed,—to the prisoner it seemed an age,—when an Arab, carrying a lantern, came from among the buildings to the boat. He inquired, in Italian, for the captain.

'He went on board in a fisherman's boat that started about two hours ago,' replied the mulatto. 'Tracking game is not his favorite pursuit, and he said that he would go on board to get the anchor tripped and have the sails loosened. But where's the consignee?'

'The old gentleman sent me with this letter, telling me to give it to the captain, and to say that he wished him to set sail at once.'

'Give me the letter, then, and off we'll go.'

Taking the package, and putting it in his hat, he gave orders to have the boat cast off. Then, resuming his seat by the side of Alexis, he took the tiller and the boat shot out into the broad bay. They passed so near the 'Nicolai' that Alexis could hear the measured tread of the sentries on deck; but it was impossible for him to make the least movement. A few moments more and it was evident that the boat was making towards a beautiful lugger, that sat upon the water like a sea-bird at rest, with her huge wing like sails hanging loose, as if waiting to sweep away in quest of prey. She had two tall masts, with long pointed yards, upon which clouds of canvass could be spread; while a small mizen-mast carried a small sail, used to keep her jammed up to the wind when close hauled. Everything about her appeared to be in the best order; and as her outline, with its tracery of rigging was visible in the moonlight, Alexis thought her the most beautiful specimen of marine architecture he had ever seen.

'Who comes?' hailed a gruff voice from the forecastle.

'The 'Dolphin,' cried the mulatto.

'Call the captain.'

And the boat grated against the side of the lugger. A tall form appeared at the gangway, and with him came a female, wrapped in a cloak.

'All well?'

'Ay, ay, captain,' said the mulatto; 'here is your passenger, with his hands rather too tightly belayed for his own comfort, and a stopper in his mouth—orders, though.'

'But signor Manasseh?'

'Ah—here is a letter from him.'

And springing on board he handed the package to his commander.

'Is my father not here either?' asked the female, evidently somewhat disappointed; and Alexis thought he had heard that voice before.

The captain's reply was not audible to those in the boat; but he offered his arm to his companion, and they went down the companion way. In a few moments he returned to the gangway, saying in rather a vexed tone:

'Bring your prisoner on board, Cato.'

Alexis was lifted from the boat as if he had been a child; and as he was placed on the lugger's quarter deck, the captain, raising his cap, saluted him.

'You are a soldier, sir,' said he, 'and must know that duty is not always agreeable. I have orders to convey you to Athens, and shall carry you there. On our arrival a sealed package, now in my hands, will inform you all about the why and wherefore of this; and I hope that—apart from the line of duty—you will find your sojourn on board the 'Dolphin,' agreeable. The old veteran with you will attend you in your cabin, where you must consider yourself a prisoner until to-morrow. Until then adieu.'

There was a frankness and cordiality about these remarks that pleased Alexis, although he felt indignant at the outrage committed in thus entrapping him—neither could he comprehend the motive for sending him to Greece, or the authority under which he was sent. The mulatto, however, taking him by the arm, led him to the companion way, and there was no alternative but to descend with as good a grace as possible. He was shown into a beautiful little cabin, furnished with great elegance, and brightly lighted by a hanging lamp. Cato remained at the door; but his campanion followed Alexis in, and when the door was closed, threw off their cloak and muffler. It was Achmet the Mamaluke!

'Fortune of war,' said the old trooper. The duty has not been a pleasant one; but as the captain said just now, 'orders must be obeyed.' Now, major, I am bid to release you from these outrageous ropes, if you will not attempt to escape to-night.'

Really suffering from the tightness of the cordage that bound his hands, and from the gag in his mouth, Alexis bowed assent. Indeed, curiosity was fast usurping every other sentiment, and the mystery of his position appeared to increase. The honest soldier lost no time in releasing him, but shook his head at the volley of questions:

'Where are we? Why am I here? I thought you were at the camp! Surely Osmar Bey has not contrived this!'

'Ah major ask me no questions to-night. Indeed, I cannot understand matters myself. But take some refreshment.'

There was a handsome, cold collation on the table elegantly served, with rich crystal and elegant silver ware. For a moment Alexis hesitated; but the cold air had given him a famous appetite, and he thought that he might make the best of his position. A small state room opening from the cabin, was pointed out by Achmet, who served him with great attention, and really appeared sad as he wished him:

'Good night, and pleasant dreams.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dry Goods, &c.

NEW FALL GOODS,

IN

CARLETON-PLACE, C. W.

CAMPBELL & MORPHY have received several Packages, and will be daily receiving them

Stock of Dry Goods,

In which will be found the NEWEST, MOST ELEGANT, & FASHIONABLE STYLES OF

Fall & Winter Goods,

—ALSO,—

A general assortment of FRESH GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

DRUGS, MEDICINES, STATIONERY!

&c., &c., &c.,

And also a very great assortment of Fancy Goods & Small Wares.

Carleton-Place, Oct. 1st, 1855. 3-ea

McFARLANE & ANDERSON

Have just received their Summer Stock of GOODS!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Grey & White Cottons, Sheetings, &c
Ticking & Bagging,
Fancy & Blue Shirtings,
Prints, Ginghams & Derlys,
DeLaines, Stained Muslins, &c.,
Shawls, Hdkfs., Neck-ties, &c.,
Broad Cloths, Cassimers, & Vestings,
Flannels, Gloves & Hosiery.
Boots, Shoes & Sole Leather.
Teas, Sugars & Tobaccos,
Crockery, Tinware, &c.,
School Books & Stationery,
Medicines & Dye-Stuffs,
Window Glass and Putty,
Iron & Nails of every description,
Double Barrelld Fowling Pieces.
Cradles, Snaths & Scythes,
Sickles, Rakes & Forks,

A Beautiful Selection.

Newest Styles:

Ladies' Plam & Fancy Bonnets parasols, (large sizes,) children's hats Mens' Straw, Leghoru, Felt, and Fur Hats.

Our Stock of all the various articles that are connected with the Trade, will be found to be every thing that the economist could desire; small Profits being the "order of the day." We are determined, in that respect, to meet the wishes of the public and by that means, secure what we have already gained, a large andincreasing Trade

☞ N.B.—The Highest Price allowed for Butter.

Ramsay, 28t June, 1855.

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, in this Village, under the style of Campbell & Co., as General Merchants, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The debts and liabilities are assumed by John G. Campbell, who will continue the business in his own name, & for his own account.

ARCHIBALD McDOUGALL,
JOHN G. CAMPBELL.

Witness, Robert Thompson.
Franktown, Oct, 21st, 1855. 6-e,

CONNOR'S

UNITED STATES TYPE FOUNDRY.

Nos. 29, 31, & 33 Beekman Street, N. Y.

To Printers & Publishers.

THE undersigned beg to inform the Trade that they have this day issued their new Quarto Specimen, and that it is now ready for delivery to their old patrons, as well as to those who patronize their Foundry. In it will be found a new series of faces, from Pearl, to Pica, surpasssing, if possible, their celebrated Scotch-cut faces.

The Fancy Type Department exhibits an unsurpassible variety of beautiful styles, selected from France Germany and England.

The Scripts and Bordering are now for the first time presented to the Printing public, and are the productions of the best American and European artists.

An entire new series of German faces, both for Newspaper and Job Printing, of a very superior style, is now nearly completed and ready for Sale.

The metal from which the Type is made will be found peculiarly adapted to the severe usage of machine-press printing.

They beg to return thanks for past favors, and to solicit a continuance. Their well known liberal manner of doing business for the past 30 years, is a guaranty to new Patrons of their disposition and ability not to allow themselves to be surpassed for fair dealing, whether orders are by letter or otherwise.

☞ Proprietors of Newspapers are requested to insert the above 3 times, provided they trade out three times the amount of their respective bills in materials of our manufacture, and forward us one copy of the Paper containing the advertisement.

JAMES CONNOR & SONS.

Feb'y. 39-y.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL PAY the highest price in Cash, for any quantity of WHEAT, OATS, INDIAN CORN & PORK, of good quality—delivered at Woodside Mills,

JOHN BAIRD.

Ramsay, 15th Oct., 1855. 5-tf.

PERTH AND BYTOWN MAIL STAGES.

THE undersigned having obtained the Contract for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails from Bytown to Perth would respectfully inform the public that he will run a Line of COVERED STAGES between these places for the conveyance of Passengers, as follows:—

DOWNWARDS.—Will leave Perth every day at 6 o'clock, A.M.; Franktown 8, A.M.; Richmond 11, A.M.; Bell's Corners 2, P.M.

UPWARDS.—Will leave Bytown at 6 o'clock A.M.; Bell's Corners at 8, A.M.; Richmond at 10 A.M.; Franktown at 1 P.M.

FARMERS, LOOK HERE.

THE Subscriber takes this method of announcing to the inhabitants of Beckwith, and surrounding Townships, that he has commenced business in the stand known as Mr. McDonald's Carding Mill, that together with carding and cloth-dressing, to which the strictest attention will be paid. He will keep constantly on hand, an assortment of cloths, manufactured at the Waterford Woolen Mills, consisting of plain and fancy cassimers, tweeds, gala-tartans, flannels, blankets, &c. all of which he will sell at a great deal cheaper than the present current prices, for Cash, or give in exchange for wool, as he wishes to do a ready pay business.

He will at all times endeavor to give entire satisfaction, and therefore hopes for a share of public patronage.

JOHN BROOKES.

Carleton-Place, May 8th, 1855. 34-tf

$100 REWARD!

THE Subscriber hereby offers a reward of $100 to any person who will give such information as will lead to the conviction of the person or persons, who set fire to his Barn, on the night of Tuesday, the third instant.

JAMES DUNCAN.

Carleton-Place, April 4th 1855.

NOTICE!

EXTRA SUPERFINE FLOUR, in Barrels, for Sale, by

A. McARTHUR.

Carleton-Place, June 27th, 1855

NOTICE.

ANY person found Trespassing on Lot No 16 in 6th Con. of the Township of Ramsay will be prosecuted according to Law.

J. WYLIE.

Ramsay, Oct., 1853.

COLIN SINCLAIR,

Tailor & Clothier.

THANKFUL FOR THE LARGE share of patronage, that has been awarded him. He would now inform the inhabitants of Carleton-Place and the public generally, that he has on hand a good assortment of

CLOTHING AND TRIMMINGS.

Of every description.

COATS, VESTS, PANTS, MUFFLERS, SHIRTS, DRAWERS, &c., &c., &c.

Always on hand. Customers furnishing their own Cloth can have it made up in the Latest Fashion. 6-ea.

NEW TIN SHOP

AT RENFREW!!!

THE Subscribers respectfully inform the Public, that they have opened a Shop in the old stand, at Renfrew, where they will keep a good supply of Tinware, Stove Pipes, Dumb Stoves, &c., also, Chain & Suction Pumps supplied to order. All kinds of Produce taken in payment. Wanted, 500 lbs of Feathers, and 2 tons of Cotton Rags.

D. WARD & Co

Renfrew, Feb. 14th, 1855. 22 tf

NEW TANNERY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS BEG LEAVE TO inform their friends and the Public in general, that they have just completed their

NEW TANNERY,

IN THE

Village of Appleton,

Where they will be prepared to pay the HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH for Hides, or Tan upon shares, as may suit their customers, they hope, by strict attention to business, to secure a liberal share of patronage.

JOHN CRAM,
PETER CRAM.

Appleton, Sept. 29, 1855. 3-a.

LAST CALL.

THE undersigned would call the attention of those whose Notes and Book accounts are past due, to the late firm of James Wylie & Son, that immediate payment must now be made, as the season is far advanced and the business is being closed entirely.

MARY WYLIE, Administratrix.
JAMES H. WYLIE, Executor.

Ramsay, 25th Jan., 1855. 20-tf.

Books for the Million!!

THE SUBSCRIBER,

HAS constantly on hand, one of the largest Stocks of Books and Stationery in Canada, which he offers for Sale, at reduced prices, to suit the times. His Stock embraces the English edition of Barne's Notes, with Dr Cumming's additions, Cumming's complete Works. The English reprints of Irving's Prescott's, and the works of all the popular American writers. He is likewise agent for the Tract Society, and Sunday School Union, and supplies their publications to Sabbath Schools, at their prices. Law and Medical Books furnished at publishers' prices. Catalogues and every information supplied.

JOHN M'MULLEN.

Brockville, April, 1855 26.

FOR SALE.

4 GOOD HORSES for general purposes.

J. & J. WYLIE.

Ramsay, July 7th, 1855.

ANDREW GAY,

FLINT'S BLOCK,

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE AVENUE MAIN STREET, BROCKVILLE.

TAKES occasion to return his grateful acknowledgments for the liberal patronage with which he has hitherto been favored, and has the gratification to inform his friends and the public, that he has now on hand a large Stock of CANE SEAT & BACK ROCKING CHAIRS, and a good assortment of

Cabinet Ware and Furniture.

His Warerooms have been recently filled with Stock, which, for cheapness, has never been equalled in this section, and cannot be exceeded.

Amongst other articles his assortment embraces Gilt Mouldings, of every style, sold by the foot or made into Picture Frames to order.

Always on hand, Mattresses and Looking-Glasses. Purchasers will find it greatly to their interest to call before investing their money elsewhere.

N. B.—Maps Varnished & Mounted.

Brockville, September 25th, 1855.

PAPER HANGINGS FOR THE MILLION

10,000 Pieces of Room Paper constantly on sale, by the Subscriber, from 4d per roll to 25s. Parties fitting up houses can save twenty-five per cent. by buying from him. Estimates, and every information given, on application by letter or otherwise. ☞ The Trade supplied.

JOHN M'MULLEN.

Brockville, April, 1855.

BRICKS! BRICKS!

A FEW THOUSAND BRICKS, suitable for inside and outside work, yet on hand at the Perth Brick Yard.

A. McMILLAN.

Perth, April 28th, 1855. 39-tf.

FIRST SPRING ARRIVALS!

AT THE STORE OF

J. & J. WYLIE.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 25th Instant, they will open for sale, the first of their

SPRING GOODS!

Direct from the English & New-York Markets comprising all the novelties of the season, and composed in part as follows:—

Ladies' plain and fancy Bonnets of the newest shapes and designs, Bonnet Ribbons [new styles] French and English flowers and wreaths, Print'd Muslins and Delanes, Print'd Cashmeres, Light prints and Delanes, Parasols plain and fancy, [large] newest styles in Summer Shawls; Mens' Leghorn, Straw, Felt, and Fur Hats Childrens' fancy Hats, Summer Coatings and Trouserings in Tweeds, Cassimers, and Satinetts, and a large assortment of Ready Made Coats, together with grey and bleached heavy and fancy shirting stripes, ticks with a lot of superior Teas and To other Groceries

JUST RECEIVE

AT THE

NEW HARDWARE STORE!!!

IN

PERTH,

DIRECT from the Manufacturers, in ENGLAND and the UNITED STATES, and for sale at [illegible] prices:

20 Do Sc[illegible] Scythes,
20 [illegible] Rakes,
20 [illegible] Grain Cradles,
2 [illegible] Sets Sythes
[illegible] 48 to 52