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ROMANTIC STORY.

(Concluded.)

Here the feelings of the woman overcame her. The struggle was too much; and bursting into tears' she wept long and bitterly. I took her hand gently, and strove to sooth her offering her what service I could.

"Swear it!" she cried, and starting up with energy, she took a small golden crucifix from her bosom, and presented it to me, calling on to save her, if I could, and, if possible, conduct her where she might escape to her mother's native home,—for there she said, she was sure of finding many friends and relations willing and able to protect her.

Alas! how little was this lone flower of the wilderness acquainted with the hollowness of the friendship of that world on whose troubled waters she was fain to cast herself, with nothing but her faith in "Allah, or the Virgin," as she herself expressed it, according to her strangely blended creed.

Was I mad? No. Who would not have done as I did? Seize the proffered crucifix, kiss it, and swear to protect the lovely daughter of the desert. I did so, and to this hour I repent it not; I would do so again to-morrow. "Now I must depart," she exclaimed; and to-morrow, when the moon climbs the brow of yonder hill, I shall expect you here. If you shrink, then, from your promise, I will not seek to bind you to it But remember, that in three days I am to be united to the Bedouin; and if not ere then under the protection of the Frank, the night they prepare my bridal-bed you may seek my tomb amidst you wild plains."

She held out her hand towards me, and I kissed it with tenderness—with awe. Zoe looked at me for a moment, and I thought an expression of extreme pain passed over her exquisite—I might almost say unearthly—features; then flinging her capote over her head, she glided swiftly past the ruins amongst which she had been seated, and I gradually lost sight of her shawdowy figure, as it melted in the distance. I returned, but not to sleep.

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Again had the starry splendour of an eastern night mantled the solitude of the plain, and the busy abodes of restless man; again was the moon, like some pale, pensive man, stealing timidly along the deep blue cloisters of the heavens; and again was I seated beside Zoe, mid the lonely ruins of the old castle.

"Tell me," said Zoe, after some moments silence, —"tell me, have I thought the thing I should not? I seek not to bind you to a promise which you may not, perhaps, be able to fulfil. My sorrows are mine own, and I feel that, ere long, I shall be at rest, where the griefs that have blighted my youth shall slumber with me, unknown and untold. I feel that Azarel is, even now, hovering nigh me; and I know that my mother expects her daughter, Why then, burden you with my miseries? a few days must end them."

"Listen to me, Zoe I am a stranger in this land, and I may not tarry in it. I must still journey for a time towards the rising of the sun, and you wish to go towards its setting. My protection may avail but little;—yet God forbid that I should withhold it, such as it is. Chance has brought me to you, and our destinies seem in a few moments to be mingled together. Perhaps I am but deluding myself, and seeking for arguments to enforce the promptings of my inclinations; yet though I have pondered and thought over our position until my brain ached, I see not my path distinctly, and, submit to my fate. Fly with me, I will guard you, cherish, protect, and———"

"Enough!" cried Zoe, flinging herself at my feet, and clasping my knees; "enough! thou art as generous as brave Guard me, cherish me, did you say? Nay, and shall not Zoe do something to mark her gratitude, she will be your servant, and in health wait on you, in sickness nurse you. Her hands shall prepare your food, and smooth your couch; but remember that, Zoe must never love again. In one of those pious houses where my mother tells me holy women dwell shall Zoe, every morning and every evening, lift her voice in prayer, and implore from the good angels, and the prophet of God, blessings countless as the locusts, on the head of him, who scorned not to save a lonely maiden!"

"But have you thought how you may escape from yon tents? You will surely be missed; and even now, how is it that you are determined to wander from them at night?"

"And think you that the daughter of the Frank did not long since teach them that she had a spirit as tameless and free as the gazelle. When they chide me I laughed; and I now rove where I will. Yet would Mohammed be wroth, if ever my absence were prolonged beyond a few hours; why may I not follow you in the garb of one of your kousses? None would recognise the light of the harem, in the coarse mantle and turban.

"Agreed; we start from Orfa the day after to-morrow. I will be here to-morrow, and bring with me a dress, through whose impenetrable fold none shall discern the graceful and light-limbed Zoe."

"Farewell' then; we shall meet at the same hour; though a something here—a dreadful feeling, which I cannot describe, and a low moaning voice ever nigh me, tells me that we shall not have to journey far."

[The disguise is accordingly provided, and all preparations completed for her escape.]

On arriving near the base of the eminence upon which stood the old castle, I dismounted, and tied my horse to a fig tree; and then taking my bundle in my arms, ascended.—At this moment, there was so little light, that to facilitate my progress, I left my burden outside the nearest part of the ruin, and then groped my way cautiously over the fallen rubbish, till I arrived at the appointed place:—there I found Zoe anxiously expecting me.—I confess it was a great relief to me to see her. An undefinable dread of something terrible—such as she experienced at our last interview—had haunted me during the day; but now I was by her side, and I felt that all was secure.

"Ah! how glad I am that you are come. Do you hear the voices of the dead that have come from their cold graves, and are moaning with pain, as the chill blast reaches them in the old crannies of the ruin, and makes them shiver? Do you know"—and here she put her mouth close to my ear—"that I must soon be amongst them!"

I looked at her, and saw that something had dreadfully agitated her. Her face was deadly pale, but in her eyes gleamed an unnatural fire and her teeth chattered with the cold, as the wind whistled and howled along the deserted walls, and visited each hole in the crumbling pile, I wondered not at her comparing it to the voices of the dead, but I was shocked at the expression of her face,—it was the expression of insanity. She seemed to read my thoughts; for she immediately exclaimed:—

"I am not mad; but I have been warned and I know that we shall not have far to journey. Do you see that?" and she pointed to one of the state apartments of the place in olden time. There was an arch in its walls next to us about 7 feet in height, and within it nothing apparent save darkness palpable.—"There." said she, "I saw my blessed mother appear. While waiting your coming I thought a sudden gleam of light traversed the area. On lifting my eyes, I beheld standing in that arch, the form of my mother, such as I remember when I was but an infant; yet oh! how much more beautiful! She looked on me mournfully, and her lips moved; but I could not hear what she said. I stretched my arms towards her, and strove to rise; but I was bound, as it were to my seat, and when I looked again, I saw nothing but the moonshine; yet I thought I heard the rustling of wings, whilst a strain of wild, sad music rose from the interior, and floated towards me on the breeze. 'Oh! 'tis cold, 'tis very cold." And she crept close to me, whilst I folded the poor nestling to my bosom.

"Oh, Zoe!" I cried, "why do you give way to such fancies! You are very feverish and unwell; you must not linger here. I have brought you the dress; 'tis outside; and, as it is neccessary that you should wear it when entering the city, I shall fetch it at once." She seemed to pay but little attention to my words; and, gently taking my hand, whilst her head reclined on my bosom, and her dark eyes were turned towards my face, she said —

"I know that I have given you much trouble and much pain Allah will reward you; and, were it permitted me, I would pray for you long—perhaps," (and she turned down her eyes) "perhaps even in this world I might have been tought to love you, as you desire; for you are the only friend I ever met. But all is nearly over—"

"Gracious Heaven! what can you mean? It is cruel in you to speak so. Did you but know how your words are as daggers to my soul, you would not torture me."

"I forgive you for thinking that I could cause you a moments trouble; I forgive you, for thou canst not know the secret lore which is unfolded in the vast and boundless plains of Araby, to the daughters who watch beneath its starry sky. In the maiden's weakness lieth often amongst us, the gift of communing with the spirits of the departed. But see, I vex you, and you are angry with Zoe. It must not be so. Bring me the dress, and I will do all that you wish. Nay, you must kiss me ere you fetch it, or I will think that the Frank knows not how to forgive." I stooped and pressed my lips to her cold, forhead; it was too much for me. I felt that my eyes were moist; and, turning from Zoe, I hurried to the place where I had deposited the dress

I lingered some moments when arrived there for I felt unmanned. Suddenly, a dark cloud seemed to spread all at once an impenetrable cloak of blackness over the sky, and a gust of wind swept across the plain with tremendous violence, and nearly shook me from my feet where I stood; whilst I thought the hideous bird of night uttered a piercing scream within the walls of the old castle I hastened back to Zoe, for I felt awed at the voice of nature. I had to return by a narrow passage which led to the spot where I had left the bundle to the court yard, where I and Zoe had first met. I was groping my way out of it, when my foot struck something soft and, putting my hand down to examine it, my fingers touched a human face. I endeavoured to move the body with my foot; but I soon found that, although warm, it was either lifeless or in a trance. Immediately I lifted it up—a dreadful idea flashed across my mind; I bore it into the centre of the court yard.—The cloud that had caused the momentary eclipse was passed and the moon shone forth I shut my eyes; I felt my heart rising in my throat, and, gasping for breath, I at length, dared to look upon my burden;—it was Zoe! Her garments were saturated with the blood that streamed still from a wide gash in her left bosom. Then I raved and laughed alternately, like a maniac. Zoe dead! I had not left her 3 minutes. Impossible! again I bent over her; and taking my hankerchief, dipped it in her blood, and placed it in my bosom;—then, wiping away the crimson drops that oozed from her lips, madly stooped to kiss them As I lifted my head, I saw on the ground the shadow of a man with uplifted arm, behind me: and, starting to my feet, beheld the fiend Osman, in the act of aiming a blow, which I was just in time to intercept, by catching his arm as it descended. I seemed endowed with a giant's strength, and twisting the arm I had seized till he was forced to drop the dagger from his grasp, threw myself on him with a loud cry. But my passion had blinded me; and, though I flung my adversary, I could not prevent him from catching me by the the throat, whilst he drew me to the ground along with himself, and managed to tighten his hold, till I felt nearly strangled. In my rage I tore his hair and beat his face; but the pressure round my throat grew tighter—my eyes felt starting from the sockets—I began to feel as though drunk, when suddenly I recollected my dirk; I felt for the handle, drew it, and, unconscious of what I did struck one blow, I scarce knew where, and sunk altogether exhausted. Gradually my memory returned—the pressure round my throat seemed passed away—my eyes opened—I felt my right hand still grasping a dagger hilt, and when I lifted the weapon I drew it from the breast of Osman, and as I rose felt my hand was wet with his blood. I paused for a moment, threw her cloak over all that remained of Zoe, and giving one glance at the motionless body of Osman, hurried from the scene of death.

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To none has this tale been revealed till now; and the horror which I felt at the entire scene, and the awful responsibility I fancied myself under for Osman's death, even in self defence, made me silent. What indeed, had I to tell? A story that would harrow the very soul of the listener; a tale how a maiden loved "not wisely, but too well;" a description of her beauty and artlessness, that she might, like the victims of old, be adored by her graces, as with sacrificial ornaments, only to fall by the hand of the man to whom she had surrendered the firstlings of her heart. No; such tales are not for me; they are revolting, and my secret would have remained my own, but for an incident which happened not very long since, and which has again opened up some half closed fountains of feeling, so that when I described Orfa, my pen flowed on, and I refused to leave it till I had paid my tribute to the memory of my Zoe.

At the splendid mansion of Lord——, in ——Square, there was one evening collected, after my return to this country, a numerous and brilliant assemblage. I was pacing one of the magnificent suite of apartments, in company with a friend; when my companion suddenly whispered,—"Do look at the handsome Count de——, who is turning the heads of our most celebrated belles. They say he is very clever also, quite a Talleyrand in the diplomatic world—a great traveller, too. I'll lay a wager that the sweet girl he is talking to believes all he says." I looked, and beheld certainly, a very handsome man, engaged in close and earnest coversation with a most beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, whose blushes now and then announced that the count was pouring some soft nonsense into her ear Suddenly, I broke from my companion; a few steps brought me opposite and close to the Count and the lady. The former raised his head, and his eyes encountered mine. He staggered back, grew deadly pale, and supported himself on the corner of an ottoman. The lady was alarmed, and the Count vainly endeavoured to rally, and was at last obliged to be supported by one of the servants out of the room. Had he shown less remorse, or one iota less feeling, his name would be now published in full on this page.

Reader, *the Count was Osman the Murderer.* My chief reason for preserving silence no longer exists. The Count lives, and however fastidious I might be, there is nothing with which I can reproach myself. I have therefore, told the tale.

LIVERPOOL TIMBER MARKET, Sept, 4.—*Pine.*—The unprecedented large import of Pine Timber up to the present period in conjunction, with the limited demand experienced, have caused a considerable decline in the price of the article; it is, however generally supposed it has seen its lowest depression, and that a reaction is taking place. Quebec cargoes of very common quality have brought 15d. per foot, and good cargoes 15½d, to 16d. per foot, and in some instances 16½d. per foot. Cargoes of St. John Pine, and 19. per foot. St. Andrews Pine has brought 16d. to 16 1-2d. per foot.

Red Pine.—Quebeck Red Pine sells with cargo at 22d. per foot and St. John at 16d. to 17d. per foot. A parcel of Dorchester Red-Pine brought 19½d. per foot.

THE CHIVALRY OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

(From the Colonial Magazine.)

We now approach the great and chivalric exploit of Lennon's adventurous career—an exploit calculated to have stamped, in characters of imperishable glory, the name of any officer of the royal marine—an exploit, which performed as it was, by a merchant-ship and merchant-seamen, against more than fourfold odds, reflects a halo upon the service which achieved it, and proves to demonstration that "The Royal and Mercantile Marine" should be made "alike National."

From the period of his affair with Commodore Barney, Lennon continued in command of the *Hibernia*. Denied the advantages of a ship, he had landed all his guns, save four eighteen-pound carronades and two long 9's. At the close of 1813, the *Hibernia* was once more on her passage to St. Thomas, with a crew of seventeen officers and men, and five boys. Having parted company with the convoy on the 11th of January, 1814, the *Hibernia* sighted Saba. At 1h 30m P. M. the island bore NNE seven or eight leagues distant. At this moment two schooners were descried to the southward—one of which was evidently a prize to the other. At two headmost vessel was made out to be a large schooner, with top-gallant yards across, in full chase of the Hibernia, with whom she was coming up very fast. Lennon continued his course with every sail he could carry, but finding an engagement or surrender inevitable, he called the hands aft, and thus addressed them:—

My lads, I have called you together to ask you one simple question, and to make you one straightforward proposal. There is no mistaking that fellow who is coming up with us hand over fist. I know well that you are all jolly dogs,—and if you will stand by me, why, I mean to show fight.

A hearty cheer was the gratifying response.

I need not tell you my lads, that a shot well placed often effects wonders. I know well that you are not men-of war's men, and that, in case of accidents, you have neither Greenwich nor a pension to fall back upon. All that I can say then is, that if you will stand by me, like the men I take you to be, you shall each receive two months' pay additional, and the entire of the prize, should we be lucky enough to take her.

Daring spirits accomplish with ease that which would prove impracticable to others of baser metal Lennon's speech was therefore received with acclamations, and the ship promptly cleared for action.

At 5h 20m, as the enemy had almost got within gun-shot, Lennon took in stay and steering sails, rigged in the booms, brailed his courses, and triced up the boarding nettings. At 5h 50m all hands were at quarters exercising the guns; and although they did not require the stimulant of Dutch courage, nevertheless, to keep a long-standing practice, they *spliced the main brace*, which in the vernacular, imports—they swallowed a dram. Spirits however, were not within their *ad libitum* reach. As a refreshment, under fatigue, the contents of two cases of bottled porter, were emptied into buckets, which were placed about the decks. "Stations" was now the word, although the cook's is commonly alleged to be the fore-sheet, yet, upon this occasion, it was to see the poker sufficiently hot for Lennon's alleged purpose.

At six the schooner shortened sail, although still in chase; the *Hibernia* double-shotted her guns, loaded her small arms, and made every disposition to avert being boarded.—At 7h 30m, the enemy having closed, rounded too athwart the Hibernia's stern, giving her several broadsides, and keeping up a storm of musketry This kindness was returned with small-arm fire, and from the ship's stern chasers. At about 9 the privateer ranged up close upon the larboard quarter; to baffle this intent, Lennon yawed to port, bringing his larboard guns to bear, and, as Quashee says, giving his antagonist "toko for yam." From this a close action of an hour's duration ensued, Lennon evincing his coolness and skill by twice rakeing the schooner—once with his larboard, and once with his starboard guns. At about 10 the enemy sheered off to repair damages. In some twenty minutes however, he again renewed the attack, the *Hibernia* all the while going large and drilling him with his stern chasers as he came up. At about 10h 30m close action once more ensued, the schooner taking his position on the larboard side, and pouring in a heavy fire. At this stage of the combat the Hibernia had one of her larboard guns disabled, four of her feeble crew were wounded and one killed; this last was the poor cook, who had gone to tie up a favorite dog of the captain's under the top-gallant forecastle.—Having accomplished his purpose, he was returning to supply the captain with the hot poker, when a round shot took him on the crown of the head and hurled him upon the deck a mangled corse.

Finding the enemy's fire very destructive, Lennon yawed athwart the privateer's stern, bringing his starboard guns to bear, and firing with great precision. They continued thus hotly engaged above half an hour, when the schooner again sheered off. At this time the Hibernia had the main top-sail shot away—all her braces were gone, her gaff was down, and she had sustained other considerable damage. Profiting by the retreat of their foe, single braces were got upon the yards, the gaff was hoisted, and the main-topsail tie replaced.

At 11h 30m, the schooner was once more discovered drawing up astern; when she had got well within reach, she received a dose of double-head and grape, most efficaciously administered from the unswerving stern chasers. To get out of range of this unfriendly salute, speedily, the schooner carried a press of sail, that he might lay himself alongside. Towards midnight, having gained the *Hibernia's* larboard side, a close conflict of three-quarters of an hour's duration ensued. At the expiration of that time, he evinced an inclination to board. With the view of either running him down or carrying away the mainmast Capt Lennon ordered the helm to be chapped hard a starboard, issuing at the same time, the command, 'Boarders to repel boarders,' So well judged, and so expeditiously, was Lennon's manœuvre effect, that he barely missed the enemy's mast—her escape from that decisive casuality being owing to the schooner shooting further ahead then Lennon expected. As it was, the Hibernia ran her jib-boom, through the privateer's main-sail, tearing it away, although with the loss of the spar. At this eventful period, the privateer's men were clustering around the Hibernia's bows, but Lennon's tars were at their post. One of the enemy had gained the fore bumkin of the British ship, but he was flung back into his own with a pike through his body. As the vessels shot clear of each other, Lennon bro't his starboard guns to bear, and bestowed a heavy raking fire upon his adversary, then jammed upon a wind, and in the act of sheering off. Besides the cook slain, the Hibernia had now her chief mate, boatswain, carpenter, steward, and seven men wounded. The courage, however, of her dauntless captain & 9 remaining men and boys, was still unimpaired. Their strength, indeed, was worn, but their spirits were unquenched.

The almost exhausted barky continued steering large, getting fresh breeching for her guns, and repairing other damages as she best might. At 1h 30m, A.M. of the 12th the privateer, having bent another main-sail, was again discovered to be coming up astern. Again the stern chasers emitted their deadly shower. About 2 the schooner had regained her former favourite station upon the Hibernia's larboard quarter; broadside after broadside was poured into the inflexible ship, and a furious encounter was maintained until half past four. By this time every yard of the British ship was down, every brace and rope attached thereto had been cut away, and for the last two hours of the conflict, she had been reduced to two men and two boys, who with the utmost difficulty were able to fight one gun. At 4h 29m however, the enemy had also evidently had enough. By way of parting benediction and lasting remembrance, Lennon rammed one of his carronades, filling it to the muzzel with all sorts of missiles, and 500 musket balls. Waiting until the schooner had paid round off and exposed her stern, he then cast his fatal eye along the gun—the red hot poker did its duty—the deadly ball was evinced by the yells of mortal agony which broke from the schooner's deck, who now hauled off to return no more.

The discharge which had carried so much death and doom to the foe, had nearly proved fatal to the chivalrous Lennon; every shot—and he threw none away—had been fired by his own hand; but when this last gun had exploded, so prodigious was the charge, that it canted clean over, shaving the hero of this nine hours unequal, almost unparalled, contest.

At daylight, the schooner, which was afterward ascertained to be the Comet, of Baltimore, Capt. Boyl, of 16 guns, about 350 tons, "and a crew of one hundred and thirty men," was discovered about a mile to winward (Virgingorda bearing N., St. Thomas W. N. W.) a perfect wreck, like her opponent; her decks were ripped up—her topmasts over the side—and she had lost 48 men killed and mortally wounded, exclusive of others severely and slightly. The Hibernia showed him her colours, a compliment he was in no mood to return; in fact, during the whole encounter, he had never shown his colours, and it was the impression of Capt. Lennon that he had struck. Had Lennon succeeded in his attempt to carry away the Comet's mainmast, it was his intention to have placed the Hibernia to windward, and to have drifted a buoy, with a hauling line attached to a hawser which would have compelled him to (under the threat of being sunk to by hold of) This would indeed, been a triumph to a merchant-man. Her means, however, were too feeble to accomplish a purpose so spirited. As

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