

of such extravagant  
o'clock; if we start  
the "Calm Retreat"  
named Herbert, rising  
and in twenty min-  
utes the road to East Fe-  
retreat" so late that  
the porter awake  
up to his own dormi-

stance of time since  
bed, Herbert."  
first by five hundred  
Traverse, the low  
to how on stormy  
to rain pattering on  
inches of our faces,  
afraid to turn over  
our heads against

hands launched into  
the two widows  
—the two women  
—who boys the other.  
I kept up until long  
and sleep overtook

we conducted his  
ear, to introduce  
as soon as he per-  
stant, sprang for-  
ward?  
Have you  
run away with

great haste, upon  
so, I! when you  
saying a word! If  
should have been  
hasty and so im-  
less trouble than  
the happy circum-  
—here, who has  
with the same busi-

friend. In the  
me to be present  
of the—th Rogi-  
is the brave, the  
er, so honorably  
the inevitable  
said the little  
opped head down  
the bow. And  
to Traverse,  
important and so  
or illustrations  
explaining to  
office, if he will  
tend to retire."  
I kept in speak-  
formal style of  
a done, John I

Traverse said:  
ness over her  
with that inter-  
I know that  
to your usual  
proceed!"  
ed and related  
ng the fraud  
introducing  
I presented to  
evious, and ex-  
of his words,  
from the con-  
frand, and in  
the principal

otor than I  
rejoice in a Frenchman, for the frank abandon  
with which he gives himself up to his emotions!

Our doctor, after staring at the confusion, took hold of the top of his blue tasseled night-cap, pulled it off his head, and threw it violently upon the floor. Then, remembering that he was exposing a cranium as bald as a peeled potato, he suddenly caught it up again, clapped it upon his crown, and exclaimed:  
"Sacre! Diable!" and other ejaculations dreadful to translate, and others again, which it would be profane to set down in French or English.

Gabriel Le Noir was no longer an officer illustrious, a gentleman noble and distinguished, a compassionate and tender; he was a robber, infamous! a villain atrocious! a catfif ruthless, and without remorse!

After breakfast, the doctor consented that his young hero, his little knight-errant, his dear son, should go to the distressed lady, and open the good news to her; while the great Major Greyson, the warrior invincible, should go around with himself to inspect the institution.

Traverse immediately repaired to the chamber of Mrs. Le Noir, whom he found sitting at the window, engaged in some little trifle of needle-work, the same pale, patient woman, that she had first appeared to him.

"Ah, you have come! I read good news upon your smiling face, my friend! Tell it! I have borne the worst of sorrow! shall I not have strength to bear joy!"

Traverse told her all, and then ended by saying: "Now dear Madam, it is necessary that we leave this place within two hours, as Major Greyson's regiment leaves New Orleans for Washington to-morrow, and it is advisable that you go under our protection. We can get you a female attendant from the St. Charles!"

"Oh I can be ready in ten minutes; I have no fine lady's wardrobe to pack up!" replied Mrs. Le Noir, with a smile.

Traverse bowed and went out to procure a carriage from the next village. And in half an hour afterwards the whole party took leave of Doctor Pierre St. Jean and his "institution incomparable," and set forth on their journey to New Orleans, whither in two days afterwards they sailed for the North. And now, dear reader, let us and me take the fast boat, and get home before them to see our little Cap, and find out what adventures she is now engaged in, and how she is getting on.

CHAPTER LX.

CAPITOLA A CAPITALIST.

Plumed victory  
Is truly painted with a cheerful look,  
Equally distant from proud insolence  
And sad dejection. — MASONRICH.

How glad I am to get back to my little Cap; for I know very well, reader, just as well as if you had told me, that you have been grumbling, in suspense for the want of Cap. But I could not help it, for, to tell the truth, I was pining after her myself, which was the reason that I could not do half justice to the scenes of the Mexican War.

Well, now let us see what Cap. has been doing—what oppressors she has punished—what victims she has delivered—in a word, what new heroic adventures she has achieved.

Well, the trial of Donald Bayne, alias Black Donald, was over. Cap., of course, had been compelled to appear against him. During the whole course of the trial the court-room was crowded with a curious multitude, "from far and near," eager to get sight of the notorious outlaw. Black Donald, through the whole ordeal, depicted himself with a gallant and joyous dignity, that would have better become a triumph than a trial.

He was indicted upon several distinct counts, the most serious of which—the murder of the solitary widow and her daughter in the forest cabin, and the assassination of Eugene Le Noir in the woods near the Hidden House—were sustained only by circumstantial evidence. But the aggregate weight of all these, together with his very bad reputation, was sufficient to convict him, and Black Donald was sentenced to death.

This dreadful doom, most solemnly pronounced by the judge, was received by the prisoner with a look large, and the words:

"You're out of 'your reckoning now, cap'n! I never was a saint, the Lord knows, but my hands are free from blood-guiltiness! There's an honest little girl that believes me—don't you?" he said, turning laughingly to one of the heroines.

"Yes, I do!" said Cap., bursting into tears; "and I am as sorry for you as ever I can be, Donald Bayne."  
"Both! I it is sure to come to this first or last, and I knew it! Now, to prove you do not think this rugged hand of mine stained with blood, give it a friendly shake!" said the condemned man. And before Old Hurricane could prevent her, Capitola had jumped over two or three intervening seats and climbed up to the side of the dock, and reached up her hand to the prisoner, saying:

"God bless you, Donald Bayne. In your great trouble, and I will do all I can to help you in this world. I will go to the Governor myself, and tell him I know you never did any murder."

"Remove the prisoner," said the judge, peremptorily.

Two constables approached and led away Black Donald.

Old Hurricane rushed upon Cap., seized her, and, shaking her fiercely, exclaimed, under his breath:

"You—you—you—you New York hurrah boy! you fondling! you vagabond! you vagrant! you bra! you bogal! I will never be a lady! I go and shake hands with that ruffian!"

"Sure, uncle, that's nothing, now; I have shaken hands with you often enough!"

"Demmy, you—you—you New York trash, what do you mean by that?"

"Of course I mean, uncle, that you are as rough a ruffian as ever Donald Bayne was!"

"Demmy, I'll murder you!"

"Don't, uncle; they have an unreviled way here of lugging murderers," said Cap., shaking herself free of Old Hurricane's grasp, and hastening out of the court-room to mount her horse and ride home.

One night after tea, Capitola and her uncle occupied their usual seats by the little bright wood fire, that the chilly evening and the keen mountain air made agreeable, even in May.

Old Hurricane was smoking his pipe and reading his paper.

Cap. was sitting with her slender fingers around her throat, which she, with a shudder, occasionally compressed.

"Well, that demon, Black Donald, will be hanged the 26th of July," said Old Hurricane, exultingly, "and we shall get rid of one villain, Cap."

"I pity Black Donald, and I can't bear to think of his being hanged! It quite breaks my heart to think that I was compelled to bring him to such a fate!"

"Oh! that reminds me! The reward offered for the apprehension of Black Donald, to which you were entitled, Cap., was paid over to me for you. I placed it to your account in the Agricultural Bank."

"I don't want it! I won't touch it! The price of blood! It would turn my fingers!" said Cap.

"Oh, very well! A thousand dollars won't go a begging," said Old Hurricane.

"Uncle, it breaks my heart to think of Black Donald's execution; 'Tis just does! It must be dreadful, this hanging! I have put my finger around my throat and squeezed it, to know how it feels, and it is awful! Even a little squeeze makes my head feel as if it would burst, and I have to let go it! Oh, 'Tis horrible to think of!"

"Well, Cap., it wasn't intended to be as pleasant as tickling, you know. I wish it was twenty times worse! It would serve him right, the villain! I wish it was lawful to break him on the wheel—I do!"

"Uncle, that is very wicked in you! I declare I won't let go it! Oh, 'Tis horrible to think of the Governor to commute his sentence, and carry it all around the county myself!"

"You wouldn't get a soul to sign it to save your life, much less his."

"I'll go to the Governor myself, and beg him to pardon him," said Donald Bayne.

"Ha! ha! he! the Governor would not do it

to save all our lives; and if he were to do so an outrageous thing, he might whistle for his re-election!"

"I declare, Donald Bayne shall not be hung—and so there!" said Cap., passionately.

"Who-ew! You'll deliver him by the strength of your arm, my little Donna Quixota."

"I'll save him in one way or another, how mild I tell you!" He seemed more against me than against anybody else, and so I have the best right of anybody in the world to forgive him, and I do forgive him! And heoshn't be hung! I say it!"

"You say it! ha! ha! ha! Who are you, to turn aside the law?"

"I, Capitola Black, say that Donald Bayne, not having deserved to be hung, shall not be hung! And in one way or another I'll keep it word!"

And Cap. did her best to keep it. The next morning she mounted Gyp and rode up to Tip-Top, where she employed the village lawyer to draw up a petition to the Governor for the commutation of Donald Bayne's sentence. And then she rode all over the county to get signatures to the document. But all in vain! People of every age and condition too thoroughly feared and hated the famous outlaw, and too earnestly wished to be securely and forever rid of him, to sign any petition for a commutation of his sentence. If a petition for his instant execution had been carried around, it would have stood a much better chance of success!

Cap. spent many days in her fruitless enterprise, but at last gave it up—but by no means in despair, for—

"I'll save his life, yet! by one means or another I can't change clothes with him as I did with Clara, he's too big! but one way or other, I'll save him," said Cap. to herself. She said it to no one else, for the more difficult the enterprise, the more determined she was to succeed, and the more energetic she grew as to her measures.

In the meantime the outlaw, double-trimmed, was confined in the condemned cell, the strongest portion of the county jail. All persons were strictly prohibited from visiting him, except certain of the clergy.

They did all they could to bring the outlaw to a sense of his condition, to prepare him to meet his fate and induce him to make a confession and give up the retreat of his band.

And Donald listened to them with respect, acknowledged himself a great sinner, and knelt with them when they knelt to pray for him.

But he denied that he was guilty of the murders for which he had been doomed to die, and utterly refused to give up his old companions, replying to the ministers in something like these words:

"Poor wretches! they are no more fit to die than I am, and a condemned cell, with the thought of the scaffold before him, are not exactly the most favourable circumstances under which a man might experience sincere repentance, my masters!"

And so, while the convict listened with docility to all that the ministers had to say, he steadily persisted in asserting his own innocence of the crimes for which he was condemned, and in his refusal to deliver up his companions.

Meantime, Capitola, at Hurricane's call, was doing all she could to discover or invent means to save the life of Black Donald. But still she said no more about it, even to Old Hurricane.

One evening, while Cap. was sitting by the fire with her thoughts busy with this subject, her uncle came in, saying:

"Cap! I have got some curiosities to show you!"

"What are they?" said Cap., languidly.

"A set of burglar's tools, supposed to belong to some member of Black Donald's band! One of my negroes found them in the woods in the neighbourhood of the Devil's Punch Bowl! I wrote to the sheriff concerning them, and he requested me to take care of them until he should have occasion to sail for them. Look! I did you ever see such things?" said Old Hurricane, setting down a canvas bag upon the table, and turning out from it all sorts of strange-looking instruments—tiny saws, files, pruneger, screws, picks, etc., etc., etc.

Cap. looked at them with the most curious interest, while Old Hurricane explained their supposed uses.