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Handwritten notes and sketches on the left page, including vertical text on the left margin and a large sketch of a building or structure in the center.



### THE TRAVELLER.

BY H. A. BEAUMONT.

The following is an original sketch of a part of the life of one of my most intimate friends, which he gave me during a recent visit to his happy home in one of the Southern States, which, I presume, will not offend him, if it shall come within his sight. With a few additions, his history was thus related to me—

It was on a fine summer evening that I was travelling along the banks of a beautiful stream which flows into the Atlantic. The shades of night were fast approaching, and all nature around seemed hushed, save the waving of the branches of the forest trees. I paused to behold the beauties of the landscape, which here presented itself. In front was the broad river smoothly running in the still eye to pay its tribute to the mighty ocean; while beyond, the houses of the farmers presented themselves in every variety and direction. Around me, amid the cool shade of the forest trees, might be seen country seats or farmer's cottages, the smoke of whose fires had vanished with the sunlight. As I gazed thus attentively around, admiring the rural simplicity, neatness, and beauty of the scenery, I was started from my reverie by a wild scream. I knew it was a human being in distress, I pursued—was I mistaken—

The sound approached nearer and nearer to the place where I stood. Quick as thought, I rushed behind a tree, and at that moment a voice cried—'Father, dear father, oh spare me—I will never do it again!' The voice was choked, and a low, distinct voice, answered—'That indeed thou shalt not!' They stood before me; and I beheld a man grasping in his arms the form of a young lady. I could not see her face, but I saw in the twilight the hand of the man pressed hard against the mouth of the petitioner; it was enough. I darted from my hiding place, I seized the villain by the throat, and, placing a pistol at his breast, demanded the instant release of the object he held in his rude grasp. He struggled hard, he tried in vain to escape, and, as if conscious of my advantage, dropped the young lady and fought desperately to loose my hold. 'Villain!' said I, 'move a step at your peril; you shall no longer abuse the right you hold over your daughter!' Then turning to her, I beheld her fainting upon the grass. I could not leave the man, nor could I attend to the insensible daughter. I pushed him forward, and with him went to the nearest house, imploring assistance immediately. Surprise and horror were expressed by its inmates at the recital of my story, but all ran simultaneously towards the spot where the young lady had been left, when, to the surprise of all, and of the old man, she was not to be found! The old man cried: 'Ah, thou murderer of my daughter, you shall not escape me!'

'Murder, murder!' cried they all—'Who is this stranger, this murderer, who has dared to accuse an innocent man of the foul deed he has himself committed. To the jail with him, and let not the sunshine in his sight before he swears in atonement in death!'

I was seized, dragged by the infuriated mob who now crowded around; my cries were unheard amid the deafening staccato that roared around me, and I was rudely thrown into jail to await my trial of murder!

Midnight found me alone, in a dark dungeon, surrounded by massive walls, which the stupor into which I had been thrown had prevented me from before observing. All the horrors of my situation rushed at once before me, but my senses

the shock, I fell back senseless, and when I awoke I found myself in the hands of the jailer, who had entered during my senselessness. 'Ah!' said he, 'I feared you were gone—two hours have I been here, and I had almost given you up.'

'I thank you for your kindness, but could not wish for your acquaintance in this dark room.'

'Unlucky man, it is your own fault—What demon spirit could have urged you to the deed?'

'What deed?' said I. 'Ah, your memory is impaired by forgetfulness,' said he; 'you are yourself again, so good night, or rather good morning, for it is past midnight; then closing the iron door upon its creaking hinges, and fastening the enormous bolts, he left the abode of wretchedness and the false accused.'

I tried to sleep, but the struggling cry of the young lady, the horrible situation in which I was placed, and the thought that a stranger in a strange land, I had none to protect me, none to cheer my last moments, had the power of depriving me of long-wished for sleep. The morning slowly advanced, and at noon I was summoned to appear in court, and a charge of murder against the person of Maria Blanc, only daughter of Jean Blanc.

The accusation was heard, and the Judge asked, in a solemn voice: 'Guilty or not guilty?' The words went like iron to my soul, but I replied, with firmness: 'Not guilty.'—And I was returned to my prison, amid the hisses of the spectators, there to await my trial. In this horrid place I passed six weeks of solitude, cheered only by the knowledge of my innocence, at the end of which time I was again brought into the court. The jury selected, the witnesses in readiness, and everything prepared, my trial began.

Philip Zoria Kelsing, you are accused of the wilful murder and seduction of Maria Blanc. Do you retract your plea. 'I do not,' replied I.

The witnesses examined, the Judge inquired if I had any one to bear proof of my innocence. 'They are here in my heart, and above in heaven,' said I. 'And there sits the murderer of Maria Blanc,' pointing to Jean Blanc. The testimony of this man, so generally respected, was the most weighty against me; and on his, together with those of others, after a thorough investigation and argument, the Jury were charged, and retired. They remained without all night.

Returned with a verdict of guilty of the wilful murder of Miss Maria Blanc. The Judge then passed the sentence: Philip Zoria Kelsing, you are sentenced in the name of the law, to be hung in two weeks from this day at seven o'clock, A. M.; and until that time you remain a prisoner in the C— prison.

I was returned to my gloomy dungeon, and there I prayed to God to receive my spirit into his abode, where pain and sorrow never come; not for his but for a death of a martyr. I prayed for the pardon of my sins in the world to come.

At the appointed time I was brought before the gallows, and in my last moments I persisted in my innocence. Finding all their efforts to exact a confession from me unavailing, the rope was placed about my neck, and my end but a moment off, the signal ready to be given, when a voice from the crowd cried: 'Beware! I forbid this execution! I am Maria Blanc.'

lost in the distant wood. He who had heard of more. But the poor Maria had accidentally fallen into the river, been rescued from a watery grave by the efforts of a boatman, who was passing the place, which was the cause of her error. The honest boatman carried the insensible Maria to his humble cottage, far below the memorable spot, and by the unremitting attendance of his wife and family, she was restored to health after considerable time. Feeling the forgiveness of her father, she had remained in C— awaiting the moment when the prisoner, upon the brink of eternity, should be honorably released, and restored to life.

The sudden change from sorrow to joy, which has often proved fatal to stronger hearts, had no other effect on my feelings than that of raising my heart to Heaven in prayer to Him who had length proved my innocence after so long a danger.

The feeble Maria could no longer restrain herself, she blessed the presence of her life, (for she avowed her father had intended to destroy her) and in gratitude to him, she bestowed her hand and fortune, which was by no means small, upon the traveller; and when on the wedding day he informed her he was the son of an aged and departed friend, Mr. John Rague, she felt herself doubly rewarded for her choice in gaining the heir of the friend she loved so well. Then he informed her that Jean Blanc was not her father, that her true name was Mary Fitzgerald, and that the man under whose control her parents had placed her by a will, had absconded, and that the object of this feud had been to gain possession of her property and estate, which she would receive on her marriage day. Suffice it to say, the happiness of the loving pair was not marred by any unfortunate circumstances, or any unhappy recollections of the past, as they always brought with them the remembrance of the goodness and mercy of that great Being in whose hands all things are held and directed, and to whom we live, and move, and have our being.

**Patch-work.**  
"Scraps old and new pasted together."

One of those empty-pated, conceited, would-be-witty sort of people, that are always attempting to appear smart by pointing out the ignorance of others, was travelling one day in the Highlands, and falling in with a shepherd by the road side, he thought he might crack a joke upon said Donald.

'Pray, Mr. Shepherd,' said the fellow, 'how far have I to go now?'

'Just two mile farther,' replied Donald. 'Indeed, how do you know that, man? Because, they are putting up a gallows to hang two knaves there, and I'm far mista'en if ye're nae one o' them.'

'I am transported to see you,' said the convict said to the legislator.

'What condemnation folly!' Half-drawn brethren, four oxen, and a grey-headed father trying to stop a young man from getting married to the man she loves, and who loves her, just as if rope-ladders were out of date, and all the forces in the world opposed!

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