

LITERATURE.

ADELA.

I happened to be residing at Naples during the reaction and proscriptions which succeeded the return of Ferdinand after the revolutionary crisis of 1799. Many of the victims were denounced by the priests as much for their suspected heresy as their treasonable practice.—Father Don Alvez was particularly active in his "pious work." He was a younger member of a Castilian house, and had been bred in the strictest discipline of the Jesuits. He had spent his life in penances and intrigues, the former, presume, to give him a keener relish for the latter, and the latter to compensate for the tedium of the former. At the time I knew him he was in the middle age; his features were already wrinkled with years, but marked by that haughty and cruel expression so apt to be produced by the indulgence of arbitrary power. He had come to Naples with high recommendations to the court, to assist in purging the city of the affected. His diligence in this pursuit was truly beyond all parallel. I am yet unable to conceive by what process he became so minutely conversant with the previous history of so large a number of persons in so short a time. His information was never at fault, and his measures very rarely thwarted by miscalculation either in design or execution. As soon as he had made himself master of a suspected person, he did not at once act upon his evidence to bring about an instant infliction of punishment, but used to give the prisoner the benefit of a dogmatical exposition of what he called "the salvation of the holy church." If this had the desired effect, after a little longer confinement, the captive was liberated on his good behaviour. But if the heretic persevered in his rejection of the prescribed process, he was forthwith handed over to the headsman.

The society in which I moved made me acquainted with Father Don Alvez. I was then young and fond of adventure, and very naturally conceived a strong desire of visiting, with him, some of the unfortunates whom the police were constantly arresting by his orders. By practising some courteous assiduities, as well as a little flattery, I ingratiated myself with him, and obtained permission to accompany him on his dismal visits to the prison.

After visiting one or two cells, in which we found inmates quite willing to believe anything and everything which my guide thought proper to propound, we entered a narrow dismal hole surrounded by walls down which the damp trickled almost in a stream, and with a floor composed of granite of uneven surface and sharp edges. The torch carried by our attendant discovered a bundle of straw in the corner farthest from the door, and resting upon it a young girl. Don Alvez motioned the jailor to withdraw. The creaking of the hinges disturbed the prisoner. She started from her recumbent posture, but her eyes had been too long accustomed to darkness to endure the torch-light.—She arranged her disordered hair and clothing as fast and completely as she could, and when at length she ventured to scrutinize her visitors, I marked the deep crimson which suffused her cheek and bosom.

I had been accustomed to behold the exceeding beauty of the women of Spain and Italy, but when I saw this unfortunate captive, I felt at once that I had never met with any one whose loveliness was so perfect. When I say that she was a Greek, and bore in every lineament the impress of her clime and nation, I need not attempt a description.

Don Alvez had told me, previous to entering the cell, that it contained a heretic who had been some time under confinement, and appeared resolved to reject every chance of "salvation." "This," he added, "is the last opportunity of repentance I shall give her."

These words still echoed in my ears as I contemplated the stern front of the Jesuit, and the pensive innocence of the Greek maiden.

"Perverse child!" commenced Don Alvez; "I have once more come to offer thee liberty, and the favor of the Virgin, if thou wilt embrace the holy faith."

Adela (so the jailor had whispered me she

was called) had now sat down on her coarse bed, and, with her hands folded on her bosom, seemed prepared for any calamity which might await her. She returned no answer to the priest's observation.

"What!" continued he, "dost thou treat with contempt the servant of the church? Mark me, perverse infidel. Thy fate is in thy own hands. Thy death, I swear by all the blessed saints, shall be the penalty if thou persistest in thy belief; but if thou wilt listen to the truth, not a hair on thy head shall be injured. How sayest thou? Canst thou endure death; or wilt thou live?"

"I am heedless of my fate," replied Adela, in a tone of melancholy, which pierced my heart. "Still, not heedless," she added, with animation, "so long as I know not the fate of Conrade. Tell me, priest, I conjure thee, is he in thy power?"

"Why is the fate of that young man so dear to thee," replied Don Alvez, "that it is preferred to thine own salvation?"

Adela met the look of the Jesuit with a calm and penetrating glance.

"Thou mayest be learned in thy faith," she said, "but thou art a novice here," (laying her hand upon her heart) "if thou knowest not that a woman's love, in doating upon its object, forgets all other interests."

"Then it is sinful, and deserves perdition," replied the priest.

"Then it is impossible that I can be saved," quietly rejoined the young Greek.

"What if I tell thee," after a pause, said Don Alvez, "that Conrade is not in my power, but has left Naples with another paramour?"

Adela's blood mounted to her cheeks with indignation, as she exclaimed, "Then I tell thee thou art a liar as well as a barbarian! Not for a moment will I believe so base a calumny!"

"Inso'lent heretic!" replied my companion; "I will for the last time inquire, dost thou refuse the mercy of the church?"

"Do I refuse the mercy of the church?" said Adela. "Why, wretch, dost thou call these bolts and bars, this dungeon, this darkness, my long imprisonment, my wasted health, my tortured mind, my almost broken heart—dost thou call these mercy? I know not what is meant by the church, and I care not; I despise and reject both it and thee. You dragged me hither because I worshipped according to the customs of my fathers and my nation; and you would have dragged hither also another being for the same offence—one who was too noble, too generous, all too worthy to commit the smallest wrong. But he has escaped—thank Heaven, he has escaped. Oh, Conrade!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands; "who shall love thee when Adela is gone?" For a short time sobs convulsed her beautiful form; she soon recovered, and then added, with an emphasis I shall never forget, "I do reject thee, thy mercy, and thy church; I cannot believe that truth is allied with cruelty, or that Heaven has given you authority to destroy its own creatures. I know not who is your God, but I feel that the great and good Intelligence who rules the world will not punish me for serving him as I have been taught, for believing as my simple reason dictates, and, above all, for rejecting your creed, so full of cruelty, bloodshed, and oppression. Leave me now; in an hour I will be ready to do your bidding."

"Enough!" said Don Alvez, sternly, and moved toward the door. I took advantage of his position to whisper to Adela, "Do not hope too much, but I will be your friend." Her large dark eyes spoke a gratitude which I am confident I shall never again receive from any human being.

The jailor fastened the heavy door, and I followed Don Alvez, who was hastening from the building. When I overtook him, I inquired his resolution as to the fate of the young Greek.

"She dies to-morrow at noon," was the laconic reply.

It was then near evening. He was at first very unwilling to answer any questions concerning her, but, by dint of close application, I extracted as much intelligence as put me on a track by which I at length discovered Conrade. I have not ability to describe that gallant youth. There was the genuine Attic stamp on his character and frame. He entered eagerly into my

plan of rescue; it was sufficiently perilous, but that to him was a recommendation rather than otherwise. The design was to bribe the jailor to connive at our admission to Adela's cell, and then to bring her away with us, and fight a passage through all opposition. A friendly fisherman engaged to await us in the bay with his skiff, at a point from which, fortunately, the prison was not far distant. With some difficulty I obtained an interview with the jailor, and for one hundred piastres received his promise to admit us.

He was as good as his word. We found Adela in a calm slumber. Perhaps she dreamed of Conrade, for the moment he stepped toward the couch, she sprang into his arms without a moment's doubt that it was any one but him. She willingly resigned herself to our direction. When we had emerged from the cell, we gained the outer gate before it was discovered that we had with us the condemned captive. The first and second assailants were laid at Conrade's feet by stabs from his rapier. We were now in the street, fleeing for our lives—Conrade first, with Adela on his left arm. I defended the retreat. The fate of two men had a salutary effect in checking the temerity of their companions. After some hard blows had been given and received, we gained the beach. The fisherman placed Adela in the boat, while I and Conrade stood at bay, and repulsed our pursuers. I think another life was sacrificed in the scuffle. The case was now desperate, for the number of our enemies increased every moment. We threw ourselves into the boat, and the first stroke shot us into deep water. A volley of musket balls whizzed over our heads without doing us any damage. The night was dark, and we were rowing with our utmost strength, two things which every moment diminished our danger.—I cannot tell why no attempt at a chase was made, but so it happened that all our obstacles were at an end when we left the shore.

Before daybreak we reached a contrabandista in the offing; and when the sun shone in full lustre on the city of Naples, we were many leagues distant down the Mediterranean.

My part of this adventure of course exiled me from the Neapolitan metropolis for a time. As the excitement of the crisis died away, Father Don Alvez found more difficulty in procuring victims. His zeal could not be satisfied with a solitary delinquent or two; so he retired to Rome in a pique at the aversion of the Neapolitans to undergo martyrdom. When he was gone, I had less difficulty in negotiating an indemnity. I was attached to the locality, or I should not have troubled myself to return. But now I regard Naples as the scene of the action which, of all others of my life, I have most occasion to look back upon with pleasure.

Adela, I heard many years after from an English captain, was the mother of a numerous family. My informant had visited her home: and because he was my countryman, had been treated with the most distinguished respect.

TWO OF THEM.—In the Eastern part of Delaware county, in New York, there resides a man named B——, now a Justice of the Peace, and a very sensible man, but, by common consent, the ugliest-looking individual in the whole county; being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day, he was out hunting, and on one of the mountain-roads, he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier, by all odds, than himself. He could give the "Square" fifty, and beat him." Without saying a word, B—— raised his gun and deliberately levelled it at the stranger. "For God's sake, don't shoot!" shouted the man, in great alarm. "Stranger," replied B——, "I swore ten years ago, that if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him; and you are the first one I've seen." The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his "rival," replied: "Wal, captain, if I look any worse than you do shute, I don't want to live no longer!"—Knickerbocker.

"Men are made in the image of God."—Gentlemen are manufactured by tailors, barbers, and boot-jacks.

"Woman is the last and most perfect work of God."—Ladies are the productions of silk-worms, milliners, and dress-makers.

"HOLLERIN" JUSTIFIED.—A "Great Medicine," as the Indians phrase it in Maryland, from whom we shall always be pleased to hear, sends us two or three items, the perusal of which may "assist digestion." A worthy physician of our city, a member of the Society of Friends, has a favorite negro coachman who happens to be a Methodist. Not only is Sam a Methodist, but he is also as bright and shining a light in the church as it is possible for such a piece of ebony to be. You know, I presume, how the blacks conduct their devotions. Well, Sam was in the habit of selecting his master's kitchen as the scene of the social meetings which he led; and these religious gatherings were not conducted entirely on the plan which a Quaker would altogether approve. The doctor, however, is famous for his good nature, and he endured the boisterous piety of his servant and his friends with wonderful equanimity.—One night, however, when they had been unusually "powerful in prayer," the doctor thought proper to administer a gentle reproof. So the meeting over, the zealous coachman was summoned before his master.

"Sam," said the old gentleman "why does thee make so much noise in prayer? Doesn't thee know that the Almighty is not far off, but nigh unto thee; neither is his ear deaf, that it cannot hear? He can hear thee as well when thee whispers as when thee roars." "Massa doctor," replied Sam, full of confidence in his superior theological lore, "you isn't read the scriptures with no kind ob'tention."

"How so, Sam?"

"Why, you done forget, 'pears to me, how it says dar, plain os kin be, 'Hollered be dy name!"

The doctor gave up Sam in despair, for there was no answering that argument.

QUESTIONS FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.—If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?

If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong?

If three miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy?

If 5 1/2 feet make one Flemish Ell, how many will make an English Q?

If one hornet can make a horse run, how many hornets would it take to make a horse fly?

MATRIMONIAL MODE OF PROVING INNOCENCE.—The other day Mrs. Sniffkins finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor and declared her belief that she was "poisoned," and that he (Sniffkins) "had done it!" "I didn't do it!" shouted Sniffkins. "It's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it doctor, open her upon the spot—I'm willing."

The venerable Pickle Pickleby says: "Read your Bible, Jabez, study the laws of Moses, and don't repeal any of 'em; mind the ten commandments tu, and the leventh likewise, and don't sell the birthright of the Yankee nation for a mess of potash, and the day may kum when you will be a minister to a penitentiary, or a secretary of negation"—Reveille

There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together, and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

It is related of a New Englander, who emigrated to the West, that he wrote home to his father to core on there, and he would stand a good chance to get into office, for, said he, "they put almighty mean men into office here."

A gentleman presenting a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way said—"Do not let any one else rumple it."—"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

"Now, Sam, if you don't stop licking tha molasses, I'll tell the man."—"By chalks, you tell the man and I'll lick you and thelasses too."

A thief, surprised in the act of robbing a bank, is asked what he is about, and answers, "only taking notes!"

"Provision is rising," as the sea-sick landsman said while leaning over the vessel's side