THE LOYALIST,
AND
CONSERVATIVE ADVOCATE.

"All I Wish is to Serve my Country"

VOL 2. FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1844. No. 33.

From the New York Albion.

SONG OF THE ALHAMBRIAN CAPTIVE.

Where are they now—the young and fair,
Who once inhaled the breezy air,
Which still, at eve, so coolly blows
From the Sierra's distant snows?

Where are they now—the brave and free,
The pride of Moorish chivalry,
Who once Granada's champions shone?—
Where are they now?—for all are gone?

Yes, they are gone—war and the tomb,
Ages ago have sealed their doom;
Th' Alhambra's magic structure stands,
But vanished are her warlike bands.

Gone, too, are all her lovely train,
Of empire proud, of conquests vain;
In royal beauty's ruined bower
A lonely captive culls the flower.

Imprisoned in a foreign land,
I pine for my own native strand;
'Tis vain to think of ages past,
We to the present wake at last;

The glittering pageants fade away,
The present hour asserts its sway,
For those I dearly loved are gone,
And Rosaline now weeps alone.

From the Garland.

RICHARD REDPATH.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Continued.

CHAPTER III.

In which the hero obtains an old master and a young mistress.

THAT disgusting scene of human depravity, the slave market, was enough to tame the vivacity of the younger Redpath. Here he beheld the pernicious and immortal effects produced upon the minds of the people, by constantly witnessing the revolting exhibition of human avarice, operating upon human sufferings—and his feelings were alternately roused to indignation by the callous indifference of the vender and purchaser of blood; or frozen with horror at the sullen despair depicted in the heavy, motionless features of the slave.

Abhorred slavery! Well it is for Britain that she has wiped off this foul stain from her national glory. And blessed—doubly blessed, be the memory of the great and good men who stood unflinchingly forth to advocate the cause of the oppressed children of an unhappy race. Most noble of all modern reformations!—the bloodless triumph of reason and humanity over the selfish avarice aud cruelty of the tyrant man.

The brothers arrived at the spot, at the moment when a mother and her five children were put up for sale. Amongst the group of merchants and planters there assembled, the greater part of whom were fathers, no eye pitied the unhappy parent, no heart felt for the bitter auguish that convulsed her features, and bent her tearful glances to the ground. Her children all fell to different masters—some proprietors in distant isles—and the final separation from her little ones was more than the wretched woman had fortitude to bear. Her cries and groans were heart-rending, as, in turn she pressed to her outraged bosom the beloved inheritors of misery, that she was doomed to see no more. Raising her clenched hand to heaven, she exclaimed, in her agony—"Is there no God for the slave? Oh, my poor children! why were ye ever born?"

One heart responded to that bitter cry—one eye was moistened with the precious dew of holy commiseration; and had he possessed thousands, at that moment all would have been freely offered, to redeem that captive negrees and her children.

These soft emotions were quickly succeeded by the fire of manly resentment, when the brutal purchaser of the forlorn woman tore her rudely from the arms of her weeping family, by smartly applying the cane he held in his hand, across her naked shoulders, already seamed with the marks of former ill-usage.

"Monsters!" muttered the enraged counterfeit. "Devils in human shape!—miscalled men.—Your reign is short.—The hour is at hand, when heaven will avenge upon you the injuries inflicted through hopeless ages upon a degraded and afflicted race."

A look from his more cautious brother reminded him of his assumed character; and, placing his back against the wall of the vendue masters's house, he folded his arms across his breast, and whispered to his surreptitious owner—"Robert this is no joke."

The sinewy, well-knit frame of the young Englishman soon attracted the notice of several wealthy planters, who came forward to inspect the supposed slave.

"There's a touch of the European in him," said one of the group. "He has not the features of the nigger."

"Something more than a touch, brother Baynes," said another. "A thorough black for my money. The saucy white blood can scarcely be restrained by the dark skin. I don't like half-breeds. They inherit by nature a craving for liberty. The nigger is but an animal. The mulatto suspects himself to be a man."

"They make clever slaves."

"Oh, curse them! They are neither one thing or the other. I have too many of them on my place."

"Report says so," returned old Baynes, "and of your own providing."

"It may be so. We cannot expect our speculations always to turn out well," returned the planter with a grin. "I will have nothing to do with that fellow."

Robert Redpath now joined the group, and related the disastrous accident of the wreck, and the necessity he was under of parting with an attached and valuable slave. "He has not been treated as a common slave," he said. "He was brought up in my father's house. His amiable disposition gained for him the respect and affection of the whole family. He can read and write, and cast accompts, and is an excellent cook, in which capacity he served me on board ship. He will make a good house steward, as he is very honest and attentive, and I will not sell him to any master, who would degrade him into a field slave."

"Young man," said the planter, in answer to this long harangue, "I perceive that you know very little about the management of slaves. You must never treat a slave with kindness, It won't do. They are like mules, obstinate and self-willed, and ungrateful. They must be driven, sir." A contemptuous flash from the half-closed eyes of the pretended black, did not escape the observation of the planter. "You may tell me that he is a well-disposed nigger; but I think I never saw a more untractable looking devil put up to sale in this market. Take my advice, friend Baynes, and have nothing to do with him."

But old Baynes was a great epicure. He had just lost a good cook, and was on the look out for another to fill his place. He advanced some paces, and commenced a deliberate inspection of the young pretender, with as much cool assurance as a jockey would examine a colt, that he was anxious to break in. The proud pampered inspector of bones and sinews seemed, upon the whole, pleased with his intended bargain, and after a deal of haggling about the price, he at length agreed to pay Robert the sum of eighty pounds for the slave. This matter being arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, Robert parted with his whimsical brother, without that friendly pressure of the hand, which he longed to bestow; but which could not consistently be granted to a slave. He felt a sudden depression of spirit, at thus leaving, in unknown hands, the eccentric being, who, to snatch him from beggary, had made such an extraordinary sacrifice of himself.

The novelty of his situation diverted the mind of the volatile Richard from brooding over melancholy thoughts, and his love of adventure reconciled him to the strange game he had recklessly undertaken to play. "If slavery be not something worse than the pains of purgatory; and the slave more closely confined than the inhabitants of those dolorous regions," he whispered to Robert, as he turned reluctantly to leave him, "you shall not fail to hear from me soon."

Mr. Baynes, the planter, into whose hands he had fallen, was one of the richest men on the island. He was the owner of several extensive plantations near the coast; and his summer residence, situated on the shore, was one of the most beautiful buildings in Jamaica. Though fond of money, and a great speculator, he was not a bad master to his domestic slaves, many of whom might have had the honor of calling him father. In his dealings with his brother merchants he was hard and griping, and looked at a shilling twice, before he paid it once; and this love of making money, had earned for him a worse name abroad than he deserved at home; for he seldom ordered a slave to be punished unless he richly deserved it.

Richard, upon the whole, was rather pleased with his new master, whom he considered a jolly old fellow, who could easily be fed and fattened into keeping the peace—and, led on by curiosity and his insatiable love of adventure, he entered the splendid house of bondage with as much cheerfulness as if it had been his legitimate home. The temporary loss of liberty could scarcely be contempleted by our hero as an evil, for he had constantly before him the certainty of regaining his liberty whenever he thought fit to wash his face, and as the situation was one of his own choosing, he could scarcely be termed a slave. Though degraded to the level of the brute, he bore the abdication of his rights, as a man, with the best grace imaginable; and entered upon his apprenticeship with such alacrity, that Mr. Baynes secretly congratulated himself upon the possession of such a valuable slave.

"You can cook, Sambo?" said he.

"Oh yes, massa. Me know how to make all de good ting. Sambo berry fine cook. Always Massa Redpath's taster. Dere is no knowing how de curries, and de gravies do, without tasting, 'Tis de berry soul and stuffing of de goose—de strong ot de soup—de sweet of de pudding—and de flavor of de sauce. Massa Redpath always praise de beautiful French dish dat Sambo make."

The eyes of the *gourmand* twinkled at this profession of Sambo's culinary skill; and perceiving that he had been more of a spoiled domestic than a slave, he forgave, in the prospect of indulging his favourite propensities, the freedom of Sambo's speech."

"In what island were you born?"

"In St. Vincents. In Massa Redpath's house."

"Your father must have been an European by the straightness of your features, and the texture of your hair."

"My father! Ha, ha! 'Tis a wise child de English massa say, dat knows his own father. If de white man no cunning to tell that, how do you tink blackee know? Old Massa Redpath's hair black and curly, just like mine. Me berry like Massa Redpath. He berry fond ob me."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, long ago. Poor Sambo—no friends—all gone."

"Well, well. You shall not want a friend if you do your duty to me."

"Me neber think myself a slave, till young massa sold me dis morn. My old massa dat is dead no part wid poor Sambo."

Here the new slave affected a grimace, something like weeping, which helped to conceal the fit of laughter which nearly burst his throat in the attempt at suppression. His emotion succeeded in moving the compassion of Miss Betsy, the planter's only daughter, and sole heiress to his immense possessions, who at this moment entered the kitchen, with a white apron before her, and her hands covered with flour.

"This seems a kind-hearted fellow,' she said, turning to her father. "I wish you would give him to me?"

"A modest request, that, of the young lady," thought Richard. "I should have no objection at all to the bargain."

"What do you want with him, Bess?—Surely you have slaves enough to wait upon you already?"

"Yes. But since Mungo died, you know, papa, that I have not been able to get one smart enough to fill his place. I want a man to work in my flower garden—to gather fruit, and water the plants, and who could help me to lay out the table, and assist in the kitchen."

"Well, well, Bess! You may have him," returned the planter. "But you spoil all your slaves. Now mind and keep a strict eye over him. If he is such a good cook, he will spare you a world of trouble."

Sambo raised his eyes with a stupid stare to the young lady's face; but how that roguish dark eye brightened when he beheld before him a lovely simple hearted little girl, not exceeding fifteen years of age. Endowed with no great intellectual powers, but possessing warm feelings, and apparently an inexhaustible fund of good humour, it was just the wife Richard wanted, and before his transitory survey was completed, he had determined to win the affections of the planter daughter.

Unlike the generality of West Indian ladies, who can scarcely move from their seats without the assistance of a slave, Miss Betsy was the active superintendent of her father's numerous household; and had been early initiated by a French cook into all the mysteries of the pantry. Harsh and tyrannical to others, Mr. Baynes regarded his pretty daughter with unbounded tenderness, as the prime minister of his pampered appetites. No person on the island knew better how to season a curry, and give the proper flavour to turtle soup, than Miss Betsy, and the greater part of the day was necessarily spent by her in the kitchen. Over this important territory she held despotic sway, surrounded by slaves, who interpreted her very looks, and flew at her nod. Such an able auxiliary as Sambo was regarded both by father and daughter as a fortunate event. The young black, who in the capacity of field slave, would have been treated with the utmost rigour, and driven to his labours with the sound of the cart whip, was regarded with respect when instrumental to the selfish gratifications of his master.

Mr. Baynes had another reason for confining his daughter so closely to the house. She was known to be the richest heiress in Jamaica, and he was fearful that some indigent adventurer might practice upon her youth and innocence, and entrap her into an imprudent marriage, To avoid this, he had written to an only sister, the widow of a rich merchant in London, requesting to send out her eldest son, to share his business and help him to take care of his daughter. He knew that by keeping the young couple under his own roof, he should still ensure the services of his daughter, who, out of love for him, would continue to superintend curries, and season soups for him, until the day he died. For fear that Miss Betsy should take it into her head to please herself before his nephew arrived, she was never allowed to cross the threshold without he was her companion; and the poor girl sighed for liberty, with as much impatience as a bird not accustomed to his cage would do to return to the green woods and the fresh air. Much of her time was necessarily passed among the slaves, and, behind her father's back, for mother she had none, she often addressed them with the greatest familiarity—laughing and joking with them about their sweethearts, lamenting that she was debarred from choosing one for herself, and expressing the deepest regret that she was still unmarried.

Miss Betsy had read novels, and thought that she understood a good deal about love; and she considered it a hard case that her father would not allow any gentleman to enter the house, with whom she might fall in love. It is true that Antonio de Frueba, a clerk in her father's compting house, had twice ventured to tell her that she was as beautiful as an angel, and that he loved her better than his own salvation. She believed the story; but she did not like the person who told it. He was a Quadroon from the island of Cuba, and he looked just like an Havannah pirate. She would rather be the wife of an honest nigger than marry the like of him.

Our hero had not been many days in the house before he picked up all these family secrets; nor was he long in turning them to his own advantage. The day after his arrival he was regularly installed into his new office; and, with a paper cap upon his head, and a clean white linen apron before him, he looked a very important personage, and enacted my lord of the knife and fork to perfection. Unfortunately, however, for master Richard he knew very little of his pretended art, and when called upon to compound the rare French dish, which had established his reputation with his late master, he formed such a compound of fish, flash and fowl, that a well bred dog would have rejected the precious ragout with disgust. In this world of humbug, it is a great thing towards your advancement, to have a high reputation for any particular thing, whether justly or unjustly conferred. It is wonderful what obstacles it will overcome; what mole-hills it will exalt into mountains; what respects and attention it will exact from the would-be knowing crew, who only echo the sentiments and opinions of those whom the world has constituted judges.—Richard fortunately proved the truth of these observations; for, so greatly was the planter prejudiced in his favour, and so strong was his singular perversity of taste, that the overseasoned mess, which might have sickened a horse, from its novelty and the fame of its compounder, met with his unqualified approbation. Sambo was rewarded with a small piece of silver: and, like Joseph in the house of Potiphar, he was exalted above the rest of the slaves. That night the chief cook wrote the following laconic billet to his brother:

DEAR BOB,—You may lay out your money in the best way you can, to procure a situation for yourself. I know not when you will see me. I have fallen in love with Pharaoh's daughter, and have no inclination to leave the flesh pots of Egypt. From yours, affectionately,

THE CHIEF COOK.

CHAPTER IV.

A new scene, in which several new actors are introduced to the reader.

In the early part of the afternoon, which preceded the wreck of the Maria, a girl of about sixteen years of age, was seen slowly pacing along the shore. The sun was obscured by a thick haze, which hung like a dim veil over land and sea; but the air was sultry hot, and not a breath of wind shivered the leaves of the mangroves, or called up the least ripple upon the motionless, lead-colored waters. Nature appeared to await, in breathless suspense, the coming of the storm. The young girl, whom we shall call Marcella de Frueba, appeared regardless of the menacing aspect of the heavens, or the deep stillness that reigned over the earth. Her large flat grass bonnet hung loosely over her arm. It had been removed on account of the intense heat, and her dark, rich, curling hair, wet from her recent immersion in the water, in which she had just enjoyed the luxury of a bath, hung in thick masses round her face. And never did locks of more jetty blackness shade a countenance of greater beauty, than that which pertained to the young West Indian. The small straight features, the large, dark, loving eye, and the rich red pouting lips, which, partially severed, displayed a treasure of pearls within, could not divest the observer of a certain painful feeling, which took possession of his mind even at the very moment when he pronounced the young syren before him, most lovely. An expression of deep and intense misery was so entirely blended with the charms of her face, that the eye involuntarily moistened whilst gazing upon her. Endurance was there—firm, uncomplaining; but it was the patience which proud minds gather from despair—when the harsh wickedness of those, whom nature has placed in authority over us, wears down with its constant grating upon our best and truest feelings, the elastic spirit which enables us to combat successfully with the ills of life.

And such was Marcella de Frueba, the sister of the young Quadroon, whom we have already introduced to our readers.—These young people half Spaniards by birth, were natives of the Island of Cuba. Their father, a wealthy young Spaniard, had exiled himself from his friends and country by marrying, in early life, a very handsome mulatto, who had lived with him for some time previously. His attachment to this woman was so strong, that upon her threatening to leave him, he sealed his misery by making her his wife When once Madame de Frueba had gained her desired end, she laid aside all her former blandishments, and the husband, in his turn, became the slave of her imperious will. Ashamed of the low connexion he had formed, he quitted the Havanna in disgust, and came to reside in Jamaica. His plantations were destroyed by a hurricane; his bankers failed; and one misfortune followed upon another, until De Frueba died of a broken heart, leaving his wife to provide for his two children in the best way she could.

Whilst Madame de Frueba retained her personal charms, she did not consider her condition an unhappy one. But the small pox, that foe to all beauty, visited the Islands, and she lost in her conflict with the fatal disorder, all claims to personal charms. She became ugly in the extreme, and this circumstance operating upon a vain mind, and a naturally bad temper, rendered her an object of dread and disgust to all but her own family—who soon got reconciled to the change, and some little difference in the appearance of one, who had ever inspired them with more fear than love.

On Antonio, her son, Madame de Frueba lavished the most extravagant affection; her reason for so doing, was simply, because he resembled her—while poor Marcella, who was six years younger, she hated, because she was so like her father. From the age of ten to fourteen, the young girl had lived as companion to a rich old English lady, who was excessively fond of her, and had given her a good plain education, which Marcella, who was very fond of reading, had improved during her leisure hours. Mrs. Ingate's kindness had not ended here. At her death she bequeathed to her *protege* the sum of one thousand pounds, to be paid to her the day she came of age. This provision from future want, the extravagance of her brother had forced Signora de Frueba to forestall, and the reversion had been lately sold to a Jew, for half its value, to rescue Antonia from a jail.

On the death of her kind friend, Marcella returned to her mother's dwelling. That mother was now forced to earn her living by taking in washing from the officers stationed in the garrison, all the property that now remained to her consisting of a small cottage, and a patch of ground on a lonely part of the shore, about a mile from the point off which the Maria was lost. It stood in a lonely glen, surrounded by hills, but so near the beach, that its inmates could at all times distinctly hear the meeting of the waves on the shore.

Marcella was forced to work very hard, both by night and day, to maintain her mother. Assisted by an old negress, who had lived with them in the days of their prosperity, she washed and ironed the fine linen for the officers, and performed the lighter duties of the house. Neither mother nor brother felt the least remorse in seeing such a lovely creature, in the very bloom of youth and beauty, condemned to the most servile domestic drudgery. Her mother coldly remarked that she might make her condition lighter if she would follow her advice—that she could not see why Marcella should wish to be better than her mother—she was very certain that she would never be half so handsome, for all the airs she gave herself. Marcella thought not of her beauty. She was a modest, good girl, who had been educated by a pious English lady, and the course of life recommended by her mother, made her often blush that she was her daughter.

At length a very wealthy planter met her by accident, walking to the town, and was so much struck with her beauty, that he found out to whom she belonged: and, finding her proof against all the temptations his wealth could offer, he had asked her of her mother in honourable wedlock. By Madame de Frueba and her son, the offer was proudly and gladly accepted. But in her lover, Marcella only saw an ugly, illiterate, middle-aged man, who had first insulted her by base proposals, and, baffled in his attempts, had, from the most selfish motives, sought her as his wife. That morning she had dismissed him; and she was doubtful, very doubtful, what effect the disclosure she had to make would have upon her mother and Antonio.

It was these bitter thoughts which occupied her mind, and gave such an additional air of sorrow to her pale brow, as she slowly sauntered down the rocky path that led to her miserable home. Often did she stop, and look up to the dull grey heavens, and press her small delicate hands upon her head, with her eyes swimming in tears. "Love!" she murmured; "how can I love him? Yet, it would have been pleasant to have left this house of bondage, to have been my own mistress. But, freedom with him—oh, heavens! it would have been the worst of slavery! To have to act a lie—to say that he was dear to me when I loathed his company—Marcella de Frueba, it would be better for you to die. To die!" she repeated, dwelling long upon the words, and glancing rapidly at the waters, as they lay sparkling at her feet. "It would be a crime—but surely it would be better to trust to His mercy than to the mercy of man."

As if afraid to trust her own thoughts, she stooped hastily down, and patted a pretty spaniel, which had belonged to Mrs. Ingate, and was her constant companion. "You are the only friend, Ida, I have in the world—the only thing that loves me, or that I can love. Oh that I could love my mother as I ought!" she continued, bursting into a passion of weeping; "but she does not care for me—she never did. Oh, that I had one faithful heart whom I could trust—one truthful, kind bosom, whereupon to weep."

She leaned upon the small gate, that separated their little garden from the narrow lane, as if to collect her thoughts and compose her countenance, before she entered the cottage. Her mother, who was watching her return, called her in the house. Terrified at the imperious voice of her harsh parent, Marcella hastily obeyed. On entering the mean apartment, which was the only one they occupied, independently of the kitchen and two sleeping rooms, she recoiled back in evident dismay, when she found Mr. Abbot seated at the table; and she knew by the expression of his countenance, that he had communicated to her mother, the result of the conversation she had had with him in the morning. Anger and disdain were strongly depicted on her mother's features; and as her eye fell upon her trembling daughter, an ironical smile passed over her face.

"It's a hot day for you to be out, miss," said the gay wooer; "I wonder you are not afraid of taking the fever."

"Wilful people are not afraid of anything," returned Madame de Frueba, scornfully.—"Marcella, where have you been all the morning? Here is Mr. Abbot waiting for his dinner, and nothing ready. I wish you to understand for the future, that you are not to quit the house without my leave."

"I had no idea it was so late," said Marcella, timidly, glancing at the clock; "I only went down to bathe. I will, however, get the table covered directly, if you will forgive me."

She was about to leave the room, but her mother called her back: "Stay where you are—I have something to say to you."

Marcella, without raising her eyes, took a seat.

"Is it true, Marcella de Frueba, that you have dared to refuse Mr. Abbot's generous offer?"

"It is true," gasped forth poor Marcella.

"I told your mamma so, miss, but she would not believe me," edged in the planter.

"How could I believe that a child of mine could be guilty of such ingratitude and folly? What reason can you give, Marcella, for your conduct?

"I—I—I could not love him," sobbed forth Marcella.

"Pshaw! what is love?" demanded the cold hearted woman.

"A sentiment of pure, holy, and disinterested affection," returned Marcella, the color glowing upon her pale cheek. "A sentiment which teached us to deny ourselves, and to risk all worldly advantages, most dearly prized, for the sake of the beloved. It is a sentiment I have never felt, but I am determined never to unite myself to any one for whom I cannot entertain it."

"Mighty fine!" said Madame de Fruebe.

"Vastly unreasonable!" responded the planter.

"And do you imagine, Marcella, that a girl of your age can act in a manner contrary to the wishes of her only parent, and dare to have a will of her own?"

"Had my poor father lived," said Marcella, "I should never have been called upon to make this painful sacrifice. He was too kind—too generous, to force my inclinations. He never would have married any one whom he thought did not love him."

"And do you think, signora, that I loved your father?"

"I should hope so, mother!"

"Then you are very much mistaken. I never loved him, or any man——"

"Then why did you marry him, mamma?" said the daughter, scarcely able to conceal her disgust and indignation.

"Because he offered me a good maintenance. This gentleman does the same to you. Are you better than me, that you should reject his offer?"

Marcella was silent.

"Why don't you answer me?"

"Oh, miss—do mind what your mamma says to you. She knows best what's for your good. You will think better of it when you have seen the fine place which wants you for a mistress. In spite of all your perverseness, I will be very kind to you; indeed I will. I care nothing about your poverty; I will take you just as you stand; and you shall not want a fine wedding dress, and a smart wardrobe too."

"I thank you for your kind attentions," said Marcella. "But I must persist in refusing to accept them."

"Are you mad, miss?" asked Mr. Abbot with an incredulous stare. Then edging his chair nearer, he said to the young lady in a loud whisper: "My dear, do you think you can better yourself?"

"I would rather die, than become your wife!" said Marcella, her pale cheek kindling, and her dark eyes flashing fire.

"Die!—Whew!—Is it not perfect nonsense for a pretty young girl like you to talk of dying, in that reprobate sort of a way; just as if it was a thing that could happen to you every day. Die! Yes, we must all die. But is it not better, my dear, to die rich than to die poor? Take my word for it,—and I have lived some years in the world, and know something about the sex, having been husband to two wives, who were as stiff and untractable as ever you can be—that most women consider a fat inconvenience better than a lean one."

Marcella drew back. She endeavoured in vain to conceal her disgust. Overcome by feelings of mortification and offended modesty, she burst into tears. The planter was a conceited, ignorant, matter-of-fact sort of man; but he was not destitute of humanity. He could not bear to witness her distress, although he seemed to lose sight of the fact that he was the cause of it. He was likewise a great admirer of female beauty, and had never seen such a pretty girl in tears before—and his awkward attempts to console his offended mistress, were perfectly ludicrous. "There, my dear," he said, patting her upon the shoulder with his huge paw. "Don't go to cry in that foolish manner, because an honest man wishes to make you happy and respectable. Your good mother and I will settle the business, and you need not trouble your head at all about it."

"If I have any right to the disposal of her person," said Madame de Frueba, "she is yours. But leave her to me, Mr. Abbot," she continued; "I know best how to manage her. She *shall* be your wife." This was said in a low voice, and with a furtive glance at her daughter, as the words hissed from between her clenched teeth; and the very sound, as it fell upon Marcella's ear, told of scenes of cruelty and violence which made her flesh creep.

"Thank you, ma'am, thank you," said the rude Englishman. "If you don't know her, who else is there that can? I have no doubt that she will come round. If she don't care for me now she will by-and-by. We must allow a something to maiden bashfulness, you know. The females often make a great fuss about accepting an offer, to enhance the value of it. Good bye, miss. Now don't cry, I will see you again to-morrow."

Though glad of his departure, poor Marcella trembled at being left alone with her mother. She dared not raise her head from her handkerchief, for she felt that her keen snake-like eye was upon her; and her whole frame shook with a convulsive trembling, which she strove in vain to suppress. She felt her mother's grasp upon her shoulder—and she cowered still lower, until her head sunk between her knees.

"You may well hide your face. Poor, silly, weak fool! Selfish, unfeeling idiot, to refuse an offer which would have placed you in affluent circumstances, and have rescued your family from misery. Speak—are you not ashamed of yourself? Do you not deserve the severest punishment?" She shook her violently, and Marcella rose hastily to her feet.

"Do not strike me, mother. I do not deserve this harshness at your hands. Have I not worked for you without murmuring, for the last two years—often, as you know, beyond my strength, and when all the rest of the family were abed and asleep? Employ me as you like—tax me to the uttermost—I will not repine—I will try to be cheerful and contented; but save me!—for the love of God!—I implore you to save me from a doom like this."

She flung herself at Madame de Frueba's feet. She clung about her knees and raised her streaming eyes to her face with such a look of unutterable grief, that it produced some effect upon the mind of the cruel mulatto.

"Simpleton!" she said, relaxing her grasp from the quivering frame of the slight girl; "what is this terrible fate which you so much dread?"

"Being forced into a solemn convenant with a vulgar, ignorant man, whom I cannot love. Is it not sufficiently revolting to my feelings to be subjected to the licentious advances of a coarse illiterate being like this Abbot, without my own mother advocating his suit, and loading me with insults and reproaches, because I dare to refuse to immolate myself to gratify her avarice."

"And what do you gain by your obstinately refusing such an advantageous offer?" said Madame de Frueba, rather startled at the firmness with which her hitherto timid daughter spoke.

"If I do not gain anything, mother, I retain my self respect."

"And your poverty——"

"Is not so hard to bear as the reproaches of an evil conscience."

"Is this taunt meant for me?" asked her mother, again grasping her arm.

"God forbid!" murmured Marcella, shrinking from the flashing eyes that glared upon her.

"I tell you what, Marcella, I will not be disobeyed. You must—you shall accept this man. Refusal is impossible. Think of our present condition. We are overwhelmed with debt. This little property is all we possess, and this already trembles in the claws of those vultures of the law, who delight to tear out the bowels of the wretched. I cannot starve in my old age. I will not beg. I supported you in your infant years, and I now look to you for support and protection. Were I young and handsome like you—once I was far handsomer—I would not let my mother be destitute of all the common necessaries of life. But you were always a selfish, unfeeling, cold-hearted wretch, incapable of making the least sacrifice for those who ought to be dear to you.'

"Oh say not so, mother! I have done all that I could honestly do; but to obtain wealth by dishonest means, I will not. You may beat me—starve me—curse me—as you have often done; but I will not enter into this unholy union. I will not marry that man. The remedy against such an