

The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, May 31, 1855.

Volume 12, Number 22.

Select Poetry.

The Prairies.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unbroken fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairie. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells with the thought that I
Take in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In a silent undulation, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever—his misty way,
As they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with the shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes from the south
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk, that poised, on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have
played.

Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crissed the limpid brooks
That from the fountain of Sonora gushed
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that made the firmament hath leveled
And smoothed their verdant swells, and sown
their slopes.

With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them with the forest, fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his
sides.

The hollow beating of his footsteps seems
A scintillating sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days?—and tender blue
Of these fair solitudes once air with life,
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with oak oaks,
Answer. A race that long has passed away,
Built them—a disciplined and populous race
Heard with long toll, the earth, while yet the
Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicon to forms
Of symmetry, and carving on the rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourish their harvests; here their herds were
fed.

When haply by their stallions' hoofs low'd,
And bowed his massive shoulder to the yoke,
All day this desert nudged with his toils,
Till twilight dusk'd and mowers walked and woo'd
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From fragments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice, the red man came,
The roaming hunter-trail, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwell. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their mounds, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the
ground.

Where stood their warlike cities, all is gone—
All save the piles of earth that hold their bones—
The platforms where they worshipp'd unknown
gods—
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild vagabonds roamed, and one by one
The strongholds of the plain were forced and
heaped.

With corpses. The brown vulture of the wood
Flocks to those vast, unwept sepulchres,
And sits unscarred and aloof, at their feast.
Haply some solitary figure, and a few
Larking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitter than death, yielded himself to die,
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly words
Welcomed and soothed him; the ruler con-
quered.

Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, at length
Said to forget—yet he forgot—the wife.
Of his first love, and his little ones,
Battered amid shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things. The grass is strewn,
And perishes, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man too—
He left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground, and his little builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface never gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venetian. In these plains
The bluen feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Reams the majestic bear, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I
meet

His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, as gnats and little waters
They flutter over, gentle, quivering,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of
man.

Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground.
Startling beautiful things. The grass is strewn,
And perishes, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man too—
He left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground, and his little builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface never gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venetian. In these plains
The bluen feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Reams the majestic bear, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I
meet

His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, as gnats and little waters
They flutter over, gentle, quivering,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of
man.

Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground.
Startling beautiful things. The grass is strewn,
And perishes, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man too—
He left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground, and his little builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface never gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venetian. In these plains
The bluen feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Reams the majestic bear, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I
meet

His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, as gnats and little waters
They flutter over, gentle, quivering,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of
man.

Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground.
Startling beautiful things. The grass is strewn,
And perishes, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man too—
He left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground, and his little builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface never gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venetian. In these plains
The bluen feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Reams the majestic bear, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I
meet

His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, as gnats and little waters
They flutter over, gentle, quivering,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of
man.

Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground.
Startling beautiful things. The grass is strewn,
And perishes, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man too—
He left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground, and his little builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface never gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venetian. In these plains
The bluen feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Reams the majestic bear, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I
meet

His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, as gnats and little waters
They flutter over, gentle, quivering,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of
man.

Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground.
Startling beautiful things. The grass is strewn,
And perishes, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man too—
He left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground, and his little builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface never gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venetian. In these plains
The bluen feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Reams the majestic bear, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I
meet

His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, as gnats and little waters
They flutter over, gentle, quivering,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of
man.

Miscellaneous.

From Peterson's Magazine.

A Chase off the Guinea Coast.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THEY were without a cloud, and the
noon-day sun, pouring vertically downward,
filled the atmosphere with the breath of a
furnace. Not a zephyr rippled the grassy
surface of the bay. A few birds wheeled
lazily overhead, or settled slowly in flocks on
the white surface of the beach. The broad
expanse of the deep was unbroken by a soli-
tary sail. The low man-of-war showed up
the white surface outside the inlet on the west-
ern shore, forming a picture as monotonous
as could be imagined. The stifled roar
of the distant breakers was the only sound
that broke the stillness of the scene. A deep
oppressive haze hung over sea and sky.

Close to a point of the shore, and in not
more than two fathoms water, lay a dark
sloop, a schooner, and a single man-of-war,
with the tide, which now, at a half ebb, was
running swiftly out to sea. The inlet, with
its seaboard of breakers, could just be seen
above the main chains of the schooner, far
away on the western horizon. A hot, undu-
lating haze waved in the distance; the sea
glowed like molten lead; and only the slugh-
lish ripple of the tide against the schooner's
bows broke on the silence of that sultry noon-
day.

A beautiful craft was that schooner. She
was painted of a deep black, unrelieved by a
single line of white; her mould was clean and
sharp; her bows tapered off like a knife; her
tall, whip-stalk masts raked gallantly back-
ward; and her yards, sails, and rigging, to-
kened the highest discipline in her crew. Her
high bulwarks, surmounted by a monkey
running aft, concealed much of her deck,
but enough was seen to show, by its extreme
whiteness and the bluish of her brass mount-
ings, that she was no common merchantman;
while the two ports on either side, from which
frowned the deadly cannonades, and a long
swivel gun mounted amidships, warned one
that she was not unused to conflict. Yet no
signs of life were discernible about her.

It was some three hours after the meridi-
an, when a slight ripple broke the surface of
the bay, and as it came down toward the
schooner, a score of men, as if by magic, ap-
peared on her decks; the anchor was hoveled
up, and datted; and the fore-sheet and jib
hoisted away. As her bow caught the breeze
she fell off before the wind; her masts and
topsails were set; and in less than a quarter
of an hour she was sweeping down the inlet
like a sea-wolf on the wing. Before sun-
down her white sail could just be seen upon
the western seaboard, appearing and disap-
pearing in the spray, as she rose and fell
on the horizon.

During the whole of that day an American
frigate was lying becalmed, huddled in, in the
offing. But when the grateful breeze reached
her from the shore, her sails were sheeted
home, and she began to lay off and on, as if
watching for some expected prey. Suddenly
a hoarse roar hailed her from the shore,
and a sail-broad on the weather bow.

"What's her rig?" hastily enquired the
officer of the deck, as the crew of the frigate
swarmed on the deck, and covered her sides
at the signal.

"A fore-and-aft topsail and flying jib—"
"She's the craft we've been looking for, Mr.
Weldon," said the captain, drawing a long
breath, as he took the glass from his eye, af-
ter a protracted gaze, "her mould, her rigging,
conquer everything speaks it. We've got
her now."

"She's the most sly slave on the coast," an-
swered the lieutenant, "and she often boast-
ed that she defied us."

In a few minutes every stitch of canvas
was spread that could draw; and before long
the frigate began to overhaul the schooner.
The latter evidently persisted in her design
of getting to sea; and for this purpose was
standing boldly across the track of the man-
of-war, notwithstanding the risk it involved,
doubtless trusting to her reputation for speed
to make good her escape. Perceiving this,
the captain, when the frigate came within
long cannon range, ordered a fire to be opened
on her.

"We've cut away her fore-top-sail—see
how she falls off," exclaimed the lieutenant,
as the ball from the man-of-war whizzed thro'
the schooner's rigging.

"Dear away a point or two, quarter-mas-
ter—let drive there with your forward guns."

"Ay—ay, sir," answered the gunner, as his
battery opened on the flying clipper.

A few minutes of breathless suspense pas-
sed. None of the frigate's shot told. The
schooner, meantime was directly ahead, about
a mile off, lying right across our track. If
she could succeed the chances of her capture
would be almost destroyed, for night was com-
ing on. A single glance satisfied the captain
that to circumspect her required immediate action.

"Get your helm—port—a—port," he
thundered, springing upon a gun carriage,
and holding on by a rope, as he leaned over
board to catch a better view of the chase. "Keep
her away there now—steady—steady."

"She begins to find she's entrapped," said
the first lieutenant, after a few minutes' trial
had satisfied all that she could not pass across
the frigate's bows in safety. "see she wears,
she's luffing into the wind's eye."

And by St. George, she will make her
port again, and leave us to cut her out with
our bows, unless we are quick, starboard,
quarter-mas-ter, he—ard," and as the giant
vessel came up into the wind, her large sails
flapped heavily against the masts a moment,
and then as she fell off on the other tack
they filled again; driving her through the
swells with such force, that the spray flew al-
most to the fore-top.

The scene was now one of absorbing inter-
est. The low coast presenting its white, sandy
beach in front, and the thick groves of
tropical plants farther back from the shore,
a league or two up on the weather bow;
while the surface of the sea between the frigate
and the breakers was white with the foam
and ripples. Toward the coast the schooner
was now stretching under every rag of canvas
that would draw, and such was the excel-
lence of her mould and rig, that she could
lay several points nearer to the wind than the
frigate, and still gain rapidly upon her. It
soon became evident that she would make
the inlet, though the man-of-war would fall
some points to the leeward. In an instant
the captain's determination was taken.

"Dear away, quarter-mas-ter, let her come
round a bit, all ready there, and now give her
a broadside, my boys, fire high and don't hit
the poor wretches in hull!"

Quick as lightning the gallant frigate fell
off from her course, and just as she presented
her broadside to the flying schooner a storm
of fire burst from her sides that made the old
ship stagger again. The foremost of the
schooner tottered and went overboard, drag-
ging with it all its lumber into the deep—
The slaver payed off at once, and the next
instant the mainmast following its predecessor
with a loud crash, the late rakish craft
rolled a wreck upon the waters.

"Ten and a half," sung out the man at the
chains.

"Steady then, steady; run her in as close
as you can, quarter-mas-ter," said the captain.

"Eight, seven and a half, seven," sung out
the man with the lead, at his many casts.

"It shoots fast, but steady, steady,"
a six and a half, five, five.

"We must land," said the captain, "port
your helm, around all, pipe away the boat's
crows, for we shall have to cut her out."

The shrill whistle of the boatswain shrieked
through the ship; the crews were mustered—
the boats were lowered away, and the men
took their stations, and with a loud cheer the
little flat pulled rapidly away after the now
disabled schooner.

The pursuit had been protracted till the twilight, and darkness
was already settling on the face of the deep,
when the boats left the frigate. The outline
of the schooner's hull could just be caught
in the light of low and dark upon the waters, close
in upon the land. Far away lay the coast,
a shapeless mass of shadow, the surf painted
like a white line, in the foreground. Above
not a star was seen. The clouds were in
thick masses overhead, and were gathering
and ragged from the horizon. In a few
minutes as the darkness increased, the coast
vanished in the elements. Then the outline of
the schooner died faintly away, and one by
one the boats were lost in the obscurity, until
nothing was perceptible from the decks of the
frigate, except the comb of the sea for a
few fathoms around her, and her own tall
and shapely masts towering above until lost
in the deep darkness overhead.

Moments passed away, which grew almost
into hours, and yet the same pitchy darkness
continued. Nothing had been heard of the
boats. Often were the eyes of the crew turned
toward the quarter where the schooner lay,
but not a rocket rose, nor musket flashed up
on the night as a signal of her boat's success.
All was silent as the grave. The wash of the
swell against the frigate's bows, and the low
melancholy wail of the wind were the only
sounds breaking on the deep stillness of the night.

"There they go," the signal, the signal,"
shouted a dozen voices, as the quarter-deck,
as a rocket shot up into the air, and ending
gracefully over, burst into a dozen stars, and
then fell in a shower of sparkles to the sea.

By the wild, unearthly light flung for an in-
stant over the scene, the frigate's boats might
be observed, formed in line, sweeping steadily
up to the disabled schooner. But in an
instant again all again was dark.

A few moments of thrilling excitement en-
sued. Eagerly the frigate's crew waited for
the sounds of the fray. Minutes passed away,
yet no musket rattled, no guns roared upon
the night. What could be the cause? Had
she offered no resistance? Each man looked
at his neighbor with surprise written on his
countenance.

All at once, a vivid, blinding light
filled the whole atmosphere as if by magic;
a stream of fire in the direction of the
schooner shot up into the heaven; and then,
for one instant, sea and shore were
revealed with terrible distinctness; a confu-
sion might be seen dawning upward from
the deck of the slave; a roar followed as
the Archangel's trumpet; the frigate quivered
from the keelson to the track; and then a
darkness, as sudden and as awful as the mo-
mentary flash, and in which everything ap-
peared swimming before the aching eyes, fell
upon the scene. There was a moment of si-
lence.

"God grant the boats are safe," ejaculated
the captain, "they have saved themselves
and the poor wretches up."

Every man on board was horror-struck. It
was long before the sensation passed away,
and it might have continued longer, had not
the captain dissolved the spell by ordering
the remaining boats to be manned, and go to
the relief of the sufferers if any yet remained
alive.

Never sped a barge quicker over the wa-
ters, than that sent by the frigate on this
errand of mercy. The men bent to their oars
with enthusiasm, and soon reached the spot
where the catastrophe had occurred.

"Forward there at the bow, what the devil
shadowy object ahead?" said the officer at the
helm.

"That ain't," shot across the night in re-
ply, and directly the frigate's launch appear-
ed in sight. Greeting her with three merry
cheers, the new-comers hastily inquired re-
specting the fate of their comrades and
leaving their relief to the boats of the frigate
were all saved; for that, by some mis-
take, the magazine of the slave had exploded
while they were yet a sufficient distance from
her to ensure their safety. The poor
wretches in her hold, however, as well as the
slave's crew, were all lost in that terrific ex-
plosion.

The launch had already been engaged in
searching over the spot where the schooner
had been seen, for her ill-fated passengers,
and in a more awful spectacle, her lieutenant
said, he had never witnessed. Her hull
had already sunk, but fragments of the wreck
—human bodies torn to pieces, scorched to
cinder, disfigured, mutilated, bloated, scarred,
and blackened in the most frightful manner,
covered the sea in the vicinity. Even while
he spoke, a hideous corpse floated by, its dis-
torted face looking almost fiend-like in the
gloom.

The other boats soon joined the barge from
the frigate, and every exertion was made to
discover if any human beings of the slave's
ill-fated band were alive. But though the
shattered timbers and mangled bodies were
found floating on every hand, not a man, wo-
man, or child, yet living, was picked up.

After a search of nearly two hours, the crews
of the boats returned with heavy hearts to
the frigate.

The next morning the search was resumed,
but in vain. Far along the coast floated the
wreck of the schooner and the disfigured
bodies of the slave, with here and there a
human being of a lighter skin, but no one
was ever rescued alive from his watery grave.

"We'll all meet again in the morn- ing."

BY C. H. DREWS.

"It was a beautiful exclamation of a dying
child—as the red rays of the sunset streamed on
him through the window—'good bye, Papa! I
good bye! Mama has come for me to-night—don't
cry Papa. We'll all meet again in the morning!'
—and the heart of that father grew lighter under
its burden, for something assured him that this
little angel went to the bosom of him who said,
'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of
such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Oh, will it be the tempest and dark is the night,
But soon will the day-break be dawning;
Then the friendship of yore
Shall blossom once more,
And we'll all meet again in the morning!

Art thou doomed in a far distant region to roam
To meet the cold gaze of the stranger;
Don't thou yearn for the smiles of the loved one
at home,
While thou pray'st God to shield them from dan-
ger.

Ah! the night of the waters may shadow my
form,
Yet soon will the day-break be dawning;
And thou'll mingle once more
With the sunlight of yore,
For we'll all meet again in the morning!"

Don't thou miss the sweet voice of a fond loving
wife,
Whose music brought balm to the sorrow;
Didst thou see her decline in the sunset of life,
Nor felt one bright hope for the morrow,
Oh, cheer up, dear brother! the night may be dark,
Yet soon will the day-break be dawning;
Of all this bereavement
One hope is still left—
We'll all meet again in the morning!"

Art thou wearied, Oh Pilgrim on life's desert
waste;
Don't thou sigh for the shade of the wildwood;
Have the world's choicest fruits proved bitter to
thee,
And mocked all the dreams of thy childhood;
Oh, cheer up, poor Pilgrim, faint not on the
way.

For soon will the day-break be dawning;
The sun will have shined,
Shall rise from the dead—
And all will be bright in the morning!"

Oh! Servant of Christ! too heavy the cross,
Has thy trust in the Master been shaken;
In doubt and in darkness thy faith has been lost,
And thou criest, "My God, I'm forsaken."
But cheer up, dear brother! the night cannot last,
And soon will the day-break be dawning;
We have come from our birth,
Will all be made right in the morning.

From the Waverley Magazine.
The Prayer of Faith.
Sunshine never, never failing,
Lights the best and gladdest day,
When the prayer of faith prevails,
Chases every doubt away.
Till each shadow, dark and dreary,
On the overcast hills,
Only peeps the weak and weary
To a better home, on high!

And the eye will sparkle brightly
With new hopes that fill the heart,
Till the flowers that blossom gaily
Till the flowers that blossom gaily
On the overcast hills,
Shall their perfume waft as daily,
Sweetening all life's cup of ills!

For the sins that rise like mountains
May be banished by such prayer,
Till again love's golden fountains
Flash like diamonds on the air,
And each selfish clouding sorrow
Ourselves ever our own power,
Till a coming happier hour,
Of a coming happier hour.

Then be ours such faith in praying,
For it moves the arm of God,
For a heaven foundation laying
Where none feel sin's tyrant rod!
And in answer now and ever,
Grace sufficient for the day,
Shall abound as that we never
Faint along the heavenly way!

EDWARD ASHTON.
[From the Flag of Our Union.]
**DOX GARCIA PEREZ;
OR THE RED-HEADED PLEDGE.**

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

STANDARDS at the window of a lofty castle
overlooking the plains of Granada, were two
Spanish maidens, Inez and Zerkia, daughters
of Don Pedro Saverda. Very beautiful were
both, and Inez, the eldest, would have been
called the fairest, was it not for the want of
something gentle in her face, which Zerkia
possessed. The large black eyes of Inez
glazed full on you, there was a fierceness
discoverable in their depths wholly strange
and unfeminine. The gaze of both girls was
fixed intently on the plains of Granada be-
neath and beyond them, where they were dotted
with the white tents of Ferdinand's army.
Out from the castle gate rode two knights
and their esquires. Zerkia was leaning against
the stone casement, but Inez stood within the
shadow of the wall, her hand on the balcony.

"See!" exclaimed the lovely Zerkia, and
her eyes looked soft and bright. "See, Inez,
Don Garcia Perez is looking upward, and
seems as if he would fain wave you one more
farewell. Will you only come forward and
give him one more token?"

"Gone child!" petulantly replied Inez,
drawing still further back into the shadow.

"Sister, please give him one more farewell.
Remember that he goes forth to no tilt or
tournament, but to battle. He is your be-
trayed?" urged young Zerkia.

Her sister's only reply was, to quickly and
rather rudely draw Zerkia back from the win-
dow to her side.

"Have you no sense, Zerkia? Know you
not he might think it was me gazing after
him so anxiously?"

"I care not if he did. Gladly would I
have him think so, if he would be happier,"
and Zerkia would have freed herself from her
sister's grasp, and resumed her station at the
window.

"You had much better have been his be-
trayed than I, you take such a deep interest
in his happiness," sneered the haughty Inez.

She knew not the bitter pang her careless
words gave her gentle sister. She knew not
that Zerkia loved Don Garcia and watched
him with a throbbing heart depart for the bat-
tle-field. Keeping the same position, there
both watched the brave Don Garcia Perez
ride on. Before reaching the plains the
knights were obliged to pass through a strip
of forest. Gallantly the little party rode on-
ward, their armor glittering in the sun. Inez

with either pretended or real indifference, was
turning away, when an exclamation of terror
burst from Zerkia.

"Great God preserve him! Inez, Inez, from
the wood has dashed a band of Moors!"

With terror-dilated eyes, Zerkia stretched
herself forward. Quickly Inez returned to
the window, and with beating hearts they
watched the unequal fray, seven Moors against
four Christian knights. Don Garcia turned
calmly to his esquires who bore his helmet at
his saddle-bow, for the day was warm and he
cared not to burden his horse with the heavy
steel till needful. Quietly he placed it on his
head, closed his visor, and awaited the approach
of the enemy. Onward at full speed, lances
in rest, came the Moors.

"O, Inez, he is lost!" exclaimed Zerkia, for
at the charge of the Moors, Don Garcia's com-
panion knight and esquire wheeled their horses
and fled. At the first charge, Don Garcia
trusty servant fell, and he was left alone to
battle against the seven Moors. Again
and again they charged, and at each encounter
a horse fled riderless into the wood, or across
the plain. One Moor alone remained.

Each lacked his steel, passed, then he used
the speed of the wind rushed upon the other.
A cloud of dust hid the encounter from the
anxious eyes of the two maidens. When
that cloud cleared away Don Garcia Perez was
riding slowly towards the castle, and no Moor
was seen. As the castle gate closed behind
him, the girls saw another band of Moors
ride to the scene of the fray, and finding no
enemy, they bore back to their camp their
dead companions.

The ring of an armed bell was heard on
the stone stairs, and Zerkia sprang forward,
opened the door and admitted Don Garcia
Perez. All stained and dented was his breast-
plate, so brilliant this morning. Don Inez
rose languidly, for her eagle eye had detected
that which turned her joy to anger. Un-
closing his visor and bending gracefully to-
ward the haughty maiden, Don Garcia spoke
thus:

"I returned, dear Inez, for a lance, and I
could not return to the battle-field without
one more look at you."

"Look to your helmet, sir Knight, no lady's
pledge is there."

Quickly his helmet was unbarred and re-
moved. That morning it had been ornamented
with a white silk scarf, embroidered with
silver, his lady's pledge.

"I know not, dear Inez, I had lost it. In
battle by deeds, I will make myself worthy of
another," said Don Garcia, as he replaced his
casque.

"Worthy of another!" exclaimed Inez
scornfully. "I give no other while that is
in the hands of Moorish knights. I give not
my pledge so lightly."

Inez said Don Garcia, sadly, "rather
would I have died than lost your pledge—
It must be on the field. I will go for it at
once."

"Spare yourself the trouble, sir Knight—
The dead Moors have been borne off by their
comrades. You should have told me, Don
Garcia Perez, that the present would have
been more fully embroidered on it than the
cross," sneered Inez.

Don Garcia's eyes flashed fire, as he said
in a stern voice: