# ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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## Select Poetry.

### The Village Church.

BY JOHN H. EVANS

O'er mountain height, o'er valley fair,
The golden light of sunset streams,
Clothing each scene with beauty bright,
To wake the echo of my dreams.
But 'tis no dream; once more I stand
Within the ancient sacred fane,
Where first my infant lips were taught
In praise to lisp God's holy name

Its turrets grey, its mossy roof,
O'er which the ivy's tendrils creep,
Yon waving cypress bending low,
Where silent dead together sleep.
Before this altar's holy shrine,
The heart's pure vows have oft been paid,
While softened shades of love divine
Around this hallowed spot have played.

[illegible]
Arrayed in [illegible]
Around whose hopes the love of years
[illegible] delight,
[illegible] morn,
[illegible] bells stir the air
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] with reverent awe,
Enshrined by memories of the past,
As twilight, with her dark-hued folds
O'er hill and vale is gathering fast;
The balmy breath of scented thyme
With fragrance fills the brooding air,
While, below, soft, like angel wings
[illegible] this place of prayer.

## Choice Miscellany.

### THE ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

#### A TALE OF LONDON.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER I.

"Dear Arthur," said the low, tender voice of a female, as she brushed back the heavy chestnut locks from his pale brow, "you must not, indeed you must not labor so incessantly. You will injure your health—perhaps ruin it entirely, and then what will be left to me."

"Mary," said the young painter caressingly, "you are alarming yourself to no purpose. I am not weary. Besides, what were a little weariness in comparison with the great purpose I have in view? You know the Exhibition will open in a fortnight, and my picture is still unfinished.—Oh," continued he, with enthusiasm, while a faint flush overspread his pale cheek, "if it could be my fortune to gain the great prize of five hundred pounds which has been offered for the best painting on exhibition, I believe I could die content."

"Arthur!" said his wife reproachfully.

"But better still," said the young painter caressingly, "to live and enjoy it with you, my sweet wife. With such a start what might I not hope for? Fame—fortune—friends, all would be mine. But it is growing late, and I have still much to do before I retire. But do not wait for me dear Mary; I shall work the faster if I know that you are reposing."

Arthur Elliot was the son of a clergyman in one of the midland counties of England. At the age of seventeen he had entered the office of his uncle, an attorney in London, a hard, worldly man, wholly engrossed in business. Young Arthur who was a boy of a sensitive and highly imaginative temperament, found little sympathy with his peculiar taste in the dry musty studies over which he was expected to pore day after day, or in the deeds and legal instruments which he was called upon to engross. He devoted his leisure time to obtaining some knowledge of painting, from a teacher of that art. He made so great proficiency in this department, as to surprise his teacher, who exclaimed with enthusiasm that he was born to be an artist.

"And why should I not be," thought Arthur to himself. "With law I am completely disgusted; I shall never make a figure at it. Why then should I not abandon what I so utterly detest, and pursue that which offers so much stronger attractions?"

Full of this resolution, he went to his uncle and requested his permission to adopt it. But the scheme appeared absurd and chimerical to the man of business, and he utterly forbade Arthur's cherishing any such plans in future.—This to one of his nephew's high spirit was more than he could bear. His place in his uncle's office was vacant the next day, and remained so.—Arthur had collected his little articles of personal property, and fled to the house of his instructor, where, undetected, he pursued his studies with the utmost assiduity. His master had a daughter, a beautiful girl whose disposition and manners were as amiable as her features were faultless. What wonder that Arthur fell in love, and that the two, with their father's consent, exchanged vows of fidelity, though both were too young yet to think of marriage?

This, however, was hastened by an event which plunged them both in affliction. Mary's father died. She was left alone in the world, with no one but Arthur to depend upon. Arthur was just on the verge of twenty—Mary but sixteen. Under the circumstances, however, it was thought best that they should marry. Mary's fortune was but small. Her father left behind him nothing but the materials of his art.

At first Arthur resolved to follow in the steps of his father-in-law, but he soon found this to be insupportable drudgery, and became convinced that this was no way to become an artist.

He accordingly commenced painting pictures for sale, but, as is too often the case, found that genius unknown is unappreciated. His income became very scanty—hardly sufficient to supply himself and Mary with the bare necessaries of life.

It was at this stage that it was announced that at the annual exhibition of paintings the prize already alluded to would be awarded to the production, pronounced by a committee appointed for that purpose, to be the most deserving.

This offer fired Arthur's ambition. Why should not he, filled as he was with the inspiration of genius, why should not he gain it? It was not impossible. He could at least try.

He selected as his subject "The Transfiguration of the Saviour." Without entering into the details of the painting, which could only be done properly by an artist, it is sufficient to say that the conception was a grand one, and the execution of a high character

But in the meantime, how were they to live? The painting on which Arthur was now engaged was a work of time, and it was a considerable period before he could hope to derive any pecuniary profit from it.

They were now renting a small attic chamber in an obscure street in London; Mary had assisted her husband as far as she was able, by obtaining work from the slop-shops, which amounted to a mere pittance, but they had learned to live frugally under that sternest of teachers—Necessity.

CHAPTER II.

It was early on the morning of the day after [illegible] Arthur, worn out by his midnight vigils, had not yet risen. Mary was astir; she had already prepared and eaten a frugal meal, and the small table—the only one in the apartment—was covered with a white cloth, on which was spread, with as tempting an array as the nature of the food would admit, the breakfast intended for her husband.

Suddenly there was a violent knock at the door. Mary glanced towards her husband, who still lay buried in deep sleep, apprehensive that he might be awakened, and then went towards the door and opened it.

A coarse-featured man entered

"Good morning, Mrs. Elliott," was his salutation. "You see I have come for my week's rent. I am not likely to forget that."

"The rent!" said Mary, apprehensively. "I am sorry Mr. Mudge, but I have'nt quite got it ready. I did'nt succeed in finishing the work I had on hand so soon as I anticipated, and I must ask your indulgence for a day or two."

"Oh yes, the old story," said the man with a sneer: "and if I should come again in a day or two, you would'nt have finished the work you have on hand, and would ask for a day or two more. Oh yes, I am used to such games."

"But, Mr. Mudge, have I failed you before, and should I be likely to begin now? If you will come Tuesday you shall have the rent, if I have to pawn some of my furniture to raise the money."

Mr. Mudge was half persuaded, but still sullen. "There's your husband: why don't he work? He is able to. You wouldn't find any difficulty in raising the rent if he would do something."

"Arthur works already beyond his strength," was the wife's slightly indignant rejoinder, for she could not bear to have any imputation cast upon *him*, "and some day we shall see what it will lead to."

Just then her husband stirred in his sleep, and Mary hastily repeating, "Call again Tuesday and you'll have it," closed the door and went to his bedside

"They are a proud set," said Mudge to himself, as he descended the ricketty staircase which nearly caused him to stumble. "They are a proud set, and they say pride and poverty always go together. But if the rent isn't ready Tuesday, their pride will be pretty likely to meet with a fall, or my name isn't Mudge."

Perceiving that her husband still slept, the artist's wife took up her work, and began to ply her needle busily. The work she had received from the slop shop consisted of shirts for which she received eighteen cents a piece. She had taken a bundle of six, which when completed, would amount to a little over a dollar. By great diligence she could make three of these in two days, which would give them an income of rather more than a dollar and a half per week.—Of this sum one half was obliged to go for the rent of the miserable room in which they lodged.

By and by Arthur roused himself from the deep sleep in which he had been plunged, and looked around him.

"It is late," said he; "the sun is already high, and I must to work."

He dressed himself hastily, and partook of the meal which his wife had prepared for him.

The next day passed, and Monday afternoon brought to Mrs. Elliott the sad conviction that she had miscalculated as to the rapidity with which she could perform her work, and that she would not after all be prepared to meet Mr. Mudge with the rent on the day following.—Knowing his unfeeling nature, she could not doubt that he would insist on their instantly vacating the apartment. This was to be avoided at all hazards. She knew her husband's high spirit, and she feared for the consequences if Mr. Mudge should be insolent.

Full of this thought she took a light gold chain which in earlier days her husband had presented to her, and proceeded with reluctant step to the pawnbroker's. It was drawing towards evening, and she hurried through the streets, scarcely daring to look to the right hand or to the left, lest she should meet with some interruption.

Solomon Fagin, a Jew, who fully sustained the reputation of his race, as an avaricious man wholly devoted to the love of gain, stood with a cringing expression on his drawn up features behind the counter of his shop in David's Alley.—He was trafficking, or rather seemed to have just closed a sale with a young gentleman well dressed and of prepossessing manners. The latter made way politely for Mary, who was too much pre-occupied to acknowledge his courtesy.

"How much will you advance me on this?" asked she, hurriedly, extending the chain, which had originally been purchased for ten dollars.

Solomon looked in her face cunningly, as if to estimate by the degree of anxiety she displayed, how little he might venture to offer.

Mary was very nervous, and exceedingly anxious to reach home before it grew much darker. This probably gave her an appearance of solicitude, which the Jew attributed to destitution.

"These things ish very sheap," he at length said, "dey sheap people don't want 'em. I can't offer you more than two dollars, and shall lose on that." [illegible]

The young gentleman had been an attentive spectator of this scene. He fathomed the cunning of the Jew, and advancing to the counter, took the chain in his hands.

"Come, Solomon, this is too bad. You should offer three times as much, and you would make a good bargain then. You know as well as I do that that chain never cost less than ten dollars. Come, come, be honest for once."

"It ish all very well," said Solomon, who did not relish the interruption, "for young shentlemen to talk, but if young shentlemen should keep a pawnbroker's shop he would change his mind."

"Perhaps so, but I will wait till I am a pawnbroker first. But, Solomon, if you don't offer more, I will take it myself."

The Jew, who was afraid of losing a good bargain, and internally cursing the interference of the young gentleman, began to mumble that it was very hard to press a poor man so—that he should certainly lose on it. However he closed by offering three dollars.

Mrs. Elliot was about to close with this offer, but the other stepped forward and said:

"No, no, this will never do. That chain cost ten dollars at least. I am sure of it, for I bought one precisely similar the other day. Give it to me, madam," said he respectfully to Mrs. Elliott, "and I will advance you that sum."

The artist's wife accepted his proffer with grateful astonishment, and hastened to leave the shop. She had gone but a few steps when she was overtaken by the chance companion whom she had met at the pawnbroker's.

"Do not think me bold," said he, "if I suggest that it is hardly safe to carry money open in your hand, and indeed it is so dark, that it is hardly safe at all for a lady to pass through the streets unattended. If you will accept my escort, I shall be most happy to conduct you to your lodgings."

Mrs. Elliott hesitated. She knew it was hardly safe to trust to an entire stranger, but the younger stranger's conduct thus far, and his whole address had so prepossessed her in his favor, that she thought it hardly prudent to refuse.

"Sir," she replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I do not know whether I am in the right, but I cannot help trusting you. I do not think you intend to impose upon me. I will trust to you."

"You shall not regret your confidence," said her companion. "May I ask where you reside?"

"At 16 S—— street," was the reply of Mrs. Elliott. "I am much indebted to you, sir, no less for the trouble you are now taking, than for the generosity with which you saved me from being imposed upon by the Jew."

"Oh," said the other laughing, "Solomon is a cunning old fellow, who will cheat where he gets a chance. No worse Jew for that, pawnbroker either. It is their business to cheat, and I fancy Fagin is as much of an adept at it as any one." [illegible]

"I hope," he continued after a pause, "that you were not driven by distress to the sale of an article which doubtless you value highly."

"It was presented to me by my husband," was the reply; "I would not have parted with it but that this was the only means probably of saving ourselves from being turned out of doors."

"I am sorry for that," was the sympathizing reply. "Does your husband know that you have come out on such an errand?"

"No, or he would have offered to pawn some of his own clothing first. Of this I was afraid, and it is for this reason that I stole secretly out."

They had now reached the outer door of the dwelling in the upper part of which Mr. Elliott lodged. It was necessary for them to part.

In parting the stranger pressed Mrs. Elliott's hand, and then walked rapidly away. She found to her astonishment that he had placed the chain in her hand. But he was now so far distant that she could not call him back. Thanking him in her heart for this unlooked-for generosity, Mrs. Elliott went up stairs with a light heart, for she foresaw that with the sum of money of which she had so providentially come into possession, they would be able to live comfortably for some weeks, in addition to which she would have it in her power to procure some delicacies for her husband's palate.

After a little consideration she decided not to mention her adventure to her husband, as the idea of her selling his gift would be painful to him, and would do him no good. There was no danger of his inquiring, so much was he absorbed in his painting. Besides, if he thought at all upon the subject, he would think that she had been out on business connected with her work.

She hastily passed up stairs, and set about preparing supper for herself and husband.

CHAPTER III.

The sun was not more punctual to his hour of rising, than was the visit of Mr. Mudge, the landlord, to the lodging of the artist.

"Well," said he, abruptly, "have you got the rent ready? I can't wait a day longer."

"Nor will you be obliged," said Mrs. Elliott, calmly. "Here is the money."

Mr. Mudge, notwithstanding his love of money, looked a little disappointed at this ready payment. His mind was essentially a vulgar one, and he felt an instinctive aversion to Mrs. Elliott, whose superiority to himself he could not help admitting. He had hoped to have the pleasure of turning them out.

"Well, they won't always have ready money," was his internal reflection, "and the first good excuse I have they shall go, bag and baggage."

Meanwhile, Mr. Elliott was making progress on his painting.

"You deserve the prize, Arthur," said his wife after gazing admiringly upon her husband's work; "you deserve it, and I hope that you will be successful in obtaining it."

"It has cost me many hours of hard labor," said the artist wearily, as he laid aside his pallet for a moment, and passed his hand across his brow; "I never felt so great an interest in a picture before. And now two days' labor, I think, will complete it. It needs but a few touches."

As he spoke, Mary saw an unnatural flush upon his cheek, and that his eye glowed with an unusual brilliancy. She was alarmed.

"Do, Arthur, for my sake, lie down and rest awhile. You do not look well, and sleep will refresh you. You say two days will finish it, and you have a week before you."

"I believe I will lie down for a few minutes," said Arthur, "for my head aches strangely and I feel weary."

He laid down, but it did *not refresh him*. In a little while he grew feverish, so that he could not leave his bed. His wife went out to summon a physician. All her hopes centred in Arthur, and the thought that he was sick—that he was in danger, quickened his step. She saw nothing that was going on around her, so intent was she on her object, when suddenly some one touched her familiarly on the shoulder. She looked around and saw by her side the companion whom she had encountered at the pawnbroker's.

"I am happy to meet you once more," said he "but you seem in haste."

"Yes," said she hurriedly, "my husband has been suddenly taken sick, and I am in pursuit of a physician."

"Let me relieve you of that duty. If you will return to your husband, who doubtless needs your presence, I will summon a physician. I know your lodgings, and will return with medical assistance immediately."

Mrs. Elliott gratefully assented to this proffer of service, for she had felt much solicitude.—When she returned, she found her husband seized with a fit of delirium, in which he uttered incoherent sentences, all of which had some connection with his picture and the approaching exhibition.

In a few minutes the stranger returned with a physician. To the anxious inquiries of Mrs. Elliott, the doctor replied:

"Your husband is suffering from the excitement and fatigue consequent upon too severe mental exertion. This has thrown him into a fever, from which it will take time to recover."

After leaving directions, he withdrew, promising to repeat his visit the next day.

"How much my poor husband will be disappointed," Mrs. Elliott could not help exclaiming; "he must now abandon the hope of presenting his picture at the exhibition."

"What!" said the visitor with interest, "is your husband an artist?"

In reply, Mrs. Elliott led him to a corner of the room, and withdrew the screen that concealed the painting.

He gazed upon it with deep admiration for some minutes, and then said with enthusiasm,

"Ah! this is indeed beautiful."

"It is all but completed," said the artist's wife, "but that will be of no service to us now," and she let fall her screen and sighed heavily

A sudden idea struck the visitor.

"Will you trust the painting to me for a few days?" he asked. "You shall not regret it."

Mrs. Elliott, convinced that her husband would not recover to finish it, assented without difficulty. She never thought of distrusting one who had been of such essential service.

"Thank you," said the visitor. "As you have reposed this confidence in me, I must acquaint you with my name and address, that you may know whom you have trusted."

He handed her a card inscribed with the name, "F. Sedley, 7 Convent place,"

"I will send for it this afternoon," said he as he withdrew, "and will call in upon you again to-day or to-morrow. I shall be anxious to learn how your husband gets on."

The delirium which attended the early stages of Mr. Elliott's indisposition continued for some days. At length consciousness returned.

"How long have I been sick?" he inquired. He was told.

"And what day is it now?"

"Wednesday, the fourteenth."

"And to-morrow the Exhibition will take place. Oh, that I could have held out but a few days longer. I would have asked for no more. In that time I could have completed my painting, and it would have been entered in competition. Fate seems to be against me."

He groaned and covered his face with his hands.

"But," said his wife soothingly, "remember, dear Arthur, that if Fate seems against us, God is always with us. He orders every thing in infinite wisdom."

"But," was the hardly reconciled answer, "His ways are very difficult of comprehension. The wisdom is hidden, I cannot see it."

"Yet," said his wife full of hopeful confidence, "if we trust in Him we shall not be deceived."

"But," said Arthur, after a pause, "how shall we live in the meantime? I can do nothing now for our support, and much of your time is taken up in attendance upon me."

"I am richer than you think for," said Mary, opening her purse and displaying the sum she had received from her visitor, much of which was still untouched.

To his inquiries how she obtained it, she replied by unfolding the whole story, and indulged in the warmest encomiums on the generosity and uniform kindness of Mr. Sedley,—for the reader will remember that this was the name inscribed on the card which he had presented to her.

Arthur was interested in the recital, and expressed a wish to become acquainted with him. After a pause he inquired for the painting. "Let me look on it once more," said he, "perhaps I shall be better able to judge of its merits after a lapse of time."

Mary looked embarrassed. "You will excuse me," said she to her husband, "but Mr. Sedley expressed a wish to carry it home with him for a few days, and I could not refuse. Doubtless he wished to exhibit it to some of his friends, and in that way it may find a purchaser

Arthur acquiesced in this conclusion, and approved the course which Mary had adopted.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the morning of the exhibition—a clear bright morning in September, which seemed to combine all the balmy softness of summer, with none of the excessive heat. The sun shone down upon the numberless roofs of the great city, and found its way into the lanes and alleys, lighting them up for the hour with the brightness not their own. Through the little window—the only one—by which light was admitted into the little room where the Elliott's lodged, the golden rays streamed in and lent their glory to the face of the sleeping artist, who had not yet awakened from the night's slumber.

There was a knock at the door. Mary opened it, and Mr. Sedley made his appearance.

"To-day," said he, "is the day of the Exhibition. Will you accompany me? I have a free pass."

"But my husband," said she doubtfully. "I cannot leave him."

"I have provided for that. I have brought a nurse with me who will take your place, and who will remain with you and nurse your husband. She is skillful and experienced, and you can safely trust him in her hands."

Here the sleeper awakened, and he was introduced by Mary to her husband. The latter thanked him warmly for the interest he had manifested in their welfare, and insisted on Mary's accompanying him to the exhibition.

"Though I shall have no part in it," he said, "I shall still wish to hear all about it."

Mary could no longer refuse, but dressing herself as neatly as her limited wardrobe would admit, prepared to accompany Mr. Sedley. To her surprise, she found a private carriage waiting, with the usual accompaniments of a coachman and footman, of whom the latter very deferentially opened the door of the carriage, and waited for her to enter.

She began to entertain new ideas of her companion's consequence. The carriage dashed boldly through the narrow streets until it emerged from them into the more fashionably and crowded thoroughfares

Mary found sufficient to amuse her in the splended carriages, many of them surmounted by a coronet, all hastening in the same direction with themselves. There was an unusual number in the streets, a circumstance which was readily explained by the interest and curiority which had been awakened by the Exhibition

At length they reached the magnificent hall in which it was to be held. The porter nodded deferentially to Mr. Sedley as he made way for him to pass

And now they are in the room. What a magnificent collection! It represented the combined genius of the British artists, nearly all of whom had contributed to it. Mary, who, though no artist, had caught some of the spirit from her husband, gazed around her with speechless admiration.

"This is indeed grand," said she, at last; "it surpasses my utmost expectations"

"It is indeed," said Mr. Sedley; "England may well be proud of her artists. But see! do you not recognize an old acquaintance?"

Mary looked, and to her unbounded surprise, beheld "The Transfiguration of Christ," her husband's painting, suspended from the wall. Mr. Sedley hastened to explain.

"I thought it a pity," he said, "that so fine a picture should not grace the Exhibition; I accordingly hired an artist to give it the last touches, and had it brought here."

Mary thanked him with a glance full of gratitude. She looked again, and beheld her husband's picture surrounded by eager admirers. Among them were the titled and noble, and it was with an emotion of pride that she heard the expressions of admiration which it elicited, and the eager questionings as to the author's name.

"I do not know," she heard one say, "it is I believe some protege of Sir Francis Sedley's—at all events, he presented it."

"Sir Francis Sedley!" she inquired, pausing and looking in her companion's face.

"I cannot deny it," said he, smiling. "But come, let us draw nearer the head of the hall—the prizes are to be announced."

They pressed forward, and the Chairman of the committee arose, and after a few preliminary remarks, in which he commented on the difficulty they had experienced in the award, and congratulated himself on the splendid collection which had this day been gathered together, announced that the first prize of £500 was awarded to Arthur Elliott, for his painting, entitled, "The Transfiguration."

Loud shouts rang through the hall.

Mary was oppressed by the fulness of her joy. "Let me go into the air—I shall feel relieved," she said.

Sir Francis kindly accompanied her.

"O sir," said she, "it is to you that we are indebted for this great joy. Poor Arthur! how he will be delighted."

"Had you not better return to him and communicate it?" asked Sir Francis

A hackney coach was called, and Mrs. Elliott soon arrived at her lodgings.

"O, Arthur," said she, "the prize! the prize!" It was all she could utter.

"Who has got it?" asked the sick man eagerly, as he rose in his bed.

"It is yours! They have awarded it to you!"

She explained rapidly the circumstances with which the reader is already aware.

A proud flush passed over the faint cheek of the artist. "I am satisfied, I am happy!" said he.

The joy occasioned by his success acted most beneficially on the sunken energies of the sick artist. Before many weeks he recovered fully, so as to resume his art. His prize-painting was sold for a great sum to an English nobleman, who was bent on adding it to his collection.

At present there is a beautiful cottage situated a few miles out of London, in the suburbs. There is a pleasant garden connected with it, and it seems the abode of peace and happiness. This is the residence of the eminent artist, Arthur Elliott, and his happy wife. There are few householders to whom it has fallen to enjoy such unalloyed happiness as theirs. They have not forgotten the author of their prosperity. In the study of Sir Francis Sedley there hangs a beautiful picture—a perfect gem of art—on the back of which is traced in delicate characters, "Arthur Elliott to his benefactor."

### Schamil, the Leader of the Circassians.

It is almost certain that the Circassians will take an active part in any war accepted by Turkey against Russia; and it is as certain that in such an event we shall hear of daring exploits on the part of Schamil, their brave chief. We have every reason to believe that Schamil has succeeded in bringing about a defensive union between all the tribes of the Caucasus, and that he possesses their unrestricted confidence. Some accounts represent him as being almost an idol, and the people as imagining him to have a charmed life. Their enthusiasm, indeed, may well have been stirred by his past success.

The first time we heard of Schamil was in 1832. In that year, a devout Mussulman, Kasi Mollah, held a chief command in the bands of Lesghians, Tchetchentez, and other tribes of the eastern chain, and the steppes abutting on the Caspian and traversed by the Koisu. Kasi Mollah's reputation for sanctity was greater than that which he acquired for the highest military qualities, although a dashing leader, and individually one of the bravest of the brave. He was brought to bay in 1832, by Gen. Rosen, at a place called Gumri. Encircled on all sides, almost ... of food destroyed, nothing remained, in the opinion of Kasi Mollah, and about thirty of his most zealous disciples, but to hew for them a path through the Russian bayonets, to freedom or to Paradise—either alternative to them was a welcome one! This resolution finally taken, they suddenly emerged from the fastness they could no longer hold, and burst upon the Russian trooops with the shock of an avalanche, and the furious distorted yells of a troop of madmen.—For one or two brief moments, it seemed that they must escape, so far through the beleaguering circle of their foes did they cleave their desperate way, before the momently reconciling ranks re-closed around them, and they fell by twos and threes, wildly fighting to the last, riddled by musket balls and bayonet stabs. Kasi Mollah "died with his hand on his beard, and a last prayer murmuring from his lips;" and his pupils perished with him, all save one, and he the bravest and fiercest of them all, who broke through the encircling bayonets, dashed at headlong speed past the more distant lines of running fire unharmed; reigned suddenly up as he reached the angle of a mountain gorge, into which he knew none dared to follow, shook his red scimitar, and hurled a defiant execration in the faces of his baffled foes, and the next moment, with an exulting shout of "Allah. Il Allah!" disappeared in the dark mountain pass.

This fortunate horseman was Schamil, the future Iman (preacher,) the prophet soldier of the Caucasus, who escape, as just described, many of his followers, to this day, firmly believed was due to the direct, interposition of the angel Gabriel!

Schamil, who is one of the larkeyed, dark-haired, partly Tartar race of Tchetchentzes, was born at Tschirskei, a place of about 3,000 inhabitants; and after his escape from Gumri, he employed several years in perambulating the mountains of the Lesghain chain, preaching wherever he went with fervid eloquence ... the holy duty, devolved by God, upon all true believers to extirpate the intrusive infidel, and the paradisal reward which death in so high and holy a cause must infallibly insure This prophet call as it was deemed, to battle from the cupolas and minarets of the sublime and towering Alps, gradually kindled the latent fanaticism of the mountaineers to a flame, which soon communicated itself to the dwellers in the cities and steppes of Daghistan, and the adjacent valley and plains.—The story of Schamil's miraculous escape from General Rosen, by favor of the archangel, Gabriel, was repeated from month to month with endless variations and additions—his daring skill, and success as a soldier confirmed the illusions of a credulous bigotry; and he gradually drew around his standard, and to his sway, the multitude of rugged warriors whose swords have inscribed so many victories upon the backs of the Russian armies, and to this hour presented an invincible front to their dismayed, and practically discomfited adversaries

Many well authenticated instances of his daring are related in a number of Chambers' excellent "Repository," published some months since. One or two of these may interest the reader at this juncture:—

In 1830 Schamil found himself surrounded by General Grabbe, and 12,000 veteran Russian troops, at Achulko, a kind of mud encampment perched upon the top of a rock upon the banks of the Kpisu. The position of this place was so strong, that the attempt to storm it was abandoned after the loss of 15,000 men; but Schamil had soon a deadlier foe than General Grabbe and his army to contend with—hunger; hunger, verging upon famine, came before a week had passed: This was known in the Russian camp, and the place having been strictly invested on all sides, it was certain that the hour of surrender could not long be delayed:

"On the last day but one of August, Gen. Grabbe learned, from an emaciated Lesghian, whom his soldiers had caught whilst attempting to crawl past the blockading lines, that not a particle of food was left in Achulko; that Schamil Bey proposed to escape that very night, with one or two chosen comrades, by means of a rope lowered down the face of the rock to the Koisu; and Achulko, he added would be surrendered immediately afterwards. A strict watch was immediately ordered to be kept at the indicated spot, and directions were given to awaken the General at whatever hour of the night the capture of the redoubted Schamil might be effected.

"Just before dawn, one—two—three men were seen to cautiously descend by a rope, let gently down on the river side, as predicted, who were of course instantly secured, and hurried off to the General's tent. One of the captives admitted, in the flurry of the surprise, as was supposed, that he was Schamil; and this was confirmed by the Lesghian, through whose information the important prize had been secured. Gen. Grabbe was delighted, and an ESTAFETTE was forthwith dispatched with the tidings, that the notorious rebel, Schamil Bey, had been caught, and ordered to be shot off hand. Whilst all this was going on, the rope, which had been quietly drawn up again, was once more lowered, and this time only one man descended by it, who reached the river unobserved, leaped upon a raft that just at that critical moment swept by, and the too hastily exultant Russian General was aroused to aknowledge of the trick that had been played him, by shouts of 'Schamil!' from the mud wall of Achulko, in exulting reply to the waving of a small green flag by the true Schamil, as he swept down the swift Koisu, in the dawning sun light, presently to find himself amidst hills and amongst friends, that would render successful pursuit, if attempted, hopeless—impossible."

Achulko surrendered at discretion; the huts were burned; and Gen. Grabbe retraced his steps in a very angry mood, with a daring attack upon his rear guard, by the ubiquitous and indefatigable Schamil, at the head of a large body of horsemen, exasperated to fury. The Iman was beaten off with difficulty; and the victorious general's march was sullenly resumed, and concluded without further molestation.