

POETRY.

WOMAN'S SMILE!

Oh! what a dreary waste would be
This joyous world of ours,
If happy hearts, the gay, the free,
Had lost their witching powers;

Oh! Life would be one joyless dream
Of hopelessness and woe,
If 'twere not for the sunny beam
Of beautiful eyes below;

Then if our hopes of bliss depend
On such bright forms of love,
Which softly with our spirits blend
Dear thoughts of bliss above;

STRATHNAVER, a Scottish Legend. CHAPTER VIII.

I am not minded, to such de'ilish sport—
—Old Play.
One out of sorts with fortune.—Shakspeare.

We parted from our heroine under no
envious circumstance, if we take regard to
the feelings, by which we must naturally
suppose her to be agitated. But the mel-
ancholy and gloom, which succeeded to the
incidents by which they are excited, fall

A pause of some length, evinced that
the one addressed was true to the theory
he inculcated, for he merely said: "It's not
good—neither at all times safe to judge
rashly—"

"But of a surety laird," again insinuated
the other; "you need not be reminded, that
we did but delay our journey in compli-
ment to the laird Sinclair, and now for-
sooth! and without one word, to show, for
the why or the wherefore, he sounds to
horse! and away I and we to ride the live-
long night—shelterless—and a pair chance,
but we go breakfastless, as we came off
supperless!"

"I've oft heard," returned the Moray,
something mischievously; "that love is a
dainty and all-sufficient provender—for
myself, it is true, I'm something 'o'er
old," as the auld song says, for such like,
but for you, who play the lover sae bravely,
I'd just commend ye think on pretty
Mistress Agnes, and see how that will
stand in stead of supper! and as for the
breakfast, ye can even try a cast for that
after!"

"Love—and wad ye talk of love to a
man whose empty stomach sings cupboard
at every jog!" asked the first, almost pa-
thetically, and apparently quite uncon-
scious of any approach to ridicule in what
his generally taciturn companion had just
spoken; "it's true," he added, after a little;
"I do betimes, when nothing better offers
—amuse myself with sich fash and foolery—
and the pair weak things expect it of
us, they do!—but then it's mere pastime,
only to fill up the idle hours—ye see
laird, hu! hu! Not!" he resumed again
after another pause—only broken by a
slight echo of his own self-gratulatory laugh
from his companion, with what of sym-
paty, they leave others to guess, "not, but
what the lassie is well favored—forbye—
she's the sole heir to many broad lands—
ye may mind laird, and as ye say, under
this aspect of things, there's nae telling
what may happen—no; no; there's no tel-
ling, as ye well say!"

"I'm not minded, that I have at any
time said the like," returned Moray quiet-
ly; "Tho' I'm free to opine should the

lassie as ye say, bespeak your mercy, ye'd
not doom her to the willow!"

"Moray," said the flattered lover with a
good deal of assumed importance; "ye're a
man of sense and sound judgment; and, I
may as well just confess to ye, that I have
e'n in some measure committed myself for
a formal proffer of my hand and fortune
—but I'd not for a little, speak openly—
for ye ken laird, I might peradventure
rue—and then. I'm not quite well pleas-
ed, with the clash about the noble bequest
some tell of, promised by the earl to the
church abroad!—So after all," he conclu-
ded with a pompous flourish, and a patron-
ising air: "It's at best, just doubtful, whe-
ther the lady Agnes may e'er be the lady
o' Dunrobin!"

"Aye! I'd suppose so," said Moray dry-
ly.
"Nor that I'd have you left to think me,
altogether unmindful of her feelings either
—paur lassie," again said the considerate
lover, speaking most deliberately and slow-
ly, as if in this manner, the more fully to
impress upon his hearer the sense of his
own importance, and the advantage at
which he held the lady.

Farther we are left to conjecture, what
might have been the rejoinder to this
precious morsel of self-complacency in
one, so ill calculated to bespeak, not to say
favor, but even tolerance from the fair sex;
for the laird was with all his pretensions,
as unangly in person as he was self-con-
ceited and disgusting in manner—by the
way—and may we be pardoned so awk-
ward a parenthesis, no uncommon anomaly
with our male brotherhood, who often
claim most, where and when they deserve
least: for the party had now arrived at that
point in their journey, where the road they
travelled, branched out into several differ-
ent directions, and as the two were now
rejoined by Sinclair, who had for the time
past, as if purposely kept himself apart,
probably to enjoy his own thoughts, the
conversation was of course brought to a
speedy conclusion. Nor was it again re-
sumed. For Sinclair, in order to pursue
his way into Cuthness, here turned off to
the east, while his kinsman, the Moray,
still continued straight onward, leaving the
laird of Dunrobin, to make good his way,
as they imagined, for his own castle, which
now lay but some score of miles to the
west. This latter, had however made but
a few paces in that direction, when he ab-
ruptly stopped; and calling to his esquire,
who rode at a short distance behind, he
desired to know, as nearly as might be,
how far they had, according to that gen-
tleman's calculation, gained on the fore-
most of the clan.

"We've come, passing guid speed," re-
turned the man; "an' they canna' be near
han' yet, I'm thinkin'."
"Weel—weel, and so I was thinkin'
myself," Robert, said the master; "and
since this is the case—forbye, that my
hungry stomach is unco' fashous this morn-
ing—it's the day dawn, I see yonder is
na' it Robert? and I've no need to go
boasting the lane a-most over this bit—it's
o'er near the de'il Strathnaver men, to be
quite canny, to the like o' us—any way!
—just creep along a leetle to the left han'
o' the broad road, and tell me, canna' ye
glint to some show o' a lodgment, for an'
I'm not far wrong, there's a wee bit hostel,
hereabout, an' mayhap we might get a bit
bite to stay our hunger withal—so, so, ride
on, and I'll just wait ye here—see—
beside this bittock."

The man rode off, but in the next mo-
ment, as if but then recollecting himself
turned full round, and told the laird, that
he remembered some mile or so he sup-
posed then onward, and only a short dis-
tance from their direct road, of a small
house, kept by the widow of a horse troop-
er, where he thought they might perhaps
get something in the way of breakfast.
"But is it far away yet?" asked the other;
for I swear to ye more, that my stomach
wreezes like any old bagpipe wi' very
emptiness!"

"I canna' just be free to say I know the
exact distance to the lackies," replied the
laird; "but this I can well tell we'll not
gang the gait the sooner, by standing here
shilly shally—neither like the sooner, to
see that to fill our empty bellies withal!"
"Weel—weel—ye're right man—nae
doubt ye're right, so lead the way—an' I'll
keep the gait after ye," concluded the laird,
again putting his steed in motion. "Tho'
it all but makes my mouth water, to think
o' all the dainty bis left behind us at the
castle—and then the lassie purr thing!—
she'll be waeome the morn—"

"Ise wannan' ye, an' she will!" ex-
claimed Robert, "for the lady Agnes,
whateer betrothed to that dark favored
chief—now dead—the saints rest him! had
aye, they say mair favor for the bonny
blue e'e, and bright face of the Sinclair."

"Ye're dolt mon! that say it!" in his
urn exclaimed the laird; "do ye think, af-
ter all the brave speeches I made till her
—forbye, comparing her to Venus—and
talking to her of Cupid—an' Apollo—an'
a thrap mair gentles ye'll no ken of—that
—that—" he repeated, several times but
whether that he was at loss how to con-
clude his sentence, or whether, that the
signs of something like a habitation before
the riders, called his attention to the more
important matter of breakfast, we are un-
able to determine.

The inn to which we are about to intro-
duce our travellers, was designated as such,
by a stake, surmounted by a board upon
which was traced in uncouth characters a
promise of cheer both to man and beast:
Which in fact, excepting the less doubtful
purport of the dangling board upon which
it appeared, was nearly as likely to afford
the information to the one as to the other.
The building itself was not of sufficient
height, save at the centre, whence it de-
scended in no gradual slope on each side,
to admit even a man of ordinary stature to
enter without stooping; while from the an-
gle, formed by the adjoining sides of the
roof which they served likewise to support,
descended several posts, that were main-
tained in their hold at bottom, by stones,
piled around them, to some considerable
height. These posts formed too, the
groundwork of a partition, that divided the
edifice into two apartments. The outer
one of which was unoccupied when the
laird and his man Robert, dismounted from
their horses, and prepared to take pos-
session of it. But notwithstanding, that the
laird entered the hovel, nearly as a for-
lorn hope and though he could not but re-
mark how very small was the prospect of
good cheer, he seemed disposed to make
the best of the alternative, and sagely re-
marked in a wise old saw, "that half
provender were better than no meat, and that
even a dry farl would fill, an empty stom-
ach!"

An' will ye be there ay'in jinking?"
asked a voice, as the laird finished his ob-
servations. The interrogation issued from
the room, which we have alluded to as be-
ing divided from that upon which the laird
had entered, and of course this latter and
the speaker were concealed for the time,
from each other's view. "Will ye be there
ay'in, I speir at ye, ye lazy loun!" repeat-
ed the person in the shrill and elevated tone
of impatience and irritated feeling.

"Nae—good mother nae," said the laird
in his most deprecatory tone and manner,
and as no doubt befitted the sex he im-
puted to the querist, "ye'll be mista' en, and
will ye but come here ava, ye'll no repent
the fash!"—(Here the squire, apparently
thinking the debate of somewhat issue, in-
terposed his counsel, that the "guide wife,
should forthwith be let to know, the con-
ditions upon which they had invaded her
territory, and as she probably caught the
words implying one part of the contract
without fully appreciating the other, she as
promptly gave them warning "that they'd
get nothing there the day.")

"How say ye lackie! sure ye've the sign
a' the dure!" remonstrated the man. "An'
ye'll get the siller in the hand gudewife"
urged the master following up the advan-
tage. There was a short moment of sus-
pense, which the laird occupied by placing
himself so that he could avail himself of
the advantage which the imperfect and
slight partition offered for a general re-
cognition, and in the next instant the wo-
man, either moved by these inducements,
or aware that she had been at fault in the
characters and intentions of her visitors
commenced removing the barricade, for it
could not be called a door, which impeded
a free communication between the two
divisions of her dwelling. The appear-
ance of the hostess, as she now stood re-
vealed to full view, was not such as to
tempt to any long description. It was in
fact, and in few words, as unprepossess-
ing, as suspicion, ill temper, and filth
could render it. In one hand, she held
the battered remains of a pewter mug; and
the other supported a trencher, upon which
was heaped, what looked not like one, but
the disjointed remnants of several meals.
As she commenced placing these on a shat-
tered table, which was only supported in
anything of usable order, by the aid of two
boards, the one placed in an erect position,
the other attached to it at top, and running
transversely to the legs which the opposite
side of the table still maintained, she said
in a sort of grumbling tone, which gave the
half apology, her words appeared to im-
ply, but a poor grace, "that it was na' i'
their times safe, to let ilky a landlouper a'
the house o' a lane body."

These it must be allowed were no strong
inducements for protracted stay, and a very
short time, considering the keen appetite
which under the circumstances we are pre-

pared to infer for the guests, was sufficient
for them to profess themselves satisfied,
and they again took their departure. Little
however, as the hostess had up to this
period seemed disposed to accord the rites
of hospitality or entertainment, she now,
when those were no longer called for, vol-
untarily proffered and even pressed her ad-
vice as to the route which it behooved them
to pursue homeward. She insisted, that by
endeavoring to cut into the broad road
by the way Robert pointed out, that they
would encounter almost insurmountable
difficulties from several deep sloughs, even
could they at all cross the ford, swollen as
it then was, which in that direction lay
between them; while on the other hand, she
assured them, by turning off towards the
Lake, though it was true, something out of
the direct progress, they would avoid all
these impediments to a free travel. And
in the end, make the journey both in less
time and more pleasantly, not to say safe-
ly, than by following the more travelled
route. The laird condescendingly thanked
the good woman for her counsel, and ac-
cordingly, though altogether against the
declared views and wishes of the esquire,
determined for the road by the Lake. For
some way, the path promised well; it had
the appearance of being tolerably well
traveled, and the laird, (notwithstanding, that
Robert still maintained his ground, "that he
did not like the road," for which too he had
sundry arguments, such as that the horse-
shoes, were turned in the wrong direction
for leading to any place of consequence
seemed as usual, much disposed to con-
gratulate himself upon his superior discrim-
ination, when all these thoughts were sud-
denly put to flight, by the wild fury of the
demon-looking figure, that here darted from
a near thicket and now stood between
him and all further progress.

The countenance of the hag, who had
thus forced herself upon the laird, was the
very picture of depravity; nor was there
one single trace or lineament, that bespoke
aught human. Her thick and matted
black locks, hung over her face and shoul-
ders like serpents; and it was only when
she tossed these backwards, that her eyes,
red as burning coals, became visible, as
they glared and protruded from their dark
and swollen sockets. Her frantic gestures,
as she threw herself in her frenzy into ev-
ery possible contortion, displayed at once
the unbridled rage, and brutal force of a
maniac. And her garments, which, hung
almost in shreds around her, well corrobo-
rated the idea, which she otherwise display-
ed of insanity. "Thank ye awa', ye base
lawlan doers of the devil's own bidding!"
She screeched and screamed as she leaped
hither and thither before him, and wildly
sawed the air with her sinewy and muscu-
lar arm. "Thank ye awa' ye base lawlan
tyke!"

"Hie! now guid woman hie!" remon-
strated the laird; "ye'll no ken as for what
we are—"
"Hech now! ye proud workers of them,
do the bidding of Satan!" interrupted the
hag, as she laughed in derision and scorn;
"an' ye think I'll no ken ye ha? she as-
ked, as for a moment she stood back in
perfect quietude.

"Guid mistress—kind mistress!" again
said the laird in his most conciliating
accent, and in most apparent peruba-
tion; "and I mistake not, ye bid us
outward, and as we have no wish to oppose
ourselves to your most reasonable demand,
an' ye'll just stand a wee small matter a-
side, we'll say ye farewell outright—And
wad ye accept a compliment, for bye our
very good wishes it's yours just for the
asking," he subjoined, as he made some
intimation of a search for his purse.

It was neither a laugh nor a yell, that
the maniac here uttered; it was a sound be-
tween both. And the laird involuntarily
reined his horse several paces backwards,
as with redoubled fury she again broke
out, "Och! ye deil bucky Sutherland; an'
ye'd tempt the poor, soulblasted wretch
wi' fine words and braw siller! But I tell
ye, now, base man," she said after a pause
and, as if in something of returning reason,
for she had folded her arms torn & scratch-
ed by her late contact with briars and
brambles, upon her naked bosom, and
now stood quietly confronting him she ad-
dressed; "that it's all too late—too late.—
Ye canna' stay the blood ye've run moun-
tain deep upon our own home—heather;
ye cannae stay the fire and the brand, that
like the death beacon has flickered from
every shuling o' the Strathnaver—ye can-
nae restore the life to my own braw sons—
ye cannae recal' the fearful sin of their
crazed mother—ye cannae make the only
breathing thing that owns her for kith or
kin other than a base traitor—a scorn—a
shame both at home and abroad.—ye can-
nae recal the false treasons, ye've ay' in
& ay' in put upon those, wad hae scorned

to win bread or life in other than fair con-
test—and wad I, be the pifful wretch ye'd
think me, to tak one morsel bought at such
a price, ilka drops o' the free, bold, blood
o' the Strathnaver, that still warms at my
heart's core would turn to deadly poison,
and cry for vengeance!"
"But surely guidwife," here again in-
terposed the laird, acquiring somewhat
of assurance from her more reason-
able dealing; and taking advantage of the
first stop she made, to bespeak her bet-
ter purpose, than that she seemed at all
events to entertain of holding him a prisoner
at her own pleasure; "Ye're greatly at
fault in your thinking, for it's the least part
of all ye now tell of, that I can even mind
o' and gin ye'll stand by a little and let
me to the clansmen—"
"An' ye'd threat me, wi' the clansmen,
wad ye, brave chief? interrupted the wo-
man, again aroused to her wilder humour,
and speaking in evident contempt, though
it was easy to see, that the moment, in
which an approach to reason and reflection
held temporary sway had again given way
to those unaccountable impulses, which
suggest themselves as it were at random
within the bewildered mind, and over
which no extraneous influence seems to
maintain any control. Her deeper feelings
too, appeared for the time, to have been
replaced by the spirit of ridicule and mock-
ery; and as she suddenly seized the bridle
of the laird's horse, and hurried him for-
ward to the very margin of the lake,
which then descended by a deep and suf-
ficiently precipitous cliff to the water's
edge, she still told him in a jeering manner
"An' ye'll lit the auld ballad o'
Ilka Sutherland the de'il dowie tak,
He'll gar o' thir hooles a nine tail'd cat!
An' no' be routing it here ava! an' e'asing
out for your white livered, stall fed gal-
lant to come help ye (in explanation we
must here premise, that the laird in the
extremity of his fear had called Robert to
the rescue—what marvel?—I'll let ye
o' your clan—Come lit it now! and see!"
she said, as she forced the horse to the
verge of the precipice even; "the proud nag
springs it gleesomely—come lit it—lit it!"
Some might have thought, as the hag
now screeched and laughed and jumped,
and clapped her hands, that a thousand furies
were celebrating their horrid rites. But by
degrees, the excess of her frenzied joy ap-
peared to subside again into contempt, as
she witnessed the extreme dismay and ir-
resolution of him she thus held at bay, and
who danced backwards and forward, now
approaching her as if determined by one
desperate effort to pass, and then retreating
again to the extreme edge of the precipice,
which rose over the waters of the loch.
"Stick and stow," she said at length,
"might I send both ye and your craven
clansman frae the heugh, but even as I
now an—look at me an—and look well,
for I have been praised even to my own
soul's cost, both for bright eye, and dim-
pled cheek! and I have been that to those
o' gentle blood, that would not well besee-
me to even myself with the base born and
the law, nor wad I go the last travel with
such, I have been, and that a woman might
be of sinful, miserable—crazed! But"
she continued, and she pressed her hand
upon her forehead, as if to be herself se-
cure of the assurance she gave; "I'm not
mad now—for I feel, that I've sinned, till I'm
past sinning! For years, when no other
hope was left for the wretched outcast, but
to breathe out curses, these sustained me
withal, and kept me a breathing taberna-
cle of all that's dark and evil in this sin-
wrought world—and now, my doom and
my hour have come, will I yet have ven-
geance—now—now—now—" And she
struggled with the force of returning mad-
ness with the animal, that even on the
brink of destruction had still maintained his
footing.

It was a moment of fearful suspense to
the man, who at a short distance watched
the doubtful issue of the contest. The woman
had, when he once seemed ready to an-
swer his master's signal for aid, warned
him, that his interference would but has-
ten what he dreaded; and as she seemed
indeed, but too well disposed for any ex-
tremity, moreover that this cautious policy
perhaps suited his own ideas of personal
security quite as well as any more active
measures, he remained silently, though as
we cannot but suppose anxiously looking
for what might be the catastrophe.

"In the name of God! why stand ye
there?" asked one, as he now hastily
brushed past, the almost immovable man
at arms. "Come now," he continued, as
he strode rapidly forward; "and give help to
the rescue, ere it be too late—come!"
Nor indeed did the exhortation to spee-
d seem in any thing misplaced or uncalled
for. The noble animal, with only his own
powerful & ever ready instincts to oppose to
the determination of the maniac who had

already thrown herself over the precipice,
still tenaciously maintaining her hold of the
bridle, as she seemed resolved to force both
horse—and rider to her own dread plunge,
stood near, on the very verge of the cliff,
with scarce one step, between him and
eternity. The unfortunate laird, was no
longer able to make even one effort to es-
cape the doom, which he thought now too
surely impending over him. He was wound
up to the last feeling of horror and despair.
No longer could he utter even one prayer
for succour or merrcy: a thick damp mist
swam over his half closed eyes, and the
objects which seemed to dance before him
were as things in which he had no longer
any interest.

"The proud beast—soulless tho' he be,
struggles bravely for existence, said Lang
Syne, for he it was, who had so opportun-
ely presented himself!" "while yon,
poor, miserable, fearwrought dastard, can-
not even try one stake for the life, he need's
must prize so highly.—Pity!—Pity! that
the bright image of the Almighty, should
be thus put to shame by the brute beast,
that must perish away, e'en like the grass
we feed on!—Pity!—Pity!" He spoke
with a scornful, and almost loathing sneer;
yet even while he uttered the sentiment so
little manifesting interest, he had laid his
powerful grasp upon the shoulder of the
object of his contempt and with one single
effort cleared him of the saddle, and threw
him a dead weight upon the ground. But
what though Robert at the bidding of the
old man, had also hurried forward, and
grappled furiously with the wretched wo-
man; all his strength was insufficient to
unloose her clenched fist, and she adhered
with the resistless force of excited frenzy
to the bridle of the animal; which, as she
at length fell from the dreadful height shared
in her self-sought fate, and whose moans
and loud cries, mingled with her wild and
almost unnatural ravings, as she tumbled
from craig to craig, till at last with the
gallant steed, she splashed into the waters
of the deep loch! Exulting, with her last
breath in the doom of him, who she thought
had accompanied her. For as she once
rose above the bubbling waters, she said,
"Och! it was a fearful—fearful gait!—but
Mag o' the blue mist, and the Sutherland
traitor can lit it together!"

PROSPECTUS OF THE MADISONIAN.

THE undersigned having purchased a control-
ling interest in the MADISONIAN, propos-
es to issue a DAILY PAPER from this office on or about
the 15th of December.

The paper will be devoted to the support of such
constitutional measures as the interests of the People
may demand—and from what has been seen of the
purposes of President Tyler's Administration, there
is every reason to believe that such measures only
are in contemplation by the present head of the
Government.

We propose to labor for the entire restoration of the
pure doctrines and faithful practices of the
founders of our Republic—not to battle for the mere
exaltation of partisan dictators. To advocate those
principles of our patriotic fathers which were al-
together designed to ensure the prosperity and hap-
piness of the Confederacy, in their original purity
—not to tear down the modern fabrics of dema-
gogues to erect pedestals for other ambitious and
dishonest pretensions. In short, it is our design to
pursue the Right, alike regardless of party names and
party interests, and to expose the Wrong, emanate
from what men or in what sections it may. But it
is far from our intention ever to indulge in wanton
and vulgar abuse. Yet we will not suffer the men
and measures we advocate to be unjustly aspersed,
and wrongfully assailed, with impunity.

Heartily approving the independent course pur-
sued by the President during the late extraordinary
session of Congress, it shall be our endeavor, at a
fitting period, to place before the public all the
circumstances connected with the origin and fate of
the two Bank bills.

That the Daily Madisonian may merit the sup-
port of the community indiscriminately, the under-
signed is resolved to bring to his assistance in the
editorial department the best political and literary
talent that can be secured. In aid of this purpose,
an able and experienced European correspondent
(situated at Bremen) has been engaged to transmit
to us by the steamers every fortnight, the most
comprehensive accounts of the state and progress
of things in the old world of which he is capable.
This enterprise, we trust, will be duly appreciated
by our subscribers.

An efficient corps of stenographers will be em-
ployed to report the proceedings and debates of each
house of Congress, which will be put in type the
evening of the day they transpire, and be transmitted
promptly to our subscribers through the mails.

As the only Administration Journal in the Dis-
trict of Columbia, publishing, officially, the pro-
ceedings of the Government, and cherishing and
defending honestly and earnestly the principles
upon which the public acts of President Tyler have
thus far been founded, we may, we trust, justly
calculate upon no considerable share at least of the
support of those very comprehensive bodies of our
fellow-citizens who in the friends of good and
faithful Government.

TERMS.
Daily per annum, (in advance) \$10 0
For the approaching session, (probably
seven months) - - - - - 5 00
The tri-weekly per annum, - - - - - 5 00
For six months, - - - - - 3 00
Weekly, - - - - - 2 00
For six months, - - - - - 1 25
All letters must be addressed (free of post-
age) to the editor.

Postmasters throughout the Union are requested
to act as our agents. Those who may particularly
exert themselves in extending the circulation of the
paper, will not only be allowed a liberal com-
mission on sales remitted, but receive our warmest
thanks.

Papers (whether Administration, Opposition, or
Neutral,) copying this prospectus (including this
paragraph,) and sending us numbers containing
it marked, will be entitled to an exchange.
J. B. JONES.
Washington City, Nov. 6, 1841.