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LAZARILLA, OR THE GIPSEY GIRL. *Imitated from the Spanish.*

It was evening. Don Adolar, attended by a single servant, approached the skirts of a forest, in the neighborhood of Toledo. The spot was one of those which lovers would have chosen for their clandestine meetings, combining the wild with the beautiful, the solitude of the desert with the security of a castle. Adolar was dressed in the costume of a Spanish minstrel, with a guitar slung behind him, and Pedrillo, his attendant, wore the dress common to the generality of the peasants of the country. They had no sooner entered the obscurity of the forest, than the sound of a gong was heard. Adolar paused for a moment, in order to discover the direction whence it came, and then commanding Pedrillo to follow him, he tread his way through the entangling briars which interrupted his approach. They soon arrived at a glade in the bosom of the forest, in which the remains of a fire were still slumbering in its embers, surrounded by every appearance indicative of a recent encampment. Adolar stood for a few moments in silent astonishment, wondering at the novelty of the scene, when he was interrupted by Pedrillo, who, after examining the vistas through the neighboring trees, exclaimed,

"Oh—ho—I understand—some of the gipsy folks have been here, and yonder they go towards the castle."

"Towards what castle?" inquired Adolar.

"Why that one, under the balcony of which you offered up your evening devotions last night," answered Pedrillo.

"Are we then so near to it?" said Adolar.

"Certainly," replied Pedrillo; "it is not above a quarter of a mile from the skirts of the wood; but do you know, señor, that I am confoundedly hungry."

"Talk not to me of hunger," exclaimed Adolar, "when I hope to behold her for whom only life is worth possessing."

"Well, I have heard that a hungry dog is sharp sighted," rejoined Pedrillo, "and so I expect you suppose that you will see better for going without your meals."

"None of your jests," retorted Adolar, with a portion of severity that he was seldom accustomed to use towards his attendant, "they but ill suit with my present humor."

"Quite as much as your humor does with my appetite," returned Pedrillo, with the utmost impudence.

"Well, well," said Adolar, "do you away to the village. I will soon join you at the inn."

"I wish I was in it now," rejoined Pedrillo, "but had you not better go with me?"

Adolar shook his head.

"There is no time like the present," continued Pedrillo; "but to tell you the truth, señor, I have never been able to look at you for the last month without thinking of a camelion, for you live upon air, and change your color almost as often: last week you were a pilgrim, a day or two since you were a forger, and now you are a troubadour."

"Away, sirrah," exclaimed Adolar, "and wait for me at the inn."

"And must my appetite also wait?" inquired Pedrillo.

"Leave me, and do what you please," was the reply.

"One thing I can do," was the ready answer, "but not the other. I can leave you if you please, but I cannot do what I please; for I have no money. The five dollars which you gave me yesterday, were yielded out of me last night by a gipsy girl, even to the very last maravedi; so if you would wish me to do what I please, you must please to give me the means to do it with."

"Your extravagance is unbearable," observed Adolar, giving him a piece of silver.

"That is more than your liberality is," rejoined Pedrillo, as he turned the money over in the palm of his hand; "but never mind, that is enough for one day, and to-morrow must provide for itself, so fare thee well, master of mine. I will await for you at the inn."

Saying this, he soon disappeared under the branches of the trees, whereon Adolar turned his steps in the contrary direction, and was immediately followed by a little gipsy, who issued from the shelter of a wood, in the bower of which she had lain secreted during the above conversation.

The castle towards which Adolar had directed his steps, was one of those common in Spain, and had been erected more for the sake of security than beauty. It enclosed within itself all that might be necessary to enable it, in case of extremity, to sustain a siege of some duration, being entirely surrounded by a wall and moat. Over the water hung various balconies and towers, equally adapted for the different purposes of war or peace. The moon had just risen when Adolar appeared beneath its turrets, followed, unknown to him, by the gipsy girl. He had no sooner arrived than he exclaimed,

"Yonder is the terrace on which I last night beheld my lovely Francesca, but she could not possibly recognize me in this disguise. I will endeavor to recall the air which I used to sing to her in the mountains of Andalusia; perhaps it may reach her ear and remind her of her Adolar."

He then struck his guitar, and sang the following

See thee, Francesca—thy tresses of jet,
And the dark glowing light of thine eyes,
My heart an impression of magic hath set,
That will leave thy name there when I die.
Let what is mere beauty? The brightness of spring,
Or autumn, when summer's sweet days have gone by;
How 'twill be left all neglected to wither and die.

How thee, Francesca—I toast on thy charms,
But how many have charms like to thine?
How many whom I light enthral in these arms,
And call them this moment all mine?
They have but beauty, the bloom of an hour;
They know not, they feel not the love they impart,
Ere a fade in our arms like a cold-spring flower,
From its stem torn asunder, and blighted at heart.

I see thee, Francesca—and fondly believe
That my love is as warmly repaid;
Thy eyes beaming fondness, they could not deceive,
Whose glance had their falsehood betrayed.
Thou shalt be the blossom and I'll be the tree,
And when the cold winter of death shall come o'er,
When its bright, icy Francesca, shall fall upon thee,
We three shall grow asple and blossom no more.

At the conclusion of the above, the gipsy girl who had sneaked behind a tree, listened with great attention to every word which Adolar had uttered, and her tambourin, and which Adolar had exclaimed, "I have turned round and exclaimed, 'Whom have we here?'"

"I am called," said she, "Lazarilla. To whom I owe my birth, I know not. I was brought up by a gipsy woman who treated me as her child, and whom I had the misfortune to lose about two months ago. Since then, I have seen various changes; sometimes faring well, and sometimes ill; to-day in festivity, to-morrow in misery; but always light-hearted—dancing, singing, beating my tambourin, and playing my castanets and promising good luck to

every comer, for which, in return, I get money and good advice. But I am not ungrateful—I prognosticate to the warrior, victory; to the sickly, health; to the maiden, a lover; to the widow, a comforter; to the advocate, a lawsuit; to the avaricious, riches—in short, I scatter around me health, wealth, honor, pleasure, and length of days."

"It is surprising," observed Adolar, "at what an early age you have learnt to profit by the follies of mankind; but here, take this, and leave me."

"Let me first, señor Adolar," said she, as she took the purse, "earn the gift."

"Do you then know me?" inquired Adolar.

"Let me see your hand, señor," said she, taking it, and then looking in his face. "I know that your name is Adolar; that you are in love, and that the hope of seeing your Francesca, brought you to this spot."

"Do you then know who Francesca is?" inquired Adolar.

"She is said Lazarilla, a rich and noble orphan, the ward of Don Renuncio de Zapardor, the owner of this castle, who is about to give her hand to a certain Don Antonio."

"Then all my hopes are vain," exclaimed Adolar.

"Why so?" rejoined Lazarilla, "she is not yet married; and if she return your love, and your intentions towards her are honorable, I will endeavor to obtain an interview for you."

"To obtain her hand," replied Adolar, "is the highest object of my wishes; and if you will only be the means of procuring me an interview, there is no reward which I will not readily afford you."

"It is not interest," replied Lazarilla, interrupting him, "which guides me; for I would not, for all the gold in the world, assist you, if I did not think that your intentions towards this maiden were honest and honorable. Do you then return to your servant at the village, and leave me to arrange my plans. You need rest and refreshment, and the sooner you take them both the better, for you must meet me here with the first dawn, as soon as the shepherd's star glitters in the sky."

"Farewell then, my little friend," ejaculated Adolar, "and may heaven aid and protect you."

On this Adolar returned to the village, and Lazarilla to join her companions.

Mischief seldom sleeps well, and thus it was with Don Zapardor and Don Antonio, who, without any preconcerted plans, found themselves up and in the garden long before the sun had risen.

"Good morning to thee, señor," exclaimed Zapardor, as he entered the garden and perceived Antonio.

"I am glad I have met with you thus early, for I have been ruminating all night on our projects. And though you have come much in securing your uncle's return from America, I have doubts as to the fate of his daughter Maria, who, were she to make her appearance, would deprive you of all title to your uncle's estates."

Ere Antonio had time to reply, Lazarilla entered the garden and secretly approached a grotto flanked with stone seats on either side, and therein secreted herself.

"I must own," observed Antonio, "that the fear of Maria's reappearance has sometimes crossed my mind, but I think that there cannot be the shadow of danger as long as my uncle is an inmate in yonder tower, for no other person would be enabled to identify her."

"You are right," replied Zapardor; "but Alvarez has a friend more powerful, and therefore more dangerous than himself. I mean the viceroxy. Now the grand inquisitor is anxious to remove the scandal which his appointment to the supreme power has occasioned. The viceroxy has therefore been secretly tried, found guilty, excommunicated, and sentenced to death. Nor will the execution be much longer delayed; but zeal is sometimes obliged to give way to prudence. Know farther, the grand inquisitor has judged you worthy of being the means of delivering Spain from the power of this exalted criminal; obey, and the hand of Francesca, the ward of the viceroxy elect, shall be yours; for it was to me that all Spain looked up when the intrigues of Alzirras obtained for him that power which by right ought to have been mine. Yet it leads not for the past; when Alzirras falls, Zapardor will succeed him. Nay, answer not, but mark me. The secrets of the holy office must not be known to its enemies. At least while they have their liberty and the means of scandalizing the performance of its duties. Therefore, now I have informed you of their decision, if you will not be their friend, they will not let you live to be their enemy. But still there is no necessity that you should yourself be the executioner: there are a hundred bravos in Toledo, that for a little hire would do your duty. So that it be done, it matters not how it is done. Let the duke fall, and Francesca shall be yours. He is hourly expected at Toledo. He is fond of hunting. The darkness of a forest might afford the means of completing our wishes; but that needs not; if one occasion does not offer, we must make another. There is not a moment to be lost: away and prepare for his reception. You have heard my determination. I will now listen to no reply."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lazarilla, as she came forth from her hiding-place, as soon as Zapardor and Antonio had departed, "what villainous projects have I overheard? The danger to which the viceroxy is exposed, must be immediately warded off, and I will then endeavor to obtain the release of this villain's uncle from yonder tower. But I must away, or I shall be too late for my appointment with Adolar; he might be able to assist me in warning the viceroxy of his danger."

Adolar was, as Lazarilla expected, at the appointed place long before she arrived, awaiting her coming with the utmost anxiety. His first question was to inquire about Francesca, but as soon as Lazarilla made him acquainted with the danger to which the viceroxy was exposed, he informed her that Don Alzirras was his father, whom he had offended, and was thus compelled to keep himself unknown. He immediately sent off Pedrillo to Toledo, and learnt that his father was hourly expected, and that he had appointed to hunt by torch-light, in Zapardor's forests, on the approaching night. This, from the conversation which Lazarilla had overheard, she knew would be the time chosen for his assassination, and it was therefore arranged that Adolar and Andreas, a favorite companion of Lazarilla, would watch the motions of Zapardor and Antonio. In the meantime, Lazarilla undertook to obtain the release of the prisoner in the tower, and to endeavor to prevail upon Francesca to leave the castle of Zapardor.

As was expected, the viceroxy arrived, and the hunting tents were pitched on the skirts of the forest, at a short distance from the castle of Zapardor. As soon as this circumstance became known to Adolar, he, with Andreas, repaired to a spot, which they had previously selected, and whence they might discern every person who came out of the castle of Zapardor. After waiting for nearly an hour, he saw a figure enveloped in a large mantle pass the draw-bridge, and immediately plunge into the deepest recesses of the forest. They followed him to a spot where two men appeared to be waiting his coming.

"Now, my friends," said he, as soon as he came up to them, "the chase has commenced; it therefore remains for you to seek an opportunity of fulfilling your mission. But, hark! some one approaches. Hide yourselves, it may perhaps be the viceroxy himself."

Antonio immediately retired, and the two men had no sooner hidden themselves behind some bushes, than the viceroxy, with a rifle in his hand, entered without any attendant. The two bravos immediately rushed upon him, and wrested the rifle from his hand, when Adolar and Andreas made their appearance. Thereon the assassins took to flight, and were pursued by Adolar and his companion. The viceroxy had scarcely had time to recover himself from the confusion which this sudden attack occasioned, when some of his guards and attendants came up, and among others, señor Zapardor, who coolly asked,

"What may have happened to your highness?"

"Two bravos have just attempted to assassinate me; and had it not been for the arrival of two strangers, they would have completed their purpose. Away, gentlemen, down yonder pathway. My protectors, for they have followed the villains, may perhaps need some assistance. If you discover them bring them hither, that I may reward them according to their deserts."

No sooner had three or four of the viceroxy's suit followed the path which he had pointed out to them, than Lazarilla made her appearance, attended by Alzirras and Francesca. She exclaimed as she approached,

"I have brought to your highness an unfortunate man, who is not, I believe utterly unknown to you, Don Alzirras."

"Is it possible," said the viceroxy, "that this can be my friend Alzirras?"

"It is," replied the latter, "but too true. I had no sooner escaped from the dungeons of the inquisition, than I fell into those of the barbarous Zapardor, whence this dear child has just effected my deliverance; yes, this little gipsy girl, who, by the kind interposition of Providence turns out to be my long-lost daughter, my Maria? Her age, the resemblance which she bears to her mother, the time when and the place where she was lost, a medal which which was around her neck, all prove to me that this is my long-lost daughter?"

"And where," cried the viceroxy, "is my poor child? But did you say, my friend, that your captivity originated with Don Zapardor?"

"I did say so," replied Alzirras; "but I was way-laid and delivered up to him by my nephew Antonio."

"Nor is this all, your highness," added Lazarilla, "for this Zapardor instigated Antonio to attempt the life of your highness, and the two assassins, from whose daggers you have just escaped, were hired by him for that purpose. The plot I overheard, and communicated to Don Adolar, who was one of those who preserved your life."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the viceroxy, "I know him now; it was—my son; and why is he not here, that I may once more like him to my heart?"

He had scarcely uttered this exclamation, when Adolar entered, and was about to throw himself at his father's feet; but he caught him in his arms, and enfolded him to his bosom. Antonio had, in the meantime, rushed to the assistance of the assassins, where he received a wound from Adolar, which had caused his death. Zapardor was exiled, and Adolar blessed with the hand of his beloved Francesca. Lazarilla was married to Andreas, who turned out to be a nobleman's son, who had, for the love of Lazarilla, forsaken his father's house and joined the gipsy.

his family without a shilling in the world, and Gideon, unluckily, was not slow in advancing his claim. A meeting was appointed between Owen and the underwriters, at a coffee-house, for the purpose of discussing certain matters connected with the loss, when his documents were produced, and found to be unchallengeable. One of the parties, however, ventured to express a doubt as to the total loss of the vessel.

"Nay," exclaimed a voice from an adjoining box, "if it be the loss of the Hopewell, I can vouch for that."

"And pray," inquired one of the parties interested, regarding the volunteer witness with no complacent look, "what makes you so knowing about the loss of the ship?"

"The simple fact of my having had the pleasure of being in her company at the time," rejoined the first speaker, a fashionably dressed young man, with a very handsome but sunburnt countenance, rising, and leaning carelessly against the partition of the boxes, so as to confront the party, one of whom, the individual who had at first addressed him, took upon himself the office of spokesman, and continued his interrogatories by saying, "Why, you were surely not one of the crew?"

"No," answered the young gentleman, bowing in acknowledgment of the compliment implied, "I was only a passenger, and so, when the Hopewell struck, the captain and crew took to the long-boat, and paradoxically enough, alleging that I did not belong to the ship, left me in undisputed command of her."

"And you were picked off from the wreck afterwards, I presume?" said the querist.

"Within an ace of it, by a shot from a Dutch man-of-war, fired for no earthly reason that I could guess, except that I did not answer their first signal."

"You should have waved your handkerchief."

"I should have been waved myself, then," was the reply, "seeing that it was the only tie that bound me to life and the man-topmast, from which it was not exactly convenient for me just at that time to part company."

"And pray, sir," continued the inquisitor, "how many hours did you continue in that perilous situation?"

"Upon my honor, sir, I am unable to answer your question with any degree of precision, as I committed my watch to the trusteeship of the deep; for the precious metals, however they may contribute to keep a man's head above water on the Royal Exchange, have a marvellously anti-buoyant tendency in the Atlantic. Besides, to let you into a secret, I had at that particular juncture, a strong impression that Time and I had very nearly done with each other."

"And may I inquire, then, by what miracle you escaped?"

"By no miracle at all, sir, but by simply waiting until the tide turned, when the vessel was left high and dry upon the sand; and I took the opportunity of stepping on shore."

"Upon my word," exclaimed another of the party, "you were in high luck to have been able to hold out so long!"

"Luck, you call it!" replied the person addressed: "well, we will not cavil about terms; I have been accustomed to call it by another name, though."

"But, sir," interrupted the first interrogator, "did the crew make no effort to save the cargo?"

"Oh, yes! their exertions were wonderful, and their success complete, in saving themselves, which they seemed to consider the most valuable part of it; and, as far as my observations went, they were about right, for always excepting myself, there appeared to be little else in the ship worth caring for."

"The goods, then, must have been wretchedly packed."

"Quite the contrary, I assure you; had they been crown jewels, they could not have been more beautifully cased: I had the curiosity to examine a few of them while the tide was subsiding."

"And what, may I ask were the contents?"

"Why, the boxes, for the most part, contained mineralogical specimens—chiefly of silex or flint, which appeared an appropriate article for exportation to a country whither we had already sent so much steel."

"And the bales—what did they contain?"

"Oh!—rags, principally rags, which I thought also a very proper article of export from a country in which there appears a superfluity of the commodity."

"And do you imagine the rest of the cargo was of the like materials?"

"Can't say as to the materials, but I apprehend, of pretty much the same value; for I remarked that some of the inhabitants of the coast, who ran down to the wreck at low water, to see if they could be useful, returned empty-handed."

"And, pray, sir," continued the querist, "is it your opinion that the loss of the vessel was occasioned by the captain's bad management and ignorance of the coast?"

"Oh, no! I never saw any thing better managed in my life; and nothing but a most intimate acquaintance with the seas could have enabled him to run upon the only rock which was to be found within ten leagues of the spot."

"And do you think the captain and his crew got safely to land?"

"I have no reason to doubt it, for they chose a fine day and a fair wind for the excursion. Besides, I saw the captain, six months after, at New-York, in high feather, living away, en prince, at one of the principal hotels in the city."

"Indeed! that is somewhat extraordinary for a shipwrecked mariner: whence think you he derived the means?"

"I cannot for the life of me imagine; unless, by-the-way, it was from a huge pocket-book which I observed him stow away carefully in his bosom, about ten minutes before he made the notable experiment on the ship's bottom."

Antonio immediately retired, and the two men had no sooner hidden themselves behind some bushes, than the viceroxy, with a rifle in his hand, entered without any attendant. The two bravos immediately rushed upon him, and wrested the rifle from his hand, when Adolar and Andreas made their appearance. Thereon the assassins took to flight, and were pursued by Adolar and his companion. The viceroxy had scarcely had time to recover himself from the confusion which this sudden attack occasioned, when some of his guards and attendants came up, and among others, señor Zapardor, who coolly asked,

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"He must have been for what abashed at seeing you?"

"Not a whit! He took me cordially by the hand, alluded to the inauspicious circumstances in which he had left me, and apologized for the oversight, and concluded by asking me to dinner."

"And you immediately discovered him to the police?"

"Not I! for as brother Jonathan is much too jealous a dry nurse of his doped children, to admit of any interference in their education, so I sat down to a *partie private*, consisting of the captain, his chief mate, and secretary, and myself, and we laughed heartily over the claret and the story of my escape."

"Upon my word, young gentleman," exclaimed the other, graver, "that is what we should call, in English, compromising a felony."

"Very like it, I confess; but it was better than compromising my safety, and I knew my nautical friend too well, not to feel assured, that if he had the least suspicion of my attention to the cargo he left in my charge, he would scarcely have allowed me to quit America without some testimonial of his gratitude."

During this dialogue, Gideon, who found the young gentleman so well informed on the subject under discussion as to render any explanation from himself superfluous, took an opportunity of withdrawing, leaving the matter entirely in the hands of the underwriters. The latter worthies held a consultation, continued by three several adjournments, which ended on the fourth day, in their obtaining a warrant for Gideon's apprehension. He, however, having only his own safety to consult, had availed himself of certain paper work, which he kept in his pocket-book, and had fled from Gravesend, with a fair wind, on his passage to join the captain, just three days before the arrival of his officer in pursuit.

He was overtaken, however not by a sheriff's officer, but by a storm, by which he was shipwrecked in good earnest, and found his way to New-York, in so wretched and dilapidated a condition, that his friend could not be prevailed on to believe him to be the same person, and positively refused him assistance, alleging, that it was a principle with him never to encourage impostors.—*Blair's Ad.*

From the Atlas and Constellation.

COL. BOONE THE BACKWOODSMAN.

Who has not heard of Daniel Boone, the free and fearless hunter of the western wilds, and the patriarch of Backwoods Rovers? A name identified with the history of Kentucky and with the founders and benefactors of our great Republic? A name that will live through all time and in every portion of the globe; in history, in sculpture, in eloquence and in song, and what is still more enduring, in the hearts of his countrymen? Mr. Flint has lately issued his biography of him, "interspersed with incidents in the early annals of the country," from which we make a selection that will not fail to interest our readers.

Boone was born in Philadelphia, in 1746, and was at the time referred to, our extract, at about his majority. We must here premise that Boone's father with his family had removed from Pennsylvania, and after traveling "o'er the hills and far away" for many a weary mile they located themselves (about 1765) in an unbroken forest at no great distance from the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, in the valleys of which game was abundant, affording the embryo Leather Stocking, Trapper, and Scout, a fine opportunity for indulging those peculiar habits, and for the development of that roaming, restless disposition so characteristic of descendants and of a large portion of the denizens of Yankee land.

Our contemporary of the Tribune speaking of young Boone, says, "at an early age we find him roaming the vast forest at the south and west, now hunting deer and other game for subsistence: now struggling in bloody conflict with a panther, a bear or a wolf, now watching in his rude cabin in momentary expectation of being attacked by the hostile red men with whom he is surrounded; now a captive of the merciless savage; and now bound to the stake with the bloody tomahawk raised over his head. Yet he appears in all their dangers and privations, to have preferred the deep solitudes of the forest to the open country with the comforts and luxuries of civilized life; for no sooner do we find that other emigrants are gathering around the spot where he has located himself—around the smoke of other cabins is mingling with his own, and that his clearing is to be extended by the hands of other adventurers, than we see him with his rifle upon his shoulder departing by the still unbroken depths of the forest."

Many adventures of the chivalrous backwoodsman are here depicted in Mr. Flint's happiest style, and will serve occasionally to give variety to our columns; of this week present Boone's encounter with his life when "skinning a deer" after first giving some account of his local habitation, the country, &c. which is in fine keeping with the singular character of the enterprising emigrant.

The country was well stocked with all kinds of game and afforded fine range land for pasture and hunting.—These forests, moreover, the charm of novelty, and Boone had not learned to fear the rides of the howler. It need hardly be added that the spirit of Boone exulted in this new hunting paradise. The father and the other boys, had descended quietly to the severe labor of clearing a farm, assigning to Daniel the only portion of his rifle, as aware it was the only one he could be induced to follow; and probably from the experience, that in this way he could contribute more effectually to the establishment than either of them in the pursuits of hunting.

An extensive farm was soon opened up, the table of which was supplied with venison.

THE LOST SHIP;

OR THE UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

A MERCANTILE STORY.

TAKING care of the main chance, I have elsewhere attempted to define the keeping one hand on your own pocket, and the other in your neighbor's—a definition which, whatever it may want of truth in its general application, was in exact accordance with the practice and opinions of Gideon Owen. He was one of those who, very early in life, discovered the inconveniences attendant upon bearing a good character—a quality, he would observe, in such universal request, that the possessor is liable to be poked of it at every turn. Nay, it was even an encumbrance to a man of his peculiar genius, which, when relieved from the restraint, developed itself in a manner which promised to secure him a distinguished place in that calendar which is more remarkable for heroes than saints. He was one of the honorable fraternity of British merchants, though, like a true genius, he altogether rejected those commonplace notions by which that respectable body have the universal reputation of being governed. The halter and the gibbet were the line and rule by which Gideon was regulated in his dealings; and it is admitted that he was exact, to a nicety, in his measures. The accounts of a man who trusted to no one, and whom none ever thought of trusting, must necessarily have been in a nutshell; and it was Owen's boast that his pocket was his counting house, and his journal and ledger a two-penny memorandum-book.

For a description of his person—behold him plodding his way through the street, regardless of every external object, but in buckling self-gratulation on having completed some advantageous and overreaching bargain; observe the pleased, but unpleasing expression, so purely animal, of his countenance; remark, too, his left hand clenched upon his bosom, a sinister attempt to keep down the upbraidings of conscience, or, perhaps, to guard his heart from the possibility of its being assailed by any of those sympathies by which ordinary and grovelling minds are sometimes turned from their purposes. His vigilance was at once useless and misplaced—useless because his heart was as hard as a brickbat, and misplaced, because with him the seat of feeling was the neck.

One of his latest commercial transactions was of so remarkable a character, that I shall venture to put it on record. Gideon was, on a sudden, seized with a passion for speculation to the East Indies, and accordingly purchased a vessel, loaded her to the very hatches, and, like a prudent man, insured the ship and cargo to a considerable amount. It is true, there were some trifling discrepancies between the invoices and the shipments, but such things will occur in the hurry of business, and underwriters are not particular so long as the ship sails A. Z., and they get their premium.

Two months afterwards, news arrived that the vessel had foundered, to the great dismay of Gideon, who alleged that he had insured too little, and of the underwriters, who found that they had assured too much. Some of them had taken heavy lives upon the risk, and one man in particular, had ventured to an amount, the exaction of which would have left him and

his family without a shilling in the world, and Gideon, unluckily, was not slow in advancing his claim. A meeting was appointed between Owen and the underwriters, at a coffee-house, for the purpose of discussing certain matters connected with the loss, when his documents were produced, and found to be unchallengeable. One of the parties, however, ventured to express a doubt as to the total loss of the vessel.

"Nay," exclaimed a voice from an adjoining box, "if it be the loss of the Hopewell, I can vouch for that."

"And pray," inquired one of the parties interested, regarding the volunteer witness with no complacent look, "what makes you so knowing about the loss of the ship?"

"The simple fact of my having had the pleasure of being in her company at the time," rejoined the first speaker, a fashionably dressed young man, with a very handsome but sunburnt countenance, rising, and leaning carelessly against the partition of the boxes, so as to confront the party, one of whom, the individual who had at first addressed him, took upon himself the office of spokesman, and continued his interrogatories by saying, "Why, you were surely not one of the crew?"

"No," answered the young gentleman, bowing in acknowledgment of the compliment implied, "I was only a passenger, and so, when the Hopewell struck, the captain and crew took to the long-boat, and paradoxically enough, alleging that I did not belong to the ship, left me in undisputed command of her."

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