

THE VANQUISHED.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, when the Post from those mighty lyre  
 Rang those deep chants of a lost Paradise,  
 Burned with the awful glow of that strange fire  
 By which his spirit rose and walked the skies,  
 And with the earth's dim light shut from his eyes,  
 Saw the full glory of the heavens, did he  
 See in the south-pole that sought to rise  
 And sway the scepter of Eternity,  
 More of force will—and vain—than I have seen in thee?  
 For never, never, never, since the hour  
 When Lucifer aimed at the throne of God,  
 Was there such struggling with a stronger Power.  
 And when the starry heights by angels torn  
 Were fading from him, did he deem the rod  
 That drove him down to the abyss of night  
 And fire and chains, more horrid than the God  
 Whom thou art gasping seems to see—while bright  
 As Heaven need be, and, oh, more distant is the light.  
 That, thou hast sought to reach. And thou must fall.  
 The woes that make a shadow of the sun,  
 And shroud the stars, and raise the winds with all  
 The walling of that world the soul would shun,  
 Have been around thee, grant and lonely one I  
 But when the thunderous tempest hurled its dooms  
 In waves and lightnings at thee, and begun  
 A mocking dirge—the haughty spirit's plumes  
 With more than eagle-pride, rose, glittering, o'er the glooms.  
 And thou must fall! Thou—the most desperate  
 And proud and wounded, and sublimely strong  
 Of gladiators in the lists of Fate—and wrong;  
 Thou, who hast borne the most of pain  
 Made half-divine by just defiance long?  
 And thou must fall? Yet why? Oh, as of yore,  
 By the high splendors that thy spirit throng,  
 Thou Lucifer—in all save sin—once more  
 Grasp at thy Heaven's starred throne—alas! thy might  
 Is o'er.  
 Yes, lost; before thy half-closed, weary eye,  
 Glimmer the crown and purple of thy dreams;  
 And, fainting, far-off, like a broken sigh,  
 The music that had thrilled thy triumph, seems,  
 Yet still that eye burns with the glorious gleams  
 Of that unsleeping lightning, which had made  
 The Ages kneel and tremble at its beams,  
 Like new fire-worshippers! had not the shade  
 Of ten-fold Death—and more—have fallen where it played.

THE REFUGEES;  
 OR,  
 AN ADVENTURE IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA

It is a little more than a quarter of a century since I made my first West Indian voyage. It was on board the A. No. 1 brig Tom Cringle, of Providence, Nathan Cobb, Jun., master. I have a more vivid impression of that particular voyage, and every incident connected with it, than of any other I have ever made, (and I have been through all the various and trying scenes of a sailor's life,) on account of an extraordinary affair in which I was made to take part in the harbor of the Havana.

The Cringle was but a few weeks off the stocks, and we had left home in ballast bound to Cuba, in search of a freight,—for at that season we could get no cargo to take out, except a few "hoops and shooks." Our orders were to get a freight, if possible, for some one of the Mediterranean ports,—as a return cargo would be awaiting us at Marseilles; and having first touched at Matanzas, where nothing offered, we made sail for the Cuban Capital, where our prospects of success were more promising.

I was a young man, then, and had risen to no higher rank in my profession than that of second mate, which berth I filled on board the brig.

The House to which we were consigned in the Havana, finally after a delay of some three weeks in port, during portions of the sultry months of June and July, furnished us with a cargo of coffee, destined for the port of Leghorn, on the Gulf of Genoa.

We had received our cargo, and were awaiting only the lazy motions of the Custom-House officials, for our clearance papers, previous to our departure from the port, of which I was becoming extremely weary. It was evening, and being the last night we should probably spend in the harbor, the Captain had gone on shore to spend the last hours at the house of our consignee; and there being no duties requiring his presence on board, the first mate, also, concluded to stop with some friends on shore. I was therefore left in charge of the vessel and crew, and to the sole occupancy of the cabin.

In those days, it will be remembered by those who had occasion to visit Havana, the police system of the harbor was of the strictest nature. Not only were guard-boats continually plying among the shipping during the day and night, but every foreign vessel was subjected to the closest espionage. A Spanish soldier was placed upon her deck on the first moment of her arrival, and this guard was continued till her anchor was hoisted home, and the vessel under way past the Moro Castle. The ostensible object of the sentinels, was the protection of the property on board from the ingenious thieves and harbor pirates that thronged the port;—though the real object was to prevent the secret departure from the Island of those Creoles suspected of a leaning towards the Carlist cause. Among the most prominent men of the country there were many whose loyalty was of doubtful character, and the political condition of Spain held out inducements for the most enterprising citizens of Cuba to embark for that country; and in spite of the vigilance of the colonial authorities, many were daily leaving the Island.

The night was extremely close and sultry,—for the sea breeze having died away, was not yet replaced by the wind from the land; and that I might not be disturbed by the restless tramp of the soldier on the forward deck, and the arrivals and departures of the guard-boats, as they relieved the sentinel, I had stretched my hammock fore and aft, in the cabin, with the stern windows and movable top of the companion-way open.

Having stationed my anchor watch, and seen that everything was in order on the deck, I prepared to descend to my hammock.

The eleven o'clock cry of the night guard upon the gang, rang out over the waters, and was repeated by the sentinels along the walls of the Cabanas, as I entered the cabin. Throwing myself into my vibrating couch, I was soon lost to consciousness, or was wandering in dreams amid far different scenes.

I know not how long I had been asleep, when I was partially awakened by the sound of paddles close under the stern of the brig. I heard but a few strokes, which seemed to be struck cautiously upon the water, when the sounds ceased, and a light boat seemed to have grated against the rudder chains. At first I thought it might have been one of the harbor guard-boats, but in the obscurity, had accidentally run fowl of us, for I could perceive through the window, that a fog lay heavy upon the waters. But as the sound was not renewed, I called out, and springing from my hammock, ran to the window and looked out; but I could see nothing; whatever it was, it had disappeared, perhaps under the vessel's quarters, and I returned to my bed, with the idea, that perhaps, after all, it was nothing but my half-awakened imagination. It could not, however, have been long before I was again aroused by similar sounds. Again they ceased, and by the dim light of the lantern hanging from the cabin ceiling, I perceived an object at one of the open windows, which fixed my attention.

At first a hand was seen to grasp the moulding of the frame,—then another, and then a head appeared above them, which was followed by a

body drawn halfway through the aperture. The thought of harbor thieves immediately occurred to me, and catching up a heavy pistol, which I had carefully loaded and placed on a locker close at hand, I determined to give its leaden contents to the midnight intruder. But as I cocked the weapon with an audible click, and sprang to a sitting position, the shadow disappeared suddenly from the window, and I heard the sound of a body falling lightly into a boat beneath. I was now satisfied that the fellow was a robber, and being resolved to give him a shot, put my hand grasping the pistol, and half of my body, out of the window. Below, under the stern post, I could perceive a small

man in the garb of fishermen entered, bearing a coffin, which, without speaking, they deposited upon the ground and retired. A cry of exultant joy burst from the lady, as she fell forward, and throwing herself upon the ground by the side of the coffin, essayed to tear off the lid, which was apparently screwed but loosely to the lower part.



read the name of "Josefa Maria Hernandez," embroidered on one corner of the margin. Thrusting the handkerchief into his pocket, he ascended to the deck, and boldly accused our captain of having on board his vessel Don Pedro Hernandez, a noted Carlist chief, who had been sent a prisoner to Cuba. Without awaiting a reply, the Spanish officer ordered his boat's crew to our deck, and recommenced the search. The hatches were torn off, and soon our passengers were dragged forth from their concealment.

A scene now ensued upon our deck which it is impossible to describe. The Don refused to be taken alive, and arming himself with a capstan bar, stood at bay, like a wounded lion, and defended himself nobly from the assault of the Spanish sailors.

Doña Josefa threw herself between the outlasses of the assailants and her husband, like the true heroic woman she was; and most gallantly did our brave lads come to the rescue. But they were too many for us all unarmed as we were. They gathered about us, and forcing us aside, aimed their blows at the heart of the brave Carlist. A scream from the lady told that their bloody purpose had been accomplished, and the body of the Don lay upon the deck bleeding from a dozen gaping wounds.

A dark stream, also flowing from the bosom of the devoted wife, showed that she had received one of the sabre blows intended for her husband. They were both killed, husband and wife, and the officer, directing their bodies to be conveyed carefully to the boat, promised our captain that as they were noble Spaniards they should, at least, have an honorable burial; and, bestowing a hearty Spanish curse upon all meddling Yankees, he passed over the side, and ordered his men to pull away towards the frigate.

While discharging cargo in the harbor of Leghorn, I read in the Italian newspapers the Spanish account of the affair, and learned that the bodies of Don Pedro Hernandez and his lady had been generously forwarded by the loyalists to their Carlist friends for interment; and further, that the officer whom I had assisted in his escape from the Cuban prison, had been one of the most prominent and active leaders in the Carlist revolution. It was a melancholy earthly ending of two brave and gentle spirits. Peace to their memories.

By simply secreting my lady and myself on board your vessel, which will sail with the morning breeze, and bearing us away with you to the shores of Europe. Gold, which opened the bolts and bars of my dungeon, I will not insult you by offering, but simply appeal to your generous sailor's heart.

"Tough, sir—let us hasten, then, on board, while this favoring fog still covers the surface of the harbor." And hastily gathering together a few articles of clothing, and other necessities, the gentleman and lady led the way to the shore, followed by the man we had first encountered. We found the boat still in waiting with a larger skiff than that with which we had landed; and hurriedly embracing the attendant, the two stepped on board the boat. I following, and stealthily stretching out over the harbor, we approached our brig. Mooring noiselessly under the stern windows of the vessel, I sprang into the cabin, and without attracting the attention of the Spanish sentinel, or our anchor watch upon the deck, I succeeded in assisting the strangers to follow me, when, in the same quiet manner we had come, the boy pulled away again towards the shore.

It was the work of two or three hours, so cautiously had we to proceed, before we had removed a plank from the bulkhead separating the cabin from that portion of the hold where was stowed our cargo, and had removed a number of the coffee sacks to make room for our unexpected passengers. At length they were safely, and, but for the heat of the place, comfortably accommodated; and when, an hour after, the captain and first mate came on board, and ordered the vessel under way, no signs indicated that any change had occurred during their absence.

According to the custom of the port, the guard-master boarded us, and accompanied us past the mouth of the harbor, examining every nook and corner of the vessel in search of secreted passengers. His last duty before descending into his own boat, along side, was to take the captain's oath, that no other persons were on board his vessel save those regularly entered on her papers.

When the blue haze of the land had disappeared beneath the western horizon, and our good brig was tossing the brine of the broad Atlantic from her polished bows, I watched the chance when the cabin was unoccupied, and removing the loose plank from the bulkhead, invited my passengers to the deck, and introduced them to Captain Cobb. The kind fellow was taken completely by surprise; but so soon as I had told the story of the refugees, he grasped my hand, and shaking it warmly, exclaimed: "You did right, my lad! Just the thing I would have done myself;" and turning to the officer and his wife, welcomed them on board the Tom Cringle.

But our unfortunate passengers, with whom we became more interested, the more we knew of them, were destined never again to tread the shores of their beloved Spain.

We had a pleasant run across the ocean, without encountering anything extraordinary; and our passengers began to congratulate themselves upon the approaching end of their voyage, when, as we were entering the Straits of Gibraltar, we were boarded by a boat from a Spanish frigate. The officer in command of the party ordered every one on deck, while he examined our papers, and proceeded to search the vessel for absconding Cubans.

Don Pedro and the Señora had betaken themselves to their former hiding-place among the cargo; and, after unsuccessfully searching through the cabin, the officer was about to leave the vessel, satisfied that we carried no passengers. But as he was passing up the companion-way he discovered a lady's cambric handkerchief, which the Señora had unfortunately dropped in her hasty descent. The Spaniard picked it up, and examining the article,

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWO READERS.—These two young gentlemen came near having a pleasant little adventure lately, but lost the chance through not knowing "what to say." They were caught in the rain in the streets of St. Louis, and took refuge under a porch near the Cathedral, when a young lady, nicely dressed, with parasol and prayer-book, sought shelter under the same porch. One of our young gallants had an umbrella, and when the rain abated, he was powerfully moved to offer to escort the fair church-goer to the door of the Cathedral, and to protect her from the rain with his umbrella. But alas! neither of them could think of a form of words suitable to the interesting occasion; and so the golden moment passed, and the young lady had to trip through the rain to her devotions. Now, they write to the LEDGER for assistance, in case they should ever again be placed in similar circumstances. Well, gentlemen, if we had been there, we should have approved of every inch of your conduct, with our umbrella in one hand and our hat in the other, and said in low tones of honeyed sweetness: "Will you allow me to hold my umbrella over you as far as the door of the Cathedral?"

NEWSBOY.—Why was the last Congress called the Thirty-fifth, though we were in the eighty-third year of our independence? A Congress is elected for two years. The first Congress under our present Constitution met in the Spring of 1789. The term of two years, for which members of the House are chosen, expires on the fourth of March. Hence, every second year, the Session of Congress necessarily expires on that day, which session is called the short session. If an extra session is called after the short session, some of the States are not represented. But for this there would have been an extra session this year, to supply the means of carrying on the post-office department, the appropriation for which failed at the regular session.

VOLUNTEER.—If there should be war between the United States and Great Britain, and an English fleet should burn New York, who would have to stand the loss? Uncle Sam, of course. He is bound to protect the property of all his nephews and nieces, and to make good their losses if he fails to do so. This is the fundamental condition of the compact between the governor and the governed. Besides, the blow would be aimed, not at New York, but at the United States. If you are fighting and get a black eye, does not the whole body sicken and sympathize? Every fibre of your frame contributes its just proportion toward the restoration of the damaged organ.

M. H. M.—You say that three young ladies were sitting on a balcony with some gentlemen, enjoying the moonlight, that the young gentlemen, seeing an empty wagon opposite, proposed officiating as horses if they could get in; which they did, and they had been found fault with by their acquaintances, who call it improper. You appeal to us to decide it. In a country village we think there would be no objection to such a harmless bit of fun, provided your intimacy with the young men warranted it. In the city, of course, such a thing would be too public to be proper.

TARIUS.—As a general rule, when two people have had the misfortune to quarrel, the nobler of the two is the first to make advances toward a reconciliation. Let the strife between you be, which shall forgive first, not which shall hold out longest. At the same time, we admit that there are injuries which should not be forgiven until the offender repents. But this has nothing to do with your little quarrel.

MINNIE AND KATE.—You wish to punish a young fellow who has made love to you both at the same time, supposing that each was ignorant of the fact; and ask us to help you do it. We know of no better punishment than for each quietly to inform him of it, at some time when he is in the midst of a sentimental speech, which he thinks will be very annihilating.

LEADER READER.—You don't know how to proceed because a lady whom you accompanied home from church did not ask you to call. Perhaps the reason she did not was because she likewise "didn't know how to proceed." Suppose you both "proceed" to be quite frank and natural, as young people may, without impropriety, if they are not discreet and sensible.

C. D. G. requests us to state, (and for the mother's sake we cheerfully comply,) that if G. D., the young man who left Alexandria, Va., on Sunday, Oct. 2d, will return home, or give information of his whereabouts, he would by so doing be the means in all probability of saving the life of an almost broken-hearted mother.

CONGRESS.—Which sex loves most? Woman, by all odds,—who risks most, patiently endures most, and has fewest allegations of an unhappy marriage, if it proves to be so.

ELEN.—Your heart is a concealed goose to imagine that three ladies wish to bear his name; or, if it be true, any one of them would make a fitting wife for such a fool.

HARRIS.—The maxim, "Be sure you're right, and then go ahead," was a saying of David Crockett's.

WOMAN.—For persons predisposed to consumption, and whose lungs are already weak, we should recommend exercises less violent than those of the gymnasium. Pure air by night and day, well-cooked, nutritious food, cheerful company and gentle exercise, seem to be the most hopeful remedies. No drugs. Drugs are the bane of weakly constitutions. If you cannot save your life without them, you cannot prolong it with them.

UNO.—There are some good deeds which, when they are done, all men justly applaud; but which no man can justly blame another for not doing. For example—jumping the river to save a man from drowning, at the imminent risk of losing your own life. We can only say that no general reply can be given. Unless a man has ingeniously contrived to hit upon some expedient adapted to his particular case, he must, and ought, to lose the lady.

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INQUIRER.—Virginia is called the Old Dominion for no other reason, we believe, than that the first settlement of white men within the present limits of the United States was made in that State. Jamestown was settled in 1607. The Puritans landed upon Plymouth Rock in 1620. Hendrick Hudson discovered the Hudson river in 1609. Manhattan Island was permanently settled in 1625.

GALLANTEE.—You are in doubt whether your friends are correct in saying that it is not polite in you to shake hands with a lady to whom you were introduced. We think it quite as well not to do it, although it is usually done. Foreigners laugh at us much for what they consider a tiresome custom.

LOOK OUT FOR SWINDLERS.

A party of swindlers have recently issued a circular, signed W. W. Ross & Co., and forwarded it to Postmasters and others all over the country, offering to take subscriptions for the Ledger, Harpers' Weekly, and other papers, at a greatly reduced rate. Now, in regard to W. W. Ross & Co., we do not know that there is such a firm. Any parties, however, who claim to be the Ledger for the terms stated in the circular to which their signatures are attached, must be swindlers, as they cannot afford to do so, and have no authority to act for us. We do not know them. In this connection, we would say to our readers, Beware of all travelling agents, and of all persons who offer to send you any article from the city for half its price.

If you wish to subscribe for any papers or any other—send the money direct to the publisher, and then you will not be swindled!