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Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Chapter XIII—Continued.

Dick's companion remained silent for a long time, as if deliberating what had best be done under the circumstances; for he felt certain that, if Melville remained long in the clutches of De Arville, there would be one more being sent to his eternal home before his time. At length he turned to Dick and said: "My good friend, you trusted to my honor once; can you trust me again, if I promise you that I will liberate Senor Melville."

"O, gor a mighty, massa, yes. Dis nig will do enny fing to git massa Harry out ob de hands ob De Harrowville."

"Well, then, listen to me: we will go to the house of Gomez Bernardo and inform him of what has happened. You will remain with him till evening: but do not leave the house or go beyond his private grounds, for if you do ill-luck may befall you as well as your master. If my plan suits you, let us be moving, for I don't want to be here when it begins to grow light."

Dick acquiesced in the stranger's proposition, and they both rose from the steps where they had been seated and wended their way to the house of Bernardo. The strange friend of Dick's seemed familiar with the route they were to take, for he took him straight to Bernardo's garden, and instead of climbing the wall, led the negro into a dense mass of shrubbery where it seemed as if the wall had been broken down for some purpose, and had never been repaired. Through this gap they had easy access to the garden, where they were going to wait for the owner of the grounds and apprize him of the fact that Melville had been taken by De Arville.

They did not wait long for the coming of the old Mexican, for just as the sun came peeping over the eastern hills the old man made his appearance. When he saw the intruders, his unclouded brow assumed a frown, and he sternly demanded of the stranger why he presumed to intrude upon his private grounds unasked and unbidden.

"In truth, Senor Bernardo," answered the singular visitor, "I have taken more liberty than politeness would seem to sanction; but my excuse must be that I am little used to the conventionalisms of refined society, and my speech is more suitable to the road or mountain fastness."

"I do not like those who speak in riddles, and truth to tell, I like neither your presence nor your speech. So, if you have any business with me, dispatch it as quickly as possible, or I will call forth those who will drive you forth more quickly than you came."

"Softly, senor Bernardo, softly. I do not fear your menials, neither do I fear you," said the irritated stranger. "But," continued he, "I wish to serve you and your dearest friend, Albritio De Veron. This is my business here this morning; so if you will listen I will tell you why I came as I did."

Bernardo gave a sign of assent, and the stranger then related what had occurred during the night. The old man listened attentively, and when he told him of the capture of Harry, the old Mexican cried aloud: "The saints protect him from the cruelty of such a monster as De Arville."

Bernardo no longer wore the haughteur he had assumed on seeing the two seated in his garden, but he also seated himself beside them and asked the stranger what he proposed doing to effect the release of Harry and prevent the marriage of Antoinette.

The stranger, in turn, asked Bernardo if he had any advice to give. But it seemed as if the powers of the old man were unequal to the task of giving any reasonable counsel which would lead to the consummation of the end desired. It was, however, agreed between the two that Bernardo should have his lawyer and the Alcid at his house by the dusk of evening, and that he (the stranger) would call for them at that time, when he hoped that the question of the liberation of Harry and Antoinette would be solved. It was also understood that Dick was to remain, and the stranger had just risen from his seat when Bernardo was summoned to breakfast. He invited the stranger to partake with him, but he pleaded urgent business, and bidding the pair good morning, departed.

The day passed slowly to the anxious mind of Dick, and when night began to draw her sable curtains around the earth, he began to be impatient at the stranger's stay. He was pacing the hall with nervous strides, when the voice of Bernardo arrested his steps by calling him into the room, where he saw his companion of the morning and another gentleman whom he had never before seen but who, he was given to understand, was a lawyer. The Alcid had not yet arrived.

"Now, Dick," said the stranger, "put on that belt of yours. We may want the arm of every man to-night, for De Arville is no child in his actions."

Dick soon made the required preparations, and as the manner of proceedure had been previously arranged, the party sallied forth under the leadership of the unknown one.—They proceeded to the south-western part of the city, and when they got pretty well out in the suburbs they halted before a somewhat dilapidated building. Their guide gave a low, and somewhat singular, whistle, when the door was opened by a ferocious-looking fellow, who had his belt stuck full of pistols. Dick involuntarily placed his hands upon his weapons. His guide observed the motion and said, "you need not trouble yourself, my good fellow, to draw your pistol, for we are amongst friends."

They all entered the building, and their guide conducted them into a large, well-furnished apartment, where there was a royal supper spread; and there we will leave them for a while to enjoy the good things of the bountiful board, and see what has become of Harry Melville.

After De Arville had secured Harry, as related in the last chapter, he sought his couch. But once in his career of vileness sleep was wooed in vain. He tossed about on his bed all night long. When day broke he arose, and to steady his shattered nerves he made heavy draughts on his brandy bottle; but to no purpose. He then paid a visit to the poor incarcerated wretches in the west wing of the house. Finding all safe in that quarter, he started to return, when the thought struck him that perhaps Melville might have papers in his room, or upon his person, that would be valuable, and that perhaps he might turn their value to his own account. Acting under this impulse, he proceeded to the room which Harry had occupied, but happily Dick had taken all that he could find. De Arville then procureda light, and descended to the dungeon where Melville was confined. He placed the light upon the floor and said to Melville: "Senor, I am under the necessity of searching your person, for I fear you are in Mexico upon an errand which might be detrimental to the peace and safety of our Government.

As Harry was bound, hand and foot, he could offer no resistance; but he replied to his tormentor that "he knew what he was saying was false. But as long as I am in your power, you can do as you please; but of this I can assure you, if I ever regain my liberty, you shall answer for every insult and outrage you offer me."

"Threaten as much as you please, Senor Melville, but I fear you will never gain that liberty; and I shall search you without fear of ever being called to account for the deed."

He then proceeded to examine his prisoner's clothing, and took all that he could find, and then returned to his own room.

After having paid his respects to his brandy bottle, he examined the papers taken from Melville, but found nothing of importance in them; but when he opened the minature, and saw who it represented, his passion broke into a torrent. He raved and cursed: in fine, acted more like a madman than a rational being.

"So" said he, after he was somewhat cooler, "this young American vagabond came here to take her to her father. But if he goes out of this house alive, it will be more than ever mortal done who offended Henrique De Arville."

He rang the bell and a servant promptly obeyed its summons, and any one that had the least skill in physiognomy would have said that he had but little of the milk of human kindness in his composition. "Pedro," said De Arville, "clear the torture room.—Have the rack and pulleys ready, for there will be work for you to night; also build a fire, f r I must be present." The menial bowed and withdrew, muttering, "I wonder who I must rock to night; but whoever it is, they shall have the full benefit of their cradle."

'Twas night. The well disposed portion of the population of the city had gone to rest. All nature seemed to partake of the repose, save those of human kind who violate nature's laws, and under cover of the night do deeds which, if done in open day, would bring the blush of shame to the cheek. Others again do deeds by night from the superstitious fear that the bright sunlight might reveal the deed, or that their standing in society might be marred by the action.—So with Henrique De Arville. To the world's gaze he was all fair to behold, but down deep under his house, where the light of day never penetrated, there was preparations for a scene which would require all the fortitude of a stout, unfeeling heart to witness. By a blazing fire sat De Arville. His features, as reflected by the light, were demoniac in expression, and as he scanned the engines of torture, he said in a chuckling voice: "I wonder how that young scrape grace will like his cradle." Infatuated man, thy hour is drawing near when vengeance will be taken upon you for outraged laws. Your crimes will be unearthed, and your vile career stopped.

The tower-clock struck twelve, when Pedro, assisted by three other ruffians, brought Melville into the room. He was pale, but not from fear, and when he was bid to raise to his feet he did so, and with a firm step walked towards the instruments of torture. De Arville, not content to see his prisoner suffer in silence, must needs taunt him, and in a cold, sneering tone, said: "Well, Senor, how do you like your cradle? Not over well, I should judge by your looks. Methinks it would have been better not to have concerned yourself about the affairs of others. You shall now pay the penalty of your impudence." "Do as you please, De Arville, you can but add another victim to a long catalogue of crime. Of one thing I can, however, assure you, that when once an avenger gets upon your track your career will be short."

De Arville now bid his menials lash Harry to the rack—a task easily accomplished, as their prisoner had his hands securely fastened behind him. Pedro had placed the lever in the mortice, and was waiting for the signal to commence his cruel work, when heavy footsteps and a confused sound of voices were heard. De Arville started from his seat in surprise. He could not imagine what was wrong; but he was not kept long in suspense, for on the instant the door was broken in the stranger and Dick entered and stood before him.

De Arville stood aghast at the sight. He, however, quickly recovered from his astonishment, and drew his sword. Quick as thought, Dick leveled his pistol and fired.—Bernardo, who had just entered, struck up his arm and the negro missed his aim.—De Arville retreated to a corner of the room, and as his attendants were unarmed, they offered no resistance. Dick cut the cords which bound Harry, and he was once more a free man. The stranger now threw away this mask and advanced towards De Arville, who, as he saw the stranger's face cried out, "by all the saints, it is Juan Badruck, the mountain robber," and fell senseless to the floor.

This created some confusion. All in the cell came crowding around the fallen man.—Badruck gave a low whistle, when about a dozen of his followers made their appearance. He ordered some of them to raise up De Arville and carry him up into the dining room; others were ordered to secure Pedro and his assistants, who had, during the time, stood dumbfounded spectators of the scene. When they came up stairs; there was confusion worse confounded. The servants and household of De Arville were hurrying to and fro, not knowing what to do or say, and when they saw the master of the house in the hands of such ill-looking men they were at a loss how to proceed. The robber chief ordered them all to follow, and on pain of death not to make any outcry.

With the recovery of De Arville also came his usual domineering spirit, and in an insolent manner he demanded the cause of the intrusion. "Here," replied Badruck, "is my authority," and he held a paper close to his face. De Arville, determining to brave it to the last, sneeringly asked who dared to give him such authority?

"The Emperor," answered the excited Badruck, "gave me the power to arrest the villian De Arville."

Let us now turn to another part of the house and see what has become of Antoinette. She, poor girl, had not gone to her rest, but sat in her accustomed seat weeping. On the morrow, she was to become the bride of the man she loathed. She involuntarily sought her stilletto, and as she drew forth the glittering blade she kissed it and then returned it to her bosom. As she did so, she said, "yes, sooner than wed the man who has destroyed all my happiness and drove my father into exile, I will plunge that blade into my heart and let the earth drink my blood." But hark! footsteps are approaching The old crone starts from her sleep. A voice demands admittance. The demand is repeated, and this time in a tone which admits of no delay. Yet the woman hesitates; it is not the voice of her imperious master. She does not know what to do, and ere she can decide, the door is forced from its fastenings and Harry and Dick stand before her. With a shriek of delight, Antoinette sprang forward and fell weeping in the arms of Harry. The blood rushed to the heart of the youth as he felt her graceful head reclining on his sholder, her heart beating wildly against his. Unconscious of the intoxicating cup, he there drained the chalice of the fabled god. After she became composed, Harry related to her, in a few words, how her release had been brought about. Leaving her in the care of Dick, he hastened to the dining room for the purpose of assisting in the liberation of those confined in the west wing of the house. He entered just as Badruck was going in search of him. The notary for whom the Alcid had sent, had arrived, and Harry once more led the way to the den of misery. Everything as seen was carefully noted by the officials, and those confined were liberated and taken below, where all were properly cared for. De Arville was conveyed to the city prison. Antoinette was removed to the house of Gomez Bernardo, whither Harry soon followed her. Badruck, at the request of the Alcid, remained to guard the house.

Chapter XIV.

The next morning, after the events just narrated, the news spread through the city with lightning-like rapidity that the dreaded De Arville had been arrested by order of the Emperor, and that the dreaded robber chief, Juan Badruck, and his men were guarding the premises. Also, that a number of persons who had been confined by De Arville had been released. Hundreds came flocking to the mansion—some to gratify their curiosity by looking at the house, others to see the noted brigand, whilst others hoped to find a lost relative or friend amongst those released. A part of the city guard came to relieve those on duty, and as soon as the civil officers arrived those who sought relatives and friends, with those who had been sent for, were permitted to enter and remove them.

The day at the house of Gomez Bernardo was passed in quiet. Those who had been up all night sought repose in sleep. Late in the afternoon Harry Melville rose from his bed, refreshed in mind and body, and after making his toilette he descended to the drawing room, where he was kindly greeted by Bernardo and his family. An official was announced, who, after due formalities, summoned Bernardo, Melville, Dick and Antoinette to appear before a court of inquiry which was to investigate the charges preferred against Henrique De Arville.

The morning came when the trial was to take place, and our four witnesses proceeded to the court room. The throng was dense, but officers cleared the way for them, and found seats for all. Badruck was there, and he was the observed of all observers.

The charges were stated by the criminal advocate, and after the statement they proceeded to examine the witnesses. All told a tale of cruelty. Harry related the cause of his own imprisonment, and the torture which De Arville was going to inflict upon him, with such eloquence and minuteness that it raised a murmur of indignation against the prisoner. De Arville noticed it, and he felt that his doom was sealed.

After an able defence the court conferred for some time, when the President turned to the prisoner, and after asking the usual questions on such occasions, commanded the prisoner to rise, and sentenced him to death for the crime of maliciously taking the lives and subjecting peaceable citizens to unheard of cruelties. The audacity of the man did not desert him in the hour of trial, but bowing in mock humility, he took his seat.

On the removal of De Arville, our party returned to the mansion of Bernardo.—That night there was a feast at the good old Mexican's mansion in honor of the liberation of his friend's daughter. All of the friends of De Veron were invited, and the old mansion rang with joy for the happy deliverance from the power of a brutal tyrant.—The light fandango was tripped by lively feet, and at a late hour the party separated.

Badruck, or Captain, (for he was no longer a mountain robber, but held a commission in the regular army,) was a daily visitor at the mansion, and he was always welcome.—One day Bernardo asked him how he had procured his pardon, and in what manner he obtained all the information concerning the affairs of others.

"Why, senor," he answered, "there is nothing in this world so easy as to learn the affairs of other people, if you choose to busy yourself about them. But I had a well organized band of spies, who watched the movements of those whose affairs I wished to be acquainted with. De Arville could scarcely leave the house unless I knew of it, and as to those he had confined, I was well aware of the fact, but was not ready to strike. I had to consult my own safety, for my name had become so notorious through the influence of that man, and there were so many on the lookout for me, that I was compelled to assume a new disguise almost every day. That we robbed trains and killed soldiers is true, but I have never taken the life of a peaceable citizen. The bulk of my wealth has been the savings of generations, and the descendants of Magiscatin could not be poor unless they were profligates in expenditures. I was also the friend of the poor and oppressed, and more than one man, who this day enjoys a competence, owes his all to me. I do not seek to justify the course I have pursued, but, Senor, I ask you, in all honor, if there are not hundreds of men who have done worse than I? Yet they hold high places, and are the favorites of the best society in the land. As to the pardon of myself and band, money paved the way for it, as it will pave the way for anything, let it be for good or evil. You know our Emperor is at times in great straits for money. Well, I was informed that he applied to his favorite, De Arville, for a loan, and as there were a number of loans already standing, that pampered favorite flatly refused to advance any more money. High words passed between them, and De Arville became so insolent that his highness ordered him to quit his presence. I was informed of this by a trusty spy, and as I thought the time had come to strike my hereditary foe a mortal blow, I determined to visit the Emperor in person. I can assure you it was no easy matter to get the interview, but by perseverance and the free use of money I was granted a private audience. I stated my errand, and how the eyes of royalty did glisten! He asked upon what terms he could have the money. I told him part of it should be a free gift, and the amount doubled provided he would grant a free pardon to my band. This he refused to do, and swore by all the saints in the callender that, if Badruck was ever caught, he would hang him higher than ever man was hung in Mexico. 'Then,' said I, 'our interview is at an end.'—The Emperor raved, threatened and swore in right royal fashion; but all to no purpose. I was firm, and at last he yielded to necessity. The next day I was to bring him the money; but I had another object in view. I knew that many of my men were in needy circumstances, and if they did not find immediate employment they would return to their old mode of life. This I did not wish, if I could prevent it; and as they were all willing to enlist in the army, provided I could command them, when I took the money and saw the pardons duly signed and in my pocket, I broached the subject. The task was an easy one, but I insisted that the commissions should be made out before I counted down the money. The Emperor eyed me closely, and I half believed he suspected who I was. The money was counted down in Spanish dobloons, and he called his secretary to draw up the bond. I wished my true name in the instrument; so when it was handed to me I objected to the wording of it. The secretary looked surprised, for I presume he was accustomed to draw up papers of the kind, and he was very anxious to know what was wrong in it. 'The name,' I answered. 'What name do you wish, senor?' 'My own,' I answered—'Juan Badruck.'—'The devil!' exclaimed the Emperor, jumping to his feet. 'You Badruck? you the famous robber? Well, the saints protect us. I hope you and your men will hereafter lead a different life. Your boldness is in a manner justifiable from the fact that you wish your future life to be more honorable than your past.' To this flattery I simply bowed; and as soon as the secretary withdrew I related to his majesty all I knew concerning De Arville. He listened attentively, and when I finished he sat silent for some time, then said: 'Captain, call early to-morrow morning. Perhaps I shall have business of importance for you to transact.' I did so, and he placed a warrant, signed and sealed with the royal signature, for the arrest of Henrique De Arville. What followed you already know.

Harry Melvile, having now nothing to detain him, informed Bernardo of his wish to return home, and on consulting Antoinette she intimated a desire to set out as soon as practicable. Badruck volunteered his services as an escort, if he could gain the necessary leave of absence, and on his making known his wish to the proper authorities he and his band were detailed as an escort for a train which was to start for Vera Cruz in a few days. Antoinette rejoiced with all the joy of a young and loving heart that she was to meet her father once more, and Harry was happy because he would be the means of gladdening the remnant of a fellow-being's life.

According to the order of Albritio De Veron, Bernardo paid over to Harry a large sum of money, and to crown all, the Emperor issued an order revoking the sentence of banishment—the order fully exonerating De Veron from any and all complicity of conspiracy.

After many delays, the morning came at last in which they were to commence their homeward-bound journey, and after the last adieus and cautions were given the party turned estward. After encountering the incidents usual to travellers in that day, Harry and his fair charge arrived safe, but somewhat travel-worn in his native city. Only those who have been long absent from home can know the feelings which are awakened when we near the place where dwell the loved ones.

Harry had been absent nearly eight months and during all this time had not heard from his mother. As the party turned up the well-known street where his mother resided, his heart beat faster and he felt more trepidation than he did when Pedro bound him to the rack. As he neared the dwelling, he could restrain himself no longer. Bidding Dick keep close to Antoinette, he hurried forward, and with quick, nervous raps he announced his arrival home.

His mother, who had just been thinking of her absent boy, hastened to see who it was that was so clamorous for admission. As she opened the door, Harry drew a hard breath and tried to still the throbbings of his heart, but at the sight of her who had been his stay and guide he forgot himself, and with the word mother on his lips he was locked in her arms. But they did not long remain thus, for Antoinette and Dick had also hurried forward, and the sound of their footsteps caused the overjoyed Mrs. Melville to look up. She at once divined who the stranger was, and disengaging herself from the arms of her son, turned to bid the beautiful girl welcome.—Dick shared in the general joy.

The blinds of Mrs. Melville's little parlor were thrown open and the travellers ushered into the otherwise forbidden precincts, and after the usual formalities which such occasions call forth, Mrs. Melville, not unmindful of the creature comforts of the travellers, proceeded to the kitchen to see to the supper. The cravings of keen appetites satisfied, they returned to the parlor to enjoy a social evening.

The next day Antoinette was to meet her father, but what pen can depict the emotions of the fair being during the long night? Ours is not adequate to the task, so we will hurry on and leave it to the immagination of the reader.

Early next morning, Harry procured a carriage, and taking Antoinette and Dick they drove towards the brook. As they neared the place, Harry urged upon Antoinette the propriety of nerving herself for the occasion; and then bidding Dick drive slowly along he alighted and hastened forward to inform De Veron of his arrival and success. On Harry's nearing the brook, he caught sight of the old man emerging from the laurel, and as soon as he saw him he waved his hankerchief in taken of his success. De Veron saw the signal and hastened forward to meet him. Dick, seeing how affairs stood, quickened the pace of his horses, and ere long father and daughter met once more.

The old man, in the thankfulness of his heart, sank upon his knees, and with outstretched arms and streaming eyes returned thanks to heaven for the privilege of beholding his daughter. Congratulations and thanks were showered upon Harry and Dick by De Veron, who, at the earnest solicitations of the former, returned with him the city.

A happy party assembled in the little parlor that night to hear the story of Harry's adventures in Mexico. De Veron determined now to remove to the city, and he was soon settled in the most fashionable part.—Harry received an ample reward for his services. Neither was Dick forgotten. On expressing a desire to take service with De Veron, he was installed in the office of coachman.

De Veron now received letters from his friend, Gomez Bernardo, in which he was informed that De Arville had paid the penalty of his crimes. Badruck still commanded the escort trains, and the confidence of the public increased with the return of each train.

Harry Melville engaged in business, and the benignant smile of prosperity greeted him at every evolution of the wheel of fortune. His achievments in Mexico had established for him a reputation bounded only by the shores of his native land. Unto him came many a poor unfortunate for succor and advice, and through his instumentality many were raised from a life of wretchedness and want to the higher sphere of religious culture and moral rectitude.

It is almost needless to add that, in due time and with due ceremony, the fair Mexican was united to our hero in the holy ordinances of matrimony. De Veron lived to bless his children and grand-children, and finally breathed his last in the arms of his beloved Antoinette.

THE END.

To the Heirs of Joshua Kilson, late of Caroline Co., Deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons interested as distributees of the estate of said Joshua Kilson to appear in the Orphans' Court for Caroline county on or before the 20th day of April, 1869, to authenticate their claims to distributive shares of said estate, in pursuance of the Code of Public General laws of Maryland, art. 93, sec. 143, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's estate. PERE KILSON, Administrator.
mr25-3w

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