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## SELECTED TALES.

### The Gitana of Zea.

BY E. J. PORTER.

In the autumn of 1—, the chateau De——was splendidly illuminated, and a large bridal party had assembled in its halls, to witness the marriage of Julian St. Aman, and Inez Corlear. Some of the most beautiful of Spain's dark-eyed daughters, the selected bridesmaids of Inez, were arrayed in their snow-white dresses, having their long flowing ringlets adorned with wreaths of roses interspersed with orange blossoms; while the bride could be distinguished from the rest of the fair group, by having her braided tresses simply crowned with a chaplet of the orange flower alone. Her dark eye languished, and seemed to suppress half its beaming intelligence, until the arrival of Julian would bid it shine out in all its resistless splendor.

The hour was growing late. The soft notes of the lute, and melting tones of song, with which the young gallants beguiled the tedium of an hour's suspense, were at length hushed. The fund of anecdotes and tales, which had been husbanded by the older guests, for occasions like the present, was entirely exhausted; and inquiries after the expected bridegroom became more frequent: still hour after hour sped by, and, as yet he had not come. Nor could the numerous watchers, who had taken their stations on the balconies of the chateau, discover any indications of his approach; though their strained eyes were turned toward the direction from which he should make his appearance. About two hours after the appointed time, a courier was seen urging his courser in full speed toward the chateau, and the quick words, "to horse—horse," uttered in almost breathless voice, threw everything into confusion in the court-yard below.

The consternation and dismay of the party, and the anguish of the bride, may be more easily imagined than described, when it was told that the cavalcade in which the bridegroom was proceeding had been attacked by a band of desperate Gitanos, who had wounded many of their knights, and borne off others to their mountain fastnesses, amongst whom was Julian St. Aman. The news of this disaster caused so fearful a panic amongst the chevaliers that they forgot to take even a hasty farwell of the ladies, and in a few moments, bounding over the drawbridge, accompanied by the courier, they swept over the road in a cloud of dust, toward the place where the cavalcade had been attacked.

We will not attempt a description of that scene of anguish which presented itself after the cavaliers had departed in pursuit of the Gitanas, in the midst of which the bride was borne, insensible, to her couch, while the lovely Leonara sat watching, through her tears, the pale features of her sister.

Long after midnight the guests retired from their watch-posts, with tears for the disconsolate Inez, and sighs for the safety of the ill-fated Julian, and those who had shared his fate. When Leonora saw that her sister had returned to consciousness, and sunk into a gentle slumber, she took her stand by the casement, and gazing out on the road until long after the moon had gone down, and star after star had departed, waited the return of some one of the caveliers who might bring back information respecting the success of the pursuit; but disappointed in her expectations, and outworn with watching, she at length threw herself on the couch beside her sister, and lay in a a state of stupor until long after sunrise.

The day wore wearily on, and it was not until long after sunset that the travel-worn cavaliers, who had gone forth the evening before, had returned, and with them those of the bridal cavalcade who had made their escape from the hands of the marauding party; the spirits of all broken from a vain and wearisome pursuit, and their horses jaded from the fatigues they had undergone. They reported that three or four of those missing had been wounded, and borne off with the others they know not whither.

Months had elapsed, and yet no tidings reached the chateau concerning the long lost Julian and his unfortunate companions. The rose that graced the cheek of the beautiful Inez was fast fading, and the wild glow of her dare glancing eye had lost somewhat of the fire that flashed from beneath her long pencilled lashes. At length it was proposed that she, with her sister, should pay a visit to an aunt of theirs, who then resided on the Island of Zea, one of the gems of the Egean, to which they readily assented, as the chain which bound Inez to the chateau De——had lost one of its brightest links.

In the summer of 1——a barque was preparing to leave the port, destined for Constantinople; and in that it was determined that they should proceed up the Mediterranean; for amongst other stopping-places, it was to stay a short time at Zea. The next week saw them on their voyage. As nothing material transpired, we will pass over a few weeks, and leave them with their aunt in a small, yet elegant cottage, half hid with clustering vines, and within a short distance of the town of——.

A few months after the arrival of the sisters, a small cave or grot among the hills, not far from their cottage, became the temporary residence of a wandering Gitana. She appeared to be a young woman of about twenty-two or three years of age, though the life she led, and perhaps some troubles, the sources of which we cannot easily conjecture, had planted a few premature furrows on her beautiful forehead, yet left the wild light of her dark eyes still unshaded as in her fifteenth summer. Her figure, though above the common height, was still graceful, and her step elastic as the light bound of the antelope. Her coming was hailed with delight by the young Zean maidens, as they anticipated bright promises of handsome and intelligent lovers, and indulged in many a fanciful dream of promised happiness. But to Inez and Leonora the intelligence of her becoming a near neighbor of theirs was by no means agreeable, for reasons which may be gathered from the foregoing part of the tale.

It was on one of those delightfully calm summer evenings so peculiar to the clime of the Egean Islands, that the Gitana first made her appearance to the sisters. They were seated on a ledge of rock that overhung the tranquil mirror of the waters, watching the bright sun descend into the sea in one unclouded blaze, while she entered on the path which led up to their chosen seat. At first they did not know whether to fly from her presence or remain until she had passed. They, however, determined on the latter, and in a few moments she paused awhile before them, and in a low, yet sweet, clear voice repeated the following lines—

List thee, maiden! while I read
From the gem-set sky above,
Tones of joyous omen shed
By those blazing orbs that rove;
Whither, few save ONE can tell—
Half their flight invisible!
Hear the lay their wild lyre gives,
"Maiden still thy lover lives."

The last words touched a chord that vibrated deeply through the soul of the fair Inez, and looking upward, she exclaimed—"Gitana repeat for me those words again," but before she had uttered the last word of the sentence the Gitana was gone.

Some evenings had passed, and although the sisters regularly visited the spot where the Gitana had uttered her mysterious language, yet she did not make her appearance. At length Inez proposed a walk to the cave, where she hoped to find the Gitana, and there learn from her the meaning of her mystery; as a thought flashed across her imagination that she perhaps belonged to the band by which Julian and his company had been taken prisoners on that memorable evening. At all events she thought that there must be something known to the gipsy, as she declared he still lived. The curiosity of Leonora being also excited, little persuasion was necessary to induce her to pay a visit to the mysterious stranger. After a short walk, they arrived at the cave, and found the Gitana busily employed in examining some curious marks on an old sheet of parchment.—When she saw them approaching, she motioned them to retire, at the same time saying that she would meet them on the next evening at their wonted retreat where she first appeared to them.

"What a strange creature!" exclaimed Inez—"how could she have even conjectured what information we wanted to gain from her?"

"Sister," said Leonora, "you seem to be totally unacquainted with the pretended mysticisms of the Gitanas. They but excite our curiosity by ambiguous language, only that the pains created by the disappointment of the very hopes which they awaken may be felt more sensibly; or in order to extort money from the credulous. But one thing, however, I will not undertake to argue; that is as to how or where she gained the information that Julian was still alive—to-morrow evening will explain everything."

The next day seemed a weary one to Inez, and evening was hailed with no common expressions of delight. Long before the appointed time she and Leonora seated on the little rocky ledge where they first encountered the Gitana. After waiting a considerable time they discovered the form of the Gitana, not arrayed, however, in the same garments she had worn on the first evening that they saw her. She was enveloped in a large, loose cloak, and a few minutes after saw her seated at their feet, while without any prefatory remarks she thus commenced.

"At this hour, about two years since, a cavalcade was proceeding toward the chateau De——, composed of the friends of a young Spanish count, who was that evening to be married to a beautiful daughter of Spain. Upon its arrival at a narrow mountain pass, seven miles from the chateau, it was attacked by some desperate members of our race, whose the hope of a rich prize had attracted; as the dresses of the young chevaliers were of immense value, and it was reported that the Count Julian was in possession of a ring which he intended, on that evening, to present to his bride, worth a diadem. Enticed by the hope of so rich a booty, the marauders determined to rob the party, if possible without otherwise injuring them; or if they resisted, to bear them off to their cave amongst the Morenas; and there, having stripped them of their jewels and ornaments, to set them at liberty. The chevaliers did resist, and in the affray two or three of their number fell, desperately wounded, and were borne off by the robbers in a state of insensibility.—The three who were wounded were carried to a different den from that in which their companions were confined, and placed under the care of the women who were skilled in all kinds of remedies and restoratives. Here they lingered some weeks in a lethargic state. Consciousness at length returned; but weary months had passed heavily along, and yet they were unable to leave their apartments.

"About this time the frequent depredations committed on travellers by our tribe, awakened the attention of the royal guards; and the Gitanas pursued to their very strongholds, determined to leave this scene of plunder and fly to the Toledas, where a portion of their clan had been engaged in the same lawless pursuits.

"After deliberating a long time on the expediency of conveying their prisoners thither, the leaders of the gang determined on their removal also. Litters were prepared, and after a painful journey they all arrived at their retreat among the Toledas. The invalids, outworn with the fatigues of their long and weary march, were retarded in their slow approaches to convalescence.

"For more than a year they were destined to live on under the regimen of the Gitanas; when one morning, being pronounced quite recovered by some of the attendants, they were set at liberty; an oath being first enjoined on them to reveal to no one the private passage to their mountain holds, all of which they had opportunities of learning. Count Julian's sole desire, when set free from his dreary confinement, seemed to be to go immediately to the cheteau De——and claim his long-lost bride; but what was his disappointment when he had arrived within a day's journey, to find that the object of his search was then in the distant island of Zea. Without farther ado he proceeded to the nearest port, and after a few days' delay he embarked in a small brig which was bound for Cypress, hoping that there he might find a vessel which would bear him to the island that still held all which was dear to him. When the brig was within a few hours' sail of her destined port, the only favorable circumstances in his eventful history occurred to him; for here luckily a corvette, bound for Zea, passed them within hail; and the captain having ordered the sailors to lower the boat, while both vessels lay with their sails aback, took the count on board and then proceeded on his voyage."

Here the Gitana paused for a few moments while Inez, almost breathless with excitement, eagerly exclaimed—

"What then became of him? Where is he now?"

"He proceeded on his voyage, and nothing of interest occurred to him until he landed."

"He is then on the island?" interruptingly inquired Inez.

"He is, lady," said the Gitana, "and you have heard his tale from his own lips"—at the same time rising and throwing off the cap and cloak which conceal his form, he stood before his long-lost Inez. We will not attempt to describe the scene which followed. It will be sufficient to say that the lovely Inez and the bright Leonora accepted his proffered services to conduct them to the cottage of their aunt; and that in a few weeks after Inez became the bride of THE GITANA OF ZEA.—*Ladies Magizine.*

## THE JOURNAL.

### Democratic Whig Principles.

I. An honest and economical administration of the Government

II. A sound currency, of uniform value.

III. Fair and moderate, but certain and stable encouragement to all branches of industry.

IV. Peace and union: peace as long as it can be preserved with honor; preparation for vigorous war when it is inevitable; union at all hazards.

V. Men only of character, fidelity, and ability, appointed to office.

VI. Just limitations and restraints upon the Executive power.

VII. A distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among *all* the States, on just and liberal terms.

VIII. A just administration of our common Constitution, without any addition to, or abstraction from, the powers which it fairly confers, by forced interpretation.

IX. The preservation exclusively by the states of their local and peculiar institutions.

A United States Bank, *vs.* the Sub Treasury.
A Tariff for Revenue, *vs.* Direct Taxation.
Protection to Home Labor, *vs.* Protection to *Foreign Paupers.*
Distribution, *vs.* Repudiation.
Henry Clay for President, *vs.* James K. Polk.

### Locofoco Principles.

*To the Victors belong the Spoils: The Re-establishment of the Sub-Treasury: Swarms of Leg Treasurers: Low Wages: A Standing Army and Extravagant Expenditures of the Public Money: "Pet Banks" and Rag Money: Repudiation: Dorrism: Violation of the Law of Congress Districting the States: Opposition to a sound and uniform Currency: Opposition to all Whig Measures and Whig Principles.*

"We are opposed to a Protective Tariff. We consider it a fraud upon the great body of the people, which, when stripped of its sophistry, and placed before an intelligent community, will be rejected with abhorrence!—[*Extract from an address to the people of Kentucky from the Locofoco Convention of the 8th of January.*

"*A measure, which will reduce the price of labor in this country to ten or twelve cents per day, will cover it with benefits and blessings.*" JAS. BUCHANAN.

"I deny the right of imposing any duties but for revenue, or to make any *discrimination* but on revenue principles."
JOHN C. CALHOUN.
*Fort Hill*, September 1843.

"*Fetter not Commerce—let her be as* FREE *as air—She will range the whole creation, and return on the four winds of heaven, to bless the land with plenty.*"—Motto of the Rockville Star.

[We copy this motto from a paper that professes to favor a "tariff for revenue;" yet the motto reads, "*let commerce be as free as air.*" Has the *air* any barrier that obstructs its way? "As free as air," the motto reads; and "free trade" as a matter of course. Thus the motto belies the import of the editorial—deception from the start! and those who pretend to conduct it seems not aware of this fact. This *Star* differs from any in the solar system—giving an uncertain light, nugatory with those who worship it, and transitory to those it shines upon.—Tommy, you have the most governable *pigeons* that ever a man trained to his purpose.]

☞ A venerable and well known Methodist clergyman, of Ohio, was arraigned before his conference, not long ago, charged with interfering in politics. He fully admitted the truth of the accusation, and stated, "that he felt himself as much bound to fight locofocoism on week days as to fight the devil on Sundays.

☞ Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says that the Charleston Mercury charges that Mr. Clay's course has been "injurious to the interests even of Kentucky." Mr. Clay never did any thing to injure the interests of Kentucky except upon one occasion, and that was when he prevented a demand for the great staple of his State, by saving the necks of the South Carolina traitors from the halter.

☞ The Albany Evening Journal states a rumor, that the notorious Babe, convicted of piracy, was offered a pardon on condition of his attending the late Tyler convention in New York city. "*I will be hanged first,*" was the insulted pirates indignant reply.

☞ The New York Plebian says that Mr. Clay has "thrown himself into the arms of the friends of the negroes." But Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says he has neither, like Mr. Van Buren, thrown himself into the arms of the friends of the negroes, nor, like Col. Johnson, into the arms of the negroes themselves.

☞ Prentice says the Locofoco party now seems too weak to stand, and kindly asks somebody to be so good as to hold it up long enough for us to knock it down.

PRETTY GOOD.—*Old Hyson!*—This is the title given to the whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency, by some of the locofoco papers. It suits us to a *T.*—*Lowell Courier.*

### Correct Opinion.

A Baltimore correspondent of the New York Tribune, says—"The truth is, that whatever may be said to the contrary, *there is no party* in Maryland in favor of the confirmation of the Treaty now before the Senate, and so far as the public sentiment has been ascertained by the ordinary opportunities for gathering it, three quarters of the State are opposed to annexation *in toto.*" We believe, with the writer, that could the direct vote of the people of Maryland be taken on the question of annexation, a very large majority would be found opposed to the measure; for it is difficult for any one to urge a reason in favor of it which should have influence with a Marylander. We know that the friends of annexation have endeavored to produce excitement by alleging, that if we do not take Texas it will be possessed by Great Britain. We have no such apprehension—first, because we have the most positive assurance of the English government to the contrary—and secondly, because we cannot see that it would be to the interest of that nation to accept Texas as a gift, as it would cost her much more to retain it than the advantage to be derived from it would be worth.—Setting aside, then, this idea as only intended for effect, what is there to induce Maryland to desire that Texas shall be incorated in the Union? Although the people of our State will insist upon the due observance of all constitutional guarantees in respect to the institution of slavery; and deny, in the most peremptory manner, the right of Congress to interfere with the matter; yet we are confident that they would not be willing to undertake a crusade and bear the imposition of heavy taxes, for the extension of slavery. We believe that the condition of the slaves is better than that of most of the free persons of color, and such we think is the sentiment of Maryland. The general desire, so far as we have been able to ascertain it, seems to be to get rid of the colored population altogether. We have, then, no motive to wish for the annexation of Texas on that score. In what way are we to be benefitted by bringing Texas into the Union? The additional territory which would be thus acquired, would neither strengthen the bonds of union among the existing States; raise the value of property; nor put a copper into the pockets of the people.—On the contrary, it would beget a spirit of acquisition which would extend to Mexico, and perhaps much farther South, until the Union might be jeoparded by its extent and dissimilarity of interests, or forcibly severed by difference on some joint of national policy. But, if there were no danger on either of these points, is it not almost certain, that the annexation of Texas would involve us in an expensive, and we must say, an unjust war? And who can look to the precise period when such a contest would be terminated, or is able to count the cost? It has been said, that "the pressure of a bird's foot may start an avalanch which no human power can arrest in its course"—and so, a small act of indiscretion may plunge this country into a war, from the effects of which it may take a lifetime to recover. We are sure that the people of Maryland have no desire to see the experiment tried. They would like to be able to extricate themselves from existing burdens before encouraging the imposition of others. To them the acquisition of Texas, even if sanctioned by Mexico, is of small consideration, especially as it is to be accompanied by the payment of an unknown amount of debt due by that country—for it is perfectly ridiculous to pretend that we shall pay only ten millions of the Texas debt, and repudiate the balance. We shall have to discharge the whole amount to the uttermost farthing, if the sum be one hundred instead of ten millions of dollars.

The people of the United States have got along very well so far without Texas, and we think it likely that the question of annexation would have been permitted to "sleep the sleep of death," had it not been that president Tyler supposed it possible to make political, or rather personal capital, by agitating it at this moment. He has put in motion a ball which he will not be permitted to roll—and, like many an ingenious artist, who has secretly constructed a machine on which he relies for fame and fortune, and sees both wrested from him by more dextrous hands, Mr. Tyler is destined to witness the instrument of his own construction wielded for the benefit of others.

In short, we are opposed to annexation in every aspect in which the subject is likely to be presented. If we can succeed in having the territory already in our possession well governed, we shall require no addition to it—and, instead of running wild about the annexation of Texas, we think that the people can be much better employed in reforming the abuses of government; arresting executive usurpations; and in promoting internal harmony. The wild spirit of disorder which exists in our land must be repressed, and the moral standard of the country be elevated. The reformation, to be effectual, must commence with those occupying high places.—*Clipper.*

### The Women all for Clay.

Dr. Francis Bacon, in his eloquent oration before the whigs of New York, thus beautifully alludes to the predilections of the American Fair:

"It is almost universally conceded, that for some reason the vast majority of American women are whigs The reason may never have been given; but it is worth seeking, and easily found. It is in the very nature of women. They act from feeling, impulse, and sentiment, where men attempt to act from calculation, reason, and argument, and on all moral subjects—all questions of principle, their feelings and perceptions of what is true and pure and noble and beautiful are more just and certain, as they are more prompt than the ambitious reasonings of men. The God of Nature has thus endowed them above us, for the holiest of purposes. The mother waits not to reason of her duties. Her high instinct is divine wisdom, most wisely given. Women, too, have a strong natural taste for the heroic in principle, for the noble, the bold, and gallant, and an equally strong distaste for the mean, the crafty, the cold and calculating. We owe much of that female influence, no doubt, to the personal qualities of our leader. His high-toned feeling, his fervor, frankness and courage are the traits they most seek and admire in men.—Still, it is to our principles and action also that their preferences are rendered. So was it with the mothers and wives and daughters of the Revolution. So must it be with those of our time. We welcome them then with all our hearts. We honor their high perception of the moral sublime in our cause. We give them praise. Our enterprise would not be complete in its beauty and success without their aid, their gentle winning influences here, and in the dominion of the home and their fireside—just as our proud choral anthems would lack perfect harmony without the softening melody of their voices.

"And, therefore, wives, and mothers, and daughters of enlightened freemen! we rejoice in your presence as an evidence of your appreciation of "whatsoever things are honest, pure, and of good report," as a touching manifestation of that moral sense diviner than cold reason, by which you look to the hopes and joys of that coming age which is committed to your care. That holy maternal love which bears that object of its creation in such a continual anxious watchfulness, and will not leave it when its infancy ceases, but clings to it unchanging through life and to death, and beyond death; follows it over the Earth and up to Heaven, and bears it near to God—that same love instinctively abhors the public evils of the age, and instinctively promotes the influences which will avert those evils from that offspring. Although the father may forget this duty, the mother will not; and she may make the father remember it.

"Therefore, lovely and true and faithful! we are glad in the light of your countenances; and from full hearts we send you our shouts of welcome."

JUDGE MARSHALL, than whom our country has never given birth to a purer patriot or more high-minded and honorable gentleman, in a letter written and published in 1828, disavowing an expression attributed to him respecting Gen. Jackson, adds the weight of his great name to the falsity of the charge of corruption against Messrs. Adams and Clay. The following is an extract from the letter referred to, which is dated March 29, 1828, and addressed to the editor of the Richmond Whig:

"I admit having said in private that though I had not voted since the establishment of the general ticket system, and believed that I never should during its continuance, I might probably depart from my resolution, *in this instance*, from the strong sense I felt of the injustice of the charge of corruption against the President and Secretary of State.
"JOHN MARSHALL."

GEN. JACKSON *vs.* HENRY CLAY.—The Louisville Journal says: "We hear from Nashville that Gen. Jackson is in a peck of trouble on account of the present condition of his party. He raves against Mr. Clay morning, noon, and night. The thought of the certain election of that great statesman is his torment, sleeping and waking. It is salt in his sugar, ipecac in his wine, a spider in his dumplings, a cat in his larder, and a nightmare in his dreams."

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