

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]

[CONTINUED.]

DUMIDA,

OR THE

HERMIT OF COLZEAN.

By the time the soldiers had returned to the party they had left they were in an enraged state, in consequence of not having found any clue to the subjects of their pursuit.

Mr. Grahame's pains had become more acute, as his sensibility had returned; while Tantrum, had become more collected, and was sitting in his blood, having his eyes riveted on the party, as they laid down the few articles, which they had taken from his dwelling. Dumida was sitting with the recluse between his legs, supporting him; and Mr. Quinton had just returned from taking a survey round the point.

"You're up my old fellow taking a last look of your dingy dwelling, which will soon be like yourself," observed the captain, sneeringly.

"Yes," said the recluse, as his glazed eyes followed the ascending smoke, "yes, let the fire consume and the grave rot; when my living spark is gone, the remembrance of this may be sad to those who have caused this affair, and happier for those who never felt the adverse winds of fate blowing the bark of life among the shoals and quicksands of a rugged strand; but such, such to me, has been a living death mixed with the bitterest gall—a blasting mildew of the heart—a curse stamped with the deepest dye—a knowing worm that ceaseless preys upon the soul, and nerves with life, but to endure its pain."

"Remorse," interrupted Quinton, "the gall, the mildew and the worm, are the ingredients of the curse thou now dost feel for thy past crimes against the broken laws of God and man."

"Foul shirk," grinned the recluse, "how darest thou take His sacred name in vain; perfidious monster, who would preach the effects of crime when thou art writhing 'neath its lash, except thy conscience, like the seared iron, has lost its temper—my sister, Mary Watson, ha! thou couldst witness!"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Grahame, "do my eyes meet the gaze of one who, in my earlier years was my school-fellow, my comrade, and a kinsman too?"

"And murderer," said Quinton, in a low tone.

"Forgive me heaven!" ejaculated the recluse, "tis true I took his life. But—but then he forced me to it. Yes, Fullerton could witness that I had not filled the office of head forester on these domains above a month, till pride and arrogance, and, I may add, revenge against your unhappy prisoner, so much prevailed with him, that nothing short of insult led to the unfortunate meeting, which drew the curtain o'er my future prospects, and left me on a desert world, a wanderer and a fugitive, and—here the recluse ceased to speak.

"He has fainted," said the captain, "give him some water."

Dumida helped to bathe his forehead, and whined a cry pitiously in his ear to rouse him from his lethargy.

Mr. Grahame seemed rather awakened by the recital, and anxiously awaited his recovery. Life, with the recluse, was ebbing fast, as the blood continued to flow in two or three places from his wounds. After a short convulsion, he again opened his eyes, and uttering short sentences, glared around as if still on the look out for some object of his suspicion and distrust. Dumida whined and still grasped his hand, as if anxious for his recovery.

"Yes, yes," he said, "and I am still here. I was saying," he continued, "that I became a fugitive, and fate followed me as I fled to fill my cup of wretchedness. In the habit of a groom fled to England, and entered as a servant with Colonel Grahame in Lincolnshire."

"My brother," cried the agitated Mr. Grahame.

"Yes, the same," answered the recluse.

"And tell me, was you there when my brother died?" enquired Mr. Grahame greatly agitated.

"I was, and would to God I had not; when that vile reptile, [pointing to Quinton] bribed me with a purse of gold to carry off his son."

"I," said Quinton, assuming surprise, "I never seen, nor knew that such a man was in his honor's service."

"True," said the recluse, "you were so much the villain to act without an agent in this vile affair."

"Sdeath," cried Quinton, snatching one of the soldier's firelocks; but as repelled by the veteran

"I care not for thy imprecations," said the recluse, with some energy, his eye flashing as we have seen an expiring taper.

"For heaven's sake," implored Mr. Grahame, "can you not hear him out, though the blame must fall to my account, tell me, Watson, [for this was the recluse's name] tell me, oh, tell me, that my troubled soul may make redress before it leaves this world."

The fire that lit up the eyes of the recluse had dimmed in their sockets and his head had fallen on his breast, when Dumida caught hold of his body, to keep it from falling.

Quinton drew nearer to Mr. Grahame and began to converse in a low tone, on the foolish anxiety he had thrown himself into at the disclosure of the recluse, who, he insinuated, might be a villain and a liar; and although true, by countenancing his declaration, it would only expose himself, and disinherit his daughter.

"Can I," retorted Mr. Grahame, "die with expectation of forgiveness, when my mind accuses me of the injury I have done against my dearest brother and his only child, the thoughts of which have destroyed my happiness from the first moment it was carried into effect. Quinton, I am persuaded that the man who dies under the condemnation of a guilty conscience, cannot have peace towards God when he can in any way make restitution."

"Perhaps," interrupted Quinton, "he may have destroyed the boy, and why be solicitous to discover what you never sanctioned, and what you cannot now amend?"

The captain, coming up to them at this juncture, put an end to their conversation. "Gentlemen," said he, "we must be making some arrangement to get out of this place. The morning is getting pretty light, and the men are all uneasy to be off."

"Yes," said Quinton, waving his hand to Dumida. "We shall send up to Lochlyden for a carriage and mattress to carry Mr. Grahame on, and a board for the sergeant; and as for that fiend, he seems to be dead."

Dumida took no notice of Quinton, but kept applying water to the recluse's forehead.

The word *fiend* and *dead*, fell on the ears of the recluse, and as if nature had mustered its last expiring effort in him, he essayed to cast one piercing glance at Quinton, and then riveting them on Mr. Grahame, resumed his confession.

"Tis a debt I owe to injured innocence," said he, in a tremulous tone, "and to myself, and which stern justice demands, that I should here reveal the question and the fate of my respected friend."

"Speak on," said Mr. Grahame.

"Well, then," continued the recluse, "the boy was taken to America and left with a guardian, and I returned to this place with the determination of spending the remainder of my days in solitude by the grave of Fullerton; but conscience-stricken for the crime—the crime against the living, whose wrong I could redress, I crossed the Atlantic, found the boy, and brought him with me, and again resumed the habits of my former vow, to live in solitude and die near the grave of her who gave me birth, and make expiation for the wrong I had done in deep repentance for the past."

"And is he living?" enquired Mr. Grahame.

"Yes," falteringly said the recluse, "y-e-s," and his eyes closed again.

"Where, where?" interrogated Mr. Grahame, in frantic eagerness. "Oh! bear him up, tell me, shake him from his lethargy!"

The recluse lifted his hand and laid it on Dumida; and casting a look at Mr. Grahame, said in hollow accents, "behold the heir of Lochlyden. The rights of the estate you'll find within my old chest," and kissing the cheek of Dumida, he sank back in his arms a lifeless corpse.

The consternation which followed this discovery may be more easily imagined than described. Dumida hung over his deceased friend in the bitterest agony, and Mr. Grahame swooned in the arms of Quinton. The party of soldiers, during the recital, had entered deeply into the sympathies of the recluse, and scarcely a dry cheek could be seen in the whole group.

"Unfortunate being," said the captain, as one of the men stretched his bare limbs, coloured with blood, on the rough rocks. "He seems to have repented of his past folly and crime until the misery of privation and his desperate circumstances, may have driven him to form connections such as we have encountered the previous evening." The pockets of his old coat were searched, wherein they found a com-

pass and note-book, in which was enclosed the picture of a lady and an almanac.

A hole was dug within the sea-mark, in which his body was laid, and covered.

The servants of Lochlyden had got notice of their master's fate, and had provided necessary conveyance for Mr. Grahame, who had fainted, and still lay insensible. The soldiers carried their sergeant shoulder high, and the little encumbrance of the chest, gun, sword, belts, etc., were borne among them as they wended their way up the solitary glen.

Lochlyden was one scene of sorrow, as their beloved master was carried by the soldiers to the mansion door, and from thence by his servants to his bedroom. Hellen was thrown into such a paroxysm of grief when the intelligence first reached her, that she had to be carried to her apartment, and one of the servants dispatched to Maybole in quest of a physician. The soldiers put up in the barn which they had left the previous evening; and the captain, who had almost forgotten his commission, in his attention to Mr. Grahame, was called upon in behalf of the men, by the corporal, for refreshments.

The corpse of the sergeant was laid on the corn chest, from which he had contemplated the setting sun the night before, and prophesied in musing presentiment, the uncertainty of their precarious expedition.

Dumida assisted the servants in getting the soldiers comfortably seated and attended to, who were no way sparing in bestowing compliments on the young Lord, as they called him, to the wonder of the other servants who had not heard of the discovery.

At this crisis, Dr. Leachman, from Maybole, had arrived in the court-yard. Dumida took the horse by the reins, and led him into the stable. The Doctor, who was a flustering, corpulent little man, was shown to the apartment by one of the servant maids.

"Good morning," grunted the man of drugs, which was responded to by Mr. Quinton.

"A sad morning's work, this," said the captain.

"Exceedingly," muttered the doctor, as he threw off his great-coat, and untied a large cravat, which nearly covered his red, broad face, which was redundant with a thousand pimples. "Is he sensible?"

"No, sir," replied Quinton.

"So much the better," said the other, as he sprang into bed beside the patient, turning down the bedclothes, and commenced tearing off the bandage. "Very bad," said he, muttering to himself, as he eyed the wound, and drawing from his breeches pocket a leather case, from which he took a small silver wire and began to probe the wound, alternately shaking his head as he looked at the depth, from the orifice to the lodgment of the ball.

"Is it mortal?" enquired Quinton.

"Humph," groaned the doctor. "Let's have some warm water," said he, "and a little quantity of green lint; the ball has entered below the shoulder blade, and will not be extracted without some difficulty."

The probing of the wound roused Mr. Grahame, whose mind, being in a delirious state, called out loudly to the doctor to show him the rights of the estate. "Bring Hellen," he continued, "from Lochlyden, that I may give her my last blessing. Dumida—no, Fredrice, my brother's injured son, give me your hand—say you forgive me. Oh! how happy I am. Poor Watson! poor, dying, Watson! Why did you not make yourself known? Oh, how your father and brothers and sister will—"

Here he ceased to speak. Meanwhile the doctor, during this effusion of mental abstraction, cleansed the wound, and by the application of small pincers, extracted the bullet, which he thought had not touched the lungs, and feeling his pulse, said, if inflammation did not increase, he had fond anticipations of his recovery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Henry Ward Beecher asked Park Benjamin, the poet and humorist, why he never came over to Brooklyn to hear him preach. "Why, Beecher," replied Benjamin, "the fact is, I've conscientious scruples against going to places of amusement on Sundays."

—The Savannah Republican contains a curious statement of the heights and weights of a Kentucky family of eleven persons, the shortest of whom is 6 feet high, and the tallest 6 feet 11; the lightest weighs 150, and the heaviest 286—the last named being the mother of the tribe.

Bits and Scraps.

..... Why is G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

..... Why is the letter J like the end of spring? Because it is the beginning of June.

..... She that marries a man because he is "a good match," must not be surprised if he turns out a "Lucifer."

..... A Yankee doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' hard labor, well worked in.

..... What is the difference between a bantam cock and a dirty housemaid? The one is a domestic fowl, the other a foul domestic.

..... "Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask you why you look at me so very savage?" "Oh, beg your pardon, sir! I took you for my husband!"

..... "Joe, how many scruples is there in a drachm?" "Don't know, zur." "Well, remember there's eight." "Be um? feyther always takes his'n without no scruples."

..... Dr. Valentine Mott once said to a turbulent graduating class, "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults and a small one for fees."

..... "Have you said your prayers, John?" "Ma'am, it aint my work; Bill says the prayers, and I the amens! We agree to do it because it comes shorter."

..... Jenny: Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him? Annie: Oh, yes! I got rid of him very easily. I married him, and have no lover now.

..... "Now, papa, tell me what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times." Queer definition that, still there's some truth in it.

..... "When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman in company, "I am always remarkably dull and stupid." "You are to be pitied, then, sir," replied another, "for I don't remember ever to have seen you without a cold in your head."

..... "No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a young would-be dandy in Brighton, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" asked Joe, immediately. "Because they can't see your ears."

..... A lady walking a few days since on one of the wharfs in New York asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune replied that it was "because her rigging cost more than the hull."

..... Don't attempt too much. Knives that contain ninety blades, four corkscrews, and a bootjack, are very seldom brought into action; and for this reason, in attempting too much, they have become so clumsy and ponderous that men of small patience can't get the "hang of them."

..... In the year 1784 the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to abolish the practice then prevailing, passed the following resolution, after considerable opposition—"That hereafter no member shall come into the Chamber barefooted, nor eat his bread and cheese on the steps of the Capitol."

..... An inventive genius intends applying to patent a machine which he says, when wound up and put in motion, will chase a hog over a ten-acre lot, catch, yoke, and ring him, or by a slight change of gearing, it will chop him into sausages, work his bristles into shoe-brushes, and manufacture his tail into a corkscrew.

..... The Chinese booksellers have an odd way of selling their volumes. They are disposed of not according to their value at a fixed price, but, according to weight. If on weighing them they are too light, the seller coolly tears some leaves from another book, and throws them into the scale! There are many books published in this country that are heavy enough to be sold by weight. Even some volumes of our light literature might come under this category.

..... A son of the Emerald Isle lately had occasion to visit the city in his vehicle. Having arrived at this point of destination, he alighted, and proceeded to transact his business. On returning to the place where he had left his horse and wagon, he was astonished that his horse had run away. "Sure, an' did he break the rein?" inquired he of his informant. "No, I believe not," was the reply. "Well, thin, how in the name of St. Patrick could he have got loose; for sure an' I tied the reins to the wagon?"

..... At a school examination previous to the holidays, the master determined to give a finishing stroke to show off the proficiency of the scholars, as well as to give the parents and visitors a touch of his quality, as a supreme professor of penmanship shows the copperplate style. Propounding and expounding the questions to his dear scholars, he concludes—not very grammatically, you will say—with this grand question and key to the art of writing—"What's the three first requisites of penmanship?" A shock-headed and auburn genius, with a decided inclination to the vermilion, burning to be distinguished as a prizeholder, shrieked out, "Easiness, legibility, and despatchiveness!" "Who's that?" says the professor. "I, Bill Vickers. Old Mr. Vickers, who was present, with a tear of pride at the achievements of his Billy, exclaimed, "Well, Billy, after that you must go to college and learn algebragy."

..... A medical neighbor tells the following: While on a picnic excursion with a party of young people, discerning a crow's nest on a rocky precipice, they started in great glee to see who would reach it first. Their haste being greater than prudence, some lost their holds, and were seen rolling and tumbling down the hill side, bonnets smashed, clothes torn, postures ridiculous, but no one hurt. Then commenced a scene of most violent and long-continued laughter, and in which, being all young people, well acquainted with each other, and in the woods, they indulged to a perfect surfeit. They roared out with merry peal on peal of spontaneous laughter; they expressed it by hooting and hallooing when ordinary laughter became insufficient to express the merriment they felt at their own ridiculous situations and those of their mates; and ever afterwards the bare mention of the crow's-nest scene occasioned renewed and irrepressible laughter. Years after, one of their number fell sick, became so low that she could not speak, and was about breathing her last. Our informant called to see her, gave his name and tried to make himself recognised, but failed till he mentioned the crow's-nest, at which she recognized him, and began to laugh, and continued every little while renewing it; from that time she began to mend, recovered, and still lives a memento of the laugh cure.