

could have led his command. They trust that measures will be adopted rendering impossible the employment of such men as have made the administration of Indian affairs a by-word, and they recommend the removal from office of those who have disgraced their Government, and that the guilty ones be punished as they deserve.

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]

[CONTINUED.]

DUMIDA, OR THE HERMIT OF COLZEAN.

PART THIRD.

From whatever cause, Lochlyden, for a lengthy period of time, had few visitors of any importance, and Hellen's pensiveness had assumed the confirmed habits of melancholy; seldom leaving her home, she occupied her time in reading, or walking in the garden. Her face, though naturally wan, in her most happy hours, had now assumed a yellowish hue, tinged at times with a spotted hectic flush; her eye, though once of a quick, yet, bashful, timid look, had become more clear and piercing. The lone bower, at the round seat, or the parlor window, which faced the dark glen, were her favorite resorts. There, often, she would sit, eyeing the declining sun as it painted in golden hues the fairy scenery of the motionless clouds, as they grouped their thousand forms of a world of spirits, in all the fanciful splendour of celestial glory, until she was roused from her reverie by her father, whose anxiety for her health was often compelled to break in upon her solitary reflections, with the parental warning of a solicitous father, whose soul was as much concerned for her safety as his own. Mr. Grahame, although a man of strong natural powers, had not the scrutiny to perceive the depth of mental suffering to which the mind is allied, in connection with acute perception, and weak nervous feeling. He suspected that the friendship and correspondence of Mr. Quinton might not have been congenial to her mind, as it had not been to his own. But as he lay under deep obligations to that gentleman, yet he never intended that anything more than friendship should be between them, although familiarities, he presumed, might on his part, have led her to think otherwise. And the countenance he had given Quinton with her, notwithstanding his disparity of age, might possibly bear upon her mind and produce the thoughtfulness and alteration so visible in her person and character. But as he thought a favorable opportunity might occur, wherein these matters would come to a happy conclusion, he chose to suffer her to continue in her present circumstances, without making any further enquiry for the time being.

Mr. Quinton had been from home for some time, owing to a law suit he had pending in Edinburgh and which required his immediate presence.

No doubt Hellen felt herself considerably relieved from his presence; but what affected her mind, was a report that Miss Mary Watson, who had been her tutor and governess had been taken dangerously ill and was not expected to survive. Although she had never heard anything alluding to Mr. Quinton, still the figures and expressions used by the recluse, bore upon her mind and affected her so, that day nor night could she forget that evening's occurrence. And above all, the secret correspondence of her father with Quinton, part of which she had overheard in the small room, when the mysterious ejaculations of fear and surprise from her father, respecting her deceased uncle and a lost child. And what tended to add gall to the bitterness of her reflection, was her lost anticipations in weaning Dumida from the company of Tantrum, the recluse, respecting whose character she had heard strange surmises and strong suspicions laid to his charge, in carrying on nefarious dealing with outlawed men. Her fears and anxieties were more on account of Dumida, whose friendship for the recluse had rather strengthened his increased intelligence, and her certain knowledge that he was not ignorant of the thousand rumors respecting him. And what was the real secret of her heart, she had long loved him, loved him sincerely and ardently, yet durst not breathe the most distant hint of that feeling which consumed her body, like the warm influence of the sun, on the snow-mantled earth. Her affection had grown imperceptibly upon her, until no other thing seemed of any moment, compared with the object of her admiration. Her father at one time felt a jealousy of this kind; but the idea

had long left his mind. Such were the circumstances in which she was placed, in deep and affectionate feeling, at war with herself for entertaining so unfortunate a passion; and yet, not capable with all her reasoning to bring it into subjection, although every link in the chain of her fortune bound her to a more elevated station. Still she loved, and that too, a being who had no known parentage, nor any particular physical development of external beauty to recommend him to her regard. Added to this, the country people and fishermen around the coast were fully persuaded that a supernatural influence was invested in the recluse, and that Dumida was a co-partner with him, in bringing upon them all the supposed evils which their superstitions suggested. If the wind drove their cattle from their usual haunts, or ruffled the bosom of the ocean, or lay a dead calm, so that their little fishing boats were drawn ashore, or lay like motionless things on the face of the deep, the blame fell on Tantrum and Dumida. If any of their cattle were affected with disease, or unhappily met with any accident or misfortune, the common saying was: "Tantrum of the Crag has been at work last night, casting his cantrums by the old monastery." The scenery of the Clyde, as it merges into the Irish channel and opening away to the Mull of Kintyre, Islay and Turbot, is a picture of sublime highland beauty, interspersed with islands and lakes, not to be equalled even by the rougher grandeur of masculine nature. There the Sentinal Ailsa of the firth rises out of the sea like a giant warden of the western isles; the resting place of myriads of gulls, and the safe retreat of the contraband trader.

Few men knew more respecting the small barges and their brown rigging which floated like dead logs, or skimmed the ocean as eagles to their respective destinations, when the coast was clear, than Tantrum.

From his hut, among the rocks, he could watch the King's Cutter as it sailed in pursuit of smugglers from the Isle of Man to Turnberry point. Well the smugglers knew his hiding place, from whence, by beacon light by night and signals by day, he was their safe-guard from capture, confiscation and imprisonment.

The spurious idea of his connection with evil spirits and the current reports of his sorcery, he rather countenanced as a blind to cover the complication of a nefarious traffic, carried on for many years on the west coast, by which he obtained a precarious living.

Mr. Grahame, being down at Ayr on some business of importance during the summer, on his return home passed the ruins of Dunoon Castle, and was leisurely contemplating the opposite landscape of the Clyde, and marking with delight the lights and shades of Arran's mountain steeps as the sun shed his glittering beams on its distant peaks, or when a passing cloud variegated the darkness and light, to the drapery of the heavens among the dells and glens of its highland scenery, or when its beams, shifted by the intervening clouds, threw its brightness on the homeward-bound vessel, dipping along in all the majesty of her white-washed canvass to her native port, gave meditation to his thoughtful mind. When looking further on by the point of Colzean, he observed a little vessel lying to the leeward, as if struggling with the cross tides, and on the outermost verge of the rock he caught the appearance of a small object; but it being a dangerous place, he could not let himself believe that any one would dare to venture so far out, although he could perceive a movement indicative of something like life. As he turned the opening of the cove, which led up through the glen to his own dwelling, he felt somewhat curious to walk a little further on, and keeping close to the brushwood below the face of the shelving rock until he came near enough to perceive the figure to be the much dreaded Tantrum, who sat eagerly eyeing the little vessel through a glass. This discovery led him to conceal himself—when he noticed a small ensign raised to the cross beam of the bowsprit sail. The recluse returned a corresponding sign, and raising himself he looked in every direction examining the line of coast; and then making another signal towards the vessel hastily clambered up the face of the jutting point, sprang from one opening of the rocks to another, until he reached the line of rock on which the surf beat its restless fury on the base of Colzean. Mr. Grahame, to evade observation, crept beneath the brushwood as Tantrum paced along the beach, on which he halted for a moment eyeing the little bark as it steered round the point as if outward bound, then

drawing his southwester over his dark brow, paced the short distance to his lonely cave in hasty steps. Mr. Grahame, finding himself at liberty to depart, quickly turned up the opening of the glen for his own mansion, with a thousand conflicting thoughts in his mind respecting the character and circumstances of this strange disclosure.

The evening sun shone bright o'er the trees of the avenue, which led to the main road, by Dyonsdown mains, when the heavy tread of an armed band marched up to Lochlyden hall. The captain enquired if this was the seat of Mr. Grahame, of Lochlyden? Dumida, to whom the question was put, bowed an assent, and retired to inform his master, who shortly appeared, and shaking hands with the man of war and another little robust companion, led them into the parlor. The sergeant of the guard drew up his men in breast and calling on them to ground arms, piled muskets, etc., which manœuvre was quickly obeyed. The soldiers sat down on the green knoll before the farmyard, and rested themselves. Some commenced filling their tobacco pipes, others as if tired with a long march laid their cocked hats by their side and wiped the perspiration from their weather-beaten faces, while others were striking their flints. "Isay, Bill," said one, "ain't this been a devilish hard day's march," "Devilish hard," responded the comrade addressed, who was opening his havresack, and thrusting a piece of brown bread into his mouth, "and all for that eresmuggling of gin." "I wish the devil had the kegs and the contents was emptied into our canteens," said the other, as he stretched out his neck to assist the morsel over his gullet. "Hallo!" vociferated another, to Dumida, as he passed the knoll, "How far may it be, to the coast from this here house?" Dumida shook his head. "A shut mouth catches no flies, Jack," said another, archly, as he squirted out a spittle, and replaced his pipe in his mouth. "I'm blowed," said a third, "if there ain't the prettiest wench peeping out that old-fashioned window, there, mine eyes have ever seen since I left Molly Bowring at Canterbury." "Aa," said his comrade, "do you hear this vaunting of Tom's about fat Molly of Bourrough lane, do ye see that old trunk of a tree there? Well, that, lads, for all the world, is just the picture of Tom's gal; and as for her features, old Polly Wash-tub, the Corporal's wife, whose face would turn the sweetest cream, is just such another darling." "You are very merry, my lads," said the sergeant, who leaned over the fence in seemingly a musing mood. "Perhaps some of us may never see such another setting sun in this here world again." "And what of that, serjeant," said one, "if all is well with us in the next? To be sure if you get adrop in the wing you will lose your stripes, that's certain; but for myself, do you see, I am full private, let the thing go as it may, and if they are as hard up for victuals, and as unequally divided, as they are in this here world, an exchange will be all one and the same for Darby Bannister."

By this time, Mr. Grahame, the captain of the party, and a third person, muffled in a great coat, emerged from the front door. And after holding consultation together, the captain called upon the sergeant, and gave orders to take the men into the barn, where some refreshment would be given them, before proceeding on their march.

The evening, although sultry, had set in rather cold, still the setting sun was resplendent, shedding a thousand tints on the marrelly clouds, as it declined beyond the peaks of Arran; leaving the shades of night and the starry firmament without a moon to enlighten the nether world. The repast being over, the captain summoned his trusty followers to muster. In a few seconds they were ranked in line and the command prime and load being given, the sharp ringing of ramrods filled the stillness of the place, like the voice of an angry foe. "Untie these flambeaus, corporal, and give each section one," said the captain; and then, addressing himself to the men said, "my brave lads, this gentleman will lead you to where your services may be required. Keep well together—spare human life—and be ready at the word of command. I am now only second in command; but I trust you will not be the less obedient on that account. Is all ready, serjeant?" "All ready, your honor." The little man in the great coat then placed himself at the front of the company, and Mr. Grahame followed, as the word "march" was given. The heavy tread of a well-timed step died away in the distance, and Lochlyden stood solitary in its rustic wildness, as if no jarring interests had ever broke its silence,

The armed band had not marched above a quarter of a mile until they were met by Mr. Quinton, at the foot of the avenue. "Who goes there?" cried the new commander [whose name was Dribbingshaw, an excise officer in Balentry]. "A friend," said Quinton. "Your honor, of Longfoot," said Mr. Grahame. "O, yes," growled the exciseman, "I have heard of the gentleman." The three whispered something together, when the latter rode hastily up to the house, left his horse and returned on foot. March, was again reiterated, and the party were soon among the shades of the glen.

A starlit night, along the sea shore, has rather a dreary aspect, when the light serves only to exhibit the rougher grandeur of the billows, breaking in white foam as they roll in heavy moanings to the shore; and further out on the ocean, the deep gloom and distant sigh of the troubled waves but increases the sombre melancholy to conceive a thousand voices rushing in consternation from a deadly foe. The cold increased considerably as the party advanced towards the opening of the bay, where they got orders in a low tone to halt. Mr. Quinton, anxious for their safety, directed them to a sloping part of the embankment which was covered with brushwood. To this place they silently moved, and crept in a bent position along the face of the rock. "Now," said the officer in command, "I trust you will keep a sharp lookout, and should we be so fortunate as to make a seizure to-night, you will not only have your share of the contraband goods, as by law directed, but I will give each man a hearty treat myself. And keep in mind that the smugglers are all well armed on this coast; and should we prove uncautious, we may be murdered, every man. I shall make the scouts myself—while you will remain with your captain until such times as I require your aid. Mr. Grahame and Mr. Quinton have very kindly offered their services so far as information is requisite. So gentlemen, I will just look about me for a little. Let the watchword be *Gin*; good bye." "I wish I had a drop of it just now," whispered one, in a low but energetic tone. "Silence," cried the captain.

Time glided dully on, and the excise officer had taken two or three turns on the lookout, but nothing appeared either on the shore or the ocean. The old bell of Kirkoswald church boomed the midnight hour, and the sound reverberated on the murmuring wind along the shore. "Hush, my friends," said he, "did you see that little twinkling light just now opposite the black rocks, about a mile out on the deep?" "Yes," said Quinton, pointing to the round point. "Yes, yes," responded Dribbingshaw, exultingly. "We shall do for the owls to-night; just let them land their cargo, and then"—"And then what?" exclaimed Mr. Grahame. "Oh, the attack," replied Dribbingshaw, "to be sure; but I will go and reconnoitre their proceedings, and report progress."

The night had grown considerably darker and the cold more intense; while the wind, irregular and gusty, sighed mournfully in unison with the tremulous roar of the waters over the Bars of Ayr, which ever and anon died away on the ears of the soldiers in ambush-cade. An hour had nearly elapsed, when Mr. Dribbingshaw returned in breathless haste. "Come," said he, "we shall have a glorious night of it, they have landed no less than twenty ankers already." "And are there many men?" enquired the captain. "I can't say how many," said Dribbingshaw, "I could only count about a dozen in the boats and on the shore, but there is generally a man to each anker." "What, twenty men?" ejaculated the captain, somewhat surprised. "And all of them lawless, desperate fellows, without one spark of mercy in matters of warfare, and as remorseless as the hunted tiger, and who give no quarters in case of defeat." "And there will be as little for them," interrupted Dribbingshaw. "But there will be quarters for the gin," said Darby Bannister, aside. "Come, come," said Dribbingshaw, "open up these flambeaus to give us light when we attack them on the shore. And the plan I propose is this," addressing himself to the captain. "You will lead close up to the point; when I will set fire to the oakum, you will perceive their position and march immediately upon them, ere they have time to defend themselves; and I will meet you round the water mark with a few men and cut off their communication with the vessel, while you will close up their retreat by land." So saying, the parties moved slowly along the base of the rock to the place specified, when a halt was made.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)