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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1835. WHOLE NO. 560.

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PEDLER KARL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

[*Concluded.*]

Pedler Karl, and the "gentleman in No. 10," would have been suspected in any other country of conspiracy. [How odd that the highest crime of a monarchy, the attempt to supplant the existing ruler, becomes in a republic a creditable profession! You are a *traitor* here, a *politician* there.] We sat together from midnigh onward, discoursing in low voices over sherry and sandwiches, and in that crowded Babylon his entrances and exits required a very conspirator-like management. Known as my friend, his trade and his disguise were up As a pedler, wandering about where he listed when not employed over his wares, his interviews with Meeta were easily contrived, and his lover's watch, gazing on her through the long hours of the ball, from the crowd of villagers at the windows, hovering about her walks, and feeding his heart on the many, many chance looks of fondness given him every hour in that out-of door society, kept him comparatively happy.

"The baron looked hard at you to-day," said I, as he closed the door of my little room, and sat down on the bed.

"Yes, he takes an interest in me as a countryman, but he does not know me. He is a dull observer, and has seen me but once in Germany."

"How, then, have you known Meeta so long?"

"I accompanied her brother home from the university when the baron was away, and for a long month we seldom parted! Riding, boating on the Rhine, watching the sunset from the bartizan of the old castle towers, reading in the old library, rambling in the park or forest—it was a heaven, my friend, than which I can conceive none brighter!"

"And her brother ——!"

"Alas! changed! we were both boys then, and a brother is slow to believe his sister's beauty dangerous. He was the first to shut the door against me, when he heard that the poor student had dared to love his high-born Meeta. Karl covered his eyes with his hand, and brooded for a while in silence on the remembrance he had awakened.

"Do you think the baron came to America purposely to avoid you?"

"Partly, I have no doubt; for I entered the castle one night in my despair, when I had been forbidden entrance, and he found me at her feet in the old corridor. It was the only time he ever saw me, if, indeed, he saw me at all in the darkness, and he immediately hastened his preparations for a long-contemplated journey, I knew not whither."

"Did you follow him soon?"

"No; for my heart was crushed at first, and I despaired. The possibility of following them in my wretched poverty, did not even occur to me for months."

"How did you track them hither, of all places in the world?"

"I sought them first in Italy. It is easy on the continent to find out where persons are *not*, and after two years' wanderings, I heard of them in Paris. They had just sailed for America. I followed, but in a country where there are no passports, and no *espionage*, it is difficult to trace the traveller. It was probable only that they would be at a place of general resort, and I came here with no assurance but hope. Thanks to heaven, the first sight that greeted my eyes was my dear Meeta, whose irregular step, as she walked back and forth with you in the gallery, enabled me to recognise her in the darkness."

My aunt, Isabella Slingsby, (now in heaven with "the eleven thousand virgins," heaven rest her soul!) was at that time, as at all others, under my respectable charge. I'm would have said I was under hers, but it amounts to the same thing. We lived together in peace and harmony. She said what she pleased, for I loved her; and I did what I pleased, for she loved me. When Karl told me that Meeta's principal objection to an elopement was the want of a matron, I shut the teeth of my resolution, as they say in Persia, and inwardly vowed my unconscious aunt to this exigency. You should have seen Miss Isabella Slingsby, to know what a desperate man may be brought to resolve on.

On a certain day, Count Von Raffle-off, (as my witty friend and ally, Tom Fane, was pleased to call the handsome pedler,) departed with his pack and the hearts of all the dressing maids and some of their mistresses, on his way to New York. I drove down the road to take my leave of him out of sight, and give him my last instructions.

How to attack my aunt, was a subject about which I had many unsatisfactory thoughts. If there was one thing she disapproved of more than another, it was an elopement; and with what face to propose to her to run away with a baron's only daughter, and leave her in the hands of a pedler, taking on herself, as she must, the whole sin and odium, was an enigma. I ate, drank and slept upon in vain. One thing at last became very clear—she would do it for nobody but me. *Sequitur*, I must play the lover myself.

I commenced with a fit of illness. What was the matter? For two days I was invisible Dear Isabella! it was the first time I had ever drawn seriously on thy fallow sympathies, and how freely they flowed at my affected sorrows, I shame to remember. Did ever woman so weep? Did ever woman so take an ipathy to man, as she to that innocent old baron for his supposed refusal of his daughter to Philip Slingsby? This revival of the remembrance shall not be in vain. The mignonette and roses planted above thy grave, dearest aunt, shall be weeded anew!

Oh! that long week of management and hypocrisy! The day came at last.

"Aunt Bel!"

"What, Philip, dear?"

"I think I feel better to-day."

"Yes?"

"Yes. What say you to a drive! There is the stanhope ——"

"My dear Phil, don't mention that horrid stanhope; I'm sure, if you valued my life ——"

"Precisely, aunt!" (I had taken care to give her a good fright the day before) "But Tom Fane has offered me his ponies and Jersey wagon, and that, you know, is the most quiet thing in the world, and holds four. So, perhaps—hem! —you'll—ask Meeta."

"Um! why, you see, Philip ——."

I saw at once that if it got to an argument, I was *perdu*. Miss Slingsby, though a sincere Christian, never could keep her temper when she tried to reason. I knelt down on her cricket, smoothed away the false hair on her forehead, and kissed her. It was a fascinating endearment of mine, that I only resorted to in great emergencies. The hermit tooth in my aunt's mouth became gradually visible, heralding what in youth had been a smile; and as I assisted her in rolling up her embroidery, she looked on me with an unsuspecting affection that touched my heart. I made a solemn vow that if she survived the scrape into which she was being inveigled, I would be to her and her dog, Whimsicalo, (the latter my foe and my aversion,) the soul of exemplary kindness for the remainder of their natural lives. I lay the unction to my soul that this vow was kept My aunt blessed me shortly before she was called to "walk in white," (she had hitherto walked in yellow,) and, as it would have been unnatural in Whimsicalo to survive her, I considered his "natural life" as ended with hers, and had him peacefully strangled on the same day. He lies at her feet as usual—a delicate attention, of which (I trust in Sweedenborg,) her spirit is aware.

With the exception of "Tom Thumb" and "Rattler," who were of the same double-jointed family, of interminable wind and bottom, there was never, perhaps, such a pair of goers as Tom Fane's ponies. My aunt had a lurking hope, I believe, that the baron would refuse Meeta permission to join us; but either he did not think me a dangerous person, (I have said before he was a dull man,) or he had no objection to me as a son-in-law, which my aunt and myself (against the world) would have thought the natural construction upon his indifference. He came to the end of the colonnade to see us start, and as I eased the ribands and let the ponies off like a shot from a cross bow, I stole a look at Meeta. The color had fled from her cheeks, and the tears streamed over them like rain. Aunt Bell was on the back seat —*grace a Dieu!*

We met Tom at the foot of the hill; I pulled up. He was the best fellow, that Tom Fane!

"Ease both of the bearing reins," said I, "I am going up the mountain."

"The deuce you are!" said Tom, doing my bidding, however. "You'll find the road to the Shakers much pleasanter. What an odd whim! It's a perpendicular three miles, Miss Slingsby! I would as lief be hoisted up a well and let down again Don't go that way, Phil!—unless you're going to run away with Miss Von ——!"

"Many a shaft at random sent,"

thought I, and waving the tandem lash over the ears of the ponies, I brought up the silk on the cheek of their mal-apropos master, and spanked away up the hill, leaving him in a rage likely to get a fresh supply of fuel by dinner time. Tom was of a plethoric habit, and if I had not thought he could afford to burst a blood vessel better than two lovers to break their hearts, I should not have ventured on the bold measure of borrowing his horses for an hour and keeping them a week. We have shaken hands upon it since, but it is my private opinion that he has never forgotten me in his heart.

As we wound slowly up the mountain, I gave Meeta the reins, and jumped out to gather some wild flowers for my aunt Dear old soul! The attention reconciled her to what she considered a very unwarrantable caprice of mine. What I *could* wish to toil up that steep mountain for! Well! the flowers *are* charming in these high regions!

"Don't you see my reason for coming, then, aunt Bella?

"*Was* it for that, dear Philip?" said she, putting the wild flowers affectionately into her bosom, where they bloomed like broidery on saffron tapestry. "How considerate of you!" And she drew her shawl around her, and was at peace with all the world. So easily are the old made happy by the young! Reader! I scent a moral in the air.

We were at the top of the hill. If I was sane, my aunt was probably thinking, I should turn here and go back. To descend the other side and re ascend and descend again to the Springs, was hardly a sort of thing one would do for pleasure.

"Here's a good place to turn, Philip!" said she, as we entered a smooth, broad hollow on the top of the mountain.

I dashed through as if the ponies were shod with *talaria* My aunt said nothing, and luckily the road was very narrow for a mile, and she had a horror for a short turn. A new thought struck me.

"Did you ever know, aunt, that there was a way back around the foot of the mountain?"

"Dear, no! how delightful! Is it far?"

"A couple of hours or so, but I can do it in less. We'll try." And I gave the sure-footed Canadians the whip, and scampered down the hills as if the rock of Sisiphus had been rolling after us.

We were soon over the mountain-range, and the road grew better and more level. Oh, how fast pattered those little hoofs, and how full of spirit and excitement looked those small ears catching the lightest chirrup I could whisper, like the very spell of swiftness. Pines, hemlocks and cedars, farm houses and milestones, flew back like shadows. My aunt sat speechless in the middle of the back seat, holding on with both hands in apprehensive resignation. She expected soon to come in sight of the springs, and had doubtless taken a mental resolution that if, please heaven, she once more found herself at home, she would never "tempt Providence" (it was a favorite expression of hers,) by trusting herself again behind such a pair of fly-away demons. As I read this thought in her countenance, by a stolen glance over my shoulder, we rattled into a village, distant from Lebanon twenty miles.

"There, aunt," said I, as I pulled up at the door of the inn, "we have nearly described a circle. Now don't speak! If you do, you'll start the horses. There's nothing they are so much afraid of as a woman's voice. Very odd, isn't it? We'll just sponge their mouths now, and be at home in the crack of a whip. Five miles more, only. Come!"

Off we sped again like the wind, aunt Bel just venturing to wonder whether the horses would'nt rather go slower. Meeta had hardly spoken. She had thoughts of her own to be busy with, and I pretended to be fully occupied with my driving. The nonsense I talked to those horses, to do away the embarrassment of her silence, would convict me of insanity before any jury in the world.

The sun began to throw long shadows, and the short legged ponies figured like flying giraffes along the retiring hedges.—Luckily my aunt had very little idea of conjecturing a course by the points of the compass. We sped on gloriously.

"Philip, dear! haven't you lost your way? It seems to me we have come more than five miles since you stopped," (ten, at least,) "and I don't see the mountains about Lebanon, at all!"

"Don't be alarmed, aunty, dear! we're high just here, and shall drop down on Lebanon, as it were. Are you afraid, Meeta?"

"*Nein*," she answered. She was thinking in German, poor girl, and heart and memory were wrapped up in the thought.

I drove on almost cruelly. Tom's incomparable horses justified all his eulogiums.—They were indefatigable. The sun blazed a moment through the firs and disappeared; the gorgeous changes of eve came over the clouds; the twilight stole through the damp air with its melancholy gray, and the whip-poor wills, birds of evening, came abroad like gentlemen in debt, to flit about in the darkness. Every thing was saddening. My own volubility ceased, the whiz of the lash as I waved it over the heads of my foaming ponies, and an occasional 'steady,' as one or the other broke into a gallop, were the only interruptions to the silence. Meeta hurried her face in the folds of her shawl and sat closer to my side, and my aunt, soothed and flattered by turns, believed and doubted, and was finally persuaded, by my ingenious and well inserted fibs, that it was only somewhat farther than I anticipated, and we should arrive 'presently.'

Somewhere about eight o'clock, the lights of a town appeared in the distance, and, straining every nerve, the gallant beasts whirled us in through the streets, and I pulled up suddenly at the door of an hotel.

"Why, Phillip!" said my aunt, in a tone of unutterable astonishment, looking about her as if she had awakened from a dream, "this is Hudson!"

It was too clear to be disputed We were upon the North river forty miles from Lebanon, and the steamer would touch at the pier in half an hour. My aunt was to be one of the passengers to New York, but she was yet to be persuaded of it. The only thing, now, was to get her into the house, and enact the scene as soon as possible.

I helped her out as tenderly as I knew how, and as we went up stairs I requested Meeta to sit down in the corner of the room, and cover her face with her handkerchief. When the servants were locked out, I took my aunt into the recess of the window, and informed her to her very great surprise, that he had run away with the baron's daughter.

"Phil—ip Slings—by!"

My aunt was overcome. I had nothing for it but to be overcome too. She sank into one chair and I into the other, and burying my face in my hands, I looked through my fingers to watch the effect.

Five mortal minutes lasted my aunt's wrath. Gradually, however, she began to steal a look at me, and the expression of resentment about her thin lips softened into something like pity.

"Philip!" said she taking my hand.

"My dear aunt!"

"What is to be done?"

I panted to Meeta, who sat with her hand on her bosom pressed my hand to my heart as if to suppress a pang, and proceeded to explain. It seemed impossible for my aunt to forgive the deception of the thing. Unsophistical Isabella! If thou hadst known that thou wert, even yet, one fold removed from the truth—if thou couldst have divined that it was not for the darling of thy heart that thou wert yielding a point only less dear to thee than thy maiden reputation—if it could have entered thy region of possibilities that thine own house in town had been three days aired for the reception of a bride, run away with by thy ostensible connivance, and all for a German pedler, in whose fortunes and loves thou hadst no shadow of interest—I think the brain of thee would have turned, and the dry heart in thy bosom have broken with surprise and grief.

I wrote a note to Tom, left his horses at the inn, and at nine o'clock we were streaming down the river, my aunt in bed, and Meeta pacing the deck with me and pouring forth her fears and her gratitude, in a voice of music that made me almost repent my self-sacrificing enterprise. I have told the story gaily, gentle reader! but there was a nerve ajar in my heart while its little events went on.

How we sped, thereafter, dear reader!—how the consul of his majesty of Prussia was persuaded by my aunt's respectability to legalize the wedding by his presence—how Miss Slingsby fainted dead away when the parson arrived, and she discovered who was not to be the bridegroom and who was—how I persuaded her she had gone too far to recede, and worked on her tenderness once more—how the weeping Karl and his lame and lovely bride lived with us till the old baron thought fit to give Meeta his blessing and some money—how Tom Fane wished no good to the pedler's eyes, and lastly how my aunt Bella lived and died wondering what earthly motive I could have for my absurd share in these events—are matters of which I spare you and Mr. Colburn the particulars. He is obliged to me of course. May I flatter myself that you are not?

A MODERN BRUTUS.

[*From the French.*]

It was in the summer of 1819, that the incident occurred which I am about to relate, and which agitated all that part of France which was the scene of its enactment. I was studying the antiquities of Rouen, that beautiful city, on which the character of the middle ages is so deeply imprinted. I had already surveyed and admired its wonderful cathedral, its castles, its fountains, and its venerable crosses, when I found myself, one morning, before the hall of justice. Crowds were flocking to it from every quarter, the expression of whose eager faces seemed to announce the expectation of some deeply interesting judicial drama. The doors were not yet opened, and I awaited patiently the moment which should give entrance to the multitude, and leave me to the uninterrupted enjoyment of my antiquarian researches, and of the reflections on the past which they should call up in my mind.

It came at length, and I was left in solitude. Hours were passed in wandering from one interesting relic to another—examining, verifying and comparing—recalling the scenes and incidents of ancient days, and contrasting them with what now existed around me; when my attention was awakened by the animated looks and gestures of two advocates, who had halted at the foot of the great staircase, and from time to time directed their eyes toward the hall of justice, as if anxiously awaiting the result of some important trial. They approached me, and the loud tone of their conversation made me involuntarily acquainted with its subject; it was the judgment of a father, the murderer of his only son. My curiosity was aroused, and yielding to its impulse, I drew near the speakers, who saluted me with courtesy, and readily obliged me with the following narration:

"Arnauld Magnier, who is at this moment under trial, is a retired veteran, whose spirit is as loyal and true to honor as his temper is quick and violent. He had an only son, a young man of about nineteen, who, inheriting the energetic character, without the rectitude of his father, early became the slave of corrupt and degrading passions. Frequent complaints had been laid before the old man, of his son's excesses, and more than once he had inflicted upon him severe punishment; which, so far from working a reformation, only seemed to harden the spirit of the incorrigible offender. One evening Magnier received a visit from an old and valued friend, M. Duval, the proprietor of an extensive manufactory at some distance from the city, who had accepted the invitation of his ancient comrade, with the intention of returning home at night.

Edward, the son, who had for some time appparently renounced his dissipated and licentious habits, was present, and cheerfully aided his father in fulfilling the duties of hospitality. The cheerful glass and merry jest went round, and the flight of time was unheeded, until at length the eyes of M. Duval chanced to fall upon the mantel-clock, which indicated the hour of eleven: he arose hastily, and, resisting the entreaties of his friend to pass the remainder of the night under his roof, fastened on his belt, from which the clank of gold was distinctly heard, mounted his horse, and set off for home.

He had proceeded nearly half a mile, and was about entering a little wood, through which the road was carried, when suddenly, at the termination of a glade, conspicuously lighted by the moonbeams, he saw approaching him a man whose face was blackened, and whose movements indicated a hostile purpose. The merchant drew a pistol from his holster, and giving his steed the spur, quickly found himself confronted by the stranger.

"If you would save your life, give up your purse!" exclaimed the latter, in a hoarse and apparently assumed voice, presenting a pistol in each hand. M. Duval had his finger upon the trigger of his own, and was upon the point of firing, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he dropped his hand. "My purse!" he replied; "take it—there it is;" and he detached his belt, and placed it in the hand of the robber. The unknown turned and was quickly out of sight; while the merchant resumed his journey buried in thought, and allowing the bridle to hang loose upon the neck of his horse, whose pace gradually dwindled to a walk, without appearing to attract the notice of the rider.

Thus he continued to proceed for nearly half an hour, when raising his head, like one who had arrived at a conclusion, M. Duval suddenly checked his horse, and turning the rein, set off at a full gallop on his way back to the place from whence he had come. He drew up in the suburbs of the city, near the house of his friend, left the horse at an inn, and proceeded to the gates which opened upon the garden at the back of Magnier's dwelling. He entered, and advancing with cautious steps to the window of the veteran's sleeping apartment, which was upon the ground floor, tapped gently against the glass. The signal was heard, and M. Duval speedily admitted. "My friend," said he to the old man, who was impatient to know the cause of his quick return, "I have been waylaid and robbed—the voice, the figure, and, so far as I could distinguish them under their disguise, the features of the robber struck me—they have given rise to a strange thought—I may be deceived, but my conviction is strong that the honor of your house" ——

"What do your words portend? For heaven's sake explain."

"Listen!—heavy charges are brought against your son—I hope that my suspicions may be wrong—forgive me—it is my friendship for you ——"

"In mercy, speak out at once—what would you say?"

"Alas! my poor friend, I am forced to suspect ——"

"Whom? What? That it was *he*?"

"Calm yourself—let us examine quietly, and, if possible, convince ourselves that it was nothing more than a resemblance."

"Come, exclaimed the old soldier, taking up the lamp, and leading the way to the chamber of his son. They entered cautiously, and found him buried in a profound slumber. The old man whose hand trembled violently, passed the light before his eyes, to assure himself that the sleep was real, and then turned to his friend with a deep sigh, like that of one who is relieved from a terrible suspense. The merchant bent down over the sleeper, and doubt and fear again resumed their sway in the mind of the unhappy father, whose eyes roamed cheerfully around the apartment—they rested at length with horror upon a blackened cloth, a pair of pistols, and a leathern belt which the robber had imperfectly concealed beneath his pillow.

"Still this *proves* nothing," exclaimed the merchant, who shuddered at beholding the ghastly workings of the old man's face; "besides, I was on horseback, and how could he overtake me on foot?"

"There is a foot-path that is much shorter," answered the father with a dreadful look; "and if proof were wanting, it is here," he continued pointing to the shoes and gaiters of the young man, which were covered with damp mud. M. Duval cast down his eyes without a word.

"And he sleeps," the old man muttered, while his eyes glowed with a fearful light; then with a despesate hand he grasped one of the pistols, and before the merchant could even move to interrupt his purpose, he lodged its contents in the brain of his guilty son.

"This is the crime upon which the court is now engaged in passing judgment, and it is the result of the trial, that we, and the crowds whom you have seen entering the hall, are so anxiously awaiting."

Just then a multitude of people hurried down the staircase, and amid the confusion of voices that broke upon my ear, I heard frequently repeated the words "banishment for life." J. G. W.

LONDON AS IT WAS.

The following letter, written by Ann Boleyn to a lady of her acquaintance, previous to her nuptials with Henry VIII, now in possession of a celebrated antiquarian, may perhaps lead many of our readers in a leisure hour, to compare the past and present manners of the British nation. We have modernized the spelling and the idiom.—

"Dear Mary:—I have been in town almost a month: I cannot say I have found any thing in London extremely agreeable; we rise so late in the morning, seldom before six o'clock, and sit up so late at night, being scarcely in bed before ten, that I am quite sick of it, and was it not for the abundance of fine things I am every day getting, I should be impatient for returning into the country. I am to have a pair of stuff shoes for my Lord of Norfolk's ball, which will come to three shillings. The irregular life I have led since my coming to this place has quite destroyed my appetite; you know I could manage a pound of bacon and a tankard of good ale for my breakfast in the country, but in London I find it difficult to get through half the quantity, though I must own that I am generally eager enough for the dinner hour, which is here delayed till twelve, in your polite families. I played at hotcockles last night at my Lord of Leicester's; the Lord of Surry was there, a very elegant young man, who sung us a song of his own composition, on the Lord of Kildare's daughter; it was very much approved; and my brother whispered me, that "the fair Geraldine" (for so the Lord of Surry calls his mistress,) is the finest of her age. I hear she is as good as she is beautiful. Pray take care of the poultry during my absence; poor things! I always fed them myself; and if Margary has knitted me the crimson worsted mittins, I should be glad if they were sent up the first opportunity. Adieu, dear Mary I am just going to mass; and you shall speedily have the prayers, as you now have the kindest love of your own

ANNE BOLEYN."

How different from this would be the language of a modern beauty upon her first appearance in the metropolis!

Singular and most Important Invention —Mr. Parker, of the state of New York, has discovered a composition which will harden like a stone, and yet may be worked in a soft state easily as mortar!—Exposure to the weather causes it to petrify and become actual stone, requiring a heavy blow with a hammer to break it. A specimen may be seen at Mr. Garfold's shoe store, in Congress street, who is agent for Mr. Parker in this city. Mr. P. has recently completed a section of Canal as a specimen of that intended to bring water near New York from the Croton river. It may be cast in moulds in the form of pillars, fire places, vestibules, &c. and is not dearer than brick. Its value is incalculable for buildings, cisterns, &c. situate in wet or damp places. It is undoubtedly one of the most important inventions of the day. The American Institute have awarded Mr. Parker a gold medal.—*Troy Chronicle.*

"Do you like novels?" said Miss Languish to her up country lover. "I can't say," answered he, "for I never ate any; but, I tell you what I'm tremendous at—a young possum!"