

## A TALE.

### THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"Away with her—she blasphemeth the gods—let her be cast to the lions!"

It was a high day in Carthage. The sun shone with unclouded splendor on the white palaces that glittered along the beautiful bay of the Numidian city. The streets were thronged with the populace in gala dresses, for it was a festival in honor of the gods. Towards the great hills of justice a crowd poured continually, though the avenues leading to it were blocked up; but the rumor had gone abroad that a Nazarene maiden was that day to be tried, and the public curiosity was alive to behold her demeanor or hear her fate.

Within the hall there was scarcely room to stir. A dense mass of spectators filled it to suffocation, and it was with difficulty that the officers could keep the crowd from encroaching on the space reserved for the judges.—The most intense excitement pervaded the apartment. The audience as if impatient of control, heaved to and fro, and more than once an ineffectual attempt was made to rush on the prisoner, while ever and anon the shouts would rise from the crowd.

"Away with her—she blasphemeth the gods—let her be cast to the lions."

The object of this angry cry was a girl, scarcely yet in her eighteenth summer, and surprisingly beautiful. She stood at the bar with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, her lips moving as if in prayer, apparently regardless alike of the howls of the mob and the angry looks of the judges.

"Wilt thou sacrifice? Again I ask thee, wilt thou sacrifice?" said the prætor sternly:—remember—to refuse is death—the emperor is inexorable."

The maiden convulsively wrung her hands, and a large tear-drop started in her eye. A breathless silence ensued. Notwithstanding the cries for blood, the spectators were agitated by many and various emotions. Some were secretly favorable to the new religion, and other pitied the accused on account of her youth and beauty, but at least half of the audience were bigoted Pagans and thirsted for her death. These being the most brutal, had the ascendancy, as every popular tumult. But all kept silence now, awed by the feelings of suspense which ever attends the crisis of another's fate or our own.

To the maiden those few moments of silence were crowded with recollections. The events of her whole life rushed past her. She saw once more the pleasant valley where she had spent her childhood. She heard its cool waters, the rustle of its palm trees, the tinkle of its sheep bells on the distant hill. Then other associations rose up before her. She saw herself attacked by an angry wild beast, and saved only by the javelin of a chance traveller, a young Numidian hunter.

The gratitude, deepening into love, which ensued; the mutual pledge of fidelity till death; their separation in consequence of his entering the army, and being ordered to the German frontier with his cohort, moving before her like scenes in a magic phantasmagoria. Then came her conversion to Christianity, her secret baptism in an upper chamber, where the persecuted sect met, her arrest and imprisonment, and now this scene! She felt that she stood alone, with no friend nor relative to advise; an orphan, poor, and of a despised religion. Oh! if her brave soldier had been there, she knew she would have one bosom to lean on in this terrible crisis. But no pitying eye looked on her from the crowd, and seas rolled betwixt her and her bold lover. Yet, though thus deserted her faith did not desert her. In earnest prayer she sought strength from heaven, and he who stood by Polycarp among the lions heard her cry. The momentary weakness brought on by her recollections of how many dear ties yet bound her to earth disappeared, and she looked firmly at the judge, her form erect, and her eye like that of Stephen when he confronted his murderers.

"Wilt thou sacrifice? I ask for the third and last time," demanded the prætor. "Cast incense on the altar of Jupiter and thou shalt be saved. Refuse and thou diest ere high noon!"

The spectators bent eagerly forward and held their breaths, to catch the maiden's answer.

"I am a believer in Christ," she said calmly; "Him whom ye call the Nazarene. I cannot sacrifice to false gods. Do with me as you will."

There was something so meek, yet dignified and courageous in these words that the mob's fury was for a moment choked in admiration. But their heathen prejudices and thirst for blood soon attained the ascendancy of better feeling. A low sullen murmur ran through the crowd like the half stifled growl of a famished wild beast, which gradually deepened into a shout; and then came execrations and threats for vengeance.

"Away with her—she blasphemeth the gods—let her be cast to the lions! roared the angry multitude."

"Thou hast chosen thy fate," said the judge rising. "Away with her to the lions."

The maiden turned deadly pale, but, though only a weak woman, she evinced no other sign of horror or fear. When the soldiers approached to seize her, she shuddered for an instant, as if she already felt the fangs of the lions; but immediately this trace of emotion vanished, and she signed for them to lead on. Yet there was still left one mortal feeling in her bosom. As she stepped from the bar she shrouded her face in her veil to conceal it from the gaze of the crowd.

"To the lions with her! Let her be cast to them at once. Ho! for the amphitheatre!" shouted the crowd, rushing tumultuously after the condemned maiden, struggling and fighting with each other to get near that they might spit upon the prisoner, and now and then lashing themselves into a fury so great that it was with difficulty the soldiers could keep the mob from tearing her limb from limb. The slight frame of the maiden now shook perceptibly with terror, for though she had nerve herself

to face the lions, her virgin delicacy shrank from being made the victim of a coarse and brutal rabble.

In this manner her conductors struggled through the streets, until in sight of the amphitheatre. Here, at the corner of one of the ways, they were met by a vast crowd composed of the lowest mob of the city, who hearing of the condemnation of a Nazarene, had gathered together ripe for mischief. Led on by some of the vilest of their demagogues, they had resolved to assail the officers in charge of the prisoner, that they might sacrifice her more summarily than by the lions in the arena.

"Stand back!" said the captain of the guard, unsheathing his sword, as he saw the threatening aspect of the crowd.

"Down with him!" cried one of the rabble, hurling a missile at his head. "Give us the prisoner, or you die with her."

"Close in, men, close in!" shouted the officer undauntedly. "You pay with your lives for the safety of the prisoner."

The little band gathered in a compact circle round the maiden, and prepared to maintain the unequal contest.

"Down with them all!" shouted one of the most prominent of the rioters, "soldiers and prisoner—they are all secretly Nazarenes.—Down with them."

With these words he headed a rush of the crowd, that bore back the scanty band of the soldiery like feathers that are swept by the gale. Stones and bricks, meanwhile, filled the air, though the soldiers were defended by shields; several were wounded. The prisoner, in this onset, would have fallen a victim to the missiles of the mob, but for two of the more humane of the soldiery, who covered with their bucklers. Thus pushed back by the rabble, the guards retreated against the wall of a neighboring house, and being now covered in the rear, essayed with more hopes of success to make good their stand until succor should arrive from the city legionaries.

But the futility of this hope was soon apparent. The mob swelled rapidly, extending far down the thoroughfares on either hand. The whole city seemed up. There were doubtless among the crowd many who were secretly favorable to the prisoner, and a still greater number who wished not to see her perish except by a lawful death, but the more violent, if not most numerous, had attained the temporary ascendancy, and the others, uncertain, of their power, were afraid to move in her behalf.

More than half of the guard had now fallen; the others were worn out and wounded. The soldiers began to murmur.

"Why should we die to protect for an hour or two the life of a Nazarene?" cried one of them. "Comrades, let us surrender her to the people."

A sullen murmur of assent ran along the scanty ranks, and the mob, hearing the mutinous words, desisted, and broke into buzzes.—The maiden saw that her hour had come, and sank shuddering to her knees, lifting her agonized eyes to heaven in a last appeal. Suddenly, over the deep roar of the buzzes, rose the trumpet of cavalry, and the pavement seemed to the kneeling girl to rock beneath her, under the tramp of many horsemen. She started to her feet with sudden hope. The shouts of the populace had ceased simultaneously, and now was heard, close at hand, the clatter of hoofs and the shrill sound of the trumpet.

Like flock of sheep awaiting the approach of wolves, stood the late riotous mob; now silent, with black faces, and standing agape at the sudden apparition of the horsemen. Down they came, the solid earth shaking under them; while far in the van, on a barbed horse, rose the voice of their leader.

"Disperse ye knaves!" he cried, in a tone used to command, as he rose haughtily in his stirrups. "Disperse, or we ride you down."

And turning to his troops, he waved his sword and shouted.

"Charge!"

The word struck terror into the populace.—For one instant they hesitated, but for one instant only. Up the long avenue, to where it turned to the left, they beheld the glittering lines of cavalry advancing at a gallop, each file wheeling around continuously as if countless numbers yet remained behind, and at the sight the stoutest hearts gave way. The cry "fly for your lives," rose on every hand, and, darting into the by-streets or rushing headlong down the main thoroughfare, the mob dispersed with the rapidity of magic. By the time the leader of the cavalry had come up, the street was empty.

Throwing his proud steed back on his haunches as he reached the guard, the commander of the cohort addressed his brother officer.

"We were just in time, I see. I heard, on landing, that there was a riot in the city, and the cause, and I galloped at once thither. We are to-day come from Italy; and I bring important news. Diocletian is dead, and the persecutions against the Christians are to be stopped. It is well we came up as we did—"

He would have spoken further, but at this instant his attention was arrested by a shriek from the prisoner and the mention of his own name. He turned quickly around, and for the first time his eyes fell on the maiden. Quick as lightning he leaped from his horse, flinging the bridle to the nearest bystander, he rushed towards her.

Throwing his proud steed back on his haunches as he reached the guard, the commander of the cohort addressed his brother officer.

"We were just in time, I see. I heard, on landing, that there was a riot in the city, and the cause, and I galloped at once thither. We are to-day come from Italy; and I bring important news. Diocletian is dead, and the persecutions against the Christians are to be stopped. It is well we came up as we did—"

He would have spoken further, but at this instant his attention was arrested by a shriek from the prisoner and the mention of his own name. He turned quickly around, and for the first time his eyes fell on the maiden. Quick as lightning he leaped from his horse, flinging the bridle to the nearest bystander, he rushed towards her.

These will appear from time to time, illustrated by engravings, and will form a new era in the developments of society, civil, social and domestic, political and public life. The evils abounding in fashionable society will be unmasked, the deep degradation of the abandoned made visible, the spirit of licentiousness which prevails to an alarming extent in all classes of the community, walking abroad at noonday with a bold front and impudent air, will be rebuked and held up for public execration. And in fine public abuses and private evils, of whatever name or nature, will be confronted and exposed and whatever may tend to promote the public welfare shall receive encouragement & support.

The publishers will spare neither labor nor expense in furnishing the public with a paper which shall be unequalled, in any attainable point of excellence, by any similar publication in the world.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS per annum, in advance. *6-3* Letters on business must be post paid, in order to receive attention.

Address WARD & COMPANY, June 6, 1844. 30 Ann street N. Y.

The young officer himself soon became a Christian, his conversion to that faith being

doubtless attributable to the example and arguments of Julia.

On the pleasant shores of the Numidian bay stand the ruins of a once splendid palace.—Tradition says that there lived the Christian maiden and her puissant husband, the hero and heroine of our story.

### Queensware & Glassware.

THE subscriber has now on hand a large and complete assortment of Queensware and Glassware of new style and patterns, among which are

Common, printed and China Teas, do do Tea pote, Sugars and Creams.

C. C. printed & drab Pitchers & Bowls, C. C. Edged and Printed Plates, Twifters, and Muffins.

C. C. edged and printed Dishes, Pakers and Nappies, China, Blue raised, figure and printed Tea Sets

Plain and pressed Tumblers, Moulded salts, peppers and vinegars, do Preserve dishes and cup plates, Mopasses Cans, &c.

All of which will be sold at the lowest prices for Cash or approved paper.

### COUNTRY MERCHANTS, HOTEL

Keepers, and others wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine the stock.

### W. S. SAMPSON.

No. 88 Main street, East side, 3 doors below Third street, Cincinnati.

May 23, 1844. 22-ly.

### NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received a large stock of—

### Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Fur and Wool

Hats, Fine Caps, Iron, Nails, Cotton Yarns,

Sole and Upper Leather,

Salt, &c.

All of which will be sold at the Cincinnati Prices, adding carriage only on heavy articles. Those wishing to buy Goods will find it to their interest to call and examine our Goods before they make other purchases.

### R. & S. TYNER.

Brookville, Oct. 3, 1843.

### PORTRAIT PAINTING.

THE undersigned has taken a room in the Court House, and is pursuing the line of his profession, he invites the public to call and see his portraits that he has on hand, believing that he will be patronized when his reasonable terms become known and his like

nesses have been examined.

### J. B. GOODWIN.

Brookville, May 22, 1844.

### GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

### NEW YORK SATURDAY EMPORIUM

A WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL OF

Literature, Agriculture, the Mechanic and fine Arts, Political Economy, Criticism, Metropolitan Life, Domestic and Foreign news, Political and Commercial Intelligence, Statistics, Tales, Poetry, Music, Engravings, &c.

### NEUTRAL IN POLITICS & RELIGION.

EDITED BY EDMUND B. GREEN.

THE subscribers have made arrangements to publish, in the City of New York, a Weekly Newspaper, under the title of the "SATURDAY EMPORIUM." It will be printed on a folio sheet of the largest dimensions, embracing THIRTY-SIX columns of reading matter. The quality of the paper and the typographical execution will be of the most superior character.

The first Number will be published on Saturday, June 30th.

As a full, comprehensive, miscellaneous newspaper, the Emporium shall not be surpassed by any other in the U. States. It will embrace everything that can be brought within the range of the Newsgatherer, the Literateur, the letter Writer, the Poet, Philosopher, and Critic. It will present a daguerreotype view of Life as it is—Men as they are—Matters and Things as they seem—and nothing shall be wanting to make it a desirable

Good books deserve good binding; did they contain the power of speech as well as all manner of tongues, how many tales of woe would they relate to us of the neglect and destruction they have suffered merely for the want of a decent exterior, which might have been supplied for a few shillings, and would have secured to him the intimacy and friend

ship of the scholar and gentleman, preserving

to futur generations.

Gentlemen residing at a distance, experiencing a difficulty in getting their Binding, will find it to their advantage by packing and directing them as above, style and price; they may rely upon their being well bound, at the lowest prices, and carefully packed and returned without delay. In all such cases, the owner will be charged with freight, and an order for payment for the binding, on a bank or firm in Cincinnati, is required.

### DR. W. MOORE.

HAVING permanently located himself in the town of Brookville, respectfully tender his professional services to the public.—He hopes from a thorough knowledge of the various branches of his profession, a long and extensive practice in the fevers incident to the west, and especially his skill in obstetrics, and the treatment of the diseases of women and children, (having devoted much of his time, both in study and practice, to that branch of the profession;) to merit, and receive a liberal share of patronage from a generous public.—Bills to suit the times.

Residence on Main Street, immediately South of the residence of Mr. J. W. Pitt; and opposite the new brick building of Mr. S. Tyler.

Brookville, May 1st, 1844. 19-3m.

### DR. R. E. PUTNEY'S Fever & Ague and Chills & Fever PILLS—Warranted to Cure the longest standing cases,

CAN be had at the store of Mr. Thos. Fifteen, Rochester, and Mr. M. W. Haile, Brookville—my sole agents in Franklin county, Indiana.

R. E. PUTNEY.

N. B. If the directions are strictly followed and no cure effected, no charges will be made.

Sept. 6, 1843. 37-ly.

### MACHINE CARDS.

JUST received from the manufacturers, on consignment, a lot of Machine Cards, for

SALE FOR CASH.

PRICE & LINDSEY.

Brockville, April 8, 1844. 16-ly.

### NEW GOODS.

BANES & BURTON beg leave to inform their customers and the public in general, that they have just received a large and splendid assortment of seasonable goods, (which they are determined to sell low) consisting in part of

Wool Dye, Blue Black Cloth.

" " Blue do.

" " Green, do.