The South.

THE ARMOURER OF MUNSTER.

A PAGE FROM THE

HISTORY OF FANATICISM.

(Continued.)

III.—THE MARKET-PLACE.

Franz hurried on to the gate of the town, which was now clear and deserted. The immediate space within was empty, and wore an aspect of desolation. Traces of the recent struggle were everywhere to be seen; doors and windows broken down; pieces of furniture scattered on the pavement; bed linen twisted into ropes and hanging down from the roofs, whence some poor wretches had tried in that way to escape; and here and there a solitary head might be detected peering timidly from behind a half drawn curtain. Even Franz, much as he gloried in the triumph of his party, felt a dismal misgiving as he looked around upon the mourning evidences of the ruin by which it had been achieved.

He had not proceeded far up the street, recalling as he went along every familiar nook, when he heard a rapid footfall behind him, as of some one closely following him. He turned quickly upon his pursuer, and recognized the little tailor who had accompanied the priest to the Gast-haus.

"Take me with you, countryman," cried the tailor, in a squeaking voice—"take me with you, that I may return in respectable company."

"You here?" said Franz: "where were you during the scuffle?"

"Where was I?" returned the tailor; "well, I have no objection to tell you, for I think you are a very valiant sort of a man, and will appreciate my discretion. At first I hid myself behind the stove, but when the Hessians came in, and the danger grew hotter, I crept under the stove."

"Poltroon!" muttered Franz, "have you no courage but that of confessing your cowardice?"

"Now why do you say poltroon?" said the tailor, "it is an ugly word. It may be all very well for you to talk of courage—every man to his trade. A great strong armourer like you must hammer at the iron, and I suppose you don't much care whether it is on the anvil or the back of an enemy. But look at me—a poor little snip of a tailor! what business have I to fight? Besides, it is our privilege to be as cowardly as we please; and I should be the last of tailors to forfeit our ancient privilege by any unseasonable show of bravery."

"But under such circumstances how did you prevail upon yourself to risk your fraction of a body back again here?"

"Ay, there's the wonder!" returned the tailor; "I'll explain it to you. I run no risk at all—I'm quite safe: and I can even promise my protection. You may look at me, but I am the sworn comrade of Jan Bockhold, the second of our prophets, and when the old government is completely ripped up, I mean to cut out some office for myself. Why not? I do not think I am destined to fill any great military post, but I may accept the chancery or treasury."

"You?" said Franz, bursting into a roar of laughter, and eyeing the mannikin with a look of humorous derision.

"I don't mind being laughed at," said the future chancellor: "I'm used to that. Tailors are always laughed at; but they sometimes get the laugh on the rough side, with a rough seam to it. Rope and muscle are not the only things that make a man great. Jan Bockhold was a tailor—that is, he *was* a tailor. But what is he now? and what *will* he be? There is no saying what he may come to; his muscle is in his head; so is mine perchance. Last winter, when we were out of work, we joined the strolling players, and Jan always took the king parts, and played them with a royalty more like a king than any real king I ever heard of. Give him the world, and he will govern it."

"A mountebank is the ruler of my people!" exclaimed Franz with a deep sigh, as passing out of the first street they came suddenly upon a spot where crowds of people were gathered in a state of extraordinary excitement. They were all employed in various ways, endeavouring to fortify the town. Men of all ages and ranks were working at the fortifications. Women and children were mixed up in the hurried labour; spades, shovels, pickaxes, and all sorts of implements were drawn into the service; the clanging tramp of draught horses over the frozen ground, and the dull rumbling of cartwheels echoed through the streets. The energy of the people showed with what enthusiasm they had entered upon their strange task. Every arm was in action, all was movement and exertion; the faces of the busy groups shone out with eager vitality; there was but one will amongst them—to maintain at the cost of life the dangerous advantage which they had up to this point secured almost by miracle.

"What do you think now, countryman?" said the little tailor, tapping Franz gaily on the shoulder; "no bishop will need teeth of iron to gnaw through the walls we build."

"What is that?" inquired Franz, who, not heeding the vaunt of his companion, was looking up at two stone tablets fixed over a gate.

"Read and be instructed. These be tables of the laws of our second Moses, the great Matthias," replied the tailor, in a tone of ludicrous reverence.

It was quite clear to Franz that the second Moses was conducting the affairs of his people with a decision equal to the necessities of the occasion; but while the problem was rising in his mind as to whether the prudence and wisdom of Moses were on a level with his boldness, Franz's attention was suddenly called off by the thunder of a hundred drums beating the alarum. The yell of the over-excited populace answered the calls from all parts of the town. Franz felt his blood run like ice in his veins. The furious shout was not the reply of a brave people to a brave summons; it resembled rather the roar of a baited lion thirsting for human blood.

The tumultuous crowds flocked from all quarters to the market place, like the waves of the sea lashed by a tempest; they rushed hither and thither with a stunning uproar. The densest part of the assemblage was close to the cathedral of St. Lambert, where the leaders, armed with pikes, morning-stars, and matchlocks, and looking as fierce as if the enemy stood before them, formed an impenetrable circle from the centre of which, in the pauses of the tumult, Franz could hear the voice of a man preaching with vehemence to the people. The scene was new and striking. It shocked, yet it excited him. He felt a sense of inexplicable repugnance to the tone of savage violence which pervaded the multitude; but being with them in their cause, and sharing in their aspirations, he was satisfied by the devotion of purpose they displayed. In such moments there is no time for reflection, men are carried away by passion, and too much impelled by a common zeal to separate their individual judgment from the fiery action of the mass.

Stirred by the surrounding enthusiasm, Franz was as eager as the rest to ascertain what was going forward, and springing on the projecting quoin of a house, where he contrived to support himself by grasping the iron pole of a fire basket, he secured an elevated position, from whence he could command the whole front of St. Lambert's with a distinct view of the persons of the prophets, who were standing on the great gate of the cathedral. The little tailor, whose agility did not serve him in such scenes, was crouched below.

"What do you see?" said the tailor.

"A tall gaunt man in a coarse woollen robe," replied Franz; "but I can hardly see his face, his hair and beard are so dishevelled. There! I see him better now. What fire there is in his eyes, and white foam upon his mouth. He is brandishing a spear over the head of an old man, who is kneeling to receive his death-blow."

"He is our great Matthias," exclaimed the tailor; and Franz could hear a low chuckle follow the announcement.

Now came a rush of people, headlong towards the spot where Franz was clinging. The torrent was irresistible, and he was swept from his post of vantage. Then the little tailor, nearly crushed to powder, seized the pole of the baskets, and began to swear lustily at the freaks of their high mightinesses, the people.

"The devil!" said he, "the people won't let the people see what the people are doing in their sovereign will and pleasure."

While this colloquy was going on between the tailor and the majesty of the collective wisdom, a fair-haired girl, of singular beauty, but wan with grief and terror, pressed through the crowd till she reached the spot where the tailor was clinging, and, impetuously grasping him with both hands, burst into a passion of tears.

"Thank God!" she sobbed, "I have at last found one man I know; one to whom *he* was always bountiful, and who will assuredly succour him now in his hour of great peril. Good Kreutzer, if you are a man—if you have the heart of a Christian man—help us, help us!"

"Lord, how violently you pull, child!" answered the other. "What can possibly bring *you* here, Klara? What can you want with me?

"I want your help. You, alone, can render us the succour we stand so fearfully in need of. You have power with Jan Bockhold."

"You hear that," said the tailor, winking slyly over his shoulder at Franz; "I have power with Jan Bockhold! You see it is the common town-talk already. Chancellor, at last," he added, in a significant voice, with an expressive gesture aside to Klara, as much as to say, "And who knows what fair flower like this I may transplant into my chancellorship?"

The vehement manner in which Klara broke through this comical by-play of Kreutzner attracted Franz's attention. He saw that her agitation was caused by some urgent matter, perhaps of life and death; and he instinctively associated it with the extraordinary scene which was at that moment passing before him.

"What is the matter?" inquired Franz, in a kindly tone, to give assurance to her. But he was a stranger and had no power to serve her, and in her misery she heeded not his words; so, turning to Kreutzner, with frantic impatience, she again besought him to assist her.

"Go to Jan Bockhold. He will do whatever you ask him. You know he was your comrade for many a day by board and bench. Implore his mercy for my uncle."

"Your uncle, Jungfer Klara!" exclaimed Kreutzner; "What can have befallen Meister Krutzlinger?

"Meister Krutzlinger, did you say?" inquired Franz, who seemed to be quite as much amazed and interested as Kreutzner himself. "Do you mean Hubert Krutzlinger, the armourer?"

"The same," replied the girl eagerly, a ray of hope lighting up her pallid features at the inquiry.

"My old master," returned Franz. "What has chanced to him? What is there that a stranger, who hardly knows a face in the town, but would willingly risk a limb to serve worthy Hubert Krutzlinger, can do to aid you?"

"Ah? what can you do?" said Klara: "but you look as if you were in earnest, and would act like a man for a friend in trouble. You and Kreutzer might save him. They have dragged him out of his house, for no crime but his thoughts, which surely were his own,—the thoughts through which he held communion in the darkness of the night with his God! They have dragged him here to trial before the people, to die a felon's death."

"Upon what accusation?" demanded Franz.

"Oh, I hardly know how to utter it—it is so false, so cruel! They say he has blasphemed the prophets—blasphemed the prophets!" she continued, sobbing, and rocking herself to and fro in horror at the contemplation of a charge which she knew was regarded as the most heinous of all crimes by the new rulers.

"It is a grievous accusation," said the tailor, gravely; "intercession is hopeless."

"Not for the innocent," replied the maiden.

"We waste time," said Franz; let us make way through the crowd, and demand justice for the old man. They cannot refuse him a fair trial. Hark! what was that?"

The report of a shot rang through the air. It was the discharge of a single matchlock; and for a moment the multitude was hushed into stillness. For that brief moment a feeling of awe seemed to pervade the whole gathering, but it was of short duration, and was rapidly succeeded by shouts and yells which indicated the savage glorification of the fanatics over some act of bloodthirsty frenzy. Even the denunciations of the prophet, whose voice had hitherto been heard at intervals above the roar of the crowd, were utterly drowned in that long-continued burst of fury. But there was one sound which in the midst of the tumult smote sharply upon the ear of Franz—the despairing shriek of Klara. It revealed at once the horrible incident which had just taken place.

A movement was now observable in front of the cathedral; and now the dense mass gradually opens, and four soldiers of the burgher-guard advanced slowly in grim silence, bearing on their crossed halberts the bleeding body of Meister Krutzlinger, the armourer. The savage Matthias had executed a summary vengeance upon his victim. The man still lived: but he breathed hardly, and was racked by spasms; and the blood trickled heavily from the gun-shot wound in his breast, and from the spot where the prophet had plunged a spear in his side.

"The Lord have mercy upon me!" exclaimed the dying man, "and forgive me my sins!"

Matthias for a short space walked by his side. A terrible solemnity sat upon his features. His eyes were lighted up with the lurid brilliancy which is sometimes seen to give such a strange expression to the faces of the insane. To the people it bore a character of inspiration.

"Hold thy peace! 'tis*thine hour is not yet come. Bear him to his home. Heaven has decreed that he shall not die; for it is written, 'I will not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may repent and live.'"

IV—THE ARMOURER.

The house of the armourer stood in a small street close to the market place; and as the mournful procession went its way the people pressed around, and rendered it difficult to thread the narrow avenue. But Franz kept close to his old master, trying to make his voice known to him in words of hope and comfort; and even endeavored to assuage the agony of the moment by recalling to his memory the old times when he had learned his craft under him, telling him that he would work for him from morning till night, as might be needful for his recovery. But the old man's senses were fast failing him, and present pain was paramount over all thoughts of the past or the future.

At last they reached the house. The door was thrown open, and a girl rushed wildly into the street to meet them. The suddenness of her appearance startled Franz: but it was the lustre of her beauty which chiefly surprised and bewildered him. She was altogether unlike Klara,—as unlike as the eagle is unlike the dove. The commanding dignity of her presence struck even the audacious populace with respect, and they fell back as she approached. The exquisitely chiselled features, the white brow, the jet black hair which covered her shoulders, the full dark eyes flashing with excitement, the grace of her noble and finely-moulded form presented such a vision to the eyes of Franz that it was no great wonder his faculties should be suspended from the melancholy duty in which he was engaged, and the scene he had just witnessed should for the instant pass out of his mind, while he gazed in wonder and admiration upon a figure which seemed more like an enchantment than a living creature.—Even her tears only increased the fascination.—Something must be allowed for the effect upon his imagination of so unexpected an apparition at such a moment, if allowance be necessary on behalf of rapid and overwhelming emotions in young hearts.

"Uncle—dearest uncle—what has befallen you?" she exclaimed, as the rude burghers bore him roughly into the house, and laid him on a bed.

"He has blasphemed the holy mission of our prophets," said one of them, "and Matthias has judged him before the congregation. And, having delivered this announcement, the bearers stalked out of the house as if they shuddered at all further contact with the condemned. The door closed after them, and Franz was left alone with the two watchers by the deathbed of his old master.

There was heavy silence in the room, broken only by the intermittent convulsions of the dying man. Klara crept close to the bed-side, where she knelt and prayed, with her head buried in her hands. At last the enthusiastic girl, who stood apart, and whose dazzling form still distracted Franz's attention from his pious task, spoke aloud in a low, firm tone, "Alas, uncle! the Holy Spirit has abandoned you to this sin, and its bitter punishment."

"Silence, foolish wench!" exclaimed Krutzlinger, gathering up his failing strength; "the Holy Spirit abandoned me when I gave up my son to this false creed, and believed these monsters to be ministers of the Lord. Oh, rank delusion! oh, transgression; and I die in humble hope—a Christian!" And he tried to clasp his hand together, and to pray, but the words expired between his trembling lips.

"Ah! he blasphemes," said the dark-haired girl, pressing her long finger over her eyes.

Franz had hitherto remained in the shadow of a great piece of furniture which occupied one end of the room, afraid to move lest his appearance might still more disturb the last moments of the old man. But the approaching end was now too visible to justify further hesitation, and he advanced to the bed.

"We are not alone, uncle," said Klara, gently looking up at Franz, who stood close by her side.

The armourer slowly raised his eyes, and endeavoured to read the features of the youth. Recollection came dimly and slowly. He had heard him speak, but was unconscious of what he had said; and now that he began to trace the lineaments one by one, a confused image arose before him, taking by degrees a more defined and familiar shape; and after a pause of doubt, a smile passed over his face, and he faintly uttered "Franz!" The name was hardly articulate, but it was intelligible enough to reach the heart of him to whom it was addressed.

"Franz," exclaimed the youth, as he flung himself upon his knees, and grasped the armourer's hand: "Franz Wagner, your old apprentice, your fast friend, come to help you in your extremity, if he can;" and he burst into a flood of tears, which no effort of manly pride could control.

When the first anguish of her grief had subsided, Klara endeavored to staunch her uncle's wounds. The blood flowed less freely than before, but the sufferer's strength was rapidly sinking; and he was himself so conscious of his condition that he motioned them to gather around him—it was a last effort.

"Merciful Providence!" he said. "I thank Thee for all Thy bounties to me,—and for this, the greatest of all. My poor girls are orphans. When I am in the grave they lose their last protector; the thought of that makes death bitter. Franz, you are true, and honest, and good; give me your hand and plight, and swear to me that, when I am gone, you will guard these poor children, and work for them, with the faith of a brother."

Franz turned to gaze upon the orphans: the lightning glance of Elise was fixed upon him, but Klara hung over her dying uncle. The heart of the young man throbbed wildly, and, grasping the hand of the armourer with passionate emotion, he exclaimed,—

"Father, I swear to guard them with my life—to preserve them with my labour—to be a brother and protector to them."

"Bless you—bless my girls! I die in peace!" and a bubbling cry rose from him as his head fell back upon the pillow.

"He is gone before the judgment!" exclaimed Elise, sinking into an attitude of prayer.

It was so: the spirit of the old man had departed in that final effort.

The responsibility of his new position—so singularly brought about, and so suddenly imposed upon him—made a solemn impression on Franz.

[To be Continued.]

Movements in Maryland.

The citizens of Talbot county, assembled in mass meeting at Easton on the 23d inst., when Dr. Samuel Harper was called to the chair, and Samuel T. Hopkins appointed secretary. The following gentlemen were then selected as vice-presidents:—Dr. A. M. White, Charles R. Mullikin, William W. Lowe and Henry T. Hopkins.—Col. Hambleton offered a series of resolutions, which were adopted, and among which were the following:

Resolved, That we regard the persistent purpose and action of the Administration at Washington in conveying troops and munitions of war over the territory of Maryland, contrary to the remonstrances and protests of her citizens and constituted authorities, and after the murderous results of Friday last in Baltimore, as a declaration of war upon the people of the Southern States of the Union.

Resolved, That Maryland is essentially Southern in interest, feeling and association; that her destiny is with the South, and that in the present crisis of affairs, federal troops ought not to be permitted to pass over her soil, destined to subjugate the Southern States which have seceded from the Union, and to awe and repress those still remaining therein, and prevent the free exercise of sentiment upon their part in this behalf.

Resolved, That in the present crisis immediate steps should be taken for the protection and defense of the people of the country.

Resolved, That the commissioners of the county be and they are hereby authorized and required to levy upon the assessable property of the county the sum of twenty thousand dollars, to be expended, if necessary, under the superintendence and control of a committee of safety to be appointed by this meeting.

Resolved, That the commissioners of the county, together with the committee, be authorized and empowered to borrow the above sum at once on the pledge of the levy above named, to be legalized immediately on the assembling of the Legislature.

After the reading of the above resolutions, Jas. H. Martin, Esq. addressed the meeting and offered the following additional resolution:

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting, the Governor of this State should respond to the President that under no circumstances can troops of Maryland be sent to Washington, responsive to his requisition, for any purpose.

Letters from Madison Brown and P. B. Hopper were read, stating that active measures had been adopted in Queen Anne's county for the safety and protection of the citizens.

Gen. Tilghman then offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the young men of the county should at once enroll themselves in companies for duty, either in the county or in any part of the State where their services may be required, and that the old men should enroll themselves in companies for the special defense of the county.

Col. H. C. Bateman then moved that the committee of safety provided for in the 5th resolution consist of ten, which was adopted. Whereupon the chair appointed the following gentlemen as the said committee:—Col. Saml Hambleton, Col. E. Lloyd, Jr., Thomas J. Clark, Col. Wm. R. Hughlett, Wm. Rose, Gen. Richard Thomas, Richard Holleday, John Chilcutt, John Harrington, John W. Kemp.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

(ANNUAL SESSION.)

FIRST BRANCH, *Thursday, April 25th, 1861.*—The resolution appropriating $1,200 for the repair of the drawbridge over Jones' falls was received from the second branch, with an amendment requiring the amount to be taken from the appropriation of $1,100 made for the improvement, &c., of the back basin: which was concurred in. The resolution authorizing iron fire-plugs to be placed on the corner of Aisquith and Fayette and Gay and Orleans streets was adopted. Mr. Yiesley offered a resolution requesting the committee to examine into the condition of the stepping stones across Alice Anna street at its intersection with Washington st., &c.; adopted. The resolution to have a fountain on Calvert street removed was adopted. The president presented the report of Wm. S. Peterkin and Thomas L. Emory, agents for Baltimore of the McDonogh estate up to the date of April 12th, 1861. It states that the various properties belonging to the State have been sold with the exception of the half of a valuable tract of land in the parish of Iberville of 1,311 acres, five small tracts in the same parish, containing 799 acres; 10,000 acres in the parish of St. James, and 600 acres in the parish of Lexington. The report describes these unsold lands. The remaining nineteen slaves belonging to the estate are awaiting the departure of the next vessel of the American Colonization Society to Liberia. There is a writ still undetermined brought by a certain Moses Fox on an alleged codicil to a will bequeathing him $300,000, which the agents think will be decided in their favor. Their accounts exhibit a balance in the Citizens' Bank of New Orleans on the 12th of April inst., of $14,099 76. The resolution authorizing F. H. Grupy to erect a steam engine on his premises was adopted. Mr. Bolgiano offered a resolution authorizing the city to issue $1 corporation notes—laid over. Mr. Nicholas offered an ordinance authorizing the water board to sell the lands and effects of the board not wanted, and empowering them to issue the notes of the board for sums not exceeding $100,000, &c.—laid over. The Branch adjourned till Friday, at 5 o'clock.

SECOND BRANCH.—Branch met.—Present, Charles J. Baker, Esq. president, and a quorum of members.—Mr. George, from the committee on the fire department, reported a resolution to allow J. Etchberger to extend a frame work to his kitchen, at No. 342 East Baltimore street; read and passed. An ordinance making general appropriations for various city purposes was received from the first branch, read and laid on the table. The resolution to allow John W. Maxwell to erect a verandah on the second story of his building on Calvert street, near Franklin, was read and passed. A resolution for certain improvements at Centre fish market and at Hollins street market was received from the first branch and passed. A resolution to place flagstones at sundry places was received from the first branch, read and passed. Adjourned.

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