

STORIES OF THE HUDSON
RIVER COUNTIES.

BY

DIRCK ST. REMY.

"I thank God I was born on its banks, and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in the heterogeneous compound of my nature to my own companionship with this glorious River."
IRVING.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POLIPEL'S ISLAND,	7
LAST OF A GENERATION,	23
THE MYSTERY OF DANSKAMMER,	35
A WAIF OF THE WAR,	53
ALMOST MARRIED,	94
WARDEN OF MAHOPAC,	111
ST. ANTONY'S NOSE,	132
GOLD UNDERGROUND,	150
THE MAGIAN'S DAUGHTER,	164

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Musical Institute,
No. 2 LAFAYETTE AVENUE,
BROOKLYN, L. I.

STORIES OF THE HUDSON.

POLIPEL'S ISLAND.

URING the last war that has been, or will be with the mother country, there were more Britons than now scattered through that part of Dutchess that borders on the Hudson. Residents of New York—then so jealously guarded by the yeomanry of the River counties—the stern necessity of state policy had compelled them to leave their homes, and sojourn till peace came “above the Highlands.” But it being more their misfortune than their fault thus to be held in suspicion, on account of their birth-place, they were kindly received in many a mansion and farm-house; and their prudence in word and act cemented many friendships.

Among other gentry who opened their doors to the exiles, was the father of Mary Pell; and,

naturally, first in interest and esteem among her involuntary guests, was the young, but reverend Paul Vernon. Difference of national sentiment only spiced their social intercourse. A moonlight sail on the Bay was all the more relished for a spar about "Sailors' Rights," and a picnic at Fairy Island much enlivened by their exemplification of the "right of search." Under the favorable auspices of country summer life, acquaintance rapidly matures, and before she dreamed the aristocratic Rector could be charmed by her rustic graces, he had come fervently to love the heiress of Pelham Cove.

But his was not the only arm that supported her up the hill-side path; nor his the only eye that watched for a glimpse of her soul when she turned her luminous glances from the picturesque panorama to the faces of her friends. Hers was a happy home where her old schoolmate Guert Brinkerhoff had long been a welcome visitor. The river swept before the lawn, and they had often hunted shells on the beach. Older now, their hearts were like that river scene, unchanged, save as the moods of nature change. On the same broad piazza they loved to witness the mi-

mic fury of the waves when the winds crested, and the clouds shadowed them;

"Or watch the twilight linger
Along the purple skies,
As if 'twere loath to leave behind
So fair a paradise."

Together they would urge their ponies along the mountain road, or climb South Beacon from whence four States help to make the landscape; but their favorite haunt was her arbor on the river bank, where, when too late to read, they could gaze silently on the reflected radiance of the hill-crowned village opposite, or

The dim swinging lights that hung from the spars,
And mingled below with the glimmer of stars.

So these summer days rolled by as the others had done, with never a word of betrothal spoken, yet Guert Brinkerhoff looked forward to his nearly reached majority, when he would take her to his home a willing bride. Proud of the homage paid her by Paul Vernon, his noble nature had no room for a jealous thought, and though acknowledging superior accomplishments in his rival, his honest heart did not deign to fear

them. Perhaps his mistress would have preferred a little more sensibility. At times, not an angel but a woman, she could not resist the temptation to playful coquetry; and the Rector's eyes brightened at a fancied interest in his eloquence over what she bestowed on the young Squire's homely wit and humor. Neither lover having declared himself, of course, she reasoned her maidenly duty was non-intervention. But deep down in her heart was a wealth of affection she was all unconscious of, for the friend of her youth, needing only some crisis in her life, such as came to her ere long, to call it forth spontaneously.

Through half the winter so the game went on, and none could guess who would win. On road and river, the lady of Pelham Cove was as often seen with one as the other; now dashing along behind gay Guert's grays, now skating leisurely with the suaver Vernon. But the demeanor of the players continued as calm as the interests of outsiders grew intense, and one morning when the bells of the Brinkerhoff sleigh, with Guert at the rein, evidently accoutred for a long ride up the river, came ringing through the pillared gate-

way, the voice of Vernon, just off the ice, met their jubilant echo.

"Morning, Brinkerhoff! Really the grays seem as indefatigable in their winter campaign as their master; but I fancy it is nearly over."

"No, no, Dominie!" sung out Guert, pulling up, "count on a month more at least. Getting thin on the roads, but thick enough yet on the river."

"And more brittle than you imagine. If this weather continues it will break up in a day or two. Surely you do not mean to risk the ponies to-day, not to speak of *la belle Pell*?"

"Ha ha!" laughed Guert, jumping from the sleigh in the front of the piazza. "My skill in ice-craft is likely to equal yours at any rate. You suggest an illustration, Mr. Vernon! Snow on land and ice on water are very different affairs."

"Yes, *affaires du cœur*," interrupted Vernon, "are safer on the one than the other."

"But, as I was going to say," continued Guert, "the first is like a woman's heart when the warmth within meets the lover's sunlight from without, and melts her coyness. And the other

resembles the same heart when — well, you know."

Just then contrasting strangely with the whiteness all around, appeared the sable face of Quawm, an ancient servitor who had come out to care for the horses.

"Will Massa Brinkerhoff have the harness off?" he whispered through his gleaming ivories.

"No, Quawm! only throw their blankets on, we will start in a few moments. Dominie, you had better go too. In a multitude of escorts there may be safety." But Paul only shook his head as they entered the presence of the object of their idolatry, whom they found gloved and bonneted, glowing with health and gleeful over her long talked of sleigh ride "up to the Paltz."

No one hinted to her a word of danger; only while Vernon was tucking the bear-skin robe around her feet before they drove away, Quawm, who had been making mysterious signs to Guert, broke out with: "Massa Brinkerhoff! better come back by the shore road to-night; when I puts my ear to the ice it sounds hollow, and I hear something."

"Nonsense! Quawm, you have been long

enough from Guinea to forget those Fetish notions."

"Can't help 'em allus, Master Guert. Howsumedever, rather you and young Missus come home on 'terry firmy.'"

"So," said she, "the spirit has taken to quoting Latin; you must keep an eye on him, Mr. Vernon! *au revoir!*" and her silvery tones rung out upon the air, mingling with the music of the bells.

Down the gravelly road along the beach he watched them; then out on the river till far in the North, the speck vanished from the ice plain.

Wearily passed that long remembered day. Some weird presence seemed warning him of peril. In vain would he check the thought as folly, as he lay down one book to take up another. His favorite authors had lost their charm, for his heart was away to the northward where Guert was pressing his suit at last with words of open frankness, and his fair companion studying how she could retain her freedom yet a little longer. A suspicion that it might be so, did not tend to quiet Paul's restlessness. The last number of *Coleman's Evening Post*, only four days old, lay

temptingly on his table, but even this could not fix his wandering fancies till his roaming eye fastened greedily on a little item that spoke of "much floating ice in the North River, just above the city." Then he blamed himself for his former lingering and uncertain mode of gaining the hand of her he loved so long; else he might have had the right to have dissuaded her from the fascinating ride, and kept her to himself to-day.

Ever and anon turning his wistful glances where his thoughts were, in the hope that they might have taken counsel of their fears, and turned back before their journey's end; at last he mounted his horse to ride away from his anxiety. But a few miles down the Breakneck road he saw and heard enough to make him hasten home and take to his skates, if so, he might meet them miles above on their return, and warn Guert off the river. Below he could hear the low roar and dull crashing of the channel ice, and even where he skated the places that had yesterday been only dangerous, were now black pools, and as far as he could see, there were ominous fissures crossing and re-crossing each other. But he pressed on till the twilight had gone. The moon

would not rise in an hour. His peril was more imminent than theirs, and only the thought, that she might be lost whom he could have saved, and the joy of his life go out forever, kept him steadily on his course—

"Who falls from all he knows of bliss
Cares little into what abyss."

And well was it for the returning travellers that Paul Vernon kept on. The moonlight, when it came, did not discover to his searching gaze a soul moving over the wide expanse; but presently a tinkling sound was borne on the rising wind. He listened. Louder floated their merry jingling, and then around a beetling headland that had hid them, at full trot dashed the unsuspecting grays. He shouted, though he knew their master could not hear him, and when he did they were almost upon him.

"Why Dominie Vernon! as I live," cried Guert, "where are you going? where have you been? you look as pale as a ghost in the moonlight."

"You would be pale too, Guert Brinkerhoff, if you had been as near the bitterness of death as I

have. Thank God! I am in time to hope to save you, Mary."

"Oh, Mr. Vernon, is it so bad?" asked she, "get in the sleigh and tell us what you mean. Stop Guert!" The greys stood a moment.

"No, I will not add my weight," said the Rector; "Brinkerhoff, you need all your horses' speed to get down to some point where you can go ashore."

"Well, that is some distance, you had better get in," said Guert, who was always last to own a risk.

"No, no, hasten!" almost angrily cried Vernon, "I will pilot you. The river is open below the Highlands, and a great wall of broken ice was piled up there this afternoon, and if that gives way when the tide turns, the whole mass will move from Pelham Cove, if it has not already."

Away sprang the horses in Vernon's wake, whose fears added wings to his flight. But the youth and maiden were happy still; perfect love casteth out fear; only an hour before they had given themselves to each other for all time and for ever. But slowly and surely, as the moon

mounted the sky, the fateful crisis was approaching them, and when miles below they saw the glitter of its beams, their short dream was rudely broken. It could not be the ice they said that shone so, for on it there was snow. No, it must be a sheet of water where the ice had gone out or sunk suddenly, and then the full meaning of Paul's warning burst upon them.

The strange celerity with which nature works this change on her great highway must be seen to be realized; one may pass over the solid bridge at night, where on the morrow he cannot walk but by a miracle.

On flew their guide; on sped the grays as if conscious that the race was for life. Already the dim outline of the shore where they could land was visible. They could almost count the scattered house lights, that never before had looked more welcome; when suddenly a mighty roar smote their ears, and turning instinctively they saw a fast widening line behind them, winding like a huge serpent, black and glittering, to the northward. The channel ice had given away above and beside them.

But they were on the eastern flats; and now

heading for the shore over uglier cracks than Guert had ever tempted, he hoped to reach it before the quivering mass swung loose from its moorings. All at once, the horses, with a neigh of fright, broke from his control. The ice-field was moving, and some subtle sense told them what impended. Before them was a fissure wider than could be leapt over, and growing every moment.

Quick to see the new peril, Paul grasped the bit as they rushed by, and hung on desperately till Guert had time to cut the traces; then let them plunge untrammelled into the yawning gulf, and take their chance for life.

The young men watched them struggle over to the firmer ice, but whether they made sure their footing, they could not tell, through the dim increasing distance. Wider grew the chasm! Their last faint hope of being carried against some jutting point, was lost. *The tide had changed.* It was running out, and bearing them downward indeed, but further from the shore. The noise of the massive cakes grinding against each other grew terrible. Their frail float was fast failing. Great pieces broke off it above and below; and

when they had reached the bay, wind and tide impelling, it was so small they could see the ice heaving, crashing, whirling around them.

So they floated, looking death in the face, till opposite the home of Mary Pell. Its peace so near her, and yet so far; she, who had been calm through all, sobbed wildly, stretching out her hands toward that lone light which waited for her, and calling for some one to come. None could hear, and no boat could have lived to reach them through that seething surge. But the deep voice of Vernon reciting from the Litany: "And from sudden death, good Lord deliver us," recalled her; and to him she spoke:

"Forgive me, Paul! I could not help loving Guert more than you, though I hardly knew it till to-day. Pardon me the sorrow."

"Peace to you, Mary!" said the Rector slowly. "Guert has told me what my own heart would feign deny. And to show you I forgive, let me, as he wishes, unite you with holy words—not till death do you part—but that sinking in each other's arms you may awake one."

And it was done.

Then all was calm again throughout the little

company that seemed to stand in the very shadow of doom. The beauty of the solemn rite had withdrawn their minds from their awful surroundings, and they felt new strength to die.

Paul was the first to break the short silence. "Look! what is that dark spot ahead?"

"A pile of rock almost in the middle of the river," Guert replied, "and it will either save or ruin us." True, there it lay directly in their course, and would either shatter their brittle raft of fragments, or check its wild career. Again they roused at this last bare chance of rescue, and supporting Mary as near the edge as they dared, braced themselves for the coming shock.

Nearer and nearer their strange craft bore down upon what blocked its path till it struck, trembling from stem to stern. "Now or never," shouted Guert, and before the eddy had whirled it away, over and off it they leaped with their half fainting burden, upon the solid land. Oh! the depth of their thanksgiving! in the joy of their deliverance, that barren rock seemed one of the Islands of the Blest.

Under a kindly cliff they laid her, covered with their heavy coats, while they walked for warmth,

till at last Guert fell asleep from sheer weariness. Waking at the dawn, he looked in vain for Vernon, and seeing the river clear of ice shoreward, rightly guessed, "Paul swam ashore for help lest the bride should freeze or starve before the wedding party came off!" But she only put her hand over his mouth, and pointed where old Quawm was rowing out boldly. At the water's edge they met him, with "Have you seen Mr. Vernon, Quawm?"

"Now Massa Guert! let me take a good look at you and Missus before I tells you all about it. I want to be sure now you haven't all been drowned, for Massa Vernon looked as he had been sure." His fears being set at rest, he let them in the boat, and on the way over continued, "You see 'twas after midnight when up the shore road looking for signs of you I met horses with the traces cut. Then you better believe massa I run, and the old woman run and 'larned the neighbors, crying that her pretty Polly Pell had done gone and drowned. Some went up, but I came down the Breakneck road, and says I to Massa Vernon, dripping wet, 'What you done with Missus?' and he said 'Married her,' and

he never stopped. Says I, 'Where is she?' and he said, 'with her husband,' and then he pointed over to yon island that was always too small to name—ha! ha! but it will have one now. Polly Pell, Polly Pell."

"What do you mean, you sable son of Africa," said Guert, "calling your mistress so?"

"It wasn't Missus I was calling, Massa, but THE ISLAND."

LAST OF A GENERATION.



ES, she is the last of her generation!" said Uncle Tom as we sat and gazed upon the venerable matron. The thoughts suggested by the remark took refuge in the recess of each heart, and threw a spell over our hitherto mirthful circle. The last of a generation! The sole representative of the times that witnessed her youthful joys and sorrows; the last link unbroken in the chain that served to connect her past with our present. The ordinary limit of human life she had passed long ago, and was one of the few who could count their fourscore years and ten, and yet not find their strength all labor and sorrow.

Time had stolen much of beauty from form and feature, but it could not rob her of the bright glow of intellect that lit up her speaking face. The dross was gone, but the pure gold remained precious and refined. The white hair lay where once

the chestnut hung about her brow ; but age, as it advanced upon her, had left untouched her faculties in almost their native perfection. With a mind clear and acute, and unfailing in sources of anecdote and information, and a soul full of faith in the efficacy of our holy religion which rendered her whole life lovely, she was not an object of pity, but of affection and veneration. There was none of the garrulity of age about her converse to make it distasteful. There was none of that lack of power at times attending her mental efforts, which often characterizes this period, to excite our compassion. True, her memory served to grasp with more tenacity the events with which her youth had been familiar. True, she lived more in the past than in the present. And why should she not? Those were her halcyon days ; let her cherish the bright recollections they furnish ! Let her think that the sun shone brighter then, that the men were more manly then, and the beautiful of that time far outrivalled the fair ones of this. Remember that then she was young and beautiful too. The impressions made in youth, whether pleasing or painful, are the most enduring. What spectacle is more humiliating, more meet to make

us shudder, than old age—"a wreck. by passion left behind"—thoughtless of the future, and striving to forget the years that have fled in the gaieties and cares of the years that are flying ! The remembrance of the friends she has loved and lost, and of a life well spent and happily, is the most valued earthly source of enjoyment left her now.

Let her recount the scenes through which her father and brothers passed during the dark and perilous hours of the Revolution, and there will be a fervor and naturalness in her narration for which you will vainly look in the most polished history. She loves to dwell on the virtues of the heroes of that time, but the picture she draws is a true one. She talks much of the central figure and cannot say enough in his praise. His manly form, his steel cut face, his courtly manner, and the very tones of his voice are ever before her. And why should she not talk and think of him ? She does not revert to his life, as many of his generation seem to, as if it were a beautiful myth and tiresome at that, instead of a soul-inspiring reality. A correct estimate of his character cannot be gained merely from what he did, but from what he was in

daily intercourse—not from the place he has in history only, but from that he holds in the hearts of those who knew him as friend and counsellor. What a firm hold he has on the affections of the old! There was no need of the glare of the brilliant scenes he moved among to dignify his life in their eyes. They hallow the memory of the Adams, the Warrens, the Clintons and spirits like unto them, but they love him “who may not be named in the plural number—the brightest of the bright, the purest of the pure, Washington himself.”

Only this one of her reminiscences, relating to the Newburgh Letters, comes back to me now.

I never, never saw the General more moved in spirit, said she, though in more fitting words, than once when I happened on a visit at the house of a leading patriot with whom he was most intimate. It was when the army lay in camp near New Windsor, a few miles above West Point. Preliminary terms of peace had been settled, and the situation of many of the officers was desperate. The empty promises of Congress could not replace their expended patrimonies, and they felt that to be set adrift on the world,

penniless, was hardly what their seven years service to the Republic merited. In the midst of the tinder some unknown hand hurled a firebrand—a letter eloquent enough for Junius to have written, and insidious enough to have emanated from the club of the Jacobins. Simultaneously came a call for them to meet at the Temple. This was a building the General, who had been made a Mason at Morristown, erected to serve the double purpose of a church for the army, and a lodge-room for the fraternity of officers.

I know Masonry has been a terror to this generation, but the favor he felt for it has always been for me its best defence. Once, I remember, a poor wretched, ragged man came to our house and after a private interview with my brother, went away well clad, and with a purse of gold in his pocket. No one told me this was Masonry, but outside its influence strangers do not usually fare so fortunately.

All this is wandering from the letter the General read from. When he came to the passage where the writer urges his brother officers to tell Congress “that in any event the army has its alternative. If peace, nothing shall separate you

from your arms but death ; if war, that courting the auspices and inviting the directions of your illustrious leader, you will retire to some unsettled country, smile in your turn and mock when their fear cometh," he paused. "What!" he exclaimed, pacing the floor, "must this impudent schemer have me to head his conspiracy?" Then mastering his indignation, he added, "If there is to be one, perhaps it is better that I should!"

Immediately a general order issued which had the effect of deferring the appointed meeting at the Temple four days later. One who was present told me that all hearts yearned toward Washington, from the first, when putting on his glasses to read the fatherly address which quieted every breath of insubordination, he said: "Gentlemen, you see I have not only grown gray, but blind, in your service!" so he headed the conspiracy, and out of evil came forth good through the power of his purity.

There was only one historic character whom she would admit to stand on the same plane of greatness, and when the *Last of a Generation* had rejoined the companions of her youth, in an old letter book of hers was found this sketch of the

great Hollander, whose name is worthily worn by that River county which in times of public peril has always freely given its yeomanry, in defence of the passes of the Hudson under her own Clinton; of the Harbor of New York in the war of 1812; and fifty years thereafter, of the nation's unity, at the call of the gallant Ellis and under the brave, generous and patriotic Van Wyck, whose progenitors were reared under the very shadow of the palace of the

PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Born on the free soil of the Netherlands—that once powerful Republic whose merchants held the commerce of the Indies, and whose navies disputed with England the supremacy of the seas—though two hundred years are gone she would not now exchange her dead Orange for any living prince in christendom. His father was a noble whose ancestors had held the highest office in the State, and his mother was the daughter of that King Charles, who died upon the scaffold. Thus, though not born with a sceptre in his hands, his lineage was right royal, and freedom was his birthright. But he came into the world unherald-

ed by the notes of a nation's joy, and amid all the habiliments of woe. A terrible calamity had rendered him fatherless before he was born, and a weeping mother welcomed him with her tears. The room was hung in black, the cradle was black, and the lamps went out at the moment of his birth. Did darker picture ever greet the advent of a hero to the scene of his triumphs? They told him in his boyhood how, even in that gloomy hour, three rings of light hung over his cradle, and long years afterwards, when the crowns of three kingdoms rested on his brow he remembered the prophecy, but preferred trusting to God and his own strong arm to keep them there. At his ancestral palace at the Hague, he whiled away a free and joyous childhood, romping with the maids of honor, when the doors were shut; or putting on the gravity of a Dutch Mynheer, when the States Deputies came to sup with his mother, and throwing dust in the eyes of their High Mightinesses. But with each year of his youth came stronger and brighter indications of a glorious manhood. He taught himself the art of war, that like the Princes of his house, he might lead the armies

of the State; and learned the principles of government from that great statesman, John Dewitt, whose head had grown gray in his country's service, and whose prophetic eye saw that one day his mantle would fall on his pupil. Men wondered that the leader of one party should thus teach the hereditary head of his bitterest foes. Friends warned the old chieftain that he ~~was~~ but arming his rival to crush himself. But he put them all aside with an answer worthy of an early Roman: "The State shall survive *me*, and I will fit *him* to serve it." Patriot and Sage! Who would have dreamed that in a few short years a death so horrible would reward a life so noble!

I see hoary locks streaming on the breeze—an old man fleeing, with his bleeding brother in his arms, before the wild fury of a mob! On, on he comes, like a cloud before the tempest. I hear their frantic yells, and the fearful cry goes up: "Death to the traitors! Down with the Dewitts." The race is for life. Down the broad street he dashes—faster, nearer rush his foes. They have tasted blood and their eyes glare upon him. Their hot breath flushes his wrinkled face. On,

on he flies! He has almost reached the Palace, he is at the gate; but, ha! the old man's strength is gone. He falls, and the mob have him! Haste, Orange, to the rescue! Too late—too late, the massacre is done. The martyrs have gone up on high.

Why did they kill him? Why do the wild horses of the prairie grow mad, when the fierce flames are roaring around them, and stamp their leader to death? Fear had frenzied the populace. Perils hung thick about the State; and when the night was darkest, and the winds were wildest, the madmen slew their pilot. And all were drifting on to ruin till good men and true called the Prince of Orange to stand by the helm.

The hour was full of danger. Kings and popes were allied to crush out a Protestant Republic. The fleets of England were bearing down on its coasts, the armies of France were marching on its capital, and the banner of St. Bartholomew cast its blood-red shadow before them. But the man for the hour had come. His strong heart kept beat with the grandeur of the time. The ocean was his only ally; and after he had beaten off the English ships, he called it to his aid, till

it flowed over half the provinces and helped defend the rest. And where this wall of water did not reach he built a wall of patriotic hearts. The masses caught his spirit. The Burghers knew his power. Old men told how his sires had broken off their necks the cruel yoke of Spain, and fair women, with the cool heroism of the sex, stayed up the hands of the chieftain.

All the world deemed the contest hopeless, but staking his honor, rank and life upon the issue, with the bloom of youth upon his cheek, and ancestral glories clustering thick about his name he strode into the front ranks of war. Louis the Great, and the flower of the French chivalry were there, but he held them at bay. Nor could the bribe of a crown tempt him, nor the gigantic power of France drive him from the stand he had taken, as long as there remained *a ditch to die in*. Thus he battled on for weary years, until the Germanic States, becoming conscious of their danger, one by one wheeled into line, and came up to the help of the free against the mighty, and when the tide of invasion rolled back, there stood unshaken and unbroken, those two strong pillars

of civilization, the Nationality of Holland and the Protestant faith.

On that height of glory he might willingly have died. A life of eight-and-twenty summers so filled with patient effort, and crowned by such sublime achievement, would have towered above all human lives before, and all that have been since, save his whose fame brightens in the gaze of humanity, "like some golden mountain top where dwell the spirits of the dawn." He was the type of the coming Washington.

THE MYSTERY OF DANSKAMMER.

I.



ABOVE tide-water on the Hudson, is a school where the mothers of this generation were taught, and girls' heads will bend wearily over books when waterfalls exist only on pasteboard. From the Grecian portico the eye has a long sweep up and down the river, and takes in as easily the flag of the tacking yacht as the frequent signals of the passing steamers. There Olly Romar had lived since she could remember, surprising her companions by escapades, only pardoned to beauty and eccentricities credited to genius. An orphan from childhood, she had come to be looked upon in the manner of a *fille du régiment*—a daughter of the Institute—whom people no more thought of holding to the stern code of decorum, than old Patsy, the ebon cook, to the strictest rules of gracefulness.

One must see Patsy, in the mind's eye, to feel

the force of the figure. Of a darkness that shone, and almost as broad as long, her weight was so elephantine, that to crack the ice for dinner, the girls said she only need step on the cleaver. Owing to her build it was easy enough to laugh behind her back, but few dared face her angry, and she was about the only part of the Institute Olly Romar had ever stood in awe of. Once the spirit of mischief possessed some of the boldest to enjoy a contraband supper of watermelons. Such tables are not wont to be burdened with luxuries, and there was a pining for the juicy fruit they had espied in a neighboring garden. After the house was still one moonlight night, it was but a moment's work for Olly and a confederate to sally forth and return well laden to meet their fellow-plotters in the dining-room. The talk was in a whisper, and the plates were muffled with napkins. Their laughter had got to be, not loud, but deep, and stolen fruit never tasted sweeter, when, suddenly, emerging from her dark domain, Patsy glowered upon them, clothed on with robes and cap of ghastly whiteness. Before that weird presence what wonder panic seized the revellers.

Speaking never a word, with arms akimbo,

there she stood, the impersonation of insulted kitchendom, till the knives dropped from nerveless fingers, and one by one the culprits crept away. Of all, only Olly staid to finish her repast, and then carving a huge piece, of luscious redness, begged the uninvited guest to drown her ire in its liquid coolness. Audacity so sublime met no repulse, and the temptation no resistance. This double stroke there was no withstanding, and ever after a strange compact seemed to unite these antipodes, by which the sins of the one were shielded, and the face of the other lightened with a love for the motherless child, and a lively interest in all her fortunes.

At times a crushing sense of her loneliness would come to the orphan, for her life was not all sunshine, and in the cloudy days she could not forget how unprotected she really was, without a relative in the wide world, and with only the friends she had made among her ever-changing school-mates. As for the other sex, she hardly saw a face she could admire, save at church, or in the passing glimpse she had when the nun-like procession, headed and flanked by teachers, moved in the dead march across the pavement,

or filed along the country road upon the narrow sidewalk. But though faces in real life might not be studied, their pictures the sun had painted could, and that without the inconvenience of blushing. Before these came in vogue how dull must time have passed to such imprisoned damsels. Known as an heiress, sundry beardless youths had signalized their admiration of her charms by heralding their own, caught with all those superadded graces of a struck position. But with a laugh and a glance all these were thrown aside for one she could not scan too often nor prize too tenderly. She had had it since she was seventeen, with every now and then a letter from the original, who was her guardian.

There was not so much difference between their ages as this relation would seem to indicate. Erle Pentz was scarcely thirty, and a lithe form and features of sanguine temperament gave him the look of one still younger. Added to his native comeliness and ease of manner, was the polish caught from the highest social life in his southern home, and long residence on the continent. His very smile was captivating, and his

gentle deference to woman prepossessed the merest stranger in his favor.

One morning as the corps of school girls dragged its length along, on its return, Olly shocked the proprieties by rushing out of the ranks and shaking hands with a passer by, who hardly recognized her, though his after glance of admiration made full amends for his first want of recollection. The teacher in charge looked on in dumb amaze, till Erle Pentz, by a polite request which had all the force of a command, brushed away every trace of embarrassment: "Madam! your most obedient. My ward seems instinctively to seek the protection of her guardian. If you please we will follow after."

"Ah, certainly, Mr. Pentz," she replied, "your rights are paramount."

"So your memory was better than mine, Miss Romar," he said, as they fell to the rear.

"Oh! you have not changed as much as I," replied Olly, while the thought of her daily study of his features deepened the rose-tints.

"No, you have become a butterfly since I saw you."

"What an ugly chrysalis I must have been, really," she laughed.

"You translate the type too literally," said he. "Do not carry it either forward or backward. A thing of beauty should be a joy forever."

Just then her attention was all absorbed, watching the yacht coming up before the wind, to which she pointed admiringly. "Oh! yes," said he, "that is the way we came, Fay and I, to cruise around here for a few days; and he is letting the morning breezes blow the cobwebs from his brain, his musty old books have left there. He has just taken orders. You must let me make him know you, Miss Romar, and he shall have us for passengers some afternoon."

"Do bring him the next time you come. Won't you stop now?" she said, as they reached the steps of the portico, and he lifted his hat.

"I have not time to-day, but give my respects to the powers that be, and tell them I am coming to take you for a drive to-morrow," and so he left her with a little flutter in the heart, for the first time stirred from its maidenly repose.

Sails and drives followed each other in quick succession, sometimes with Mr. Fay, but oftener

without him, till Erle's "few days" had lengthened to a fortnight. The Madame vainly hinted at Miss Romar's neglected lessons, and even old Patsy looked blank when more than once she had to smuggle her in through her dominions later than the regulation hour for retiring. At last she spoke out: "This will neber, neber do, Miss Olly! What you suppose Missus say if she knew how late you are to-night?"

"Now Patsy! don't be cross," she pleaded; "if we hadn't missed the road we should have been home long ago."

"Lost the road, eh! if you don't take care you'll lose your heart next, my rose, mind I tell you."

"You won't tell, will you? He wants to be my guardian always," whispered the maiden with an arch look over her shoulder, and tripping lightly to her room.

"Ugh! what does she want for to go marry that southerner? and her guardian too," the old woman mumbled, as she softly locked the doors, "there's a law against it, or there ought to be."

The next day broke balmy and beautiful, as was meet for the longest of the year, and Olly

was up with the sun, looking over her treasures, and selecting a gala costume so carefully her room-mate rallied her. But this was the last afternoon the yacht would lie in those waters, and Erle had told her to wear her jewels, and they would spend on board their last hour together, if she decreed it so. She asked no reason; indeed, perhaps she half understood what he meant, and his wishes were laws to her already.

They remembered afterward how restless she was all that day, laughing and crying by turns, and when the shadows began to lengthen, wistfully watching for the yacht's flag. At last, with its airy pennant, around a cliff the bounding bark came dashing into sight, and down the hill-road she sped like a waiting arrow, meeting the young men just as they sprang ashore to fasten the bow-line. An old boatman on the wharf shook his head looking at the sky, and tried to dissuade them from putting out, but they only laughed at his fears; and Olly had none, or lost them in her happiness, before the village spires vanished in the distance. Watching the west, that gleamed like a sea of molten gold, she sat

by Erle, who held the tiller, and the hand he was praying for; her heart he knew he had already. So, lazily, the yacht beat about where their fancy turned or the light breeze wafted it, till the twilight deepened and the evening star hung over the horizon. Mr. Fay lay forward, with his cap over his eyes, smoking, as if the scene was only one for reverie.

In that soft and mellow light there was no need for words, and even Erle ceased his earnest pleadings. All nature seemed soothed to silence, and no one cared to break the spell by speaking of return. But while they were dreaming, ominous clouds had covered the eastern sky, and now white caps of foam crested the waves. The sail flapped before the moaning of the coming tempest. A shroud of gloom fast closed around, almost hiding them from each other. Quick as thought they made ready for the shock, and hardly before the squall struck and passed over them. For a moment their little craft trembled in the grasp of the gale, but staunchly rode it out, with no loss save the signal lamp, which the wind shivered.

One peril had passed, but a more fearful re-

remained. The blackness of darkness still surrounded them, all the wind died away, and there, without a light, they floated in the very path of every passing steamer. It seemed the cloud would never lift, when suddenly the shrill whistle sounded close upon them, and soon they could hear the splashing of the great wheels, and the cleaving of the water. Rumbling through the gloom ahead, the noise of ponderous strokes they could count, drowned the young men's shouting. The sense of their weakness crushed, and the awe of that unseen but certain danger almost maddened them. Louder grew the beats that steadily measured their minutes. Then out of the darkness glared the headlight like the burning eye of a Cyclops. The monster was bearing right down upon them. Its breath of flame lit luridly the mass of mist and cloud; and its huge breast heaved with horrid groanings as it labored to reach and annihilate them.

During those perilous moments Olly Romar, with her hand in Erle's, still as a statue and as pale too, must have lived a lifetime. Nearer and nearer it came, till with one last long shriek of despair, they stood in helpless horror watch-

ing the fate that swept across the water. Then the pilot must have heard, for sheering off a little, with a flash and a roar, the thumping, hissing, flaming thing crashed by, so close they could almost touch its sides, and left them breathless.

That terrible tension gone from her nerves, she flung herself into his arms sobbing: "When will you take me home, to your home, Erle?"

The memory of the light that just gleamed on him through the gates of death made him pause—it should have paralyzed his tongue ere he answered as he did: "Now, if my wife that is to be, is ready."

She went back to the school no more forever.

Traced on the morrow to a city near, whence the three had taken cars for Niagara, her elopement was as patent, as strange and seemingly unnecessary. All wondered and some envied. But they did not know vows to a deserted bride were yet fresh on his lips. They did not know a felon's cell was yawning for him against the day when his ward should demand her wasted patrimony; and that the pretended priest was only part of a plan Canada would see consum-

mated. And there was none to tell her ; no bolt in mercy sent to wake her from the dream and flash into her eyes :

How the spirit of betrayal entered into him the while,
Come again incarnate, lurking underneath the kiss and smile.

II.

Danskammer is the name Hendrick Hudson's men gave to a bluff they sailed by in fear and trembling, whereon, leaping and shouting around the blaze, a hundred painted savages made night, to their superstitious eyes, more than hideous ; and so they called it the Devil's Dance Chamber. Westward a wide plateau extends to the road that runs parallel to the river. Events within the memory of most have given that strange name dire significance. There, in the field across the road a farmer had come to sow, lay a female form beautiful in death, her silken hair damp with the dews of the May morning, her white hands clasped over her brow to shut out some dreadful vision, and her arched neck marked with the prints of ruthless fingers. The footsteps on the ploughed ground were sin-

gle, and by the fence was the track of a wagon's turning. Among the aroused community none had seen her ever before, nor could they find a trace of him who had left in their peaceful homes this pallid record of a crime.

Carried to the Town Hall it lay for days, during the inquest, vainly awaiting recognition. Descriptive notices were scattered far and near, calling on friends to come and claim their dead ; and they came from every quarter, looking for the missing of the last Decade. The intense excitement, in a country village, where gossip over a neighbor's wife or horse will draw a group of eager listeners, may be imagined. Day after day "it grew by what it fed upon," as the poor clay was claimed for a lost darling, by one and another, only at last to be disowned again.

Of the thousands that gazed upon it, the wonder was, not that some dreamed a likeness till they found some fatal discrepancy between fact and fancy, but that none recognized the waif which bore so many marks of recent care and culture. How could a face, so fair with lines of intellect, thus drop out of life and leave no

chasm? Every hour brought its theory, but no solution of the mystery. 'Twas said a strange negress had shuddered at sight of the features, and sobbed out a name, as she kissed the forehead; but this rumor, like the rest, proved traceless.

Then just before the burial, the case took on a phase yet more singular. A young woman, from miles away, positively identified the unknown as her own sister, who, seen of many, had been living for months in the very village so full of wonderment. Marks and moles fell in with the testimony, and placed the fact beyond dispute. None dissented but a portrait painter. A friend was known to have lately driven her out in the direction of her mother's home, and her few days' absence had been thus accounted for; but the family knew not where she was, until this chance look recognized her in the stranger. On his arrest the escort protested that he had left her safe on the road a little way from her mother's house; but this only increased suspicion, and amidst a storm of popular indignation he was thrust into the murderer's cell, as much to save him harmless as the majesty of the law. Not many years after,

from that same cell a mob dragged out a negro prisoner, held on suspicion of a lesser crime, and left him dangling from a court-yard tree, in the Sunday twilight.

But soon there came a great calm. While the minister was preaching her funeral sermon, a physician on his circuit met the missing girl *abloom* with vitality, visiting some other friend meanwhile, and all unconscious of her sudden taking off.

"My God! Miss, they were going to bury you this afternoon, and mayhap the man that killed you to-morrow!" he exclaimed, and lifting her in his gig, rode a race to the Town Hall, where she confronted the dead and confounded the living. Her actual presence, in flesh and blood unmeet to fill the other's ghastly cerements, was indisputable; and through the rent it made in that tissue of errors glibly called circumstantial evidence, her friend passed out to freedom.

Again the shadows settled down thicker than ever, and rested, dark and impenetrable, over the nameless grave. Letters and pictures, sent every now and then for years to the officials, brought

no clue either to the actors or the victim of the tragedy; and it came to be mentioned only as the MYSTERY OF DANSKAMMER.

III.

Yet one there was who chanced, in the Court-room, to see the dead girl's gentle face, and thought she knew it; but where so many had been mistaken, it is not strange from timidity and ignorance of duty, she shrank from volunteering her unsupported opinion. Besides, in her simplicity, she thought more of charging the crime upon its author, than of linking him with it, by establishing the identity of his victim. The name, whispered with a kiss, was "Olly Romar!" and when afterward during the Rebellion, Patsy catered for a military hospital, her belief was turned into assurance.

The cots stood side by side, whereon two captive soldiers lay, whose days were numbered. Of one, who, wounded, led his troop of horse till

taken prisoner, his comrades told strange tales of fits of gloom and deeds of reckless daring. How many a night the ceaseless tread of his pacing feet had broken their repose; how sleep only came to cheat him with dreams of agony, and how all through the war he had tried to fling his life away, or in the noise of battle drown the louder voices of some great remorse.

The other was wasted, till his arm looked as if it never could have borne a musket; and his hollow eyes were ever watching his companion while he raved, with a frightened stare. They seemed to have been partners in some awful secret, whose terrible bond yet kept them together here, and would hold them hereafter.

Suddenly in his delirium the dragoon would spring up and point down the corridor, shrieking: "There, Fay! see! she is coming with the marks on her throat just where the bullet tore through mine. The Romar! the Romar! O, keep her off!" till the sick man had soothed him into quiet. After he died no one could soothe the perturbed spirit of the survivor, nor long bear the horrors of the scene. Removed out of sight and hearing, whispers of his strange rav-

ings reached Patsy, and to satisfy her eyes and ears, she carried some broth to his bedside.

His mind was clear again.

Recognizing her, he told what the reader already knows, and of Olly's short-lived happiness abroad, and how on their return the truth burst upon her in his real wife's appearance and taunts of infamy. "Then her love turned to hate," gasped the guilty, wretched, dying Erle Pentz, "and she threatened me with every penalty of outraged justice, but I was mad to — Ha! there she comes again. The prints on her neck are red as coals of fire, and my throat is burning too!—O, forgive, forgive, forgive!" and so his shivering soul passed into the throng of spirits, leaving the rest of the mystery to be revealed in the light of Eternity.

It was enough for the faithful heart that was yearning over the nameless grave along the river; and now that green mound is marked with a marble slab, placed there in the night by unknown hands, with nothing engraved upon it but a rose-bud, shivered from the branch, with jagged stem, and crushed out of all comeliness.

A WAIF OF THE WAR.

BY DIRCK ST. REMY.

COLONEL DAR.

Across the continent the horrid moan
That tells the coming of the dread Cyclone
Affrights the Indian sea; alike afar
At home we hear the rush of Avatar,
Breathless to know what ruin war has wrought,
And scarce the while dare trust ourselves to thought

A Prophet saw the cloud, and prayed his eyes
Might close forever ere it swept the skies.
The rest did read of sieges and campaigns,
As boys pore over tales till twilight wanes,
Without a dream, before their beards were turned,
Their hearts would test the stories youth had learned.
The spell of echoes scarce had died away
That held the nation to the lips of Clay,
When burst the flood and brothers met their doom
In fratricidal slaughter round his tomb.

It came—while one was weaving schemes of power

And crushed his fine spun fabric in an hour,
 So hugely great, so terrible and grand,
 He stands aghast, and waves his puny hand,
 Stunned by the roar of waters as they pass
 In growing wildness through the dread crevasse.

Oh! when shall come from tent, or farm, or forge,
 Unheralded from out some mountain gorge,
 The Man an hemisphere awaits to rise
 With bolts of vengeance, born to clear the skies?
 For now the slumbering elements have woke,
 And all the fountains of the deep are broke,
 The tumult of the people surges on,
 And breaks against the chair of Washington.

The hand that strikes the shackles off a race
 Shall yet avail—though his the martyr's place;
 meekest of men in all this latter time,
 Unconscious that his life is so sublime,
 Like him who with the other shrivelling hand
 Steered while he lived the burning boat to land,
 Amid the jarring States and Union rent
 Just Lincoln strives. God save the President!

When mad ambition fired the Southern heart

And ruthless tore America apart,
 Up where the peerless river of the North
 To cleave the Highlands moves more stately forth,
 Within our four-roofed mansion, quaint and old,
 Dumb-struck, we heard the tale of Sumter told.
 The lights were lit, and Dar took down the blade,
 Away among colonial relics laid,
 His grandsire sheathed what time from Britons free,
 Unvext the Hudson met the joyous sea.
 That spirit dwelt in those ancestral halls,
 And sterner grew the faces on the walls;
 A righteous anger bade him gird the sword,
 And steeled his heart to meet the rebel horde.
 So all along the Hudson men were stirred,
 And only waited some bold Leader's word;
 He blew his blast and led them to the van,
 As dauntless chief should lead his highland clan.

Then came the summer days of sore chagrin—
 Era of maskèd batteries—unseen
 Across the altar, viler serpents trailed
 Inside the Temple, where no prophet hailed
 The grandeur of the hour, till armies reeled,
 And panic swept remorseless o'er the field.
 They were not veterans bronzed, but men who first
 Looked on the face of battle when it burst

Upon their sight, in all its awful glow,
 Where they had hurled themselves upon the foe.
 Entrenched with cannon on each rising mound,
 And waiting on his chosen vantage ground.
 Heroic was their onset in its might,
 Each hour they waxed more valiant in the fight,
 Triumphant, till another hostile host
 Came thundering down across the ford almost.
 Then, like the quivering branches of the oak
 Before some overhanging cloud has broke,
 The ranks were shook, and Dar the guns beside
 Did threaten, beg ; but might as well have tried
 To check the prairie waves of flame ; they fled
 In reckless terror where some cowards led.
 The day was lost : the rout resistless grew,
 And in the torrent all the army drew.
 Not all the army ; one brigade stood fast,
 Opening their ranks to let the tide rush past,
 Then formed in squares, girt round with fire and
 steel,
 That made the rebel horsemen halt and wheel.
 With Dar to lead them little did they care
 For what the Black-horse cavalry might dare
 That summer night, and as the bravest may,
 Fell slowly back, yet kept the foe at bay.

The harvest moon lit up the battle plain,
 And shone upon the faces of the slain,
 Staring a ghastly stare out on the night,
 And stern as when they struggled in the fight.
 Among the wounded, who were left to die,
 Two foemen side by side lay peacefully
 Breathing their life away, until some sense
 Was quickened by a light we knew not whence
 That flashes through the gates of death ; each knew,
 And in his hand his dying brother's drew.
 But flowers upon their graves in beauty grow
 The deathless slumber of the brave to show ;
 So all that blood was never shed in vain,
 Such battles lost fight themselves o'er again.
 Freedom's most honored martyrs ever are
 Her earliest given, and, like the setting star,
 They rise the brighter in those bluer skies
 Invisible, and when we turn our eyes
 To catch the glory there that shone before,
 The image stays to cheer us evermore.
 Disaster taught us war. Again the North
 From Maine to Minnesota pouring forth
 Her yeoman hosts the banner bade them bare
 Across the old Republic everywhere.

At Arlington the restive legions lay
 Till spring had brought her welcome gala-day,

Then sought the Chesapeake. Along his dust
 Who high among the Spirits of the Just,
 Beholding work by proud rebellion riven
 To which his latest life on earth was given,
 There waved them on triumphant; down the Bay
 The grand Potomac army took its way,
 Lit by that look of love and justest ire
 Its soul aflame, to be baptized by fire.
 But Dar with old companions marched below
 And tented by the Rappahannock's flow
 Where Decker, first-wept son of Orange, fell
 Beside the Kil! Thou hast avenged him well.

Kilpatrick! friend, so young and yet so famed,
 In every clime and every language named!
 I saw thee when a school-boy, watch the wave
 The lovely Valley of the Wallkill lave
 But little thought that thine would be the arm
 So slight, so oft to shield the State from harm,
 I knew thee when the Nation's care and pride,
 Upon the Eaglet Eyrie close beside
 The cliff-bound river, whence have soar'd with thee
 Full-fledged the strongest Champions of the free
 But little thought that mild blue eye of thine
 Would flash dismay in friends of AULD LANG SYNE,
 And thou wild squadrons lead on fierce forays

Through lands and homes we loved in other days,
 And flashing, crashing, slashing scimitar
 So early cut for thee the silver star
 That gleams athwart the *Bars* thy mate has won,
 Our modest, genial, gentle Pennington.

God bless thee! for thy pertinacity,
 Thy dash and thy sublime audacity;
 That, like a very eagle, made thee dare
 To pounce upon the lion in his lair,
 And beat with dreadful beak his wondering eyes,
 Then soar unruffled back to northern skies.
 Hail knight, without reproach or fear, all hail,
 A nation for thy lost ones lifts her wail,
 And proudly claims thee for her own to-day.
 Wife, child are gone; thy country lives away.
 Press on! press on! Atlanta is before!
 Heed not the fruit she flings as flung of yore;
 That lover only won the maiden prize,
 Who to the golden apples shut his eyes,
 Heed not the wound! it still will let thee lead,
 Though blood is trickling down thy charging steed.

Charge on! Charge on! the Georgian pines are
 bare,
 Trust in thy star! and send them fleeing there.

Make clear the way the army yet shall go,
 And shroud its motions from the baffled foe.
 Keep on thy road, the wild morass is wide :
 Our hearts are with thee, Kil., what e'er betide,
 Haste on! a world expectant waits for thee!
 Ride on! thou gallant Raider to the sea.
 We wait, we hear, thy name rings out the most,
 And will, with His, the Leader of the Host.
 Hal! risen Ney! untouched by rivalry,
 Charge on with all thy cavalry!

Again our tale. A kind, mistaken rule
 Had made each Volunteer the unwilling tool
 Of hypocrites, who waved the flag they must,
 The while they longed to trail it in the dust ;
 And Dar did chafe to watch the slaves of men
 Who in their mansioned ease were plotting then
 The great Republic's overthrow ; 'twas hard
 To bear the taunts of those they came to guard,
 The insults of the women and the jeer
 Of hissing lips when unrestrained by fear.
 A park was then in Fredericksburgh, above
 Whose gate the banner sheet our soldiers love
 To gaze upon in bivouac, or in march,
 Hung overhead like a triumphal arch.

Two planters' daughters with their dashing Aid
 Chatted and laughed along the promenade
 Until the flag was reached ; the charm was broke ;
 They vowed they would not pass beneath the yoke.
 Their gallant escort of McDowell's staff,
 Ordered it down and passed on with a laugh.

Proud city of the olden time! not now
 The smiles of fairest women deck her brow :
 Her s reets are childless ; only some old crone
 Peeps out a riddled hut mumbling alone.
 The shock of armies twice has laid her low ;
 The desolation there, O, who can know !
 On Marye's Hill, (whence routed rebels ran,)
 Scared less by rage of nature than of man,
 And, looming like the column o'er Balbec
 That sentinels the Temple's wondrous wreck,
 Still towers aloft her sculptured stone, whose peer
 No woman lived in either hemisphere.
 When Sedgwick cheered the boys that charged the
 height,
 And flung their knapsacks off to better fight,
 What wonder if the traitors fought like Saul
 In face of doom, with eyes averted, all
 Where, tearless, while those deeds of death were
 done,

With hand uplift till Liberty had won,
 Stood Mary, mother of our Washington,

The pliant follies of that weak régime,
 Could not endure the scathing lightning's gleam,
 And in its stead one came so just and strong,
 In all its high behests, that 'twas not long
 Ere those, who sealed allegiance with an oath,
 Found they forsooth must swear and keep it both,
 For Dar was governor, and what they did
 Was like the lifting of the casket lid,
 Which, where should glitter Cleopatra's pearl,
 Might show the lurking asp in waiting curl.
 But thought was free, and woman's angry tear
 Fell hotter, while her lips would shape a sneer.

No martinet was Dar, but dealt his blows
 At social treason any way he chose ;
 Holding mere force in less esteem than tact,
 And fighting errant fancy with a fact.
 Ste. Anna's church each morning was thronged
 By chivalry that felt the world belonged
 All unto them, and as in days of yore
 Turn Bishops into Brigadiers in war.
 Alike the people, was the parish priest,
 Who, though not militant, with faith at least

Prayed for our enemies more than most do,
 And in their favor preached his sermons too.
 Thrice warned to stick yet closer to his text,
 Lo ! worse than any sermon strayed the next.
 Although defied, still Dar was loath to be
 Harsh in his dealings with a Dominie ;
 For thirty years his father's life was fraught
 With daily lessons of the truth he taught ;
 So had he faith in goodness since he knew
 One life that was all real, and grandly true.

A mild reproof was met by haughty look,
 No interference would the preacher brook ;
 What did not shock McDowell and the Mayor,
 Others might like or loathe, he did not care.
 The monk mistook the metal of the man ;
 He swore an oath, and thus the tenor ran :
 " By Abraham ! you are as bold as some
 " Who burn to earn a bloodless martyrdom ;
 " I will not ban you, but next Sunday morn
 " Your church shall ring with truths the Nabobs
 scorn."

The chaplain of the regiment could preach,
 Or fight at will, for he was trained to each.

A Texian ranger had he been before,
 And up the wall at San Jacinto bore
 The lone-star flag, and when in after days
 In our bright galaxy it merged its rays,
 His shattered arm would wave it all the way
 Until it crowned the towers of Monterey.
 The gold of character without the dross
 Was left to form the soldier of the Cross.
 When Dar besought he would to aid his plan
 Extemporize upon the rights of man,
 The light that lit the chaplain's eye, showed still
 He had the nerve the mission to fulfill.
 The priest no sooner finished morning prayers
 Than strode the Ranger up the pulpit stairs.
 The foremost pews were cleared and in them marched
 A hundred blacks with linen newly starched
 To ghastly whiteness. The slaves sat down devout ;
 Their masters looked for seats, or stood without.

So sudden was the stroke, at first it stunned
 Priest and parishioner ; the serfs they shunned
 Sat in the seats of freemen, while a face
 With flowing beard usurped their holy place.
 Down from his desk the angry rector came,
 And sought the door ; the vestry did the same,

Some golden pillars followed ; but in short
 A guard was stationed round the outer Court
 With orders strict to let none pass the door
 Until the Chaplain's homily was o'er.
 When silence had returned the Ranger rose ;
 " We are His offspring," was the text he chose,
 " If God be father, we are children all,
 Both black and white and good and bad and great
 and small.

He winked at ignorance, but now commands
 Men everywhere to loose their brothers' bands.
 O, listen to the warning of his Word,
 Behold the glittering of his unsheathed sword !
 Great Jefferson remembered but too late
 The king is just, and trembled for the State ;
 In his old age he saw the spectral throng
 Of Afric's Race go trailing slow along ;
 Millions on millions who were bought and sold,
 The souls of women trafficked in for gold,
 Each lifting toward High Heaven a fettered hand
 And calling Vengeance on a Guilty Land.
 The hour has come, and Giant Wrong must bow
 Before exterminating thunder now."—
 Pausing at last he shut the massive Book,
 While all his spirit-strength leapt in his look :
 And like some prophet spake, whom tongues of fire

And sights beyond this vale of flesh inspire :
 "I see a lurid lighted Wilderness
 "Where every tree shakes each a gory tress ;
 "And backward hurled from off the Rapidan,
 "Astonished horse and more astonished man
 "Are driven through the very castle-gate
 "Of old Dominion—there more isolate
 "Than when of all a realm she stood alone
 "Once loyal to a king without a throne,
 "Amid the ruins of revolted States,
 "Warring alone against avenging fates,
 "While garments rolled in blood weigh down her
 hands,
 "Speared through with sorrows, there Virginia
 stands."

No further trouble Dar had with the priest,
 If not converted, cowed he was at least ;
 St. Anna's church was loyal to the choir,
 And of harangues seemed afterward to tire.
 The Mayor kept on a mad official course,
 Until the Governor had threatened force,
 Then shut himself within his counting-room,
 Pronouncing under breath his horrid doom,
 And wrote to Richmond straight that such a brute,
 If caught, they never must parole, but shoot.

The curse's shadow gathered round his fate
 So slowly, Dar contemned civilian hate,
 Without a forethought of the coming hour,
 Whose only peril was that waning power.

I cannot sing the seven days of strife
 That beat back ruin from the nation's life,
 And clad her sons with glory, 'mid the flames
 That closed around her army on the James.
 The rest with Dar, unaided, fought again
 Their ancient battles round Manassas plain,
 And waited not; it was enough to know
 Behind them were their homes, in front the foe,
 Advancing boldly where he knew each road,
 And ford of creek, and where their waters flowed
 Through deep ravines. But Dar, and those with
 him,
 Kept bright their faith although the light was dim,
 And on through forests, dense as they were made,
 Where every turn might prove an ambushade,
 Let Harry Long, the scout with Doubleday,
 A true Virginia farmer, show the way—
 Bluff face, brave heart—too proud for gold to buy,
 But not too proud to act as country's spy.

A type of many so content to be

Hewers of wood in lowly loyalty ;
 Their early sacrifice and constant deeds,
 Afar from gleaming blades and prancing steeds,
 In noise of echoes drowned of charge or storm—
 Slouched hats and homespun all their uniform.
 Known only to the few who lead the host.
 They live and move where dangers hover most ;
 In perils of the wilderness or worse
 Of baying demons haunting like a curse
 The dreams of panting wretches with their howl ;
 In perils of Bushwhackers—Thugs who prowl
 For blood untainted, and the homes, that durst
 Before to shelter them, burn down the first,
 Putting red sleuth hounds on their neighbor's track,
 And torturing babes to call the father back—
 In our tongue nameless, but gorilla-like,
 At Union men, through women, went to strike.
 Say, so bereft, the living refugees,
 Or—better dead ! who jeopard more than these ?
 In perils by false womankind, and worst
 In perils from their friends, in thirst,
 In weariness, in perils of the camp,
 In watchings oft in painfulness and damp,
 In marches, hunger, cold and nakedness,
 Who share of evils more, and glory less ?
 Slouched hats and homespun many times have come
 To be for them vestments of martyrdom ;

And names not on the army roll below
 Hereafter first the rising saints shall know.

Then from the plain was built a battle stair,
 On which ascending through the sulphurous air,
 Two souls, that leapt to save their holy nurse,
 Mounted the high place of the Universe.
 Theirs was the grand forgetfulness of life,
 That clads like armor heroes in the strife ;
 Theirs was the greatness, that instinctively,
 Tells brave men when their duty is to die,
 Kearney and Stevens ! comrades in the fray,
 Your knightly valor gilds Chantilly's day.

When they had fallen, Dar was called to hurl
 His fresher columns through that fiery whirl,
 Where hidden guns relentless enfilade
 The charging ranks, that onward rush to wade
 A surging sea of flame and smothering smoke,
 Till steel meets steel and half the line is broke.

The struggle over, Dar grew mad with pain,
 A wound, they knew not when, had crazed his brain ;
 He heard no bugle call, but dashed along,
 And spurred his horse amid the hostile throng,

Up to a band, who wondered at the sight,
 Fiercely he rode and bade them cease their flight ;
 "But who are you?" the Mississippians cried,
 "Your leader now!" he frantically replied :
 "In God's name, comrades! make another stand,
 "And rally round the flag at my command!"
 Their Colonel smiled and took all at a glance,
 And Dar awoke, as one wakes from a trance,
 A captive plodding on his weary way
 The road to Winchester at break of day.

The only captured one, and wounded, too,
 They took but little thought what he might do ;
 A rugged private had him in his care,
 And watched him with an idiotic stare,
 And mumbled to himself, Dar overheard
 "Good boots. Kill him! Get boots," until each
 word

Had dire significance. Those eyes, so bent,
 Were full of greed and murderous intent.
 What wonder Dar's brave heart beat quick and hard,
 Defenceless, with a cut-throat for his guard;
 The sun's red glow was in the western skies,
 And if he slept he ne'er would see it rise ;
 So tired and footsore, both of them sat down
 Along a field whose grass was newly mown ;

Then strangely calm, with every nerve well strung,
 He smoked a pipe, and out the ashes flung,
 Offering the guard to show him how to use
 A pistol, new and wonderous, should he choose ;
 The fool said yes!—the pistol was his own—
 A flash, a thud, and Dar stood free, alone.

That night his dreams were of his Highland home,
 He played as boy along the river's foam ;
 Or, with his gun, ranged on the mountains where
 Men valiant grow who breathe their purer air.
 The morning light chased back the dim ideal,—
 He woke to know his wretchedness was real ;
 Uncared for long, afresh his wound had bled,
 A band of iron seemed tightning round his head,
 And every beating pulse his temples thrilled,
 Till newer agonies each minute filled.
 All day he wandered through the wilds alone
 But sank at last, for water there was none
 To cool his blood that coursed like liquid fire :
 Azrael pities death so doubly dire,
 When from the rock no spring is bid to burst,
 To comfort him who waits to die of thirst,
 And watches while the shadow of his doom
 Creeps round his heart, and shrouds the eye with
 gloom.

Most horrid shape of ill ! The bravest shrink
From dying thus, without a drop to drink.

A roving horseman, chancing then to pass,
Beheld him lying mid the stunted grass,
And on his steed the hapless soldier placed
With gentle tenderness that would have graced
A Cavalier, who, at the wedding-ride,
Upon his horse was wont to lift the bride.
Far in the rebel lines, no more at large,
He gave himself a prisoner with his charge ;
And Dar, until long after, never knew
'Twas Harry Long, the scout, had proved so true.

The church at Winchester was free to all,
A prison half, and half an hospital ;
Where some were counting weary weeks, that told
How near the time when most would be paroled ;
And others only waited patiently
Till, mustered out, they would ascend on high.
There is an heroism of sterner mould
Than that of battle born ; triumphs untold
By silent suffering won : these are the great
Who wear at last the crowns they snatch from fate.

No sooner Dar had left the Surgeon's hands
Than flung around him were the prison bands,

But on his buoyant heart they lightly pressed ;
He hoped to be released with all the rest.
But, when in turn, the martial gaolers came
To learn his rank, and heard his noted name,
They knew their prisoner was the very man
On whom the Mayor had placed an awful ban,
And told him sneeringly, his case must rest
Until assured of General Lee's behest.
The words were simple, but 'twas death they meant,
Quick, as the bullet from the rifle sent,
Or lingering in the Libby prison, where
A thousand martyrs tell the poisoned air
The wretched breathe, who crowd each reeking cell,
Thrust in by brutish men, like them insensible
To mercy, tears, or sympathies of life
That still survive in all but savage strife.
The danger seen he soon must meet or shun,
He quickly planned what must be quickly done.

The messenger the Provost called to send
Was one whom Dar had happened to befriend.
Using the little freedom lately lent,
He caught him mounting for the Leader's tent,
And bribed him with his watch to meet him there.
And show him first the tidings he might bear,
The Orderly, so false, this time was true,

And did returning as he pledged to do.
 "You hold him for your life!" was all he read ;
 Then tore the fateful letter shred by shred,
 Looking the Orderly full in the eye
 The while he flung the fragments to the sky.
 Wonder and doubt, anger and dread apace
 Chased each other o'er the Courier's face ;
 He drew his sword, but let it fall at once
 Before the laughing voice that spoke : "You dunce !
 "My blood cannot conceal your crime." "Then
 how,"
 The Courier cried, "can I go safely now ?"
 "Tell them you bring no answer, then, with speed,
 "Desert ere they can know the treacherous deed."
 He heard and pondered, and his counsel kept ;
 Dar was paroled, and so the secret slept.

Quickly he joined the joyous cavalcade,
 That, marching homeward, in their freedom made
 The forest jubilant with jest and song ;
 And sung, exultant, as he toiled along :

Soldier from the Highlands gone !
 Yours it is to catch the dawn,
 Like the Beacons of the day
 Ere it lights the River Bay ;

Flinging far the early rays
 Back upon our blinder gaze ;
 Soldier ! tell us what you see
 From the mount of Victory.

Soldier from the Highlands gone !
 You behold a brighter dawn ;
 On the peaks in splendor capt,
 Like the seer in vision rapt,
 Rosy clouds along the sky
 Tell before the glory nigh ;
 Soldier ! this is what you see
 From the mount of victory.

Soldier from the Highlands gone !
 Know that day must follow dawn ;
 Though your eyes in death may glaze,
 'Ere shall lift the mist and haze,
 You have had the vision grand-
 Union over all the land ;
 And to you the crowns shall be,
 Now, and through Eternity !

Anita of Loudon.

Dar upon the march had fainted, and awoke he knew
not where,
While his fevered fancy painted angel forms that
nursed him there,
Hearing ever summer breezes, through the wide and
open hall,
Making melody that pleases heavy hearts the most of
all,
Then a maiden to her mother, with a voice of pity
spake :
"So may lie my rebel brother, I will watch him for
his sake ;
"They have brought him weak and weary, from the
column marching by,
"To our home so dark and dreary, Mother! would
you let him die?"
And Anita still was keeping sad and lonely vigil
there,
O'er the stranger, moaning, sleeping, fate had thrown
upon her care

A Waif of the War.

77

When the dawning of the morrow hid the fading
morning star ;
Where is pain, or where is sorrow, woman's holiest
duties are.
Oh! how many thousand others look for woman's
voice in vain!
Our beloved and braver brothers in the noise of bat-
tle slain,
Or in prisons left to languish, underneath a burning
sun,
Till their bodies, starved, from anguish, rest before
their work is done.
God assoyl them! man revere them! dying wounded,
dying worn,
One there is to bear and cheer them—Son of Mary,
Virgin-born!
How the many vacant places at the fireside and the
board,
How the many absent faces of the ones that we
adored,
Rise to-day in mist before us from their sleep be-
neath the sod,
And, it may be, hover o'er us where their life is hid
with God!
And when ages have rolled o'er us from the Marsh
and on the Po,

We shall see them rise before us with their faces to-
ward the foe.
Minist'ring Spirits! bear them onward thro' the tide-
less seas of air,
Swift as weird Auroral flashes, bowing Heaven, leap
like prayer.
So she watched, and so she waited, till a glow relit
his cheek,
And they felt their lives were mated;—Souls have
never need to speak.
Then she told him how the error of the foe had come
to light;
How she trembled in her terror when their horsemen
rode in sight;
How a snowy-bearded picket staid to guard the road
before;
Others scoured each wood and thicket; others thun-
dered at the door,
Till a courage born of anger, when they asked for
Colonel Dar,
Made her say with haughty languor: 'one rode by
like Lochinvar!'
Such a racy, faultless treble rarely had the raiders
heard,
And, presuming her a rebel, galloped off without a
word,

But the picket's horse had vanished, and its rider
re-appeared,
From whose honest face was banished all that pa-
triarchal beard;
She had known him when a farmer, ere had perished
home and wife,
And she knew he would not harm her, nor betray a
loyal life,
Something linked a later meeting with the day when
Dar was brought;
Hat in hand, a hasty greeting showed he was the
friend she thought;
"You're the gal for me I reckon, you can charm the
varmints, oh!
"Bloody hands off yonder beckon me, to battle I
must go.
"Tell the Colonel to get hearty, and to skim as I
shall do,
"Fore some other scoutin' party gobbles him in spite
of you.
"Hares in march were never madder than the rebs,
he tricked them so;
"His parole ain't worth a shadder, they revoked it
long ago.
"He'll hear music pretty sudden in "My Maryland"
up there;

"Help him keep his precious blood in ; we will need
all he can spare."

Down a path by forest hidden, whither came a wel-
come neigh

From the horse which he had hidden, noiseless stole
the scout away.

Dar upon the march had wondered who this bearded
guide could be,

That at crossing never blundered, and so watched
him silently.

He was not the one to falter when a friend had need
of aid,

Though around his neck the halter dangled every
step he made.

Tidings never came to gladden them, or us, of Harry
Long ;

There was what a man might madden in the memory
of his wrong.

History tells not of his dying, how and when, and
never will,

But his truth and love and sighing are recorded
higher still.

While they talked across the river, like the rush of
shadows by

Come Virginia to deliver, rolled an echo round the
sky.

"Take thy sword! obey the warning! Quick to
horse!" Anita cried,

"For my spirit night and morning shall within thy
tent abide.

"Go! the cannon's call is louder ; let not love thy
glory mar

"Grander scenes and laurels prouder wait thee where
thy comrades are!"

Oh! the bitterness of going from the shrine the
heart has found,

While the altar fire is glowing and the incense floats
around.

Once again the vows were spoken ; once again the
lips were prest ;

And the soldier placed the token she had given on
his breast ;

And he wreathed a braid of beauty round his jeweled
hilt, and swore :

"Purest love and sternest duty yet shall knight me
as of yore."

'Tis thus greatness buries sorrow ; and the youth be-
came a man,

Waved his sword, and on the morrow fought as ever
in the van ;

Up South Mountain steep and frowning from its base
with cannon—higher

Batteries the hill-top crowning—self-forgetful, like
his sire,

With the foremost, slowly gaining; oh! the deeds
that there were done!

Shrieking shells and bullets raining on them till the
crest was won.

At the wild and fiercer battle, when two hundred
thousand men,

Shouting mid the roar and rattle, made the welkin
ring again,

Most were brave but none were braver; none struck
home as hard as he,

Without fear and without favor, till some traitor
bowed the knee.

Burnside saw that fiery border belching out from
every ridge,

Dar looked not, but heard the order, and obeying
took the bridge;

Spurred a horse of some one routed, vainly begged
the chief for men:

"Hold it till the last!" he shouted: Dar cried: "we
will hold it then!"

And they held it hours together closing round the
oriflamme,

Where our heroes pressed the heather on the banks
of Antietam.

All the world shall know his story, men shall read it
evermore,

How he crowned his life with glory, on the Rappa-
hannock's shore;

Led that tide of living valor, hopeless as the rest but
true;

Rallied them, till death-like pallor showed the hid-
den wound he knew,

Still with lion-heart unshaken, fighting on until he
fell

On the lost and thrice retaken ground before the
citadel.

Comrades flung the colors o'er him he had rescued
from the foe,

Strong men weeping as they bore him from that
scene of useless woe;

With his left hand firmly grasping still the bent and
battered blade,

With his left hand ever clasping round the beautiful
brown braid.

On an island near the ocean, where the waters sleep
around,

And the trees, with gentle motion, sway to breezes off
the Sound ;

By the noises of the city, never vexed, and sacred all
To the shrine of holy pity, stands a soldier's hospital.

Every cottage new and spacious, built upon the ward
so green,

Lit by smiles of woman gracious ; long and grassy
streets between ;

Cheered by every happy omen, roof of sky and velvet floor,

Who would wish for friend or foeman, better,
brighter corridor !

There I saw Anita daring right to do in spite of
sneers.

For the pallid wretches caring, welcomed by their
manly tears ;

Suddenly she ceased her singing, rapt and silent
looking where

Some a prisoner were bringing, breathing out his
dying prayer.

Not a muscle let she waver, nor her sisters of the
North ;

Mary's face was never braver, walking to the scaffold
forth,

Though she saw the wasted features ; heard her rebel
brother's moan—

Once adored above all creatures, wavy hair so like
her own.

It was hers to smooth his pillow, and his clinging
hand to hold

Through the darkness, while the billow over trembling
nature rolled ;

Casting bread upon the waters, lo ! how soon her
lost was found,

Where Columbia's gentle daughters, like the angels,
wait around.

Red Simooms had swept the valley where her home
had been of yore,

Every later hostile sally fiercer than the one before.

Rude Banditti ; all infesting, blasting where their
horses trod,

Leaving none a place of resting in old Loudon, but
with God.

Land than any other fairer, by the wild Potomac
wave,

Fouler spirits came to tear her ; robbed the cradle
and the grave ;

For the sake of causeless treason, dragging off the
old and young ;

Rebels, so without a reason, little reck what heart is
 wrung.

Aye, the fruit has turned to ashes ; it is meet it
 should be so :

How their frantic fury flashes presage of their over-
 throw!

But the others Heaven pity ! Let the cross be light
 they bear,

Who, in country town and city, hide the flag they
 worship there!

While her mother's tears were drying for the boy that
 she had lost,

And the fires her soul were trying till she knew what
 treason cost,

They had come the youngest taking, with the bloom
 upon his cheek,

Seeing how her heart was breaking, though her
 tongue refused to speak.

All her household Gods were falling, sinking seemed
 the solid land,

And familiar voices calling floated over from the
 strand ;

Till with parting word unspoken, at the very river
 ford,

Straight the golden bowl was broken, and was loosed
 the silver cord.

Thus alone, the path of duty, in a way she never
 knew,

Led Anita in her beauty, where was work for her to
 do ?

Laying all upon the altar, as the lover erst had done
 When she bade him never falter till eternal right had
 won.

Then he came. A light immortal, leaping out her
 great, brown eyes.

Met him as he reached the Portal, like a glimpse of
 Paradise ;

And, while yet Azraël tarried, quick he gave her back
 the braid,

With the battered sword he carried ; then Anita only
 prayed,

Day by day till Dar grew stronger ; kissed her shad-
 dow on the wall.

And it seemed to him no longer David's Island Hos-
 pital ;

But, before our *Paas* was holden, he had brought
 Anita where

Grander highlands yet embolden sons of Hollanders
 to dare

Fate had filled its exact measure ; none were left to
 do offence ;

Early loss endowed the treasure ; time has brought
 its recompense,
 And the mansion, quaint and olden, glows with bless-
 ings from above ;
 Changes to a palace golden in the purple light of
 love.

Meanwhile a modest patriot, unknown,
 By valor moved, unconsciously had grown
 On arms of battle borne, until he rose
 Triumphant where the Mississippi flows.
 Unvext from thenceforth on the river ran
 Each day proclaiming loud the coming man.
 Till of Three Mighties whom the Nation boasts
 The people chose him captain of their hosts.

He came, he saw, made glad our waiting eyes,
 And, with bright bolts of vengeance clears the skies.
 His sword shall weave the history of these years,
 His name the woof—go, ask the Hemispheres !

'Tis writ upon that dismal Wilderness
 Where every shrub shook each a gory tress,
 And ours but knew the way the foemen went,
 By watching whence their messengers were sent.
 For days and days, still conquering, where had died,
 John Sedgwick, Rice, and brave as they beside.

Mysterious combat ! strangest fight e'er fought,
 Which none could see ; where most was left to
 thought.

For all that Labyrinth Grant held the clew
 And led the grand Potomac army through ;
 And every mile along that battle-road
 The prescient planning of the hero showed.

Till backward hurled from off the Rapidan
 Astonished horse and more astonished man.
 Across the Ma and Ta and Po and Ny,
 Across the Annas' sister torrents high
 He drove them to the very castle-gate
 Of Old Dominion. There so isolate,
 He holds them still reserved for fiercer fire
 Which tarries like the Nation's justest ire.

Though Paul did speak, the courtliest of the land
 Proclaimed him mad, they could not understand ;
 So, like a prophet, fools had deemed him crazed
 Till up the South the sun of Sherman blazed.
 Whose pen so eloquent ? Whose sword so keen ?
 Whose brow—when has the world a grander seen ?
 Whose rested soul has come again to earth
 Incarnate in the splendors of his birth ?
 O, can it be the staunch old heart of Clay,

With righteous wrath, so zealous, beats to-day?
 Or has the soul that lit Mount Vernon's dust
 Down from among the Spirits of the Just
 A double portion of his spirit sent
 To chase the miscreants off the continent?
 We wot not now; hereafter we shall know,
 And kindred mysteries of our life, I trow.

The foe is marching up. *Let Hood go North,*
 He says, *our business is down South henceforth.*
 Yet leaves he one to watch him whom he knew
 Last of the Mightier Three oft tried, all true;
 Whereon he leaned throughout each past campaign,
 Whose steady light has risen not to wane;
 The man that on the Chicamauga's wave
 Put all in jeopardy if he but might save
 An army broke—or find himself a grave.

In passim here this knight from out the West,
 Remembering Chivalry's most high behest,
 Has done all round the best that mortal could—
 When winter came, sent back a worsted Hood.
 No victory like!—since Richard rode to chase
 The infidels from out the Holy place.
 Again the hero of the Hermitage may sleep,
 For Thomas and his Templars vigils keep.

Now standing on some Georgian crag above
 The men he leaves—who give back faith and love;
 A soaring eagle screaming overhead.
Attention World! Right Wheel! Forward March!
 'tis said,
 Like him who burned his ships, but more elate
 Great Sherman seems his all to fling on fate.

Yet loud it thunders all along the shore,—
 God grant that soon the Cyclone may be o'er,
 Our ship is strong; a strong hand at the helm;
 A weaker heart the sea would overwhelm,
 And ours rides out the gale, because he threw
 The dead weight out the hull, as all must do,
 Who would win stable peace, and happy be—
 What State saves freemen must itself be wholly free!
 My soul like you, is tired of blood and war,
 Yet sees the nearing signs of Avatar,
 Like flaming sword suspended over them!
 Ere Cæsar's Son came sweeping o'er Jerusalem.

I hear the Mighty Wings rush to and fro;
 Death rides his horse, the Grave doth after go;
 The cannon-steeds sting with their scorpion tails;
 Their breath of fire, not stone, but iron hails,
 And bursting bombs in crowded city-street

That spread wild havoc wilder curses meet,
 In China, India, isolate Japan
 Here—there, and all the world so under ban ;
 Both man and nature uttering horrid moans
 Unsealing all the Seven Thunders' tones.
 Aye, aye, the Princely Powers of Air do rage,
 Knowing their time is short when ends the age.

The Moslem Prophet breathes his life away ;
 Euphrates' bed grows drier day by day
 For Eastern Kings to homeward march dry-shod,
 As erst their fathers thro' the waters trod,
 While homes await mysteriously rebuilt
 For them and theirs where holy blood was spilt.

Bold, ancient wrong, half pagan and half fiend,
 That barter Souls of men where Death had gleaned,
 Crosiered and crowned, PIEDMONT drives toward the
 sea,
 To cast it in stands ready—Italy.


I see the Dynasty—built up on tears,
 And perjured faith and blood of other years.
 To-day, against our Saxon purer Base
 Striving to pit the doomèd Latin Race
 That was, and is not, and yet is, thrown down,
 And crushed beneath great Cæsar's stolen crown.

I see the Homes of England, THRONES all free ;
 Her regal priest and spent aristocracy
 Deep buried underneath the coming wave,
 As Winslow sunk the Pirate *they would save*.

I see Columbia gaze down the Past.
 Like Farragut lashed to his highest mast
 Beholding blinded, baffled off Mobile
 The Dragons of the Bay behind him reel.

So the Signals of the Times
 Mingle with the Christmas Chimes,
 So the cadence of the bells,
 With a fellow-feeling swells,
 Jubilant as ever telling
 Shiloh come, Peace-maker, dwelling
 Whence he sends his Evangel
 Evermore to break the spell,
 Hark the voices of the bells !
 Like the murmuring of shells,
 All the earth and heaven filling,
 All our hearts so strangely thrilling,
 All our doubts and fears so stilling,
 Grown HIS MORN prophetic tell
 EIGHTEEN SIXTY-FIVE—ALL'S WELL !

ALMOST MARRIED.

S the war never going to end?" asked a buxom daughter of the Palatines, addressing her companion, who dwelt on the other side of the Walkill, where the English element predominated.

"After going on so many years it will hardly stop of itself, Miss Nanchie, but Lord Cornwallis, I fancy, will soon end it to the satisfaction of those who sent him," replied George Blackburn, whose Tory feeling was so strong as to make the course of his love run anything but smooth, at times, when his affianced thought such harangues worth rebuke.

"Better a thirty years war, as my forefathers had at home, than such an ending!" gravely spoke Nanchie Houslander.

"They fought for a free conscience and a free Bible, and I honor them, but this is a rebellion against the 'Protector of Faith.' Women cannot expect to understand these things, however."

"I understand enough, George Blackburn, to know that they settled for all time the principle of individual sovereignty, and so perhaps we had better part in peace," darkly hinted the indignant damsel.

It was in the spring, and the river was high and rising to a freshet, as they rode thus discouraging. When they had nearly reached Ward's Bridge (whose ruins remain) he spoke to turn her thoughts, and wished they were over.

"No! I wish I could always stay on this side," Nanchie persisted, "there are too many Tories over there, and Tories are traitors."

Just then circumstances over which they had no control put an end to a dispute which might have proved disastrous. Going on the bridge, the water had reached the hubs of the wheels, but going off it rose yet higher, and before they thought of danger, the swift current took their horse off his feet, and swept them down the stream. They were yet on the flats, and if the struggling steed could be guided away from the channel, or toward the shore, all might be well. So thinking, Blackburn leaped over on his back to loosen the check-rein, and hold him more in

hand, but Sorrel dissented, and sent him headlong in the turgid water.

Directly she saw her lover in peril, her love returned in force; and crying to him to save himself (which he did) and not mind the horse or her, (which he did not think of doing), she seized one of the reins, and nearly pulled the pony's head off his shoulders. It happened to be the one next the shore, and brought him in swimmingly. The gig was light, and a few convulsive strokes carried him where he could touch bottom. Then, with a snort and a shiver, he sprang up the bank, shaking the harness till all rattled; and had it not been for her soaking feet, Nanchie would scarcely have realized the strange sail she had taken. A few minutes' drive, and they were at their journey's end, but the chill did not reach their heart, which warmed as of old toward each other, and when they parted, it was agreed with many a kiss and as many blushes that their nuptials should be celebrated in the church on the following Sunday.

It is a picturesque spot where the old Dutch Reformed brick church stood then, and where the new American Reformed brick church stands

now, with the graveyard sloping down from it, and at the foot of the hill below the Parsonage the river winding along from the south through the Valley of the Walkill. Far at the north stretches the blue range of the Shawangunk; nearer by the Comfort Hills hide the sun in its setting, and away to the eastward loom the loftier peaks along the Hudson. There is peace in the picture, loveliness in the landscape and ever there

The old, half-forgotten, and beautiful days,
Come out of their graves in the twilight haze,
And the trees of our youth's renewed to our eyes,
In the shapes of the elms hung out on the skies.

And they were a hardy race of pioneers who possessed the land, patriotic from instinct, and loyal to liberty by all the memories of their home across the sea, or ever a ruthless decree of Romish ilk had depopulated a whole district, and made them the "Exiles of the Palatine." When the struggle came with Britain, there was but one side for the sons of such sires to take, and all through those gloomy years they remembered the Prince of Orange only as a type of the great leader Providence had given America.

What had a Tory, acting in the sacred relation of Pastor, to do with such a people? This was a question they had often asked themselves; but though slow to move, their sudden and decided choice gave a worthy answer.

About that time the Divine Witherspoon was "preaching politics" in the Continental Congress. The Pastors of New England did not go back on the later practice of their Apostolic successors; and all the clergy, save a few of the Church of England in our own province, preached the duty of resistance, and the glory of sustaining the noble declaration of their brethren at the Capitol, especially in the Dutch and Scotch Presbyterian churches of New York city, in the very face of the British General's staff and retinue. If the Pastors of that age had not been found on the side of right and heroism, the returning wave of victory would have swept them off the pulpits they disgraced, and away from the flocks they had betrayed.

Thanks to the preaching and practice of John Knox and Martin Luther, and other bishops of the Catholic Church long ago, our clergy are not in bonds to speak or forbear at the nod of any

Master General. Thanks to the heroism of "profane priests," (copperly so called), such as they who uttered no uncertain sound and stood not aloof from the battle, upon a free American conscience rests a freer republic than Sidney ever sketched, or the Greek dreamed of. All honor to their memories; and to the ministers of our days, who honored their high vocation by rousing and directing the patriotism of the people, and rebuking the craven spirit of cavillers, sympathizers, Tories and traitors at the North; and to those who stand up now in the name of Christ where he has placed them, and, like Isaiah, denounce the enemies of the unity of the CATHOLIC CHURCH, of a security to LIFE and PROPERTY, and of the purity and integrity of the REPUBLIC, in spite of all the threats of all the slaves of all the kings in Christendom.

There is a struggle on us now that will test the strength and mettle of the men of our time more sternly than did the Rebellion, the stability of the government, with no neutral ground for Cow Boys and Skinners. The American church is a unit on the side of right. Let all her pul-

pits resound with words of righteous indignation and warnings of inspiration.

"It's war we're in, not politics,
It's systems wrestling now, not parties,
And Victory in the end will fix
Where strongest will and truest heart is."

But to return to the Valley of the Walkill:

The blood of bayoneted friends and neighbors was even then calling to them from the reeking ruins of Fort Montgomery; in the light of flames the foe had kindled along the shore of Ulster disaffected neutrality could no longer lie hidden, and they had vainly told him to go in peace, and leave them to fight the friends he left behind, till they joined him over the water.

The whole country was roused by late reverses, and more militiamen were summoned to join the army of the North. Among these were Derick Shafer, who, without avail, had sought to win the hand of Nanchie against the more solid attractions of his rival, but solacing himself with the thought Byron had not yet embalmed in verse, that

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

he buckled on his armor, and lightly bade her make a patriot of her lover before he came back again.

To New Windsor, whence the recruits were to take boat, he hastened; but the sloop had left with a fair wind, and was already out of sight above the Danskammer. Vainly he fell back to a higher stand-point, near what is now Mount Ellis, a knoll from which the whole sweep of the sparkling water for miles was visible, with the green-wooded Matteawan Range and Polipel's Island in the wondrous background, and southward, through the clustering cedars, the narrow gorge that takes on the look of a Swiss lake below where the jutting headland of the Boterberg thrusts its bold front out into the channel, as if it still remembered the ancient time before the great Inland Sea had cloven its way through the highlands. Hill and dale, field and forest, mountain and moorland, rock and river! How they were mingled by the Maker, so that man had but to enter the charmed precincts, and enjoy an eternal banquet of beauty.

But without Nanchie it would be no paradise

for him, however perfect in all its elements. There was not much to draw him back, but everything to urge him onward. So on foot and alone he started, and with his musket on his shoulder, marched along the river till many miles above he passed the sloop becalmed, and reached the rendezvous before his regiment.

There he reported to Gen. Jessup, who had been ordered to scour the country along the Upper Hudson, and was restless under the enforced delay. Hearing of their misfortune, he would wait no longer for the "Orange Blossoms," but taking Dederick, and the little band already mustered in, moved northward near the Adirondacs.

Around the Great Falls he scouted stealthily, for his forest foes were fierce and sleepless. But the continual thundering of the roaring water drowned the noise of Indian foot-falls, and entranced by the wild sublimity of this haunt of nature, his customary vigilance was abated. From an overhanging cliff on the bank some rods above the cataract, the General and Dederick, whom he had made his orderly, were watching the foaming rapids and scanning the massive ma-

sonry, earlier than Solomon's, that has builded a flume through which the mighty Hudson runs no wider than the Bronx; when suddenly sounded the war-whoop close beside them, and together they sprang down the jagged side of the mountain, and over the rocky shore flew to rejoin their comrades in camp below.

Their Indian pursuers knew better than they into what peril they were rushing, and shouted, sure of their prey. Just below, a precipitous bluff would cut off their further retreat, for it was white with the spray. Here the river dashes a hundred feet over the Granite Ledges, and only pours itself above through a deep rock-gorge, very narrow for it to flow through, though too wide for a man to leap over.

But turning suddenly, the General darted down the stone terraces, that rise like the seats of a Roman amphitheatre, and in full sight of friends and foes, leapt the chasm, and was up the eighty stone steps on the west side, before a single arrow was sped—only hearing a grunt of compliment to his prowess, which no one of his former pursuers seemed inclined to imitate, and no one to this day has imitated, so that the flat

pave on which he won a footing has come to be known as Jessup's Landing, and will be forever.

No sooner had their astonishment subsided than the disappointed redskins searched long in every nook for Dederick, trampling the wild flowers that grew out of the crevices, and rolling down the hill-side huge boulders to drive him from any hiding place. The wonderful escape of the one, and still more mysterious vanishing of the other, began to work upon their innate superstition, and prepared the way for their easy capture; when from above, at the head of the band he had aroused to action, (after passing so unnoticed and invisible, through the midst of the awe-struck savages,) Dederick appeared again, and flanked them effectually.

Nanchie Houslander had heard of this feat of her old suitor; and she half regretted that in following her he had not shown half the ardor displayed in the pursuit of the enemy. But she had chosen; and as she had said to herself: "What was Dederick to her now but one she could not help honoring as a brave soldier and a staunch adherent of the Continental Congress?"

The day of the wedding came clear and beauti-

ful, and the little bell Queen Anne had given the Exiles pealed out over field and forest, calling the worshippers. From a circuit of miles, and by every road, they came, and before the hour of service the Green was covered with eager knots of talkers and listeners. No one seemed to care to go within, and all were waiting for something—the most for the arrival of the weddeners, and a few stern men on the door-steps for the coming of the minister.

Then the farm wagon of the Houslanders was driven up with the blooming Nanchie therein, well supported by sundry sisters; afterward George Blackburn dashed among the crowd with his gig with a vacant seat for the bride in prospect, and full of visions of the grand "In fair" his people would give her on the evening of the morrow. Last of all the priest came also.

Wondering at the concourse out of doors, as a low hum announced his presence, yet looking neither to the right hand nor the left, he walked under the archway. But there was a bar to his progress. *That church was closed on him forever.* Then turning himself, he saw grave men of the

Great Consistory standing near with a look sad but determined.

"What does this mean?" he asked angrily.

"It means that your friends are our enemies, and while the road to New York is open you had better take it!" slowly spoke a man on the steps of the portico.

The blood shed at Fort Clinton had roused the lion, and instant flight alone saved the Tory Dominie from the lion's paw. A glance over the field convinced him that discretion was the better part of valor, and, smothering his rage, he mounted his horse and rode away, shooting out his flaming eyes a farewell sermon, which none took to themselves, as usual. So left in the lurch the bride and groom, that were to be, subsided into ordinary people, and began to discuss the events of the morning.

"It was basely done," said George, "to insult him thus openly."

"It was well done," retorted Nanchie. "Such a domineering Dominie would not take a hint that was not as wide as a broadsword." Drawing back she noticed an officer's uniform.

"The Dutch Boors!" hissed the Tory sympa-

thizer, before he thought in whose presence he was speaking.

"Yes! The same Dutch Boors who flooded their homes to keep out the armies of a tyrant, and the minions of a Pope; who afterward went over at the call of your Lords and Commons, and put their prince on the Stuarts' throne in order to save the rights England boasts to-day; and who, wherever they are, will help keep the jewel of Liberty in the family of freedom."

Blackburn looked up amazed to meet the steady gaze of Dederick Shafer.

The place was growing too hot for him. His insulted betrothed had moved away with her friends, leaving him to the tender mercies of the "Boors," and there was nothing for him to do, but follow the example of his illustrious predecessor. Solitary and alone, he rode hastily away in the gig that was destined never to carry the fair form of the unforgiving Nanchie Houslander. She never changed her name; and if she ever regretted "what might have been," Dederick did not.

Are they of our time as many as those,
Who, quick as the light,

Met the crisis that came when Britain grew mad ;
 And, daring her might,
 Left the plough in the furrow, and ships on the shore,
 To battle for right ?
 That age, cast of iron, made trial of souls ;
 Each mother the nurse
 Of heroic daughters and valorous sons ;
 This tries a man's purse,
 And a finely-strung mind, with its notes for all time
 Seems only a curse.

Priests in lawn pray, and shrive
 Sinners for gold ;
 Men of birth toil and strive
 To hoard when old ;
 Cringing fools plod and thrive,
 Heartless and cold—
 Gilded they woo and wive,
 For love is sold.

I wooed her when her heart was free
 And wayward as her southern sea ;
 I blessed her as a boon
 Of Heaven's giving,
 And hailed her as a joy
 Forever living :
 So blind was my idolatry,
 I did not dream she e'er could be
 False to herself, and false to me.

I saw her to the altar led
 And shuddered when the vows were said ;
 She must have loathed the lie
 Her lips had spoken,
 She must have felt her vow
 In thought was broken ;
 Oh, Truth ! That she with gold should wed
 Upon whose love my soul had fed ;
 Henceforth I love none but the dead !

'Tis better that such a mirage of the heart
 Should fade into air
 Than the thirst-stricken one, at the goal he has gained.
 Find nothingness there—
 The path of his life all scorched with the hot
 Simoom of despair.

Sooner gauge a man's *mind* by his lion-like strength
 Or beauty, or birth,
 Than passing all else, make ever his gold
 The test of his worth ;
 'Twill canker, and pale at the gateway of pearl
 Though current on earth.
 'Tis one of the counters that help us to keep
 The Game of our Life.

'Tis only the foil, not the armor of steel
 We need in the strife ;
 'Tis false as that soul-less and fashion-bred thing
 The world calls a wife.

Pure, virtuous homes are the strength of a State,
 Not ships on the main ;
 But if Mammon be shrined at Life's Temple Gate,
 The Spirit of Gain
 Shall crust the great heart of the nation at last,
 And madden its brain.

Instead of the Albany Regency,
 Where talent and tact *could* win,
 And Buchu and Shoddy were nowhere
 Any more than Patrick O'Flynn ;
 Now a vision riseth before me--
 The Second Edition
 Of Milton's Description of SIN.

She sits at the Gateway of Commerce,
 A loathsome and bloated old squaw,
 And CERBERUS standeth beside her
 In the shape of Tammany Law ;
 But Death stalks away from his Mother
 To travel by night on the cars
 The veriest Black-guard and Ruffian
 That strikes till his victim sees stars.
 Falling back in his mother's fond embrace
 Whenever he's tried for the deed,
 For surely he's safe with the OLD FOLKS AT HOME,
 Carbarney—McKeone and Bill Tweed.
 And the laughter of fiends sweeps by on my ear, ha ! ha !
 Fume-laden with foulest of whiskey and beer, ha ! ha !
 But the men (?) of New York stand still and look on, ha !
 ha '
 For to show any feeling would not be their *ton*, ha ! ha !

WARDEN OF MAHOPAC.

LIKE the lochs of Scotland for picturesque beauty, are the lakes of Westchester. High above the level of the sea, they woo the freshest breezes, and drink the first drops of the storm-cloud. Down in cool depths lead never sounded, dive the silvery pickerel, across skim the birds that dip with a shriek for their prey ; over them the fisherman goes trolling with his flashing hook, and around the trees of the primeval forests stand guard, save where some hamlet has usurped their place on the bank, or the white painted farm-house glistens through the foliage.

But among them all, Mahopac is chief—a sea in miniature, with its wooded islands with their rocky shores, its jutting capes and frowning promontories, and its broad beach of miles along which is seen no outlet. So too, its sources are hidden. Not many yards away, yet lower by many feet, is

a lake whose waters run down the western slope to the Hudson; but from this little sister, Mahopac seems separate by solid rock, and mingling not upon that lofty tableland, in some mysterious way pours easterly, invisible to man, and swells the Croton.

Long ago, before fashion had found there charms worthy of summer pilgrimage, while the wigwams of the tribe from which it takes its name skirted the strand, it saw a tragedy enacted that lights the rugged landscape of the past with the glow of love and the glare of vengeance and through the dim legions floating around, sounds like some story of the Grecian mould for simple grandeur.

The time of the end had almost come to the trembling sway of the Mohegan Chiefs, whose broad domain once lay between the great rivers and reached from the lakes to the sound. On all sides the stranger race had been closing in upon them, so steadily, they could call now little their own but the mountain ridges, and the upper valley of the Kichawan, as they were wont to name that

Ever laughing river, laden with the voices of the glen,
Art has taught to bear its priceless guerdon to the homes of men.

Already the English Commissioners had made them offers of removal to those regions in the west where they might find forests, dense as they were made, and hunting grounds untrodden by the foot of the Pale-face. At times the warriors seemed disposed to yield to the stern logic of events. Then again the thought of their ancestral graves would overwhelm the old, and the taunts of the women enrage the young to swear they would never sell their birthright.

It was a piece of delicate diplomacy, and failure was fraught with danger. Though decimated, they were still numerous enough, united under some idol chieftain to carry havoc to the homes of the settlers and push back, for a time, the outposts of civilization. But gold and guile, threats and promises, firearms and fire-water were used unsparingly, and not without avail. Pensioned spies among them both guided and revealed their deliberations. Of these, none wielded more power than Jo-liper, whose father, though of French extraction, had kept his place in

the tribe, and transmitted it to his son, who, with the blood of two races, had the vices of both and the virtues of neither.

But there was one—the young chief of the Mahopacs—whom even he did not dare approach. Omoyao was every inch a warrior, singularly courteous in speech, sagacious in counsel, and noble in demeanor.

Too wary to be led, too brave to be cowed, Jo-liper knew England was not rich enough to buy him. The influence of such a character was felt throughout the Mohegan nation, and if the knell of their empire had not sounded, the valor and wisdom of Omoyao might have prolonged what it could not have preserved.

Between these two there could be no compromise. Such variance must ever clash till the struggle ends in ruin to the vanquished. Suspected for his lineage, already Jo-liper's reputation for loyalty had been blown upon, and he knew he could not stand a moment in open opposition to his popular adversary. True to his instincts, he set himself to undermine what he could not attack; and another motive, yet nearer his heart, urged him to add craft to cunning.

Though disgusted with savage life and longing to throw off his disguise, he was greedy for the smiles of the Indian girl, Maya; but here, as in the Council-chamber, Omoyao was a bar to his wishes.

With her old father, above the point where the East and West branches form the Croton, dwelt the Fleet Deer, and it is not wonderful she detested the one as much as she admired the other of her suitors. Worthy to share the honors of the heroic chieftain, she could not but feel loathing ill-concealed for the crawling spy; yet conscious of his capability for she knew not what deed of treachery, always for the sake of her unsuspecting lover's life, she received him with a calm exterior.

Omoyao's worship was not weakness. Fleet of foot, and graceful as a fawn by nature, the Indian maid had seen enough of her white sisters, in the settlement hard by her home, to catch with woman's instinct, stray charms of dress and manner that made her irresistible. Yet her love for her people never wavered, and her faith, that the Great Spirit would intervene to save them

from exile, never failed. It was this sentiment, as well as the strong grasp with which her intellect met his when he talked of their future, that linked their souls together.

Through all the summer negotiations had been going on, but a strong party, swayed by the counsels of the Mahopac chief retarded and threatened to defeat the schemes of emigration. Daily the whites grew more anxious to wholly possess the land, and with it that sense of security they never could have while it was thus held in common. Some of the baser sort did not scruple to say Omoyao's tongue must be silenced, and the only obstacle left got out of the way—by means more likely to be foul than fair. At this juncture it was especially desirable; for the final decision was awaited at a grand council of all the Mohegan chiefs soon to be held, as it were under his very supervision, on that island in the lake where his home was, as his father's had been, guarded by the waves, for centuries.

One evening, a few weeks before this was to occur, Maya sat among the trees in front of her father's wigwam, amusing his dotage with her

lively prattle. The bluff concealed the river from their view, but they could hear its unceasing splash and roar as it rolled over the falls of the Croton. Art and time have changed all that—then there were rapids and cascades, where now is only a ravine of swift flowing water. The hunters' moon was high in the sky and all around was light as day when the quick gallop of a horse broke the stillness, and suddenly Jo-liper, just returned from the chase, stood before them. Turning his pony loose to graze, he saluted the old man with a shake and the maid with a wave of his hand, answering his curious questions about the success of the hunting party he had left, with a semblance of that deep respect so flattering to the aged. Maya had risen to go within and leave them to their pipes, when he prevented her with his quavering voice:

"Will not the Fleet Deer stay to welcome the guest, who has ridden so far to see her whom he has loved so long?"

"If my father wishes," she said, "but the Red Fox knows his offers of love are, and always have been, unwelcome."

"The Fleet Deer is sad," sneered Jo-liper, "for

thinking of Omoyao, the Black Moose, far away with the hunters; but she had better listen to-night, for this is the last time she shall hear them."

"Maya is glad; the Fleet Deer is meeter to mate with the Black Moose than with the Red Fox who fears him."

"*Sacre!*" hissed Jo-liper, throwing off his thin disguise of language as he was wont to do when angered, "why needst thou tell me this before thou knowest even why I have returned?"

"Maya can bear bitter tidings; let the Red Fox speak!"

"No; they will fly fast enough," said Jo-liper, "but now let Maya listen how she can be most happy," and whispering, that the old man's doze might continue, he pointed skyward, "when yonder moon is new again the Tribes will resolve to go to the far West. But I love the life the Pale Face leads too well, and so dost thou in thy heart! The wilderness will have no charms for us. Then let us remain; and when the snow comes and the ice has bound the rivers, I will carry thee to the great city, where thou canst live the honored wife of Jo-liper, commissioned under the Crown

and high in the trust of the English. On the other hand, the chief of the Mahopac must go with his Tribe. Thy father is too old for the journey. Then how can the Fleet Deer mate with the Black Moose?"

"My father is stronger than he seems," she said with a flash from her great brown eyes that made the traitor wince, "where Omoyao goes Maya will go, and where his lodge is shall be hers," and if she had a presentiment of their fast approaching fate, she could have added, with sincerity, the rest of Ruth's noble declaration.

"Ha! Ha! the Fleet Deer has not heard, then, how her Black Moose in his roaming has been caught in the toils of the daughter of the Pale-face," bitterly laughed Jo-liper, filling out the narrative with incidents so plausible, Maya's faith was for a moment shaken, for he hinted more than he told. But she checked the doubt as unholy. The lovers had made an early compact if ever the clouds of distrust came between them to see each other face to face, before taking a step toward parting, and let their frank glances chase away the shadows. Thoughtlessly made, it was

sacredly remembered; and with defiant look she flung back the falsehood.

Then Jo-liper, in his rage, fast and furiously poured forth the proofs of his hate and his villainy: "Recreant or true, thou shalt never wed him. The Chiefs shall never trust him, and I shall never fear him more! When he returns it will be in disgrace, for I have shown them the secret springs of his pretended patriotism. They know thy tastes for the fashions of their foes. They suppose thou must stay for thy father's sake, and I have told them it is thy voice, not his, they hear even counselling to cling to the ancient hunting grounds. What if all be false, they believe it is more thy smile than their good he cares for, and I shall see to it his smooth tongue wags not much longer to thwart my wishes. Scorn on, proud girl! the time draws near when thou shalt beg love of him thou scornest," and stifling a curse, he leaped on his horse and disappeared in the forest.

All this time, with an arrow ready to avenge a touch of insult, among the stunted trees stood Omoyao. He had left the hunt when he noticed that strange and abrupt departure, which boded

no good to the angel of his worship. Crossing the river above, and climbing the bluff he saw all, and heard enough to forewarn him of covert dangers, and without making his presence known stole away as noiselessly as he had come till the few miles were passed that brought him to his Island home.

With body wearied and mind overwrought he sank upon his bear-skin couch but not to sleep. He could no more stop the throbs of his brain than the beats of his heart. The ceaseless flow of thought went on pitilessly, till every nerve was in thrill and will had control no longer. Besides, time was too precious thus to squander. The night was to plan in, the morrow to act in, if he would escape the meshes of his enemies. He quailed not for the ambush or the assassin. His prowess could shield himself as of old, but objects were in jeopardy he loved better. Should the poison work long enough, and his influence be broken, the national ties would dissolve like frost-work, and then life would not be worth the living; or worsted, with the ban of the Tribes upon him, how could he save Maya from an embrace worse than the grave.

When daylight streaked the sky he was still thinking, but the flutter of the faculties was gone, clear and a new sense seemed added so supernaturally came suggestions he could not trace, but thanked the Great Spirit for sending. The few who saw him at the morn met with impenetrable reserve. How to foil the foe, *in either event*, was the problem, and he felt like death, it must be grappled with alone. So let it work itself to the bitter end unaided, that the result might be untold.

He saw the danger each must meet or shun,
And quickly planned what must be quickly done.

A fortnight would elapse before the council, that could only be fraught with opportunities to Jo-liper and disaster to him. That fortnight must be blotted out! Calling the fleetest runners of the tribe, he spoke: "Hasten to the Chiefs and the warriors at the chase, and say the Warden of Mahopac summons them to the Ancient Council Chamber on the night of the full moon instead of the new. Speak not with Jo-liper, and tell not the Pale-face, or the women by the way where the Black Moose tarries. Go! and meet me here to-morrow."

This power of changing the times and seasons of the Tribal gatherings was one of the few prerogatives that still clung to an office somewhat like and sacred as that of Roman Augur. The Chiefs of the Mahopacs had held it for centuries. The mysterious lake was under their peculiar guardianship, and through the ages they alone could build the yearly council fire that was wont to light the Island. Many who have rowed around it will recognize the name of *Petrea*, which some sailor has painted on the rocks close by where now the skiffs land their daily freight of picnickers; and to some it will bring back happy memories of rustic joys, and gleams of the days of young romance.

As the spirit of the clover
Liveth in the summer air;
So I fancied there did hover
Colors of her angel there
Ever round her golden hair.

Such will remember the Dell, so level, so spacious, with one side open to the Lake, and the rest closed in by craggy ledges higher than the pines. Here was the old Mohegan Council Chamber nature had builded for her children,

meet for warriors, with its walls of granite, and its floor of mossy greensward and its arched roof of azure. Omoyao was its Warden.

The runners returned at the time appointed with their mission accomplished. They met not on their way with Jo-liper, who was at the English settlement awaiting Omoyao's return, plotting on, all unsuspecting of the presence of the master-hand that was brushing away like cobwebs the wiles he had woven. At noon the next day the Warden kindled the fire and left it smouldering. Then crossing to the mainland, he rode away to the Falls of the Croton to consult with Maya before the chiefs should gather at the twilight.

For secrecy he fastened his horse below, where two trees had met in falling and bridged the stream, taking an unfrequented path through the woods that led to her abode. In front the tent sat the old man asleep, and within were sung the songs he loved to hear. At his entrance doubt and sadness, surprise and joy chased each other over the maiden's face, as shadows fly across the mountain before the sunlight through the rifted clouds.

Her first words were full of trust :

"Maya has wanted thee so much ; when wilt thou take her to thyself?"

"Sooner than the Fleet Deer dreams of," he answered with a triumphant smile, "to-night!" Then she told him what was unheard in the witnessed interview, and he surprised her with the knowledge of the Chief's gathering at evening, where their betrothal should be celebrated, and Jo-liper's calumnies refuted forever.

Meanwhile the latter had been roused to desperation by the news of the Warden's summons. The plots were not matured, that would have prevented that hated presence at the council ; yet he might wring his heart through Maya, whom with some of his ready English tools he could carry off and marry at his leisure. With this intent they were even now hovering about her dwelling when the creeping spy heard within the voice of Omoyao. Here was a double opportunity thrust upon him, and worth an ambush.

No sooner had the Chief lifted the tent-cloth than an arrow whizzed past and the old man rolled down dead at his feet. Carrying him in gently he spoke to the awestruck girl : "He is beyond the reach of insult but not thou ! Speed

through the forest and meet me at the Island." As she fled one way he rushed out the other upon the mongrel gang, and cutting his way through them with his hatchet, leaped down the bluff. Maya's canoe lay there, and he spun it out into the rapids where Jo-liper did not dare to follow, but with arrows down through the foam it sped like a feather, poised so true, and steered so steadily, and in a little while, unharmed, his good steed was bearing him swiftly homeward.

Then he heard his pursuers shouting to each other. They had swam their horses across above, and swept round to cut him off, but the Pass was near, and if he could reach it first there was a chance of foiling their fell design. The trees flew past, and as he dashed through it he could almost feel their breath upon his cheek.

On, on!—Mahopac is in sight. Over the streams without ever touching the water the steed flies like the wind. He knows whom he carries. Once more noble Selim! and thy work is done. Too far! too steep! the chief's horse is down, and his foes are upon him.

Then he stood at bay. His hatchet he flung crashing into the skull of one; a swoop of his

arm laid another low; and all the while his greedy eyes roamed round for Jo-liper. But he cared not to face his prisoner even bound and helpless, for they could not bind the glance of scorn, and that he shrank before. So through the dusky light, they bore him to the edge of the wooded Cape that puts out into the Lake, south of Petrea. There tied to a tree, Jo-liper taunted him, and setting the woods on fire behind and around, left him to his fate; hasting himself to the assembled warriors, and answering their wandering eyes with a tale of their Warden's desertion.

Omoyao could see the gleaming of the council-fire, and thought was agony. Like a lion in toils he strained at his bonds, but there was no hope till the fast encircling flames should loose them, and free the body and spirit together. Higher leapt the lurid light till the lake was lit with the glare of the burning forest. The roar of the crackling flames, the shrieking of the birds, the flashing of the waves and canopy of rolling smoke made up a scene grand and terrible. The Warden looked on unmoved, and made ready to chant his death-song, but the sound of a paddle and Maya's ringing tones changed it to one of tri-

umph. Merciful winds blew the flame backward,
till she had sprung up the bank, and snapped the
cords asunder. At last they had met nevermore
to be parted, and so they sailed to the Island,
where the chiefs were deliberating in the Valley
of Decision.

Sailing on the Lake in summer, I have heard the boatman
tell,
The sad and half-forgotten legend of its wooded Island Dell:
Of that grand old Council Chamber, wall of rock, and roof of
sky
Where the last Mahopac Chieftain, scornful exile chose to die.

Silent stood the hundred warriors, round the dying Council-
fire,
Princes of a forest kingdom, gathered at his funeral pyre,
Stately as the pines above them, dreaming of their Nation's
prime
And forgotten all the present, in the happy olden time,
Till the twilight turned to darkness, and from out the Spirit
World,
Hung the glorious golden banner, of the universe unfurled.
Sudden on the granite ledges, towering in his righteous wrath,
Like some weird majestic presence rising in the Tempest's
path,
Stood the Chieftain of the Island, with that bearing of a king,
Which the pride of birth may strive for, but the soul alone can
bring.

"Rouse, Mohegans! dreams are idle. Keep your ancient
honor bright!

I have seen you in the battle, ye were lions of the fight.
I have heard you in the Council, when the watch-fire lit the
glen,
And the clouds of war hung o'er us, ye were all undaunted then.
Snake or traitor hissed that whisper; sell your forest; there is
rest
On the shores of Mississippi, on the prairies of the West.
Who the crafty counsel uttered? Let him in the firelight
stand!
Ha! he dare not, crouching coward! palsied be thy trembling
hand
When the Pale-face rushes on thee! Warriors, spurn a lying
tongue."

* * * * *

At Jo-liper's cowering head, a hundred tomahawks were flung.

* * * * *

"Stand, Mohegans! by the memory of the ages that are gone!
By each mound and path of battle on the foaming Kichawan!
By the Lake the Spirit gave us! Breast to breast, and eye to
eye,

Let us swear the oath of glory—one to conquer, one to die.
Sound your war-cry once forever from Grand Sachem's hoary
steep,
Where the eagles have their eyries, and our country's vigils
keep;
Twice ten thousand shouts shall answer from the river to the
sea.
Dare, nor falter! Fear is failure! Craven-hearted, will ye flee?

Go ! the western tribes shall meet you ; ye will be an handful
then,

GO ! and perish in your weakness ; perish from the minds of
men,

Like the Highland river yonder, in its mountains wild and
free.

In the ocean, lost forever ! So shall be your destiny."

Then he turned him to the maiden—worthy she to be his
Queen,—

With her lustrous eye unquailing, and her calm, majestic
mien ;

She, the angel of his worship, she, the hearer of his prayer,
Maiden of the beaming forehead, and the flowing raven hair.
Wrapping close his mantle round him, pointing down the dark
abyss,

"Maya," cried he, "I have wooed thee, yet I wooed thee not
for this ;

Here hath been my father's chiefdom, by Mahopac's craggy
side,

Here shall be my grave, O Maya ! will thou be my Spirit-
bride ?"

Looking on them long they listened, but she murmured naught,
nor spoke,

Only clung to Omoyao as the woodbine clasps the oak.

And the chieftains, half persuaded, paused a moment in their
flight,

Turned and saw the dauntless lovers, leap together from the
height,

Beauty clinging unto grandeur, high resolve and love allied ;

Waves of life that met to perish, so they might flow side by
side.

I have seen the brow of woman, with a nobler radiance dight
Than the jewelled crown bestoweth, or the diamond's magic
light,

I have dreamed of peerless women—Queens of all the mythic
time,

In the realms of glory standing, isolated and sublime,
Like lone columns rising over fallen domes and ruined shrines,
When the mellow twilight robes them, and the ivy round them
twines.


But to me that Indian maiden, faithful to the death and true,
Though her bridal robe were sackcloth, and her garland were
the yew,

Ever in the summer moonlight, or among the throngs of men,
Comes so marked in life immortal, that methinks I saw her
then !

And like waving woof of amber, all around the maples old,
When the frost has touched the forest, and the leaves are green
and gold,

Maya's trust and woman's loving lightens Petrea's rocky shore,
Robes in romance, Lake and Island ; links them to her ever-
more.

ST. ANTONY'S NOSE.

HEY have not come yet," spoke the laughing Tavia; "and Massey, she is out visiting too," chimed in her twin sister Vinia; "and we are all locked out," fairly shouted both in their merriment, as they re-joined their companions, whose coming they had preceded a little way, to announce with the eagerness of bearers of glad tidings.

"So, gentlemen, the rustic seats are the best we can offer you!"

It was under the shade of the great elm they sat, with only the gravelled drive between them and the button-woods on the beach: below, a jutting point of green: low willows skirting the Cove above, where the flood tide kissed the roots and then fell back abashed, with the Beacons in the background, whose beaks have for ages hid the rising sun, and in front the wide expanse of the Hudson where it seems to gather strength to

pierce the Narrows. The sweep of the eye up the river is apast where it leaves the Danskammer, and downward, where it loses itself in the cloven Highlands, taking in the glimmer of the hoary ruins of old Fort Put., the flashing of the waves at the foot of Breakneck and the Boterberg, (Orange County men must needs miscall it Butter Hill), frowning at the puny island that seems to cower back into the shade of the opposing crest of Grand Sachem.

Afar from the hum of the world's control,
To the beautiful eyes of the virginal soul,
In all the realms of the earth and the air,
What visions of beauty everywhere!
The billowy grass, that changes its hue
As quick as the wind that over it blew;
The river, that moves so grandly along,
Yet stops on the shore to ripple a song
Of the wonderful rocks and fleecier foam
It left in the wilderness paths of its home;
The shadows that climb South Beacon's green side
Till lost at the top like the earthling's pride;
The cloud, from the shores of far away seas,
Re-marshalled at call of the evening breeze,
Mid the march of the stars so silent, they seem
To fear lest they waken some child from its dream,
Till the light, whose banners the sun has unfurled,
With the glory of Heaven rejoices the World.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Bute Eveleth, "now that peace has come, the conquerors lock their doors, ha! ha! They stood wide enough open the last time we were here, when President Madison, with a stroke of his pen, sent us English Gothamites into such very agreeable exile, eh! Colton?"

"Only the Eagle screaming a new motto," said Cave Colton, nodding out of his brown study.

"Do you know, ladies!" continued the other, "when the sloop grounded this morning on the flats yonder, opposite that four-sided roof and those massive walls, I felt—in sight of home? and when the venerable Ethiop——"

"Cap'n Boam!" broke in Tavia.

"With his schooner-rigged flat-boat——"

"Periagua," insisted Vinia.

"Shoved off with us from the 'Hope,' I looked on him admiringly as a bright link in the chain that was drawing us together."

"Hear! hear!" cried Colton, "and now permit me to inquire if the locker is locked up too?"

But he took nothing by his motion, as the girls went off in another fit of laughter, that tied their tongues effectually.

"You remember that window under the piazza, lets one's hand in, Eveleth!"

"Hist! you must not tell the secrets of our prison-house. We were here on a sort of parole——"

"As if we did not know where the lock-cellar is!" put in the indignant damsels.

"How could it be expected that with seven elder sisters, Miss Octavia! you should have to visit that dark place of sweet odors; and still less you, Miss Novinia! whom your father, running out of names, numbered nine on his list of beauties!" with a quizzical look suggested Bute, who still thought of them as school-girls he could hardly ever tell apart, and was even now puzzling over a choice of charms and identities. As for Cave, between the two by position, and thinking of a familiar line, he was waiting for the elder hand to lead, that he might follow suit.

"Number eight and number nine,
Choose your mate to dance or dine."

The startled party turned their gaze toward the rhyming water-sprite only to let it rest on the white poll of Cap'n Boam, just visible above the

bank as he bowed low, lifting his straw-tarpaulin, having come down from the "Lower Dock" dinnerward.

"The chances are about even," muttered Colton.

"Where's Massey, Cap'n?" asked Tavia.

"My old woman's on t'other side—wasn't wide awake enough to catch the Perryanger," which plied both as ferry and lighter.

"Gather some peaches and virgaloos, will you, please," said Vinia, "and serve us here."

And while he was gone, they amused themselves trying to span round the old elm with joined hands and much tension.

"You may think yourselves honored gentlemen! General Washington and staff dined under this tree once," said Tavia.

"What on?" asked Colton.

"Silver plates, sir!" sputtered the returned rows of ivory; "I was present on that 'spicious occasion, I was."

"Oh ho!" said Bute Eveleth, perhaps you served the roasted potatoes for Gen. Marion when he asked the British officer to participate?"

"Never 'zided below Mason Dixie!" proudly

replied the family servitor, and, sometimes sailor; "along about then I must have been up at Saratoga, watching another Continentaler gobble up an army, sir! Le'us see, what was our general's name, now?"

"Why! Cap'n! have you forgotten," suggested Vinia, "what Sir Henry wrote to Burgoyne?"

"Sure enough! in a silver bullet—you'd all laughed to see the spy hand it over to us when we caught him—yes, he wrote: 'Nothing between us but Gates,' but those gates shut down on him mighty sudden."

"What's your age?" asked Cave Colton. "Say, Snowdrop!"

"I disremember the day I was born; but I mind the night I was married, they lit fires on North and South Beacons, to tell the country the ships had broke through the chain that was buoyed across the river at Fort Montgomery; and the next day the Britishers sailed up, and that night there was a bigger blaze up at 'Sopus, d'rot'em."

"So your nuptial torches rather paled their in-

effectual fires, did they?" Bute remarked languidly.

"'Spect they did, sir. They wasn't much account no way, nor Massey neither; always thought I ought to look higher."

"What!" screamed out a turbaned head behind him. 'Twas Massey who landed from a row boat below, all unperceived.

"Yes, I was saying there was no countin' on you for dinner," said Cap'n Boam, shying off toward the barn.

"Don't show your disrespectfullest gray head in my kitchen, dinner or no dinner," mumbled Massey, trudging after him.

"Well, gentlemen," said Tavia, "now that the play is over and the farce begun, let us go,"—and up the trellised steps under the arch of woodbine, they entered the hospitable doors of Elmwood.

It was a grand old mansion, and stands to-day as it stood a hundred years ago, with its high-peaked roof, and dormer windows; without bulwarks of hedge, without labyrinthine walks or mimic fountains, or porter's lodge, or rocky stair, or any thing "Architecturalooral" in itself, but a substantial, aye, massive look about it, with its

palatial proportions, its pillared gateway, its arched avenue, and a generous look, as though it were built for guests to fill, and wine to flow in, and a princely hospitality to consecrate during all the summer. Its stone-walls are as thick as a fort's, and the windows, looking out on the piazzas, with a river view from either, have quaint wide recesses. Into these cushioned alcoves the young men flung themselves, and read and dozed away the afternoon till the dressing bell roused them to meet the family, who welcomed them with the unaffected cordiality of *Auld Lang Syne*.

The buoyant fortnight that followed, though crowded with incident, seemed the shortest of their lives. The hours were tripping it over the roses. One day the state carriage would wake for them the echoes of the Cove; and the next the rock road ring with galloping hoofs, as they tempted the narrow causeway between Breakneck and the river. One night it would be music on the water, and the next some social gathering where every other guest rejoiced in the "Van" of the Hollanders. But oftener they would row round the Point for an angle in the Fishkill, or stroll on *Presqu'île*, well named, for washed on all

sides but one by the waves, it is almost an island, and though not linked with the fame of earth's heroes in song or story, there are those who love it, with its old oaks and elms, whose spreading boughs and symmetry of outline the years have touched so lightly. Railroads have ruined forever many places just as dear to many all along the Hudson, and to-day *Presqu'île* is the terminus of an inchoate railroad, and belongs to an insolvent soulless Corporation. But the Landscape is not in the power of man to destroy. The river will roll on till comes the time when there shall be no more sea, and the Island that seems to block the entrance to the Bay will not sink nor the eternal hills bow their heads until the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

Their elders planned, and considerately left them to execute. With hearts untrammelled, such intimacy could not go on forever—but it was always the same *partie carrée*, and the charms and identities of the twins were ever commingling and confusing. The young men were not sure both had not made love to each already, and which one of the beauties either really preferred was yet more misty. "Were either dear charmer

away!" then Cave or Bute would have been away along with the charmer, but the sisters were inseparable.

One evening the couples, as far apart as they could get, were leaning against the snowy walls of the piazza, watching the glassy Bay mirror back the moon, when Bute broke out with:

"O, scenes there are of beauty in this desert world of ours,
Oases-like, all redolent of fountains and of flowers!"

Where the lonely heart forgetting o'er its exiled lot to grieve
In their lovely presence findeth an Eden and an Eve."

"Really, Mr. Eveleth! that verse seems to fascinate you. It's only the second time you have whispered it to me to-night!" said Vinia.

"Oh!" blundered Bute, "I thought it was your sister."

"Indeed! Your flattery is so general than it means nothing in particular."

Cave Colton could not help hearing, and making a point:

"Say, Bute! it never struck me before how lucky Adam was in not having two Eves to choose from in Paradise."

But the girls, who had no such trouble, pondered these things in their hearts.

So autumn days swept by, and the visit they had lengthened, to escort Tavia and Vinia to New York, ended without a declaration, save what they made to each other of finding their fate on the voyage. Sloops were yet the common carriers of the time, and Cap'n Boam was never prouder of *Periagua* than when it carried the *partie carrée* out to the "Hope," that lay at anchor off the Bar, awaiting a turn of the tide, or a whiff of the wind, till after sunset.

Leaning over the taffrail in the moonlight, as the bounding bark dashed over the mountain shadows, and almost alone on deck, each felt the day of decision had come and gaily accepted the position. Their tones lowered perceptibly and by degrees the pairs of ~~chairs~~ instinctively separated. Bute's proposal was on his tongue and Tavia seemed ready for the question, when the Master sang out to the helmsman: "How far down are we?"

"St. Antony's Nose, sir!"

The sight of the monster by moonlight was too rare to be missed, and woman's curiosity broke up each *tête à tête*, to gaze upon the wonderful mountain, on whose misshapen side that

strange irregularity was carved by nature men called so from time immemorial.

"Quite a prominent feature!" Cave remarked.

"And do look! Mr. Colton," cried Tavia, "at that twig growing down where his chin ought to be."

"Rather too Frenchy for a Saint's beard—goatee, ugh!"

But while they were cracking their jokes on the rock, a bend in the river dispelled the illusion, and Bute walked away with number nine, beginning again the same strain he had just left off with number eight, till he caught himself in time to change the subject, by hinting that it was past their "hour for retiring." The opportunity, thus lost, did not recur on the passage. A fair wind all next day carried them past the Palisades, and late in the afternoon the young men left their charges at the house of the friend they had come to visit, on St. John's Park, as free as ever.

The "Lady of the Lake" was the play of the period, and on the evening after, Bute happened to take Vinia and Cave Tavia to see it. The "Lady" was so large, and the skiff so little, that the sisters were not the only ones in the old Chatham

Theatre who shuddered at the consequences. Home again, in their room that overlooked the inchoate Park, they were wondering if their knights would get out of their maze, and to their satisfaction; while at the City Hotel the knights were sketching a new campaign entirely.

"By-the-by, Colton, did you carry the day with Miss Vinia?" asked Bute, after they had pulled the players' costumes to pieces.

"I should, had not St. Antony flanked us at the crisis," Cave replied, who suspected more than he knew."

"You may well say 'us,' ha! ha!" laughed Bute.

"Have you determined which number to take, Eveleth?"

"I thought I had till last night."

"So did I," pointedly replied Cave, jumping up to light a Havana, and hide his blushes.

"My plan is," suggested Bute, "to return with them to-morrow, and at sight of the Nose, ask the one that happens to be with us, *instanter*."

"So be it! Hope the name is not ominous of the answers we'll get."

"After what has passed I should not wonder if both refused us!"

"*Cela dépend* on which one we ask."

"We must follow our own hearts," said Bute, "but whose nose?"

"St. Antony's, sir!" And so they settled it, little thinking what a revenge for their jests the saint was going to have when they would read their fate by lightning.

Storm and headwinds so delayed the upward trip, that in the third day's twilight the sloop lay by for the night, as her four passengers thought, below the highlands. But after midnight the wind shifted, and spite of their lack of ballast, and the warnings of the helmsman, the venturesome master weighed anchor.

Through the perils of that winding gorge, where at every turn the mountains make a new channel for the wind and the water, the vessel had nearly passed, when all at once strange noises overhead roused Cave and Bute from their slumber. Climbing up with coats in hand, they leaped into the darkness. Their floating home was shaking in the whirl of the tempest. Then a flash from the clouds showed them the man,

whose place was the tiller, knocked overboard and swimming for the shore, and the pale master with his axe, on deck alone, by the great white sheet that strained and struggled for release.

The next moment they were all in the water, with the spread sail under them like a hammock. The "Hope" had capsized. The pent up winds came pouring through the narrows, and there she lay without the slimmest hope of righting. But the master clinging to his axe, as if it were a life preserver, clambered up on the side, and lifted them out of the reach of the waves, to take their chances with the vessel.

All this time the sisters were in the after cabin, and their angels had taken their souls for a little while, when the dream changed to falling down, down, down, till they awoke in terror, standing on the wall of their state room. Through the chinks of the door under their feet, that was locked on the outside, the water came flowing in, and they could hear it surging through the hold. But they could see nothing, and half awake, could not tell in their fright, whether their side was the upper or under. Shut in, and shrieking aloud from that dark coffin; even in those peril-

ous moments Vinia noticed Tavia called on Bute to save her, and it made her glad as she thought they would die as they had lived, without a cloud between their spirits. So clasped in each other's arms, and praying, silently they waited.

Then over their heads rolled a noise that was not thunder. They listened, and catching the sound of heavy strokes knew some one was cutting them out of their prison. Steadily fell the axe, every time with a clearer ring, till the cool air rushed in and told them they were rescued from that horror. Ere long strong arms lifted them out into the grateful gloom, and manly tones cheered them back to hopefulness.

The wreck was sinking slowly and the small boat had been swept away, but the river was calm again and daylight not far distant. Wrapped in shawls and blankets, Tavia let Bute support her, and Vinia the other, as they sat on the vessel's side, wishing for the morning. So floating up with the tide and looking shoreward, suddenly with a crash and a roar the sky was lit for a moment, and there right before them towered the frowning front of St. Antony. Then the young men remembered their strange compact, but there

was no need. That hour of peril had stilled all doubts and fears forever.

With the dawn came the welcome sight of "Perryanger" bearing down upon them from the northward. The escaped boatman had given the alarm, and fearing the worst, Capt'n Boam and Massey, who would come along, approached the wreck. When they saw the "Hope's" company still afloat the hills resounded with their loud huzzas, and Massey hugged all that came aboard, indiscriminately.

"Number eight and number nine will have to be called something else before long, I guess, haw! haw!" and her red turban shook as she looked at the blushing sisters.

June brought its wedding wreaths of roses, and as the bridal party stood under the shade of the elm again, Tavia said, looking at Bute: "I shall never forget that glimpse we had of the Nose!"

"The print is on my brain," replied Vinia;—"what are you men laughing at?"

"Why the fact is," said Bute, "our ladies' eyes were too prominent a feature of that occasion to leave room for any such impression."

"Of course they were!" added Cave; "I don't remember any Nose at the time you speak of, my dear, but St. Antony's."

GOLD UNDERGROUND.

My name is Captain Kidd

As I sailed, as I sailed,

And so wickedly I did


As I sailed ;

I murdered Tommy Moore

As I sailed, as I sailed,

And left him in his gore

As I sailed.

 O sang some one, and wondered why the Captain had not saved a world of trouble by including in his confession the exact locality along the Hudson, where he buried his spoils and a headless comrade with them to guard them from the spoilers of our times, who it seems can only be frightened from their thieving work by some such ghostly sentinel.

Whereupon my mind reverted to Chili and her gold-riffed Andes, and I soliloquized for the benefit of us three.

The buried treasures of the Incas have excited the cupidity of men and the interest of savans

ever since the cruelty and rapacity of Cortez and his contemporary raiders compelled their concealment. Deep down amid the ruins of Sea-temples, or hidden among the ravines of the mountains, lie puny images of untold value—the first fruits of the mines of South America. For less men peril their lives, and suffer all weariness, delving into and burrowing through the earth ; but here they lie, refined and precious, under the sacred seal of silence. To the descendants of the aboriginal kings is limited the tradition of their resting-place, and only rarely do they see the light. Poverty sometimes forces the wretched scions of that lordly race to bring forth a handful of them wherewith to pay the dues of tribute to their conquerors ; but no wiles can seduce, no authority drive them to reveal the source of their treasures.

“ *Golden Jesuses* our soldiers called them during the Mexican War,” put in my friend, the ex-Consul, evidently smiling at my waste of enthusiasm. “I have seen some of the ugly little Penates I have brought home from Lima, and, of course, they are ‘worth their weight in gold.’ At one time, though, they were a drug in the market

there, and the reason of it was this—if the story won't weary you."

With all the knowledge and more than the humor of an Hassaurek, the experience of an early manhood passed in those mysterious regions had entranced us too often to forego the temptation.

"Then you must know," he continued, "*compadres* are wont to think more of their god-sons than their own. When the latter become poverty-stricken they let them enlist; but for the former they try, and often strike out new paths to wealth and advancement with a will surprising to our colder blooded Yankees. Such a benevolent old Indian was Pedro's *compadre*, and such a shirtless pauper was Pedro Ramirez. Coming to the hut with seeming tears of penitence one day, and tattered and torn by reckless passions, he besought aid, promising amendment by all the saints he remembered in the calendar. At once the *compadre* took him to his heart, and making use of the secret he had had handed down from his ancestors, led his jubilant god-son blindfolded to the spot where gleamed in dark caves among the mountains of Peru, those imperishable relics

of his race—those coveted accumulations of centuries.

"From their hiding-place Pedro was bid to carry away as many as his hands would hold, and, though not in the habit of taking anything beyond his reach, he filled his pockets without compunction. But, like the dust of the miners in the early days of San Francisco, a few short weeks served to scatter to the four winds of Heaven this grand *douceur* of the old man's affection; and again came this hopeful god-son to the simple heart whose sacred gifts he had wasted, for relief from the penury to which alone his evil courses had reduced him. This time a presentiment seemed to float before the aged eyes, even while they wept over Pedro's feigned sorrows. Suspicious of something, the old man took with him an Indian companion, and tottered along on the self-same blindfold journey. But the precaution was vain. Directly they reached the place of gold, Pedro flung himself upon his benefactor, and killed his *compadre*. The cowardly Indian fled, and left him with the dead, monarch of the treasures of the Inca.

"The hours flew by as he revelled there. Then

he noted well the landmarks for future use, and unmolested, gathered the choicest specimens of the civilization of that early age, bearing away a prodigious amount of spoil, on which to riot as before. For many months gold flowed through his hands like water, and all Lima wondered. But the blood-spot was on his treasure. Suddenly came a charge of murder, and conviction followed; quick and instant death was the sentence, for the authorities of the penniless republic were dying to know whence came his riches. For his life he offered to reveal the secret he had stolen, but his pardon first must seal the compact. They refused: and when no hope was left, in sheer despair and as a last resort to soften his prosecutors, whose faith he had distrusted, he hurled at them the story of his journey and of the route he had taken. Then, thinking they were sure of the gold, the magistrates had him executed. But they met their reward; for though search long and thorough had been made, all traces had been destroyed by the Indians, and no one to this day has ever found the way that led to the Place of Gold. *Quien sabe?*"

But not the Incas alone have thrust their

costly things into the bosom of mother Earth, till the tempest of trouble was overpast. A Viceroy of Peru is said to have used the precedent even more successfully, when revolution drove him back to Spain.

"By-the-by, yesterday's cablegram, you know, tells of an expedition fitting out at the port of San Francisco to visit the Isle of Cocos, and the reason of it is this, if the story won't weary you."

We had noticed the overland dispatch, and the curiosity painted on every face kept the ex-Consul in the vein, and thus he fired up again:

"Before reaching majority, the spirit of Unrest caught me up and left me on a whaler, voyaging amid the wonders of the weird Pacific. On the equator, and about fifteen hundred miles from the coast, in quest of water, we stopped a while at a curious, cone-shaped island, whose trees bore cocoanuts and give the name all sailors know it by, and will forever, despite the *spelling*.

"Belonging to no nationality, and rarely pressed by the foot of man, it lies a speck in the waste of waters, an oblong oval, its width a mile, and not much longer. Roamed over by wild hogs, screamed over by water-fowl, crawled over

by boas, who must have floated there and propagated, its scenery is primeval. There is only one point where a landing can be made, steep cliffs elsewhere rendering it impregnable as Gibraltar. Above the prairie-grass covered plateau, its centre runs up half a mile, densely clothed with jungle undergrowth, which makes its summit almost inaccessible. Unvisited, save by vessels wanting wood or water, not many know of its existence, and fewer still of the grand cascade that pours down as clear as crystal from a lake on the very top of that cloud-capped peak; none, indeed, except those who go down to the deep in ships to take its monarchs captive, and chance to slake their thirst at this eternal spring that dashes over the rocks of Cocos Island.

"Some day some scientific man will study out its nature; but, without such data, my impressions are that it has no trace of volcanic origin, nor coral formation. These last are usually low; this high and verdant-covered mountain peak, however, seems as old as Ararat.

"Tiring of the sea, I had quietly made my arrangements to leave the ship's company here, and hide away amid the clefts till they had

weighed anchor. Everything needful for fishing and roughing it I had carefully provided, down to pins; but to secrete an axe, with which to build a hut for the rainy season soon to follow, was impossible. Slowly and sadly came the inevitable conclusion that rope-yarn was preferable to rheumatism. So for me, a paltry axe cut the thread of the Spinning sisters, and fate made me not long afterwards a Consul, *vice* hermit of the Island.

"But I was in love with Cocos; and with the oysters that abounded and with the eggs that covered its rocks, and the clouds of pigeons that darkened its day, and a good stock of youth and energy, it still seems to me the very spot Byron dreamed of. O, what a perfect little paradise two fond hearts might find it, despite the solitude! How it teemed with glorious growth! How radiant were the hues of its garniture! Shrubbery cut down one day, I have seen a foot high three days after. Flowers broken from the stem at night, I have seen replaced and blooming on the morrow.

"The only things apparently out of place in Paradise, are the hogs, who grow gaunt and

spectral, from continually climbing the precipices. A wild boar chased me, I remember, (*hinc illæ lachrymæ*,) but he missed his footing, and pitched off a couple of hundred feet into the ocean, and met the luck of his ancient brethren, who, devil-driven, ran down a steep place into the sea, else I might not now be laughing at their gauntness, which really is so marked the sailors say they use dead ones to put candles in, and hang up for lanthorns.

"The serpents are few, and keep on their own side, and don't *rattle*, like ill-bred people of that ilk elsewhere, and in more civilized communities nearer the Pole. But they are beautiful to look at, gorgeous in the sunbeams, graceful on the grass, and when they *could* walk up uprightly, must have been the fittest type of loveliness to tempt the fairest woman man ever gazed upon.

"Wonderful alike to northern eyes is the plumage of the birds, and various as the tints of vegetation. Their songs are rather wasted on the desert air, perhaps, but free and joyous, and with its eagles soaring above, and its robins chirping around, Cocos seems a universal home

for every species, from mother Cary's chickens to the noble albatross of Coleridge.

"Yet even into this paradise once came the demon of Envy, and like all the world, its ground has been cursed by the blood of angry tumult. The sequel is that just on the eve of cannibalism, some shipwrecked sailors made this harbor and lived for days upon the luxuries nature there provides. With returning strength, however, came stronger passions. Bitter feuds broke out, and heads were broken. In a little while, the whole lump was leavened. Sides were taken by every son of Neptune, and they met in battle array, armed with wooden spears and stones to hurl against each other. They fought and fought, from sun to sun, and only two survived of all that goodly company, whom past misfortune should have linked, as with hooks of steel, forever. These sole survivors of the rival factions parcelled out the island between them, and so they lived apart and hateful, till a stray ship carried off the one; the other refused to go if he must travel in the society of his enemy, and the future of such a Plug Ugly is not worthy our speculation.

"But now to the story of which I set about to tell you, suggested by the cablegram. When the revolution in Peru compelled the viceroy to seek safety in his castle in Spain, he set sail from Callao, taking his son and millions of doubloons and other valuables. Stress of weather forced a call at Cocos Island. His future loomed up before him not in the brightest colors. He knew his monarch's mind had been poisoned, and he dreamed of attainder and confiscation. So, more careful of his gold and jewels than his own life, he buried them beside two peculiar trees, in the presence of his son, who made a minute record of the locality.

"His homeward voyage ended, the King of Spain accused him of peculation, and, on some other charges of malfeasance in his office, had him tried, and ere his peers had passed upon them, his soul had passed out of prison. Grief endureth for a night, but joy cometh on the morrow. Back sailed the youth, with a host of friends, to recover the doubloons, that they might double up faster than where planted by his father.

"At Panama they engaged some Indian laborers to aid them in the search of excavation. But,

stricken down by fever there, the viceroy's son died before the expedition had set sail for the Isle of Cocos. The treasure was weighty, but they were determined it should not slip from their nearing grasp. Letting the dead bury their dead, or at least do their mourning ceremonies, the party pushed on to the port and loosed their ship from its moorings. Fair winds wafted them over the waves of the Pacific, and if they had been as worthy of the name, my story would not be worth the telling. But no sooner did they come in sight of the goal of all their hopes than they began to quarrel over the distribution of the spoil; after they landed they quarreled over the division of the labor; while they dug they quarreled over the locality of the treasure—and so, without their head centre, the golden circle fell to pieces.

"I have seen an old Indian laborer of this expedition, who may still survive at Panama, and from his mouth had this brief account of their failure, which may be further explained and seems less singular when one comes to know that the son died so suddenly, or for some other reason never put into the hands of the digging

party the manuscript statement of the facts and place of concealment of his father's gold and silver and jewels; which, by the way, is still extant, and was seen, not a decade since, by your humble servant, the Consul at Tumbez."

Still, beneath the deafening cry of the water fowl, and under the shade of the cocoa-trees, the Viceroy's treasure rests and rusts. Two strong arms with simple tools, and two good eyes, with a copy of the dead son's manuscript, might easily unearth it, and build ten-score of model tenement houses.

For one disposed to make such disposition of this legacy there is more to know than the ex-Consul's story. Only thus would blessing lead and follow the finder. Else the rust on it might eat into his heart. But throw its weight into the turning scale in furtherance of the happiness and purity of American women, and nothing will leave a taint. The blood of slaughtered Incas, the sweat of lashed slaves who gathered it, the tears of defrauded widows and orphans, the robbed revenues of the Church, all will cease their combined cry for vengeance. Then he that giveth and she that receiveth will alike be blessed,

and out of the homes he shall rear amid the toil and hum, in the city and yet not of it, shall ascend benisons for their founder while living, and after he has fallen asleep shall go up this prayer for the peace of his soul whenever the shop-girl's work is done, at the time of the evening sacrifice:

Son of Mary, call his spirit,
Only for thy saving merit!
Let the angels higher bear it!
Where his Mother waits to greet
This her son—O Patron sweet!
Washer of the Holy feet!
Sancta Maria Magdalæ
Ora pro nobis!

Afar from the hum of the world's control,
To the beautiful eyes of the virginal soul,
In all the realms of the earth and the air,
What visions of beauty everywhere!
The billowy grass, that changes its hue
As quick as the wind that over it blew;
The river, that moves so grandly along,
Yet stops on the shore to ripple a song
Of the wonderful rocks and fleecier foam
It left in the wilderness paths of its home;
The shadows that climb South Beacon's green side
Till lost at the top like the earthling's pride;
The cloud, from the shores of far away seas,
Re-marshalled at call of the evening breeze,

THE MAGIAN'S DAUGHTER.



MASIS was the youngest of the Magi who followed the wonderful star that shone day and night until it hung over the Divine Infant. Home again among the Persian fire-worshippers, a noble discontent consumed them. Illuminated by the spirit, how could they stoop to adore the brightness of the sun? The King incarnate had smiled upon them, and never again would they make less grand obeisance. At last, this unrest became a supernatural impulsion that sent them apart to the ends of the earth, one to Europe, one to Africa, and Amasis to the extreme bounds of Asia. Far at the Northeast, he found a causeway that then joined the new world with the old; and over it, and beyond, an irresistible desire impelled him, until he had reached the shore of the Atlantic.

All along his route, after leaving the frozen waste, he had traversed a land of prairie and primeval forest, lorded over by a nomadic race, whom

he wondered to find so like in feature to the descendants of those captives the Assyrian Kings had brought from Palestine; and as his journey brought him near the old city by the ocean, he wondered more to find so many traces of the religious rites his youth had learned, mingled with dim memories of the shadows of a purer faith which centered in the Desire of all nations. His wisdom was not long at fault. The more he studied the mystery the more sure he grew that, over the same Isthmus he had come, hundreds of years before, had wandered portions of the Ten Tribes, not all lost and absorbed among their captors, and built at the South vast pyramids and great cities radiant with gold, and at the North this city of Cam, almost within hearing of the waves whither he had journeyed. Covering many miles, and magnificent with pleasure domes as Kubla Khan decreed, it was the home of their princes and the head of their religion. Every gate stood always open. The waters of Tappan Zee flow over its ancient site, for then there was no Hudson. North of it arose in terraces a highland range, and beyond that was a vast inland sea, which hid what are now the River Counties, that

lie above the opposing crests of Boterberg and Grand Sachem.

Here Amasis married a lady of the land, who dying left him Aida, and her he taught with earliest speech to lisp prayer to the Son of Mary. They dwelt apart from the throng. On one of the peaks between Cam and the great Lake he had builded him a tower, whence the eye could sweep from Zadir to the lowest horizon, and here he followed his old studies untrammelled, but not unhonored, for the Magians were the philosophers and the astronomers of the ages in which they lived. So Aida had come to womanhood without ever mingling in the rites of Ormuzd or the Ahriman, those gods of light and darkness, one of whom the people feared and the other worshipped. But the time drew near when the strength of her trust in her paternal faith should be tested, oh! how fearfully.

On the Torn mountain, just outside the walls of Cam, stood the great Fire Temple, where the Arch Priest resided, and kept the coals always glowing in honor of Ormuzd. Here, too, but separate from the shrine, was the high stone altar, whereon once in a hundred years a human sacri-

fice was offered to appease Ahriman. The century had nearly rolled round, and there would be no escape for Aida; for then the people were all gathered in the plain at the foot of the Torn, and each must witness with uplifted hand the horrid sight, or take the place of the victim. But she knew it not. Why should the Magian tell her? No shadow had ever fallen over her happy heart; and the knowledge of that dread day and hour would have been more than even he could bear, had not the Heavens shown him strange prophecies of a terrible struggle in Nature that gave him hope the stars in their courses would fight against that bloody consummation. Beside, a third of a century had gone since he did homage to the Child, whom day by day he watched for in the strength of manhood to rule the Earth. Voices within and without, portents above and mutterings below, all told him how near was the time, and so he waited. But the cruel morning dawned, and all things continued as they were.

Still firm in his confidence of help, he knew not how, Amasis went alone to the place of assembly, if so be his warning might avail to stop the sacrifice, and Aida's absence pass unnoticed. It was

a gala-scene. Thousands covered the plateau; first, lines of maidens circling the base of the hill, then the princely houses, and then the common people far in the distance. Gorgeous in his robes of office the Arch Priest sat upon the Torn, and upon the black stone altar stood a beautiful girl, glittering with jewels and a crown of gold, who had been chosen by lot from the fairest of the land, and kept in ignorance of her doom—proud to be so honored, and smiling happily. Suddenly, the Arch Priest arose and bound her hands and feet with silken cords, and laid her on the altar, but she did not see even then the fagots and the gleaming crystal club that lay beside her.

Then among the princes, head and shoulders above them, strode the gray-haired Amasis, and told them, as often before, the Story of the Star, and bade them cease from blood. But this they deemed the Magian's madness, so they humored it, and asked him to show them this King who was so long in coming to His right!

Heeding not the sneer, but pointing through a rift in the clouds, that till now had hid the sun, his reply rung out so all could hear and tremble: "Behold, the Light you worship is turning to

darkness!" Every glance was upward, and, through the rent pavilion of the dying sun, for a moment caught the fearful sight, ere the clouds rolled back again.

Rage and terror seized the multitude. They made a wild rush toward the spot where he stood, calm and steadfast, shouting: "It is the unbeliever's work. Let the sacrifice go on!" But the mother of the girl, who was arrayed for slaughter, had been closely scanning the line of maidens, and now her shrill cry was heard above the tumult: "Hold! Where is the Magian's Daughter?"

Aye, where? Up in her father's tower, whither the unwonted hum of voices had drawn her, she gazed in amazement on the thousands that thronged the plains below, till the white beard and long snowy locks of Amasis, standing like a rock amidst the seething mob, fixed her wandering eyes. When they rested upon him, she flew down the slope and over the green terraces to share his danger.

Again that mother's cry: "Where is the Magian's daughter?" And the Arch Priest descended the stone stairs that led from the altar to the

plain to stay the tumult, but before they could send to fetch her she leaped into the outstretched arms of Amasis, saying: "What means it, my father?" But he only said: "Be strong, my daughter!"

Then spoke the Priest: "Do homage, Aida! before Ahriman." "The Lord I worship," she answered, "created both the light and the darkness."

But he pitied her, and felt the charm of her wondrous beauty and heroic spirit. In his softest accents he told her what the day demanded, and how little a thing it was to escape so dire a penalty. The effort was vain. Again he addressed her aloud: "Do homage, Aida! or take her place who waits to be offered."

And Amasis whispered: "Be strong, my daughter." Clear were the tones in which her answer came: "The Lord I worship can raise me from the dead." At that the people cried out with the roar of the raging sea: "To the altar with the Magian's daughter."

Sadly the Arch Priest bore her up the mountain, and Amasis followed up the stone steps, down which ere long sprang the unbound maiden,

jeweled and crowned and shuddering at the fate she fled from, to join her kindred.

In her stead lay Aida, clad in her simple robe of white, with clasped hands, and still as the picture of a saint. The Priest bound her not, for his pity had grown to love, and he was determined to save her even then, though her glazing eyes beheld him standing by her side with the instrument of death upraised and waiting the reappearance of the sun. But for him and his heathen clan it would never shine again.

'Twas high noon, yet the day seemed closing, and its light was ghastly, throwing strange unnatural hues on all things—on the grass, and the sky, and the now silent populace, who each looked on the other's face affrighted. The air was heavy and unstirred save by puffs of stifling vapor. The very ground wavered, and from everywhere came rumbling echoes, as of chariots thundering over rock-ribbed mountains, and dashing together above the banded stars.

Then from the Torn, Amasis stretched out his arm towards the broken clouds, and cried aloud: "The King cometh!" and lo! there in the zenith hung the sun, black and formless. The crowd

saw, and crouched, and moaned in abject terror. Light and darkness horridly commingled. Shut in by an ever narrowing horizon, and pressed down by a sky low-hung and sunless, those green terraces seemed the battle ground whereon had met for final struggle Ormuzd and Ahriman—both alike horrible. Around them a light of breaking waves upon a midnight ocean, above them

“A darkness beaded as the sea, with foam,
Where slept the lightnings of the wrath to come.”

Self-poised and breathing higher air, alone of all, Amasis stood unshaken. Fear had at last unmasked the Arch Priest who tore off his robes and trampled them angrily. Without a faith, his unstayed heart turned to Aida, and he tried to rouse her to flee from accumulating horrors, but she was dead. In thought she had suffered the extreme agony, from which her gentle spirit shrunk appalled, and passed out her unmarred body. Then he strode to the edge of the cliff and cursed the Most High. And a bolt came out of the clouds and slew him; and the hill was split in twain, and the fire temple crashed down the chasm that ran northward to the Lake and

southward to the Atlantic. The panic-stricken crowd fought for room to flee, parents treading down their children; but the chasm widened, the ground sunk beneath them, the pent up waters broke through the old time barriers, and swept over the city of Cam, along the granite-hewn Palisades the earthquake had builded, on to the astonished ocean. Amasis only survived, kneeling on the Torn mountain beside the form of his dead daughter, while the evening sun threw its wonted rays over a changed land and a new river.

On the night of the second day, weary with watching, the old man slumbered, but when the dawn came Aida waked him, and made this answer to his wondering eyes: “My spirit was afar where all the worlds rolled by in glory, save our earth that reeled through space black and monstrous. Then a glare of central fires, leaping an instant through her shattered crust, showed me a rabble throng howling round a cross whereon hung nailed our King.”

The old man wept.

“He has risen from the dead,” she exultingly exclaimed, as if she caught a strain of seraphic

song. "Go hence, my father, and tell men now sacrifice is sacrilege, but let me stay with the Angels."

And so he left her, retracing his way to the Pacific. But the causeway was gone. The earthquake had sunk the Isthmus and unlinked the Hemispheres, that the new world might not bear the guilt of the old. Then he journeyed southward to the gold-gleaming city of the Aztecs, and told his message, with what avail, who knoweth? Yet, when, after many centuries, the Spaniards came, amid the ruins of an earlier civilization they found there a race that offered human sacrifices, and a wondrous temple sacred to the sun, on whose pictured walls was this record of his life Amasis had written.

THE END.