

# DRIVEN FROM THE PATH.

*A NOVEL.*

EDITED BY

DR. CHARLES SMART.

"'I will' is the bud from which every leaf on man's life-tree is evolved."  
DR. OLDFELLOW.

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## PREFATORY EPISTLE.

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MY DEAR DOCTOR: Having obtained the sanction of the individuals most concerned, I lay before you, in the pages which follow, the story of the life of Lew Gordon—a “plain, unvarnished tale,” yet one, I trust, not utterly devoid of polish. Should you find it possessed of the interest which you inclined to attach to it from a consideration of the rough sketch I gave you at our last meeting, I pray you, by all means, have it published, provided, of course, that my rendering be suited to the literary taste of the present day.

I have written it as simply as possible, recording thoughts as they dawned on the mind, words as they were spoken, deeds as they were done, and all in the order of sequence in which they occurred.

Naturally, there are many circumstances in his life of which I am cognizant, but which I do not set forth, considering their importance insufficient to warrant their introduction; while, on the other hand, there are no doubt many things having an important bearing on his history, which I,

Linsley

through ignorance, have omitted. His teething troubles are an instance. From a consideration of his character as a child, I opine that he was signally favored at the period of dentition. But this is simply a surmise. Had I been decided on the point, I would have devoted my first chapter to the details of those early months: for I hold that the ease or difficulty with which the temporary teeth erupt through the dense alveolar tissue, exercises a most powerful influence in the formation of character. I shall not now attempt to sustain my position, but, as I conceive the subject to be one of much importance, I will make a memorandum and give you an exposition of my views at an early date.

Above all, in the arrangement of my materials I have attempted nothing of the sensational or the dramatic. There are certain works of fiction which I dislike most heartily: those wherein the interest is sustained by expectation. The villain must have met the fate he merited, for surely our hero cannot have fallen in the duel so forced upon him? I want to know, and yet (I object to skipping, commending the objection to your favorable consideration during your perusal of my tale) I have to wade through a dozen chapters before I can learn that, just as they were on the point of shooting, there appeared on the scene—an interruption. There *are* works, did I say? In that, peradventure, I go too far. I should have written there *were*—were in the days when I was light-headed, and preferred such reading to the technicalities of my text-books; but those days have long gone by, and the world of light

literature may now move in another orbit. At that time, every thing published in the name of fiction I devoured, to satisfy my unhealthy craving. It *was* unhealthy; for man's mind is omnivorous as his stomach. A little light reading is good in its way—warming the imagination, as is a modicum of the saccharines—warming the material components of the frame; but too much of either is cloying. Nor did I object in those days to any means the author might adopt to intensify the interest of his pages. Recently, however, in reading a tale presented me by a talented young friend, I was so unfortunate as to have an accident befall my spectacles. The author told his story in a plain, straightforward manner which pleased me exceedingly, but as I reached a point of engrossing interest, in fact I was approaching the *dénouement*, the thread of the narrative was broken by the accident referred to. I was much disquieted during the afternoon and night which followed. I wanted to know, yet could not, until another pair was sent me from the city; for I hesitated to trouble Mrs. Brown (the worthy lady with whom I board) to read for me, and Fortune vouchsafed me no friendly visitor whose eyes I could impress into my service. Next day my state of inquietude would have continued until the arrival of my glasses, had not little George W. Brown dislocated his shoulder by a fall from a peach-tree.

The memory of those unquiet hours leads me to avoid any means by which this tale might be invested with an interest not purely its own. It may be said that an author is justly entitled to the credit of any arrangement or artifice

his fancy may suggest, by which to create or heighten his effects. Granted. If the effects so produced beget a healthy interest, and be sustained by the unfolding of the tale, I accredit him all the pleasure which my constitution and education permit me to derive from the contemplation of his work. But I object to a shadow artfully cast on a tame portion of the picture, with the tacit understanding that there is much to be discovered on its disappearance. It arouses an artificial and unwarranted interest, which feeds not upon the picture, but on the expectation of the spectator, and dies collapsed when the veil is moved aside.

Lest you be led into error by the tenor of these remarks, permit me to state that, in my avoidance of all sensational auxiliaries, I am actuated by no gushing self-complacencies concerning the result of my author-craft. Rather, I fear the dissatisfaction which would of necessity spring from an interest which the current of my tale lacked the strength to support.

A simple story, simply told, it is, and as such I send it to you.

Your devoted friend,

POLYWARP OLDFELLOW, M. D.

OATFIELD, N. Y., December 4, 1872.

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## DRIVEN FROM THE PATH.

### BOOK THE FIRST.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

#### CHAPTER FIRST.

I HAVE not to reach back through very many years to arrive at the event which was the first to create a durable impression on the young mind and heart of Lew Gordon. Yet what was then that is now no more! The few whom he knew to love him? Changed! Changed as they were changed by life. Changed as they were changed by death. Changed as they have been changed by the life succeeding death. What matter? His heart is not filled with mourning. Himself has changed. The little valley which he loved, its vagrant stream and its old span of crumbling wood-work?—Gone! Swept away by the irruption of nineteenth-century civilization. Where, then, the fairies held their moonlight meetings, great piles of wood and stone are now upreared. Where, then, the wind lorded it among a thousand flowers, sweeping a tax in odor from their bending forms, the wind of to-day is wailing on the wires which soon will stretch thence to the ends of the earth.

It was indeed a picturesque spot, the little valley of



Losiach, before the Great Northern Line ran over its up-turned soil. At its upper end it gradually grew from the breadth of the strath, by the uprising of two gentle acclivities. These, at first about a mile apart, encroached upon the bottom-lands as they descended the stream, swelling as they progressed, until at the termination of the vale they stood with little more than the river between, two goodly hills presenting their abrupt and rocky faces to the broad strath beyond. Their opposed sides at their origin and for some distance down-stream were mapped into variegated patches of cultivation, but these soon gave place to the tall trunks of the Scottish firs uprising from a dark-green bed of blaeberries and ferns.

At the upper end, the Losiach outspread itself into a shallow lake, extending almost from side to side of the commencing vale. Around its margin was a dense thicket of undershrubs, belted internally by a willow-fringe, while over its surface the white and yellow water-lily, the broad plantain, and the dark leaves of the potamogeton lay lazily at anchor. Gathering its waters into a narrower channel, the stream then passed under the arches of a solid lichen-covered "brig," which afforded a crossing to the main road of the shire. Then it rambled in a wavering course from side to side of the vale, as if hesitating to enter the narrow gully which lay in its path. The same reluctance was manifest in its current. Here, where the polished stones offered a trifling obstacle, the waters ran irritably and noisily onward; while there, where its bed was smooth-bottomed and deeply cut, they lagged dejected and in silence. The wind, which breathed upon its surface, was a soothing balm, fragrant with the perfume gathered on its banks; for, beyond the tall airas and the bending willows, the sweet meadow-sweet flowered in clumps amid thick-set patches of the vernal grass.

But, as it entered the narrow pass between the hills, where its channel was worn out of their granite base, it threw aside reluctance, and surged wildly to its fate, gurgling, seething, roaring, as it swerved from side to side to avoid some huge abutment, here on its right, and there upon its left. Its rugged banks bent over it in rising, like some savage mother over her wayward child. Old Time had cut them into fantastic forms, which all the village looked upon with awe, for each had some wild legend linked to it.

At its point of emergence from between the hills the river-bed was some fifty feet higher than the level of the strath beyond the pass. Over this precipice the current cast itself, at first a polished convexity, but soon breaking into parallel threads of molten crystal, which were lost in the mists uprising from the dark lin below. The waters there, as if stunned by their fall, collected into a great pool, dark and tremulous, except where the falling masses broke them and were broken into a snow-white surf. The lin was deep, too, the village said. No line had ever fathomed it; and this, although the greater portion of Castle Fraser, which stood upon the summit of the right-hand hill, had been tumbled into the abyss, one stormy night in the long ago, by agencies assuredly not of this world. Even yet, as if to attest the truth of the tale, the hill-top was crowned with a massive tower, whose roofless walls of weather-beaten stone had been fissured to their base during that night of darkness and desolation. But I may not linger on the legend at this time.

There was situated on the slope of the right-hand hill a long, single-storied building which seemed a compromise between the more modern cottage and the second-rate farmhouse then common in the northern districts of Scotland. It was built on a small flat or terrace, at the point where

the cultivated fields were bordered by the firs. Indeed, the various out-houses in rear of the main structure were half hidden by the trees. The dwelling-house itself, although well out from the woods, was embedded among foliage. The walls were invisible, from the masses of ivy and honeysuckle overspreading them; the gables had apple-trees palmed upon them, and the straw-thatched roof was mossed over into bright-green velvet.

A flight of a few steps led to the covered porch in the centre of the building. These, with the heavy wooden banisters which terminated them on either hand, were yet gay with the marbling effected by some country brush. An acre of ground in front of the house was fenced in for the cultivation of pot-herbs and the various fruits which find the climate congenial. One large circular bed was set apart as a flower-garden, an elysium for the bees which had their settlement in a distant corner.

The private road connecting the house with the county turnpike did not terminate at the garden-gate, but was continued past it into the fir-woods. Here it ran a winding course among the trees, down-hill a little and down-stream a good deal, until it reached the bottom-land, where it turned directly toward the river, striking it at a point fordable at most seasons of the year. At this crossing, many years prior to this date, a narrow wooden bridge had been thrown over the stream for the accommodation of foot-passengers. This was when the ford was the direct route from the village to the farm-lands on the other side. But, since the construction of the county road, the ford and bridge had been abandoned to those who found them more convenient. The ford was frequently used for the transportation of farm-produce, but the bridge seldom, and it had in consequence fallen into disrepair. Its narrow planks, laid parallel to the course of the river, had in part become lost, laying open

great gaps, which required of the passenger a long and a light step to carry him over. Even of those which yet remained, most were so soft and friable from age as to be far from trustworthy. The framework supporting them was decayed in like manner, so that it was a matter of continual wonder to the neighborhood that the ice of spring or the freshets of early summer had not already carried it away.

On the other side of the river the road made a straight course to the base of the hill, and then ascended obliquely among the firs, until it reached a mossed and ivied house, much similar in every respect to that already described.

Shortly before the occurrence of the event from which Lew Gordon dated the commencement of his life, two children, twins apparently, with golden locks and brighter looks, were flitting from flower to flower, like bees of a bigger breed, in the garden in front of this house. Two pretty little girls they were, with fair cheeks, over which the exercise their employment called forth, and the interest they lent to it, had diffused a flush of color, which in delicacy of tint was unequaled by the fairest of the spring flowers they had culled. They could not have been more than five years of age—possibly not so old. They were dressed alike, in a black material trimmed with fur, and this so heightened their natural resemblance that a strange eye looking upon them in their erratic movements could with difficulty tell one from the other. Yet the difference was distinctly marked. One was more robust, and, instead of the light-blue iris possessed by her sister, had a dark eye so brilliant in its sheen that its hazel could not be distinguished at a glance. It was an eye full of thought and intelligence, and withal of passion.

Having gathered such flowers as pleased their fancy, they skipped to the porch, where they were engaged in arranging them when their mother appeared at the door. She

was small in stature and slim in figure, with a profusion of darkly-burnished hair. She was still beautiful, but she had once been so in a different style—once when she had been light-hearted, happy, and confiding in the love now lost to her—when her years had grown into greater and greater circles of placid joy. But she was now an impersonation of settled sorrow. Her features were pale and regular, but beautiful in their pallor, and in the subdued expression which pervaded them. Resignation dwelt in the depths of her eyes. Tenderness and gentleness formed a halo around her. None could look on her without sympathy for her unknown sorrow.

"Come, children," said she, "we must get ready. The gig will be at the door in a second, and we must not keep old Dan standing in his harness." Her blue-eyed daughter, having finished her bouquet, sprang up the steps, to be enveloped in the folds of a cloak and hood. During the process she talked volubly, admiring her flowers, wondering if Janet, the sick old woman for whom they were intended, would admire them as much, and inquiring which mamma thought "the nicest—mine or Lizzie's."

Mamma seated herself on one of the steps and drew the child toward her. A pair of eager blue eyes sparkled with anticipated triumph. "Tell me which does Mary think 'the nicest'—hers or Lizzie's?" The eager eyes were troubled and the little lips hesitated. "I will tell you, since you wish it," continued the mother. "Mary loves every thing bright. That is why she puts so many bright colors into her bouquet. But that is not natural. All the bright colors do not grow on the same bush. There are many dark leaves around the fairest flower." Here she sighed, and continued more to herself than to the child: "But, were there not, we could not say how fair the flower is; for, while they subdue its brilliance and show it off by contrast, they

receive a light from it, which enables us to see all their own quiet beauty. Lizzie has made her bouquet of both, so I prefer hers"—and, kissing the budding leaf away from the young life, she called Lizzie, and wrapped her in her cloak and hood.

By this time there was drawn up before the gate a heavy two-wheeled vehicle to which Dan was well matched. Fat and sleek, he looked as if he led a lazy life. He was expressing his impatience by looking occasionally toward the porch with a quiet, almost vacant eye.

The mother placed her children in the gig, and, seating herself between them, moved off at an easy pace along the unfrequented road to the ford. On the way, her whole attention was centred on the children, throwing a supporting arm around them as the gig lumbered into a deeper rut than usual, and reading the while a little lesson on charity, from the text of the old woman she was about to visit. Lizzie was interested in knowing why the old woman was poor and sick, and had no friends to give her the many things needful to render her comfortable. Her mother endeavored to explain how it came to pass.

Little Mary, to judge from her thoughtful expression, was much impressed by the talk, but her thoughts were wandering in a different vein, as was manifest when she broke in upon the discourse by an earnest "O mamma!" But no sooner had the words been spoken, than she shrank back self-convicted of wrong-doing.

"What is the matter, child?" Mary hung her head. "Come, tell me." Hesitatingly then came forth—"It was the silk thread—for Mary's doll's dress—mamma won't forget."

But here Dan pulled up, of his own accord, in front of the house on the right side of the river, banishing alike her fault and her repentance from Mary's mind, and interfering

with Lizzie's further enlightenment on how people came to be poor and friendless.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

JOHN GORDON lived in this house, with his wife and children. John had been a sailor in his youth; not that he was by any means an old man at the date to which this writing refers. He had given up the sea shortly after his marriage, owing to the persuasive eloquence of his stronger-minded wife. It was said he had been singularly fortunate in his search after wealth on foreign seas, and that this it was enabled him to settle in his pleasant cottage on the Losiach Valley slope. He was a tall and rather handsome man. But his eyes had not the clear and bold port to be expected from his physique. They were unsettled in expression, except when they would assume the preoccupied look of a mind ill at ease. His heavy beard and mustache, with the sallowness and tan he had brought with him from foreign climes, gave him an appearance wholly different from that of the inhabitants of the neighborhood. He took no interest in the working of his farm, passing day after day over the columns of the *Shipping Gazette*, and in smoking a huge, long-stemmed meerschaum. Nor did he mix at all with the families in the vicinity. These regarded him as an unfortunate mariner whom Fate in the form of a shrewish wife had towed out of his latitude. But the farm-servants had ideas of their own concerning him. They looked upon him as a specimen of the variously-characterized *uncanny*, and retailed tales, in which he was implicated, of blood and piracy and slave-traffic, with a minuteness of circumstance which did credit to the fertility of their imagination.

Mrs. John Gordon was a stout countrywoman, with a faded and weather-beaten beauty, a hard gray eye and a chronic frown.

At the time the old horse halted with his drag in front of the gate, Mrs. Gordon was advancing with her children to greet the visitors. She was engaged the while in fruitless efforts, half threatening, half cajoling, to render one of her boys conscious of the necessity for a proper demeanor *afore folk*. But he was too deeply interested in his game of romp with the retriever to heed her remarks, or regard the damage incurred by the box-borders and garden-beds. He was a round-faced, robust little fellow, bold and fearless in his rough play, teasing the dog beyond the limit of his patient endurance, and then welting him with a birch twig for an admonitory snarl.

His brother Lew, who was of the same age—about five years—was neither so robust nor so boisterous. He lagged a few paces behind his mother, and seemed, from his downcast face and watery eyes, as if he had recently been the subject of some childish grief, which his tears had not yet entirely washed away.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Wilson; how do you find yourself to-day?" was the salutation. "Do be quiet, Johnnie. Send Nero away and go talk to the little ladies who have come to visit you"—accompanying the latter address with a darkening of the corrugated brows.

Mrs. Wilson was very well indeed—felt quite strong now.

And Mrs. Gordon, as they walked slowly toward the house, was tolerably well too, every thing considered. John had gone into the city to see some old sea-going friend, whom he had observed by the papers to have recently returned from a long voyage. Yes—Johnnie was full of spirits as ever, thank God; but *that* Lew—"Now, don't

sympathize with him, Mrs. Wilson; he does not deserve it: he is the most trying boy you ever did see. I do all I can to manage him properly, and have him a good child, but there is neither head nor tail to his crotchets." So they entered the house.

Mary meanwhile had joined Johnnie, and was deeply immersed in Nero. Lizzie seated herself on the step beside Lew, and, having surveyed him with compassion, said tenderly, "You have been doing something wrong?"

"No," boldly and indignantly.

"You have been crying?" continued the inquisitrix.

A furtive glance toward the door, and then for answer an irresolute "Oh, no," while a tiny streak of sunshine broke through his dark clouds and glimmered pleasantly on his features.

Presently Mrs. Gordon, attired for travel, appeared on the porch with her visitor, and, having cautioned Maggie, a buxom servant-girl, to see that those children were kept out of mischief, she led the way to the gate.

They drove off villageward; the main object of the one to pick up scandal, that of the other to minister to the temporal wants of the sick old woman, to whisper consolation and teach trust in the wisdom of Providence.

The children, on being left to the license which Maggie's guardianship permitted—for that maid had her cream to churn in the dairy—amused themselves by roaming from the garden to the out-houses of the farm, the boys displaying, their visitors criticising every thing on the premises, from the vicious horse in the stable, which they looked upon from afar off, to the little Guinea pigs, the especial property of the hosts. But Johnnie, who had wrought himself into a perspiration while disciplining the retriever, now began to feel chilly, and proposed an adjournment to the house, and an inspection of the wonders it contained.

The only room to which they had access was the ordinary sitting-room of the family, for the careful housewife, fearing accidents from juvenile curiosity, had taken the precaution to lock the door of the apartment in which her husband stored his foreign fancies—his coral-trees and painted porcelains, his foreign furs and strangely-fashioned shells which gleamed with green and red and spangled gold. The discovery of this fact was a sore disappointment, but it did not dwell long in their memory, for there were many things at hand to arrest their attention.

The room which was open to them was a large, dimly-lighted apartment, extending across the entire breadth of the building. It communicated on one side with the "gude man's" room, on the other with the central passage—by courtesy, the hall—and in rear with the kitchen and buildings in the back yard. It was barely and roughly furnished. Opposite the entrance from the passage was a great chasm in the wall—the fireplace—filled with glowing masses of peat and bog-turf. A large stone slab lay in front of it. A high mantel fenced it in above. The floor was covered with lengths of homespun carpeting, and the walls with a coarse paper, now browned by years of exposure to the curl of blue smoke which would roll from the chasm when the wind blew from a certain quarter.

The children had pretty well exhausted the novelties of this room, and were debating the vexed question whether a school under the management of Lew would not be better fun than a general store kept by Lizzie, when her sister espied something upon the high mantel, which, as it was apparently beyond reach, exercised over her a very powerful attraction. Johnnie gallantly set about bringing it from its perch. He planted a chair upon the hearth-stone, and, mounting it, found that he had either grossly miscalculated his own height or underrated that of the mantel. The



family Bible would not do; it was not thick enough. No, nothing would answer the purpose but the unused baby-chair in the far corner. This was placed on the seat of the first, and the young hero mounted his scaling-ladder, but before he reached its summit his heart failed him and he gave up the attempt.

"I can bring it down," said Mary, springing lightly to the chairs.

"No, you can't," returned Johnnie, in a somewhat surly vein.

"Yes, I can," said the little fairy as she stepped upon the larger chair and felt the stability of the upper one.

"Don't, Mary!" expostulated her sister. "Mamma will be angry when she knows you did that." But naughty Mary did not hear. "I can get it," rang from her as she poised herself on the pile and rose to her height to lay hold of the mantel—"I can get it."

"Bo!!" yelled Johnnie, 'full of spirits yet, thank God!' making a rush toward her, as if to knock her from the perch. A faint little scream from Mary, as, losing her balance, she made an attempt to step upon the ledge of the larger chair, but, missing that, pitched head foremost into the great fireplace, striking first the grimy stones which formed its sides. No cry issued from the little victim, but a flash of yellow flame lit up the chamber. Lizzie sank upon her knees and wrung her hands in agony. Johnnie rushed from the room as if to flee the sight of the result of his boisterous play; but Lew, brave Lew, on the moment had the unconscious form, blackened here, sparkling there, there flaming, in his grasp, and dragged it over the hearth to the homespun carpeting. Then, as he put his little hands on the sparkles and the flames to destroy them, he shouted for Maggie lustily.

"There!" said Mrs. Gordon, when, on returning, she

espied the three children sitting tearful on the steps, Lew with smutty face and hands done up in buttered rags according to Maggie's direction—"there! if that boy has not been in some mischief again! Oh, he's a trying child! I'll talk to you, sir, when—" But here she broke off and hastily followed Mrs. Wilson into the house. That lady's heart had become seized with a foreboding which blanched her cheek and made suspense an agony. But the truth was not less hard to bear. She found Maggie seated with the unconscious form cradled in her lap, smearing its burned face and limbs with oil, and mourning over it in monotonous tones.

In a few minutes Mrs. Gordon again appeared at the door, saying gently to Lizzie, "Mamma wishes you to go into the room and sit down somewhere behind her chair." Lizzie entered on tiptoe. Then the dark frown deepened on the woman's brow, as she asked in a harsh voice, "Johnnie, how did this happen?"

"She was reaching up to the chimney-piece, and Lew made as if he would knock her down and, and—and down she fell. Bo-hoo!"

Lew's eyes opened wide. He was completely stultified by this new view of the case, and rendered incapable of uttering a word in defense.

"Come with me." And he followed the frown, awed by the expectation of a terrible something he augured from it. She led him into the house, pushed him into a lumber-closet and locked its door. But no sooner was the spell lifted from his mind by the interposition of the door than he gave vent to a bitter cry, "He lied—he did—he lied!"

When Mrs. Gordon had allayed her anger somewhat by thus locking the door of the lumber-room on her unloved child, she drove Dan off at a furious pace for the village



doctor. That gentleman chanced to be at home, and, unwilling, in the urgency of the case, to lose time in harnessing and hitching up, seated himself beside the lady and was speedily with the little sufferer. The effects of the simple concussion seemed in great part to have subsided. She had smiled upon her mother, betokening recognition; but now her eyes were glassy, and took note of nothing. Her skin, where unscathed, was cold and clammy; her breathing almost imperceptible. The doctor shook his head sadly, in answer to the mother's appealing glance. He knelt beside and watched. But, soon, he took the mother's hand in his and, pressing it gently, said, "She did not suffer much."

"*Did!*" she said, clutching the hand he offered; then slowly relaxing her grasp she wrapped her arms around the child and pressed it to her bosom—"did!" and, as she swayed from side to side in her grief, she raised eyes scarcely less glassy than those of her dead daughter. But the doctor gave no response. He waited a few moments until she seemed apathetic under the stroke, and then, gently withdrawing the body from her arms, made a sign to Lizzie. The child intuitively understood him. She rose and threw herself on her mother's bosom, twining little loving arms around her neck; and the glassy eyes shone less drearily, for there arose from the depths of the anguish there visible a mist which gathered into glistening drops and trembling fell.

And all this time Lew lay in the lumber-room, asleep in an old arm-chair. But his sleep was troubled and feverish; and once or twice he muttered with indignation: "He lied—he did—he lied!"

## CHAPTER THIRD.

AFTER the catastrophe described in the last chapter, Lew Gordon became ill. The fever attending the injuries he had received was aggravated, no doubt, by the lack of sympathy and the idea he could form concerning the injustice of his treatment. He was never able to estimate the length of time he was imprisoned in the room, nor the duration of his sickness.

Many years afterward, when, in a distant part of the world, he sat at eventide admiring the splendor of a rising moon, a haziness gathered on his mental vision, and in it there floated the figure of a child lying in an old arm-chair and gazing through a leaf-bound window on such a moon as that now before him in actuality. He felt that the child had a heavy heart, and that his mind had been allured from the contemplation of its griefs and grievances by the glowing orb as it rose from behind the darkened slopes. Motionless the little figure sat with full eyes fixed upon the sphere, until it had sailed so high in the heavens that the old arm-chair was cast into shade by the wall and the trembling leaves which fringed it. Then, with a sigh, he roused himself, scrambled over the dusty lumber, and posted himself with his cheek against the cold glass, still gazing, but with a mind now in dreamy action: "The man must find it dreary up there all alone by himself. How does he make it rise? why don't he light it every night and go sailing across the sky? perhaps he is afraid to on dark, stormy nights." These, and a thousand other fancies, crowded into the child's overstrung brain, until, as the moon disappeared overhead, he sank back on a pile of old carpeting, sobbing and muttering in the delirium of fever.

Then the vision passed from before the man, leaving him to ponder on the strangeness of his being—that a circumstance, of which he had considered himself unconscious, should thus rise from the depths of memory for the first time so many years after its occurrence. But, although he tried to recall the vision, in the hope that it might develop other scenes as new to him, memory would unfold no more.

For some time after his recovery he was oppressed by the remembrance of the event which had preceded his sickness. A vague notion possessed him that to make direct inquiry of his mother concerning the welfare of Mary Wilson would be looked upon as wrong-doing, and entail on him the consequences of her displeasure. Not that he cared for the punishment, for the old lumber-room and he were well acquainted; but from a sense, due perhaps to the teachings of Mrs. Wilson, that wrong-doing was to be avoided irrespective of the chastisement its discovery might occasion. Yet he longed to know what had become of her, and had frequently to fight an inward battle to keep the question from slipping from his tongue. A similar notion prevented him from speaking of the falsehood of Johnnie's representations concerning the causation of the accident. But this falsehood weighed on his heart. He feared that through it Mrs. Wilson might believe him the author of the misfortune. He loved Mrs. Wilson. Her pale face and saddened eyes had drawn him to her. Her gentle voice and the outspoken effusions of her kindly heart, so different from the forbidding tones and irate expressions of his home experience, completed the conquest. He loved her. To his eyes she was no woman. She was the realization of the good angels who lived, as he had heard, beyond the skies.

The thought of losing her, and with her Lizzie and Mary, made his dark eyes swim; and bitterness brewed

within him as his brother's falsehood and its possible consequences cast their dark shadows over his life.

He lived in the hope that Mrs. Wilson might cross the river, as had been her wont, when he would have an opportunity of learning how she felt toward him. But she did not come. At last, unable to restrain himself, he ventured the inquiry, one day when his mother seemed in an unusual vein of kindly temper:

"Why doesn't Mrs. Wilson come over now, mother?"

She looked darkly at him. "How should I know? Don't be curious about other people's affairs. Go out and help Jock to drive home the kye."

The summer passed, the autumn came and went, and Lew began to lose the remembrance of his former friends, except when some undeserved imprisonment brought up for rumination all the bitterness of his life.

About this time John Gordon and his "gudewife," who had by no means been regular in their attendance at the village church, created a sensation, one Sunday morning, by appearing in their usually-vacant seats. The fact was that, during the previous week, John, while smoking his meerschaum, had become struck with a realizing sense of his position in the world, that, as the father of a family now old enough to be observant, the serious duty devolved upon him of leading them along the path which he desired they should follow in after-life. He broached his mind to Mrs. Gordon. That lady pshawed and called him a silly fool; but, whether she became a convert to his views in their purity and simplicity, or was actuated to a change of mind by his muttered remarks about "bad name, appearances, and yarn-spinning old women," I shall not presume to judge. Certain it was that, when Sunday came, the boys were brushed up and marched along the narrow aisle in front of their parents.

Johnnie looked around on the assembled people, and then, tiring of that, kneaded his cap until a tranquil slumber overtook him. Lew also behaved indecorously at first, casting his eyes here, there, and everywhere, except on the minister, but after a while he subsided into serenity—outward at least. He had found Mrs. Wilson. He knew her, although her back was turned to him.

After service, John Gordon, with eyes fixed upon nothing of this world, and his whole frame to outward seeming saturated with sanctity, permitted himself to drift along the aisle with the outgoing current of the congregation. Mrs. Gordon's attention was occupied with Johnnie, who, having been awakened suddenly, required a little time to arrive at a knowledge of his whereabouts. Lew took advantage of the situation to linger, after the others of his party had passed through the great door-way. Mrs. Wilson was advancing, leading Lizzie by the hand. She saw him and smiled. He sprang toward her; and she, taking his hand in hers, bent down and kissed him.

But, just then, his mother's voice was heard from without—"Lew! Lew!"

"*She's* calling," he said, and ran off, with a happy heart, to be chided for his delay.

As they walked through the church-yard to the gate, they passed a newly-dug grave.

"Who's dead?" inquired Mrs. Gordon of a neighbor.

"Auld Janet Forsigh," was the response. "She's to be buried the morn." And, while his mother and her gossip discussed the circumstances of the death, Lew, to whom these remarks had opened a new field of thought, looked, with a shudder, into the gloomy chasm.

That afternoon, while gathering wild-flowers, he wandered along the woody slope of the hill, as far as the rocky gorge, at which he lingered for some time, looking with

awe upon its rugged grandeur. Then he turned homeward, along the bank of the river, loitering to watch the widening rings formed by the rising trout, or to indulge in a trifle of small talk with some song-bird which, from a neighboring tree, threw music back to him. But, when he arrived at the old wooden bridge, the attractions both of birds and fish suffered an eclipse. Lizzie was seated on the opposite bank.

"Ho!" he cried; "where's Mary, Lizzie?" and then louder, to insure being heard above the loud brawl of the stream, "where's Mary?"

"Why—don't you know?—she's dead long ago," shouted the little one, from the opposite side.

Lew's heart trembled within him as he gasped, "and buried?" for the great chasm, which he had seen in the morning, again yawned before him, deep, still, and gloomy. But he did not wait for an answer. He ran along the bank to the bridge, and crawled across its planks on all-fours. About midway, he came upon the first great break in the continuity of its footway, where nothing but a central supporting beam presented itself to the passenger. This he boldly straddled, and was hugging his way with great success, when his clothes caught on a projecting nail, and suffered in consequence. The noise of the rent raised before him a vision of scowling brows. He endeavored hastily to disentangle his dress, and, in so doing, leaned so far to one side that his weight swayed him half round. For a few seconds, he writhed and struggled to regain his lost position, but ineffectually. A little while he clung to the beam with a relaxing grasp, and then dropped quietly into the river.

Luckily the stream, at this ford, was not deep. The waters spread out to a considerable breadth, and rushed rapidly, and with much noise, over the stones. Yet its

depth was sufficient to prevent its rocky bottom from injuring the boy. On meeting the current, he was rolled over by it, and confounded by its surges, but he was quickly on his legs, pushing his way sturdily toward the panic-stricken spectator.

Lew shook himself, as Nero would have done in a similar predicament. Then, as he smoothed the matted tangles of his hair, his features assumed such a woe-begone expression, that Lizzie's radiance over his unexpected safety was instantly dispelled.

To her soothing remark, "You are not hurt, Lew?"—half inquiry, half assertion—he returned a negative in a shaky tone, the tremor originating in part from cold, but chiefly from mental distress. "N—n—no; but—my mother—she—" here he interrupted himself, substituting, "Oh, dear! my cap is gone, and my clothes are torn and wet," and then, overpowered by the contemplation of the enormity of his crime, he stood wriggling his toes, and watching the water which that motion caused to ooze from the eye-let-holes of his boots.

But Lizzie could perceive nothing in this to occasion his distress. "Come," said she, "let us go up the hill to our house, and mamma will make you nice and dry and warm." So she put her arm around him, wet as he was, and led his irresolution away.

And mamma *did* make him nice and dry and warm, and poured forth sympathy which sounded sweetly to his unaccustomed ears, and chided him by times in a manner which made him feel that, for the pleasure of being so chided, he would tumble into the river every day of his life. Then she asked him why he had attempted such a foolish thing as to venture on the crazy old bridge.

"To ask about Mary," said he, the question recalling in their fullness the feelings which had impelled him. "Where is Mary?"

The melancholy eyes deepened a shade in their quiet sorrow. She drew the child to her side, and passed her arms around him, as was her wont when she wished to impress a lesson. "Mary's in heaven," she said.

"Where is that? Lizzie told me she was dead."

"So she is, Lew, but—"

"And buried in a great, dark hole in the church-yard?" interrupted the boy, his eyes starting with horror.

But the mother talked to him of life and death, telling him of the immaterial portion of his being, over which death had no control, and to which life was to be looked on as a thrall. Then she spoke of death and heaven, showing *that* devoid of terrors when recognized as the gate-way to *this*, and stripping the great, dark hole of its gloom by displaying it in the light of the life to which it furnished admission. She taught him that Mary was not to be mourned for having left them to enter on this new life, because she was happy in it—happier than she had ever been in this fair world.

But, though this mother spoke with enthusiasm, when she ceased, she sighed.

"And does everybody go there?" inquired he. "Shall I know Mary again, and will she remember me?"

Then she spoke to him of the life here and the life hereafter, showing him, in simple words, how the character of the one depended on the manner of the other—how a never-ending life of love and happiness was the reward of the good, and misery unceasing the portion of the wicked. But, as she proceeded, the child's countenance fell. Hitherto, it had been bright, from the refraction of the glory and grandeur of the ideas forming in his mind; but, now that she spoke of conditions, the light faded. "Oh, I'm so wicked," he sighed. "My mother says so."

But *this* mother, by a few gentle touches, burnished

the living surface to its former brightness. "None were perfectly good on earth," she taught him. "None could ever expect to be so. But that was not required of us. The will to be good and the strong endeavor were all-sufficient."

And the child resolved audibly, "I will be good—as good as I can."

Then this mother stroked his hair, kissed him, and, rising, said, "Come, now, let us take tea, and, after that, I shall drive you over the river, and set you down safely at home." The words disturbed his dream of happiness by foreshadowing its termination.

"I have brought you a strayed lamb, Mrs. Gordon," said Mrs. Wilson, as she pulled up in front of Lew's home. "He met with an accident on the old bridge, and made his way to the near bank when he found himself in the river. I prevailed on him to stay to tea with me."

"Why, Mrs. Wilson, how *do* you do? That boy—I'm obliged for your trouble and care of him. He's always in some mischief or another. You can't tell the anxiety he gives me. John and the men have been out all the afternoon searching the woods. They're not back yet. Won't you come in and stay a while?"

"I thank you. I know you will excuse me. I'm not strong, and the sight of that room would unnerve me. Come over some afternoon, and bring the boys with you—will you not?—By-by, Lew." And she drove off.

This other mother then turned to enter the house, and, as she passed her son, she seized him by the shoulder, and shook him roughly. "I'll teach you," she said, passionately, "to go tumbling into the river, and wandering over the country into other people's houses, where you have no business to be."

"I only—" commenced Lew, but he was cut short by an imperious "Hold your tongue!"

She posted him in a corner of the room, with his face to the wall, ordering him to stand there, for punishment, until relieved.

And Lew stood statue-like, with bent head and hands clasped, but, now that his face was hidden from the great fire-blaze, large drops rolled slowly from his eyes, and fell upon the homespun carpeting.

"Stop your crying, and take that," placing a bowl of bread-and-milk in the chubby little hands, which closed around it automatically. But his heart was too sore to permit him to eat, even had he not appeased hunger so lately at Mrs. Wilson's pleasant table. "Eat it, I tell you," and, in obedience to the mandate, he made the attempt; but the anguish in his throat opposed the passage of the morsel. "Well, want it, if you will!—a contrary brat! You'll be hungry before you get any thing else." So saying, she sat down, and tapped the table with her finger-tips, until her husband's return.

John Gordon comprehended the state of matters at a glance. He filled his pipe, and smoked, preserving a judicious silence during his wife's snappish sentences.

At last, he ventured upon a remark. "Did Mrs. Wilson come in when she brought Lew over? She didn't? Poor woman! I don't wonder. I regret that accident so much. It keeps her from dropping in as she used to. It was quite a pleasure to see her—always so cheerful and resigned, notwithstanding her husband's death—" He would have continued, but, chancing to turn his eyes from the fire to his wife's features, her darkening brows caused him to hesitate.

"I'm so glad you like her," she said, in a sneering tone.

"Why—don't you?" he asked, uneasily.

"Very much," she replied, rising, and leaving the room,



but, as she slammed the door behind her, she muttered, fiercely, "I hate the woman!"

"Whew!" whistled John, relieved from the restraint of her presence, "that was a squall, that was! What an unsettled cloud of calico she is! And yet she used to be as soft as a sou'wester in summer-time. Curse the course that caused it, I say! I never did like it." He crossed the room, and, laying his hand lightly on the bent head, said: "Come, cheer up, youngster! This breeze will blow over shortly."

On her return, Mrs. Gordon seemed to have cooled off somewhat. "Come here, Lew," she said. "Now, listen to me. Don't you ever attempt to cross that river again. I don't want you to go to Mrs. Wilson's. When I do, I'll take you there myself. Do you hear me?"

Lew said, "Yes."

"See that you obey me, then."

With his head buried under the blankets, Lew wept—wept bitterly. He would never be able to see Mrs. Wilson again, for he must not go there by himself, and his mother, he felt sure, would never take him. He was a very miserable little boy that night, for the day's experience had taught him what his home was, by showing him what home might be. "Oh, why," he sighed in his heart, "is not my home like Lizzie's? Why is not my mother kind as hers? Why don't she tell me of the beautiful world beyond the skies where Mary has gone? I wish I was there with Mary. If I had not got out of the river to-day, I would have been there by this time. But I am so wicked—I will try and be good, and get there when I die. Besides, when I am good, my mother will love me. (?) Mrs. Wilson is good, and she said she hated her!" In trying to clear up which difficult point, he dropped off into quiet slumbers.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

LEW resolved to be good anyhow. He was attentive, docile, obedient to his mother's slightest wish, but he could not smooth away the frown nor blunt the sharpness of her tone. Nothing which he did drew a kindly word; nothing which he said was satisfactory; and his silence, even, furnished fertile grounds for fault-finding, when viewed as an exponent of his splenetic disposition. The fates seemed to play at cross-purposes with him. When wanted, he was never to be found. When present, he was ever in the way. On returning from some favorite nook in the woods or by the river-side, he was quarrelled with for his absence. When he played about the house or yard he was ordered off—anywhere, so he took himself out of the way. He tried again and again to strike the medium which is or ought to be in every thing, but at last became discouraged and gave up the attempt. It was useless, and he felt it.

He roamed in the woods at his pleasure, spending the day in talking to the birds and flowers, or dreaming of the beautiful world beyond the skies. At times he would play at being happy there, with Lizzie and Mary for companions. Then he would rouse himself to reality, and steel his heart against the cross words and looks he knew awaited him at home.

He seldom played with his brother. Johnnie was too rough, giving with a heavier hand than his brother liked to receive, much less to return. Nor was this all. Johnnie himself did not love to have his play returned in kind; for, when this accidentally happened, he cried, and brought a sympathizing mother to dry his tears and punish the inadvertent hand. Lew accepted the chastisement without a



murmur, but the sympathy which was never shown to him gave him a heart-ache for hours thereafter.

Yet during this bleak childhood he was not without his happy days—days to which he looked forward for days beforehand, and which he recalled with delight for days after they had passed. These were the Sundays. Once a week he could see Mrs. Wilson, seated in the “auld kirk.” That was pleasure! But there were times when he could sit upon the grass by her daughter’s grave and hear her talk. That was happiness indeed!

His mother fell off in the regularity of her attendance at church, but the feeling of duty kept yet warm in the heart of her husband, as when the idea first dawned through the clouds curling upward from his meerschaum. When she was indisposed of a Sunday, or detained at home by any of the many excuses which rise so readily from a laggard heart, he took Lew by the hand and led him among the throng of worshippers, leaving his other son at home with his mother.

And these were the days which Lew so highly prized. For, on one of them, a little artful delay on his part brought about a meeting with Mrs. Wilson. John Gordon greeted the lady heartily; and they walked together toward the church-yard gate. But Mrs. Wilson led the way along a narrow path to an iron railed inclosure under the shadow of a great old yew, where she talked to Lew and Lizzie of Mary, and the life here and the life hereafter, until, I am inclined to believe, she seemed as much of an angel to Lew’s father as she seemed to Lew. Then, while walking toward the gate-way, she proposed that the boy should accompany her home, spend the afternoon, and take tea with Lizzie. Lew’s heart bounded at the idea—but—his mother!

John Gordon hesitated.

“Oh!” said she, “do not be afraid to trust me. I will be careful of him, and return him to you before it grows dark.”

But this was not what gave rise to John’s uneasiness. However, he threw aside his hesitation, and accepted with thanks on behalf of Lew, for whom he said he would call or send at twilight.

But, from his father the boy had neither been accustomed to receive orders nor dispensations from the fulfillment of those enjoined by his mother; he, therefore, considered this acceptance as an assumption of authority unwarrantable only on the supposition of forgetfulness concerning his mother’s injunctions. “But, my mother,” said he, to recall the paternal attention to the fact. “She said I must never go to Mrs. Wilson’s again. She said, when she wanted me to go there—”

John’s sallow face assumed an unusual flush, and he felt unpleasantly warm as he interrupted with a broken-down attempt at carelessness: “Never mind, youngster—I’ll make it all right there.”

The children were placed in the buggy, and Mrs. Wilson drove off, with a deeper insight into the workings of the Gordon family than she had previously possessed; while John strode off, alone, toward his home, solacing himself with an inch of pigtail, as he mused on the subject of women in general, and Mrs. John Gordon in particular.

The lessons which Lew learned by the little grave, and thought over in the woods and by the river-side, he carried with him into after-life. They exercised great influence over the development of his character. Without them time and home treatment would have transformed him into a misanthrope. But they preserved him, engendering his good resolves, quickening them into active life, and fortifying the finer feelings of his nature.

In his life at this time he had one other source of pleasure, which aided Mrs. Wilson's teachings in buoying up his heart. Maggie's successor as servant-girl was deeply versed in legendary lore. Every tale that ever was told of winsome maids and handsome princes, soft-hearted fairies, and shallow-brained giants, she seemed to have at her finger-ends; as well as the local legends attached to the rocky gorge which led to the falls and Lin of Losiach. She loved to be the centre of a listening circle of the home and "neebor lads," congregated by the kitchen-fire; nor did she ever have to remain silent for lack of lads to listen, for she was a comely quean. Oftentimes, I doubt not, as she depicted the charms of the lovely princess—heroine of her tale—her eager auditors have looked on her in the light of an illustration.

One evening, when banished from his mother's presence for misdemeanor, Lew sought refuge within this charmed circle. The spell became woven around him. For the first time he was able to comprehend the sum of the story. The youngest of the princes, maltreated by his cruel brothers, and considered as good for naught by his inconsiderate parents, sallied into the wide world to seek his fortune. Out of kindness of heart he did some good deed—a trifle to him, but of immense import to the fairy in disguise to whom it was rendered. In return, the fairy stood his friend in his hour of sorest need, nor deserted him until he had slain the giant and liberated the fair lady—the enchanted occupant of the mysterious chamber. And the handsome youth and the winsome maid were married, and lived happy together for a long life afterward. But, in his bright days, he was not forgetful of his parents. He proved their stay in old age. Nor did he return like for like to his cruel brothers; for he held forth a helping hand which led them to riches and power, and, better—to goodness of heart.

Lew was delighted with the romance, and gave the girl no peace until she had exhausted her store, her invention, and perhaps her patience. These furnished him with an abundance of food for reverie during his rambles by the river-side. He identified himself with the young hero of the tales, and bore up under his present troubles with cheerfulness, as the glorious light shone on him through the future years. Day after day he spent in dream-land, bravely fighting his battle of life until success crowned his efforts, and enabled his heart to glow with self-complacency, as he saw himself tending in her sickness or her age the mother who had not loved him in his youth. What kindness he would then show her out of the fullness of the heart which ached now to love her! She might think him wicked now, *then* she would acknowledge him to be good; *then* she would love him: perhaps she might even have regrets that—but no matter—sufficient that then she would love him.

He counted the years which must elapse before he could sally forth into the world and work out his future in accordance with this programme. His heart grew weary as he told them on his fingers, and yet more weary as he scanned the vista, and formed a vague conception of their length. This telescope was strange to him. He had no past to teach its use, and so scrutinized the future with the tube reversed.

The entrance to the rocky gorge became a favorite resort since his familiarity with its "fearsome" legends. He longed to penetrate it, and feast his curiosity in its mysterious depths. He was not afraid to trust himself within the limits of the supernatural; possibly his hours in the lumber-room had something to do with the production of this spirit.

But troubles closed around him. He was sent to

school—to the old gray building, which, from its grove of hawthorn and rowan-trees, overlooked the loch at the head of the Losiach Valley.

At first he did not love to labor over books, or leave the river and the rocks, the birds, the fishes, and the flowers. He hated the restraint. Oftentimes he would steal to his former haunts, and, throwing the world from his shoulders, spring, lightened, upward in an airy flight into a world of his own creation, where truth and love and beauty reigned, and all was pure and good and wonderful. But, as the years rolled on, bringing knowledge with them, he descended from the clouds, and made the world the garden where he grew his fancy's flowers. His spirit rambled in its winding paths, and met with nothing but the great and good. Then he would wake, and sigh to find his horizon the hills which rose abruptly from the river's bed, and long impatiently for time to speed until the time should come when he could realize his dreams, and meet the great and good upon the world's fair surface.

By degrees, as knowledge came, came interest also, changing him into an eager, quick-witted, and assiduous scholar. The worthy master observed the change, and fostered it, giving him tales and travels, and histories of men who live in history as human benefactors. His father also saw the change, and met half-way his eager inquiries for information. He discoursed to him of the wonders of the deep and of the strange sights he had seen in foreign parts, thereby only whetting the boy's curiosity, from the imperfection of the glimpses he was able to convey.

But all this time no change for the better in his mother's feelings toward him was perceptible. On the contrary, her frown became more deeply set. He sometimes feared that she even hated him. However, he suffered her harsh words and chastisements without a murmur, cherish-

ing the hope that the day might come of which he had long ago dreamed.

His brother, too, strong in the love and strength of his mother, was unkind and overbearing.

When the boys were about thirteen years of age, a great revolution, having its origin in a school-affray, took place in the family circle centring around Mrs. John Gordon. One day, during the interval between forenoon and afternoon lessons, when the play-ground in the grove was a scene of rompish games and jolly uproar, a misunderstanding came to pass between Johnnie and a small boy, whom fate had assigned to aid him in kicking the ball to the other end of the grounds. A few hot words were spoken on either side, when Johnnie, excited by the loss of the game, which he attributed to his weaker ally, assaulted him with intent to punish. He carried his intention into effect, and was continuing the castigation with a view to silence the sharp tongue which the little fellow very imprudently kept wagging, when his brother Lew was attracted by the gathering crowd and the yells which arose from its midst.

On viewing the unequal contest, and the manner in which the war was waged by the stronger party, feelings born of his dream-life arose in his bosom. He was ashamed to see his brother shaming himself by such a deed. He seized him quickly from behind, pinioning his arms, and shouting to the little victim to take advantage of the situation and retire.

Johnnie, exasperated by this intervention, freed himself by energetic struggling and rushed with impotent fury on his brother, biting, kicking, and endeavoring in every attack to close with him, that the punishment might be more severe. But Lew, strong, lithe, and active, eluded his grasp or threw him off, never striking, although oppor-

tunities were not wanting, but calling on him to desist and listen. Johnnie would not hear. Instead, he summoned all his energies for a final attack on this meddlesome brother. What might have been its consequence is difficult to say, had not a bold one in the ring of excited spectators thrust forward an unexpected foot and tripped the assailant in the heat of his assault.

The ground which Johnnie kissed was an angular gravel, somewhat smoothed by wear. It had little mercy on him, peeling his palms and drenching the lower half of his face in a flow of his own hot blood. Lew picked him up and talked to him in a consolatory tone; but he turned away—he wept and would not be comforted. The small blood-letting had effectually quelled the excitement. He turned aside and made off dejectedly in the home direction, wiping, as he went, his teared and besmeared face upon his jacket-sleeve.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

DURING the afternoon lesson, Lew derived little profit. He sat with eyes fixed upon his open book, but with thoughts vibrating between the late encounter with his brother, and that which he felt approaching with his mother. The blood he had seen on his brother's face had frightened him. He feared that Johnnie might be seriously hurt. To this fear succeeded self-reproach, in that he had been the cause—indirectly, it is true, and unintentionally, but none the less the cause.

What a cross-grained world he lived in!—ever acting, as his heart dictated, on the best of motives, yet ever finding his acts to turn on him a tide of consequences, which

swept him farther into that sea of trouble which it was his life's endeavor to avoid.

What would his mother say? What would she do? Quarrelling, fighting even, with his brother! That brother a bruised and blood-stained proof of the hotness of the unholy fight. What *would* she do? She had no sympathy with him, and would not listen to his motives, much less give them the credit they deserved. He doubted also if Johnnie had given a straightforward recital of the circumstances; for his conduct, on many previous occasions, gave reason to fear that, in this case, he might have purchased condolence by misstatement and exaggeration.

Lew was much exercised in mind. The more he thought of the matter, the more he trembled at the idea of facing his mother. He loitered on his way from school, striving to throw off a portion of the weight oppressing him, but without avail. His nervousness increased as he approached his home. He flushed and paled when he saw his mother watching his hesitating steps, and trembled like the guilty thing he felt himself to be.

But, when the storm burst, when she shook him by the ear, and cuffed his head from hand to hand, in the violence of her passion, a revulsion of feeling took place within him. He saw clearly what had been his brother's action, and what his own, during the riot on the play-ground, and his heart swelled to bursting at the injustice of his chastisement; but he said nothing—he clinched his teeth to keep his tongue controlled. "There!" she cried, as she gave him a final touch which sent him staggering over the box-border into a blooming rose-bush. "I can't punish you according to your deserts, you sullen, sulky little viper, you! I wish I could. But I'm not finished with you yet. I'll make this a lesson to you that will last your life. See if I don't thrash the devil out of you this time. I'll war-

rant you won't lay a finger on him again." Then, dragging him from the bush by the ear, she prophesied: "The hangman's hand will be on your gizzens some of these days, with that cursed temper of yours. Those that begin young make an early end of it. What made you beat your brother—heh?"

"I didn't beat him."

"A lying smatchet! You did. He told me so."

"Then he didn't tell the truth."

"Speaking back to me, even! By my word, we're a bold young gallant; but I'll take the temper out of you!" Which saying, she led him to the lumber-room, and left him to his meditations.

And these were of a sombre cast. For a time, the clouds which overhung his life were so impenetrable that he could see or think of nothing in the shadow which they threw around him. Although oftentimes at variance with his brother, between whose nature and his own there existed a difference prolific of such positions, an outbreak of so violent a character had never before occurred. Again, his mother had never before struck him. He had often heard her fret and fume, until his ears ached in listening, but now they ached from the operation of a more material agency. She had threatened him a thousand times, and had thrust proverbs and prophecies at him; but never, until now, had she driven them home by hand.

Lew was very miserable. His school-mates were not home-friends. Mrs. Wilson and her daughter he saw only on rare occasions. His father, if he did love him, found the ways and means of showing it beyond his reach. His real world was therefore very circumscribed. His mother and Johnnie formed its greater part.

How long was this sort of life to last? what would be the change which would come to pass? and when the time

which would see its arrival? All was vague. Yet he could see a probability of five or six years finding him at the university, studying to become a great, while he endeavored to be a good, man. This was a delightful picture!—one on which the old school-master loved to dwell for the behoof of his scholars. Grave professors to impart of their stores in the old halls of which the worthy dominie was wont to talk with so much reverence. Kindly men those teachers were, from the enlarged views of life their learning enabled them to grasp. College-friends, eager as himself to hasten onward in the way of wisdom—rivals, indeed, but without a trace of unfriendly feeling in their rivalry; on the contrary, with friendship waxing firmer in proportion to the heat of competition, since the same tastes, the same ends and aims, productive of the one, were the agencies which, most of all, would cement the other. Life, at that time, would be a long day of calm, unclouded sunshine. What would follow it was beyond his ken, but uncertainty as to particulars gave rise to no uneasiness, for he felt satisfied that, in the world, on himself would depend his happiness.

But the five or six years intervening between now and then! What a dreary prospect! Lew contemplated it from every point of view; but, instead of discovering any faint shade showing bright on its blackness, the whole grew darker as he gazed. Yet this, by a touch of his hand, could be painted out, and the same years be made to serve as a ground for the delineation of life in the great world! Lew started at the enormity of the conception. Six years of brightness, of happy lights, which mellowed into shade, and shades as happy dawning into light, compared with what the darkness of the past and present promised! Very true. But can this gay picture be looked upon as sure? Undoubtedly. But now, had he not felt



satisfied that, in the great world, on himself would depend his happiness? Others had been thrown on their own resources in their youth, and had succeeded, and why not he? True, they had been fortunate, perhaps, in finding friends, who succored them in their stormy hours, and aided their efforts when their day was more serene. But why should not he be equally fortunate? Only to-day, the old school-master had said, to one of his forms, that they were the men of the years to come. Why should not a man of the years to come venture into the world in his youth, as the men of the years that have passed risked its chances in theirs? *They* might have been stronger, braver, and better qualified for the world's work, by knowing more of it at their first start; but time would bring him increased strength and knowledge for its direction.

Yet, in the commencement—now, that is—what is there he could do? Nothing. Weakness and Ignorance would stand by and see him starve, before the strength came and the knowledge. By no means. In the world, for the willing, there is work in plenty. He could go to sea, as had his father in *his* youth. Certainly, he could go to sea. He *would* go to sea. He would go to sea, and after many years would become a great captain, when he would sail among unknown lands, and make discoveries which would send his name to after-years with those of Magellan, Drake, Dampier, Cook, and Columbus. He would return laden with the treasure he had gathered, to meet the acclaim of his countrymen, and to enact the part of the young prince in the fairy-tale toward his mother and his brother.

But, to the realization of this prospect, there existed a barrier in the acuteness of his perception of right and wrong. The impulse of feeling had painted this sea-view of life, but quieter thoughts came after to criticise. Love and obedience to his parents he knew to be the great principle in ac-

cordance with which his acts at this time ought to be regulated. To steal away from home would be an unwarranted and culpable self-exemption from his obligations. To do so while, as now, laboring under his mother's displeasure, would compel him to bear that skeleton about with him through life. This, therefore, was not to be thought of, unless—was it possible for any combination of circumstances to occur which could be looked upon as a justification of the act? Lew did not know; but he had an indistinct feeling, upon which from a sense of its impropriety he did not dwell, that, if his mother had treated him in this manner, while aware of the real facts of the case, he would have little hesitation in acting upon impulse, pleading circumstances thereafter in extenuation if not in justification.

While ruminating in a desultory manner upon these matters, he heard his mother talking in a lower tone than was her wont. She was evidently in the passage opening on the porch. What she said, he could not ascertain; but her voice roused him from the dreariness of his own thoughts.

"No," was the answer given her; and, in the sound he recognized the old school-master. "No, madam," said he; "you are altogether wrong. I know the boy. He's a good boy. I know what boys are. I ought to. I have spent thirty-five years of my life among them, and I pride myself that the case has yet to occur which will prove me to have formed a false estimate of character. So much for Lewis generally. But in this particular case, as I said before, you have not been put in possession of facts as they occurred. Far from being the originator of the broil, I know, from the testimony of my whole school, that he attempted, in the manner which first came to mind, to quiet the disturbance. That he interfered physically, instead of calling me from my room, is a matter which he and I have



to settle, but which I do not consider of much consequence, as I allow much *for* the urgency of the *status quo*, and to the generous impulse of his nature. Again, madam, I reiterate that your punishment of him is not only injudicious, as tending to destroy a spirit which ought to be fostered, but uncalled for, even under the supposition that he has been proved guilty of all you lay to his charge. It is an invasion of *my* province. During school-hours I stand to my boys *in loco parentis*. When they are deserving, I praise. When they do wrong, it is my duty to correct—chastise. With faults committed out of school-hours, I have nothing to do. But, as I respect the rights of parents with reference to the home-conduct of my boys, I expect that they, on their part, will respect mine in my domain. Good-evening.”

Lew's eyes beamed. “Now,” thought he, “she knows all about it, and will let me out, and be kind to me to-night.” And he waited for the touch of her hand upon the key; but time passed, and brought nothing but the deepening shades, the darkness, and the faint starlights.

It was late before she entered, bearing him a meagre allowance of food. Lew jumped up, and was about to speak, but her look chilled him. As she turned to leave the room, he summoned all his courage, and said, “Mother, I didn't beat Johnnie.”

“Who asked if you did?” was the answer, so sharp as to cut him to the heart.

“O mother!” he cried, and the tears rose in his eyes, and finished the appeal.

It was vain. “Cry away,” she said, “but eat your supper in the mean time. I'll be back in five minutes for the things. You'll have plenty of time, between-meals, for snivelling before I have put you through.”

When the door was closed, Lew leaned his face on his

hands, gave a sob and a sigh, and remained for a few moments motionless. His tears had disappeared by the time he raised his head. Determination had dried them. Then he turned from his sorrows to the table, and ate, as if he had been, as perhaps he was, the hungriest little boy in the length and breadth of the parish of Losiach.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

SCARCELY had the first faint show of coming day diffused itself among the eastern clouds, than Lew rose from the old arm-chair in which he had passed the hours of darkness. He unslung his satchel from his shoulders, and, removing its contents, laid them sadly on the chair. But his emotion interfered with his further action. He sank on his knees, and, laying his head on his books, prayed the good God to be kind, and pardon the willful act he was about to commit—“For,” he murmured, “I cannot help it. I cannot bear it longer!”

The window of the lumber-room gave him more trouble than he anticipated. It was firmly fixed by long disuse, and for a time resisted all his efforts to raise it. At length it yielded with a jarring sound; but, once thus started, it moved with little noise under his cautious pressure. He was outside the house. He had broken from an unmerited imprisonment; and, more, he had broken the loveless bonds of his childhood, and already felt himself in the world with no dependence except that which his own arm could afford. Yet no shade of regret passed over him.

The morning was calm and beautiful. Never before had he felt in Nature so much quiet happiness as was thrown around him by these dark yet lightening heavens, and this

obscurer earth. He saw the morning-star sparkling through a rift in the clouds, and it seemed the harbinger of the brighter days which were to dawn on him. The air was cool and invigorating. As he inspired its freshness, his bosom swelled with freedom, strength, and hope, until he could hear in the pulsation of his heart a jubilant "Ho! for the great world, for the great struggle and the great success!"

On the porch he sat down and removed his shoes. Then, leaving these and his satchel behind him, he entered the house. The outer door was latched simply; that of the common room was ajar. He moved stealthily into this apartment, and took from over the fireplace a small earthenware jar, one of two which stood there. He carried it to the eastern window and examined it, to satisfy himself by more than the sense of touch that he had made no mistake. On its side was apparent, in large black letters, "A Good Boy's Bank," and its lid was penetrated by a smoothly-cut fissure, which offered a ready passage to deposits, but did little toward facilitating their withdrawal. Neither of these was the mark which proved his ownership, but a great chip from its rounded side, which it had received on its way from the place where purchased. This accident had made it his, otherwise, the chances had been even, whether he or Johnnie had become its possessor.

Having set this precious jar upon the table, he turned to a cupboard and gave its contents a searching examination. He selected from among them sundry quarters of oaten cakes and a huge block of cheese. Then, taking possession of his bank, he stepped lightly from the room. In the passage he halted and listened, but all was quiet; he felt relieved, and in a minute more was on the steps, lacing his shoes and converting his satchel into a haversack.

On reaching the gate-way he turned to take a parting

look at the old house—his childhood's home. There it stood, calm as if all were happiness within—embosomed among foliage, from which the marbled steps shone clearly in the dawning light. Just so would it look on many another morning, when he would be away in far-distant lands. When seeking relief from the cares of the world, just so would he love to recall it—calm as if all were happiness within.

Something cold touched his hand. He started, and the wild throbbing of his heart drove away every thought of the house. "Oh, pshaw!" he considered, "do I, who dare encounter the world, without an aid or guide, become frightened at the touch of Nero's nose?"—"Go home, Nero. You have no cause for leaving. Go home, good dog."

Lew walked swiftly along the unfrequented road, under the dark shade of the Scottish firs. But presently he left it and elbowed his way through the woods and thickets. He clambered up the face of a crag and reached a clearance, through which the hill was projected in the form of a peak. On the summit stood the ruins of Castle Fraser. Nothing remained of the stronghold at this time, but four roofless and irregular walls, gray with the lichens of age. These inclosed a mound of stones, portions of the fallen structure, almost hidden by a growth of nettles and other coarse weeds. In one of the angles an interior wall yet partitioned off a small part of the inclosure into chambers. The remains of a flight of stone steps lay at its base. The interstices in the wall afforded Lew a ready means of access to the upper of the chambers.

On reaching it, his first act was to put his head out of the window in the exterior wall, and look down the giddy height at the falling waters—now watching the turmoil below, now dwelling on the tremulous surface of the lin,

and now casting his eyes along the strath to follow the line of winding waters on their way to the ocean.

Perhaps, from the scene he gathered new courage to plunge the current of his life into that unknown lin—the world. He could see the waters, curled into foam by the first brief struggle, springing upward, as if fain to find once more the life from which they fell. He could see them sink back exhausted and unable to reflect unbroken a single ray of light. But, he could see them, also, turn their back upon the past and course bravely onward to their great eternity.

Perhaps his heart misgave him as he looked; for he knew the fathomless depth of the lin, and the stories current of subterranean channels, which drew into darkness more than half of the waters which lived in the light of heaven above the falls.

Perhaps he made no application of the scene, but gazed as many another and older would have gazed, so rapt in its sublimity as to lose thought of even self.

However this may have been, it was some time before he withdrew his head to reality.

The "The Good Boy's Bank" that morning was broken. "How circumstances do change our idea of things!" thought Lew, as he hammered it with a stone from the flooring of the room. A few hours ago the idea of thus maltreating what, with a crown-piece in it, had been his father's last new-year's gift, would have seemed madness, but—and he buttoned up the pocket to which he had transferred the crown and coppers, and, pillowing his head on the satchel, was soon asleep.

On the afternoon of this day, Mrs. Wilson sat in the porch of her house, with her work-basket on a chair by her side. The fragrant air was trembling with the hum of insect-life and the softened gurgling of the distant river, but

the lady, for once, was oblivious of the harmony around her. The school-master had paid her a flying visit, and informed her of the trouble in which his favorite Lew had become involved.

"And the end of it is," he had said somewhat fiercely, "that the boy has been driven from home to Heaven knows where. He disappeared in the night. His father and the farm-servants have been up and down the country-side without discovering him. As he took with him his penny-savings, I presumed he had gone off with the intention of doing for himself, and advised a search toward the city. His father will start to-morrow, and hopes before long, as he phrases it, to overhaul him. His mother acts as I would expect of her. She says, 'John may go, if he is anxious about the brat, but that, as for her, the fint a foot would she stir to find him. He had left of his own accord, and might return when he had a mind to!' She does not seem to have a heart, that woman. I can't bear her. It was a mistake on her part to have children. She is ignorant of how to manage them. I told her so. Hardihood to venture on such a remark? Of course, she was angry, but I was angry too, and with good reason; I do not have one of my best boys started down-hill to the dogs, without feeling angry."

Mrs. Wilson was sad. In that portion of her heart which her lost daughter had occupied, she had long ago given Lew a place. She had read his heart from his earliest years, sympathized with his childhood's sorrows, and taught him, when opportunity offered, that the years might develop him into a fair sample of the man, which she held man should be. She had dwelt on his future in every light, but ever found it glowing with the warm colors which her true woman's heart recognized as essential to a noble manhood. She had not calculated on such a complication as

now occupied her thoughts. Either Lew must, even to her, have labored to dissemble his feelings, hiding half his troubles, or she must have given him credit for a larger sense of rectitude and a greater strength than he possessed. She inclined to the former supposition; for, she had observed that, in detailing his troubles, he would hesitate as if questioning himself concerning the propriety of making known, although to his only friend, the skeleton of his home.

Then the effect which this storm would exercise on his life. Supposing that the current would, in a short time, flow apparently in the same channel, would there be no difference? Would his feelings be unaltered in their tenderness and delicacy, his heart the same—warm and eager for the love withheld from him at home? She hoped so. Or, would the blast, blowing coldly over him, wither his feelings in their early spring, and breathe a chill into his heart, contracting, hardening it for life? But, no; this would not be. She would fight against it, and prevail.

She raised her eyes and discovered Lew gazing wistfully at her from among a mass of drooping laburnum-blossoms. He advanced and sat on the step by her knee.

"Lew," she said, "this was very wrong of you."

"You know!" he said. "I knew you would think so, and could not go away without seeing you, and begging you to think less harshly of me."

"Go where?" inquired she.

"To the city," he replied.

"To do what?"

"To push my way in life."

"And why—instead of waiting until the proper time arrives when you will be prepared by age and education to do so?"

"I cannot stay," he said. "I am too unhappy here."

"You think you will be happier in the world, cut asun-

der from relatives and friends, than you are here with both beside you?"

Lew bent his head as he answered, "I cannot be less so." He continued: "Besides, I hope to carry my friends' good wishes with me, and to hear often by letter from yourself and Lizzie."

"You must think well of this, Lew, before you decide."

"I have thought, oh! over and over again. Not yesterday for the first time, but years ago. If I stay here, I can expect nothing but the same life for years to come: but, if I go, I will work hard and become great and rich; when I come back, I can let my mother know that I am good and love her. She will love me then."

Mrs. Wilson took his hand affectionately in hers. "Do you know, child," she said, "that this world, into which you would venture, is a hard and harsh world; that it is not the world you read of in romances and books, but a cold world, where a child like you might be lost in the view of a hundred eyes, without a hand being held forth to help you; that it is a world wherein you, who cannot bear even the home atmosphere, would speedily wither and die, or, what would be a thousand times worse, would become hard-hearted and cold—of the world worldly?"

"I do not fear," said Lew.

"You do not fear because you do not know, but I know and fear. This is foolishness, my child, foolishness even to a wholly worldly eye; but, to one who has higher aspirations than of the world, it is sinful. I need not tell you that you fail in your duty, by throwing aside your obligations to your parents. But I must say what most likely has not occurred to you, that by going into the world unprepared, when Heaven has favored you with opportunities for preparation, you render your future comparatively valueless, however successful it may hereafter appear to

you. You are aware, to some extent, of how little you know. You have told me you were beginning to see before you a world of knowledge which you must master. That world, which you could see, is but one, and a small one, of the many which progress would reveal to you. You have been told of the value of knowledge. It is said to be Power. Yet you would go powerless into the turmoil of active life. The opportunity of possessing a good education is a talent which God has been pleased to bestow on you. Hereafter you may be asked concerning it and its produce. Are you to say: 'I did not take the talent, and bury it fearing I might lose it, but I scorned it, turned my back on it, thought in my vanity that I could do well enough without it?' How is this? Or will you confess with sorrow: 'I was weak in my youth. I did not have strength of heart to enable me to bear with fortitude the trials which I found besetting the path of duty. This duty, duly performed, was demanded of me as the price of the talent. I was unable to purchase it, wherefore I am not to be held accountable.' Do you think *that* would be held as good excuse?"

Lew was silent.

"Come, tell me," said she. He raised his downcast eyes and was about to speak, when he espied a buggy approaching the house. His father was driving it.

"I will think of this before I go," he said, and, disengaging his hand, disappeared among the foliage before his friend had surmised his intention.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

It has always seemed to me that Lew acted in an unpardonably willful manner in leaving his home as he did. Had there been excitement or passion carrying him on his

exodus, the case, to some, mostly hasty minds, might have appeared less inexcusable. But, on the contrary, his action was cool and deliberate.

There was plenty of time for reflection, during the twenty-four hours he secluded himself in the closet at Castle Fraser, to permit his father to get ahead of him on the road. He was certain that, some time during the day following his interview with Mrs. Wilson, Captain John Gordon would enter his buggy and journey cityward, provided that he, Lew, did not make his appearance in the mean time. And time for reflection being given, he would have undoubtedly applied it to that end, for his nature was inclined to self-communion.

How he reconciled his action to his principles, I cannot say, supposing him to have effected this, which I doubt; for I am of opinion that he continued, as at first, to think his action sinful, and pray God's pardon, "for he could not help it—he could not bear it longer."

I feel assured that, if Captain John Gordon had not driven up to the garden-gate and interfered with the progress of the debate between the boy and his friend, all which follows would not have been.

His gentle friend would have talked him, scolded him, fondled him out of his foolishness, and led him home to begin a new era. In time he would have become a dweller in the city, running the college rounds of dead languages, mathematics, and experimental science; which completed, he would have chosen a profession, most probably the medical, having conscientious scruples, arising from a sense of his own unworthiness, against making choice of divinity. Then he would have settled, succeeded, married—Lizzie likely—led a quiet, happy, and useful life, and at this time been the father of a promising series of Lews and Lizzies, not one of whom would have had to complain of



want of love. But, putting these valueless speculations aside, let me return to the facts of my narrative.

"Only five miles to the city!" Lew spoke as he raised himself on his heather bed behind some bowlders near the road-side. It was the morning of the sixth day of his journeying. Five nights he had spent in pushing his solitary way through the darkness. Five nights of dreary monotony, with nothing to relieve them but, at first, the novelty of the situation, and subsequently some sparkling illusions drawn by fancy from the future, which illusions were quickly dispelled by the weary miles and aching limbs which measured them. Occasionally, as he crossed some stream, or discovered in the brightening dawn some shadowy peak, which had not belonged to his last-seen horizon, a temporary impulse would be given to his thoughts. "This must be the river Deverach," he would say, gleefully, or that, "the peak of McFroith;" hailing each as an old acquaintance, seen for the first time since the seeming long ago of school-boy days, when "Smith's Geography" had brought about the familiarity. And, by-the-way, such rencontre would give rise to a self-complacent glow. He was not so very ignorant, after all; for this river and that hill were guarantees of the reliability of the knowledge he possessed of lands more distant.

Five days he had passed in resting himself in leafy nooks, where bubbled springs or babbled rivulets. From these, in the afternoon, he would make an excursion, to some distant farm, to provision himself for his further progress. He was shy of the houses which lined the road, fearing lest his father might have arranged for his capture. As it was, the curiosity of woman frequently subjected him to a trying cross-examination.

The "gude-wife" of the first "fairm toon" at which he craved hospitality, scrutinized him closely, as she decked

her table with the homely fare. Allowing him time to take the edge from his appetite, she commenced:

"It's been a fine day for traivelin'."

An assent from the lusty eater.

"Hae ye come far the day?"

"Yes, a good many miles."

"Faur nicht ye hae been?"

"Up in the Losiach Valley." A plain answer, certainly, but given with an awkward hesitation.

"Faur's that? I never heard o't."

Lew felt secure.

But, without waiting for enlightenment, she continued:

"Faur are ye gaun? Eh?"

"To the city."

"Hey! But that's a gey lang gait for ye to be traivelin' by yersel', an' ye a thochtie nae bigger than ye might be. Fat are ye gaun to dee there?"

Every question made Lew's cheek tingle. As the answer slipped from him, he prayed pardon for the deception in his heart. "My father is in the city, or at least will be there by the time I reach it."

"He maun be an unco queer kyn' o' man that father o' yours, to be lattin' ye gang stravaigan oure the country at this gait, instead o' takin' care o' ye, and pitten ye on the coach, or at ony rate on the carrier's cairt." (Spoken with sympathy.)

"Well—a—you see, I never was over this part of the country before, and I wished to see it: hence I preferred to travel on foot instead of by any of the regular conveyances." (False Lewis Gordon.)

"Weel, weel; toon's fowk tak funny notions into their heads sometimes; but eat a wee bit mair, my laddie, for an ye dinna, lang afore ye get to the en' o' your tramp ye wunna hae a bit fushen in ye."



He thanked her kindly for her hearty invitation to stay "a' nicht," but said he wished to make a few miles more before nightfall. His few miles more were simply the couple which led him to his leafy nook, where he rested until dark.

Is it true, my dear doctor, that virtue is its own reward and vice its own punishment? Without limitation and proviso, certainly not. Although the good do mostly live a life happier than is the lot of the wicked, when equally comfortable worldly means are granted, the wicked and the good prosper or starve in accordance with the operation of combinations of circumstances, in which virtue or vice, though frequently an accidental, is seldom an essential element. Vice, in its varieties which strain the powers of man's machinery, undoubtedly carries with it a train of evils proportionate to the amount of injury. But, virtue in like manner. The belly-god has his bilious attack or taste of toe-torture from Nature's rack and screw; while he who fasts in Lent fails in his health and strength. Nature has sharp eyes for the detection of offences against her laws, and, like Justice with her bandaged eyes, is blind to the transgressor as she metes her punishment. Only when either operates in man's moral nature, without at the same time implicating the machine, does the saying become a truism, and even in these cases a proviso is necessary—a recognition of its truth. If it is believed to be true, then is it true: to him who conceives it false, there is no truth in it.

When Adam lived in Eden, there was no evil upon earth; every thing was good, and his enjoyment was a continual hymn of thanksgiving to the Giver. It is true, the germ of evil lay hidden there; but what is seed without soil, and sun, and moistening dews? The change came: mother Eve listened, and raised a world of thorns

in her womanish attempt to gather golden grains. Since then, man commences his career, not as Adam, with the good a growth and the evil an unplanted germ, but with each ready to draw nourishment from the new heart-soil. But, if Eve planted the evil germ, she gave us her daughters to uproot it, and to care for the growth of the other; and well has woman watched the seedling bud, and plucked the weed, and nursed the tender plant, until it stopped its growth and was a fruitful tree. Well does she it now. It is a willing penance—a labor of love. What nobler mission can she have than to garden in the hearts of men? Those women who prate of women's rights, are Eves, who, had they been in Eden, would have fallen like our first mother.

It is woman who leads the growing mind to seek reward and punishment within itself.

As the character of Lew's home admitted of no more tangible system of reward, the truth of the saying had been the more insisted on by Mrs. Wilson, during the few hours she had spent on his moral education. He was a believer, and so responsible to his own heart for his actions.

He was inclined to be severe with himself, for his answers to the gude-wife, his hostess; and he vowed, hereafter, to evade the question, to be silent, to tell the truth whatever its consequences, rather than permit a false tongue to seize his heart-sprung lies and veil them with the semblance of truth.

This was the first pitfall into which Lew stumbled, after leaving his proper path. Oh, that those who know the narrow road should be beguiled into leaving it, while aware that every step is practicable to the earnest wayfarer, and every delay a danger greater than the greatest difficulty they will have to encounter! Easy-going Goodman feels fatigued, and rests him a little under a shade-

tree, vowing the while that, when refreshed, he will travel with a vigor which will more than make up the time lost. Sleep steals over him as he lies in the pleasant shade, and, when he reaches the great gate, it is barred. The Timid Goodman halts before some rocky ledge presented in his path, and, forgetful that others have gone before, tries to beat around it. He is lost in the thicket which hedges its base. The Thoughtless Goodman, attracted by some pretty flower, springs lightly from the path to pick it up, but he finds it more difficult to return. The Impulsive Goodman, tired of the beaten track, and discovering what he conceives to be a shorter cut, dips into the jungle, and is seen no more.

Do you say that these do not belong to the Goodman family? If they do not, where are the Goodmen of to-day? What noble family, in these latter days, has its blood unmixed? I opine that many of the Goodmen of former days travelled in like fashion. Reading old-time stories, I conclude that many an impulsive Goodman has rushed from his path to reach the persecutor's sword, and that more than one Timid Betterman has beat around the base rather than climb the cliffs of martyrdom.

No matter. My object is to show that Lew has still a claim to the Goodman name; that slips from the path are common among those who strive to reach their journey's end before the shutting of the gate.

Howbeit, after his impulsive spring from the beaten path, Lew met with frequent thorns which, like this little one, lamed him for the time being.

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

"ONLY five miles to the city!" Lew spoke as he raised himself on his heather-bed behind the bowlders. But there was no exultation in his tone. The bright visions which he had indulged, now afforded him no light to lead him on with enthusiasm. The great city cast its shadow between; and pitiless phantoms rioted in the darkness.

In view of the reality, he had no relish for fancy pictures. While dreaming in the old tower, he had imagined his approach to this same city. His feet touched lightly on the smooth turnpike, and his heart, overflowing with hope and eagerness, joyously joined in the song-bird's morning hymn, which murmured like a sea of melody encompassing the earth. The sun arose, and cast a glory on the waters. The city lay before him. The roofs and spires glittered in the golden beams; and his step was lighter as his delighted eyes fluttered from sea to shore, from roof to roof, and spire to spire.

But, when the real presented, none of the ideal tints could be found. He had marched but a few miles on the previous night, to husband his strength for the unknown trials which his first day in the city might develop. In the mean time, there arose from behind the eastern sea a mass of murky cloud which, hastening landward, resolved itself into a heavy rain-storm. A grayish mist enveloped the young wayfarer, shrouding in its folds even the patches of yellow-flowered furze which he knew to be so near. He was wet and chilled. In vain he strove to clench his chattering teeth, and stay the shudder driving through his frame.

He unslung his satchel, and discussed the rain-soaked

remnants it contained. Then he threw the leathern bag away; it had done its work. But the gay scene and the eager heart, where were they in this reality? And the light step—where? His feet tingled with the frequent touch of the smooth turnpike, his muscles ached with the unwonted exercise, and every joint was stiff and sore; even the blisters, from which, on lying down, hope had fancied him relieved, had gathered to twice their former size, and felt far more tender than when newly formed. Every step, on starting, was an agony which penciled passing tracks upon his face. But Lew was brave, and had fortitude for the trials as yet surrounding him. He hoped that, when once heated, his tortures would abate.

And so, he entered the city along the street which was the terminus of the county road.

He scarcely noticed the wall of houses which rose in damp and dismal solidity on either side, but pushed on aimlessly. Up one street, down another, through the driving rain, he wandered, until his good or evil fortune led him to the quay. Here the scene roused him from his apathy. The hedge of interlacing spars, lost at either end in the vaporous atmosphere, touched chords in his heart which the rain had not rendered over-tense for harmony. He approached the edge, and turned his steps seaward, looking at each noble vessel, as he passed, with a mixture of curiosity and awe. His comfortless condition was forgotten, but it gave a tone to his thoughts. These ships, so crowded at the wharves, were indeed resting after the fatigues of long travel, but, they were not recounting, one to another, the gay scenes and brave adventures they had encountered on distant seas. They were not straining at their hawsers in impatience at their present inactivity; but, like timid animals, who seek to lessen fears by sharing them, they hugged each other and the quay more closely,

as the hoarse winds swept over them. Even the storming, in his wrath, had no sublimity, but, out of vengeful weakness at the sight of so many goodly ships lying sheltered from his fury, growled as he pierced the mazes of tense, strong cordage, and dropped a spatter of spiteful tears on the surface of the quiet anchorage, which his utmost violence could only furrow into paltry wavelets.

Lew sauntered along: and the damp and dreary wall of houses, on the one side, became broken, and, on the other, the hedge of spars lost its thickness and its continuity. The paltry wavelets swelled to greater size, and, in their wild commotion, wave shattered wave into a thousand fragments which sank among the feet of other battling waves; while borne on the wind came the deep-mouthed bellowing of the eastern sea.

When he approached the end of the break-water, the boy seated himself, and looked upon the wildness of the scene with greater interest than he had shown in any thing, since his arrival in the city. He watched the swelling waves, as one after another they hurled themselves upon the seaward side of the barrier, breaking into a tumult of foam, which roared upon the masonry, and crept in pointed tongues along its crevices. He watched for waves more sudden in their onset, to see them spring high into air, where they were seized by the passing wind, and scattered in spray, even to where he sat. At first, his spirit rioted in the tumult, but, in a little while, an awe crept over him, stilling the turbulence within. "And this," was his thought, "this is the home which I would choose? Is this a caution?"

While he sat revolving the question, there loomed, through the vapory veil which enveloped the distance, a great, black something, creeping over the surface of the water from the land-locked harborage. Could it be a ves-

sel? Could men be rash enough to steam with open eyes into this tempest? It certainly seemed so. Nearer and nearer she steamed, and, in spite of the eastern wind, cleft the water with a steadiness and dignity betokening perfect self-possession and reliance. Onward she came, greeting each heaving wave with a bow, and a graceful sideward sway. Lew stared, with open mouth. As she passed, she raised her head on a mass of waters greater than the boy had hitherto seen. Poising herself on it as it passed, she plunged into the yawning gulf beyond. Lew was in an agony of suspense. "That next wave," thought he, "will assuredly sweep over her." But, no! she rose to the coming swell—more slowly, heavily than before, yet vaulted lightly over it, and went on her way seaward, greeting every heaving wave with a bow and a graceful sideward sway. "So," thought he, "this is as they say most things in the world are—to the timid eye difficult, but easy to the strong hand which grapples with its difficulty." And he arose and traveled from the point.

If Lew had not been occupied in planning a satisfactory interview between a certain unknown sea-captain and himself, relative to his apprenticeship, he might have gathered some new ideas, from a study of the influence exercised on his mind by the circumstances attending his visit to the pier. It might have been profitable for him to have sought for the reason of his unchallenged acceptance of the words of one teacher, while to the utterances of another, sterner, and stronger-voiced, he had turned an ear filled with doubts and questionings: why he had translated, on the instant, the hieroglyphics scrolled by the passing steamer, and had traveled from the pier to act on the resolves growing out of that translation; and why, when the deep-toned waters had roared their warning, and proved its truth by foaming tongues, which lapped the masonry on every side;

"Is this a caution?" he had said, and that was all. The steamer passed, and although the same warning waters washed her writing from the surface, he forgot even to say, "Is this a caution?" What was the cause? How much of it was contained in *I will*, and how little in aught else!—

Except, my dear doctor, in the general fact of death, there is no predestination. They only who are weak or slothful prate of it—they only who can or will not bear the bundle of consequences themselves have sown and reaped. "I will" is the bud from which every leaf on man's life-tree is evolved. Putting aside our entry into the world, and whatever may transpire before we are capable of an *I will* or an *I will not*, our own decisions lead us on through life. "Circumstances compelled me!" Bah! Circumstances are maligned in the phrase. They are merely the pieces on life's chess-board. Man and Fate play the game; but Fate is a practised player. Every man plays a game with Fate, but Fate plays a game with every man. This unforeseen leap of his persecuting knight has forked our queen and castle, but which shall be surrendered is for us to decide. Only when the checkmate is given—when the black king, well supported, is placed *vis-à-vis*—but, *then* the game is at an end, and the pieces rearranged for the next comer.

But Lew was otherwise engaged. He was rehearsing the dialogue between himself and the unknown ship-captain, putting keen queries into the mouth of the bluff, hearty, and weather-beaten personage who, in his imagination, impersonated the unknown, and sharper answers into his own *rôle*; following the conversation through the various creeks into which he could conceive it turning, and sounding, as he went, to attain a perfect knowledge of their navigation.

When he reached a certain part of the quay, he halted,

and looked hesitatingly at a vessel lying moored at the wharf. There were few people in sight. The place, in fact, seemed deserted. Higher up, where the coasting vessels lay, the quay presented a livelier aspect, despite the inclemency of the weather; but, here was silence, broken only by the moan of the wind, the spatter of the driving rain, and splash of the restless waters.

The vessel which drew his attention was one which earlier in the day had especially attracted him, by her elegance of contour. Her hull, which rose high above the level of the quay, had impressed him with notions of lightness, velocity, and grace; and this, before he had read the name on a scroll continuation of her figure-head—the “Faëry Queen.”

The name alone would have led him captive, but the name, so well applied, hid from his mind the claims for consideration of every other vessel. To him the harbor contained but one—the Faëry Queen. When he rose and traveled from the pier, it was to board the Faëry Queen. The unknown ship-captain, whom he had already, in imagination, prevailed upon to ship him, was the senior officer of the Faëry Queen. Of a truth she was a smart-looking clipper, and one with her maiden trip on the high-seas as yet before her, to judge from the smoothness of her sweeping sides, and the tasteful completeness of all her appointments, not to mention the placard, which, on brighter days, may have frowned troublesome sight-seers from her gangway: “No entrance except on business.”

Lew hesitated as he came alongside, and, before he could decide on committing himself to the interview, he found himself drifting to leeward of the Faëry Queen's berth. So, he turned and retraced his steps, but the hesitation still hung over him and impelled him to windward. Backward and forward he walked, how many times I know

not, nor did he, for his attention began to be withdrawn from his own matters to the eccentric movements of a stout gentleman in a water-proof cape and dark-blue nether garments. This gentleman lounged along the quay, now seaward, now landward, swinging, as he went, a stout brass-ferruled walking-stick, as if he were in the enjoyment of a light, health-giving, time-killing promenade. The boy thought it strange that the man should act so, with the rain pattering gustily on his water-proof; but it did not occur to him that the man might consider it even more strange that a boy with chubby cheeks and clothes of country-cut should act in like manner, without a water-proof for the rain to patter on.

However, after a little time he dismissed the stout gentleman from his thoughts, and turned to the planks leading to the gangway of the Faëry Queen. He was in the act of ascending, when—

“Hillo! my little fellow,” shouted the gentleman, in the peculiar dialect of the city which it is needless for me to mimic—“hillo! what are you after?”

“I am going on board this vessel, sir,” said he.

“So I perceive—but don't you see the notice?”

“Yes. But I have business on board.”

“Oh, indeed! What might it be, eh?”

“Are you the captain of the vessel, sir?”

“No,” with a careless twirl of his stick, manifesting the gentleman's opinion that, though he was not, he occupied what he considered to be an equally dignified and responsible position in the world.

“Do you belong to the ship, sir?”

“No.”

“But”—remonstratively—“my business is with the captain or some one of the officers.”

“Which means keep your fingers out of other people's



pie, old man," said the stout gentleman pleasantly. "Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"You don't! Well, I'm—but—a— What did you do with your school-boy's bag—eh?"

Lew trembled and stared at the strange gentleman, who continued, looking hardly at the boy meanwhile: "What name do you go by since your arrival in town?"

"Lewis Gordon is my name, sir."

"Well, Lewis, I've got a little matter of business to transact with you. You'll have to go along with me," laying his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"But—a—to where, sir?"

"To the police-office."

"You're—?"

"A policeman, my little one. And you are wanted."

Lew had not calculated on such a check.

## CHAPTER NINTH.

BUT what did it all mean?

Did his desertion of his home constitute a crime of which the law took cognizance? Surely not. Were it so, he would have met some allusion to the fact in the course of his reading. Mrs. Wilson would not have withheld an argument of such power, had it been in her possession.

Was he arrested as a vagrant, to be lodged in jail until he could be turned over to the authorities of the parish to which he belonged? Occasionally he had heard of such cases, but they were few, and, in all, the arrest had been in consequence of the homeless one rendering himself obnoxious to a neighborhood, by bringing his vagrancy be-

tween the wind and its respectability. If, instead of importuning a well-to-do locality, he had kept his wants secret, permitting them to wax strong upon his waning strength, he might have died a dozen times before such relief would have reached him. But Lew was unconscious of having ruffled any one's sensibilities, in the city or elsewhere. Again, though to himself he felt guilty of vagrancy, in that he knew not where he would next pillow his head, he was satisfied that this was not manifest in his appearance. His ruddy cheek, his homely suit, as yet retaining much of its pristine gloss, and the whilom contents of that Good Boy's Bank, which he could jingle at will in his pocket, were signs which those versed in vagrancy did not regard as the usual accompaniments of that state.

But these suppositions are unnecessary. The stout gentleman seems in good-humor, in spite of the rain and the vapors which cloud every thing in their dismal translucency. He may be good enough to explain, as he moves leisurely with his prisoner toward the—jail. So, Lew with much trepidation makes the inquiry.

What could the stout gentleman mean? "Know all about it soon enough." The words imply that Suspense, in a mantle of many-colored fears, is a more agreeable guest to entertain than Truth, with her long-trained robe of consequences.

Was it possible that a crime had been committed at some of the farm-houses he had visited, that suspicion had fastened on him, and that the evidence already gathered had authorized his arrest? Quite possible; and equally so, that he might be tried, convicted, and—and—and, for some deed he had not done. Here Suspense presented for his entertainment a view which he recognized as pilfered in its broader lines from a recent issue of the *Illustrated London News*. It represented a sea of heads, a scaffold, and,

as the spectators no doubt believed, a criminal standing thereon. Lew shuddered as he felt that the innocent heart, which throbbed within the prisoner's breast, was his own. But enough of this picture! Away with it! Bury it in the depths of forgetfulness, as the blindfolded prisoner will be, when the drop has fallen! No, *he* will be remembered, when the future proves his innocence. But what matters it to the crumbling bones, that fifty years hence some octogenarian may mumble, as he slips into the grave: "It was I did the deed for which Lew Gordon suffered?"

What a prater is Suspense to those whose hearts will not respond to the light impulses of hope! No trace of feeling has he, but heightens every horror in his tale. Yet even this may be of benefit to some—reality coming as a relief to the tortures of anticipated realization.

When Lew had dropped an inward tear, over his crumbling bones and the innocence which had to await its establishment until long after his memory had passed from the face of the earth, he cast a hesitating glance at his custodian. The gentleman caught it, and said kindly:

"What is the matter, my boy? Are you hungry?"

"No, sir; but I want to know why you are taking me to prison. What have I done?"

"Oh! come, now. None of that," said the stout gentleman in a cheerful tone, as he twirled his walking-stick into a revolving wheel with a bright brass tire. "None of that. You can't come it. Injured innocence and that sort o' thing won't pay. What did you do with the money?"

"What money, sir?—" falteringly, as the Good Boy's Bank and its contents rose in his mind in connection with some point of law which might exist to his condemnation.

"Never mind; here we are at the office."

It was a great, square, rough-hewn building, with a dress-front, the windows narrow slits with an iron cross in

each, and the doors, strong as the laws they served, be-decked with iron studs.

They entered a room where, on one side, in blue and brass, loitered several burly policemen, while, on the other, a few miserales shivered in their damp and scanty rags. Lew expected to be motioned to a seat among the unfortunates, but no; the stout gentleman threw off his waterproof cape, knocked at an inner door, and, entering, discovered a small chamber, with a desk and sundry shelves of heavily-bound folios fenced off from the blankness of its greater portion, which contained only a couple of chairs in front of the fire. A severe-looking man, with an ink-stain on his under lip, occupied the enclosure.

"Well?" said he, looking up from his writing.

"That lost youngster," returned the stout gentleman.

"Um—," and the severe-looking man gave the youngster a comprehensive glance, concluding it with, "What say your name was, boy?"

Lew informed him.

"That'll do;" and, with a jerk of his quill-hand toward a chair, he continued his writing.

"Sit down in front of the fire," said the stout gentleman, placing a chair for his charge, "and keep the chills off after your wet walk." Then, assuming a serio-comic look, he poked his brass-ferruled stick among Lew's small ribs, and demanded: "How about that thing now; what did you do with the money?" But, without waiting for an answer, he wheeled and left the room.

What had he done with the money? Was the stout gentleman only poking fun at him? But, there must be something in it, else why was he a prisoner in the police-office of the great city? Suspense proceeded to drag from his portfolio that sketch of the sea of heads and scaffolding, but Lew shook his head. "Pshaw," thought he, "this is

foolish; such things are not of every-day occurrence. The worst that can come of it will be, that I shall have to tell all about myself; my father will be sent for, and I shall be liberated from this trouble to become his prisoner, and be led back to the Losiach Valley." Lew entertained the idea of this result with much equanimity. The fact was, his experience of the city had been productive of impressions entirely at variance with his anticipations. He was disappointed, weary in body and troubled in mind, so that resignation to the idea of return was readily arrived at. "I will begin afresh," he thought, "and try to do better this time than ever before."

He was disturbed in his meditations by the impatient chime of an office-bell, which the severe-looking man had touched in his sharp way. A letter was handed to the boy who answered the summons.

"Fifty-five—Victoria—Quay," read he, as he moved toward the door; then, raising his voice: "Answer?" he inquired.

"Yes."

And the messenger disappeared.

Lew wondered if fifty-five, Victoria Quay, had any thing to do with his case; and, through the steam which rose in clouds from the legs of his trousers, tried to read a solution of the difficult question.

"The severe-looking man behind the fence knows all about it," thought he. "How continuously his quill goes scrawling over the paper! What has he got so much to write about? Perhaps he enters in the folios the history of the cases brought to the office. What ponderous folios they are! They look like the outside of the jail—great, rough-hewn blocks of books, with dress-backs! How much longer to wait before something occurs? This is getting tiresome. It's raining outside yet. It patters on the win-

dow-panes by way of accompaniment to the scrawl of the gentleman's quill."

After a few such rambling thoughts, Lew dropped into a disturbed slumber, in which he was inducted into a cell, lighted by an iron-crossed window. Here he remained until tried, convicted, and sentenced for a crime of which his conceptions were not very clear. He was pacing his cell, awaiting the hour of execution, when a knock at the door brought him to a stand-still. "They are come," thought he. "The hour has arrived!"

"Come in," said the severe-looking man; and his sharp tone awoke the boy from his dreamy slumber.

Captain John Gordon opened the door, and entered.

"Good-afternoon." Greeting by the official in a blander tone than Lew had conceived him capable of employing.

"Infernally dirty weather!" growled Captain John Gordon, in answer.

"So 'tis, so 'tis," acquiesced the other. "Found your runaway."

"Where did you pick him up?"

"Bob brought him here. Found him on his beat somewhere, b'lieve."

"Tell Bob to drop in my way, to-night, if he has time."

"Um—," assented the other, with a nod.

"Come along, youngster. Let's get home!"

Lew, in a state of semi-bewilderment, was led from the building by his father, and ensconced with him in the cushioned interior of a cab. "Fifty-five, Victoria Quay," shouted the captain to the driver, and they rumbled along the almost-deserted streets.

Their destination was reached without the interchange of a word between father and son. Lew was conducted into a plain-looking house, up-stairs, and into a room, where the bright coal-blaze frolicked cheerily in the chim-

ney, and cast coquettish glances among the china-ware on the table, with which the gloomy light, filtered through the dim and drop-streaked panes, was unable to interfere.

"Now," said the senior, "something to eat, something to drink, and then to bed.—Hullo! Eliza—eight bells, my girl. Bring along the snacks and dish-water. We're waiting."

Lew was astonished at this explosion on the part of his father; he had never heard him talk in such a rollicking tone. But, as the meal progressed, and he found him continue to talk with a blustering hilarity, he concluded that he had never before known Captain John Gordon in his entirety.

"No more? Well, after all, it don't much matter, my boy. It's to be expected you'll have opportunity to do better in time. So, now, to snooze.—Eliza! clear away the wreck, my dear, but leave the tea-kettle. Then you can produce the gear and Glenlivat—and vamoze."

Lew was speedily in bed; "But," said his father to him, "don't go to sleep yet; keep one eye open till I bring you your physic." The physic was a tumblerful of the hot brewst which the tea-kettle, the gear, and the Glenlivat, enabled him to manufacture. The boy drank it, and then fell asleep, his eyes closing on the form of his father smoking his pipe before the fire, while the bright coal-blaze frolicked on his features, and the shades deepened which were to shroud the dying hours of this dismal day.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

WHEN Lew awoke, it was some time before memory recalled to him the events of the preceding day, or furnished a clew to the determination of his present situation.

His aching limbs were disposed so comfortably, and his mind so soothed by the long and deep slumber, that the sense of enjoyment engendered, reflecting itself outward, transformed the sunlit flowers, figured in endless coils on the chintz curtains, into the gorgeous vegetation of some happy nook in fairy-land. It was delicious. He would not move a finger lest it might lead to his disenchantment. Then there stole upon him, at first barely audible, a low and tremulous melody, sweeter far than the music in the mind of an entranced composer. Lew forebore to breathe, that he might catch every quaver in the mobile air. It approached rapidly, swelling into greater waves, which, breaking on his ear, smothered him in their enchanting whirl.

Eliza was in blithesome condition this morning, and, as she ascended the stairs, permitted her effervescing feelings to bubble into the burden of some old ballad. When she reached the chamber where her charmed listener reposed, she broke the spell by an impatient rap on the door.

The boy breathed a sigh of regret at the vanishment of his fairy surroundings, before giving a confused "All right" in answer to the challenge. He pushed the curtains aside, and, as his now keenly-awake vision fell on the furniture of the room, he became aware, from his heaviness of heart, that all was not right.

His clothes lay clean and dry on a chair by the bedside. The sun shone brightly through the windows, filling the room with light and cheerfulness. Without, the waters of the harbor had thrown aside their frowning looks. They reposed in smiling calmness, and, like minds by fancy filled, reflected, from their own mobility, in ever-changing forms, the changeless cloud-shreds floating in the heavens.

Lew thought over his position as he dressed himself. Vague notions of escape occurred to him, concerning the

futility of which he was satisfied, even while engaged in maturing them into impracticable plans. Ultimately, however, he determined to act in the only rational manner open to him. He would appeal to his father; he would tell him of the lonely years he had spent in the Losiach Valley; of his earnest longing for a smile or kindly word; of his attempts and failures to gain his mother's love. He would tell him of the certainty which grew upon him that his presence was a source of irritation to her; of his hope that his absence would be a relief to her. He would speak also of his dreams of success, and his future return. It was possible he might gain his father's permission to go to sea. His father was no farmer; he was a sailor at heart, and would sympathize with his longing. He was well acquainted also with sea-going people, and if he could be brought to view the matter favorably—

Rap, rap, rap, on the door with a will which roused reverberations from an adjoining wall. "Gone to sleep again, have you? Everybody's been to breakfast but you." Rap, rap—

"Coming, coming," shouted Lew, as he thrust his arms through his jacket-sleeves and made for the door to appease her impatience.

Captain John Gordon had breakfasted, and, according to his custom when in the city, had sallied forth to visit the news-room, to walk around the quays, and gossip with idlers like himself.

The captain, Eliza said, might not be back for a while. In the mean time he, Lew, could amuse himself, by taking a look at the ships, but he must not venture too near the edge for fear of accident, nor must he leave the quay to go up-town, for, if he did, he would be sure to lose himself; and, if he did, he must remember the name of the quay, and the number—perhaps he had better write them down on a

piece of paper and put it in his pocket, and any policeman could show him the way.

Lew accepted the permission with surprise, for he expected that such a desperado as he would be restricted in his liberty.

It was his intention to walk as far as the projecting pier, to view, in its quietude, the sea, which he had seen yesterday in its fury—but he had not proceeded far, when he discovered his father standing on the gangway of the *Faery Queen*. What a foolish snare he was about to run his head into yesterday! His father, in all probability, was acquainted with the captain of the vessel; and yet, had the captain, instead of the policeman, been the agent in his capture, it would have been an admirable introduction to the appeal he was about to make.

Captain John Gordon descended to the quay when he saw the boy approaching. "Well, Lew," said he, "taking a look at the shipping, are you? What do you think of this craft, my boy? Have you an eye for beauty?"

Lew admired her. He thought her handsomer than any of the others; every thing was so grand, yet so graceful about her. He had noticed her yesterday, when he was walking up and down in the rain—in fact, he was just going on board of her, when the policeman accosted him. And, if his father is not occupied with business, he would like much to tell him all about it.

"That's just what I want to know, my lad; yesterday, you were too much used up to do any thing but turn in. Come over the way to Saunieson's, where we can have a pipe and a seat and listen comfortably.

So they went over the way to Saunieson's, and were shown into one of the many closets into which that house was partitioned for the accommodation of its customers. This collection of compartments was labeled externally



"*Saunieson's Public.*" Here several hundreds of the British public did their daily drinking in a private way. Leaving the bar to that class whose respectability could be exposed without injury to its atmosphere, they disappeared through a side-door, and were boxed up so quickly as to be seldom seen of one another.—For my part, my dear doctor, I am grateful that I live in a country where every citizen is a freeman, one of the blessings whereof is, that I can walk into any bar-room of a warm day, and sip my soda-water and catawba without a blush, other than that which the heat of the weather may call up, and that I can walk out again, returning my handkerchief to my left tail-pocket, without caring a copper if the passer by, supposing his liking to lie that way, thinks me guilty of brandy-and-water or bourbon straight.

Saunieson placed the India pale and swinyard before Captain John Gordon, and disappeared.

"Now," said the captain, when he had filled and lighted his pipe and arranged himself comfortably with the back of his chair tilted against the wall—"now, heave ahead, my lad, and let's hear about this thing."

And Lew opened his heart to him, and told him the story of his life as known to himself; while his father smoked his pipe, at first calmly, but nervously as the tale progressed. In concluding, Lew begged to be sent to sea in some foreign-going ship, or, if his father had other views for him, to be sent to school in the city instead of being carried back to the Losiach Valley.

"Lew," said Captain Gordon, sitting bolt upright in his chair, while his eyes dwelt for an instant on the boy and then lowered, by which chance the India pale came within their sweep, "I—a—," and he seized the tumbler, emptied it, and began to pull at the clay stem as if a constant and vigorous current was necessary to preserve the

spark from lapsing into dead ash—"Lew," he recommenced, "I—a— Just wait here until I come back." Saying which, he pitched the pipe from him, seized his hat, and was gone, leaving his observer in a breathless state of suspense concerning the impression which his tale had created.

Captain Gordon was absent fully an hour, which to the expectant boy was fine drawn into an interminable length.

His entrance was abrupt, as had been his exit. "Lew, my lad," said, he, taking his hand and shaking it heartily, while his blue eyes shone with an unwonted steadiness and brilliancy, "I have not done rightly by you all these years. I have not done my duty. I never gave the matter proper thought before, but I see it all now. I am sorry for what is past, and will try to make your future as fair for you as I can. We won't go back to that cursed country yet awhile; we've had enough of it for one spell. We'll make a trip around the world first, my lad: I've been and arranged the affair; and I promise, God willing, to make as fine a sailor out of you as ever trod a plank. See, if I don't."

Lew was overpowered by the turn which affairs had taken. Even when most sanguine, he had not imagined such a favorable issue. Standing before his father in the light of a culprit, he expected his hasty act to meet with severe yet kindly censure. He had supposed that his desire to turn sailor might be approved, but only after much hesitation. The self-accusing spirit which spoke in his father's words troubled, while the sympathy touched him: and the readiness with which his views were espoused yielded a delight which was heightened beyond expression by the idea of sailing under the eye and influence of one who would care for and love him. This would be carrying home with him on the high-seas.

Lew wished to cast his arms round his father's neck

and thank him for his goodness, but so habituated had he become to having his affection repelled, that he hesitated; yet clearly through the beaming eyes his heart manifested its happiness and love.

"You see," said Captain John Gordon, filling his pipe with much apparent satisfaction, "when I came here to look after you, all I had to do was to mention the case to the police, and await the result. They were certain of finding you, if you were in the city, and Mrs. Wilson and the school-master were both sure you had made for this port. In the mean time, I called on my old friends, and among others on Messrs. Stramer and Gould, in whose employ I was before I gave up the ropes. They were glad to see me and cetera, and cetera, and how was the farm getting along, and so on. By-and-by, 'Have you heard'—says they—'of what happened to old Bill Trimmer?' 'No,' says I. 'No!' says they, 'you don't say so! Why, you must call and see old Bill. He's had a stroke of apoplexy that'll lay him on the shelf for the rest of his term. The more's the pity, too, as we had just built him a fine clipper for the China trade. She was to have sailed for Liverpool, outward bound, Monday next, but this apoplexy has knocked things out of joint. By-the-way, Jack' (that's me), 'do you never intend to take to the old ropes again? Here's a famous chance! A finer piece of timber never floated. You've seen her—the Faëry Queen? Why, a man with half a heart could not resist her attractions. What do you say—will you take her?' As you may suppose, I was frustrated by the suddenness of the proposal. I thanked them kindly, 'But,' says I, 'although there is nothing I would like better than to make the trip, I must remember that I have other things to take in consideration than my own likings. There's Susan, and the boys, and the farm; and besides I am a rusty old file at best now—it's so long

since I've been put to use. I do believe,' says I, 'I'd even get sea-sick on salt-water.' But, they said they would keep her open to me for a day or two anyhow; I suppose they had nobody else in their eye to take her in hand. Well, you see, when you spoke of taking to the water—and I will say that I don't think you could have struck on a better line of life—I immediately had the Faëry Queen and Messrs. Stramer and Gould in *my* eye, and now the thing is settled. The Queen is almost ready for sea, and we will have little more than time to get our dunnage-bags on board before we sail."

"Then," said Lew, "you will not have time to go back and tell my mother about the plan."

"Not much! my lad," was the response. "We'll set it down on paper for her."

"Do you think she will be angry about it?"

Captain John Gordon blew a great cloud. "Yes," said he, "there will be a devil of a stew for a while, but it won't give *us* any trouble. We'll be bowling along the coast with a wake a mile long when *that* breeze is blowing. Come. Let's go on board and see the beauty."

That evening, after a busy day, Captain Gordon did a large amount of thinking over his pipe.

"Lew," he said at last to his son, "hand that writing-desk over to me. Now—there's a pen and some paper. You can write a note to your mother, to let her know that we are all well; and, at the same time, I'll log down a few of *my* thoughts for her."

Lew seated himself at the table and commenced. Date, place, and "My dear mother," were traced upon the sheet with a business-like alacrity, but there the inspiration expired. This was a new experience, writing a real letter to go by the mail, and be read and weighed on reaching its destination. He sucked the feathers of his quill, and gazed

in perplexity on his father, occasionally breaking the monotony by dipping his pen, as the ink dried on it, into the stand, to be in readiness for the flash of the first happy thought.

"You don't get along fast, youngster," said his father, awaking from his reverie.

"There is so much to tell her, that I don't know how or where to begin."

"Well, don't tell her any thing. Just say—or, stay—write—'My dear mother.' Is that down?"

"It is."

"I send you these few lines'—"

"Few lines," repeated the boy, writing.

"To let you know—that we are—in good health—and spirits—hoping that this will find you—in the enjoyment of the same blessings. I hope you will not be displeased to learn—of the liking I have taken for the sea—which, among other things—led me to run away from home—for fear you would object to my going away. I know it was wrong of me to do so—and I am sorry for it—and hope—my dear mother—you will forgive me—as I am now going on a long and perilous voyage. My father is master of the ship I belong to. He is writing to you, and will give you all the particulars. No more at present—and, with love to Johnnie and yourself, I remain, dear mother, your affectionate and dutiful son, Lew Gordon.' Now, read that over, and let me know how it looks as a whole."

"There!" said Captain Gordon, when it was finished, "that's famous; just what you want to say; to the point straight, without a tack."

Lew folded it regretfully. It was not just what he wanted to say; but, as his father had dictated, it must be all right. So the missive was sealed.

Captain John Gordon labored long and earnestly at the

letter which he then undertook to write. He found it a work of no ordinary difficulty. After spoiling several sheets of paper, he came to the conclusion that "there is no use in trying to manœuvre a matter which will bear handling only in one way; for, 'it's like hash, this is,' as the man said, 'all the same everywhere, and just as it comes;'" so, my dear Susan, here goes."

Lew was dispatched to the post-office with the letters; his father, having wiped the perspiration from his brow, sat down to recover his equanimity with the aid of a fresh pipe. "Well, now," said he to himself, "if any one had a-told me—" he did not say what, but puffed placidly.

"To think," he again broke out, "that I should have stood it so long, and that that boy should have showed me how to do what I've been thinking of doing for years!"

Another long pause, which he terminated by calling on Eliza to produce the "scrutawabble," and bring him his ration of hot water.

## CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

THE Faëry Queen was speeding across the furrows of the Bay of Biscay, with a stiff breeze blowing on her star-board beam. Considering the violence of the gale, the vessel was under a heavy press of canvas; topgallant-sails over reefed topsails, with the main-tack, fore-sheet, and fore and afters.

Captain John Gordon was in full enjoyment of this, the first fresh blow he had experienced for so long, and was taking advantage of it, to determine the capabilities of his handsome piece of copper-bottomed wood-work. The result was apparently agreeable to him, to judge from the satis-

fied air with which he walked the quarter-deck; but the frequent glances which he cast to windward showed his weather-eye to be awake, and cognizant of the indications of storm-brewing, which were plentiful around him.

The scene, in which the vessel was centred, was dark and turbulent. To the eastward, the horizon was hidden in advancing night. In the west, with the setting of the sun, heavy masses of clouds overspread the sky, and, growing gradually greater and blacker, eclipsed the twilight, and threw the dark shadow of the coming event on the surface of the ocean. The distance, like the future to the eye of a troubled present, was gloomy, hiding in its obscurity, who could tell what of trouble, wreck perhaps, and desolation? Other than the growing blackness of night and storm, nothing was visible from the Faëry Queen, but the tumultuous waves, rolling in massive and crested lines on the weather-bow, and the same, as they broke from under the lee gunnel into a confusion of hissing foam, jeweled with points of phosphorescent light.

The evening-watch had come on deck, and Lew, who belonged to that just relieved, had gone below to trim up a little previous to presenting himself to his father. Presently he appeared, making his way aft with much caution, hugging the weather-bulwarks, and taking advantage of every stay, brace, and belaying-pin, to aid his progress; for, as yet, he had not got his sea-legs on board, and, without them, it is a matter of much difficulty to walk on a smooth and wet inclined plane, continually altering its angle.

"I won't be able to go below with you to-night, Lew; it's going to blow. I must remain on deck, make her snug, and see what's to come of it. You go down, and get Jack to give you a lesson in splicing."

Lew was scarcely disappointed, but he regretted the

necessity which deprived him of his usual evening hour with his father. Before sailing, "Lew," said his father to him, "when we are at sea, you must not forget that I am master of the Faëry Queen, and you one of the ship's boys; or, rather, you must not remember any thing else. When your watch is on deck, you must stay forward with it, coming aft only when you are ordered to do so; and, when below, you must bunk and take in a little sleep with your neighbors. You understand? But, every evening, when your dog-watch is relieved, I want you to come aft and stay with me for an hour or so."

This was the first evening Captain John Gordon had been unable to talk to his son, or smoke his pipe and listen to the boy's detail of the day's experiences. The father turned and resumed his walk on the quarter-deck. The son, to carry out his instructions, let himself slip from the weather main-top-gallant brace to the companion-head, into which he disappeared. But, as he descended the stairway leading to the cabin, a sudden lurch precipitated him to its foot.

"Hullo! you lubberly suckling," said a voice. "Don't you know yet to come down a hatchway stern foremost, especially when it lies to leeward? Blast you! I thought you had stove in the panels of my pantry-door. You would, if you had fetched up an inch higher. What's the damage—say? Have you carried away any thing?"

The boy looked up, and discovered the steward, Jack Gregory, gazing on him with an injured, yet forgiving air, as he rubbed his tobacco between his palms, to reduce it to the state consistent with an easy-pulling smoke. "No," he replied.

"Well, it's a pity, I say. It would have learned you to pay more attention to what is said to you. I'm sure I've told you about that every evening, and there—the first

time you ought to have remembered, you go and forget it. Just log it down this time with something, that won't rub out; for you can't expect to pitch bows under twice running without something giving way. Come, get on end, and take a chair—on the locker."

Lew did as he was desired, and, having been initiated by his tutor into the intricacies of splicing, was, in a short time, busied in proving the accuracy of his knowledge by practice. Jack Gregory, meantime, smoked his pipe, and discussed sundry matters of ship-gossip, with an occasional interjection when he discovered his pupil attempting to pass the wrong strand through the right interval.

But, having become acquainted with all the fo'e'sle news in possession of the boy, he laid his pipe aside, and, producing a small copy of the New Testament from a corner of his bunk, disposed himself in a favorable light and sought spiritual solace in its pages. For Jack Gregory was a good man, considering that he had been a waif, blown upon the high-seas by an impatient will, in his early days. Not, by any means, a better man than many sailors, but as good as most, who, like him, have reached that period of existence where the thoughtlessness of youth comes upon them, like a breeze in the horse latitudes—rarely, but gustily. Never an evening passed at sea but he read and meditated over the well-thumbed volume—never a Sunday but he took unto himself a double ration of spiritual food; and yet, he was a profane man, damning, blasting, sinking himself and others indiscriminately, and on the most shadowy provocatives.

The merchant navy swears terribly at sea. Lew shuddered when he first listened to a specimen. "It's a way we have on shipboard," said Jack, apologetically. "You'll get used to it in no time. I'll be—bound you'll get over your squeamishness with your first sea-sickness. Boys al-

ways take to it kindly, and often get roundly cursed for swearing so. But, for myself, I must say I don't like to hear them at it. It doesn't sound well from the lips of babes and sucklings, though it's all very well for a man who's been accustomed to it since he knew the main-mast from a marline-spike."

Yes, on the whole, Jack Gregory was a good man. He had another fault, however. Occasionally, as when on shore for the first time after a long voyage, he would indulge with some of his messmates—jolly companions every one—in a spree of the wildest character. And, again, Jack was a dissembler; for, although, when alone, even after the headache and depression had worn off, he would curse his folly, when by the galley-fire, surrounded by those same messmates, he would not scruple to discourse gayly of the high old time they had had on that occasion.

He was a good sailor as well. That his province on board the Faëry Queen was the pantry, that he turned a coffee-mill instead of taking his turn at the wheel, or traced strange devices on indigestible pie-crust with his spare pocket-comb instead of lying out on the weather-yard arm when a reef was to be taken in or a sail furled, was the result of an accident. Such accidents *will* occur in the lives of men, to turn their current out of the proper channel. "But, I hope, sir," said Jack, as he hesitated, "that if I *do* ship as steward, the captain will not prevent me from coming on deck to do a hand's turn to keep my hand in—to haul round the main-top-gallant yard when she's in stays, give a pull to the spanker-boom, or sing the solo in the breathing-time when the boys are giving the topsails a taut stretch—"

"Certainly, Jack, certainly, my man," said Captain John Gordon, and Jack was shipped as steward.

All this time he has been sitting absorbed in his Testa-



ment. Lew, on the oppsite locker, has been endeavoring to turn pieces of signal-halyard into circlets, each to present fewer nodulations than its predecessor, listening the while to the mourn, the howl, the shriek of the wind in the rigging of the Faëry Queen, and the creaking of her bulkheads, as she careens and rights, when a sterner blast blows on her and is gone. Anon, it is the hissing of the angry waters, and the passing gurgle just outside the wall of the pantry-lockers, which assail his ears, and lead him to think—to think of storm, and wreck, and death!

"Jack," said he, when he saw that his companion had brought his meditation to a conclusion, "what do sailors think of when they are in a foundering ship, and no chance of life seems left?"

Jack returned his book to its place, and thought gravely before venturing a reply. "That depends," said he, "upon so many things, that I couldn't say in a general way what they think of. There may be a girl away somewhere, or an old woman, or youngsters, or they may think only of themselves, that it is a da—hem hard thing to die in the prime of life or so—but—"

"Well, were you ever in such a position?" interrupted the boy.

"Yes. I was once in some such fix."

"Only once? You've been a long time at sea, haven't you?"

"Twenty years come Christmas," replied Jack. "But a man may sail the seas for a long lifetime and not get cast away, and then, again, a fellow may get lost any day. The time I was in danger, the only one of the ship's crew who went to his long home was a youngster who had just shipped on trial."

"Poor fellow!" sympathized Lew. "But, tell me, what did *you* think of when you supposed you were going?"

"I believe, I thought how rough it would be on the old woman at Steenhive, when she came to hear that the Betsy Jane was lost with all hands; and then I cursed myself for having thrown away money in foolishness which would have helped to make her comfortable after I was gone. For the old mother has nobody to depend on but me. Hillo! What's the matter? 'Bout ship? So it is. Clear out, youngster, and let me have elbow-room to put my crockery on the other tack. The wind must be drawing ahead and breaking her off. There—I'll go on deck and take an observation. Look after my shop till I come below, will you?"

Lew promised, and, laying his work aside, sat listening to the howling and creaking, the hissing and gurgling. The Faëry Queen did not feel easy on the other tack, he thought. She pitched, and rolled, and groaned more in her timbers. The people on deck also seemed to be aware of the fact, for every now and again he would hear a shouted order, a pattering of feet, a rattling of chains, or, half stifled by the wind, a few disjointed notes of Jack's dolorous solo.

The storm must be growing in strength. How the ship cracks, and strains, and quivers, as the waves strike her with angry thuds, which sound sullen and obstinate, as if the waters had determined to test by the question of time whether she or they would ride victorious. And it is simply a question of time. But how long? How long before such a ship as the Faëry Queen would succumb to such seas as are now besetting her? He will inquire of Jack as soon as he comes below. Why does he not come? He has been a long time on deck. Perhaps something is going wrong, and he waits to see the end of it. Wouldn't that old woman of his be sorry to hear of any accident to the Faëry Queen? If she could hear in her dreams these angry thuds against the vessel's bow, she would wake and pray

to the good Lord to smooth the waters, as he did those which troubled with fear the hearts of his son's disciples. Jack is a happy man to have an old woman to pray for him, to live for, and to think of, when the eight bells of life are being sounded. Alas! he, Lew, has no such source of happiness.

"But some," said Jack, "think only of themselves"—that it is a hard thing to die in the very commencement of one's youth. Yet why should it be so? With none to regret him, what has he to regret? Life has not proved so joyous as to make the idea of its loss engender sorrow or repining. But then it is only in its commencement, and the future, were he permitted to see it, might develop into one of the glorious romances of his childhood. It might. But, after all, the future in this life is as completely sealed as is the future which lies beyond it. Perhaps more so. For, while the one is *presumed*, from precedent, to be but a few grains of happiness, disseminated, like gold in quartz, amid a mass of cares, the other is *acknowledged* by all Christian minds to be happiness, unmixed and unalloyed. No reason, therefore, to think it hard to die.

What is there, then, to think of, supposing the storm to increase until the creaking timbers shall have parted, and the vessel be no more? He knows—his father. Oh, how bitterly, during the brief struggle between life and death, would he regret the rash step which had led his father to this pass!

Lew's thoughts at this point were interrupted.

"Ease her! Ease her into it, I tell you!" It was his father's voice, sharp and anxious in tone, and ringing loudly during a momentary lull in the storm.

Lew sprang to his feet, and scrambled up the hatchway; the impression that something was about to happen being strengthened by hearing the same anxious voice continue:

"Hold on there, men! Hold on! Hold hard for your lives!"

He reached the companion head, and, looking over, saw through the blackness of night a semicircle of foam around the vessel's bow; but, on the instant, there was a shock which made him stagger and fall backward on the upper step of the hatchway. Something *had* happened; for, accompanying the shock, and mingled with the angry roar of the sea, was a crash of breaking timbers.

Lew raised himself, and noticed, by the glimmer from the cabin skylight, that the lee side of the deck was flooded by a mass of water, which ran backward and forward with the motion of the vessel, like some untamed beast, in blind attempts to regain its freedom.

"Two men lost from the boom, sir!" he could hear the mate say; but his father's answer was inaudible.

"My God! where is the captain?" The mate again was the speaker.

Lew's heart, for the moment, almost ceased to beat.

Away, in the wake of the ship, is Captain John Gordon, struggling with seas which mount on either side to close over him, and thinking, perhaps, of the wife who, in a few minutes, will be widowed, and of the children who will be fatherless! God rest him! He died in his anxiety to have others saved. He looked to the men endangered, forgetful of self, and was carried with them into eternity.

"Forward, on the boom there, a couple of you!" shouted the mate.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Jack, in a cheery voice, which roused the watch from their stupor, but failed to affect the heart of the boy, who sat sobbing on the upper step of the hatchway, and listening for the sound of a voice which he would never more hear.

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

FOUR years elapsed before the Faëry Queen again touched the shores of her native land.

Lew had now grown as able a seaman as any on board, although yet answering to the name of "youngster." Jack Gregory had undertaken the charge of his education, and had ably discharged the duty. Nor had he restricted himself in his teachings to the ship and her pertainings, but had conceived himself, in a measure, obliged to look after the moral well-being of the boy, from the fact that he had had him intrusted to his care, as it were, by the dying voice of his father.

These self-imposed duties had not been difficult to perform; for, in the professional branch, Lew had proved an apt and willing pupil, while, so far as regarded moral progress, his nature was such that Jack had but to stand by the wheel, as a precautionary measure—seldom to turn it.

On one subject only had Jack found it necessary to remonstrate. When he first made the boy's acquaintance, he had found him light-hearted and gay, for, at that time, Lew had just entered on a new life, which differed so much from his past, and promised so much for the future, that his high spirits were manifested in every word and deed. But, when his father died, a melancholy settled on him, extinguishing every spark of gayety. For a while, his mentor held this sorrow sacred, but, when he saw that time brought no change, he considered himself called upon to interfere.

"Look ye here, youngster," on closing the book after his evening's chapter, "I want to advise you on the course you are steering. Too much of a good thing is good for nothing, and I think that you are overdoing the constable.

You are letting that accident which happened us in the Bay of Biscay distress you too long. You've now had plenty of time to be sorrowful, and ought to give up, and try to get a little life in you. You must cheer up, and be a little sociable, and take an interest in the fun and frolic which goes on forward. Come, I'll learn you a rare old song, to sing on Saturday nights, when everybody is feeling jolly over the memory of sweethearts and wives."

"Oh, no, Jack; I could not. I cannot act what I do not feel. I have tried. I could not sing while I think that, but for me, my father might now have been smoking his pipe in the Losiach Valley. I cannot be light-hearted while I feel that, even now, my mother is thinking bitterly of me."

"A plague take your feelings! You look at every thing in the most contrary way. Why, lad, your father died nobly, doing his duty, as many a gallant man has done before him, and as many another would wish to, who is lying sick in his berth ashore, awaiting the call. And your mother, when thinking of the captain's loss, will praise the Lord, who has spared her son. If she don't, damn me! You're wrong, I tell you, to keep thinking and thinking on that tack."

But his eloquence was of no avail. Lew's melancholy was persistent.

Jack's fatherly interest in his *protégé* was not without good fruit to himself. It preserved him from many of those wild sprees which he afterward regretted in his inmost heart. "You see, I've got this youngster to look after," he would say in answer to a remark about the jolly time they would have ashore that night; "I mustn't show him a bad example; so you'll have to get along without me."

But, after a couple of years, Lew lost his friend. Jack began to feel that the old woman at Steenhive, who was

getting old now, and had nobody to think of but himself, might be lonely, and troubled with anxiety at his continued absence. So, after great hesitation, he parted from the Faëry Queen, and shipped on board a vessel homeward bound.

As soon as his ship was relieved of her cargo, Lew was informed that he might have time, if he wanted it, to take a cruise on shore. The permission was no sooner given, than he was on his way to the Losiach Valley.

As the old stage-coach which carried him rolled over the country turnpike leading to his home, he recognized many points which the weary march of four ago years had invested with interest. Memory turned over her pages until that lay open whereon were inscribed the details of his five days' travel. Every incident was there distinctly legible; every thought, however trivial. *There* was the bridge whereon he had sat to rest, his mind meanwhile looking forward to the time of his return rich, honored, and happy, and with a world of friends, yet craving a greater happiness—a smile or kind word from his mother. *There*, again, was the milestone, with the fissure in its face, which he had passed while half repenting having left his home. Would that he had then been able to forecast truly the days beyond! Would that he had then returned, cast himself at his mother's feet, and begged forgiveness! How much it would have saved! His father's life, his mother's sorrow, and his own regret, and this present journey. For what is it but a return to cast himself at her feet, and beg forgiveness for much more than had then to be forgiven?

As the old stage neared his home, his thoughts settled more upon the reception he would meet. What change had the long years effected in his mother? Would she receive him as a lost son, or curse him as the cause of a husband's loss? He was not sanguine. He feared the

worst. At one time the idea occurred that he might first visit Mrs. Wilson, and obtain from her some information concerning his mother; but he turned aside from it. This was a duty he had to perform—a peace-offering—an act of contrition—and he must not go at it in any round-about way. He had left his home stealthily, and, before doing aught else, he must make use of this, the first opportunity, to return and say, *Mea culpa.*"

It was summer-time. The afternoon was clear and bright, the sunshine radiant. All the flowers in the garden-plot were in the fullness of their life. His mother was sitting on the porch, in a large arm-chair. She seemed to take no notice of his approach. She did not rise. She did not move. What are her thoughts? Ah, she is asleep. And Lew seated himself on the upper step to await her awakening. Her sleep was light; he had not long to wait, but long enough for him to note the whitened hair, and the fixed furrows on the once comely, weather-beaten face.

A nod, a start, a stare, and the old frown wrinkled into being.

"What! so you have come back, have you?" she cried. "I had hoped you never would. But you shall not enter this house—not though you were homeless and starving. You left it without asking me, but you shall not return to it without doing so."

Lew was sick at heart, but he gasped an interruption: "Mother, it is to do so that I have come."

"Having done what you came for, you can take yourself off. I vowed, when you went away, that I would never have any thing more to do with you. I disowned you. You are no son of mine; and, if you don't know, I can tell you, that I am not the woman to change my mind twice in a minute. Be off with you; and never let me set

eyes upon your face again!" And, seeing no signs of compliance on the part of Lew, who stood confounded by her words, she turned sharply, entered the house, and slammed the door behind her, as if stamping, by the act, her seal on her decision.

Lew hesitated whether he should make any further overtures, but, feeling that they would be unavailing at present, he turned and walked slowly toward the old wooden bridge.

This rebuff did not stagger him much: having been half expected, it lost in power in like proportion.

He turned his thoughts with his steps toward Mrs. Wilson's house. There, he was satisfied, he would meet with a warm welcome. During his four years of absence he had written to his friend, and received in return an occasional letter, full of cheerful, kindly words, which, as he read them, brought him near to the hearts which had given them utterance. He had, indeed, come to look on the house on the left of the river as his home; and, if home is where the heart is, his was there.

The old framework yet spanned the river; unaltered, it seemed, by the seasons which had come and gone since he had last seen it. The gap in its planking yawned as widely as in former years, but the Faëry Queen's apprentice did not find it such an impassable gulf as the child Lew.

A gig was at the gate-way, and a sleek, lazy-looking horse, which he recognized as an old acquaintance, but no one was in sight in the garden or on the porch. He knocked at the door. A light step on its other side made his heart beat in expectation. The door was opened, but the large and lustrous hazel eyes which gazed inquiringly at him rendered him incapable of a word. Was this Lizzie? He had not pictured her so tall, nor so wondrously beautiful.

He had left her a little girl, who twined her arm around his waist, and so went daisy-picking; but this fair vision, bloomed like a gowan's ray, with burnished hair, and eyes which, in their depths—could this be that same Lizzie? Suddenly the bloom deepened and the eyes sparkled with delight, while the vision, in the midst of a forward movement to greet the stranger, vanished from his sight.

"O mamma, mamma," cried Lizzie, as she reëntered the room, "here is Lew—Lew Gordon!"

"What! child?" said her mother, starting from her seat; but, without waiting for a reply, she hastened to the door, and the stranger was at home. There was no mistaking this pale, pensive face; it was the same he had known in his childhood.

He was soon seated at the table between them, but, though hungry, after his long journey, was almost too happy to eat.

"How unfortunate," said Mrs. Wilson after a while, "that we are going away just as Lew has come home, or perhaps, how fortunate that we missed last stage! We would not have seen him at all."

Lew remembered the gig at the gate-way, the corded trunks he had seen in the hall, and now he noticed the dress of his companions. He gave an inquiring look. Mrs. Wilson explained that Lizzie was going to school. Lizzie had a bachelor uncle in Edinburgh—an old gentleman he was, and reputed rich. He had paid a visit to his sister-in-law, some time ago, for the first time in many years. Family variances had previously been a barrier between them. During his stay, he had taken great interest in Lizzie, and nothing would satisfy him but that she should be educated in accordance with his notions. Mrs. Wilson was troubled at the idea of separation from her daughter, but the family wound—tender yet, being but newly united—might break



open afresh, if she permitted her feelings to interfere with his designs. Besides, it was all for Lizzie's good. She had already taught her all she knew, and she must not be a selfish old woman, and seek to keep her to herself, when such an opportunity was within reach. For her part, she did not intend to desert the old homestead. She would see Lizzie settled at this school away south somewhere; then, after staying a few days in town with her brother-in-law, she purposed returning home, for she did not like the bustle, and stir, and smoke, and house-top horizons of city-life.

But by that time the Faery Queen would be making evanescent tracks toward, perhaps, the antipodes.

Lew was sorry. He did not say so. He tried not to feel so: but he was disappointed about all this. Here was an end to his anticipated pleasures. The rambles with Lizzie among the beauty-spots of the Losiach landscape would have no realization. The twilight, settling on the porch, would not hear his tales of other lands, nor the air around him be musical with the sound of loved voices. Unfortunate Lew Gordon! But it is so selfish to be exercised in mind about this rich old uncle and his designs! It is probable, as you surmise, that, on your return, she may be an altered Lizzie. Years have wondrous changes hid within their coils. Four of them, made this winsome girl out of the child who played at being your queen, and twined green rushes for her diadem. Four more may—probably will—transform her into the beautiful and accomplished heiress of Josiah Wilson, Esq.—a fine lady, whom the hard-handed son of the sea may not even in thought recognize as Lizzie. But, this is all for her good. Hide your selfish regrets, child, and rejoice in the good fortune which is smiling on her head.

Lew learned from Mrs. Wilson, that, during his absence, she had made but two calls on his mother, and that, on

both occasions, her visit was markedly unacceptable. Mrs. Gordon, she said, lived secluded on her farm, never visiting nor being visited. All her affection seemed centred in Johnnie, to whom she denied nothing. Johnnie was in the city, studying medicine at the university, and was reputed to be a very clever young man.

Now they were ready to start, and must not miss the coach, which traveled only twice a week. They must be at the junction of the by-road with the high-road before it passed.

Lew determined to accompany them. He would spend a few days in the city with his brother, and then decide on his further course.

So they walked together along the by-road, while the corded boxes were driven down in the gig.

There was but one inside passenger—a stout lady. Mrs. Wilson seated herself by her. Lizzie and Lew took the opposite seat; and the "*Duke of Buccleugh*" was in possession of his complement of insiders.

When the shades deepened, by some biological attraction, Lizzie's hand became clasped in Lew's, and as the lids closed over her lustrous eyes, slowly—slowly—slowly her head dropped, until it was pillowed on his shoulder; and Lew was happy as the night was long, but how short *that* was!

## CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

ON the afternoon of the following day, Lew presented himself at the gate of the university buildings.

"Sir," said he, with much deference to the portly gentleman with the bald head, whom he met there, "can you inform me where I would be likely to find a student of

the name of John Gordon?" He had half an idea that it would be the proper thing to say "Master John Gordon," but, feeling that he would be unable to recognize Johnnie under such a title, and fearing that such might be the case with this gentleman, he compromised as above.

"Ou, ay," said the janitor, "if he's nae in the dissectin'-room, ye'll be gey sure to fyn' some ane there wh'all be able t' tell ye. Come this way."

Lew followed him through a labyrinth of passages, sombre and awesome, into a long low building in rear of the main structure, where the odor pervading the atmosphere was more sickening, so he conceived it, than that of the between-decks when the hatches are up and there is bilge-water below.

"Mr. John Gordon was not there. What was it? Any thing *he* could do?" inquired a gentleman who was sniffing his fingers dubiously, preparatory to pulling on his gloves. He was a tall young man, pale-faced, and with an intellectual expression, much heightened by the glitter of a pair of imperceptibly mounted spectacles. Lew wondered if Johnnie had become any thing like this gentleman in appearance. Mrs. Wilson had said that he was reputed a clever young man; and this was his idea of the physical appearance of an individual of that species.

"The gentleman was wantin' to see Mr. Gordon," explained his conductor.

Lew did not understand this reference to himself. He turned his head in expectation of seeing some one in a black coat, chimney-pot hat, and particularly shiny boots. Had the janitor said, "This 'ere youngster"—but the gentleman! This 'ere youngster did not know that he had been set down by the janitor as a strange embryonic general practitioner. The mistake was made on good grounds, for the worthy official well knew that those who were not

addicted to black coats, umbrellas, and spectacles, affected pea-jackets, Elsinore caps, and black-thorn cudgels, in memory of a mythical era when, as tradition has it, medical students were among the roughest bricks in the human edifice.

"Ah!" the pale gentleman in specs said, with the most obliging smile, "I shall see him in the course of half an hour. Can I be of any service, sir?"

Lew informed him that he might judge for himself.

"Then, if you will accompany me—," and the affable young man placed his hand from behind in the hollow of Lew's elbow, and conducted him through the labyrinthine passages.

A few minutes' walk, through narrow, noisy, and noisy streets, brought them to their destination. "We are going to Mother Blakeley's," remarked his guide. "She does not hang out in the most fashionable walks of the city, but the situation suits the society. We have rooms there."

"What society, sir?" inquired Lew.

"The Extra-Mural Society of Savants," returned the student, "with which I have the honor to be connected, and of which your brother is a distinguished member. Round this way. And he led him into an arched alley, which looked gloomy enough, although it had recently been whitewashed by the Board of Health as a precautionary measure against cholera and pestilence generally.

On the first floor of the house they entered, his conductor turned to Lew and observed: "Your brother is on his legs. If we broke in now, we would break him down. We will wait, supposing it not disagreeable to you. I know he won't talk long; it is too early. Listen."

Lew did not recognize Johnnie by his voice, still less was it to be expected that he could do so by the uttered words:

— "Let me tell you, gentlemen. Tim was touched in a tender place. He was jealous. He thought nobody could do any thing in that line except himself.—No interruptions, Tim; you can have your say after I get through, but, until then, keep the cork in, and it won't spoil.

"Yes, gentlemen, that's the fact of the matter. I have a clear remembrance of a remark of his, to the effect that I could no more do it than I could fly in the air or pass my examinations at the term's end. You shall hear. He kept harping on this string until I became thoroughly disgusted with the sound, and to still it, and satisfy him—or dissatisfy, he knows best—I proposed to preach an *ex-tempore* sermon to each and every one who would lend an ear, on condition that he would be general Jack on the occasion, raise his voice in song, hold my hat, and collect the ha'pence when the circus was over. In view of the result of this proposition, I can afford to be amiable and forgiving. Even had he done me the injustice of regarding me as romancing for the purpose of chafing him, or of forging a check for credit on your learned body, I can pardon him; for I am aware that it is not in human nature to greet smilingly an intrusion into a good thing which one has monopolized for so long. He agreed, and we made the necessary changes in our attire. I donned my seediest swallow-tail, showed but little linen—at the elbows chiefly, and there it was artistically smutted—parted my hair in the middle, brushed it into the most sedate expression it would assume, and to crown all, borrowed the janitor's hat which—" ("Hear, hear!" from one of the members.)

"We decided that the lower part of the city, some of the off-streets from the quay, would best answer our purpose, as promising least likelihood of our being recognized. I had no apprehension of a dearth of listeners, for a crowd is easily gathered, even were these not the days of an en-

thusiastic revival; and, gentlemen, I find, too, that it is as easily held together—I need not leave the room to furnish an instance." ("Fie, fine him!" from an indignant *savant*.)

"We took position at a street-corner, I hat in hand, and Tim with his book, clearing his throat vociferously for the passage of his sepulchral notes. A ragged urchin rose from the gutter, and his occupation of sailing chips, to gaze at us. Another stayed the progress of his hoop, passed it over his arm, and thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, as he joined the first. A little girl, who was nursing a baby on the door-step over the way, shouldered her charge, and came tottering across.

"'Friend,' said I, touching the arm of a great lounging fellow who was passing, 'is it not interesting to observe that these little ones, the lambs of the flock, are ever the first to greet their pastor?'

"The fellow turned, a scowl overspreading his disagreeable countenance, and an oath, I doubt not, rising to his lips, but the mildness radiating from my manner and general get up instantly disarmed him. The change in him was ludicrous, so sudden and complete it was; but what most tickled me was the manner in which he conveyed his dirty stump of a pipe from his mouth to his pocket. It expressed, as clearly as words could have done, his opinion that I held tobacco an abomination, and that, although caught in the act, he derived, from my absorbed look, a hope that it had not been observed. They say, gentlemen, that he who can laugh is not wholly hardened. I deny it. The incarnation of evil, that great bugbear, the Prince of Darkness, can laugh; else why does the language permit such adjectives as 'diabolical,' 'demoniac,' to qualify the word—or, not to go so far from home for an example, I can assure you that I—" ("Can laugh," suggested a *savant*), "have

frequently heard my learned friend, Jerry Sykes there, laugh until the tears came. But, gentlemen, the man who can veil his fault or failing from no egotistical motive, but solely for the sake of sparing another, who might be hurt by the spectacle—that man has grains of good in him. I trust the benign influence of my words this day may have induced their germination. Before my impressed auditor had recovered his equanimity, Tim was going it in common time, one sharp, speedily joined by flats; and, before I had time to make further observations, I found myself surrounded by a wall of faces six feet high and of unobservable thickness. The curtain was up and I on the boards. I relinquished the smoker's sleeve, and stood buried in thought, with my head hid in the hollow of my hand. But, when Tim and his supporters brought their melody to a conclusion, I awoke to a consciousness of my situation.

"Good friends," said I, "I am not tall—a chair?" Without loss of time the ship-chandler's store was invaded, and the desiderated article seized and passed over the heads of the crowd.

"I mounted my pulpit, and 'Dearly-loved friends,' said I, 'you will all go to hell!'—slowly, solemnly, and impressively, as if regretting from the bottom of my heart the fact which I felt it my duty to announce to them. 'You will all go to hell,' repeated I; and again a third time, more loudly and apparently with much distress of mind, 'You will all go to hell!'—but, what the hell, excuse my enthusiasm, gentlemen, to say next bothered me entirely. However, while pausing with uplifted finger to permit the announcement to take firm hold of my audience, a simple thought, a ridiculously simple thought struck me, and I uttered the words,—'unless ye repent,' in an unaffectedly gladsome tone, not so much that I had chanced upon the means of getting my dearly-loved friends out of their fix, as

that I had hit on the idea which helped me out of mine. Here was a homily cut and dried for me! I struck boldly into the depths, and blazed away right gloriously for a time, but, getting unpleasantly warm, I paused, wiped my forehead, and commenced, more coolly, to investigate the way leading from those regions—when I ultimately worked my way to a *finis* in the seventh heavens.

"The thing was an immense success. Why, gentlemen, even the policeman neglected his duty to listen. He stood on the opposite corner, with his back to me, that he might be unable to see the obstruction on the street; and it was only after Tim and his followers had brayed a few staves, and the collection had been made in a tin cup, that he pushed his way through the congregation, and, 'Excuse me, sir,' he said—he actually did—'excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but it's against orders. All right on Sundays, you know, but on week-days—hinderance to traffic. Move on, if you please.'

"Concerning that collection, I owe it to Tim to state that he very generously distributed it among the poor of the congregation. In concluding, however, I would propose that, if Tim *did* on that occasion conceive himself to be one of the poorest, he be called upon, out of his charity to himself, to furnish the society with another round."—A great clattering of pewter pots on the table here drowned the speaker's voice. "Gentlemen," he was again heard to say, "I thank you for the applause with which you have been pleased to receive—" Here the clattering again cut him off.

The pale gentleman then opened the door unceremoniously, and exposed to Lew a scene for which he was unprepared, notwithstanding what he had heard. The Extra-Mural Society, indeed! Here were but a dozen students, varying in age from Johnnie, who seemed the youngest, to

the ne'er-do-well of thirty, each disposed in a free and easy attitude, with pipe and pewter pot within the compass of his arm, if not in actual use.

The brothers shook hands.

"How you have changed, Lew!" said the one; "meeting you in the street, I would not have recognized you, you have grown so burly and sunburnt."

"And you," said the other—"but you have grown thin and pale, and—" His thoughts ran on the development other than physical, of which his brother's address to the society had given him a glimpse; but the time and place were unsuitable for a reference to the matter.

They seated themselves in a corner, Lew's thoughts yet dwelling on the subject. "Yes," said he, "you are indeed much changed."

"Youth is the age of rapid change," observed the member of the Extra-Mural Society. "Time leaves bold foot-prints in the plastic clay. Bah!—But, look ye here, Lew. We parted under rather disagreeable circumstances. I was an infernal little scoundrel—a contemptible, calculating little villain; I deserved, at that time, to get whipped within an inch of my life. I wish I had been. It might have scared some of the devil out of me. But, I told my mother the right of that story one day, when she was on a high horse, railing at you. I hope you bear me no ill-will about it now." Johnnie gave issue to the words quickly and warmly, but there was no corresponding sparkle in his eye. The mind which animated them was not animated by the heart. Johnnie did not act well. Perhaps he thought it unnecessary, dealing with his unsophisticated sailor brother. But Lew's nature rendered him acutely sensible of the relation between feeling and expression. He was pained, but hid the wound, as he gave the answer expected.

"When did you arrive?" was the next inquiry.

"I left Liverpool on Saturday last."

"Then you have not been home yet?"

"I have; I came from there last night."

"You have! How did the old lady receive you?"

"She would not allow me to enter the house."

"Ah! That's a pity—a pity that you should have gone as you did. If you had hunted me up in the first instance, I would have gone with you and been your introduction; but, now that the thing is done, I fear there is no mending it."

"I don't know what to do," said Lew, sadly. "Oh, if she knew how miserable I have been since the night my father was lost, she would forgive me, surely."

"Forgive you—for what?"

Lew opened his eyes. "For having left home as I did."

"Pshaw! she does not think of that but as something to talk of. Why, the fact of the matter is, she doesn't like you, for some reason, or no reason rather—never did, she says. She's mad, I believe.—I say, Tim," he continued, in a louder tone, "did you make no mistake in ordering the supply? Oh, I beg your pardon, here they are, I see;" and he brought from the table a couple of pint-pots of headed ale.

"No, I thank you," said Lew; "I don't drink."

"Why, you don't call this drinking? It is well these learned gentlemen did not catch your words. They would have moved your immediate expulsion; and I doubt if your apology and proffer to evince the sincerity of your regret by calling the waiter, would have prevented them from carrying it—without at least four minutes spent in debate. No member of this society is addicted to the vice. We are not rich enough to rent a refreshment-room, so each member takes his mug in hand, or, if he does place it on the table or window-sill, he keeps a sharp eye on it



until he has succeeded in filling it by displacement with atmospheric air."

Lew took the measure of ale and was about to deposit it near by, when his brother interposed. "Try a little; you won't find it bad to take. I'll bet you have not been accustomed to any thing so good in India and elsewhere."

Lew put it to his lips. A rich, balmy sweetness, with enough of pungency to prevent it from cloying. He tasted again. It was pleasant—very pleasant. Lew took a drink. Ah, Lew!

But Lew was not then thinking of what he was doing. His brother's manner, and the information he had received from him, occupied his mind.

"Johnnie," said he, at last, "don't you think my mother's bitterness toward me came of my running away?"

"On the contrary; 'The devil go with you!' she said, and upon my word I verily think the devil did go with you, for she was quite pleasant for a long time after."

"Yes," said Lew, "until the news of my father's death came, and then—"

"No," interrupted Johnnie, "not until about a year after that. Then she grew cross-grained even to me. Now she is unbearable."

"How did she take my father's loss?"

"Quite as a matter of course. It didn't trouble her much."

"Didn't she blame me?"

"How so?"

"If I hadn't gone, he wouldn't—"

"If *you* hadn't gone, *he* would. Every time he went to the city she never expected to see him return. She knew he was disgusted with the life she led him. For my part I am astonished that he stood it half so long. So, when he

*did* clear out, it never occurred to her to connect you with his departure."

"I wonder at that."

"So do I; for, I believe, you and I kept him on the farm. Your exodus was a godsend to him."

"You never heard her give any reason for her dislike to me?"

"I never did. I once asked her, and she flew in such a passion that I was glad to make my escape, and leave her to finish it as a soliloquy."

Lew pondered a little. He was distressed about his mother's dislike; but, so long as the cause was beyond his ken, he could only deplore it. While he believed his mother reproaching him with his father's death, he had felt guilty; but now, knowing her to have uttered no word of impeachment, his heart was lightened. Very true, within his breast there would always smoulder a regret that he had been connected with the loss—but how remotely! Did his father blame him during the last struggle? Surely not. Then the evil consequences of his flight from home resolve themselves into this only: that he is now a simple sailor-boy, with a life of physical toil before him, instead of a student with noble deeds among the poor and sick in the nearing future. But he must not forget that to this life of toil he has his father's sanction. He will begin life anew, under these happier auspices. He will labor to make the best of it. If it afford him few opportunities, he will be the more careful to permit none to slip past unimproved. He will be cheerful and happy, that those around him may be so. He wishes Jack Gregory were here, that he might tell him of this change. He would not object now to learning that rare old song to sing of a Saturday night, when the folks in the fo'c'stle are gay.

"Rum old cock, Tim is, ain't he?" observed Johnnie.

Lew woke from his reverie. He saw that Tim must have been saying something funny, for he was seating himself amid the laughter of the *savants*.

"Yes," responded Lew; "ha—ha—ha!—queer fish." He had no idea what the laugh was about, yet he got up a very hearty chime for the chorus.

But, as it died away, a small voice from within spoke:

"Why are you laughing, Lew? Is it that your pewter pot is" (and sure enough it was) "empty?" He did not remember having drunk it. He must have sipped it during his reverie.

That is precisely what he did.

#### CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

I BROUGHT my last chapter to a conclusion for no other reason than that it had attained sufficient proportions.

I think it necessary to mention this, in order, at once and summarily, to prevent you from drawing any conclusion which *its* conclusion is not intended to warrant. For, I am well aware that there are many people, calling themselves quick-witted—and you, my dear doctor, I trust, are not of the number—who can see a world of meaning in that wherein a well-regulated mind can discover nothing. This—acuteness of perception they call it—may be, to some extent, natural, but of this no doubt exists in my mind, that it is mainly the result of a long and cultivated practice, like the manipulations of the prestidigitator, or, better, like the *tactus eruditus*, which gathers for the physician a hundred items, which would be overlooked by all the senses of an inexperienced.

Ladies, lovers, and people who busy themselves with

matters which do not concern them, are, generally speaking, adepts in this accomplishment.

I knew an unfortunate young man once who, being in love, became so powerful in his perceptive as to be able to see volumes in a smile, a look, a wave of the finger, or tremor of an eyelash, and, as each of these volumes plunged him into the deepest despair, or bore him upward to ecstatic happiness, his condition was one of the most unenviable. Moreover, on account of the frequency with which these volumes were published for his perusal, he was never, for a moment, at rest at either extreme, but always journeying thither. The poor fellow was a living jumping-jack, pushed and pulled by a piston made out of his own undesirable proficiency.

Why, silence even cannot keep a secret from some of these people. "How much more," exclaims one, "than that which is said, does not that which is left unsaid imply!" Um!—it may be, but the unfolding is a most unsatisfactory proceeding. One may be mistaken.

I remember, oh! it's long ago—any number of years ago—just after I had been taken from Mr. Smith's and sent to Mr. Jones's school, I could not spell "necessity." Whereupon he stood me on a high stool—"for an hour"—he said, "and if you can't spell it then and the dozen words which follow, I'll—," and he took out his red-silk handkerchief and blew his nose fiercely. I could not learn those words; my position was too novel. "No matter," I thought, "he will just keep me up another hour, and I can stand it." But, at the end of the hour, I felt differently. I tingled all over. How he did whale me! But my internal distress was even more acute than the tegumentary, from shame that it had been laid on in public.

Since then, I have never been led astray by a too venturesome conception.

On one other occasion, however, I almost lapsed into translating one of those eloquent silences. That was a long time ago also. I had asked a giddy-pate, they called Mary Ann—"Do you, Mary Ann," I had said, "do you love me, Mary Ann?"—But she only blushed, and butted her head against my waistcoat. Just then, Mr. Jones, blowing his nose in a red-silk handkerchief, came vividly to my recollection, and she had to say "yes" with the utmost clearness of enunciation, before we kissed and sat down—to quarrel and part—and that was the end of it.

How calmly I can think and write about it now! At the time, I remember, I was all upset. Instead of reading my "Anatomy," I used to sit smoking hard, staring at the bars of the grate, and thinking of nothing, or having some such melancholy refrain running through my mind, as—"Oh! Mary Ann, Mary Ann, never, never will this heart again," etc., etc.

Of a truth I am getting old. This garrulity, which has run me from the story of Lew Gordon to that ever-to-be-remembered episode in my own career, proves it beyond a doubt. Let me give my spectacles a rub, and recall my thoughts to the case before me.

Yes, indeed, for no other reason than that it had attained a sufficient magnitude. I was in the city last week, and during my stay my little niece prevailed on me to take her to the play. For my part, I do not fancy the playhouse as a recreative resort. There is too much glare of gas, and blare of brass instruments in the intervals; and besides, one has to breathe so much of the deleterious fixed air, the while he is immersed in a vapor-bath of the insensible perspiration of so many. It gives me a headache next morning, which more than counterbalances what little amusement I may have derived from the performance.

However, when she put an arm round my neck and said

coaxingly, "Come now, be good and go," I would have been less than human, had I held a headache in prospective as an effectual drawback. So I went.

The play went on to show, how a young man of notably good parts became acquainted with a young woman possessed of considerable property. They fell in love, but had hardly become accustomed to the new order of things consequent on the fall, when the young lover was thrown into disgrace with the parents of his beloved, by the misrepresentations of a black mustachioed rascal, who, however, comes to grief in the end.

The young man took the matter much to heart, the more so, when he learned that his fair one had been led to give ear to the misrepresentations alluded to. He meandered moodily around the stage for some time, until chance threw in his way some college-chums, with whom he went to supper. The end of the first act arrives, and the green curtain falls, as he is singing a bacchanalian song with forced gayety. The next time we discover him, he appears to be an irreclaimable sot.

Now, when I came back from the city and sat down in my study to continue Lew's story for you, I naturally read over the last chapter before beginning to write; but, no sooner had I reached the conclusion, than it occurred to me that it broke off much in the same way as the green curtain fell at the end of the first act of the play.

Whereupon, to disabuse your mind of any false impressions it may have received, I decided, before advancing in my story, to explain as concisely as possible that, in ending that chapter as I did, nothing was farther from my intention than to lead you to suppose that the subsequent events of that night were of a character requiring a dramatic obscurity to be thrown around them.

I shall now bring this chapter to a conclusion by re-

marking that, when Lew found that he had finished his pint, he was not particularly exercised in mind. He did not see a drunkard's grave yawning for him; on the contrary, he felt rather jolly. He drew himself out of his reveries into a livelier existence, listening to the songs and stories of the *savants*, and even making his own voice heard when the spirit moved him.

He sipped his second and last pint with apparent relish, and inhaled the tobacco-smoke of his neighbors until a late hour, when the meeting adjourned, as some of the *savants* showed well-marked symptoms of incoherence.

When he went to bed that night he was under the impression that he had passed rather a pleasant evening.

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

HOWBEIT, next morning, feeling rather bilious, as a young man will who, being unaccustomed to the drink, has partaken overnight of two pints of Edinburgh ale, he was inclined to admonish himself severely for his participation in what he considered the wild orgy of the previous evening.

In this frame of mind he entered his brother's room, and found that juvenile *savant*, who was but just out of bed, in the act of mixing for himself a stimulating draught.

"Just in time," said he. "Deuced keen olfactories. Take an eye-opener?"

"No, I thank you," said Lew.

"Oh, that be bothered! You said that last night, you know." Lew blushed at the insinuation. He would have liked to express to his brother his ideas on the subject of alcoholic stimulants, but, as the notion originated, he be-

came aware that he possessed none. A consciousness of guilt in yesternight's indulgence was the only sentiment which his undefined principles afforded him, and to this he could give no proper voice; so he contented himself by saying: "Thank you; I do not feel altogether well this morning."

"The very reason why you should take a nibble; you will find the result surprising. It will clear your head, clean the cream from your tongue, and make you feel upright and downstraight in no time."

"I think it wrong to make a habit of drinking when there is no occasion for it."

"Wrong? pshaw! Then all the world is, has been, and ever will be wrong, so long as the laws of Nature hold good, and saccharine-plants do not become extinct. Not in civilization alone, but even among the most primitive races, among men who have but brain enough to enable them to eat when they are hungry, the method is known of manufacturing cocktails out of many of the plants which grow upon their soil. Old Noah, who lived so far back in time as to have only a hemidemisemiquaver of civilization in the air he breathed, could turn up his little finger with the cleverest fellow of the present age. By way of medicine, when one does not feel particularly bright, or to promote conviviality among a circle of friends, it is a capital thing, I tell you. I'll allow it's wrong, if one takes too much. It's as pernicious then as arsenic in half-drachm doses, or roast-beef in apoplectic feeds. And herein lies the danger. For there are some who could as readily point out the line between two bordering colors of the rainbow, as tell when they venture from enough to too much. Sit down and amuse yourself while I dress. You'll find cigars in that box—yet, now I call to mind, you don't smoke. What a model young man we are, to be sure!"

"No," returned Lew, "I do not. My father cautioned me against tobacco."

"Truly, *he* was out of place as a preacher of temperance in such a matter. I suppose he was throwing circlets of smoke toward the ceiling as he laid down the law to you?"

"Possibly; but that would add to the value of his precepts. His experience enabled him to speak knowingly. He regretted that he was addicted to the habit, regretted his inability to overcome it. He said that a dozen years of his life had been spent in the Losiach Valley in doing nothing but—"

"Burning incense to indolence. Well, the governor was capable of better things, if he could only have got up the necessary steam. He had some good notions, but it was seldom he could extricate them from the smoke, and consolidate them into an expressible idea. He succeeded, however, when he preached to you on the subject; for I believe that, mentally constituted as you seem to be, smoke would make you as lively as quicksilver at *minus* forty Fahrenheit. So it was when he lectured me long ago, on finding me behind the hay-rick, sucking away at a Burns's cutty, like a little innocent as I was. He took in the whole of my peculiar case at a glance, excluding generalities. 'First,' he said, 'you smoke, then you'll drink, and then you'll go to the devil.' But you must not suppose that I have arrived at his climax because I say that I now know the truth of it from experience. I use the word in a technical sense. You appreciate?"

"It amuses—no, I'll be hanged if it does!—but it annoys me, to observe the self-complacency with which writers of one-horse pamphlets, and articles in utilitarian papers, mount on the stem of their own tobacco-pipe and view, in their conception, the whole vastness of the sub-

ject. As if they could predicate of Popocatepetl, Mount Ararat, and Dahwalagiri, from the dung-heap in their own back-yard! One fancies, forsooth, that his indulgence has been productive of no injurious consequences—not a word concerning beneficial results, for which he *ought* to contend—and that, he being a man, all men may indulge in like manner. The tendencies of the human system to disease—the apoplectic, phthisical, bilious, dyspeptic, and what not—never for a moment enter the thoughts of the philosopher as bearing on the question. Another, finding that the morbid sensations, which have been his torment for years, have ceased since he ceased his devotions, raises his voice in warning to the coming generations. 'Young men,' he preaches, 'throw aside this habit, else you will surely bring upon you the sufferings which have been my lot.' One in a thousand might. The fact is, that the actions and activity of this powerful drug are as varied as the systems which make use of it. But, as every thing in Nature can be consolidated from individual to species, genus, family, class, and kingdom, it is possible for us to examine and classify, and so bring the complex subject before us into a condition which will enable us not only to predicate a little concerning its effects on the individual, but to determine whether mankind has sucked a preponderance of good or evil from its pipe-stem.

"There are many," continued the Extra-Mural *savant*, as he progressed with his toilet, "who deny to tobacco the possession of any virtues whatever, but these, I think, are in error. I cannot conceive that man, with common-sense in his possession, would have adopted a habit so certainly harmful in no rare cases, had it not been presented to him, in the first instance, recommended by some good qualities. I say in the first instance, because, since man *has* adopted it as a habit, he has continued it as such. He



assumes his pipe or cigar on throwing aside candy and ginger-cake, just as he invests in a tail-coat and tall tile on his emancipation from the cap and jacket of his boyhood.

"Perhaps, in an investigation, it may be as well to commence with the case of the first smokers—the pioneers of cloud-land. Who were they? Men who lived where the plant budded, and bloomed, and died, and budded again, for ages before accident, no doubt, discovered to them its virtues—the savages of the American woods. Men with large brains, anatomically speaking, but, figuratively, men of little brain, since its breadth was behind. It was an organ of propensity and passion, and a regulator of muscular action. The cells of intellect were small. The life they led was in accord with this constitution of its motive power. They hunted, quarreled, fought, tortured, buried the hatchet, and hunted again. Theirs was a life of action. When they returned from the labors of a day, and squatted at the door of their wigwam, nothing more was required for the rest of muscle; but the brain is not thus suddenly brought from action to inactivity. The red-man, however, had found a brake in the lanceolate-leaved plant so plentiful around him. He took a few whiffs, and this was all he took, for it sufficed. It calmed the excitement of his nervous system, and enabled it to participate in the repose already enjoyed by the muscular.

"Now, if we look closely into the ranks of the vast multitude of smokers of the present day, we shall find that those only derive pleasure or satisfaction from an occasional pipe, who approximate the most to savageism in their mode of life. The laborer, after his ten hours in the harvest-field or railway-cutting, finds solace in burning an inch of his villainous twist. The sailor, when the storm has passed, and the soldier, after his tiresome march, find equal comfort in a pipe. These, like the savage, spend

their days in muscular activity, while the higher faculties of mind, supposing them to possess such, remain in abeyance.

"So far the question has proved a simple one. But, in these days of education and progress, the brain broad behind is a rarity. Passion and propensity are held in hand by moral feelings (and civil laws!), the offspring of higher faculties. Muscle is second to mind. The athlete has given place to the man of intellect. And it is to brain-matter of this quality that the discussion is now mainly restricted.

"'Figures don't lie,' say some of the enemies of the habit, so, cast your eye over these. Those who do not smoke form, at all our universities, the greater bulk of what are known as assiduous students. And again, although smokers are numerically as ten to one compared with those who do not use the weed, among the latter are to be found the greater number of first-class men. But what does that prove? Nothing. What are first-class men in the opinion of the old fogies, who prose unfortunates like myself into a semi-doze within the hour, to which, by a compassionate foresight on the part of the council, their lecture is restricted? Soft pulp, grown in a candle-light conservatory, which, if exposed to the glare of practical daylight, would melt into grease as destitute of brain-power as that of tallow-dips! Solomon Brown is *our* first-class man. Solomon takes copious notes at lecture. Solomon transcribes them neatly when he gets home, and then reads until two o'clock of a morning upon these same subjects, when he goes to bed, to rise and return to note-taking. Solomon has an idea that Queen Victoria is the reigning monarch, but would not be positive; yet he could write you a book on the species of *carex* found in one square yard of marsh, could tell you pat how many incisors, canines, and molars

the dolphin has, and can talk against time on physiological subjects. Solomon took prizes in botany, natural history, and physiology, and *that* constitutes him our first-class man.

"Joe Smith isn't a first-class man. He didn't take any prizes; on the contrary, he was plucked in physiology, because he was ignorant of Malpighi's notions on some consequential nothing. Yet the future will show that Joe Smith, plucked smoker as he is, is worth the concentrated essence of all the genius in twenty Solomon Browns. Joe would stick his penknife into the windpipe of a suffocating mortal, and so save a life, which Brown would permit to slip through his fingers, while debating on which of the possible causes of such a condition was the cause in the case before him.

"Pshaw! I give no heed to figures, when the facts behind them are of such a nature.

"Let us, if you please, examine facts for ourselves, and form our own columns of figures; and let me have the pleasure of introducing to you, as our first fact, this same Joseph Smith. Joe is a jolly young fellow, a little wild, perhaps, a little too exuberant in his frolics, but then he is young yet, and only recently liberated from home restraints. Sooner or later, however, as he perceives men, whom he has been in the habit of considering his juniors, receiving their degree while he yet remains a student, some notion of the duty which he, as a living being, owes to humanity, will strike him. Then he will set himself to work. He will study, but not *à la* Solomon Brown. He will read, listen to lectures, walk through the wards of a hospital, and pick up in a day more of actual benefit to himself and mankind than candle-light could show to S. B. in a month. For his is an active brain. His is a living mind—one of those to which civilization owes all its progress. He is always

doing something, and the attention he devotes to the matter on hand is entire, be that matter of trivial or of great importance. Joe is a smoker. You never meet him without a cigar; very seldom is it lighted; very frequently he is in the act of igniting it for the fifteenth time—but that cigar *will* go out. Some circumstance in the outer world sets his brain in motion, and he forgets to smoke. This circumstance may be so trifling as to produce no impression on the sensoria of other smokers. But *his* mind is too keenly awake to be seduced to listlessness; it is too powerful and self-willed a child to be sent to sleep at any moment by a lullaby. He began to smoke, because he considered it '*the thing*;' but, by-and-by, when occupied with the serious business of life, he will throw the habit aside, having no time for it.

"Smoking will never injure him, nor men of his make, for he is the type of a class.

"Now for a second series of facts. I cannot instance you a specimen among the students of our university. They are all too young. Embryonic specimens there are in plenty, but none fully developed. A type of this class can only be seen among those who have long since ceased to be infants in the eye of the law. They are the opposite of the savage. Their brain-matter is massed in front. Intellect is powerful, special sense weak. They are profound thinkers. Slow coaches, in the opinion of such men as Joe Smith, but valuable men when they do not smoke. When one of these first lights his pipe, the effect is the same as in the savage. The nervous masses of the special senses and the tracts allied to them are soothed. But the ultimate effect is different. The whole system of the savage is at rest; but, in the thinker, the higher faculties are permitted to exercise, undisturbed by any influence from without. This is well. But he does not

know to let well alone. He smokes on, and that which was at first soothed becomes narcotized, while will is at the same time enervated. Now, these nervous masses and their allied tracts are, taken collectively, neither more nor less than the organ of common-sense—the bit by which *will* restrains that high-mettled horse intellect. What follows? The thinker passes from facts to fancies less and less based on facts, until he becomes a visionary. His fancies, you perceive, have more or less ground-work, and some of them, taken up at a future time, with common-sense to regulate, may produce good results. But this is proof of the man's value not as he is, but as he would be uninfluenced by tobacco.

"Others of this class, possessing more powerful common-sense, are not rendered pure visionaries by smoke. They acquit themselves with credit in the affairs of life; but usually, as Joe states it, they are slow coaches. As preachers, they prose; as lawyers, they are the genuine old fogies in big wigs; as doctors, they are the disciples of routine, save when hypothesizing on their latest hobby. All these are primarily impressed on the brain by smoke; but they will not see it; and, even when secondary disorders of digestion come upon them, they blame—'Oh, that extra glass of wine the other night—that over-rich *pdté*!—that'—any thing rather than the actual offender.

"Ah, what a mass of mind tobacco has been the means of disorganizing!

"But, between these two extremes, nervous excitability, which tobacco cannot injure, and intellect, to which it is a poison, there exist a number of cases somewhat difficult to classify. They are men of varied composition. In them we find an average of common-sense and nervous excitability, with large imagination and little profundity. These, if uncontaminated by smoke, would perform their

duty creditably as high privates in the ranks of civilized humanity, diminishing in imagination as they grow older, and increasing in their better qualities. But, let them smoke, and how do we find them? Where common-sense becomes dominant with years, the individual frees himself from the habit, and recovers the position intended him by Nature and education; but, otherwise, the majority are booked for the dogs.

"Let us glance at him in whom imagination is qualified with a dash of nervous action. He is a pleasant fellow, flighty, talkative, and full of fun; but, as a smoker, he is doomed. The explanation lies in the fact that the primary impress on the brain is not overlooked, as it is by men of intellectual ability. He has not to wait for heart-palpitations and dyspeptic symptoms to indicate its operation. His imaginative powers seduce him to smoke, and the consequent nervous depression leads him to whisky and—the devil, as my father elegantly put it. Tim Callaghan is one of these. Poor Tim! I never think of him in this connection without seeing in my mind's eye his obituary in some country paper: 'Died on the night of the such and such, by a fall from his horse, Dr. Timothy Callaghan, etc, etc.' Fall from his horse! Why are country editors so obtuse? or do they imagine they are dealing kindly with the departed bacchanalian in so phrasing it? Yet who does not know that no one who is not struck by paralysis, lightning, or a bullet, falls from his horse, unless he be—

"But let us turn to the purely imaginative. Primary impressions on the brain are unfelt by him. Heart-palpitations induce the craving for the stimulant. Given, then, tobacco to deaden to outward impressions and relieve a wild imagination from all restraint of common-sense; given at the same time alcohol to stimulate that imagination to higher flights, and ah, what a chaos!

"This is the stuff your poets are made of! I don't like them, never read them, don't understand them. Can you? Then don't impeach your own understanding. Sober-minded people as we are, how can we be expected to see the snakes which Tim Callaghan saw in his boots the other night?"

"To sum up, then— But hillo! there's the breakfast-bell. Let's go down." And Lew went down, with his head in a maze.

## CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

A DAY or two after this, the brothers journeyed to the Losiach Valley, and made an attempt to have their mother cast a kindly glance upon her sailor-son. But their mission was unsuccessful. She even threatened Johnnie with the weight of her displeasure if he persisted in his attempt to influence her. He, therefore, withdrew beaten from the field, with the remark to Lew that, in his opinion, she was an eligible candidate for admission to the Summerfield Lunatic Asylum.

While at breakfast, on the Sunday morning after their return to the city, an inquiry, made by Lew, opened a conversation which I shall detail to you, as it shows more clearly the character of his brother, to whom, as you will perceive hereafter, no inconsiderable portion of the interest of my tale attaches.

"What church do you attend, Johnnie?" inquired Lew.

"Don't attend any church."

Lew opened his eyes to their full extent.

"No," continued the member of the Extra-Mural Society of Savants, "I don't attend any church. Do you hear those bells? Bells here—bells there—bells all over the

city. They remind me of the cabmen at the railway-station. 'Cab, sir, cab? Going to the Royal Hotel, sir? Take you there, sir.' How they pester one! Now, I have no doubt that any of those vehicles could take me to the Royal Hotel, if I entered it, willing to be carried there; but, on the other hand, I believe that, had I a wish to be lodged in the 'Devil's Arms,' and entered one of them, it would aid me in reaching that establishment. But why choose any, when I have been furnished with pegs of my own on which to progress? I can travel without their help to either of those places. Some of your nobs driving past and seeing me plodding on foot may pity me, but think you that in the Royal they will be a whit more comfortable than I, or that I shall not be as warm as they in the other place?"

"I am afraid I do not understand you," said Lew.

"I mean," said Johnnie, "that true religion is of the heart, not of the Church; that one who wills in his heart to do right and reach heaven, will succeed independent of any church. Religion is of the spirit, and ingrained by nature, but the Church is of human origin, and has developed into a palpability which obscures the original idea. The primitive man, being taught by Nature, recognized in himself, and in every thing around him, the hand of an omnipotent Creator; and, the call to worship being strong within him, he raised an altar, bowed down and adored. But his successors, taught, not by Nature, but by the imperfect word and more impressive deed of their fathers, bowed down before the altar and adored, not Him to whom it had been raised, but it itself. So, in these days, Christians have lost sight of the essence of Christianity, and the Church has become the *sine qua non* of salvation. So also in the less pure faith of the Mohammedan and Jew—less pure, because tainted in the one case by personal and in

the other by national interests—the original idea, on which the systems were built, has become almost shrouded. In the mosque, as in the synagogue, God is present, but the worshipers cannot see Him, because of the forms by which He is surrounded.”

“Don’t talk so,” said Lew, “but tell me what you believe.”

“I believe,” replied the young philosopher, “in God. Like the savage who has not mind enough to erect a religious system for himself, I believe in the Great Spirit who has made the heavens and the earth, the daylight and the darkness; in the Good Spirit who has made myself, and in an unknown future to which he will one day call me. This belief I derive, not from the teachings of others, but from the etchings of Nature on my own heart.”

“And you do not believe in the Bible, Johnnie?” inquired the other, with great distress, for infidelity like this was new and fearful to him.

“Its antiquity I allow, and its authenticity, in that it is a collection of the writings of the wise men, priests, and poets, of Israel; but I am unable, however daintily I handle it, to chisel belief out of an historical block so disintegrated by veins of fable. You believe it all; and why? Because you have been brought up in the belief; because a doubt concerning it has been held up to you as the greatest sacrilege of which Protestant man can be guilty, punishable by torments as inconceivable in intensity as they are endless in duration. Very powerful reasons, truly. But the Mohammedan smiles as he sees you read your Book, and wonders that you can be blinded, by such a falsity, to the heavenly light in his possession. He opens his Koran, and you, in turn, smile in pity at his misplaced veneration, or utter a fervent prayer for his conversion. But the matter has not always ended in a smile and pray-

er. He is as firm in his belief as you in yours. You may be willing to become a martyr—he is as ready to die. Armies have met and fought in what to us has been the cradle of religion, and the war-cry of both combatants has been the same—‘God.’ In the name of the great God of humanity they complacently slew each other. Each conceived himself purchasing salvation while he murdered, and believed his soul white after laving it in blood. Have you thought of this? I have; and the idea has rubbed out my early impressions and left me a blank sheet for my *credo*.”

“But—” said Lew.

“Oh, yes!” interrupted Johnnie; “you would say there are other and better reasons for belief. I must believe, forsooth, because that which science has discovered concerning the origin and growth of the universe can be accommodated to the Mosaic account of the creation; but such accommodation, however interesting as a puzzle, is not of much value as an argument. Again, I must believe, because universal tradition affords concurring testimony to some of the earliest historical events recorded by Moses. Now, if Moses had written while ignorant of universal tradition, or before the commencement of universal tradition, and, if both of these hypotheses were not, as they are, absurd, this might have deserved some notice. But the keystone of the arch supporting revelation is the fulfillment of prophecy—the fulfillment of the promise to Moses, and of the denunciations of the Jewish prophets against the people, if they forsake the laws. But we do not require supernatural interposition to account for the history of Israel. Moses made the Jews what they are and have been. He was their liberator and lawgiver. As religious enthusiasts, he was conscious that the tribes would be more firmly cemented, would better obey the laws, and make bolder soldiers for the invasion of the country on



which he had fixed his eyes. The future after death finds no place in his system. His thoughts do not dwell upon it. He is too much engrossed with the present, and the future in time, to give heed to the useless future in eternity. His laws and revelations point to the worldly welfare of the people, and their aggrandizement as a nation. They are preservative of health and preventive of internal troubles, while they prepare the people to be conquerors in their future aggressive wars. His revelation was: 'This country I promised to your fathers, and again I renew the promise.' An army fighting under this belief was sure to conquer. A later religious innovator addressed his troops: 'All ye who fall fighting the battles of the one God, under Mohammed who is His prophet, will surely be received into paradise;' and his soldiers rushed on to certain victory.

"In the present age we have seen a similar piece played on the smaller scale—the exodus, however, taking place individually, not by the people in mass. There are thousands of Latter-day Saints who believe in the revelation to Joseph Smith. Thousands of Mormons, no doubt, disbelieve in their hearts, but are influenced by self-interest, to profess the creed. 'I was a poor Cornwall miner,' says one, 'laboring from daybreak to dusk, or from dusk to daybreak, for scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, when one, preaching a new doctrine, came to me and said: "Believe, and I will take you to a country where you will be your own master, and have your cottage, your flocks, and your grazing-grounds." I professed my belief, and he carried me from my bondage in Egypt to his promised land.' Since we have this happening before our own eyes, in the nineteenth century, need we be surprised at the belief of the Israelites in Moses?

"No," continued Johnnie, in answer to some interroga-

tive idea of his own, "the Jews are a peculiar people only in so far as they have been fashioned by the law of Moses. Intermarriage with other races is prohibited, and the Abrahamic blood preserved pure in the individual—hence in the nation. Obedience to the law is strictly enjoined, and, so long as each and every individual continues to obey, the Jewish people will be a nation, whether existing as poor and friendless in a land of strangers, or masters in a country of their own. Perhaps you think it impossible that the children of Israel will ever again rally on their promised land, or build their temple at Jerusalem. Who knows? Who can see over the surface of time being, to the strange events on the great ocean of futurity? 'The old-time prophets of my race,' replies the Jew; 'and what they saw they have recorded.' And he awaits the promised leader. May not the expectation call one forth? And, if it did—were the sceptre of David once more swayed in David's city—would there be wanting learned rabbis to trace the genealogy of the bold adventurer back to the son of Jesse, or to settle it, beyond a doubt, that he appeared before the eyes of the people exactly at the time which the prophets had foretold?

"At the present day, while millions await the promised leader, millions more rejoice that he has come. The former look for a temporal sovereign, the latter are blessed in the advent of a spiritual King—a King who conquered death, and built a new and glorious Jerusalem in the hereafter beyond the grave. But the children of Jerusalem would not follow His banner. They would not accept His kingdom nor recognize in Him the promised of the prophets. They looked in the direction which the law of Moses had rendered habitual to them—the direction of earthly success. For, at His coming, they were sorely in want of temporal aid. Israel had Roman masters.

"But the religious element of their politico-religious government stood also in need of reform. There was no purity in the priests. A cloak of hypocrisy clothed this people of God.

"And as, in the olden time, prophets arose to reprove the backslidings of Israel, so now, from the ranks of the poorer and purer, voices were uplifted to denounce the whitened sepulchres, and call the people to a regeneration. Foolish voices! to expect to penetrate the ear of humanity through an atmosphere saturated with pharisaical prayer. Yet, not so. For though, when sounding, their influence was slight, when silent, the echoes, rendered by a thousand hearts, bore the words of the dead to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"I would refer to one of these voices—that of Him who has changed mankind. In our age, success attendant on great schemes makes a man a hero; failure, perhaps a felon. In the prehistoric ages of man's career, he who founded a nation or an art became a god to the ignorance of succeeding generations; so, in the prehistoric ages of man's soul, the simple souls who came after deified Him who aroused the spirit to a knowledge of life, and founded the world to come—the life eternal! No more are we gathered to our fathers! The end is not in the Cave of Machpelah! The life beyond is the real; this, the embryonic."

Lew, meanwhile, had been gazing open-eyed at his brother, fearful lest some judgment would overtake the infidel, lest the earth would open and swallow him up, or the morsel choke him as he spoke. "You ought not to think in this dreadful way, Johnnie," said he.

"And why not?" was the answer. "Has God given powers to man, and will condemn him for their exercise?"

They rose from the table. Lew was pale and agitated.

"Johnnie," he said solemnly, "read and study as earnestly to find cause for belief, as you seem to have done to become an unbeliever, and all these ideas will vanish from your mind. I shall pray God every night that you may be successful."

Now, my dear doctor, I beg of you not to exercise your prerogative as editor, by drawing your pen through these free thoughts of the *Extra-Mural savant*, under the impression that they would exercise a depressing influence on the vitality of the religious feeling of any of your prospective readers. I have introduced Johnnie into these pages advisedly, and the suppression of these notions of his would render him untrue to Nature. Like his friend Joe Smith, he is the type of a class, and a very large class, I am grieved to say, of the rising generation. Young men, with a smattering of knowledge, and imbued with the spirit of progress of the age, are prone to fall into this way of thinking. At first, they are frightened by the phantom notions which doubt sets before them. But they have been educated to believe, and the question which is presented to their minds is not, "Why do they believe?" but "What are the arguments in favor of infidelity?" Over these they ponder, until, in a short time, instead of being frightened, they become flattered, viewing their free thoughts as physiognomonic symptoms of intellectual ability. God help their intellects!

Now, I hold that it may be of use to the comprehensive minds of these young gentlemen, to know that they are by no means the only individuals whose intellects have leaped to hasty conclusions, in a matter wherein, if they moved at all, it ought to have been with a very different spirit.

I would hint to them that Johnnie is on a dangerous sea. He has thrown his true pilot overboard, and placed a soft-spoken, accommodating adventurer called Conscience

at the helm. Conscience is a good helmsman when governed by belief; but without this governor it is untrustworthy. It is too much the creature of circumstance. Chameleon-like, it suits itself to its company. The heart is its parent and constant companion. And, as the heart changes from blood-red to black, conscience reflects the color.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

### *THE WEST.*

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#### CHAPTER FIRST.

THE Faëry Queen once more left her native shores for her Indian cruising-grounds; but, on this occasion, she spread her wings for a westward flight, directing her course to the Horn instead of the Cape of Good Hope.

Messrs. Stramer and Gould had heard from afar off the cry which a starving people had raised for the necessities of life.

The wail came from California.

After the gold-discovery, the emigrants to that country gave no heed to manufactures or agriculture. They had no time for such slow staging to wealth. The scramble among the golden sands was too exciting to permit a thought to wander to any of the ordinary means of money-making.

But gold, although powerful withal, is unsatisfying to an empty stomach; nor had the sand-washers descended to that grade of savageism which is content with a breech-clout and buckskin moccasins.

They therefore held their nuggets aloft, and the glitter thereof, reaching to the ends of the earth, attracted thence

all manner of equivalents. Vessel after vessel swept through the Golden Gate; the market became flooded, and many a goodly but incautious house was swamped. California was erased from the world's commercial books; and vessel after vessel swept past the Golden Gate on a slower but safer course to fortune. Few would venture where so many had been wrecked.

This state of matters lasted but a short time. The supply became exhausted, and Messrs. Stramer and Gould were among the first to take advantage of the condition of the market.

So, the Faëry Queen, on her way to Canton, touched, laden, at San Francisco, where I purpose paying her a visit.

Many a tide has ebbed and flowed beneath her, since she rode forth with the wind on her honey-moon trip. But these are insufficient to account for the decay in her appearance. It is a premature decay; the result of neglect. A month has elapsed since the delivery of her cargo. She has had ample time to recover her good looks, and be in trim condition for her further journey—yet she is not.

The only man to be seen on deck is the cook, lazily sunning himself, an enjoyment which fortune on shipboard rarely permits to such functionaries.

Of the 'tween-decks, Lew is the only occupant. He is seated by his trunk, the lid of which does duty as a desk, while a letter which he has been writing lies before him. He is ruminating.

"Well," he soliloquized at last, "the fault was my own. I launched myself before my time. A full-rigged ship cannot be built by the labor which completes a coasting-schooner. But, if the schooner dare not risk a run across the ocean, she is as useful in her small way as the other in her great one. . . . But I'm not going to stay at sea all my life. I will make money by-and-by, and settle in the

Losiach Valley. Mrs. Wilson and—" Lew paused; his hand felt as if clasping a hand, and the impression was recalled, of a fair head resting on his shoulder. But I care not to follow out his various visions, though they were no doubt very agreeable. While occupied with them, he picked up a letter, which was lying beside his own, turned the pages with a readiness demonstrative of his familiarity with the position of the passage sought, and read, "I had a letter from Lizzie yesterday. She sends her love, and bids me say that she hopes your Faëry Queen will not stay so long away from home this time."

Well, let him enjoy his little romance; in the mean time I can take a look at what he has been writing.

"To Mrs. Wilson, Losiach Valley, Scotland. My very dear friend," it began; but I have no interest in his introductory paragraphs, nor in the report in full of the recent trip of the Faëry Queen, from which, if any deductions were to be made, they would necessarily be to the effect that there never was, and probably never would be, a finer or a faster vessel than the one named.

What I wish to extract from his letter is the following:

"We arrived about a month ago at this place, to which I was welcomed by a letter from you, which had been awaiting me for some time. As soon as we got rid of the cargo, I went on shore to see the town, which is a curiosity, from the rapidity with which it has sprung into existence. It is certainly a most disorderly place. I did not like it, and have only been once there since then. The men are roughly clad, unshaven, and of violent speech. They are usually armed with knives and pistols, which they use on trifling provocation when intoxicated; and this, I am told, is a frequent habit among them. Independent of liquors, however, they are in a state of constant excitement, on account of the gold-fever. You could not walk

for half an hour on the street without hearing a hundred repetition of the words 'gold,' 'nugget,' 'dust,' 'dirt,' 'quartz,' 'bedrock,' etc. People going up the country with expectations, and others returning with gold and a budget of extraordinary reports, keep the excitement from dying out. Scarcely a man arrives here who is not carried away by these stories and the sight of the gold. He becomes impatient to penetrate into the interior, where riches can be had for the trouble of picking them up. By-and-by he is missed from his ship, and his name scored from her books. We have lost all our crew, mates, boys and all, except the cook, who says that gold-digging would not agree with his rheumatics, and the steward, who remains with Captain Graham.

"Of late, I think the captain himself is attracted by the Eureka placers, which are the rage just now; but of course *he* cannot go, having the responsibility of the ship on his hands. However, he goes on shore regularly every day, and returns with accounts of this and the other man who has got all that *he* wants.

"For my part, I am not satisfied that gold-digging is the golden occupation which enthusiasts on their way to the placers consider it. When I first saw the shining grains, and heard their value, and how easily they had been obtained, I was disturbed, and for the moment regretted that my duty to the ship prevented me from visiting this great treasury of Nature. But I have thought about it since then. Every one who enlists for a soldier does not become a general, and so it is, I suspect, at the gold-fields. While we know that thousands have gone there, we can count the *very* fortunate ones on our fingers. And as the first flush of victory dazzles the eyes from a perception of the thousands wounded and slain, so, in the success of the few successful miners, we fail

to observe what fate befalls the thousands of the less lucky.

"If I have any lingering desire to visit the gold-fields now, it arises from no wish to try my luck, but from curiosity to know how the mining processes are carried on, and how people contrive to live in the wilderness. The country itself has the charm of the unknown for me. Often, when sailing along the coast, I have gazed for hours on the wall of dark rock or dull-green vegetation which is the boundary beyond which my line of life will not carry me. It seemed so silent and mysterious that I could scarcely repress the longing to know what was going on beyond. I have no books of travels in South or Central America, else I would have resorted to them. This feeling is yet strong within me, and, were I free to do as I pleased, it would lead me into the interior sooner than all the stories of the gold-hunters multiplied a hundred-fold.

"On account of the loss of our crew, it is impossible to say when we may be able to resume our voyage; perhaps not for months. Few men are willing to leave a country to which so many are hastening.

"I think, as I have given you all my news, I shall now conclude. Give my love to Lizzie, and tell her—"

There! The letter is unfinished. What the information may be, which Mrs. Wilson is commissioned to convey to her daughter, must remain a secret until Lew shall have brought his little romance to a conclusion. Nay, even longer, for, when the boy resumes his pen, he does not find his composition flow smoothly; or, perhaps he is unsettled with regard to the substance of the message. One or other must account for the fact that he sat for half an hour brushing his nose with the feather of his quill, instead of completing his letter.

The arrival of a boat alongside disturbed his cogita-



tions. He placed his correspondence and writing-materials in his trunk, and hastened on deck. The captain and steward of the Faëry Queen had come on board.

"Lew, my boy," said the former, "adieu to the old ship. I'm going. Bill's going. You must go also. And we'll leave the cook to make soup for himself, and see that the ship don't tumble overboard."

"Going where?" inquired Lew, considering the question needless.

"Why, to the Eureka placers. You've no idea of the news from that gulch. All hands there, and there's hundreds of them, are as rich as they want to be. I saw some of them, who came into town to have a jolly spree. They say they have only taken the scum from the top, and it's richer as you go down. Now, what's the use of lying in the doldrums for months, when we can make our fortunes in half the time it would take to reach Canton? Those fellows say it's a dead-sure thing, and I've made up my mind to go."

"But what is to become of the ship?"

"Oh, she's safe enough. I've turned her over to the consignees. They'll look after her, and get her out of the scrape. No fear of that; but it will take a deuce of a while. We may be back with our fortunes made before then. There's a party to start for Eureka day after tomorrow, so we won't have much time to prepare; but I'll see to all about the outfit."

Lew pondered for a little, and then said, "I believe I may as well go too."

## CHAPTER SECOND.

AND he went. A most dangerous step, my dear doctor. You, being unacquainted with this great country, can

form no idea of the life on its western border. Even I have but a slim conception of it, although occasional scenes have been placed before me by returned wanderers.

To appreciate the blackness of the moral atmosphere, one must have been there and dwelt in it.

The Christian virtues are unknown; they drop from him who previously possessed them, in quick succession, like the mourning tears which, from afar, weep over their fall.

There is not a braver race on the face of the earth—nor a more godless, than that which forms the western advance of our modern civilization. Day after day, its ranks are thinned by the ambush of its Indian foe, and its own as deadly revolvers; but recruits, under the banners of adventure, lawlessness, and thirst for gold, will fill up the broken lines, so long as they can find an active service there. God grant it may not be for long! For, if there be few of those drawn thither by adventure, who come out of the conflict without a wound of the body, there are fewer still who return with a soul unstained.

The novelty of the life had a great charm for my young man. The gold-seeking excitement was infectious, and he soon became as eager a sand-washer as any. Not that he cared for the grains which his labor separated from the soil—they were an affair of small importance, their value was an unknown quantity—but, he was carried away by the excitement of his neighbors, becoming emulous of the success of the most successful.

From daybreak till dark, day after day, the work progressed, and each added its so much per man to the accumulations of the Graham party.

So, the weeks passed into months, but not without leaving many a sign of their passage on the as yet undeveloped but overtasked frame of Lew Gordon. He became

thin and sallow, with a capricious appetite and varying temper, so that, long before the sun set on the pines of the Sierra Nevada, the aches of former exposures and the labors of the day would make his body a sorry habitation for any soul.

But the end came in progress of time, and he sank into the delirium of the fever which had been threatening him so long.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself so weak that it was with difficulty he could turn his head to ascertain who was with him in the hut. Great changes had taken place during his sickness. The rude sleeping-bunks had been removed, with one exception other than that occupied by himself. The table, instead of presenting an array of unwashed tin plates and cups, had upon it only a bottle and a tumbler—things by no means strange to it, I would presume—and a few books and newspapers—things with which, for the past six months, it had been very unfamiliar. A set of Mexican horse-furniture, clean as a cavalryman's on inspection, was saddled on a huge wooden peg which projected from the wall; while, from a nail near by hung a buckskin blouse, which, from the many long thonged fringes ornamenting it, would have led one to suppose it the property of the Last of the Mohicans, Big-foot, Little-foot, Eagle-eye, Squint-eye, or any of the other great chiefs of our Indian tribes.

Reclining on the opposite bunk, and deeply immersed in the columns of an old newspaper, was a man, a stranger to Lew, the striking feature of whose face was a high forehead, which rose boldly for several inches, and disappeared over the vertex with a white gleam. No wrinkles interrupted its smoothness, but a few perpendicular lines over the root of the nose indicated, with his deeply-browned skin, a long-continued exposure to a powerful sun. His

eyes were small, gray in color, and quick in movement; but the bloodshot appearance, induced by sun and dust, deprived them of the little beauty which might originally have been theirs. His face was thin, with a bold nose, and slightly prominent cheek-bones; a few crisp-looking hairs hid the expression of his upper lip, and a similarly scanty growth was developed from the angles of the jaw to the chin.

It was difficult to determine his age from a study of his features; he might have been thirty—he might have been sixty years old.

He was fully six feet high, but did not carry his height with the boldness of the frontiersman; indeed, he stooped a little, but whether from habit, or a failing of the muscular powers, could not have been determined at first sight.

He wore a red-flannel shirt, somewhat washed out about the neck—and a pair of heavy boots, into which were tucked the lower extremities of his pantaloons. His loins were girded with a silver-buckled belt, which supported a revolver on the right, and on the left that other necessary item of a frontiersman's outfit—a butcher-knife.

Lew, in his weak condition, was unable to take in the points which I have mentioned. All he observed was, that the hut was not as of old, and that a stranger was present.

"Where is Captain Graham?" he inquired, in a compromise between a whisper and an outspoken tone.

The stranger leveled his sharp eyes at him over the newspaper, and, after a moment's observation, said, in a cheerful voice, as he rose and approached the invalid. "Oh! bully! I knew it. I'd a bet my bottom dollar on it. I knew we had too much life at the bottom of us to make for kingdom come this scout."

Then, laying his horny fingers on the patient's wrist, "Yes," he said, "it's all O. K. In a month we'll be all

right—a little sallow perhaps; but a young fellow has no business with peach-blossoms in this country. They don't thrive well here."

"What's become of the captain and Bill and—"

"Oh, bother the captain and Jim and Jake and Jonathan! You're entirely too curious. I must choke you off with a cocktail." Saying which, the stranger produced a couple of eggs, and occupied himself in compounding an egg-nog, which, when completed, he proceeded to administer to Lew.

The boy made a wry face. "It's so strong," said he.

"Yes, it's pretty stiff, I know; but you need not make a mouth over it for all that. You've been swilling the best Old Bourbon in these diggings for a week—slipping it down neat, and smacking your lips after it as if you thought it the elixir of life—so you needn't go back on your liquor now, just because you know it to be liquor. Open your mouth."

Lew was too weak to resist, and so the administration was completed.

"Now," said the stranger, "all you've got to do is to go to sleep, and by the time you awake I'll have something nice fixed up for you, with a little less of the spirit, and a little more of the substance."

"But where's—"

"Oh, bother! Go to sleep like a good fellow. Don't you see I want to know what this highfaluting know-nothing has to say about the mineral resources of the country?"

And he resumed his paper, while Lew again lost consciousness, but this time in a quiet and regenerating slumber.

It was evening when he awoke. A candle was burning on the deal table. The stranger was absent, but the trim wick of the tallow-dip indicated that he, or some other genius of the sick-chamber, could be at no great distance.

Lew felt much improved. He rolled himself on his side, and began to take thoughtless notes of the changes in the room. "The baby, new to earth and sky," can follow the flame with an earnest gaze, but it is doubtful if there originate, during the process, any deeper reflection than that from the corneal surfaces. Nor did the sick boy's looks appear imbued with a brighter lustre of intelligence, until the door opened, and the high-browed and heavy-booted stranger made his appearance. Then, remembrance sparkled forth, and prepared the way for the querulous inquiry, "Where have you been?"

"Ah! we're coming-to famously," replied the stranger, laying his brown and hard-skinned finger once more on his patient's wrist—"famously. Getting well is as easy as rolling a stone down-hill; all you've got to do is to get the thing kinder started, and—want some pork and beans for supper? No? Well, if you make a point about it, I won't press them. We'll try a little chicken-broth instead. How do you think that'll go?"

"I don't know."

"But I do. It will slide into that empty stomach of yours, without any great to-do, and will be soaked up like a heaven-sent shower in the dry season. I've got it cooking out by the fire."

He returned presently with the preparation, which he administered with much care and patience. No woman's hand had ever smoothed the boy's pillow with greater tenderness. No woman's finger *could* have given a rallying tap at once so gentle and inspiring as that which marked upon his cheek the stranger's approval of his effort to take the nourishment.

Abroad, among the wilds, when wounds prostrate and disease is drying up the wells of life, man often becomes feminine in their presence. God be thanked! there is

more than one chamber in man's heart; and the fingers which have pulled a trigger are able, if need be, to fan an aching brow!

Lew felt so comfortable in body after the chicken-broth, and so invigorated in mind by contact with his fellow-mortal, that, after a little, he attempted to broach the stranger concerning the whereabouts of his former companions.

"Don't trouble yourself about those mean skunks," replied the frontiersman, unsheathing his knife, and using its heel to wedge off a corner from a plug of tobacco. "They cleared out shortly after you took sick."

"Where did they go to?"

"Lord knows."

"Didn't they tell you?"

"I hadn't the pleasure of their acquaintance."

"How did you come here, then?"

"I chanced to be circulating around, you know, and dismounted at the saloon, to wash the dust down with a swallow of their poison. There I found the miners blackguarding this cuss Graham and his crowd, for having left one of their party without a settlement, and badly sick to the bargain. So I came over to find out the facts of the case, and, as the quarters were comfortable, and you seemed to want some care, I fixed myself up, and have had my name on the door-plate ever since."

"Do you mean to say that they went off without making any arrangements to have me cared for?"

The stranger nodded, and continued: "You see they considered you too far on your way to kingdom come to be worth any further consideration in this world; and for the same reason they did not leave you as much dust as would blind a fly—voted themselves your heirs, I guess."

The boy pondered a little before making the remark, "And yet Captain Graham used to be a kind-hearted man."

"This hell of a country," returned the other, "hardens heart and soul till you could crush quartz with them. Pity it could not make them fire-proof also; it would be better for them in the expected hereafter."

"I thought them such good friends—my only friends—in fact."

"You can set them down now as your bitterest enemies. They will never forgive you, for having lived to carry about with you a knowledge of their rascality."

Silence followed, until the impression made on the boy by his abandonment began to get covered over with a tender growth of correlated ideas.

"How long have you been staying with me?"

"A week."

"So long! Was I much trouble to you?"

"Oh, no; a little obstropolous at first, but after that only some small muttering, and after that nothing—until you began to get intelligence this morning. You remember about this morning, don't you?"

"Oh, yes,—and the whisky."

"That's good. Do you feel like taking another smile now?"

"No. I mean, at least, unless you want me to."

"I'll have to stop your chattering with some, and put you to sleep, but not right away. By-and-by. It will do you good to be alive and awake for a short spell; but you must not talk any more. You can look at me. I am going to wash to-morrow, and I've got to sew some buttons on my change. I'll do it now." And from his saddle-bags he produced a red shirt and other articles of wear, together with a flannel booklet containing his sewing-materials. He seated himself and proceeded with his work, chewing his tobacco meanwhile, with much placid enjoyment. As he bent over the buttonless shirt, he exposed more than

usual of the white gleam of his vertex, which contrasted so oddly with the brown tint of his face—the two colors not blending on the forehead, but each with a well-marked margin on the hat-line.

He was not to appearance a very lovable specimen of humanity; in fact, I opine that, had any lady of my acquaintance encountered him, while enjoying a constitutional on the banks of some picturesque but lonely stream, she would have wished that either he or she had chosen some other neighborhood for his or her ramble. But the tendrils of gratitude and love were reaching toward him from Lew's heart, to twine around the bronzed neck with a more than Gordian intricacy.

The stranger looked up, and, seeing the boy watching him so eagerly, his eyes smiled a pleasant greeting.

"You have been very good to me," said Lew. "I can never expect to repay you—never even be sufficiently grateful."

"Oh, yes; you'll find me in a bad fix some of these days," replied the stranger hopefully, "and make me swallow no end of cocktails and chicken-broth. It's astonishing how things happen in the world. Besides, you may find some poor devil in a bad way, you know—you're young, and may have many opportunities—and if you can do him a good turn, just notch it down to my account, and we'll call it square."

"I never saw you before," continued Lew, "and don't even know your name."

"I am called Baldy, or Red-shirted Baldy," returned the other. "You ever hear of me?"

"Yes—" answered Lew, with hesitation. The fact is, he had often heard of Red-shirted Baldy—heard him spoken of as one of the most notorious ruffians in that lawless country.

The stranger seemed to understand what was passing in the boy's mind, for he remarked: "Yes, I suppose so. The bad name sticks, for the few who *would* speak well are afraid to. But we can't afford to be more loquacious just now. We haven't got the strength to spare. We'll have to take our physic, and go to sleep if we say another syllable."

And he continued the revisal of his wardrobe.

### CHAPTER THIRD.

So great was the prostration occasioned by his attack, that, after his entrance on convalescence, Lew took but short steps toward the recovery of his former strength. At the end of ten days, the exertion of sitting up for half an hour induced such a sense of exhaustion, that he was fain to seek his bed, with almost as much eagerness as he had sought to leave it.

The stranger had been unremitting in his attention, preparing him delicacies which the boy had thought unattainable, and, more than all, buoying up his spirits by his unvarying cheerfulness, and the kindly smile ever hovering about his quick gray eyes.

He frequently absented himself from the hut: sometimes, it was simply to give his horse a little exercise; again, it seemed a short prospecting trip which had led him away, for on such occasions he would return with sundry pieces of quartz, and employ the remainder of the day in effecting a rough assay of the specimens; at other times he would pan an ounce or two of dust from the deserted claims, or pass an hour at the saloon, discussing the news with some of its frequenters. But, on these occasions, he



would let his charge know when to expect his return, and would endeavor to provide him with something to amuse or occupy him during his absence.

Many of the hours, when thus alone, Lew spent in trying to recall all he had heard of Red-shirted Baldy. He had never paid much attention to the talk concerning the deeds and quarrels of the frontier ruffians, yet a remark lived in his remembrance, to the effect that "Baldy had dropped more white men in their tracks than most white men around."

Lew had been living for some time in intimate relations with this notorious red-shirted individual, and found it impossible to believe that such tales could be true. The conversation of the two had never touched on the subject; although the boy had frequently been on the point of putting the direct question to his nurse.

One day, during the absence of his friend, while Lew was ruminating on this very point, one of the floating population of the neighborhood presented himself at the shanty.

He was a strongly-built, heavy-bearded fellow, but betrayed an agitation strangely at variance with his physique.

"Baldy around?" he inquired.

"No; what's happened?"

"When'll he be back?"

"Shortly after sundown, he said."

"Hell!" returned the visitor with emphasis; "but," he added after a moment's pause, "it won't matter until sundown. Oh! it *can't* amount to much anyhow, or he wouldn't have been able to bear his weight upon it.—You see," he continued, recovering himself and sitting down, "Baldy is considerable of a saw-bones, and we want him to—There's been a row at Manuel Campillo's; they were drinking, and playing cards, and fooling around. They had

been drinking too much, you know, and gassing no end—and all of a sudden they came to high words—you know how it is—and Manuel got hurt."

"Shot?"

"Um," assented the visitor; "and I feel as sorry about it as a man can be, for Manuel has always been a dam good friend of mine. And then, he acted so well! When he saw pistols drawn, he got mad and whipped out his own, but just then he got hit. Then he threw away his six-shooter, and says he, 'Ay! Jesus te perdone, amigo!' and with that they all came to their senses. Oh, I tell you, if Manuel had *carajoed*, and banged away, there would have been an ugly reckoning up there!"

"Is he badly hurt?"

"It's in the leg; but the bones can't be broken, for—"

"And what have they done with the fellow who shot him?"

"Eh?" inquired the visitor, as if he had not wholly grasped the sense of the inquiry.

"What have they done with this 'amigo' who was so ready with his pistol?"

"Why—they have not done any thing."

"They ought to run him up with a *riata* to the nearest tree, and let him hang there," said Lew, with a virtuous truculency, while the visitor seemed to be struck "all of a heap" with the novelty of the suggestion.

"Oh, it's deplorable!" continued the youth, earnestly, "the recklessness of human life manifested by men in this country. It is not a soul sent to eternity they see, but the pulling of a trigger and the dropping of a body with a blood-streak from the bullet-hole. Day after day it goes on. For a misunderstanding, a hot word—you know how it is—pistols are drawn, and death is thrown around and braved with a carelessness which would be heroic if it were

for cause. I suppose it can't be helped. It's a necessary consequence of their circumstances. They have been educated by an experience in the Indian country, which has taught them that, when danger threatens, the safest reliance is on a quick eye and ready finger; while their familiarity with death has led them to attach so low a value to life that they can hazard it on the veriest trifle. This is all very well if they would confine their fiery demonstrations to the hostile Indians; but they carry the habit into all companies, and the best of friends may be chewed up by coyotes on account of some little tiff. In fact, by contact with the savages, each, individually, has relapsed into the barbarism of a thousand years ago, when a dagger-thrust was the frequent answer for a hasty word. They had no revolvers in those days."

"Yes, but it's the dam rot-gut that's at the bottom of these affairs. That's what's the matter! It's no good whisky. They make it from mustang liniment and strychnine; and the dog-goned stuff makes a man mad."

"Of course," coincided Lew, "they want a mouthful of that to remove the restraining influence of what little humanizing feeling may remain to them, in spite of their mode of life. But, whisky or no whisky, these affrays will only cease when men can leave off carrying arms. Until then, there is little hope. And yet, the slightest spark of living Christian feeling would suppress them. There must be men in plenty in this country to whom such deeds appear as heinous crimes; men who, when they hear of a shooting-affray, are Christian enough to regret that the earth was not rid of both the desperadoes; but they can't give expression to their sentiments—it would be so dangerous to do so."

"Well, now," replied the other, "you come to look at it, it's not the fellows who get up a little row like that at

Manuel's who are the real gallows-birds. Such a row might be the making of one, though. The man who hit Manuel is as much troubled about it as he can be, I know; but, had he killed him, it might have been different. He would have been sorry enough in his heart, no doubt—you could tell that by noticing whether he drank more than usual—but he would have swaggered around and bully-ragged all the more. Everybody would have marked him dangerous, and, in all discussions with him, would have held themselves ready for the sight of a pistol; and he, knowing that, would have kept *his* always ready to his hand. If he was sorry for his first victim, you would find him rather proud of his third or fourth; and these are the real desperadoes—men whom Manuel Campillo and his friend who shot him would sieze and lynch, if they were not afraid of the revenge of some of his equally desperate comrades. Baldy is the only man who will tackle those ruffians. I don't know how many of them he has put out of the way. I have heard of him going to a man with a growing-bad reputation and telling him that, if any more such things happened, he was coming after him. He'll get dropped from behind a rock some day, I fear; for there are cusses who hate him mean enough to do it. But I must be hitching up. Tell Baldy, when he comes, that we want him to look at the 'Don.' Adios."

Toward sundown Lew rose and, for the first time, made preparations for the evening meal. "Baldy," thought he, "has been out all day, and must be hungry as a wolf, and, if there's nothing ready, he'll go right off to this Manuel's, without wasting time."

Presently the frontiersman returned. "Ha, ha!" said he, sniffing the aroma of the coffee, "this is all very well, perhaps; but perhaps, again, it isn't. We must never hurry to get well."

"Oh," said Lew, deprecatingly, "they want you to see some one who has been shot, and I thought—"

"I've seen Manuel. I came home by his place and heard all about it."

"Badly hurt—is he?"

"Oh, no; but we'll gossip about that after I've been to stable-call, as the soldiers say"—and he slipped the halter over his horse's ears and led him off.

"So, you had a visitor to-day, Lew," remarked Baldy, after he had taken the edge from his appetite.

"Yes, the man who came for you on account of the shooting-affray."

"And you were discussing the lawlessness of the country. Eh?"

"Yes. He is a hard looking case—as most people are out here,—but he is good at heart. I am glad that there are some men who, notwithstanding their unpromising exterior, have an appreciation of the vicious habits of the country. The little sparks of humanity yet smouldering in the hearts of such as he, when exposed to a purer atmosphere, will kindle into flame, and the frequent murders of to-day will be matters of history only."

"But you couldn't get Hiram to agree with you that the fellow who shot Manuel ought to be hanged on the nearest tree. Ha, ha, ha! Mighty good joke on Hiram. How did he look when you proposed such a summary disposition of his case? By-and-by you will be more cautious in expressing such strong sentiments, I guess. I have known men who would have replied to your suggestion by extinguishing the little spark of humanity smouldering in yourself. But Hiram was in a repentant frame."

"Why, do you mean to say that it was he who—?"

"Precisely so. That it was he who plugged Manuel."

"Who would have thought it! Is there any one in this country who is an exception to the rule?"

"I fear it wouldn't take long to make the tally. They are mostly a hard crowd, you know, before they come here, but the atmosphere to which they are exposed taints even the best."

"If I thought myself capable of becoming so changed, I would not sleep soundly until far removed from its influence."

"By-the-way," said Baldy, "that reminds me. What do you purpose doing when you get strong again?"

"I have not looked so far forward. I suppose I shall work for a week or two, until I have gathered a few ounces, enough to last me to San Francisco, and until I can find some vessel bound for home. I wish"—he added with regret—"Captain Graham had left me my share."

"Why are you troubled about the dirt? You are young and will be strong shortly. There is plenty more where it was found."

"Yes; but I have not the will to work for it. I hate the country and the mines, and wish only to get away."

"What would you have done, had you your share all safe?"

"I would have worked for more, and decided meanwhile on my course. I would have given up the sea, and educated myself for something or another."

"But you have lost the desire for that now?"

"Not completely; but I feel so broken down—so discouraged by my experience, that it would be a relief to be back again on shipboard. Perhaps, when I get strong, this feeling may wear off."

"It *will*. There's no doubt. You are an invalid just now, and the mind is influenced by the body's ills. In a month your heart will be strong, and every beat will send

a current of young blood through you, which will make mind and body effervesce with life and energy. You will be ready to undertake any thing, from rocking a cradle to circulating around on prospect. How would you like a trip to the Mexican border on a voyage of discovery?"

"Any thing would be preferable to recommencing work here. Are you going there?"

"I have some idea of it. Again, I think of visiting the States by way of a change, and prospecting there for a settlement, for I begin to feel old at times. I don't know how it would be. Perhaps I would be glad enough to get back to the old grooves of the frontier. I would like to make *that* trip, however, before giving civilization a trial and unsaddling for good. If I went East without making it, I believe I would have no enjoyment until I returned and carried out the idea. It would pay too, I think. There is no doubt about the Sonorian mines, and those mountains lead northward through United States territory and connect with the gold-bearing rocks here. There *must* be some rich spots, and I want to locate a few."

"You will have to take a strong party with you on account of the Indians."

"No, *sir*; if I go, I go alone for safety. Fifteen or twenty roughs would guarantee me trouble with the redskins. I have had considerable experience among the noble reds. I have got out safe up to date, and haven't much fear of losing my hair this trip. Besides, I believe they are well disposed to Americans, finding that it pays better to raid on the Sonora ranches, than to waylay the traffic on the road to the Rio Grande."

As the conversation progressed, Lew threw off the languor of his convalescence, and entered with spirit into the nebulous future, which Baldy illustrated by rough but picturesque sketches from his adventurous past. The boy's eyes sparkled as he listened.

"I could not think of carrying you with me on such a hap-hazard expedition," remarked the frontiersman, "if you had a mother, or sister, or anybody you cared for at home; but, as you are, it is different. We shall make this one trip, and then start for the States, put aside our Western manners with our buckskins and butcher-knives, and endeavor to assume somewhat of the polish of respectable citizenship."

They sat discussing their project until late.

Baldy decided on starting for San Francisco on the morrow, as he had business there, which would occupy some time. Indeed, he had been on his way to that city when a fortunate chance made him acquainted with the rascality of the Graham party.

The boy was to follow when his strength permitted, his friend providing him with the necessary funds.

#### CHAPTER FOURTH.

ON the following morning, after a hearty breakfast, Baldy mounted his horse, and, having assured himself of the security of his blanket and haversack, slung his fowling-piece over the saddle-bow, and rode off, waving farewell with his hand as he disappeared among the oaks on the other side of the creek. Lew watched for long after his friend was lost to sight, and then turned, somewhat heavy-hearted, and entered the hut.

It is a dangerous period for a young man when, for the first time, he finds himself separated from all home and friendly influences. There are few young souls which are armed at all points, and, at such a time, vice is more apt to gain a footing in the citadel.

But fortunately these influences are not easily left behind. The youth may seem untrammelled by them; he may be thousands of miles from his home and among people who speak with other tongues, but there exists a chain of individuals binding his soul to the place of its education and keeping it in constant connection with innocence. As in the case of Lew, whose father transferred him from childhood to his shipmates, while shipmate linked with shipmate until they ended with Captain Graham, but not before the rough metal of the frontiersman had added another and terminal link.

But this frontiersman was now gone. Lew was alone. His connection with home was broken. There was no eye to be pained by the sight of his fall from virtue. None but his own and the All-seeing. It is a hard thing to say of the opening blossoms of our human nature that they are kept from evil taint by this connection with the early days of their spring. Yet, why should it be so—being true? It is the snow-drop's scape which keeps its down-drooping head in air.

The knowledge of good and evil is a weak reliance for the castaway; for youth lives not on principle, though it may try to, and even flatter itself that it succeeds. Love is the surest anchor to innocence when alone in the storm or in the noiseless but deadly current forcing onward to soul-destruction. Charge his heart with the love of a mother or sister, or better, with the more potent love of some other budding heart, and the wanderer can repel every approach of evil. For love is the main-stay of virtue—the soul-preserver. It is the breath of the Creator. It is God pervading the human heart.

And now I shall tell you what befell my young man. Of course you can suppose that the first few days after Baldy's departure were exceedingly slow in their progress.

He had nothing to read, was unable to work, and was unacquainted with the ever-changing miners of Eureka. Nothing was left him but to build airy castles on the foundation which Baldy had laid. But this pleasant and congenial employment grew tiresome when, after a time, the vein became worked out.

Hence, one evening, improving in strength, he sauntered out to see the world as developed in the vicinity of Eureka Creek and City, the latter being the name applied to the centrally-situated gin-mill and grocery-store. And, as he passed the former of these establishments, he saw, through the open door-way, what he had frequently observed previous to his illness, to wit: sundry miners at the bar indulging; sundry others consuming time, money, tobacco, and health, over a little game of seven-up, euchre, or poker, perchance; and a few, a very few, seated in the enjoyment of their own thoughts, which were probably settled on the whether or no of taking another drink; but on this occasion, for the first time in connection with his observations, there issued from some of the purlieus of his brain the idea of entering and taking possession of a vacant chair.

For he was fatigued, you know, with his walk; and, besides, there were several newspapers lying around, and he had not seen a paper for ever so long.

So he entered; and, while resting his weak muscles, trifled with the *Alta* or other such news-budget, watched the comers and goers with a languid interest, and listened to the scraps of conversation as now one, now another voice came bubbling to the surface and broke into concentric ripples of undeveloped sense and matured profanity.

Presently a young man entered the saloon, and, with a lazy and uninterested look at its various occupants, bestowed himself on a chair by Lew's elbow. He was by no



means an engaging youth in his personal appearance, being of the extremely athletic build, with a bullet-head, low brow, pug nose, and coarse mustache, which last was apparently the pride of its owner's countenance, to judge, at least, from the prominence ceded to it by a careful shaving of the chops and chin.

But he proved himself to be very socially disposed, notwithstanding his unamiable *physique*.

Beginning by the proffer of a bad cigar—there were few good ones in those parts—he discussed the weather, investigated the condition of his neighbor's health, giving a *résumé* of all the fever-cases of which he was cognizant, and then lapsed into breathing-time, after criticising, to very exhaustion, the news of the *Alta California*.

Lew was meditating his adieux when the young man opened afresh with the incomprehensible query: "How's the tiger getting along to night? Been in?"

"How's *how*?" inquired Lew.

"The animile, you know," returned the young man, with a jerk of his thumb over his left shoulder.

Lew confessed his ignorance of "the animile, you know," and made inquiries concerning the same, whereat the young man chuckled and, choking on some of his cigar-smoke, gave his companion time to look in the direction indicated; but all he there discovered was a miner issuing from a back-room.

"Possibly," thought Lew, "the animal is on private exhibition in the back-room."

And he was right.

"Come," said his acquaintance, "if you never saw the beast, let's go in. I want to know how's his humor to-night."

Have you seen a faro-hell, my dear doctor? No; of course not. You know nothing of the crowd of heated

faces, and the nervous fingering of the ivory disks, which represent sections of the root of all evil. You know nothing of the circle of heavy players, seated close to the table, and betting their piles with a quietness and unconcern, through which impatience will at times crop out in a finger-tap or the half-soliloquized remark, "Whipsawed again by—Gemini!" Nor of the outsiders who skirmish with Fortune over the heads of the others, and who are usually so loud in their vituperation of the fickle dame, when she treats them roughly. Nothing of all this. Nor of the silent and imperturbable dealer, with the unquestioned flutter of his right hand between the box, the bets, and the bank-stock.

Nor did Lew.

A few words of explanation from his *cicerone*, and my young man was enabled to view the attack on the bank more understandingly.

He watched the fortunes of individual players, until his fatigue obliged him to withdraw; while, in his dreams that night, he heard the clatter of the chips, and saw himself betting with a success suggestive of a compact with powers unmentionable.

Many were his reflections on the subject during the following day. "After all," thought he, "let them say what they will against gaming, a vein of it runs through all business intercourse. Stramer and Gould bet the Faëry Queen against California's necessities; and I have been gambling all along in Eureka, pitting health and strength against successive panfuls of soil. Where is the line to be drawn between gaming and legitimate enterprise? But here, it matters little, for there are no domestic ties or business habits to be destroyed by the indulgence."

So Lew paid repeated visits to the busy scene, and, on one occasion, took with him the wherewithal to purchase

a few of the ivory disks, in case he should succeed in smothering the latent reprobation, and verily do when in Rome as the Romans did.

And, in time, he *did* make his small venture, although by no means on the first occasion he felt so inclined.

His voice hesitated as he made requisition for the chips, and his cheeks flamed during the slight pause in the game. He felt he was doing evil; and that every hardened glittering eye around the board was scanning him, and noting one more to this rake-helly company.

Bets all made?

He places something on the *ten-jack*, and coppers the *deuce-four*, trying to assume an outward composure and to steady his trembling fingers. But his heart *will* beat quickly, and the lights *will* assume a more dazzling glare, and his eyes, which could comprehend the board as a spectator, can now see nothing but a confusion of white, red, and blue chips on the heart-suit and its dingy, green background.

The turn is made. He has been watching it, yet cannot tell what are the cards. The dealer's hand flutters over the board, sweeping away his knave-ten venture, and paying on the other. The boy tries again, on the losing cards, in the hope that every thing may be swallowed up. He wishes to withdraw from the scene, never again to attempt the *rôle* of actor. But the game rolls on, and at the end of an hour he is so exhausted by the nervous excitement that he retires—to the great disgust of an old stager who has been betting heavily with him, and winning on his streak of luck.

But the road to *Avernus* is easy.

If you look into the abode of "the animile, you know," a few nights later, you may discover my young man making sharp attacks on it, now bleeding it, and now getting scratched, yet always with much seeming confidence and

composure. If he win more gold in a single deal, than he could have washed from the soil in a month, he betrays his elation only by a cheerful clattering of his pile of blue chips; while his impatience at a run of bad luck is expressed by a pettish rap on the table, or an unintelligible articulation, which, if not the full-mouthed oath of some of his neighbors, makes up in spirit what may be lacking in the letter.

And as one cannot sit up all night at this exhausting game without some stimulus, he might be heard occasionally to utter, "Fetch *me* a little something also, Jack."

• One thing in his experience at the gaming-table struck Lew very forcibly and agreeably: the absence of that quarreling and resort to weapons, which he had heretofore imagined a thing of nightly occurrence.

During the game, the dealer was an automaton, and each player too busy with his various ventures to bandy words with his neighbors. After the deal a few remarks would be made on its prominent incidents: how that confounded queen lost four times, or a reference to that deuce of a twice-split ace.

Sometimes a slight misunderstanding would arise on account of two players laying claim to the same bet, but this was usually decided by the testimony of the dealer, or some observant spectator; or, if testimony conflicted, the matter would be settled by the player who was most in luck remarking carelessly: "Well, *you* take it, anyhow; I can afford it."

The game seemed rather to cultivate the self-control of the players. Fortune favored my young man during the first week of his play. He won several thousand dollars, not by the rich streaks which proverbially attach to the young venturer, but by gradual nightly additions. But after this, the losses would counterbalance the gains, and

he would rise from the table dissatisfied that the night had been so destitute of result—more annoyed, perhaps, than had he suffered a smart loss. "It may be my turn to-morrow," being the consolation in the latter case.

After a few nights of this unsatisfactory work, he determined to press his luck, should he see the slightest inclination on the part of Fortune to befriend him; but the spirit of ill luck seemed to take full possession of him. One after another of his limit bets were swept away. If he coppered a card, it won; if he played straight, it lost. So manifestly did the evil fortune attach to him, that when he went on a crowded card, the old stagers would fidget for a turn or two, and then move or reverse their bets. He shifted from card to card: the one he left won, while the new position lost. He felt tempted to rise and leave the board, but the gaming mania held him in its grasp. He fought against Fate a wild, exciting, exhausting, silent battle; the perspiration gathering on his brow, his tongue cleaving to his mouth, and his fingers trembling, in the attempt to preserve a seeming calm.

But all to no purpose.

The last of his winnings were swept away by the hand of the unsympathetic dealer.

My young man rose from the table, and became an on-looker. The game was going on as quietly and pleasantly as if no such episode as his had transpired. And what was more tantalizing, the cards on which he had lost were now winning. He played a deal in imagination, and won on every card. Had he been playing in reality, the bank would have felt that deal! Well, he had Baldy's money at home still. He turned, left the den, and rushed through the darkness of night to his hut. He took the gold from its safe, and hastened back as if fearful that the game would be at an end before his return.

He entered and sat down, place being made for him at the dealer's left, behind the ace-deuce-trey. The table was crowded—more than half of the betters playing over the heads of the others; but a heavy player, like my young man, was entitled to a seat, and the courtesy of one of the lighter skirmishers ceded it to him.

In pulling the chair close up, his eye saw, almost without noting it, that under the table, in front of the dealer, was a small shelf, on which were sundry articles which that functionary might occasionally require, to wit: a plug of tobacco for solace—for he was but human, though to this crowd the high-priest of Fate—a pocket handkerchief with which to mop his sometimes moist forehead, and a revolver in case of possible if not probable broils.

Lew began with a deal; but out on Fortune! the clear-sightedness which enabled him to see the winning cards when he had nothing on them to lose, deserted him now that his chips backed his opinion. Before long he was reduced to one limit bet, which his recklessness placed on the Jack trailing to the four. Several turns were made without result.

At last it came—*Jack!* he had lost. Here was an end of his play. He was preparing to rise, with a feeling of despair in his heart, when the second card was uncovered. *Four!* The four saved his bet. Almost mechanically he moved it entirely on the jack, and the turn came—four jack; he had won. The dealer paid the bet, and Lew stretched forth his hand to pick it up.

"Jest drap that, will you!" said a tall fellow, who was standing on the other side of the board.

"The bet's mine," retorted Lew.

"Jest drap it, I tell you!" returned the fellow, whipping out a revolver, which he presented at my young man's head.

Lew felt wild with excitement and indignation, that this, his only, his last bet, which he had been watching so intently, should be claimed at the very moment it had won, and that the claim should be enforced in such style.

"It's mine," he began, but the huskiness in his throat prevented further explanation. At the same time, quick as thought, he passed his hand beneath the table, and laid hold of the weapon lying on the shelf; but his wrist was grasped, and held motionless as in a vice, by the left hand of the dealer, who in a calm but decided voice said:

"Put away that thing, Johnson; the bet's the youngster's. Yours lost on the jack; the four saved his. Look here." And, with the tip of a finger of the disengaged hand, he moved the four aside, and showed the losing jack.

"Oh, all right!" replied Johnson, rather abashed. Then, with an attempt at a friendly smile, he apologized to Lew.—"I could have sworn it was mine, and I never let anybody come it over *me*."

Lew's wrist was released, and the wheel of fortune again revolved.

After this, place his chips where he would, they were certain to win.

In a short time he turned in over a thousand dollars, and withdrew.

His eyes had become opened to the fact that gambling on the frontier was as vicious and pernicious as in civilization, although there were no domestic ties or business habits to be destroyed by the indulgence.

Nor after a few hours of feverish sleep were his reflections a whit more soothing. The sight of the money and check he had won during the last hour of uninterrupted luck, inspired him with a horror of himself and his doings. It was the pay of villainy—the price of purity—almost the price of blood!

Before mid-day he had purchased a mule, and made his preparations for the road, and in the afternoon he left Eureka—too late to be able to make much progress before nightfall, but early enough to shake its vile dust from his shoes.

Oh, could he have cleansed his heart from the viler stains, and been pure and simple as when first he saw its golden sands!

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

It is not my intention to follow the footsteps of my young man in all his wanderings. Such a course would be tedious in the extreme, and would answer no good purpose. The object I have in view can be better effected by sketching, a little in detail, the more prominent events, and binding them together by a few threads of connective tissue. I therefore omit special mention of his journey to San Francisco, and reunion with the frontiersman.

Those who have followed my young man thus far, will scarcely require to be told that he gave his friend a most impartial account of his faro-play.

Baldy did not seem to be disappointed at the relation, or to blame him in any manner. He remarked, simply, that it was well it was no worse; that to get away from the faro-bank with so little injury to the moral constitution, was a blessing, which Lew would the better appreciate, the greater his experience of this Western world.

Before leaving San Francisco on their projected tour, Baldy, in the course of conversation, gave Lew many sketches from his wild life.

Baldwin Montgomery—such was his name—was the

younger son of a respectable (and in those days wealthy) New-York business-man. As a child, he had been petted and spoiled. No expense had been spared in his education. He had been in Europe for a couple of years, and *there* had germed the seeds of his broken life. He had been led into evil courses, and returned to his home worthless. His father tried to settle him in business, but unavailingly. The billiard-rooms, race-courses, and faro-dens, held him in control. Again and again were his debts paid by the indignant father, until at last, the good-for-nothing was cast adrift, on the occasion of some high words between them. Since then, twenty years ago, he had seen none of his relatives, and heard of them but seldom. His name was proscribed among them. But his only sister, he felt sure, still held him in loving remembrance. She had since married, and had one child, a daughter Dora, called so after herself, who must by this time be a handsome girl, if she at all resembled her mother.

Lew approached him on the subject of his notorious reputation.

"Most of that," replied he, "is windy talk by bad men—noisy, whisky-drinking, truculent fellows. I have sometimes taken the quarrel from the shoulders of quiet men, when they were forced to the wall by these ruffians; and some notoriously bad cases, I have gone after, to bring before Judge Lynch. These circumstances have led me to be feared and vilified by many, while the milder men dare not defend my reputation, when assailed by such characters.

"What led me into this course was an affair which happened a year or two after I left my home. I was in a saloon, in a Texan settlement, at which I had just arrived. A number of men were around, talking, drinking, and deriving amusement from the actions of a fellow who had

imbibed considerable more than the good of his constitution called for. He was in high good-humor, and did some rough skylarking which was much appreciated.

"At last he began to become quarrelsome, especially after the refusal of a quiet-looking young man to drink with him. Many of the loungers sloped off gently about this time, so that few were left except those who seemed to enjoy the fun hugely.

"The young man drank two or three times in his endeavor to pacify him, and made many attempts to withdraw, but was invariably checked and dragged back by the bully. A fresh proposition to drink was refused by the youngster, whereupon he was threatened with certain destruction, and, amid many flourishes of profanity, a pistol was drawn to intimidate him.

"I thought it high time to interfere, as the young fellow appeared to feel his position acutely, and there was no betting on the nature or extent of the damage which might result from an accidental explosion of the carelessly-handled weapon.

"So I stepped up, and, slapping the rough on the shoulder, said: 'Look ahere, stranger, let the young un go home. He isn't galvanized inside yet, and I guess the poison raises Cain with his anatomy. Let him go, and then, suppose we *all* take a drink?'

"Some of the listeners rose, as if to signify their assent to the proposition, but the bully was not to be turned from his purpose. Desiring me, in a casual way, to be damned, he dragged his prey back to the bar, '*vi et armis*.' But the young man, feeling braver on account of my support, again refused, and so exasperated the drunken ruffian to the point of cocking the weapon. He seemed about to use it, when I tapped his wrist, and it fell to the floor. He stooped, picked it up, and, with an impulse of drunken



vengeance, placed the muzzle against my breast and pulled the trigger.

"It snapped—the percussion-cap had dropped off in the fall.

"I disarmed him, calling him a cowardly skunk, and some other choice names. He wished to fight; and several of his comrades seemed desirous of settling my account without further parley. I obtained their ears, however, and showed them that he wasn't in good fighting condition just then, saying that, if he still hungered for blood after breakfast to-morrow, I would be at his service.

"They acquiesced, and some of them took the proffered drink with me before dispersing.

"The news of the projected duel spread quickly over the settlement, and during the evening I had many calls from respectable men to discuss the matter with me. Finding it no rowdy quarrel on my part, they wished me success and safety in the morning, offering service in the undesirable event of disablement. I was urged to have no mercy did the fortune of the fight place him in my power, as his reputation for drunkenness, rowdyism, and cruelty, had been well earned, during a long and undisturbed career. Several cold-blooded murders were openly acknowledged by him, but the law was incapable, and private vengeance had not as yet overtaken him. It was also suggested that, if I succeeded in killing him, the citizens would take courage and arrest and lynch two or three of his comrades.

"Next morning found my bravo still spoiling for his fight. Poor devil! Perhaps, after all, he was forced to it, to save his reputation. Anyhow, he was considerably sobered, and acted with great coolness.

"We were placed at long range, and the signal given.

"It was arranged that, after the signal, we could fight

it out in the manner which best pleased us, our arms being the ordinary six-chambered revolver.

"We advanced, watching each other, until at fifty yards I made feint of raising my weapon. He blazed away hastily a couple of shots, and I fired in return with steady aim. My intention was to disarm him by smashing his elbow; but I guess I wasn't so cool as I might have been, for the bullet entered his side and lodged.

"As he fell I ran up to him. I shall never forget the pallor of his face nor the spreading crimson blotch on his shirt.

"'Stranger,' said he, as I came near, 'I'm done for. I'm a gone community. Get me a drink of whisky, won't you?'

"That was how I began; and it seems to me that Fortune has never ceased to thrust me into such brawls. I stayed in that settlement for only a year, yet I had another case in the same saloon. *He* also died, notwithstanding my desire to disable him; but it was from erysipelas or something—not the direct effect of the wound. After that, however, except in special cases, I mostly fired to kill.

"They don't lie heavy on my conscience, those fellows. I am satisfied that much less blood has been shed than had they gone on without any interference of mine."

During his stay in San Francisco, Baldy had arranged his financial affairs; disposing of every thing which he did not consider safe. He had also made a will, leaving his property to his sister and her daughter. If it should happen that he had to "walk his chalks" while in company with Lew, he begged that young man to hunt up his sister and convey to her such particulars as he might deem advisable.

In case of accidents, he said, he had left at Lew's order money enough to carry him to New York, where he would

find funds at his disposal to last him for a few years of study, or start him in business-life, as he might elect. But he expected that this was an unnecessary provision, as he felt sanguine of travelling eastward in a few months after their ramble on the Mexican frontier. In fact, he had a presentiment of being speedily out of the wilds, and at home, in peace and happiness with his friends.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

OH, these presentiments! Do you believe in them, my dear doctor? The most egregious silliness, born of the hopes or especially the fears of the individual! Hundreds of them are indulged in, but, proving bogus, are guarded in the most silent places of the heart. Few are so candid as a young friend of mine, writing from the country to which my hero and the frontiersman are journeying.

"'Pon my life," says he, "do you know I have almost come to the conclusion that I am—superstitious!"

"That pleasant afternoon when the mail-rider rode into Fort Malpais, I was in the gayest of spirits; for, among other expectations, I had that of a letter from my own particular star.

"I received my letter, read it, and still the sun shone brightly, the river rippled its cheerful song in the distance, and the wind sighed with lazy happiness among the bending willows.

"I opened another letter, official it was, and ordered me to ride immediately fifty miles to Barivaca. On the instant a gloom enveloped every thing, though not a cloud floated in the fathomless sky; the river wailed a monotonous dirge, and the willows mourned over lost lives and buried

hopes. I gazed on the familiar buildings of old Malpais, and felt that, as they looked now, would they look when they would know me no more. I turned to the towering peaks of the Masatzal, and they seemed to say, 'Little mortal, your race is run. In the ages to come thus shall we hold our heads, overlooking the spot which saw your agony.'

"Captain Westchester offered to accompany me for the fun of the thing, and old Grinnell, of Barivaca, who had been at Malpais on business, hastened his departure to take advantage of our escort.

"We started a little before sundown, accompanied by a couple of cavalymen.

"On the way over the mountains to Salt River, I strayed from the trail, once or twice, to observe some strange rock or tree. I had in a measure forgotten my presentiment in the excitement of starting, and the action of the ride.

"My straggling greatly exasperated Grinnell. 'You'll get yourself stuck full of quills some day,' said he.

"'Never fear,' replied I. 'I keep a sharp lookout.'

"'Bah!' returned he, testily, for he had been ambushed himself once on the very road we were traveling—but that was before Malpais had become a fixed fact. 'Don't talk so to me,' said he. 'That's what a hundred others have said. That's what Miller and Tappan said, when I cautioned them at Barivaca, and they were killed on the second day out. Now, *you* may think this road is safe. You have gone over it often, and met nothing—but look out, you don't know the minute they may be around you. Tappan laughed at me, when I cautioned him. Don't *you*. *His* fix may be yours. YOU MAY NEVER SEE FORT MALPAIS AGAIN!' And the words rang in my ears, as I suppose the sentence does in those of the condemned—'until you be dead, dead, dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul!'

"At every turn of the road, I expected after this to discover the enemy, and in every thicket I felt certain that the dusky savage was then sighting the fated shaft.

"That night we spread our blankets by the Salt River, but, before we retired, a thunder-storm swept down from the mountains. The lightning glared in jagged bolts, enveloping us in floods of light, and the thunder banged like batteries of ten-thousand-pounder Parrots. 'Pleasant camping-ground in such a storm,' said Westchester; 'running water, and a clump of cotton-wood trees fifty feet higher than any thing within half a dozen miles. I am going out in the rain, rather than stay beneath them.' And he went.

"But old Grinnell, who, in respect of lightning, has not that experience which renders him so testy on the subject of Apaches, did not think security from such an improbable possibility, worth the discomfort of securing it. And I fought a battle with my fears, and stayed, although his words were rung in my ears by every thunder-burst.

"It would be too long a story to tell you every thing which troubled my mind on the short ride. I was certain to get drowned in crossing the Gila, and truth to say the river *was* dangerously swollen. When I ventured into it, I made up my mind to the event. I cannot tell how I crossed. There was a rushing of water—a staggering—a feeling of feet up to the ankles in quicksand—a nothing for the feet to feel,—a flight of willows at a tremendous rate *up-stream*—a struggle—a rocky footing—and I was on the other bank.

"I transacted my business, and prepared for the return trip. Every one I met was profuse in his cautions concerning the rivers and the Indians. The people seemed to have conspired together.

"But I got back safe on Saturday evening, and won't be fooled again in that fashion."

—It has been my fortune to become acquainted with many presentiments and their issue. Our late war was prolific of such cases. I can count a dozen in my own regiment. On the march to Gettysburg, I remember riding for a long time in silence by the side of a most cheerful and jocular fellow—our major. The march had been long and trying, and had taken all the fun out of the men. They were plodding along, with heads inclined—not a joke or song to inspirit them, and nothing to break the silence of the thud of many feet, but the occasional clatter of a canteen, or snort of a horse. At last I heard him give a long sigh, as in a low voice he soliloquized:

"Well, Larry Gilligan, I know you don't like it, but you've got to do your duty—damn you!"

"Why, major," said I, "what's the matter?"

"Did I speak?" said he, "I was not aware. I must tell you about it. I know it will do me good to speak of it. To-morrow we shall have one of the hardest fights we have yet gone through. I have come out unscathed many times, but for me to-morrow will be the end. I know it; I have a presentiment. 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' and the shadow of death is over me now!"

I tried to reason with him—to prove his premonition the offspring of a mind depressed by fatigue, in view of the coming battle, and the proverb that the pitcher goes oft to the well.

But he was beyond the power of argument. "No," said he, "you may account as you will for any thing and every thing on natural principles, but, 'there are many things in heaven and earth, Horatio—'. When next you talk of presentiments, just remember that, on the afternoon before he fell, Larry Gilligan told you that he would be found not dead simply—but dead, shot through the heart on the field before us."

Poor fellow! I could not shake him out of his melancholy.

Next morning, when the troops were in line, I was ordered on special service. I went among the young men for a moment, to wish them good luck. Last of all, came Major Gilligan, with outstretched hand and woe-begone countenance.

"No," said I, "I won't shake hands with *you*, until I can congratulate you after the transaction of to-day's little business, when I expect you to reason with me in a more philosophic frame on the question you wot of."

He gave a sad smile, and we parted.

He lived to fall at the North Anna, without any presentiment whatever.

Then there was Strickland, our adjutant—poor, gallant little fellow! What an atrabilarious condition was his, when we were in line of battle on the Rapidan, expecting to assault on the lifting of the fog! No mere killing would satisfy him. He would have himself mashed and mangled beyond recognition; and, that his remains might not be lost to his friends, had his name and rank written on a dozen slips of paper, which were pocketed and pinned all over his linings. A little hole, a very little hole, let life out for him at Petersburg.

I could tell you also of presentiments of happiness to come, when the cruel war should be over, indulged in, on the very night before the dreamer fell, but I find I have been literally extravagant in thus discoursing.

Let me, rather, follow my wanderers along the coast of the Pacific, and across the mountain-ranges to the Colorado River.

There was nothing tiresome in this journey to Lew. There was so much to occupy the time. At early dawn the blankets had to be rolled up, the animals fed, watered,

and groomed, fresh wood to be thrown on the fire—breakfast to be cooked and disposed of—lunch to be put up—the mule to be packed—horses saddled and canteens filled. All of which occupied the morning.

On the road, every turn, every hill surmounted, every valley penetrated, revealed something new and interesting. And they were in no haste on the journey. Did they reach a picturesque spot in the afternoon, they camped there, without inquiring into the length of their day's march.

Baldy was a capital fellow-traveler, always talkative and cheerful; a rain-shower could not damp his good-humor, nor a scorching sun evaporate it. He was full of information on every thing they saw. He knew the virtues, vices, and peculiarities, of every tree and shrub. He could read a history from a footprint on the sand, a broken twig, or an overturned pebble; while his long experience of frontier life furnished him with many an anecdote, to while away the tedium of the desert miles.

Nothing of note occurred to my travelers until they were in the heart of the mountain-range separating the pasture-lands of the coast from the sands of the Colorado Desert.

One evening they arrived at a station kept by an Irishman, who, having realized that six by two feet of his native soil was all he could ever expect to own, preferred to be lord of the manor in this unsettled region. He had served as a soldier at Fort Yuma, and, having been discharged, took to himself a Mexican to wife, and built his cabin in the wilderness, where he raised grain and gathered hay for passing trains, and increased in his flocks and herds.

After the evening meal, at which my wanderers assisted by invitation, friendly pipes were smoked, and the news of the day exchanged. It then became apparent that the settler, though seemingly happy and secure in his solitariness,

had of late become troubled in mind. His nearest neighbor, Doc Robinson, who dwelt twenty miles distant on the other side of the divide, had been murdered one night recently, and his house plundered of its portable valuables by some Mexican cut-throats. This had brought forcibly before him his own defenseless condition, and rendered him exceedingly uneasy at night, when unprotected by the presence of travelers.

Some conversation ensued on the development of the defensive capabilities of the settler's shanty, after which my wayfarers retired, to spread their blankets in a grove near by.

During the night, Lew was awakened by his friend, who, cautioning him to silence, made the remark in an undertone: "Some of those mean Mexican skunks are prowling around to make out the position. Keep awake for a while; we may be able to do some good."

"How do you know?" inquired Lew, intensely awake on the instant.

"See that old mule—can you make her out in the dark?—how nervous she is; now she has her nose in the air, now she walks quickly the length of her lariat, and now she makes believe that it's all right, and tries to get forty winks, but it won't do; she's as nervous again as before. The settler's dog is sound asleep, without any idea of danger; but some of these mules are better than any mastiff. You can't depend upon them, though. There may be prowlers all round, and they quite quiet; but, when a mule in good health is nervous as she is, it's a sure sign that her long ears hear something which we can't."

"What do you purpose doing?"

"We have just to keep our eyes skinned, and act as circumstances may dictate. I'll tell you. Keep yourself quiet here, and challenge any figure you may see in the open.

Call in a clear voice, '*Who goes there?*' and, if the figure should make for the brush when you challenge, blaze away at it. In the mean time I'll soothe the animal somewhat, and then prospect the neighborhood."

Without giving time for further parley, he crept through the *chaparral*, and was out of sight.

Lew felt excessively nervous on post. The position seemed not without danger, for those Mexican desperadoes were capable of any thing. There must needs be several of them, for it seemed impossible to conceive them ignorant of the presence of the strangers at the settlement. But, to do my young man justice, it was not the sense of personal danger which disquieted him so much as the order to blaze away on the development of any thing suspicious. There was the possibility of mistake. To maim or kill an innocent person, however much his actions might justify suspicion, would be a horrible incubus; and, even were the individual guilty, Lew doubted whether he had nerve enough to become his executioner. It is a simple matter to say "Blaze away," but look at the possible consequence of the act: a fellow-creature sped to his long home, with all the burden of his guilt upon his soul.

But hark! A small crackling of twigs. Perhaps it was only the result of excited imagination, yet it caused the young sentinel's heart to beat with painful rapidity. He crept with caution to the edge of the open, to extend his view. Nothing was to be seen against the darkness of the wood-growth on the opposite side. Yes! something!

A long, intense gaze into the gloom condensed the moving shadow which first arrested his attention, into two dark figures. The sky seemed to brighten as he looked, enabling him to make out that one crouched on the ground, while the other stood erect. Ought he to challenge? No. Better await developments than call the crisis so hastily.



Still the sky brightens, or his vision becomes more acute. That crouching figure is on one knee, and is armed with a rifle or carbine. The erect figure moves stealthily toward the house, keeping so much under cover of the brush that Lew can distinguish him no longer. So he turns his attention to the other. The rifle of this kneeling figure is at the ready. He is apparently covering the door of the settler's cabin. Lew feels this suspicious enough to warrant "blazing away," without even a prefatory challenge.

In the mean time the watch-dog, which has been giving vent to his suspicions in some half-suppressed barks, charges into the brush and bids loud defiance to the unseen enemy. The kneeling figure comes from the ready to *present* at the door of the shanty. The plan of the ambush for the settler flashes across my young man's mind, and his voice is heard clearly, "Who goes there?"

The kneeling figure vanishes, as if it had sunk into the earth.

Lew raises himself, but cannot discover it. A flash comes from the spot at which he gazes, and *two* reports reach his ears, as a bullet whistles past and is buried with a dull thud in a tree behind him.

"Lew, my boy, are you hurt?" inquired Baldy, crashing through the brush with hasty strides. "Why the deuce did you allow him to shoot at you?"

"I'm all right," replied Lew, his heart beating easier at the sound of his friend's voice.

"Keep yourself quiet, then, while I go after the son of a gun. I know he's hit, for he vamped without his pop-gun."

"Take care of the other," cautioned Lew.

The settler meantime appeared and joined in trailing the wounded ruffian, who was overtaken and captured without difficulty, as he was unable, from the pain of a fractured arm, to make any fight with the other.

As they returned, a voice from the woods spoke in angry tones.

"That's the other scoundrel," said Lew. "What does he say?"

"He's vowing vengeance against your friend," answered the settler. "He swears to have his life."

After this, Baldy stretched himself on his blankets, and was soon sound asleep; but Lew was too excited for repose, and, finding the settler in similar frame, they passed the remainder of the night in a recapitulation of its events.

At daybreak, the party, prisoner included, started for Temacula, where dwelt several Americans, Mexicans, and tame Digano Indians. Doc Robinson's widow was domiciled at this place, having already formed new ties. Arrived there, Judge Lynch's court was summoned without delay, testimony taken, and the prisoner, Ramirez, found guilty of the murder of the unfortunate Doc, and of an attempt on the life and property of our particular settler; whereupon he was summarily suspended from a live-oak, and the members of the community—among whom were many hard cases, felt virtuous hearts beating within them—for the time being.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

THE part which Lew enacted in this little tragedy gave an important turn to his character. The mild boy, whose dreams had been Utopian, was developing into the ruthless frontiersman. Fermenting within him was the old leaven of our human nature, which raised a monument of flint arrow-heads to the memory of our prehistoric forefathers. The orderly citizen of the nineteenth century was

inclining to the days of the dagger-thrust. Christianity was stepping backward to barbarism.

When posted as a sentinel, with instructions to shoot on suspicion, he had doubted his ability to fulfill them; indeed, he now felt that, no matter how grave his suspicions, he would not have dared to pull a trigger. But the murderous shot at himself, the clearly-proved ambush for the settler, and the detail of cold-blooded cruelty developed on the trial, so acted on him, that he regretted his failure to shoot, and resolved that, were he again in such circumstances, there would be no hesitation on his part.

Besides, he received no small credit at Temacula for his share in the affray. The approbation of the world is grateful in young nostrils; and, from St. Simeon Stylites, one would infer that it is not despised by the old. It is true, the world of Temacula might not meet the approval of the world at large, but the same may be said of the world of upturned faces around the base of the old saint's column.

The impressions produced by the affair were at their deepest, when another event occurred to hurry my young man farther from the track of civilized sentiments. Had you or I, my dear doctor, been spectators of this second act of Western lawlessness, it would have lived in our memories with a horrid pertinacity, and tinged our dreams during every digestive derangement; but its atrocity was not so vividly recognized by Lew, owing to his mode of life, and recent experiences. He was able to say: "Poor devils! It was rough justice for them, but, if such examples were not occasionally made, where would be the protection to life and property?"

Truly Nature is most accommodating. Growth goes on with life, under all circumstances. Pinch the leading shoot, and the side-buds, starting into prominence, alter the appearance of the matured tree. Lew has been having his

heart pinched in some most prominent points, and the leading shoots, which had been reaching heavenward, are lost in the outgrowth from inferior buds.

A few days' journey from Temacula brought them to a wild little valley, on the eastern slope of the mountains. This *vallecito* was covered with a thick *chaparral*, except in some small places, where clearances had been made for agricultural purposes by the friendly Indians who lived there. A larger spot was occupied by the adobe house of a white settler, who traded with the Indians, and rationed the animals of passing trains.

On the evening our travelers arrived, a train of half a dozen wagons, laden with supplies for the troops at Fort Yuma, was encamped around the house. Baldy and Lew fraternized with the wagon-master and teamsters, partaking of their rough supper of pork, flapjacks, and coffee, and giving them meanwhile a particular account of the recent event.

As Baldy here learned, on good authority, that the Yumas were on the war-path, he decided on journeying across the Colorado Desert under the shelter of this train.

On the following morning, the camp was aroused by the report of a teamster that two of his mules had strayed during the night. He and some of his comrades started in pursuit, expecting to find the animals feeding somewhere in the *chaparral*. But they returned almost immediately, with the information that the mules had been led off by two mounted men. This brought the remark from the station-keeper that two men had come into camp late at night on the other side of the house. "They seemed tired and sleepy," he said, "and had rolled themselves in their blankets, saying that the news would keep until morning, but that, on going out to talk with them this morning, he had found their camp deserted."

Calling down all sorts of vengeance on the sons of guns who had stolen his mules, the wagon-master, who was a hasty-tempered man, saddled up and went in pursuit. He took the trail at a gallop, and was soon lost from sight.

Baldy meanwhile saddled his horse, and, telling Lew that he would be back within four hours, followed the wagon-master at a sweeping trot.

Leaving the people in camp to discuss the probabilities, I shall join the galloping pursuer, who by this time had sighted the dust raised on a distant slope by the runaways. But he was discovered himself, almost as soon as he made the discovery, for the pursued incontinently left the beaten road, and made for a mountain-gorge.

The wagon-master dashed boldly into the wilds after them.

"Go home, you dog-goned fool!" shouted a voice from the undergrowth of a neighboring slope. "Can't you see it's dangerous to ride in rear of them mules? They might kick."

"Oh, you're there, are you?" answered the pursuer, pulling up. "I don't mean any fight just now; I only followed to make out who you were, and give you a chance to return the mules, if they had strayed and gone off with you. They're government property, you know, and I'm responsible."

"Well, the government can afford them, and we want them."

"Then you won't give them up?"

"Nary mule."

The wagon-master hereupon swore, by a good many irrelevant parts of speech, that he would follow them, hunt them to earth, and rest only when he had *them* in a halter as well as the mules.

The answer to this tirade was a shot from the unseen,

which wounded the pursuer in the shoulder, as he was turning to take the back track. He was almost immediately joined by Baldy, to whom he made known the circumstances of the pursuit. The frontiersman dissuaded him from going after them, unless with a large party.

The wagon-master, on reaching camp, gave the order to hitch up for the day's march. Then he had an interview with the chief of the tame Indians of the *vallecito*.

El Capitan Carlos was a small, mild-looking man, long and favorably known to travelers, by the affability of his manner in begging for tobacco. One would have supposed him a specimen of the degeneracy of the red race, as he stood humbly before the impatient wagon-master. His forefathers of a not long-gone generation had made their demands with the edge of a tomahawk, but he—well, even he, seemed to show a sparkle of their wild spirit in his eyes, as he listened to the hot words spoken to him in voluble Spanish.

"*Bueno!*" said he, as the wagon-master concluded, and his eyes resumed their wonted mildness.

"Will he be able to recover the animals?" inquired Lew.

"I have offered a hundred dollars for them, and I am much mistaken in the man, if he does not bring them to camp before to-morrow night. And, what is more, I have told him that I want the men also, and that, if they won't come, *he must bring them*. They'll be worth fifty dollars a piece to him."

"But," said Lew, "the fellows will fight; it will be impossible for him to bring them."

"*Quien sabe?*" replied the wagon-master, with Mexican affectation of nonchalance.

"Has the Indian any objection to my accompanying his party?" inquired Lew, who was thirsting for adventure.

"I guess not, if you keep quiet, and don't interfere with his plans."

Lew then communicated his desire to his friend, who told him he might go for the sake of seeing Indian strategy, but that, if there was any shooting, he must keep out of it.

A party of twenty active-looking Indians responded to the call of El Capitan, and soon after took up the trail of the stolen property. Lew and Don Carlos accompanied them on horseback. The train, meanwhile, resumed its journey Yumaward.

My young man has been making rapid strides on the back track to barbarism of late, but behold him now, in very truth, in the midst of it.

The party of Indians progressed along the road at a quick walk, marching in single file. Their attire was the primitive fig-leaf, modernized into a strip of dingy cotton, fastened around the waist by a belt or cord. Buckskin moccasins protected their feet, and tags of red flannel bound the back hair of each into a cue. A few were armed with fire-arms, but the majority simply with the bow and arrow.

El Capitan Carlos rode by the side of his volunteer-aide. The worthy captain had left his mild manners at home, with the old blue blouse he had worn there, and was now resplendent in his own particular buff, with a feather in his hair, and a few red streaks across his face.

The two smoked *cigarritos* for a mile or two in silence, but with occasional friendly smiles toward each other. This proved rather slow work to Lew, who wished he could communicate with his companion, partly to pass the time, and in part to become acquainted with his plans. One thing struck him as strange. The party was traveling along the road without any attempt at cover. Perhaps, however, they

would proceed more cautiously, as they approached the scene of action.

"Do you know any English?" at last inquired my young man.

"*Yngles? Si—muy poco.* Gie me some tobacco—dog gone you; whiskey no good—dam rotgut; go to — (parts unmentionable) son of — gun. *Si, Yngles.*" And Don Carlos smiled good-humoredly, and seemed proud of this linguistic display.

Then, after some profound thought, he added, "All right."

"What's all right?" inquired Lew.

"All right—*es Yngles, si,*" returned El Capitan, complacently.

"Oh, all right, I see," answered the boy, smilingly, and offering him another *cigarrito*.

After an hour or two of travel, Lew kept scrutinizing the country ahead so intently that Don Carlos, to satisfy him, explained as follows: He pointed to the Indians accompanying them, then held up three fingers, and motioned ahead with a wave of the hand.

"All right," said Lew, comprehending the signs.

"*Si,* all right," responded El Capitan, as if that point were satisfactorily settled anyhow.

In passing, the Indian pointed out the spot where the wagon-master had had his colloquy with the mule-stealers. After this, the trail became imperceptible to Lew; but the Indians followed it without hesitation, in all its windings through the thick grass and underwood of the ravines, and over the bare rock of the mountain-side.

About sundown, the party halted in a ravine, on being joined by one of the three scouts. A council of war was held. All squatted in a circle, and, lighting *cigarritos*, listened to the news brought from the advance. A long

silence succeeded, broken at last by El Capitan, in a long speech. Remarks followed by several of the older Indians, after which, and the summing up by Don Carlos, the council broke up, most of its members dropping off quietly to sleep.

Early in the night, this inactivity came to an end, the whole party starting on foot through the darkness and the tangled underbrush. After a couple of miles of, to Lew, arduous travel, the Indians disappeared, leaving him alone with their leader. Don Carlos, then, placing a finger on the boy's lip as a caution, led him gently forward, and, parting the bushes, discovered to him, in the faint light of the now-rising moon, a small clear space, in which, protected in part by some rocks, were the two men—one rolled in his blankets, the other smoking his pipe, and apparently on guard. Their horses and the mules were tied to trees forming the sides of the clearance. One of the latter was so restless as to attract the attention of the sentinel, who, muttering a curse, rose from his seat, and, approaching the animal, patted her on the neck.

El Capitan then led the boy into the brush, and, after some cautious progress, again parted the bushes, and gave him a view of the clearance from the side on which the mules were tied. Leaving him there, he glided noiselessly forward, touched the knot of the lariat which made one of the animals fast, and, under cover of the mule herself, patted her gently, and led her up to her companion, whose nose he stroked. Satisfied with this exploit, he rejoined Lew, and carried him back to their original point of observation.

They waited here until the moon had risen so far above the tree-tops as to give a good light in the clearance, although not shining directly on it. El Capitan, having made Lew lie as low as was consistent with a view of the proceedings, then spoke in a loud tone in Mexican to the

sentinel. His address lasted fully a minute, during which time the sleeper started up, revolver in hand, while the sentinel, after a hurried glance in the direction of the voice, crouched under shelter of the rocks. "O Bill, we're gone up!" said he.

"Not by a dam sight" replied the other, fiercely. "Those tame Indians have come around to steal the mules. The mean sneaks! They're afraid to look a white man in the face."

"Perhaps there are some white men with them."

"I tell you there can't be. That hot-headed wagon-master has got to have his train at Yuma with the supplies, and can't delay for the sake of a couple of mules. But if there were—dog gone them, I'd fight it out."

El Capitan recommenced his harangue, but had hardly uttered a dozen words, when Bill, with a pettish "Oh, you be ——!" fired at the voice, and so accurately, that he brought it to a sudden conclusion.

Don Carlos stuffed a corner of his cotton fig-leaf into the hole in his arm, with a pleasant remark to Lew, that it was "all right;" then, kneeling beside the boy, he yelled forth a quick, sharp sentence, in his native Indian. A wild war-whoop resounded from the woods around. A single shot was fired, and the fierce fellow, Bill, fell without a struggle. The other seemed to lose all hope. He sprang to his feet from his security among the rocks, took a step or two toward his horse, a few more in the direction of his fallen comrade, and then, while despairingly looking for a chance of escape, sank to earth in response to a flash from the nearest tree.

This deadly issue was so sudden that, had a word from Lew sufficed to delay or prevent it, time would have been lacking for its utterance.

On realizing the consummation of the Indian's plans,



horror at the result was the feeling which first possessed him. He was silent and thoughtful on the homeward march. But as the sun arose, dissipating the vapors of the night, he brightened up, and, long before reaching Vallecito, was able to say: "Well, poor devils! it was rough justice; but, if such examples were not occasionally made, where would be the security to property or life?"

In the afternoon Baldy and the wagon-master rode into Vallecito from the train, and both were delighted at the result of the expedition.

The two bodies, which had been packed into the settlement on the backs of the stolen mules, were examined, but nothing was found on them to give a clew to their identity. From their resemblance in feature, they appeared to be brothers.

They were buried under a cypress in rear of the station-keeper's house; and a war-dance by the exultant braves was their only obsequy.

Uncoffined and unknown they sank into oblivion; yet, on some spot of this fair earth of ours, a longing, loving heart may cherish, even now, the hope of her wanderers' return.

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

OUR travelers arrived, without other noteworthy incident, at Yuma, where they stayed a few days to rest their animals, and replenish their supplies. Here they made the acquaintance of a young cavalry-officer, who was on his way from San Francisco to Fort Buncombe, to join his troop. This officer, Lieutenant Poston, on learning that their route led past his destination, decided on accompany-

ing them, rather than wait for the escort of some slow-moving train. He was a bright, fair-haired, blue-eyed youth, on whom the sunshine of life had smiled so constantly as to have left a permanent radiance on his countenance. He was full of life and gayety, and enthusiastic to a fault. He made a pleasant comrade when he laid aside the reserve which he had worn for an hour or two before his citizen acquaintances, to impress them with the dignity of his age, military rank, and experience.

The journey into the interior is monotonous in the extreme to those who have become well acquainted with the desert. Its long stretches of heavy sand and alkaline dust, with nothing to relieve the eye but a stunted mesquite-tree, or the hazy outline of a distant mountain; its miles of veritable desert, paved and pebbled with lava; and its seas of rolling mesa-lands, with island-peaks rising above their surface in isolated *picachos*, and a coast-line of serrated mountains bounding their distant horizon—these are well known and tiresome to the old traveler, who is aware that he is yet so many miles distant from his camping-ground; but the trooper and my young man were lost in admiration of the grandeur of the desert.

The eternal silence which reigned around became at times so oppressive that they had to talk to break the spell. The grotesque carvings of Nature, visible on the bare gray rock of the nearer ridges; the columnar *seguara*, rising in goodly proportions for twenty feet from the arid soil; and the fantastic forms of the mesquite-branches, which seemed to have writhed themselves into their contorted shape during some scorching exposure—all combined to so unusual a landscape, that it required no great flight of fancy to suppose this land arrested in its development in some geologic period; and the fancy was borne out by the rapid, soundless movement of the lizards, which contin-

ually crossed their path. Even the air, during most of their journey, seemed unendowed with motion, save where it quivered upward from contact with the heated rocks, giving an unsteadiness to their majestic outline.

The passage through this strange country prepares the mind for experiences beyond the common range, in that to which it leads. In looking back upon it, it shows as a vast sea, separating one from civilization, and placing him beyond the pale of its laws.

The heat of this arid tract is so great that the journey is usually made by morning and evening marches; the hotter hours being spent in attempts to keep the head, at least, under the shadow of a blanket suspended from a mesquite-limb. I have been told that, when one inadvertently picks up a stone, which has been sunned in summer for a short time, he throws it away with a motion in which volition has little part—the action being too instantaneous and instinctive for thought to be concerned in its production.

"Now, *I* wonder," said Poston, waking up from the languor creeping over him about the middle of a long march—"I wonder that a young fellow like you should go circulating around the West, without end or aim. I know it's not for the sake of striking a rich lead that you are riding here, but simply out of the spirit of adventure. Why can't you get appointed in the army. You would have plenty of opportunities for effervescing, and at the same time, by serving the country, would be making position for yourself in after-life."

"I believe," replied Lew, rousing himself at the address, "that this kind of work is sheer loss of time. The excitement makes me relish it for the time being, but I shall be glad when I can exchange it for a mode of life more in consonance with my tastes. I am here only because my

friend Baldy was so desirous of prospecting the country before going East. This is to be our last trip."

"Why, I supposed this to be the thing which suited you. What do you purpose doing East?"

"On my life, I can't say. I shall have much to learn first in any case. The life I long for is a quiet one, with some opportunity of being of benefit to others."

"Clergyman, doctor, philanthropist, eh?" returned Poston. "Nothing like pouring in the oil to grease the wheels of other people's existence, as some author puts it. I used to ride that horse myself somewhat, but, as I grew older, and wickeder, began to feel more like looking after number one. 'Ah, bah!' said I. 'Your great philanthropists! We do not know the secret springs. The man with the oil-can receives his weekly wage, no doubt, and those others, higher in the scale, have their stipends, salaries, fees.' So, I slipped from the sentimental hobby, and mounted the real article, as a sub with lemon-colored facings."

"Having indulged in philanthropic day-dreams, how do you view the work before you at Buncombe—fighting Indians, that is?"

"The greatest good of the greatest number has to salve that prick in my conscience. I became reduced to such condition at my last post, Fort Jacinto, that I was ripe and ready for any thing which might turn up. I got such a tightly-fitting suit of the blues there; nothing to do, and all day to do it; nothing to think of, and all night to think of it; no inducement to attempt any thing of good, bad, or indifferent, and no immediate prospect of change. But a change came, unexpectedly, as changes will. Not such as I had dreamed of, hoped for, longed for. Rivers of blood I sighed for, that I might dam them up; untold agonies which I might assuage—claiming credit, of course, therefor; nations uprising for rights withheld, that I might

lend an arm. And the order came for me to go exterminate the Apache! I bowed before a relentless Fate, and studied the latest improvements in repeating fire-arms. And, lest some young hero in his war-paint should attempt my scalp, the which I purposed defending to the bitter end, Fort Jacinto reëchoed with the noise of pistol-shots, the target became pitted with bullet-marks, and sea-gulls suspiciously avoided certain rocks.

"A number of mules were condemned to death. Each made an excellent target. There was no cruelty in this. I was best in practice, and so best fitted to be least cruel. It was interesting and instructive, for, independent of the pistol-practice, it afforded opportunity of observing the abrupt manner in which gravity doubled up the joints, on the suspension of the vital force. If cruelty there was, it must be placed to the charge of those who signed the warrant—grave men, who nodded sagely in council, stroked their beards, and affixed their signatures to the sentence. But there was none. It was meet the animals should die. For the preservation of the majority, it was necessary that these distempered ones should be destroyed. Just as the surgeon interferes when the condition of a limb makes the scale of life tremble. Just as our civil law condemns the morally diseased. Just as—but here I am among the Apaches of Arizona.

"Sighing, as I had sighed, for a freeborn people, as all originally were, with the spirit of human rights sparkling, flickering, flaming, until by its light they could read that he forever would be a slave who could not risk all that man has in this world for all that he ought to have. Sighing so, I confess my presence here and mission seem an inconsistency—to exterminate a freeborn people, who have lived in freedom, and who, until recently, have known oppression only from the wings of rumor, as it flew from East to West,

telling how countless hosts of men, pale-faced and strange in every thing, were nearing them, as nation after nation of painted warriors fell before the flight of their shaftless arrows.

"The world is revolving. Two thousand years ago the matrons of the Great Republic sent forth their sons to carry the conquering eagle among the painted savages of the then far West. At the same time, through the glens and forests of the coveted country, the tocsin of war was sounded, and youthful braves in fresh tattoos gathered from near and far, with hearts aglow for glory. Long ago I used to read of their struggles—my soul in arms against the invincible invaders; but now, behold me—a later Roman to these later Picts.

"On the other hand, man is a citizen of the world. Had Nature intended the individual to possess the spot on which he was born, that economic mother would not have provided him with locomotive organs. The world is broad enough to afford squatting-room to each and all of the children of Adam, and, would they but live in peace and amity, conforming to such laws as themselves would make, it would be a very easy-rolling world to the majority. It would, in fact, be the culmination of our republican institutions in 'the parliament of man and federation of the world'—old Earth bowling along with the stars and stripes at either pole! But, in the world as we find it, the exasperated minority do not bow their heads before the voices of the many, and hunt up other issues for a next election. They oftentimes resist, dig up the hatchet, and give the majority no end of trouble in commanding obedience to what is called the law. We pale-faced strangers, in our strength of numbers, and superiority of mind, vote our red brethren obstacles in the path of progress, and move their settlement in some remote corner, where they may take

root or die, as is congenial to them. If, instead of obeying, they string their bows and assume the war-paint, grave men in the far East will stroke their beards, and sign the papers which send Second-Lieutenant Poston and all of his feather to reduce them to a quieter condition. If there be cruelty in the matter, it lies with *them*, those grave men, or the human nature they represent, and Second-Lieutenant Poston is exonerated."

"Q. E. D.," remarked Baldy, who had joined the two during the progress of this discourse. "But, for once that an Indian war is caused by the refusal of the red-men to accept the terms of a treaty, honestly made in the interests of humanity and civilization, it originates a dozen times in the rapacities and atrocities of lawless white men. I have known a state of war kept up, which, to the eyes of an unprejudiced observer, had for its sole object the enrichment of contractors and their employés. The contractors furnished supplies at fabulous prices to the troops who protected them, and nothing and nobody else. And, when a suspicion of the state of affairs would reach the East, and give rise to a rumor of withdrawal of the troops, a hue and cry would be raised by those fattening on the necessities of the military, and petitions would be sent to the distant governing powers, setting forth, in the first place, the immense value of the country once its natural resources were developed; secondly, the vast strides already made toward that development, in spite of obstacles apparently insurmountable; and, thirdly, the destruction menacing alike their past labors and future hopes, if more troops were not immediately sent to their assistance. The result would be that, if additional troops could not be spared, those already in the country would not be withdrawn.

"But the wars have mostly been inaugurated by the drunken brutalities of individuals and the powerlessness

of agents to redress the wrongs. To illustrate this we have not to leave the country in which we are now traveling.

"In the north are two tribes, the Mojaves and the Hualapais. Both were friendly to the whites who had settled in their country. But, on one occasion, a white man's hut, or granary, or shebang of some sort, was burned. Now, this might have been the result of accident; but—upon what grounds I know not—the owner suspected some of the Hualapais of having raised the smoke. He detailed the story of his loss and suspicions to certain of his friends, who sympathized with him to the extent of several drinks, cursing the Indians freely, and, after a few more drinks, proposing to interview Mastawaka, the Hualapais chief, without any well-defined purpose in view.

"Mastawaka received them very gravely, listened to what they had to say, and then disclaimed any knowledge of the deed. But they, being in unreasonable condition, were not to be satisfied with words; they must have the suspected red-skins immolated on the spot. As Mastawaka could not be made to see things in the same light, they became exasperated, and, in the heat of his own side of the controversy, one of them stuck a knife into the chief's interior, and made an end of him.

"The Indians bore their loss with calmness. They applied for redress to their agent, who satisfied them for the time with promises that justice would be done, but that the orders of the great father must first be received, and this would require delay.

"Howbeit, as time passed without any action being taken, some of the people began to doubt the ability or willingness of the agent.

"About this period a party of these Indians, apparently on a hunting-expedition, overtook a wagon-train, and in the evening went into camp in its vicinity. Now, on account

of the killing of Mastawaka, the whites and the Indians were naturally inclined to view each others' actions with suspicion. This would account for the precaution with which Joe Madden, the wagon-master, corralled his train for defensive purposes, but I can conceive of nothing which will account for his subsequent action on that evening, unless his fear of treachery on the part of the red-men clouded his faculties, or unless he was one of those who consider that no safe opportunity of sending an Indian to his happy hunting-grounds should be permitted to slip.

"While the teamsters and Mexican guard were at supper, the Indians, as is customary on such occasions, began to come around the camp for the sake of picking up little odd snacks. They were advised, however, that they must not come inside the *corral* with their arms. They consulted together, and then, laying aside their bows, spears, and few fire-arms, entered the camp with much hand-shaking and friendly greetings.

"After a while, one of the Indians, desirous of returning to his own camp, rose, and, in attempting to pass between the wagons, was confronted by a carbine. He had just time to give a warning cry to his unsuspecting friends when he fell. The interior of the *corral* for a few minutes was a scene of slaughter. Some escaped, but so many remained upon the ground that subsequent travelers, camping in that vicinity, gave it the name of 'Skull Valley.'

"In a short time the news was brought to the settlement of Las Ruinas that the Hualapais were on the war-path, and that under the guise of friends they had made a treacherous attack on Madden's train; while later the Eastern papers, in short paragraphs, referred to the attack by the savages, commenting also on the gallantry of the teamsters who had repulsed them and killed twenty-so-many. The papers did not say how many of the men be-

longing to the train had been killed or wounded. Had they recorded that one Mexican was wounded in this desperate fight, by an accidental shot from a comrade's revolver, and that this completed the list of casualties, they would have given a true item on which their readers might have speculated somewhat.

"It appears that the first news of the affray which reached the ears of Orotava, chief of the Mojaves, was the version furnished by the victors. He was led to credit it, presumably, from a knowledge of the dissatisfaction of the Hualapais at the slowness of justice. He was obliged by the position of his people, surrounded as they were by white settlers, to be very friendly; the Hualapais, dwelling in the mountains, were more independent. So, to show that his people had no hand in the attack on the train, and at the same time to punish the Hualapais for a hasty act which might have been fraught with danger to himself and tribe, he gathered together a party of his warriors, made a descent on the nearest Hualapais village, and furnished the inhabitants with passports to kingdom come."

"Poor Hualapais!" interjected Poston, "walloped by everybody!"

"Very soon after this, Orotava grew moody, and was heard to swear that he would kill Madden before he could get out of the country; and he made the cause of his Hualapais brother so much his own as to call upon the superintendent, urging immediate action; but that unfortunate gentleman was unable to do any thing, and a few weeks thereafter was found dead, at a river-crossing not far from Las Ruinas.

"Madden also became gloomy after his successful repulse of the Indians. Some thought he had heard of Orotava's threat, and that the fear of the Indian's revenge disturbed him, while others suggested that the bones bleaching



in Skull Valley troubled his conscience. However, he left the country, and is said never to have been the same man afterward.

"I don't give this as truth from my own knowledge, in contradiction to the published reports. Some thinking men I have met have talked the matter over in this way."

"I declare," said Poston, "what you tell me will take the fight out of me, if the Hualapais prove to be the foe against whom the fortune of war shall pit me."

"Why should it?" returned Baldy. "Would the fact that your mules became distempered through the carelessness of keepers have altered your views with regard to them? The Hualapais war is a fixed fact, and is carried on by the tribe with a bitterness which leaves no white man in contact with them the option of being friendly. They will not hear of compacts or treaties, knowing how the white man has already failed. They will not take his word, so the war must be carried on until they have been whipped into subjection, or exterminated. There is no help for it. Were good men only and true to have dealings with the tribes, we would have few wars. Ruffianism originates most of our Indian troubles."

The party traveled in silence for some distance, when Poston, apparently to get rid of the thoughts engendered by the preceding discourse, made inquiry:

"In your travels among the Indians, have you met with any examples of clairvoyant power?"

Baldy shook his head.

"I ask because of a story told to me at Yuma. I'll tell it you. But, first, you must understand that, at the time referred to, a hundred of the young men of the friendly Maricopas had been enlisted, and were drawing pay, rations, and clothing, by way of encouraging the tribe in their frequent scouts against the mountain Apaches.

"It was proposed to them, on one occasion, to go out in their war-paint under white guidance. They readily assented, and a hundred crimson grided warriors gathered themselves under the banner of the white officer. They started from their rendezvous one afternoon, and traveled until dark toward the mountains. About midnight, when the moon rose, they continued their march, keeping a sharp lookout for fresh trails made by the enemy. At daylight, they halted in a deep gorge, to lie over until the return of darkness should favor their unobserved entrance into the Apache country.

"During the course of the day, a sub-chief, warranted as sergeant, reported to the officer in command, saying: 'Come and see; Kishiewiescal will send his spirit on the war-path. Then, when the spirit returns to Kishiewiescal, he will tell the white chief and the people all it has seen! To which the white chief replied, 'Kish-a-what's-his-name be hanged! Let a fellow sleep, can't you?'—'But,' remonstrated the sergeant, 'the spirit can find the tracks easier than we. The spirit will return to K. and will tell him of its journeyings; then K. will make his heart known to us. Come and see.'

"Thus entreated, the officer in command lazily complied. He found his troops collected in a dense thicket. They were squatted in a circle, in the centre whereof was K-etc, supported on either side by a comrade, both of whom were engaged in the manufacture of paper *cigarritos*. One of these being ignited and handed to the sage, he quietly inhaled its fragrance, throwing the smoke in dense columns from his nostrils. As soon as it was finished, another in full blast was placed in his hand by his assistants. After a little he began to smoke vigorously, endeavoring, as it seemed, to envelop himself in cloud. This had soon a very natural effect on K.; he became *muy borracho*—very

smoke-drunk indeed. He was extremely prostrated, every muscle being in a state of nervous tremor, and shortly, while no doubt he saw the mountains chasing each other around the horizon, he dropped prone on earth, and lay there for five minutes unable to speak or move—because, of course, his spirit had gone off Apache-hunting.

"He *did* move at last. 'The spirit has returned,' remarked the sergeant. He speaks. He wants water. No wonder the spirit is thirsty, having been hunting in such a country! A few minutes' rest to permit the spirit to recover its breath, and we shall hear. Ah! listen. Kishiewiescal speaks. 'The spirit of Kishiewiescal has been on the war-path. It has found many lodges of the enemy, and, but that it burned to give information to the warriors in council, it might have caused a loud wail among the Apache people. When freed from the body, the spirit flew to the summit of the hill, and there found two trails. The spirit took the northerly path, and passed over many miles until it reached a hill-top overlooking many lodges deep in the narrow cañon below. This is all the spirit of K-etc, cares to relate.'—'That being the case,' said the commanding officer, 'and as it is now late enough in the afternoon, we shall make tracks after the Apaches in the body, and, instead of travelling northward after the spirit, we shall try to find a southerly trail. I must teach these United States soldiers that the troops of the almighty Yankee nation should have more sense than permit themselves to be humbugged by such a rascal as Kisha-what's-his-name. To horse!'

"They to-horsed, and he led the way, not in the direction indicated by the spirit, whereat the troops murmured and sent a deputation of one to request a talk before starting. It was agreed to; and they dismounted, formed circle, and listened to one of the wise men, who said: 'The

spirit of K-etc, has done us a service. We must find the *rancheria* in the cañon. If we do not, the spirit will be angry. It will be angry and will do us no more service. The people must follow the trail of the spirit.'—A murmur of assent came from the troops. The commanding officer, who had been revolving the matter in his mind, assented also, lest, should he decide otherwise, he might have to prosecute the remainder of his campaign alone.

"On the hill-top they found the two trails as specified, and, taking that tending northward, marched on it during the night. On arriving within a couple of miles of a high ridge, some of the scouts, who had been ahead, returned to report that a very narrow cañon lay on the other side and that the descent into it was exceedingly steep and difficult, at least by the poor light of a clouded moon. They had been descending cautiously, when halted by the whining of a dog in the valley below, and the sound of an Apache voice quarreling with the animal—on which they had returned to report the discovery of the lodges indicated by the spirit.

"The command then disarrayed itself for battle, the members stripping themselves of their fag-ends of government clothing, which were left, with the horses, in charge of a small guard. Then, they went forward and lay on the ridge, eagerly awaiting for light enough to guide their steps down the steep and irregular sides of the cañon.

"Presently it lightened in the east. They could see half a dozen yards ahead. This was sufficient.

"They crept down cautiously—those eighty-odd men, springing from ledge to ledge with the lightness and silence of shadows from a spirit-world. The distance to the bottom was about half a mile, half of which they had traversed, when one less agile than his comrades stumbled over some projecting rock. His carbine exploded, making a hole

through the hair of the man in advance of him. What a shock of sound that carbine-shot awakened in the wilds! Echoes from every face of the many-faced rocks repeated it, in a long roll, like a volley from some ghostly allies of the invading horde; while the Apache war-whoop, tongued forth from the bottom of the cañon, was answered by the fierce exultant Maricopa yell, and accompanied by the rattle of musketry as each warrior emptied his carbine into the obscurity below.

"The Apache people escaped unharmed, but the brush of their shanties, their household goods, their food, and forage, that morning made a glare which crimsoned the clouds in anticipation of the dawn.

"Now, what do you think of Kisha-what's-his-name's spirit?"

"All mummary," replied Baldy, "got up on behalf of the officer nominally in command, to imbue him with a proper amount of respect for the powers of the tribe. They are jealous of the knowledge of the whites, these Indians, having nothing to pit against it but their ability to follow a trail, where most white men could see no sign. The presence of the officer alone with the war-party was an opportunity to be cultivated."

## CHAPTER NINTH.

FOR my part, although I consider that the clairvoyant mummary was got up especially on behalf of the stranger, I am strongly of the opinion that it was intended, at the same time, to create an impression on the uninitiated of the red-men. The *morale* of a war-party is so much improved by the belief that mysterious powers are in unison

with it. The Jews were invincible while the sun was stationary, and the classic nations under a favorable dictum from the oracle. A bold attempt to carry out what are believed to be the decrees of Fate almost insures success. The reverse of this fact is illustrated by Montezuma's pusillanimity, when influenced by his superstitions concerning the white men from the East.

The wise men of the early ages of history were much given to working the oracle, for the sake of its influence on the masses. Human nature is prone to superstition; so prone, indeed, that, even in these days of enlightenment, the oracle is considerably resorted to—though not in the primitive Maricopa style. The savage thoughts run only on material success; the tribes are satisfied to go to their happy hunting-grounds when their time shall arrive. But *we* would reconnoitre the country beyond the bourne. We are too old to be caught by chaff, but we will fly after the germ of a seed, in the proud hope that, having caught it, we may be able to grow the living, bearing tree.

I was a spectator recently of one of the modes in which our modern oracles are worked. You must know that I develop a strong attachment to any place in which I may have been settled for a few years; so much so that, when, by force of circumstances, I am moved to a new location, my thoughts continually revert to the familiar features of the old. This has led me to wonder if, after we shuffle off this mortal coil, our spiritual thoughts will return to earthly things. In my own case, I think that, had I any influence in the councils there, I would employ it to have old Charon contract to carry a mail over the stream. It would be a step in advance of the present, and perhaps might give such an impetus to enterprise in the spirit-land, as to make the latent genius of some spirit Morse or Reuter blossom into a regular system of telegraphic communication; for

the terrestrial medium who has tried spiritual telegraphy has proved a failure—if not a humbug. I judge from the specimen which I have said I witnessed.

The medium in the case was a young lady, well known to most of those present, so that the suggestion of imposition would have been insult. Her usual method of holding communication was by means of a slate and pencil. When alone, she would sometimes see the shadowy outline of a hand, holding the pencil in a chirographic attitude, but, when others were present, the spirits objected to even this much exposure, and required that the slate be held under the falling cover of a parlor-table.

There were present at the *séance* a number of most respectable gentlemen, all earnestly interested in the proceedings about to take place, and fully alive to the fact that the mind of man had unraveled many a tangled skein. I may mention my friend Dr. Clearhead, a man of large brain, and as eager to obtain an inkling, while yet in the body, of the great and unknown future, as I am to determine the *modus operandi* of— But I need not refer to that now; my monograph, shortly to be published, will show, from its exhaustive character, how much I have the subject at heart. That rising young man, Tremaine, was also there. It is true, his mind may have been a little unfitted for the investigation; unstrung, in fact, by sheer happiness, in that Mrs. Tremaine had a few days before become possessed of the very most wonderful baby that ever was. Another promising young man, Mr. Bowers, was present; he had already shown his mettle by a series of articles on some interesting points of State geology.

The room having been darkened, a vigorous knocking on the table indicated that the spirits desired to communicate with the party. Every embodied spirit worked itself into a state of excitement and anxiety. Perhaps some

communication which, being read aright, might throw a glimmer on the great unfathomable! such a glimmer as, when magnified by the glorious powers of the human mind, might cast a gleam like a beacon-light across the waters of Lethe, and reveal the character of its other shore!

Scratch, scratch, scratch! The spirit was writing on the slate, held under the falling cover by the forefinger and thumb of the medium. All became silent. The curiosity and excitement of the observers were intense. What was written? Was any thing written? There was.

A most villainous scrawl, in very truth, but distinctly legible withal: "*Tremaine, how's your baby?*" Imagine the disgust of the philosophers! The miserably-happy Tremaine was cautioned to have his mind withdrawn from his domesticity to the matter in hand, and the spirits were again invoked. This time, it was hoped there would be no disturbing influence in the circle, and that some spirit, recognizing the earnestness of the mortals, would communicate something conformable to the human idea of the dignity of spirit-land and its inhabitants.

Again came the scratching to break the breathless silence. Faint and shaky this time was the writing, as if the pencil embodied too much of the grossness of materiality for a disembodied spirit to finger with facility: "*—I say, Joe Bowers, how's your brother Ike?*" Some of the human natures, on hearing this solemnly read by the medium, indulged in the indecorous levity of a laugh, whereat the spirits became huffed, and would write no more.

But, I find I am permitting myself to be led away from my travellers; however, as nothing of importance occurred to them on their journey, the digression may be pardoned. I shall now join them on their arrival at Fort Buncombe.

Lew indulged in some pleasurable anticipations con-

cerning the stay they purposed making at the fort. Mr. Poston urged them to prolong it to the utmost, telling them of the many pleasant fellows of his regiment who were stationed there. He wished them to make the place their headquarters during their prospecting trip. Scouting-parties from the post would afford them ample protection and opportunities to have a thorough look at the country.

Lew felt that he was now about to see a new phase of life among these soldiers of the republic, and their savage enemies.

The first shock which his Old-World sensibilities received was communicated by the sight of the post, as he descended into the valley in which it was situated. A *fort* it was called, but this was a misnomer. There was no attempt at fortification—not even a natural strength of position. An enterprising enemy might have crept through the mesquite-thickets around it, and picked off its commandant, as he inspected his troops on the parade-ground. If entitled at all to be called a strong place, it could only be by virtue of the brave hearts which garrisoned it.

It was built on the level mesa-land bordering a mountain-stream, surrounded by an arid, broken country, growing nothing but prickly cactus-plants and artemisia, and walled in, at distances varying from ten to thirty miles, by mountain-ranges, the peaks of which were watch-towers for the Indians, from which to observe, and signal far and wide by smoke or flame, the notable movements of their civilized enemy.

The parade-ground formed a large square, along the sides of which were arranged the various buildings constituting the fort, such as quarters of officers and men, offices, storehouses, and hospital. Outside of these was a clearance of a few hundred yards, affording sites for the stables, cattle-corral, and hayrick, while beyond was nothing but

the mesquite and cactus of the mesa, and the arid rocks and *arroyos* of the more distant country.

The Post had been located only a few months before Lew's curiosity made its inspection. Certain troops of cavalry had been ordered to proceed to the verge of the mountain-country, and establish themselves for the permanent protection of the lowland districts, and the subjugation of the neighboring mountaineers. They accordingly packed their various *impedimenta*, women and children included, into their wagons, and moved off in search of their new home. They encamped one afternoon in this valley—attracted to the spot by the verdure of half a dozen cottonwood trees, which marked it an oasis in the desert—a very garden of Eden compared with what the eye had seen in reaching it, and decided upon it as the site of the future Fort Buncombe, as it seemed to fulfill all the requirements of the order. It was apparently healthy, was within easy striking-distance of the mountains, and communicated, by means of a capital natural road, with the base of supplies. Truly, it was no fault of the location that the said base was nearly a thousand miles distant, and the capital road intersected by three or four rivers, which, during rains and snow-meltings, interrupted communication for weeks at a time.

Here they pitched their tents and proceeded to work. Stockaded stables and *corrals* were first built for the protection of the horses and cattle-herd. The whole command was employed at this labor, with the exception of the strong guard required to prevent the hostile Indians from running off the stock.

These Indians made no attempt on the lives of the garrison, although their tracks were found fresh every morning in the neighborhood of the *corrals*. Booty, not blood, appeared to be their object. Although no sentinel had discovered their dusky forms, these demonstrations of their



nightly visits made guard-duty distressingly severe on the nervous system. This was much increased, after the discovery of a man transfixing on his beat by an arrow through the heart. The sentinel on that post had fired, on the previous night, at some shadow he had imagined crossing from the *corrals* to the brushwood. Next morning, the mocasin-prints on the soil showed the shadow to have possessed substance. Next night came the retaliatory arrow.

But, although the Indians did not seem to thirst for blood within the limits of the post, it was dangerous for a small party to stray unguardedly beyond them. Two men, who had been fishing a little above the post, were discovered almost bristling with arrows by the squad sent in search of them. These were the first, and, for a long time, the only manifestations of the presence of an unseen enemy.

It was doubtful if the Indians were aware of the impression created by their almost mysterious invisibility, and if they acted with a view to that impression. It was rather the result of the principle guiding them in all their marauding expeditions—to get the most plunder with the least risk and exposure. But, for a long time, their invisibility created a dread in the minds of the troopers—men who would have fought gallantly in the face of odds which they could see, became nervous at the sight of a footprint on the soil.

Having finished the stables, the troops proceeded to house themselves. It is the policy of the republican form of government to do every thing as cheaply as possible. Whether this policy is successfully carried out is another matter. The greatest good of the greatest number bears upon the soldier in this wise: He is not only obliged to build his own quarters, that the people at large may be relieved from the burden of a heavy army appropriation,

but he must build them out of such materials as the country may afford. The quarters are certainly built with little or no direct expense, but there is a *per contra* by deaths, desertions, and recruitments, which ought to be, but is not, incorporated in the question.

A hole was broken in the crust of the earth at the site of the intended fort, and the substance of the soil mixed with water into a thick paste, which was packed into wooden moulds, allowed to settle, and then turned out in the shape of soft mud bricks—*adobes*. Day after day the men mixed mud, and turned out bricks by thousands, which were laid in the sun to dry. At this time a smart shower would have liquefied the labor of weeks. After some sunny weather, the adobes first made became so firm and weather-proof, as to be available for use; and building was commenced.

The walls of each barrack-room or set of quarters were quickly set up, mud being used for mortar, and the necessary gaps left for doors and windows. Cotton-wood trees were felled, split open, and laid across from wall to wall, to form the basis of a roof, nominally flat, but in reality inclined enough to shed the rainfall. Cotton-wood, having a large-celled woody tissue, warps excessively in drying, but, although the soldiers knew this, the country did not afford other materials. Willow-branches were layered on the cotton-wood rafters, all interstices filled with dried grass, and a thick coating of mud spread over all. The earthen floor was then stamped and hardened, and, after a week's exposure to dry and air the new building, it was fitted up for occupancy.

Bedsteads were carpentered from the cotton-wood saplings, strips of canvas used to fill in the window-gaps, and rubber blankets did duty as doors. Representations were made to the authorities, concerning the impossibility of

constructing useful door or window frames from the timber at command, and requisitions sent on for those articles, but the months rolled into years before their arrival from the distant base.

As thus finished, the barracks were small, damp, dark, and gloomy—a shelter only, and even that for but a short time. The heat of summer so warped the cotton-wood, that the roofs of the buildings lost their original shape, and afforded no protection from even the first of the autumn showers to which they were exposed. Some of them, by an upward curving of the extremities of the beams, were converted into shallow basins, which collected the rainfall, and held it until it succeeded in percolating into the rooms—a muddy shower, lasting much longer than that which had fallen from the clouds. The blankets and clothing of the men suffered. The floor became softened into mud by the tramp of many feet, and remained so for days after the sun had dried up the outer world, making a vaporish atmosphere as unhealthy to respire as it was unpleasant to abide in.

It may be said that this kind of thing is the inevitable fate of soldiers on active service. Fatigues, exposures, and dangers, many and various, are indeed their lot on the war-path, and on the war-path there were few of these troopers who would not have endured and braved them with fortitude and spirit. But this Fort Buncombe was their home. It was the place to which they looked as their haven of rest when broken down by the hardships of service in the mountains. As a measure of economy, as well as of humanity, it ought to have been made as cheerful and comfortable as possible. The men had an indistinct notion that something was wrong about their surroundings, and, when some deep-thinker among them suggested that all they wanted, to make them feel as jolly as could be, was

a wagon-train laden with lumber and shingles, there was no prevailing upon the unreasonable fellows that such a thing was impossible. If discontent crept into some of their hearts, and led them off on a prospecting trip into Mexico, without permission from the proper authority, the general court, which found them guilty of desertion, should have appended to their sentence a recommendation to mercy; while, if sickness assailed them, and some poor fellow died of a pneumonia from damp quarters, he had the grim consolation, in dying, that his remains would receive what had been denied to the living frame, for the quartermaster had been successful in securing a few thousand feet of pine-lumber, which he kept mainly for the purpose of coffining the dead.

The storehouses were in as bad condition as the barrack-rooms. The first rainfall penetrated and rendered unfit for use a quantity of stores exceeding in value the estimated cost of shingling the building.

Nor were the officers' quarters a whit better than the others. Two small, damp, dark rooms, with mud walls, which soiled every thing which came in contact with them, were occupied by a captain, and, if possessed thereof, by his wife and children. They were made use of as bedroom and dining-room. The front of the house did duty, in the cool of the evening, as a parlor, while the kitchen fire was kindled in the rear. Some of these quarters were provided with doors made from the material of old packing-boxes. Of course, under such circumstances, the furniture was of the most primitive description.

Lew had not conceived of ladies living thus in the wilds, yet here they were—ladies of cultivation and refinement, who may have shone in society under more fortunate auspices. Nor could he conceive how gentlemen of education and years of service could endure to live in such hov-

els. Such a mode of life was all very well for young men, like Poston, who had the blood at fever-heat. They could bear it in the exuberance of youthful spirits, although the propriety of exposing them to its roughening influence was doubtful. Surely the services of the older officers entitled them to better treatment at the hands of their country. But republics are ungrateful. They lived in the hope of change. They could not be kept on this hard service for *many* years without relief. There were easier times and better quarters in store for them (?). Not absolutely good quarters anywhere, but almost anywhere relatively better quarters than those at Fort Buncombe. Even in the midst of Eastern civilization they might have to live in casemates, where, in the absence of a constant fire, the damp would gather on the walls and trickle to the floor—casemates which are confessedly unhealthy; but they make no fuss, and in consequence have to keep their fires burning in the sultry summer days, while they amuse themselves by rubbing the rust from their swords with a little kerosene, and the rheumatism from their joints with opodeldoc.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

BUT enough concerning Fort Buncombe; let us get introduced, with Baldy and Lew, who have brushed off the dust of travel, and called on the commanding officer.

That gentleman was seated in his spacious parlor, entertaining the officers of the post, most of whom had crossed over, carrying their camp-chairs with them, to hear the news of the travelers and pass a sociable evening. Two or three ladies were present, giving a civilized and home-like character to the party, and infusing into the conversation a

refinement which it might otherwise have lacked. One of them, the mistress of the house, was thrown into prominence in the gathering darkness, by being seated in the shaft of light cast through the open door-way by a couple of adamantine candles.

Lew was struck by the handsome profile of this lady, seen, as it was, to such advantage, as well by the elegance of her manner and her cheerful smiles. He looked at her long and admiringly from the semi-obscurity of his seat, with eyes which saw in her position and surroundings a romance, of which she, no doubt, had divested herself years ago. Besides, he was a growing youth, and had not possessed many opportunities of hearing the clear, ringing notes of a feminine laugh.

"That is what caps the climax of our misfortunes as I feel them," remarked this lady. "I can reconcile myself to the impossibility of operas, theatres, receptions, and all that sort of gayety. I can forego the pleasures of shopping, in the hope of the good time and opportunities which the future may afford. I can be almost reasonable under our repeated aggravation of no mail from the East. Can any one say who is President at present? The sun does not kill me, for the nights are pleasant. And the rain cools us somewhat, although it *would* try the temper of steel to have one's best become limp and bedraggled with mud and rain-water. I can even bear with the flies, when I am not trying to write home; *then*, I confess, they are too much for me—settling persistently on the same knuckle, no matter how often one may shake them off, and making the touch of their tiny feet thrill one's nerves like an electric shock. I have got acclimated to the dreadful tarantulas, scorpions, and rattlesnakes, and feel comfortable concerning my little Freddy, since I adopted the idea of picketing him out on reconnoitred ground. When the possibility of

scurvy courses through my mind, I can chase it away with the hope of that commissary-train which ought to have been here six weeks ago. But this confinement to the limits of the parade-ground is more than I can endure, when added to the other evils of our position. I feel as bad about it as Freddy when he comes to the end of his rope and wants a butter-cup just beyond him. The cotton-woods by the creek look so green and refreshing, and the murmur of the water is so cool and inviting, I often wish I could go down and enjoy them; but these invisible foes of ours may be behind the bush on the other side. It would be so pleasant to get away from this for an hour's ride, or drive, every evening; or to know that we could if we wanted to; but, for my part, I am timorous, and if I do, on special occasions, have an escort strong enough to keep me easy on my own behalf, I am never satisfied until I get home, lest something happen to the escort."

"The hardest bit of service I ever performed," remarked a young man who was all in shadow but his spurred heels, "was escorting the inspector to Fort Talma a couple of weeks ago—or rather the return-trip from that duty. Six of my ten men got sick with ague at that confounded post.—By-the-way, did I tell you the result of the last infantry scout from there? They started, seventy strong, with only the regular ten per cent. shaking, burning, or perspiring at a given time, but on the second day out they were drenched in a thunder-shower, and on account of the chill, I suppose, the whole command went down with the fever. They even found difficulty in raising a party to ride back on the pack-mules for assistance. Wagons were sent to them and the warriors made an inglorious return."

"Poor fellows!" said the lady in the light. "When I feel depressed and dissatisfied with Buncombe, I have only to think of Talma, and be grateful that I have not to dose

my husband with quinine, and watch, between hope and fear, for the fever-hour to pass."

"Well," continued the young trooper, "my orders were to return immediately, and, as my fevered fellows were too sick to ride, and there are no cavalry at Talma, I had to return with the four men, five days' march through a bad country. In the daytime I felt pretty safe, being satisfied that caution would secure me from ambush, and knowing well that I could trust the men in the face of an open attack. But at night, in camp, my trials came. There was no sleep for me. I felt completely at the mercy of circumstances. Sleep would not come, in the face of all the possibilities of danger which my imagination conjured up. I tried to soothe myself with the probability that there was not an Indian within twenty miles of me, but the opposition would immediately suggest that some war-party had just then struck our trail; perhaps the Indians were at the moment in the *arroya* there, discussing their plans of disposing of us; perhaps their volunteers were secreting themselves behind those bushes, to pick us off when the sky lightened. And the suggestions would print themselves deeper and deeper in my mind, until I could bear the suspense no longer, and, waking myself thoroughly up, would make an inspection of the suspected places. Feeling assured after this, I would be dropping asleep, when the howl of a coyote or the hooting of some night-bird would make me start up, pistol in hand, for the expected onslaught; or the snort of a horse would rouse my drowsing suspicions, and raise me on my elbow to listen in the dead silence or whispering wind to many an imagined sound. After two or three nights of this kind of work, I came to think with envy of the luck of the fellows in the East, who can go to their nests and drop off without a disturbing thought. I felt that ever afterward I would have

a livelier appreciation of the happiness of a snooze free from all risk of Indian intrusion. Oh! I tell you, to my eyes Fort Buncombe was a beauty-spot on the landscape."

"Why, Pomfret, you seem to have been utterly demoralized," remarked some one.

"If you call that demoralization," returned Pomfret, "I hold that the bravest man, if possessed of any imagination, would have been demoralized under the circumstances. It is true there are some phlegmatic fellows, like my friend Van Nort, who, after having taken all possible precautions, would have gone to sleep with a mind conscious of rectitude, a trust in Providence, and all that sort of thing, but unfortunately I am not of the number."

"I do not think," said the lady of the house, "that you can call Mr. Pomfret's wakefulness demoralization, on better grounds than you have for defining as carelessness the sleep which Mr. Van Nort is supposed capable of enjoying, after all his possible precautions."

"I thank you for the defence, madam," said the imaginative Pomfret.

"Never mind, Pomfret, old boy," remarked a comrade, "you'll get case-hardened in time, and, in order to the speedy attainment of such a devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation, I would respectfully suggest, for the action of the commanding officer, that he detail you for all such duty in the immediate future."

"Your suggestion is respectfully forwarded to the commanding officer," replied Pomfret, laughing, "and, in case he should view it favorably, I have the honor to request that some cool fellow, like the originator, be detailed to accompany me, that I may profit by his example."

"I venture to differ from you, sir, with regard to the case-hardening," put in Baldy. "My experience on the frontier has shown me that the more a thoughtful man

knows of the Indians, the more he fears them when hostile. The man who esteems them lightly will not live long to do so, if he have to frequent their haunts; and so with the thoughtless fellows whom good-fortune can case-harden into the slightest relaxation in their vigilance."

"That is the doctrine I am always preaching to these new-comers," said the commandant. "I insist on it that the Apache is more to be dreaded than any civilized enemy; and that when in the mountains my officers must act as if every rock and tree had an eye in the interest of the Indians."

"I say, Pomfret, tell that story of the doctor at Talma, who was case-hardened by good-fortune, but got cured of it; Mrs. Hutton has not heard it."

"Do," said the lady in the light; "and we shall then believe that you do not keep all your stories for the bachelor mess."

"Some of you know the doctor," began Pomfret, thus appealed to, "and, of course, will be the better able to appreciate the cure of his case-hardening, as you term it. To such of you as have not met him, I must say that he is an exceedingly quiet, unobtrusive individual, somewhat inclined to baldness and obesity. He is an enthusiastic naturalist, and passes his time in collecting specimens of plants, insects, birds, reptiles, and I know not what else. I believe, in fact, that every thing is fish which comes to his net. One day you find him hunting butterflies with a bag net on a pole-handle, while, the next, he is dragging the deeper pools of the creek with the same machine. You come upon him in all kinds of queer pursuits and situations—straddled over the lower limb of a tree, from which he is busy scraping moss and mould, and smiling benignantly at you as you inquire from below whether supernatural efforts or agencies attained him the position; risking his bones,



like a big semi-imbecile school-boy, on the face of a cliff, for the sake of some birds' eggs; or in ecstasies over the consternation produced in some obscure colony, brought suddenly to light by overturning a stone. The men know him like a book—perhaps I should say, better than any book; and whenever a fellow chances on a centiped, scorpion, or tarantula, presenting any thing uncommon, he traps it in an old tomato-can, and carries it to the doctor, in the hope that this attention to the interests of science may be remembered on some occasion when he wishes to get excused from duty on the details of a bogus ailment. I have seen him telling a story to some friends, or discussing a point in natural history, when he would hesitate in the middle of a sentence, and finally stop, his eyes meanwhile gazing intently at something on the ground, perhaps twenty yards off. All eyes would follow his with interest, but to no purpose. Suddenly he would jump from his seat, trot heavily over the twenty yards, pick a little beetle from the ground, and, dropping it into a bottle of alcohol which he carried in his coat-tail pocket, would resume his seat and his broken sentence as if no interruption had occurred. Most of his time in quarters is spent in pressing, drying, stuffing, examining, packing, opening, and repacking, the previous results of his various excursions.

"The doctor had a holy horror of Indians, and was much distressed on his arrival at Fort Talma to find the situation much as we have it here; that rambling beyond the limits of the post was rather risky to the scalp. He was quite satisfied, however, so long as scouting-parties were ordered out from the post. He accompanied each of them, reaping a rich harvest of novelties in his various departments. But a time came when expeditionary trips were discontinued; and the doctor lost his spirits. He became a moody and discontented man. Some friend happily suggested the

protection afforded by the herd-guard and the wood-and-water wagons. This restored him to his former brightness. He accompanied the cattle to their grazing-grounds, and strayed into the thickets in the vicinity of the guard, where he rooted, and scraped, and scratched himself to his heart's content, finding no enemy to threaten him, save a casual rattlesnake, with whose afternoon-nap he chanced to interfere. Emboldened by his good-fortune, and led away perhaps by some flighty moth, he strayed farther and farther from the guard, until at last he freed himself entirely from the trammels, leaving the post on the south side when the cattle were perhaps bound northward. He became completely case-hardened. In accordance with universal custom he carried a pistol in his belt, and was careful to have it in trustworthy condition; but in his rambles he had met with no Indian signs, and felt confident that every one who spoke of danger, overrated it by virtue of a nervous temperament. Captain Ernest, the commandant, was excessively annoyed by this conduct. Not a day passed without some anxiety on the doctor's account. Once or twice, Ernest had even saddled up to search for him, when he made his appearance with one or two extra and wondrously rare specimens, which had detained him. The commandant talked to him frequently about his rashness in thus exposing himself, desiring that he should keep himself always under the protection of the guard, and hinting that, if no attention were paid to his repeated requests, he would make an official matter of it, and communicate his wish as an order. 'I fear much, doctor,' said he, 'that, if you persist, I shall have to bury you without your scalp.' The doctor made a good-humored allusion to the difficulty an Indian would experience in depriving him of his integument, presenting, as he did, no scalp-lock, unless his beard could be regarded as such; and then edged the subject off

into a dissertation on baldness, in which he threw out some ideas highly consolatory to such as are beginning to thin out on the top of the head. I believe there was something in it about the activity of the growth of mind within leaving no sap for the nutriment of such vegetable material without, with the Solons on the one hand, and the savages and—pardon me, ladies—your own fair selves on the other, as points in his argument. For a day or two after such a talking to, the doctor would confine himself to comparatively safe hunting-grounds, but he soon relapsed into his former habits. One morning, at the breakfast-table, he mentioned in a casual manner his intention of visiting a rock about three miles off, for the purpose of collecting a magnificent specimen of some rare plant, on whose progress to flowering he had had his eye. No notice was taken of the announcement, but Ernest registered an internal vow that this should be the last trip of the kind indulged in by the *médico* for many a day to come. In the course of the forenoon, he called the first sergeant of his own company, and—‘Sergeant,’ says he, ‘make an excuse to go over to the hospital, and find out if the doctor started in the direction of Cross-bone Rock this morning.’ The sergeant came back with an assurance that the doctor had sallied forth with the intention of visiting that place. ‘Then,’ said Ernest, ‘I want you to pick out ten good men to accompany you on special service. Choose fellows who can keep a secret, no matter how much they may wish to tell it. Let them take twenty rounds, and their canteens only, and have them rendezvous in the thicket beyond the slaughter-house. I want you then to follow the doctor’s trail, or any trail, so that you find him. Watch him, and, when he is absorbed in some investigation, get on his off-side, so as to leave his line of retreat open, and give him a war-whoop and a volley to start him on the back-track. You under-

stand?’ The sergeant grinned. He wanted no better day’s sport than these instructions promised. ‘And, sergeant,’ continued Ernest, ‘make a *détour* in returning to the post. I may have to send out some mounted men, and I do not wish them to encounter your party.’ ‘Very well, sir;’ and off went the non-com. in high glee. That afternoon, while most of the people at the post were enjoying their *siesta*, the doctor was seen by the men at the guard-house to cross the parade-ground in considerable agitation, toward Ernest’s quarters. He was in a most pitiable plight; hatless, panting, perspiring at every poré, and red as a boiled lobster; but, as his eccentricities were so well known, his condition elicited no other remark than, ‘Something’s up with Old Pills; look at him.’ He burst into the *comandante’s* room, and sank exhausted into a chair. Ernest was all sympathy with the suffering *médico*; he administered a jorum of brandy, and frequent sips of water, fanning him meanwhile, until he was sufficiently restored to give an account of the situation. The doctor had discovered a peculiar *scarabæus* near the Cross-bone Rock, and, while examining it, had been set upon by a number of Indians. They were quite a large party, and unusually well armed, more than a dozen shots having been fired at him, and arrows innumerable. His first thought was to save the *scarabæus*, which he succeeded in dropping into the alcohol-bottle, as he dodged around the rock. How he escaped he knew not. It was most remarkable. They were on all sides of him, yet he had pushed his way through, and reached the post. Had it not happened to himself, he could hardly have believed it possible for one to escape with the country almost alive with Indians. ‘I hope, doctor,’ said Ernest, ‘for the honor of the post, you showed fight in pushing your way through?’ ‘Indeed,’ said the doctor, ‘I can hardly say how it happened, I was so excited. I can’t remember

clearly about it. I have a distinct memory of saving the *scarabæus*, which I have here,' producing the precious bottle from the breast of his blouse, 'and of dodging at the first shots and yells, but after that my excitement overcame me, and I can scarcely venture to say what I may not have done.' 'What has become of your revolver?' inquired Ernest. The doctor looked down at his empty pistol-scabbard, with a puzzled, hesitating air, as if its absence constituted a phenomenon utterly inconsistent with all known natural laws. 'I guess you must have thrown it away to lighten you, after emptying the chambers at the red-skins,' suggested Ernest, wickedly. 'Yes,' said the learned gentleman, absently—'yes, I guess I must have thrown it away to lighten me, after emptying it at the red-skins. Yes,' brightening up, somewhat—'oh, yes! You see there was no time to reload, and what was the use of carrying a heavy, valueless weapon, with such a race ahead of me?' 'Well, I hope you made some of our dusky friends bite the dust, anyhow,' said Ernest. 'I feel wicked enough to rejoice at this affair, since you are safe out of it, as I suspect it will be a lesson to you, and will relieve me from many an anxiety concerning you.' Ernest then made the doctor lie down, leaving him with the information that he intended to send a mounted party hot-foot after the Indians. What with the fatigue and the heavy dose of brandy, the medical man soon dropped into a deep sleep, the last thing of which he was cognizant being the clatter of the horses and mules on the parade-ground, as the mounted men prepared to go after his enemies. Captain Ernest sent one of his subs in command of this irregular detachment, having first posted him on the *status quo*. Late in the evening the party returned, reporting that it had found the tracks near Cross-bone Rock, and followed them rapidly for half a dozen miles, but without overtaking

the enemy. And, as it was not organized for a regular and determined pursuit, it had been obliged unwillingly to return. The lieutenant was of opinion, judging from the trail, that there must have been from fifty to seventy-five of the savages. Some of the men, who had not enjoyed the hasty ride, growled that not an Indian sign had they seen on the trip; but these remarks were soon forgotten, and, indeed, never reached the doctor's ears. That same evening, Ernest's first-sergeant was closeted with him for half an hour. 'In accordance with the captain's orders, sir,' said the sergeant, 'I tracked the doctor to near Cross-bone Rock, and kept him under observation until a favorable opportunity presented for making the attack. He found a bug or beetle of some sort, which took his fancy, and squatted on a rock to investigate it with his magnifying-glass. He took one precaution in case of attack. He drew his pistol from his belt, cocked it, and laid it handy beside him. He also took a little bottle from his pocket, and placed it beside the revolver. I thought the chance a good one, and so gave the signal. When I opened on him, he jumped up and made a start for the post, but returned as quickly, I thought for his pistol, and was glad I had cautioned the men in case he should show fight, but the bug and the bottle were what he was after. Having secured them, he made off. I have brought the doctor's hat, pistol, and magnifying-glass with me, for the captain.' 'Very well, sergeant,' said Ernest, 'don't let this thing get wind.' The secret was kept, and the doctor cured. He never afterward relapsed—indeed, for a month or so, he would hardly venture across the parade-ground alone after nightfall. But he could afford to be timorous. He had earned his reputation, and could rest on his laurels. When an inspector, paymaster, or any stranger, passed an evening at the post, and the Indians became the subject of conver-

sation, the doctor had to give the details of his wonderful escape from their clutches; and, by repetition, his story achieved a completeness which it did not at first possess. He dwelt upon every shot he fired at the savages, and hinted at the possibility of its having proved an ugly afternoon's work for them. The amiable old fellow! He would not have harmed a living thing, unless required as a specimen or for experiment, yet he luxuriated in this war-picture of which he formed the central figure. Several months afterward, when his relief came to the post, Ernest returned him his hat, pocket-lens, and pistol, giving him, at the same time, a full, true, and particular account of the affair, and an apology for having acted as he did. The doctor was thunderstruck. He would have sworn to every thing he was in the habit of relating, yet here were indubitable proofs of the truth of Ernest's version. 'I can forgive you,' said he afterward, 'for the trick you played me, as I have now a due appreciation of my foolhardiness, but I will never cease to bear you a grudge for having permitted me to relate, time and again, that account of the Indian attack.'"

Mr. Pomfret was thanked for his story of the doctor's cure, and—but I shall continue the conversation in another chapter.

## CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

"ERNEST is an inveterate joker," remarked a lady. "You remember the bogus mail, John?"

"I have cause to remember it," replied her husband, with a laugh. "During the month of August Talma seldom has a mail, on account of the rise in the rivers. In view of this, Ernest employed his leisure hours and those

of a confederate in getting up a mail to be delivered during the season of no delivery. Late one evening we were all seated in front of the quarters, as we are here to-night, when the mail-rider came dashing up to the adjutant's office, with the dust and perspiration of the road thick upon him. We were surprised; none of us had known of his absence. 'Why, when did he leave the post?' said I to Ernest. 'Night before last,' said he; and, as no one had seen Charley during that time, we swallowed the answer without hesitation. 'You got across,' said Ernest to him, 'else you would have been back before this time?' 'No, sir,' replied the mail-rider, unstrapping his saddle-bag, 'but I got an Indian, who could swim like a duck, to cross with a note to the station-keeper. I told him to send, by bearer, the official business for the commanding officer, and any private letters for the officers. They made a small parcel, and the Indian brought them over almost without wetting them. Here they are.' Ernest opened the packet, and distributed the letters in his door-way. He handed one to me. I held it in the light, and said I, 'Sally, I'll be hanged if I can tell whether this is for you or for me; it's addressed Mr. or Mrs. Captain John Wytham, I can't tell which.' 'Oh,' said she, 'it must be mine; nobody would address a letter *Mr. Captain*.' 'There you are, then,' said I, giving it to her. 'Excuse me,' said she, 'I'll go see what news I've got;' and off she went home. The party broke up, as most of the others had notes or letters which required light to decipher. I walked up and down in front of the quarters, finishing my pipe, and then stepped inside to hear if Sally had any news in her letter. I saw there was something amiss as soon as I opened the door. My lady sat gazing at nothing, with a cold, hard stare—"

"Don't exaggerate, now, John," remarked the lady, laughing.

"—Her teeth were clinched and her features fixed, while in one hand was the letter considerably mashed up. 'Why, Sally,' said I, 'you've got bad news!'—No answer, and the eyes as far away as before my entrance. 'What's the trouble, my dear?' said I, rather disturbed, for she's not given to the high-strikes as a general thing. As I continued speaking in sympathetic tones, she began to breathe tumultuously, and at last, fixing her cold eye on me, said she: 'O John Wytham! John Wytham! and I thought I knew every pulse of your heart! oh, what shall I do—what shall I do!'—jumping up and walking backward and forward with a tragedy stride, then suddenly halting in front of me—'I want to go home—East!'—'Very well, my dear,' said I, 'but first tell me what this excitement is about.' she looked at me earnestly for a minute, and something of her natural expression returned, as she pitched herself on my shoulder and wept."

"John, you're *too* bad," said Mrs. Wytham, good-humoredly.

"Well, I obtained possession of the letter, and found the precious document addressed to 'My own darling John.' The writer went on to tell me about her anxiety on my account, bemoaned the irregularity of the mail, and so on, told me how well the children had been of late—that Mary was becoming such a sensible little thing, and that darling Neddy was the very little curly-headed image of myself. It entered at some length into family matters, and ended by inquiring how long I would have yet to stay in that dreadful country among the Indians, and away from the bosom of my family and my own fondly-loving wife, Catharine. 'That's some of Ernest's tomfoolery,' said I, half laughing; but Mrs. Wytham couldn't see it in that light, and, I suspect, was about to swear me to a denial of any interest whatever in Catharines and curly-headed Neddies, when a knock

came to the door, and some of the fellows entered. Sally succeeded in securing a position with her face in shadow. 'We want to know what you've got,' said they. 'We've had a good laugh over the letters, but nobody has been deceived except the doctor. We want your letter, Wytham; it's public property.' The letter was read, and there was some joking about it, in which Sally, after a little, participated. I was fully exonerated from the suspicion of bigamy."

"What were the contents of the doctor's letter?" inquired Pomfret.

"The doctor," replied Wytham, "was in luck that mail. He received several. One informed him that, in consideration of his invaluable services to science, and more especially of his many contributions to the natural history of the Pacific coast, and so on through a highfaluting preamble of three pages, he had been elected an honorary member of the San Francisco Entomological Society; this purported to be signed by the secretary. A Solon from San José, named Smith, wrote, inquiring if he had arrived at a physiological explanation of the smoke which issued from the mouth and nostrils of the tailless lizard (*Lacerta acaudata*), so frequently seen in certain parts of the Gila country. The lizard stumped the doctor; he had never even heard of it. An enthusiast from New England desired specimens of the *Coleoptera*, to complete his collection, offering in exchange any thing which his part of the world afforded. These communications gave the worthy doctor immense satisfaction; and to hear him talk of his friend Professor Smith, of San José, gratified the wags exceedingly. But the bogus mail did not bring him unalloyed pleasure. There was a fourth letter, a mysterious communication from a Robert White, junior, of post-office box number something, of San Francisco. It contained, in



rather slangy language, a peremptory demand for the money, quarreled with him for his neglect of previous communications, cautioned him that the writer had stood considerably more than was his habit, and stated that if he, the doctor, failed to come down in response to this, no further warning would be given. 'What a dreadful affair!' said the doctor, showing it to Ernest, 'most extraordinary—and I never was acquainted with a Mr. White in the whole course of my life. What can you make of it?'"

"Well," said Pomfret after a pause, during which his thoughts seemed to have reverted from Fort Talma to the previous discourse, "Buncombe is to prove hard service for me.—I wish I could amalgamate with you, Van Nort, or get a little of your coolness in exchange for some of my excitability."

"I can't afford to part with any," replied that gentleman. "My imagination is not apt to run wild, and deprive me of a well-earned snooze, yet it is powerful enough, without any reënforcement from you, to be sometimes very inconvenient. Something tangible, however, visible or audible, is usually required to stir it up. I have heard of the drowning passing their life in review, and thinking a thousand thoughts in the thousandth part of a minute. My excitabilities were strong enough to give me a somewhat similar experience not long ago on account of the Apaches. I received orders to inspect the detachment of ten men at the settlement of Alamos Altos, the big cotton-woods. I was instructed to determine whether the men were absolutely required there, it having been rumored, at one time, that the place was not worth protecting, and, at another, that the settlers were strong enough to protect themselves. A citizen friend, Jack Tyrell, who was staying at the post, and who was desirous of seeing as much of the country as was compatible with perfect safety to himself, expressed

a wish to accompany me, when he found that my order provided a safe escort. He was a poor stick on horseback, so, to accommodate him, I rode to the Alamos in a light spring-wagon.

"We had a pleasant journey, and staid three or four days, driving to all the settlements in the valley, and being well entertained wherever we went. One of the settlers, an old man called Nick Strong, was particularly attentive, and guided us in all our drives. One morning he proposed a trip up the mountains to look at the grove whence they hauled their timber, holding out as another inducement the existence of a wonderful iron-spring, which we might have a taste of in passing. Jack Tyrell objected, on the ground that to make the trip he would have to get into the saddle, but—'No,' old Nick said, 'there was no necessity for that, as the road was good for a considerable ways, and we needn't go beyond the spring for a sight of the wood-clump.' Jack said, 'Of course the escort will go with us,' but Nick again objected with his 'No necessity for that.' The Indians had not troubled the settlers since the soldiers came. It was true, fresh tracks were sometimes seen up toward the timber, but their wood-wagon had never been molested. Its two mules were not worth the risk of fighting its two men; and the four men in the spring-wagon would amply secure their own safety for such a short ride. The driver, Longshaw, was the fourth man.

"We started. The road was good until we began to ascend from the valley, when it became so difficult, on account of rocks, heavy sand, sharp turns, and steep ascents, that a slow walk was the only pace permitted. At last we made a sudden sweep from the wood-road, and, driving over a ridge, entered a little valley or shallow depression among the foot-hills. It was sparingly dotted with cedars, and in the central and lower part was a dense thicket of

willows and tules. When we had admired the picturesque mountain scenery, and taken a distant view of the pine-grove whence the timber was derived, Nick directed Longshaw to drive to the edge of the tule-patch, where, jumping out, he called on us to come have a drink of the wonderful spring. Tyrell and I followed him, leaving our carbines with Longshaw in the wagon.

"My two companions entered the patch, parting its tangled branches, and crackling over the dried *débris* of former seasons, while they indulged in suppositions concerning the possible virtues of the spring, and the undeveloped resources of the country generally; but, as I was about to follow, my eye caught a rusty stain in a fragment of quartz, and I picked it up for examination. I felt satisfied there was gold in it, and was looking around for some more distinct specimen, when a quick, anxious voice from the willow-patch cried—'Apaches!' and a pistol-shot rang sharply on the last syllable. I was astounded at the suddenness of the development, and for a moment held my breath, in the expectation of hearing the shrill Indian yell breaking from among the willows. No yell, but two shots in quick succession broke the silence, and the spell which held me in inaction.

"I turned and ran toward the wagon, where was Longshaw, with his reins firmly gathered in one hand, and a carbine in the other, gazing eagerly over the patch. His face was a shade or two paler than when I had last seen it, but I knew, from his firm-set jaw, that I could depend on him. 'Did they call Apaches?' cried I. 'Yes, sir,' said he.—'Then drive quickly beyond arrow-shot—we must take our chance of bullets—and cover their retreat from the willows; if they do not come, cover mine!' Saying which, I took a carbine and made for a rock midway between the wagon and the willows. There I lay down, and there, my

excitabilities being roused, I had my taste of what you nervous fellows are in the habit of indulging in so freely when you ought to be asleep. I endured the very death-agony behind that stone. 'Caught at last and killed, like a rat in a trap—no getting out of it, on account of that barely practicable road—finished and done for by a miserable pack of savages—bones bleaching at the end of the world while friends at home mourn the unfortunate Van Nort—excessively stupid of him to go up there without his escort—thought he had more sense'—'One more file, boys, poor Van Nort's gone—who does that promote?'—'those letters! I wish I had burned them; they'll send them home, and I wouldn't have them read them for any thing—won't the department have a good time fixing up my quartermaster papers—my poor mother—and Nellie—' these, and a thousand other remembrances and reflections, chased each other in the undercurrent of my mind. The upper current was occupied with the singularity of the attack. Both my comrades must be dead. Poor Jack Tyrell! a bad trip for him. To think that *he* should get caught, who had never seen a wild Indian! They would have called for help, or made some scuffle, if only wounded. This silence is ominous. What can the red-skins be up to? I felt like giving a war-whoop to put a stop to thought, and commence the beginning of the end. But I did not. I waited patiently and watched eagerly for what was to come next. The bushes in front of me shook, not with the wind, and I covered the spot, schooling myself to calmness. There emerged—first—Old Nick, pistol in hand, and then Jack, with a big rattlesnake, limp and lifeless, hanging over a stout twig which he held gingerly before him.

"Their unexpected appearance was almost as great a shock as the cry and pistol-shot which had commenced the tragi-comic scene. 'What has happened?' Nick inquired,

seeing me rise from behind my shelter. 'Why,' said I—'those shots'—'Ah, yes,' said he, 'I oughter have known they would scare you, but you see there was no time. Jack was agoing on through the brake ahead of me, and what with the crackling of the old sticks, he didn't hear the rattle. I see him jest as he raised his head to strike, and fired in the nick of time. He dropped, but we gave him a shot apiece to stop his squirming.' Then, of course, they had to talk the affair over, stretch out the snake, measure him, count his rattles, and I know not what besides, before they kindly put an end to my tear-dropping over their graves and my own. 'Which of you yelled out something, just before the first shot?' 'Nobody said any thing,' responded Jack. 'Yes, you did,' said I. Nick appeared to be thinking. 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'when I see the snake so near striking, I nipped out my six-shooter, and "*By Gosh, Jack!*" says I, and fired.'

As Mr. Van Nort ceased speaking, the party in the parlor of the commanding officer of Fort Buncombe was startled by a shot, and the impatient call of a sentinel for assistance:

"Sergeant of the guard, Number Three!"

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

"HILLO!" exclaimed Wytham, who was officer of the day. "Here's the latest sensation. I must go."

"Take care now, John," cautioned his wife, as he disappeared in the obscurity of night.

Captain Hutton, the commandant, leaned back lazily in his chair, and shut the door behind his wife, with the re-

mark that, if any stray bullets were on the war-path, it were better to leave them the darkness for their travels.

Mr. Pomfret jumped from his seat and fidgeted in its vicinity, impatient for Captain Wytham's return with the explanation.

Van Nort laughed, and said: "Sit down, Pomfret, and take things easy. I'll venture to say, it's only that handsome lapdog of yours again in trouble.—Did you hear of that affair the other night, ladies? it occurred beyond the *corral*, and so was not likely to disturb your slumbers. Mr. Pomfret owns a dog. He is the biggest and ugliest brute you can see about the post in the daytime, and sings *basso continuo* in the coyote concerts at night. You *must* have heard him. Bill, for that is his name, is a deteriorated mastiff, of great size and ungainly proportions. His prominent feature is a cavern of a mouth, which gives one the impression that his triangular head had been split open with a quartermaster axe. His coat is of a dirty white, and I believe the only bit of special coloring he brags of is the red of his bloodshot eyes. Pomfret makes a pet of him, and thinks of tying a blue ribbon round his neck, to improve his appearance. The other night, as I was crossing the parade-ground to visit the guard, I heard a musket-shot near the *corral*, where the sentinel Cronin was killed some time ago; and, as there was no alarm given by the man on post, the sergeant of the guard and I hurried over to investigate. Number Five was not on his beat, either alive or dead. I was puzzled; but presently there came a quavering voice from near the stockades:

"'Coom back! Sergeant Maloney, coom back! For the soul av ye, coom back; sure it's never an Indian at all, at all, but Mike Cronin's own ghost—and it's meself that's after shooting at it. Och! Holy Saint Patrick!'

"Number Five was exceedingly demoralized; but, at

last, among his many interjaculaed petitions to the powers above for pardon for the sacrilegious act, I made out that he had heard a rustling in the bushes at the edge of the *chaparral*, and had fired at the sound. He was then about to call the sergeant of the guard, when to his horror a tall figure, draped in white, rose from the ground and flew away heavenward. Sergeant Maloney is a bold fellow and capital duty-man, but on hearing this tale he evinced an unusual indisposition to investigate the affair. Luckily some files of the guard came up at this moment, and with them I proceeded to the edge of the wood—Sergeant Maloney and Number Five bringing up the rear, with an audible chatter of teeth, which they afterward attributed to cold. We found Mr. Pomfret's Bill hanging by a badly-adjusted noose to a sycamore-limb. We cut him down and carried him to the guard-house, where in a short time he revived. Next day he was frequenting his usual haunts, with a slight shade of dejection in his aspect, and a trifle more of the red in his bloodshot eyes. Some of the men had set a coyote trap, and the unfortunate Bill, in nosing around for old bones and snacks, had become a victim."

Wytham's Number Three was a more successful sensation-hunter than Van Nort's Number Five, as, instead of a half-dead dog, a very live Indian was brought into the post. The sentinel had heard a suspicious sound, and fired, when certain of its direction; but no sooner was his musket emptied, than a real live wild Indian advanced close enough to be seen, saying, at the same time, that he was *amigo*—a friend. He was made prisoner, and Captain Wytham brought him before the commanding officer for examination.

Without the excitement caused directly or indirectly by the wild men of the mountains, life at Fort Buncombe would have been very tame indeed. The young men, in

the absence of society, newspapers, and new books, would have spent many a leisure hour over crib, seven-up, or perhaps the very mildest game of draw; while the benedicts, in addition to their praiseworthy cultivation of the domestic virtues, would have added that of a small plot of ground in rear of their quarters. Not but that a little of both was, under existing circumstances, indulged in. Lew *may* have seen a little game going on in some bachelor's quarters, as he certainly *did* see the attempts at kitchen-gardening. Peas, beans, melons, and corn, were making believe to grow behind several of the huts. They were watered daily, yet every day added to their dusty and dried-up appearance. The rooks of the country made continual raids on the ground, despite the ingenuity which had converted the garden-plot into a grove of cotton-wood saplings, bearing cotton garments, ready-made, but considerably the worse for wear, and notwithstanding that every officer who possessed a hole in the wall—window, that is—looking out on the plot aforesaid, had a rifle mounted in the embrasure to drive off the depredators. Yet, from lack of sufficient nourishment in the soil, each plot promised to be as great a failure as the great gunpowder one.

But the excitements caused by the hostile Indians were so frequent as to be the very life of the post. True, they did not always necessitate action, but they always did afford conversational matter for the cool hour of the twilight and its zodiacal tail-end, when the little society met for the interchange of news and views.

The captive by no means presented the characteristics appertaining to the popular idea of the noble savage. His was no commanding figure, wearing his blanket with the grace and dignity of a toga-ed freeman of the B. C. dates. Nor had he the high-bridged nose and prominent cheekbones, nor the eagle feathers and eagle glances of romance.

He was a small, insignificant specimen of "Lo the poor Indian," only five feet four in height. There was scarcely a muscular marking on his undersized limbs. His chest was good, but its appearance was detracted from by a prominence of that part of his anatomy which would have corresponded to the bottom buttons of his waistcoat, had he been civilized enough to have worn such a vestment. His face was rounded in outline, with a diminutive nose and somewhat obliquely-set eyes—a sleek Chinese cast of countenance, which would have been good-natured, but for the sinister expression conveyed by the scar of an old wound, which crossed his cheek and involved his left eye. This expression was heightened by the national mode of wearing the hair—falling over the forehead in front, but cut straight across on a level with the eyebrows—pony fashion. Were he great, no one would hesitate in pronouncing the council-chamber, rather than the war-path, his favorite theatre.

He was dressed in a cotton indispensable, with buckskin moccasins, and a short cape of the same material thrown over his shoulders. Suspended from his neck, in front, was a tin something, which might have been an ornament, a symbol of rank, or an amulet, but which, on more intimate acquaintance, proved to be a forceps kept for the purpose of eradicating the beard.

The door of the commanding officer's quarters was thrown open to cast a light upon the scene.

"*Cuál es el capitán-general?*" inquired the prisoner, humbly, as he brought his eye with a bird-like motion to bear upon the various members of the company.

"*Yo soy,*" replied Hutton.

The Indian then spread his cape on the ground, and, squatting thereon, began a long discourse in miserable Spanish, eked out by many a sign and inarticulate grunt.

He told how he whom he represented was the great chief of the Apache tribes living in the Eastern Mountains, and how he had been commissioned to make known the very heart of this great chief to the captain-general of the white men.

The people, he went on to say, although brave and numerous, were in distress at the present time on account of the multitude of their foes, and the dissensions which prevailed in council. On the south, they were exposed to attack from the people on the rivers, with whom they had been at feud from time immemorial, and also from a warlike tribe of white men, who had settled at a place which they called the Fuerte Talma. They were a poor tribe, these Talma whites; they had some cattle and mules, but very few horses indeed.

On the north, an unexpected declaration of war had been made against them by a powerful and warlike tribe; while, at the same time, on the west, the captain-general, to whom he was speaking, had built his *ranchería* on the river, and settled with all his braves. The *capitancito*, or chief man of the village which had existed on the river before Buncombe was built, had been much enraged by the act, which had driven him and his people from their homes, and had vowed to keep the war aflame between them while life lasted, or until he had regained his own. But the great chief had held him in check, as he had not then determined what course to pursue with regard to the captain-general and his white warriors. Rather he *had* determined, but the opportunity was not ripe. He had resolved to become the friend of the captain-general, as soon as he could carry the majority of the people with him.

The captain-general could see the truth of the envoy's words in the fact that no war had been carried on against him, although the angry *capitancito* had had many an op-



portunity of striking a blow. The captain-general could not fail to see the truth of his words in the very statement they conveyed, to the effect that the great chief was pressed by his enemies, and could not afford to war upon the white men, but sought rather to strengthen his position by their unexpected coming.

The great chief was a wise man; he was great in council, and desired that while his people should have enough of enemies to keep the young men from becoming old women, he had no wish to have a defensive war on his hands against enemies on all sides—a war in which every thing would be lost by defeat, and nothing gained by success but security. Such a war was to be avoided, if for no other reason than that it would interfere with their frequent raids into Mexico, in which defeat seldom cost even life, and success was productive of much wealth to the warriors.

It was the desire of the great chief to become the friend of the captain-general, and live at peace with him and his people for all time. This proposition was, indeed, prompted by a wish to keep the white warriors from the war-path during the chief's present difficulties, but it was made in sincerity.

The great chief would even go further. He knew that the white braves love nothing better than the war-path, and, in consequence, he would make a proposition which would give them the opportunity to assume the war-paint, which they were no doubt eager to obtain. He would make his white brother's enemies his own, if his white brother would be his ally against the northern tribes. United, he believed, they would speedily bring them into subjection. Indeed, he thought that, united, they could even drive out the white tribe at Talma—a dangerous enterprise, truly, but one which would repay richly in plunder.

"By Jove!" said Pomfret, laughing, "I must write to Ernest to-night, and warn him of this infamous conspiracy to wipe him and his dough-boys out of creation—"

The one-eyed ambassador viewed the speaker askance as he continued his discourse:

—"Then, if the captain-general had no enemies against whom to turn the united braves, he could make his heart known to the chief concerning his plans or objects. The chief, who is very powerful, could assist him."

Here the envoy paused to afford his words an opportunity of sinking deeper into the heart of the great man to whom they were addressed. Mr. Pomfret offered him a *cigarrito*, which he took without the slightest gesture of acknowledgment, and, having lighted it, continued:

These propositions would have been laid before the captain-general many months ago, but for the dissensions to which he had already referred. The people were not of one mind with the great chief in this matter. In the first place, the war-chief objected, as the proposed alliance implied a doubt of his ability to grapple successfully with the enemies of the tribe. Secondly, the younger braves, by virtue of their hot blood, declared for war to the knife with all against whom they had the slightest grounds of feud. Thirdly, the *capitancito* of the Buncombe Valley, with all of his blood, was kept in check only by being constantly under the eye of the great chief himself. And, lastly, many timorous old men, and most of the squaws, in general a most insignificant element, were in this instance the elaborators of public opinion. They had an erroneous impression, originating in their fears, and in some false rumors which had come from the Hualapais country, that none of the whites were to be trusted as friends. They, therefore, objected to being placed in the power of the white warriors.

The great chief had been fighting these opposition ele-

ments for a long time, and with such success that, were the fears of the timorous allayed, he believed he would have no home difficulty in carrying out his views. He conceived the time to have arrived for communicating with his white brother, and ascertaining his willingness or otherwise to treat. If his white brother wished to be friendly, there could be no obstacle to a satisfactory arrangement. The mistrust of his people would be allayed by the progress of events. The great chief had only, with some of his warmest supporters, to pay a visit to the captain-general, and return in safety to the mountains, and every obstacle would be removed. The great chief would not hesitate to place himself in the power of the white warriors. He well knew that, if what he had to say did not sound well in their ears, he would be as free to return to the mountains as if they had agreed to be friends. But he felt that his firm trust was not shared by his people, who might prevent him from visiting Buncombe; wherefore, if, to make preliminary arrangements, the captain-general would meet him in council at the spring in the foot-hills, the difficulty would be got over.

The great chief believes, also, that the captain-general will send answer by the envoy, whose name is announced as Pestho.

"We shall have to smoke our pipes over this affair," said Hutton to his friends.—"But," he continued, turning to the envoy, and making use of his poor Spanish, "all this appears to be one-sided talk. The great chief is in difficulties. He wishes to lessen them by counting me out from the number of his enemies, if, indeed, he cannot have me aid him against the others. He is in want of assistance; I am not. Why should I trouble myself about the great chief? I am content to remain as I am. What says Pestho to that?"

"He says," replied the Indian, "that that is talk for the great chief himself. But, on his own part, Pestho would say that, if the captain-general is content to remain as he is, he must mean that he is to be the friend of the chief; for, if not, why should the chief restrain the angry *capitancito*? Why should he prevent the great war-chief and all the hot blood of the tribe from coming westward to Buncombe in their war-paint?"

"Well," said Hutton, turning to Wytham, "send him down to the guard-house, and let him have plenty to eat and smoke. The men will treat him right royally, I have no doubt."

Mr. Pestho did indeed enjoy himself in the quarters assigned to him. He was the hero of the evening, and had to do more hand-shaking than was ever done by any or all of his tribe, ancestors included, to their original Adam. The conversation was exceedingly lively, and Old Best-horse, as the troopers translated his name, was greatly interested therein, and highly entertained therewith, to judge from the unction with which he would smile and utter a bland "*Bueno! bueno!*" in response to some louder laughs than usual. Much to his gratification, he was loaded with presents, and tricked out in the undress-uniform of the United States dragoons; one man contributing an under-garment, another a pair of worn-out unmentionables, and so on, until the outfit was completed by a gaudy, glittering scale, upon one shoulder of his braided jacket. This magnificent ornament caught his one eye by its lustre, to the utter discomfiture of his savage equanimity. He was distraught; and recovered his spirits only after having the scale detached from his shoulder and fixed on his right breast, where it showed to much greater advantage, and was, besides, under his immediate observation. Then, he seemed supremely happy, and beamed *bueno* all around.

## CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

"WHAT do you think of the situation, Wytham?" inquired Hutton, after the departure of the envoy.

"I think it all buncombe," replied that officer. "I lived too long at Talma to believe a single word uttered by these red rascals. It's as natural for them to lie as for a snake to rattle. This fellow makes his appearance with a long and plausible speech, but the question with me is not—Does he speak the truth? but—What is his real object? The only card he has distinctly shown is his desire to have you ride to the springs. All the rest passes for nothing. If we do go, I would not bear it in mind as a fixed fact, that we are to meet a peace-talking crowd there, but at every turn on the road would be on the lookout for treachery. The Indians used to make a convenience of Fort Talma. When a big scouting-party from some other post was in the mountains, the Indians of that district would send their women and worthless ones for rations and peace-talks to Talma, while their young bucks would make a raid into Sonora. By the time the soldiers were tired of climbing the mountains to no purpose, and were returning to their quarters, the braves would reappear on their native hills, with flocks and herds derived from our Mexican neighbors. There, they would be joined by their incumbrances, fresh from safety and good feeding at Talma. A grand dance would then celebrate the victory of the tribe, and, I have no doubt they conceived themselves exceedingly smart in having hoodwinked Captain Ernest, and converted a period of impending danger into one of safety and profitable opportunity profitably embraced. This may be an attempt to play the worn-out Talma-game on us here; I don't

know. There may be something deeper and more serious implied in the little visit to the springs."

"It would be a capital solution of the Indian difficulty in this part of the world," began Mr. Pomfret, "if we could get the red-skins to come in and settle peaceably in the valley; there is bottom-land enough to feed the whole tribe, if well worked, as it can be by irrigation. Issues of cattle would be required for them, but only for a time, as a few years would see them self-supporting. Their irrepressible braves could be employed as scouts against their former enemies, and that would furnish them with enough of war, for, depend upon it, as they grew fat they would grow lazy. The one-eyed foggy allowed that, even now, the young men required to have enemies to keep them from becoming old women. At present in their bare mountains their life is a battle for life, or rather for the means of sustaining it. They have the *mescal*—the century-plant—but that is bread only, and *it* they have to eke out with hyacinth-bulbs, pine-nuts, acorns, sunflower-seeds, and so on. Poor wretches! I shall never forget how mean I felt, when out with Brewerton in the Green Mountains. We succeeded in jumping a *rancheria*; the Indians scattered, but two or three were wounded, overtaken, and killed. It was simply *hunting* Indians, and not warfare. I had no stomach for the killing, and turned to investigate the contents of the brush shanties—a few heads of *mescal*, and some rabbit-skins filled with sunflower-seeds and the grains of the large seeded grasses. 'Poor, miserable wretches!' thought I, as I pitched the provender on the little wood-fire, and so gave origin to the paragraph in the official report concerning the destruction of all the stores belonging to the village—'poor, miserable wretches! Which of you gathered the seeds, as the sun shone warmly on you, and all was quiet in the mountains and the valleys? Little

thought you how they would be cooked.!' Bah! I felt sick enough to resign or make an effort for an artillery exchange, to get away from the duty of hunting the humanity which had to stifle the cravings on such trash. And, as for meat, those arid mountains harbor so little in the shape of game, that a deer or turkey must make a feast royal. The tribes have to fight for food. When they enter Mexico, it is for cattle, mules, horses, not scalps—something to appease the insatiable stomach—not trophies of war. When they capture a supply-train, they unharness the mules, remove from the bodies of the dead—not their scalps—but their arms—*à feu*, and drive off with their something to eat, and something which will prove useful in future hunts for food. When Van Nort was run out of the mountains last year with his half-dozen men, a hundred howling savages hanging on his trail and shooting at him from behind occasional pines, he flattered himself that it was for his blood their souls were thirsting. But the fact is, their mouths were watering for a taste of horse-flesh. His one pack-mule became lame, and the man in charge complained that he was falling behind. Van Nort, with his civilized notions of spiking guns and spoiling every thing abandoned to the enemy, gave the order to shoot the mule and come on. He might have spared his powder. That mule was their victory; and while Van was hurrying to put the river between himself and them, they were filling their hungry stomachs, as thoughtless of him as he was thoughtless of the abandoned animal which saved him from pursuit. If you ever get into a tight fix, Poston, drop them a mule or two, and you will save your party. Take away from them the object for which they are fighting, hunger, to wit, and you will cease to have them as enemies in your path. Give them a feed of tough beef here at Buncombe, and you will save the mules of the next poorly-guarded train which has

to pass through the country. Continue to feed them, and teach them to take care of their own herds, raise their own grain, and trains may pass through the country unguarded. Apply the hungry stomach of an Apache to many an apparently inexplicable act, and you can digest the matter, with a capital prospect of attaining to its spirit. I feel satisfied that there is nothing more serious implied in the proposed visit to the springs, than the presumption of many an issuing day to myself, the commissary, of fresh beef to this great chief and his crowd of hungry stomachs."

"I think, Mr. Pomfret," said Mrs. Hutton with a laugh, "that you have digested the Apache stomach to some purpose; and the more weight attaches to your opinion, since your official position entitles it to be considered that of an expert. But, don't you think that he who would expect the Indians to settle as peaceable farmers and graziers in the Buncombe Valley, would be a little too—a—enthusiastic? I believe that your fresh beef would induce them to come in for the time, but I confess I am not sanguine of its power to retain them. I fear that, instead of becoming fat and lazy, they might become fat and saucy; and that, when they had no substantials to hunger after, they might take to hungering for the sauce which hunger and hardships give. Human nature is said to vary according to its surroundings. It is self-evident. *We* are a little civilized—not much—at Buncombe; we would be more so were our lot cast in such pleasant places as West Point or Fort Monroe; but, had Fate so willed it that we had first seen the light in yonder mountains, instead of discussing this matter to-night, we might have been discussing mule-meat and those grasses and things with infinite and ignorant relish. But the surroundings of Nature, independent of education, exercise an influence on the human nature. Indeed, they give the race its characteristic stamp. The people

of a lowland country, with fertile plains, well-watered valleys, and no natural facilities for defense against their enemies, have to live together for safety; and in aggregation and mutual reliance are the germs of civilization and progress. Roads and rivers invite commercial intercourse. There is a plenty from the teeming earth to satisfy all necessities, and luxuries are thought of. But the mountain-tribes have no thought of luxuries; the struggle for a bare subsistence occupies all their time. They are independent of each other, as every rock is a fortress. Even the individual may hold his own against his enemies. They are simple, hardy, independent, impetuous as their storm-swollen streams; and as they look up to the successful warrior and hunter, so they look down upon the plodding tiller of the soil. It is, I think, too much to expect that the characteristics formed by generations of mountain-lives could be rubbed out by a few fresh-beef issues, and those substituted which took our lowland friends the Pimos so many generations to mature."

"Yes," said Captain Wytham, taking up the discussion, "and, in addition to what Mrs. Hutton has mentioned, there is another thing to be considered. I don't know whether they derived the characteristic from external Nature, or had it implanted originally, and increased it by cultivation; but certain it is that, of all mountaineers, they are the meanest, falsest crowd that ever saw the sun rise. They will eat your beef, and then leave you in peace, or put an arrow through you as their self-interest may dictate. They haven't got such a word as gratitude, or 'Thank you,' in their language. What truth can you expect from a set of savages, among whom there is no love or affection shown by mother to child, or by child to parent? When I was stationed at the old post, east of this, we had with us some tame Indians, lazy exceptions who did not care for their

mountain-life and its hardships, perhaps, because of an admixture of Mexican blood. We found they had no objection to receiving pay, and guiding our troops into the mountain-country; so they were employed with almost every expedition, and did capital service. On one occasion, it became known that there was a large *ranchería* somewhere in the Aravipa mountains; and the tame Indians were interrogated concerning their knowledge of that part of the country. The chief, Antonio, said he had a fellow named Coyotero, who had been born and brought up in those very mountains. I suggested that, perhaps, for that reason, it might be injudicious to intrust the success of the party to his guidance; but, as Antonio did not doubt his fidelity, the troops started with Coyotero as the hound ahead. They were successful. Coyotero ambushed his native *ranchería*, saw his mother among those accidentally slain, killed his elder brother himself in the onslaught, and brought home as a prisoner a little boy brother of his own. I was distressed when I heard of it, fearing that the tame Indians might realize, from the incident, that it was their own kith and kin they were fighting; but I was speedily assured. Antonio sent me a message, requesting permission to have a war-dance in honor of the victory! I acquiesced, and, when the affair was in full blast, crossed to their camp to look on. That red rascal, Coyotero, was evidently the hero of the day; he was literally beating the big drum on the occasion, having obtained an old tea-tray, with which he woke the echoes of the valley. He was the only one in the dancing circle who was specially tricked out. He had given his features a touch of white powder to represent the pallor of death, and painted a crimson streak across his forehead, with some smaller streaks trickling, blood-like, from the wound. He was a ghastly scoundrel."



"I think, Wytham," said Mr. Pomfret, "that you look on the red-skins with *too* unfavorable an eye. That Coyotero of yours was a renegade, and no fair sample of the Indians. That they *are* possessed of some feelings of honor and gratitude was proved by Lieutenant Brainerd. Some of you know the particulars of his exploit; but I shall mention them, as they may be a support to our one-eyed ambassador. Brainerd is an active little fellow, but crammed full of peculiar whims and fancies. His opinions do not cost him much, as he arrives at them not synthetically, by putting his facts together and generalizing, but by simple assumption. This does not prevent him from holding on to them as pertinaciously as if they had been proved with mathematical precision. Only when the last block is knocked from under them by a personal experience, will he give them up. One opinion which he held in this wise was, that the Indian character was basely maligned; that there was something noble, honorable, and true in the Apache heart, which was hidden from the whites, and would remain so, until they took the first steps toward its discovery; that the Indians were harshly and cruelly treated, and returned the treatment in kind, as was to be expected. 'But,' said he, 'let white men show them that they put a trust in them, and they will respond to it.' He was sent with a detachment to build a road to the site of a contemplated post. While on this duty, it happened that a small war-party of friendly Maricopas ran across the trail of two or three Apache braves who had been loafing, as pickets, I suppose, in the vicinity of Brainerd's camp. The Maricopas took up the fresh trail with eagerness, and hunted up the enemy in their lair. The Apaches, seeing nothing but death in a contest, turned and fled; but, as the nature of the country offered little chance of escape from the keen eyes of their pursuers, they hastened, as a last resource, to the

camp of the white soldiers. Two of them were overtaken and dispatched before reaching it, but the third succeeded in coming within view of Mr. Brainerd's tent, with close on his heels a Maricopa, called Caballo Blanco, six feet four inches in height, red-painted, white-feathered, and armed with a war-club resembling a large potato-masher. Brainerd rushed out to prevent bloodshed on his parade-ground. The Apache got behind him and cowered, while Caballo Blanco came up in front, and, reaching over him, administered a crack on the skull which dropped his enemy insensible. Brainerd ordered him to desist; and, as the 'White Horse' conceived his enemy to be beyond the bourn, he desisted and went off to have a good time among the men until his comrades should turn up. The wounded Indian was taken to the hospital tent, and fared well until he felt well enough to travel, when he was told that he was at liberty to depart if so inclined. He seemed to have conceived an affection for the lieutenant, for he wished, he said, to be able to entertain him among his people. Mr. Brainerd asked how far distant was the home of his people. Only a little way. Here was a chance for a test of his opinion with regard to the Indian honor. Perhaps a better opportunity might never occur. It might establish firm friendly relations between the white and red men, and save and immensity of bloodshed. Brainerd determined to trust him. He called his sergeant, telling him to expect his return on the following afternoon; and, to the dismay of his command, disappeared on the mountain-path with his savage acquaintance. 'Only a little way' proved to be a long and toilsome journey along sweltering cañons, bedded with boulders or soft shifting sands; through tangled *chaparral* and cactus-thickets bristling with spines and prickles, against which the tough cavalry-boot was no armor of proof; and up steep-faced mountains, or across them

on a narrow ledge, where the angel of destruction seemed hovering in the hope of a misstep. At length they arrived at the home of the Apache, on a ledge near the summit of a peak, where one would expect the eagle only to have her roost. Poor Brainerd had never been so hungry, weary, foot-sore, or sleepy, in his life before. He was reduced to such condition that he had not a thought to expend on any doubts or fears concerning the reception he would meet with from his friend's friends. He was completely foun-dered. The inhabitants came out to meet them, and fur-nished them with some delicious mule steaks, after dispos-ing of which Brainerd laid himself to rest under the shadow of a pine, and was instantly asleep. When he awoke, or rather when he was awakened, he felt so much refreshed as to be overcome by the appearance of things. What the exact situation may have been, I am unable to relate. What mental agonies he may have endured can only be surmised; but, of a truth, he had more gray hairs on his scalp, on his return to camp, than he possessed before starting on the Quixotic adventure. The little information I have on the subject came by letter from himself. His slumbers were brought to an end by the progress of a free fight among the Indians; and, on account of some demon-strations made on himself, he believed it to owe its origin to his presence. Knives, war-clubs, and lances, were used with grave effect by the combatants. At last the contest came to an end, and his friend made his appearance with some leaves tied over a fresh cut in the arm. He explained the affair by saying that a party of Indians, from some distant mountain, had paid them a visit, and, finding the white officer there, had become desirous of ascertaining how he would comport himself when suspended, by the heels, over a lively cedar-wood fire. He and his kindred had objected to gratifying the strangers, and the result had

been the scuffle aforesaid. Brainerd never again indulged in any visits to his Indian friends, although his adventure, as a test-experiment, was perfectly satisfactory, exceeding his desires, perhaps, in that respect. It showed the Apache in a favorable light, proving him capable of harboring some heart-born feelings, Wytham's Coyotero to the contrary notwithstanding."

"I do think," said Van Nort, "that the Apache contains a few grains of good, capable of development; although, if such adventures as that related by Mr. Pomfret are required to call them forth, I would rather the duty were assigned to some fellow who ranks me. But human nature is human nature; and, as for Captain Wytham's assertion that the Indian mother has no love for her child, an incident occurred in my experience which is quite to the point. I was on outpost-duty, and had housed my command in roughly-built adobe huts. For myself, I had built a small hut of three rooms, one of which I used as my private quarters, another as office and dining-room, and the third as kitchen. Of course, I had no doors or windows; only the apertures in the walls. I went out on a little scout, and was successful in finding the enemy; too successful, indeed, inasmuch as I captured a woman and two children, and was utterly at a loss how to dispose of them. I reported the matter to headquarters, asking for instructions, and, in the mean time, confined her in the guard-house, with every facility for escape, did she feel inclined to take advantage of her oppor-tunities. Her children were bright-eyed little things, one four years, the other about a year and a half old. She seemed to be fond of the elder, caressing and petting him constantly, while of the other she was remarkably careless. She spanked him daily, much to the disgust of the men on guard, who, in talking the matter over, came to the conclu-sion that the baby was not hers, but accidentally captured

with her. One night, at the end of about three weeks, she disappeared, carrying with her the elder boy, and leaving the unloved child to its fate. I was glad to be rid of her; but my pleasure was not unalloyed; for, in the first place, she saddled me with an incumbrance, and in the second, struck a blow at my belief that among civilized people only do we find the barbarities of infanticide and child-abandonment. I hoped, however, with the men, that the boy was none of hers. I had him taken to my quarters, thoroughly washed for the first time in his short career, dressed in a white toga, with a red-flannel girdle, and dubbed Dick. His squalling was hushed by a handful of brown-sugar, until I could make arrangements for his future welfare. My cook solved the difficulty by offering to take charge of him, provided I had no objection to his presence in the kitchen; so a sheepskin was placed in a shallow box for baby's accommodation, and every night he slept snugly by the side of his nurse's bed. Three or four nights after the mother's disappearance, the dogs at the post, an innumerable host, held high carnival. Something was evidently in the wind to excite them. Coyote-howlings increased the hubbub, and were held as an explanation of the canine excitement; but some old soldiers voted the coyote-notes counterfeit, and inclined to the belief that Indians, prowling in the neighborhood, had raised them to lull suspicion. Next night, while I was lying in my cot cursing the noisy curs, I thought I heard a sound as of some one stumbling over a chair in my centre room, the dining-room. I waited a little, listening for confirmation of my suspicions, when a fretful cry from the baby in the kitchen and some excited exclamations caused me to hurry into the dining-room. There I found the cook, who told me that Dick's mother had come after him. He said he had been roused by a cry from the baby, and had put out

his hand to pat him into quietness, but, instead of touching the child, he had laid hold of a large, soft, warm arm, which was withdrawn from his grasp on the instant. He started in pursuit into the dining-room, where he saw the shadow of the adventurous house-breaker effecting escape through the rear window. I struck a light, and, sure enough, on the soil outside were the prints of a pair of neat, small feet. I regretted the bad luck which had attended her bold attempt. For three or four months afterward we had no trouble with the Indians. They molested no one, and even made no attempts to run off stock. At the end of that time, a party of forty Apaches appeared on a hill not far from my post, and expressed a desire to come in and make peace. After considerable hesitation they came in, and we fraternized. They staid ten days, having plenty to eat, and enjoying themselves to the top of their bent, with friendly dances every evening. One of them approached me on the subject of Dick. A neighboring tribe, he said, had captured a little Mexican girl near Libertad, whom he would endeavor to make over to me, if I would give up Dick. I agreed; and the exchange was made. That evening, the mother appeared, and was as happy as any civilized mother could have been under the circumstances. But now comes the key-note to their peace overtures; that night they abandoned their camp, and we saw no more of them. Their sole object was possession of the boy. I must also credit them, by saying that no depredations were committed in our vicinity until after the return of a scouting-party sent out by department order. They kept the tacit peace until we broke it by going on the war-path."

"But, gentlemen," said Hutton, "what I want is a discussion of the points of Mr. Pestho's case: hitherto, we have been only feeling the position in a general way. We

seem to be of the opinion that in the Apache character there is so much of falsehood and cruelty, although leavened with somewhat of human feelings and honorable sentiment, that it is conceived to be an impossibility to effect a permanent peace with the tribes. In view of this, how are we to treat the propositions of our would-be friend, the great chief?—What do *you* think of the matter, Mr. Baldy?"

"Well, I guess I've seen a good deal of the red-skins in my time, both before and after they have been brought into intimate contact with the whites, and I feel certain that, generally speaking, they possess so much of the better feelings of human nature that, had they been properly managed from the first, there would be small occasion for all the six-shooters carried in the Territories. But it's as useless to grieve over spilled blood as over spilled milk. We have to accept the situation. On account of our mismanagements, every crime perpetrated by an individual is visited by the race upon the race, and the state of savage war is kept up over all the land. We cannot expect any other condition of affairs for years to come. Cavalry carbines cannot subdue an enemy who will make no stand against them; and jumping a *rancheria* only inflames the savage blood of those who escape. The Indians will die out, but not as they die now, with the war-paint on their faces, and the war-whoop in their throats. They will fade and wither before the breath of civilization, as the dried-up plants of the desert would fade before the moist breath of the Pacific. When Buncombe, instead of a mud-barrack, is a thriving city, with a branch-line connecting it with the main rail-tracks, *then* will the Indians be of small consequence. Until then, the object is simply to tide over in safety the time until these things be. If a peace, no matter how temporary, can be effected, it is so much time gained. No matter though the red-men may achieve their small purposes;

we are nearer the end, and bloodshed ceases for the time being. It is obvious that they cannot be eating beef at Buncombe, and at the same time attacking a settlement on the Sonoita, or a train on the Gila. The very contact with the troops in friendly intercourse will bring them within the (to them) deleterious influence of the civilized atmosphere, and will prepare the way for the end, perhaps more rapidly, certainly more surely, than can be effected by hostile shots. Thus, I conceive, that every peace proposition emanating from them should be entertained; they ought to be humored, for they are a doomed race. They are the Sick Men of America.

"Of course," he added, relapsing into a frontiersman's drawl, "you've got to keep your best eye skinned in your dealings with them. It's hard to guess, sometimes, what they are after; they may mean what they say, or they may mean any thing; so, *in going to talk peace, a man must be sure that his revolver won't snap.*"

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## CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

NEXT morning Captain Hutton talked politics with the envoy, who appeared before him in all the splendor which had attached to his person during his night in the guard-house.

Communication was exceedingly difficult between them. The intelligent white man could readily seize the meaning of the Indian's simple words and expressive signs, but the one eye of the latter would assume the glaze of utter incomprehension, or pass into the bewilderment of conflicting ideas, as the former endeavored to make his meaning clear. But, at last, they succeeded in coming to an agree-

ment, which was understood by Captain Hutton to be as follows:

That the captain-general was willing to hear what the great chief had to say, and, as he appreciated the difficulties lying in the way of a visit to Buncombe, he would appoint the early morning of the third day for a meeting at the springs. He would be there with half a dozen of his captains; but he did not wish to ride there for nothing, and expected that the great chief would not disappoint him. If the people objected to trusting themselves in the fort, their chief certainly could not hesitate to come to the springs with a few of his friends. The road from the fort to the springs was clear, and easily observed, but beyond them the country was so rocky, that all the Apache people might be there hidden. The captain-general and his captains ought to hesitate before undertaking such a meeting, but they believed what the chief had said to them by his envoy. They felt certain that he meant what he said, and trusted him. But there might be bad men among the Apache people—men who would wish to take advantage of the position. To them the envoy must say that the white captains are brave men who will not go to the happy hunting-grounds without taking many along with them. Some sign must be given, such as a smoke on the mountain-top, to indicate that the great chief had made no change in his mind. Indeed, perhaps, it would be better if the envoy himself would return to the fort before the third day, to communicate any thing which might have transpired to alter his chief's plans.

It was a hard matter to frame this last idea to Mr. Pestho's comprehension—so much so, that doubts began to arise concerning his truthfulness. At last, in yielding the point, and acknowledging reception of the idea, he replied that it must be as the great chief should decide. He would

mention the matter: but he believed that he would be more effectively employed in the mountains, talking to the people, who would listen to his words as the words of one who had seen the white captains and eaten of their bread.

On the following day, from the summit of the highest peak of the Masatzal, there arose a column of dense black smoke, swelling above into a massive overhanging cloud, which gave the mountain the semblance of a volcano—not dead, but sleeping. The savage was speaking to his civilized brother.

At sunrise of the third day, a small party of mounted men left the fort, and, fording the river, moved quietly up the dry, sandy bed of an occasional contributor. It consisted of Captains Hutton and Wytham, Lieutenants Pomfret, Van Nort, and Poston, and our frontier friends, Baldy and Lew. Each was armed with a carbine and a couple of Colt's.

Arrived at the springs, they proceeded with the utmost caution to investigate a willow-patch near by, and, finding nothing therein, dismounted to discuss the situation.

"All smoke and no fire, this Indian business," remarked Poston.

"Let's smoke our pipes, and wait for something to turn up," suggested Van Nort.

"Perhaps their old file of a tycoon is luxurious, and lies long abed," is Wytham's supposition.

"Rather let us follow the mountain-trail and hunt him up in his ancestral halls," is proposed by Pomfret.

"They are suspicious, and want to know exactly what they are to meet, before meeting it. They'll make their appearance in a little while," is the frontiersman's opinion.

"What I fear is, that our ready acquiescence in their peace proposition may have engendered a suspicion of our honesty," said the commanding officer. "They may have



become shy of meeting us. It was somewhere not far from these mountains, that a prospecting party, under Chris Kelsey, enticed some twenty-five braves into their camp to talk peace. During the interview twenty-five pistols exploded, and only two of the warriors escaped to tell the story to their kindred. The place has been called 'Bloody Tanks' in memory of the affair. We shall wait for an hour or so, and, failing their appearance, go hunt for them."

It will be observed, that my young man Lew is a modest young man, and ventures no opinion where there are so many older and more experienced than himself. Our American youth would do well to take heed, and profit by the example he sets before them.

They passed an hour exchanging views on the situation, when Captain Hutton interrupted with—

"This is pleasant, lying off under the willows; but, gentlemen, we came out for an adventure, and it appears to me we must travel to encounter it. The more I think of it, the firmer I become in my opinion that our red friends are honest in this instance, but excessively shy."

They filled their canteens, and started gayly toward the mountains. But the heat of the sun, now high in the heavens, speedily evaporated their high spirits. Their trail led up to the mountains by a winding and gradual ascent, along the soft, yielding sands brought down by autumn torrents, while on either side were walls of rock or detached bowlders, radiating a glare and heat which made the eyes ache, and the chest heave with deep but unsatisfying inspirations. They were fast becoming reduced to a state of apathy, which would require more than the ordinary incidents of a mountain-ride to dissipate.

Mr. Pomfret, who had volunteered for the advance, endeavored to rouse the party by halting and calling attention to a sign on the smooth sand-surface before him.

"This looks," said he, "like a two-barred toll-gate on the high-road to Apachedom."

It was a drawing of a couple of arrows lying head and feather across the breadth of the trail, traced, according to Baldy, since sunrise. No Indian footprints could be discovered anywhere around.

Said Hutton: "This looks like an intimation to pause and reflect. Does it mean thus far shall we go, but no farther?"

"Small barrier that," said Pomfret. "There isn't a hack in the command would refuse to take it;" and he trotted to his position in advance, while the others followed in Indian file, scarcely awakened from their lethargy.

On the ridge of the first series of foot-hills they dismounted and built a huge fire, top-dressed with green brushwood, that a pillar of smoke might go up to the heavens and indicate to any observing eyes the honesty and openness of their intentions. Immediately afterward, there arose an answering pillar from one of the highest shoulders of the Masatzal.

"It's all right," said Hutton; "there *are* Indians in the country. I began to doubt it. Let us move on."

Pomfret made an attempt to whistle "To horse" as he mounted, but broke down on account of the dryness of his lips. The stock of water in the canteens was already almost exhausted. What little remained was so warm that Captain Wytham regretted the impossibility of whisky and sugar. He was partial, he said, to hot toddies.

They progressed, finding the country more difficult as they advanced. On every ridge they set fire to the underbrush, to mark their progress by the smoke.

After a little, from the smoke on the shoulder of the Masatzal, a tiny blue streak commenced to descend, very slowly indeed, for, although to the eyes of a distant observer

the mountain seemed an even face with steep descent, it was no doubt a rugged road to travel.

The ridges the mounted party had to cross became at last almost impracticable. They decided on halting to rest on the crest of the next, leaving the descending smoke to perform what remained of the journey to a junction. But the crest of this next was difficult to attain. The Indian smoke rose from behind it in a thick cloud, and caused our party to fear that the red-men might obtain the position. At last they dismounted, picketed the horses, and scrambled on foot to the top, panting and speechless. It was too hot for perspiration.

The advance of the Indian smoke was yet two miles distant. A large valley stretched from the ridge, occupied by the white men, to the main mountain-line; but this valley was so crowded with small hills and ravines innumerable that, although the advancing smoke was plainly visible, no glimpse could be obtained of those who raised it.

The white warriors tried to obtain what rest they could among the heated bowlders and granite blocks. The want of water occupied the minds of all. Some one aggravated the agony by sighing audibly for a cool sherry-cobbler. Reminiscences followed of the happy days in civilization, when facilities for the composition of such cooling draughts were so common as to be unappreciated. In this connection another was so gross as to misapply the quotation, "Is this truth the poet sings, that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things?"

As the smoke drew near, the great white chief descended to meet the envoys. Three were observed, for an instant, in crossing a sandy cut, but only one came up toward the white men. He proved to be the one-eyed gentleman who had visited the post. He reported that the warriors were afraid to meet the white chiefs, or to permit

their own chief to expose himself. On seeing the smoke, they had gone into the mountains to watch, thinking that a large party had come with evil intentions. Mr. Pestho, however, volunteered to call them back, if the white chief so wished it. Certainly. He then turned and gave a whoop by way of preface to some sentences in his native tongue, uttered in a monotone, with the exception of the last word of each, which was pitched an octave higher.

The whoop and the words were taken up by voices in every ravine and cañon of the great valley, and were lost in the distance on the slopes of the Masatzal.

The envoy having raised the commotion in the heretofore still air of the mountains, volunteered to bring water for his guests. The canteens were gratefully handed to him, and he disappeared.

The yells meanwhile continued, and the words passed from cañon to cañon with noisy echoings from the granite rocks. Smokes arose from all the prominent peaks of the mountain-range. The whole of the people were, evidently, becoming aware of the facts.

Time passed, and our party began to think that the great chief was assembling an escort large enough to dictate terms to Buncombe, after having disposed of its prominent men, who had thus foolishly placed themselves in jeopardy. There was no sign of the return of the envoy with the canteens. The party expressed their anxiety by silence, at last broken by Captain Wytham:

"Seems to me, from the yells, that the red-skins are getting around on our flanks."

No answer was made to this.

Mr. Van Nort then showed the direction of his thoughts by the remark:

"Well, darn them anyhow! We could make a pretty tally from behind these rocks before they got us."

"Yes," said Baldy, throwing cold water on his consolation; "but we couldn't make much of a fight without well-filled canteens."

"Let us sound boots and saddles, and clear out of this," said Hutton, rising to his feet. "I don't understand the position clearly. As it is, it will be late before we get home. We can try them again to-morrow."

The white warriors, with great alacrity, descended to where their horses were picketed, tightened their girths, and started for home at as rapid a pace as the nature of the ground would permit. The Indian shouts followed them for a couple of hours until they emerged from the foot-hills, when they removed themselves beyond hearing-distance by a reckless ride to the springs. They reached the post shortly after the setting of the evening-star, and found the troops on the point of moving out to their assistance.

Lew was of opinion, on that evening, that his anatomy could not contain water enough to slake his thirst. He sat for an hour sipping leisurely from a canteen, and, then retiring, dreamed that he was fixed in the middle of a pleasantly cool river, with his head up-stream, and that the water thereof, entering by his mouth, flowed through him, to his superlative gratification, in a continuous current.

Early next morning there arrived at the post, from the lowlands of the Gila, the chief and several prominent men of the friendly Pimo nation. They had seen from their distant home the smokes which had arisen from the towering Masatzal, and had mounted their horses to learn the import of the unwonted phenomenon.

Captain Hutton was engaged in explaining to them, when a representative from Apachedom made his appearance on the parade-ground, under the surveillance of the sergeant of the guard. As his glance lighted on the Pimo warriors, he turned and would have fled, but the sergeant's

carbine prevailed on him to stay, pointed, as it suddenly became, at one of his vital spots.

He was a handsome, well-made, and active-looking young fellow, but small in stature, and rounded in limb, contrasting most unfavorably in *physique* with the stalwart, long-haired Pimos, in whose presence he unwittingly found himself. His face was painted with narrow, transverse, chocolate-colored lines, parallel and sinuous. His outfit consisted of a hawk's feather in his hair, a silver-buckled belt carrying a handsome knife, a pair of moccasins, and his indispensable fig-leaf.

The white and Indian chiefs gathered round him in a circle, which he seemed to regard as a call to the floor. He removed his belt, and, laying it on the ground, began an oration lasting fully half an hour. As he spoke in his native tongue, his meaning was lost to the majority of his hearers; yet each felt, from his fluency of speech and earnest manner, that the speaker was a man of note in his nation. As he concluded, he advanced to Captain Hutton, and, throwing his arms around that gentleman, embraced him warmly.

"Enthusiastic peace-making, this!" observed Pomfret. "Don't you want to let the business out, captain?"

The orator then turned to Antonio Azul, the Pimo chief, and demonstrated on him in like manner. The old chief was very impassive during this infliction; his features were entirely non-committal. Nor is it to be wondered at; for he knew as little as my young friend Lew of the import of the eloquent chattering.

Old Tortilla, an aged Pimo warrior, who had travelled in many lands, and gathered a smattering of Apache in the course of his hard service, expounded.

The great chief of the eastern country had seen the advance of the white captains on the previous day, and

regretted his inability to be present with them. He had injured his ankle, and could progress but slowly over the mountain-paths, else he had been at the springs in accordance with prearrangement. He was very desirous of talking with the captain-general of the white warriors, and would unfailingly meet him at noon to-day. The young brave who carried his message would lead the party to the place of council. To the wise men and warriors of the river tribe, whom he had unexpectedly met, the messenger was empowered to say nothing; but he knew that it was the desire of his chief to live in perfect friendship with the white men, which could not be unless the friends of the one were the friends of the other. It was true that his people had been at enmity with the river tribes for ages, but why need this continue? He considered that, in inviting them to the council, he would only be acting up to the spirit of his chief's instructions.

Those who had accompanied Hutton on the previous day again volunteered their services, but Antonio Azul hesitated, either from a fear of personal danger, or a dislike to entertain propositions of peace from the ancient enemy and plunderer of his people. The Pimos smoked some *cigarritos* over the question. One or two argued that Antonio should go, probably in the hope that, if he did, he might get scalped, and so be a thorn pulled out of their political path. But the majority dwelt on the falsehood of the Apaches, their cruelty, their utter disregard of all the rules and regulations of civilized warfare—save the mark!—they were not men; they were wild beasts—wolves which had to be hunted from the plains back into their native mountains. This talk of peace was a deceit, a snare. Antonio should not peril his precious life. They would also warn the white chief. He must know well that never did the Apaches spare the life of a pale-faced man when in their

power, and that since Chris Kelsey's affair, at Bloody Tanks, the odor of white blood must be sweet in their nostrils.

Hutton listened gravely to the remarks of his allies, and then broke up the council with the observation: "Well, gentlemen, we shall ride to the springs anyhow, and, if the red-skins attempt any Chris Kelsey game on us, there will be some dead Indians around, *I* know."

Shortly afterward the party started on their adventure, amid the regrets and evil forebodings of the Pimo chiefs. The handsome young orator accompanied them for some distance, but, on entering the sandy *arroya*, he left them for a shorter but more difficult trail. At the springs, as on the previous day, they found nobody; whereupon they dismounted, and seated themselves in the shade, much dissatisfied with the great chief and all of his color.

Presently the guide appeared, and by signs indicated that these were not the springs referred to by his chief; they were some distance farther up the *arroya*.

"Oh! he be hanged!" growled Van Nort, "we have done very well, after our trip of yesterday, in coming six miles to see this old duffer. If he is so anxious to meet us, let him exert himself. He is accustomed to being parboiled. I confess I'm not."

Captain Hutton communicated these ideas by signs to the young warrior, who departed, seemingly disappointed at the misunderstanding.

They remained for three hours, sipping water from the springs, before Mr. Pomfret, who was on post, gave the alarm.

The approaching Indians were not a formidable body—the orator, a couple of rather good-looking squaws, and a boy almost too young to bear arms.

"Confound him!" said Hutton, "what does he mean?"

"He is bound to have us up in the mountains," suggested Pomfret. "He's sent the girls after us. Oh! he knows what he is about."

"He must be afraid to come into the low country, with the post so near," said Hutton, musingly.

"Or," added Wytham, "he wants us among his rocks very particularly, with the post so much more distant. All this fooling breeds suspicion."

The boy possessed a few words of Spanish, and, with them, contrived to convey that the chief's ankle disabled him.

"Where is Pestho?"

"With the chief."

"Why did *he* not come down to explain?"

"*Quién sabe?*"—that miserable Mexican unanswerable answer.

The orator, with a pleasant smile, pointed to the horses and to the mountains—a polite invitation to continue the journey.

Hutton, stretching himself, groaned: "Oh, I do hate the idea of having to ride over that cursed country again to-day; besides, all these delays make me doubtful."

"His bad ankle is all gammon," interjected Wytham.

"Well," continued Hutton, "I tell you what, gentlemen; *you* go back to the post, and I'll ride up by myself, and ascertain what this old horse of an Indian has got to say for himself. If he is all on the square, *bueno*, as the Mexicans say; and, if he isn't, one life is quite enough to put in his power."

This was a gallant speech to hear in real life. Lew gazed at the blue-eyed captain in admiration, and inwardly vowed that, whatever the others might do, he would stick to him to the end.

"Captain Hutton," said Wytham in a formal tone, "we

came out with you to-day to be present at the Indian pow-wow, or else which. I hope we are not to understand you as *ordering* us back?"

"Oh, no," answered Hutton. "Under the circumstances, I have no power to do that. But this is an affair undertaken on my own responsibility, and, in case it should turn out badly, I do not wish to have it on the record that I dragged others into it."

"Selfishness, that is," returned Wytham, "to which I can oppose selfishness. Suppose you go there alone, and,—excuse me, it's only for the sake of the argument—suppose also that you were to get killed, how would it be on the record with us?"

The commandant acquiesced. "I shall accept your services, gentlemen, with much satisfaction; but, although volunteers, you must obey orders to the letter, if we get into any tight place. Let us trot."

But here the young orator interfered. Measuring the white man's fears by his own, the Indian chief had no doubt authorized him to calm them as much as possible. This he attempted to accomplish as follows:

Standing before the commandant, he embraced that officer, and, raising his hands and eyes skyward in the most solemn matter, muttered a few words, seemingly calling down the vengeance of the powers above upon the people, should any evil befall these their guests during the contemplated interview. Then he untied a small satchel from his belt, and, with a yellow chalk which he obtained therefrom, drew the figure of a cross on his own breast, and a second on that of the officer. The others in turn were embraced and chalked with equal solemnity.

"There, now," said Hutton, "that's satisfactory enough. Contact with Mexico gave him his cross, I guess."

They rode forth into the scorching sun-blaze, and pro-



ceeded at a smart trot; both horses and men seemed glad that the period for action had arrived. Perhaps Hutton, who led the way and gave the pace to his followers, was anxious to have suspense at an end, now that he was fairly committed to the interview.

The ladies of the ambassadorial party made a spirited attempt to keep up with the fast-trotting horses, but the heat and heavy sand overcame them. Messrs. Pomfret and Poston, with great gallantry, offered them a seat, if they believed themselves capable of sticking on in rear of the saddle. Their offer was accepted with smiles. Baldy picked up the boy; and Lew, by extending a hand and toe, invited the chocolate-grilled warrior to mount behind him.

They then progressed, more slowly perhaps, but certainly in higher spirits. A suspicion of mild flirtation even attached to the gentlemen and their fair companions.

At the mouth of a cañon, the rugged walls of which could have afforded ambush to hundreds of men, the guide called upon them to halt and await his return. He and his companions dismounted, and disappeared among the rocks and underbrush.

"They could not have chosen a fitter place, if treachery were intended," said Hutton. "With a few Indian enemies among the rocks, there would be no escape for a white man from this den. Once clear of this cañon, one could make a bold dash for the post; but, *in* it, a horse is as bad as hopped.—But here is our guide already returning. The Indians must be round the corner up there in the cañon."

They moved slowly to the salient angle referred to, and, on turning it, found themselves in the presence of about fifty warriors, standing in expectant attitude under the shade of some large drooping-willows. Each was armed with his bow and quiver, war-club or long-shafted lance. Like the guide, they were of small stature and poor mus-

cular development, but they looked as if they might be an exceedingly active, slippery, and dangerous foe. Their bearing was graceful, and their expression animated and open. They returned the looks of the white men with eyes which showed curiosity and friendly greeting; but fear or evil purpose seemed beyond the range of their thoughts.

"I like this crowd," said Hutton, reining up his horse. "Mostly all are young and active. I guess we have the flower of the tribe before us. They make a handsomely savage picture, framed in the rocks of this cursed cañon! I think, however, they might have unstrung their bows. The old fellow has his best men here, either because he is in earnest for peace, or has work cut out for them which can't be intrusted to squaws."

Few of them wore aught other than their arms, moccasins, and the necessary cotton girdled around the waist. Even paint and feathers had been laid aside by the majority. In the background, near the trunk of one of the willows, the chief was seated, with a buckskin mantle thrown loosely over his shoulders. That which most distinguished him was a showy head-dress—a coronet of buckskin, covered with circular disks of polished silver, and having some gaudy feathers curving from behind forward and upward over its spangled surface.

"There's old Sprained Ankle," continued Hutton, "seated comfortably in the shade. He don't seem inclined to get up and say 'How do you do?' I guess I'll have to dismount and talk to him. The shade is inviting, anyhow. I want you to sit quietly in your saddles, gentlemen, and keep your eyes open. Watch every thing going on in this crowd, and be suspicious of every rock within arrow-shot." Saying which, he proceeded, with some formality, to unburden himself of his belt and pistols, which he slung over the pommel of his saddle.

Wytham remonstrated quietly.

"Certainly, I shall leave my pistols," returned Hutton. "I'll take my spurs off also, as if I purposed staying a week or longer with the red rascals. Weapons would be of no use in such a crowd as that. If trouble should arise, *you* must do the shooting. I can do nothing. Give them a few shots, for every one will tell, and then clear out. Some of you may be able to get out of the cañon and reach the post. Above all, keep cool." So saying, he dismounted and advanced toward the Indians.

Pending the captain's discourse and preparations for dismounting, the warriors had remained motionless as when first discovered. Now, however, they fell back on either side to admit of the advance of the "captain-general." The coroneted individual was rising to receive him, and all eyes were anticipating the greetings about to be exchanged, when a lusty Indian gave a sudden war-whoop, and sprang toward the white chief, but he was intercepted, throttled, and hurled back by another. A great chattering of excited voices ensued, with a war-whoop or two, and much gesticulation among the warriors; but a few words from their chief quieted them, and permitted him to receive his guest. The mounted men were quick to perceive the local character of the demonstration, and obeyed orders by keeping cool.

"If we have to do any shooting, I'll make sure of that malcontent," said Baldy, returning his pistol to its scabbard.

Meanwhile, the Indian chief uplifted his hands skyward, and gave utterance to some words with an earnestness which would have insured his success on any stage. After thus calling on high Heaven to witness his vow, he rechalked his guest and himself with the yellow cross, and finished with a shake of the hand and an affectionate em-

brace. The braves then crowded round the stranger, and, touching the cross on his breast, shook hands with him. Even the malcontent, who had attempted to disturb the harmony of the meeting, was led unwillingly before him, and shamed into a hand-shake by his fellows.

Hutton spoke a few words smilingly to each; and the words he spoke were: "I think these Indians are honest. You can dismount, and go through this hand-shaking business; but only one at a time. It's best to err on the safe side."

Said Baldy to him, but turning to Wytham as he spoke: "They have a strong force hid among the rocks, and some are armed with fire-arms. I could swear to the gleam of gun-barrels. They discovered themselves during the little unpleasantness."

Hutton replied, smiling, and hand-shaking vigorously: "I guess it is only a precautionary measure dictated by their fears. But, in the event of a disturbance, don't give those fellows any attention. Fire right in here; every bullet will plug an Indian and have a quieting effect on them."

"*No entiendo*," said the red-skinned warrior, to whom this last remark was apparently addressed.

"You don't?" said Hutton. "'Pon my soul! I hardly thought you would, and didn't intend you should!" and he shook hands with him again most heartily.

The white men dismounted one after the other, embraced the chief, shook hands with a few of the nearest braves, and returned to their saddles.

A buckskin was spread on the sand, on which Hutton seated himself, and the labor of intercommunication began.

The red chief, in broken Spanish, apologized for the recent disturbance, and explained that the individual who had raised it was one of the most bitter opponents of the

peace negotiations. He had attended the council for the purpose of attempting its dissolution, and might have succeeded but for the coolness of the white warriors, and the ready interference of his own braves, most of whom had been prepared for some such demonstration. He was one of the survivors of the Chris Kelsey treaty; but, now that he had touched the cross, the white chiefs need have no personal fear of him.

From the cautious manner in which the Apache approached the object of the conference, it became manifest to his white listener that nothing would be accomplished if he did not assume the dictation himself. He accordingly interrupted his red brother, and poured forth a most voluble current of bad Spanish, watching his auditor's expression, and, when signs of misconception or misgiving were apparent, repeating and varying his sentences with good-humored loquacity and thorough American earnestness.

He wanted the great chief and all his people to accompany him to Buncombe: not this warrior and that one—laying a hand complaisantly on a couple near him—but *all* the warriors, not even excepting that desperate old war-horse who had neighed so loudly a few minutes ago; and he nodded to the individual alluded to, who looked rather shamefaced, at being thus made the cynosure of the eyes of the world. He wished all to come and eat with him and his warriors—even the sharp-eyed braves who were behind the rocks with their rifles. He would send among the Pimos, and discover some wise man who could speak Apache; and they would eat together, and smoke, and talk, and be friends, while runners went over the mountains to bring in the rest of the warriors, and the old men, the women, and children, to feast and be friends with his people. He had plenty for all to eat, and would not be satis-

fied unless all should come. He would make the cross upon their breast, and there would be no danger from any pale-faced brave. There were some of the people of the river at Buncombe just now, but the Apache warriors need not be suspicious of them. They were his friends, and in his house they would respect his friends. The Pimos listened to what he said, for he was the great chief. Should he say to them the Apaches are not good, they would put on their war-paint; but, instead, he would say the Apaches are my good friends, and they would shake hands—for he was the great chief. He was very brave, and his captains were very brave. They were very much men (*muy hombres*). They feared nothing, and had come among these strung bows, and lances, and rifles, and rocks, fearing nothing. But the Apache warriors were likewise brave. They also were very much men. They were brave enough to cross the river with him fearing nothing. But where was the wisdom of talking the day away with a journey before them? The sun was falling on the mountain-tops. Let the warriors prepare to start. Come. So saying, he rose, and, giving his hand to his red brother, pulled him unceremoniously into the perpendicular.

He then mounted his horse and resumed his pistols and spurs, while the noble red-man entertained the assembly with a speech, no doubt affirming his belief in the honesty of the white man's invitation, and urging its acceptance. He finished, and, assuming his bow, quiver, and raw-hide shield, led the way out of the cañon. Some of his warriors hastened before him, and others followed, but fully one-half hesitated, covering their hesitation by a pretence of listening to a forcible oration from the Chris Kelsey survivor. No doubt the speaker was dwelling on that bloody affair, and painting the white man in the blackest of colors.

"Never mind that old fellow and his crowd," said Hut-

ton. "If we only make sure of the chief, the others will come in when they find things going along smoothly. But his majesty does not seem to move as if he had great anxiety to reach his journey's end. I fear his fears are overcoming his resolution; but, I'll bring him in, if I have to carry him across my saddle."

At the mouth of the cañon our mounted party breathed more freely; the air seemed cooler and more refreshing. They began even to joke about the events of the day. The Indians, on the contrary, ceased their chattering. Their burden of doubts and fears oppressed their spirits. They halted frequently, to look back for the other half of their party.

At last, one made a decided stand, talking long and earnestly to the chief, who, in turn, with some embarrassment, gave Hutton to understand that the journey to the fort was too much for him to undertake, while his ankle was in its present weak state.

"Is that all?" replied the officer. "My horse can carry double. Give me your hand, put your foot on my toe, and spring; we shall ride together like good friends."

The chief smiled—a vexed smile. He was strangely deficient in that stoicism with which the Indian character is currently if not correctly accredited. He was anxious to be brave, but his people would not permit him. Their doubts continually awakened his own. He was ashamed of himself. He realized that the white chief had not been imposed upon by his lame excuse. So, to redeem his character from suspicion, and at the same time put the matter beyond further discussion, he accepted the proffered seat.

After this, there was no interruption to the journey. The horsemen with some twenty of the Indians reached the fort after nightfall; and the latter, after a hearty reception

by the troopers, became as much at their ease as if the pines and cypress of the Masatzal had been waving over them.

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

My dear doctor, I concede the propriety of the question, if you be inclined to put it: What have these Indian incidents and Buncombe peace-makings to do with the story of my young man Lewis? He is the hero of none of them. On the contrary, if any one cuts an insignificant figure in the past pages, he is that one. It is not shown that he opened his lips, except to eat or drink, during his intercourse with these United States dragoons.

Nevertheless, I pray you, in the exercise of your editorial absolutism, to spare my recent writing. Not because it gives a glimpse of a life unthought of by the mass of our people. Nor because it shows that our classic Columbia has tried servants and true, whose privations and daily dangers are unchronicled—and unrequited save by promotion to a majority after thirty years of such service. But simply because it is part of the life which my young friend lived.

We are ever enlarging, modifying, changing our opinions. Every day brings its experience, and every experience its effect. Our natures are impressible, and can be stamped and hammered into any shape. The dimples of babyhood become changed into the angularities of the man. In his Western experiences, the Lew of the Losiach Valley has lost his identity. Even the Lew of the Faëry Queen, and the sand-washer of the Eureka placers, are unrecognizable in the browned and aggressive-looking volunteer cavalryman. Though his *rôle*, during these incidents, was

that of a listener and quiet actor, he was strongly impressed by them; so strongly that, had the occasion required it, he would have been found a ready participator in deeds altogether foreign to his boyish day-dreams. During his stay in Council Cañon, this raw young man had shown himself ripe enough to take life by the pulling of a trigger, if Fate had furnished excuse, by turning the tide of affairs in an awkward direction. He had sat with his horse well in hand, prepared for action in any event; and, when the Bloody Tank survivor made his spring, his was not the last of the pistols among the mounted men to be cocked and at the ready.

So, please you, pass my Buncombe incidents into the compositor's hands. They are important, as having forced my hero to a practical recognition of circumstances suspending the operation of that part of the moral law which commands, "Thou shalt not kill."

During their homeward ride, Baldy and Lew discussed their own projects, felicitating themselves on the facilities for travel which this probably successful peace-making would afford them. Instead of waiting at the fort for the protection of scouting-parties and escort-detachments, they could betake themselves to the mountains, and wander at will without fear of attack. Their trip would be more safely and satisfactorily accomplished, and their return to civilization, for which both were exceedingly anxious, hastened perhaps by months.

Fortune seemed to favor the peace negotiations, for, on the return to the post, the officer who had remained in charge introduced to Captain Hutton a Mexican, who had that day presented himself in quest of employment as *vaquero*, or herder, and who, during some questioning he underwent, was discovered to possess a knowledge of the Apache language. He was entered on the quartermaster's

papers as a herder, with the understanding that, during the stay of the Indians at the post, he must make himself useful as interpreter, when any special matters were to be discussed. He was found a valuable acquisition, simplifying the peace problem, by lessening the chance of misunderstanding between the high contracting parties.

This Mexican, Juan Carillo, so he called himself, became rather a privileged personage at Buncombe, on account of his linguistic powers. He was petted by the officers, looked on by the men as a man of great experience, and, by the Indians, adopted into the tribe as a great and learned chief.

Taking advantage of his high social standing, he, on several occasions, endeavored to impose himself on our two frontiersmen as companion and friend, but his advances were repelled with coldness by both. Baldy considered him a worthless knave, regarding worth only as embodied in a stout heart, and bold and enterprising spirit; while Lew took an instinctive dislike to the fellow. He felt that he must have met him before, so familiar, when set in certain expressions, did his features seem. He puzzled frequently over this, before it occurred to him that the face which lurked in his memory was that of the Mexican, Ramirez, who had been lynched at Temacula. Having settled this point to his satisfaction, he dismissed the subject, looking on the resemblance as no more than the national facial characteristics. But the recollection of Ramirez tended to strengthen the dislike and distrust he felt toward Juan Carillo.

One day a circumstance came under his notice which rendered him uneasy as often as his thoughts recurred to it. Baldy was talking to some of the officers, while under a shade near by were several of the Apaches, and, among them, their Mexican interpreter. Lew, in his silent ob-



servation of what was transpiring, caught this fellow scowling at the speaker, and grasping the handle of his *macheta* with a nervous firmness. All the malignity of an evil nature seemed to be gleaming in his eyes. Lew turned, to be certain that Baldy was the object of this malevolent glance, and, having satisfied himself beyond the possibility of mistake, he found Carillo listening stolidly to the good-natured gossip of an Indian companion. Now, although, at the moment he intercepted the look, he was impressed by the intensity of the hate conveyed by it, my young man was good enough to doubt the correctness of his impressions, rather than injure his neighbor by a rash judgment. The look might have meant nothing. It might have been a trick of the expression. It might, even, have been invested with all its concentration of hate by his own unaccountable dislike. He determined, however, to watch the fellow keenly, and to caution his friend against a possible enemy.

Baldy ridiculed the notion of attaching any import to the look. He had not met the Mexican before; at all events, he felt assured that there was no special cause of quarrel between them. Mr. Carillo might, perhaps, be a little sore at having been snubbed, but that, to him, was, in all probability, too common an experience to cause much rankling. He was a sneaking cur, anyhow, who might snarl in a safe place, but would never muster courage enough to venture a bite.

The Indians, finding their chief and his score of followers faring well at Buncombe, and free to come and go at the pleasure of their own sweet wills, began to arrive in such numbers that Mr. Pomfret became exercised in mind on the subject of future supplies. Over a thousand were camped by the river, near the post.

Baldy and Lew passed much of their time in becoming

known to the warriors, and in ascertaining from them the geography of the country. There was gold in the mountains, they learned; some of the Apaches even showed specimens picked up in the gulches, or dug from the crevices of the rocks. One or two volunteered to accompany them to where the gold was to be found. But when our frontiersmen were in the saddle, with their mule packed and adieux exchanged, none of the Indians were ready to go; they did not care to leave the post during the carnival-time. Some of the people, said they, who have not left their homes, will show the white men where the gold can be gathered. They need have no fear of the warriors beyond the mountains; they had the yellow cross on their breast, and the braves would know their friends. Besides, the whole tribe, east even to the sunrise, was aware, from the smokes, that the chief had made peace with the white men.

Our two adventurers, therefore, forded the river alone, and began their journey on the well-known trail leading past the springs in Council Cañon. Captain Hutton wished them success and farewell, requesting them to bring back as extensive and accurate a map of the country as their journeyings would enable them to construct.

I need not follow them in their wanderings, day by day. There would be little to interest in such a journal. Mild incidents become flat by repetition. The day's travel and the night's resting-place might be made interesting, for once, to the reader, just as the actual experience might interest; but its prologation for weeks would be as tiresome in the one case as in the other. You, my dear doctor, though much given to your ease under the ordinary circumstances of life, would have enjoyed the experiences of a day with my frontiersmen. In the silent solitudes, you would have listened to your horse's footfalls with feelings unconceived of by the gregarious frequenters of the paths of civiliza-

tion. You would have toiled with rapture through rocky defiles, which everywhere presented pictures of such rugged grandeur, that you would have been loath to have left them unsketched. You would have zigzagged up mountain-sides too steep to admit of direct ascent; and the gradually-enlarging view would have repaid your palpitations. And you would have led your charger down the rapid incline of their other side, feeling your knees almost capable of forward flexion, but deriving much satisfaction in the thought that the descent, not the ascent, had to be made on this side. You would have inhaled the fragrance of a hundred hitherto unnoticed wild-flowers, and, while rapt in admiration of these—Nature's ungathered bouquets—a chasm might have startled you by its sudden appearance—a break in the earth's crust, deep, silent, and gloomy, like the gateway to regions unknown, with the wall on its other side, dark, sullen, and precipitous—unchanged, save by a surface weather-beating, since the geologic ages. "This," you would have said, "this alone repays the toils of the day—this wound of the earth's crust which has never healed." Your portfolio would have been enriched by one sketch certainly; but, I care not how masterly the hand which penciled it, the transcript could never awaken the feelings engendered by the grandeur and oppressive silence of the reality; it could not convey the idea that, in the sufferings which had rent the bosom of Mother Earth, her spirit, Nature, had fled to other parts to evolve new centres of life and activity, leaving her here in death to be embalmed in the odorous atmosphere. In camp at night you would have listened to the sighing of the pines as to a lullaby, and, in watching the stars rise or set beyond the mountain-tops, you would have found them sparkling ideas into your soul, as new and strange to you as the life of the day.

So, for *one* day—but, where is the human nature which can sustain its high flight for long?

My frontiersmen were exceedingly fortunate in their journey. Their horses did not cast a shoe, nor their mule slip down some precipice with the stock of provisions. They met but few Indians, parties of half a dozen warriors, who seemed to be traveling or hunting. They found deserted villages in plenty, but none in occupation; and the braves they met would not understand when their *rancherías* were inquired for. The warriors were in fact very unsocial, not that they refused to partake of the evening meal with our wayfarers, but, that being finished, they resumed their journey with a smile for friendly greeting, and a wave of the hand for adieu. None of them passed a night in the white men's camp.

One afternoon, after three weeks of wandering, my prospectors went into camp, in a black-walnut grove on the slope of a small highland valley. Baldy had been feeling a little drowsy and aguish; hence their early halt. When the animals were unsaddled, he lay down and was soon fast asleep.

Lew meanwhile brought water from the creek, with a view to the preparation of supper. The bottom of the valley was much broken, the creek in several places having cañoned its way through the rocks by its rapid flow, while at others it made leaps of many feet over ledges, and formed large and deep pools in the basins at their base. In filling his canteens, Lew was delighted to find these pools swarming with small trout, a mess of which he determined to secure by way of change of diet, more particularly as his friend was somewhat out of sorts.

Accordingly, on his return to camp, he investigated the contents of the saddle-bags, and, having obtained hook and line, cut himself a rod, and was soon successfully plying

the gentle art. The unsophisticated natives, destitute of even a tradition of traps, baits, or falsehood, contended with each other for the fatal morsel, so that the largest and most active were the victims.

Lew was in high good-humor. The pleasant music of the falling waters sounded in his ears, recalling the days when, as a child, he revelled among the rocks leading to the Lin of Losiach. Ah! what a flowery place was that in memory—seen in the past from this wild and rugged spot! No doubt, it is looking the same this very day as he had often seen it.

While gazing at the scene before him, the sounding waters wafted him to other times.

The pool enlarged; the rocky ledges rose to the height which childish eyes attributed to the Losiach Falls. The old walls of Castle Fraser were reared above them; and he and Lizzie gathered cowslips by the banks, or strung the daisy-hearts into golden beads and mildly savage fineries.

Dear Lizzie! how little she knows of all that has befallen him since the Faëry Queen was abandoned in San Francisco harbor!

But such musings, pleasant and seductive as they were, had to give way before the proposed fish-supper. Lew is not the only one whose day-dreams have been precipitated by the catalytic action of a lack of bread-and-butter.

Having created a consternation and well-grounded suspicion among the survivors of the watery settlement, by the sudden disappearance of its prominent members, he clambered over and around the rocks in search of another pool, in which to repeat the performance. In his progress he came suddenly on a sight which changed his plans. On the dry and sun-heated rock was the print of a wet foot. Some Indian must have crossed, only a minute before, to the side on which was my young man's camp.

Lew determined to suspend his fishing, lest the Indian, finding Baldy asleep, might make off with something valuable. What if he cleared out with the horses! The thought made him hasten over the rocks in a flush of excitement. He dashed through the willows which bordered the rocky bottom, separating it from the grassy slopes of the valley, and, as he emerged from them, saw in the walnut-shade a human figure stooping over the sleeping form of his friend.

Before he had time to think of what was meant by the situation, a gleam of descending steel caught his eye, and he realized that murder had been committed by the blow.

Horror-struck, he rushed forward, with a wild scream of agony on his lips. His pistol was drawn and cocked by instinct. It was the charge of a madman. The assassin presented a revolver, fired twice, and, turning, fled. Lew did not dodge, or hesitate, as the bullets whistled past. There was no room for personal fear in his overcharged mind—room for nothing but the burning desire to seize and strangle the miscreant—to tear his heart out—to trample the life out of him. When he recognized the possibility of the murderer's escape among the underbrush of the *arroya*, he fired—two, three, four times, with no steady, cautious aim, but an intuitive pointing of the weapon. Vengeance was his. His enemy fell.

Lew's power to think returned.

He found no Indian brave in the fallen man, but Juan Carillo, the Apache interpreter.

As the victor approached, the wounded man held up his hands, by way of appeal to the charity of our human nature. Lew saw he was seriously disabled, but, before leaving him, he hastily removed the miscreant's weapon beyond his reach.

Then he hastened to his friend, but he was too late—

the spirit had fled; it had ceased its wanderings, and was at rest. The face was ghastly—blanched and bloodless under the deep sun-brown. The weapon was still in the fatal wound. Lew drew it forth with trembling fingers, and the bright blood followed it in a full but lazy stream.

"O Baldy! Baldy!" he broke forth, in bitterness of spirit, "why did I leave you to go after those miserable fish?" But the strong man was silent; the quick gray eyes were fixed on vacancy, far beyond the foliage overhead; the kindly heart had ceased its beating.

Lew circled the dead form in his arms, and lay beside it moaning in the agony of his soul. Did the spirit of the dead breathe into him a little of its own grim sense of justice?

"Have the goodness, señor, to bring me a little water," said the Mexican, in a shaking voice.

Lew was familiar enough with the language to understand the request. He roused himself, and placed his canteen to the murderer's lips. Then he carried him from the brush, where he had fallen, to the walnut-shade. He laid him down with as much care for the fractured leg as if it had been that of a friend. But his features were firmly set. There was a quiet determination expressed in them, which stamped the stripling with the rank of manhood.

As he gazed on the suffering wretch, chained to the place where he lay, by his broken limb, his expression became softened. Hesitation was creeping into his soul. He was about to speak, but, instead, he turned again to the dead frontiersman, and communed with himself.

Some rough lettering on the handle of the blood-stained weapon caught his eye.

*"To revenge Ramirez."*

This did not startle him. His mind had already recognized, in Juan Carillo, the accomplice of the lynched Mexi-

can. It had decided on him as the vengeance-vower of the mountains of Southern California. It had seen him follow his victim across the Colorado to Buncombe. It had seen him track his prey from camp to camp until opportunity was given for the revengeful blow. The rude carving on the knife gave him no new light. It only proved the truth of his unreasoned conclusions.

"And do I hesitate to avenge this merciless and cold-blooded deed?" thought he. "Shall there be no justice for the murderer of him who lost his life in the cause of justice? It must not be. I dare not be a coward and shirk this duty." Lew's features became firmer with his resolves. Yet, "Would that the shot which had shattered the limb had spared him this trial! Would that there were some one to look on!" This silence and loneliness were oppressive. The dead—the doomed—the sleepy horses in the shade—the slumberous purl of the rocky stream—and himself, the avenger—yes, and one more, the All-Seeing!

Lew knelt by the stiffening corpse, and prayed for light to see true justice, and strength to dispense it.

When he arose, his address to Juan Carillo was an exceeding surprise to that wounded bravo, who had indulged in other anticipations, based on his captor's gentleness. "Say your prayers," was the admonition which the disjointed Spanish conveyed, "for at sundown you will die!"

Carillo prayed heartily, but it was to the deaf ear of the young frontiersman.

At last, finding his words unheeded or unintelligible, he raised his voice to its utmost, and cried out in Apache. He was answered from the valley.

Lew turned, and found half a dozen Indians crossing some high rocks in single file. On their arrival, they touched the young man's breast, where the yellow cross was yet visible, and squatted beside him in the shade.

The Mexican talked earnestly to them for some time, but received no response. They seemed unimpressed by his wound or by the dead body in their sight.

Lew endeavored to explain the circumstances, by pointing to the dead frontiersman, and indicating Carillo as the slayer; then following the path of the sun with his finger to the mountain-tops, he tapped his carbine with a significant look.

The Indians nodded gravely; but one young brave made a remark, with a coarse, quick laugh, to the Mexican, who answered, apparently by an earnest appeal for protection. It was unavailing. They seemed as unmoved by his words as Lew himself, to whom they were meaningless except by intonation.

The young man viewed the Apaches as witnesses sent by Heaven, that his act might not be hidden from the face of the world.

The sun approached the hill-tops, and the avenger examined the condition of his carbine.

Carillo turned from the Indians to his captor, entreating that he might be spared; but, as he had shown none, mercy was denied him.

The weapon was levelled, and fired by the finger of Justice and Duty; and the smoke, descending in the still air, settled for a time around the body of the dead frontiersman, whose departed spirit, to judge from his life, must have found it an incense of sweet savor.

## CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

My young man has developed rapidly of late—like the tender seedling which lingers long in its first leaves, but, after some warm spring showers, rises with a robust growth to its maturity.

Lew's maturity has yielded fruit unknown to the human seedlings of his native valley.

You may know, my dear doctor, if there is truth in the assertion that a young plant, naturally flowering white, will bear red-colored petals, if watered with a solution of such coloring-matter. I do not—never having made the experiment; but this I know, from every-day observation, that the young soul, if transplanted to an atmosphere of blood and death, will bear fruit tinged with those sombre hues. The example I have furnished you is an extreme one, and drawn, by accident, from beyond the verge of civilization; but ordinary instances, indicating the tendency, can be found in the history of every individual. Who is so good that he hath not done wrong? And who that hath done evil may not, on consideration, recognize the atmosphere in which it germed, and budded, and blossomed, and matured? Happy he who can analyze the atmosphere, and, foreseeing its evil fruit, avoid it! Happy he so positively charged with the essence of his Christian home, that he feels the taint of evil, and repels it!

Having fired the fatal shot, Lew seated himself by the side of his dead comrade, and gave his heart up to despair. The gloom of the approaching night was forecast in his soul. Hitherto, he had felt for Baldy; now, he began to feel for himself. So lonely the night-watches, so wearisome the day's travel without his friend's cheering voice—without any voice to distract his mind from its memories!

He gave no heed to the chatter of the Apaches, as they parted the garments and accoutrements of the Mexican; but when they unpicketed Baldy's horse and proceeded to saddle him, he roused himself. He felt that, if he took no notice of their acts, they might be emboldened to carry off his own, with the mule and provisions, leaving him without a hope of escape from this wild country, in which he



seemed buried as beneath a tumult of mountain-peaks. As he approached, the Indians assumed a defiant attitude, but, pointing to the cross upon his breast, he took the horse from the hands of him who held him, and, detaching the saddle-bags, returned the animal to the red warrior. The Apaches then shook hands with him, and moved off with their booty.

What a weary, lonesome night was that which followed, with the dead only for companions—the dead men—and the living coyotes, which made night hideous with their broken barkings and discordant howls! Several times he had to drive them off, from almost arm's reach, for darkness makes these animals as bold as daylight makes them shy. How slowly the stars mounted above the mountain-tops! How melancholy the murmur of the falling waters! How solemn the silence withal, when unbroken by the hungry wolves!

It was a night which, after the events of the day, would have destroyed some minds. Lew passed it in recalling every word and look of the strong man, now powerless beside him, in reviewing the scenes of the afternoon, and in debating once more, and reassuring himself of the justice of his deed.

He wished for the morrow to dawn, but had no thought for the morrow. His thoughts were of death. The stars sparkled overhead, and the running waters babbled clearly in the midnight air, as if those two were but sleeping peacefully. So had they sparkled and so babbled in ages past, and so would they in the years to come, when the aching and turmoil in his own breast had long since ceased. Man's death is but the falling of a leaf. The leaves fall, and are renewed. They fall, and furnish soil for the growth of other generations. Man falls, and the coyotes, or the worms, are hungering after him.

— But the tree itself may die, uprooted by the storm, blighted by the lightning-stroke, or more slowly by a canker at its roots. So may the earth, in some great commotion, die; but as other trees survive to bend their branches over the fallen, other stars shall sparkle over a broken earth, as they sparkle to-night over these lost lives. What is man in the scheme of Nature? Is he greater than the leaf which falls? Why be troubled about that which fell at sun-down?

— *Ay, but the hereafter?* Well, the hereafter—what of it? Who knows any thing about the hereafter? What did Juan Carillo know of the hereafter? What know those half-dozen Indian spectators? As much as the falling leaves!

— Johnnie said something about man's egotism being the origin of immortality and religion. The tree has a vital spark—what becomes of *it* when the lightning strikes? Is it carried off to bloom in an immaterial paradise, while substance remains to feed the future of earthly generations? If matter do not perish from the face of the earth, why should spirit—why should vital force be removed? If the same matter assume new forms, why should not the same vitality animate them? Why should—how could its forces be lost, if, when the earth explodes, its matter still circulates in space? There is no hereafter among the spheres, differing from the present or the past. Why should it exist for this insignificant man? Johnnie might be right.

— But, if it *should* be, this hereafter—he need not hesitate to face it, who has done that only which would be called justice by all of his race. Will the morning-star *never* arise?

When, at last, it appeared, he arose and threw off the burden of his night-thoughts, sluicing himself in the rapid

current of the stream, while watering his animals. He prepared a cup of strong coffee previous to undertaking the tedious and melancholy duty of scooping out of the soil a last resting-place, and refuge from the teeth of the coyotes, for the remains of his friend. He wished to have it finished by sunrise, but the sun was several hours high before he decided that it was deep enough for safety. He rolled the stiffened form in its blanket, and lowered it as gently as was possible to his unaided strength. Then, giving a last look, a kiss upon the cold forehead, he covered the face with a fold of the blanket, and, shutting his eyes, hustled the earth into the shallow pit. The grave was sodded over with loving care, and, when finished, was watered by tears rolling from his surcharged heart.

Another duty devolved upon him—the sepulture of the murderer. Justice was appeased when the ruthless spirit fled. The lifeless clay must not be left to the wolves.

By the time this self-imposed task was concluded, the day was so far spent as to render it profitless to pack up for the journey. He broke up his friend's fire-arms, ate his solitary meal, and then, with the map before him, on which Baldy had been in the habit of pricking off their position, he projected his course out of the wilds.

A shorter and easier route than the back track to Buncombe could be found by traveling southward across the Gila River and striking the immigrant road leading from the Rio Grande to the Colorado. The mountain-ranges between him and the Gila might be difficult, but he hoped in the course of travel to chance upon some of the well-beaten trails used by the Indians in their Mexican raids. The Gila could not be distant more than four or five days, and two or three ought to bring him from the river to the road.

The position, when studied by the map, did not seem

so hopeless. If he could but find a broad, well-beaten track, tending southward and bearing the prints of a horse's hoof, all would be well. A few days ago he and Baldy had crossed such a highland highway; but that was too far to return. By continuing in an easterly direction, another might be found, in less time.

Night fell; the stars followed each other in their circling course around the earth, and the falling waters murmured as before, calling up the thoughts of the preceding night until the sleep of exhaustion stole on him.

Next morning he took a farewell of the newly-made grave, and started on his journey. His animals were well rested, and he purposed making a long ride before going into camp. He found the trail he sought in the course of the day, and turned hopefully southward.

The first three days of his travel were unmarked by incident; the trail was easily followed, giving him opportunity to surrender himself to his thoughts; but the fourth was fated to pass less quietly. It dawned in clouds and threatening storm, but it was not the warring of the elements which disturbed his progress.

He never had opportunity of ascertaining the motives of the attack made upon him by the Indians, but supposed that, in reconsidering his case, they had concluded it contrary to established custom to permit him to carry out of the country a horse, mule, and other valuable property, when his disappearance could be laid on the shoulders of Carillo, and credit for the justice executed on that desperado assumed by their virtuous selves.

Be this as it may, about mid-day he was quietly pursuing his journey, occupied the while with unpleasant anticipations of a bad night, when the war-whoop burst on his astonished ears, and a musket-shot and several arrows whizzed past him, several of the latter splintering on or

glancing from the rocks, and one transfixing the body of a stunted *segura* by his side.

As is usual in such attacks, the Indians had chosen the moment when their intended victim was unable to strike a blow in his defense. Lew's trail had led him into the bed of a creek, and the creek into a narrow gorge with perpendicular walls which rose gradually to a hundred feet as the stream was ascended. The smoothly-washed bed-rock, and eight or ten inches of running water which covered it, rendered rapid progress impossible.

Having permitted him to penetrate as far into this rocky trap as seemed necessary to success, the Indians made their attack from the heights in his front and rear.

Lew's heart fell. There was no escape. Here was to be the end; here, the falling of another leaf, and the stars would sparkle, and the world roll on as before! There came floating into his mind a picture of a soft summer afternoon in the Losiach Valley, with Lizzie, now a woman grown, in the foreground. She was wrapped in reverie—was she thinking of the wanderer who lay mouldering by the bed of this mountain stream? Oh! the happy smiling world beyond these rocks, he would never see it more!

But, with the instinct of self-preservation, he had meanwhile turned his horse, and was pushing down-stream to where the banks admitted of ascent. Several arrows passed him, but, prepared as he was for the end, their passage scarcely disturbed his despairing calmness. His mule fell in the cañon and was abandoned.

Lew dashed up the bank, pistol in hand, to meet his fate. But to encounter a desperate man in open field did not enter into the calculations of his Indian enemies. They hid from the muzzle of his revolver, behind their rocks and pine trees. Not one was to be seen.

A ray of hope penetrated my young man's heart, and

precipitated the grand courage which despair had evolved. He became almost a coward, as he hurried from their lurking-places, and the fierce yell which saluted his act did not so thoroughly extinguish his hope as to destroy his fears. Nevertheless, he turned in the saddle, and, flourishing his weapon, gave a whoop of defiance which did credit to so inexperienced a warrior.

Before him, the ridge or backbone, on which he traveled, led up to the peak of a mountain-range, which he hoped was the divide between the Gila and himself. The trail from which he had been driven passed through a notch to the westward of the peak, but this ridge stretched up to its eastern aspect, where there was no indication of a pass. He was hopeful, however; the more so that his enemies, though hanging on his trail, kept carefully beyond carbine-range. He slackened his pace to save his horse's strength.

Suddenly, from behind a pine-tree, not fifty yards distant, an Indian stepped forward, and, leveling his rifle, fired with a quiet, steady aim. The ball splintered the pommel of my young man's saddle, but did no other damage. He now appreciated why his enemies followed him so quietly. They had but the one rifle, and its owner had been detailed to ambush him. Even from this fact he drew satisfaction; for, from the easy manner in which the pursuit had been conducted, he had feared that the Indians were counting on the impassableness of the mountains ahead, and the opportunities, there obtainable, of cutting him off without risk. After this he endeavored to keep his pursuers at longer range.

The ascent became so steep that at last he had to dismount and lead his horse, halting every few minutes to survey his pursuers, who hung close on his rear, yelling occasionally to intimidate him. By watching them thus closely he kept them beyond arrow-shot.

On reaching the summit of the mountain he rested in a commanding position, and there recognized that his enemies had abandoned his trail. Some new plan was to be developed—some new ambush laid; he could not indulge the hope that they had given up the pursuit.

Fearing to rest longer, he resumed his journey, and, surmounting the ridge of the range at the foot of its giant peak, found outspread before him a bird's-eye view of the country southward. Below, like a tiny streak, the river ran its peaceful course. Beyond it were mountains on whose peaks and ridges he looked down, while beyond *them* the sun shone on a smiling plain, which, though a desert, was to his eyes the long-looked for land—the land of hope and life—the gate-way to safety and civilization.

But how distant! Oh! for the wings of a bird to sail over this intervening valley and those mountain-tops!

A gust of wind, from the westward, staggered him into a sense of the reality.

The storm was coming!

The dull-gray clouds were sweeping up the valley in gloomy majesty—enveloping the highlands in their advance, and trailing their oblique, lawn-like skirts upon the low grounds. Soon the whole landscape would be hid from his view.

On his right the mountain declined gradually to the pass occupied by the main trail; on his left was the pathway by which he had ascended, with a chaos of chasms, rocky walls, peaks, pinnacles, gloom, and impenetrability. In his front was nothing but the breadth of the valley; the mountain looked upon it with a perpendicular face hundreds of feet in depth.

He understood now that the Indians were ambushed on the western descent. He turned to the east. Would it be possible to enter that chaotic country and reach the

river? It was doubtful, but any thing was preferable to the certain death awaiting him on the west. He would double on the Indians. He would at least gain time; and the storm might deter from further pursuit. Escape from capture, torture, and death, was the immediate object; escape from the country could be confided to the future. He gave a last look eastward, and his mountain-craft discerned a possibility of descent. He led his horse for some distance on the back trail, and then descended the eastern slope of the ridge, where he mounted and rode hastily in the direction of the gap which he conceived passable.

The rumbling of the nearing storm, and the moaning of the wind among the pines and sharply-cut rocks, were interrupted by a human cry, a wild, shrill cry, which made his heart again beat tumultuously. The blood-hounds were once more on his trail.

He spurred his excited horse up the easy grade of a grassy and cedar-dotted pass, bounded on either side by precipitous rocks. He felt sure the descent on the other side would be as gradual, and that he might yet escape. But in a few minutes he pulled up, horror-struck. He was caged: walls of rock on either hand, relentless enemies behind, and—a precipice in front!

He had come upon what the frontiersmen call a jumping-off place; one of those geologic rents in the earth's surface.

Two hundred yards distant, on the other side of the chasm, its opposite wall showed a dull-red face, marked with one or two ledge-lines. Its perpendicular height showed the impossibility of descending the face beneath him. He could reach the bottom only by a spring, which would carry him to it and to eternity at the same moment. He galloped along the edge with despair in his heart, in the vain hope of discovering a pathway to safety. As the

yet distant Apache cry reached his ears, he could with difficulty restrain the impulse to wheel his horse to the precipice, and end the pursuit by a death-spring.

A tree, half-uprooted by a previous storm, overhung the chasm near the centre of its edge. Scarcely knowing what he expected by the act, he dismounted, and reached its outmost branches with sailor-like agility.

His heart leaped within him at a fresh prospect of escape. It seemed only a straw, but he caught at it:

At one end of the edge of the precipice, the fractured face of the rock was inclined, corresponding to a projecting table-rock on the opposite side. A firm soil had gathered on this inclined plane, as was evidenced by a growth of underbrush and shrubs. It extended down about fifty feet, ending abruptly in a downright fall; but on its hither side was a second incline of loose rocks and soft *débris*, which terminated abruptly some forty feet below the first. At the corner remote from the wooded incline, the *débris* rested on a projecting ledge, which seemed, from Lew's point of view, to widen gradually and descend to the very bottom of the chasm.

Could he but get himself and horse from the angle of the brushwood, across the face of the *débris*, to where it rested on the ledge, he might yet give his pursuers the slip. Of course, in crossing this loose incline, the risk of being carried over the precipice was imminent; but it must be taken. There was a hope in this direction—in others, none; it *must* be attempted.

He scrambled back to the solid ground, cut his blankets from the saddle, and pitched them with his saddle-bags and canteen into the abyss, to lighten his horse for the desperate undertaking.

With one of those impulses for which it is impossible to account, but which, from their sometimes saving influ-

ence, are regarded as the promptings of a guiding Providence, he girded his long lariat around his loins, instead of leaving it attached to the saddle-ring.

By this time the Apache yells were startlingly near.

My young man led his horse hastily to the underbrush; and the noble animal, participating in his excitement, commenced the descent without hesitation. It was only a few yards, but it occupied time, as the rapid decline admitted only of a zigzag course, and every step had to be cautiously taken, to prevent precipitation into eternity.

He reached the angle, and stepped lightly among the loose rocks; but, carefully as he took it, his step dislodged some pieces, and they slid with a train of lighter matter into the abyss. His horse became frightened at the position. The steepness and instability combined were too much for the animal's nerve. Lew encouraged him hastily, as he himself was meanwhile slipping.

At last, the confiding beast, with ears pricked forward and nostrils dilated, adventured the perilous crossing. Now was the time for action! Lew shouted to increase his excitement and his effort. They were crossing indeed, but the treacherous soil was carrying them nearer and nearer the fearful edge. Their leeway threatened their destruction, independent of the danger from loss of footing or of balance. Plunging, sliding, snorting, the noble beast labored to follow his master.

Lew reached the ledge, and ran forward on it to leave a landing for the horse, but the animal touched it only with his fore-feet; his hind-legs were entangled in the *débris*, and slid with it over the edge. He disappeared with a cry of agony, almost dragging the terror-stricken youth after him. A few seconds later, a dull sound arose from the depths, and all was silent save the rumble of the storm and the voice of the passing wind.



— No!—

— From on high, from the savage throats of his pursuers, came a shout of victory! They had warrant for believing that the sound which issued from the abyss was the knell of both horse and rider.

Lew could hear their excited chattering overhead. He could hear them move to where the brushwood began the descent. He could hear them descending on the firm soil under cover of the growth. Their curiosity was leading them to view the very place from which the plunge was made. Lew scrambled into cover, with an expression of fierce joy. He unslung and cocked his carbine, covering the angle which touched on the *débris*. An Indian emerged and stood on the margin of the unstable plane. Curiosity and awe were on his face, as he scanned the oblique track leading over the precipice. He did not see the deadly tube which, higher up, was pointed at him, nor the fierce eye which sighted it at his savage bosom. Even had he seen it, he would have seen it too late to avoid the doom its sudden voice pronounced. He sprang forward, and rolled into the abyss, with a scream which would have rent the heart of ordinary humanity; but a triumphant war-whoop from the young warrior on the ledge proved *his*, at the moment, to be of firmer texture.

Scarcely had the echoes become silent, when a dazzling bolt shot into the chasm from the flitting clouds, and the earth shook with the noisy reverberations, which sent many an undermined boulder to fill up the geologic wound.

But Nature had no terrors for Lew. His mind was tuned in accord with the elemental war. Let the thunders roll, the trees bend and break in the blast, and the shooting hail smite the rocks with impotent fury; these were as nothing to the storm which had passed over and devastated his soul.

He continued his descent, sheltered by his position from the violence of the gale.

But the ledge failed him. It ended in an abrupt fall of thirty feet to a mass of broken rocks, which sloped easily to the bottom. In looking down from his perch on the tree, the ledge and descending slope had seemed continuous, but here was a break in the path which would have proved fatal to his horse. He felt relieved that the animal had not reached it. It would have been fatal even to himself, had he not girded the lariat around him. He made it fast to the roots of a *segua*—one of those tall cactus columns, which seem to thrive wherever there is soil enough to cover a fallen seed. By its means he descended, and at last reached the longed-for goal—the foot of the huge precipice—where he raised his voice in a savage peal of triumph and defiance.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

I FEAR, my dear doctor, that my young man has become almost as much a savage as his Apache foes. He did not mutilate his dead enemy at the foot of the cliff; indeed, the shapeless mass scarcely admitted of such a proceeding; but the sight did nothing to dissipate the fierce pleasure he experienced in striking the death-blow.

A brief search discovered his canteen, caught on the limb of a tree. He recovered it, transferred a few scraps of dried beef from his saddle-bags to his blouse, and, shouldering his carbine, renewed his progress toward the river.

The violence of the storm had abated, leaving a penetrating rainfall and atmospheric haziness, which shrouded the features of the country. Hence, he was constrained to follow the circuitous course of a mountain-stream. But he

cared not for this; he had no sense of fatigue. His step was elastic, and his head erect. He was no longer the trembling fugitive, spurring from his pursuers. He was retreating in good order. His rear-guard had given the enemy a check, and what is more, it had the *morale* to do it again. *Let them come!*

This young man, with his mild proclivities, was verily proud of having pinked his red-skin.

But the way was long and wearisome. The storm-gloom was deepening into that of descending night, and the great river-valley would not open on him through the mist. Disappointment took the firmness from his step.

Darkness closed around him, but he held his course, stumbling onward with dogged perseverance. He must cross the river to-night. To-morrow it would be too late; for every mountain-side was sending down a torrent to swell the waters.

At last, long after hope had died within him, he found himself plodding through a heavy sand—the thin-voiced babble of the mountain-stream replaced by the deep-sounding gurgle of the rising Gila.

But who would dare to cross its unknown tide? What was in the darkness beyond? What was on its other side? Perhaps a steep cliff, with the waters sweeping past its base, silent and death-like! The land beyond—the land of hope and promise—was veiled as densely as that beyond the grave. The river, which the sunlight of past days presented as a golden gate to civilization, seemed now the very portals of destruction.

He must find the Indian trail from which he had been driven. Where *it* crossed, he might attempt the angry flood, but elsewhere death yawned in the darkness.

He measured with faltering steps the heavy sands of the Gila bottom, touching every streak of tufted grass

which showed dark upon their dim surface, lest it might be the trail he sought. Such endeavor was worthy of success—and found it. He was on the beaten path.

Without halting to intimidate himself by reflection, he hastened into the surging current, and staggered on through the darkness above and the waters below. His tired limbs were yielding before the pressure of the rushing stream, when the dim sands of the other side dawned upon him, infusing new life and vigor. Kneeling by the water's edge, he thanked Heaven for his escape, and then hurried from the beaten track, and found security and forgetfulness among the wet grass of the nearest thicket.

Spite of his fatigues, such is the force of habit, he awoke with the first streak of dawn. He was never before in such miserable condition—stiff in every joint, and in every muscle sore, with his whole frame penetrated by the damp chill of the early morning. His feelings brought up the memory of his march into the world from the Losiach Valley, and he smiled at the remembrance of his boyish aches.

His first care was to put his arms in reliable condition; the rain and the river-crossing rendering the attention judicious. Then he breakfasted on the moist morsels which he had transferred from his saddle-bags, hungering, the while, for the grateful aroma of a cup of hot coffee. It is in such circumstances that coffee is truly appreciated. Not the rich Mocha of the French *artiste*, but a black, unstrained, steaming ambrosia, which would turn on the palate of a city-dweller, like some nauseous doctor's stuff.

The weary journey was recommenced; but not until the sun had mounted in the heavens was the heart-felt chill dissipated, or the drenched clothing dried. Cheerfulness and hope budded anew in the warm rays; but with them, unfortunately, came the unromantic cravings of an

empty stomach. To purvey for this organ became the one great thought.

He left the trail, keeping parallel with it, however, in his search for the wherewithal to live. A startled rabbit would have had small chance of life, had its attentive ears caught the eye of this hungry savage, as he picked unknown berries, or chewed the cactus's pulp.

His idea of time was kept correct by his hunger; but for it, he would have supposed weeks to have elapsed since he drove his well-laden mule before him. Yet twenty-four hours had seen the change. Life is not measured by time. Incidents make up its sum. Not seconds, but ideas, beat off its hours. Yesterday's dawn had seen him eat his last meal. Yesterday, therefore, must have comprehended the seeming weeks. Baldy was already a remembrance of other years.

On rounding the shoulder of a certain hill, my young man lost his hunger in a new sensation. Before him was a vast rolling *mesa*, which seemingly extended to the hazy ridges on the southern horizon, and creeping across it was a black line, which his earnest scrutiny resolved into a party of mounted men. He felt thankful that his hunger had led him from the trail; he would have the more time before they discovered his tracks.

At the foot of the hill, he took position behind a rock, which, with the shrubs around it, sheltered him from observation, while it permitted a view of a portion of the trail in his front. A party of twenty Indians, mounted on horses and mules, passed the spot at a quick walk. Lew did not require to observe that the dusky warriors had many an article of attire new to them and inappropriate, to decide that they were returning from a successful raid into the southern or Sonorian settlements; the very mount of the party was sufficient indication of this; and it gave him

great satisfaction. They would be too anxious to put the Gila between their plunder and pursuit, to waste time over his solitary footprint.

As he saw the party ride past, the savage in him began to ferment into a potent spirit. He could not deny himself the pleasure of sighting an unsuspecting brave, and pinking him in imagination. It afforded some relief to his feelings, but was unsatisfying withal.

He broke from cover to resume his journey, but drew back hastily. Advancing along the road was a well-mounted Indian, driving before him a half-clad Mexican girl. He was armed with a lance, which, with angry chattering, he flourished over his cowering, toiling prisoner, touching her occasionally with its point, to spur her flagging energies.

Here was opportunity indeed!

On they came, he lordly and impatient, she striving to keep in advance of the hot breath from the horse's nostrils,—or, half turning in an agony of supplication: "*O señor, por el amor de Dios!*"

But if *he* was deaf to her prayer, Heaven was not. Assistance was near—assistance which *It* had prepared in a remote corner of the earth, and guided over the highways and by-ways of the world, to respond to her cry. The Indian dropped from his saddle, as if struck by one of Jove's thunder-bolts. He was as neatly ambushed by the white savage, as if an accomplished and noble red had performed the delicate operation.

The unexpected event stunned the captive for the moment, but, on discovering my young man emerging from the brush, she sprang toward him with outstretched arms.

"The horse! the horse!" he cried. "Take care of the horse!" fearing lest the animal might break away and ruin their chance of escape.

She caught the bridle and awaited his coming with

eager eyes, her head erect, and bosom heaving with excitement at the prospect of delivery from the death in life of Indian captivity.

Up and away! without a word between them; she, with arms clasped tightly around him, and he, with eyes on the trail ahead and ears on the silence in rear. Southward they rode over the rolling *mesa*, whose weary breadth her bleeding feet had stained. Oh! the rapid, joyous ride! The scattered brushwood seemed rushing rearward to form a line for her defense. The very tree beneath which she had hoped that her obstinacy might give her liberty in death, swept past with scarcely time for recognition.

Was this a wild dream, a wandering fancy, from which she would awake to feel the touch of the ruthless lance, and the hot breath steaming on her shoulder?

No! No dream indeed! she was saved! Here was her preserver. Here, in her very arms! and, in a flood of gratitude to Heaven and him, she leaned forward and kissed his cheek.

This unlooked-for demonstration aroused my young man from the eagerness of his flight. He checked the already slackening speed of the animal, saying:

"We are safe. If they intended to pursue, we would see their dust by this time on the *mesa*: but they have no time, they must cross the Gila before the waters rise."

"Yes, sir, thank God!" said she.

A sweet voice, truly, thought Lew. "Tell me," said he, turning half round to catch a glimpse of the dark eyes, "tell me how you came to be captive."

"Tell me, rather," replied she, "how it came that God sent you alone into the mountains to save me."

"*Usted primero*," said he, "you first."

"*Ay Jesus!*" she began—"I cannot. I cannot think of it. My poor José, my poor brother—they must have killed

him! He was at the water with the horses and two of the peons. Those who were with *me*, fled when they heard the noise of the pistols. The cowards! They left me; and then *they* came, and dragged me away among the horses' feet. They would not let me look for José, but dragged me away. And when I fell and would not rise, hoping they would kill me, they put me on the horse. I rode for leagues before I was pushed on with the lance."

"This morning?" inquired Lew.

"*Si, señor*, when all the world seemed so quiet after the storm of the night."

"And where?"

"We were in camp by the water on the main road. We were traveling to California, José and I, to visit my mother's friends. Oh! what will they say at home when they hear this dreadful news?"

"Your home is in Sonora?"

"Yes, sir."

"On the way to Guaymas?"

"Yes, sir. Are you traveling to Guaymas?"

"If you go back to Sonora—yes."

"Ah! you are brave and good!"

A pause—in the conversation—not in the journey.

"What is your name, señorita?"

"I am called Dolores—Lola Vasquez."

"And I Luis—Luis Gordon."

"It is a dear name, Luis! I will keep it ever in my heart. But why do you halt, Luis?"

"That you may ride in the saddle."

"No, you must not walk. I am very happy here. Tell me, rather, how Heaven sent you to succor me. Tell me about yourself, Luis."

As well as he could in the unfamiliar language, my young man detailed his adventures from Buncombe, while

Lola, spite of her sore heart, entered into the spirit of his narrative, helped him with an occasional word, and cried "Bravo!" with enthusiasm, as his Indian pursuer rolled into the abyss. "You are brave and good," was her concluding comment. "My father will love you."

As Lew dismounted and assisted his fair charge into the saddle, he had opportunity, for the first time, of observing her. Her features were grimed, and her dark braids robbed of their lustre by the dust of the *mesa*, but beneath it shone a clear skin, warmly toned by the rich floods which the joy of deliverance impelled from her heart. My young man was struck by her beauty, and his eyes, which had looked upon death without a tremor, became cast down before this girl.

But poor Lola misunderstood; attributing his lowered lids to her scanty attire, she flushed crimson, and hid her maiden modesty in concave palms.

Lew removed his blouse, and, handing it to her, said: "You must put it on, else the sun will burn you. I did not notice before. Even now, those lance-scratches are inflaming."

She clad herself, and, smiling through her tears, leaned from the saddle: "Come, Luis," she said, "let me kiss you; you are so good and true, I love you." The impulsive child kissed her young protector; and, as she did so, one of the shame-born tears, which had filled her eyes, welled over, and, falling on his cheek, washed therefrom a dusty travel-stain. So, perchance, with the kiss, some of life's travel-stains on his soul may have paled under the imprint of its purity.

The change in the order of march put a stop to conversation between these young people.

Lola's reflections were of a gloomy cast; yet they did not prevent a smile from rising to greet her companion when he turned to observe her.

Lew's thoughts were of a different character. All Nature was beaming around him and in him. He was free from the accursed country. Its trials and dangers were already things of the past—memories only. But such memories are factors which are constantly multiplied into the coming years. Home was before him. Lizzie was there to meet him, and wander with him by the lin, where they had strung their daisy-hearts in the days gone by. She would listen to tales of strange adventure, tales which would dim the lustre of their childish romances. She would be told how the thought of her solaced the long marches and weary watches of the wild countries. "And, was that really so?" she would ask, with downcast eyes. His vows would answer her—vows of love as sweet for him to utter as for her to hear. Then would her head drop gently on his breast, and he would kiss her softly, tenderly—his love, his loadstar—Lizzie. "Luis!"

Lew started as if he had been caught in the act, and, turned, blushing like a crimson sunset.

Ah! Dolores, have you again misunderstood, that the blush thus gathers on your cheek, and the lights in your lustrous eyes sparkle like the smiling morn?

"Come, ride with me, Luis. You must be too stiff and sore to walk."

But Lew had no stiffness or soreness. A light heart is better than liniment to aching limbs. Even his hunger had been flooded from his mind by the event of the day.

On reaching the scene of the Indian attack, they found one of the peons in charge of the plundered wagons; the other had set out for Tucson, the nearest town, to obtain assistance.

While Lola wept and prayed by her brother's grave, Lew and the Mexican busied themselves in the preparation of a royal feast, to which my white savage, fresh from the war-path, did right royal justice.



The two young people did not await the arrival of assistance from Tucson, but set out on the following morning to hasten it. The rest at this half-Mexican town was much appreciated by Lew after his great fatigues. It likewise afforded him an opportunity of replenishing his wardrobe.

The remainder of the journey to Sonora was made without incident. The dark eyes of his companion, and the sun-browned bloom, always brightening when he came near, aided much in shortening the days to my young man. How quickly sped the evening hours, when in camp after supper they sat talking in softened tones, while the stars rose from behind the sierras, and sparkled as they sparkled on a fallen leaf, or world destroyed; but, now, there was a milder radiance in their light, borrowed from the sheen of the eyes which gazed on his.

Those were happy hours, but not less happy were the many which passed after their arrival at Lola's home.

Lew was entertained as a child of the family. A schooner was advertised to sail from Guaymas in a short time, but the father would not hear of so hasty a departure.

Weeks rolled into months before another opportunity offered, and, for a time, Lew felt as if he would have been content thus to pass his existence. He rode out with the *vaqueros*, or superintended the labors in the cane and corn fields, taking the place of the dead José in the household and hearts of the people. At eventide Lola would fill the calm air with her songs—love-notes issuing like the nightingale's song from an untutored heart, or, touching her guitar with nimble fingers, would crowd the *patio* with merry dancers.

But, in process of time, the young man became thoughtful and silent. He had a duty to perform for his lost friend Baldy—and love was pulling his heart homeward to the Losiach Valley.

One day, a traveler, with advices from Guaymas, gave him the news of a vessel bound for San Francisco. He was delighted, but his pleasure was dashed by the idea of parting from so many friends—from one friend—Dolores.

That evening she followed him to the stream, and, mingling her voice with the ripple of the waters, "Luis," she said, "why are you so silent—so sad?"

"Because I must leave you, Lola."

"What! you have heard of a ship?"

"Yes—to sail next week."

"And you must go?"

"Yes, I must go."

"Oh, why do you go, Luis? Why do you leave those who love you? My father loves you like his dead son José—and I love you. Will you not return? Shall I never see you again? Never? You are cruel, Luis!—cruel to leave me thus. You saved me to life and honor, but now you leave me to die. You have no heart for me—none. You saved me and are kind, but you do not love me—"

"Indeed, dear Lola—"

"No, no. I know it. I know what your gentleness would say, but you have no heart for me. It is all for the fair-faced girl in your own land. You will be happy, and she—but I—how shall I pass the long days with the flower of my hope destroyed!"

She enveloped her face in her mantle, and swayed mournfully.

"Pardon me, dear Luis," she continued, looking him sadly in the face, "I am weak to give way to my sorrow. I have tried to foresee this; but your departure comes upon me like a shock. I should have been brave, and given you smiles only as your memory of Dolores. It is not too late. I will be brave and smile until the distance shall hide you from me; and then I shall weep and pray that

you may be happy, who have made me so happy—yet so miserable. You will not forget me, Luis? I have a ring made for you from the virgin gold of yonder mountain. When it was finished I said to myself, 'I will be brave, and smile when he departs. I will put it on his finger, saying: Wear this dear Luis, for Lola's sake, and be assured that, if there be virtue in her prayers, it will be as a charm to keep your heart happy, and all evil fortune from your path.'"

Thus woke she from her love's young dream; and thus he hastened to his own awakening.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

### THE WAR.

#### CHAPTER FIRST.

My dear doctor, are you tired of the Western trail over which I have led you? I put the question with hesitation, fearing that even *your* courtesy may have to strain a point for the sake of a polite answer. Yet I derive consolation from the fact, that that which has occupied so long in writing may be glanced over in an hour or two; the tedium, therefore, which attaches to it in *my* mind, may not have entered yours.

I confess it. I am tired of the hardships and dangers of that Indian country—oppressed with its sublimity—and too habituated to the solitudes which bring man face to face with the God of Nature, to do other than wish for the sight of a friendly smile or the sound of a "How d'ye do?" No cavalry sub is more pleased with his detail from Buncombe on recruiting service, than am I at the prospect of picking up my young man at the Astor, Metropolitan, or St. Nicholas.

The change from the desolation of the Gila and its tributary streams to the living current of the Broadways of civilization, is so great, that, were my young friend less

of a true man, I would fear more for his safety, than when I found him dashing through the darkness and the rushing waters from his Indian enemies.

The Western life is perilous to the soul; but, so is that of the East; *this* smiles and drags its prey insidiously to the bottom, while *that* frowns and plunges to perdition in a tumult of recklessness. The refined nature which would flee from the one, may be snared by the wiles of the other.

But I do not dread its influence on Lew; his heart is too full of home to be led into evil.

The nearer he seemed to approach his early friend and her daughter, the more impatient he became for the meeting. Beyond this, he had no fixed future; but he had means at command to carry many a project into execution.

He found, in San Francisco, that Baldy had invested ten thousand dollars in his name, which, as the stock was paying handsomely, already formed the nucleus of a small fortune. He had sold out enough for current expenses, and left the body of the sum to accumulate.

Behold him, then, walking up the avenue to Thirty-something Street, where dwelt Baldy's relatives, as elegantly got up and as handsome a young man as feminine taste could desire to look upon.

As I introduce him under such altered aspects, I ought, perhaps, to say a word concerning his *physique*. He has grown from childhood, on these pages, morally only, to the neglect of his physical characteristics. But, as he has long since emerged from hobbledohoyhood, I may venture on his descriptive list:

Five feet eight—as tall as the taste of many an appreciative observer on the avenue—well made, muscular, but spare in habit—for his mode of life has not favored adipose deposition; hair dark, in short, crisp, close-lying curls, which undulate over the heights of a forehead which, but

for them, would be too high; eyes hazel, in placid liquid depths, but with electric capabilities for special occasions; nose straight, and nostrils distensible; mustache dark, and of symmetrical twirl, showing the gleam of white teeth and the full blood of a curving lip, under the sweep of its parting; chin smooth and full, completing the oval outline of his face, which, though browned by exposure, blushes with the tints of youth and health, and the brightness of a heart unsoiled.

Lew was shown into a tastefully-furnished parlor to await the coming of the daughter of the house. The unobtrusive indications of wealth in the room discovered to him that Baldy's will had sent coals to Newcastle.

The door opened, and a ray of sunlight entered the apartment. I do not mean to be taken literally; Miss Dora Raymond entered.

That night he tried to recall her in detail, but the only points which his night-thoughts could recover of the "beautiful vision," were a small figure, light and fairy-like, and a voice clear and musical, like the rendering by sound of happy innocence, with the roses blooming in her smiling face, and the dark hair falling in luxuriant curls, while all else was hid by the sparkle of a pair of large gray eyes, of that lustrous color known as Irish gray.

"Mr. Lew Gordon," said she inquiringly, but, without waiting for answer—"I'm so glad you've come"—she continued, seating herself near him. "I have been doing nothing but wishing for your arrival, since the letters came from San Francisco. I want so much to learn about Uncle Baldwin. I ought to regret the absence of papa and mamma, but I can't do it; I am so glad to have you all to myself. I know *they* will be disappointed, but they can see you afterward. When did you arrive in the city, Mr. Gordon?"

"Last night," replied he, feeling powerless to make further answer in the presence of this bright-eyed divinity.

"You were very good to call so soon. My anxiety must have been felt, and hastened your coming."

"You can scarcely give it that credit, Miss Raymond; although you *might*, had I been so favored as to have felt it."

"Thank you. Do you make a long stay in the city?"

"Only a few days."

"I'm sorry. Can't we prevail on you to prolong it by the promise of making it so *very* agreeable?" And the young lady's look said plainly: "Come, now, gaze in these eyes, and be able to say no, if you can."

"I fear not, however much I might wish it. The fact is, I have been long away from my friends—long away from all communication with them."

"Then we must forego the pleasure. I shall have to make the most of the time you can devote to us. You must know that Uncle Baldwin has been the mystery and romance of my life. I never saw him, for he went away before I was born, so his death affects me only through mamma. She has been much depressed since she heard of it; she always cherished a hope that he would return. I have seen her grow pale when a letter from some unknown source was put in her hands. I came to look for his return also; and have romanced since childhood about him. I would have him a pasha in Egypt, a tycoon in Japan, or a something great somewhere."

"I fear any particulars which I can give you will crumble your air-castles into ruin. But you have said one thing, Miss Raymond, which gives me great relief: I mean that your uncle's death affects you only through your mamma. His death was sudden and violent; so much so, that, in coming here without knowing whom I had to meet, I was

troubled, lest I might make some heart sore by the unexpected revelation. I hoped to confide the matter to Mr. Raymond, and let him disclose it to his family as he pleased."

"How do you mean? He died by accident?"

"No. A Mexican desperado, who hated him, followed in his footsteps for weeks, watching for an opportunity, which at last he found, to satisfy his revenge."

"Poor Uncle Baldwin! Tell me about it; but first, in case mamma should come in, she must not know it from you; you are thoughtful, and will spare her. Why did the Mexican hate him so?"

Lew looked into the eager eyes and told the story of the lynch-law in the California mountains, the appearance of the Mexican at Buncombe, and the death-scene in the wilds. His whole soul was in his tale, and he told it well. His listener was so enwrapped, that the sound of his voice had died away long before she murmured: "Poor uncle Baldwin! just on the point of coming to us, after so many years.—But you did not tell me what became of the murderer?"

"He is buried within a few yards of his victim."

Miss Raymond gave a quick concentration of look at her young companion. "What an awful night you must have passed after such an occurrence!" she said.

"I did not sleep much. I watched the stars pass overhead, and listened to the sound of the water in the valley, the whisper of the leaves, and the howling of the night-wolves stealing around the camp."

"Now, tell me," she resumed, "what was Uncle Baldwin doing all those years in that fearful Western country?"

"A difficult question, Miss Raymond. Of this much I feel confident, that he was cautioning the thoughtless, car-

ing for the sick, comforting the afflicted, and doing good to all. In other respects he led the life of most frontiersmen, farming, hunting, mining, prospecting, as the fit might seize him, but always on the move, never settled for long in any one place."

"You will not feel it impertinent if I ask how you, so young, came to be a companion to Uncle Baldwin in that wild country? When the lawyer in San Francisco wrote that uncle's comrade was coming east with the particulars, I pictured a tall, rough-bearded man, and not—a—a—"

"We purposed coming East together," interrupted Lew to relieve her, "but, as he was anxious to ride over Arizona, I agreed to go with him. He befriended me, when I was left sick and helpless by those who had been my companions and whom I regarded as my only friends. He nursed me tenderly, and brought me back to health. I would have followed him much farther than over that mountain-country."

"Were you long in the West before you met him?"

But I may leave them to carry on their conversation by themselves. She drew out of him the whole of his Western history. Her large eyes expressed so much interest in the smallest item, that he withheld nothing—nothing save Lola's confession.

"It would have been so nice," commented his listener, "had you fallen in love with the Mexican girl, and been married! You ought to, after such an adventure together. It proves one of two things: either you are as cold as charity—which I can't believe, after having listened to you; or your heart was preoccupied. There must be a fair lady among the friends you are so anxious to see."

Lew was blushing under this attack upon the secrets of his heart, when a diversion was made by the entrance of a servant with a card.

"Mr. John Gordon," said the young lady; "show him up." Then turning to her companion, she explained: "A friend of papa's; I like him very well, too. No relation of yours, I guess. *He* comes from Scotland."

Lew was startled, but quickly recovered himself. The north of Scotland, he considered, grows a thick crop of Gordons, and John is as common as Donald, Dugald, or Duncan. As he thus stilled the tumult in his heart, the door was opened and his own brother, Johnnie, made his appearance in the room. He started from his seat with the intention of saluting him, but the idea of enjoying his brother's surprise restrained the impulse.

Johnnie advanced with a smiling face, and a pleasant word falling from his lips; but, when his eyes encountered the stranger, he involuntarily stepped back, and his smiles fled, giving way to the pallor of a deathly faintness which he tried unavailingly to overcome.

Lew was surprised and delighted at this excess of agitation on his brother's part. The coldness of their last meeting, and their want of sympathy in childhood, had not prepared him for such a display of emotion. He sprang toward him, and, having seated him, kissed his cheek. "You can hardly believe it is I, Johnnie, can you?—So strange we should meet thus—so fortunate, too: I was on my way home to see you."

Johnnie recovered himself with a long-drawn breath, and spoke:

"I was thinking of you all the afternoon, Lew, so you can imagine my feelings in discovering you so unexpectedly.—Miss Raymond, you will pardon me; one does not meet a long-lost brother every day."

The young lady had been lost in astonishment at the result of the meeting. Her large eyes, a little larger than usual, had turned from one to the other, assuming, perhaps



for the first time in their experience, an expression of vacancy, indicative of her non-comprehension of the position of affairs.

"Brothers!" said she. "That would never have occurred to me. You don't look a bit like each other."

Nor indeed did they: the one fair and pale, with blue eyes, light-brown hair and rusty mustache; the other dark as I have described.

"What a little romance this is! Pay no attention to me, please; you must have so much to say to each other."

"So much, indeed," replied Johnnie, "that it would be useless to begin now. Lew must have had strange adventures, to have carried him from where I saw him last to where I now find him."

"Had you called earlier, you might have listened to some of them. He has been telling me of his Western life. I am almost sorry you came to interrupt."

After some trifling conversation, the brothers took their departure.

On the street, Johnnie lost the energy which sustained his conversation in Miss Raymond's presence. He was silent, and seemed more occupied with his thoughts than with his brother's company.

"Why are you so abstracted?" inquired Lew.

"Oh! it's nothing," was the reply. "I'll tell you when we get out of this cursed hubbub into the quiet of my crib. Here we are—round the corner."

"I'm all curiosity," said Lew, seating himself in the luxurious chair to which he had been motioned, "to know how you come to be at home, and in such style, on this side of the Atlantic. Some grand tidal wave must have swept you on to fortune, and out of your profession at the same time, for I see none of the solid volumes in which

doctors delight, turning their serious backs on the cushioned ease of your crib."

"A very simple matter," replied Johnnie. "What will you take? I want a little something neat; one or two events occurred to-day to put me out of spirits. I feel nervous. Your appearance in Raymond's unhinged me more than I would allow to everybody. What did you say you would take?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Be sociable, Lew, for once in a lifetime. Let's have a pleasant evening. You have a long story to tell, if Miss Raymond does not exaggerate, and talking is dry work. Tickle your palate with the bouquet in that, and smoke a cigar, as we trade experiences."

Lew yielded, and, as he exhaled the fragrant smoke, said: "Now, Johnnie, go on. I want to learn all the home news."

"There's nothing new, since I wrote you that letter when the old lady died."

"You don't tell me that she's dead—my mother?"

Johnnie nodded.

Lew's throat became dry; he swallowed the wine without a recognition of its bouquet. The finest flower in his garden of the future had faded. The romance of reconciliation and dawning love, indulged in by his childhood, and the hopes of the same, cherished by his youth, were never to be realized. "When did this happen?" he asked, huskily.

"Shortly after I heard of your departure for California. My letter ought to have overtaken you at San Francisco."

"Was she long sick?"

"Only a couple of weeks. I couldn't get any thing satisfactory out of the old doctor—Logan—you remember him. He had charge of the case, and didn't know much

about it, I guess—some brain-trouble. I was in Paris at the time, and did not get back until it was all over.”

“And there was nobody with her to close her eyes?”

“It didn’t matter much; she was insensible during most of her illness.”

Lew groaned in spirit, while his brother continued:

“After her death, I turned the property into cash, and came to America, where I felt certain of doing better than driving daily over the miles of some poverty-stricken parish, or footing it through the slums of a city dispensary district. Nor was I mistaken. I made some lucky hits, and can turn over in a day more than would have been a life’s income at home. Any live man, with something to start him, need stop only at millions in this country. You appear to be in easy circumstances yourself, Lew. Do your interests fix you in the States? I hope you have taken farewell of Old Ocean, and purpose settling at something which will pay better. If you want money to aid you, let me know.”

“I have not thought of what I shall do. I have been too intent on my journey to Scotland.”

“But what’s the use of going over, now?”

“I must see where my mother is buried; and one so poor in friends as myself cannot afford to forget Mrs. Wilson and her daughter.”

“I fear I have none but bad news to communicate, Lew—”

“What! she dead also!—and Lizzie?”

“Oh, Lizzie is alive and well—at least when I saw her last. Quite a handsome girl she is.”

“Do you know her address?”

“No. She was staying with an uncle—a lawyer—very well to do.”

“I feel lost in the world, Johnnie, since you tell me this. Lizzie and yourself excepted, I have no ties. You

formed friendships at college, but none of mine, at sea, were deep enough to last.”

“No great loss, I guess,” said Johnnie; “I don’t go much on human nature in that respect. You seemed, however, to be on very friendly terms with Miss Raymond.”

“I met her for the first time to-night. I called to inform the family concerning the death of Mrs. Raymond’s brother.”

“Oh, I understand; Raymond told me some ten days ago. That affair increases the value of the young lady by a good many figures; and, by-the-way, I may as well tell you now. I intend to go in there myself. I have been looking around of late to improve my business position, and I think I can do best in that quarter. I am well received by the father, who, knowing the extent of some of my transactions, extravagantly overrates the size of my original pile, and finds no difficulty in believing me an illustrious scion of the noble house of Huntly, who, in the march of modern ideas, has thrown aside his titles, to mingle with the free and enlightened. I have the game in my hands; but you must not spoil one of my trumps by saying that Captain John Gordon commanded the Faëry Queen. You can talk of the Losiach Valley as much as you please, and of the home farm, and your own wild doings; but don’t call me Dr. Gordon, or tell that the paternal mansion had no second story.”

“I don’t relish this, Johnnie.”

“Why? it’s only puffing the stock, to sell above par. I fear you are too scrupulous to make your fortune on the street or anywhere else.”

“Money would bring me no satisfaction, if it brought an uneasy conscience with it.”

“I agree with you,” said Johnnie, “but differ somewhat in sensitiveness of conscience.”

Lew returned to his hotel greatly depressed in spirits. The news from the Losiach Valley originated his depression, but it was greatly augmented by the dislike he was conscious of entertaining toward his brother's character. The years had only increased the distance between them. He conceived Johnnie to be hard and unfeeling in the extreme. If he judged harshly, he did so against every desire of his heart.

These two were bound to none other by ties of blood, yet the one had permitted the other to depart, after years of absence, without even offering the shelter of his roof.

Lew was lonely enough in the crowded street. Lizzie only remained to him; but, in his despondent frame, his thoughts of her became suffused with doubt. She was a handsome girl, living amid the gayeties of the capital, the centre of a circle of admirers. How could he think of himself as living in her remembrance, other than as the playmate of her childhood. A feeling of self-pity attended his recollection of a thousand happy day-dreams, founded, as he now recognized, on naught but the romance of his nature; for not a word had ever passed his lips to indicate to her the current of his soul. She knew not that she was the divinity before whom his young heart bowed, laden with the first blossoms of love. How could he expect her to respond with an ardor which would satisfy the cravings of his long-cherished love? It was pleasant to dream that she bore his image in her heart from those early years, and that it had grown with her growth, as hers in his. But this was romance, pure and simple. And was the growth of her image in his heart romance as well? Was she, in reality, what he pictured; or had he, like a sentimental simpleton, been making love in his heart to its ideal, and attaching that ideal to Lizzie's personality, or rather to her name, for time must have altered her almost out of his

knowledge? Supposing her in America, he might pass her on the street, with her woman's face, without recognition. Not but that he would start, perhaps, at the strange resemblance which recalled the girlish face of the Lizzie he had known. But would he know her?

Here Lew, by chance, withdrew his eyes from the vacancy of his reverie to the real life about him. A lady was advancing. As she passed him in the glare of the lamps, Lew looked into her face, and his heart leaped within him and fluttered almost to faintness. *There* was the very resemblance on which his thoughts had been running!

Singular coincidence!

Nothing of the kind; nothing but the natural result of a heated imagination, a passing glance, and a poor light. And yet—the figure! How like Lizzie's carriage as a girl! Pshaw! Let the young man get to his hotel. What good can come of standing on the pave and gazing after a girl, who is without an escort at this hour of the evening?

Lew reached his hotel and retired. But, as I have already indicated, Lizzie did not occupy the whole of his night-thoughts. The gray eyes of Miss Dora Raymond sparkled star-like in the firmament of his night, and pervaded his dreams with a mild and blissful radiance.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

WITH the clear light of the following day, and the calmer thoughts of a mind refreshed by sleep, Lew pursued the ideas which his interview with his brother had originated.

If he had no home, he thought, why this haste to return to Scotland? A couple of graves were all he pos-

essed there; for the Lizzie of reality was not the Lizzie of his dreams. While the one lived in his heart, and loved him as if the sweet tale had been told a thousand times, the other was a comparative stranger to him, and he to her. She might have told her love to other ears. But let her be heart-free on his return, was he in position to seek her love, without friends, expectations, profession, occupation, almost without education? Dare he, an ignorant sailor, or equally ignorant frontiersman, place a bond upon her heart, while the work of his life had yet to be begun? Time enough when he had attained a position with a future before him. But what? To which side should he turn? Why not take up the profession which his brother had thrown aside? Then he could hasten to her, and, finding the slightest response, could speak to her of his plans, and the sweet hope which buoyed them.

He arrived at this conclusion as a neat little note was placed in his hands, inviting him to dine at Thirty-something Street.

This interrupted his reflections to such extent that, if any thing outside of his newspaper illumined his cerebral hemispheres, it was the light of a pair of clear, gray eyes.

The fear which Miss Raymond had expressed, concerning the effect on her mother of a sudden disclosure of Baldy's fate, had led Lew to conceive that lady as thin-featured and worn, of nervous temperament and valetudinarian; instead of which he found her a magnificent-looking woman, for whom the years had yet to come which would line the smoothness of her brow, or rob her of the bloom of a rich maturity.

"You need have no restriction on your speech, Mr. Gordon," said Dora, "as mamma knows all you told me."

Mr. Raymond was rather a small man, with hair silvering, nose straight, lips firm, and chin somewhat large. He

was active in movement and quick in speech, impressing Lew as a man who made a principle of doing that which he did with all his might, even to the small matter of shaving.

Dinner passed off pleasantly, the conversation being, of course, mostly on Western topics.

"You would think me over-curious, Mr. Gordon," said his host, when the ladies had withdrawn, "were I to attempt to carry into effect the wishes of my brother-in-law, without first informing you that it is on his account I speak. Some days ago I received a packet of letters from the West. In it were two, written by Baldwin, one from San Francisco, and the other from this Fort Buncombe of which you have been speaking. They were lodged with his lawyers, to be forwarded only in the event of his death. In both, but especially in that from Buncombe, he committed you to my care, requesting me to consult with you, and forward your views to the utmost of my ability. I would not have scrupled to do this, had not my daughter informed me of your relationship to a friend of mine, who is so well able to assist you, that I hesitate in proffering even advice. You will appreciate that I refer to this simply because of the earnestness of Baldwin's letters."

"What I appreciate most is the friendship which looked even beyond the grave on my behalf," replied Lew. "I understand what you consider the delicacy of your position, and thank you for referring to it. Hitherto I have only looked forward to my return to Scotland, but information, which I received from my brother yesterday, has caused me to defer my visit, and to decide upon doing something toward a permanent settlement."

"And what do you purpose doing?"

"My thoughts ran on medicine as a profession."

"If you have no special aptitude, do not attempt it. It

is a hard life, and few who attempt it make more than bread-and-butter. If you desire to study, read law. As a lawyer you have a hundred paths open to you. You may not practise the profession. You may enter into business and make money; but you carry your legal lore latent with you, and it will come of use some time."

"I have no great predilection for the profession; but, viewing the study as part of the education of an intelligent citizen, I could settle down to it with earnestness. I have been a rolling stone for so long, that I wish to stop myself without further delay; and, if some law folios will do it, and be of use in the future, I shall consider the matter fixed."

"You cannot do better. It will break you into settled habits, and be a valuable education, no matter what may be your after-course. I am ignorant of your financial condition, but, if you require assistance for this or any other object, I beg of you to have no hesitation in communicating with me. This was the only desire expressed by my unfortunate brother-in-law, and I can assure you its fulfillment will afford me great pleasure."

Lew gave up his hotel, took private quarters in the neighborhood of the Raymonds, and settled to work. Instead of finding the confinement, which his studies imposed, to be irksome, he delighted in the novelty of his new line of life. It suited his tastes better than the wandering, aimless life he had led up to this time. He was by nature a student, and he realized this in the quiet pleasure which attended his study, long after the enthusiasm of his first dash into it had evaporated.

The weeks sped quickly. Lew judged of their happiness by their rapidity, and wondered, considering, the while, that he was as ignorant of Lizzie's form, features, heart surroundings, and even address, as he was on his en-

trance into New-York City. At times, he would steal an hour or two from his books for a day-dream concerning her, promising himself vacation at the end of the year for a trip to Scotland, and picturing the meeting to suit the warmth of his heart, despite the common-sense which laughed when he awoke.

He had little intercourse with his brother. At first he called often, but, failing to find Johnnie in his rooms, his visits became less frequent. On one occasion, at an hour of the afternoon which his brother had indicated as that of his usual return from business, Lew was startled almost out of the proprieties. While awaiting Johnnie's arrival, he seated himself behind the curtains of a window which commanded a view of the pavement. The figure of a woman met his eyes. She was passing the house slowly, with her face half turned, and was gazing at the window with a worn and desolate look. For an instant his heart ceased to beat, and then the quick pulses went crashing through his brain, clouding the figure as it disappeared beyond the limit of his view.

It was Lizzie!—the matured Lizzie of his dreams, not as he pictured her joyous on his return, but with the sad and wistful look of the weary watcher for that event.

Was this an illusion? had his morbid mind clothed the features of some saunterer with Lizzie's lineaments? Or was it an hallucination: did the figure so strangely like Lizzie have no existence external to his senses? The superstitions of the Losiach Valley took full possession. Was she dead, and appeared thus to his longing heart to apprise him of the fact? Was she in sore distress, and appealed to him with her wistful gaze to hasten to her aid? Was she—

Ha! Again she appears! walking now in the opposite direction, but looking at the window as she passed, with



the same sad, hopeless, expectant gaze. Lew could bear it no longer. He hurried from the room and from the house, but the figure—vision, which was it?—had vanished. He turned the Broadway corner and searched the living current unavailingly.

On his arrival, his brother, noticing my young man's perturbation, inquired the cause.

Lew told him, whereat Johnnie laughed.

"I guess I have seen your shade," said he; "she passes frequently—has some business up the street—wears scarlet flowers in her hat, don't she? I have often wondered how her face seemed to be so familiar, but now you mention it, I can see it is her resemblance to Lizzie Wilson."

Lew was thankful for the explanation, and blushed somewhat at his brother's jocular notice of his excitement.

On several occasions thereafter, he promenaded Broadway in the vicinity of this corner, in the hope of seeing her again; but, Fortune did not favor him. He felt a tender yearning toward the girl, on account of her she so resembled.

Lew met his brother once or twice at Mr. Raymond's, and decided that Johnnie was a frequent and favored visitor. For himself, after the first weeks, he called only occasionally. He *wished* to pass many an evening in the presence of the light-hearted Dora, but an uninterrupted talk was an impossibility, on account of the succession of young men, who grubbed at the hairlings on their lip, while relating mild society-scandals, criticising a singer's voice, a lady's toilet, Miss De Blanc's marriage, or the extraordinary weather of the past few days. Amid such companionship my young man did not shine, and, taking the first opportunity of bowing himself out, hesitated in repeating the call lest he might chance on similar society.

He was much impressed by Miss Raymond. Her bright eyes and cheerful disposition would have played havoc with his heart, had it not been preoccupied by the love which it had elaborated for itself. He bore her so much brotherly feeling as to be uneasy at the prospect of a marriage with his brother. Johnnie had no heart—she had. There could be no fair match between them—no happiness for her in such a contract. But, of the actual condition of affairs, he knew nothing.

One evening, in the early part of his acquaintance with the family, Miss Raymond remarked: "By-the-way, Mr. Gordon, I have not as yet learned what I was about to know, when your brother interrupted us, the first night I saw you. You were pleading guilty to the soft impeachment, and I was in ecstasies at the thought of listening to the romantic story; for I felt sure it must be tinged with romance, else you would have fallen in love with your Mexican Lola."

"I can assure you, Miss Raymond, the facts will not sustain your assumption."

"What! you deny the love you left behind you in your own country? You must not think me impertinent in inquiring—you ought rather to be flattered at the interest which caused the inquiry; but, one day, when your brother was talking about you, I asked concerning the condition of your heart; and he said something about a boyish fancy for an old playmate. Now, I don't require a powerful penetration to distinguish the difference between you and him, and to know that what he styles a boyish fancy may be quite another thing to you. I would like so much to know her! You can't deny her existence," she continued, as Lew remained silent; "I know it from the use I can make of my own eyes and ears."

"In what manner, may I ask?"

"Well, for one thing: have you ever said any thing nice to me?"

Lew laughed. "Without comprehending to a nicety the value of 'nice,'" returned he, "I might say, that one, with heart thoroughly free, may think much and yet say but little."

"Only the true adorer may do that, but *he* contrives to look his love; the absence of the speaking eye excludes you from the list."

"Of true adorers?"

"Oh, no!—of mine, of course. On the contrary, I acknowledge you a true adorer, and want to know all about the adored one."

"Believe me, Miss Raymond, I have nothing to tell."

"Oh! oh! oh! Not about Lizzie? You see I know her name. If I had not told you of my inquiry, I might have said, a little bird whispered to me."

Lew blushed—the faintest tinge imaginable; it might have been a flush of excitement in thus fencing with his fair inquisitrix. "What about Lizzie?" he replied—"only this, that she is the little playmate of whom my brother must have spoken."

"Only that? And nothing more?"

"Nothing more," said he; and the "nothing more," with which he denied his love, was croaked in his heart on many an after-evening, as his thoughts, "ere he went to rest," turned homeward and to Lizzie.

But what is a principled young man to do, when taken to task in this remorseless fashion by a fascinating daughter of Eve? Is he to adhere to strict morality, tell the truth concerning the sacred fire burning in his virgin heart, and be exposed to the imputation of spooniness, or some such miserable slangy substantive? Of course the fair eyes might look at him till doomsday, without shadowing

forth the imputation, but the roguish heart, which guards them, might nevertheless indulge in its little conceits. Can he object to the cross-questioning? Certainly not; for, aside from the impoliteness, an application may be made of the legal *dictum*, that one need not answer, if, by so doing, he criminate himself, whereby, to decline the question, to all intents and purposes answers it. Nor can he deny the matter wholly; for then does he cease to be a principled young man. He must fence it off with a play of words and a by-play of looks. Lew wished he had been able to do this, rather than deny with that ominous "nothing more."

Miss Raymond, however, appeared perfectly resigned to the loss of the romantic tale she had anticipated. She declared her disappointment extensively, but bore it like a philosopher, and kept up a sprightly conversation with her visitor, until papa's coming turned the tide into a smoother channel.

Lew dreamed of Irish-gray eyes that night; and, when the "nothing more" was sounded with some pulse-throb in his ears, he felt almost reconciled.

Time passed. The winter sped with its long evenings of earnest study, which dissipated the Indian-red from my young man's cheeks, and etherealized the cast of his countenance. The spring, unobserved, lengthened its days into a torrid summer with its columns of "*coup de soleil*" in the morning papers. Lew decided on moving into the country with his books for a couple of months, after which he intended to realize his vacation in earnest, by a transatlantic trip, returning in time for the winter's work.

But, before he left the city, during one of his calls at the Raymond house, the young divinity of that establishment approached him as follows:

"Now, Mr. Gordon, papa says you are by far too en-

thusiastic, and that you are going to the country nominally to take things easy, but in reality to continue poring over those books. He says you require to have a firm hand on your rein, else you'll founder—or burst up—or something else—I forget—long before you reach the winning-post. I can't conceive where he obtains his odious similes. So you must come and show yourself once a week, otherwise you can't have permission to retire to this hermitage; and you must join us at Saratoga, and remain with us for ten days, without looking at any printed matter, except the morning papers, the magazines, and your prayer-book. I am very glad of it, for I have not seen a bit of you for ever so long. I wish you were going with us now, for I want you so much for a beau or special attendant. Real handsome young men are scarce in these times, I tell you."

Lew found, in a subsequent interview with the young lady's father, that she had reported, in a measure, correctly. He was gratified that Mr. Raymond took such interest in his progress, and gave a willing acceptance to his invitation.

Later in the season, Lew arrived at Saratoga to join his friends. As he came by a late train, he determined on deferring the presentation of himself until the next day. While he sat on the piazza watching the promenading throng with languid interest, his eye was caught by two figures, in whom he recognized Miss Raymond and his brother.

"I know," said she, in a lowered tone, as they walked slowly past him—"I know that papa thinks very highly of you, and that he would be perfectly satisfied with the marriage; but—"

"But what?" thought Lew. They passed, and he could hear no more.

When they next approached him, the young lady broke away from her companion's arm with a joyful exclamation.

"O Mr. Gordon!" said she, "here is your brother Lew.—What have you been doing with yourself, that we have not seen you? The last train has been in over an hour."

Lew apologized, and, after exchanging the mildest of greetings with his brother, was left in possession of the fair one.

Miss Raymond watched John Gordon until he disappeared, and then, turning to Lew, gave a dozen pettish little springs into air. "Let me effervesce," said she, "or I'll—I'll—you've no idea! Come. Are you tired?"

"Not in the least," replied Lew.

"Then let us circulate lively around the piazza, until I get rid of the effects of my *pas sérieux*. If you ever see me again going over the ground in that style, be a Christian, and meet us accidentally, to give me a chance of getting out of the toils. Don't be aggravating, but walk quick!" And Miss Impetuosity gave his arm a tug, and dragged him into the start.

Many eyes looked after the pair as they piloted themselves past the slower-paced promenaders; and perhaps Lew was not wrong in assuming to himself one-half of the remark dropped by a lounge: "Pretty well matched team that, Joe."

"Now," said she, "let us take it easier, and I'll tell you. You kept your Lizzie secret from me, but I will be magnanimous, and confide my love-affair to you. Besides, it's all in the family, you know. What do you think? Your brother proposed!"

"And you?" said Lew, with hesitation.

"I hardly know whether I did or not; I'll have to think it over."

"Then you did not say, 'No?'"

"No, I could not say that. Papa likes him; mamma

likes him; and, as a match, I like him well enough. But I don't like the idea of being married to him now. It's all very well to be married and settled as one of the matrons of the republic; but there is a time for every thing, and the time for that event is a long way off, I hope."

"I understand, then, that, were you a few years older, you would have accepted him?"

"If I found myself tired of my freedom in a few years, and had not lost it in the mean time to somebody else, I would certainly say 'Yes' to him."

"Perhaps there is some one else?"

"No. I wish there was! I know I would like him better than John Gordon. He could not well be a colder lover. It is with *him* simply a matter of business. But I don't believe there is any real love in the world in these days. All the marriages I know any thing about have been conducted on strictly business principles; and I suppose I shall have to go in that way myself, with just a little make-believe love-making thrown in for appearance' sake. The young man is not bad-looking; he's of good family, and promises to be successful. What can one want more? Papa says, 'Certainly.' Mamma says, 'I think you couldn't do better, my dear.' And the young lady blushes and says 'Yes;' and one powerful incentive to say so is the desire to be settled before that Nettie Brown, who was over the other night talking of nothing but her affair, which is to come off next spring."

"And you would really marry a man whom you did not love?"

"No; you go a little too far. What I would do is this: I would have a good time for some years hunting for the *particular* him, and, failing his appearance, and my own failing at the same time, I would accept him who was otherwise eligible, although his heart-suit was not particu-

larly strong, rather than live all my life that odious old thing Miss Raymond. You would not have me become an old maid, would you?"

"No; but at the same time I hold that no two should marry unless their love be as perfect as may be. I would not unless I felt that life would be worthless without her; unless I felt in my heart that it had been preordained from the beginning that we were to live our lives together."

"Exactly so," replied the young lady, seriously. "But if you failed to find this specially-created one, or having, as you thought, found her—found, at the same time, that she had just such a notion concerning some other fellow—what would you do?"

"Remain unmarried," replied he, promptly.

"Certainly, and devote yourself to business and lay up money, or to politics for name and reputation, or to any of the thousand things in which a man can pass his life; but what is a poor girl to do, if she find she has no attraction for her special one?"

"I could not say without an intimate knowledge of the poor girl's nature."

"Let *me* be your example: what am I to do?"

"You suppose an impossibility," said Lew, and turned from the subject with the remark, "but, you have not told me the answer you gave my brother."

"I put him off with neither 'Yea,' nor 'Nay.'"

"Then, of course, you mean to say 'Yes' ultimately?"

"I don't know; you won't give me the benefit of your advice."

"Are you speaking seriously or in joke, Miss Raymond?" inquired Lew.

"I hardly know," replied the young lady, plaintively.

Then she added, "You go home to Scotland, after leaving us, don't you?"

"I purpose doing so."

"And how long will you be absent?"

"Not over two months."

"Well, you won't be too late then to give me your advice. Now tell me about Lizzie."

Lew protested: only an old playmate—nothing more.

"And do you think of her always as the little girl playmate and nothing more?"

What mysterious influence unlocked my young man's heart? It is true the evening was beautiful, and the moonbeams—there must, of course, be moonlight where two young people are promenading the piazza—gave light enough to discover its dreamy quietude: this would have predisposed to love-making and love-confidences, but I do not think it would have sufficed to render Lew communicative, had there not been some biologic influences at work, breaking down reserve, and removing the barriers to a mutual heart-knowledge.

"I do not," said he. "I will tell you about her. I suppose you will call me silly; but, if everybody's heart were thoroughly prospected, veins would be found of such, or similar, or less Elysian silliness. She and I were playmates from our earliest years. Her mother was my dearest friend. She was the heroine of my boyish romances, and she has grown in my heart during the years of my absence, influencing me always for good. I feel that I know her so perfectly, and love her so dearly, that she, of all women, must be my specially-created one. This is, of course, very foolish; and shows me a most sentimental young man; yet it is only of late, as my return approaches, that doubts have arisen. She may have grown up forgetful of me. When I see her, I may find myself nothing to her but a remembrance."

Lew, who almost regretted his confidence before it was well finished, became nettled at the long silence of his companion. "Why don't you laugh at me?" he inquired, pettishly.

But she took no notice of his inquiry. She leaned more closely on his arm as she spoke: "I hope you may find it turn out for the best, Lew. You have been falling in love with your own ideal. So did I long ago; and I've been trying the cap on every probable young man since. I had to hunt for my prince, but you settled the matter by investing Miss Lizzie with the queenly virtues. You will have an opportunity soon of seeing how they sit on her. Now, I want to give you advice. When you meet her, examine her with the naked eye. Don't permit the tenderness you bear the ideal Lizzie to color the real Miss Wilson with rose-tints. Yet, do not be disappointed in finding that she has not the high perfections of your ideal—you can't expect them in any girl—but be sure, at least, that she possesses those perfections in elementary form. It would be a great shock to you to find her different from your cherished ideal; but you must not permit your heart to deceive you. Better realize it at once, and have done with the affair, than find the angel's wings dropping from her shoulders when it is too late. Do you feel as if I were talking sacrilege?"

"I have some such feeling," replied the young man.

"You can't separate the real from the ideal—that is the reason; but you've got to do it, if you want to be happy hereafter."

"There would be no sun in the world for me, if Lizzie Wilson proved other than the Lizzie of my heart."

"For your sake, I trust you may find her as your fancy paints her; but, should you not, you have your ideal still, and can go hunt for some one the cap will fit, as I've been



doing. But come, let us change the subject, and laugh a little, else these silent couples will think we are spooning from the same dish as themselves."

### CHAPTER THIRD.

It gives me, my dear doctor, a somewhat qualified amusement to listen to the talk of such young people on love and marriage. The innocents think they know all about it, and speak, as of facts, of their rose-hued fancies. What do *they* know of love? Their love is but a fancy, golden-rayed and glorious, it is true, as the dawn of a summer morn; and their marriage is its grand culmination, as dawn ends in smiling day.

Nature is a prudent mother, and gains her ends by gentle means. She leaves them their free-will; they may marry or they may not; but she pets and cajoles them to carry her point. When they reach a certain age, she holds up pictures for their admiration. Sweet sixteen is haunted by the straight form, dark curling locks, and eloquent eyes, which Nature has engraved on her expanding heart. And how can sweet sixteen fail to love him, when his image has been so favorably presented? She has read of him, perchance, in some novel or poem, but has never met him—never will, in all his perfections. But, so anxious is she to realize him, that she is willing to crown *him* king who possesses the smallest semblance of the royal virtues. And, as with her, so with her future lord. Dame Nature suits *his* fancy in her etching. When they meet—these two—they say they love, and so they do, if this be love; but it is only the delicious symphony preluding the marriage duet. Thus are they drawn into the toils, which many, with a full foreknowledge, would avoid.

But Nature denies the foreknowledge. The two may not be blind to the marriage results around them; but they are blind to the possibility of such results for themselves. Never have, never will, never can two be happier, than Nature's rose-colored glass shows themselves in their future.

They are married. Nature's end is accomplished; they have eaten of the tree, and knowledge, true knowledge, undimmed by the breath of fancy, has been attained. Pity them, then, if the glamour of their fancied love has deceived. Pity them, then, if the angel's wings fall from *her* shoulders, or a discord be found in *his* love-notes; for, notwithstanding the promise of their dawn, clouds gather on the brightness of their day.

Even should their love-fancy survive the familiar contact of married life—even should the first few months be a realization of their blissful anticipations, the great trial has yet to come—when sickness seizes on the young wife, with all its worrying, fretting aches. There is not an organ in the body with which the brain does not sympathize. Can her temper be even, while the liver is torpid? Can she dance, with a wearing ache in the limbs, or smile and be cheerful, with a bad digestion? She changes. She cannot help it. A change in temper is as much a symptom of disease, as an ache or pain. And he, reflecting from her, changes also and aggravates her change. Tears gather in her eyes during her gloomy reveries. Her bright dawn and glorious morning are already clouded; and the prospect before her with him so changed:—Ah! The evil spirit is on her. There is no brightness in the world, no light in his eyes, no music in his voice, no love in his heart! Is there a little item of humanity sleeping in its crib? So much the worse. One more cause for worry. It will awaken, and its colics or its teeth will permit the gray

dawn to look on her, hollow-eyed and weary, watching its fitful slumbers.

Truly "married life is a life of fatigues," hard indeed to bear, unless supported by mutual love. Happy are they who can detect the cause of the changed temper, the doubts, and the dark thoughts. Blessed they who can bear and forbear, not as a compromise to render ties less irksome, but out of the fulness of sympathy and love! *This* is the true love. *This* is the love which makes bliss of happiness, and by its magic influence pervades with gladdening tints the very tears of a sorely-tried life. *This* is the love which places men and women but a little lower than the angels, and raises them higher as the years roll on; for the heart, by such practice, becomes invested with increased power of loving, as the mind, by exercise, attains a greater capacity. Widely different from the love-fancy preluding marriage is this real love succeeding it. Little do the innocents know of it as Mother Nature seduces them to the altar.

My dear doctor, as I have led an active and professionally useful life, many cases have of course occurred to me, on which I look back with pride and pleasure; but none give me more satisfaction than some marriages, wherein the balance was wavering between misery and happiness. A word was enough to turn the scale. "Don't talk to me of change," I have said; "you hold your happiness in your own hands. You are both the same in heart, as in the honey-moon months; but you are not the same in health. You are sick, and your sickness affects your mind, predisposing to gloomy views. You are fretted. You do not have enough of sleep to give the natural tone to your nervous system. Hence your irritability—your despondency. It is a symptom of disease. Bear, then, with each other. Knowing this, sympathize with each other, and re-

flect the presence of the loving hearts within you. Realize the cause of the change—not in a change of heart, not in a psychological change, but in some pathologic condition requiring the attention of the family physician."

But I find I am diverging a little from the track of my story.

Lew passed a pleasant time at Saratoga, not the least happy hours of which were those spent in promenading the piazzas, and being indoctrinated into the science of flirtation by his vivacious companion.

"You are not lively enough, Lew," she insisted; "and it's all owing to that young lady in Scotland. You won't look at any other girl. One may be heart and soul devoted to a lady, but is that a reason why he should not have a pleasant word for those with whom he is thrown in contact? It is a duty you owe to society—to be agreeable; and, if a girl is dying for a word of praise, a look of admiration, or the slightest sign of a favorable impression, why deny it to her? Not that *I* want any thing of the kind, but I want you to practise with me for your own improvement. It's too humdrum to be forever talking sense, even if only nonsense about the weather, the races, or the changing fashions; and, if a girl has not a real lover, it flatters her to receive attention as if from one. It's capital fun to play at make-believe. Little girls in the nursery do it. They make believe to be married, and to be house-keeping, to give parties, and to go visiting with their little doll-girls, but we big girls in society are satisfied with a milder game—a little flirtation or make-believe love."

And capital fun Lew found it, although he objected at first on principle; and capital fun it continued to be, until he spent an hour or two watching his preceptress having a little game with some loungee on the piazza, when ideas

concerning principle strove to slip their weights and come to the surface.

Miss Dora Raymond was ever effervescing with happiness; her eyes scintillated pleasure, her smile was ready, and her laugh, clear, musical, natural, rippled from her lips, as if generated under powerful, heart-felt pressure. She seemed a butterfly in her early spring, flitting from flower to flower, and flaunting her beauty in the bright sunshine, without a thought in life but that of sipping its nectar.

Yet Lew had caught glimpses of depths in her heart, where dwelt all the virtues of womanhood. He knew her better than any one but his ideal Lizzie, and regretted the possibility of her loving and lovable nature falling to the guardianship of his cold, calculating, unbelieving brother. Nothing on this subject passed between them, until Lew was making his adieus, when she recalled it to his remembrance with a smile:

"You must give me your advice as soon as you return. I shall require it then."

He had plenty of time to think of the matter during his trip across the Atlantic, but his deepest thoughts could evolve no other idea than that the marriage ought not to take place. There could be no happiness in it—as there was no love on either side. If Dora Raymond had a fault in her character, it was that manifested by the calmness with which she could look forward to the prospect of a loveless marriage. Yet this was so much at variance with all he recognized in her, that he frequently doubted her seriousness. Did she require his advice in all sincerity on his return, he would counsel her against the alliance.

Be it understood, however, that it was only occasionally that my young friend's thoughts wandered back to the land he had left. Although his day-dreams were enjoyed in full view of the foaming, swelling track astern of the

ship, they did not follow it, but were of the land ahead, and the love there awaiting him. He pictured their meeting in a thousand ways, yet all agreed in the brightness of the completed coloring. Had he been a utilitarian, he might have arrived at Liverpool with more skeleton love-tales than would have taken years to work up.

Lew's sense of duty carried him past Edinburgh, with no other delay than the twenty minutes for refreshments; nor did he rest until he reached the "Gordon Arms," in the Losiach Valley. There he ordered dinner, and, pending its preparation, made a preliminary visit to the churchyard in search of his mother's grave. He found it—a polished stone of Peterhead granite, "Erected by her son, John, to the memory of Susan, relic of the late John Gordon, of Hillcroft, in the Losiach Valley"—with a low, elongated mound in its front, and a plain spiked fence around both.

And this was the reality of the return on which his childhood delighted to dwell. Well, she was able now to look into his heart, and see the love which had yearned for recognition during her lifetime. He found a satisfaction in this thought, as he wended his way to the cottage where his early days were passed. But, there, a melancholy surprise awaited him. He was a waif on the earth. The home of his childhood was no more. He had been prepared to see strange faces under the familiar roof, to find children playing where he had played; but the roofless cottage, with its smoke-stained walls and its charred *débris* within and without, was a sight which filled his soul with desolation. The ivy and the honeysuckle were making vigorous efforts to embower the ruins. Had these relentless years left nothing unchanged? He had seen the cars, which bore him to the Losiach Valley, sweep past within a stone's-throw of the margin of the lin, and a junction

station within view of the once solitary turret of Castle Fraser.

He took the now grass-grown pathway leading to the river-side, and passed down, through the rugged gorge, to the lin. No change here. The waters rushed, and foamed, and swirled, as of yore; and the rocks rose over its turbulent bosom, brown, dry, and lichen-covered, as when the halls of the old keep rang with the noisy revelry of its tartaned retainers. The ruin itself was unaltered, although modern progress had steamed past the foot of the rock which it crowned. A stone may have fallen, during some wintry storm, or been dislodged by the foot of an adventurous school-boy; but none could point out the spot from which it fell. Not years, but generations, are necessary for the erosion of these old-time structures. Lew scrambled up the face of the wall, by his boyhood's toe-notches, and entered the chamber which had been his favorite haunt. The fragments of the Good Boy's Bank lay scattered on the floor, as he had left them. These, more than any thing else he had seen, drew the past and the present together.

In the evening he called on the school-master.

The old gentleman was at home, and recognized his visitor without hesitation. He was but little changed; a trifle less tall, and less imposing in presence, than the boyish remembrance, and with some more lines of silver gray among his unkempt and rampant locks.

"Lew Gordon! By the gods!" said he. "Come in, my boy. You look well—look as if you had battled successfully with the world. You look *very* well! Come in. We will repair to my study, to be free from interruption."

Before the worthy gentleman would answer any of Lew's inquiries, he had to be furnished with an outline of the boy's career; and, even then, he appeared to hesitate

whether to insist on a more particular account and a discussion of certain questions opened up by the history, or to put them off until he had in some degree satisfied his visitor.

"Tell me first about my mother," said Lew.

"Concerning her," replied the dominie, "I have not as much to tell as I could desire. I had a few words with her on the occasion of your departure from home, and a coolness between us sprang up in consequence, which rendered my visits infrequent. The fact is, I was nettled at having lost a promising boy. I am proud of my boys, and strive to make the most of those who promise well, but these are few in comparison with the many who make teaching so laborious and pleasureless an occupation. I cannot lose one, therefore, without being upset for a little time. I am afraid I may have put more heat into my words to your mother than I was warranted in employing. You see, I relied on deriving much pleasure and credit from your success; but instead, in the year which would have seen you at the university, I had not a single bursar among the matriculants. However, when the time came, I felt it less—as I had great expectations for the succeeding term. You remember little Tommy Boyd?"—here the old man's eyes lit up with exultation—"the brightest, cleverest, and most active of little fellows, in view of some mischief to be accomplished; but, in the face of his books, the least impressionable you could find. I felt sure there were good parts in little Tommy, and that I could lead him up to something, if I only got hold of him by the right ear; and I spared no pains—even to Tommy himself—do you follow me?—in my endeavor to discover how to lead or drive him. He turned out first bursar, and that-too, in as strong a class as I can remember. I expect great things from Tommy. He has gone on at the university as he began—carrying every thing before him. Aside from acci-

dents, he is, as they say, a sure card.—But about your poor mother: as I was saying, my visits were most infrequent. The doctor dropped in one evening to talk about his boy;—you didn't know Jim, he was not in the forms when you left—and, in the course of conversation, he referred to Mrs. Gordon's sickness as of an exceedingly grave character. I walked over to Hillcroft that evening to make my peace with her, and remained fully an hour. I made several efforts to get away sooner, as the doctor had cautioned me against exciting her. She talked quietly and reasonably, acknowledging herself in the wrong in the question at issue, before I had time even to broach it. She said she had suffered much since then, much distress of mind, and wished it were given her to live her life over again. She had wronged you, she said, more than you ever dreamed of, and it weighed heavily on her mind, now that she had no hope of seeing you again in life. 'But I can write it all to him, can't I?' she inquired. I doubted the advisableness of attempting it, in view of the caution given me by the doctor; but she said she must do it. She would die so much more comfortably, if she knew that what she had to say was on paper. She made me promise to return on the following day, to write from her dictation. I did so; but found her incoherent. I considered it useless to put any of her ravings in writing. The disease had taken an active turn during the night. She died twenty-four hours later, with no return of intelligence during the interim."

"What was the character of her delirium, or the subject, rather?" inquired Lew. "Do you remember any thing she said?"

"No; she was very incoherent. She talked of a Captain Scoville, and a Miss Nellie, and a—um, a Mr. Parsons; but mostly she upbraided herself for her harsh treatment of you, and complained of your brother's carelessness."

"I never heard her speak of a Captain Scoville."

"Nor I; people she may have known long ago. She was in the service of some family in the south, before she married your father. No such names have dwelt in these parts during my time."

"How did the cottage become destroyed?" inquired Lew, after a short pause.

"Carelessness on the part of the family occupying it. My old friend Broomiebraes is working the land until some one builds."

"Have you any late news of my old playmate Lizzie Wilson?"

"Ah, my dear boy! that was a sad affair, if all tales be true." Lew's face paled at the words, but the old gentleman was too much interested in his gossip to notice its effect. He continued: "Little did Mrs. Wilson dream of such a thing in store for her daughter. She was a good woman. The disgrace would have killed her, had she been alive to know it. The rumor is that Lizzie loved unwisely, but too well. No particulars have come to light, but it is said that, after the event which brought disgrace upon her, she went to America—some have it to Australia—to hide her shame. I hope, for her mother's sake, and for her own as well, for she was a sweet girl, that she is grievously belied; but I cannot reconcile myself to another account, to the effect that, after her mother's death she became melancholy and religious, with papistical tendencies, and immured herself in a convent in Flanders. I saw her in Edinburgh after the event, and she manifested no such proclivities then, I know. On the contrary, she seemed full of life and gayety.—Why, what is the matter, my boy? You look pale."

"I am tired and faint; I think I shall go to the hotel and lie down. The fact is, I have travelled without rest from Liverpool, and it begins to tell."



The old gentleman pressed him to take up his quarters where he then was, but Lew thanked him, and excused himself. He could not bear to remain longer with the garrulous old man, nor with any one. He wished to be alone—alone with his thoughts and his memories.

Instead of returning to the Gordon Arms, he found his way in the darkness to the river-side, and wandered for hours among the scenes of his childhood, dwelling in thought upon every incident of which Lizzie formed part; and, although oppressed almost to insanity by the report of her fall, striving manfully to cast it from his heart. In the silence of the night—for the noise of the running water did not break it—and under the eye of the same stars which had glimmered on the corpse of the Mexican murderer, he vowed to rest not until he had discovered her destroyer, and executed on him the justice of the Western wilds. The savage was again rampant in his heart.

But what if there were no truth in these rumors? What if she were belied? What if she were, indeed, the very Lizzie of his heart? Dora Raymond had spoken of sacrilege in suggesting a doubt of her perfections; but, were there no truth in this report, could he forgive himself for permitting it to act on his mind as an acknowledged fact? For what was vowing vengeance against the destroyer, but accepting, without a question, the fall of his idol? Who would defend her name, if he did not? It could not be. Lizzie was pure and innocent as her infant sister, who had died and been buried years ago. He would find her, and all would be well.

He hurried to the hotel.

"When is the southward express due?"

"At three A. M., sir."

"Have me called in time for it—no mistake: I must not lose the train."

Little need was there for the order; the intervening time was spent in a restless pacing of his room.

Next evening, jaded from his journey, and haggard from the gnawing of the canker in his heart, he presented himself at the establishment of Josiah Wilson, Esq.

"Mr. Wilson," said Lew, as that gentleman made his appearance, with his visitor's card between his finger and thumb, "excuse my abruptness. My name is, no doubt, unfamiliar to you, but I am an old friend of your sister-in-law, Mrs. Wilson, of the Losiach Valley. I have but now returned to Scotland, after years of absence, and find nothing of my friend, and almost mother, but her grave; while I have heard a report of the disappearance of her daughter, Lizzie, which has made me hasten from the north without loss of an hour. I come to hear the particulars from your own lips."

Mr. Wilson paused before answering, as if to permit his mind to realize the meaning of the sudden address. "And pray, Mr. Gordon," said he, coldly, "what may you have heard concerning the disappearance of my niece?"

"Enough, sir," replied Lew, "to fill my heart with agony—who have loved her from childhood with an increasing love—whose dreams of happiness have ever been associated with her; enough to make me burn to give the lie direct to all and every one who would dare repeat the tale; enough, if the tale be true, to make me seek for blood for vengeance—justice' sake!"

"My dear boy, calm yourself; sit down, and I will tell you all I know. Lizzie has done wrong, I grant. She has compromised herself, but may not be, and, I trust, is not, beyond reclaim. It was my intention, when she finished her education, to have her mother stay with me, but, unfortunately, my sister-in-law died, and Lizzie was left without

that care and guidance which she required. She was a gay and giddy girl, and had by far too much of her own way, for the lady I had in charge of my establishment did not succeed in assuming a proper control of her. I had to interfere, and prohibited the house to certain young gentlemen friends. It seems she took this tyranny of mine, as she called it, to heart, for immediately thereafter she left, and I have been unable to trace her beyond Quebec, which place she reached, traveling alone, on one of the Anchor Line steamers. That was over a year ago. I have now given up the hope of discovering her. An unreliable report came to me, that she had been seen in New York; but she has eluded all my efforts to recover her."

"My God!" gasped Lew, "then she it was with the weary, wistful look! And yet, it cannot be. Johnnie knew Lizzie well, and would have recognized her."

"Let me pour you out a mouthful of brandy, Mr. Gordon. You are much unstrung. It will calm you."

Lew swallowed the stimulant with eagerness, and, after a pause to allow his wild thoughts to settle, inquired: "And you can tell me nothing more?"

Mr. Wilson shook his head. "I have spared nothing in my endeavor to discover her, I can assure you."

"Then there is nothing left me but to return to New York, and hunt up her trail. I shall find her, if she be yet on the face of the earth; and, if she has been wronged, and justice withheld from her, I swear, by the God of justice, his life shall answer for it!"

"Make no rash vows, young sir! If she has proved unworthy, let her drink of the bitter cup; her day of repentance will assuredly come."

Lew left the old gentleman's presence with a wearied heart, but in a calmer frame than before the interview. He knew the worst, the origin of the vile rumor which had

penetrated into the northern country; and there was room for hope.

As he descended the stoop, in the full light of the lamps on either side, a gentleman passing made a half halt, as if to accost him. A glance sufficed to recall the intellectual-looking student in spectacles, who had introduced him to the session of the Extra-Mural Society. Lew seldom took the initiative in communicating with casual companions, and, at the present time, he was in no humor for discussing the weather, or recalling the incidents of that Extra-Mural meeting; yet a fate seemed to impel him to address the hesitating *savant*.

"Good-evening, sir," said he; "I have had the pleasure of meeting you before."

The gentleman could not recall my young man; he was well acquainted with Mr. Wilson, and had hesitated, in the expectation that that gentleman's visitor might prove an acquaintance of his own.

Lew joined him on the sidewalk, and recalled the circumstances of their former meeting as they sauntered along.

In the course of their conversation the *savant* inquired: "By-the-way, how does your brother get along? I have heard nothing of him since we quarrelled."

"You quarrelled! How did that come to pass?"

"Well, you see, I did not like his treatment of Lizzie Wilson, and told him so in very plain terms. He might easily have saved the poor girl. He was in independent circumstances, and could have married her, even had she no expectations of her own. But he left her in the lurch; and the unfortunate girl went Lord knows where, rather than endure her disgrace in the face of all who had known her. I suppose she went after him; but I feel sure, from my knowledge of him, that there was no hope for her in that quarter."

Lew grasped his companion's arm, and would have spoken, but the words were choked in his throat. But for the *savant's* support, he would have fallen.

"Has what I have said affected you so? I thought, of course you knew all about it. Come into my office, and let me give you something to revive you."

They entered the doctor's *sanctum*, where Lew, by this time able to control his emotion, heard so much as to leave no doubt on his mind concerning the identity of the weary and wistful-looking promenader in front of his brother's elegant abode.

While they were talking, some young men dropped in, college chums of the spectacled *savant*; and materials were produced for the elaboration of smoking hot punch.

The party did not separate until early morning; and the loudest and the merriest of the jovial crew was my young man, Lew Gordon.

#### CHAPTER FOURTH.

Now let the green curtain drop, and the events of the following weeks—nay, months—be slurred over with a melancholy orchestral refrain, indicative of the fall from virtue! I am obliged to this, as Lew has always proved reticent with regard to the particulars of this period. But, although silent as to particulars, he did not hide the fact that he sought a relief from his thoughts in dissipation. The world, with all its pleasures and ambitions, was dead to him. It offered him no future. He had no light ahead. His guiding star had fallen from the firmament.

On hearing the wretched tale related by his spectacled friend, his first impulse was to return to New York, and

implore his brother to redeem himself and the unhappy girl, but a moment's reflection on Johnnie's character showed him the futility of such a measure. There was no hope for her—not even of vengeance, for where was the bold heart or strong arm to enlist in her cause? *His* arm was paralyzed. He had vowed a vengeance which he dared not consummate. Well had Josiah Wilson remarked: "Make no rash vows, young sir!" but, could he have dreamed that the destroyer, when discovered, would prove to be his only brother?

He was haunted by that rash vow registered in the wildness of semi-insanity. Day and night it haunted him. A momentary lull in the midst of his dissipations sufficed for it to float through his mind. His dreams were tainted by it. He dreamed he was underneath the spreading branches of the walnut-trees, waiting for the setting of the sun, to crimson his hand in blood. The sun set, and a carbine-shot awoke the echoes. But when the smoke cleared away—not the Mexican Carillo, but his brother, his mother's son, lay lifeless on the grass; and not his friend the frontiersman, but the figure of the woe-begone Lizzie, became enveloped in the floating smoke.

The recurrence of this idea caused the seeds of superstition to germinate. The unhinged condition of his nervous system, and the broken health resulting from his irregular courses, afforded them a rich pabulum. Was his rash vow fated to be accomplished? He feared to encounter his brother. He shrank from the possibility of meeting him, lest the demons of evil should conspire to implicate him in some horrible tragedy. Hence, instead of returning to America, he crossed to the continent, and wandered from city to city, as if the curse of Cain had already been pronounced on him. His experience in the faro-room of the Eureka saloon rendered him at home in the gilded dens of

civilized and Christianized Europe. He gambled, with varying fortune, but, withal successfully enough to pay the current expenses of one to whom money lightly comes; until one night, after a career of several months, he found himself without funds to carry on his game. He derived no excitement but from large ventures, and the paltry sum which remained to him was insufficient to begin another night's play. This roused him. Something had to be done; but what? Without deciding on any plan, he crossed to London.

This break in his career of dissipation permitted him to think clearly, for the first time since his interview with the old school-master. He reproached himself for the egregious folly of his past course. Surely he could have found some honorable occupation, which would have afforded him the excitement he desired. Was there no war somewhere, with an oppressed and an oppressor? Why not have resumed his studies in New York, and sought forgetfulness in them?

It is an easy matter to philosophize for another, or, what amounts to the same thing, for one's self after the agony has passed; but humanity *must* wince when the hot iron is searing its heart. He *ought* to have resumed his studies—to have discovered the hiding-place of Lizzie Wilson, and prevented his brother's marriage with Dora Raymond; but, instead, he gave way to the bitterness of his own feelings, left Lizzie to her fate, and withheld a caution from Dora which might have preserved her from an unhappy life.

If that marriage has not taken place, it must not take place. Dora must be saved from him. My young man could not forgive himself for his carelessness concerning the happiness of the dear girl. Her last words had been a request for advice, which she would require by the

time of his return, but he had left her, like Lizzie, to her fate.

Yet, even now, it might not be too late to interfere. He determined to return by the first steamer.

His eastward journey had proved tedious, though beguiled by the love-pictures painted by his hopes; but the time occupied in returning seemed endless. There were no bright pictures, no happy anticipations for the termination of the voyage—nothing but the fear that he might be too late.

On the arrival of the vessel, he made no delay in calling at Mr. Raymond's, where, to his relief, on inquiring for Miss Raymond, he was shown into the parlor.

Dora received him, beaming as of old, her eyes sparkling an appreciation of the pleasure of existence, irrespective of all question of marrying or being given in marriage. She tripped across the room with both hands extended in greeting, but on nearing him her radiance clouded.

"Lew Gordon," said she, "what have you been doing? Have you been sick? You look thin, worn, haggard—and have your brother's eyes, hard and cold—as if glazed over to prevent expression from showing through. What has happened to you?"

Lew was so full of the one subject, that he was unprepared for explanation on any other. He hesitated, and became confused. "Oh! I am very well," he stammered. Then collecting himself, he took her proffered hand, remarking: "And I cannot tell you how glad I am to find *you* looking so well—so unchanged in every respect. I was afraid I might find you my sister-in-law."

"Your fears did not cause you much concern, or if they did you preserved a most stoical silence," replied the young lady, less gushingly than usual. "Why did you not answer papa's letters? He wrote twice to the Losiach Valley."

"He did? How unfortunate I missed them! I had no thought of letters from any one. I left the Losiach Valley hastily, and none there knew of my whereabouts."

"He wrote to inquire of yourself, when you failed to return at the expected time; and there was something about your brother in them also, but no matter for that just now. Tell me about yourself. What happened to keep you almost a year away—and to change you so? I know you are changed; I feel it in talking to you. Your trip was not so pleasant as you anticipated?"

"It was not, indeed!"

"Then I suppose— Is Miss Wilson alive, Lew?"

"I believe so."

"Then I suppose her foot was too big for the little glass slipper, which the prince brought with him from the New World?"

Lew was silent.

"Tell me about her, Lew. It will do your heart good to have it ventilated. Don't you believe in the freshness and fragrance of the breath of sympathy from your neighbor's heart? You have been going around moping all this time, I have no doubt, destroying your energies on account of an idea, when, if you had been talked to, you would have been reasonable, and recovered yourself right away. You have done very wrong."

Still Lew was silent.

Dora proceeded: "I thought at first that you were so happy at home with your newly-found love, that you had no time to send a line to your old friends; but, after a little, I became assured that something was amiss. No matter how happy you were, you would not have permitted the months to go by without writing to us. Tell me about her, Lew. It can't be like raking open a recent wound to talk of her after all these months. Besides, she was only an

idea. You may yet find the pearl beyond price to match your ideal, if you keep your eyes open; but, if you persist in looking back to your failures, you can't expect any thing. How was it? Had the precocious thing got married without waiting for the return of him whom she was not expecting? Or, being tired and weary with waiting, did she consent to the tying of the nuptial knot, at the earnest solicitation of friends, saying 'Yes' at the ceremony, just as you came within the sound of her voice? Take that hard look out of your eyes. I don't like it."

A short pause, terminated by the young lady saying somewhat pettishly: "I declare, Lew, you don't look a bit glad to see me!"

Lew fidgeted, and almost smiled.

"There," said she; "that's a small improvement. Had I had you here during all those months, you would have been heart-whole by this time. Tell me all about the case, now. How can you expect me to put you to rights, if you leave me in ignorance of the important points? When I declare myself bankrupt, papa is not satisfied with the simple declaration—he must have all my little bills and little books, to ascertain the sum total of the deficit. And I—"

"Don't ask me about her, Dora, please," said Lew, plaintively. "I made a great mistake in cherishing her memory, for she never thought of me."

"Well, I hope you didn't unbosom yourself, and—"

"Oh, no. I did not speak to her of love."

"Then, what *did* you do?"

"I went to the Continent, and traveled all over; I was so disappointed, I could not rest in peace in any place."

"The hero of the Hyperion," suggested Dora. "If you had come to me, I would have shown you the fountain of oblivion. You have a different look in your eyes already."



"A slight reflection from your own, I presume," said Lew, brightening up somewhat.

"Good boy!" said Dora, patting him on the shoulder,—"but he should have come to his mamma sooner with his little troubles—he should."

A thrill of pleasure ran along my young man's nerves at the touch, calling up, by its recognition, a warm flush to his face. "I hope your papa and mamma are well?" he inquired hastily, to prevent its exposure.

Silly fellow! As if he could hide any thing from those gray eyes! "Papa is down-town, as usual; and mamma is out driving. I excused myself on account of a headache to-day."

"Why! you don't have headaches, do you? I was under the impression that you were proof against such petty ails."

"I used so to consider myself, but during the past few months I have changed—at least, so they tell me; and there are some mistaken people who attribute the change to the break-off between your brother and myself. Papa was anxious about it, at one time; but I would admit of no settlement until I had your advice; so papa cooled down, and in the mean time the war broke out, and your brother went South, bag and baggage, leaving nothing behind but his adieux and his intended. All's well, you see, that ends well."

"May I ask why you set so much store on my opinion?"

"Because you knew *me* tolerably well, and John Gordon better than any one else did. A very good reason, is it not? Even my business papa desired to consult you. I think he began to doubt his first impressions of the match, and wrote to you for counsel. Anyhow, secession settled the affair."

"And I am very glad of it."

"Glad that I am not to be your sister?"

"Yes, if to become so you have to become my brother's wife. You would be completely lost on him. You say he went South?"

"To Richmond."

"Any news of him since his departure?"

"I don't think papa has heard any thing of him; and, as for me, he frightened me so, by making papa so earnest concerning the match, that I have no desire to hear of him until I hear of him happily married."

Lew became more and more at ease as the conversation progressed; indeed, as they indulged in pleasant memories of their stay at Saratoga during the previous summer, he almost forgot that any thing unpleasant had intervened between those days and these.

"And what do you purpose doing about your studies? You have lost a session by your transatlantic trip. You must remember that you have not an unlimited supply of the years of youth, to prepare yourself for regular work. You will meet some nice girl some of these days, and will have to do something, to make the household run smoothly, and pay the millinery-bills, and other *et ceteras*."

"I'm not going back to my studies at present," said Lew, settling himself to be communicative. "I'll tell you what I intend doing. I thought it over during the long voyage across the Atlantic. A Northern gentleman on board put me in possession of the facts in relation to the secession movement—for I was much behind the times on account of my European travels—and I determined, as soon as I got through with my private business, to enlist in the cause. My friend, whose views were, he boasted, as broad as his country, was strongly of the opinion that the North did not realize the magnitude of the danger threatening

the republic; that seventy-five thousand men were insufficient to overcome it. Americans never did any thing by the small scale, and this commencing war would be no exception to the rule. He led me to anticipate, not one campaign, giving victory to one or other of the opposing armies, but a series, each reeking with the blood of desperate battles; and I, on hearing him discourse, led myself to anticipate in the coming struggle the very excitement which I had been seeking in vain all over Europe. There, I would have gone into any war, although uninterested in the issue; but, here, I can have the excitement, while fighting for principle. I recognize in the republic the true form of government for intelligent man. Any mishap to it would be a disaster to the human race. There must be no secession. Let all the world come in—until we have 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world;' but, once in, let none go out. That would be a step backward which this age of progress cannot permit. If they be dissatisfied with the result of the ballot fairly cast, they must not, on that account, attempt to destroy the country, but abide by the decision, mustering their strength to reverse it peaceably at the next opportunity. It seems our generation is not wise enough or republican enough to do this; but, if one struggle, that ahead of us, will teach the lesson, it will be the much-talked-of blessing in disguise."

Miss Dora Raymond, who had listened with gradually-enlarging eyes, here closed them quickly to a more natural size, and interrupted the further expression of my young man's views by a joyful "O Lew! and you are going to the war! I want to kiss you! Consider it done! So, you are going to the war! I'm so glad! I thought I was to have nobody there! My cousin George said, when I wanted him to go, that he could serve the interests of his country much better by staying at home; and I told him that, if

those were his sentiments, I thought so too. I have been hunting for a recruit among all my gentlemen-friends, trying to talk them into it as sweetly as I knew how; but my sweetness was thrown away. I was beginning to despair!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said Lew, with some elation. "I feared you would attempt to dissuade me, arguing that it was time for me to be more settled."

"No, *sir*! Not when volunteers are called for to preserve the Union. One's first duty is to his country; and I have become excessively patriotic, since I found how little of that quality there was among my masculine acquaintances. Of course, you understand, that a number have gone, or are going; but those heroes are more intimately related to some other patriotic young lady than to me. I could get no one to be my special knight."

"Permit *me*, then, to wear your colors."

"And you will carry them bravely, I know. But I want you to promise that, when the attack on Richmond is made, you will be the first to cheer for the Union on the ramparts of the city. I want you to distinguish yourself very much—to be the very bravest of the brave; but you must take care and not get yourself hurt—at least, not badly—just enough to be interesting. And another thing: you must be very particular about yourself, not to be getting wet in the rain, or sleeping out in the damp, so as to be catching cold, and coming home with a miserable cough, or any thing of that kind."

"I promise to obey all your orders, in so far as they may not conflict with those I receive from my military superiors."

"You must obey them whether or no, or you are no true knight. And I shall fix you up boxes of nice things, and express them to you, so you may know you are not forgotten; and, if you want any thing in particular, you

must write to me; in fact, you must write to me anyhow, sometimes, so I can have my own war-news. Papa will be so delighted when he finds I have got my recruit. He has been bantering me about it for ever so long."

She paused for a long breath, and then burst out with an ecstatic thrill: "And, O Lew! if you could only contrive to come home wounded after some great battle, I'd take such *good* care of you. It would be lovely! 'How is your wounded hero this morning, Miss Raymond?' 'Much improved, thank you; he had a *very* comfortable night. The doctor said to-day, that, if he did not delay his recovery by fretting at his forced inactivity, he would be at the front with his regiment in ten or fifteen days.' O Lew! *Just think!*"

Lew did think—not indeed of the pleasing picture of his sufferings thus conjured up—but that Miss Dora Raymond was the brightest and dearest little fairy in creation. It flashed across him that she did not assume too much in asserting her ability to show him the fountain of oblivion. The depths of her gray eyes, or the sparkles from their surface, had made the past hour one of greater forgetfulness than any which had passed over him since the school-master's gossip penetrated his soul.

"Wouldn't it be lovely?" insisted she, when she had given him time to realize the situation depicted.

Lew thought it would be delicious to be nursed so tenderly, and expressed himself to that effect.

"What are you going to be, cavalry or infantry?"

This sudden and practical inquiry rather stumped my young man, who, up to date, had thought of the subject only in general terms, but he quickly formed his decision, and answered, "Infantry."

"I am somewhat disappointed at that," she returned, in a slightly argumentative tone. "I think there is so

much more dash in the cavalry—charging up to the enemy's guns, like the Light-Brigade, you know—and better opportunities for the individual to distinguish himself. I would think also, that, coming from the West, as you do, where all your adventures were on horseback, the mounted service would be your choice. However, I won't make a point about it. But why do you prefer the infantry?"

"Because, if this war is to justify the anticipations of my large-viewed traveling companion, no cavalry skirmish or charge, however brilliant, will affect the scale one way or the other. Long lines of infantry will have to do the hard and real work of the war; and among them I desire to be."

"Um—," replied the young lady, reflecting as she spoke, "I don't like the foot-soldiers nearly so well as the cavalry; however, I won't make a point of it. But, if you must be infantry, be adjutant to begin with. He walks around more, and tells them all what to do."

"Why, you are quite versed in military matters."

"Yes—everybody is in these days."

"But I hope you will not make a point about that either; for I have the notion that, to be a really able soldier, one must have served in every grade, and, to be considered a really successful one, he must have earned his promotion by his gallantry and ability. Of course there are, and will be, notable exceptions. Men are born soldiers, as they are born poets."

"Well, can't you consider yourself an exception, and be an adjutant right off? I don't want to suppose my recruit no better than the ordinary run of people."

"If he is better, he will show it—no matter in what position he is."

"That's clap-trap argument, my papa calls it. He says a man may have the capacity to rule the world, but,

if he be brought up a tailor, he may spend his life in turning out poor pantaloons. Papa thinks that is original, and airs it every time he has opportunity. It smacks of deep reflection. 'Full many a gem—' you know. But as what might your worship be pleased to begin?"

"With my feet on the first bar of the ladder."

"Do you mean as a private soldier? With an odious musket over your shoulder, a blanket, a knapsack filled with all sorts of coarse things, and a what's its name crammed with pork and beans—pshaw! Oh, I know all about them."

"That is exactly what I mean," said Lew, smiling at the pretty disgust.

"Now, do *you* mean to tell *me* that the world could see the brightness of the sun, if he had all along, up to and including the present time, been clouded over, as he was two hours ago?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, you needn't expect the world to see the shining glory of your military light, if you put a knapsack and a blanket, perhaps a wet one, over it: no, sir, not if you embodied in you all the ability of George Washington, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Hannibal, Hernando Cortez, and the Iron Duke.

"Clap-trap argument, your papa would call that. What I mean is this, that, by serving for some time in the ranks, I shall be better able to appreciate the *morale* of my command, when I succeed in attaining one."

"And what *I* mean is this, that, by serving for some time with those men as adjutant, or captain, or something, you will be just as able to appreciate their *morale*, provided you have the least little mite of the observation which I consider necessary to a great commander. Anyhow, you can do as you have a mind to."

Dora seemed inclined to be in a huff about it, consoling herself, however, with the remark: "Papa can write to the governor, and have you made adjutant, when I consider that you have carried your gun and things long enough for punishment."

The young lady cared nothing for the argument. She only wanted to make her point, and, as her papa was a right bower, she felt sure that the game was her own.

I shall leave them now unobserved, to their gossip and glances, their cooings and peckings, until papa and mamma come home, when they will dine: and in the evening Lew will return, and escort Miss Raymond to Mrs. Fitz Flash-one's party, where they expect to pass an exceedingly pleasant evening.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

ABOUT this period, my dear doctor, the patriotic fever, which was prevalent in the Northern States, made its appearance in the thriving but quiet little village of Oatfield, in which I am now writing, and in which, previous to the war, I passed an uninterrupted thirty years of laborious professional duty.

What a time that was! Every one was taken down by it. Six-month babies bit their incisors through on toy trumpets instead of teething-rings, and sixty-year old boys longed for younger blood and firmer fibre. There were speech-makings, bonfires, and processions; recruitings, and struttings in new blue uniforms; drillings, drummings, and fifings; and, last of all, leave-takings with more shouting and uproar than all the rest put together. At that time the Union was united to every thought, word, and deed, of Oatfield.

This epidemic, though so general in character, made, from its nature, but few professional calls on me—some obscure nervous symptoms among the women left behind being all that came under my observation. Perhaps, had I been kept harder at work, I might have escaped, for there is no better prophylactic against the assaults of outside influences than a healthily-employed mind and body.

Be that as it may, I became seized with a mild form of the prevailing affection.

I believe I am prone to this sort of thing. Baby and boy, I have gone through every thing, from the thrush to a narrow escape from drowning in the mill-pond; and so on through maturer years. But I have been fortunate; all these things have let me off easily; from which it might be argued that I have a good deal of enthusiasm and but little depth of character. Yet, to disprove the deduction, I have only to recall the first affair, indeed *the* affair of my adolescent heart.

I do not suppose that any one could have loved more deeply, truly, passionately, purely, than I that giddy girl, Mary Ann Robinson, whom I have mentioned once before in these pages. All my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, were of her. How I did love that silly girl! Silly fellow I! There was no study for me while the love-fever lasted, nor for many a day after the rupture of our tender ties. All my fault! I believe she would have made a good wife to me. I know she *has* made a good wife. And, but for a mistake on my part, she might have been with me now—and the counterparts of those stalwart young Bokinses who call her mother. She “might have been.”

I feel lonely at times, and my heart reverts to those days of quick pulses with a regret that they ended as they did. To think that three words should have parted

us, after volumes of vows to the effect that no power on earth could us sever! Three little words, tagged on to the tail of a string of rhymes; for in those days of young love I cultivated the Muses. Who does not, when the soul is brimful of happiness? Every lover is a poet, though he may not put his pen to paper. Every sigh, every jubilant emotion is a sonnet, or a song to his divinity.

I bubbled over with happiness, and the effervescence took the form of a rhythmical *cancan*. It began as follows—well do I remember:

“Mary Ann, Mary Ann,  
Can you love me? Say you can:  
Can you whisper in my ear  
What I dearly wish to hear?  
Can you, *can* you, Mary dear,  
Say you can?”

I shall spare you the rest, merely remarking that the six stanzas which followed were such as to bring a flush of pleasure and happiness to Mary Ann's face. In the concluding stanza, however, a spirit of waggishness took possession of me, making the composition run thus:

“Mary Ann, Mary Ann,  
Tell me, dearest, that you can  
Live a life of love with me,  
And I'll ever, *ever* be,  
As devoted unto thee—”

Here the page had to be turned, and on its reverse was found the conclusion—

“*As I can!*”—

with three large exclamation-points by way of pointing the joke. Alas! it proved no joke. All I could say or do could not destroy the effect of the obnoxious sentiment. She had all along feared, now she *knew*, that there was no



depth to my soul, and so on. Little she knew! Never again did I experience that gush of the young affections, which bathed my heart in happiness, before the current was stilled by those unfortunate words.

But, pardon me the digression.

I had remarked that the patriotic fever seized me in a mild form. I wished, like the others, to serve my country in her hour of need. Like them, I wished to strike a blow for the preservation of our threatened Union—but a vicarious blow—one by proxy—as I was not severely smitten. "Let me follow them to the field," I said, "and save some lives and limbs, to strike again. This will satisfy my patriotism. I can claim a percentage of credit in the future strokes of those I save."

"Don't be an old fool," my meaner part suggested. "Remember, you abandon a practice which has taken a lifetime to crystallize around you."

"Yes," replied the mild delirium of my fever; "but remember, also, that you are independent. Your patients may circle in new orbits, and gravitate to other medical luminaries in your absence, but you need not care. You can retire on the proceeds of your life's peaceable service, and have your military laurels as a crown for the whole."

"Think of the work you are cutting out for yourself," said Caution. "Your age and experience give you no advantage over younger men, with their high spirit, their endurance, their quick eyes, and unfaltering fingers. Driving a buggy after ailing women and teething children, with an accident an epoch in your professional career, is no fitting preparation for that which you would undertake."

"Turn a deaf ear to the pusillanimous adviser," said Patriotism, loftily. "Your age and experience *must* be of service. Few who will go will have other experience than your own. You do not doubt your eyes? Your nerves

are well strung. You show your spirit by your inclination. And as for your endurance, try it; and, when you fail, you can lay the soothing unction to your soul, that you have done your duty. A man can do no more than he can."

Patriotism won the day; and I became commissioned, by his excellency the governor, as surgeon of the regiment to which the Oatfield patriots belonged.

This bold plunge into the troubled waters of a new and dangerous life infused fresh blood into me. When I found myself buttoned tightly in my suit of blue and gold, I felt transformed; my shoulders squared, my ankles became elastic as in days of old, and I put my spectacles in my pocket for very small print indeed.

I need not tell you, at this late date, that I bore the brunt of our Virginia campaigns, as if war had been my field from graduation. The old limbs were often tired, and the eyelids heavy; but I stood my ground until the grand climax arrived at Appomattox, and returned to Oatfield in finer condition than when the war-note first aroused its inhabitants.

Fortunately, in my service, I had one great advantage. I began at the beginning; and so gradually did I become inured to the work that, when the unceasing labors of later campaigns overtook me, I felt almost to the manner born.

Others, from civil life, were not so happy in their fortune of war. I remember the case of an old gentleman from Michigan, from one of those far points which jut into the breadth of the great lake, as if eager to impinge on the Canadian shore, and permit the passage of republican ideas into that monarchical dependency. I recall his case particularly, as at the time I made some reflections on the diverse treatment to which Fate subjects the, perhaps, equally deserving—he so hardly, I so gently, treated.

I know not what were the circumstances which induced

Dr. John Cutler to adventure after the One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Michigan Volunteers with the commission of an assistant-surgeon in his valise. It was late in the war—May, '64—when he made his appearance in the field.

That was a fearful time! From the passage of the Rapidan, in the beginning of the month, until the lines were formed in front of Petersburg, the army had no time to wash away the blood-stains of one battle, before the din of another commencing sounded in its ears. Cold Harbor had just been fought; and the opposing lines were waiting for the next order, or the next move.

I had been without rest for several nights, and was thoroughly played out, as the army phrase expresses it. Dr. Dougherty, our worthy medical director, sympathizing with my condition, invited me to take a nap with him in his tent, as no developments were expected until toward sundown. The canvas shelter from the rain, and the rubber blanket as a sheet over the soft mattress of Virginia clay, were luxuries not to be despised by one whom fortune, for the time, had deprived of both. I accepted gladly, and joined him on the rubber, with my saddle by way of pillow.

A deep slumber fell upon my wearied chief, but it was long before such sweet forgetfulness descended upon me.

Somebody seemed fingering at the flap of the tent.

"Come in," said I.

The flap parted, and a head appeared—an unknown and weather-beaten face, with professional traits recognizable in the features. As I gazed on it, a vision passed before me of the same face, but smoothly shaven, and smiling with a bland dignity, as it gave issue to such consolatory words as—"Do not be agitated, my dear madam. Baby is not *seriously* indisposed. Give the powders as I have directed,

and you will find the little patient well and playful in the morning."

"I beg pardon," said the stranger, in a meek and spirit-broken voice. "I beg pardon, if I disturb through mistake. I seek the medical director."

"All right," said I, without even raising my head from its pillow. "Come in."

The unknown entered, dragging a stout leathern valise after him. He looked around, as if anxious to sink into the nearest chair; but his eye met nothing but the recumbent figures, the saddles, rubber-blanket, and the buckskin tobacco-pouch of the sleeping chief. He sighed regretfully, planted his valise in the mud, and, seating himself thereon, produced a damp pocket-handkerchief, with which he vainly endeavored to dry his dripping locks and humid countenance. During the process, he surveyed my companion with much interest, from the bald pate resting on the saddle-seat, to the spurred boots reaching knee-high. Then turning to me, he began, "I am Dr. John Cutler, of Stivenack, Michigan," with a heavy sigh, as if he wished from the bottom of his heart that he were so in very deed; "under orders to join the One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Regiment. I have had a hard time during the past week, endeavoring to join my command. I arrived last night from White-House Landing, and have spent the time, since then, in a fruitless search. Some officers I met told me I belonged to this corps, and that I ought to report to the medical director."

By this time I was wide awake; so, sitting up, I shook hands heartily with the doctor to inspire him, saying I was glad to see him; that we were much in want of assistance; that every thing seemed in confusion at present to an inexperienced eye, but that he would soon find himself as much at home as in Stivenack, Michigan.

He smiled doubtfully, but was cheered. "What am I to do now?" he inquired.

"You must get a step nearer home," said I. "You see that knoll in front of the tent. Go through the woods on its other slope, and in the hollow you will find the headquarters of your division."

A smouldering musketry-fire was going on in the direction indicated.

The doctor listened.

"Over *that* knoll?" said he, in the vain hope that he had misunderstood the direction.

"Yes, just in the hollow beyond."

A spasm of determination passed over his face, as he gave it one last wipe. "Would I inconvenience you by leaving my valise here until I can come or send for it?"

"It would not be safe to do so," said I, with sympathy. "These tents were only pitched a couple of hours ago, and may be moved in less time, when there is none near to look after the safety of the valise. I regret I have no one to carry it for you. The colored boys made themselves scarce last night, when the line of battle was formed."

Dr. Cutler shouldered his valise and left me.

I slept lightly, and was awakened by a repetition of the fingering on the canvas flap.

"Come in," said I again; and, in response, Dr. John Cutler and valise entered.

The doctor, on this occasion, was steaming somewhat, as, during his recent peregrinations, the sun had peered through some fissures in the clouds with an almost summer intensity. He made no apology, but planted himself and his valise as on his former visit.

"I don't know what I shall do," said he, in a voice in which despair and vexation were mingled with a consciousness of shame at the admission.

"Couldn't you discover your division headquarters?" I inquired.

"Yes; but the doctor—Dr. Huston, they said—was asleep, and must not be disturbed. An officer showed me a path leading through the woods, and told me to follow it until I came upon a line of men behind breastworks; any one there, he said, would tell me whether the Michigan men were on the right or left. I took the path, hopeful that my journey at last was approaching its termination. I passed numbers of men in the woods, but they were all asleep. I began to fear that I might have passed the breastworks also. I left the path, and awoke one of the sleepers. He seized his gun, and jumped up, looking, I thought, rather frightened. I inquired of him whether the breastworks were in that direction or in this."

"And," said I, laughing, "he told you to go to——!"

"For an old fool! he did indeed, sir. Those were his words. I pursued my course, the shooting meanwhile becoming startlingly near. Suddenly it increased to the noise of a battle, some cannon joining in the uproar. I hesitated, uncertain what to do. Several twigs fell from the branches above me. I did not recognize that this was caused by bullets, until one sank into the trunk of a tree beside me, with a small, dull thud. I assure you, sir, it seemed a Providence that I was not killed. The danger of my situation being thus forced upon me, I hastened to the shelter of the hollow where I had seen the soldiers sleeping. I subsequently endeavored to return to the division, to await the awakening of Dr. Huston; but I mistook the fork of the path, and, emerged from the woods in a locality strange to me."

While Dr. Cutler was detailing his adventure, a horseman dismounted in front of the tent, and Huston entered. "How goes it?" said he; "I am going down to my divis-

ion hospital, to see how they get along. Old man's asleep—eh?" referring to the venerable Dougherty—"hard times! any news?"

I introduced Dr. Cutler.

"Glad to see you, doctor," said he, cocking his eye at the stranger from Stivenack, Michigan. "Want all the help we can get. Better get up, and join your regiment. Go to division headquarters, and my orderly—I left him there—will show you where to find your Michiganders."

I felt some sympathy for the stranger. I had, in fact, been putting myself in his place; and interposed with—"Don't you think, Huston, that the doctor would be of more service at your hospital? This kind of thing is new to him, you know; and it's rough water at the front for a first plunge."

Dr. Cutler looked as if he wished to kiss the hem of my garment.

"That's so," replied Huston.—"Well, doctor, suppose we go—got to tote your valise with you? No matter, we'll find an ambulance going down, and give you a hitch along."

I looked after them for a hundred yards or so, Huston leading the way on horseback, and the stranger following on foot. I thought I had cut the Gordian knot of the latter's difficulties; and, feeling good after the charitable action, had a comfortable nap for a couple of hours until roused by the moving of corps headquarters to some other point on the line.

But an untoward fate pursued the practitioner from Michigan. I subsequently learned, that, as Huston rode, he cogitated deeply on some matter which interested him, and became forgetful of his companion. While still meditating, a heavy shower began to fall, and he, to escape it, touched his horse with the spur, and disappeared in the

woods before his panting follower could say "Jack Robinson."

Once more the unfortunate stranger was adrift on the sea of war, but, thinking that the road, on which he had been deserted, must lead to the hospital, he kept on until the solitude intimidated him, when he returned to corps headquarters. He felt certain that he had made no mistake in retracing his steps, but the tents had disappeared.

Several hours afterward, while riding from the front to the hospital of my own division, I came upon a woe-begone figure seated on a valise, with his face buried in his hands. I did not require to look twice to recognize my Michigan friend. This time I made sure work of him. I hunted up an ambulance belonging to his command, and instructed the driver to keep a sharp eye on his charge until he had turned him over to some of the medical men on duty at his hospital.

Dr. John Cutler, of Stivenack, Michigan, passed from my memory in the rush of events, which carried us against the fortifications of Petersburg. While there, I one day found myself in the camp of the One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Michigan Volunteers. I dismounted, to call on the doctor; for I felt interested in knowing whether a more extended experience of campaigning had inured him to its hardships. To my astonishment, the surgeon of that regiment expressed ignorance of the individual for whom I inquired; but, on a relation of the circumstances by me, he became intelligent.

"Ah! yes," said he, "there *was* a man ordered to us, but he never joined. He did not like the looks of things in Virginia, and took advantage of the fact that he had not been mustered into service, to return by way of White-House Landing to Michigan, where he respectfully declined his commission, as, on reconsidering the matter, he con-

ceived that his age unfitted him to undertake the arduous duties of service in the field."

Another case occurs to me, but I shall spare you the infliction, as I opine that I have strayed far enough from my path with Dr. John Cutler, of Stivenack. I know, my dear doctor, you will deal leniently with me. When an old campaigner is thrown in contact with one he has met in stirring scenes, it is hard indeed to part them without the interchange of a reminiscence.

But to return to my story.

The regiment of which the Oatfield volunteers formed part, was mostly recruited in New-York City; and on the rolls of one of the companies was the name of my young man, Lew Gordon. Not that I was aware of the fact at the time. I noticed the handsome young soldier on several occasions, but did not become acquainted with the name until he was appointed first-sergeant, and was thrown in contact with me every morning, when he brought up his sick-squad for examination.

He seemed a true soldier, respectful and obedient to his superiors, and exacting his own due from every one beneath him. So much was I struck with his bearing, that one day I remember remarking, as I handed him his book, "You were in the army before the war, sergeant?"

"No, sir," he replied, standing at attention and awaiting further inquiries, yet repelling familiarity by his soldierly attitude.

He had no intimates among the men, although universally liked and esteemed by them.

When he had earned his commission, by his gallantry during the Seven Days, this footing of equality enabled me to make friendly advances, which were received in good part, instead of being repelled as formerly with a soldier's reserve and salute. A friendship sprang up between us,

which will last as long as I, and in his memory, I do not doubt, long after I have retired from this mundane sphere.

Lew was greatly disappointed with his service as a soldier. The excitement which he craved and had anticipated, was not forthcoming. He found that life in camp with an enemy in front may be as monotonous, if not more so, than that spent over dry law-books. The period of excitement would arrive, so he consoled himself; and, to prepare for it well and truly, he devoted himself to his soldieryship.

For the days passed wearily over him. Lizzie was ever present in his mind—Lizzie and her unrighted wrongs. He prayed that his brother's heart might be softened to pity for the forlorn girl who wandered after him. He prayed for her as for an unhappy sister. His heart had changed toward her: a brotherly love and compassion took the place of the ideal love which he had cherished heretofore.

At intervals he wrote to Dora Raymond, giving her sketches of camp-life, of Virginian scenery, of military parades, and of the rumors which flutter their ever-changing wings over the obscure to-morrow of the camp. The young lady prized them, no doubt, like many another in those days, reading them with pleasure in the solitude of her heart, and with pride in the publicity of her personal acquaintance—her latest private advices from the front.

Certain I am, however, that the impetuously-written notes which he received in return, crossed, recrossed, and composed with no special regard for strait-laced grammatical rules, were treasured by him as holy things. Their arrival was looked for with an eagerness which he attributed to his loneliness among men. They were read to no circle of acquaintances, but in some sought-for seclusion, where he could conjure up her voice in utterance and the sparkle of her fearless eyes. Not that there was any thing



in particular in these notes. Papa and mamma might have scanned them before their consignment to the mail. Then, why this effect upon my young man? I cannot explain, unless his heart was insensibly upraising a new altar for his love-worship—one built upon the rock of knowledge, instead of on the sands of supposition.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

AFTER a while, Dora became dissatisfied that her hero had not succeeded in becoming an adjutant or something.

She had acquiesced in his carrying an odious musket and things to begin with, for the sake of permitting him to have his own way in minor points. But, as time passed, she conceived it necessary to exert herself, that he might take a fresh departure with the rank she considered suitable for the recruit who bore her colors. All her friends' friends wore swords; and the burden of the odious musket was becoming unbearable.

She did not act, however, without communicating her intention to Lew. To her surprise, there came by return-mail a positive interdict. She must not do it. Any outside influence, such as hers or her papa's, must not be brought to bear. It would take away from him all the pleasure of promotion. He was doing well, and she must not deprive herself and him of the satisfaction of knowing, when all was over, that he had carved his fortune with his own right hand.

She argued; but he was firm. She insisted; but he was unyielding. She became petulant, saying she would do it, anyhow; and he returned for answer, that she might if she liked, but that he could decline, and would.

These young folks had their little tiff, and thought

hardly of each other. "He doesn't care a bit for me, else he would be an adjutant," thought she, with liquid eyes. "Her aristocratic notions would buy me inglorious honors," thought he, with the loftiness of a sphere above hers. "She would deprive me of the musket, with which every citizen soldier should win his epaulets."

Papa was referred to. "Let the young man alone," said he; "he will do well enough. I'll back him for a better record than fifty per cent. of our brigadier-generals."

So, Dora had to bear the weight of her odious accoutrements, until the fortune of war promoted her after the seven days' fight.

At this time Lew became far more cheerful. He fraternized with his comrades, and was a pleasant companion. He passed many an evening in my tent, discussing the topics of the day. I liked him exceedingly well. He was a patient listener; and in discussion, if he held the stronger argument, his genuine modesty prevented any show of that elation so common to young men, and so exasperating to the weaker side. He was ever ready for active service. No complaint of too much picket-duty was ever heard from him. No fatigues seemed to tire him. After the longest march he was a volunteer at any call which promised a prospect of hard knocks or arduous service.

His reputation as an active, energetic, and reliable officer, in progress of time, reached the headquarters of his division; and he was detailed on the staff as provost-marshal. He disliked the detail, as it removed him, in a measure, from the dangers to which his regiment was exposed in the line; and the duty also was repugnant to him—bringing up the rear, arresting stragglers and marauders, guarding prisoners, and holding men to duty by the threat of his power, when he would rather have been in position to influence them by the power of his example. However,

this being, by the fortune of war, his duty for the time, he performed it scrupulously. His name became a terror and a restraint to the evil-doers of the division.

While on this detail—and, by-the-way, he was a next-door neighbor of mine at the time; I having attained, by seniority, the position of surgeon-in-chief of the division—several most uncongenial acts of service were required of him. One of these I shall relate, for two reasons: it exemplifies the effect of his Western training on his character, while it illustrates the justice of the rulings of Providence. Were this a tale of the imagination, instead of the true history of a living life, the incident would form a capital specimen of what is known as poetic justice.

He entered my tent, one evening, with a countenance overspread with gloom. I knew he was liable to fits of despondency, which I attributed correctly to passages which had transpired outside of his military life; so I took no notice, but tried to interest him on various topics.

"I wish, doctor," said he, at last, during a pause in my speech—"I wish they had left me with my regiment. I dislike this provo' duty more than I can tell. But the regular work is nothing compared with that awaiting me next week. Bounty-jumping and desertion have become such crying evils, on account of the lax measures hitherto adopted with regard to them, that the Secretary of War has decided on making examples of the aggravated cases. I suppose there is not a corps in the army which will not witness the spectacle of capital punishment. I know there are two cases to be sent to us—a couple of fellows from Canada, who have enlisted half a dozen times. Unfortunately for me, their last regiment is one of ours. I have been notified that my guard will have to take charge of them on their arrival, and, what is more, dispatch them when their time comes."

"Well," said I, cheerfully, "I am glad of it. The action comes late, but not too late. Six months ago, one or two shot to death with musketry would have checked the evil; now it will require a score to have the same effect. But *you* need not be disturbed about it. The scoundrels deserve their fate. I have not the slightest compassion for them."

"Nor I," returned Lew; "but I dislike to be their executioner, for all that."

"Pshaw!" said I; "under the circumstances, you will no more be their executioner than I, who will have to feel their wrists, and pronounce the fulfillment of their doom."

"I differ from you," replied Lew. "I shall have to give the order. Each of my men can console himself with the idea that his musket contains blank cartridge, and, if he be specially troubled, can fire wide; but there is no loop-hole for me. 'Fire!' say I. The machines pull the trigger, and the men die. *I* execute."

"It seems to me you have a morbid sensibility on the point. Supposing the case mine, I would have no hesitation in giving the order."

"Nor shall I, when the order has to be given; but I would rather give up my position, could I well do so, than utter the fatal word. Once in my lifetime I have enacted the part of executioner, and I want no further experience. In that instance, however, it was worse, for I had to be court-martial, reviewing-officer, provost-marshal, and firing-party, in my own person; and, but for the accidental presence of half a dozen Indians, with whom I could communicate only by signs, I would have been the only spectator."

I was interested, and begged him to favor me with the particulars of so unusual an experience. He did so, expressing himself, at the conclusion, as highly gratified that his action met with my approbation; the more so, in that I

was the first to whom he had given so complete an account of the affair. This was the beginning of the confidences he reposed in me.

We passed the evening discussing the coming event and matters allied; but, although I said all I could to chase away his depression of spirits, he left me gloomy as he came.

Two or three evenings thereafter, he again entered my quarters, seemingly as despondent as before.

"I wish this thing were over," said I; "you don't look well, brooding over its coming."

"I have not slept soundly," said he, "since I heard of it. That Mexican rises up in my dreams. But I have something strange to tell you. You remember, the other night, when we were talking of this, I gave you a preliminary sketch of my gold-digging adventures in California?"

"I do," replied I.

"Well," continued he, "just bear that in mind. Our two unfortunates arrived yesterday, and were turned over to me. I examined them, as you may suppose, with a good deal of interest. One was a low-browed French Canadian, on whom I could look without experiencing any other feelings than those for which I was prepared. But there was something familiar in the features of the other—a tall, raw-boned man, with a good forehead, and more intelligence in his eyes than seemed consistent with his position. His face haunted me for an hour, before it flashed across my mind that Captain Graham, of the Faëry Queen, was the individual who rendered the prisoner's features so familiar to me. 'Take away from Graham his long, flowing beard,' thought I, 'replacing it by the stubble of two or three weeks' growth, and rig him out in the tattered pants and miserable blouse of a general prisoner, and—' I was so influenced by the thought that I proceeded immediately

to the guard-house. The resemblance was extraordinary—Captain Graham himself, or a brother so like him that their own mother could not have told which was under sentence. 'Merryweather is your name, I believe?' said I. 'Yes, sir,' said he; and I noticed an earnest look in his eye as he regarded me. 'But not your real name,' returned I. 'What is it? I have a reason for asking; I once had a friend who strongly resembled you.' 'Tell me first,' said he, earnestly; 'you are Scotch. I know by the sound of your voice. From what part of Scotland do you come?' 'From the Losiach Valley, in Earnshire,' I answered. 'I knew it,' he returned, quickly; 'and your name is Gordon; you had a brother who was apprenticed to the Faëry Queen. Have you heard of him since the ship was abandoned in San Francisco?' 'Lew, you mean,' said I. 'Yes, he went home to Scotland a couple of years ago.' 'Thank God!' said the prisoner, with a sigh of relief. 'That boy has been hanging on my soul like a dead weight, since I became acquainted with the issue of this bad business. I haven't lost all hope of something turning up to get me out of this scrape. I have friends in Canada and New York, who will not see me die without an effort to prevent; but, as the time approaches, I have been thinking of many things and many people, and among them of your brother Lew. I left the boy when he was delirious with fever—left him to die uncared for, when I ought to have stuck to him to the last. However, I thank God the boy's death is not on my conscience. You are sure he recovered, and got out of the cursed country?' 'Quite sure, Captain Graham, for I am Lew himself.' The prisoner sprang to his feet from the cracker-box on which he had been sitting. He would scarcely credit my own testimony to my identity, until I had recalled, as proof, certain incidents of our former life. 'Ah!' cried he, bit-

terly, 'would to God I had stuck to the Faëry Queen! *There* was my slip; and I have been descending since, until you see me here, chained like a dog! I can go no further, except to the end. I tell you, Lew, if I get out of this scrape, I'll never get into another. I'll go home to Scotland. I've been mixed up with bad men since I began to run on shore in this infernal country; but I'll go home. I can get as handsome a ship as floats on the Clyde. You know it; but these fellows here would laugh at me, were I to tell them so, and call me crazy. These have been fearful years to me, Lew. I believe I *have* been "*no a' the gether*," else I would have been home long ago, instead of living a vagabond life here. If the worst come to the worst, send a word to my wife, Lew; but don't tell her the truth; say I died of fever in the West, or any thing, but don't tell her of this.' And he raised his chain and let it fall to the ground with its iron clang.

"I was much affected," continued Lew. "Oftentimes I have wished that I might one day meet Captain Graham, to upbraid him for his cruelty to me; but this meeting disarmed my resentment."

"I do not wonder," said I.

"Before his mind and heart became tainted by the Eureka placers, he was a kind and good-natured man, intelligent and upright. I looked up to him as to a father, for he was my father's successor in command of the Faëry Queen. This makes the duty of Friday afternoon a thousand times more repulsive to me. I wish I were taken so sick as to be unable to be present. That is my only hope. Poor Captain Graham! what an ending to a life which might have been so different!"

"Did you tell him there was no hope?"

"No. I could not do that. Let him cherish the hopes he may have in his heart—they will cheer him during the

miserable hours he has to live; but I told him the day was appointed, and that under existing orders I, unfortunately, would have to command the firing-party. He said: 'Well, if it come to that, I shall have a friend near me at the last. This unlooked-for meeting has cheered me greatly.'—'You will not think hardly of me on account of —,' said I, hesitating.—'Oh, no!' said he, with quick understanding. 'I shall be glad that the last voice I hear is that of a friend, although it may be giving the signal for my doom. It was horrible to think of dying thus among strangers. I shall be a different man now on that afternoon; but I have great hopes that I may yet escape. It looks dangerous, Friday being so near; but I cannot bring myself to believe that I must indeed die.'"

Lew and I talked the affair over on several occasions before the fateful Friday dawned. My young man's agitation increased as the day drew near. Had he been one of the prisoners, he would have borne it more stoically. However, it was only to me he unbosomed himself; the others knew nothing of his nervous condition.

On Friday I was occupied all the forenoon in examining sick men previous to dispatching them for treatment to the general hospitals, and so had little opportunity of seeing my friend Lew, until preparations were in progress for the event of the day. Calls were sounding through the various regimental camps; for the division was under orders to turn out to witness the fulfillment of the sentence.

The provost-marshal walked into my tent, looking more haggard than I had seen him before.

"I am all unhinged, doctor," said he. "I have just parted from Graham, and received his last wishes. I have but a short time left to collect and nerve myself. I thought a few words with you would aid in removing the impression caused by my interview with him."

"You look, just as you say, all unhinged," I replied. "I'll fix you up a something which will settle your nerves, and make you feel much better. A little Hoffman's anodyne, with laudanum, would, I think, exercise a very happy effect on one in your present condition."

"Thank you, doctor. I appreciate your kindness; but this is only momentary. I shall feel better directly. Besides, I care not for any spurious strength, which might evaporate at the very moment I may be called upon to act."

The division was already on the ground when I arrived with our headquarters. The regiments formed three sides of a large square. On the fourth was a small rising ground, at the foot of which were two reddish tumuli of Virginia clay, indicating the position of the last abode prepared for the offenders against military law. There were few spectators immediately in rear of the line of men, but every little eminence in the vicinity which commanded a view of the enclosure was coated and crowned with soldiers from neighboring camps and hangers-on of the division. Many joked at the interest displayed in the shooting of a couple of men, while, during last fight, so many had been knocked over in a minute or two without any fuss or ceremony. But this was the first time the extreme penalty of the law had been exacted near them, and they crowded to witness the bearing of the condemned. A good deal of sympathy was expressed for the prisoners, in that they were unlucky enough to be made victims, while so many, who were equally guilty, had gone almost scot-free.

The afternoon was dull and cloudy; not a ray of sunshine to brighten the dismal scene. The vapory clouds hung low over the surface of earth, leaving only a thin stratum of murky atmosphere for man to grovel in. "On such a day," thought I, "I could leave the world with less

regret. I could console myself by saying: 'I leave ye all sunk at the bottom of this vapory sea to struggle through your little lives.'"

But, as I thus began my misanthropic reflections, a sound of solemn music was wafted to my ears.

Presently an uncovered wagon, containing the condemned, their coffins, and one of the regimental chaplains, appeared on the flank of the line of troops. It was accompanied by the division band, the provost-marshal, and his guard. The procession moved with measured step along the front of the division, a tedious march to those onlookers, who, like myself, were of the opinion that, if it were to be, then it were well it were done quickly. But the lesson would have lost in impressiveness by a hurrying to the end. Justice marches to best advantage with slow, majestic, inevitable step. It then wheeled to position near the mounds. The coffins were deposited by the newly-made graves, and the prisoners placed beside them. The wagon drove off, exposing to the view of the condemned the firing-party drawn up in their front.

By this time I had dismounted, and assumed a position near the provost-marshal. Lew was himself again. There was no need for Hoffman's anodyne or opium to settle his nerves. Not a break or falter occurred in his tones as he read the general order directing the prisoners to be shot to death. His voice sounded through the silence of the assembled thousands, leaving, as he finished, what seemed to be a void and an oppression in Nature.

A few minutes were spent in prayer by the clergyman, after which a non-commissioned officer bound the hands and bandaged the eyes of the prisoners.

All was prepared.

The Canadian sank into a sitting posture on the lid of his coffin; but Captain Graham stood firm and motionless,



his head bent forward on his breast, like a statue of resignation.

"Ready!"

The prisoner's bosom heaved with the long inspiration of one about to plunge into deep waters, and the concourse of spectators rustled with an uneasy movement. Individuals may be stoics, but humanity is impressible, and is moved by a breath of interest, as the placid bosom of the ocean by the touch of a stray zephyr.

"Aim!"

Two rows of deadly tubes were projected toward the fated men. For an instant only did they remain thus leveled, when the command rang sharply "Fire!" and a lurid streak and heavy hanging smoke were shot forth.

The Canadian sank lifeless over the box in which he was to be confined; but, to the astonishment and dismay of all, the other, Graham, seemed unhurt. He gave a convulsive start, broke his hands from their confinement, and, tearing the bandage from his eyes, glared around with terror and surprise.

What were his feelings, his thoughts? Was this death? Was this eternity? Where was the pain? Where the change? Could it be a dream? Could it be a cruel hoax?

No. No such questionings passed through that astounded brain. It was incapable of thought—incapable of perception, until awakened to an animal sense of danger by the response to Lew's unfaltering "Forward the reserve!"

Four men stepped from the ranks, and, advancing a few paces, halted to fire. As their pieces were leveled, the prisoner made a wild dash to seize and beat them down. Again came the report of the musketry, and the unfortunate fell, but only to raise himself once more in his agony. Scarcely a second did this last. The provost-marshal was equal to the emergency. His pistol gave a sharp report,

and a round red spot appeared on the prisoner's forehead, as he fell back motionless.

A buzz of relief came from the horror-struck spectators. The band struck up a lively air; and "Doctor," said Lew, with a cold voice and military salute, "the fatigue-party awaits your decision."

I was roused from my semi-petrified condition. I found the Canadian struck by—but I need not enter into details which may seem professional—suffice it to say that both were, in some respects, as dead as if the wild-flowers of Virginia had bloomed over them for centuries.

By the time I had finished my examination, the troops were breaking up their formation, and marching off with a quick step to their respective camps; while throngs of sight-seers were crowding to the graves, cursing the firing-party in rough camp-language, and complimenting its commander on his keen eye and ready finger.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

NOTHING is further from my intention than an attempt to follow Lew Gordon through the hazards of the war. Such an undertaking would be equivalent to a history of the Virginian battle-fields, for there were few of them on which he was not present during the events which gave them to history. But my story requires that I pass him not unnoted at Chancellorsville. During one of the storms of battle which swept through the woods near the plank-road, my young man was so unfortunate as to become wounded and a prisoner. The wound was a small matter—a simple lesion of the muscular tissue, which, the Confederate surgeons informed him, would be healed in two or three

weeks, and the event proved the accuracy of their prognosis. But the prospect of a wearisome captivity was galling in the extreme to one fresh from and anxious for the excitements of campaigning.

To tell the truth, however, much of his disgust at the situation was attributable to the loss of Miss Raymond's recklessly-written notes. These had increased in frequency, if in nothing else, since he had won his spurs, and had become by habit almost a necessity of existence. I have had occasion to remark, in cautioning people concerning infractions of the laws of hygiene, that health is never properly appreciated until it is lost. So I suspect it was with Lew in this connection; he did not realize how much the letters were to him, until deprived of them.

His feelings were aggravated by another consideration. He had received a wound which to any other but his unfortunate captured self would have been worth at least thirty days' leave of absence—a comfortable wound, which, if it did not admit of the nursing and care which Dora was ready to expend on her hero, would have permitted him to move about and enjoy life in New York almost as well as if he had suffered no such injury; but his capture lost him the advantages which would otherwise have accrued from it.

He had been a model duty-officer, not a day absent from his command during his two years of service. Dora had urged him to get a leave while the army was inactive in winter-quarters, but he had refused; and the little paper quarrel on the subject went almost as far as that concerning the adjutancy.

Hence, to lose the benefit of his wound was enough to excite chagrin, without the prospect of having to rot in Libby for months.

But he was not destined to remain long in that notorious hotel.

One day, as some Southern gentlemen were passing him, he was attracted by the familiar tones of his brother's voice.

His heart leaped within him at the sound. The events of the war had for the moment obliterated those pages of his life's journal on which Lizzie's history was written—but only for a moment. By the time he had touched Johnnie's shoulder the opening flood-gates of memory had chilled the warmth of his nature. It was Lizzie's destroyer with whom his finger came in contact.

An exclamation of surprise escaped from Johnnie. "You here!" he said. Then turning to his companions, he apologized. "Excuse me, gentlemen. One of the natural results of civil strife—finding one's brother in the ragged outfit of a prisoner of war."

"You can't be a bit more surprised at meeting me," said Lew, "than am I in seeing you. I thought you were in the extreme South."

"I visit Richmond occasionally," replied Johnnie—"fortunate I found you. I may be able to assist you."

"I wish you could help me to a speedy exchange."

"We shall see. In the mean time I'll be satisfied with getting you out of this hole. I shall let you hear from me in the afternoon."

Lew was congratulated by his fellow-prisoners.—"But," said he, "I would rather stay for the chance of something turning up, than have the freedom of the city on parole."

Johnnie returned shortly after, with an order on the governor for Captain Lew Gordon.

"Before I sign this," said Lew, "can you offer me any prospect of exchange?"

"Yes, I can arrange it for you, if you are bent on getting back to have a Southern bullet settle your affairs."

As they traversed the streets, Johnnie remarked: "We are going to the house at which I put up when in Richmond. You will find them very pleasant people. The girls will, no doubt, attempt your conversion to sesesh principles, and may perhaps succeed, for they are handsome and winning. I shall leave you in their charge, as I must start day after to-morrow for the south."

Lew found in "the girls" accomplished young ladies, who made the house home-like to him during his stay. Far from attempting his conversion, they avoided all such subjects of discussion. But, as they have no direct bearing on the course of my tale, I shall pass them by with an acknowledgment of their kindness and courtesy.

After supper, the brothers retired to smoke a cigar.

"Why did you put your finger in this war-pie, Lew?" Johnnie began. "You should have left the Yankees to fight their own battles. Soldiering pays poorly."

"I went into it for the excitement," replied Lew, "independent of the principles involved."

"When we were boys, you did not crave so after excitement."

"I know it; but, few carry their boyish natures unchanged through life. Circumstances hammer us into all manner of shapes."

"How did you come to be so hammered, may I ask?"

"You may form an idea when I say that Lizzie Wilson had much to do with it."

"Ah!" said Johnnie, "that's what's the matter, is it? I think I know all you've got to say, but won't deprive you of the satisfaction of saying it, by anticipating. Go on."

Lew hesitated for a little before beginning. "I do not expect," said he, "that you can understand the depth of my feelings toward that unfortunate girl. I looked on her as more than a sister, and on her mother as a mother whom

I loved perhaps better than my own. When I ran away from home, they were the only friends to whom I bade adieu. To them only did I write when cruising on the Faëry Queen; and of them only did I think when wandering in the solitudes of the West. When I thought of home, *they* rose in my mind, for they were home to me. At our meeting in New York, three years ago, you informed me of what had happened in my absence. Lizzie only remained, and she, you said, was well and happy. I therefore postponed my intended visit until the end of the session—"

"And," interrupted Johnnie, "had I been aware of these feelings of yours, I might have told you a tale, very gently of course, which would have saved you the journey even at the end of the session. But I wished to spare you."

"Would to God I had known it then! I could have learned from her own lips how much she had been wronged, and sought justice for her, less lamely than I now can. But, ignorant of all, I sailed for Scotland. In Edinburgh, from one of your own friends, I learned her miserable history. What a shock that was! I can illustrate how circumstances may change one's nature, by telling you that, when I heard of her fall, your name being unmentioned, I swore by all I held sacred to make the traitor do justice or die. And this was no empty threat—no full-mouthed gasconade. My fingers itched to stab him to the heart. I vowed to track him to the end of the earth—to devote my life to this one thing; but scarcely was the vow registered when I found that you, my very brother—*you*—were the false-hearted traitor!"

"Draw it milder, Lew, won't you?" said Johnnie, throwing circlets of smoke into the pale moonlight.

Lew was excited by the remembrances which called

forth his words. He answered by a look which made its recipient wince, in spite of his assumed calmness; but it was only momentary. Lew's eyes became introspective as he continued: "That disarmed me. I could not seek vengeance on you, after having mourned by the grave of the mother of us both. I could only leave it in the hands of the God of justice, praying that the anguish we had caused the Wilsons might be lightened and pardoned. I knew that you could find Lizzie, if your heart would soften. I had seen her—looking for you with weary, longing eyes. Her figure will ever live in my memory, as I saw her pass your window. To escape from my thoughts, I traveled over Europe, seeking excitement in the dissipations of its most dissipated cities; so, subsequently I entered this service, in the hope of forgetting, in the duties and hazards of the war, that you had lived to injure or she to suffer."

"My dear Lew," began Johnnie, in tones of calm remonstrance, "I hope the—what's the number of your regiment?—will pardon me, if I insinuate, in the mildest manner, that one of its captains is a very simpleton. You have misspent more sympathy, Lew, than the world can spare from any one man. Your sentimentality has undone you. Glad am I that you got hold of my name as that of the arch-offender, since it preserved you, perhaps, from some rash act, which you might have lived to repent in bitterness of spirit. This more than sister, whom you enshrined in your heart, had no reciprocal shrine erected in your honor. Had you known her, your sympathies would have been spared, and—"

"Nay," interrupted Lew; "do not blacken what—"

"Permit me to say 'nay' to the interruption. I listened to you with patience. Grant me the same courtesy. I repeat it, had you known how worthless she was, your sympathies would have been spared. She was a gay girl;

she became a fast girl, on account of slackness of rein—what I might call a man-crazy girl, one with a hundred beaux, each the favored until the next one called. A time came when she was anxious to go among strangers; and, as I had sailed for America, while the others remained at home, she came to America. I am willing to do all in my power to assist her, for her own sake, as well as for the memory of her mother and the little child that died, but at present she wants none of my help. Should she want me, she can put her finger on me, and I will respond. Can I do more?"

"I have heard an old friend of your own say he had quarreled with you because you had not married her."

"When some people quarrel," was the response, "their tongues do not hesitate at misrepresentation. What gives his word more weight than mine? Marry her, indeed!" and Johnnie whiffed his cigar with virtuous indignation.

"I am glad to hear you say that you had so small a share in her destruction; but your words do not efface the deep impression made by the tale as I first heard it. However, it is not for me to judge. I only implore you, by the memory of home and early friends, to be sure and do what is just and right."

"Bah!" returned Johnnie. "Let us talk of something else. We have had enough of her. She knows I am ready to assist her when she makes the call, but at present she has too many friends to be thankful for my proffered aid. She is having what she calls 'a good time.'"

"God help her!" sighed Lew.

His brother shrugged his shoulders.

"When did you see her last?" continued Lew.

"Not three weeks ago. She kissed her hand to me as she drove past. I fear that, were you to visit her, and pass your time in a methodistical appeal for an amendment on

her past, she would feel inclined to box your ears until you saw more lovely brown eyes flashing at you than there are stars in heaven."

The brothers smoked in silence for a few minutes.

"How goes it with my sparkling little friend Dora Raymond?" inquired Johnnie. "I hope she is bright as usual."

"I have not seen her for two years," replied Lew.

"Why! What has happened? I was under the impression that you were well received at the house, and that you had a brotherly interest—on my account, perhaps—in the young lady herself."

"Nothing has happened—we are as good friends as ever; but I have not been in New York in that time. The Raymonds were the last people I saw in the city, and, in all probability, will be the first on whom I shall call on my return."

"And how does the little girl bear the separation?"

"From what? From whom?"

"From your own superior self, of course."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. You need not disown the affair to me. I had the use of my eyes at Saratoga, and could see—so could any one—how smoothly the course of true love was running, with only myself, like an ugly rock, to cause a ripple in the current. But I took myself out of the way; and credit me with having acted, in part, from a desire to make smooth the path for her little feet. I allow there were other reasons. I was bound South, for instance, and a Northern wife might have hampered me in the Confederacy; but none were peremptory, and I deserve all due credit."

"Miss Raymond ought to be grateful for your magnanimity; but I believe that, had you remained, she wouldn't have married you."

"For one who pleaded ignorance of my meaning a minute ago, you set a high value on your influence."

"I do not refer to any influence of mine. I speak from a knowledge of her sentiments toward you."

"And of her sentiments toward yourself?"

"You wrong the young lady—and me."

Johnnie reflected before he said: "I know you, Lew, and believe you speak truly in your own idea. I know Dora Raymond also—I have not studied women in general, and her in particular, for nothing—and you can trust me, when I say that, at Saratoga, and for months before she went there, she dreamed of Lew Gordon as the bright particular star which ruled her destiny. I do not say that this is so now. Two or three years of absence effect changes in the fickle feminine heart. She may have met some one of your stamp—began by liking him for his likeness to you, and ended by loving him for the fellow's self. Let me tell you what to do, Lew. She is a good girl, and a good match. Get a leave before joining your regiment—indeed, I can't see any necessity for your joining it again at all—get a leave, go to New-York City, and arrange matters with her. You can't do better. You will find her, if nothing has happened in the mean time, ready to pitch herself into your arms."

"Now I, on my part," responded Lew, "believe that I know Dora Raymond well, but I confess my ignorance of any such knowledge as this."

"Outsiders make the most impartial spectators," returned Johnnie.

"I intend," resumed Lew, "to have a short leave before joining my command. This wound entitles me to it. But I expect no such climax to the series of calls I shall make on the Raymonds."

"Give the little one a chance to open her heart, and



you will find it pour forth a flood of warmth and affection—else am I much deceived.”

Lew sat thinking over what had been said, and might have so sat until sunrise, had not his brother disturbed his reverie by remarking:

“You have been knocking around the world for so many years, Lew, that I am surprised you have remained so intensely moral, preserving an undilatable conscience and a general flavor of infant innocence and goodness, if I except some sanguinary inclinations due to an exaggerated sense of justice. I remember being struck with your simplicity, on your return from that first cruise. I endeavored for a couple of hours to instill some progressive ideas into your stand-still soul. But you appear to have been as uninfluenced by contact with the world, as you were by my attack on your religious prejudices.”

“It depresses me greatly to think of your ideas on religious subjects, Johnnie,” said Lew, “but, depend upon it, a time will come when you will be more conservative. I listened to an old gentleman talking politics the other day. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘you young men, with your high spirits and fly-away notions, are extremists in your liberalism; but, when years come and responsibilities, you will tame down, and be as conservative as I am.’ So you, I hope, when the years bring mature ideas, will fall back into the bosom of the Christianity at which you now scoff.”

A silence followed, during which the thoughts of the brothers traveled on different paths. Johnnie was evidently incubating a discourse on his irreligious hobby, while Lew’s thoughts were of the old days, and the Sabbath-morning march to church. Johnnie whiffed his cigar, progressing meanwhile with his homily. Lew progressed also—from the church to the church-yard where his mother lay, and thence to her death-bed as recounted by the old school-

master. Suddenly it occurred to him that his brother might be able to throw light on the subject which troubled her last hours. He might know something of the captain, and Miss Nellie, and Mr. Parsons.

Johnnie had arranged his thoughts, and was about to speak.

After this fashion, I know, he would have opened:

“I *may* be weak enough, Lew, to fall back into the bosom of Christianity. Disease may sap the strength, and long suffering render the brain incapable of resisting the influence of early teaching. But I know that, if my mind retains its power, there will be no such relapse. A thousand years hence the civilization of the world will marvel at the enchainment of intellect in the dark ages—including in that term our own, our vaunted nineteenth century. ‘Strange,’ they will say, ‘that our forefathers labored so long in the thrall of so obvious a humbug. They were a smart people. They had their steam, their telegraphs, and railways. They read the earth’s history in its strata, and followed man back into prehistoric times. Some daring minds had even glimpses of what is so well established in our own day, concerning his origin. But with all this they had no eyes to see themselves laboring in fetters, their minds struggling under the pressure of an incubus which prevented those bold flights leading to the knowledge of to-day. They were blind to the fact that their thousand-and-one religious systems were born of the egotism of the prehistoric man. As he sat on a boulder sunning himself, and sharpening the flint arrowhead, which was intended to secure some future dinner—‘Surely,’ thought he, ‘I am not destined to die as the bird, or beast. They are killed and eaten, and there is an end of them; but a higher fate must be reserved for me, who am so much their superior. It is true I die—I know it; but there must be a future

beyond." Behold the doctrine of immortality conceived, and adopted as soon as conceived, by the naked barbarian! Behold the nucleus around which were crystallized their cumbrous religious systems—those brakes on the cars of the world's progress," and so on *ad nauseam*.

But, just as he was about to commence, Lew, who was anxious to have the first word, shot out the unexpected query:

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Parsons, Johnnie?"

Johnnie dropped his cigar, and brushed the fallen ash from his bosom with much needless flurry.

"A Mr. who?" he asked, at last.

"Parsons," replied Lew; "you have heard of him, haven't you?"

"No," returned Johnnie, in a harsh yet shaky tone. "Why so?"

"Or of Captain Scoville, or Miss Nelly?"

"No; why so?"

"What's the matter with your throat? You speak as if you had swallowed a fish-bone."

"There is a chilliness in the night-air; I believe I shall go in. But what of those people you mentioned?"

"Nothing; I thought you might have heard of them. My mother talked much of them before she died. She was desirous of having the school-master take down her words in writing, but, when he returned to do so, she was delirious, and he wrote nothing."

"Not much matter, I guess," said Johnnie, rising, and withdrawing from the piazza.

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

LEW puzzled over his brother's loss of equanimity and sudden exit; but, as no solution seemed attainable, he set the subject aside, to dwell on one possessed of more attractions.

He finished his cigar, produced a fresh one, and smoked more than was good for his nervous system, while reviewing, by the light of his brother's suggestions, every word and look which Dora Raymond had given him.

Some words which he had attributed to thoughtlessness, some which he had credited to their friendly relations, and some which he had not understood when they fell from her lips, might have been adduced, by one possessed of more vanity than my young man, as proofs of the accuracy of Johnnie's observation; but, on the other hand, the freedom and sisterly character of her communion with him completely negatived the idea. Dora was perfectly heart-free. Every one of her letters could tell him that.

But, how was it with himself?

The knowledge of her friendship made him happy. Her letters were more to him than he had imagined, until deprived of them by his captivity. His life was purified by contact with her innocence, brightened by the light of her friendship, and warmed by the enthusiasm of her fresh, young heart. Was this love? Surely not. And he was satisfied with this.

But were the war ended, and he permanently in New York, would—? Too far, that is, into the future, to penetrate. Not at all. Well—*then; what then?* Only this, that he would be near her—hear the music of her voice, and merry ripple of her laugh—see the auroral light

dancing in her eyes, and recognize her presence by his happiness. Only this, that the heavens would be ever bright in those days, and the earth green, full-throated birds would gush forth their love-notes from the whispering trees, and a general hum of happiness pervade the universe. But how long would this last? How would it end? Suppose her married to Mr. Such-a-one! Ah, no! Away with the supposition! Why so? If she loved him, and he were worthy, why not suppose them happily married? A friend would rejoice in the happiness of his friend. There must, then, be more than friendship here. It must be the friendship which is akin to love. For, suppose them happily married, a cloud would have obscured the heavens, and darkened the earth, the full-throated birds would be silent, and Nature oppressed. Dora Raymond transformed into Mrs. Such-a-one could be nothing to him—nothing.

Ah! If Johnnie had read correctly! If it were possible that the darling girl did indeed love him! The thought was ecstasy; and he remained enrapt, until the cigar began to burn the tip of his fingers, when he awoke with a sigh, which, in a free translation, would have read, "My darling, I *do* love you."

My young man retired, and Dora Raymond appeared to him in his dreams, with a depth of love and tenderness in her eyes which thrilled his sleeping soul. His lips moved; and, had some spirit-ear been near enough to catch the heart-born utterance, his unspoken words would have been again, "My darling, I love you."

Lew did not meet his brother next day; but in the afternoon a note was handed him. "Dear Lew," it said, "I have to start hurriedly for the south. I arranged the exchange. You will be sent in the first boat. Yours, Johnnie."

This note disappointed my young man. He could not bring himself to believe that Dora Raymond looked on him with other than sisterly eyes, and he wished for an opportunity of hearing his brother make assertion to the contrary.

He did not remain long in captivity, nor long in Washington, after his arrival there. He obtained leave of absence, and hastened northward. "I shall watch her every word and look," he thought, "and act on my impressions. She is a friend, an intimate, a dear friend, but that is all. For three years I have known and loved her, yet only the other day did I recognize my love. Can I suppose her, during all this time, as thinking more warmly of me? No. She is a friend only. Ah! If she, like myself, required but the suggestion to unmask her heart!"

As he walked up the avenue to the Raymond mansion, a nervous trepidation seized him. He almost wished to postpone the interview; but this was impossible, on account of the explanation it would necessitate; for he had written from Washington of his coming, and his letter must already be in her hands. Anxiety seemed his pre-ordained frame of mind in making a first call on the Raymonds. Once he had the fear of wounding, by the recital of Baldy's death; at another time his misgivings, lest Dora should be already married to his brother; and now a nameless anxiety seized his heart, unnerving him for the meeting which, till now, had been his most joyous anticipation.

Lew ascended the stoop, and rang the door-bell, with a heart beating thirty—that is, a hundred and twenty a minute. I always count the quarter. Many professional men, in large practice, take ten seconds only and multiply by six, or, I should say, by long habit and mental association, the number of beats in that time indicates the rate

per minute without any multiplication whatever; but I prefer counting to the quarter—the result, probably, of early teaching.

Dora herself came to the door, radiant with smiles, and with her beauty heightened by a flush of joyous excitement. Her dark, russet-streaked hair fell in graceful curls behind her.

She seized him by both hands and dragged him through the hall and into the parlor, saying, meanwhile: "I thought you would never come! I have been wild with expectation, since your letter arrived this morning—watching at the window for ever so long. Oh! Come along!"—seeing some signs on his part of a desire to leave his cap in the hall—"come along, there's nobody here but me. I think they went out on purpose, knowing I would want to have such a long talk."

"There, now," said she, in the parlor, releasing his hands, and removing his forage-cap, which she placed jauntily over her own curls, "I am sure *that* looks better than the ugly-peaked thing you wore going away; and *this*"—laying a finger on the bosom of his uniform coat—"a thousand times nicer than the old blouse you had when I saw you last. Ah! if you had only begun adjutant, as I wished, you would have been a general or colonel by this time; but you were *so* obstinate."

This tendency on the part of the young lady to renew the old and well-fought battle, together with the freedom of her manner, did much to quiet my young man's nervousness, and break down the barrier which his love had been erecting.

He answered as gayly and as freely as herself.

They seated themselves on a lounge, and, half turning one to the other, made the walls echo with the gayety of their tones.

It would be foolish for me to attempt to follow the course of their conversation, yet I long to do so: the track of my story has led me to so few pleasant scenes, that when one is presented, as now, I am loath to leave it.

But this happy couple said very little which would be of interest to outsiders; indeed, my dear doctor, if I recorded their words, your dictum might be, that they said little of interest even to themselves. You must remember, however, that their intercourse was not in the words they spoke. It lay deeper—in the unrealized appreciation of a subtle happiness produced by each upon the other. Words were secondary matters. I saw a young mother, the other day, make a pounce upon her baby, who was seated on the floor, and padded round with precautionary pillows. She poked her fingers among the little one's ribs, and, "Ah!" said she, with fierce emphasis, "Ah! a tidy ickle chick-a-biddy bum-bum!" Baby tried to jerk its arms off at the shoulder-joint, as it made effort to reply. Its articulation was imperfect; but "Ah! gou!" renders the attempt at speech near enough for all practical purposes. Mamma and baby were intensely happy at that particular moment. They were heedless of words. Perhaps, had the mother translated her feelings into intelligible language, she might have said "Ah! little darling, mine, you know not how mamma's heart leaps toward you after every momentary distraction!" So, perhaps, with Dora and Lew. Their commonplace remarks may have been susceptible of as much translation as mamma's tidy-ickle chick-a-biddy bum-bum.

Dora did most of the talking; although, by virtue of his absence and participation in stirring scenes, Lew ought to have been the speaker of the house. She flitted from subject to subject with a very butterfly inconstancy, showing, by her familiarity with the incidents of the campaign,

how well she had read her companion's letters; while Lew listened, enrapt, to the mellow tones, forgetting sometimes the sense of the words in the very sound of their flow.

"Now, Lew," said she, abruptly, "before I say another word, tell me what is the matter with you."

"With me? Nothing."

"Don't say that, because there *is* something. I've been noticing it. You have a reserve about you, you didn't use to have. Don't keep any thing back you may have against me."

"Believe me, there is nothing. I am not conscious," said he, blushing consciousness—"of any change."

"Well, never mind. I'll find out. Go on, and tell me what happened at Richmond, and who it was got you out of Libby."

"An old friend of yours—my brother John."

"Indeed! how you do run across each other in the world! How does he look? Has he got married? Did he say any thing about me?"

"He looks well—is not married—and did speak of you."

"What did he say? Tell me."

"Among other things, that you did not give him due credit for having taken himself out of the way."

"How so? What credit does he deserve, I wonder, for going South at the time he did? It resolves itself into that."

"His idea differs. He became aware, he said, that you did not care for him particularly, and that you *did* care for somebody else; that, but for his presence causing a ripple, the course of your true-love would have run smoothly; and, so, he magnanimously took himself off.

"I'm extremely grateful, I'm sure," returned Dora, looking a little vexed and confused. "And was he so

uncommunicative as to withhold the name of the favored one?"

It was Lew's turn to look confused. "He—a—not explicitly; he took it for granted that one so intimate as I knew all about it. And, indeed, I can't see how you could have been in love with any one, and I be ignorant."

"Of course!" said Dora. "Of course you would have known it had I been in love with any other. How ridiculous of him! Where did you meet him?"

I declare these young folks remind me forcibly of a couple of children playing bo-peep! among the window-curtains. Little Dora hides in the recess; while baby Lew sits strapped in his chair, waiting for his expanding senses to be played upon. Every eye but baby's can see Dora's little legs, her cunning little boots, and her plump outline behind the folds; even Dora herself has an idea that the position is not one of perfect invisibility—but it is good enough for baby. Suddenly the little maid shows her face between the folds. "Bo-peep!" cries she; and baby is electrified. As suddenly her face disappears, and baby, again in the dark as to her whereabouts, waits open-eyed for something else to turn up in this happy and wonderful world.

"I hope," continued the young lady, reverting to the subject, "that your brother was not chagrined to find that the smooth current, caused by his high-souled act, failed to float me on to the matrimonial sea. Do you know, Lew, there are ever so many marriages to come off when the war is over? I am bespoken as bridesmaid to so many, that I won't have time to look after my own particular affair. But, I declare it's awful to be making engagements at a time when the news of a battle may bring the news of his death. It's a veritable tempting of Providence, as your Scotch people say. I couldn't do it. There was Nettie Lyons became engaged to Captain Seymour, when he was



on leave last winter, and he was killed at Chancellorsville, the very next fight. She must feel terribly. I don't think I could ever recover from such a thing."

"I think," acquiesced Lew, "that no man, exposed as our officers are at this time, is justified in entering into an engagement of that nature; for, independent of the risk of death, there is the danger of losing a leg or getting an eye knocked out—"

"Oh! that wouldn't make any difference, though."

"Or, of having the liver-complaint, and coming home with a temper as much altered for the worse as disease can make it. I wouldn't do it. No matter how dearly I loved, I would postpone engagement until happier and safer times."

"Oh! I wish those times were come! You can form no conception, Lew, of what it is to be the women left at home. There comes a rumor by telegraph of heavy fighting in Virginia; and the shadow of suspense overhangs them. One has to remain for so long in fear and trembling; while her own fears are augmented by listening to the forebodings of every friend she meets. We are outwardly very patriotic; but, in our heart of hearts, victory or defeat is a sorry question, until we hear of the safety of—husbands—brothers—lovers. And the worst of it is, we don't get accustomed to it, but become more and more nervous as time rolls on. Every battle shows us a Nettie Lyons mourning, and puts startlingly before us what the next may bring home to ourselves. Does he still trim his whiskers English fashion?"

"Bo-peep!" cries little Dora, and dodges behind the curtain; while baby Lew, who has been watching with eager eyes for just such a development, feels that the game is a joyous, happy game, although he cannot define the exact position of his little playmate.

But I shall leave them to enjoy their afternoon unobserved, and all the other afternoons of that swift-winged leave of absence. It was spent in a trip up the Hudson, and to the lakes. Papa and mamma, though always present, were never in the way. Every passenger on the steamer, car, or 'bus, every lounge at the hotel, could see how smoothly the current was flowing. Lew himself, with heart and soul on the watch, was the only one who could not see. The perfect freedom of their intercourse blinded him.

Ah! it was a pleasant time. Did they realize their own happiness? I scarcely think so. It is only afterward, when they have time to ruminate—to call up their happiness in review, that young people recognize the glory of the days of love's young dream. But they were intensely happy for all that, until the day approached which was to part them.

Lew must go. He could not honorably seek an extension of leave, while his command had been daring death at Gettysburg.

On one occasion, my young man found Dora seated beneath a tree, without book or other ostensible occupation. She was looking a thousand miles beyond her horizon. "I have discovered you at last," said he. "You appear to have been seeking the pleasures of solitude and self-communion." Said she, "I'm so sorry you've got to go, Lew!"

"Bo-peep!" cried little Dora; and the only wonder is, that baby Lew failed to find her out, with such favorable opportunities for investigation.

The day dawned, without a cloud in the sky, but with many on Dora's spirits. She did not eat any breakfast—a sign that something was wrong with the young lady. Nor did Lew, which was equally significant.

My young man felt reluctant to leave without a clear look into his loved one's heart. He could not go on cherishing this love, with friendship only in return. It must be done to-day; but how to do it? How annoying that, to-day of all days, mamma should stick so closely to Dora, and papa to his miserable self!

No opportunity was afforded in the forenoon, and there is no time for it now. The 'bus starts from the hotel in half an hour. His valise is packed and in the hall.

They will all go down to the piazza, and see him off.

Papa and mamma lead the way through the long corridor. Lew and the despondent Dora follow slowly.

As papa and mamma turn the corner, and disappear down the stairway, Dora comes to a full stop.

The young lady's feelings have been pent up all the morning; they burst their bonds as soon as there is no one to look on.

She is agitated, and gasps out, "O Lew!"

"What is the matter, Dora?" he inquires, sillily.

She snaps her fingers repeatedly in a semi-hysterical way, while her bosom heaves with short, shallow respirations.

"What is the matter, dear?" he repeats, blind as may be, but all sympathy withal.

Then comes the *dénouement*.

The agitated bosom closes in his outstretched arms, and the tiniest whisper vibrates on love's listening ear:

"O Lew! won't you tell me that you love me before you go?"

"Bo-peep!" cries little Dora; but the pretty little play is at an end. She may hide among the curtains again, but never again will baby be fooled by their transparent folds.

## CHAPTER NINTH.

A NEW era in my young man's life dated from Dora's sudden halt in the corridor. There was a grand heart-opening, and happiness, entering, touched its chords to the joyous refrain: "She loves me! she loves me!" So sang the hoof-clatter on the road, and the jingling harness, and so the ear-stunning racket of the rail, albeit they told him at the same time of months of separation.

Life was precious to him, now that love for the first time was assuredly involved in it.

The letters which lightened his absence were enough to sweeten the bitterness of any outside experiences. They are laid away in lavender now, and the paper is old and faded with its years, but, when brought to light, as they occasionally are, for a review of those anxious days, each sentence is found as fresh as the young heart which dictated. The delicious scrawls, with their lively thoughts and pretty fancies, their happy visions dashed with gloomy forebodings, were eagerly looked for and sacredly treasured, as such things should be.

Lew showed himself a brave man on many fields—braver than when he risked life carelessly during his dark days; for he did his duty unflinchingly, although his heart was almost seduced to cowardice by its new sensations. He did not sigh to himself, like my friend of whose march to Gettysburg I have spoken: "Well, Larry Gilligan, I know you don't like it, but"—and so on. His rallying address on such occasions was: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor too"—not "more," as in the original; for he preferred truth to an unmodified quotation.

In one of those fierce assaults on the lines of Petersburg, which gained a few yards of bloody ground, my young man received a wound which sent him to the hospital on a stretcher. I might leave you to suppose that he was leading his men to victory or death, when this befell him, or paint him in the gallant but theoretical attitude of the centre figure of our cheap battle-prints, with his legs astraddle upon nothing, and his arms extended heavenward, bearing the one a broken sword and the other a hat and feather, while enlarging whorls of sulphurous vapors frame him round as with a halo. But, truth to tell, the affair happened in a much calmer atmosphere.

There was a spiteful sharp-shooting going on, but the ear gets accustomed to that, and thinks it nothing after the continuous roll of battle. The troops had made a rush, this drizzling afternoon, and secured a position so many yards nearer the enemy. They were to be relieved; but had to hold the ground until nightfall should cover the movement.

The men were hugging the sacred soil, and every stick, stump, and stone, which afforded protection, while such as were permitted by the nature of the ground kept up a return-fire on the enemy's line.

Lew was seated under lee of a pine-tree stump, with his unsheathed sword erect and quivering in the soil beside him, like a veritable *Gladiolus*—(G. Virginny-Ensis).

"Captain Billings," said he, as a man dropped his musket and crawled rearward, "have the men stop that nonsense, and lie low. There's another hit. They are getting more than they give. Besides, this guerrilla shooting does no good."

Lew rose, and, taking his sword, sauntered leisurely in the direction of Billings, who courteously advanced from his shelter to meet him.

"Badly hit, that fellow?" inquired Lew.

"Plugged in the shoulder, but don't seem to have broken any thing," was the reply.

"You haven't a match about you, have you?" was the next inquiry.

"I have," replied the captain; and, while he fumbled for his match-box in the depths of his pantaloons, Lew produced his cigar-case and presented it.

"Fortunate man, to have any thing like this in your possession," remarked Captain Billings, nibbling at the end of the weed.

"Well," said Lew, after they had blown a couple of clouds, "I think we had better get into cover."

As he turned to seek the shelter of his stump, he stumbled, and fell on his face. Billings hastened to his assistance, and rolled him over. There was a little hole with incurved edges on the breast of his coat; his face was pale, and bright-red blood came frothing from his lips.

"Pass the word," said Billings, removing his cigar for the sake of clearer utterance. "Pass the word to Captain Churchill that Major Gordon's killed; and, Corporal Johnson, take two or three men and carry him down to the hollow where the stretchers are.—Easy, now, can't you?" Saying which, he resumed his cigar, and returned to his shelter.

Presently Captain Churchill appeared, and, seating himself behind the stump, which erst had sheltered Lew, he planted his sword by his side, and it quivered in the breeze like the plant of a succeeding season.

They were not heartless, these veterans—far from it; but war had schooled them into the highest degree of undemonstrativeness. In the evening, by their bivouac-fires, half a mile back in the woods, when they recounted the events of the day, many a bold heart was saddened by

the loss of Major Lew Gordon. Willing messengers were dispatched through the darkness, to bring back news of his condition. Good news; indifferently good news. The major was not dead, but no hope was held forth. He was grievously wounded, indeed.

When the newspapers reported Major Lew Gordon in the list of regimental commanders slain, Miss Dora Raymond tasted of Netty Lyon's bitter cup. She found it small consolation that they had refrained from engagement. At last, the heavy hand of the God of battles was laid on her. Often, when the news of bloodshed overspread the land, she had suffered this dreaded stroke in anticipation, but as often, when the mails arrived, a few words from Lew would come to quiet her anxiety. But now, there was no hope. Not wounded, but killed! Fallen in that desperate assault, to rise no more!

The poor girl shut her eyes, to hide the loved name glaring at her from the paper. She saw him leading the assault, full of life and vigor. She saw him reel and fall, and the line of men sweeping over him with the impetus which he had given it. But he would not lie still, and dead, as the papers had reported. She could not make him lie where he fell until the burial-party came to hide him from her sight.

"He's not dead, papa; I can't believe it. I won't believe it until I see some one who saw him die. These newspapers make mistakes; and there must be one here, for he's not dead. Oh, no! not dead—Lew is not dead, papa! He is wounded, perhaps, and suffering, but not dead. Take me to Washington or City Point, where I can hear or see something of him. I *must* do something! I can't stay here waiting, waiting. I *must* go, or I'll go mad!"

She went, and found her young hero sleeping the first

few winks which his dangerous wound had permitted. He was sadly changed: features sunken, pale, anxious, and distressed. He seemed a worn and war-scarred framework, waiting for the call—the last call—to the repose of the grave.

He was in danger for weeks; and it was months before his step became elastic, and his cheeks ruddy. Dora had ample opportunity to qualify herself as nurse; but I question if she realized the anticipations which had once made her say: "And oh, Lew! if you could only come home wounded!"

Yet, though there was much pain and suffering on the one side, and much watchfulness and anxiety on the other, during these months, they were happy months to my young lovers. They drew them nearer, and made them dearer to each other, than years of ordinary intercourse.

But my story does not require me dwell on these happy, suffering times.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

It leads me rather to the very close of the war in April, '65.

The investing lines had crept close to the defences of the leaguered city. Feints on the right, and attacks on the left, had been made with harassing persistency. The severe winter had told on the spirits of the besieged. Desertions became frequent from their ranks. It was evident to all that the end was drawing near.

Lew became strong enough to take the field before the commencement of active operations. He was anxious to be in at the death. But Dora had now changed into an

arrant little coward. She tried to dissuade him. "He had done enough, and suffered enough," she said. "Let others finish it; besides, if it was such a sure thing, this spring—the crushing of the rebellion—where was the necessity for his going?"

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor too," said he.

Of a truth, at *this* parting there was no occasion for the young lady to abandon herself to the inquiry, "Won't you tell me that you love me before you go?" That delicious bit of information had been conveyed times without number during the previous months.

The end came at last. The right was turned at the Five Forks, and, in the centre, the line of earthworks, which had so long defied them, was carried by the Union troops. Petersburg was taken; and the Army of Virginia, after its bold and defiant career, was broken-spirited and fugitive.

The victorious army pressed its retreating foes, and extended its arms, Medusa-like, to envelop them; while, at the points of contact, the bravest hearts of the South fought stubbornly for time, taking advantage of every knoll, and strip of woods, and creek-crossing; but, weak and worn by lack of food and the fatigues of battle, they were driven from point to point by the pressure of their advancing enemies.

Many a charge was made, and counter-charge, during this season of heavy skirmishing; and it is with one of these I have to deal at the present writing.

The brigade to which Colonel Gordon's regiment belonged was put in one morning, to drive the enemy, on the front of the division. It had been in reserve on the previous day, and was fresh and eager to have a share in the hunt. The blue-bloused soldiers of the Union had

been held at bay, and repulsed so often, that this victorious pursuit was a new and intoxicating sensation.

They went in with enthusiasm, and pushed through the woods and fields for an hour, without encountering the enemy.

At length, as the line emerged from a strip of woods, it was met by a musketry-fire from the crest of a rising ground.

The enemy, as usual, had strengthened his position by a low line of earthworks.

Colonel Gordon was ordered to carry the position. A brigade was deploying to his support.

He formed his command, and gave the order.

Forward they rushed with a gallant cheer; but the crest was well manned.

The musketry told severely on the advancing line. Many dropped on the way—the more, the nearer they approached the crest.

Lew saw with chagrin that his line was too thin. It showed signs of wavering.

"Lie down, men!" he shouted, galloping hither and thither in his excitement. "Lie down, and wait for the reserves. Here they come. Hurrah!"

Some obeyed the order; others turned and fled.

Meanwhile, the enemy, elated by his success, sprang, with a wild yell, from behind his breastwork, and charged almost at will. For a few minutes the gentle slope was clothed with a confused intermixture of blue coats and gray.

"Hurrah!" shouted Lew, as he saw his supports sweeping up-hill, with the steadiness of an ocean-swell.

"Damn the Yankee sons of —," yelled the commander of the crest. "Here comes a line of battle. Back men! Back to cover! and send them to hell cross-lots!"



"We can give them more than they want from behind the crest. Back! Back, all of you!" And he charged hither and thither to enforce the command.

"Surrender, sir," cried Lew, galloping toward him, and, emboldened by the rising cheer of his troops as they saw the enemy flying to shelter—"Surrender, sir—you are my prisoner!"

"Not by a damned sight!" retorted the other, riding at him, and cutting fiercely as he passed.

Lew parried the blow, but a moment thereafter, his arm became nerveless. His enemy was his brother!

"Pshaw!" cried the rebel. "What's the use of carving before killing?" And he dropped his sword from his wrist, and seized a pistol.

"For God's sake, Johnnie, don't fire! It is I, your brother Lew!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other, wildly. "My dear brother Lew, I intend to do you a brotherly turn—to make an angel of you. You were always too good for this world!"

Lew trembled. His brother evidently knew not what he said or did. His wild laugh showed the madness working in his soul.

Besides, this was no stage for the enactment of a pleasant or unpleasant jest. The war-cry of the assailants waxed louder as they approached, while the crest vomited forth smoke and flame; and the bullets whistled, as they passed on their mission of disablement and death. These were the surroundings of tragedy.

Lew trembled, as he thought of his powerlessness to prevent the consummation of the impending horror. He was heedless that his own life vibrated on the balance of fate. He had no sense of personal danger. His state of mind was rather that of a spectator, aware of the relation-

ship of the two. The question at issue was, not how to save himself, but how to prevent his brother from branding himself, in his madness, with the mark of Cain. He dared not fly from the face of his assailant in full view of the field. He dared not raise his hand to kill. He could shoot the pistol from his brother's grasp; but the glancing bullet! Who could tell where it might impinge? No other idea presented: the chance must be taken.

Quick as thought, he took the revolver from his belt, cocked, leveled it, and fired. Johnnie's upraised pistol dropped from his fingers, but, to Lew's horror, the bridle-hand at the same instant relaxed its grasp, and the body, launching forward and sideward, fell from the horse, a heavy, lifeless fall. The excited charger, freed from the pressure on the curb, galloped off, dragging his rider over the rough ground, until the entangled foot was shaken from the stirrup.

Lew dismounted, by far more ghastly pale than was his fallen brother. He raised him in his arms, and shuddered as he found his hands stained with that brother's blood. He smoothed his forehead. He chafed his hands. He knew not what to do.

"My God! my God!" he cried, "what have I done!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" roared the hoarse voice of the advancing line.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" responded the fragments of the leading brigade, as they rose from earth and rushed onward to the crest.

This—the call to duty—was a relief to his agony.

"Hurrah!" he shrieked, in a harsh, demoniac tone, as he sprang on his horse, and charged over the low earth-work, waving his sword in his blood-stained hand.

At the first moment of calm, the commander of the supporting brigade rode up to Lew. "You had a hard road to travel, this morning, Gordon," said he.

"Hard indeed; and, but for your gallant charge, it would have fared worse with us. I never saw troops advance so steadily."

"We have nothing to brag of, in my opinion. *You* gathered all the glory of this morning's work, but now comes *our* turn. Let's smile on the joyous occasion; and I'll clear out after Johnnie Reb, and give you room to gather yourself up." Saying which, he handed his flask to Lew, who, wishing him success, smiled and returned it.

"Why, Gordon, are you hit? There is blood on your hand and arm."

"Not mine," replied Lew, huskily. "No, not yours," echoed his heart—"not yours, but your brother's blood. Fratricide!"

"Well," rejoined the other as he indulged, "may the sun set this blessed day as brightly as he has risen!" And, waving an adieu, he rode off to put his command in motion.

Lew hastened to his brother. A couple of stretcher-bearers were carrying him off. "Be gentle with him, boys," said he; "he is my brother."

Johnnie opened his eyes as he heard the voice, and his lips moved.

Lew knelt by his side. "Do you forgive me, Johnnie?" he said.

The answer came faintly from those pale lips: "I'm not dead yet, by a long sight. I'm rallying. I know I'll last till night, anyhow. I want to see you when you get relieved. I may have something to tell you, when I hear what the doctors say."

The sun had set, and the darkness was sweeping westward across the face of the sky, before the pursuit was given up and the troops permitted to light their camp-fires.

Colonel Gordon picked his way along the wagon-cumbered roads to the scene of the morning's conflict. He

halted at the house to which the wounded had been carried.

"I came," said he to the doctor, "to hunt up a Confederate officer who was sent in badly wounded from the crest to-day."

"I fear, Colonel Gordon," was the reply, "that you come too late. I have several on my memorandum register, but I expect this is the one you seek." And he handed the note-book to Lew, with his finger specifying the entry:—"No. 67; Col. John Gordon: Confed.: ditto: penetrating chest and injuring great vessels: died almost on admission."

"Dead! dead!" Lew repeated to himself, gazing vacantly on the page; "did he say nothing—leave no message for me?"

"He was too far gone to speak, when he was brought in."

"And where is he now?"

"He was buried with the others, at retreat, in the field behind the house. There is a rumor among the men here, that he was a relative of yours, so I marked his grave. There will be no difficulty in recovering the body at any time, for the women of the house are healthy rebs, and consider their roof sacred, since Colonel Gordon died under its shelter. They will not be apt to forget his grave."

"What means this 'ditto?'" inquired Lew, pointing to the entry.

"That refers to the nature of the missile—Minié-bullet, as above."

"*What!* did you say Minié-bullet? ah! it's a mistake, I see. Did you examine the wound?"

The doctor hesitated. "I looked at the case," said he, "in order to put it on my register; but did not institute any special examination, as, from the condition of the patient, no practical interest attached to him."

"Surely, it would require no special examination to determine whether a man died of a revolver-bullet or a Minié-ball."

"Nor does it, usually; and, hence I feel satisfied that the case is correctly entered."

"You are sure, then, it was no revolver-shot?"

"Of course, I do not hold it as a mathematical certainty; but, when I threw open his coat to determine the position of the wound, I feel confident that, had it been inflicted by revolver, I would have noticed the fact, and so recorded it."

"You cannot recall the appearance of the wound?"

The doctor pondered, as if trying to call up the case as it appeared to him. But Lew's impatience interrupted him: "A pistol-bullet, by glancing from some hard surface, might have its shape so altered as to form an aperture of entrance much larger than under ordinary circumstances?"

"Certainly."

"Excuse my questioning, doctor. I am much interested. I fired my revolver at him, and he fell. Your register gave me a momentary hope that I did not kill him. Would to God you were right, and I wrong! but I fear my bullet glanced from his pistol or sword-hilt before penetrating. And yet a random shot from the crest *might* have struck him at the moment."

"I have too much on my hands just now, colonel, else I would satisfy you, by exhuming the body and recovering the bullet; but I shall do so before breaking up hospital here."

Lew thanked him warmly. "Can you send some one with me to point out his grave?"

The doctor did so.

It was dark, and Lew could see but little of the low

mound under which his brother was laid. He stood long, resting on his sword, while his thoughts flitted from past to present. The ruddy-faced Johnnie of many happy, innocent hours, uprose from the memories of his childhood, and then sank back into the darkness as the livid and pallid face of the dying man.

"God help me!" he sighed.

Voices spoke to him—voices from the grave—of his mother, of his father, of his brother himself; words never thought of from the time of their utterance until now. Yea, voices of the living likewise—if Josiah Wilson were yet alive: "Make no rash vows, young sir!"

Is there aught in fate, and is this the accomplishment of that?

Johnnie would have scoffed at the idea, and said: "This death is but the falling of another leaf from the evergreen tree of humanity, to moulder and spring forth in other forms of life, while the same stars sparkle overhead in the ages to come." God have mercy on him!

## CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

THE war is over; the surrender is an accomplished fact; and millions of hearts rejoice in the one and undivided Union. Beaming faces are found in every camp, and lighter laughs heard, than have been heard for many a day.

It took time for the troops to realize that the end was achieved, and their occupation gone. They had been enveloped for so long in the smoke of battles that, when a clear and unclouded future was spread before them, they could not believe it. It seemed a mirage, such as deceives the traveler in arid lands, which would vanish at the report

of the first shot on the picket-line. But, when the homeward march was commenced, showing them ammunitionless artillery starting unprotected on the road—when they found that to be in the advance had no greater significance than that of being first in camp, the fact was placed before them in an appreciable manner.

Many were the reveries indulged in; many the happy visions of the returning volunteers; and many the tales of battle, retold with the new and strange feeling that each was now a tale of other times.

*There* is Colonel Gordon's camp—in the woods, by the road-side. You can find it easily, though the night is dark as pitch. That huge fire blazing and crackling so merrily will guide you. Back of it is the line of officers' tents; but, in the glare of the wood-fire, they seem deserted. Indeed, they are so. Their inmates are basking in the light and warmth; for the air is chilly. They are sitting, squatting, lying around the glorious fire, too comfortable and happy to think of withdrawing for the night; and the morrow causes no uncertainty. The march of the day has brought no fatigue to those war-inured frames.

"Give us a song, Major Billings; something lively, and with a chorus. I want to be exuberant!"

"A song! A song from Major Billings!"

And Major Billings sang his song, and the others joined in the chorus; while the grotesque firelight carving of the foliage overhead filled up the picture.

But where is Colonel Gordon, that he does not participate in the song and happy laugh—in the tales of past dangers, and the talk of home and friends?

He has been strangely unsocial for some days past. Something is preying on his mind—some domestic trouble, perchance? Certainly nothing connected with his official position.

He is in his tent, with the flaps well overlapped and tied, to secure his privacy. It is a frail shelter, and small, with walls yielding to a passing breeze like the swell of the ripening wheat; but, in it, he is as free from observation as the Englishman in his castle.

It is carpeted with grass-tufts and moss-patches, dead leaves and fallen cones. On one side stands a portable bedstead covered with a buffalo-robe, while the other is occupied by a spare camp-chair, a saddle, and valise. His boots, sword, and belt, stand in a corner. Opposite the entrance is a field-desk filled with books and rubber-banded papers.

A letter, which he has been reading, lies open before him; but it, and all things else around him, are swamped in the great undercurrent which is dragging him into the blackness of despair. His features are haggard and careworn. Twenty years of the ordinary buffetings of Fate could not have aged him so much as the few days which have passed since that conflict on the hill-crest. Then, he had the fire of youth in his veins, its bloom on his cheek, and its freshness and hopes in his heart; but now, all this is changed. He is blighted as the lightning-struck oak. Truly, there are wounds and wounds; and those, however serious, which can be probed by the finger, are as nothing to a penetrated soul, with the worm gnawing in the unreachable depths.

"Where is thy brother?" asks an ever-sounding voice; but he gives no Cain-like answer. He is humble, and bows his head, while another line becomes etched on his careworn face; another nerve unstrung, another hair blanched in the darksome atmosphere of his despair.

"Where is thy brother?" Will that voice be never stilled? The major's jolly song is unheard. No need of the tent-wall to shut out the world! Those vacant eyes

can see nothing: all his senses are in abeyance. They are dead—dead to all save the sound of that inquiring voice, "Where is thy brother?"

Thus had he sat, for an hour before the song rose cheerily above the crackle of the burning wood; and thus he seemed destined to pass the long watches of the night. And yet, that dawning shimmer in his eyes must indicate the presence of a light within his soul?

It does. It brightens. He rouses himself, slowly, like the somnopathist in obedience to the ruling will. He leans forward, and, reaching his sword-belt, takes therefrom the pistol which had been the means of plunging him into this insane condition. Then, settling himself in his chair, he cocks the weapon with an automatic movement, and places it to his temple. The slightest pressure of that witless finger will send his spirit on its great journey; yet there is no emotion in his countenance, only the faint light kindled in his eyes by the idea of escape from that importunate voice.

But the end is not yet.

"Nay," he muttered, taking the weapon from its threatening position. "If it be an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, let it be the same wound, penetrating chest and injuring great vessels. I know the spot; and let the same chamber discharge it. Ha! ha! *There* will be justice!—But no! The sentence is, 'A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth: he shall be sevenfold punished, who raises his hand against him who bears the mark of Cain.'—What is the mark? Can others see it, and I be ignorant?"

The light faded from his eyes; and the hand holding the upraised weapon relaxed, as he became again rapt in his reverie. The pistol tilted downward, until its weight rested on his finger by the trigger.

The major's song was interrupted by a startling report.

"Good God!" he cried, springing from his seat, and rushing to the tent. "Something must have happened to the colonel!"

As he undid the outer fastenings, Colonel Gordon's voice was heard within: "Do not be alarmed, gentlemen," he said. "There is nobody hurt. I beg you will pardon my carelessness. It was purely accidental—purely accidental, I assure you. I fear I startled you, and the whole camp to-boot. We shall have an aid from division headquarters directly, making inquiry concerning the cause of such a warlike sound in these piping times of peace. I'll vacate for a time, to permit of ventilation."

The song was resumed, finished, and encored, after which Colonel Gordon withdrew to his tent. As he secured the flaps, his face again assumed its spirit-broken aspect. He replaced the pistol in the belt, murmuring: "Suicide is a cowardly escape. I scarcely knew what I was doing. Let me see what is written."

He seated himself as before, and, taking a small copy of the Bible from his desk, opened it and read:

"And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand: When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

Lew laid the book aside with a sigh. "I could suffer patiently," he said, "but for *her*. It will kill the darling girl; yet she must know it. I would not deceive her, if I wished. My face bears the mark, and she would insist upon explanation. But I have no desire to deceive, other



than to spare her. Even were she willing, after a full knowledge, I could not hold her hand in these blood-stained fingers. Evil would befall her. God knows evil enough has already befallen her, without unknown miseries in the future. She will recover from this stroke—(?); but she must be exposed no more through me."

He took up the letter which lay on his desk, and gazed on it with an earnest, loving look. "Poor Dora! poor girl!" he murmured. "Just as her dream is at its brightest comes the rude awakening. How tenderly joyous she is over the future promised by the peace!"—He paused, and then read:

"I have been in a flutter of excitement all day long, calling on every one who has any special interest in the army, in order to congratulate, and reassure myself by the repeated assertions that there is no mistake in the glorious news; for, as soon as I am alone, comes the idea that it is all a dream—a false report, which, even by this time, has been contradicted. I declare, the strain on the nerves has been something fearful. But, although I begin now to realize that all your exposures are over, I shall not feel perfectly confident and content until I have a letter written by your own hand, telling me about the surrender, and when you will be home. I used to suppose that, were the war at an end, I would be all anxiety for your return, but, to my surprise, I find I am as cool concerning your homecoming as if I were the most undemonstrative little person in the world. The idea that all danger is removed from your surroundings is so great a relief, and has taken such full possession of me, that my heart cannot entertain another desire. I feel as if you might remain in Virginia for months to come, and I be perfectly satisfied; but you will be pleased to observe that this, my present frame of mind, is not warranted to continue longer than the delicious shock caused

by the collapse of the rebellion; so, you mustn't presume upon it, and stay away longer than is absolutely necessary. In fact, you must use all endeavor to have your regiment home among the very first. The idea! I could just lay down my pen, and clap my hands in ecstasy over it. I *would*, if mamma were not dropping asleep on the lounge, on account of having gadded around with me all day. I *will*, but in a mild way, so as not to disturb her. *There*, now, I feel relieved!

"I'm so happy, Lew, you've no idea. And the good news came when I was more depressed than ever before, except the time when you were reported killed. I read, a few days ago, about your attack on their rear-guard. The papers gave it all, and how you were so cut up. I haven't felt well from that time until to-day. I thought back what I was doing when you were in such danger, hoping I was thinking of you or praying for your safety, which is the same thing (for, of late, every thought where you are concerned has become a prayer); and I found I was fretting about the impossibility of matching some silk. Fretting about such a thing at the very moment your life was endangered! O Lew! What a relief that all this is over, now, and forever!—and you safe and well at the end! I'm so happy!"

"Poor Dora! poor girl!" was his comment, as he laid the note aside. "Ah! it is hard to part from her—to be deprived of the love of her pure heart: but it must be! What have I to do with home? There is no home for me. Fugitive and vagabond must I be! But to her—what a fearful blow! Poor Dora! It must be done. I must write, and have it over. I must destroy her happiness. 'I'm so happy!' she says. God help her that her happiness hangs on such a broken reed! Would that we had never loved! As a friend I could have shared her sympathy. Yet, would indeed that we had never met!"

He drew his chair close to the desk, and, selecting some official paper, wrote to the Secretary of War an urgent application for the acceptance of his resignation. This finished, he began his letter to Dora. It read as follows:

"MY DARLING DORA: Full well I know that what I have to say to you this night will inflict a wound in your loving heart, which will pain for many a day. It is a hard task I have before me, and one from which I have shrunk on several occasions during the past days. But this cannot go on. You *must* know, and to that end I must steel myself to write. God grant me the ability to spare you every useless pang! I shall try to do so, but my feelings are too deep, my heart too much moved, to write as I could wish. The page swims before me. The words flow flaming from my pen, like the tracings of a sword of fire. They writhe from words into grotesque demoniac spells, destructive of our happiness. They change into poisoned darts, which will penetrate your heart, after having rankled in mine.—I cannot write calmly, or naturally. I feel the evil spirit in possession of me. The voice keeps pulsating in the depth of my consciousness, 'Where is thy brother? where is thy brother?' and the evil spirit hardens me into a bitter joy at the very agony of my punishment. Oh, had I alone to suffer! I could bear it—rejoicing in every fresh pang. But your participation is a part of my suffering from which the hardening spirit can extract no savage satisfaction.

"My darling, I loved you. I love you with all the intensity of a heart which yearned for love from childhood, yet found it not, until you touched the chords. How happy have been the days since then! Life has been a song of happiness. But, as our future seemed brightest, the finger of Fate interfered to turn our joy to bitterness. As one

struggles against a nightmare, I try to throw off the burden which oppresses my brain; but my efforts only rouse me to a clearer perception of the dreadful fact and its inevitable consequences. We must part. We must break our love asunder. I hate myself and love you too well to dare dream of linking your pure heart to my blood-stained soul. It is a consuming thought that I, who would have died to soothe the slightest ache of your heart, must bring this blight upon it. But I must be brave and suffer. I must be brave and make you suffer, rather than ask you to involve yourself still further in my accursed life. Even were your love willing to brave all and dare all, for my sake, I love you too well to accept the sacrifice. Every thing withers at my touch. Evil has come to all I cared for. The little playmate of my childhood was crisped in the flames before my eyes. Her sister, the friend of my boyhood, met with a woman's worst fate. My father died in caring for me. Your uncle was slain in my sight. And now, my brother—he is dead, Dora—and *I* killed him! We met in the open field, in that attack upon the rear-guard—we met, and I killed him! He could not have recognized me. He was about to fire. 'It is I,' I cried—'your brother Lew,' but he could not have understood. I hoped to shoot the weapon from his grasp, but, when I fired, he reeled, and fell. Since then the inner voice repeats, 'Where is thy brother? where is thy brother?' My hand is red-stained with the blood which oozed from his heart as I raised him from the ground. It will not wash away. It is the answer to that never-ceasing voice.

"I feel more calm since I have written the confession; the load on my soul seems lightened. Could I look in your eyes and see sympathy instead of abhorrence, the madness would leave my brain; but I dare not. The brand of Cain is on my brow, and I dare not look you in the face. His curse

hangs over me, and I must flee. A fugitive and a vagabond must I be upon the earth. It is written, and I feel it.

"Pray for me, my darling; and, if *my* prayers prove not a mockery in the sight of Heaven, you will soon remember me only as a misfortune of your by-gone days. My heart aches to pour forth a volume of love and tenderness, but by the strong will I suppress it, for the influence of the curse is on me.

"Oh, darling mine! God grant that this may touch lightly on you! May He inspire you with a horror of the fratricide—if the horror be a saving horror—if it make you forget him and the misery he has wrought you.

"God bless you, my love!

"LEW GORDON."

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

MY dear doctor, when this letter was put in my hands for the use to which I have just applied it, I thought that no more unnatural composition could well be penned. I put it in my pocket, with the opinion that I would have to suppress it, and write a substitute, more in consonance with my notion of the proprieties. I was well acquainted with the character of the writer, and the circumstances attending the writing; and late one evening, by virtue of two cigars and a mild whisky-and-water, I worked myself into the proper frame of mind, and wrote. I wrote with enthusiasm, my bosom glowing with the fire of the language I put on paper, and a tremor—a delicious tremor thrilling me, as I rounded some particular sentence, or struck down some flying fancy. It was finished; and I retired with much self-satisfaction and gratulation. But next morning, on reviewing my effusion, I was chagrined to find that, of

those passages from which in writing I derived most pleasure, I was now most ashamed. The whole was a tissue of absurdity. I tore it into very little bits and put them carefully in the stove—thinking meanwhile of the lengths to which self-conceit will carry us—this is—of course, I mean *me*. The idea of outnaturing Nature! Perfection is not of the earth. There is a faulty leaf on the finest plant, and a scale falling from the fairest skin. Call you *that* imperfection? Nay, it is Nature.

When viewed by the light of common-sense, not only Colonel Gordon's letter, but his subsequent conduct, seems most unnatural. Where was the necessity for his hasty and mysterious departure? Why did he not proceed quietly to New York, see his beloved Dora, unbosom his misfortune, share her sympathy—and, on getting happily married, lock the skeleton in the closet for occasional meditation on dark days?

I can explain it. Disaster and death unhinge the reason. The plane common-sense surface of the mind reflects and transmits its impressions and expressions of proper relative size; but, when struck by some disastrous blow, it magnifies, diminishes, multiplies, and distorts to all manner of shapes and sizes. Have you been called to a nervous lady, whose father, mother, husband, brother, any of them, has lately died? What is the matter with her? A little indentation on the plane-surface, which deflects the entering and emerging rays, and causes that perturbation which you have been called in to treat. A hasty word, a thoughtless act, a show of ill-temper, which rises with persistent self-reproach, in connection with the memory of the now deceased, is the root of the evil. Conscience oppresses her, and the words and deeds of her daily life labor under the oppression. This is a common case. Make the blow more powerful, and, instead of a nervous young lady, you

may have a strong man like my gallant colonel for your patient.

On the morning following the composition of the above, Colonel Gordon bade an unexpected farewell to his companions in arms. He had shared their dangers, he said, and regretted that his private affairs prevented him from participating in the pride and pleasure of their home-going. He rode to brigade, division, and corps headquarters, had his resignation approved, and permission granted him to carry the same to Washington for final action. No delay was experienced there, and in a few days he was steaming across the Atlantic to the home of his childhood.

He felt drawn unaccountably to his native valley. The heart must have sympathy in its tribulations; and, if this be denied by one's fellow-men, it will find it in inanimate Nature. The wild-flowers of one's youth, the brawling stream, the fir-topped heights, and distant mountain-peak, which spoke to his opening senses, speak now with a hundred soothing and familiar tongues.

I cannot tell how it came to pass, that he stepped from the train in the seaport city which was his starting-point in life. A merciful Providence seemed to have guided his steps at this time. He had no friends or acquaintances in this city—no familiar scenes—nothing but the memory of a weary day spent among its quays and streets, with the wind sweeping past in fitful gusts, and the rain-drops spattering spitefully.

Howbeit, he lodged his valise at the Royal Hotel, and sauntered along the quay seaward. The Faëry Queen, if still in existence, was in some other part of the world; but at the wharves were many a brig, bark, and full-rigged ship, familiar to him in his sea-going days.

He passed along the breakwater to its free end, and, seating himself, seemed to watch the incoming wavelets

rustle among the ribbon-like algæ. But no such quiet scene was before his mental eye. The waves broke high above the sea-weed, on the solid masonry, lapping its crevices with their foaming tongues, and scattering their spray, even to where he sat. The sky was overcast—a mist enveloped every thing—and through its semi-transparency the phantom of that outward-bound steamer came bowing and swaying to the passing waves. The old scene was shadowed before him as it passed in reality before his boyhood's eyes; but the retrospective, spirit-broken man, could find nothing to connect him with the runaway child. The child seemed some one other than himself—some one of whom he had heard; so, with the sailor-boy, the gold-washer of the Eureka placers, and the Indian-hunted wanderer in the wilds—all seemed individualities distinct from his own; so, even with the Federal colonel charging on the hill-crest, with a gallant cheer. But suddenly, across the field of mental vision, comes a gray-coated Confederate. "Surrender, sir!" shouts an unheard voice, and the spirit-broken man recognizes in the round-faced boy his own, his very self.

Some fancy, originating in these recollections, led him from the pier to Victoria Quay. He rang the bell of number 55, in the expectation that the Eliza of whom he bore a pleasant remembrance would appear in answer. But the world moves, even in the retirement of a supremely quiet mariners' boarding-house; and it works the treadle of the wheel of life as surely there as anywhere else, touching, retouching, altering, and completing, its lives for exportation to the other world. Eliza has been succeeded by half a dozen different Elizas during the years which have elapsed. She has found a soft spot, no doubt, in some mate or master's heart, and has gone to house-keeping on her own account.

Her successor opened the door for Lew, and ushered him into the parlor, where he was received by the mistress of the house. When he made himself known, that lady extended the hand of friendship, for the sake of her "auld lang syne."

"And ye are Captain Jack's son! Gude faith! I wadna kent ye, for ony likness ye hae till him. Yer mither maun hae been a weel-faured lass. Ye needna tell me, for weel I remember the droukit bit laddie he brocht hame frae the pleese-office that rainy nicht. He was unco' troubled in his myn' aboot ye; but he turned as bricht as a new bawbee, when it was settled that ye were baith to gang on the Faëry Queen. He grew blythe and young again in a day. Puir man! it was a sorry shipment to him, and a waefu' to the widow-woman that he left behind him. He hadna been gone a fortnicht when the Mercy cam into the harbor wi' the news that he had been lost. Mony a ane had a sair heart, when they heard o' that; but fint ane o' them felt it waur than I did mysel—for we war auld cronies, John Gordon and me—sweethearts almost, aince upon a time. I jist sat doon and grat, when I saw them carry his kist and desk and things frae the Mercy into the hoos. And that minds me that the kist is in the garret to this vera day. I scrieved a line to yer mither at the time, and she said to send the desk by the carrier, but to never myn' the kist until she sud see aboot it: and the never a word has she said syn syne. There it stauns in the garret, but what's come o' the key o't, Gude kens, for I dinna. Ye'll want to tak a look at it, nae doot. I'll hae it brocht doon to yer room in twa twas."

Lew suggested that the old sea-chest was scarcely worth the trouble of bringing it down for investigation. He could go up and take a look at it; but he felt sure there was nothing in it but the outfit bought by his father

before sailing. Besides, for the short time of his stay, he had taken rooms at the Royal Hotel.

"Stay at the Royal!" echoed the lady, in surprise; then adding, in peremptory tones: "'Deed, ye'll dee nae sic thing; ye'll jist bide whar ye are. To think o' Captain Jack's ain son at a hotel, and me wi' a hoose o' my ain in the same toun! Ye'll dee nae sic thing, weel I wat. Ye'll be mair at hame here, I can tell ye, than the saucy limmers o' chaumer-maids can mak ye at the Royal."

The worthy lady made a favorable impression on Lew by the warmth of her greeting; but it was the liquid flush in her eyes, as she referred to his father's fate, which completed her conquest of his heart. He gave up the hotel to please her, although with some hesitation, due, probably, to her loquacity.

At the supper-table, Lew found an old acquaintance, a fellow-apprentice of the Faëry Queen, who had finished his term before the luckless trip to California, and who was now mate of the handsomest, et cetera, according to his own account. Talking over old times, the evening passed quickly and pleasantly. Lew heard with pleasure of the well-being of his former mentor, Jack Gregory, and made a memorandum in his mind to write to him, inclosing a substantial remembrance, which good intention, I rejoice to say, was not sent below as pavement.

He retired to his room much more cheerful than at any time since the catastrophe on that Virginian battle-ground. As he prepared to withdraw to the seclusion of the rose-spangled chintz, his eye fell on a solid-looking chest in a corner of the room. It was his father's sea-chest. It looked almost unchanged since he had seen it on the after-lockers of the Faëry Queen's cabin. Suddenly the flying memories which had been occupying his mind concentrated themselves on his father, and a strong desire was



developed within him to look on some of the things consecrated by his touch. But the key was not available, and it was too late to disturb the house by any violent attempts to force the lock. The obstacle in the way increased his desire to investigate the contents. A look at the keys in his pocket sufficed to show that none of them would prove of service. He searched the room for some implement which might suggest a hope of success. He had heard of locks being turned by a bent wire, but this one must have become so rusted, by its years of quietude, as to be proof against the wire even in the hands of a skillful operator. His search discovered nothing but a corkscrew. It was taken from its nail, and examined with a doubtful shake of the head. However, he could try it. But the lock was obdurate. The bolt would not move at such weakly solicitations. Lew kept poking blindly at it, hoping against hope. He was roused by a sharp click, which responded to an accidental turn of the wrist. He repeated the movement, with a like result. A third time he tried, using more force, and the bolt slid back.

He raised the lid, and discovered a tumbled mass of musty clothing. Shore-going coats, pea-jackets, neckties, "boiled shirts," *et id genus omne*—and all that sort of thing—had been shaken up into a conglomerate. This was what he had expected, yet he was disappointed. The clothing had no interest for him. Most of it had been so little used by his father as to seem unconnected with him. What he desired was something which would speak to his memory. Ah! what is this? Slipped in between a couple of the boiled shirts aforesaid, were a few sheets of foolscap, scrawled over with his father's somewhat labored chirography.

This, my dear doctor, is the culmination of my story! How tamely it is reached I fully appreciate. But I set

out with the intention of a rigid adherence to fact, and I shall stick to it to the end. Several times, in the course of my writing, I have realized that a small liberty taken with the dressing of my facts would have set off my tale to greater advantage; but at no time has this been so clearly demonstrated as at the present. A fine opportunity was given me to work up my young man's despair to its acme, and behold, the chest opens, and a voice from the sea—from the grave—restores him to love and happiness, answering that importunate voice—"Where is thy brother?" and sweeping away many of the bitter memories of his earlier years. But, let the matter pass. This I *will* say, however, that, should I attempt any life-writing of this kind hereafter, I shall assuredly avail myself of such artistic touching to my facts as may tend to brighten their innate interest, provided always that none of them are thereby dislocated from their normal position.

I shall let the faded document speak for itself in the chapter which follows.

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## CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

MY DEAR LEW: I hardly know how to begin, or where, but I dare say it does not matter much, for the chances are that you will never see these pages. You see, I have been acting for years back as if I had no mind of my own, as indeed I had not. I was swayed as much by Susan as the Faëry Queen by her rudder. It grew upon me gradually. At first, I objected strongly to what she intended doing, but, as I was out of my element on the farm, and she perfectly at home, I had to be guided by her in so many things, that it ended by her ruling in every thing. Then,

when she made up her mind to do it, I felt guilty, and lost heart, letting every thing go by the board.

There is one thing I ought to have roused myself to prevent, and I feel worse about it now than about any thing else. I should have stood by you, when she was putting it on you too heavily. I often intended to interfere to save you from her temper, but the storm would blow over, and I would keep quiet, hoping that it might be long before any thing of the kind occurred again. Poor Susan! I had a pity for her too. I know she has not had a moment's pleasure in life, since she decided on that bad course. She became a different woman. As I knew her in her younger days, she was as blithe and comely a girl as you could wish to meet. The sign of a frown was never seen on her face, nor the sound of a snappish word heard from her. Her only excuse is, that it was love for her child led her to it. But, from that time, good-by to all fair weather!

While you were an infant, and before she committed herself, she was a careful and kind mother to you, but, as time passed, she changed. She came to hate you, for she felt you a constant reproach. And I stood by, and saw you wronged in the first instance, and afterward exposed to the violence of her temper, without daring to interfere. I am glad you showed me the way out of such an existence. It shall not be; I have made up my mind to that. I wrote her before we sailed, and told her so. I said that you would not return to the Losiach Valley, as there was no true home for you there; but that I would go to sea with you, and be as careful a father as I had heretofore been careless, in order to atone to my heart and conscience for the past. And, that she might be prepared for the failure of her plans, I told her also that I would make every thing known to you when you were a little older, and able to

understand the wrong intended you; and that, in case of any accident happening me, I would leave it in writing for you.

So, you see how it is I am writing just now, and can understand me when I say you may never see these pages.

I found it difficult to commence this. I sat for hours last night trying to begin, but could not get it clearly arranged. In fact, I am in the same condition still, and always shall be, I expect, for I do not know as much of the particulars as I would wish to communicate to you. Some things I know, and the rest I infer. I could tell you all about it in half an hour without any difficulty, but this writing is a different affair; even now I feel like giving up the attempt. I believe I would do so, were it not that somehow I have got impressed with the idea that I ought not to rely upon the future. This is foolishness, I know, and is owing to my deep feeling of late upon the subject.

I knew Susan when she was a girl, living with her father on the farm. Once, when I was away on a long voyage, the old man got into difficulties, and was sold out. It preyed on his mind, broke down his strength, and he died. When I returned, I found Susan at service. She was maid to a young lady who lived with her father in a pleasant little cottage, near Edinburgh. I wanted her then to marry, and make a trip or two with me; for I was master, and had been for several years—you know I am a dozen years older than she is. But she objected. She was too young, she said; she wouldn't like to go to sea, and besides, she was very comfortable with her young lady. The place was a home to her. She would like to remain as she was for a year or two, until I had saved enough to settle on a farm, which she could manage in my absence, if I could not bring myself to give up the sea entirely.

And so it was arranged.

I was fortunate in having good opportunities for speculation, and in two years' time had ample means at my command.

I was in Edinburgh making preparations for our marriage, when she came to me one day in a state of great excitement about her young lady.

Miss Nelly Redleigh—that was her name—lived alone with her father, an old gentleman who was rather shaky, on account of a paralytic stroke. He was able to be up and about, but dragged his legs a little. The cottage, in consequence, was a very quiet one. Few young people frequented it. But there was one young gentleman, a captain in the army—at least they called him captain—who was always dropping in on short leaves from his station. He was Miss Nelly's sweetheart, and a handsome young man he was. You might search all over Scotland, and not find a better-looking couple than those two, on the afternoon they were married.

Captain Scoville was well received by Mr. Redleigh every time he called, but the old gentleman would not hear of any talk of marriage, and for this reason, that the captain had an uncle who objected to the match.

There was an old quarrel between the uncle and Mr. Redleigh, and the former felt bitter about it and would not let by-gones be by-gones for the sake of the young people. He had been most of his life in India, and had made lots of money, which he brought home with him, together with a very bad temper. He intended to leave his fortune to the captain, but, when he was spoken to about the marriage with Miss Nelly, he vowed that, if it took place, he would leave the money to some other nephew instead.

Now, Mr. Redleigh did not care so much about the fortune, nor did he bear ill-will on account of the old quarrel, but he would not hear of the marriage while the uncle

objected, because he conceived the young man bound in honor to take no such step without his uncle's sanction. He told them that they were both young and could wait—that the uncle might yield in time—and that he himself did not want to lose his little nurse for a year or two longer.

This was the state of matters when Susan came to me in great excitement, with the news that the captain's regiment was ordered to India, and that the uncle would not hear of him making any exchange, while at the same time Mr. Redleigh shook his head at his renewed entreaties. The old people proving hard as flint, the young man, then, hauled tight on the young lady's heart-strings, urging her to marry him before he sailed, and to keep the affair a secret from everybody. And so it was arranged and carried out.

I was present at the marriage, and, of course, so was Susan.

Then the captain went off to India, and Susan and I were married, and went to our new home in the Losiach Valley.

Months passed; and one day Susan got a letter from Miss Nelly—that is, from Mrs. Scoville—telling her that she had got so that she could not keep her secret from her father any longer—that she had told him—and that he had been very angry on account of her disobedience, but was all right now. She desired, also, that Susan would come down and be with her during the time of her trouble. Now, as Susan was rather delicate that way herself, I objected to her going; but she insisted that Miss Nelly had nobody she liked so well as herself, and that it would be a shame if she refused her.

She went, and must have been quite a comfort to the young lady, who soon after got a little boy, yourself, Lew; and she was very proud and happy, for the baby was the very picture of Captain Scoville.

Every thing went on swimmingly for two or three days, when a foreign letter came for Miss Nelly Redleigh, addressed in a handwriting which was not the captain's. Had Susan seen it, I feel sure she would not have delivered it without knowing that all was well inside; but, unfortunately, she was out of the way at the time—in fact, her own time had come—and the servant who received it gave it up to your mother. It was from an officer of your father's regiment, and told how Captain Scoville had died of cholera almost immediately on reaching Calcutta.

That broke down the unfortunate young mother. She died within the week. You were then turned over to Susan. The poor old gentleman!—I remember him well, for I was down there at the time, you see I was interested in Susan—it was a terrible blow to him. One with half an eye could see that he would never recover it. He tried to rally from the stroke, and took to his little grandchild with a doting affection.

By-and-by, however, Susan got strong again, and was anxious to go home to the Losiach Valley. She was a necessity to you, and Mr. Redleigh succumbed to circumstances, flattering himself that he would soon have you back again with him, to grow up under his own eye. But he was short-sighted. We were not many months at home, when the news of his death reached us through a Mr. Parsons, who represented himself in his letter to Susan as the late Mr. Redleigh's man of business. He instructed her to take proper care of the child, and he would see to her remuneration.

Mr. Parsons wrote every quarter, remitting money; but you were fully a year and a half old before he made his appearance in the Losiach Valley to look after you.

When he arrived, it so chanced that you were asleep in your crib in my room, while Susan was fondling Johnnie in

her arms. "And this is your young charge?" said Mr. Parsons.

Just then it was that the devil seized possession of Susan's heart. "Yes," said she, without the least hesitation. "Yes, this is poor Miss Nelly's baby; he is so like the captain, his father." And from that time, you, who had been christened John Scoville, became known as Lew Gordon, and my boy—Susan's boy, who had been christened Lew after her father, took the name of John Gordon to the neighbors—John Scoville to Mr. Parsons. Ah! many and many a time have I cursed that day! Said she to me, when she told me about it:

"We'll have him, anyhow," she said, meaning our own son, "we'll have him until he is old enough to be going away for his education, and we can surely part with him for his own advantage. Mr. Parsons never saw Captain Scoville, and so takes my word that the child is like his father. We can take care that he never sets eyes upon you, when he pays his yearly visit, even if you have to go to sea to avoid him. The resemblance to you would rouse his suspicions, perhaps, and would bring us into all sorts of trouble. Our boy will be made in the world; and we can do much better for the other child than we could otherwise do for our own."

She told me, also, that Captain Scoville left some money—I don't know how much, but I know that he had an insurance on his life for five thousand pounds on behalf of his wife; and Mr. Redleigh had several thousand saved as a dowry for his daughter.

It was a devilish idea to come into a young woman's head, and it has been the bane of our existence. Mr. Parsons paid us a flying visit every year, always writing to notify us of his coming, that he might not miss his object; but no suspicion ever entered his head that any imposition—

— Here the letter ended abruptly. Captain John Gordon had no doubt been interrupted, and had placed his written secret in his chest until the next favorable opportunity; but, before he was enabled to return to it, came the call to eternity. Perhaps his last moments, amid the darkness and the turbulent waters, were soothed by the thought that he had written enough to prevent the injustice which had burdened his soul for so many years.

#### CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

ENOUGH was written for Lew to comprehend the rest. He understood his "mother's" anxiety to secure the desk, of which he had heard that afternoon. Finding nothing therein, and taking it for granted that her husband's sudden death had prevented him from carrying out his intention, she had felt herself untrammelled in carrying out her own. And she had carried it out. Johnnie had attained his majority, obtained possession of the funds or property legally belonging to Captain Scoville's son, and, after enjoying himself for a time on the Continent, had proceeded to America, and entered on his stock-gambling career.

But, little satisfaction did Susan Gordon derive from the success of her criminal act. The son, for whom she had dared so much, left her unloved and uncared for. Well might her delirious mind rave of Captain Scoville and Miss Nelly, or well might the old school-master have conceived her delirious, in listening to the truth told by her fevered brain.

Captain John Gordon's letter threw light on many things in his connection with his brother, which Lew had noticed without being able to explain; and on many

which, unnoted at the time, now rose in his memory full charged with meaning. Their first meeting at Mr. Raymond's recurred to him. His perturbation on the piazza at Richmond was accounted for. Lew trembled as he thought, "And did he really mean to kill me in that encounter? I thought him mad with the excitement of the fight, but—"

However, it was not on the first reading that he reflected on these things, nor on the second. The rambling introduction excited the young man, and the first suggestion of the astounding disclosure made the words swim before his eyes into meaningless signs; but, by a forced calm, and powerful concentration, he became enabled to read understandingly. As he finished, he drew a breath of relief; a load seemed removed from his being; his existence since the fatal meeting on the hill-crest appeared a fearful dream, from which he had that moment awakened.

And his first thought was, "Dora must know about this." He donned his attire, and was about to leave the room, when he returned to his chair, and, taking the manuscript from his pocket, read it again to satisfy himself that there was no mistake. As he read, a thousand forgotten circumstances came trooping to mind, testifying to the truth of the statement. There was no mistake.

He left the house, and walked along the deserted streets. A dozen times, as he walked, he put his hand in his pocket to reassure himself of the existence of that voice from the cabin of the Faëry Queen. He entered the telegraph-office, and dispatched his message:

"To JAS. RAYMOND, Esq., *West Twenty-something Street, New York City*:

"I am coming home by the first steamer, to tell Dora the strange, but good news, that John Gordon was no kin to me."



He returned to number 55, and secluded himself in a waking dream among the chintz curtains, until morning, when he took the first south-bound train to catch his steamer.

Meanwhile, how fared it with the bright-eyed little lady in Twenty-something Street? Her eyes had lost in brilliance, and her cheeks in color, but her heart was strong and hopeful. Dora Raymond proved a sensible girl during this, her great love-trial. Lew's letter stunned her at first, as it would have stunned any girl who was in the expectation of half a dozen pages of honeyed words; and, while writhing under the infliction of the stroke, every thing seemed black to her as the letter colored it. But, on subsequent reflection, she was surprised that she had yielded so far to the shock.

"Lew must have been wild," she said, "with his grief and despair, to have written such a letter; and no wonder, poor fellow! It must make one feel bad enough to kill any body, not to think of one's own brother. What a terrible thing to happen to him! He has hurried away to hide his despair among strangers. Why couldn't he have come to me? He wants some one to make him see it in its true light. It is a grievous misfortune, but surely no crime. By-and-by he will feel differently, and will come back to me; but, in the mean time, he is suffering, and what am *I* to do until he comes? If I could only speak to him, or write to him, I could make him feel better, I know. Papa must find him for me."

Papa was a delightful papa—he was so good. He thought there would be no difficulty in tracking the runaway: and that was all Dora wanted—only his address—that a letter from her might be put in his hands. *She* would be responsible for the rest.

A day or two more, and papa brought the news that

Colonel Gordon had sailed for Europe. "But," said he, "I have made arrangements to hook him on his arrival, and then I'll resign the rod and give you the pleasure of landing him yourself."

Dora kissed the smart papa, who could keep an eye on an eccentric young man in the other hemisphere, and then prepared herself to pass the two or three weeks of tedium before news could come from the other shore. She read her old love-letters, and nursed her hopes, but the days never "dragged their slow length along" so wearily. They seemed like years—and, like the years, left the trail of their transit on the body and spirit.

Expectation was on tiptoe in the Raymond mansion, for days before news could by any possibility arrive. The young lady, wearied with long waiting, began to give way, in private, to hysterical impulses, and to make her appearance in the home-circle with matted lashes and red, hazed eyes. She was a brave girl; but, when the strain is kept up too long, the strongest strand of fortitude will yield and snap.

"He's hooked, Dora," said Mr. Raymond, saluting her on his return one afternoon. "He's hooked! Telegram arrived just now from my agent. He says that Colonel Gordon is traveling northward by rail from Liverpool, but that he won't let him slip. I sent him a message for Lew, requesting that gentleman to return immediately on account of business matters—purely business matters."

Dora flushed at the information. "He won't come back for that," she said, "unless he has commenced to think differently of the other thing. Can't I write a letter to him?"

"Certainly, dear; and I'll undertake to deliver it. But I hope my telegram will start him back, before your letter can reach him."

"I hope so, indeed; but wouldn't like to trust solely to it. I'll write after dinner."

Dora might have had her letter written a dozen times over during her days of waiting, but she was nervously superstitious. It was the story of the engagement over again. She would not write, lest a malicious fate might interfere with the delivery of the letter, by rendering her lover's whereabouts undiscoverable. But she had thought it over in the midnight watches, and the sentences now flowed from her pen in most familiar strains.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were left after dinner to discuss the case, which they, no doubt, did with much seriousness and anxiety; but, as I have no interest vested in their views, I shall interrupt them by the clanging of the doorbell, and the entry of a servant with another Atlantic telegram.

"What's this?" Mr. Raymond soliloquized; "must be something unexpected." He opened the missive very seriously, and read it with a mystified air, which gradually broke into cheerfulness, as he handed it to his wife. "I don't understand it, said he; "but he's coming back, and it's all right."

"Why! it's from Lew himself!" observed the lady in surprise.

Mr. Raymond nodded. "You had better go up and let Dora know."

Lew's steamer had scarcely touched the wharf when he was accosted by Mr. Raymond. "Glad to see you," said that gentleman; "you look worn. Arranged about your baggage? Well, let's drive home."

Hardly a word was interchanged, until they were rolling through the busy streets.

"Now, tell me the meaning of all this," inquired Mr. Raymond.

"The meaning?" replied Lew. "Why, Dora showed you my letter, didn't she?"

"She did; and I think it did little credit to your sense. It upset my little girl, and made us all as miserable as may be. Pshaw! what's the use of having friends, I'd like to know, if, when one wants them most, he shuns them? I am surprised. We felt *with* you, and *for* you, in your terrible calamity; we were as anxious to help you bear the burden of your infliction as we were, formerly, to relieve the sufferings of your bodily wounds, but—I tell you, sir, you acted most insanely."

"I am of that opinion myself, sir," returned Lew, "now that I am able to view the matter calmly. But, tell me, how did Dora bear it?"

"She was shocked—badly shocked; but she is a brave girl, and bore it with much outward calmness. She did not show all she felt, by a great deal, I know. She said: 'With a little time he'll think differently about this, and will come back, and it will be all right in the end;' but, any one could see how hard it was to bear in the mean time."

"Poor darling!" said Lew. "I have thought much about it on the way across, and regretted, again and again, that I did not hasten to her at the time. I feel that, together, we would have been spared much of the misery which that ill-fated encounter in Virginia has wrought us. Yet, had I done so, both our lives would have been clouded by the memory of my brother's death. I could never have felt so light-hearted as I do now. I might have lived and died ignorant of the fact that John Gordon was no brother of mine. The present pain has purchased for us a happier future."

"Tell me about that; you will have time before we get home."

In response, Lew handed Captain John Gordon's manuscript to his companion.

Mr. Raymond glanced over it, gathering its sense with a business eye.

"He wrote that a day or two before he was drowned," remarked Lew. "I found it accidentally—or, providentially I should say—in overhauling the contents of his sea-chest—found it just where he had slipped it when disturbed in his writing; for, from the manner in which he breaks off—"

"You have no reason to doubt the authenticity of this, or the truth of its statements?"

"On the contrary, every circumstance I can recall proves its truth beyond a doubt. The manuscript has no legal value; but I am as sure that John Gordon wrote it as if I had seen him in the very act."

"Did you hunt up Mr. Parsons?"

"No. I was too anxious to see Dora."

"Well, your so-called brother unintentionally made a partial restitution. It was to that I referred in my telegram."

"What telegram?"

"Oh! I forgot. You sailed on your return before my agent could come up with you. No matter. When Mr. John Gordon went South, he was not so enthusiastic a rebel as to cast his fortunes entirely with the secesh movement. It was a mere matter of speculation with him, and he had the prudence to prepare for an unsuccessful issue. Fearing the collapse of the Confederacy, and confiscation to many of its supporters, he took the precaution to leave behind him in your name some fifty thousand dollars, of which I can give you good account, when we have a better opportunity to discuss the affair. In the mean time, here we are at home, where I know we are anxiously looked for."

The carriage pulled up, and before Lew had time to prepare for the meeting, or quiet the beating of his heart, he found himself in the house, with Dora's arms about his neck, and her head resting on his bosom.

Papa and mamma took themselves off with exceeding adroitness, to attend to some very important matters; and, in view of such consideration for the feelings of the young people, far be it from me, a comparative stranger, to intrude upon their *tête-à-tête*. They had much to say to each other—she talking of her sympathy, her distress, her fears, her hopes, and her happiness on the arrival of his unexpected telegram; and he dwelling on his agony, and the singularity of its relief; the while, electric flashes passed from eye to eye, and completed their heart-sprung circuit in a nervous pressure of the loved one's hand. We, who have felt the ecstatic thrill, as the love-current instills its subtle self into every fibre of our being, can understand the young people's position, and leave them to its enjoyment.

But, for the sake of my story, I must extract a common-sense sentence or two from amid their cooing.

Said Dora: "I almost forgot, Lew, about the letter which came for you. I'm so happy, I haven't my head on my shoulders."

"A letter?" he inquired.

"Or, a packet would, perhaps, express it with greater propriety. I shall fetch it."

The packet was small, soft, and cottony to the touch, but pressure determined a hard something in its centre, which excited Lew's curiosity. He removed its covering, and found a note from Major Billings:

"DEAR COLONEL: The inclosed came to hand this morning. As I am ignorant of your address, I forward it to the

care of your friend Mr. Raymond. We are marching quietly on Washington, where, after a grand review, we expect to be disbanded.

"We hope to find you well when we come North.

"Truly yours, JNO. Q. BILLINGS."

On breaking open the packet, Lew discovered another note, and, enveloped in some folds of cotton sheeting, a pill-box, which contained a battered musket-ball, red-stained in its crevices.

"From the doctor!" cried Lew with a feeling of delight which broke his utterance. "From the doctor! and I did not kill him—for, *there* is the Minié-ball. O, Dora! If I had only remained for a few days longer, I would have received this, and spared you all you have suffered. Let us see what he says:

"DEAR COLONEL: The entry in my memorandum register was perfectly correct, and I have great pleasure in inclosing you the demonstration. I entertained, on my own part, no doubt of the accuracy of the impressions which led me to note down Colonel Gordon's case as you read it; but, as the question was one of importance to you, I had the remains exhumed next day, and found the inclosed embedded in and between the bodies of the second and third dorsal vertebræ; the impact having given the ball its present shape. There was, in addition, a lesion of the aorta, the hemorrhage from which vessel was the immediate cause of death. I had to accompany my wounded to the dépôts, and had no opportunity until now of forwarding this to you.

"Respectfully yours,

"ELIJAH MORRIS,

"Assistant Surgeon, etc."

That night, on retiring to his room, my young man sat down to think over the events of the day. He felt his mind as free from its former perturbation as were his senses from the noise and tremor of the ocean-steamer. A delicious sense of calm and happiness stole over him, to the exclusion of thought. No sound from without disturbed the quiet of his chamber.

While thus enjoying his new sensations, an idea electrified him, as well by the suddenness of its apparition, as by the vision of happiness which it conjured up. "Why can't we get married now—Dora and I?"

Adieu to all rest for that night! He discussed the subject in all its bearings, and could find no solid ground for objection or hesitation. Mr. Raymond might wish him more settled in life before intrusting him with his daughter; but did he not have this money which Johnnie had left, and his own California stock, and was not Dora Baldy's heiress? This was surely enough to keep their household running, until he could fit himself for something. He would broach the matter to Mr. Raymond to-morrow. After breakfast he accompanied that gentleman to his office.

The man of business disposed of his mail and other matters, before turning to Lew with—"Now about this affair of yours."

"In talking of my affairs," replied the young man, "I hope you will begin with the most important. Your daughter—"

"Well, what of her?"

"Only this, that I trust you will not throw any obstacle in the way of our speedy marriage. I have not spoken to you before on this subject, thinking you perfectly aware of how matters stood between Dora and myself."

Mr. Raymond nodded. "I think, Lew," he said, "the best thing you can do for her and for yourself is to get

married as soon as you can. Her spirits evaporated during the progress of the war, and this last bit of business broke her down entirely. She wants a new life, and to forget the past as quickly as possible. If you get her engaged in preparing for a wedding, and then take her to Europe for a few months, you will bring her back to us as radiant as she used to be."

"That I'll do right willingly," returned the beaming lover.

"But when you come back, you must settle to business. I shall give you a desk and a chair here, and, in time, you can lighten my work for me. You can run the machine when I am worn out."

Lew did not accept Mr. Raymond's invitation to lunch down-town with him, but rode back to Twenty-something Street. He was all anxiety to see Dora, and consult with her concerning the future.

"Where have you been?" inquired she, with an assumption of pettishness which reminded him of her sprightlier years. "I have not seen you all day long. I have been trying to fight off the feeling that your return yesterday was nothing but a nervous fancy."

"I was down-town with your papa, talking business."

"Oh! I'm sure the business could have lain over without detriment. I think you might have devoted a little half-hour to me. I have not seen a great deal of you of late, you know, and would have appreciated your company, even if you had been so full of business as to have talked of nothing else."

"Then let me make amends, my darling," said he, "by talking *business* with you for one little half-hour."

They gazed at each other, with eyes which became brighter as they gazed; and their fingers intertwined for the ready passage of the love-current.

"Dear Dora," said he, with emotion, "I love you. You can read my heart right well, and know its truth; and *your* heart is mine, I feel as surely as if the vows were already spoken before God's altar. But why should they not be spoken now? The war is at an end, and there is no more danger of wounds and death—no more separation. Let us be united, darling mine, never again to part!"

As his meaning dawned on her, the radiance died from Dora's face, her breathing quickened, and the clasp of her fingers waxed almost into spasm, but the sound of his voice had hardly ceased, when her startled heart reacted, flushing her with the deepest, warmest dye of love's pure tide.

She smiled a sweetly tender smile as she spoke. "Don't talk," she said, "of any change. I am so happy in this present, after what has passed."

"But that would be no change," returned he—"no change, but simply security for the permanence of this present, in that God's blessing is granted to it."

"There will be time enough by-and-by," said she, rallying. "I'm opposed to long engagements."

"And I also," was his response. "I have considered myself engaged since I caught your whisper in that corridor—'Won't you tell me that you—'"

"Hush!" said she, putting a finger lightly on his unsparing lips.

"That makes a long engagement," he continued; "and with your consent I would bring it to a speedy conclusion."

"Papa might not care to lose me so hastily. *He* has to be consulted."

"Be easy on that score. He is quite willing."

"You have spoken to him? What did he say?"

"The sooner the better, now that I am free to do as I please. He intimated that he would like it to take place as soon as you could get through with your preparations."



"I couldn't get through in six weeks, Lew," said she, with a melancholy air, in which resignation to the will of a father was blended with a regret that she could do no more to please him.

"Dear little girl!" said he. "Couldn't you make it four? Try. I know you can!"

The love-lit eyes looked tenderly at each other, and—Let us leave them, my dear doctor. I do believe the simpletons will be sealing their engagement with some sweet kisses directly.

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

My dear doctor, I regret that my story does not permit me to bid adieu to the happy couple at the conclusion of last chapter. I could leave to the reader's imagination—Mrs. Gordon to the contrary, notwithstanding—not only the four busy weeks preceding the ceremony, but the grand occasion itself, and the happy years which followed it.

By Mrs. Gordon, I mean, of course, the little lady who has figured heretofore as Miss Dora Raymond. When she heard of my intention to make use of this sketch of her husband's career, she was overwhelmed with delight.

"And, of course, you'll have all about the marriage in it at the end?" she said.

I looked rather dubious, but she was too much enrapt in her joyous recollections to notice my depression.

"And how handsome *he* looked, that morning; and how he said '*I will*,' so you could hear him distinctly all over the church! I tried to say it just as clearly, but, I declare, my lips were *so* dry! They all said they heard him nicely, but that my response had to be taken for granted. I was as mad as could be about it; and he

thought I was going to faint, and put his arm round my waist before all the people. I wriggled, just a little, to make him take it away, but he wouldn't; and I don't remember any thing more except marching out with him through a crowd of faces. Some said I bowed to them, and some that I looked and smiled, but I don't remember any thing at all about them. And yet, when we were going in, I intended to be so calm and self-possessed; and I would have been but for my lips becoming so dry. Then you'll have to have two or three pages about me, with a gorgeous description of every thing, from the topmost spray of the orange-blossoms to the lace flounce on the train. Oh! it's lovely to read about the marriage at the end; but you'll have to be quite enthusiastic in writing, else it won't be worth any thing."

Then she dipped, with a fluent tongue, into the wedding-breakfast, the guests, the trousseau, the gifts, and was about to start on her bridal tour, when, pausing for breath, she noticed the look of consternation on my countenance.

"You're laughing at me," said she.

"By no means," replied I. "I am thinking of the powerlessness of my pen to do justice to these important points in the wedding-picture."

"You ought to have thought of that before you began," said she; "but, if you don't have a wedding-chapter, the book won't be worth reading, *I* can tell you." And the little lady gave her decision with an *ex-cathedra* air, which was quite amusing.

"What do you call *me* in the book?" she resumed.

"Miss Dora Raymond," said I.

"Do-ra Ray-mond," she repeated, dwelling on the sound of the name. "Well, I like that. Raymond is a nice name, and Dora is pretty. What's *his* name?"

"Lew Gordon," I answered.

"That sounds well also. It will be delightful to be in the book; and nobody will ever suspect, on account of the change in the names. Of course you have some nice love-scenes in it, and make Dora bright, and brilliant, and gay, while there never was such a lover as Lew—eh? And you tell how jealous she made him, by paying attention to some of the crowd of her admirers; for she never went anywhere without attracting universal remark on account of her beauty and engaging manners? And you make him say all sorts of sweet things to her, before she confesses that she loves him—just as it happened in reality—don't you?"

"I fear," said I, looking beseechingly at her husband for support, "that, in view of what you say, some of my chapters may require revision. Touching that confession of which you speak, I relate it as having occurred somewhat hastily in an hotel-corridor; and Miss Dora is represented as bringing about the climax by—"

"What!!!" interrupted the lady, blushing deeply, and turning to her husband with assumed indignation.—"And did *you* tell him that shameless story to put in print! I didn't say any such thing. He dreamed it. You can put it in a note, and say *I* said so."

Having thus entered the lady's protest, I shall proceed to the closing incident of my tale.

It was a June evening, a few days before the celebration of the marriage which was foretold at the close of my last chapter. The North River was calm and silent and softly beautiful that night, despite the city of sin and suffering which overshadowed its banks. The moon overhung the roofs and spires, filling the half-clouded heavens with light as with a golden vapor, and gleaming from the surface of the water with a lustre of living silver. To the

passengers on the ferry-boat every thing seemed slumbering, except themselves and the throbbing vessel which carried them.

My young man, Lew Gordon, had been in New Jersey, spending the afternoon and evening with some recently-returned companions-in-arms. The time had passed almost unnoticed, and he was returning thus late.

"Come," said he to an acquaintance he had picked up on the road, "let's get out of this impatient throng, and enjoy the quietness of the river on the after-deck of the boat."

They picked their way aft, and found the deck there deserted, except by a young woman who stood by the bulwark close to where the gangway chain was attached. Her face was not visible to the new-comers. Nor did their advent disturb her musings, as she gazed into the white track of the moving steamer.

Lew was struck by the attitude of this solitary figure. A feeling of oppression and commiseration took possession of him as his glance fell on her. His heart for the moment seemed endowed with the magnetism to detect unhappiness and misery in their hidden presence.

"Pshaw!" thought he, "a sentimental fancy"—and he turned to resume his conversation with his friend. He was at this time so supremely happy in his Dora's love, and the smiling future before him, that the idea of unhappiness in others was far from his thoughts; and this solitary figure, hinting at it, cast the greater shadow on his spirits.

He could not escape from the oppression. The conversation lost its interest.

He turned to look at her again. She had not moved, and was to all appearance still ignorant of their presence.

"Looks as if she were 'one more unfortunate,' meditating on the plunge—discussing the great question—'to be

"or not to be." He could not refrain from saying this. His thoughts were full of her, and he had to give them utterance.

"I guess not," was the reply. "Looks too sensible in her dress; no companion—enjoying the quiet and the river-view, like ourselves."

Lew tried to think so, and, turning to remove her from his sight, resumed the former subject. But, although hidden from his eyes, the companionless girl would not stay hidden from his mind. In less than a minute he had again turned to observe her.

"Great God!" he cried. She was disappearing over the gangway. "Look after these, will you?" he said, divesting himself of his coat and boots, and springing lightly over the guard-chain.

There he hesitated, but only to determine the position of the unfortunate. An instant afterward he was striking boldly to her assistance.

The deck became thronged with excited men, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the endangered lives, and their voices to give the alarm to the shore and the anchored ships.

Voices responded cheerily, and a boat darted from the shadow of the shore into mid-stream; but, long before it reached the floating figures, both it and they were lost in the dim light.

The passengers felt elated. They felt that a life was saved by the gallantry of this returned soldier. With help so near, they considered it impossible to drown.

They were mistaken.

The girl was insensible when lifted from Lew's supporting arm, and, although attempts at resuscitation were persisted in, the labor was in vain. Death had come at her call.

Let us judge her gently; we know not what she suffered.

It required no such loving eye as Dora's to detect the lack of buoyancy in Lew's spirits, when he presented himself before her on the following day.

"What's the trouble, Lew?" she inquired.

"Nothing, dear," he replied.

"Where were you last night?—Those soldiers—I declare—when all the regiments get back, I don't suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you oftener than once a week."

"No danger of that, little one," said he.

"Well," returned she, "now I've got you, I intend to keep you. I want an escort this forenoon."

"You must excuse me, Dora," he said, seating himself by her. "I have to arrange about a funeral."

"A what?"

"Last night, as I was crossing the ferry, an unfortunate girl jumped overboard; and notwithstanding my attempt to save her—"

"You jumped in after her?"

"Yes, dear."

"Dear, brave Lew!" and Miss Dora's fingers grasped his hand nervously. "And who was she? What was her name?"

"She was Lizzie Wilson, Dora, once upon a time."

"Lizzie Wilson!"

"Yes, dear," and he told her the miserable story.

## CHAPTER SIXTEENTH AND LAST.

I WAS over last week at my friend's pleasant home on the Hudson, passing a few days with him and his amiable help-mate. They call it a cottage, yet it better merits the name of "villa" than many an establishment invested with that pretentious title. Mrs. Gordon describes it well in saying that it is a perfect little gem. I refrain from particulars, however, lest some sharp-witted New-Yorker, by putting two and two together, might be able to place his or her finger on my heroine, who, although she delights in the idea of figuring as heroine, and luxuriates in the danger of discovery, yet, on account of certain passages, dreads that discovery "beyond any thing in the world." Several of her dearest friends will, I doubt not, become acquainted with the fact, under solemn pledges of secrecy. But that is her own concern. *She* may unveil to whom she likes; but *I* must preserve her *incognito*.

The cottage is within easy reaching distance of the city, for Lew is a business man, and during business hours is invariably at his desk.

Mr. Raymond, relying on the ability of his son-in-law, begins to take life more easily. In the course of a year or two, I presume the whole of the responsibilities of the house will rest on my young man's shoulders.

Since his marriage, the current of Colonel Gordon's life has been so changed, and has flowed so smoothly, that only by looking at his oldest boy can he realize the years which have passed.

As a child he had vague visions, and as a youth aspirations as vague for such a life. Truly, he has now much in his power. He has been given a great talent; but I can

bear witness that he has not buried it, and many another could stand up, if need were, and bear like testimony.

The object of my recent visit was to read the foregoing pages to my host and hostess.

"And is that all?" she said, in a somewhat disappointed tone, observing me bundling up my manuscript, on concluding the preceding chapter. "And, you don't say a word about the marriage, except by introducing *me* in that silly fashion at the end? I say it again, it won't be a book worth reading, without a superb account of the wedding. Why, they *all* have it—that is, all that end happily."

I replied that that might be the usual practice of professed story-tellers, but that my story was not written by rule and regulation, nor influenced in any way by precedent. I added that, in my opinion, the importance she inclined to attach to the marriage ceremony had no real existence.

She begged me to explain.

"Marriage is a lottery," said I, "and the ceremony is but the drawing. We must wait until the tickets are read before we can rejoice in our prize; and, the marriage lottery-ticket cannot be read correctly until years afterward."

"Just so," said she, thinking over my words. "Then you ought to write another chapter, or conclusion, telling how happy we are—Lew and Dora. The years which have passed can authorize you."

"I congratulate myself," said I. "That is my intention, and, even now, I am making use of my eyes and ears, for the matter of my concluding chapter."

"Then must I be circumspect," returned the lady.

"But," she added, after a pause, "you should have described the marriage, for all that."

I turned to my host. "And what do *you* think of the manuscript?" I inquired.

"I like it very well," he replied, screwing up his lips, and corrugating his brows, "very well, indeed—but—a—"

Human nature is but human nature after all, my dear doctor, despite our vaunted philosophy. Those lips and brows, and the hesitating "but—a—a—" made my innermost self assume a hostile attitude.

"But—a—a—what?" said I, with a rather successful attempt at cheerfulness.

"I am at a loss for words to give proper expression to my ideas," said he.

"I would suggest," said I, "that your ideas are not properly arranged. I hold that lack of expression is indicative of deficient conception. Where the ideas are clear, the words seldom fail."

"Granted, then," he replied, "that my ideas *are* at fault; give me a moment to arrange them."

"I can appreciate," he continued, "the great difficulty in the way of making a successful story out of such a life as mine; the plan of the work, at the same time, permitting to the writer an intimate knowledge of but one of his characters—by no means a lively specimen—and confining him to that one, *de rigueur*. A sameness of tone necessarily pervades the whole. I think, therefore, that it would have been to the advantage of the manuscript had a little sparkle been thrown into it by the introduction of some lively characters, drawn from imagination—some sprightly dialogue, for instance, to relieve the *tedium* of the narrative strain. In fact, I think—"

Here I lost the words of my friend's well-rounded periods, in the extraordinary character of their sense.

Shade of the immortal Tupper! That the labor of my

pen should—though in the most periphrastic diction—be referred to as prosy! It was a stab for which I was totally unprepared.

"It is an easy thing to be a critic, and find fault," I began, and I discoursed for some time *to* him and *at* him, on critics generally, using my introductory remark by way of text.

Mrs. Gordon, who had been listening attentively, bridled up at what she considered a personal attack upon her husband.

"You ought to know Lew Gordon better than that, doctor," she said; "you, who have written so much about him, ought not to be ignorant that he *has* taste in these matters. If you think that the opinion of nobody but those who have themselves written is entitled to any weight, I can inform you that Lew *has* written—nothing, indeed, in the way of prose—but poetry—real poetry."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am well aware of his proficiency as a dreamer, but I have yet to decide on his merits as a practical poet."

"That opportunity I can readily give you," and she fluttered from the room.

"Come back, Dora!" cried my host, "come back! Don't be a silly girl!"—Some foolish stanzas," he remarked, reddening, "written in the halcyon days of fatherhood."

The lady returned with a sheet of delicately-tinted paper in her hand. "To understand this," said she, "you must know that it was written about a year after our marriage—just before the advent, as you would express it, of our little Lew. At that time, I thought it would be the nicest thing to have a little girl to dress up, looking as sweet as a picture; and Lew was ready to say 'Yes' to any thing I desired. Well, one day I asked him what would be a nice



name for her. He laughed, and said that he could never have but one Dora; Nelly, perhaps, after his unknown mother, or any thing I liked. Mary was a sweet name, also; he liked it much, and Molly was nice for short. 'Then,' said I, 'how would you like Molly to look?' He said he would tell me in the afternoon, when he came back from the city. And when he did come back, he presented me with this." Saying which, the laughing, blushing little mother placed the paper in my hands.

I resumed my spectacles, and read as follows:

"THIS MOLLY OF MINE.

"This Molly of mine must have Irish-gray eyes—  
Large, laughing eyes of Irish-gray;  
Bright as the brightest star-gem which the skies,  
When jeweled in their gala-dress, display;

"With long, silken lashes, to cast a shade  
Over their sparkling surface-play,  
When soul-springing beams, uprising, are made  
To shine through the liquid Irish-gray.

"I care not for hazel, nor black, nor brown,  
Nor blue, with its softer, milder ray;  
But love-speaking eyes, like her dear mother's own—  
Her mother's are lustrous Irish-gray.

"This Molly of mine must have dark-brown hair—  
Dark-brown hair, with some burnished strands  
Falling in curls over shoulders fair,  
Unimprisoned by nets or bands;

"Like a magic frame to her darling face,  
Carved with a changeful, curling art;  
And in every change, a fairy-like grace,  
Twining, like mamma's, round my heart.

"My Molly's brow must be broad, but not high,  
Sensible girl my Molly must be—  
With dark, penciled touches o'erarching each eye,  
Just like her mother's, so fair to see.

"Dark must be Molly's complexion, but clear;  
Dark, but clear, must be Molly's skin;  
With a straightish nose, and a small, curved ear,  
And a doubt of a double chin;

"With damask roses abloom in each cheek,  
Cut from some stems in Eden's bowers;  
And sweet-pouting lips, which of nectar speak,  
Kissed from the ripest of Nature's flowers.

"This Molly of mine must have love in her heart;  
Molly's heart must be tender and true,  
Frank, open, sincere; in this, at least, part—  
Sweetest wife, Dora darling, of you."

"Ahem!" said I, as I finished; but just then Mrs. Gordon, who was at the window, beckoned me to join her.

I did so; and saw a couple of lusty boys hammering the balls on the croquet-field, while a stout two-year old was fighting his nurse for liberty to revel among the rolling balls.

"And that is the realization of your poet's dream!" said I.

"Yes," said she, "Lew is a dreamer and a poet, you must allow, but he wasn't a *clairvoyant*, was he?" And she laughed a merry laugh, which made me forget all about critics and criticism.

I shall conclude, as I think I have written enough to indicate the reading of their lottery-ticket.

THE END.

