



"DEAR LYNDE, DONT LET ME DROWN!"

LYNDE WEISS;

An Autobiography.

"O! more than blest that, all my wanderings through,
My anchor falls where first my pennons flew."

O. W. HOLMES.

By GEO. H. THROOP,

AUTHOR OF "NAG'S HEAD," "BERTIE," ETC. ETC.

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A Word to the Reader.

MY DEAR READER:

We meet again. One, of whom Carlyle saith that he was "the greatest soul in all England," said of his great work, that it was written, "not in the soft obscurities of retirement, nor under the shade of academic bowers; but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." If *he* could thus apologize for possible imperfection, will you not have patience with the shortcomings of

Your humble servant,

GREGORY SEAWORTHY.

Philadelphia, February, 1852.

LYNDE WEISS.

CHAPTER I.

LYNDE WAGETH WAR WITH THE HOUSEKEEPER—AND IS FLOGGED.

"THERE! your father's come, now!"

"I don't care if he has!" I replied, rather stoutly, to the housekeeper; though, if the truth must be said, with mortal fear at my heart. I had quarrelled with her that day, and this was no unusual occurrence; for Ann West was the grand-priestess of the penetralia after my mother's death. And right pontifically did she preside over the mysteries of the domestic temple. She was, befittingly, a vestal; somewhat accustomed to the shady side of the thirties. She was of middle stature; dark eyes and hair; good form; and, in the main, good-looking. She had a loud, shrill, pulse-stirring voice, that fell on your ear like the early cock-crowing. She was restless, ever-moving, fussy, fidgety; a Young Rapid sort of a notable housekeeper. A spot on the curtains, a stain on the well-sanded floor, or on the usually immaculate table-linen, were tribulation and anguish to her; and broken crockery was gnashing of teeth. An economist, Economy would have shrunk abashed at her superior saving. The attic was a Babel of savings. There were closets, catch-alls—what not?—stuffed, to plethora, with the same. Combs, pins, strings; shoes, and boots, and hats, with other articles of dress, high unto the fall of their last leaf; as well as other things, as the grasshoppers for multitude, for

which, personally, she could, by no possibility, ever find use, did she remorselessly cram into the over-stuffed receptacles. The avenues to these were worn much in the same way, I fancy, as the marble monuments of the Holy City by the kisses of ever-thronging pilgrims. Was any thing lost? You might "qualify" (as they say in Virginia) that it or its counterpart would come forth, in visible resurrection, at her all-potent conjuration.

On sundry days, during every week, you might see her, with her gown most unromantically tucked up, and hanging around her like a gaff-topsail when the sheet has parted, mopping the floor which, to the ken of less sharp-sighted mortals, was already immaculate. Whereupon, my father, a business-worn man of fifty, would start testily from his arm-chair, and, with divers remarks and expletives not proper herein to be set forth, leave the domestic priestess to her man-banishing saturnalia. At such times, too, the iron entered *my* soul. Hey! Presto! *Vamos!* I was bound to make sail, with no time to clear up decks, or get the anchors on the bows; thinking myself blessed if she victualled me with an economically-treasured piece of pie, and a trifle of raspberry-jam, instead of a somewhat more compulsory jam in my egress from the kitchen.

Meanwhile, her tongue moved in sympathetic activity, its complaining notes falling unheeded on ears hardened, like those of smiths and millers, against its eternal clatter. Was my cap left on the table, or hung on the wrong nail? It was a text for a discourse. Were my skates found in a chair? They moved therefrom faster than any skates have ever been seen to move legitimately and on ice. Did I soil or tear my jacket or trousers? I was past benefit of clergy.

Periodically, too, there was a white-washing; on which occasions my father always had some urgent call to a neighboring town on matters of business; while I was fain to hide my diminished head in any possible nook of safety. When my father returned, there was

a storm. His pens, papers, razors—what not?—were mislaid; and the storm was long in subsiding. On these occasions, Ann West would put on as martyr-like a look, as I have seen reformers wear at a county meeting.

And then! in the morning, at cock-crowing, might her voice be heard, high-upraised in matin shrillness. I hear it now.

"Lynde! *Lynde!* LYNDE! LYNDE!"

"Um!"

"Lynde!"

"Eh!"

"Lynde!"

"Hello!"

"Come! Get up! Lynde!"

"Eh!"

"Lynde!"

"Hello!"

"Lynde!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Come! are you getting up?"

"Yes."

"Well, make haste! Daylight! Coming?"

"Yes."

"Right away?"

"Oh! go to mischief. Yes, yes, I'll be dressed in a minute."

Oh! how sweet was the slumber which she so ruthlessly broke! and oh! how, from the very bottom of my heart, did I hate her unappeasable matin activity! Yet, dear reader, she was one of the very best women in the world. Industrious, neat, frugal, benevolent, warm-hearted, faithful, just, temperate, discreet;—a regiment of such epithets would not do her justice. Heaven forgive me for all the unkindness I showed her! I would give the world to recall it.

On the day of which I have spoken, we had quarrelled, and I had thrown the shears at her, to the partial detriment (I can never forgive myself for it) of her left

cheek. The words that begin this chapter were the last shots of the belligerents. I slunk sulkily away, conscience-smitten, all abashed; yet smarting under the sense of arbitrary power unjustly exerted. She had hid my ball, and she seemed to enjoy the sense of superiority and control. How I dreaded my father's coming! He entered, and, with the care-worn look of a busy day, passed me without notice, and went directly to the office. Ann West followed him, and my first impulse was to follow *her* and defend myself. Pride said—

"No; if he will listen to *her*, and condemn me unheard, so be it. It is but another flogging."

It was an unlucky day, that, for my father. A bale of his best goods had been carelessly dropped from the gangway-plank, in discharging "The Empress" at the wharf. Fogg & Gibson had failed, and rumour said that claims against them would not pay forty cents on the dollar. Henry Parker, the best of his teamsters, had got drunk, and lamed Dash, his favourite horse; and it is, therefore, no matter of marvel that he was not very well prepared to sit in judgment on the grave complaint so unexpectedly presented. I was called to the office.

"Come here, sir!"

I obeyed.

"What have you been doing?"

"Ann hid my ball, and"—

"Oh-h-h-h!" exclaimed Ann, à la Kemble. "I don't know nothin' *about* his ball. I"—

"And so you threw the gridiron at her?"

"No, sir; only the shears."

"Did you hide his ball, Ann?"

"I'm sure I"—

"She *did*, father!"

"Hush! Go and cut a stick."

I obeyed—and was flogged. Oh! how the memory of my floggings stings me, even now! But the fault, my dear reader, was not my father's. It belonged to the day. It was the *régime* of the rod, and I do not

(God forbid me that I should!) write a reproachful word of him at whose feet, were he alive, I would gladly kneel and beg to be forgiven. He was one of the world's great hearts; generous, honest, unsuspecting, warm-hearted; full of all noble and manly impulses. He was tall, and of commanding presence; somewhat inclined to corpulency. He was well-formed and erect; and his native energy gave a fine expression to his well-cut and somewhat remarkable features. He was impulsive, yet ever benevolent, considerate, and just; yet he was not self-trustful enough to appear to others, unless they knew him well, in his true character. Hence he was sometimes thought haughty and proud; though never overbearing.

I crept away that night to my bed, sobbing in the bitterness of boyish grief. It was long ere I slept, and my pillow was drenched with tears. At length I rose, dressed, and went to the office.

"Father!" I said, timidly.

"Be off to bed, sir!" was the reply.

I had gone to him with my heart full, penitent, longing to tell him why I had quarrelled with the house-keeper. I did not know then, as I know now, of that day's catalogue of misfortunes. Was it a marvel that the warm current of good feelings was frozen into tearless anger and indignant rebellion? To this feeling succeeded calmness. With calmness came reflection; and, as I reviewed the scenes of the day, and of recent life, (boyhood does not look far back,) and recalled my father's kindness, I wept bitterly. Sorrow does not long brood over young hearts. I fell asleep.

When I awoke next morning, I looked out at the narrow window of my little chamber: the sash was covered with snow. The day was just breaking. I sprang eagerly from my bed. I remember giving a delighted glance at my skates, which my father had given me a few days before, and promising myself a merry winter. Going down to the sitting-room, I raked open the coals in the huge fireplace, (those were the

primitive days of Boylston,) and built what we called, in those days, "a rousing fire." There was a recess on the eastern side of the room, which my father always directed "the hired man" to keep filled with wood; and, as the wood for that winter had providently been cut a year previously, it was but a few moments before I had the room comfortably warm.

As I was trying on my cap, my father came in.

"Ah! Lynde; so you've beaten me this morning?" and he bent over me and kissed me. "You are up early. How do you propose to spend the day, Lynde?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Is there any school?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to go with me to Fairfield?"

I hesitated.

"I would rather go and see Mrs. Warren," I said, at length, seeing that he waited for my decision.

"I could have sworn it," said my father, a little bitterly. "You love your father and mother Warren, as you call them, better than you do *me*, I'm afraid."

I hung my head, and made no reply.

"Would you cry, if I refused?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you may go and spend Thanksgiving with them. Let me see. To-day's the twenty-third—the twenty-third of November, and not a stick of timber ready yet. How will you go?"

"Paul will be here this morning."

"Sure enough. There he is, now."

CHAPTER II.

PAUL WARREN.—BUNDLING UP.—THE RIDE.

I LOOKED out at the window. There *was* Warren. He was a labourer; one of the true nobility of "this work-day world." Well is it called so; and Shakespeare can hardly have been the first to give it the happy appellation. A great deal *more* than six-sevenths of the suns that make up the circle of the year, look continually upon the ploddings of toil; and night often has few hours of rest for it. By far the larger portion of "the great family" have fulfilled, most literally, the doom of labour—a doom wherein, if our mother earth were accursed for the sins of her children, she hath in meekness turned her cheek to the smiter; while she hath overwhelmed us with blessings. How few of her millions have left us their names or histories to swell the

"Short and simple annals of the poor!"

Paul Warren was not one who talked much about labour. He had not learned the fashionable phrases in which many "a brave stringer of words" has sought to deify it. He was a practical worker, worth whole regiments of its rhetorical eulogists.

I see him now as I saw him then. His homely teamster's hat (a hat is one of the first things that catch your eye in looking at a man) was, the least in the world, set aside from the perpendicular towards the right ear. His black eye sparkled, and his cheek was flushed with his morning's walk; (he had come three miles, through the snow, from his mountain-girt cabin;) and the ends of his long, raven hair were covered with the half-melted snow. His usual smile lit up his

intelligent face as he laid his long birchen whip across the necks of the oxen, as if some pleasant thought of Mary Warren and her rosy-cheeked children had crossed his mind. I could watch him no longer: I know not how I could do it so long. I bounded from the door, and plunging through the snow, which had fallen, already, to the depth of more than a foot, I leaped upon his back just as he was placing an axe, in a hole cut purposely for it, in the *rail* of the huge lumber-sled.

"Hello! Lynde, my boy! long life to you!"

And the teamster hugged me in his brawny arms with the heartiness that characterized all his actions.

"By the powers! Lynde," (it was his favourite affirmation,) "I'm glad to see you. Why, it's a week, my boy, since you've been to see us! Good morning, Uncle George." (Everybody, almost, called my father so.) "I think we'll have to make a lumberman o' Lynde."

"I shall be glad if we are ever able to make any thing half so *good* of him," replied my father. He lacked trust, reader. It was one of his few faults; and there were few who would admit that George Weiss had *any* faults.

"Never you fear *that*, Uncle George. Never you fear! Give him to *me*, if *you* don't want him."

"I suppose I might as well do so, Paul," said my father; "for you've bewitched the boy, in the mountains. I believe he would rather stay there than at home with me."

"To be sure he would; for"—

He said the remainder of the sentence in so low a tone that I could not hear; but I was sure I knew the import of it. I *did* prefer living with Paul Warren and his excellent wife to remaining at home with my father and sisters. Nor was this at all a matter of marvel. I had lost my mother in early infancy. For several years succeeding that calamity—the worst that can happen to a child—I had been under the care of

Paul and Mary Warren, in their romantic home among the mountains. There, I had never heard an angry tone, never seen an angry look, or a blow in chastisement. There, I was sure of kindness, uniform and constant. There, I had found one to whom I was dear, and who loved me (woman-like) all the more for my great and irretrievable misfortune. There, a hearty smile, a kiss, an embrace, or, what is better, a genuine maternal *hug*, (that's the good old Danish word for it, worth a thousand classical substitutes,) was ever my welcome. There were no arms in which my bruises (I was always falling headlong) were so soon robbed of their pain; none wherein the storm of screams and sobs was so gently lulled to stillness, rest, peacefulness and sleep. My playthings were cared for religiously. Neither Charles nor Ruth Warren,—not the youngest children even, (there were seven of them all,)—were allowed to molest Old Troy, the dog, because I loved him. Was there any species of food that I expressed a preference for? It was sure to be near my plate.

Your pardon, reader. I should extend the description to pages, were I sure that any words of mine could make Mary Warren stand before you in fresh, loving, matronly, pure, religious LIFE, as she is now present to me,—as she has been present to me, waking and in my dreams, in many a clime of the earth.

"What shall I do to-day?" asked Warren.

"As to-day is Saturday, Paul, you had best spend it in getting your family supplies, and in hauling and cutting a good supply of wood for your wife. I hope she and her little ones are well."

"As hearty as bucks."

"Well, call at the store," (shops in the country are invariably so called,) "as you go along, and Henry will hand you a little package of winter-comforts. Ask Mary to 'accept it from me. There, no thanks, Paul. I can never repay her for all she has done for me and for this youngster. By the way, he wants to go home with you."

"Of course he does, Uncle George. Let him go. Bundle up, Lynde, and we'll be off. Where's your coat and mittens? By the powers! I'd almost forgot it, boy! Here's a pair of bran'-new mittens that Mary's been knitting you."

I ran, with boyish eagerness, for my capacious coat. The omnipresent housekeeper met me at the door.

"What's to pay, Lynde?"

"I'm going home."

"Home? Why, you're at home now."

"Well, to Paul Warren's, then."

And now commenced the process of bundling up—a process which has a great deal of profanity to answer for by-and-by. I would rather have gone with merely an additional coat. But no! Ann's kindness now labouringly and fermentingly found vent in the preparations for the ride. First, the ear-pieces of my cap were let down and tied under my chin. Then I donned an overcoat big enough for Cardinal Wolsey, who, everybody knows, was

"A man of unbounded stomach!"*

Then a pair of yarn stockings, despite my remonstrances, were drawn over my boots; then a comforter was tied, fold on fold, around my neck; and, over all, the large-hearted Ann would fain have piled an old camlet cloak, which had been visible from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Against this last Ætnean imposition, however, I successfully rebelled. But, then, a bundle was to be put up, consisting of fruit, cakes, candy—what not?—for the children. Thus freighted and fortified, (against the cold,) despite an outpouring of injunctions touching

* One of the heartiest laughs I ever had or saw, was in reading that remark of Griffiths' to an elderly, fat lady, not particularly well read in the drama—or any thing else—who gave it its literal and most obvious interpretation.

the wetting of my feet, I survived Ann's assiduities, and sallied forth unwieldily towards the sled.

"Stay to breakfast, Paul," said my father.

"Thank you. I breakfasted two hours ago. But this little shaver must have"—

"No, I don't want any!" said I, eagerly.

"Well, then, off we go. Good morning, Uncle George."

"Good morning, Paul. My love to Mary and the youngsters; and take good care of this boy, will you?"

"Never fear for that!" said Paul, heartily; and, with a loud, ringing "Whoa! haw, Buck! back, Bright! come along here, I say!" he set his cattle in motion towards the mountains. I ceased to fret at the bundling process which I had survived; and when we were out of sight from the house, I threw off the overcoat and comforter; pulled the stockings from off my new cow-hide boots, (of which I was as proud as my lord-mayor of his new coach;) leaped from the huge lumber-sled into the snow, and followed the merry woodman beside his team. The cold had no terrors for me; for I had been ridiculed into defying it.

We jogged onward but slowly in the yet untrodden snow. The sleigh-bells were already heard in

"The tintinnabulation that so musically swells"

in their merry peal. Paul hummed the air of one of the raftsmen's songs. The cattle swayed their huge, clumsy frames in an ungainly gait. The runners grazed roughly and gratingly over the frozen hobs, which were not yet beaten down; while from the neighbouring woods rang, sharply and merrily, some stout woodman's axe. And, now and then, you might hear a hearty laugh, or a distant shout, or the sharp ring from the rifle of a hunter early astir, waking the woods, leagues around, with echoes.

We halted at the store. Henry Towner, the clerk, handed to Paul a goodly package; and I took the op-

portunity to stuff still fuller my already tolerably be-stuffed pockets with presents for the children. Again we turned the snail-paced cattle to the road.

The reader who is familiar with the geography of North-eastern New York,—any one, indeed, who has ever been on Lake Champlain,—knows right well, that, as you sail from Split Rock northward, you see the Green Mountains on your right—Mansfield and Camel's Hump usually covered with snow; and, on the left, the low, but many-shaped and picturesque mountains of Essex. Boylston, as every body knows, is situated on the Bouquet—a small, but most beautiful river, which winds romantically among the inequalities of the hill-country towards Lake Champlain. The village is, perhaps, a mile and a half from the mouth of the river; and, in rowing to the lake, you pass between shores overhung with the beautiful vegetation of the Northern forests, descrying new beauties in every furlong of the way; here, a point studded with the dwarfish pines, hemlock, spruce, birch, or fir; there, a bay with its eddies and shadows, in which the fish are leaping above the surface; and again, an islet where Blannerhasset might have been content to dwell. One of these, by-the-by, is the scene of a story of which I may some day give the reader the details. And then, as you reach the mouth, the lake is before you. Oh! that I could see it again!

I've roamed in lands of southern suns,
Far o'er the heaving main;
But fairer than the waters there
Is mountain-girt Champlain.
The prairie-turf has been my couch,
I've passed its seas of grain;
But fairer far than they to me,
Is island-gemmed Champlain.

At solemn altars have I knelt,
In many-columned fane;
But nobler altars are the hills
That frown o'er blue Champlain.

The ashes of the honoured dead,
At Freedom's altar slain,
Rest there in silence on the shore
Of glorious Champlain.

Red Battle's hoofs have trod its banks,
And left their gory stain;
And "hearts of oak" died gloriously
In story-famed Champlain.
In life's dim gloamin' may my feet
Tread those old hills again!
My ear be gladdened by the swell
Of beautiful Champlain!

Over hill and through valley did we plod the way, while Paul gave me some account of the plans for the winter. "The Empress" would soon be laid up. The Lumbermen's Lodge was to be put in repair; and, during the following week, twenty stout choppers were to be sent into the woods.

"We shall have fine times this winter, Lynde," said he; "and I'll coax the old gentleman to let you spend a week with us at the Lodge. Hang the school! You shouldn't go near it these five years, if I had *my* way. The schoolmasters are but a pack of asses, to my thinking, as a general thing—and I'd like to see you free. Eh, Lynde?" (here he slapped me furiously on the back.) "Nothing like freedom, boy; and the schoolmasters are so jealous of their dignity, that they make poor, crouching slaves of boys, where they should make *men*—stout-hearted, fearless, free. I shall die a hater of all tyranny, Lynde; at home, at school—everywhere."

"There's the bridge!" I shouted, as we came in sight of a brook, but a short distance from the house.

"Sure enough, Lynde! And there's the house. Yes; and, by the powers! there's Charles coming to meet us!"

CHAPTER III.

THE WOODMAN'S HOME.

HE was right. We had emerged from the woods into a small "clearing," containing, perhaps, twenty acres. In fierce and somewhat gloomy contrast with the stainless, untrodden snow, rose, in grim stateliness, the black, fire-charred pines, with countless stumps between them, over which they stood with a sentry-like sternness that used to make my heart quake with undefinable terror. Some of them were branchless, while others stretched gropingly, with a blind man's awkward aimlessness, into the wintry space around them, as if yearning, in their bereavement, for their scions ruthlessly cut down by the stalwart reapers of

Those grand, old woods."

This clearing was on the right of the road. On the left, the woods were yet untouched by the axe; and thus, with the forest on one side, and the clearing on the other, we were approaching the house. This was now plainly in sight.

On the brow of a recently cleared hillock, on which the blackened stumps were still standing, was Charles Warren. He was a fine, rosy-cheeked little fellow, one year older than myself; and he was now waddling stoutly, but clumsily, towards us, through the yet unbeaten snow. He had learned, practically, the wisdom of the Asses' Bridge; for, instead of keeping the highway, to gain which he must have gone some two hundred yards from the house, in a direction perpendicular to the road, he took the hypotenuse of the right-angled triangle, and was approaching us through the

fields. On he came, puffing like a grampus; his conical woollen cap leaning jauntily over, and bending low under the weight of a huge yarn tassel. With a boisterous shout, he mounted the rude fence, and leaped from the topmost log (for of logs was it built) into the snow.

"Well done, Charley! That's right, my boy! Never be afraid of the snow! Here's Lynde come to see you!"

Our greeting was right hearty. We had been playfellows together, over hill and through valley and woodland. He had, unlike myself, a very retentive memory; and it was stored with long-boarded treasures of nursery lore. These he was ever ready to relate to me, in a monotone which rings in my ears as I write; and countless were the nights when he related, with the patience and prolixity of the narratress of the Arabian Tales, stories of witches, ghosts, goblins, fairies, and giants, parts of which I still imperfectly remember.

The house was now plainly in sight. It was of logs—a single story, with small, narrow windows. At each end was a rude chimney of sticks, covered with plaster, one of them white-washed. In front of it was a large pile of green wood, with the day's supply cut into sticks about a fathom in length. Some of these were maple—the finest wood in the world to burn—and not less than fifteen or twenty inches in diameter. Near this wood-pile was an unfinished well. To the left was a stable, with a capacious hay-loft. The building was always called "The Hovel." Still farther in the same direction was the barn. This, as well as the Hovel, was of logs; and the roofs of the three buildings were of rough, veiny pine boards.

Turning abruptly around the corner of the fence, we were in full view of the house. Old Troy, who was lounging about the yard, cocked his ears as he caught sight of us, and set out at the *pas de charge* towards the intruders. He did not stop until within a fathom of the heads of our cattle, when it seemed to occur to

him that he might have mistaken the character of the new-comers; and he therefore set both his fore-feet down together, coming to an abrupt halt, with a half-suppressed *ugh!* His quick eye caught that of his master, and he commenced a series of frolics around the sled, eyeing each of us in turn, wagging his tail most furiously, barking now and then, and performing divers antics not announced in any bill of canine theatricals. We interpreted them all (and he need never have been at so much trouble) into a very emphatic assurance that we were as welcome as the flowers in May. He was a large, fine-looking, shaggy Newfoundland, and, I need scarcely add, a great favourite.

As Paul brought the team to a stand with a loud "Whoa!" Ruth's curly head emerged from the door, and with a "Oh! oh! oh! oh! father's come back!" she bounded along, bare-headed, through the snow to meet us. Her shout attracted the notice of the other youngsters; and forth, in no very military order, came her three sisters, Mary, Judith, and Jane. Little Paul followed, and, in a moment more, Mary Warren appeared at the door. There was little noise in our greetings. More than any household I have ever seen, Paul Warren's was noted for its cheerful quiet. Not that the children had been taught to sit erect and silent in their several chairs; not that *fear* kept them still. Nothing like it. It was the mother's silent and unseen, but controlling tone of manner, which, by a kind of mesmerism I cannot explain, gave character to the whole. If I may venture to say what seems to me to have been the secret of her influence, it was *affection*; and, with a pardonable alteration of a single word, I might here use Talfourd's beautiful lines in his description of Ion:

"Love, the germ
Of her mild nature, hath shed graces forth,
Expanding with its progress; as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury
To flush and circle in the flower."

We were soon at the door. It was a rude one, of pine. The latch was of wood, and a stout leathern string hung outside, wherewithal to lift it. In one corner of the door was a little trap-door, cut for the sole benefit and behoof of a huge gray cat, and so contrived that puss had but to apply her head to it, and enter or leave the house.

It was but a few minutes before I was rid of my huge coat, my cap and mittens, and seated with the children, just as near the mother's chair as it was possible for us to get. Would that you could have seen her, thus surrounded by her children! She was, perhaps, thirty-five; yet so hardily had she been nurtured, in the clear air of the mountains, that you would have said she could not be older than twenty-five or six. She was faultlessly formed, and her figure was admirably developed into that style of healthful beauty for which Englishwomen are so remarkable. You would notice, sooner and oftener than any thing else, her head. There was a beauty of symmetry in its classic outline, which you would have gazed upon again and again, wondering the while what it could be that so thrilled your pulses with the sense of beauty. And then the large, love-speaking eyes, which no shade of anger ever dimmed, and which need never have fallen for the thoughts of the heart which spoke in every glance. Her long, dark-brown hair was combed back, as you see it in the pictures of the Madonna, (I never saw one that equalled Mary Warren in that style of matronly beauty which artists so much covet as a model,) and gathered in a knot. Then she was always so neatly and tastefully, though plainly clad. There was harmony visible in her whole nature.

O Mary Warren, my more than mother, God bless you! How often, in the darker hours of my life, have I felt the influences of your early teachings! How often have I felt that there must be truth in the doctrine of a sensible intercommunion of the spirits of those who love one another, though leagues apart.

Life has been dark to you, but you have done what you could; and the peace which passeth all understanding awaits you at every fresh trial of your thorn-planted way. God bless you!

Paul came in and announced to us the unwelcome news that he must be off to the woods to haul a supply of firewood, as he would be absent for several days of the ensuing week.

I was once more at home. I felt that *there* I was loved in spite of my faults—and they were many. I do not doubt that my father, my brother, and my sisters also loved me; but (I shall have more to say of them presently) they were not what I believe it is usual to call *demonstrative*. Why they were not so, it is not for me to say. The fault may have been wholly mine. Certain it is, that I would sooner have given my last crust or copper for Mary Warren than for any of my kindred. I believe I could have died for her. At home I was never caressed. There was no kiss, no embrace for me there. There was no care for my tastes and whims. My toys were rudely kicked out of the way, or hid, or thrown in the fire. My better nature was not appealed to. I was under the *régime* of FORCE; and every fibre of my puny frame rebelled as heartily as did Lucifer. They did not *trust* me; and they are so kind as to assure me that I was the blackest, homeliest, worst-tempered brat that ever lay in a cradle!

Yes, I was once more at home. The magic of that mother's smile disarmed every feeling of stubbornness and ill-temper. I was in a new atmosphere. The old story it is, in brief: I loved and was loved. Oh! how supremely happy was I, as I looked around me for the familiar objects of my infant home. There was the huge old fireplace, eight feet wide if it was one, and almost as many feet high. An iron-wood pole ran across it, on which were hung divers rude pot-hooks, and a fragment of a log-chain. The hearth was of wide, flat stones. There were two large stones that

served for andirons, (for Paul Warren was poor,) and above them were huge blazing logs, that kept the house comfortably warm. In one corner of the room was a bed. Scattered here and there were a few rude chairs; and in one corner of the hearth was a bench capable of seating two or three persons. In the opposite corner of the apartment was a large cupboard. Near this was a deal table, and over it was suspended a small old-fashioned mirror. Near this hung an almanac. Overhead were hooks and poles, on which were hung divers articles of dress. On one of them were some strings of apples, hung there to dry; and on another were bits of pumpkin already dry, and shrivelled into grotesque shapes—the pleasant omens of future feasts. Over the door, on two wooden hooks, was an old-fashioned musket, with a bayonet and belt, powder-horn and shot-pouch. The cat was purring quietly in the corner; and near Mary Warren, where she could reach it with her foot, was a capacious cradle, wherein Susan, the baby, was asleep.

The lower part of the house was divided by a rude deal partition into two apartments, thus affording a room for the family stores, and another for a lodging-room. A ladder, in one corner, gave access to the loft; and a trap-door, with an iron ring in it, to the cellar.

Occupying a moment in looking at the familiar objects, I bethought me of my pockets; and, pulling out the secreted stores, I distributed them, with boyish delight, to the children around me. That day was a jubilee. How often, in the toils and hardships of after life, have I recalled the scene, and lived it over again in the land of dreams! Forth into the snow we sallied—Charles, little Paul, and myself, reinforced by Old Troy, who was that day pressed into the commissary department, and did much transportation on a big sled. Poor old Troy! He sleeps the last sleep. Short and simple are the annals of dogs. Vale! "*Ilum—fuit!*"

In the evening Paul came home. Hauling several of the huge maple-logs into the house, and clearing away the brands, coals, and ashes from that part of the hearth which was next the chimney-back, he imbedded one in the cavity thus made. The coals and ashes were thrown back upon it; and on this he piled another and another. Then he threw upon these the half-consumed brands, with a goodly supply of smaller sticks of wood; and, ere long, that little cabin blazed with the roaring fire. We gathered around it. Going into a committee of the whole, the children (myself among them) and the dog commenced a series of operations which made the roof ring with merriment, and which might have thawed the crustiest bachelor heart in Christendom. Mary Warren smiled happily upon us, as she restlessly plied her knitting-needles, or touched, now and then, the rocker of the cradle, while Paul's eyes twinkled and flashed with fun as he watched our mad antics. The hours sped. We retired to our beds; and then, in glaring, panoramic distinctness, did Jack the Giant-killer re-enact his doughty exploits. Charles was the story-teller of the household. I learned from him all the earlier exploits of the very remarkable slayer of giants; but somehow the monotonous tone of the story got the better of me about the middle of Jack's history, and my next conscious movements were at daybreak.

It is, "in contempt of question," owing to this last-mentioned fact, that I have, to this day, no definite idea of the later exploits, sickness, and death, or dying speech and confession, of that very blood-thirsty personage, Jack the Giant-killer. The loss to tradition is irreparable.

CHAPTER IV.

BOYLSTON.—THE LUMBERMEN.—A MAN!

BOYLSTON is now a far different place from the Boylston of my boyhood's recollections. It was then a very small village, containing, possibly, some four or five hundred inhabitants. The country was comparatively new. My father had been, until of age, a resident, as he was a native, of the State of Rhode Island. He was bred an anchor-smith, and he attained his majority just in time to take the tide of emigration which was then beginning to set towards Northern New York. He had been hardily nurtured, had been accustomed to the constant, thankless toil of an apprentice, and owed his really extensive stores of practical knowledge more to his habits of study at the anvil than to the apology for a school to which he was permitted to go for a few weeks annually. He often waded through mud, and sleet, and snow, to the school-house, after having performed a host of household labours that would have required half the day, had he been less eager to obtain a good elementary education. Those were days, good reader, when it was a common expression in the mouths of practical men, "It takes a fool to make a good schoolmaster." And the theory seemed to be rather practically carried out; for, in those days, the compensation, as it *generally* is now, was a most beggarly one. Beggarly, indeed, when you take into consideration the actual toil of teaching from sixty to one hundred pupils, shut up in a shabby structure of logs, through whose crevices the rude winds of winter giggled at the defences that were meant to be barriers to their ruthless invasion.

Amid all these disadvantages, George Weiss con-

trived to acquire, by evening study after the toils of the day, and by reckoning with a piece of chalk upon the sooty bellows, while his brawny-armed master and his brother Vulcans were hammering the shank or fluke of a huge anchor, sufficient information to enable him to carry on an extensive business for many years.

Accompanied by a few companions as hardy and adventurous as himself, he went to the western shore of Lake Champlain, and pitched his tent on the bank of a beautiful river that wound its way from the neighbouring mountains to the lake. Boylston is about half a league from the lake, and midway between it and the mountains. The little village—(it is still small, notwithstanding many natural advantages, which might, under better auspices, have made it a considerable manufacturing town)—was built upon both banks of the river—then, as now, crossed by a rude apology for a bridge. It nestled cosily in a little valley, there being barely room enough between the river (some Frenchman had named it "The Bouquet") and the hills for a single street on each bank. It boasted an inn, a school-house, and two stores. One of the latter belonged to my father; the other to Fogg & Gibson, who were lumber-merchants. Then there was a "forge," containing two bloomer's fires for the manufacture of wrought iron, and an anchor-fire to convert a part of the raw material into anchors. The remainder was drawn under the huge hammers into bar-iron or wagon-tires—this last being an operation requiring no little skill. There was also a smithy, a grist-mill, and a saw-mill; and these, with some fifty dwelling-houses, composed the village.

New as it was, however, it was well built; and, from its position, not only pretty, but picturesque. The hills that looked down upon the little village were covered with a beautiful growth of wood, much of it evergreen; and its diversity of hills and vallies, with the winding of the quiet Bouquet, gave it an air of beauty, of much of which old Time has mercilessly robbed it.

The original settlement was made by a company of New York merchants, who had sent their agents, with "gangs" of lumbermen, for the purpose of obtaining the excellent timber which then covered much of the western shore of Lake Champlain, in much the same abundance which was visible, a very few years since, in Maine. Fogg & Gibson were, at the time of which I am writing, the accredited agents of a company then in being. Goods were shipped to them in large quantities, which were readily sold to the lumbermen at large profits; and, in this way, a most lucrative business was carried on for many years. The timber ("spars" were then the great object) was cut in the fall and winter: the lumbermen living in *shanties*, or lodges, in the woods, and going to "The Falls" (as the village was more commonly called) on Saturday night, for such supplies as they wanted from the stores. In this way they continued to expend nearly, or quite, all of the week's hard earnings. A jovial set were those same lumbermen. Besides their temporary shanties, they had a large, comfortable structure of logs, built by themselves, known as "The Lodge." Here their superfluous clothing was kept. Here were deposited the provisions and tools; and here of an evening did they sometimes gather for a frolic. Everybody drank rum in those days; and it was so cheap an indulgence that the thoughtless lumbermen were never without a supply. Forgetting the fatigues of the day, they sometimes went to "The Falls" to join a rustic dance; but oftener passed their evenings at "The Lodge," where, excited by egg-nogg and apple-jack, they made the roof ring with their boisterous merriment. These frolics sometimes ended somewhat tragically. There are some wild tales of their orgies, which I may have some occasion to tell, some day, for my reader's benefit.

My father was engaged in the cutting of spars, as well as in the manufacture of wrought iron and anchors, and the sawing of logs into boards, lath, and plank. The spars and square timber were formed into small

rafts, eight or ten abreast, and floated over the rapids during the heavy rains of the spring, which, with the melting of the snow in the mountains, swelled the river to a great height. The raftsmen guided these over the rapids, and afterwards united them into a larger one, upon which a deal shanty was built. Immense quantities of boards, plank, and "scantling," together with shingles in similar abundance, were placed upon the raft. A mast and sail were rigged, with huge oars and setting-poles; and, the shanty being stocked with barrels of flour, pork, and other provisions, the raft was navigated to Whitehall or St. John's for a market. The lake, at that time, boasted quite a large fleet of sloops, schooners, and scows, ("The Empress" was my favourite of them all,) which were kept busy when the lake was navigable—say from May to December—in the transportation of lumber and merchandise. "The Empress" was built for my father, "to order," by an excellent shipwright; and, with all due allowance for my boyish prejudices, she was assuredly what Captain John Gayger always called her—"a beauty."

Prominent among the rude, but hearty, jovial, manly lumbermen, was Paul Warren. A hearty smile—a face on which no man ever saw sadness at rest—a strong arm—a stout heart—a cheerful, ringing, mirth-provoking laugh,—made him a universal favourite, for whom scores of stout woodsmen would have fought to the death. God had stamped his own impress of nobility upon him. It was eloquent through the "hodden-gray;" and the bard of "Old Coila's Hills" might well have said of him—

*"The rank is but the guinea's STAMP;
The MAN'S the GOWD, for a' that!"*

CHAPTER V.

THE VISIT.—MY SISTERS.—GRIFFITHS.—MY AUNT.—JESSIE.

RIGHT merrily did I pass the Thanksgiving. Some of the relations of the Warrens visited them during the week—their parents among the number. I spent most of my brief visit with Charles, in playing lumbermen in miniature. We owed much of our success to old Troy, who worked patiently in hauling the sled. When in-doors, we amused ourselves in the good old game of "Fox and Geese." Paul went to "The Falls" on the following Saturday, and I returned with him. Kate and Lucy, my sisters, received me kindly. My aunt Caroline lifted her glasses over the border of her prim cap, and smiled me a right hearty welcome; and Ann West, the housekeeper, so far made cessation of hostilities as to simply say, in a kindly tone,

"Don't track the floor, Lynde! Please! there's a good boy!"

And I was quite ready for a diplomatic interchange of promises, by way of treaty. Jessie Grayson, too, was in the drawing-room with the rest, and I bashfully sidled up to her and kissed her.

"Why, Lynde!" exclaimed Ann West and my sisters in chorus; but my aunt Caroline reassured me by patting my head, and telling me I had done right.

An excellent old lady was Caroline Lynde. She usually spent a few months with us every year, and I became much attached to her. She defended me in the domestic battles, though she never spared me when I was really at fault. She was always busy, usually in knitting; and she frequently hummed some simple melody at intervals, in the tremulous tones so characteristic of old age. It gave her the appearance of

thinking of scenes far distant. No doubt such was the case; for my uncle Mark Lynde, they told me, was a sailor some years before, and was shipwrecked on the Isle of Shoals.

My sister Lucy was thought pretty. She certainly appeared so to me; for though she was not very patient with her wayward brother, I loved her dearly—as well, almost, as I did my sister Kate. When animated, she was what is called a showy girl, and she was quite a favourite among the young men of the village. She wore her hair in curls, (it curled most beautifully,) and, as it was dark, it threw her somewhat strongly-marked features finely into relief. Her complexion was fair. Her blue eye was a pleasant one, though not betokening any very great depth of feeling. It is more expressive now; her experience as a wife and mother having given it character and tone. All in all, she was a well-tempered, fine-looking girl.

Kate was not at all like her. She had dark, very dark hair and eyes. Both were called black. Her complexion was not nearly so fair as that of her elder sister. Besides, she was frail as a lily. She was sensitive, shy, reserved. Her step was noiseless—her voice low and musical—and her smile, though not frequent, was a strangely sweet one when you had once provoked it. She was thought homely; but to me—to all, indeed, who knew her well—the thought of her plainness never occurred. She could well afford to be plain—homely, even; for her *mind* made you indifferent on that score. She had a great deal of influence with my father; and, in his melancholy moods, (they were constitutional with him,) Kate's presence was the only one he would tolerate. To *her* he never gave any *commands*. A stamp of his foot would frighten Lucy, while Kate would quietly defy all arbitrary power.

I was getting on terms with Jessie, when my father came in.

"Well, Lynde, you've got back, eh?"

Such was the greeting. Countless have been the

subsequent proofs of my father's affection; but such was his *manner*; and, for the life of me, just so long as that manner remained, just so long I felt that I *must* lack the feeling towards him which gushed unbidden at the glance of my foster father and mother. I *feared* my father most intensely.

Such was our greeting. Jessie and myself, as well as my aunt, the housekeeper, and my sisters, became very suddenly silent. When we did speak, it was in whispers; and this is among the reasons why I think my father appealed to the wrong principle for his authority. Luckily, as I thought, my brother Griffiths came in. He was some years my senior; so much so, as to be taking a very considerable interest in the details of my father's extensive business. *He* had outgrown, if he had ever experienced, his fear of parental authority. He was, by his constant association with my father, the first to discover the affection that lurked under so much apparent sternness. Alone of us all, Griffiths was frank with him.

A noble fellow was that same Griffiths; a prime favourite with young and old. Handsome, athletic, ambitious, companionable, possessed of much sound sense, cautious, but generous, what wonder that he was popular? At the very mention of his name there comes to me the well-defined recollection of many a jaunt with him among the hills and lakes of the new country. He loved the woods, and was famous for his success with his gun and fishing-tackle. He could sing, too, and play passably upon the flute. Altogether, he was what I first called him—a noble fellow; and whenever my father wished to contrast my deficiencies with their corresponding virtues, (which he was unwise to do, as I think,) he always pointed to my brother as the model. The feeling thus provoked is not always the most amiable in the world. As I have said before, my father lacked *trust*—confidence in his children. In teaching me, it was his custom to do a thing *for* me, instead of suffering me to do it myself. And then, if I did not

comprehend readily—if I blundered, he was very apt to laugh at me, instead of giving me the necessary encouragement. Of course I could gain but slowly any confidence in myself—or in him. This, however, let me say at once, was a pardonable defect of my father's. He was a self-made man, to use the current phrase; and as there were few things connected with his business transactions which he could not do *well*, it was quite natural that he should be somewhat impatient of the blunders of others.

I was making a very amicable arrangement with Jessie Grayson to give her a ride on my new sled, as soon as the river should be frozen over, when my father turned suddenly to me and said,

"Well, Lynde, you'll have a short vacation. The committee have hired Mr. Wigglesworth to keep the school this winter, and, by all accounts, he's just the man for it."

"When will school begin?" said I.

"Next Monday. I shall tell Mr. Wigglesworth to keep a sharp look-out for you; so you'd best mind what you are about. If you get flogged at school, I'll flog you when you get home. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must be a good boy, Lynde," said my aunt, in a kindly tone.

I saw Kate's thin lips compressed as she heard the mention of flogging; and Jessie pouted, and said,

"He'd better not flog *me*. I'd tell my father!"

And that little expression set me to thinking about the contrast, in family discipline, between my father and kind, gentle, excellent old Allan Grayson.

My father was in good temper that evening. The rumour about Fogg & Gibson proved to be so far erroneous, that his loss would be a mere trifle, if any thing. Dash had recovered from his lameness, and was as frisky as ever. Harry Parker, the teamster, had been as sober as a temperance society all the week, and but a few of the goods in the box that was dropped over-

board from "The Empress" were seriously injured. He chatted cosily with Griffiths—told queer stories of his younger days in Bristol, and about the Taunton herring-fisheries—patted Lucy on the head when she asked him for a new dress for the Christmas ball—called her an extravagant jade, and declared that she was bent on ruining him.

"There's Kate, now," said he; "she doesn't ask me for a new dress once an age."

"No, father," said Lucy, stoutly, "but she goes to the store and gets just what she likes."

"Ahem!" said my father. It was a home-thrust. "Well, have your own way about it, Lucy. It's the way always with the ladies. Why, Jessie, you're not going home?"

"Yes, sir. It's almost dark."

"Mayn't I go with her?" said I, timidly.

"No, sir."

"Oh, let him go, George," said my aunt Caroline.

"Let him go, father," said Kate, quietly, laying aside her needle-work, and looking earnestly at my father.

"But he's but just got home."

"And what of that, father? Jessie and he are cronies; and you know how glad they are to have him at Mrs. Grayson's."

"For my part," chimed Ann West, "I'd be right glad to have him out of the way, for I've got the ironing to see to, to-night."

"Well, you may go, Lynde. But you must come back at nine o'clock. I'll send Jerry for you."

Jessie was soon ready, and we left the house. She was muffled to the chin. She had on a hood, too, that hid every thing but her eyes; but they twinkled and glistened, as we jogged briskly along, with such mesmeric witchery as has held its sway over me through every vicissitude of my somewhat eventful life.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GRAYSONS.

"SHALL you go to school, Lynde?" asked Jessie, as we trudged along.

"I *must* go."

"But don't you *like* to go? Don't you *want* to go?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I get whipped."

"That's because you are naughty sometimes, Lynde."

"I *know* I am sometimes; but sometimes they whip me when I'm *not* naughty. I've got a great scar now, where Mr. Birch hit me the week before Thanksgiving. See there!"

And I bent my head, and showed her a long purple scar on the back of my neck.

"Poor Lynde! I'm so sorry for you! Did you show it to your father?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed, and said it would make me grow."

"Then I don't like him a bit, and I won't go to see him any more. I'm sure *my* father—there he is now, coming for me."

I looked up. I had been carrying my head down, moodily, as we were chatting about the school. She was right.

"Ah, Lynde! is that you? So, you're bringing Jessie home to us, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's neighbourly, Lynde. You'll go home with us, won't you?"

"Yes, sir."

It was not long before we were seated around a blazing fire at Allan Grayson's. He was the village clergyman. Like most of the inhabitants of Boylston, he was poor. He had been what is called a charity-student. He had graduated with honour, and had been once comfortably settled at a little village some few miles from Boston. He married, soon afterward, a beautiful girl as poor as himself; and, being an independent thinker, he formed and broached opinions which some of "the most straitest" considered heretical. As a matter of course, he was obliged to seek a new home. By the merest accident in the world, he met my father while on his way northward, and, catching some portion of his enthusiasm in the glowing account he gave of the new country, Allan Grayson proposed to his wife to accompany the emigrant-party. To his delight, she cheerfully acquiesced, and, in three days afterward, they turned their backs upon the pretty village of W——.

To me he had always shown a great deal of kindness. My father's business habits had enabled him to befriend the excellent clergyman and his wife—and this he was never weary of doing. It was quite natural that a warm friendship should spring up, as it did, between the two families. Indeed, there was no place where my father was so fond of going, especially if he were gloomy or perplexed, as to the Graysons'. Mrs. Grayson was a remarkably still, quiet sort of woman—and my father loved quiet. But, though quiet, and almost taciturn, she was not reserved. She had a world of housewife tact in having one's chair in the right place; the favourite dish upon the table; the exact proportions of Jamaica, and sugar, and eggs, and nutmeg, and cream in the egg-nog. Clergymen drank egg-nog in those days. She knew, too, how to humour my father's whims—he was inclined to be dogmatic now and then—and, without knowing why, he was fully persuaded that such another instance of womanly perfection was never seen. Accordingly, he was sorely

disappointed if the clergyman and his wife did not regularly eat their Sabbath-dinner at his house, and spend at least one or two evenings in the week with my sisters.

No marvel, then, that the good clergyman was kind to me. Jessie was the only child; and he often said that he would give the world if he had but a boy.

"Never mind, boy," he would say, "*you* shall be my son. I'll teach you Latin and Greek, and give you an inkling of Bonnycastle; and when you have got your diploma, you shall have Jessie."

My sister Kate was a favourite with his wife, and thus the two families had formed, in the trials and privations of their forest home, an intimacy and friendship which contributed very largely to the happiness of both.

At nine o'clock my father came for me. He was glad, he said, to have an excuse to drop in and see them all.

"I am glad you did, Uncle George." (He had caught the universal appellation.) "Glad you did. I don't get out much this cold weather, and Eliza is no gad-about. She makes Jessie an excuse for all her short-comings in repaying our neighbours' visits. Have you seen the new schoolmaster?"

"No."

"The committee give me a good account of him. I hope Lynde and Jessie will like him, and learn a great deal this winter. You will, won't you, my children?"

"Yes, sir," said we in chorus.

"I've just been telling Lynde," resumed he, laughingly, "that as I've no boy of my own, I shall have to adopt him. And I am to teach him Greek and Latin, and when he gets his diploma, I'm to give him Miss Jessie for a wife."

"Bravo, Lynde! Do you hear *that*, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"It might be, after all," said my father, musingly.

"It might be, indeed. Stranger things have happened, my old friend."

"I've been thinking, by the way," said the clergyman, "that we ought to suggest to Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name."

"Wigglesworth?"

"Mr. Wigglesworth, yes. I have thought of suggesting to Mr. Wigglesworth—a queer name by-the-by—to let these little folk go home when the school is half done, every day. Don't you think it too long, to keep them sitting six hours on those hard benches?"

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Grayson; perhaps it is so. But I wouldn't venture to do it, *myself*."

"Why not?"

"Oh, they're so da—I beg your pardon—so very dignified, that I would sooner go to Washington and ask the President to dredge out the Bouquet, than make any appeal to a schoolmaster!"

"They *are* sensitive, to be sure, Uncle George. It can't be denied, and they are apt to be a little conceited; but think of their trials—sixty urchins to manage, at ten dollars a month, and boarding *around*!"

"True, Mr. Grayson. It *must* be hard. They look thin and weak as kittens; and I know children are bothersome enough to fret any one. But it is getting late. We'll expect you to dinner to-morrow. And don't let Eliza and Jessie stay at home, as they did *last* Sunday. None of that, madam!" added my father, shaking his finger at Mrs. Grayson. "I won't allow it. Good night!"

CHAPTER VII.

A SABBATH IN THE HILL-COUNTRY.—THE RESCUE.—REBELLION.—
TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

THE next day was the Sabbath. It dawned over the rude homes of the foresters in beauty. It has always seemed to me that men are more religious among the hills. Whether it be because I was *born* among them, that the remembered forms and tones of those whose names are

"Woven in the fibres of the heart"

have made every crag of its cliffs—every rock, and hill, and valley, and stream—every rood of its love-hallowed sward, as dear to me as the nestling to its mother; that there I knew and loved one whose presence (real to me, even when the physical form is far from me) waked and nurtured all the better impulses of my nature, until

"My heart,
Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,
Grew bountiful to all;"

or whether it be that I associate it with "the hill country" of the Holy Land, where the pilgrim's kiss has left its visible impress upon the marble of the monuments, I know not. But the Sabbath never comes in robe so purely spiritual, with smile so gladdening in all its soberness, and with steps so noiseless and angel-like, as when I see them "beautiful upon the mountains."

There was no bell; and, as is usual in such cases, the people gathered early at the demure-looking school-

house, and seated themselves upon some rude benches, which were made use of whenever the house happened to be thronged. This happened but seldom.

There were a score, at least, chatting together as I approached the house. My father, my aunt, and my sisters were with me. Griffiths was already there.

"Good morning, Uncle George," said one and another, as my father passed. He returned the greeting in his hearty way, and entered the house.

"Call father back, won't you, Lynde?" said Griffiths. I did so.

"Uncle George," said Thomas Thayer, (he was always called Squire Thayer, being a justice of the peace,) "we've been talkin' a little about Parson Grayson this morning."

"What is it, Squire Thayer? Of course, you can't say any harm of him."

"No. I'd like to see the man who would dare to do that here. No; we've been talking the matter over, and have about concluded to build him a snug little barn. I've agreed to furnish him a horse. Neighbour Wilson will give him a wagon; my friend Townsend, here, will furnish the harness and a comfortable sleigh; and I understand Fogg & Gibson to say that they will furnish buffalo-ropes, and provender for the winter. What say you?"

"Say? Why, I say I'll furnish the lumber, and a hand or two to help put it together."

"Well, then," said Colonel Abraham Miles, the inn-keeper, "I'll fill his loft with hay."

"And I," said Paul Warren, "am willing to do what I can for him. I can spare him a few bushels of potatoes, a little corn, and a load of firewood."

"Be it so," said the Squire. "And, by the way, neighbours, not a word to him till we are ready to deliver the articles all together, say next Monday week. Here he comes now!"

Allan Grayson looked as I fancy the old patriarchs must have looked. His long hair, white and thin,

though he was not yet threescore, was moved by the wintry air. His step was slow; his mien solemn, though not sanctimonious; and his face was lit up by a smile such as the Christian alone can wear. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grayson and Jessie.

The kindly greetings over, all entered the house. As if by magic, the low whisper, the shuffling of feet, and the rustle of dresses was hushed, and every eye was fixed upon the clergyman. He seemed utterly absorbed in the work of his calling; unconscious of every thing but the fact that he stood as a priest in the presence of the Great High Priest, reverently to do His bidding and utter His message to the people. A portion of Scripture was read. A prayer and a hymn followed.

He began very abruptly. "My friends," said he, "there is a great want of *charity* in the world. We judge one another harshly. Our blessed Master was accustomed to teach, you remember, in parables. Let me recall one of them.

"We are in Jerusalem. The mountains are round about it. It is morning. The dew is still glistening upon the flowers, and the city is basking in the rays of the morning sun. It is the hour of prayer, and from every street and lane of the city gather the early worshippers. Amid the throng, unheeded by the lordly, self-righteous Pharisee, the scribe, or the gloomy Sadducee, there comes a plainly clad personage to the gate of the Temple. Many pass him by without notice; yet *you* cannot do so, for there is infinite love in that calm, benignant eye. There is majesty in his mien; there is *life* in his smile.

"Hush! a tumult in the throng! Some of them are rudely dragging a woman—

"A wandering, wretched, worn, and weary thing—
towards the Temple. They approach. The Pharisee, in his robe of pride, scowls fiercely at the shrinking, trembling culprit; the throng gathers around her, while

her accusers drag her to the presence of the hitherto unnoticed stranger, and loudly and angrily make their accusation. The testimony is overwhelming. 'The very act' is sworn to by a number of witnesses; and the assembly is hushed into silence as the loudest of the accusers says, in husky tones—

"Now, Moses, in the Law, commanded us that such should be *stoned*: but what sayest *Thou*?"

"And again all is still. The Judge answers not; and a thousand eyes flash fiercely and angrily upon the criminal, as, with a timid glance of inquiry, she lifts her tear-bedimmed eyes to His face. All is yet still as the house of death. The benignant Judge stoops down, and with his finger writes in the dust, 'as though he heard them not.'

"Poor, sorrow-stricken, guilty soul!" exclaimed the preacher, abruptly, "fear not. Thou hast a Judge who can be touched with the feeling of thy infirmities. Tempted in all points like thee, he knoweth our frame, that we are but dust.

"Hark! They cry out again in frantic clamour for the sentence! The Judge has arisen. Listen!

"*He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!*" And again he stoops and writes upon the ground. There is a moment's pause, and then, self-condemned, guiltily, one by one they steal away—and the Judge and the criminal are alone.

"Woman!" said He, "where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord."

"Jesus saith unto her, *Neither do I condemn thee! Go and sin no more!*"

I have but lamely, and with rude dashes of the pencil, painted the picture which old Allan Grayson drew in vivid, startling, tear-provoking fidelity. Moved by his eloquence, you could see the crouching criminal—the blood-thirsty accuser—the eager curiosity of one,

and the heartless indifference of another in the throng—

"The blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant, wavering multitude."

You felt the almost breathless silence. You scarcely drew your own breath, as, in a fever of excitement, you awaited the fate of the poor wretch, trembling in the fierce clutch of her accusers. You saw the benignant look of pity in the eye of the Judge. You saw the throng sink guiltily away; and the hot tears gushed to your eyes as you heard the words, "Neither do I condemn thee! Go, and sin no more!"

A hymn was now sung, and the roof rang with the music of hundreds of voices.

After another brief prayer, the solemn benediction was pronounced, and the congregation broke up.

It had been very cold during Saturday night, and the Bouquet was frozen over. There were still many places, however, where the current was so strong that the ice was yet thin, while apparently it was of uniform thickness.

My father was in hospitable mood that day. Besides the squire and the clergyman, with his wife and daughter, Fogg and Gibson accompanied us home. Of course, there was no room for the little folk at the table. The dinner was soon in readiness; and, the guests having tasted my father's Jamaica, all sat down. Meanwhile Jessie and I went into the office, from the windows of which we could look out upon the river. It was now high noon.

I was always restless, or, as a phrenologist would say, I was of a very active temperament. As I looked out upon the ice, glistening in the sunbeams, (for it had frozen in mirror-like smoothness,) it struck me that a slide upon the ice was, of all things in the world, precisely the kind of amusement that suited my fancy at that particular moment.

"Jessie," said I, suddenly.

"What! Why, how you frightened me, Lynde."

"Let's go and slide on the ice, will you?"

"No, Lynde—it's Sunday."

"What of that, Jessie?"

"Why, of course it would be wrong. Father always said so."

"Well, but we won't slide more than five minutes; and we can get back before dinner is over."

Much against her better judgment, I coaxed her to go. The weather was now mild, and the day was one of those sunny winter-days when it is hardest to stay in doors. We soon reached the ice. Jessie caught the excitement after I had proved the strength of the ice by a few slides, and we ventured out farther and farther every time. Besides, I had taken a stick in my hand, and I showed her how strong the ice was by the attempt to break a hole through it. I continued to use it as we went farther out, and, as it did not break through, we lost all fear of accidents. It so happened that there was a place in the main channel of the river where a bed of rocks swerved the current from its course, and served to keep the water in such commotion, that it was usually the last spot to be frozen.

"Don't go out there too far," said I, as I saw Jessie venturing beyond where I had gone. "Wait till I try the ice with my stick."

"Oh, no, I'm not afraid, Lynde," was the reply; and, running back a little way, she started forward again with all her strength. Not to be distanced, I followed her. As fortune would have it, however, my foot slipped just as I had gathered all my energies for the last spring, and I went sliding along with half my usual velocity. A sharp cracking of the ice caught my ear. With a startling shriek, Jessie went through the ice. My own momentum carried me within a yard of the place where she had fallen; but, before I could reach the little hand that was stretched imploringly towards me, she sank, and the current swept her UNDER the ice!

She floated slowly along, her form visible beneath the ice, while, in an agony of terror, I had not power to utter a word. My first impulse was to run to the house for help, and, as I turned to go, I saw, three or four fathoms below, an open spot in the ice, (such as the boys call air-holes,) which had not yet frozen. To that—scarce knowing what I did, my feelings wrought up to a frenzied pitch of excitement—I cautiously made my way.

O God! what moments were those to me! Persons who have narrowly escaped drowning, say that in a single minute a host of thoughts cross the mind with the rapidity of lightning. It was so with me. The thought of my folly in enticing her away from the house—of her being so dear to me—and of the certainty almost that she was lost to me for ever—of her parents, bereaved and comfortless—oh, what a torrent of agony poured in upon my soul!

I gained the edge of the air-hole before the current had borne the struggling girl to it, and, lying down on the ice, I stretched the pole, which I still held in my hand, across the opening. As Jessie floated past it, I caught the skirt of her dress, and, breaking the edge of the ice, I hauled her head above the surface of the water. A gasp and a frightened glance told me that she was still in possession of her senses, and a thrill of joy went through my frame as I said to myself, "I have saved her!"

I was reckoning too fast. I was not strong enough to pull her out of the water, and as often as she clambered partially upon the ice, the edge of it gave way. This happened several times, and I saw that her strength was giving way.

"Do not let me drown, Lynde! Dear Lynde, don't let me drown!"

"I won't, Jessie! Don't be frightened. Let go this hand, and use your right hand to help yourself," said I. "Try once more, Jessie!"

She did, and was fairly on the edge of the ice, when



"HUSH—GO AND CUT A STICK!"

it again gave way, nearly precipitating me into the water. The hole was now so large that the stick would no longer reach across it. Jessie was clinging to me with a frantic grasp, and I now began to think that both were destined for the same awful death, when suddenly a loud shout reached my ear.

"Hold on, Lynde! Hold on for your LIFE, my boy! Don't let go, my brave fellow! Hold hard!"

And with a long plank on his shoulder, Paul Warren came running towards us. He stopped a little way from us, and, running the plank to the edge of the ice, crawled to us. Grasping both of us, he drew us away to the firm ice. Taking Jessie in his arms, and seizing one of my hands, he led me off the ice. In a few moments we were beside a blazing fire.

Great was the commotion. Ann West was the first to hear the bustle in the office. She gave me a volley of reproaches as she led Jessie away to her own room for a change of clothes; and my father, hearing the unusual noise, entered the office just as she was going out.

"Hello! how's this? What's to pay?"

"Lynde has been on the ice, and *drowned* this poor little girl;—might as *well* have drowned her!" muttered she as she shut the door.

In came the guests—Mr. Grayson and his wife half frantic with terror.

"Where is she? Where's Jessie?" gasped Mrs. Grayson.

"She's safe, madam—safe and sound. Don't be alarmed. Ann is taking care of her," said my father. But before he could finish the sentence she had disappeared.

"Well, sir! you're a pretty fellow," said he, turning to me. "Haven't I forbidden you going on the ice? Go out and cut me a stick."

"Oh, don't flog him, Uncle George," said Paul Warren. "He saved her himself!"

"Saved her, indeed!" said my father, a little nettled.

by the interference in his domestic management. "I flatter myself, Paul, that I know how to manage my own family. He deserves a whipping for disobeying my orders about going on the ice, and he shall *have* it!"

Paul made no reply; but I saw his black eye flash, his face grow pale, and his nether lip gathered between his teeth, in a way that betokened the strife of passion.

"Why don't you go, sir?" said my father, in a voice of thunder.

I did not stir. For the first time in my recollection, I *looked* at him in his anger. I grew strangely calm and self-possessed, while I saw his herculean frame quivering with passion.

"Won't you go, sir?" said he, fiercely.

"No! I *won't* go!" said I, stoutly; and I caught Paul Warren's hand, and clung to him for safety.

"You won't go? We'll see, sir. You *shall* go! Here's a horsewhip will serve the turn."

"But, Uncle George!" said Squire Thayer and the clergyman in a breath, "you surely"—

"Gentlemen, stand back! Stand back, I say! Am I in my own house?"

He raised the whip. Quick as lightning, Paul Warren thrust me behind him, and said in a low tone, while his breath hissed between his clenched teeth,

"No, sir! There shall be no flogging here, unless you flog the boy over a dead man's body. George Weiss, stand back! or by"—

My father raised his brawny arm, (he had the strength of three common men,) and aimed a blow at Paul Warren which might have felled an ox.

His arm was caught from behind by the gentlemen who had left the table, and had silently witnessed the scene in the office.

"For shame, George Weiss!" exclaimed the clergyman. "I'm ashamed of you! Think! The Sabbath-day, sir! My daughter just saved from *death*! For shame, sir! Are you mad?"

"Unhand me, gentlemen!" said my father, in a low, husky tone. They still held him.

"*Won't* you? Then *there* with you!" and he hurled both to the floor.

I had seldom seen my father in a passion—never in such a one as then mastered him. Whenever I *had* thus seen him, I observed that the moment he had struck a blow, or discovered that he had wounded the feelings of his antagonist, he was disarmed and ready to beg forgiveness. It was so now. No sooner had he thrown the two men to the floor, than the revulsion took place, and, falling backward into a chair, he buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Leave him to me," said Paul to Mr. Grayson and the squire; and they left the office. Fearful was the paroxysm of my father's grief. It was long before he could regain his self-command.

"Paul, my old friend, forgive me!" said he, as he rose, at length, from his chair. "Lynde, my son, come here."

I obeyed, and put my arms around his neck and wept.

"Don't cry, my son," said he, gently. "You are a good boy, and"—

"No, father, I'm *not* a good boy. I disobeyed you, and I ought to be whipped."

"Say no more about it, my son. There, wipe away the tears, and let us go to the sitting-room."

We went. The squire and the clergyman were gone. My aunt Caroline was sitting with Ann West and my sisters in a silent circle about the fire. Griffiths came in. He had not heard of the accident; and he looked inquiringly at us as he saw, by the unusual expression on the faces around, that something unpleasant had occurred. He said nothing, however, but seated himself near my sister Kate, and took a book in his hand. Paul took his leave. The afternoon wore silently away, and all of us were ill at ease. Kate, however, managed to restore good humour at tea-time; and in the evening

the squire, Mr. Grayson, Mrs. Grayson, and Jessie came in, and spent the evening. No allusion was made to the scene in the office; and, as the gentlemen were free and sociable, my father saw that he was forgiven. He regained his usual flow of spirits. Jessie sat, meanwhile, with me, between her mother and my aunt. Her hand was in mine. We talked of the accident; and a thrill of joy flew along my veins as she pressed my hand in bidding me good-night, and said, in a low tone, "It was *you* that saved me, Lynde, and I sha'n't forget it as long as I live."

We were unnoticed in the bustle of leave-taking. My father's arm-chair was between us and most of the persons in the room; and, hastily and stealthily—there were two faces under the pink-lined hood!

CHAPTER VIII.

SCHOOL-DAYS.—JONAH WIGGLESWORTH.—EXPERIMENTS.

THE next week I went to school. My recollections of those days are of mingled pleasure and pain—of ambition and hopeless serfdom—of the keenest delight and of utter disgust. I confess, however, that I think the pictures we have, in most of our modern portraits of schoolmasters, are unfavourably overdrawn. I have read not a few books in which it seemed to be the aim of the author to concentrate every thing disgusting and revolting in the character of the teacher.

So far as my observation and experience serve me, teachers are seldom consciously unjust—scarcely ever so, except in cases where a pupil has *worn out* the ordinary, ay, the *cultivated* stock of human endurance. I am free to confess, bitterly as I hated the school-room, desperately as I once threatened revenge upon the teachers who flogged me, that I was in most cases deserving

(and richly so) of all the chastisement I received. The faults of teachers *then* were the faults of the day. The rod was the great panacea. Children were sent to school (as they often are now-a-days) to get them out of the way. That is to say, the teacher was paid a beggarly pittance to do what the parents were too lazy, or stupid, or weak, to do themselves—to *govern* the child—to produce a hundred-fold, not only in the good ground, but in the thorns, upon the rock, and by the wayside. He was valued as the ass is valued—for his capability of endurance of hardship and toil, and his (unthanked) fidelity beyond other animals of his class; and they who were never in good-humour at home were those to whom a moment's irritability, provoked by nastiness, stupidity, laziness, or mulish obstinacy, was the unpardonable sin.

But to my story. Mr. Wigglesworth was the antipodes of all I had been expecting in the person of the new schoolmaster. He was a short, squatty, and somewhat corpulent man, from Vermont. The wrinkles about his eyes were eloquent of fun, and the more so by contrast with his assumed gravity. His learning was confined within exceedingly narrow limits. Not so his vanity; but this last was so good-humoured a feature in him, as to be very pardonable. He wore a very wide-brimmed hat, underneath which he wore his hair brushed up fiercely on end. He wore green spectacles, too; and used a huge, queer-looking cane, with a fox's head carved on the handle. I never saw him save in one dress, winter or summer, the same being about the rustiest, most antiquated and dilapidated structure of cloth and stitches which it has been my lot to behold in this "vale of tears." His trousers barely reached the tops of a pair of cow-hide boots, which might have served as pontoons for the ferriage of ordnance, and which were only allowable in a new country, with a sparse population, where land is not sold by the square foot. They (the trousers) were of a rusty, brownish yellow. The "nap" was worn off,

and a perceptible gloss pervaded the principal points of exposure.

His coat was of light blue, with well-worn brass buttons, and of the cut yclept "swallow-tail," with a collar reaching up to the philoprogenitive organ of his cranium. A white neckcloth, and a collar that seemed to be doing outpost duty, as a supporter of his ears, threw his round, full-moon-like, rubicund visage into full relief.

Some two or three score of us were assembled when he came. He walked directly to the desk, (it did service as a pulpit on the Sabbath,) without the slightest greeting. There arrived, he commenced operations by taking a huge old-fashioned watch (whose weight was little more than sufficient to prevent the massive chain and superabundance of seals from hauling it out from the fob) and hanging it on a nail. His coat was similarly disposed of; and when he had brushed his hair yet more stiffly on end, his keen, shrill, nose-twanged tones rose high above the urchin-din, in the abrupt order—

"There, *naow*! git yer seats, all on ye! I'm goin' fur to read the *rewls*!"

He read them, and proceeded to read a chapter from the Bible. Then the classes were formed. It came my turn to read.

"Who are yaou?"

"My name's Lynde Weiss."

"Git aout! I never heerd such a name. What's the first name, d'you say?"

"Lynde."

"Wal, I trust yaou'll get yer cranium lined this winter?" and he looked up to see if anybody perceived the pun. "Never heerd t'other name either, as I knows on. Anyhow, it's a darned queer 'un. Hold up yer head, and read *aout*—LOUD!"

I got through the first day nicely; but the days were few, during that long winter, in which I did not somehow provoke his ire. "I declare tew man!" was

his favourite expletive when irritated, and no one called it forth oftener than I. I learned easily, and therefore deferred learning my tasks until the latest moment. There was a row of urchins on the same seat with me, and tired (oh! *how* tired I used to get on those strait-backed, deal benches!) of sitting so long, we would either imitate the Irish in

"Fighting for conciliation,"

or else contrive to get into a general titter of laughter. Once excited, my risible muscles were beyond my control, and I laughed even under the whip.

"I declare tew man!" said Mr. Wigglesworth, (his prænomen was Jonah, but he always wrote his name J. Wigglesworth,) "them 'ere boys pester me tew death. I *say*, there! *yaou*! LYNDE! c'm 'ere to me!"

He would then ply his whip with praiseworthy vigour, breathing, meanwhile, with an asthmatic wheeze, until his wrath was appeased. I grew careless of the rod and his admonitions, and bethought me of some plan of revenge. With two or three other urchins, equally the victims of his occasional ire, (he always tried persuasion and ghostly counsel before resorting to the whip,) I finally matured a plan, which I considered not only very ingenious, but highly original. I was familiar with the plan of sticking pins in the bench on which he sat—of putting a brick in his coat-pocket as it hung against the wall, while his attention was absorbed by a "sum"—of pinning papers to its skirt when it was on him—and other similar plans of annoyance. I now flattered myself, however, that I had concocted a scheme which would amuse the school and defy detection.

Accordingly I prepared, with the assistance of a blacksmith, a thin piece of iron, with holes for nails, to serve as a spring, and bent it perhaps an inch out of the horizontal line. This I nailed beneath the bench where he usually sat. I then bored a very small hole, through which I passed a large darning-needle, and

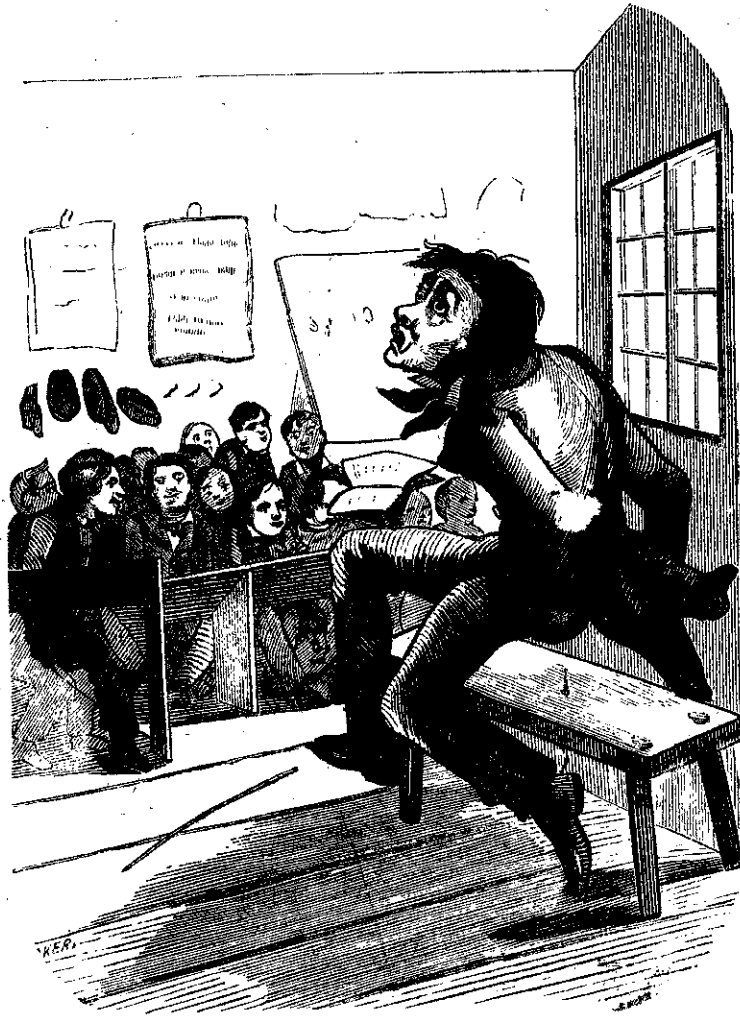
tied the needle to the spring by passing a stout thread through the eye of the needle and around the spring. To the same spring I tied a bit of small cord, and passed it through a hole in the floor. I then went outside the school-house, and passed the string up through a hole in the floor, (bored to let the water off when the house was scrubbed,) near my usual seat. There were other similar holes in different parts of the house.

At length my plan was matured, and every thing was in readiness. I never shall forget the day and the scene. It was a dark, rainy, foggy, disagreeable morning, during the "January thaw." Jonah was manifestly in the doldrums. He came in with a very dignified air and took his seat. He looked around with an ominous scowl that had wellnigh frightened me from my purpose. I put on my demurest look, however, and awaited my opportunity. It came. He opened the Bible at a chapter in the Old Testament, and I remember that he had just read the words, "All flesh is grass," in his deepest twang and most drawling tone, when, *suadente diabolo*, I gave the string a most vigorous pull, and let it go.

"OH!" shouted, or rather *roared*, Mr. Wigglesworth as he dropped the Bible and sprang "high in air," after the manner of an Indian chief in a war-dance. "OH! *Murder! dod ding it all tew dingnation! Who done that 'ere?*"

The school now burst into one general roar of laughter, *de profundis*, loud, long, irrepressible. Jonah's face crimsoned with rage as he looked beneath the bench and saw the spring. His rage mastered his caution. He pulled the string, as I expected he would, through the hole, and, of course, lost all clue to the offender. The chapter was not finished that morning. The story got abroad, and Jonah Wigglesworth decamped to the more congenial atmosphere of the Green Mountains.

In reviewing the scenes of my school-days, I look, with a regret which I have no words to express, on the



"OH, MURDER! WHO DONE THAT 'ERE?"

folly, and worse than folly, of which I was guilty, in thus adding to the cares and perplexities of the most harassing toil beneath the sun. I would that I could recall them, or, if that be impossible, that I could see the men who were disposed to be kind to me, and would have been so but for my waywardness and folly; nay, who *were* kind to me, and patient with me, despite my faults and misconduct. When I think of the toil and care—the fault-finding of patrons whom nothing can please—the hopelessness of fame or distinction—the grudgingly-given, pitiful stipend of his toil—the want of all sympathy for the teacher's trials, and a thousand other *désagrémens* of the profession, (if I may so dignify it,) which experience has revealed to me, I may be pardoned for saying that I so deeply regret those errors and follies of my school-days.

As I may not have occasion to refer to Mr. Wigglesworth again, it may not be amiss to say that I saw him a year or two since, during a trip from Burlington to the Notch of the White Mountains. He had married soon after he left Boylston, and had a family of fine, chubby children. I confessed and received absolution for my practical experiment on the elasticity of iron; and he told the story, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks, to his wife.

"Yaou was rather a frisky chap, I guess, in them days," said she to me, as he finished the story.

"I'm afraid I *was*," said I, penitently, and I bade them a good-morning and drove on.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ACADEMY.—COMPANIONS.—LYNDE BECOMETH ATTENTIVE TO MR. CLAYBANK.—LYNDE'S IMPROVED SYSTEM OF SMOKING.

WE exchanged King Log for King Stork. The successor of Jonah Wigglesworth was a genuine Tartar. I received a severe flogging the first day, and something like a score of my compeers received a similar earnest of the policy of the new administration. I was pretty thoroughly got into harness by his lynx-eyed vigilance and uncompromising exactions. Months rolled away. Years passed. Political excitement made its way even to the quiet village of Boylston. The State was tossed on the billows of faction in the mimic war of the Clintonians and Bucktails. My father took a warm interest in politics, and was elected to the Legislature, or Assembly, as the New Yorkers are wont to call it. Subsequently he was sent to Congress as a member of the lower house, and gave, as far as I can learn, very general satisfaction to his constituents.

In the meantime, I had left the district-school for the academy, or perhaps I should say boarding-school, as the institution combined more of the features of that class of schools. The Reverend Theophilus Winter was my instructor. He was a most worthy man. He was of exceedingly small stature—neat, precise, and of a heart that overbalanced his head; for, like most students, he was no financier. I shall never forget the careworn expression that met my eye when I first saw him. The exercises of the school had already commenced. He was surrounded by about forty pupils, from the age of eight to twenty; and all were in a small, low, hot, unventilated room. He was initiating a class into the mysteries of Fisk's Adams's Latin

Grammar. I stood sadly embarrassed, while my Uncle Hugh (who superintended my father's business while he was absent) made the necessary arrangements. It required all my firmness—and I could muster a deal of it in an emergency—to prevent my eyes from telling tales of me when my uncle left me among that throng of strange faces. I found it impossible to study. The keen, piercing, yet kindly eye of the teacher met mine occasionally, as I looked around on the group of faces; and the furrows on his ample forehead, worn there by the toil and cares of years, won for him my ready and hearty sympathy. I became attached to him.

The first and most striking contrast I noticed between my old and new home was in the meagre fare—the apology for tea and coffee—the quantity of butter, (greater than nothing by “no assignable difference,”) and usually rancid, and the scanty allotment of other palatable food. This, let me say at once, was not properly chargeable to Mr. Winter, for his terms were so very low, that to have furnished us good food, in proper quantity and variety, would have more than exhausted his scanty revenues.

I soon made acquaintances. All my previous sufferings under the rod had not yet taught me self-government, and my pranks began to attract the attention of Mr. Winter. I was astounded one morning by an abrupt summons to go forward to his desk.

“Was it you who put the asafoetida on Mr. Claybank's (the usher's) stove?” said he, with some sternness.

“No, sir.”

“Had you any thing to do in hiding his boots, this morning?”

“No, sir.”

“Do you know who filled the stove-pipe with grass, last Thursday?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Who was it?”

I made no reply.

"Had *you* any hand in it?"

"In the *pipe*, sir?"

"ANSWER me, sir! Did you assist in filling the pipe?"

"No, sir."

"Perhaps somebody assisted *you*. Was it so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Master Lynde Weiss, permit me to say to you, that I've heard of your pranks before, and that if you do not alter your course, you will be dismissed from this institution."

This public reprimand was of some temporary service. I was for a time a model of hard study, and of the profoundest and most respectful deference to both the excellent clergyman and his somewhat unamiable usher.

It was at this school that I became acquainted with several boys who were subsequently my classmates in college. There were two with whom I was more especially intimate. One of them was a son of Mr. David Fogg, of the firm of Fogg & Gibson, with whom I was already acquainted; the other, a son of a clergyman settled in a village some thirty-five miles from Boylston. Barney Fogg was the most studious of all the pupils at the Allenville Academy. He was my antipodes in almost every thing.

"Barney," I would say to him sometimes, "let's go and have a skate on the lake." (Allenville was on the lake-shore.)

"I can't."

"Why, Barney?"

"I've a Greek lesson to get," and without further reply, he would mutter in a bee-hive, treadmill-like monotone, "*Tupto, tupteis, tuptei!*"

"Oh, hang the Greek, Barney! Let's have a skate."

"*You* can go if you've a mind to. Etupsa, etupsas"—

"Won't you go, Barney!"

"No! Tetupha, tetuphas, tet"—

I did not usually wait beyond the declension of the optative mood; and while I left him, vexed at his dogged, indefatigable, hum-drum devotions to the Greek divinities, he was as unruffled as the surface of his favourite lake among the mountains. Despite all our diversity of habits and tastes, we were (as indeed were Mr. Fogg and my father) fast friends. I had come opportunely to his assistance one day, when two large boys were endeavouring to beat him; and he had, on one occasion, pulled me, half-drowned, from a rift in the ice.

James Allen was a somewhat more congenial spirit. We were chums and classmates. He was a small, thin, frail, but very intellectual lad; whose moral and intellectual nature had an undisputed sway over the animal. With me, the two principles were in almost ceaseless warfare. I envied him his quietness and self-control. They seemed inborn. On his part, he became very warmly attached to me, in spite of my wayward freaks and unaccountable moods; and we built many a score of those airy chateaux which, by all accounts, must cover very nearly the whole of the broad lands of Castile and Arragon. We kept journals. We walked and rode together, and he used to go home with me at vacations. We were almost constantly together. His habits of study, however, were of a cast far better than mine. His lessons were learned uniformly well, and he studied the prescribed number of hours. I, on the contrary, studied intensely and with scarcely any exercise or relaxation, (sometimes without regularly going to my meals,) for days in succession, and then I did nothing worth mentioning for a week. He waxed pale and thin with study and confinement, and was troubled with a cough in winter time that gave his friends much uneasiness; while my active habits made me more robust.

The memory of my reprimand wore gradually away, and my appetite for mischief returned. Several small offences were insufficient to shake Mr. Winter's confidence in my recent reformation. An accession of

pupils came in one morning, and I was billeted upon Mr. Claybank. There were two beds in the room. The usher was a very prim, fastidious sort of man. An offensive smell, an unusual bustle, a mistake in a lesson, a soiled hand, or a rumpled collar, were his utter abomination. Nervous, irritable, whimsical, he was my favourite subject of experiment. Many a jeremiad did the chambermaid listen to, in consequence of divers unsightly stains upon his pillow; constant removals of his books (it fretted him to have a book or a pen, even his paper-cutter, removed) from the position which it was his wish that they should occupy, and other similar annoyances. Pins were found in his sheets. His razor escaped, now and then, from the case. The chambermaid protested (as well she might) her entire innocence.

"Is it *me* ye mane, Misther Claybat?"—

"Mr. Claybank—Claybank is my name, Margaret."

"Claybank thin, or Clayshank—it's the same to me—av ye lay the bla'gard thricks to me!"

"Well, but who *does* them, if you *don't*?"

"Och! botherashin! Don't be afther accusin' a poor lone woman as niver dhramed of doing the laste taste in life o' mischief till anybody in the world."

And with the air of injured innocence she would stalk out of the room with a swing "aigual to the queen." I suggested that the boy Tim, who made our fires, might be the offender. Mr. Claybank called Tim and questioned him. Tim lifted his hands in mute astonishment.

"Did I lift the books, is it, Misther Claybank?"

"Yes, Tim, that's the question I asked you. Here are my books all bottom-side up. My pen is two inches deep in the ink, and I am certain that I left the inkstand corked; for the ink evaporates so, and gets thick when it's exposed to the air. Did you move my books?"

"Av coorse I didn't, Misther Claybank. I"—

"That will do, Tim; you may go. Who can it be, Lynde?"

"Sure enough," said I.

"Of course, Lynde, *you* wouldn't annoy me in this way?"

"ME, sir?"

"No, it *couldn't* be you. Forgive me! But, really, this is too bad. There was a kind of powder on the pillow-case last night that kept me sneezing till two o'clock."

"What could it have been?" said I, demurely.

"The Lord knows! There's a kind of snuff, I believe, which sometimes has that effect. And besides, now I think of it, do you use tobacco, Lynde?"

"No, sir."

"So I supposed. But there has been a strong smell of tobacco about the room to-day; and if there is any thing I *do* detest more than any other, it is that nasty weed."

Mr. Claybank's olfactories did not deceive him. Knowing his aversion to the weed, I had bought a pound of fine-cut tobacco, and sprinkled it plentifully under the cloth that covered his table. He kept sniffing at intervals, with every sign of extreme irritability.

"Don't you smell it, Lynde?"

"*What*, sir?"

"Why, the nasty tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," said I, also sniffing, "I think I *do* smell something like tobacco."

Mr. Claybank retired early that night, leaving the window a little way open. Not content with what I had done, I now devised a new and more terrible annoyance. The little table at which I sat in Mr. Claybank's apartment was near the window. In one of the lower panes a small hole had been broken, which Mr. Winter had been promising to repair, but which he constantly forgot in the thousand other cares of the house and school. The window was directly beneath a semi-circular window in the gable, and in that also there

was a broken pane. The stove-funnel went through an aperture in the ceiling considerably larger than the funnel.

When Mr. Claybank had fallen into a sound sleep, I cautiously opened my trunk and took out the "paper" of tobacco. I then left the room, and ascended the stairs to the attic. Taking a piece of board, I covered it with tobacco, and raised it to so sharp an angle of inclination, that a very slight movement would be sufficient to send a portion of the tobacco down through the aperture in the ceiling directly upon the stove. I then tied a thread to the board, passed it out of the window in the gable, and, going to Mr. Claybank's room, I hauled it in.

He had not been asleep more than an hour when he woke with a violent colic. My organ of benevolence (phrenologically speaking) was excited. I ran down stairs for the peppermint, and had the pleasure to discover that it gave him almost immediate relief.

"You're a good boy, Lynde," said Mr. Claybank. I winced. "You were rather naughty, though, when you first came here, and I'm sure there's no one who more sincerely rejoices to see the improvement in you than I. I feel as if I could go to sleep again now. Good night, Lynde."

"Good night, Mr. Claybank."

"A'n't you going to bed?"

"Yes, sir; I'm on my last lesson now."

I blew out the light, and lengthening the string so that I could take it into bed with me, I was preparing to retire when Mr. Claybank startled me by saying, rather abruptly,

"I say, Lynde, hadn't you better bury the fire in the stove with the ashes? It's confounded hot here. Cover it up, won't you, Lynde, there's a good boy?"

"Certainly, sir."

I now got into bed, and cautiously pulled the string. I lay quietly for a moment, awaiting the result, when

the poor usher began a most vigorous and irascible sniffing.

"What is to pay now? There *must* be somebody among the boys that smokes. If there's any thing I *do* hate, it's tobacco-smoke. And where on earth it comes from is the question. Lynde!"

I did not answer.

"How quick these little fellows drop asleep! Nice little fellow, that Lynde! I'm afraid I'm rather hard on him sometimes. *Hiff! Hiff!* (sniffing.) Well, I *should* desire to know—however, I mustn't get angry. Stephen! (addressing himself,) you've resolved to keep your temper, you know, though it's provokingly hard sometimes. But where does this nasty smell come from? Perhaps Mr. Winter is smoking his pipe. It's a terrible habit in anybody—in a clergyman especially. I'll go down and see. Where in the world is my dressing-gown? That stupid chambermaid eternally moves it out of the place where I invariably hang it."

Mr. Claybank now went down stairs. I got out of bed, and broke the string near the window. I then blew the tobacco off the stove, and got into bed.

"Well, if this a'n't strange!" said the usher, on his return. "The queerest thing I ever heard of! I shall begin to think the house is haunted. Lynde! How soundly boys sleep! Lynde! I *say*, Lynde! Forgot all *his* troubles, that's *certain*. There's that new coat of mine 'll be nicely perfumed. If there's any thing I *do* hate—by-the-by! perhaps there's some tobacco about the stove. Maybe it's a quid on the hearth. Tim left one there last week. I'll see. No, there's no tobacco about the stove. It beats all creation. I do believe I sha'n't get any sleep to-night."

With a chapter of such incoherent mutterings, Mr. Claybank talked himself asleep, while I lay with the corner of the pillow-case stuffed into my mouth, to prevent myself from laughing outright. There was such an air of serious, martyr-like patience, together with a

puzzled expression, quite as comic, on the face of the poor usher, as he stood, candle in hand, trying to fathom the mystery, that I was delightfully relieved when I heard his first, low snore.

I had intended to rise early in the morning, and remove all traces of the experiment. Unfortunately, however, I slept late. Margaret had occasion to visit the attic in her matutinal round of duties. She discovered the board, and the tobacco, and the string; and looking out at the window in the gable, saw it reaching precisely to the hole in my window. The truth flashed vividly upon her mind. The usher was informed of the discovery.

About nine o'clock that morning I was summoned to Mr. Winter's study, and politely requested to "pack up my things," as Tim would be ready at half-past nine to drive me to Boylston. And thus ingloriously did I quit the academic shades of the Allenville Academy.

"Good-by, Lynde," said Barney Fogg. "Served you right! I always told you so."

James Allen came to the sleigh and shook my hand.

"Sorry you was found out, Lynde. By Jove! but you ought to have a monument. I shall be mighty lonesome. However, good-by, old fellow."

Tim maintained utter silence for the first mile of the way, and then, as if the joke had just come fully into his head, he burst into a horse-laugh.

"Be jabers! Misther Wush, av that's yer name, but that wur the hoith o' fun. And wurn't he tearin', though?" and again Tim roared with laughter.

CHAPTER X.

LYNDE REFORMS.—GOES TO COLLEGE.—THE HANDKERCHIEF.

WHEN I got home, my uncle Hugh talked with me very seriously about my dismissal from school, and gave me a great deal of good advice.

"These are golden hours, Lynde, as you will see by-and-by, though you may not see it now. You are getting too old for these things, now; and I am sincerely sorry that this has occurred. The session is already over, and we are expecting your father home every day. Now, my boy, promise me to leave off the boyish tricks, and be a man."

"I will, uncle."

"That's a fine fellow! I'll try to explain matters to your father; and we'll get you into Mr. Phillips's school at Milton. Will you do me the favour to carry this note to Mr. Grayson?"

"Certainly, uncle, with pleasure;" and I left the room. I heard him, as I passed the windows of the sitting-room, roaring with laughter; and I shrewdly guessed the cause of it.

My father arrived the next day. As I expected, he "lectured" me with much severity, and threatened me with a flogging if he should ever again hear of any similar pranks. I spent a day at Paul Warren's; and, in a day or two afterward, I was placed under the care of Chester Phillips, A. M., in the pretty village of Milton. I remembered my promise to my uncle, and kept it. Dear, good old man! how I loved him! He was a man of giant stature almost, but of admirable proportions. He was a benevolent, large-hearted old gentleman, full of good-humour, and possessing, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, the very highest skill

and tact as a narrator. Simple he was as a child; and we all loved him. He had the rare power of adapting his manner to the tastes and humours of those with whom he associated. He was as dear to the light-hearted, gay, frolicsome Lucy, as to her graver, and more thoughtful sister. No one could so convulse my father with long, loud, roisterous laughter; and while the housekeeper declared he was a "fusty old fellow," she would suffer nobody to take the charge of his room, or his wardrobe, except under her direct supervision. He had a way, too, of teasing my aunt Caroline about some love-affairs of her younger days, that rendered him quite as much a favourite with her.

I studied hard at Milton. I remained there two years; and not once did I receive a harsh word or an unkind look. With what pride did I give to my father Mr. Phillips's letter of warm commendation, in which he announced that I was now prepared to present myself for examination, preparatory to entering college! I returned home in time to spend my seventeenth birthday. By invitation, Paul Warren, his wife and children, and the good clergyman, with Mrs. Grayson and Jessie, spent the day with us. I was now well-grown; perhaps somewhat overgrown for my age; and Mary Warren flattered me not a little by saying,

"I'm proud of you, Lynde. You're getting to be a man, almost. Will you forget your mother Warren, when you come back from college a learned man?"

"Forget you, mother?" exclaimed I, (I do not know that I had ever called her so before,) "No, not while I live. You have been *more* than a mother to me, if that is possible; and may God bless you for all your kindness."

She turned her head hastily away and walked to the window, as I spoke with more than my usual earnestness; and I saw her lift her handkerchief to her eyes. Jessie, for some reason or other, seemed constrained and reserved. What could it mean? I felt half vexed; for among the brightest of the visions of home, during

my absence, was the long-wished-for meeting with her. And now that I had returned, not a little proud of the honours I had won at the academy, she was the only one whose face did not respond to the general emotion of pleasure. She hung her head, too; bashfully, almost; and I had always known her to be remarkably frank, easy, and self-possessed. I was puzzled. More than that, I was annoyed. I assumed a dignified air; and when Mr. Grayson and his lady left us, I suffered Jessie to go home without other attendance.

From being vexed with her, I now grew vexed with myself. I had never before suffered her to go home from my father's house without going with her. Then I tried to laugh at myself, and asked myself aloud,

"What if she is vexed? What is Jessie Grayson to you? Besides, didn't you see her riding with Frank Gibson, yesterday? Humph!"

I took my gun, and, calling Munch, who stood eyeing me and wagging his tail during my brief soliloquy, I strode away to the woods.

I love the woods. Well saith Bryant,

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

Even so. I spent the earliest years of my life in the woods. I have sought their still recesses in the hour of joy; and the grim old oaks and pines seemed to me to be conscious of my impulses. Their leaves seemed to rustle more gleefully in the breeze as I looked aloft through their giant branches. I have gone there in sadness; and in the quietness of the scene, only broken by the low wail of the wind through the tops of the waving pines, peace came to my troubled spirit. I have made me a couch in the woods, of their evergreen boughs; and while I sank travel-worn, penniless, weary, and ahungred upon the rude bed, I felt a sense of shelter and companionship. I have gone there in the dark hours of life; when the blackness of darkness

hung over my pathway, and affliction, bereavement, agony, despair almost, crushed my spirit to the dust; stealing away from

—"The throng, to haunts untrod,
To hold communion there with God;"

and the calm of the forest fell upon me. I trod its aisles with uncovered head, in humble reverence. I was not alone. There was around me a Presence, like that which passed before the face of the patriarch, "in thoughts from visions of the night;" and the storm was hushed; the billows sunk to rest; the day-star of hope twinkled above the hills; and there dawned upon the tempest-strained spirit the light of peace.

I did not shoot any thing that afternoon. It happened, somehow, that I wandered in the direction of Mr. Grayson's, instead of returning directly home. Directly in the rear of his house, and but a few rods distant, was a hill which was generally called "The Ledge." It extended nearly, or quite, a furlong along the eastern bank of the Bouquet, and from its summit you could see the entire village. As I emerged from the woods, the gleam of a white dress caught my eye, and a few steps brought me in full view of the wearer. I was within a very few yards of her before she saw me.

"How you frightened me, Lynde!" said Jessie, for it was she. She had called me Mr. Weiss at home. "Please to cut me a branch of this wild rose-bush."

"With pleasure. Any service that I render Miss Grayson"—

"Lynde!"

"Forgive me, Jessie! You were so distant at our house, that I was almost vexed with you. Am I forgiven, Jessie?" I added, taking her small, white hand in mine. There was a tear glistening on her long, dark eyelashes. "Tell me I am forgiven, Jessie. I leave you to-morrow, and I don't know when I shall see you again. I can't bear to be at odds with *you*, for ever

since that terrible time on the ice, and all the time I have been away at school, there has been no day—no, nor *hour*, that I haven't thought of"—

"Here she is now—the runaway!" exclaimed Mr. Grayson, as he came around a clump of pines, in full view of us. "Ah! Lynde, my boy! you're just in time, (and so are *you*, thought I;) come and take tea with us."

And, chatting good-humouredly, he led the way to the house. The evening did not wear away as pleasantly as I had hoped. Mrs. Grayson, I thought, looked as if something oppressed her spirits. I thought, too, (it might have been an idle fancy,) that Mr. Grayson's face seemed flushed, and it struck me that there was something very like harshness in some of his replies to Mrs. Grayson and her daughter.

I took leave of them at an early hour. I had no opportunity to speak with Jessie. I caught her eye as I bade them good-night, and there was an expression in it of mingled tenderness and uncertainty, and sadness, and—I know not what—that puzzled me for the time, and which I had occasion to recall after an interval of years. I did not then know—but I anticipate.

I left Boylston the next day for Clinton College.

"Here's your handkerchief, Lynde," said my uncle Hugh, as I was about to mount the box of the stage-coach, to ride with the driver.

"*My* handkerchief? I"—

My uncle gave me a wink, while his eye glistened with a mischievous twinkle.

"You dropped it on the Ledge, I fancy, Lynde. At least"—

"God bless you, Uncle Hugh! I hope you may live a thousand years!"

"Good-by, Lynde. I shall expect a good account of you."

"All ready!" said the driver, with a "grand flourish" of the whip, and a "H'yup there, Bill! Leave town! make sail, now, blast yer picters!" we left Boylston.

CHAPTER XI.

COLLEGE-DAYS.—LYNDE LOSETH HIS RECKONING.—EARLY RISING.—
A WALK WITH BARNEY FOGG.

COLLEGE days! How mighty a throng of pleasant memories rise up, waxing distinct and palpable, from the mistiness of years gone by, like the genii of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, summoned sturdily forth by the despotic spell of lamp, or ring, or incantation, as familiarly as Boots or the chamber-maid. True, they are but words—skeletons—capabilities of life and reality; yet are they to the brotherhood of word-treasurers—genii of the realm of books—they, and the other slaves of *the lamp*—of a power most marvellous.

I rubbed my eyes for some moments, on the morning after my arrival, ere I could get—to use a marine phrase—a good observation. I was sadly out of my reckoning. Where was I? A brief “tour of inspection,” in my night-costume, restored me to the full recollection that I was in the third story of the Anglo-Saxon Hotel. I had inquired of one of the passengers in the stage-coach, the day before, for the best hotel in Clinton, and he was pleased to say that he had “put up” at both the United States and the Massasoit, and that “neither were to be mentioned on the same day with the *Anglo-Saxon*.” Accordingly, with none of the din of hackmen—“Hack, sir?” “Go to the United States?” “Massasoit, sir?” “Take your valise?” which you may now hear at the Clinton depôt some five or six times a day, I was quietly set down at the Anglo-Saxon.

“Enter your name, sir?” asked the clerk, very politely; and he turned the register round and offered me

the pen. The first name that met my eye was that of an old acquaintance:

“Barney Fogg, Boylston. No. 38, T.”

So, Barney is going to enter college, thought I. He had been talking about preparing to enter the sophomore class, and when I left home it was under the impression that he would remain another year with Mr. Winter.

Having ascertained, to my entire satisfaction, where I was, I proceeded to dress. This, I have since learned, was a very improper step. Nothing so lowers you in the estimation of the chamber-maids and porters as to rise before six o'clock when days are at the longest. The Brummel-like coloured-boy, who had taken off his cap to me the night before, barely touched it with his forefinger as he answered my *ring*.

“Waiter!”

“Sah!”

“Bring me my boots, if you please.”

“Dey isn't black yet, so airy in de mawnin'!”

“Well, I want them. Will *that* enable you (I handed him a shilling) to bring them here in five minutes?”

“Sartin, sah!”

A door opened on the opposite side of the passage.

“Waiter!”

“Sah!”

“Come here!”

I was a little vexed to see the boy, negro-like, attending first to the last-received commission, and I went to the door to remonstrate. I was on the point of opening a somewhat formidable battery on the unknown occupant of the neighbouring room, when, much in the same way that the wind takes away your breath in turning a corner, I was stepped short in my belligerent operations by the shrill, wiry tones of Barney Fogg.

“Hello, Lynde! you don't say so! Is this you?”

“I believe it is,” said I, a little tartly.

“Well, so it appears, Lynde. When d'you come

down? I've been here a week. Lord! such a time as I've had. You didn't expect to see me here, eh? I changed my mind. Talked it all over with the old man, (his father,) and concluded to enter this session. You were at Milton when I was at home. Would have written to you, but you didn't answer my last three letters. Took it rather unkind of you. Not exactly neighbourly, eh? Had a fine time at home. What a splendid girl Jessie Grayson's got to be. Waiter! you needn't wait. I want to have a little talk with my friend Weiss. Speaking of Jessie"—

"I believe I must ask you to excuse me, Barney. I am going out. I have"—

"Wal, I'll go *with* you, in half a minute. Do you know Frank Gibson has taken a great shine to Jessie? Fact. Rode out with her twice while I was at home. I"—

"I'm in a hurry, Barney, and"—

"Well, I'm all ready but this plaguy boot. There! that's on, I guess. Now I'm ready."

We (for I couldn't get rid of Barney) walked for an hour about the streets of Clinton. We went to the college-buildings. There was, here and there, an open window, with the head of some matutinal student just visible. With what awe did I gaze on the walls of the edifice—the features of my future Alma Mater. To my inexperienced eye they were not very promising—a plain physiognomy, whose hard brick-and-mortar expression would puzzle wiser disciples of Lavater than I. The very trees that stood, sentry-like, in front of it, had somehow a presence that the sacred groves are said to have had for the half-religious Greek. There was something awe-inspiring in the very stillness that reigned around. A pale, emaciated student passed us with a huge book under his arm. He was apparently unconscious of our presence, and, as if a spirit had passed before my face, I stood in silent, solemn, spirit-absorbing awe. The plain unornamented walls—the tin-covered dome—the vacant halls—the weird-like

stillness—the spectre-like forms that, at short intervals, appeared and vanished! Even my unpoetical friend Barney Fogg was impressed. I could have asked, with Ferdinand,

"May I be bold
To think these spirits?"

"D'you spose we'll ever get through?" said Barney, in a whisper, as we left the buildings.

It was about ten o'clock that morning that I found myself, with Barney, James Allen, and two or three other candidates for admission, in the study of Professor G——. I had gone there with fear and trembling. Had it been the Delphic Oracle I could not have gone there to ask a revelation of the future, with more pulse-arresting terror; and, to all appearance, my companions were scarcely more at ease. The examination began, and the first glance and tone of the kind-hearted, simple professor banished my fears. I drew a long breath in sensible relief. A few questions as to our preparatory course of study, and we were informed that our examination was over, and that we were admitted as students of Clinton College. In my search for a room, I found that nearly every one in the college-buildings was occupied. To have one alone was, therefore, out of the question, and to "room" out of college was not to be thought of. There was but one resource. Barney Fogg and I became chums perforce.

Never were chums more unfortunately mated. He sat up until "the short, small hours." I had always been accustomed to rise early, at day-break in summer, (and, oh! how did I detest the shrill voice of the housekeeper, that rang, as loud and shrill as the bagpipes, and as sharp as a trombone, to rouse me withal from the deep, drowsy, lid-oppressing, but delicious sleep of the summer mornings,) and seldom later than four in the winter. I often rose, indeed, as did my father, as early as one o'clock. The *bins* in the cellar

were stored with delicious apples; and cider was to be had for the drawing. The pantry was unlocked, and stored with country abundance of excellent food. A huge fire was speedily made, and then I whiled away the hours with Robinson Crusoe, (little dreaming that I should ever see his island,) Æsop's Fables, and whatever other literary treasures I could command. Sometimes I went to the forge, wherein the huge fires, like those of the Ætnean proficients in smithcraft, burned night and day. Huge forms, genii of the place, passed to and fro—now in dusky shadow—now coming, with their soot-covered faces, into the glare of the fires, and throwing lavishly the dusty coal and finely-pounded ore into their blazing maw. Loudly roared the fires. Fiercely clattered the restless "ore-stampers;" and when, hissing and sparkling, the huge mass of iron was pried from its bed, and swung by the ponderous crane to the hammer, the grim fire-kings would permit me to "tend the gate." Ere the day dawned, breakfast was smoking on the table; the horses had been fed, and the lumbermen were away, gliding briskly over the creaking snow towards the woods. Such were the hours I kept, and

"Use doth breed a habit in a man."

As the morning was my favourite time for study, I began the term by retiring early. As the night waned, Barney would fill the little stove with wood, and then, as he became absorbed in the cultivation of Greek roots, (I used to wish him at the roots of Vesuvius,) the room, which was some ten feet by twelve, would become as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. From the depths of some horrid dream of a past judgment, and of my fire-and-brimstone doom, would I awake, drenched with perspiration, and gasping for air. When my eyes became sufficiently accustomed to the light to enable me to see any thing, the flickering tallow-candle in its tin "stand," the roaring, red-hot stove, and the

other familiar furniture, convinced me that my manes were yet this side Tartarus, and that the shape my imagination had magnified into the giant statue of "Auld Sootie" himself, was verily no other than Barney Fogg, "present, in the flesh," though absent in spirit among the more intricate than Cretan windings of the Greek verbs. Remonstrance was in vain. Not Atlas nor an angry mule so "set" as was Barney; and I bore the horrors of the night in no very pious frame of resignation. We quarrelled, remembered that we were townsmen, and compromised.

CHAPTER XII.

LYNDE ASKETH FOR AN EXPLANATION OF CONIC SECTIONS.—GETS IT.—MAKETH THE ACQUAINTANCE OF OLD BURTON AND SIR THOMAS BROWN.—THE WARNING.

I STUDIED hard the first year. As I advanced, I found my mathematical studies growing difficult and irksome. Our professor of mathematics was reputed a profound scholar—justly so, I have no doubt. He had not, however, (*meipso judice*), the art of explaining well. I went to him one day for assistance. He took the book, (Calculus, or Conic Sections,) and looking for a moment at the page, began straitway a harangue of some ten-minutes' duration, in which a tornado of technicalities poured restlessly forth for my admiring ears. Choctaw, Patagonian, Nukahivan, Feejee, heathen Greek was it all to me.

"You understand it all *now*, don't you, Weiss?"

"Not quite, sir!"

"Humph!"

He began again. Shades of the patriarchs and prophets! what a second Nile-like overflow!

"Now you see it, don't you, Weiss?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," said I, and left the recitation-room in utter fog, mystification, confusion, irritation—disgust.

I grew heedless. I was reprimanded.

"Weiss, haven't you got this lesson?" was the regular query, and "No, sir," was quite as uniformly the reply.

"What's an ellipse?" said he, one day, after propounding several other questions.

"An ellipse, sir?"

"Yes, an ellipse."

"Why, sir," I replied, scarcely thinking what I said, "the most important feature appears to me that it is very much like a goose-egg; and that whereas circles have but *one* centre, ellipses have two!"

A roar of laughter was the reward of my effort at mathematical definition.

In the classics I was more successful. I thought Livy a bore, but I was delighted with Horace; and, when we began the Greek drama, a new world was opened to me, on the accessible treasures of which I looked much as I fancy Ali Baba must have gazed upon the up-piled treasures of the Forty Thieves. With all my study, however, James Allen and Barney Fogg distanced me—the one by his genius, (he was a fine classical scholar,) the other by his indomitable habits of study. I was less studious than either. I began to write verses, and to send them, under fictitious signatures, to the newspapers. I was fond of correspondence, and wrote a great many letters. Besides, as at the academy, I studied hard, or not at all, as the humour seized me. I roved over the hills and through the woods. I ransacked the college-library for the oldest and mustiest books. Old Burton and Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors* were prime favourites. I waxed humorous in my style, and the smile which my productions provoked, repaid me for the lowering looks of the conclave of the powers—the college council.

At the beginning of the winter-vacation I went home. Much to my surprise, the committee of a neighbouring school-district offered me the post of teacher in their school, and without so much as a visit to Paul Warren's, or an hour's chat with Jessie, I hurried away. After a most critical examination, in which I was questioned in the occult mysteries of Daboll and Lindley Murray, from the number and sounds of the letters to the grammatical arcana of Thomson's *Seasons*, and the equally profound secrets of cube roots and the rule of three, I received a certificate, which assured all whom it might concern, that Mr. Lynde Weiss had been duly examined, according to the statute in such cases made and provided, and was, in the opinion of the committee, qualified to teach the school in District No. — for the space of one year.

They were excellent people, those plain mountaineers, and I was happy among them. All called me "Master," without any intention of violating the injunction of the New Testament. I had pupils much larger and older than myself. I was consulted on all knotty questions in law, politics, the sciences, religion, and my decision was much of the same weight with them as was the reply of Counsellor S——, who used to say to the presiding judge, when he quoted the *dicta* of his predecessor, "I am older, sir, than that decision."

A bitterly cold winter was that. But there were roaring fires—merry hearts and good cheer—moonlight sleigh-rides, and witchery more potent and dangerous than the very innocent bells were chargeable withal.

I returned to college. Months rolled away, and I was wellnigh through the sophomore year. The customary "exhibition" came on. I wrote my oration with care. I remember but little about it save that there were some very crude notions in it on the subject of eloquence. It had (as did all my productions) a spice of humour, and was very tolerably written.

The day came. With trembling knees and a quiver-

ing voice I ascended the platform. The chapel (for in the chapel was the exhibition) was thronged. As I began my oration in low and trembling accents, I happened to look towards the throng of faces near the door, and caught the glance of Jessie Grayson. Away went all timidity; and with a flashing eye, my head erect, my heart swelling and throbbing with an excitement that would have made "a forlorn hope" the post I could most covet, I went through the allotted task. There were hearty congratulations for me on all hands, and I now trod the streets with a prouder step. I began to comprehend the tendency and the natural results of study. I grew ambitious. I began to pay particular attention to the study of rhetoric—Jamieson being my favourite author. I took unwearied pains in writing, using as few words as possible of Greek or Latin derivation, and substituting, whenever it was practicable, the simple Saxon English.*

At the close of my second year, I went home to spend the vacation. It was late at night when I arrived. Munch soon exchanged his furious bark for the most extravagant caresses. The family, with the exception of my uncle Hugh, had retired. The uproar which Munch and the stage-coach contrived to make in concert, brought him to the door.

The same heartiness which had always distinguished him, gave tenfold value to his greeting.

"Welcome home, Lynde!" said he. "I am glad you happened to be late in your arrival, for I have much to say to you."

"How are you all?"

"Well, as are Jessie and the Warrens. I have something to say to you," said he, when we were seated, "about your father and his affairs."

"Nothing wrong about him?"

"We shall see. In the first place, what I say is for

* The reader will find an eloquent tribute to the Anglo-Saxon in Mr. Coit's preface to his Arrangement of the Bible.

your ear alone. Your father is seriously embarrassed, and I grieve to say that I am somewhat at fault in the matter. I urged him, about a year ago, to extend his business. He has done so. Now, in any ordinary times, he could soon pay every dollar to his creditors without difficulty. The times, however, are unusually hard, and unless Messrs. Buckley & North are indulgent, I do not see how he can possibly escape bankruptcy. This, however, if it occur at all, will not happen sooner than spring, perhaps not until midsummer. Now, say nothing to any one of what I have told you. More—do not *think* of it, except as an inducement to improve every hour in faithful study. Try to accustom yourself, too, to the thought of self-dependence. If we can avert the blow, well and good. If not, you would be unwilling to burden your father, and it is well to be thinking of some resource for your support. I need not caution you, I am sure, to have a care that you do not involve *others* in your own difficulties. And now, good-night. Be cheerful, for your father is not in the best of spirits. Good-night."

"Good-night, uncle."

It was long ere I slept. I tried to picture to myself the probable results of such a misfortune. How would my father bear the blow? and my aunt and sisters? My father was sure of a competence for his family. My brother could make *his* way in the world, and such a woman as Ann West would never come to want. What should *I* do? What should I say to Jessie Grayson? These, and a thousand similar thoughts, kept me awake until nearly daybreak.

When we met at breakfast, however, I believe I was successful in the attempt to appear cheerful and unconcerned. I resolved that I would see as little of Jessie as possible. So far as I knew, the attentions of Frank Gibson were not unwelcome. If they were not, and if he were a favoured suitor, I should thus spare myself and her the pain of a rejection; while, (and my heart leaped at the thought,) if she loved me, the year that was,

probably, to decide my father's fate, would not place me in a less favourable position. To carry out my intentions, therefore, I went, that very day, to see my foster-parents. I passed three days with them. Charles had grown to a fine manly-looking fellow. Paul was scarcely less changed. Ruth had grown, too, almost out of my remembrance. Mary, whom I remembered as plain, and almost homely, had become one of the loveliest girls in Boylston. I could now trace in her a very strong likeness to the mother. There was a loveliness about the mother which is seldom seen, and as seldom mentioned, because it exerts a power which is difficult to be analyzed. It was the loveliness of proportion—*harmony* in moral and physical character. She had a fine head, to look upon which gave you a sensation of indescribable pleasure; and the luxuriant braids of her golden hair—her exquisite proportions—her fine, eloquent blue eyes—and, above all, her smile, which was the light of Paul Warren's home, made her one of the loveliest women I have ever seen. Joined to such qualities, conceive the patience, self-sacrifice, affection which characterize the sex, and you will not wonder, worthy reader, that I loved her.

Mary had, as I have said, grown into a strong resemblance to her mother. The younger sisters were yet small, though they, also, had changed very much.

On my return home I found Captain Gayger with my father, in the office. He was standing, hat in hand, as if ready for his departure.

"Where are you bound, Captain Gayger?" I asked.

"To Whitehall."

"Would you like to have a passenger?"

"Yourself?"

"Yes."

"With pleasure; but you must be aboard in an hour."

"Very good."

And he left the office. In an hour I had every

thing in readiness. I put Dash to his speed, and was just in time to get on board.

"Cast off that bow-fast!" shouted the skipper, and, keeping fast the stern-line, he cast "The Empress" to starboard. In five minutes more we were under way with a fine breeze on our larboard quarter.

My heart smote me, as we lost sight of the landing, that I had been so precipitate. I had not seen Jessie at all. What would she think of me? Had I not used her ill? I was thinking about asking Captain Gayger to set me ashore, when he came up to me, and, with a slap on my shoulder which was none of the gentlest, said,

"Belay all that studyin', (thinking,) Lynde! I'll put you on a triangle, and set you to scrapin' the masts. Cheer up, man! Never get into the doldrums unless you're becalmed."

And he began, in tones that waked the echoes along the wood-covered banks of the Bouquet, "The Bay of Biscay."

"As she lay,
On that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!"

roared his crew; and, not to burden them with my own difficulties, I joined them in the chorus. With a fine breeze from the north-west we soon reached the lake, and, running well out to give the bar a berth, we bore away towards our port of destination. We had a long passage. What with calms, and some difficulty about our freight, ten days had elapsed ere we arrived at Boylston. On the evening of my return there was a large party assembled at Mr. Gibson's, and among the guests were the Graysons. Frank Gibson was most pointed in his attentions to Jessie, and it so happened that I saw but little of her. The next day my father requested me to go to a neighbouring county to arrange some matters of business. I was absent several

days, and when I returned, there were but four days of the vacation at my disposal.

I could defer it no longer. I must and would see Jessie, I said to myself, be the consequences what they might. I called at Mrs. Grayson's in the evening, and, much to my surprise, Jessie was absent. To my inquiries Mrs. Grayson replied—and somewhat coolly, I thought—that she had gone to a neighbouring village, and would be absent several days. I left them at an early hour.

With a heavy heart did I return home. Parrying, as well as I could, the remarks about my evident depression, I spent three of the remaining holidays in hunting and fishing. On the fourth I took my gun, as usual, and, calling Munch, I set out for the mountains. I met with little success. Going by Paul Warren's on my return, I bade them good-by. It was near sunset when I reached home, and, as I entered the house, the first object that caught my eye was Jessie Grayson, seated in my father's arm-chair. Never had she appeared so lovely. I shook hands with her, and muttered some incoherent, blundering apology for having been so unneighbourly. I know not what I said, and she seemed as much embarrassed as myself. She took leave of my sisters at an early hour, and I accompanied her home.

It was a beautiful evening in the latter part of August. The river was glistening in the moonlight, and the tall old elms along its banks threw their huge shadows upon the road. We said little on the way; but when we reached the little wicket, beneath a huge elm that overshadowed the parsonage, I pointed to the river, the surface of which was broken into countless glistening ripples by the cool west wind, and we stopped. The scene recalled many a pleasant recollection of my boyhood, and we spoke of the past.

"Jessie!" said I, at length, and I took her hand in mine. It was withdrawn, and she made no reply.

"Jessie!" said I, again, "you have thought hardly of me. You"—

"It is late, Mr. Weiss. I must bid you good-night—a good-by, indeed, as you tell me you are going away in the morning. I wish you"—

"Jessie, hear me! If you knew all—if you knew *why* I"—

"Hush! There's some one coming."

"Good evening, Miss Grayson," said the new-comer. "Hello, Lynde! how are you, old fellow? Thought it was Frank. Fine evening, Miss Grayson."

"Very, sir."

"Evenings *always* fine this time o' year. Going back to-morrow, Lynde? Of course you will, though. Coach goes at four. You'll have to be up an' doin', bright an' early. No names booked but ours. Have all the inside to ourselves. How's all the folks, Miss Grayson?"

"Quite well, I'm obliged to you."

"Glad to hear it. Heard your mother was poorly. Just left Frank. Says he'll have the buggy and bays at your door in the morning, for the promised drive to the High Bridge. By Jove! it's eleven o'clock! Going home, Lynde? I've something to say to you."

And thus was I obliged to say a simple good-night, led off by the button by—Mr. Barney Fogg! The "something to say" was a request from Frank Gibson that I would write some verses for him, as he wished to give them to Jessie Grayson!

CHAPTER XIII.

LYNDE IS IN LOVE—AND TROUBLE.—THE JOURNEY.—LYNDE SEEK-
ETH EMPLOYMENT.—HIS PURSE IN THE LAST STAGES OF DECLINE
AND FALL.

I RETURNED to college. The journey was not particularly agreeable, for I was suffering with headache and Barney Fogg all the way. I recommenced my studies; but ever, as I opened a book, there came the features of Jessie Grayson. Her voice, too, rang in my ears—not in the gentle, musical tones of other days, but in the cold sounds of our parting: "It is late, Mr. Weiss." Most truly could I say,

"Thou *** hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit with musing weak; heart, sick with thought."

Months passed. The customary exhibition of the junior class was drawing near, and I had already written my oration, when I received the following letter from my uncle:—

"BOYLSTON, July 9th, 18—.

"MY DEAR LYNDE:—It is as I feared. Messrs. Buckley & North have foreclosed the mortgage. Your father has lost heavily on the last shipment of lumber, and there is no longer any hope. Bear it, my dear Lynde, as well as you can. I know not what to advise you. Come home, and we will see what can be done.

"Your affectionate uncle,
"HUGH WEISS."

I was always impulsive. Without giving myself time for thought—stifling every suggestion of the pro-

bable consequences of the step—I sold books, furniture, a part of my wardrobe even, and, at sunset, I was ready for my departure. The president very kindly gave me a letter of introduction to a friend of his in Washington, and at nine o'clock that evening I was on my way to the South.

It was late the next morning when I reached Whitehall. I followed the throng of passengers, and jumped upon the deck of the nearest packet. As the horses started, the rain began to fall in that regular drizzle that promises a long period of rainy weather. I went below. Such a throng of passengers! Now that they had all left the deck, and collected in the cabin, there was scarcely room to contain them. The windows were closed to keep out the rain. The lamps were lighted, and they filled the cabin with the sense-intoxicating odour of fish-oil. The atmosphere became almost insupportable. Some of the passengers were smoking. Some of the ladies were sea-sick. The helmsman was cursing, on deck, about some short-comings of the driver; and some of the passengers were grumbling at "the miserable tub of a packet." Oh! the miseries of that long night! Unable to endure the oppressive air of the unventilated cabin, I went on deck, and seating myself on the baggage, I sat, drenched with rain, chilled, uncomfortable to the last degree, and heeding, at short intervals, the helmsman's gruff warning of, "Heads! Bridge!"

I awaited the dawn. I thought it would *never* come. It came, however, and it heralded a brighter day. We reached Troy at nightfall.

As the day dawned on the following morning, I reached New York. I slept until late; and when I entered Broadway the living tide was upon its pavements. Oh! what a sensation of loneliness and solitude did I feel in the midst of that mighty throng! Never have I felt so strongly the utter insignificance of a single human heart, as I did on that memorable morning. On, on, restlessly poured the human tide;

and the eye sought in vain for the kindly glance of friend, kindred, or acquaintance. It is undeniable that there is far less hearty social feeling in the city than in the country. The stern necessity which sits glaring upon the thousands of congregated poor—the grim skeleton of Want, that makes one at the poor man's feast—the struggle for bread, for *life*,—these freeze the better sympathies, just as they are blunted and destroyed in the open boat, leagues away at sea, where hunger absorbs all other sensations. Pray to Heaven, good reader, that you may never meet want in a city.

As I was going down the Delaware, I met, on board the steamer, a gentleman whom I remembered as an old friend of my father's. In our conversation he mentioned that he was going to Washington. The incident decided my course, and I travelled in company with him.

It was late in the evening, owing to a detention of the cars, when I reached Washington. We were not long in finding quarters at Mrs. Van C——'s, on 4½ street. The next morning I called upon the gentleman to whom my letter was addressed, (a lawyer, and formerly a classmate of the president of Clinton College,) and having presented it, made some inquiries about the chances for employment.

"You have not selected the best place in the world," said the lawyer, in a kindly tone, removing his spectacles, and holding them in his hand; "there are a great many hungry mouths to feed in a city, and the capital abounds in them. There is a school at Bladensburg now vacant, and perhaps you can find employment there."

With a letter from him to the trustees, I walked to Bladensburg—to be disappointed. Unaccustomed to walking, I was sadly exhausted when I returned to the city, and retired supperless to bed. Mr. K——, my considerate and gentleman-like fellow-traveller, came to my chamber to learn whether I were sick. I very frankly told him of my plans—the history of my some-

what Quixotic journey—the horrors of a purse *in extremis*—and the failure, thus far, of my efforts to find employment. With a kindness which I can never forget, he at once began to make inquiries in my behalf. Alas! he, too, met with no success. What should I do? There were others at Mrs. Van C——'s looking for employment. One was an applicant for an appointment in the army. Another was in search of a clerkship in one of the departments. A third was in search of another office. But *they* were not penniless. *They* had friends to aid them.

To my inexperienced eye there seemed no possible avenue of escape. I thought of the West. Could I not "work" my way thither? As a drowning man clutches a straw, so did I at the thought of the moment. I had money enough to discharge my obligations to Mrs. Van C——; and, packing a portion of my wardrobe (now somewhat scanty) in a small bundle, I turned my steps westward. Crossing the Potomac a little above Georgetown, I walked several miles—I know not how far—on the Virginia side, until fatigue compelled me to stop. I sat down on a log by the wayside, and again pondered upon what was to be done. If I could not endure the labour of walking, could I hope for employment as a labourer? I retraced my steps to the city. Mr. K—— had met with better success in his second effort. An advertisement in "The Intelligencer" led him to make application at the Columbian Academy, on Ninth street. The next morning I was duly installed as second usher of the school, at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum.

The building was large, and painted white. It had green shutters, and was surrounded by small shade-trees. It was neatly fenced, too, and, together with the other buildings, (the classical department, lodging-room, and recitation-rooms,) presented a very neat and pretty appearance. The walks were nicely gravelled,

and the shrubbery and flowers made the place far more attractive than is usual in the grounds of a school.

It may be readily supposed that I looked somewhat eagerly at my new employer. He was truly a remarkable man. His head was already white as snow, yet there was a military erectness, activity, and vigour, oftener belonging to thirty-five than to sixty. He was dressed, too, in a blue coat of military cut; and his white hair was brushed erectly, giving him a somewhat stern expression. This, however, was contradicted by the kindly glance of a gray eye and one of the pleasantest of smiles.

The academy was divided by a half partition, separating, but not concealing from each other, the pupils of different sexes. Midway on the west side, between two doors, (one for the girls, and the other for the boys,) was the principal's own desk, to which he ascended by a number of steps. In front of this, and lower, was the desk of the principal usher, and, in front of that, a chair, around which the classes came in succession. On each side of these desks were several rows of forms, capable of seating about two hundred pupils. In the rear were the recitation-rooms, which were provided with black-boards, and the lodging-rooms.

I had not obtained a sinecure. A furious ringing of the bell at daybreak summoned me to my toil. Full of life and ambition, the pupils came thronging in. I assisted in hearing the morning tasks until seven o'clock. We then breakfasted. At eight we recommenced our labours. At twelve we dined. At one we again entered the school, and remained there until about five in the afternoon. In addition to all this, I had copies to write, and from fifty to one hundred pens to make, daily, besides aiding my employer in making out bills. He was the most industrious man I ever knew. His school was a model of order, neatness, and regularity.

Although not a man of extensive acquirements in

those branches which he professed to teach, the Church of Rome could prefer no stronger claims to infallibility. It put him in a passion to call his dicta in question. He maintained, on all occasions, that his school was the best in the Union, and the inference was irresistible, (and I have sometimes thought, correct,) that he was the best teacher. He was so, undoubtedly, in very many respects. He had—as had his pupils—the genuine *esprit de corps*. He was active, vigilant, indefatigable. He had served in the army, and his school, like his dress, had a military cast. He was *proud* of his profession, and that pride was the moving-principle of his life. It gave tone to every word, and look, and action. It never slumbered. Of course he was successful. He built no less than three academies in Washington, the grounds of which, through his industry and taste, are now among the ornaments of the city.

This professional pride, by-the-by, is found, to a greater or less extent, in all men. It is seen in the undue estimate which a man puts upon his own property, simply because it is his. He has—so you believe him on his own showing—the best wife, house, horses, lands, dogs, in the world, though, before they came into his own possession, they were of little worth. His country is the greatest of countries; his residence the model of residences. Though his domicile be surrounded with swamps, whose malaria is death to the stranger, he thinks his home the very temple of health. His boys are geniuses; his girls beauties. You shall hear the first, if you chance to visit him, recite

“My voice is still for war!”

while the last, miracles of one quarter, shall, for your spiritual fructification,

—“Pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme;
And crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.”

If he be a farmer, his Durham is the greatest of Durhams; if a musician, Paganini himself had not such a violin. Has he a son? Vicious as all the world may think him, he is removed from school to escape the contamination of bad company. The Boston Mutual Admiration Society was, after all, the exponent of a great fact.

I am digressing. To return to my employer.

He had one fault—the fault of his day—that of occasional severity. But, on the other hand, he was impartial, just, honest, patient, faithful, prompt, generous. He was one of the United Irishmen, and came to America in 1808, if I remember well. If the citizens of Washington ever build any local monuments, let the first be erected to JOHN MCLEOD.

Irksome as was the toil of the school-room at first, I became accustomed to it, and loved it. As there was no school on Saturdays, I had opportunities to visit the capitol, and to see the lions of the three cities. I was far, however, from being contented. I was desirous to return to college and graduate, and the salary I was then receiving would not allow me to think of doing so sooner than three or four years. Accordingly I inserted an advertisement in "The National Intelligencer," as follows:—

"TEACHER'S NOTICE.—A young man from Clinton College, who has spent three years in that institution, wishes to procure a situation as a teacher. Refer to the Hon. Messrs. A—— and H——, of the House of Representatives."

The advertisement was so far successful as to obtain me, through the kind offices of my friends, a small school in the country, at a salary of four hundred dollars. I bought the necessary books, and recommenced my studies. Too eager, however, to be prudent, I rose before day and studied late at night. The very natural

consequence was ill health, and I left my school and went home.

It was a little after nightfall when I reached my native village. I had left my trunk at the little village some four miles distant, where the steamboat touched, and travelled to Boylston on foot. Leaving the road, as I entered the village, I walked along the Ledge until I was opposite Allan Grayson's, and, without any definite purpose, descended and passed the house. On a rude bench beneath the patriarchal elm, that threw its long branches over the house, I thought I could distinguish a human form. I approached, and there, with her head leaning, as in sadness or weariness, on her hand, sat Jessie Grayson.

"Jessie!" said I, in a low tone.

"Dear Lynde! is it you? When did you come?"

"I have just arrived here, and if you knew how glad——Jessie! *dear* Jessie! I love you! I *have* loved you for years. Will you be mine?"

"Lynde! hear me. Had you, a year ago, said to me what you have now uttered, I could have made but one reply, and the sooner because misfortune had fallen upon you and yours. Events have occurred, however, during your absence, (I know not whether you have heard of them,) which leave me but one reply—I cannot be yours, and we must not meet again!"

"But"—

"Do not try to change my decision. It is unalterable. Farewell! and may God bless you!"

Before I could reply, she had left me and entered the house. I stood for a moment benumbed—paralyzed by the crushing sense of misery that followed her parting words, and then, with frantic speed, I retraced my steps to the Ledge, and entered the woods. I plunged through its recesses in a delirium of excitement, taking no heed of the direction, and at length, exhausted by my furious speed, sank upon the ground at the foot of an enormous pine.

I recalled the scene beneath the elm. Could I go

home? No. What object had life for me now? None. How should I best find an oblivion for the past? The wide world was before me.

"I will go," said I, aloud, and I rose and went onward. I was near the lake.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEPARTURE.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.—MR. LYNDE WEISS ARRIVES IN ALBANY.

APPROACHING the shore of the lake, I followed it along at a rapid pace. The lights of the steamer were already visible, and I had barely time to reach the wharf at Allenville when she arrived. She came swiftly along until she was within a few hundred yards of the wharf, when, at a tap of the bell, her wheels stopped. With her headway sensibly checked, she rounded to quietly and gracefully, while her pretty yawl shot from beneath her quarter, and came rapidly to the shore. As she left the wharf, a band on board struck up the familiar air of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and, as the notes swelled out upon the stillness of the night, they gave a new direction to my thoughts.

Yes, thought I, as we left the wharf, the sea is the home for me now. The hissing of the steam now ceased. The boat was run up, as if by magic, and the beautiful steamer glided away to the air of

"What fairy-like music
Steals over the sea."

The music, the throng of passengers, and the excitement of the new scene, restored me to something like quiet, and my heart smote me for having thus abruptly turned my back upon kindred, and friends, and home.

I stifled reflection, however. Like Young Rapid, I was always restless—always disposed to "keep moving," for the motion's sake. The speed of the cars, when they are making thirty miles in the hour—the topmost speed of a fine horse—the bounding of a ship over the billows two hundred and fifty geographical miles in a day,—are to me sources of the keenest sensations of physical pleasure. At midnight I retired.

When I awoke the day was breaking, and the men were warping the steamer through the Elbow. We were soon at the wharf. A few steps brought me to the packet, and, in ten minutes more, we were under way upon the muddy canal. We had a merry passage. There was an Irish comedian on board, whose humour provoked humour in everybody. He kept the table in a roar at dinner-time; and when, after the tables were removed, he tapped a vender of patent-medicine familiarly on the shoulder and said, "I say, Sarsaparilla, let's go on deck!" the victim himself was obliged to join in the boisterous peal of laughter.

It was nearly night when we arrived at the borough where we were to take the cars for Troy. As we left the packet, a poor, weary-looking woman sat on the deck, holding in her arms a pale, emaciated child. The passengers rushed past her without so much as a kindly glance. The Irishman, however, stopped for a moment as he passed them, and, laying his hand gently upon the head of the little sufferer, said, in a low tone, "Poor little thing!" The mother looked up at the unexpected greeting. She made no reply, but her fine eyes filled with tears as she looked her thanks. I shall not soon forget that glance.

It was somewhat late when I reached Albany. As I sat in the bar-room, a tall, pale young man came in, and sat down quite near me. Two or three other young men soon followed. They must have been acquaintances, I imagine, as he accosted one of them in this wise:

"Hev you got any corns?"

"Yes; why?"

"'Cause I can cure 'em. Got some salve here that'll cure 'em in a week, and no mistake. Like to git a box?"

"Thank you, not this morning."

"Don't you want to go a whalin'?" asked the corn-exterminator, finding that his nostrum was not in demand.

"A whalin'?"

"Yes?"

"Why? You a'n't no agent, are you?"

"No, but my uncle is. S'pose you go *round* and see him."

"No, thank you! B'lieve I won't go a whalin' this hitch."

The young man who had come in last now left the hotel, and I found myself alone with the corn-doctor.

"Did you say that your uncle was an agent for a whaling company?" I asked.

"Yes; 'ud you like to go?"

"Perhaps so. What are the inducements?"

"Oh, good pay—good livin'—no work to do—goin' and comin' all the time in fine weather. S'pose you go *round* and see Uncle Tom."

We went to the shipping-office. Conspicuously upon the door shone a flaming advertisement in capitals and exclamation-points.

"NOTICE!"

"ONE HUNDRED MEN WANTED!!!"

"The subscriber wishes to obtain 100 active, able-bodied young men, (Americans,) to go on a whaling voyage."

"THOMAS TUBBS, Agent."

"Good morning!" said Mr. Tubbs, as we entered. His urbanity was truly Parisian. "Good morning, sir! I s'pose you've come to inquire about the whalin' business. It's very lucky you come to me. I

don't hev nuthin' tew dew with right-whalin', where the fog is as thick as a blanket, and the summer lasts but four weeks. Whalin' away up there in 100 degrees and 110 degrees north is a bisnis I don't hev nothin' tew dew with. I'm an agent for sparm whalin', which is carried on under the equinoxious line, where it's all summer, and no longitude! Good pay, good grub,—all the time in warm weather. Very likely you might make a thousan' dollars the first voyage. Some go out green hands, and come back mates or cap'ns. Fact! There was Simon Armstrong—mebbe you know'd him?"

"No, sir."

"Wal, anyway, he went out, and come back a boat-steerer; an' you look as if you was a nation sight smarter'n him. The way them whalemens make money beats all-natur. You'd better go."

"How long are the voyages?"

"'Bout eighteen months; mebbe tew years. Here's the shippin'-papers."

"Where is the ship?"

"At New Bedford. No particular ship, ye know. You sign the articles, and the agents find you a ship."

"But I have not money enough to go to New Bedford."

"Oh, that's nothin'. Bless your heart, the agents'll pay your expenses there, and your board while you are waitin' for a ship."

"And how about clothes?"

"The agents, man—the agents. They furnishes yew with close, and a good chist, and tubacker to trade with the natyves. They'll *trust* ye for *all* out, till ye come back."

The corn-doctor's attention, it would seem, had been previously drawn to the attractive features of the whaling-service, and the powerful imagination of the eloquent Mr. Tubbs had so far deepened the impression, that, with a little persuasion on my part, he consented to sign the articles and go with me. We left

Albany that very evening by one of the river-boats, and, at sunrise the next morning, we were in the office of one of the New York agents. After examining us very much as a butcher would examine a bullock, he decided that we "would do," and at five o'clock in the afternoon he shipped us on board one of the Sound steamers for Providence. Our passage was paid by a man who had us (in company with half a dozen other "green hands") in special charge.

When the bell rang for supper, I took my seat at the table. I had nearly finished a hearty meal when the steward saluted me with—

"Your ticket, sir, if you please."

"I haven't any."

"Fifty cents, then, will do."

"I haven't so much about me."

"Then what the devil are you doing *here*?"

"There's a man on deck that has charge of me."

"Has *charge* of you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you're a whaleman?"

"I'm *going* to be."

"Wal, jist allow me to insinuate, in the politest way in the world, that you're in the wrong box. You take a deck-passage. You've no sort o' right in this cabin, nor be-aft the wheels."

I went on deck—forward. There were a score of poor Irishwomen lying about on the baggage and freight. They looked half-starved, emaciated, sick, hopeless. "God help them!" I said to myself. The night was cold. It had been a "raw, rheumatic day," and the night—ugh! I shiver to think of it. Our *driver* did not engage berths for us, and I had no money. The cold, raw wind rushed through the gangways in freezing currents, and, drowsy, weary, shivering with cold, wet, (for the rain began to fall about ten o'clock in the evening)—oh! what a night was that! I had been confined, for many months, to the school-room, and was scarcely more hardy than a girl. I stole

aft and lay down, leaning my head against a pile of baggage.

"Don't you belong for'ard?" said some one to me, in tones not the gentlest in the world.

"Yes, but"—

"Never mind the buts; you must *stay* for'ard."

And forward I went, and looked gloomily around upon my fellow-sufferers. God help the poor! It was not yet day when we arrived at Providence. We were hurried into a dirty, half-warmed car, which was filled with smoke by a filthy tin lamp, that emitted a faint, phosphoric gleam, but a most decidedly

"Ancient, and a fish-like smell!"

Some of the "greenies" waxed jocose over our miseries. One was a journeyman tailor. Another had been driving a charcoal-wagon. A third was a blacksmith.

The rain clattered furiously against the panes. Day at length dawned.

"H—ll and blazes!" said one, "sha'n't we never git to Bedford?"

"I'll be darned ef I'm in any hurry to git there!" said another.

"There 'tis now!" said a third.

A Frenchman, who had hitherto kept silence, now tapped the lid of a venerable snuff-box, and having passed it very politely to his neighbours, averred, with a shrug, that he was "*bien aise* dat we was arrive."

"So, dat isch New Petford!" said a Dutchman behind me.

The cars stopped. We were huddled into a coach, and, after a short drive, we were set down at the Rev. Mr. L——'s boarding-house. He was a worthy man, though irritable to the last degree. His partner was one of the most generous men I ever knew. The old housekeeper was a *clever* body, (in the American signification of that word,) and there were some two or three younger women. There were, at least, a score

of boarders, and such a medley I never saw. Divers "kindreds and tongues," a variety of size, and all complexions, from Day & Martin to Caucasian. Maf-fit's and Knapp's melodies were then in vogue, as much as the Ethiopian strains now-a-days, and a broth of a boy from the Emerald Isle declared it to be the "hoith o' fun," when he could engage all hands in singing

"Oh! I'm bound for the land of Canaan!"

in a roisterly chorus, so loud as to bring old L—— to the door in a tearing passion.

"I *do* declare!" he would say, "I *do* declare, I *will* not have such a disgraceful noise kept up here!"

It is a somewhat significant fact that Mr. L—— selected the very leader of all the numerous instruments of household disturbance, to act as moderator in his absence! The said moderator being none other than my friend the corn-doctor.

Those were memorable days,—marked by no important events, not stamped with blood-thrilling incidents,—but they were a strange page of my book of life. I wandered through the busy streets of the city of palaces, pondering on the chances that had brought me there. I saw much of *life* in those days. Before, I had looked more intently on the mere mechanism of society. Now I began to examine, with a hungry man's earnestness, "the living creature within the wheels." As I wandered about the streets, an occasional gleam of life's sunshine caught my eye. It was a curly-headed child, mayhap, at play among the flowers; a home-scene;—sire and mother and child in a group; dimly, and but for a moment, seen through an open door or window. It was, perhaps, a little band of worshippers in some "upper chamber," (I have an especial liking for life in chambers,) joining in some stirring hymn that conjured up many a Sabbath-scene of home; or the simple annals of the fishermen of Galilee. A coach rolled by me, and a fair face was visible. A fine eye,

arrested by the earnestness of mine, sought, in that passing glance, to interpret it. Children gambolled along the sidewalks. They had forgotten, if they had ever known, or heard, that Want had yet her altars, reeking with the heart's blood of hecatombs. The lover and his mistress passed me. I envied them, and sighed. Age passed me, and looked kindly upon me for a moment—and passed on. The merchant saw me. My garb told him my destination. He looked as if his thought were, "The sea is no place for *you*;" and passed on. I learned much of life, and poverty was my Mentor.

CHAPTER XV.

WAITING FOR A SHIP—LIFE IN NEW BEDFORD—DR. DODGE—
HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

THERE is, perhaps, no class of men that is made up of so many and so odd varieties as that of sailors. It is the first thing the landsman remarks on becoming acquainted with sea-faring men. There is, it is readily granted, diversity of character among *all* classes of labourers; but at sea, just as you go abruptly from burning suns to polar snows; so you leave the middle range of unremarkable characters for the very poles of oddity, originality, and inconsistency. This is especially true of our men-of-war; where a sprig of nobility jostles a sprig of the law, where all parties and sects, all kindreds and tongues are more or less adequately represented. The decayed or runaway gentleman messes with boors and charcoal-venders. Clergymen and doctors—their occupations gone—feast intellectually side by side, preaching practical homilies with the holy-stone the while, or testing the effect of removing the epidermis of the foretopmast, and making an external appli-

cation of "slush" (grease) to the same spar. Every trade and profession is represented. Occasionally you find before the mast a skilful navigator. Indeed, it is considered one of the last of possible dangers, at sea, that, were the captain and officers to die, no one can be found to navigate the vessel to her destination, or to the nearest consulate.

I make these remarks by way of preface to the statement that I found at my boarding-house a medley of characters, the oddity and diversity of which were wonderful. There was a musician, a young man of fine acquirements, who played the flute to perfection. Another was an accomplished violinist. There was a blacksmith, a schoolmaster, a stage-driver, a bricklayer, a crier of charcoal; a Dutchman, a Frenchman, three Portuguese, a Spaniard, two South-Sea Islanders. Among others, was the corn-doctor of whom I have spoken. He was something of a character. He was a bundle of inconsistencies. He had, apparently, the very nicest feelings of honour, yet I had more than one proof that he was unscrupulous in the pursuit of any object in which he was really interested. He was a new phase of character to me. He was ceaselessly scheming. He could see, in the simplest actions of others, parts merely of some preconceived plan. He could not conceive of any action without an express design. He had a smattering of law, theology, French, chemistry—what not? He loved large words. He spoke mysteriously of his ancestry.

"You don't know me, Weiss; you never will;" he said to me one day.

"I do not seek to."

"You would be surprised, if you knew my ancestry."

"No doubt."

And then he would leave the subject. He was tall, well-formed, and singularly easy and gentleman-like in his bearing; yet inclined to be authoritative, overbearing, and self-important. With all his faults, he was strictly temperate. He had a keen sense of the ludi-

cious, and a fund of humour withal, that made him a very pleasant companion. I took a strong liking to him. Not that I was blind to his faults; but he seemed to have a special liking for me. He was a new volume to me. He, by design, or otherwise, put me on remarkably good terms with myself; and what with this, and our inevitable daily association, I became so much attached to him that I was never happy away from him. He seemed equally devoted to me. I was too poor to suspect him of interested motives; and so we became inseparable friends. We walked, rode, sailed together.

New Bedford is a charming city. Its streets are well laid out, comfortably paved, and beautifully shaded. The sea-approach to it is very fine. The scenery is picturesque. There are no *grand* features; but there is a diversity of hills, islands, capes, and bays, that make it a gem of a scene in summer. We found, in our rambles, some half-a-score of views of it, among which it was not easy to select the best. These, and the roads through the surrounding woods, whiled away many an hour for us that would otherwise have hung heavily upon our hands. The spring was ripening into summer. The grass was green again in the fields; the wild-flowers decked the hedges; the birds were singing; and the trees were putting on their summer drapery of beauty. And then the glorious sunshine! The bay, its surface broken into countless ripples by the breeze, glistened in its beams. The fiercer winds of March had given place to airs as gentle and wellnigh as warm as the trades of the South Sea; and I fretted at the delay which kept me a pensioner upon the outfitters.

My friend, the doctor, was not so enthusiastic. He was, despite his eccentricities, eminently a practical man. He had vastly the advantage of me in the *savoir vivre*. He acted on system in all things; while I detested all schemes and plans. It is really a wonder why I liked him so well. With all my warmth of feeling, I was never popular among my associates. No one

took liberties with me. No one sought my company, as a general thing. The boarders always prefixed the Mr. to my name; while Tom, Dick, Joe, Harry, and the like, were in the current style of address.

In this respect the doctor was my opposite. He had always a knot of listeners about him. He could tell "a good story." I could not.

He contrived, somehow, to be always in funds; and he seemed angry if I would not accept from him such trifling amounts as these cheap enjoyments usually cost us. He won from me, gradually, my whole history. With a boy's earnestness I told him, over and over again, of my native village; of my earlier history; and my "whole course of love." And he was so courteous a listener that I was never tired of repeating to him what seemed, for some reason, to be of so much interest to him.

The weather was unfavourable for the carpenters, and we waited long for the good ship, "The Whale-hunter," to be pronounced ready for sea. Week after week passed, during which I tried to become accustomed to going aloft, and to learn something of "the ropes." Meanwhile, Doctor Dodge, (such was his name at the boarding-house,) on more than one occasion, proposed to me to run away. He also hinted to me the feasibility of projects of his own, which would infallibly enrich us both; and when he spoke of my home, he had nearly won me to his purpose. What they were I knew not, nor do I know now. I am in doubt whether he *had* any well-defined purpose. It was his nature to scheme, and what he sought to do was never done by direct means, so long as indirect agencies were at all practicable. He constantly asserted that he was going to sea, and in the same ship with me. The "Whale-hunter," he said, was his especial favourite, and, though he did not wish to enter the whaling-service, he would sooner do so than part with me!

When, at length, the ship was ready to haul out into the stream, Captain Beverly was announced to be sick.

It was more than a fortnight before he recovered. Oh, how wearily the days dragged their "lingering length" away!

Besides Doctor Dodge, there was one other person to whom I became attached. This was the superintendent of the boarding-house. He was a quiet and unassuming man, and a general favourite among the boarders. He was remarkably unselfish. He had a smile and a kind word for everybody. He did not admire my friend the doctor, however, and he warned me to be on my guard.

With these two exceptions, I had little to say to any of the household. I do not make acquaintances readily, as a general thing. I retained my pride, notwithstanding my change of garb, (the outfitters had given me a sailor suit,) and although I was not consciously reserved, my bookish habits and manner, or something else, kept the boarders aloof from me. They could not avoid noticing my efforts to learn something of my new employment. I found myself gradually forming the habit of regarding the sea as my future stage of action, and I was not a little gratified, one day, by hearing one of the boarders say to another—

"Queer feller, that. Smart feller, tew, I guess."

"Yes," said the other. "Be a skipper, one o' these days, I'm thinkin'."

The day was announced for hauling off into the stream. It was but a few days before that occurrence, that my friend Wellfleet, the superintendent, came to me and said—

"Weiss, what say you to a walk?"

"Where do you propose to go?"

"Oh, not far. I want you to see and hear a friend of mine."

"A clergyman?"

"Yes."

"These are not precisely the garments to go into church with."

"Oh! don't think of that. It's in the country—in

Dartmouth. You will see no attempt at display; and my friend C—— will think quite as well of you in these as in the finest."

"Well, I will go. Why not ask *all* the boarders?"

"I have."

"And they will go?"

"Yes."

Arm-in-arm we departed, nigh a score of us, and, after a walk of about a mile, we found ourselves at a small, neat chapel. The bell had ceased ringing ere we arrived, and we entered in the same order as we had come. The services had already commenced. The worshippers were singing to a sweet air, full of energy

"Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on!"

I looked at the occupant of the desk. He was a man of small stature. He had a fine head. His eye was full of earnestness and devotion, and his manner inspired me with a reverence akin to awe. He prayed, the little congregation all kneeling. I can never forget the soft, low, earnest, musical tones of his voice.

Happening to raise my eyes, I saw on the wall above his head—

"TIME ROLLS ON; ETERNITY HASTENS,"

in large capitals. I shall not soon forget the impression those words made upon me.

An eloquent sermon followed, and then the worshippers sang the beautiful air which may be known to my readers as Naomi:

"Father! whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies," &c.

As we walked along homeward, the clergyman joined me, and, putting his arm in mine, he chatted with me until we had walked as far as County street, when we separated. I had never seen him before. We had

known no more of each other than we could learn in that evening's acquaintance; but he looked earnestly at me when he bade me good-night, and said—

"You and I would never quarrel, I think." And he left me. I had, years afterwards, cause to recall the remark.

The next evening there was a meeting—a convention, it was called—of the abolitionists. I found Liberty Hall thronged, and Wendell Phillips was thrilling the multitude with his eloquence. Jove! in what a delirium of excitement did his burning eloquence leave me! He speaks, and lectures even, without notes. But his memory is so tenacious, his reasoning faculties so strong, his command of language so extraordinary, that you sit entranced by the astonishing union of so much grace and elegance with profound and critical learning.

My morning walk was usually to the wharf, where "The Whale-hunter" lay. She was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons. I accustomed myself to going aloft, in order that it might be a less irksome task at sea. It was some time, however, before I ventured above the cat-harpings, and when I *did* accomplish that memorable feat, I clung with might and main to the topmast rigging, and looked tremblingly downward upon the deck, as distant, to my lubberly vision, as the realms of Pluto from upper air. I soon overcame this timidity, and was quite at home anywhere about the ship except the jib-boom—a place which, though I never shrank from going there, I dreaded when I had been months at sea.

I was fond of conversing with the patient, pains-taking old carpenters who were sheathing "The Whale-hunter's" deck. They told me, one of them particularly, some fearful tales of the sea. To these, sailors, who were arriving now and then, gave me horrid additions, recommending me to stay at home and dig ditches, rather than go to sea. My answer was ready. No; I had resolved to go at least one voyage. Ac-

cordingly, when we were summoned one morning to have an interview with the captain, I went with several others to the office of Messrs. Twist & Screw, the agents. I must do them the justice to say that they treated me with uniform kindness, and, so far as I could discover, the utmost fairness. Both were gentleman-like, and stood fairly among their fellow-citizens as merchants and as men. So far, therefore, as I am concerned, and so far as I am acquainted with "outfitters," they are not always the ghouls they have been represented to be.

Captain Beverly appeared well. He was of large stature, and somewhat inclined to corpulency. His features were regular, and he was decidedly handsome. He looked manly and good-humoured, and, from all I could see, I set him down as being conscientious, firm, and decided, but well-tempered; such a man as sailors mean to describe when they say, "You al'ays know where to find him."

I do not know how far I was distinguishable by my own dress and habits, but my observation soon taught me to know a candidate for the whaling-service at sight. He goes to New Bedford in quite a flow of animal spirits, with pleasant visions of "a home on the rolling deep." He has heard, and perhaps sung, the chorus of the fine old song—

"So happy are we,
Fearless and free,
Pulling away, o'er the dark blue sea."

He has heard of the green isles—houri homes, of the South Seas—of the fruits of the tropics—of lands of endless summer. But he has seen only one side of the picture. He has not yet dreamed, even, of sharks—of interminable night-watches—of pulling all day like a galley-slave, at the oar—of scanty, broken rest—of being flogged like a dog, with a rope's end—of poorly-dressed food, without so much as salt and pepper (the first of these, luckily, is not often needed, for the beef

and pork are as salt as salt can make them) to give it a relish. He has not dreamed that captains, of the *sua-viter in modo* stamp on shore, may be of the *fortiter in re* genus on board the ship. Some disheartened whaleman, who has returned from a four years' voyage penniless, tells him "his experience." The tyro lowers his crest, forswears thin potations, and taketh to gin—smokes a pipe—swears lustily—doffs his "shore togs," and calls everybody "shipmate." At last his vessel hauls off into the stream, and an hour or two in grinding "old irons" (he being employed in turning the grindstone) begins to rob "the deep, blue sea" of some of its romance.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.—TREACHERY.—THE QUARREL.

A FEW days before the one appointed for hauling into the stream, I was surprised by a most unexpected occurrence. Mr. Wellfleet came in about sunset one evening, and handed me a note. I was still more astonished to find it in my uncle Hugh's hand, and without a postmark.

"Of course, he is in town?" I said to Mr. Wellfleet.

"Yes! at the Parker House."

"You have seen him, perhaps."

"Yes, several times."

I opened the note, and read as follows:

"PARKER HOUSE, Thursday evening.

"MY DEAR LYNDE:—We were uneasy about you, and, after some days' inquiry, we traced you to New Bedford. Now, we (Mr. Grayson, Jessie, and Kate are with me) have not come to interfere with your plans in any way. Your father's recent difficulties have

affected his health and spirits; so much so, indeed, that he felt unequal to a journey from Boylston to this city. I need hardly say to you that, under these circumstances, it is very desirable for you to accompany us home. Do not desert us, Lynde. We have interest enough to establish you in business; or, if you so prefer, Counsellor S—— will give you a seat in his office as a student. Come and see me, or shall I wait upon you at your quarters?

"Your affectionate uncle,

"HUGH."

I was long in coming to a decision. I thought of my father, and resolved to go home; and then Jessie Grayson's rejection of my suit determined me to go to sea. Was it possible, I asked myself, that she *knew* the purpose of my uncle's coming? No. She had too much native delicacy for that. Had my uncle relied on the sight of her face, and the calm unanswerable logic of my sister Kate, to persuade me to forego my purpose? Again I thought of my father, and decided to go home. Mr. Wellfleet came in, as I closed the debate, and advised me very earnestly to abandon the idea of going to sea.

"You have for many years been a student," said he. "The habits of your whole life unfit you for the labours and hardships of the sea. You have been delicately nurtured,—you will be exposed to hardships almost beyond the power of endurance. You have been accustomed to good society; you are going among the lowest and most filthy, vulgar, and obscure of the dozen nations which you will find represented in the fore-castle. You have never known the want of wholesome and palatable food; as a sailor, you *must* know it. You have been accustomed to regular and unbroken sleep,—four hours one night, and eight the next, on deck, will be your lot in good weather. In bad weather, and when 'cutting-in and trying out,' you get little or none. Go home, Weiss, go home!"

"I will."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"That's right. I congratulate you. Come, let's go to the Parker House, and see your uncle."

"Not in this dress."

"Never mind the dress. Walk by the hotel with me, and if you would rather not go in, I'll call your uncle out, and you can walk with him. If you want money or clothing, that is very easily arranged: I can supply you, and you may pay me at your leisure. By-the-by, do you know that your uncle has been here for several days?"

"No."

"He came on Monday. It was with some difficulty that he found you, and he hardly knew, he says, how to begin the negotiation."

"That is surely no very difficult matter."

"Why, I do not know," said Mr. Wellfleet, with a significant smile. "Boys are obstinate, you know, sometimes. By-the-by, now I think of it, where's your friend Dodge?"

"I am unable to say."

"He has decamped, I suspect."

"Hardly."

"At any rate, he has not been at the house since Monday, and this is Thursday evening. However, it's time we were going."

Drawing my arm through his own, Mr. Wellfleet then walked with me to the Parker House. He left me at the door and entered the hotel.

"Come in, Weiss," said he, as he came back. "They're all at tea, and nobody will see you."

I followed him into the hotel, and up a single flight of stairs. He advanced a few steps and then paused.

"That's the room, No. —," said he, as he pointed to an open door, and he left me.

I walked quietly along (my step is a very quiet one) towards the door, and was about to enter, when I heard

the sound of voices. For one of them, I could have sworn it was that of one who was still dear to me; I could *hear* the throbbing of my heart as I stopped to listen. There was a man's voice in reply. I stepped forward. There, kneeling at the feet of Jessie Grayson, dressed in Parisian elegance, and holding one of her hands in his own, was—my friend, Doctor Dodge!

I rushed down the stairs and left the hotel. Concealing myself behind a pillar of the church opposite the hotel, I awaited his egress. He came at length, and I followed him. Between Cheapside and the City Hall I overtook him.

"Villain! scoundrel!" I exclaimed, as I grasped his collar.

"Ha! is *that* the tune?" he asked with a sneer.

"Yes; do you understand it?"

"I should feel honoured in receiving a lesson; but there are a couple of the police watching us. Good night!" added he, with a smile of fiendish malignity that I shall never forget. "Good night! I'll remember you!"

And he raised his hat from his head, bowed low to me, and disappeared. I returned to my boarding-house, and wrote to my uncle Hugh as follows:

"Thursday Evening.

"MY DEAR UNCLE:—I have made up my mind to enter the whaling-service, and *must* go. I will feel obliged to you if you will not further interfere with the plans of

Your affectionate nephew,

"LYNDE."

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. DODGE DISAPPEARS—OUTFITTERS—HAULING OFF—A DAY IN THE STREAM.

My uncle, it seems, knew me too well to remonstrate, and I did not see him at all. Doctor Dodge disappeared. Two days after the occurrences of the last chapter, the outfitters sent for us to select our outfits. My own allotment was a monkey jacket, round jacket, trousers for warm and cold weather, shirts, stockings, tarpaulins, blankets, and a hay bed. I am but an indifferent financier, but I thought the prices reasonable. The outfitters were certainly very liberal, and they disarmed me of my prejudices against them.

The day came to haul into the stream. Our sky-blue chests were high up-piled on a stout truck. We bade the outfitters good-by, and left the shop in a straggling order, much like a fleet in a gale of wind. Motley was the "wear." Our chests were soon huddled into the fore-castle. The fasts were cast off. A warp was passed to the steamer Telegraph, (of which exploit *pars magna fui!*) and we were speedily under way. The pilot leaped up to the night-heads, and testily issued his orders.

"Starboard!"

"Starboard, sir!"

"Port!"

"Port, sir!"

"Steady!"

"Steady, sir!"

"Port!"

"Port, it *is*, sir!"

"STEADY! Where the—— are you going—all over the ocean?"

Such were some of the elements of the hubbub. We anchored opposite the light-house on Clark's Point. The steamer left us, and we were left to amuse ourselves as best we might.

I discovered that there were many on board whose faces I had not before seen. It was the understanding (I know not whence it came) that we were to have on board the Whale-hunter a picked crew of young Americans. We had, indeed, undergone a personal inspection by Captain Beverly, and I supposed that I was going to see a rather "select society." I found in the fore-castle, however, one Dutchman, one negro, one Canadian, one Spaniard, one Portuguese, one Chilian, and a South-Sea Islander, in the number of my ship-mates. The scene was a queer one. From such occasional glimpses as I could catch while I arranged my berth, I tried to form some idea of my future mess-mates. There were some good faces among them. They were occupied in divers ways. One was playing the violin. Another wearied our ears with a wheezing accordion. Some were playing cards. Some slept. Some were mending, "fixin' for Cape Horn," as they expressed it.

This, by-the-by, is a singular trait of sailors. You may see them, in the earlier part of the voyage, putting patch upon patch, until you cannot divine the original colour. Thrift herself would blush at their superior economy. Well, months, perhaps years, pass away. Jack comes home with some hundreds of dollars due him. A thousand to one he is drunk in six hours after he gets ashore, and his money goes in three days or six; and then he goes to sea again—to economize.

On the following day the wind was directly in our teeth, and we lay at anchor all day. The Whale-hunter began to show her mettle, as the long swell rolled in from seaward, tossing uneasily at her moorings, and fretting like a chained mastiff in his kennel. We gave her the best bower and a goodly scope of cable, and she behaved better. There were some faint fore-

shadowings of sea-sickness during the day. There was a very noticeable solemnity on divers faces. It might be from grave reflections. It was, more probably, the "shadows before" of events to come when we should be fairly at sea. For my own part, I stifled all thoughts of home. I overhauled my chest, an invaluable resource to all sailors. I climbed the rigging; I wrote in my journal; and so got through the day.

On the following morning it blew great guns from the north-west. The captain and pilot came on board, and we got under way. The wind was so fresh that we could only show whole topsails. The Whale-hunter was cast to port. She bounded, as she fell off, with a curvet like a war-horse, and my veins tingled with pleasure as she gathered way. As the pilot left us, I happened to look over the bulwarks. A yacht was passing us. In a group that were seated in the stern-sheets, I saw a face that was familiar to me. As I looked, he rose deliberately, lifted his hat, and made me a low salaam, with a profundity and a malignant smile that could only belong to Dr. Dodge. A vague presentiment of evil crossed my mind, and I turned in disgust to the duties of my new berth. By the time we got the anchors on the bows and the decks cleared up, it was blowing so freshly that Captain Beverly thought it prudent to reef topsails,—and now came my first trial. We were well out at sea, and the land was growing dim. The Whale-hunter pitched heavily in the angry sea. In common with others, I felt very decided symptoms of sea-sickness. Some had already gone below. One and another were looking astern, and murmuring "Good-bye to New Bedford!" when, with the voice of a young lion, the mate shouted—

"Hands by the topsail halyards! Lower away! Man the topsail clewlines! Clew down! Haul out the reef-tackles! Lay aloft there, and take a reef in the topsails! *Two* reefs there in the mizzen-topsail! Do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Bear a hand there, now!"

I bounded after a boat-steerer into the main-rigging, and followed him to the topsail-yard. A faint, death-like sensation came over me as I crawled out on the foot-rope, and looked down on the foaming sea. I was at "the dog's ear," which is to say, next to the boat-steerer, who had the post of honour—the earing. He looked around at me as I was trying to assist him in hauling the sail out "to windward," and seeing how sick I was, he shouted fiercely—

"Lay down! lay down, man!"

This was all Greek to me.

"Go down on deck, you lubber! You ha'n't got the strength of a kitten! Lay down on deck, afore you fall overboard! If ye *do* fall, it's all day with ye! Lay down, I tell ye, lay down!"

I obeyed him.

Amid the smiles of the captain, officers, and all the old "sea-dogs," I crawled wearily to the lee-scuppers, and, in company with half-a-score of poor greenhorns, paid my matriculation fee by way of initiation into the occult mysteries of getting my "sea-legs." Of these I stood in most imperative need, as my limbs were of little use to me. I was resolved that I would not go below, I staggered—fell—crawled about deck. I ate broiled codfish in its quintessential saltiness, I drank sea-water—all to no purpose!

Anon the people were called aft, and the watches were formed. I was chosen in the captain's watch. Of this I was very glad, as I had taken a decided liking to him. This accomplished, the order was given—

"Go below, the starboard watch," and I crawled forward, and descended the ladder into the dark forecabin. Oh, how sick I was! Could I but have died! And, to comfort me, a Yankee greenhorn, as sick as myself, exclaimed—

"Je-HEW! heow sick I be! I wish I was tew hum!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SHIP is the world in miniature. Especially is this true of a man-of-war—where, it has passed into a proverb, every man finds his level. The sailor whom you select for your hammock-boy may have been, in more prosperous days, a man of wealth and distinction. The man who helps to pull you ashore in a cutter, or the dinghy, may have been a man of some eminence in professional life. You meet with men of all countries, and the most marked and startling contrast in habits and character. In one man you find the mere *animal*,—dull, lifeless, soulless; a machine almost—not many degrees above the dray-horse, or the treadmill—one whose brain is not often visited by ideas that are not on terms of the very closest intimacy with his rations of beef and grog and his watch below. In another you see the *lubber*, who trembles in a whole-topsail breeze, and to whom the royal-yard and the jib-boom are purgatory. His messmate is the ambitious man—who makes his way patiently, and step by step, from the rate of Johnny Raw to that of able seaman, captain of a top, or quarter-master. Another is the jovial "good fellow," who can sing a good song, and spin a yarn as long as the skysail-halyards—whiling away a dreary night-watch of four hours, in relating what another man would finish over a cup of coffee. Still another is your "heart of oak," who knows and does his duty; who, when other men's cheeks blanch with terror—when the storm is at its height—when the face of old ocean is white in his wrath—and sail after sail is rent in shreds from the bolt-ropes—when, in the midst of rayless darkness, and above the howling of the gale, the appalling cry is heard, "BREAKERS! UNDER THE LEE!" stands as

firmly as Atlas or Gibraltar at his post, in the face of almost certain death.

But to my story.

Night came on. Oh! that first night at sea! The ship plunged and reared like a restive horse impatient of restraint. The sky was heavily overcast, and as night settled upon the sea, rain added its raw discomfort to the accumulation of other diversities of misery. At eight o'clock, P. M., just as, in utter weariness and exhaustion, "an exposition of sleep" came over me, I heard, in Cyclopiian accents, at the scuttle—

"Eight bells, there below! Tumble up here, now! No sick-list to-night! Come on deck, *all* of ye! D'ye hear, there?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" growled one of the few "old salts" who had shipped before the mast.

The fore-castle-lamp had gone out, and there was some delay and a great deal of swearing in lighting it.

"Plague take the bloody ole lamp!" exclaimed the doctor, (the cook,) who was waiting for Portuguese Peter to light it. It was lighted at last. I turned out. I found my jacket "over to leeward," and one of my shoes half-full of lamp-oil. With an heroic effort, however, I dressed and went on deck, the first of my watch. I could see nothing in the surrounding darkness, but I groped my way to the weather-rail, and staggeringly crawled aft.

"Come aft here! *all* of you!" shouted the captain; and we were glad to get out of the way of the floods of water that were dashing over the bows at every plunge of the ship. Faint, sick, almost exhausted, I crouched under the weather bulwarks, somewhat alarmed, if the truth must be said, by the loud, sharp *thud* of the swell against the bows, the quivering of the hull, and the creaking of the bulkheads. The gale abated, and we made sail to top-gallant sails. Wearily passed the first long night-watch, and my heart leaped with joy when the second mate (the captain had retired at six bells) shouted—

"Eight bells! Call the watch!"

"Go below, the watch!" was the order a few minutes later, and we went below. With a keen sense of comfort I crawled (how, I hardly know) into my berth. With a miser-like consciousness of my ability to sink instantly to sleep, I remember a coquettish delay to

"Stretch the tired limbs"

upon the Elysian downiness of my hay-bed. A thought of home and Jessie Grayson, and I slept. I slept soundly. It was not yet seven bells in the mid watch when

"Starboard watch, ahoy!" in a shrill, masculine yell, started me from a dream of home.

"All hands! A squall, boys! Make haste!"

With a beating heart I bounded up the ladder. As I stepped upon deck, the wind took my very breath away, and I staggered into the lee-scutters. I crawled with some difficulty to windward. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and the ship was heeled over almost on her beam-ends. The wind whistled fiercely through the rigging. The green hands stood in mute terror, utterly at loss where to go and what to do. The mate, I could readily see, was himself alarmed, and he was shouting and swearing, giving two or three orders in a breath.

I may remark here, in passing, that it is by no means uncommon for whalers to sail from port with a crew in which there are not more than four or five able seamen in the fore-castle. Such was our own predicament. Indeed, I doubt whether there was one in the Whale-hunter's fore-castle who would have rated as an able seaman in the merchant-service or the navy.

I now received my first lesson in the management of a ship. As I stood near the booby-hatch, unable to understand the orders of the mate, who was yelling like a hyena to the men, I saw dimly in the darkness the tall, manly form of Captain Beverly. He threw calmly

a look aloft, and, in a tone of voice, little, if any, louder than his ordinary gruff, heavy accents, he said quickly,

"Maints' gallant-yard, there!"

"Sir!"

"What's the trouble with that sail?"

"The clewline's jammed, sir."

"Mr. Pintle, see that clewline clear!"

"Ay, ay, sir. All clear!"

"Clew up!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Hands by the topsail halyards! Lower away! Clew down! haul out the reef-tackles! Who's that at the wheel?"

"Tom, sir."

"Luff, half a point."

"Ay, ay, sir. Luff it is."

The ship was now safe. The squall abated, and we made sail again. I can never forget the calm, yet prompt and seaman-like style, in which Captain Beverly restored confidence to the men, and relieved the writhing spars of a strain that would have carried them by the board, had they not been of the best material and well stayed.

It being our morning watch on deck, we scrubbed decks, (a new and very interesting operation to me, which, in my greenness I supposed to be a sort of Sunday scrub,) and made sail to royals. Of course, we had the forenoon watch below. I again sought my berth, as did several others, among whom was one David Lee, a Dutchman. The name, by-the-bye, has not a very Dutchish sound; but such was his sign-manual on the shipping-paper. Some of the watch preferred to remain awake. Some smoked. Some played cards. One sang, and Jim Hopper extorted notes from his rickety old violin, the shrillness of which would have forced discord herself to put her fingers to her ears. My phlegmatic friend bore the din very philosophically for a while; and then he said, in coaxing tones, to the men—

"Mein Gott, poys! it ish more noise as te tower uf Papel; unt it ish not possible to schleep mit te noise. You acts like schildren (children)!"

In vain did he remonstrate. The card-players were staking plugs on plugs of tobacco, and the game went merrily on.

"What's trumps?" "I beg!" "I'll give ye one!" "Whose's deal?" "Spades no more!" were among the expressions that met my drowsy ear. I slept at last. It could not have been long; for when I awoke, the players were still intensely engaged. My Dutch neighbour was smoking his pipe, and watching the gamblers. At last they, too, turned in. The little fore-castle was still. The Dutchman's eyes were drawing drowsily together, when, suddenly, a rooster that had escaped from the hen-coop and strayed forward, set up, just at the scuttle, his very loudest and shrillest crow. The enraged Dutchman rose on one elbow, thrust his head out of his berth, and, looking fiercely up the scuttle, he growled—

"Ach! by tam! are you there?"

A roar of laughter followed; but, at last, about six bells, the Dutchman snored, and broad chests around him also snored, and puffed, and "phew"-ed, and snorted in orchestral vigour and variety, in laughing at which I, too, slept and—dreamed. I never snore.

O sleep! O dreams! your empire is at sea. The ship might have gone to that immense receptacle of things marine, Davy Jones's locker, and we never the wiser. I could have hugged my hay-bed for the delicious sense of weary drowsiness with which I closed my eyes in sense-absorbing slumber. Shall I ever sleep again as I slept at sea?

CHAPTER XIX.

FLORES.—FAYAL.—LIFE AT SEA.—THE FIGHT.

FINE weather succeeded the storm. I recovered slowly from my sea-sickness; and, as I grew more accustomed to my new home, I began to love the sea. So it is ever. A wise Providence has so formed us that, be our abiding-place where and what it may, we learn to love it. There is always, in every possible condition of life, the relative good and evil, joy and sorrow, which settle into the ordinary share of happiness which falls to our lot. Panting beneath the equatorial sun, or shivering in polar snows, in freedom or in bondage, there is so nice an adjustment of the balance of joy and sorrow, that little ground is left for choice among the diversities of human condition. There is no shade of hardship or sorrow but has its corresponding intensity of comfort and delight. I *loved* my little berth. I cut engravings from the papers and magazines that had been given me, and pasted them upon its rough sides. I fitted it with a world of bachelor conveniences; and, were there no other tie, the animal luxury of the delicious sleep I enjoyed in it would have endeared it to me.

I set myself at work to learn the names and uses of "the ropes." I was constantly looking aloft to see where the braces, sheets, and clewlines "led." I inquired restlessly the names and uses of every thing. I was the first among the green hands to take a trick (alone) at the wheel; and Captain Beverly complimented me on my skill. When I was not "looking out" aloft, or at the wheel, I contrived to be at hand where the officers were fitting the boats, getting their "irons" (harpoons, spades, and lances) in order; or setting up

rigging. In this way I learned a great deal of sailor lore in my first month at sea. The fourth mate, a negro, was a huge, brawny fellow, and, by report, a good whaler. Seeing my desire to learn, he took a special liking to me, and was never weary in answering, again and again, my countless questions. I also took especial pains, on all occasions, to be first in executing an order. In bracing the yards, in making or taking in sail, in relieving the wheel or the look-out, it was my pride to be prompt, active, ever ready. This obtained me the good-will of the captain and officers. The former would often call me aft to assist him in taking an observation; and the latter would select me from a knot of idlers to assist in working upon the rigging. What wonder I began to love the sea? Day after day, in almost uninterrupted sunshine, we bounded on towards the Azores.

We had two passengers on board. They were Portuguese, and bound to Flores. As we drew nearer the islands, one of them (a gray-haired old man, who had been for many years away from his native island,) was in a fever of excitement. He was constantly watching the binacle, and asking a thousand questions about the course, the latitude and longitude, and the rate of sailing. Indeed, I began to share his excitement as we drew nearer Flores.

Amid all the novelty, however, of life at sea, my thoughts *would* wander homeward. In the busy hours of the day I could drive away such thoughts easily enough; but at twilight, in night watches, and in dreams, my fancy was ever busy with the scenes of home; and

"My heart, untravelled,"

sought a solace for the present in the recollections of the past. I remember that I lay down upon my chest one day, after dinner, and fell asleep. I dreamed of home. I was at the well-remembered board, and

around it were my father and his family, with good old Allan Grayson and his daughter. I was seated beside Jessie. It seemed to me, in my dream, that I had won her heart and hand, and that she looked blushing at me as I recounted my hardships and adventures since I left my native village. Suddenly there was a peal of thunder. Jove! how faithfully did my fancy recall the familiar features of every face, wearing a look of surprise at the sudden approach of the storm! Knives, forks, spoons, were dropped, and we looked now at one another, now at the window, through which we could discern the vivid flashes of the lightning. My elysian dream was rudely interrupted by Simon Nehemiah, the blacksmith, who bawled hoarsely in my ear—

"I say, yaou! Weiss! Rowse out here! Your trick at the wheel!"

I bounded up the ladder, discovering, as I did so, that the cook was grinding coffee, and that he had thus unintentionally furnished the thunder for my dream!

"*Land ho!*" was the cry the next morning, and by noon we lowered the captain's boat and went ashore. Our passengers were half frantic, as well they might be, for Flores deserves its name. It is one of the most beautiful islands I have ever seen. True, it lacks the vegetation of the tropical islands of the South Sea; but then it is so well cultivated, that it looks like one vast floating garden, in the sea-approach. I could have kissed the earth, so delighted was I to see, once more, the beautiful green of broad fields, instead of the wide, monotonous expanse of sea and sky, on which I had gazed for the past fortnight. I had become so much accustomed to the motion of the ship, that, at first, I could not walk on land without staggering.

While the captain was busy in bargaining for a supply of fresh provisions—potatoes, onions, fruit, hogs, and chickens—I pawned divers little superfluities for oranges. One ill-looking fellow, whose "complexion" was "perfect gallows," singled me out for his victim, and, with wealth of smiles, and an urbanity that would

have made him a prime favourite at court, he contrived to cheat me most villainously. There was a skill in his tactics which stamped him a *great* cheat. He might have sat for the portrait of Cool, in "London Assurance," and young Courtly's words might very appropriately have been written beneath it: "There is a pungency about his invention and an originality in his equivocation that are perfectly refreshing!"

We got our supplies on board, and sailed for Fayal. We stood off and on, while the captain went ashore. On his return we filled away, and, with a sigh, I bade farewell to beautiful Fayal. Years have passed, yet I still recall the beautiful Azores—their hills, valleys, fields, groves, cascades, and neat white churches and cottages that decked the hillsides.

I have neglected to say that, for some days previously to our reaching the Western Islands, there had been some ill-feeling between the larboard and starboard, or mate's and captain's watches. As I have already stated, the greater part of the foremast hands were "green horns." Some of them complained very bitterly of the noise, at night, over the fore-castle, made unnecessarily by the watch on deck. There was very reasonable ground for complaint; though, for my own part, I was so weary with the labour of the day and my loss of accustomed sleep, that a national salute would not have waked me, except at the regular hour for calling the watch. Such is the case with all experienced seamen. The watches retaliated upon each other successively the real or imaginary wrongs of the last sleepless watch, until, at length, the quarrel became general.

One night, when we were running down the south-east trade-wind, one of the watch on deck came below, (I was in my birth,) and struck a light. It proved to be Simon Nehemiah, the blacksmith. He made so much noise and remained so long that he was suspected of trying to keep us awake.

"Time yaou was goin' on deck!" said Brown, a

broad-chested shoemaker, who stood six feet in his stockings.

"Go when I git ready!"

"Go *now*!"

"Yaou be ——!"

Brown sprang from his berth and struck the intruder. The watch on deck heard the noise, and rushed below. The watch below bounded from their berths, and the fight became general. They fought like tigers. The contest was at its height when there were three heavy raps on the scuttle, and Captain Beverly shouted—

"Avast, there! Come on deck, all of you!"

"We can't do it, sir," answered Brown.

Like a lion springing upon his prey, the captain leaped into the forecastle. He was a man of enormous strength, and, striking right and left, he scattered the combatants as if they were children. I saw him throw four men headlong against the berths and bulkhead.

"*On deck!*" shouted he, in a voice that might have roused the dead, and they obeyed him. He followed them, and went aft.

"Send Brown aft!" said he to the mate.

"Ay, ay, sir. Brown, lay aft here!"

He came.

"Seize that man to the mizzen-rigging!"

The order was obeyed.

"Now, sir, what say you?" said he to Brown.

"Forgive me, sir!"

"Cast off the lashings. I forgive you, but remember one thing—I'm the CAPTAIN of this ship. Go forward."

There was no more fighting on board the Whale-hunter.

CHAPTER XX.

CRUISING.—HOMEWARD BOUND.—LOOKING FOR EMPLOYMENT.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.



"'ON DECK!' SHOUTED HE—"

ONE morning, when we were about three days' sail from Rio Janeiro, I heard, during my watch below, a loud cry from masthead—

"There she blows! There she blows! There she blows!" in that quick and regular succession which is, to the practised whaler, an unerring indication of the vicinity of the much-coveted spermaceti whale.

"There she blows!" was the outcry again, when Captain Beverly came into the waist, and asked—

"Where away?"

"Four points on the lee bow, sir. There she blows!"

"What does it look like?" continued the captain, while the old sea-dogs whispered one to another—

"Sperm whales! Sperm whales for a thousand!"

"Sperm whale, sir. Regular low spout, sir."

"Keep the run of them. Sing out when she blows. Call all hands! Clear away the boats! See every thing clear! Keep her away three points!"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man at the wheel.

"Maintopmast crosstrees, there!"

"Sir."

"How far off is that spout?"

"'Beout tew miles, sir."

Such a bustle! The Whale-hunter carried four boats; and the mates and boat-steerers were getting lines, irons, oars, and a host of other boat-appliances, in readiness for service. When within about a mile of the shoal, we hauled by the wind, lowered the boats, and started in pursuit. My post was at the bow-

oar of the captain's boat. We pulled lustily for a few moments, and then made sail. When within a short distance of the whales, the sails were lowered, and we took the paddles. In this way we approached, almost noiselessly, a huge old spermaceti whale that lay with his back above the surface of the sea, reminding me, in the single glimpse I caught of it, of the adventure of Sinbad the Sailor.

When we left the ship, the fourth mate, who was holding the steering-oar, constantly urged us to the greatest possible exertion, by such expressions as

"Pull, my bullies! *Will* you pull! Weiss? What d'ye say, there? Sperm whale, boys! *Do* pull! *Say* you'll pull!"

And while he steered with one hand, he aided our little after-oarsman with the other. He had gradually lowered his voice, as we drew near the whales, to a whisper.

"There they are, boys! Sperm whales! Old settlers. Two hundred barrels apiece! Two years, and a full ship! What's the news, now? *Will* you pull?"

When within a few fathoms of the whale he had selected, he said in a low voice, to the boat-steerer,

"Stand up, Ben! All ready! Stan' by, now, boys! One minute more! Softly! *Give* it to him, now, Ben!"

The boat-steerer threw his harpoon with coolness and skill. We were "fast." The huge monster settled heavily down, threw his flukes (tail) lazily aloft, as if a flea had annoyed him, and "sounded."

"Mind the line, there, boys!" shouted the fourth mate. "Johnson, (the boat-steerer,) come aft, now."

The boat-steerer (whose province it is to throw the harpoon, and who does not steer the boat until after he has done so) now took the steering-oar; and Mr. Butler took his place. By the time he had taken the sheath off his well-polished lance, the whale ceased "sounding," and started for the surface. We peaked our oars, and hauled in the slack of the line. As soon as

he reached the surface, his spout told us where he lay, and we hauled the line rapidly inboard. When within a few fathoms of him, Mr. Butler threw his lance. It struck the whale a little abaft the fin, and with his next spout came the blood.

"Spouts blood, boys! He's ours!" shouted the excited mate. "Two hundred bar—JUMP, Weiss, for your life!"

I sprang instinctively from my seat, and was in the act of following Mr. Butler, who had leaped overboard, when the tail of the huge monster struck the bow of the boat, giving me a blow that paralyzed one of my legs. I fell helplessly into the sea. The mate had seen the occurrence, and he caught my arm; supporting himself by clinging to the boat. The waist-boat happened to be nearest to us, and she picked us up. By the time we were safely on board, the whale turned upon his side—dead. He was towed alongside, and secured by heavy "fluke chains" to the ship.

Signals were then made to the other boats to return; but the officers either could not or would not see, and they kept on in pursuit of the whales. I can give the reader no idea (and he cannot form one adequately) of the intense excitement of such a chase. The race-course or the gambling-house may give some notion of it. One of the boats was "fast" to a young whale, (the young whales are always the most troublesome,) and he was dragging the boat at a fearful rate away from the ship. I barely caught a glimpse of her, as I was lifted on deck. I was carried below. Night came on. The doctor (the cook) reported to me that "de boats done gwine out o' sight, and de cap'n ben make a light on de try-works."

The boats did not reach the ship until ten o'clock. The crew then shortened sail, and preparations were made for "cutting in." I should but weary the reader by a detailed description of the process which has already been so often described. The fires were soon kindled; the kettles were filled with the blubber; the oil-casks

were got on deck, and the work of the "whaling-ground" was fairly begun. Though suffering much pain from the blow I had received, I crawled to the scuttle, and looked out upon deck. The officers and men were gathered around the try-works, the blaze of the fires throwing their forms into clear relief against the surrounding darkness. The smoke was whirling away in huge volumes, to leeward, and hundreds of storm-petrels were chattering in our wake.

We cruised in that region for several days. During that time the severe pain I suffered brought on a fever, by which I was so much reduced that Captain Beverly decided to touch at Rio Janeiro, and leave me for medical treatment. It was desirable, moreover, to touch at that port, in order to send home the oil we had taken, amounting to some two hundred and seventy barrels. This was obtained from the large whale captured by the fourth mate, and two smaller ones subsequently taken by the larboard and bow boats.

On arriving at Rio Janeiro, Captain Beverly placed me under the care of the consul, to whom he gave my passport, and said to me that he proposed to cruise for a month off Rio Janeiro. If, at the expiration of that period, I should be able to resume my berth, he would reserve it for me. If not, the consul would find me a passage home. The month passed. The Whale-hunter returned; but I was yet an invalid, and I sorrowfully watched the brave ship as she sailed past the Sugar-loaf and disappeared. A few days later I took passage on board the barque Julia, of Salem, for the United States. We had a pleasant passage of fifty days. It was on a cold, raw, cheerless day in February that we landed. Of the money left in the hands of the consul for me by Captain Beverly, I had fifteen dollars remaining. I went to a sailor's boarding-house, and, as I laid my head upon my pillow, my heart throbbed fiercely when I asked myself what I should do. Go home? Never! unless in better plight than I was at that time. Of course, I must get employment. But how? where?

I was not yet sufficiently restored to be capable of hard labour. Should I try to get a situation as a teacher? Alas! I was an utter stranger, and I had not a single letter of recommendation. I spent several days in the invention and consideration of different plans of action. All to no purpose. Sick, disheartened, despairing, I left the boarding-house one evening, for a walk on the beach. I crossed the bridge, and walked towards Marblehead. On my return I stopped at the wharves, where a little fleet of "jiggers" and "pinkeys" (fishing-vessels) were lying side by side. As I stood gazing at them, I saw a bright-eyed Yankee girl busily engaged in cooking supper for the crew. She looked searchingly at me for a moment, and I fancied that there was a gleam of sympathy in her dark eye, as she said—

"Come aboard, friend! Come on deck a minute, John!" added she, turning towards the cabin-doors. "Here's a craft in distress, or I'm no prophet. Come aboard! come aboard! You're as welcome as a fair wind!"

I complied with the request.

"On a lee shore, shipmate?" asked the man, (the captain, as I soon discovered.)

"Yes!"

"Wal, walk below. John Manchester's my name. I command this jigger, the Norma. Let me make you acquainted with my wife."

I bowed.

"What may I call your name?"

I gave it.

"Wal, that's strait for'ard. I like your looks. Make yourself tew hum. To-morrow, ef I kin dew any thing for ye, why jest say so. Stop aboard with us to-night."

I accepted the invitation. We had some little chat the next morning, while breakfast was in preparation, about matters of general interest; in which, with gentlemanlike delicacy, the captain asked me no questions touching my history, or my existing embarrassments. After breakfast, we walked. As we passed my board-

ing-house, on our return, he again invited me to go on board the *Norma*.

"Are you a fisherman?" I asked, as I took his hand, to bid him good morning.

"Yes; a mack'reler."

"Bound out?"

"Bound *out*; to-morrow."

"Full crew?"

"No."

"Do you want a hand?"

"Yes."

"Will a green hand do?"

"Yes."

"Will you take *me*?"

"With all my heart."

"And give me until to-morrow to decide?"

"Yes; until nine o'clock in the morning."

He left me, and I entered the boarding-house. The time hung heavily upon my hands. I read the *Pirate's Own Book*, three old almanacs, and all the newspapers I could find. At nightfall, weary, dispirited, undecided, I left the house, and walked slowly through the more frequented streets. I pondered for a long time upon my different plans for obtaining employment. Should I go home? I had not money enough to pay my passage. Should I write to my father for money? I had but a few months before left him a bankrupt. *Could* I go home penniless? Pride whispered "Never!" I turned on my heel to go on board the *Norma*, with the intention to ship as a fisherman, when some one at my elbow exclaimed—

"Hallo! Strike me surprised! if it a'n't—no, it *can't* be; yes, it is Lynde Weiss!"

I looked at the speaker; and there stood, unmistakably, Mr. Barney Fogg.

"Where in natur' have you ben, Lynde? Heard you'd ben to sea."

"I have."

"Short voyage, eh?"

"Yes."

"Like it?"

"Yes."

"Goin' ag'in?"

"Yes."

"Not till you've ben home?"

"Yes."

"Then you ha'n't heerd from home lately?"

"I've just returned from Rio Janeiro."

"Wal, your father's mighty poorly. They've written to you to come home."

"Indeed! How are—how (I longed to ask about Jessie) are the rest?"

"Oh, all well."

"How is your friend Frank Gibson?"

"Bright as a lark. Speakin' of Frank, do you know he's rather cut out, so to speak?"

"How?"

"Why, a tall, black-lookin', mysterious chap came to Boylston 'bout three months ago, scraped acquaintance with Parson Grayson, took a class in the Sunday-school, and now he's hand and glove at the parsonage."

"Is he—does—that is to say, is Miss Grayson pleased with him?"

"Wal, some say so; some think not."

"Do *you* think so?"

"You're too hard on me, Lynde. Do you know, I had rather a fancy for Jessie, myself?"

"You?"

"Yes."

"Bah!"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. When are you going home?"

"Not for a fortnight. Visiting my cousins here."

I left him. I was sick to nausea with his twaddle; and I wished myself again at sea. A thought of home, however, decided me at once. I went to my boarding-house; sold my chest, hammock, and every thing else that I could spare, by which financial operation I pro-

cured the sum of eight dollars and seventy-five cents! I went on board the *Norma* and made the necessary explanations to Captain Manchester. I then sought Mr. Barney Fogg, from whom I wished to obtain one more item of information. I found him.

"Hallo, Lynde! how are ye *now*?"

"Quite well, I'm obliged to you."

"Goin' hum?"

"Yes."

"Glad to hear it! My love to the governor, and all the folks. An' if you could say a kind word for me to Jessie"—

"Of course."

"Wal now, that's very kind of ye. Any thin' I can do for ye?"

"No—yes, there *is*. What is the name of that stranger you spoke of?"

"Oh, the stranger! Let me see. Um! Rogers? No. Noggs? No. Wal, 'pon my word, it escapes me." And he put his finger very forcibly against the side of his enormous nose.

"Ah! I have it! Dodge. Dodge is the name. Doctor Dodge."

"Doctor Dodge?"

"Yes. May be you know him?"

"I have *seen* him. Good morning."

"Good morning, Lynde. Take the cars, I s'pose?"

"No."

"Ah, the stage-coach?"

"No."

"Why, how in natur'?"—

"Good morning, Barney."

"Good morning, Lynde."

And I left him looking the very personification of question-asking wonderment. The next morning, at day-break, I was trudging homeward.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JOURNEY HOMEWARD.

THERE was a raw, frosty chilliness in the air, that quickened my footsteps, as I set out on my long journey. It was the last of September. There had been, already, several frosts; and the woods that skirted the road had put on their many-coloured garb of crimson and yellow and brown. These shades were thrown beautifully into relief by the dark foliage of the native spruce, cedar, hemlock, and pine, which abound in the interior of New England. I passed through Nashua, Keene, Walpole, Bellows' Falls, and other towns, on the much-travelled stage-route, taking the southern pass through the Green Mountains, through Rutland.

Despite the circumstances under which I was returning home, every hour's travel lightened my burden of care and anxiety. I suppose that I must have travelled, one day with another, about twenty miles a day. Occasionally, my pride rebelled against my resolution to go home in my sailor garb; but I mastered the feeling; consoling myself, to some extent, to say the truth, with the thought that my unshorn hair and beard, together with the bronzed complexion I had acquired at sea, would prevent immediate recognition. At Rutland I encountered a somewhat serious difficulty; none other than the utter exhaustion of my little stock of money. I pondered long upon the means of relief. I had resolved that I would not, under any circumstances, write home for money. Should I beg? *Could* I? I walked until noon, when, weary beyond expression, I sat down on a log by the wayside. A careful examination of my pockets brought to light a solitary shilling. With this I stopped at the door of the first farm-house; and, having eaten my bowl of bread and milk, offered the coin to the good housewife.

"No, sir! we don't take money for trifles like this. You seem worn out—almost sick. Stay, won't you? Remain here until morning. Have you far to go?"

"About a hundred miles."

"Well, you will accomplish the distance quite as soon if you remain here to-night."

I thanked her, but declined the kind invitation, and told her of the urgency of my journey. Her gentle eyes glistened as she said good-bye, and my voice refused all utterance, as, with the hot tears on my own cheek, I pressed the extended hand, and resumed my journey. As I left the house, it began to rain. From an impalpable drizzle it grew to a cold, raw, easterly storm, that beat ruthlessly upon me as I trudged, with aching limbs, towards home. At length, after many a weary hour's travel, night came on. There was no dwelling in sight. The rain had ceased falling—and, exhausted by the day's travel, I went into the woods by the roadside, broke a quantity of boughs from the low hemlocks, and stretched my tired limbs for a night's repose.

I slept. When I awoke it was broad day. I was covered with the yellow, withered leaves. I shivered with cold—and, on attempting to rise, I was almost frantic with the stinging, aching, nerve-palsying pain that besieged every joint. Any one who has travelled through those regions of southern and western Vermont, where the prevailing soil is clay, especially if he have done so after a protracted "spell" of rainy weather, will readily understand how slowly and painfully I forced my way onward through the yielding, slippery, glue-like mud. A hot, feverish feeling succeeded the death-like chilliness I had experienced when I awoke, and I was on the point of yielding in despair to the feeling of utter helplessness and hopelessness, when I heard behind me the dull tramp of a horse. I did not turn my head. I discovered, however, as his large, unwieldy horse trotted past me, that it was a man on horseback. He was a hearty, ruddy, good-humoured-

looking man of forty-five. I observed that he eyed me with a somewhat keen glance of scrutiny as he passed. I did not speak, however—contenting myself with the mental ejaculation—

"Jove! had I but a mule!"

He must have been a reader of faces, for he checked his horse, and said—

"So you'd like to ride, eh?"

"Yes. I'd give the *world* to ride."

"You shall keep *your share* of the world, and have the ride besides."

"While *you* walk?"

"Ay. I've a frame of iron. You're as frail as a girl; and there are girl's tears ready to overflow your cheeks, now. Pshaw! Cheer up, man. Here! put your foot in the stirrup. What! you can't? Well then, this will do as well, I take it." And, so saying, he lifted me, as I would have lifted an infant, into the saddle.

"Never look sad; nothing's so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him, to-day, in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow!"

continued my companion, as we jogged along.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"In Boylston."

"Across the Lake?"

"Yes."

"Do you know George Weiss?"

"I'm his son."

"You? his son?"

"Yes."

"W-h-e-w!" (*A long whistle of surprise.*) "Why, how came you in this plight?"

I told him.

"Well, I'm as glad as if I'd discovered the north-west passage. Your father did me a kind turn when I was a boy, and I've a chance now to pay him a small instalment. Hurrah!"

And he threw his hat high into the air, in a somewhat Irish demonstration of his eminent satisfaction.

"There's the lake; see it?"

"Yes."

"And there's my house. You will stay there with me to-night, of course."

"I can't possibly."

"Why?"

"Why, father is ill."

"Ah! *that* indeed? That alters the case. By-the-by, will you oblige me by handing this trifle to your father?"

"I thank you, sir. You can pay him when you visit Boylston."

"Hang it! how sharp you are! Have you got any money?"

"No."

"Well then, how do you propose to get across the lake?"

"I will be your debtor, so please you, for a shilling."

"You'll take supper with the Great Mogul as much. Here!"

And again he proffered me the notes.

"No, sir; only a shilling, if you please."

"You're an obstinate cub. There's a dollar. If you won't take *that*, you may *swim* the lake for me."

I laughed as I dismounted.

"That laugh's a good sign. I'll see you again, ere long. Good-bye. God bless you!"

And, with a hearty shake of the hand, he left me. It was about four in the afternoon when I found myself on the western shore of Lake Champlain, a little to the south of Crown Point. I made my way to the black, craggy mountain that rises at the head of Bullwaggy Bay, ("Oh! the names that things take on!") bounded up its side, and, urging my way rapidly onward, reached Port Henry at twilight. A night's rest gave me new energy—and, as the sun rose the next

morning, I began my last day's travel. It was but twenty-five miles—and though it was the Sabbath, I hurried on towards home. The sun had just set as I reached the brow of the hill from which you descend as you approach Boylston from the south. Leaving the highway, I walked slowly along in the thicket that crested the Ledge, (it is cut down now,) until I was opposite the home of Jessie Grayson. In my "fulness of heart," I knelt upon the green sward, bared my temples to the cool west wind that swept down from the mountains, and thanked God that I once more beheld my native village. I arose, and walked slowly homeward—when, suddenly, in a cluster of huge pines, I saw the gleam of a white dress. I heard the sound of voices, as I drew nearer to the spot—and, as I approached still nearer, I heard, in tones that I could not mistake, the words—

"Leave me, sir. It is not yet your privilege to command."

A tall form was just visible in a retreat through the neighbouring underwood. Whose it was I needed no special revelation to inform me.

"Jessie!" said I, as she turned to go home.

"Dear Lynde! is it you?" she exclaimed—and she gave me both her hands. "Oh, I was so frightened! I"—

She stopped, suddenly.

"Where have you been, Mr. Weiss? When did you return?"

"Mr. Weiss?" I echoed bitterly.

"Forgive me, Lynde. I know not what to say. You would pity me, if you knew all."

"All, Jessie? What is it?"

"I have promised to tell no one."

"But you can explain all by-and-by?"

She shook her head.

"It is time I was at home, Lynde. Do not think hardly of me."

"Think hardly of you? Do you still reject me?"

"I *must*."

"Then you love me, Jessie. You"—

"When Miss Grayson requires your special attention, sir," said some one at my elbow, "we will very gratefully avail ourselves of your kind assistance. At the present time, you will excuse me for saying that she is not in need of your services."

"Father!" exclaimed Jessie, reproachfully.

"Come, my daughter. It is time you were in-doors. I hoped that your knowledge of this young man's profligacy"—

"Profligacy, Mr. Grayson? Profligacy, did you say? How, and when, and where?"

"I *did* say profligacy, sir; and I beg to add that I meant it. Good-bye, sir!"

I heard a stifled sob, as they left me; and I sank wearily down upon the earth, heart-sick, despairing—as one bereaved. I remained there—I know not how long—until a thought of my father nerved me with new energy. I rose hastily and strode homeward.

At the northern extremity of the Ledge was an enormous pine. Next the path, it had the appearance of being sound; but the northern side of it had been so much burned as to leave a large cavity, still black and charred, as it had been for years. As I passed it, a slight rustle in the leaves arrested my attention. I turned, but saw nothing; and thinking that it was the wind stirring the dry leaves, I paused a moment and looked over the village. It was, as far as I could see, unchanged. It was now quite dark, and the lights were gleaming cheerfully from many a remembered window.

"Oh, my father! is it thus I come home to you?" said I aloud; "in rags, penniless; you well-nigh as poor, spirit-broken, ill? Pshaw! This is mere boyish whining. There are no difficulties in your path which time and energy cannot surmount. Courage! All may yet be well. THE WILL IS THE WAY; be that your motto. You are young. You have health, energy, education. What, or who, shall rob you of the heart

whose affections you now know to be your own? Courage, I say! Jessie Grayson shall be yours. To-morrow's sun shall find you"—

"DEAD!" hissed a voice fiercely in my ear. A sharp, burning, stinging sensation caused me to put my hand to my side, as I turned to discover the person whose footsteps I heard in the underwood, and the warm blood gushed forth from the wound. I remember a feeling of dizziness and nausea, and a momentary sense of pain, as I fell upon some loose stones at the foot of the pine. The assassin had done his work with some skill.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOME, AS I FOUND IT—A VISIT TO PAUL WARREN—THE
CIRCLE BROKEN.

I HAVE a dim recollection, as of a dream which I can but half recall, in the bustle of the day's toil, of a darkened room; of white, fringed curtains; the form and proportions of which evaded my efforts to define them; now distinct and natural, and then vague, shadowy, impalpable. I remember closing my eyes with a sigh of exhaustion at the fruitless effort. I remember hearing my name pronounced by a familiar voice; and after that is another chaos. When my consciousness was again restored, I remember feeling an accession of strength. I could see more distinctly. I raised my hands, and looked at them. And then I asked myself where I was, and how I came to be in that particular room. Turning my head, I saw, hanging against the wall, a barometer and an old military chapeau; one of which articles I recognised as my father's; the other as my brother Griffith's. The key was found, and I soon recalled the incidents of my return to Boylston. On a light stand, by the bedside, were divers cups and phials; and among them was an ancient-looking silver-

bowed pair of spectacles, with a much-faded crimson-morocco case, which I at once remembered as the property of my aunt. I was wondering why I had been left alone; and was about to make an effort to call some one of the family, (it would have been fruitless,) when I heard a light footstep at my bedside. Oh, how my pulse leaped as I turned my eyes! There, pale, sad—ill, to all appearance—stood the idol of my life-long worship. Lying, as I did, in deep shadow, she did not discover that I had opened my eyes. She looked down upon the phials and cups that covered the light stand, and sighed.

"Jessie!" I said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Lynde! do you know me?" she exclaimed.

"How long"—

"Hist! not a word! The doctor says you must not attempt to talk. Thank God! he's saved!" she murmured; and, bowing her head, she wept. A moment afterward she left me. She returned with my father, Griffiths, and my sisters.

"My dear boy!" murmured my father. "God bless you! You have had a narrow escape. There, don't try to say any thing. Keep perfectly quiet, and we'll have you up in a few days."

My aunt Caroline, Ann West, and my uncle Hugh came in as he enjoined me to be quiet; and as I looked, in almost infantile weakness, at the familiar faces, there were tears answering the hysteric flow of my own.

"Leave him now," said my father. "Brother Hugh will sit with him awhile, until Dr. Blair returns."

They left me. Wearied by even so slight an exertion, I again sank into a profound slumber. When I awoke again, the doctor was at my bedside, and near him stood the clergyman, Allan Grayson.

"Getting stronger, you see," said the doctor to his companion.

"Oh, decidedly," was the reply.

"Well, Lynde, you have had a pretty sick time of it. You're doing nicely, I see. Let me caution you to be

quiet. Don't speak to *anybody*, for a day or two yet. I suppose you are lonely; tired, eh?"

I nodded.

"Well, Griffiths may read Robinson Crusoe to you. Here's Lucy and Jessie, though; we'll press *them* into service. Here, Jessie! read this forlorn young gentleman a full, true, and particular account of Robinson Crusoe's sickness, and his grand tobacco panacea. Come, friend Grayson, the ladies are the best nurses, you know. Here comes Kate; and, if the three can't cure him, he's beyond my skill. Ha! ha! ha! Don't have the dumps, my boy! You won't die, this time!"

And the gentlemen left me. With the gentle ministrations of home, I recovered apace; and in a week I was able to sit in my father's arm-chair. Paul Warren and his family were among my first visitors. My old playfellows and neighbours came in as soon as the medical *taboo* was removed; and their friendly sympathy removed the unpleasant thoughts of my unexpected arrival and my penniless condition.

My uncle Hugh relieved me one day of a burthensome anxiety, by quietly telling me that my father's creditors, on a careful examination of his affairs, were so well pleased with his upright dealing, and so thoroughly satisfied of his ability to pay all he owed, that they had given him "an extension." The price of iron and lumber, he added, had recently risen with a rapidity and to an extent almost without precedent, and my father did not, at that moment, owe five hundred dollars. The rise in the value of real estate had been very considerable; and his property, real and personal, would command fifty thousand dollars.

At last, after an interval of some three weeks, I could walk. With my father and my uncle Hugh, or with Griffiths and my sisters,—occasionally with the house-keeper and Jessie Grayson—I strolled languidly through the garden and into the fields. On one occasion, as we were passing Fogg & Gibson's store, Barney Fogg rushed to my side.

"Hallo! Lynde! Got out ag'in, eh? 'Pon my word, I thought you'd a-died. Who do you 'spose it was that struck ye?"

Griffiths checked the flow of Mr. Barney Fogg's short sentences, and we walked home.

"Do you know who struck you, Lynde?" asked Griffiths.

"No."

"But you suspect."

"We'll talk of that by-and-by, Griffiths."

The recollection of this conversation was speedily banished by the occurrences of the next few weeks. I now remember—what I did not then notice—that no allusion was made to the occurrences connected with my return. Besides, there was a great deal to absorb my attention from day to day. I had no sooner recovered than I revisited my home among the mountains. The lapse of a year and a half, though its effects were not noticeable in Paul and Mary Warren, had effected a decided change in Charles, who was one of the lustiest and most active among my father's lumbermen, and in young Paul, who, by dint of persevering study, had succeeded in passing a very creditable examination at a neighbouring college, and was then winning golden opinions from the faculty and the students. It was on the very day of my visit that his mother had received a letter from him. She had scarcely ended her eager inquiries as to my fortunes during my absence, when, with a mother's joy swelling her heart and speaking in her eloquent eye, she placed it in my hand, with the simple announcement—

"From Paul."

I opened it, and read as follows:

"M——, December 21st, 18—.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—I shall be with you at Christmas. The days are dragging their length very tediously away, as you may well imagine, but the day after to-

morrow will set me free, and then, dear mother, I shall soon be with you. Rejoice with me. Although I am the youngest of my class, I have been elected to the censorship of the literary society to which I belong. I am so fortunate, too, as to have pleased the president and faculty, and they speak—somewhat vaguely, to be sure, but definitely enough to set my heart bounding like that of a thorough-bred in a fox-hunt—of good news for me, which will not be very tardy in coming. Besides, (and I say this because *you* will be glad of it,) the little trifle I wrote in the summer vacation has received the most flattering comments from the editor of ——'s Magazine, and it recently came to me in an English reprint. Oh, if I can but succeed! dear, dear mother. I thank God that I yet *have* a mother. How will I conjure up a spell that shall relieve grim poverty of her long and unthanked sentinelship at your door? Do you know, I am proud, and that I *step* proudly when I pass the starched and gloved, fashion-aping nonentities—the rich votaries of science—in my class, who only know geometry from the differential calculus by the title-pages of their text-books?

"How are you all at home? Oh, I am so impatient to see you! My books grow irksome to me as the time draws near; but, for all that, I am early and late at my toil. I fret a little at this long, probationary study, for I long to *do* something; yet my better judgment says, 'Wait. Be patient. Lay deeply and firmly the foundation; and you've a lifetime to uprear what superstructure you will.' Enough. I must take my books in hand. Give my love to all. Give Sue a kiss for me, and accept a missive thousand for yourself, from

"Your affectionate son,

"PAUL."

He arrived on the following day. Decided as was the change in himself and Charles, I was surprised by the greater alteration in the appearance of his sisters.

Ruth was now twenty, and was, as I soon learned, soon to be married. Mary and Judith were like their elder sister, fine-looking girls, nearly grown, and great favourites among the young folk at the Falls. Amidst some idle badinage with Ruth about her approaching nuptials, I noticed that a shade of unpleasant feeling clouded the features of the mother, while Judith hung her head with a deep blush. Paul happened to come in, however, at that moment, from his work, and the incident was forgotten. The young student, too, arrived that evening, and, in the joy of our greetings, I should not probably have given the matter a second thought, had not an occasional look of deep sadness and some long-drawn sighs recalled it. I was at once satisfied that Judith had given her heart's wealth away. To whom, was a question for time to answer.

The Christmas holidays went merrily by, and, at the urgent request of Paul Warren, I consented to prolong my visit until after New-year's. Young Paul was then to leave us, to take charge of a country school, and Charles was to return with his father to the Lumbermen's Lodge. The days went merrily by. The young farmer to whom Ruth was betrothed came on the day after Christmas, and, what with music, dancing, and sleigh-rides, there were few dull moments for the happy occupants of the cabin. New-year's came.

"You must excuse me this morning, Lynde," said Paul, as we left the breakfast-table. "I've a few loads of wood to haul to-day, and by-and-by, if you have nothing better to do, why, cross the old rye-field, and come into the clearing where I am chopping. I shall commence hauling in time to get home with a load of wood at dinner-time. Good morning!"

"Good morning, Paul," I replied; and, as he turned away with his cheerful smile, his eyes flashing with good-humour and beaming with kindness, his hearty ringing tones falling welcomingly upon other ears besides my own, I sighed, as I silently asked myself if

I too should ever have such a home, with such an angel-wife to gladden it with heaven's own joy and peace.

The morning wore away. Charles accompanied John Williams, the young farmer, to the Falls, while I sallied forth with young Paul through the snow towards the clearing.

"Father must be loading," said Paul, as we left the rye-field and entered the narrow thicket that separated it from the place to which we were going. "I don't hear the axe. It seems early, though, for him to begin hauling."

We soon came in sight of the cattle. They were standing quietly beside a large pile of wood.

"Your father has gone to the brook for water, possibly," I remarked, as we approached the sled. "No, here he is! He is *hurt*, Paul."

We both sprang forward. There, stretched at full length, face downward, in the deep snow, lay Paul Warren.

"Paul!" I exclaimed, as I grasped the collar of his coat, and attempted to raise him.

"*Father!*" screamed my companion, hoarsely. There was no reply, no motion. The limbs were stiff. The face was ghastly, and the eyes set. He was DEAD! He lay as he fell. There was not a vestige of the slightest struggle. We knelt in the snow beside him. We chafed his hands and temples. We loosened his clothing, and rubbed the broad chest with snow. We besought him to speak, to give some sign. Alas! alas! Wo to the widow and orphans—he was dead!

* * * *

Will my reader spare me the record of the incidents that followed?—his removal to the cabin—the wailing of bereaved widowhood and orphanage—the sombre preparatory ceremonies of the burial—the gathering of hundreds at the funeral—the falling of stern men's tears—the preacher's half-choked utterance—the part-

ing look at the familiar features of the loved and lost, when

"Women's tears fell fast,
And children sobbed aloud,"—

the dull clatter of the clods upon the coffin—the closing prayer and benediction,—and the sad return to the broken circle of the home-fire! I am unequal to the task. My eyes are dim these many years, and the thin locks are snow-white upon my temples; yet the dim eyes wax never so nearly sightless, and an old man's weary loneliness never comes with such heart-sinking weight, as when I recall those sorrow-darkened days of my younger years. "So may he rest!"

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.—A DISCOVERY.

"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

So writes one whose tone betrays that he has felt "the severe afflictions" of which he speaks. To such purpose did I strive, when the first violence of grief was chastened, to give such poor words of condolence as I could command to the stricken mother. But the circle was broken. The chair was vacant. The cheerful smile no longer enlivened the board; the well-remembered voice rang no longer at the hearth. The dust gathered on the favourite books. The spinning-

wheel was silent. The necessary household duties were silently performed. Now and then the mother and her children leaned their heads mournfully together, but the tears fell in silence, and were stealthily wiped away.

I remained for some weeks at the cabin. Just before my return to the village, my father had dismissed his clerk, at his own request, and Charles Warren was installed in his place. This was a most fortunate occurrence, as it served to divert the widow's thoughts from the all-absorbing subject of her great and irreparable loss. Paul was successful in his school, and the friends of the family found means to relieve them from all fears of pecuniary embarrassment. A short time after I returned home, the family removed to the Falls. By a little exertion on the part of his friends, the appointment of postmaster was obtained for Charles Warren; and thus, for the time, all was well.

I was, more than once, urged to reveal the particulars of the attack upon me; but, feeling that I could not swear positively to the commission of the act by Dodge, I refused to do so. My recollection was, of course, imperfect; and, besides the want of positive testimony, the circumstantial evidence was by far too meagre to convict a man on so grave an accusation.

Oh, how tediously that long winter wore away! I saw Jessie but seldom, and never alone. Dr. Dodge had become an inmate of the family, and it was currently reported that the marriage would take place in May. When, at length, spring came, I resorted to my favourite amusements. Sometimes I floated in my skiff with the gentle current of the Bouquet. Sometimes I sallied into the woods with Munch and my fowling-piece, and oftener put Dash through his paces on the rough mountain-roads. It is needless to add, however, that there was no zest in any of my pleasures. I found much greater satisfaction in contributing, as far as lay in my power, to the happiness of my foster-mother; in assisting Charles Warren in his somewhat

burdensome duties; and in encouraging Paul, by occasional letters, to diligence in his studies. He had recently been writing for the — Magazine, and, although he had not written much, had already acquired a very enviable reputation. He had, moreover, written a tale, and offered it to a New York publisher. The reply to his letter was just what any more experienced man might have expected. It was to this effect: that his manuscript was "well-written, spirited, and interesting, but" (oh, what a word is that same BUT in the critic's vocabulary!) "that the author followed somewhat too closely in the wake of —." It was just after his reception of this decision that I received from him the following letter:

"M——, March, 18—.

"MY DEAR WEISS:—Thank you! thank you a thousand times, for your last letter. It is *full* of good things—full of encouragement—full of kindness,—and 'I thank you' is all I can say, by way of an attempt to tell you how welcome was your letter, and how my energies have been aroused to new life by your words of cheer. I *will* work. I *will* wait. I thank that publisher that he did not ruin me by giving my crudities to the world. I was angry with him at first; but, henceforth, I shall always think less of the wit of Byron, in his mutilation of the Bible, by which he made it read to good old John Murray—'Now, Barab-bas was—a publisher.'

"How are they all at home? Do you know? I suspect there is something wrong there? Judith does not write to me at all; and—yes, I *must* be frank with you. Some one has sent me an anonymous letter, accusing you of trifling with her affections. I would not mention this, but for the fact that I scorn the artifice. I *know* you, Lynde, for something nobler—better. It is a lie on the face of it. Let it put you on your guard. It can only be the cloak of a dishonourable design. Look to it. I am far from home. Charles is

busy. Be you our sentinel; for there is one man at Boylston whom I believe to be capable of any enormity that might serve his purpose. No one but such a wretch could wrong unprotected orphanage. No one *shall* do so, and escape his merited retribution. Say so much for me to—I will not pollute my paper with the name of the cowardly assassin—and know and remember that no trifle shall ever shake the friendship and confidence of

Yours, always,

"PAUL WARREN."

I had but just folded the letter, when Jerry entered my room. With a profound bow and a most deferential scrape of the foot, he announced his mission with—

"Misther Lynde, honey, yer sisther Lucy'll be wanthing ye."

"Where is she, Jerry?"

"In the gairdhin jist."

"Very well, Jerry."

I met both my sisters near a little nursery of peach-trees, which had been the object of our especial care, and which promised to bear fruit in the course of time.

"Why, Lynde!" exclaimed Lucy, with a very good-natured frown, "you're as slow as the peach-trees. How long is it since I sent for you?"

"Possibly five minutes."

"Five minutes, sir? That's an *age* to me! Instant obedience, if you would have my favour. Your worshipful escort, sir, is very respectfully requested as far as the parsonage."

"I must decline, Lucy."

"You must *go*! Get my bonnet, and Kate's, and be sure you are quick about it."

"Why, Lucy!" exclaimed Kate, in a tone of remonstrance.

"Fie, Kate! He *shall* go. I never had my way before in my life!"

A merry peal of laughter from Kate denoted full acquiescence, and I obeyed the behest with what grace

I could. The bonnets and shawls were soon adjusted, and we set forth for the parsonage. We found Allan Grayson alone.

"Where are Madam Grayson and Jessie?" asked Lucy.

"In the garden, my dear."

My sisters passed on, and I was in the act of leaving the room when the clergyman called me.

"Mr. Weiss." (He had never called me so before.)

"Sir."

"Be seated, if you please. I have something to say to you—of importance; and opportunities do not occur every day."

"Mr. Grayson does not mean to say that that difficulty lies at *my* door?"

"I mean what I say. Do not bandy words with me. You are doing a great wrong."

"How, and to whom?"

"You know, of course, that my friend, Doctor Dodge, is now suspected of having attacked you?"

"Yes."

"You do not believe him guilty?"

"I—excuse me, sir. This is not the proper time for me to answer that question."

"You do not mean to say that you *saw* him?"

"I do not mean to say *any thing*, now, Mr. Grayson. I am decidedly of the opinion that I had best leave the matter as it is, for the present."

"Do you *suspect* him?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Grayson. I cannot answer that question."

"Well, young man, I can forgive this irreverence to a gray-haired pastor, who is, at least, entitled to civility."

"Mr. Grayson, I"—

"Permit me to say to you, sir, that I have my own opinions as to the pretended, unprovoked attack upon you."

"Pretended! Mr. Grayson"—

"Do not interrupt me, sir. Doctor Dodge will be proved innocent. He is to become a member of my family, as my son-in-law; and, notwithstanding your relentless persecution, I shall do all in my power to dissuade him from doing *himself* justice by exposing *you*."

"My dear sir, I"—

"Excuse me, if you please. Will you do yourself the pleasure to join the ladies?"

He resumed his writing. I left him, and entered the garden. I met Jessie, very unexpectedly, at the gate.

"Excuse me a moment," she said, as we shook hands.

"Stay, Jessie. I know all!"

"I fear not."

"But your father has told me."

"*He* does not know all."

"Can you give me no clue?"

"Not without sacrificing another."

"And you will marry this—felon?"

"Never! But excuse me. I am going for my 'Flora's Lexicon' for Lucy."

And so saying, she tripped lightly past me into the house.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN AFFAIR WITH THE LUMBERMEN.

MONTHS passed. Spring had come again. It was late in March. The snow was melting rapidly, and the lumbermen were looking for the breaking up of the ice. The timber for some fifty rafts lay upon the banks of the Bouquet; and the jolly old raftsmen rubbed their

hands in genuine glee, as they recounted their exploits on the rapids, and looked forward to another trial of their skill. There was half-a-score of young men who had, that winter, escaped the restraints of the school-room, and they were looking forward to the perilous descent of the rapids as the test which should give them character and standing among the rude but manly lumbermen, or overwhelm them with the disgrace of failure. There was, among the lumbermen, an old crony of Paul Warren's, whom I had always liked, (none the less because Paul loved him,) and who seemed equally attached to me. He was known as Morris Farr. He was a tall, ungainly, black-looking personage—a jovial, hearty fellow; yet precisely the sort of man whom you would prefer as a friend, and not as an enemy. I met Morris one day, after the ice had broken up, as I was hunting with Munch near the Lumbermen's Lodge, and he gave me his usual hearty greeting.

"Hallo! Lynde, my boy! Thought I was never goin' to see ye no more! Why ha'n't you ben to see us?"

"I hardly know, Morris. I"—

"You don't know. Well, I *do*."

"Hardly."

"Then my name's not Morris Farr. Come closer," added he, in a whisper, and he looked very cautiously around him. "You love Jessie Grayson!"

I know—not why, but the expression fell gratingly upon my ear, and I was angry with the man for his abrupt remark.

"If I *do*," I replied, somewhat tartly, "I do not choose to have my private affairs meddled with by anybody."

"You don't, eh?" replied the lumberman, a little nettled, as well he might be, by so rude an answer to a remark which he had made in all kindness. "Wal, don't git in a puncheon about it, for a dimmyjohn 'u'd

hold ye!" added he, and, as he spoke, Charles Warren and Doctor Dodge approached us.

"You can try your hand at measuring me, if you so choose," said I, angrily, not heeding the approach of the doctor and his companion.

"Why, Lynde! you and Morris Farr are too good friends to quarrel. What are you doing with that gun?"

"I have been hunting all day."

"Well, come, Farr, make up. I thought Lynde was your best friend. Shake hands and make up."

"I flatter myself that Morris Farr and myself are competent to settle our own difficulties."

"Oh, well, if he's so touchy, let us leave him," said Doctor Dodge, and they walked on towards the Lodge.

"I *know* that 'ere Dodge," said Morris.

"I think it quite likely," said I abruptly, and I stalked away into the woods.

An hour's walk and a few shots calmed my ruffled temper, and I turned towards the place where I had met him, for the purpose of asking his pardon. As I did not care for further sporting, I left my gun unloaded. Munch went bounding along before me—now following some track upon the surface of the snow—now gambolling about my feet, to my no small annoyance, in a style that had more than once wellnigh sent me headlong. I followed the river's bank until I was opposite the place where Farr had been chopping. There I found a small raft, confined to the bushes on the bank by a single withe. The fastening seemed insecure, and I was about to adjust it when I heard the report of a gun. I sprang hastily up the bank, thinking that Charles Warren, or his companion, might have started a deer, and made my way in the direction of the report. I observed that the peal of Morris Farr's axe had ceased, and hurried forward towards the place where I had left him. A sad sight awaited me. At the foot of a huge pine, which he had nearly cut through, lay the stalwart lumberman, and from a small,

but unsightly wound in his temple, the blood was trickling down upon the snow. He was still warm, and, laying my hand upon his breast, I thought I could detect a feeble pulsation. Laying down my gun, I tried to staunch the wound, although, from its position I thought it scarcely possible to save him. His dinner-basket was near him, and along with it a pitcher, such as the lumbermen were accustomed to use for bringing water from the river. Seizing this, I ran to the bank, and leaped upon the raft to fill the pitcher. My momentum, it seems, loosened the already frail fastening, for when I turned to jump ashore, the furious current had swept the raft at least ten feet from the bank into the boiling current. Throwing the pitcher into the water, I grasped, instinctively, a setting-pole, which, fortunately for me, lay upon the raft, and, for a few minutes, every thought was absorbed by my perilous situation. For a considerable distance there were no very abrupt turns in the river's channel, and there was little danger, provided I could regain the shore before the raft should reach the rapids. I strained every nerve to guide it to the nearest point; but the river was swollen to a great height—the setting-pole was unwieldy—the current was very strong—and, in utter despair, I passed the point. There was yet another chance for me. A little below the point was an eddy, into which there was a possibility that I might guide the raft. If I failed, there was but the perilous alternative of leaping into the boiling current and attempting to swim to the shore. Exerting all my strength, I succeeded in gaining the eddy. A loud shout greeted my ear as I approached the shore.

"Hallo! Lynde, is that you?" exclaimed Barney Fogg as I leaped ashore. Beside him stood Frank Gibson.

"We thought it was all day with you, Lynde," said the latter. "You have had a narrow escape. Why, you've hurt yourself. Where does this blood come

from? Your hands are both bloody!—and this sleeve, and your vest!"

I shuddered as I thought of my gun, left by the body, and of the possibility that my bloody appearance, together with the fact of its being found there, might direct suspicion to me. Confused for the moment, I replied—

"I—I—Morris Farr is killed!"

"Morris Farr! Killed?"

"Yes—that is, I believe he is not quite dead."

"How did it happen?"

"I cannot tell. Will one of you go for Dr. Blair, while I return to the shanties?"

"I'll go," replied Frank Gibson, hastily; "and maybe the constable wouldn't be amiss. Eh, Lynde? You are looking pale to-day."

And he bounded away towards the Falls. Leaving the bank of the river, I led the way for my companion to a narrow lumber-road, along which we urged our way at a rapid pace towards the Lodge. As we approached the body, we heard the sound of voices, and I shuddered as I heard Charles Warren say—

"Oh, I am certain of it. I know his gun as well as I do my own."

"Had a bit of a quarrel, you say?"

"Both were in evident ill-temper," replied Doctor Dodge. "Ah! here he is, boys!" he added, as he saw me approaching. "The blood isn't dry on him."

"Is he alive?" I asked, almost breathless with my walk.

"As dead as his axe!" answered one of the lumbermen, with a scowl. "Better for you, I'm thinkin', ef he *was* alive. Killed the best feller in the settlement, since Paul Warren died. Shouldn't wonder ef you hed a hand in that."

"Liar!" I retorted, and I levelled a blow at him which would have felled him to the ground had not some one caught my arm.

"So! So-o-o!" hissed the fellow through his teeth.

"No man aims a blow at Sam Saxton for nothin'. What d'ye say, boys, don't he deserve stringin' up for this 'ere?"

"That he does! Yes! Jest right for him!" shouted some of the men, and, several other lumbermen coming up, the vote was taken again.

"This won't do, boys," said Charles Warren. "Give him his trial. The court sits the first Monday in next month."

"So *I* say," added Doctor Dodge. "Fair play. Give the devil his due."

"Who are *you*?" replied Saxton. "Jest rein in yer hosses, or we'll string *you* up, too! Ef it hadn't ben for you, he'd ben better off. So jest shut up, or you'll fare worse."

"For God's sake, Sam, you're not in earnest!" exclaimed Charles Warren.

"A'n't I? Jack, get me that trace-chain. No, the binder 'll be better. Give us the binder. Bill, tie his flippers!"

"Stand off! Let me go! Men! will you hear me? *I* did not shoot him!" I exclaimed, as Bill Ferguson tried to seize my hands.

"You didn't do it?"

"No, as God is my judge."

"Wal, who *did*, ef you didn't?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Don't know? Whose gun is that?"

"Mine."

"Whose tracks is them, goin' down towards the river?"

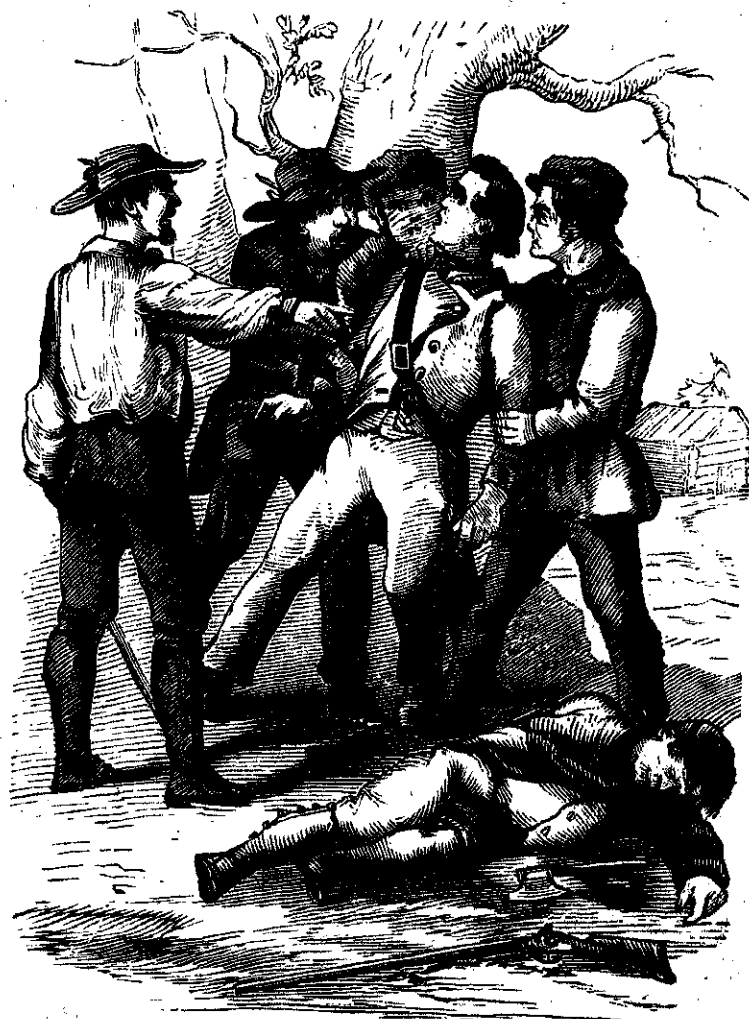
"Mine."

"Where'd that ere blood come from? A'n't it Morris Farr's?"

"Yes, but"—

"Never mind the buts. Freeze to him, boys! Hold him fast!"

* He was obeyed. With his own hands he put the noose over my head, and drew it tightly upon my neck.



"FREEZE TO HIM BOYS! HOLD HIM FAST!"

"You're choking him!" exclaimed Charles Warren.

"Wal, he'll be worse choked soon. Bill Ferguson, pull out your watch. We'll give him five minutes to say his prayers."

I again appealed to the infuriated men, but was at once silenced. I knelt in the snow, and tried to lift my thoughts to the great and good Judge of all.

"Come, sir, time's up!" shouted Saxton. "Bill, throw the eend o' the binder over the limb of that 'ere beech. Now, clap on to that. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay."

"Any message, sir?" said he, turning to me.

"Yes. Charles, tell my father that I died innocent! I"—

"*Hold! there! Stop, I say! Fools! Brutes! VILLAINS!*" shouted some one, and as I turned, my brother Griffiths leaped, with the fierceness of a hungry lion, upon the astonished Saxton. A single blow laid him senseless. I tore the rope from my neck and rushed into the throng, where Griffiths was struggling unequally with several of the lumbermen. As I grappled with one, my father rushed, bareheaded, from the woods, and, running in among the combatants, scattered them right and left with the ferocity of a tigress bereft of her young.

"Brave work this!" shouted he, as the cowardly fellows skulked away. "Lynde, my boy! Thank God, I was in time! Whose work is that, my son?" he added, pointing to the lifeless b

"I do not know."

"I *knew* you did not. But you will be arrested, Lynde. Here comes the constable, now!"

I was arrested, and conveyed to the Falls, and at nightfall I left the village, in the custody of the sheriff, for the county jail. I caught a glimpse of Jessie Grayson as I passed the parsonage. She was standing by her father at a window, and, as I looked up, she buried her face in the curtains. I leaned faintly back in the sleigh and wept.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WEEK IN JAIL.—THE TRIAL.

OH that week in prison! I would not pass another such for years of life. True, I was allowed the use of books and paper. My father, my uncle Hugh, and my aunt Caroline, Griffiths, and my sisters visited me—as did many others. I was supplied with every imaginable comfort, and was partially reconciled to my confinement by the assurance that few, if any, thought me capable of the commission of such a deed as was laid to my charge. Counsellor S——, whom my father had employed as leading counsel, visited me, and heard my detailed statement of facts. Kate whispered in my ear a kind message from the parsonage. Yet, notwithstanding all this, I passed the week in agony. I could not read, or write, or think. I could not rest. I have no words—nay, there *are* no words—that can adequately express my wretchedness. Not merely that I was charged with the commission of a foul crime; not that my defence seemed almost hopeless; not that I was, in all probability, to die a dog's death by the hangman; but that I was *fettered*. Against the probable result of the trial I could nerve myself; but the being chained, like a sheep-slaying cur—oh, *that* was what goaded me to madness. The snow melted from the earth. The mild air of spring came in at my grated window. I could hear the robin's song at daybreak, and I strode angrily, in my clanking fetters, to and fro in my cell,—I have lain for weeks upon the couch of sickness. I have been confined for weary days and nights to a narrow berth in a ship's fore-castle; but, in all my life, I remember nothing that so gnawed at my very life-strings as that week's confinement in jail.

It wore away, and at length came the day appointed for the trial. It was about nine o'clock that I was conducted by the sheriff to the court-house. There was an immense concourse of people around the jail. They were gathered in knots and engaged in eager conversation.

"Here he comes!" said somebody, as I left the yard of the jail; and, instantly, all eyes were turned upon me. The crowd approached as near to me as the guard would permit, and I heard not a few declaring their belief in my innocence.

"Keep up good heart, Lynde!" said Paul Warren, who, it seemed, had come home to attend the trial; and the words provoked a murmur of approbation in the crowd.

"Chip o' the old block!" said one.

"Ay, *that* he is. What 'd old Paul a' said to the like o' this?" said another.

As I entered the court-house, I turned to catch the eye of the young student; when, directly behind him, I met the glance of Dr. Dodge bent upon me, with a smile of malignant satisfaction. It was but for an instant. We passed on, and I was placed in the dock. I looked around me; and as I found every eye bent upon me, a sense of my own innocence and of the wrong about to be done me, gave me the air of proud defiance as I looked around me. The tedious empanneling of the jury was at last got through with, and the indictment read.

"What say you, Lynde Weiss?" asked the clerk, "are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" I answered.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked the district attorney.

"We are, sir," replied Counsellor S——; and the former addressed the jury.

He began with some general remarks about their responsibility, in the trial of an offence involving the reputation and liberty—perhaps the life—of the pri-

soner. He reminded them that the court would instruct them to give the accused the benefit of any rational doubt of his guilt. "But, gentlemen," he said in conclusion, "while you must not suffer yourselves to be prejudiced against the prisoner, it is my duty to caution you not to suffer your previous acquaintance with him, or your previous regard for him, to interfere with your solemn duty. We will now proceed with the evidence. Samuel Saxton!"

"Samuel Saxton!" repeated the sheriff.

"Here!"

"Take the stand."

"Now, Mr. Saxton," said Mr. Harper, the commonwealth's attorney, when the witness had been sworn, "tell the jury what you know of this affair."

The witness stated, in a surly, dogged tone, that, on the day of the murder, Morris Farr had been ordered to fell a large pine; that he went directly to the place and began the task; that about two o'clock, he heard several shots, and the barking of a dog; that he paid no attention to it; that a few minutes after this, Charles Warren and Dr. Dodge came to the Lodge, with their dogs and guns, and that he invited them in to drink with him; that they did so; that immediately afterward, on leaving the Lodge, the dogs struck each a different trail, and that Charles Warren said to the doctor, "Dodge, you follow *that* trail, and I'll follow *this*;" that they both disappeared in the woods; that, some twenty minutes later, he heard a single shot; immediately after which they returned, both at the same time, in the same directions in which they left him; that he heard Doctor Dodge say, "Come, Warren, this is dull sport; let us go home;" that he started with them from the Lodge, on their way homeward, to see how Farr was getting along; that they found him lying at the foot of the pine, dead; that the prisoner's gun lay beside him in the snow, and that there were fresh tracks both towards and from the river; that they followed the tracks to the bank, where

they could be traced no farther; but saw no one, and therefore returned to the body.

"Are you aware of any ill-feeling between the deceased and the prisoner?"

"Why, I've hearn tell"—

"Never mind what you have heard. Do you *know* of any?"

"No, sir; they was al'ays uncommon good friends, fur as I knowed any thin' 'bout it."

"That will do. Mr. S——, have you any questions to ask the witness?"

"One or two, Mr. Harper. What were you doing when Warren and Dodge found you at the Lodge?"

"Mending a sled, sir?"

"They went in different directions, you say?"

"Yes."

"And returned at the same time?"

"Yes."

"Would the course taken by either of them lead you near the place where Farr was chopping?"

"It would. Doctor Dodge must have gone mighty nigh in sight o' the spot."

Here there was a general turning of heads; but Doctor Dodge was not in the court-room.

"They returned, you say, in the same directions in which they started?"

"Yes."

"Did you see any thing peculiar in the manner of either of those gentlemen?"

"No, sir, I can't say as I did; though I thought Doctor Dodge seemed to be in consid'ble of a hurry to start for hum."

"Very well; you may go down."

Charles Warren was then called. He stated that, on the day set forth in the indictment, he went to the lumber settlement with Doctor Dodge, with two dogs and guns, for a few hours' sport; that they found Farr and the prisoner in an altercation.

"Some hard words?"

"Not very. Farr said, 'Don't get into a puncheon, for a demijohn would hold ye,' and the prisoner replied 'You can measure me if you choose.'"

"You left them, then?"

"Yes."

"Heard no more hard words?"

"No, sir."

"Did you hear any threats?" asked Mr. S——.

"I did not. The prisoner said they could settle their own difficulties."

"That will do."

"Doctor William Dodge!" called Mr. Harper.

"William Dodge!" echoed the sheriff.

"Here!" replied the witness; and he made his way to the stand.

His testimony, as elicited by the prosecuting attorney, was of the same tenor as that of Warren, and he was handed over to my counsel.

"How long were you gone on the trail which you followed from the Lodge?" asked Mr. S——.

"Possibly twenty minutes."

"Did you see Farr?"

"I did not."

The witness smiled, as if ridiculing the idea of his being suspected.

I turned to the court.

"May I ask the witness a question, your honour?"

"Certainly."

"Doctor Dodge, did you ever *know* Morris Farr, before you came to Boylston?"

He turned pale for an instant, but answered firmly, "Never."

Young Gibson and Barney Fogg were then called in succession, and testified to the facts already known to the reader. There was a murmur of satisfaction as they stated I had requested them to go for the doctor; but this gave place to gloom and doubt when it was further elicited that my manner was confused, and that my hands, sleeves, and vest were bloody. The coat, vest,

and gun were then produced and identified. The boots that I wore were produced, and several witnesses swore to the exact correspondence of size with the tracks near the body, and those going to and from the river. It was further proved that the pitcher belonging to Farr had been found in the channel of the river, a short distance below the Lodge, but a day or two previous to the trial.

Having got through with the witnesses, the district attorney arose and addressed the jury. He had undertaken, he said, the discharge of an unpleasant duty, at the opening of the case, with the hope—almost with the belief, that the prisoner was innocent. Yet so full, so unbroken was the chain of testimony, that (however painful it might be to him, as an old friend of the prisoner's father,) he must say that there was no doubt of his guilt. It was proved that there were hard words—that the parties were left together—that the gun, the tracks, and the spots of blood had been sworn to by unimpeachable witnesses. "I will not now say more," added he; "we will see what the prisoner's counsel has to urge in his defence."

Counsellor S—— rose slowly, as if overwhelmed by the weight of adverse testimony.

"May it please your honour and the gentlemen of the jury," he began, "I frankly confess to you that the testimony against the prisoner at the bar is very strong. Yet I say to you, in all sincerity, that I believe him to be as guiltless of the murder of Morris Farr as I am. Let me beg you to bear in mind that, up to the day of that melancholy occurrence, you yourselves knew the prisoner to be of irreproachable character; carefully educated by a man whom every one honours—our worthy fellow-citizen, George Weiss."

"Silence!" thundered the sheriff, as a low murmur of applause ran through the court-room.

"You are told, gentlemen, that hard words passed. Were they so? To the contrary, they seem to me but

a boy's petulant reply. The circumstances which have occurred during the last few months, and which, you will pardon me for saying, have had somewhat to do with the prisoner's manifest depression of spirits, are well known to you. Educated from infancy, side by side with a fair girl, whom no one could see and not love—separated from her by some untoward occurrence—driven thus almost to madness, he rushes forth from the quiet of his boyhood's home, and, in an hour of want, signs a ship's articles for a voyage to the Pacific. Well, gentlemen, it is further in evidence here, that, at Albany, he became acquainted with Doctor William Dodge. He accompanied him to New Bedford, became attached to him, and gave him his full confidence. Abusing that confidence, this Doctor Dodge endeavours to supplant him. You have the depositions of the landlord and clerk that Dodge was at the Parker House repeatedly, and that he was seen to leave Mr. Grayson's apartment immediately after the prisoner left the office. The door of the apartment was open, and Miss Grayson testifies that she recognised the prisoner, as Doctor Dodge attempted to take her hand, in declaring that he loved her. The prisoner goes to sea in despair—is gone some months—and, after a variety of hardships, he comes home penniless, on foot, travel-worn, heart-broken, to see his aged father, who was then confined to his sick-chamber. He meets Miss Grayson on the Ledge, in sight of her father's house. He sees some one leaving her as he approaches. It was Doctor Dodge. He is somewhat rudely separated from her by her father, and is found late at night by his faithful servant, wounded and senseless. Gentlemen!" exclaimed Mr. S——, raising his voice till the court-room rang with it, "who struck that cowardly blow?"

"No one knows," said the district attorney.

"True, gentlemen, no one knows, and why? The prisoner lingered for weeks in delirium and fever, and

since he has recovered, he resolutely refuses to say whose hand dealt the blow."

"Does he know?" asked the court.

"He says he will not swear to it, your honour, and therefore I will not dwell on this. I will only say, who else but Dodge *could* have struck the blow? He never had an enemy at Boylston, and Dr. Blair tells us that the blow could not possibly have been struck by himself."

"May it please your honour," interrupted the prosecuting attorney, "all this"—

"Is relevant to the issue, sir," resumed Mr. S——. "I have but little more to say. The prisoner recovers. The former familiar intercourse is broken off between him and Miss Grayson, while Dodge manages to ingratiate himself with the unsuspecting father and mother. The prisoner resorts to his favourite amusements—hunting, fishing, and the like—and is proved to have been in the habit of meeting Farr, with whom he was always on the best of terms. On the day of the murder, it is proved that his tracks led away from the body towards the river, but they were also found leaving the well-beaten lumber-road, which led directly from the body. This was not two yards from the road when found. The tracks are further found on the bank of the river, though the witnesses decline to swear that they believe them to have been fresh. Admit that they were, and all is clear as the day. He has arrived at the raft—hears the shot—rushes up the bank—runs to the wounded man—lays down his gun—attempts to staunch the wound—seizes the pitcher—runs to the river for water, and goes upon the raft for that purpose. The fastening gives way, and the furious current sweeps the raft from shore, beyond his reach. He drops the pitcher where it is subsequently found. How came that pitcher there, gentlemen? Would Farr throw away his own pitcher? Well, the prisoner succeeds in gaining the eddy, and leaps ashore to go for

assistance. He meets two of the witnesses. Shocked by their evident suspicion, and knowing how much appearances were against him, he hesitates—stammers, one witness says—but, mind you, begs one to go for Dr. Blair, while he voluntarily returns with the other to the very scene of the murder. Gentlemen, could *guilt* have done that?"

"No! Bless you! bless you, Mr. S——! He is innocent!" said Lucy, as, with streaming eyes, she clasped the hand of the speaker.

"Order! Silence!" said the sheriff, mildly, but his eyes, and hundreds more, were wet with tears.

"I believe she is right, gentlemen," resumed Mr. S——, when he had gently reseated my sister. "But there is one other point to which I beg you to give heed, and which will show the court and my learned friend over the way, that my remarks have not been so irrelevant as they may have seemed. It is in evidence that Dodge left Saxton, and went into the woods in a direction which must have carried him nearly, if not fully, in sight of Farr. Now, I am not permitted to show you that Farr had, a few moments before, declared that he *knew* Dodge."

"Really, your honour," interposed the prosecuting attorney, "I—"

"Well, let that pass. But I *may* show, and I *have* shown, that Dodge was in a very remarkable hurry to get home. Who is this Dodge? Does *anybody* know? Gentlemen, I must close. I confess that I cannot give you positive proof of the prisoner's innocence, but can you doubt it? I think not. There is no positive evidence of guilt—no pretence of previous malice—no proof whatever of any adequate *cause* for the murder. If you have any doubts of his guilt, gentlemen, bear it well in mind that you cannot bring him in guilty. The attorney for the commonwealth has reminded you of your *duty* in bringing in a verdict according to the evidence. And what is the evidence? Would any one

of *you* think it just that his life should hang upon so frail a thread? Is one man to be hung merely because you do not know whom else you shall suspect! Oh, no, gentlemen! You are too intelligent, too manly, too christianized, to do so merciless an act of injustice. Admit for a moment that, in a paroxysm of passion, the prisoner had committed the crime. It were then but homicide, and his life, at least, were safe. But will you even deprive him of liberty on so frail a tissue of evidence? I cannot believe it. No, gentlemen, even where there is positive proof of guilt, justice is not a soulless stock—a mere Juggernaut, underneath whose ruthless wheels whosoever falls must be inevitably crushed. You may admire the artist's conceit in painting her blind; but she need not, therefore, be deaf. If justice and punishment be synonymous, why, then, be the reeking *axe*, and not the scales, her emblem. Let the lowly, self-righteous Pharisee, the ceremony-begotten, form-nurtured saints, whose 'fine linen' is their 'righteousness,' say what they will. Humanity and religion say that the *deed* alone shall not constitute the crime. The scales were, else, as well the ghastly gibbet, stationary, senseless, merciless; as well the guillotine, that *never* moves but at the behest of death. Justice! She weeps scalding tears over the deeds done in her name. Why, gentlemen, Mercy held her arm when—if the popular orthodoxy be true—she would have sent earth's quivering millions to a hopeless eternity of agony. Mercy is the right even of the guilty; how much more *his* right whose guilt you can but surmise.

"It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His *sceptre* shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But *mercy* is above this sceptred sway.
It is enthroned in the *hearts* of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself."

He took his seat, and the district attorney rose in reply. He began by saying that he must acknowledge that his friend S—— had never more eloquently addressed a jury in behalf of a prisoner. How good a compliment he had paid the jury, on the present occasion, by appealing to their *feelings*, instead of their judgments, he left for themselves to decide. Were his own feelings to bring in the verdict, the prisoner should go free, for it was no case of *hardened* crime. But he and they were there to uphold the law—to discharge duties *upon oath*—to give in a verdict according to the evidence, and not in accordance with their feelings. He then reviewed the testimony, and sat down.

The judge charged the jury to the effect that if they had any reasonable doubt—and this he took care to define very carefully—they were to give the prisoner the benefit of it; and with some feeling remarks on the solemn responsibility under which they rested, he closed his remarks.

Oh, what terrible moments were those which succeeded! The jury retired, and I was remanded to my cell. All access was denied to me, and I paced the stony floor in utter despair. To increase the gloom of my cell, a fierce storm came on, accompanied by the first thunder that I had heard since the coming of spring. The lightning flashed, sending its fierce glare into my narrow iron-barred window, almost blinding me with light, and then leaving me in rayless darkness. It was wellnigh day ere I slept.

At the opening of the court I was again ushered to the dock. Some preliminary business was attended to, and the clerk then said to the jury—

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"What do you say? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

"*Guilty!*"

I remember hearing a loud shriek, and then a feel-

ing of dizziness came over me, as I heard the announcement. It could have been but momentary, for I heard the sheriff exclaiming—

"Silence in court!" in a loud and authoritative tone.

"Silence!" thundered he again, and the tumult was hushed.

Jessie Grayson and my sisters were removed, and the court-room became still as death.

"Lynde Weiss," exclaimed the judge, "stand up. Have you any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you according to law?"

"Nothing."

"You see, young man, to what end they come who give rein to passion. You have been tried by a jury of your own selection, and found guilty. It is the sentence of the court that you be recommitted to the jail from whence you came, there to be safely kept until the twentieth day of August next, and then to be hanged by the neck until you are"—

"Silence!" shouted the sheriff, as the court was interrupted by a tumult at the door.

"Let me pass, I say!" exclaimed some one, as he elbowed his way.

"What means this?" exclaimed the judge, angrily. "Sheriff, remove"—

"Stay, sir! The prisoner is innocent! I saw him, sir. He did not leave the bank of the river until after the shot."

He went on to say that he had been ill—that he had gone from his cabin to the bank of the river on the day of the murder—that he heard the shot, and saw me climb the bank—that he had been again taken ill, and had been delirious until two days previous—that, hearing of the trial, he had come to give his testimony, though he was scarcely able to walk.

I was discharged!

CHAPTER XXVI.

For a few days there was a great deal of talk about the trial. It was urged by some that Dodge should be arrested and tried, while others asked, "To what purpose?" What new fact could be elicited? True, it was proved that I was innocent; but where was there any thing better than circumstantial evidence against Dodge? The excitement wore away gradually, and, as is usual in such cases, many took sides with the doctor as an injured man—the more readily, since Allan Grayson and his wife remained his staunch friends. He was still an inmate of the parsonage, and it became a settled understanding that his marriage with Jessie Grayson would positively take place ere the moon waned. So reliably did this rumour come to me, that I, at length, gave it credence, thinking that, with Jessie, pity had given place to a warmer feeling. Accordingly I did not visit the parsonage. I resumed my sports in the woods, and upon the river I refitted my sloop. Paul Warren remained a few days at home to recruit his health, and we were ever together. In this way it happened that I was scarcely ever at home. None of the family molested me, and I felt grateful for their forbearance—the more so, as it seemed the tacit reward for my abandoning a recent intention to go to sea. I became a constant visitor at my foster-mother's, and the former coolness wore away. There was apparently but one of the family who had not, to some extent, recovered from the shock of the father's death—and that was Judith. I observed that she became a constant visitor at the parsonage, and that my sisters scarcely ever went there; while both they and Griffiths,

my father and my uncle Hugh, especially the latter, became, every day, more attached to the widow and her excellent family. I saw, too, with the keenest pleasure, that Griffiths was becoming very attentive to Mary Warren, while Charles Warren, to whom my father was gradually resigning the entire management of his large and prosperous business, was more than suspected of making advances to my sister Lucy. In this manner three weeks passed away. It was near the last of April, and but a single week remained before the expected wedding. I had persuaded Paul to remain at home until that time, on the condition that half of our time should be devoted to study. One evening—it was Thursday, I remember—we were passing the inn, when a traveller rode leisurely to the door on horseback. It so happened that neither mine host nor the ostler was at hand to receive him. He dismounted, and patting the neck of his jaded horse, he said—

"Poor welcome this, Priam, for those who have travelled sixty miles between sun and sun. Is this a specimen, gentlemen, may I ask, of the usual sort of entertainment for man and beast at this tavern?"

"Oh, no," replied Paul, laughing. "I'll call the ostler. Here! you Jack Collins! Where are you?"

"You Jack Collins! Jack Collins, I say!" shouted the innkeeper.

"Comin', sir," was the reply, and that functionary speedily made his appearance.

"Walk in, sir," said mine host.

"Thank you, I'll remain outside awhile, if you please, and you may order the best possible fare, for my horse first, and then for myself."

"Very well, sir," replied the innkeeper, and he vanished.

"Can you tell me, gentlemen," asked the stranger, in a low tone, "whether or no one Nathan Small lives hereabouts?"

"Not to my knowledge," I replied. "Do you know any such person here?" I added, addressing Paul.

"No."

"Well, I understand," continued the stranger, "that he has passed under the names of Captain Syme and Doctor Dodge."

"There is a person here calling himself Doctor Dodge."

"Tall?"

"Yes."

"Long, black, wiry hair, combed strait back over his cranium?"

"Yes."

"A soft voice and a noiseless step?"

"The same."

"Fond of a big word?"

"Yes."

"Uses, or rather abuses French phrases—'*Je ne sais pas*,' for *I don't know*?"

"On all occasions."

"The very man. Gentlemen, say nothing. I am much indebted to you. Landlord," added he, as mine host came to the door, "lay three plates, if you please, and have enough to fill them. Have you any wine that a Christian can drink?"

"Some port of '96, if that will serve your turn."

"Oh, to a fraction, so you have enough of it. Gentlemen, I crave your company at supper."

Somewhat amused by the stranger's oddity, we accepted the invitation. We were soon seated at a table loaded with the good fare for which mine host of "The Washington Inn" was famous. The eggs were done to a fraction. The coffee might have delighted the sultan of Turkey; the bacon would have seduced a Jew; the bread was perfection; and all were laid upon a cloth whose whiteness might have shamed the snow. In short, the supper was capital, and the port might have been advantageously added to our more modern dis-

solving views. As its genial influence affected the stranger, he became chatty and communicative. He became very particular in his inquiries about Doctor Dodge, and invited mine host to take wine with us for the purpose of obtaining all possible information.

"If it's a fair question," said the latter, whose curiosity was aroused by the stranger's queries, "why do you inquire so particularly about Doctor Dodge. Old acquaintance, eh?"

"Yes. But you seem to know less about him than I do."

"Bless your heart, stranger, we don't know *any thing* about him. He came here a little more'n a year ago, and stuck up his shingle as a doctor. He ha'n't done much in that line; but he lives well, and has plenty o' money."

"That he has, I'll be bound."

"How he gets it, no one knows."

"I think I can tell you."

"Well, how?"

"He is a professed gambler."

"You don't say so."

"Fact. But, I say, does he mix in society here?"

"Bless you, yes. Great ladies'-man, though I wonder that ladies will associate with a man who won't tell who he is, where he comes from, nor nothin' else. He's going to marry Parson Grayson's daughter. Why, what's the matter, Lynde?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Why, what made you start so?"

"Nothing—a momentary pain in my side."

"*Married*, do you say?" exclaimed the stranger, while he fixed his keen glance upon me.

"Yes."

"Why, he *has* a wife already, and two children."

"Are you sure of it?"

"As sure as I am that I sit here. I live in the town from which he ran away. Between you and I, gentle-

men, he owes me a good round sum, and I have come to collect it."

Mine host laughed.

"Why," said he, "he owes *me* for six months' board, and I don't expect to get a farthing of it."

"But I shall get mine."

"How?"

"Maybe I'll tell you before I go. I'm tired and sleepy. I'll trouble you for a light and a pair of slippers."

The stranger retired, and we left the hotel.

"Joy for you, Lynde," said Paul, grasping my hand.

"Why?"

"Why? Can't you expose the villain, and save Jessie Grayson?"

"Would the Graysons believe any thing to his disadvantage?"

"But here is proof."

"Ay, the assertion of a somewhat shabbily-dressed traveller, whom nobody knows."

"But we can write."

"And receive the answer after the wedding."

"Sure enough. But perhaps the stranger has proofs."

"Hardly. However, we will see him to-morrow, and if Allan Grayson and his wife are not blindly infatuated, we may succeed."

"Very well. By-the-by, you will take a bed at our house to-night, won't you? Come—Hush! As I live, Lynde, there is some one under Judith's window. By Jove! I'll teach him"—

"Stay, Paul!" I whispered to him, as I caught his arm. "May I tell you my suspicions?"

"Yes; but let me settle with that fellow first."

And he struggled to get free.

"Ay, and spoil every thing by your haste. I have strong suspicions that this same Doctor Dodge has at-

tempted to win—perhaps he has already won—the affections of your sister."

"Judith?"

"Yes."

"Then, in God's name, let me go and beat him within an inch of his life."

"Stay. That were but to make your sister wretched. Let us listen to the villain; and if, by the stranger's assistance, we can unmask him, your sister will hardly grieve for one whom she must soon have reason to despise."

"You're right, Lynde. Let's go nearer."

We did so. For a moment all was still, but, a moment later, we heard the sharp click of a pebble against the window. The sash was cautiously raised.

"William, is it you?" said Judith.

"Yes. Speak softly. Come down—I want to see you alone."

"I cannot to-night. It is late."

"I *must* see you, Judith."

"Not to-night. If my mother, or"—

"Good-night, then—and good-by."

"You'll come to-morrow?"

"Never again!"

"Stay, dearest. I *will* go down."

She disappeared from the window.

"Now, Lynde," said Paul, "give me a chance at that fellow."

"No, Paul. Wait. Let us watch them. If they walk, we will follow them; and if he dares insult her, you shall have your revenge. To interrupt them is to spoil all."

"Well, I'll try to be patient. Have they come now?"

Judith appeared at the door, and, shutting it carefully, she walked, with a noiseless step, toward the gate, where Dodge met her.

"Shall we walk?" he asked.

"I cannot go far, William. Why did you come to my window again?"

"Because I cannot live away from you, Judith."

"The villain!" hissed Paul.

"Do you love me, *indeed*?"

"Better than my life. Come this way, towards the Ledge. We shall be seen if we keep the road."

"But everybody says you are going to marry Jessie."

"Haven't I told you it was false?"

"But you stay there so much, and I hardly ever see you."

"Well, Judith, don't I board there? Would you have me come here every day, and betray all?"

"Oh no, William, but"—

"You doubt me?"

"No; but, indeed, I cannot go any farther with you to-night. Come, let us go home."

"As you please, Judith, though I wished to have some conversation with you."

"Well, come to-morrow night. You would not surely have me take any step to"—

"Compromise you? No, Judith. But will you meet me to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"And walk with me?"

"Yes."

And, bidding him good-night, she passed us, as we stood aloof from the path, and entered the house. The villain continued to walk, with his stealthy tread, in the direction of the Ledge.

"What's to be done, Lynde?" said Paul.

"We must prevent this meeting."

"Yes, of course."

"But indirectly, Paul. We will see the stranger in the morning, and, if he has as much to tell as you suppose, we will manage to effect a meeting between him

and Dodge, while Kate shall see that Judith is in hearing of their conversation."

"Excellent! Capital! By Jove! Lynde, we'll earth this fox—expose him—defeat him at his own game. Have you a good cowhide?"

"Yes. Good-night."

"Good-night, Lynde."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EXCURSION.—THE STORY.

I WAS somewhat abruptly awakened the next morning by the good-humoured Jerry. It was his custom to call me by name simply. On this occasion he had laid his hand (it was none of the lightest) on my shoulder, and was giving me a rude shake, when I sprang upright in bed, with some vague idea of peril.

"Saints defend us!" exclaimed Jerry. "Don't ate me, Misther Lynde, av ye plase!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mane, is it?"

"Yes."

"Yer oonele's callin' ye."

"Calling me? I can't hear any thing."

"Av coorse. I'm callin' ye by diputation, honey."

"Well, what does he want?"

"Sorra one o' me knows. They'll be havin' a bit av divarshin wid the Impress, I'm thinkin'."

Here some one called Jerry, and he disappeared.

"We've been planning an excursion, Lynde," said my uncle Hugh, as we seated ourselves at breakfast.

"Where and how?"

"To South Hero, in 'The Empress.' Captain Gayger is going there for a small freight of grain, and we have all agreed to go except Griffiths, sister Caroline, and yourself. Will you go?"

"Yes, if you'll include the Warrens in the invitation."

"With all my heart, Lynde."

"And why not invite the Graysons?" asked Kate.

"To be sure," added Lucy; "and we must include that hateful Doctor Dodge, or Jessie won't be permitted to go."

"Then we will not invite any of them," said my father, gravely, and the matter was dropped by general consent.

The sun had not long been above the Green Mountains when we got under way. Paul Warren, his mother, and Judith were with us; and, seeing the stranger, whom I had met the night before, watching the motions of the crew in making sail, I invited him to accompany us. He leaped on board, and expressed himself delighted to have an opportunity to see something of Lake Champlain. I claimed the helm, as the prerogative of my very brief salt-water voyage. The wind was from the north, and, as there were some two or three reaches of the river where we could not lay our course, I felt a sailor's pride in putting "The Empress" through her paces—now running with the wind abeam, heeling, gunwales under—now close-hauled, and running almost in the wind's eye, until the jib-boom struck the brushwood on the bluff bank of the river. When we were fairly clear of the bar at the mouth of the river, I gave the helm to Captain Gayger.

"You're a sailor, every inch o' ye," said he, as he took the helm, and he accompanied the compliment with a hearty slap on my shoulder. "You may trim them head-sails a leetle, if you please, Lynde," he

added, and I went forward. The stranger followed me.

"You've been a sailor, it seems," he said, as the last sheet was belayed.

"Yes."

"At sea?"

"Yes; but I owe all my sailor-craft to Captain Gayger. 'The Empress' and I are old cronies."

"So it seems. By the way, have you seen Doctor Dodge this morning?"

"No."

"You say he's about to be married?"

"Yes."

"That must be prevented."

"Can it be?"

"Yes, and I'm the man to do it."

"You are confident?"

"My life on't."

I then explained our plan to him.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "By the way, will you make any stay at the island?"

"Two hours, possibly."

"Very well. We'll have a walk, eh? I've a story to tell you."

"I am at your service, sir," I replied, and we went aft.

The wind hauled a little to the westward, and by ten o'clock we were at our destination. We ran into a little bay, which was so effectually sheltered by a projecting point, that we laid "The Empress" alongside the rocks, (for there was no wharf,) so near, that we easily threw a plank ashore, and landed without difficulty. As none of the party except myself, had ever been on the island before, we left the vessel for a walk. Any one who has ever seen South Hero, even in sailing past it, will readily understand the enthusiasm of our party as they roved through the low woods, and along the miniature bays along the shore. I contrived

to separate the stranger from the rest, and we crossed the ridge and descended to the opposite shore.

"Now for the story," said I, as we seated ourselves on the trunk of a fallen pine.

"You shall have it in few words. But, first of all, my name is James Van Ornan. I live in Frankfort, Maine. About four years ago, as near as I can remember—yes, it was four years ago, in March—I was standing on the wharf at Frankfort, (it had but one then,) chatting with two or three of my neighbours.

"'Blowin' great guns,' says one.

"'The river-craft can't show a rag,' said another.

"'I'll make you a bet on't, gentlemen,' says I, 'Cap'n Harlow is due to-day, and if he's inside of Owl's Head, he'll come up the river in spite o' any wind that ever blew in Penobscot Bay.'

"'I'd like to see him try,' said some one.

"'Well, there's a chance for ye, neighbour,' says I, 'for if that a'n't the Jane A. Hersey comin' round the p'int, I'll buy me a pair o' glasses.'

"I was right. There was the Jane, under reefed foretopsail and courses, beatin' up on the flood tide, and the water foamin' and splashin' over her bows in great style. Well, in a few minutes she was moored alongside the wharf. Cap'n had a passenger, and who d'ye think it was? Why, this 'ere same Dodge. He took lodgin's at the tavern. No one could ever find out who he was. He got acquainted, though, and as he was well-dressed, and paid for every thing regularly, he was well received. Well, by-and-by, he falls in love with one of the prettiest girls in Frankfort. The old folks made a great to-do about it, but it wa'n't no use. She was bent on havin' him, and so she did. Well, he conducted himself very well, and matters went on quietly. There was one thing, though, that he was in the habit of doin', that didn't suit neither the old folks nor his wife. Before his marriage, he used to go away from Frankfort, and be gone several days.

Where, nobody knew. After he got married it was the same thing. Well, he quarrelled with the old folks, and they determined to watch him. They hired a man to follow him—and where do you think he went? Why to a den of gamblers in Boston, where he seemed to be hand and glove with the whole set. He was either mighty lucky, or else he played foul, for he won lots o' money. Things went on worse an' worse, until, at last, they had a grand blow-up, and Doctor Dodge, as he calls himself, come up missin'. He was owin' me the nice little sum o' seventy dollars, and I've come to get it."

"Of course you have the proofs of these facts?"

"Never fear, sir. I've somethin' better'n proofs. When I come to Boylston, I thought I would let the feller go on his own way, provided he'd pay me, for I felt sure he'd git hung in the end. But I won't see another woman deceived by him. You must know that nigh a year arter he run away, a schooner from Charleston, down in South Carolina, comes to Frankfort. The skipper inquires 'bout this 'ere Dodge, and what do you thinks he turns out to be? Why, the same feller that committed the big forgery to Charleston, a few years ago; and here," added Van Ornan, "is the dockyment what'll bring Doctor Dodge to his bearin's. You come to the tavern to-night, with the lady you spoke of, and station yourselves in the next room, and then see if I don't make that 'ere villain strike his colours."

We returned to "The Empress" in time for an excellent dinner, and at two o'clock got under way. Having the wind well on our starboard quarter, "The Empress" was but two hours in reaching her home moorings.

In the evening, at an early hour, I saw Van Ornan returning from the parsonage, accompanied by Doctor Dodge. My sisters, by some means, had persuaded Jessie and Judith Warren to call on the innkeeper's

wife. The latter was intrusted with the secret of our plan, and we were soon stationed in an apartment adjoining the one which was occupied by the stranger.

"Doctor Dodge," said Van Ornan, "what say you to a bottle of old port, eh?"

"I thank you sir, I"—

"Pshaw! here's a couple in good old dust-and-cob-web. Good, eh?"

"Excellent."

"When do you propose to go back to Frankfort?"

"Never."

"Gin up Ellen and the children, eh?"

"No, not exactly."

"I hearn you was goin' to be married *here*."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"It's a lie!"

"You don't think of it?"

"No."

"Well, then, what do you pay your addresses to Miss—what's her name?"

"Miss Grayson?"

"Yes."

"Oh, she's a country girl that seemed disposed to make love to me, and I couldn't very well help it."

"She's the only one, is she?"

"Well, no. There is one more that I flirt a little with, to amuse myself."

"You wouldn't marry either of them?"

"Marry my grandmother as soon."

"You've left Ellen for good?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me tell you, Doctor Dodge, that you're a villain—a cowardly scoundrel!"

"*What!* sir?"

"Oh, you needn't flare up. Perhaps you remember a little debt you owe me?"

"Yes."

"Well, if it's entirely convenient, I'd like to *have* it."

"But, my dear sir, I haven't got so much in the world."

"Oh, yes, you have. I must have it."

"*Must?*"

"*Must!*"

"Well, then, get it if you can."

"Stay a minute, my hearty. You'd better pay me."

"I'll see you — first!"

"Well, then, how do you like the looks o' this? Perhaps you've seen it afore?"

There was a pause of a moment.

"For God's sake, my dear sir, don't betray me!"

"Will you pay me?"

"Yes."

"To-night?"

"Yes."

"Well, on that condition, I promise to tell no one that I hold in my possession this"—

"Hush!"

"Oh, nobody'll hear—this handbill offerin' two thousan' dollars for the reward of one"—

"Hush! Don't read it. Some one may overhear it."

"Well, I spare ye. You can have one hour to get me the money. But mind ye now, I'll keep an eye on ye. No more rascality, or you'll try the cage—perhaps the cord!"

Here the conversation ceased, and we heard the door open and shut. The villain had gone.

"Is this the mystery?" I whispered to Jessie, pointing to Judith as she walked homeward with her head downcast, and leaning upon her brother's arm.

"Yes."

"You are free now, Jessie. Will you be mine?"

"Yes."

We left Kate and Lucy at our own door, and walked towards the parsonage. We stopped a moment underneath the tall old elm. There were low words spoken, that told of long-cherished and long-thwarted love. All that was dark before, was made clear. The little hand in my own trembled, and a low sob met my ear.

"Dear Jessie!" said I.

She looked up. I clasped her in one long, fond embrace, and beneath "the cold light of stars" did our lips seal the life-long vow.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FOOT-BRIDGE.—RETRIBUTION.

Now that there was undeniable proof of the true character of Doctor Dodge, that eminently original personage was requested to find other quarters. He left the parsonage, and being refused accommodation at the inn, he found it a matter of some difficulty to procure lodgings. Furthermore, it was intimated to him that he would be allowed one week to leave the village. He seemed, however, in no haste to depart. Three days of the allotted week passed, and still he did not go. The rain may have been the cause, for it had fallen steadily for several days in succession. It was on the fourth that the river began to attract general attention. It had been swollen by the recent rains to a great height; so much, indeed, as to have obliged one family, whose dwelling was near the bank, to remove to the house of a neighbour. The water was discoloured with mud, and swept angrily along, covered

with logs and drift-wood. Before noon the bridge was swept away, and the only remaining means of crossing the river was a narrow and somewhat frail foot-bridge, which had been built for the convenience of the workmen at the forge, and which was but a few yards above the dam. It was built somewhat in the manner of a suspension-bridge, being supported by iron rods, and it was sufficiently strong for any ordinary purpose. Indeed, it was thought to be amply strong to support the weight of thirty or forty persons, though it was seldom that more than two or three were ever seen upon it at the same time. The workmen had been a little shy of it at first, but the feeling wore away, and it came to be considered as safe, for its intended purpose, as the more substantial bridge above it.

It so happened that the annual town-meeting, held for the election of officers, and for other matters pertaining to the welfare of the little commonwealth, had been appointed for that day, and, as the meeting was to be held in the school-house, on the eastern bank of the river, a large portion of the residents (the lumbermen among them) were obliged to make use of the little foot-bridge. Accordingly, during the early part of the day, you could see little knots of people pausing on the bridge, as they crossed, to look upon the swollen current that rushed and boiled and foamed below. At noon the rain ceased falling. The sun was once more visible, and the spectacle was then sublime. My sisters resolutely encountered some hundred yards of mud for the purpose of seeing it. The river had now swollen so much, that the dam, some eight feet in height, was only distinguishable by a slight undulation in the huge mass of water that poured ceaselessly on towards the foaming cauldron of the lower rapids. There, so great was the declivity, and so rocky the channel, that you saw but one vast sheet of snow-white foam whirled and tossed into thin and scarcely palpable spray.

At length the meeting adjourned. Mine host of

"The Washington Inn" had provided most bountifully for his guests, and what with the earlier potations of the day, it was no great marvel that they grew noisy and somewhat troublesome. The dinner, however, passed without any serious disturbance. The politics of the day then engrossed the attention of the village politicians, who discoursed learnedly to the lumbermen of State-rights and the tariff, democracy and federalism—much, it must be confessed, to their mystification. As the afternoon wore away, the potations of the throng grew deeper and more frequent. Loud words were now heard, and feeling confident that the usual quantity of fighting was about to commence, by way of vent to the excitement of the occasion, I turned to Paul and asked him to accompany me home.

"Sha'n't we stay, Lynde, and see the opening of the bear-garden?" he said, laughing.

"No, go home with me."

"Well, you'll drink a glass of wine with me?"

"Yes."

We stepped to the bar, and were lifting our glasses, when Paul was very rudely interrupted by some one at his elbow.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Doctor Dodge, (for it was he.) "You knocked my tumbler out of my hand!"

"It was entirely accidental. Pardon me."

"Accidental, you say. *Perhaps* so."

"You can take it as you please."

"Then take that!" exclaimed he, and, quick as lightning, he dealt Paul a blow that made him reel against me. My arm was caught as I attempted to punish the miscreant.

"Stop a minute, Lynde!" exclaimed Sam Saxton, the lumberman. "I've a small account to settle with this gentleman," and he laid his iron grasp upon his victim's throat.

"Hold on, Sam! Don't choke him! *I've* a settle-

ment to make with that feller," said another, and presently the doctor was surrounded by some half a score of angry lumbermen. At this juncture one of them shouted—

"Throw him off the bridge!"

"Right! right!" exclaimed others. "Didn't he stab Lynde?"

"And shoot Morris Farr?"

"And deceive the minister?"

The trembling wretch was now hurried away towards the bridge. Knowing the certain doom that awaited him, without some more powerful interference than I could command, I begged the innkeeper to run for Allan Grayson, while I hurried home to apprise my father and Griffiths of what was going on. Both had gone to the forge. Despatching Jerry for them, at the top of his speed, I met the lumbermen at a short distance above the bridge.

"Let him go, Sam," I said to Saxton. "You have no proofs of his guilt, and you surely wouldn't kill an innocent man!"

"Get out o' my way!"

"Remember how nearly you had murdered *me*."

"Yes, I do; but this 'ere's a villain as don't *deserve* to live."

"That is for the jury to say, Sam."

"Boys, jest take Lynde away, will ye?" said Sam, who still retained his hold of Dodge.

"Here comes minister!" exclaimed one.

Before Allan Grayson could reach the spot, the lumbermen, to the number, perhaps, of twenty, had dragged their victim upon the bridge, and when the clergyman came, his remonstrances were unheeded.

"There comes Uncle George!" cried one of the crowd, and, hearing this, the enraged lumbermen were lifting the struggling man to the railing of the bridge. My father had already reached it. By this time the lumbermen had raised their victim to the top of the

railing, and were in the act of throwing him over, when the bridge broke in the middle, and fell with a loud splash into the river. The parts of the bridge swung patiently round, so that the ends were not more than thirty feet from the shore. The short planks which composed the footing of the bridge fell from it and floated away, and thus there was no way to reach the three persons who were clinging to the extremity nearest the eastern shore. As the bridge swung round, we discovered that Dodge was clinging to the iron railing, while his body was under the surface of the water. Sam Saxton was clinging to him, and to Sam his crony Bill Ferguson was holding, by the skirt of his huge lumberman's coat. With such a current it was impossible that Dodge could long sustain his own weight, and we could see him giving an appealing look to those who were clinging to him. The lower one succeeded, at last, in climbing over the shoulders of his companions, and had nearly gained the bridge, when he slipped and fell. A convulsive struggle—a look of agony—and he was gone!

Meanwhile, on shore, all was consternation. A score of plans were suggested. I ran for a ladder, while Paul Warren went for a boat, and some one else procured a rope. This was attached to the boat. Two of the lumbermen leaped into it, and ere they could reach the end of the bridge, it was swamped by the furious current, and the noble fellows were lost. One of them had been noted for his piety, and he sang, as he floated away, the air and words of a favourite hymn.

It was plain that Dodge was now wellnigh exhausted. His companion, though he had not sufficient strength to climb over him and reach the bridge, still clung to him with the desperate grasp of a drowning man. We could see that Dodge was trying to shake him off, and that he was expostulating with him. The poor fellow at last let go his hold, and Dodge made an effort to gain a footing on the bridge. Exhausted as he was, he

had nearly succeeded, when a huge log struck the broken bridge, and he, too, disappeared.

For a long time the villagers stood silently on the shore, awe-stricken by the warning providence that had thus rebuked the attempt to mete out justice to the guilty. The sun went down in a dark mass of clouds. The rain again fell in torrents. Night came on, and the throng dispersed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST.—THE WEDDINGS.

THUS, my dear reader, have I told you of some of the vicissitudes of a somewhat eventful life. It remains but to tell you, so far as I am concerned, that, a few days after the occurrence related in the preceding chapter, Allan Grayson gave his consent to my marriage with Jessie. Griffiths and Mary Warren were married on the same day as ourselves. A few months afterward, Mrs. Warren gave her hand to my uncle Hugh, and my sister Lucy became Mrs. Charles Warren. Barney Fogg is a petty attorney, and Paul Warren is one of the first lawyers in his native State. My father—peace to his ashes!—died the year after my marriage; and, two years later, good old Allan Grayson was followed by his bereaved flock to the grave.

My sister Kate declares her intention to live and die an old maid; and Ann West, who still restlessly "sets things to rights" for my household, will probably bear her company in that regard. My aunt Caroline sur-

vived my father something more than four years, and was buried by his side.

And now, having kept your ear so long, I will release you, dear reader, from an old man's garrulous detail of matters which, with the usual infirmity of age, have possessed more interest for me than for you. Yet these pages may not have been written in vain. They will have proved worth something if they shall have lightened the burden of a dark hour of life—if they have taught, in any degree, the danger of following impulse—if they have led any one to think more soberly and earnestly of the duties and responsibilities of those social relations in which all must find whatever happiness belongs to their lot in life. May I bid you farewell in the golden lines of one of England's most favoured sons of song? They will make my homily the briefer.

“To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
 To forgive wrongs darker than death, or night;
 To defy power which seems omnipotent;
 To love and bear, *till Hope creates*
From its own wreck, the thing it contemplates;
 Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
 This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
 Good, great, joyous, beautiful, and free;
 This is alone life, joy, empire—victory.”