



THE WILD LAKES.

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SUMMER GLEANINGS:
OR
SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS

OF
A PASTOR'S VACATION.

By JOHN TODD, D. D.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

THIRD THOUSAND.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER, MRS. LUCY C. BRACE.

You know, when father goes away on his summer vacations, how we mourn, how we dread those long weeks when we can hear no tidings from the wilderness, and how we fear lest he will be lost in those primeval forests. But when, strengthened and invigorated, he is led back by the kind hand of God, who watches and guides his children in the solitude of those wild mountains as well as in the crowded city, we rejoice in his safety, and enjoy with him the remembrance of these excursions.

I have thought that many might be glad to see the few fragments of these stories of his summer rambles that I have been able to gather together, and I have wished, if possible, to let others share in the pleasure we have so often felt. And so I wish to dedicate this little book to you, as one who has ever sympathized with us in our joys and sorrows, and who has ever treasured so deeply in her heart the dealings of God's providence with her children.

We read of a poor mother who, in widowhood and pov-

erty, among strangers in a strange land, was called to bury her two sons. Very bitter was her cup of grief. Yet, though she could never forget the dead, she could praise God for the living; and did she not find herself blessed, more than words can tell, in the love and care of her daughter-in-law Ruth? And cannot you rejoice, that, though much of your treasure is in heaven, you have still sons, who, though all do not bear your name, prove your daily comfort?

And when your work of life is done, — when you and all your loved ones shall be gathered to the dead, — that you may appear before the throne of God, with all your children and descendants, and with humble rejoicing may say, "Here am I and the children Thou hast given me," is the earnest prayer of

YOUR LOVING GRANDDAUGHTER.

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SUMMER GLEANINGS.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.

IN one of those long, low, one-story, unpainted houses which succeeded the log-houses in Vermont as the second generation of human habitations, lay a sick woman. She knew, and all her friends knew, that her days were numbered, and that when she left that room it would be in her winding-sheet for the grave. Yet her face and her spirit were calm, and the tones of her voice, like those of the dying swan, were sweeter than those of life. She had taken an affectionate leave of all her children, in faith and hope, save one, — her eldest son, — a mother's boy and a mother's pride. By great economy and unwearied industry this son had been sent to college. He was a mild, inoffensive, pale-faced one; but the bright eye did not belie the spirit that dwelt in a casket so frail. He had been sent for, but did not reach home till the day before his mother's death. As soon as she knew of his coming, she immediately had him called to her room, and left alone with her. Long and tearful was their conversation. Sweet

and tender was this last interview between a mother and son who had never lacked any degree of confidence on either side.

"You know, my son, that it has always been my most earnest wish and prayer that you should be a preacher of the Gospel, and thus a benefactor to the souls of men. In choosing the law, you are aware, you have greatly disappointed these hopes."

"I know it, dear mother; and I have done it, not because I like the law so much, but because I dare not undertake a work so sacred as the ministry, conscious as I am that I am not qualified in mind, or body, or spirit, for the work. If I dared do it, for *your* sake, if for no other reason, I would do it."

"In God's time, my dear son, in God's time, I trust you will. I neither urge it, nor blame you. But promise me now, that you will never undertake any cause which you think is unjust, and that you will never aid in screening wrong from coming to light and punishment."

The son said something about every man's having the right to have his case presented in the best light he could.

"I know what you mean," said she; "but I know that, if a man has violated the laws of God and man, he has no *moral* right to be shielded from punishment. If he has confessions and explanations to offer, it is well. But for you to take his side, and, for money, to shield him from the laws, seems to me no better than if, for money, you concealed him from

the officers of justice, under the plea that every man had a right to get clear of the law if he could. But I am weak and cannot talk, my son; and yet *if* you will give me the solemn promise, it seems as if I should die easier. But you must do as you think best."

The young man bent over his dying mother, and, with much emotion, gave her the solemn promise which she desired. Tender was the last kiss she gave him, warm the thanks which she expressed, and sweet the smile which she wore, and which was left on her countenance after her spirit had gone up to meet the smiles of the Redeemer.

* Some months after the death of his mother, the young man left the shadows of the Green Mountains, and toward a more sunny region, in a large and thrifty village, he opened his office; the sign gave his name, and under it, the words, "Attorney at Law." There he was found early and late, his office clean and neat, and his few books studied over and over again, but no business. The first fee which he took was for writing a short letter for his black wood-sawyer, and for that he conscientiously charged only a single sixpence! People spoke well of him, and admired the young man, but still no business came. After waiting till "hope deferred made the heart sick," one bright morning a coarse-looking, knock-down sort of a young man was seen making toward the office. How the heart of the young lawyer bounded at the sight of his first client! What success, and cases, and fees danced in the vision in a moment!

"Are you the lawyer?" said the man, hastily taking off his hat.

"Yes, sir, that 's my business. What can I do for you?"

"Why, something of a job, I reckon. The fact is I have got into a little trouble, and want a bit of help." And he took out a five-dollar bill, and laid it on the table.

The young lawyer made no motion toward taking it.

"Why don't you take it?" said he. "I don't call it pay, but to begin with, — a kind of wedge, — what do you call it?"

"Retention-fee, I presume you mean."

"Just so, and by your taking it, you are my lawyer. So take it."

"Not quite so fast, if you please. State your case, and then I will tell you whether or not I take the retention-fee."

The coarse fellow stared.

"Why, mister, the case is simply this. Last spring I was doing a little business by way of selling meat. So I bought a yoke of oxen of old Major Farnsworth. I was to have them for one hundred dollars."

"Very well, — what became of the oxen?"

"Butchered and sold out, to be sure."

"By you?"

"Yes."

"Well, where 's the trouble?"

"Why, they say that, as I only gave my note for them, I need not pay it, and I want you to help me to get clear of it."

"How do you expect me to do it?"

"Plain as day, man; just say, Gentlemen of the jury, this young man was not of age when he gave Major Farnsworth the note, and therefore, *in law*, the note is good for nothing, — that 's all!"

"And was it really so?"

"Exactly."

"How came Major Farnsworth to let you have the oxen?"

"Oh, the godly old man never suspected that I was under age."

"What did you get for the oxen in selling them out?"

"Why, somewhere between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty dollars, — they were noble fellows!"

"And so you want me to help you cheat that honest old man out of those oxen, simply because the law, this human imperfection, gives you the opportunity to do it! No, sir; put up your retention-fee. I promised my dying mother never to do such a thing, and I will starve first. And as for you, if I wanted to help you to go to the State's prison, I could take no course so sure as to do what you offer to pay me for doing. And, depend upon it, the lawyer who does help you will be your worst enemy. Plead minority! No; go, sir, and pay for your oxen honestly, and live and act on the principle, that, let what will come, you will be an honest man."

The coarse young man snatched up his bill, and, muttering something about seeing Squire Snapell, left the office.

So he lost his first fee and his first case. He felt poor and discouraged, when left alone in the office; but he felt that he had done right. His mother's voice seemed to whisper, "Right, my son, right." The next day he was in old Major Farnsworth's, and saw a pile of bills lying upon the table. The good old man said he had just received them for a debt which he expected to lose, but a kind Providence had interposed in his behalf. The young lawyer said nothing, but his mother's voice seemed to come again, "Right, my son, right."

Some days after this a man called in the evening, and asked the young man to defend him in a trial just coming on.

"What is your case?"

"They accuse me of stealing a bee-hive."

"A bee-hive! Surely that could not be worth much!"

"No, but the bees and the honey were in it."

"Then you really did steal it?"

"Squire, are you alone here, — nobody to hear?"

"I am all alone."

"Are you bound by oath to keep the secrets of your clients?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well, then, 'twixt you and me, I did have a dab at that honey. There was more than seventy pounds! But you can clear me."

"How can I?"

"Why, Ned Hazen has agreed to swear that I was with him fishing at Squanicook Pond that night."

"So, by perjury, you hope to escape punishment. What can you afford to pay a lawyer who will do his best?"

The man took out twenty dollars. It was a great temptation. The young lawyer staggered for a moment, — but only for a moment.

"No, sir, I will not undertake your case. I will not try to shield a man whom I know to be a villain from the punishment which he deserves. I will starve first."

The man with an oath bolted out of the office, and made his way to Snapall's office. The poor lawyer sat down alone, and could have cried. But a few dollars were left to him in the world, and what to do when they were gone he knew not. In a few moments the flush and burning of the face was gone, as if he had been fanned by the wings of angels, and again he heard his own mother's voice, "Right, my son, right."

Days and even weeks passed away, and no new client made his appearance. The story of his having refused to take fees and defend his clients got abroad, and many were the gibes concerning his folly. Lawyer Snapall declared that such weakness would ruin any man. The multitude went against the young advocate. But a few noted and remembered it in his favor.

On entering his office one afternoon, the young man found a note lying on his table. It read thus:—

"Mrs. Henshaw's compliments to Mr. Loudon, and requests, if it be not too much trouble, that he

would call on her at his earliest convenience, as she wishes to consult him professionally, and with as much privacy as may be.

"Rose Cottage, June 25th."

How his hand trembled while he read the note! It might lead to business,—it might be the first fruits of an honorable life. But who is Mrs. Henshaw? He only knew that a friend by that name, a widow lady, had lately arrived on a visit to the family who resided in that cottage. "At his earliest convenience." If he should go at once, would it not look as if he were at perfect leisure? If he delayed, would it not be a dishonesty which he had vowed never to practise? He whistled a moment, took up his hat, and went toward "Rose Cottage." On reaching the house, he was received by a young lady of modest, yet easy manner. He inquired for Mrs. Henshaw, and the young lady said,

"My mother is not well, but I will call her. Shall I carry your name, sir?"

"Loudon, if you please."

The young lady cast a searching, surprised look at him, and left the room. In a few moments the mother, a graceful, well-bred lady of about forty, entered the room. She had a mild, sweet face, and a look that brought his own mother so vividly to mind, that the tears almost started in his eyes. For some reason, Mrs. Henshaw appeared embarrassed.

"It is Mr. Loudon, the lawyer, I suppose," said she.

"At your service, madam."

"Is there any other gentleman at the bar of your name, sir?"

"None that I know of. In what way can you command my services, madam?"

The lady colored. "I am afraid, sir, there is some mistake. I need a lawyer to look at a difficult case, a man of *principle*, whom I can trust. You were mentioned to me,—but—I expected to see an older man."

"If you will admit me," said Loudon, who began to grow nervous in his turn, "so far into your confidence as to state the case, I think I can promise not to do any hurt, even if I do no good. And if, on the whole, you think it best to commit it to older and abler hands, I will charge you nothing, and engage not to be offended."

The mother looked at the daughter, and saw on her face the look of confidence and hope.

The whole afternoon was spent in going over the case, examining papers, and the like. As they went along, Loudon took notes and memoranda with his pencil.

"He will never do," thought Mrs. Henshaw. "He takes every thing for granted and unquestioned; and though I don't design to mislead him, yet it seems to me as if he would take the moon to be green cheese, were I to tell him so. He will never do." And she felt that she had wasted her time and strength. How great then was her surprise when Loudon pushed aside the bundles of

papers, and, looking at his notes, again went over the whole ground, sifting and scanning every point, weighing every circumstance, pointing out the weak places, tearing and throwing off the rubbish, discarding what was irrelevant, and placing the whole affair in a light more luminous and clear than even she had ever seen it before. Her color came and went as her hopes rose and fell. After he had laid it open to her, he added, with unconscious dignity,

"Mrs. Henshaw, I think yours is a cause of right and justice. Even if there should be a failure to convince a jury so that law would decide in your favor, there are so many circumstantial proofs, that I have no doubt that justice will be with you. If you please to intrust it to me, I will do the best I can, and am quite sure I shall work harder than if I were on the opposite side."

"What do you say, Mary?" said the mother to the daughter. "You are as much interested as I. Shall we commit it to Mr. Loudon?"

"You are the best judge, but it seems to me that he understands the case better than any one you have ever talked with."

Loudon thanked Mary with his eyes, but, for some reason or other, hers were cast down upon the figures of the carpet, and she did not see him.

"Well, Mr. Loudon, we will commit the whole affair to you. If you succeed, we shall be able to reward you; and if you do not, we shall be no poorer than we have been."

For weeks and months Loudon studied his case.

He was often at Rose Cottage to ask questions on some point not quite so clear. He found they were very agreeable, — the mother and the daughter, — aside from the lawsuit, and I am not sure that he did not find occasion to ask questions oftener than he would have done, had it been otherwise.

The case briefly was this. Mr. Henshaw had been an active, intelligent, and high-minded man of business. He had dealt in iron, had large furnaces at different places, and did business on an average with three hundred different people a day. Among others, he had dealings with a man by the name of Brown, — a plausible, keen, and, as many thought, an unprincipled man. But Henshaw, without guile himself, put all confidence in him. In a reverse of times, — such as occurs once in about ten years, let who will be President, — their affairs became embarrassed and terribly perplexed. In order to extricate his business, it was necessary for Henshaw to go to a distant part of the land, in company with Brown. There he died, — leaving a young widow, and an only child, Mary, then about ten years old, and his business in a condition as bad as need be. By the kindness of the creditors, their beautiful home, called Elm Glen, was left to Mrs. Henshaw and her little girl, while the rest of the property went to pay the debts. The widow and her orphan kept the place of their joys and hopes in perfect order, and every body said "it did n't look like a widow's house." But within four years of the death of Mr. Henshaw, Brown returned. He had been

detained by broken limbs and business, he said. What was the amazement of the widow to have him set up a claim for Elm Glen, as his property! He had loaned Mr. Henshaw money, he said,—he had been with him in sickness and in death,—and the high-minded Henshaw had made his will on his death-bed, and bequeathed Elm Glen to Brown as a payment for debts. The will was duly drawn, signed with Mr. Henshaw's own signature, and also by two competent witnesses. Every one was astonished at the claim,—at the will,—at every thing pertaining to it. It was contested in court, but the evidence was clear, and the will was set up and established. Poor Mrs. Henshaw was stripped of every thing. With a sad heart she packed up her simple wardrobe, and, taking her child, left the village, and went to a distant State to teach school. For six years she had been absent, and for six years had Brown enjoyed Elm Glen. No, not enjoyed it, for he enjoyed nothing. He lived in it; but the haggard look, the frequent appeal to the bottle, the jealous feelings which were ever uppermost, and his coarse, profane conversation, showed that he was wretched. People talked, too, of his lonely hours, his starting up in his sleep, his clenching his fist in his dreams, and defying "all hell" to prove it, and the like.

Suddenly and privately, Mrs. Henshaw returned to her once loved village. She had obtained some information by which she hoped to bring truth to light, for she had never believed that her husband

ever made such a will in favor of Brown. To prove that this will was a forgery, was what Loudon was now to attempt. An action was commenced, and Brown soon had notice of the warfare now to be carried on against him. He raved and swore, but he also laid aside his cups, and went to work to meet the storm like a man in the full consciousness of the justice of his cause. There was writing and riding, posting and sending writs,—for both sides had much at stake. It was the last hope for the widow. It was the first case for young Loudon. It was victory or state's prison for Brown. The community, one and all, took sides with Mrs. Henshaw. If a bias *could* reach a jury, it must have been in her favor. Mr. Snapall was engaged for Brown, and was delighted to find that he had only that "white-faced boy" to contend with; and the good public felt sorry that the widow had not selected a man of some age and experience; but then they said, "Women will have their own way."

The day of trial came on. Great was the excitement to hear the great "will case," and every horse in the region was hitched somewhere near the courthouse.

In rising to open the case, young Loudon was embarrassed; but modesty always meets with encouragement. The court gave him patient attention, and soon felt that it was deserved. In a clear, concise, and masterly manner, he laid open the case just as it stood in his own mind, and proceeded with the evidence to prove the will to be a forgery. It

was easy to show the character of Brown to be one of great iniquity, and that for him to do this was only in keeping with that general character. He attempted to prove that the will could not be genuine, because one of its witnesses on his death-bed had *confessed* that it was a forgery, and that he and his friend had been hired by Brown to testify and swear to its being genuine. Here he adduced the affidavit of a deceased witness, taken in full before James Johnson, Esq., Justice of the Peace, and acknowledged by him. So far all was clear, and when the testimony closed, it seemed clear that the case was won. But when it came Mr. Snapall's turn, he demolished all these hopes by proving that, though James Johnson, Esq. had signed himself Justice of the Peace, yet he was no magistrate, inasmuch as his commission had expired the very day before he signed the paper, and, although he had been re-appointed, yet he had not been legally *qualified* to act as a magistrate;—that he might or might not have supposed himself to be qualified to take an affidavit; and that the law, for very wise reasons, demanded that an affidavit should be taken only by a sworn magistrate. He was most happy, he said, to acknowledge the cool assurance of his young brother in the law; and the only difficulty was, that he had proved nothing, except that his tender conscience permitted him to offer as an affidavit a paper that was in law not worth a straw, if any better than a forgery itself.

There was much sympathy felt for poor Loudon,

but he took it very coolly, and seemed no way cast down. Mr. Snapall then brought forward his other surviving witness,—a gallows-looking fellow, but his testimony was clear, decided, and consistent. If he was committing perjury, it was plain that he had been well drilled by Snapall. Loudon kept his eye upon him with the keenness of the lynx. And while Snapall was commenting upon the case with great power, and while Mrs. Henshaw and Mary gave up all for lost, it was plain that Loudon, as he turned over the will, and looked at it again and again, was thinking of something else besides what Snapall was saying. He acted something as a dog does when he feels sure he is near the right track of the game, though he dare not yet bark.

When Snapall was through, Loudon requested that the witness might again be called to the stand. But he was so mild, and kind, and timid, that it seemed as if he was the one about to commit perjury.

"You take your oath that this instrument, purporting to be the will of Henry Henshaw, was signed by him in your presence?"

"I do."

"And you signed it with your own hand as witness at the time?"

"I did."

"What is the date of the will?"

"June 18, 1830."

"When did Henshaw die?"

"June 22, 1830."

"Were you living in the village where he died at the time?"

"I was."

"How long had you lived there?"

"About four years, I believe, or somewhere thereabouts."

Here Loudon handed the judge a paper, which the judge unfolded and laid before him on the bench.

"Was that village a large or a small one?"

"Not very large, — perhaps fifty houses."

"You knew all these houses well, I presume?"

"I did."

"Was the house in which Mr. Henshaw died, one story or two?"

"Two, I believe."

"But you *know*, don't you? Was he in the lower story or in the chamber when you went to witness the deed?"

Here the witness tried to catch the eye of Snapall, but Loudon very civilly held him to the point. At length he said, "In the chamber."

"Will you inform the court what was the color of the house?"

"I think — feel sure — it was n't painted, but did n't take particular notice."

"But you saw it every day for four years, and don't you know?"

"It was not painted."

"Which side of the street did it stand?"

"I can't remember."

"Can you remember which way the street ran?"

"It ran east and west."

"The street ran east and west, the house two story, and unpainted, and Mr. Henshaw was in the chamber when you witnessed the will. Well, I have but two things more which I will request you to do. The first is to take that pen and write your name on that piece of paper on the table."

The witness demurred, and so did Snapall. But Loudon insisted upon it.

"I can't, my hand trembles so," said the witness.

"Indeed! but you wrote a bold, powerful hand when you signed that will. Come, you *must* try, just to oblige us."

After much haggling and some bravado, it came out that he could n't write, and never learned, and that he had requested Mr. Brown to sign the paper for him!

"O, ho!" said Loudon. "I thought you swore that *you* signed it yourself. Now one thing more, and *I* have done with you. Just let me take the pocketbook in your pocket. I will open it here before the court, and neither steal nor lose a paper."

Again the witness refused, and appealed to Snapall; but that worthy man was grinding his teeth and muttering something about the witness going to the Devil!

The pocketbook came out, and in it was a regular discharge of the bearer, John Ordin, from four years imprisonment in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary, and dated June 15, 1831, and signed by Mr. Wood, the worthy warden.

The young advocate now took the paper which he had handed to the judge, and showed the jury, that the house in which Mr. Henshaw died was situated in a street running north and south; that it was a one-story house; that it was *red*,—the only red house in the village; and, moreover, that he died in a front room of the lower story.

There was a moment's silence, and then a stifled murmur of joy all over the room. Brown's eyes looked bloodshot; the witness looked sullen and dogged, and Mr. Snapall tried to look very indifferent. He made no defence. The work was done. A very brief, decided charge was given by the judge, and, without leaving their seats, the jury convicted Brown of forgery!

"That young dog is keen, any how!" said Snapall.

"When his conscience tells him he is on the side of justice," said Loudon, overhearing the remark.

It was rather late in the evening before Loudon called on his clients to congratulate them on the termination of their suit, and the recovery of Elm Glen. He was met by Mary, who frankly gave him her hand, and with tears thanked and praised him, and felt sure they could never sufficiently reward him. Loudon colored, and seemed more troubled than when in the court. At length he said abruptly, "Miss Henshaw, you and your mother can *now* aid me. There is a friend of yours—a young lady—whose hand I wish to obtain. I am alone in the world, poor, and unknown. This is my first law-

case, and when I may have another is more than I know."

Mary turned pale, and faintly promised that she and her mother would aid him to the extent of their power. Then there was a pause, and she felt as if she, the only one who was supposed to be unagitated and cool, must speak.

"Who is the fortunate friend of mine?"

"Don't you suspect?"

"Indeed, I do not."

"Well, here is her portrait," handing her a miniature case. She touched a spring and it flew open, and in a little mirror *she saw her own face!* Now the crimson came over her beautiful face, and the tears came thick and fast, and she trembled; but I believe she survived the shock; for the last time I was that way, I saw the conscientious young lawyer and his charming wife living at Elm Glen; and I heard them speak of *his first lawsuit!*

THE LITTLE PORTRAIT.

Not long since, I was invited to visit my friend in his new house. It had already become celebrated for its new architecture, its conveniences, and its beauties. Expense and taste had united and made the house, the grounds, and every thing convenient and delightful. It was evening when I made my visit,—meeting a large circle who had been spending the afternoon there on objects of charity,—warm-hearted Dorcasés they were, such as are last around the body of Christ, and earliest at his tomb. The parlor was very elegant in its walls, ceiling, carpet, furniture, and pictures. And there, among the beautiful pictures, hung the portrait,—the portrait of a little boy, with his infant head, his little whip in his hand, his beautiful eye, his fair forehead, and his smile of happiness. There it hung in a conspicuous place, just as it did in the old home. Yes, and if that mother were to change her home to the log-cabin or to the palace, that picture would go with her. Years have passed away since he perished

from her arms like a sweet blossom, but he lives green and fresh in her memory. She never speaks of him, but I have often seen her eye turned to that portrait. He was the last loan which Heaven committed to them.

In how many hearts do I awaken the memory, when I speak of the little child that was snatched away in the very budding of its being! The grave is a cold place to carry the child! Its loneliness is oppressive. But he is not there. The shell only is there. The Eternal Father hath thrown his arms of love around the spirit. The child, thus taken away in infancy, will never grow older to the parent. Memory brings him back,—but he comes with his curling locks, his flashing eye, and the joyous voice of childhood. He comes back in the visions of the night, years after he left us, and we still embrace him in our dreams; but he is a child still. We feel that he can never grow older in the world to which he hath gone. We may tread many a weary path in life, and find many a danger between us and its end, but we are hastening to the world where we shall find our jewels set in the crown of Christ.

In how many hearts will the following beautiful lines find a response!

Mine earthly children round me bloom,
Lovely alike in smiles and tears;
My fairest sleeps within the tomb,
Through long and silent years;

A fairy thing, with flaxen hair,
And eyes of blue, and downy cheek,

And frolic limbs, and lips that were
Striving for evermore to speak ;

A thing as lovely as the day,
Fair as the form that clothes the beams,
As innocent as flowers of May,
As frail, as fading, as our dreams.

I see the seals of childhood fade
Slowly from each young living brow,
Yet still, in sunshine and in shade,
That infant is an infant now.

Seasons may roll, and manhood's pride
Each youthful breast with care may fill,
And one by one they 'll leave my side,
But *he* will be a baby still !

And evermore by thee unseen,
That vision followeth everywhere ;
When six are gathered on the green,
Yet I can see another there !

When six around the board are set,
And call on father and on mother,
To mortal eyes but six are met,
But I — but I can see another !

The heart that dictated these lines had been smitten, and these are the natural gushings of such a heart. And these are the feelings when the bereaved parent looks back, and no higher than the earth ; but when he follows the early dead by faith, he breaks out in a different strain.

A cherub child with angel wings
Is floating o'er me fond and free,
And still that gladsome infant sings,
" Grieve not, dear mother, not for me ! "

[" I walk on heaven's bright crystal sea,
I sing the song to martyrs dear,
And He who died for such as me
Doth guide and teach and love me here.

" I rise above all pain and fears, —
And what I am thou soon shalt be ;
O, hush thy sorrows, — wipe thy tears !
Grieve not, dear mother, not for me ! "]

I have added the last two stanzas, — not to show my poetical powers, but to carry out the beautiful thought of my author. This holding the departed one in the memory just as he was when taken from us, and yet feeling a conviction that he must be like the angels of God now, often produces a strange feeling, as when we say, " Our child would have been ten years old were he now living," and then in a moment our thoughts rise up to him, and we know that he is ten years old, — if they reckon time there as we do here, — which undoubtedly they do not do. While I am in the mood of poetical quotations, I cannot omit a single stanza which will recall to many hearts a strange, mysterious, delightful feeling which the bereaved have felt at the family altar : —

" And when in prayer we 're bending,
Will not sweet spirits come,
From the blest skies descending,
To join the group at home ?
Green be the turf above them !
Soft be their lowly bed !
There still are hearts which love them, —
Our bright, our early dead ! "

THE KENNEBEC CAPTIVE.

SOME of the most beautiful scenery to be found in this or any land is to be found in the State of Maine. Her rivers are numerous and great, her mountains lofty and imposing, her sea-coast iron-bound and rough, boldly looking out upon old Ocean, as he sweeps along with tides and storms, and saying, "Come on, sir, and I'll give you a hearty welcome";—her inland lakes, still sleeping in the wilderness, are large and magnificent, her valleys are warm and fertile, and her forests have yielded to none in the world for the abundance and goodness of their timber. Even now, her rivers send out salmon and lumber for the use of every part of the nation. At a very early period in the history of our country, settlers began to push up her beautiful rivers, and drop down singly, or in small groups, as they liked. She was a wild province of Massachusetts then; and her population, grappling with all the hardships of the wilderness, and of her severe climate, was very sparse. Far up the enchanting

Kennebec, at a very early day, were two families who had emigrated from the same neighborhood, and who had long been faithful friends. Old Mr. Redfield lived in a comfortable, but in no way imposing log-house, on the banks of the river. He was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, never believing the world to be wicked enough to cheat him, though almost every week taught him the opposite doctrine. He labored hard, was a good husband and father, a warm-hearted and humble Christian, and loving all men much, but his God more. He honestly earned property, but could never make it stick to his fingers. His wife was a noble-hearted woman, who had relinquished brighter prospects that she might be happy with the man of her choice. And she had been happy. One by one their children had sickened in the wilderness, and they had carried them to the little opening in the forest which they had cleared for a burying-place. It was the first clearing he had made after reaching their new home; the briars and wild weeds were not allowed to grow there. At the time my story commences, Mr. Redfield had reached the age of sixty or more. His wife was ten years younger. Only one child remained to them, a staid, sober, quiet, yet courageous boy, of about ten years of age, and he went by the plain name of Daniel Redfield.

Somewhat further up the river was a house of greater pretensions. It was built of brick, gambrel-roofed, and was surrounded by fruit-trees and gardens, spacious barns, and out-houses. It stood in a

pleasant valley, under the shadows of a lofty mountain. The vale had been cleared up; and the fields of wheat and corn, and the rich meadows of grass, caused the passer-by to stop and gaze, and say, "Squire Ordway is well to do in the world." The "Squire" was a man who, like his neighbor, Redfield, was honest and kind; but in worldly wisdom he was far his superior. They had both come into the wilderness poor; but one was now rich, and the other still dwelt under the shadow of the hill of wealth without being able to climb it. Its golden sands never seemed to roll down near him. But the "Squire" was up early and late; and the man who sold him a poor article, or a bad lot of lumber, and salmon not of the first quality, must rise very early in the morning to do it. Mr. Ordway had a large family of boys. They were not so polished, for they had to rough it from their very infancy. Mutual dependence and common privations teach the pioneers of the forest to be ready for any act of kindness which a neighbor needs; and no kinder neighbors than the Ordways could be found on the Kennebec. The parents were proud of their boys; for none could prostrate the forest, get out timber-logs for the mills, hunt the moose, or catch the salmon, with more skill than they. But the pet of the flock was an only daughter, about four years old. She was the youngest and last child, wild as the forest blossoms about them, and as beautiful too. Little Susan was the idol of the family. The father and mother early discovered that she was "a remarkable

child," and the boys received it as a fact not to be questioned. Hence they gathered flowers in the spring, berries and fruit in the summer, nuts in the autumn, and planned slides and sled-drawings on the ice in the winter, for "little Susan." Hence it is not to be wondered at, that, as she grew up, she found a will of her own, and that her little foot sometimes came down with a decision that was unbending.

As the two families advanced, it was plain that the Ordways were to increase and spread, and grow wealthy. It was as clear that the Redfields never would. Daniel "took to books." Not that he disliked work, but he yearned for knowledge; so that there was not a book in the whole region, of whose contents he was not a perfect master. Happening to light upon a stray Euclid, the parents wondered much over the beautiful figures which he drew on the white birch bark gathered from the forest. Every pitch-pine root which he found was carefully saved to give him light for study after the labors of the day. At the age of seventeen, the father of Daniel began to droop. It was evident that he must die. Like a wise man, he had set his house in order; and the only regrets which he had on the conviction that he must die were, that he left his widow and child so poorly endowed. But he knew the promises of God to be faithful, and his eye of faith did not grow dim.

A few days before he died, Squire Ordway came to pay his friend a visit. They had never quarrelled,

and had no malice to overcome. They had lived and loved like brothers, and the tears which they now shed were of the true currency of the heart.

"I do not doubt it," said the dying man; "I do not doubt that you will advise and encourage the poor woman as a brother would;—and she'll need it. I have my little farm paid for, and the cow and the pony; but that's all, neighbor. And then, my boy Daniel! I've tried hard, perhaps not so faithfully as I ought, to wean him from his books; but it's in him, and fire could n't burn it out of him. What can be done for him and with him?"

"It's no use in trying, my old friend. It's just as natural for him to study as for a trout to bite at a fly. Study he will, and study he must, and I'll promise to aid him all I can."

"God bless you for that, James Ordway. And if he don't feel grateful, and thank you, sure you are that you have the thanks of a dying father beforehand."

"Who can tell but that, like one of our own rough logs which we send down the river, and which is worked into a beautiful house at Boston, he may yet become something that will honor us all."

So said the friend and neighbor, and the eye of the dying man kindled with joy, and Hope was there to cheer him, and Faith to strengthen him; and so his last interview with his old friend was one of deep consolation.

The good old man was buried in the little graveyard; and the deep snows soon laid their pure white

sheet over him, and the winds that sighed through the lofty forest tolled his requiem. In a short time, Mr. Ordway went to see the nearest educated mind in the region,—a humble minister of the Gospel,—who lived in a poor shanty about six miles off through the woods, and who had followed his sheep there to keep them from the wolves. The good man was a finished scholar, and, with a smiling face, told Mr. Ordway to send the young man without fee or reward. He promised to do so; but the Squire had occasion to go that way often, and it was noticed that he always stopped, ostensibly to inquire about his *protégé*, but in reality to drop a bag of potatoes, a quarter of beef, a few yards of flannel, or something to add to the real comfort of the minister's family. Daniel was a good and profitable pupil. Twice a week on his pony, Shag, did he go to recite, and never without stopping at Mr. Ordway's a moment,—since he must needs go past his door. It was soon found that Daniel could in a measure compensate Mr. Ordway, for he now gave lessons regularly to "little Susan," as she was still called, though she was now fairly in her teens. She had never manifested any very great love for books, but under Daniel's supervision she actually studied and made rapid advances. It's impossible to tell why, but young misses do so sometimes. They become apt scholars.

Time moved on, or else our story could not. The Revolutionary War had broken out, and raged. The call of the infant nation, invoking the spirit of freedom, had penetrated even the wilderness; and the

young Ordways had every one dropped the axe, left their clearings, and gone to join the army of Washington. Young Redfield had completed his college course, within a few months, by the great efforts and economy of his widowed mother, and the kindness of her husband's old friend, when the college was broken up by the war, and the students scattered. Daniel had returned home to consult his mother and his friend, Ordway, whether or not he should join the army also. It was a doubtful question; for though he was a good hunter, and a dead-shot with the rifle, yet ten to one but, if he got hold of a book, the enemy might charge and ride over him ere he knew it. The widow felt that she could not have him go;—he was her all. Mr. Ordway hesitated what to advise, and "little Susan," now eighteen, and as pretty and as authoritative as ever, declared it was a shame; that he ought not to go and leave his aged mother; that it was lonesome to have every body go off; and that she was almost ready to enlist and become a soldier herself, rather than stay there in the woods so lonely!

While this grave question was undecided, young Redfield one morning took his rifle, and went up the Kennebec to hunt for moose. A moose is a large species of deer. If my readers never saw one, they have to imagine a round, fat horse, cut his tail off short, and leave him no tail, put an ass's head on him, with immense horns,—sometimes weighing ninety pounds,—give him long, deer's legs and hoofs, and you have a pretty good moose! They

weigh as much, and often more than a horse, and stand up much higher from the ground. Daniel went up the river, but night came and he did not return. This gave no uneasiness. But after he had been gone two, three, and four days, the mother's heart began to grow alarmed. There had been a great rain, and, if alive and well, why had he not come back? She caught old Shag, and went down to consult Mr. Ordway. He at first thought the young man had been unsuccessful, and had determined to hunt till he had got a moose. Susan affected to laugh, and said "he undoubtedly had found moose enough, but probably had thrown a book at them instead of shooting; for her part, she had no doubt he was looking up the books which he had thus thrown away!" At the same time the poor girl stopped her sewing, her fingers trembled so! Mr. Ordway procured an old hunter, and they scoured the forest in search. They found his trail, and followed it up to Moosehead Lake, where the Kennebec breaks out so wildly and so unexpectedly from that majestic lake. There he had shot a moose, which was lying in the edge of the water where it fell. There they found his hunting-knife, as if dropped carelessly; but no further could they trace him. The shore of the wild lake was stony, and no marks of the feet could be seen. In vain they shouted, kindled fires, and fired their rifles; the echoes came down from far up the lake, but no other response. Had he fallen into the rapid river? They could find no traces of him. After lingering and searching a couple of

days, they returned towards home, occasionally firing their rifles, each in quick succession, — the hunter's signal, — hoping, though faintly, that he had reached home. But no, he was not there. It was a profound mystery. The widowed mother was almost crushed by the misfortune. Mr. Ordway sent all the way to the army, to see if by any possibility his sons had seen or heard from young Redfield; but they had not. They had expected he would have joined them before this. So it continued to be a profound mystery. The mother made up her mind that he had fallen into the river somewhere, and was drowned. Ordway nearly coincided with her in opinion. As for Susan, she did n't, and she would n't believe, weak as he was, but that he knew enough to keep out of the water, or at least to rise up after he was dead and float! What her theory was, she never told; but though she felt bad enough, it was not that choking grief which the certain death of our friends always brings. The old hunter averred that there was a mighty spirit by the name of Kinnio, who owned that lake, and who sometimes destroyed people who came to his lake alone. His home was on a mountain in the middle of the lake (now called Mount Kinnio), where he carried his victims, and ate them half-roasted! And he consoled the mourners with the assurance, that he had no doubt but they could find some of the young man's bones the next season, thrown down the mountain!

Young Redfield had been lost, not forgotten, about two years, when a suitor, every way prepossessing,

presented himself at the "brick house," and, in the most proper way possible, offered his hand and heart to Susan. To the surprise of all, she civilly declined both. The young man besought her parents to intercede for him. They did so, and to no purpose. He then sought the aid of the Widow Redfield, and she had a talk with Miss Susan. To her surprise, the girl would talk of nothing but her son Daniel, his habits, his ability to swim, his power to take care of himself. To her own amazement, positive Susan did n't and would n't believe he was dead, or ever had been dead; not she! The widow almost forgot her errand, and went home, blaming herself for indulging hopes on the whim of a spoiled child. But she went to work in right good earnest to find Capeeno, an Indian who sometimes came in those parts. After great search, Capeeno was found, and told that Miss Susan wanted to see him very much.

Capeeno was a Canadian Indian, of the Lorette tribe, and though his people were in the service of the British, and were fighting against the Americans, yet he had remained in the forests of Maine, and had not taken up the hatchet on either side. He had received many kindnesses at the "brick house," and little "Susa" was a great favorite with him. He went to her, and long was their secret talk. Every day, for three days, did he come and sit and smoke, and listen to the persuasions of the "eetle squaw." At last he seemed to come to her views, for, on receiving the best blanket from her own bed, a pillow-case full of flour, a new knife, a huge pouch of to-

bacco, a flask of powder, and a great strip of lead, which the naughty girl pulled from the roof of the house with her own hands, he left, struck into the woods, and was seen no more. The next storm that came told that the lead was gone, but where gone, none knew. Who *could* steal it?

Just at the close of a sultry summer's day, two officers were walking arm in arm on the heights of Quebec, discussing the news of a late victory which Washington had obtained in New Jersey. They were amusing themselves at the whipping he was about to receive, evidently greatly mortified that the boot had been on the wrong foot of late.

"What would you give for his neck," said one, "should Lord Howe catch him?"

"Just as much as I would for the necks of all Congress, when we have once subdued them," said the other.

"Howe thought he had the ragged army of Washington once so hemmed in, that he could not escape, but in the morning he was not there; the theatre had spectators, but no actors."

"*Fuit non ignobilis Argis
Qui credebat magnos audire tragoedos,*

as Virgil says, though I've forgotten the whole quotation," replied the other.

"With your honor's leave," said a voice near by,

*'Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
In vacuo latus sessor plausorque theatro,'*

as *Horace*, not Virgil, says."

"Who are you?"

"I'm your honor's humble servant."

"Oh! my young friend, the prisoner whom I begged out of the hospital, and gave him unusual privileges, even when he won't give us his word that he won't run away, if he can! Well, I stand corrected as to my quotation and my author, though I should never expect a backwoodsman to be able to quote the classics. But why have you so long refused to give your word, and be treated as a prisoner of war?"

"Because, sir, I am not a prisoner of war. I was captured far from the seat of war, a peaceful citizen, by your hired Indians, at Moosehead Lake."

"We shall not dispute about it. While I feel sorry for you, I shall take care that you do not get away."

"You have just acknowledged, sir, that we do sometimes escape when you least expect it."

The officers looked at each other, and passed on. The young man was left alone. He was pale, sad, and evidently in poor health. From the lofty heights of Quebec, at sundown beat of the drum, he cast his eyes down on the glorious St. Lawrence, and then turned eastward, and sent his thoughts thick and fast through the almost interminable forests that lay in that direction. He had left the parade-ground, and was making his way to the prison-yard, when a hand beckoned him behind an angle of the wall.

"Me want see you."

"Who are you? It is so dark I cannot see you."

"Me know you, — know your mother, — know Shag, — know brick house, — know Susa. How long 'fore door shut up?"

"Perhaps twenty minutes, — perhaps fifteen."

"Good. Me walk this side street, you t' other. Keep hees eye on me, and go where me go."

The Indian shuffled off, saying aloud, "Yankee man mad, say whip me, he catch me, me get canoe, and he no find me." So he had the appearance of having insulted a prisoner, and that prisoner had the appearance of following him in hot resentment. Down the hill he went faster and faster, till he reached the St. Lawrence, where lay a canoe. In it stepped the Indian, barely pointing to another, which lay near it, and pushed off. The young man leaped in the other, and pushed after him as if in a race. Down the river they went a little way, and landed beyond Point Levy. They leaped ashore just as they heard the alarm sounded from the heights across the river, signifying the escape of a prisoner or of a soldier. The Indian paused a moment, and listened and said, "White men too much noise, — too much parade, — lose trail while he drum." He led the way among the bushes as fast as the young man could follow. How far they went that night the prisoner knew not. When morning came, they were by the side of a river, just below some beautiful falls. For more than a mile they had waded in the river's edge, so as to conceal their footsteps. Here, just under the falls, was an opening from the water, which led into a cave. They

crawled up, and were soon on a platform, high and dry, with a sufficiency of light. The young man was greatly exhausted, and lay down, leaning upon his elbow. The Indian sat down before him, his feet curled up under him (*pedibus intortis*), bolt upright. His head was shaggy, with hair long, coarse, and turning gray, like the mane of a moose. His only clothing was a dingy red shirt, and trousers of untanned deer-skin. His moccasins were the skin of the moose's hind leg, cut off a little below the joint, sewed up at one end, and drawn on and fitted to the foot while green. His teeth were mostly gone, and he looked, as he was, a tough, short, powerful creature, afraid of nothing, having nothing to make or lose. They gazed at each other in silence awhile; at length the young man said: "I have followed you all night. I have put my life in your hand; now who are you, and what do you want of me?"

"You 'fraid of me?"

"No. If I had been, I should not have followed you. And now, if you ain't the evil spirit, who are you?"

"Spose we meet Lorette Indians; they no hurt you. Me run, then you no can say who Indian be?"

"So, you want to run if we are in danger, and leave me to my fate, and that, too, so that you can't be known!"

The Indian looked fierce for a moment, and drew out his hunting-knife. The young man kept his eye carefully on him. From the bottom of the sheath,

there rolled out a small piece of paper, which he handed to the young man. He unrolled it and read : —

“Should this ever meet the eyes of D. R., let him know that the bearer is trustworthy. Follow him implicitly. — Susan O.”

Young Redfield sprang up, and caught the Indian by the hand, and almost shouted question upon question. He was ready to go, felt strong, could travel all day, and then fell back exhausted. The Indian gave him some water, and then some dried venison from his wallet, and bade him lie down and sleep till night, if he could. Redfield did so, but his brain whirled. In a troubled sleep, he now dreamed of home, and then of his prison, then of Susan Ordway ; then he heard the alarm-bell, and the voices of men pursuing, and then the baying of bloodhounds hard after him, and then he would awake and find it was the roar of the falls near him ! So he spent the day. At night they came out of their cave, and followed the course of the beautiful Chaudière River, up towards its head-waters. This charming valley was already occupied by the French population, and they were compelled to travel by night, and lie by during the day. Their progress was necessarily slow. On the fourth day, the Indian crept out of their covert, and saw several horsemen coming towards them. He knew instantly that they were British soldiers in pursuit. They were on a hill about half a mile distant, and had to descend into a valley, and rise another hill before they reached

him. He gazed at them earnestly, till they descended the hill, and then he sprang up like a cat. He made the prisoner run to the roadside and climb up into a thick evergreen, far up out of sight. He then took off his moccasins and hid them ; then he turned his red shirt, and it was yellow ; he turned his skin-trousers, and they were now a kind of dirty green. He drew a cap so close over his head, that it almost made the head ache to look at it. Then he sat down under the tree, and very composedly began to smoke. The horsemen came up to him at a brisk pace, and surrounded him, with their pistols in hand.

“Move a foot, you dog of an Indian, and you are dead. Shoot him if he moves.”

The Indian smoked on, evidently not able to understand a word, and as unmoved as a rock.

The commander then interrogated him in French.

“Who are you ?”

“Lorette Indian.”

“What are you here for ?”

“Me run, catch prisoner ; have much blanket when catch him.”

“Men,” said the officer, “were any Lorettes sent out ? this fellow don’t look as if he could run much.”

“Yes, sir, half a dozen were sent out, but this fellow —”

“You say you are after prisoner. Now speak the truth, or our pistols will make daylight shine through you. What was the prisoner’s name ?”

"Reffeeld, Captain say."

"And who do you suppose went off with him? I wish I could meet him!"

"Indians say, strange Indian — Capeeno — short man — no so bigger as I. He bad Indian — steal away prisoner."

"Where are the rest of your runners?"

The Indian pointed to a smoke that was rising up among the trees. The soldiers put up their pistols, came into a line, and went away. Poor Redfield in the tree breathed easier, but Capeeno kept on smoking, as unmoved as if he had been in no danger. Whether the smoke which he saw really did arise from the camp of the Lorette runners, he did not say. But he left the Chaudière, and struck through the woods in a direct line, till they reached the De Loup (Wolf River), whose channel they followed all night, only stopping to listen as they heard the howl of the wolf, or the crashing tread of a moose. Then they went to the head-lakes, from which the Chaudière rises. Here they paused and built a bark canoe. The cedar for bows and lining, the birch for the bark, and the spruce roots for thread, were all to be found here in abundance. They went through the mighty forest, and lakes which give rise to the great Penobscot, killing moose, and catching trout for food. The Indian was surprised to find that the young man would stop every seventh day, and read all day from a little book, and no persuasions could move him. He wondered, too, what made him read that little scroll of paper so often,

which he had brought in the sheath of his knife. They then struck the Penobscot, carrying their canoe from lake to lake, and from lake to river, till they came down that river to a great island, opposite which there came in a little brook. Up this they turned, and after one more carrying-place they struck the upper end of Moosehead Lake. How beautiful! how beautiful! In three days more, early in the morning, the Widow Redfield looked out of her door, and saw Capeeno approaching, with a stranger behind him. She shaded her eyes from the morning sun a moment, and then, with a scream of agonized joy, fell to the ground. When she awoke, she and her son were weeping in each other's arms. That very day the Indian took Daniel — nothing loath, — to the brick house. Susan was glad, and was ashamed to be glad. She laughed to appear indifferent, and wept because her emotions must have some vent. She appeared to know very little about his deliverance; but Capeeno went away in a new suit of clothes, a new rifle, and I know not what besides.

Pshaw! Susan! You need not blush, — you redeemed a noble fellow from captivity, and you found that he not only made a great and a good man, but a good husband, as you did a devoted and noble wife.

HELEM AND SHELESH.

At a Cottage at the foot of Mount Horeb, towards the close of Solomon's reign.

Helem. Why, my son, thou hast stayed at the city longer than I expected! We began to fear lest zeal in politics would lead thee to enlist in the army, or somehow or other to enter the service of the king. Long life to him! But what impressions hast thou received?

Shelesh. Go to, now, my good father. Thou art more than half right. I had some knowledge of the history of our nation through thee and the holy writings, but never got the idea of what we are, and are to become, till I went to Jerusalem. Now I know that nothing can check or thwart our destiny. Mine eyes have seen, and therefore I know!

Helem. Well, let my ears hear, for they are open.

Shelesh. So will thine eyes be shortly. Thy few lines on the parchment addressed to Shobah, the king's keeper of fowls, introduced me to the very

heart of things. Already is Solomon the wonder of the earth, and yet our nation has but just begun its career of glory! I went over the mountains to Joppa, and stood on the wharf when his ships came in from Tarshish. Such ships I never dreamed of! Why, there was a fleet of them! Some had elephants alive, some were filled with the white horns of the elephant! Some with apes, — what a chattering they made! Some with peacocks, — what a screaming! Some had silver, and some gold! Such heaps and bags of gold! and all for Solomon! They had been gone three years. Then came a long row of kings with their presents. Such harnesses for horses and chariots! such plates and bowls and dishes of silver and of gold! such horses and mules, such robes of silk and linen, such crowns and sceptres, as the kings brought! It seemed as if all the beautiful things of the earth are at Jerusalem, in the king's treasury. Then there is a regular chariot running between Jerusalem and Egypt, and any body can ride up and down for six hundred shekels of silver, or a man can take passage on horseback for one hundred and fifty shekels, for the king raises his horses there. The kings of the earth come to Jerusalem to do him homage. He has fourteen hundred war-chariots, and four thousand stables for his horses, and twelve thousand horsemen. He has whole cities devoted to his chariots. But that is not all. Solomon has the greatest family, — three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines, selected from all the great families of the earth, — so that it

is for the interest of all people to maintain the honor and the glory of our people. At Ezion-geber, too, he has an overwhelming army, all equipped with spears and swords and war-clubs, — the very perfection of naval equipment, and such, probably, as the world will never excel. But what I especially rejoice in at this time is, that he has just concluded a treaty by which he extends his dominions all the way across the desert to the great river Euphrates! — a country vastly larger than all the original territory of the twelve tribes. O, many times greater! Then, in the middle of it, he has built the great city Tadmor of the wilderness, where the caravans can stop, and where the army can lodge, who are stationed there to defend the caravans from the robbers. That Tadmor is a wonder! And now what thinkest thou, father? With such a king, with so much political talent, with such revenues, such an army, such a navy, such a territory, what can stop our destiny? I can see no end to our greatness, and our destiny is to fill Asia, and perhaps to crowd out all other people, as we did the Canaanites, and fill the world! Glorious destiny! Not a king in the world dares lift a finger against us. The union of our tribes is now for ever secure. We are bound together by the glorious temple of Solomon, by the treasures which he hath laid up, by our commerce by sea and by land, by the families allied to Solomon by marriage, and by our preparations for war. Nothing *can* ever weaken this glorious union of our tribes. We have only to fulfil our destiny! They already talk of extending our dominions so as to take in Ethiopia.

Helem. Didst thou hear any thing of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat?

Shelesh. Yea, father, I heard his name mentioned. He hath fled to the lower parts of Egypt and enlisted as a soldier there, and can never return here, if he be not already dead. They laugh at some folly in the form of anointing him, which took place a great while ago.

Helem. Didst thou hear any thing said of Solomon's piety, my son?

Shelesh. Why, no. He is getting old, and what with all the kings that come to see him and his wives, who are related to them, and what with all his company and concubines and wealth and glory, they say he don't get time to go up to the temple. But some say he reads good books at home on the Sabbath. The High-Priest shakes his head and mourns much, but they think it's because he is growing very old, and Solomon's example keeps almost all Jerusalem away from the temple. In fact, it's unfashionable, and but few go there now, except strangers.

Helem. Ah! my son, mine ears have drank in heavy tidings. I grieve for my people, for my king, and for thee, my child. Where thou seest glory, and destiny, and strength, and eternal perpetuity, I see shame and weakness, disunion, and the curse of our father's God.

Shelesh. Let not my father say so.

Helem. Hast thou not read that the king whom thou shalt set over thee "shall not multiply horses

to himself, nor cause his people to return to Egypt, to the end that he should multiply horses; neither shall he multiply wives to himself, that his heart turn not away; neither shall he greatly multiply to himself silver and gold"? According to thy showing, our aged king hath had his heart turned away from the law and the worship of his God. The great and the wise one, spending his time and money in importing an army of apes and peacocks! Instead of making God the support of his throne, filling the kingdom with horses and chariots of war! Instead of instructing and enlightening his people, trying to extend his sceptre over the wide deserts, and making those fierce, wandering, ignorant tribes of the desert a part of his people! And talking of taking in Ethiopia, thou sayest! Why, Shelesh, I am old and gray-headed. Thou art young. I have ever lived here at the foot of Horeb, and have never gone to Jerusalem, except to worship. But, mark me! I shall not long lie in my grave, ere the curse will begin to fall upon our people. I fear that the sceptre will fall from the hand of David's line, and bright jewels fall from his crown. I fear that Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, or some other scourge, will be let loose, to bring ruin over these tribes. God can make the very temple, wherein thou trustest, the cause of disunion. He can give these chariot-cities and these war-preparations into the hands of a usurper, and they will only increase his power. And that great territory! a bond of union! Why, the wild sands will blow there, and the robber tribes

will rove there, and it will only be held for a short time. That Tadmor of the wilderness will become a pile of ruins, where the traveller shall stop to admire the broken columns, and hear the serpent hiss, and startle the owls and the bats. "Them that honor me I will honor," saith the Lord. And when the plain commands of God are trampled on by the ruler of his people, he will cause the throne of power to crumble, and the sceptre to break, and will roll in woes like a river.

Shelesh. Thou speakest in harshness.

Helem. Not in harshness, but in sorrow, my son. For I know that the very mercies which we have enjoyed will, if perverted, bring a curse equally great. But it is time for the evening sacrifice. The shadows of Horeb have gone over the valley. Let us turn our faces towards beloved Jerusalem, and worship.

THE DEPARTURE:

OR, INCIDENTS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

DID my reader ever see an "Indian summer," as we, in all the northern parts of the United States, witness it every autumn? It comes late in autumn, after the rich glories of summer are past, — after the trees have yielded their fruits, and their foliage is either gone or touched and painted by the frosts. The sky wears a robe of softest blue, and the most delicious haze rests upon the landscape; the winds sleep, and the clouds float like piles of pearl, crested and fluted and polished; and though the green of nature is faded, yet Nature herself is robed in a loveliness, calm and indescribable. It is Summer, giving us her last smiles ere she falls into the cold grave which Winter will dig, covering up her children in a winding-sheet of snow, and transfixing her streams with his cold, icy spear. This short period used to be seized upon by the Indian to complete whatever might be necessary about his wigwam or traps, or preparation for winter. Hence it has al-

ways been called "the Indian summer." The squirrels come out and do their last foraging; the wild-fowls take their last looks upon the Northern lakes before leaving, and the timid deer comes out of the forest to graze in the warm sun, ere he exchanges his summer diet for bushes and shoots.

It was early in the morning of the 1st of November, 1765, on one of these lovely days, that a canoe was seen coming down the Piscataqua River, in New Hampshire, and making towards the then little town of Portsmouth. The canoe was made of a single pine-tree, and though she moved slowly and heavily, yet she was not ungainly. In her bow was stuck the waving branch, fresh from a young pine; and in the stern sat a youth alone, about twenty years old. He was dressed in homespun and home-made clothes, with a beaver-skin cap, around which was a black piece of crape, which hung streaming out behind. On his arms, just above each elbow, was another huge strip of old crape. It was evident that he was in deep mourning, or at least affecting to be. He landed just above the village, drew his canoe out of the water, and made his way into the town. Hardly had he entered it, before he met a girl about sixteen years of age, tripping her way hastily along the street, with a large portfolio in her arms. He hardly noticed her, till she half paused, and with a comical look said: —

"So, Henry Buel, you have come to be a fool with the rest of us!"

"Why, Kitty! is that you?"

"It 's me, or my ghost. But what are you here for?"

"Why, to attend the funeral, to be sure. I have come down out of the woods to bury the dead," and then added, in a low voice, "may be to see a resurrection, too!"

"What a strange fellow you are! I suppose you would go further to see this mock funeral, than if all the rest of us should die, or even kill ourselves for your sport!"

"Now don't be trying that to see, Kitty. But where are you going so early?"

"O, I am going with my father. But you are such a Whig that I 'm afraid to tell you any thing. But my father is going to his 'log cottage,' as he calls it, till these times have gone past, and the people are ready to obey the Bible and honor the king, as you Puritans might read, if you chose!"

"Well, we won't quarrel now, dear Kitty, because I know you think just as I do about these things, and —"

"You don't know any such thing, Mr. Henry Buel," and she tossed her pretty head most scornfully. "Whether I do or not," she added, after a pause, "I am glad that my poor father is going where he won't be so vexed, and where none of you naughty Whigs can find him."

"He must go a great way off, if he means to get rid of one, — at any rate."

The beautiful girl blushed, stammered something, shook her little hand, and went on her way. Just

then the sun began to peep from the east, and the moment his golden form was seen, the bells from the town began to toll slowly and solemnly. Black ribbons were hung on the door-handles, and muffled drums began to beat. At an early hour the crowds began to assemble near the old court-house, and long before noon it seemed as if "every body" was there. It was the day appointed by royal proclamation for the first distribution of the *stamp-paper*, forced upon the Colonies by the British Parliament, and so indignantly rejected by the Colonies. The countenances of all evinced trouble, fear, and a scowl of daring. About eleven o'clock the marshals had formed the procession. The pall-bearers had gone into the court-house, and all stood silent. All had some grave badge of mourning about their persons. The bells had not stopped tolling since sunrise. Presently there came out, borne upon the shoulders of men, a new bier, on which was placed a superb coffin. It was richly ornamented, with a drooping eagle, spreading his feeble wings over it. On the coffin-lid, in large letters, was printed "LIBERTY, AGED CXLV. YEARS," dating her birth in 1620, at the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. With slow tread, and muffled drum, and tolling bell, the coffin was carried to the grave, and let down gently, amid the firing of minute-guns. After resting in the grave, an oration was pronounced over this friend of the people, eloquent and stirring, and terribly severe upon the authors of her death. Scarcely had the oration closed, and they were preparing to fill up the grave,

when our young canoe-man leaped up on the dirt which came out of the grave, and cried, —

“Hold, hold! I see her move! She ain’t dead yet! She ’s only taken too much of their doctor-stuff! She ’s just awaking! Don’t bury her!”

Like wildfire the spark caught and spread. There was a loud shout, and up came the coffin. The drums struck up a lively beat, the procession was reformed, the badges were torn off the arms and thrown into the grave; the bells rang aloud with a merry peal, and “LIBERTY REVIVED” was hastily scrawled and stuck over the coffin, while the multitudes marched and shouted through the streets. The young man who applied the torch at the right moment, whether by design or accident, was pressed into the selectest of the company, and became at once quite a hero. He bore it all very meekly, and the ladies all declared the young fellow was better educated than he was dressed. The day was closed with a great supper, at which all partook who chose, with patriotic speeches, sentiments, and prophecies as to the future. At a late hour, Henry Buel sought his canoe, and, leaving the town far behind, paddled far up the beautiful Piscataqua, — now starlit in the centre, and shaded by overhanging trees on either bank.

Several years after this event, a part of the army under General Gates was encamped in the valley of the Hudson, watching the movements of Burgoyne, previous to the battle in which he surrendered. It was a small number of men who were selected es-

pecially to take the post of observation. As they were surrounded by hostile Indians, it was also a post of danger. They were encamped on a side-hill, sloping eastward, down to the river. On the north and south the country had been cleared up; but on the west lay a forest, unexplored, and which reached back to the Great Lakes. When the new-made soldier first arrived at the camp, he saw what seemed to be careless gayety and leisure; but he soon found that, behind the most glittering uniforms and parades, there were such things as poor and insufficient food, lodgings on the cold ground, without a covering, wounds that were not dressed, sickness without nursing, and distresses without alleviation, and often without compassion. Every selfish feeling of the heart had full play. There were watchings and marchings amid autumnal storms and winter sleet, and often the officers were unfeeling, and even inhuman. About mid-day, a solitary soldier was seen returning to the camp, without arms of any kind. He had been off to a log-house almost four miles distant, but why he had been there no one knew. He was thoughtful, sober, and apparently greatly perplexed. He was a noble fellow, commonly known as “the Puritan,” because he read his Bible regularly, never used profane language, never drank, and never quarrelled. Yet all knew that he was no coward. In the daily drill, leaping ditches and fences, carrying burdens, firing at the target, or acting the scout, he had no superior. For the last few days there had been quite a stir in the little encampment, by a danger

new and mysterious. It was found that the sentinel at the stand near the woods, on the west, had been missing every night. No traces of him were to be found. They could not have deserted, because the patrols at the north and south would have intercepted them, and because they would not dare to attempt to penetrate an interminable forest on the west. Some of them, too, were such characters as would never desert. For nearly a dozen nights, the sentinel had thus mysteriously disappeared. The men were not ashamed to refuse to take the post. Some thought the Evil One had too much to do with it. The humane but perplexed commander next called for volunteers, and none but the bravest offered themselves. But the result was the same. No braver men lived than some who were thus taken away. As the soldier whom I have mentioned slowly bent his steps towards his tent, with his eyes on the ground, he was met by his Captain, with a face hardly less anxious. He thus addressed him:—

"Well, Buel, you have got back quick. Have you made any discovery? Our Colonel is confounded, and relies on you to ferret out the mystery, and intimates that it will be as good as a captain's commission, if you can do it."

"Truce to his intimations, Captain. I have obtained no great light, and yet enough to help me to form a theory. I have determined to volunteer to stand sentinel to-night, provided the Colonel will let me make my own conditions."

"What are these?"

"I will name them before my comrades when we muster."

"Very well."

Just before night, the little company were paraded, and volunteers for the folorn post were called for. Buel at once stepped out of the ranks and said, "I will take the post on three conditions. That there is a mysterious and certain danger, is very plain. That we are all afraid to take the stand, is equally plain. I trust I shall not be thought to forfeit the character of a soldier if I insist on my conditions."

"Name them."

"First, my post shall be nearer the woods; that is, I will have four trees this side of me, instead of having them all to the west of me."

"Well, I think the Colonel won't object to that."

"Second, that I may blacken the barrel and bayonet of my gun."

"I think, too, that may be allowed."

"Third, that I may whistle on my post."

"*Whistle on your post! A sentinel whistle on his post!*"

"Yes, Sir, I mean just so, and I deem this so essential to my safety, that I cannot volunteer without it."

"Stand to your arms," shouted the Captain, and turned upon his heel for the quarters of the commander. In a few minutes he returned and dismissed the company. "Buel," said he, after the men had retired, "I believe you or the Colonel, or both, are crazy, or fools, and perhaps both. The Colonel says you may *whistle softly and low.*"

"Very well, sir, that is all I ask for."

About ten o'clock the soldier stood leaning upon his gun. He had blackened the barrel, and had contrived to conceal his uniform, and even to shade his face. He had written two long letters, which he committed to a comrade, with a charge to forward them, provided he never returned. He had also read his Bible, and even, with a few like himself, had spent a little season in prayer. The proper guard accompanied him as usual to his post. It was plain that they never expected to see him again. He merely said, "Officer of the guard, if my musket is heard, I trust the guard will lose no time in coming to my relief."

"You may be assured of that, my good fellow."

The soldier shouldered his musket, and carefully kicked every dry stick out of the path which he was to pace. The night was profoundly dark and still. At every turn he whistled some snatches of a tune, now emitting a loud note, and now sinking so low as to be unheard, and at periods so uncertain that no one could calculate for a moment, by the whistling, precisely where the soldier was. He had also taken off his shoes, and walked in his stockings. He had walked his post nearly two hours, when he noticed the grunting and the tread of a large hog among the bushes. His first thought was, "Why is not that fellow at home and abed?" The second thought was, "She said so!" As he walked and whistled by turns, the hog evidently worked along nearer. But as yet he could not see him. The animal rooted

and grunted. After a while the soldier fixed his eye on the hog, nor did he for an instant take it off, sometimes walking, and sometimes halting. About ten feet from where the soldier stood was a small log, lying parallel with his path or beat. The moment the hog attempted to step over the log, he noticed that he did not lift his foot naturally. It was done too carefully. In an instant he brought his gun to his shoulder, and the woods echoed long and loud at the report. The soldier stepped back a few paces, from the spot where the flash of the gun revealed him, and commenced reloading. At that instant a groan unlike that of a dying hog was heard, and the alarm drum beat, to call out the guard to his relief. The guard came upon the run, and met the sentinel.

"Buel, all well?"

"All well, sir."

"At what did you discharge your arms?"

"We will see, sir"; and he led the guard to his mark.

"So you have actually shot a hog in your terror!"

He gave the hog a kick, and off came the hog-skin, revealing a monstrous Indian, full six feet and four inches long! He was dead, and the mystery was solved. He had crept up to the sentinel in the disguise of a hog, night after night, till he was so near, that with a spring he could leap upon him and throttle him, and carry him off dead. Buel received the congratulations of his comrades, the praises of

his officers, and it was the first step in his promotions, which followed in rapid succession.

Now for the links to our story. Among the first who went with Mason to his grant on the Piscataqua River was Egbert Hamilton, a man of fortune, a daring spirit, and who loved excitement for its own sake, and dangers for the sake of their excitements. He was a thorough Englishman in all his habits, views, and feelings, attached to the Episcopal form of worship, prejudiced against Puritanism, and ready to die for his king. That the king could do no wrong, was a prime article in his creed. He fixed his residence at Portsmouth, where, with a lovely wife and a little girl, he created a pleasant home. In the same neighborhood lived a sturdy, single-hearted Puritan by the name of Jehiel Buel. He was a thrifty, well-to-do-in-the-world sort of a man, who began his Sabbath precisely at sunset on Saturday evening, who never cheated a human being out of a cent, who was a devout worshipper, an humble Christian, and an iron Whig. If Egbert Hamilton knelt with his prayer-book, Jehiel Buel stood up and uncovered his head, and let nothing come between him and his God but his Redeemer. If Hamilton was an uncompromising Tory, Buel was a Whig, bred in the bone. Yet they lived happily side by side, their families occasionally mingling together at the fireside, and their children conning their lessons together in the same little log school-house. But time produces great changes. Egbert Hamilton buried his family,—all excepting Kitty, who was left to

him as a bright sunbeam in a dark night. Buel, too, had been called to mourning. He had been stripped of family and property, save one son, Henry, and a daughter, two years younger. In consequence of his misfortunes, he had left the town and gone up the river and cleared up a wild farm, where he was living at the time when our history commences. It was from this farm that Henry came down in his canoe when we first find him attending the funeral of Liberty. The excitement of the times, which had Boston for its centre, was very great. It reached and thrilled every dweller in the land. One pulse seemed to beat through the nation. When Hamilton found that all around him were going to be Whigs, and that he must be left alone, he resolved to leave Portsmouth, and go to a more loyal part of the country. New York at that time seemed to be more passive to the king and his ministers than the rest of the land, and, owning a small estate on the Hudson River, he took his child and fled to find quiet and repose. He actually left his comfortable home on the morning of the popular outbreak which we have described. Henry and Kitty had known each other at school. They were very young, and probably had no very intimate knowledge of each other. But it is natural for the heart to indulge in day-dreams, and these usually commence early and last late in life. The visions which dance before the eyes of the imagination lie forward of us in youth, and back of us in age.

When the first tidings of shedding of blood at

Lexington spread through New England, it caused every young man to start up, seize his gun, and hasten down from the hills and forests to the scene of action. When they reached Portsmouth and vicinity, Mr. Buel and his son were both gone up the river on business. But his sister at home felt the shock no less than the rest. She knew that, on his return the next morning, Henry would be off. But what could he do for clothing? It so happened that he was deficient in pantaloons, and neither garments nor materials could be bought. What shall the patriotic girl do? She gets a dish of oats, goes out and calls the sheep, catches one, and with her shears, takes off half of its fleece. How shall she color it? She hesitates not, but goes and catches a black sheep and shears it in the same way. This she washes, dries, cards, spins, weaves, and, by sitting up all night, actually had the pantaloons cut and made up ready for her brother by sunrise the next morning! * On the return of her brother, he snatched his gun and pantaloons, kissed his wearied, weeping sister, and went to the gathering of the people in the day of their peril. From this time onward, he had been in the army, sometimes almost naked, sometimes almost starving, but never flinching. Like thousands and thousands, he served his country without rewards, or honors, or the hopes of either. When we next introduce Henry Buel, he is in the army at an advanced post of observation, as we have narrated. About a week

* A literal fact.

before the event of his standing sentinel, in one of his lonely scouting excursions, he had fallen in with a large, strongly built log-house, which, from watching in concealment one whole day, he was sure was the resort of Tories, Indians, and even British officers. By some means or other, to his utter amazement, he found it was the habitation of his father's old neighbor, Egbert Hamilton! By some equally mysterious process, too, he discovered that his old schoolmate, Kitty, inhabited the cottage! How he contrived to meet her alone, and actually to speak to her, to shake her little hand, and to see the tear of gladness that dropped from her eye, I am sure is equally mysterious. For years they had been separated, neither knowing where the other was, and neither expecting ever to see the other again. And now they met, — he, a soldier risking his life daily for his country, and she, the daughter of a most determined Tory! She had too much filial reverence to compromit her father by word or deed, and about him or his company she would not utter a single word. It came to pass also, that, under the pretence of scouting, Henry was in the neighborhood of the solitary dwelling often, almost daily, and by some means or other it so happened that he seldom came away without at least a short interview with Kitty. In these chance meetings, they never talked of any thing but politics, — the theme of the nation! It was plain that Kitty knew more than she chose to tell him. But when, on the last meeting, he mentioned the mysterious death of his companions, she

became sober; and when he announced that he proposed to take the dangerous post that night, she most earnestly besought him not to do so, even with tears. When she found that nothing would deter him, she merely hinted, that, if she were to stand there, she would shoot the first thing that came in sight, whether it were a dog, a hog, or any other animal. The hint was apparently undesigned, and yet it was pondering on that hint, probably, which led him to do as he did, and thus save his life.

Some days after the event mentioned, Buel was out as a scout in the deep forest. He had been to the lines of the enemy and obtained all the information in his power, and was on his return. He had halted by a small brook, and had set his rifle against a tree, that he might eat his light dinner, when the rattle of the rattlesnake struck his ear. It was intermitted a few moments, and then repeated. Buel gave three very low whistles, when an Indian rose up from a thick bunch of bushes and came to him, looking sharply and cautiously in every direction. At the motion of the Indian, Buel filled his canteen with water from the rivulet, and in silence followed up to the top of a steep hill, from which they could see in every direction. Having made a screen with the boughs of the hemlock, so that no one could see them first, they sat down together. Not a word had been spoken.

"Well, Cassiheeno, I thought we had lost you. I have not seen you for nearly three weeks! Where have you been?" In saying this, Buel kept

his eye on the face of the Indian, while his hand drew his rifle nearer to him. The motion did not escape the quick eye of the Indian. He was silent an instant, and then merely said, —

"I very sick. I so sick again, I will die."

"Sick, sick! What was the matter?" And now, for the first time, Buel saw that he looked pale and feeble.

Lifting his blanket, and showing a terrible wound in his left shoulder, he replied: —

"I try come to you, and tell you great thing, secret thing, and they see me, and shoot at me. I most die. I lie lone in woods. I just creep out now to find you, and tell you more strange thing."

"Well, my good fellow," — every suspicious look gone from his face, — "eat my dinner. You look faint. Have you had any food to-day?"

"No, nor three more day."

"Then, for mercy's sake, eat."

But the Indian would not eat, till Buel had agreed to share the scanty provisions with him. When they had concluded their hasty repast, the Indian proceeded: —

"When I leave you, I soon learn from Canada Indian about kill soldier. I go like one strange Indian 'mong 'em. I talk St. Français language. I hear 'em talk how Big Moose, Lorette Indian, put on hog-skin, catch sentinel, choke him, get scalp, get plenty money. Then I come towards you; when English see me, think belong to you, and shoot at me. I run, and he never know he hit me. But I no could come and tell you about Big Moose."

"Well, Cassiheeno, Big Moose was shot, and that's all over now."

"No, not all over, — not all over yet," said he, sorrowfully.

"Why, what's to pay now? A soldier of our guard shot the fool in the hog-skin."

"And that soldier was you."

"How did you know that?" said Buel in surprise.

"I tell you. Last night I creep up 'mong Indians. I hear 'em talk, and plan. They swear hard. They say Miss Kitty tell you about hog-skin, for they watch and see you talk with him in alder-bush. They say they kill you, and take Miss Kitty, carry him off prisoner, (make father believe they Mohawks,) get him in woods, then kill him with tomahawk. They terrible Indians, take revenge when much mad. Very much mad now!"

The soldier and the Indian parted. The former hastened to his own camp, while the latter crept away among the thick bushes. On reaching the camp, Buel found the men all under arms. As he came near, the Colonel beckoned to him to advance. He came near, made the military movement with his rifle, and stood erect.

"Buel," said the good Colonel, "for your long, tried, and faithful services, the American Congress have been pleased to promote you. Soldiers, salute *Lieutenant* Buel."

The drums beat a hearty salute, and his own company cheered. Tears stood in the eyes of the young

officer. He was immediately summoned to the tent of the commander.

"Lieutenant Buel, I must now send you on a secret, important, and rapid despatch to Boston. No time must be lost. You must set out this very night. Can you be ready?"

"Yes, sir, — though I have some things to communicate to you, sir, and ask your advice and aid."

"What now? No folly, I hope!"

The Lieutenant then went into a history of his life, of that of the Hamiltons, and ended by telling him how he got the hint from Kitty about the hog, and the danger that now surrounded the poor girl in consequence, and no less earnestly he sought the kindness of the Colonel in behalf of Cassiheeno. Very patiently did the officer hear it all through, and then said: —

"Buel, this is a bad business. But I don't see that any one has been to blame. I might have known that some woman must have put it into your head about that Indian's disguise. Stay; can you say, upon the honor of a soldier, that this is no love affair between you and the girl?"

"I assure you, sir, that no allusion to any such thing has ever passed between us."

"Very well. I only wonder how the daughter of a high Tory can be so much of a Whig; that's all. Now there is, to my mind, but one course. You must go and persuade that girl to save her life by going with you to the East. Mind, now, this must be no runaway match between you and the girl;

first, because we can't spare you a day for such affairs ; and, second, because I have too much regard for the fifth commandment to encourage or countenance such doings. I am a father of daughters myself. Take her to her and your friends at or near Boston, for these savages will have no mercy on her. If you can persuade her to go, the carriage that came this morning to the camp to convey the sick lieutenant to his home, but which, as you know, is too late, he being dead, and you in his place, shall carry you to Albany, and thence you will go on horseback. Now hasten about this business."

Lieutenant Buel drew his girdle tight about him, and in five minutes was taking the Indian lope, on his way to the log-house. By means of his own, he obtained an interview with the poor girl.

Our readers must understand that between Troy and the beautiful village of Glen's Falls the tree still stands under which Miss M'Crea was so inhumanly murdered by the Indians, and whose history will long thrill the human heart. That one murder sent a shudder through the land, and made the impression deep, that no innocence or loveliness could protect from the terrible tomahawk and scalping-knife. The mother clasped her babe to her bosom in terror, lest on the morrow she should be called to see it dashed against the wall, or writhing on the arrow ; and the maiden drew her zone tight about her, not knowing but she was girding herself up for death. I mention this to account for the terror into which the tidings of the young officer threw Kitty ;

for it was just after Miss M'Crea's terrible fate, that she was informed that a similar fate awaited her. She saw at a glance that she could not reveal any thing to her father without endangering his life. She hoped that things would come to a crisis in a few weeks, when she could return safe and sound, and tell him all. What seemed to be the most dreadful part of her trial was, that she must leave him ignorant of her motives, her course, her protection, or her plans. With many tears, she at last yielded, — "for all that a man hath will he give for his life," — and agreed that at midnight she would be ready to go with her old schoolmate and friend. She knew nothing of his promotion.

A little past midnight, the old carriage which had so opportunely come from Albany stood near the door of the cabin, among the thick trees. But it took all the power of persuasion of which Buel was master, to get the poor girl into the carriage. Noiselessly she placed her bare feet on the rough floor, and with tears kissed the forehead of her sleeping father ; while Buel laid his hand upon her, determined to force her away, and into the carriage, the moment the old man should show signs of awaking. In her little room she had left a note for her father, assuring him of her unbounded love and reverence, and begging him to believe that nothing but the most important of all considerations could induce her to do as she had done ; that she was in safety, and that, if his thoughts took the direction of surmising that she had run away to be married, he might

rest assured that it was not so; and closed her note by beseeching him to take good care of himself till her return, and by a most fervent and beautiful prayer, that God would cover his gray head with his protecting care and mercy.

At length the weeping maiden was in the carriage with her friend. She hoped and expected that in a few weeks she should again see her father.

"O Henry!" said she, "this is sad. May God forgive me if I am wrong! But let us hope that this sorrowful DEPARTURE —"

"Will surely be followed," said he, "by a happy RETURN."

THE RETURN:

OR, INCIDENTS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THE journey from Albany to Boston, in those days, was on horseback. The long ranges of the Taghcanic and the Hoosic Mountains, now surmounted a dozen times every day by the iron horse, had not then even a stage-road over them. Our travellers arrived in the beautiful valley of the Pontoosuc (the Deer-runway) at the close of a hard day's ride. It was already dark before they descended the rugged sides of the Taghcanic. Not a house was to be seen, nor a light within the vision, save one in the distance, which seemed to be moving. They still went onward till they reached the margin of a small, but most beautiful lake, on the east shore of which was a thick growth of large hemlocks and pines. The waters were pure and bright, seeming to rejoice to receive the stars and the heavens, and to reflect them back, true as a mirror. The young officer stopped here, and told his fair companion that it was in vain to attempt to go further. He could not be sure of

finding the path, or if he did, of finding any human habitation. The weary girl heard him with the same confidence that she would a brother, and merely said, that she should soon sleep on horseback, unless they did stop somewhere. After tying the horses, Buel struck a light, kindled a camp-fire, and then selected a spot, dry and warm, between the trees, for a sleeping-place for the lady. It was to him a short work to cut crotched sticks, cover them with hemlock-boughs, like a tent, and strew the ground over thickly with the same. Then, spreading his camp-cloak on the boughs for a bed, he told the young lady he considered that good enough for a princess. She duly admired it, protested against taking the cloak from him, and inquired what he was to do.

"Do? Why, Miss Hamilton, I must keep sentry, partly to feed the horses with the few oats I have with me, partly to keep the fire agoing, and partly to watch against all intruders, and peradventure to 'thinks I to myself.' But what in the world are we to do for supper?"

"Are you hungry?"

"Why, as to that I could eat; but I am an old woodsman. But *you*, what will you do?"

"O, I am not hungry. You know how I ate your lunch at noon."

"I wish I had more of the same,—but hold! what comes there?"

Around the point of land which projected far into the lake came a bright light, seemingly dancing on the waters, and suspended by nothing. Buel knew

instantly that it was a canoe, and that behind that blazing torch must be an Indian, spearing fish. In an instant, for the canoe had evidently not seen the fire on the shore before, the torch was extinguished. Quite as quickly did Buel snatch his hat, and with it pour water on his camp-fire, so that the grove and the lake were again in total darkness. The canoe lay motionless on the water, its dark outlines barely visible. Not a word was now spoken. In a whisper, Kate was told to lie down out of the way, should a bullet chance to come in the dark. But Buel stepped noiselessly behind a large hemlock, and was still. The canoe moved along, but no paddle was taken out of the water to show its flash. Again it stopped, and Buel started,—for he thought he could just discern the rattle of a rattlesnake. With equal caution he gave three very low whistles. The paddle was instantly in motion, and the canoe shot towards him.

"Me know 'em whistle," said the Indian, but in a low voice.

"Why, Cassiheeno, my good fellow, I thought I left you wounded and sick. How came you here?"

"Come 'cross through woods."

"That 's very plain. But come ashore. We must talk."

"Indian must eat first."

"Poor fellow, I have not a mouthful to give you."

"You 'lone?"

"No. I have Miss Hamilton, whom you call the White Fawn, with me,—going east. You know my business."

"Me know. Don't know, but may be he left at some house. Plenty fish in the canoe."

With that the Indian came ashore. In a few minutes a new fire was blazing, the fish were stuck up on sticks to roast, and a supper was prepared that an epicure might envy. The fish were the best, and cooked by a camp-fire, and eaten under the open heavens, even Kate acknowledged that her appetite came to her marvellously. She was well acquainted with Cassiheeno, and felt that when he was near she had a friend to be relied on. It did not surprise Buel in the least, that his Indian friend ate in perfect silence. It was their way. But when, after supper, the Indian, in the most indifferent tone possible, said:—

"May be, while White Fawn go his bed, you like go out yonder and smoke," he knew that he had something of importance to say. Following him along the margin of the lake, till they reached the outlet, and where the dashing of the waters over the stones made a noise sufficient to drown their voices, the Indian stopped, and sat down. The young officer did the same.

"What for you three day 'fore you come so far as this?"

"I found it so difficult to obtain a horse, suitable for a lady to ride on. It took me more than a day to do it."

"Big officer say he want me run through woods, get 'fore you, and give you that letter," at the same time handing out a small letter. Lighting a small

piece of bark, Buel opened and read the letter. It informed him that the enemy had made a decided movement, and things were shaping in such a way, that a battle must soon be fought; that he must hasten his journey, and be back at the earliest moment possible, and at the same time adding to the responsibility of his duties at Boston. From the Indian he learned that, as soon as old Mr. Hamilton found his daughter was gone, and run away, too, as he supposed, to form a match with a rebel officer, his chagrin, and disappointment, and anger, were unbounded. There was no possible way of undeceiving him, and in a few hours his cottage was empty, and he gone, no one knew whither, under the full impression that his beloved child had deceived him, written what was false, and thrown herself away, if not to be ruined, to be degraded for life. After musing over the tidings awhile, Buel concluded it could do no good to tell the news to Kate. It would worry her exceedingly, and he could see no possible benefit to accrue from it. Turning to the Indian, he said:—

"Cassiheeno, how came you on this pond, fishing?"

"Me come to road,—see no horses be gone 'long,—no track. Me hungry, and find canoe, and spear in him. Besides, me 'fraid; was going spend all night on water."

"Ah! and what was you afraid of?"

"Me set out yesterday,—run some miles, stop on hill and look back, and see Canada Indian on trail. He have gun. He tread soft. He have girdle tight,

so much run. Same Indian shoot me, when wounded before. He know I scout, and British officer give him much money get my scalp. He somewhere near now. May be shoot me any moment; no can help it."

"I hope better than that, my good fellow. But now you have done your errand, you must go back to the camp. There he can't follow you. I will write a little letter to the Colonel. In the mean time, we will go back to the camp-fire, and say nothing about this in the hearing of the young lady. When she gets fast asleep, and she is so tired she will sleep soundly, then we will take the horses, and ride over the mountain, towards Albany. Your enemy is probably between this and the mountain. He will thus lose your trail, and I will get back here before daylight, and start very early. What say you to that plan?"

"He very good."

As they went back, the Indian said, "Spose no make up any more fire. Let him all go out."

"O, but I'm cold, and I am afraid Miss Kate will be so also."

With that he gathered the brands together, piled on more wood, and soon had a cheerful blaze. The light shot up among the tall trees, turning them into stately pillars, upholding a magnificent and interminable dome. All beyond the immediate circle was intensely dark. The Indian sat down between the fire and the lake. Miss Hamilton was already in her nest, wrapped in the military cloak, and fast asleep. Buel was silent, thinking at the moment of

the peril in which the Indian, so faithful to him and his country, now stood, when a bold whistle on the lake, and close at hand, was heard. In an instant the Indian stood up straight, turning his face towards the water, and in another instant a gun was fired, and the Indian fell. Buel snatched his rifle, from which he seldom separated, and rushed down to the water's edge. In the darkness of the night he could just see a canoe moving rapidly off upon the lake. A shriek from the poor girl, who had been suddenly awaked by the report of the gun, recalled his thoughts, and he hastened back to the wounded man. He then threw a quantity of dry wood upon the fire, by the light of which he hoped to examine the wound of the poor Indian. The blood was streaming from his bosom, and a single look showed the young Lieutenant that the wound was a deadly one. Gently raising his head, and drawing aside his clothing, he applied the handkerchief which Kate had already dipped in the lake to the wound, and, by pressing hard upon it, was enabled to keep the blood from coming out. But the pale face, and the flagging limbs, showed plainly that little could be done.

"O, how I wish there was a doctor, or even a house near, that we might have some aid for this faithful friend! O, must he die?" said Kate.

"White Fawn sees that I must die. He Canada Indian. Me 'spect he kill me one day. He never tire on the trail."

It would have made a beautiful picture. The poor Indian lay on the ground at full length, his head rest-

ing in the lap of Kate, his bosom heaving with the effort to breathe, while the blood, despite the appliances, ever and anon silently flowed from the breast, or rattled and gurgled within, at every breathing. Henry Buel bent over him as tenderly as a brother, wiping his brow, and frequently applying cold water to his lips, and washing his face with the same. The bright glare of the fire showed every change in his face.

"Cassiheno," said he, in a tremulous voice, "you are *badly* wounded, and you know too much about gun-shot wounds, not to know that you are dangerously hurt, and I greatly fear, though I hope and pray differently, that you may die soon. I greatly fear —"

"That me die any moment! Me know, 'fore sun rise, — never see him face again, me dead. You good friend to me always, now want ask you questions which trouble me."

"Do so, dear Cassiheno, and any thing I can do for you now, or after you are gone, I will promise to do most faithfully."

"Well, you know me friend to Americans, me scout, fight, get wounded, and now be killed, 'cause friend to your people. Canada Indian say you all thief. Great while ago you come over great water. Indian then own all. White man take land. Indian move further off. Was that right? What say you? Me much troubled about it."

"It is true, that we have got your lands and your rivers; but it is also true, that we paid you for them."

"That no seem pay. Spose now you be Boston. You buy him all for few dollar, and now you take great price for little piece, — just so much cow eat one morning. You no pay Indian so much! You no say that right?"

"Cassiheno, I want you to look straight, and have your eyes wide open. Do you remember my meeting you one day with a dry root in your hand, — and what I said to you?"

"Yes. You take him, look at him, ask me what do with him. Me say, going burn him. You say, give him me, and I give you piece of tobacco. Me say yes, and sell him."

"Well, did I not give you all the root was worth to you?"

"Yes, plenty much."

"And how much do you suppose this beautiful rifle is worth, — this, — which you have often admired?"

"Why, spose him worth fifty silver dollar."

"Very well. Now, the stock which you so much admire was made of that root which you sold me for the tobacco. By adding a barrel, lock, trimmings, and working it, the root is now come to be worth fifty dollars. But when I bought it, I gave you all it was worth at that time! Just so we, when we bought your lands, gave you all they were worth. They were worth no more to you than any piece of hunting-ground. By our working on them, building roads, and bridges, houses, and stores, and streets, like my rifle, they are now worth a great

deal. You see it would be wrong to come to me now and demand that I pay you for the root all that my rifle is now worth. Don't you see that, Cassiheeno?"

"Yes, me see him plain now."

"How much did you get for that deer which you tamed, and sold at Boston last summer?"

"Ten dollar."

"What was he worth when wild, at the time you caught him?"

"He worth nothing. Me sell him for two mouthfuls tobacco."

"Very well. You see it is labor and skill bestowed on any thing that makes it valuable. My fathers did not give the Indians much for their wild lands, because they were not worth much."

"Me see it all now, — all plain. My eyes wide open, — see straight. Thank God, no more wicked feeling come up in my heart about it. White man work like horse, and grow great, — Indian no work, grow small."

"If I am not right, my dear friend, it is unintentional. I have answered you as a child would about a father, whom he *knew* to be honest and true-hearted. But now, Cassiheeno, there is a more important question which I wish to ask you."

"Me answer straight and plain and true."

"You are a dying man. Before the sun rises, you think you will be dead. I want to know where you think you will go then."

"What for you ask? You curiosity?"

"No. But as a Christian, and a believer in the Bible, I feel anxious about your spirit. O, why *did n't* I talk with you about it before, when you were well! Do you know any thing about Jesus Christ? Did you ever hear of mercy through him?"

"Me know much about that. Long, long time ago, me very young, go east of Albany to see Indians at Kaunaumeeek (Nassau). In little log-house, in green wood, live pale man, all 'lone, — nobody but Indian near him. He send ten, twenty mile for bread. He look sick, but meet Indian, talk to them out of the Spirit-Book, he pray with them. Make much prayer, and many times look on Indian, and say, 'Poor friends!' and his eyes all run down with tears. Me stay many months, and learn much from him."

"But could he speak the Indian language?"

"No; but he have young Indian, John Wau-waumpequunnaunt, who take what he say and make him into Indian."

"What can you remember about his teaching?"

"Remember Son of God came down to earth, look like man; he preach, make miracle, same as make sick man well, blind man see, broken-bone man jump up and run like deer. He die for sinner; white man sinner, Indian sinner. He in heaven now, and love poor sinner who pray to him with sorry for sin. He send good heart and spirit, make heart sick, and then well and glad with joy, and make sinner no want to sin any more."

"Have you been in the habit of praying, my friend?"

"Always; ever since be with pale white man."

"But how can the death of Jesus Christ save so many sinners?"

"Just same little piece gold buy very much thing. He worth so much more,—he Son of God, he all good, he all beautiful."

"Do you feel that you shall go to Him when you die?"

"O, yes. Me certain Jesus Christ no forget poor Indian. Me never forget him one day. Me hope see Him, hope see pale missionary-man, hope see John Wauwaumpequunnaunt 'fore morning. Have no fear, inside eyes all open, inside heart all still and smooth like Lake Sanhaddon, which you call 'The Beautiful.' I very weak now; spouse Canada Indian come get scalp now."

"No, not till he gets my life first, my dear brother!"

"O, thank you, thank you! Now put my hands on my breast; there, me never move again till angel-trumpet awake me. O Lord Jesus, pity poor ignorant and simple Indian! Make him white like snow, make him bright like sun, make him beautiful like rainbow, make him all good like thy own self, and let him live with thee for ever, so longer sun and moon shine.—Amen."

The tears of beautiful Kate fell fast upon the face of the dying man. She gently called him "Brother," but he could speak no longer. The young of

ficer took his hand, but it was cold. The bosom heaved gently a few times, and was still. Not a finger straightened or moved as his spirit left the body.

"Who would have expected a poor Indian to utter sentiments so sublime, and to die a death so beautiful!" said Kate.

"He has been taught of Heaven," said Buel.

When the morning light had returned, Kate came out of her bed of hemlock-boughs, and found Buel sitting over the embers of the fire, not having dared to kindle it enough to create a light.

"Are you able to ride, Miss Hamilton? I trust we shall find a house and some breakfast within a few miles."

"Yes; but where is the body of our poor Indian friend?"

"I have taken care of that. I have deposited it where his bitterest foes cannot find it, to get his scalp."

"Buried him?"

"Yes; but so deep in the lake that no one will find the body. I do not believe I could myself find it in a week. I sewed him up in his own blanket, and then in birch-bark, for a coffin; I put in stones enough to sink and keep it down. The faithful creature will there sleep till the resurrection. We must go."

"You look tired, Henry!"

"I am; but it is not safe to remain here, even if my business were not most urgent."

Kate cast a mournful look on the beautiful lake, now turning to silver under the light of morning. The loon sent up his mournful cry, — the only watcher left to guard the dead. The travellers mounted and went onwards.

A short time after the important battles which terminated in the surrender of Burgoyne, and which will render the name of Saratoga memorable for ever, just at evening, while the guns which were fired over the grave of the brave Fraser were booming over the valley of the Hudson, a solitary horseman was seen approaching the head-quarters of General Washington. His horse, jaded and drooping, showed that he had been hard-ridden. The rider was pale and haggard, with one arm in a sling. His officer's uniform was soiled and worn. The sentinel at the outpost hailed him, and delivered him over to the proper officer; by whom, in turn, he was conducted to the tent of the Commander-in-chief. On dismounting and entering, this great nobleman of nature arose and received him, in a kind tone of voice, though without a smile, and inquired if he had communications for him.

"A despatch from General Gates, sir."

Washington hastily took the papers, — asked the messenger to be seated, — and in a moment was buried in their contents. As he read, his countenance lighted up, a smile played around his mouth, and once or twice it seemed as if a tear would drop from his eyes.

"You bring good, great, joyful news, sir. Providence has indeed smiled upon our cause once more. The result, of all others, which at the present moment I could have desired. It will cheer and send courage and hope through the country. You must have ridden hard to reach me so quickly, sir."

"My horse is much jaded, sir."

"And your arm?"

"Was marked by an ugly customer from the enemy."

"Is it not painful?"

"I am so much delighted, sir, to have the honor of bearing the despatch, and of seeing your face, sir, that I do not notice my pain, — or not very much."

"Rest to-night, sir, and in the morning, with a fresh horse, I shall want you to return with communications. But, Major Buel—"

"Lieutenant Buel, sir, if you please. I have the honor to be Lieutenant—"

"Very well, sir, that will do for to-night. But the terms in which your General speaks of your services, in times past, as well as in the late battles, are such, that, when you call at my tent to-morrow morning, you will receive a commission as Major."

The young officer blushed and bowed, but was too much surprised to make any reply. Washington instantly saw the state of his mind, and at once entered into long and minute inquiries as to the battles, their order, commencement, termination, and the like. He seemed to comprehend the whole at once. After a protracted conversation, he said, "Major,

you must need rest, and your arm must need attention. At sunrise to-morrow morning all shall be ready for you." Then calling an officer, he said, "Conduct Major Buel to his quarters. He is to rest undisturbed by company, and be ready for an early start: and, as his horse is jaded, he will take Hawkeye instead. Call in my aids."

With his commission, Major Buel returned to his own standard; but his arm was so shattered, that it was soon apparent that he must either lose the limb, or leave the army for the present. The latter alternative was pressed upon him by his General, and with great reluctance he consented to receive a blank furlough, at a time when the hopes and the prospects of his country were becoming brighter and more sure of success.

Once more the young Major found himself on the banks of the Piscataqua, in his own humble home, with his own kind sister to nurse him. He had time to look over the past, to recruit his strength, and to take care of his arm, which, owing to neglect or want of proper management, threatened to take its own time to get well. It must be told, too, that he continued to have some conversations with Kate Hamilton,—the same beautiful girl whom he had conducted out of the State of New York, and placed with his sister till such a time as she could discover her father's residence. By an unexpected legacy, Major Buel had come in possession of a pretty property, and for the times was comparatively wealthy. One would think he might now have been contented

and happy. But no! the fellow must tease Kate, and make her flutter and blush, and declare that she never could think of it without her father's knowledge and blessing, till, in order to have the right to be near him, and nurse him, she *did* consent—to marry him! How can it be wondered at? She knew not that she had a father or a friend in the world. They took a house, and a happy home it was.

For three years subsequent to their marriage, Major Buel was the Government Agent for the troops and forts in that region, and had spared no time or expense in trying to discover the father of his wife, if, indeed, he was living; but all in vain. He had written in all directions, and inquired of every Indian whom he met. They had about given up all search, when, meeting with a Mic-Mac Indian, the Major received information that excited attention.

"My dear," said he to his wife, "I beg you will not have your expectations too much raised; but Keelo, a Mic-Mac, has described a man who, as I hope, may prove to be your father."

"O, that it may be as I wish and pray!" and the tears fell fast. "I must go with you in the search, and so must Annette."

Annette! why, it is far off through the deep, howling wilderness! You would not take our child, but two years old, through these perils?"

"I can surely go where my husband can go; and he is too good a woodsman to let either of us suffer.

We may need — or I may need — the child as a mediator, should we even find my father."

The Major was nonplussed. But like all good husbands, he soon saw something wise in the plan of his wife, and concluded to do as she said.

The Miramichi, in the province of New Brunswick, is a noble river, heading far up the forest, where none but the hunter's foot had ever trod. The tall pines that lined its banks were untouched by the feller's axe, and lifted themselves up to a magnificent height. Far up among these pines, by itself alone, stood a cottage, as if declining all intercourse with men. Its only inhabitant was an aged man, who lived solitarily enough. It was plain that he had means enough, for the forest-men brought for his use furniture and luxuries to which they were strangers. The old man seemed to hold little or no intercourse with the world. His amusement was in reading a fine collection of books, and now and then in taking a fine salmon from the river, on whose banks his dwelling stood, or shooting a deer as he came into his little clover-field back of his house. The forest-men said he had been there some years, but nobody seemed to know any thing about him.

The old man kept his house, garden, and premises very neat. Every day he would go out and take exercise, and then sit down and read, or live over the past, and have the reveries of age, — what he might, and would do, if he could be young again. At his window was a beautiful rose-bush in full

blossom, and the inside of the cottage was tastefully arranged. One day he sat down to his books, and, after reading for a time, he fell asleep and dreamed. He was carried back for years, to the time when Kate was a bright little child, and danced around him like a sunbeam in his dwelling. He dreamed that she stood before him in all the joyousness of childhood, making her ringing notes to thrill upon his heart-strings. He awoke, — for he heard her utter the name of "Father!" What was his amazement! There stood a little girl, resting her beautiful head on his knee, in all the confidence and loveliness of childhood, — the very image of Kate! And there knelt Kate herself, with her hands on his arm and shoulder, while a fine-looking man stood near to support her! Convulsively he clenched his fist, and turned away his head. O, that was the child who had deceived him, as he thought, and ran off and married a rebel soldier! And that was the man who had inflicted a wound so cruel! But, though he averted his face, and shut his fist, the father struggled hard. He did not repel the dear little Annette. He did not shake off his child! He said not a word; but when his daughter could command herself so as to relate the whole circumstances of her departure, of her marriage, and of her history, the tears fell fast and scalding. He clasped his daughter to his heart, and, sobbing like a child, exclaimed, "O my child! my child! what a long dream of sorrow I have had! I have prayed often and much, that my sorrows might do me

good, but never expected to have them turned into joy! What sorrows came on me on your DEPARTURE — ”

“ Yes, dear father; but what joys will follow —
THE RETURN ! ”

MY FIRST FUNERAL.

WHAT pastor does not know how solemn, and mellow, and tender the hour or two after his second service on the Sabbath often is? He is alone in his study; looking back with sorrow and joy, and forward with fear and hope. How tenderly at such times come back the faces of loved friends whom he has followed to the grave, and the recollection of scenes through which he has passed! Probably the experience of our early ministry takes the deepest hold upon us, and makes impressions peculiarly lasting. So it has been with me.

I had just commenced my ministry, when a message came that a woman, sick and in trouble, wanted to see me. It was in a distant corner of the town, and I had never been there. A long ride over hills, and then sand-plains that seemed very dreary, brought me to a small, solitary dwelling. The house was new; not covered with clapboards, and every thing about it gave evidence of poverty and thriftlessness. In one of the two rooms which comprised

the house lay the sick one. The room was cheerless, and, it being early autumn, the winds were whistling between the boards. Some pieces of newspapers were pasted over some of the cracks, but they seemed to do no good. On a poor, but very neat bed, with a sheet held up by having some old forks thrust through the corners and into the house, as a kind of curtain, she lay. Her countenance was as pale as the sheet, save a little hectic spot in each cheek. She was young and beautiful, even while sinking in ruins. The forehead was high, smooth, and marble. The eye brilliant and sparkling. Though inexperienced, I knew that this must be the consumption. She was a young wife, and her beautiful little twin daughters, three or four years old, stood by their mother, as if they were doubtful whether the visit of the stranger betokened good or evil for their mother.

Long and intensely interesting was the conversation which I held with her. This was her father's house; a very poor old man. She had given her heart and hand to one who had given every promise of making her happy; but strong drink had first made him a brute, and then a demon. She had borne his abuse and cruelty till her life was endangered, when he was taken up by the civil authorities. When liberated from confinement, he had left her and her babes, and for two years she had not heard from him. She sustained herself and children with her needle, till the cough, the chills and fevers, and night-sweats, had brought her too low. She then,

broken-hearted and crushed, had returned to her father's humble dwelling to die.

Piece by piece did she give me her history; but not an unkind or severe word did she drop concerning her husband, nor let fall a single expression of complaining. Her sorrows had led her to the Great Deliverer, and she had a hope and a faith sufficient to carry her through any amount of trial. The history of her experience was simple, childlike, and beautiful. I cannot recollect; but it convinced me that, if there be any such thing as the teachings of the Spirit, his breath had been warm upon her. She had sent for me to lay open her heart; to ask if she might be numbered with the visible followers of Christ, and give her twin babes up to him in baptism. The sun was just setting as I left her, with a smile on her lips soft and mild as the sunset of the warm autumn day.

After repeated visits and inquiries about Mrs. Blanchard, — for that was her real name, — my small, infant church gathered with me one Sabbath afternoon, just at night, into that sick-room. The church was composed mostly of young converts, and their affections were easily kindled. The first runnings from the grapes were there. The room was full. And how like an angel she looked, as, propped up by her coarse but white pillows, she entered into covenant with God and his people, and gave herself away for ever! And how the eyes of all were met with tears of sympathy, and of joy, as they saw her beaming face. And when, putting forth the utmost

of her strength, she raised herself in the bed, and laid one hand on the head of each of her little ones, and gave them such a look as a mother only can give,—and that too in death, while I baptized them in the name of the Trinity,—the whole company held their breathing, and the tickings of the clock were plainly heard. How solemn, how beautiful, was that act of giving them up to the Redeemer, and having his seal put upon them ere she left them to orphanage! I have baptized many, many since, but never saw a baptism like this. How fervently and how tenderly we commended her and the little ones to the Great Shepherd! I doubt whether there was one present who did not long to be out,—that he might weep aloud. For a single moment I saw a tear of earth dim the eye of the mother, but it was but for a moment, ere the Angel of Hope banished it away with his wing, and it returned no more. She sank back on the bed exhausted, and the little church, one by one, silently passed along by her bedside, and took her hand, and dropped, I doubt not, a prayer for her babes, into that golden censer which Christ holds in his right hand. Then we went to our homes; not all equally affected, but all, with emotions awakened and chastened.

In a few days more I renewed my visit. When I reached the house, it was so still that I felt sure the footsteps of the angel of death must be near. On entering, I found the sufferer calm and natural, except that her breathing was short, and the white hand did not lift itself up to meet mine, and the

smile quickly gave way to distress. She could not speak, but pressed my hand and made the motion for prayer. The little girls stood at her head, with her hand in theirs. We prayed once more. On rising up, she gave a sweet smile of thanks, and then turned to look on her babes. The look became a gaze. A faint tremor—faint as possible—touched her lips, and it was all over. Not a finger moved, and the children were unconsciously holding the hand of their dead mother.

Then came the funeral. In my short-sightedness, I supposed that it would be touching and tender as a matter of course. It was my first funeral since my ordination. My fears were lest emotion should prevent my saying what I wished to. But I reckoned without my host. On reaching the house for the funeral services, there was the aged father and mother in deep affliction. On each knee of the grandfather sat a twin dressed in white, with black ribbons on the shoulders of their dresses. And there sat the bloated, stupid, filthy, polluted, loathsome being who called himself husband and father. The creature had worn out the life, and broken the heart, of a young, beautiful being; let her sicken, and suffer, and die alone; and had now come to sit, and act as chief mourner! His breath was then steaming with the fumes of the still. His presence was poison to all that were present. And for him I was expected to pray as the chief mourner and the husband. Had a rattlesnake lifted himself up, and made his presence known on the table of a good old-fashioned thanks-

giving dinner, he could hardly have been more disgusting. All that I had intended to say was gone, -- it seemed like sacrilege to say it, or to speak of her before him. All that I intended to recall in prayer was gone, for there was the monster to be prayed over as chief mourner. What I said or did I know not, for the scene was awful to me. The creature -- I will not call him man -- could not walk straight after the coffin!

Soon after the funeral, I had the pleasure of knowing that he had taken himself off again; leaving the grave of his wife, and the helpless babes, with as little emotion as if he had been, not a brute, but a monster. I never heard of him again; but the prayer at the baptism was answered, and I had the pleasure of knowing that the orphans were well provided for. This relieved the remembrance of the horrors of my first funeral.

THE POOR STUDENT.

"OLD Uncle Jerry Hull!" So the old man was called, the town over. How or why the whole region should claim to be his nephews and nieces, is more than I can tell. But when I came on the stage of childhood, the claim had been long established, and he was Uncle Jerry by what the law calls the right of possession. Little did the old man care who claimed to be of his family, provided he could make them all help him. He was a large, square-built man, with a face broad and deeply furrowed, and an eye he had that twinkled brightly whenever the spirit that peeped out of it was glad. He always wore cloth which his own sheep had first worn, and it was always of the same muddy-red, colored by his own butternuts. He lived in a low, red house on the corner, facing the south, with his long row of barns on the street that ran north and south, so that the yards and cattle were directly under his eye. There was the well at the corner of the house, with the long well-sweep or pole, so common and so peculiar

to New England in olden times. There was the horse-shed and the great butternut-tree, under which stood the grindstone, at which all the neighborhood did their grinding. They would have felt hurt and injured had he removed it, or questioned their right to use and wear it out as fast as they pleased.

Uncle Jerry had two strong sides, but he had one weak one. He did love — money! He was a good man in the main, a go-to-meeting, Sabbath-keeping man, a professor of religion, and all that, and few men ever tried harder to gain two worlds than he. One he did obtain. But to do it, he never gambled, or speculated, or ran risks; he only toiled and saved, — toiled and saved. Nothing, to the amount of a husk, was ever lost about his premises. He never sold straw, except by the bundle. His workmen complained somewhat of their food; but they always had plenty of hard cider to drink, — for Uncle Jerry had proved it, to demonstration, that, if they drank freely of cider, they wanted less food. Once, however, they played him a saucy trick. Joe Hunt was Uncle Jerry's boy-of-all-chores, — a gnarly, tough, tight-grained fellow, — a perfect hornbeam, — you could neither split nor cut him. Where he came from, nobody knew. The old man used to "baste" him with a cart-whip, as he called it; and Joe would sulk and dog and snarl, but neither cry nor run. But he had his own way of revenge, and amply did he take it. I give but a single specimen. Uncle Jerry had a cow, — old Siba, — so cross that she was said to kick at her own shadow. By great pains-

taking she was fatted, and fatted well, and Uncle Jerry's eyes fairly snapped whenever he dared to go near enough to pat her sides. Just as she was ready for the butcher, Uncle Jerry was met one night as he came home by Joe Hunt. There was a wild eye in Joe, but a secret roguish smile under terror, as heat-lightning will sometimes flash out from behind the dark cloud. "Uncle Jerry! Uncle Jerry! old Siba is sick, — just gone!" Out to the barn bounded Uncle Jerry, and sure enough, there she lay, apparently in the agonies of death. The old man gave but one look. "Joe," says he in a whisper, "Joe, kill her instantly, before she dies. She'll do for the men!" Kill her Joe did, with many an inward chuckle. The rogue had watched till he saw Uncle Jerry coming home, and then had made the cow swallow a pint of melted lard, — enough to make her sick for half an hour, when it would have all passed away. Joe gave the men hints enough to prevent their losing their appetites, as they stowed away the "sick beef." There was no mischief in which Joe was not an adept. Had there been a college for the study of roguery, Joe would have received the highest honors.

Uncle Jerry *would* be rich, — even though he pierced his conscience through with many sorrows. He lived in an obscure, back town, and in the furthest nook of the town, far up among the wild, rocky hills and the low mountains covered with wood. The valleys between the hills were small, springy, and cold. He owned full nine hundred

acres of this rough and ragged land. Although there was no place at which he could buy and sell nearer than six or eight miles, yet Uncle Jerry defied all these frowns of nature, and, as people supposed, grew rich. Secretly and stealthily did the neighbors creep up to the red house and leave their notes for a few dollars to help to eke out the year. But as he would never lend money unless the borrower would take a few sheep on shares, it was soon known that almost every body were raising sheep on shares, — “just to try it!” Then he used to sell — rum! Not by the gallon or glass, but simply by the pint and the quart. He was the centre for six miles around in this respect, and truly there were two decided advantages in this; first, it was said that his liquors were in just that state, that you might “drink a quart and not feel it,” and secondly, the people used to whisper, that, by some unaccountable process, the bottoms of his tin pint and quart measures were rounded up, as if battered on the top of a cannon ball, so that a pint or a quart seemed “a dreadful little.” However that might be, not a neighbor in the region could kill a pig that would “weigh eight-score,” without being nerved up by “something from Uncle Jerry’s.”

The Wilsons, who kept a large, dashing, out-trusting store some miles off, were great friends to Uncle Jerry. There he went to fill his barrel, “to hear the news,” to “hear the great folks talk,” to learn the gossip for ten miles round, and to be treated with peculiar attention. He might fill his glass or his

tobacco-box just as if at home, — that he might! As many as six or eight times a year he went to see the Wilsons, and as often they were glad to see him. To be sure they used to ask him to put his name on a little piece of paper with theirs, “just for form’s sake,” — nothing more. How heartily the old man used to laugh at their extravagance! — for they always gave him a hard dollar just to go through that form! There was a bank some fifteen miles off, and the Wilsons were men of business. Into the large, leathern purse dropped the dollar; and it seemed to chuckle as it went in, — for money that went into that purse, like that which goes into China, never came out again. It was a great mystery to Uncle Jerry how people need be poor. He could see no necessity for it. Why need they lose their property; he never lost his, — not a dollar in all his life. Take care, Uncle Jerry! Thy sails are full, and thy seas are smooth now. But take care, breakers are called so, because they break the waves and the ships too. Take care!

Cynthia was Uncle Jerry’s only daughter, — and, if not his only idol, certainly a favorite one. Many an idolater has worshipped a more unlovely idol than Cynthia, — for she *was* beautiful. Small in stature, untamed by any maternal control, — for her mother died when she was a mere infant, — she was as wild as the squirrels that played in her father’s butternut grove, and as merry as the lark that shouted over his green meadows; — the best scholar in the new, red school-house, the pet of her teachers, the envied

of her mates and companions in study. She grew up into seventeen before time had laid a wrinkle on her face, or care had left a mark from his pencil, or she had — as far as known — received a single scratch from the arrow that comes from the quiver of Venus's son. Her father never crossed her, and he was careful to show to her as few weaknesses as possible. He sometimes thought she would be always a little girl at home with him, and then he would dream of her marrying a rich man, and living in a large brick house in the great city. Whether any thoughts on this subject ever entered Cynthia's head, is more than we know. She appeared to pass on "in maiden meditation, fancy free," and we are bound to believe the best.

Even before the pretty Cynthia had reached this age, there were few youth in the region who did not know that she was fair, and her father rich. Awkwardly did they approach her, but all received the cold side of her face, — unless we except John Doon, an orphan boy, who lived with an aunt a mile or two off. John and Cynthia were schoolmates when they were children, and though John knew that she was dressed tidily and neatly, yet, as they stood at the heads of their respective classes, on opposite sides of the school-house, she never seemed to know that John wore only coarse linsey-woolsey. John was a strong-limbed, awkward fellow, and many a ride did he give Cynthia on his sled across the ice of the big pond, in going and coming from school. John was any thing but handsome. Indeed, to do him justice,

he was a homely fellow. His body seemed long and his legs short. His hands were dangling about, as if not knowing what to do with themselves. His face was a granite face, and his head looked as if it had worn out two or three bodies. But John had a way of his own, and he and his poor aunt used to continue to battle fortune and keep want at a little distance, though he would there stand and eye them sharply. By merest accident, as was supposed, after John had grown up, he met Cynthia in her father's butternut grove one afternoon. He had some chat, and then the conversation grew more sober, till the young man let her so far into his confidence as to tell her his plans, — to talk about "going to college," and to ask her advice on certain points. Whether the advice which she felt called upon to give went against her conscience, or whether it was the responsibility of being called upon to advise a young man, I never knew; but it is certain that she went home more thoughtful and sedate that afternoon than ever before, and John went to put his plans into execution. It was soon reported that John was going to college, and then people shook their heads with incredulity, and blamed the ambition of the aunt, and pitied the folly of the boy. Uncle Jerry declared it was sheer madness to take a boy who was good to work, and spoil him by making him into a student! Cynthia merely asked if a young man who did one thing well would not another, when her father wondered where she got such a notion into her head, and told her she knew nothing about it.

But through "rough and tumble," John was on his way to college, afoot, with his books under one arm, and his clothes under the other. And then he was *in* college, — nobody knew how he got there, or how he was supported there. He never told his sacrifices and pinchings, keeping school by day, and studying by night, his economizings and his doings without; how twice every year there came a letter containing a small, but to him valuable, amount of money. It was directed in a neat, studied, and evidently assumed hand, and never dropped twice into the same post-office. He never knew the unseen friend, and had no right to guess, where concealment was designed. He came out of college with a reputation and character which was capital at once. Whether the good aunty did not feel somewhat proud of her John as he went with her to church the next Sabbath, — her boy actually through college, — and whether the smile of Cynthia, as they met at the door of the church by the merest accident, was not a little triumphant, I will not undertake to say. But Uncle Jerry looked upon him as a lost boy. He wanted *hands*, and not *heads*, — matter, and not mind. Every body said that John Doon went through college just because he *would* go; but they saw no use in having folks so wilful and determined. What's the use in putting the foot down so hard!

In a few days John made it convenient to drop in at Uncle Jerry's; and, though I don't pretend to understand it, at a time of day when he must have

thought most likely that Uncle Jerry would be out. And when he came home, he found him there, and saw that John and Cynthia seemed contented and happy. Uncle Jerry felt rather sour. He supposed that a college was a good place enough, but it always seemed a pity to him to spoil a boy who was good to work, by sending him where he could do nothing but study. He was so cold and crabbed, though he tried hard to be civil, that John forgot his errand to him, if he had any, and soon left. After he was gone, Uncle Jerry sat and looked in the fire. Cynthia examined her knitting-work. Harder and harder did Uncle Jerry gaze into the fire. He put one hand on each knee, and opened the palms of his hands as if to warm them. At length he said, without looking off the fire, —

"What, in nater, is John Doon going to do for a living now? I'd like to know that!"

"He is going to study theology, I believe," said Cynthia, and faster and faster flew her knitting-needles.

"Theology! to be a minister, I suppose! Why, he'll starve to death!"

"Perhaps not. They call him a promising young man."

"Promising! Eh! Well, we shall see. For my part, I think it's a mighty easy way, when people get too lazy to work, to put themselves upon other people, and make them support them! Why can't he go to work on the farm, and earn something?"

"How much could he earn on a farm, do you suppose?"

"Why, a hundred, or a hundred and twenty dollars!"

"Yes, but he is to have six hundred dollars this year for teaching."

"The deuce he is! Now, I don't believe that! Who told you?"

"He himself."

"Indeed! And how comes John Doon — poor as poverty — to come to you with his secrets. I'll tell you what, girl, I don't like that fellow, and the sooner he knows it, the better. That's all. So depend upon it, he shall know it. That's all."

Out of the house Uncle Jerry flung himself in full wrath against poor John for two crimes, first, for being poor, and second, for having made Cynthia his friend. When the human heart wants the Devil to aid him, the Devil always gets wind of it, and is ready. Joe Hunt was in sight. Now Joe hated the student mortally, first, for the same reasons that Uncle Jerry hated him, and second, because, on a certain occasion, when Joe had made too free with Mr. Howell's hen-roost, John had met him in the hands of the constable, and had delivered him from the gripe of the law at the expense of half his purse. Joe could never forgive him the kindness.

"Joe, what have you been doing all the afternoon?"

"Getting the grain and corn for Mr. Howell, — six bushels of each. He said you told him to come and get it."

"Yes; but you can't measure grain. Why did n't you wait till I came home?"

"Cause Mr. Howell wanted to go right off to mill. I measured it just as you do."

"How's that?"

"Put it in lightly with the shovel, and was careful not to hit and jar the half-bushel measure. I did n't heap it up as you do when you send to mill yourself."

"Well, I wonder when I'm to get my pay for this grain, and for the cider. Did Mr. Howell say any thing about it?"

"No. But I heard him say the other day, if John Doon would pay his note, he could pay you up."

"John Doon's note! What does John Doon owe him for, and how much?"

"Why, when his aunt was sick last summer, Mr. Howell took care of her, and all that, and John had no money, — the poor coot, — and so he gave him his note for thirty dollars."

"I understand. I would take that note for pay, just to oblige Mr. Howell, if he would give it up. Do you think he'd be willing?"

"It's easy to make him willing."

Uncle Jerry's eye twinkled, and Joe's eye snapped; they knew that they mutually understood each other.

The night following was dark; but not so dark but that Mr. Howell's old mare, Kate, found her way into Uncle Jerry's six-acre oat-field. She was a peaceable old jade usually, but that night it seemed as if the spirit of mischief must have rode or driven her. Over and over the field she went, crosswise, and lengthwise, and in all directions. It would seem

that she must have travelled hard and fast to do so much mischief. With a long face did poor Howell go, the next morning, to Uncle Jerry, and tell him of the doings of old Kate, and make his apologies. With hasty strides did Uncle Jerry go to his field, and behold the injury it had received. With a low chuckle did Joe Hunt see them go. Uncle Jerry was too warm to have his anger put in print. He stamped, and raved, and threatened, till he had completely subdued old Kate's owner. And he came away with thirty dollars damages, and with poor John Doon's note made over to him, instead of the money. Then he felt better. A great noise it made among the neighbors,—the ruin of the oat-field, and the damages caused thereby. The same day, old Kate carried her master down to John Doon's house, to inform him of the calamity, and of the transfer of the note. John heard it all very coolly, asked some questions about the fences, the habits of Kate, and the like, and went home with Mr. Howell. Nobody could guess why. In the mean time, Uncle Jerry had called on the little dapper lawyer that always sat in his office like a small spider, with his eye wide open, and, like the spider, caught none but very small game. The note against John was to be sued at once. The lawyer was glad and prompt.

All the afternoon had John Doon been examining the oat-field alone. Just at night, Mr. Howell came to him.

"Mr. Howell, is old Kate easy to be caught by a stranger?"

"No. Unless a stranger knew her pretty well, he could not catch her. But I have no difficulty."

"Do you have to carry a dish of oats in order to catch her?"

"Sometimes I do, but not often."

"Have you carried oats lately?"

"No. But my wife caught her with an ear of corn, last week."

"Are you sure it was not oats that she used?"

"Yes, we have not had an oat in the house for a year."

"Well, Mr. Howell, you have been imposed upon and injured. That horse of yours never did that mischief without aid."

"I thought the Evil One must have helped her."

"An evil-minded one, to be sure. I find the field gone through very nearly straight, as when men plough, and the horse went quite through it, and then turned round and went almost straight back again; and then I find that in some places she trotted, and here and there pulled up a mouthful of oats and ate them as she went along, and she kept agoing. Now a horse does not do so of his own accord. Then I found a few oats scattered in her pasture, which she must have spilled while being bridled; and then I found this little strap, which may be a throat-latch to a new bridle, and lastly, I found the tracks of a man just by the brook where she was caught. She was ridden through the field by somebody. Of that I feel certain!"

"Well, well; who would have thought of it?"

Does going to college make every body so 'cute? It 's just as plain as day. But who do you think did it? I can't think my neighbors would."

"Whose throat-latch do you think this to be?"

"Why, it looks as if it belonged to Cynthia Hull's new bridle."

"And those square-toed tracks look to me as if they belonged to Joe Hunt, your friend of the hen-roost memory."

"Did you ever! Now that 's just it! I could swear it was Joe."

"No, you could not. But you could swear it looks so like him, that you believe it was Joe."

"Well, well,—but what 's that white stuff in your hand?"

"Plaster of Paris."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"You shall see. Just call your hired man, whom I see yonder, that he may see what I do."

The hired man came; and great was their wonder to see Doon make a cast of two footprints by the brook, so perfect that the very nail-heads were every one to be seen.

"Now if that don't beat all! What good will these do you?"

"Why, Mr. Howell, if we can find a bridle which this throat-latch will fit, and a pair of shoes that answer to these casts, we shall come *near* the rogue, shan't we?"

"Well, who 'd have thought of it? Why, you are as 'cute as a lawyer, and I thought you was to make only a minister."

"A minister wants common sense, and the power of reasoning, don't he? But say not a word about all this till I see you again. Let your hired man keep these casts safe till we want them. Don't show them, nor break them. Good night."

About a week after this, an officer called on John Doon with a writ for his note. His instructions were to obtain the money or the body. In vain he begged the officer to allow him time to consult his friends. In vain he represented that being taken to jail would injure him as a teacher in the town where he expected to be located in a few weeks, if not days. In vain poor old aunt wept, and "took on," as if John were about to be hung, "and all," she said, "out of kindness to her." The officer was a kind-hearted man, and told John that, on his own responsibility, though at an increased expense, he would "give him a day to turn himself in." Thankfully John accepted it.

In a few hours, he and Mr. Howell, and the hired man, were seen coming up to Uncle Jerry's gate. At the gate stood Cynthia's pony, saddled and ready for her to ride. Uncle Jerry saw them; and, having an instinctive feeling that their visit had something to do with John's being sued, he came out to meet them.

"Mr. Hull," said Doon, "I was sued last night, at your direction, I understand."

"Very likely. I was in hopes you was in jail before this."

"Thank you for your good wishes. But you took my note from Mr. Howell for damages which his

horse did to your oat-field. Had it not been for that, you would not have had the note, and would not have sued me."

Uncle Jerry nodded assent.

"Well, now, suppose I can prove that you yourself did all that mischief to the oats, would you then have sued the note?"

"Does the fellow mean to insult me?"

"By no means. But won't you please call Joe Hunt here?"

Joe came, dogged, and looking askance, as if he felt that something was in the wind. As he came up, Doon said to Uncle Jerry, "How comes it that Miss Cynthia's new white bridle has an old black throat-latch?"

Uncle Jerry looked, and so it was. He frowned at Joe, and Joe declared it was lost,—he knew not when nor where.

"I know when and where. Now, Joe, when you caught the old mare, that night you rode her so many hours in the oat-field, what did you do with the oat-dish with which you caught her?"

"I did n't have no oat-dish."

"I know you did n't Joe, any *dish*; and so you took your cap, and in eating the oats old Kate tore out a piece of the lining. Here it is; let us see how it fits."

Joe looked this way and that way, and began to run. But the hired man tripped up his heels, and then took his cap and shoes off. The piece of lining told its story on being placed in the cap, and the

shoes and the casts seemed to laugh at their relationship. Doon then recapitulated the evidence which he had, that Joe had done the mischief.

Uncle Jerry's chin fell. He stood amazed. At length he said, solemnly, "John Doon, do you believe that *I* knew of this?"

"No, sir, I do not. I believe you have been imposed upon, first by your own prejudices, and then by Joe Hunt, who is not far from state's prison, as I fear."

Just then the officer came up, in great haste and trepidation.

"Mr. Clark, you may stop that suit against John Doon. It was a mistake."

"I am glad of it. But, Mr. Hull, I am not after him, but *you*."

"Me! well, what of me? I should like to know what you can have against me! Thank God, I have known how to take care of myself."

"Mr. Hull, the Wilsons have failed,—broke all to pieces."

"I heard so this morning. Poor fellows, they were too venturesome."

"I am sorry to say, sir, that you are holden for the notes you ——"

"I never signed any notes. I only, just for the form, put my name on a bit of paper now and then."

"And those bits of paper were notes to the bank, and you are held for *thirty thousand dollars*."

Uncle Jerry trembled, and staggered, and partly fell, and partly sat down on the ground. He said

not a word more. And while the officer proceeded to attach all his goods, lands, cattle, even to the pony of his daughter, Doon was trying to comfort and sustain him. They helped the old man into the house, and laid him on the bed. John told Cynthia the whole story frankly; but she was young, and did not know what it was to want or to earn money. She only felt for her father. And truly the blow did almost kill him. John Doon stayed by his bedside, soothed him, and helped to comfort him. Most faithfully did he tell the old man that he thought that covetousness had been his besetting sin, and that the demon of avarice had hardened his heart, and made him forget the object for which he was created, made him forget his religious professions and his solemn vows to Heaven. And gently did the Spirit of the Lord deepen these impressions, and open his eyes. He put his business in John's hands, and he was enabled to compromise with the creditors of Wilson, so as to save about half of the property. He gave himself up to the work, and in a year presented all the receipts and accounts, and a balance-sheet, showing just how matters stood. The old man said that John was a son, and what he should do without him he could not tell. Cynthia blushed, and hinted that she thought it might be arranged so as not to do without him.

"Well, child, if you can arrange it so, I'm sure it will suit me."

Cynthia said she would "see about it."

MOUNT KATAHDIN.

WE were now up, far up, the east branch of the Penobscot, where the Quasatquoik (spearing river) comes in. Here we landed all our equipage and provisions, drew the canoes up, and hid them in the woods, preparatory to seeking the Katahdin Mountain. The Quasatquoik is so fierce and rocky a stream, that no boat can travel on it. It passes through most wild scenery; and in one place is a most remarkable cave or house, — such a one as a hermit might envy. We left it to our men to select the provisions, telling them that we might be gone a week, and might have no food besides what we carried. They were confident of catching moose and fish. The sequel will show how well this confidence was grounded.

The distance we now had to travel through woods and swamps, wading rivers and floundering in miry places, was estimated from fifteen to twenty miles, which is equal to thrice the same distance in a settled country. We took our tent, blankets, overcoats,

rifles, provisions, &c., amounting to heavy loads for the back. In going into the woods you should always calculate for one and a quarter pounds of provisions daily, for each one; for although *you* may not want so much, others will want more. We, calculating for a week, and five in number, had, or *ought* to have had, forty-four pounds of provisions. We did not have this amount, as the event proved. After getting every thing adjusted, as well as we could, we set out, no one of our number ever having been over the ground before. It was intensely hot, and as we staggered along under a burning sun, in Indian file, now fighting the flies, and now looking out for trees that were marked, the miles seemed very long indeed. The trees were tall, and all the forest looked so much alike that nothing marked our progress. Add to this, our guides were any thing but cheerful and pleasant. Promises they had made us which they now refused to fulfil, and we had the mortification of leaving in the wilderness a part of our apparatus, to our loss of property and great disappointment. There was no help. Then our boy was taken sick with cholera symptoms. But we had provided ourselves with a cholera mixture, and gave him his doses prompt and often. It was painful to see the poor fellow wilt down, as if he would fail in the vast forest. He was pale, thin, and truly sick. We had nothing to rely upon but our medicine and the blessing of Heaven. We had more fears than we told of; but nature answered to the remedy, and the disease yielded. Onward we plodded, now swallowed up in the great

forest, and now out on the banks of the wild, roaring, but beautiful Quasatquoik. On its banks our tent would sometimes be pitched, our teakettle hung on the pole, over the camp-fire, while the hard sailor's bread was roasting, and the small piece of pork was frying. This was our food three times a day, and it became very wearisome. Sometimes, indeed, our guides would make what they call "dunderfunk," made in this wise: the sea-bread soaked in water, crumbled fine, fried in pork fat, and then sweetened with molasses, or sugar, if you can't get molasses. They seemed to like it, but our taste was too unsophisticated to admire it. We had a little flour, but that we kept for some special occasions. In the course of our tour we had occasion more than once to feel grateful towards the Rev. Mr. Keep, whose hatchet for the last five or seven miles had done a great and good work in cutting out a kind of path, and marking the trees. It must have cost him great labor, and no one who had not been to Katahdin and wanted to go again would ever have attempted it. We wished it could remain as he left it; but every tree that falls across the course, and every winter that returns, obliterates something of the way. More than once we found ourselves scattered and hunting for marked trees, and shouting for each other.

We came out at "Katahdin Pond," at its outlet. It is a beautiful sheet of water, embedded in the deep forest, perhaps two miles long, with islands in it. It seemed a solitary thing, calm and coy, discharging its waters in the deep woods, as if every thing per-

taining to it was mysterious. It is said to abound in trout, which we could neither affirm nor deny. We should have been thankful for enough for a single meal, but found them not. But here, at the pond, the mighty Katahdin rose up in solitary grandeur. He burst upon us at once, and in such gigantic proportions, that we for a time forgot our fatigue, and pushed on round the pond in a deep cedar swamp. How long the way did seem! Here night overtook us, and down we lay, on the cold, wet ground, with huge camp-fires all around us to keep off the flies, and too weary to pitch our tent.

Katahdin, we judged, was still two or three miles off. The next morning, Friday, we followed the cuttings and the moose-paths, till, about noon, we emerged into a rocky, sandy opening, through which two brooks were brawling and dashing over the rocks, and whose waters were as pure as waters could be. Katahdin was now close by, and these streams bathed his feet. But how and where to ascend his steep, lofty, wooded sides, we could not see. Here we had lost all clew to the path, and in no way could we recover it. We followed one of the brooks up a mile, and then turned to the right, into a gorge that seemed to open into the mountain. It was a brook of the purest water, trickling, in this dry time, over the rocks, which were large, and which were hard to climb over. The brook's bed rose, so that we climbed hundreds of feet in a very short distance. Here, on a kind of shelf, we raised our tent. The gorge was so deep, and the trees so lofty and thick, that the

sun never looked in here. By this time it began to rain hard, and though we spent all the afternoon searching for the path up, at night we had found none. Saturday it rained all day, and all day, drenched in rain, we searched for miles up and down the big brook, but found no path, no opening to the mountain's top. Just at night we were standing among the rocks, and gazing up among the clouds that hung around the head of the monarch of Maine, when, almost instantly, the clouds were lifted up, and the bare and bald head of Katahdin was revealed. O, how lofty, and cold, and naked, and *near* it seemed! It was, but for a moment, when, with a grace that would do credit to a French posture-master, he drew on his night-cap again, and seemed to say, "Good night, gentlemen." Good night! glorious mountain! But we must become better acquainted.

It was now Saturday night, and, owing to sickness and other hinderances, we had been almost a week from our canoes, and our provisions were almost gone. By close computation we had only sufficient for four meals more, and the mountain had not yet been climbed. To-morrow was the Sabbath, and our provision-bag was nearly twenty miles off, through the forest! What was to be done? Our guides proposed that, as it had rained all day, we should consider that as Sabbath, and climb the mountain next day. We had set our hearts on having some biscuit from our flour, but when Nicola had gotten his huge birch bark in which to knead them, it was found that the rain had spoiled our *soda*, and we had nothing to do

but to see him wet the flour up with water from the brook, open the ashes and bake it in the embers, and then take his stocking, which he had worn a fortnight, and wipe off the ashes. This last labor was with the special design of showing "the gentlemen how well Indian cook." We made no complaint, knowing that we might shortly be glad of such food as that. So we spent another night, and the Sabbath in this wild gorge. In great pain all the day, and under the influence of frequent doses of "cholera mixture," I remember but little about the day, excepting that at night we had but two scant meals left, though we had been sparing that day. How often during the following night did I creep to the tent's door, and look up among the tall, beautiful silver furs, to see if any stars were to be seen, giving promise of a fair to-morrow! And how I hailed one or two, just past midnight, as they sent their tiny rays down to our tent! It seemed as if we must starve, or else lose the great object of our toils in coming to Katahdin, unless it should be clear weather on the morrow. My anxiety and excitement kept me awake all the night. At length signs of the dawn appeared.

Long had I watched the bright stars, as they rolled over the deep gorge in which we were encamped, and which looked so clear and sparkling up through the tall fir-trees that lined the gorge. At length the soft gold and silver of the dawn appeared, and at half past three we were all up, our fire was glowing, and our last poor meal but one was ready. What was to be done? We had not ascend-

ed the mountain, one great object of all our fatigue, and we were nearly twenty miles from food, through a forest primeval. There was little time for doubt; so we packed up the tent, our blankets, and as much luggage as poor Orne could carry, gave him his share of our crumbs, a piece of pork as large as a butter-nut, and told him to put for dear life as fast as he could, get at our food, and come back and meet us, as fast as he could. With a heavy load, and a look that seemed to say, "I am afraid that you will be starved when I see you next," he turned his face outward, and we prepared to ascend the mountain. With each of us a long pole, the Indian with the tea-kettle full of water, and the little pocket-compass in the hand, we left our camp-fire as soon as it was fully light. Up the gorge and up over the huge rocks we clambered, keeping in the ravine perhaps a mile, or a mile and a half. We then struck off through the thick hemlocks, two points west of north by the compass. Then we climbed over rocks, and through large thick-set trees for perhaps another mile, all the while rising up. Then came the white birches, growing smaller and smaller, till they were dwarfed down to mere bushes. Then we emerged, and found ourselves ascending a ridge of the mountain, too far up for the trees to grow. We had now small bushes and huge rocks lying in every possible position. Then the bushes grew tiny and small, till we were beyond them, where the mountain cranberry, about three inches high, and the cariboo moss find a home. It was very steep, and the height was already such,

and the ridge so narrow, that unconsciously some of us were creeping. At length, after hours of almost breathless labor, we were on the first eminence or peak. And now what sensations! This, then, is Katahdin, and we are on it. It seems like dreaming. The mountain is a thick crust of granite, heaved up by some awful and mysterious agency, in the midst of the plain between the two branches of the Penobscot. It is over five thousand feet high, — nearly as lofty as the highest of the White Mountains; but it stands alone, solitary, naked, and awful. It is shaped like a horse-shoe, and supposing the horse-shoe to lie bottom side upwards, with its toe towards the north, we were on the left point of the heel. The highest summit is where the toe or middle of the shoe should be. The space between was a chasm, — a wall of solid, naked rocks, about two miles in diameter. Now our desire and ambition was to reach the highest summit. To go to it, you must descend two hundred feet almost perpendicularly, and then up again over a chimney two hundred and fifty feet high. Then you go along on a narrow ridge, like the apex of a roof of a house, except when you come to these chimneys, about a dozen of which you must climb over. The ridge is in no place probably over a yard wide, and in one place but five inches. On either side it is so steep, that you might toss a biscuit, and have it fall two thousand or twenty-five hundred feet before it struck against any thing. Our Indian declared that it was impossible to pass over these chimneys and this ridge. But I set out alone, deter-

mined to "try." My companion and the Indian followed, but the boy was too much exhausted to attempt it, and I was very glad he did not. At the first chimney, I had to lift myself up perpendicularly five feet; but up, up you climb, over chimney and ridge, chimney and ridge, for at least a mile and a half, knowing that, at almost any and every step, were you to fall, you would go twenty-five hundred feet before you stopped. Sometimes you pause and roll down a stone or two, and are amazed at the length of time it takes to reach the bottom, bounding hundreds of feet, and echoing at every leap, till it rests in the chasm. At the bottom, and up in that chasm, is a forest and a little pond. The forest seems to be not over six inches high, and the pond a mere basin. And now onward. You become so excited that you forget the danger and the deaths which you can almost see looking up on each side. At one point you may creep out and hold in your hand a line, with a lead on it, and it will hang one thousand feet perpendicularly. At length you reach the apex, — the toe of the horse-shoe, and find a square spot on which to pause, it may be a yard square. You now find you have not to boast that you are the first who has trodden that dangerous and giddy ridge, for here is a little pile of stones that some human hand hath erected, and on it a button, three small shot, and a piece of pipe-stem half an inch long. Now look about you. You breathe easy, and feel every nerve strung up to a high state of tension. Even Nicola, in his huge boots, bounded like a deer, and said,

"We feel all lightness up here." But in looking back over the ridge that you have come, it seems utterly impossible that you can ever return, or that a human being can climb back over those chimneys. The heart sinks at the very thought of the task.

But forget all this, and what is the great impression? Your first feeling is, you want to be and must be alone. When I reached the summit, my companion and guide were more than half a mile off, and right glad I was. I did not want to see or hear any thing human. I did not want any one to ask, What means the tear in your eye? You are communing with nature and with nature's God, and you feel as if you had no right to be there. At every few minutes the wind draws into the chasm, and in an instant the air is condensed into a cloud, and up it rolls towards you, up, higher and higher, and all is thick cloud beneath and over you, and about you, and then it floats off, light and glad, and the chasm is there,—the cloud-former!—clear and deep and awful, just as it was before. Perhaps we saw clouds created a dozen times in that hopper. All the rest seemed like an unfinished part of creation. But oh! how beautifully were those clouds made, finished, and sent off, floating in the glad sunlight! At the foot of the mountain were several beautiful ponds. In one of these two huge moose came to feed. With the naked eye they looked like ducks, but the spy-glass gave them their true dimensions and shape. They probably never saw a man. At the south lay Millinocket Lake, with its beautiful islands, and the

smoke of the hunters' fires all around, as they were drying their moose-meat. And there was Maine,—all a forest unbroken, save by her grand river, which looked like a ribbon of silver. There were her lakes, probably one hundred or one hundred and fifty, in sight, looking like so many pieces of looking-glasses broken and scattered in the forest. Beautiful Moosehead Lake,—long and lovely; Chesuncook, the Eagle Lakes on the waters of the St. John's, and all the rest,—there they are, before the eye. For a hundred miles the eye sweeps in all directions,—all forest unbroken, and looking as if man had never been in it. Nature is here unfashioned by man, stern, savage, awful, but beautiful. The eye rests on no garden, cultivated field, lawn, pasture for flock, nor even a place to bury the dead. It is the home of matter,—the material out of which man makes his fields and his gardens. Here the winds, untamed, hurry and dash against old Katahdin, and the clouds kiss his bare forehead, and the storms bruise his sides, and the thunders shout and roar in his ears; but there he stands, unmoved, unaltered, stern, lonely, grand, awful!—just as God made him. On all sides of him it seems as if it must have rained rocks ever since his creation, while he himself stands out, the huge skeleton of a world. You can hardly command your thoughts, classify your impressions, or realize that the scene before you, and the monster on whose brow you feel yourself to be a mere atom, are realities. Great cloud-maker!—grand pedestal, on which we almost expect to see the footprints of the

Almighty!—before I was born you was here! When I and my generation are all in the grave, here you will stand unaltered and the same, lifting up your granite head, listening to the whispers of the clouds, the roar of the storm, the crash of thunders, and still proclaiming the power of God! Here nature has piled up a fearful heap of rocks, but time has begun to work, too,—for we found a squirrel sitting on one of the high rocks, far up among the clouds, and we plucked beautiful flowers peeping out from the mountain rocks, so that life and beauty had climbed up here and begun to nestle where man cannot live. The forest is vast before you,—immeasurably so to the eye. The lakes are uncounted. The clouds hang under your feet, and the mountain seems to rise and swell every moment,—but you feel God must be greater! God must be greater! This mountain will crumble down, grain by grain, to a plain, and that sun will go out, but God!—“He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

THE KING COMING BACK?

ZADOK and ABIATHAR.—*Scene at Jerusalem, after the death of Absalom.*

Zadok. Speak softly, Abiathar, the curtains of the tabernacle have been sadly rent lately, and we shall be overheard. What didst thou say?

Abiathar. They tell me that the king went out of the city cheerful, as if he did not regret leaving it.

Zad. They tell thee wrong. He went hastily, but sadly. I saw him go with his head wrapped in sackcloth, and when he had reached the gate on the east wall, I saw him turn round and gaze towards this tabernacle, and bow and weep, as if his heart would break.

Abi. Said he aught then?

Zad. His lips moved, but he uttered nothing aloud. I doubt not he felt as a parent would when leaving a ship, wrecked on the stormy coasts of Zidon, or stranded on the coasts of Ophir, and his children on board, and they madly drinking spiced drinks.

Abi. What horrible wickedness in Absalom, to drive the good old king away from his home and his city!

Zad. It was not Absalom who did it.

Abi. Indeed! I thought he did all the mischief!

Zad. No. Absalom could do nothing alone. He must have others to aid him,—to run before his chariot,—to crown him king, and to proclaim him. But, after all, it was not the king's enemies, but his *friends*, that drove him away.

Abi. How can that be?

Zad. By our lukewarmness. When the question was put whether the king should leave us, some felt that they would like to see how the young man would look; some thought they would like a play-spell. Some thought that business would be better,—money more plenty,—the markets higher,—offices to be distributed; and others thought they would like to have the king stay, but then perhaps they would be unpopular, and have to lose time or property, and so they were lukewarm. Thus it came to pass, not that he was driven away by one man, nor by all his enemies, but by his friends.

Abi. Thou knowest, Zadok, that I have been laid up at home, ever since the king left. The stone which Shimei threw at the king, and which hit me on my temples, came very near taking my life. And I have not known what has taken place since. Pray tell me, good Zadok, what has transpired.

Zad. Scarcely had the king gone over Olivet, weeping as he went, when we returned to the city.

Thou wast brought back wounded. Then came Absalom, with all his followers. They blew ram's-horns and trumpets, and they screamed and yelled, as if a shower of gold had fallen from heaven. The prisons were opened, and all punishments were abolished by proclamation. Then was the city given up to revelry. The restraints of law were all cut away, and the strong plundered the weak, and he who had the might had the right. During the short stay of Absalom in the city, it was a scene of robbery, crime, lust, and blood, such as I never thought possible. Thanks to Jehovah God, the godless young man left the city soon,—after committing crimes that made the very heavens blush to witness. Then there was a calm over the city, such as follows a tornado. Business ceased, because confidence between men and in men was lost. There was no buying and no selling. The shops have been mostly closed. On the hill of Zion, where we now stand, where the glad tribes used to come up with songs, there are now no morning or evening sacrifices. The sons of Levi have put off their white robes, and are in mourning. The voice of the organ, the harp, and the cymbal is hushed, and we have no more the sweet songs of praise which were sung when the king was with us. The few that come up Zion's hill now, come with sighs. The hand of the wicked rent these curtains of the tabernacle, as you see. Their tattered shreds are blowing in the wind, and the ways of Zion are in deep mourning. Last night, as the moon rose over yonder mountain, presenting the outlines of the hills

and the olive-trees, I stood here alone. The city was so wrapped in silence that I could hear the gentle murmurs of Siloa's waters, and the low wailings of the daughters of Jerusalem, as they stood in the deep shadows of the streets. Our hearts are sad, Abiathar, and unless our God shall look upon our affliction, Zion is a desolation for ever.

Abi. I hear, this hour, that the young man Absalom is dead! Why don't the king come back? He surely need not stay away, now that the traitor is gone, and his army routed. Why don't he come back?

Zad. Alas, Abiathar! I do not know that he will ever come back!

Abi. Indeed! Why not, Zadok?

Zad. Because he sees no signs that his people want him to return. They see that the holy city sits solitary like a widow,—they see that law and order are prostrate,—that the ways of Zion mourn, because her solemn feasts are neglected,—that the harp and the song are silent, and music is in her grave,—they see the sons of Levi shorn of their glory, and creeping around with earth on their heads,—and yet they speak not a word of bringing the king back! The king don't know that the rebellion is over,—that the hearts of his subjects are not still alienated from him,—that he would not again be driven away, if he should return,—and that he would not again be forsaken by his professed friends! Till he has these assurances, he can never return. But what are we doing? The nobles shut themselves in

their strong dwellings, and do nothing. The priests feel discouraged, and their hands hang down. The footsteps of scoffing strangers are heard in our streets, and near the door of our holy sanctuary. Alas, my brother! my heart is sad, and I know not what to do! It is not that the king is lost to the city, that I mourn, but he seems to have gone out of the hearts of his friends. Art thou sad, too, Abiathar?

Abi. Very.

Zad. Art thou ready to do any thing to bring the king back?

Abi. Try me, and see.

Zad. Well, then, know thou that no curse comes unless God is first angry. His frowns are upon us. We must seek his face first and earnestly in prayer, *that he would turn the heart of the people to desire the king to return.* Go thou, and call together the few that sigh and mourn,—the women that used to be so constant at the courts of the Lord,—call them together, and ask them to fast and pray, and I will go and speak to the nobles.

Abi. Why not call a fast of the whole city, and ask them all to pray?

Zad. Because they are not ready for it. Their hearts are not touched. But thou knowest here and there a mourner who dwells near the hill of Zion, and near the droppings of the sanctuary. Don't be discouraged, if thou findest but a few at first. Call them together, and bring out the little harp that hangs in the corner of the tabernacle, and let them

hear once more the notes that the king used to sing, — and, if thou canst, cause them to see once more the portrait of the king, which they threw out of the palace into the streets. I know that it was fearfully marred and defaced, but still it is the king's likeness, and it will move the hearts of some, when seen. We must call these few mourners in Zion to fasting in private, and to praying in private. *We must have the king back, or we are ruined.* Dost thou see how the thistles begin to spring up on the hill of Zion, where the roses used to blossom? Dost thou see the gates and the curtains of the tabernacle reel, where once they stood so strong? *We must send after the king, or he will never come back to us.* But yesterday I saw strangers from Idumea walking around our holy hill, and inquiring when the morning sacrifice and the evening incense were offered; and when they saw that the fire on the altar was gone out, and the glory departed from us, they shot out the lips and wagged their heads, and cried, "Aha! aha! so would we have it!" Oh, how sick at heart, Abiathar. I have put off the robe of the priesthood, and may never put it on again. Thou art younger, and thou art to succeed me. But remember, my loved one, whenever these altars are cold, and the saints are saddened, it is because they have driven away him whom God hath placed king on Zion, and that he will not return again till sought by repentance, and prayers, and tears. "O Lord, deliver David out of all his troubles."

A LEGEND OF THE WAR.

THE land on the north side of Long Island Sound, along the southern borders of the good little State of Connecticut, is composed of hard hills covered with dwarf cedars and the spreading juniper-bush, and beautiful valleys which extend up among and between these hills. Particularly is this the case between New Haven and the Connecticut River. If the hills are barren, the valleys are proportionably fertile. This is decidedly the sunny side of Connecticut. Then the Sound is a most beautiful sheet of water, whose gentle waves have made this whole shore a charming sand-beach. From any one of the hills which I have mentioned, the prospect is delightful. The eye takes in a wide expanse of waters, with vessels of every size and name, gracefully moving in every direction under their load of canvas, and ever and anon the huge, but beautiful, steamboat is seen crowding her way past them all, sending out her two streams of smoke, which seem to hang to her as if not to be shaken off. On almost any day,

the bright waters are now alive with all kinds of craft, while the distant shores of Long Island, and the many little islands scattered along the shores, add to the beauty of the prospect.

But at the time of which I am about to speak, it was far otherwise. In the summer of 1813 no sail or craft of any kind was to be seen in the Sound. The lighthouse kindled its nightly lamp, and the gulls on the low, flat islands kept up their night-watches, but there was nothing to be benefited. We were in war, and every wing of commerce was clipped. The British ships of war so completely blockaded the Sound, that nothing could move, unless now and then a small boat was seen to glide along the shore, where, at a moment's warning, she could run into the mouth of some hidden creek, or skulk behind some small island. It was a rare thing to see a sail.

On a bright September morning, on the top of one of those hills which overlooked the Sound, and which ran down till within a quarter of a mile of the water, stood a young man alone. He was dressed partly as a sailor and partly as a landsman, so that it would have been difficult to decide to which class he belonged. He was small of stature, firmly made, with an eye that flashed, and a mouth that shut as none but a determined man can shut his mouth. His face was not intellectual, but expressive of good humor, self-reliance, and perfect fearlessness. He was standing under a cedar, intently looking off upon the Sound, and gazing upon a British frigate of the first

class which lay anchored off about eight miles from the shore, and about midway between the two shores on the north and on the south. She lay so still and motionless, except as the tide veered her round once in six hours, that she could be compared to nothing except a huge black spider that lay coiled up in a corner of his den, ready to pounce upon any unsophisticated fly that happened to come near. If a sloop or raking schooner, trusting to her quick heels, or to the darkness of night, attempted to run past her, out flew her boats, each containing one heavy brass gun, and she was a prisoner at once. While the young man was watching her, all at once her sails were thrown off her yards, and, in a time incredibly short to a landsman, her canvas was all spread, and the black creature now loomed up, white, lofty, symmetrical, and very beautiful. A slight breeze filled out her sails, and graceful and majestic was her movement. "There she goes, bent on mischief as ever. She is now for Saybrook, or else for Deacon Mayo's farm! The villains! They are always on some mischief, and they never lie easy on the hammock unless they have done some roguery. I'll keep my eye on you, old darky, and it will cost one halter for my neck, or else I'll save Joe! If you roost anywhere this side of Saybrook, I'll see you again to-night. That I will, you wicked old jade!"

He stood and watched her closely. She went about five miles, and again the sails were furled, the anchors dropped, and she lay the same dark thing

upon the waters; the young man then descended the hill, and was lost among the cedars.

A little past midnight, following the morning we have described, the frigate lay in the same place. No light was allowed on board of her, the officer of the watch paced the deck with a measured tread, and no noise was heard save the drawing the chain from bow to stern every five minutes, lest some Yankee should be fastening his torpedo or some blow-up machine upon her keel or sides. The watch-boats lay off and around the ship, perhaps a mile or two distant, watching to hear or see any thing that might stir. Presently the oars of a boat were heard, muffled indeed, but still plainly heard approaching. The nearest boat sent up a small rocket, a signal to the other boats. In an instant they were in motion, and, by the time the stranger had come near, there were four of these guard-boats ready to fall upon her. When near enough, she was hailed in a suppressed voice, and answered, "Harvey."

"All right."

"What have you got?"

"A load of nice apples."

"Pass on."

One of the guard-boats attended "Harvey" up to the ship's side, and reported to the officer of the deck. "Come aboard," was the next command, and a young man ran up the ladder and stood on deck. He first gave the officer a handful of apples, and he was then allowed to bring what he had on board, and, after paying a heavy toll to the officers, was allowed

to sell the rest to the crew. He mingled with the men and listened to the tones of every voice, but was evidently disappointed. He listened for a voice which was not there. He was lingering and haggling to spin out his time as far as possible, when the officer called him.

"Harvey, should n't you be off?"

"I han't sold all?" said Harvey, in the true Yankee trade-with-me tone.

"Well, the next watch will be called shortly. But what did you say about Deacon Mayo's farm, — did you say there are many cattle there?"

"It's a great farm, your honor, and the Deacon usually keeps a great many cattle there. Indeed, I saw many there this very day." (The eye of the young man laughed; but it was dark, and his eye could not be seen. He had omitted to add, that he had that very day walked several miles to warn the Deacon that the ship of war was near his farm, and he had better look out for his cattle, and that in consequence every hoof had been driven away that evening!)

"Good. We want some fresh meat. For though our good ship is called 'The Weasel,' not a mouse can she catch passing this way. We'll try the Deacon's beef."

By this time the bell rung, and a new watch was called. Harvey, as he was called, mingled with the new-comers, joked, talked Yankee, sold apples, and was very busy. At length he edged his way up to a tall, noble fellow, who went by the name of Joe Strange.

"Don't you love apples, Joe?"

"Yes, but I've not a shot in my locker. I've nothing to buy with, and you land-lubbers don't give away things."

"Yes we do, sometimes. See now if we don't. Here 's a Hoyt sweeting." Joe started. "And here 's a Loomis sweeting, and here 's a *Jack-apple!*" In a low voice he added, "It grew in the lane, and was picked by my sister Lucy." Joe Strange said nothing, but as he took the apples Harvey felt him shake.

"A Jack-apple, a Jack-apple!" cried several voices. "What 's that? let us try it."

"Here, here," said Harvey, handing any apple he could find in his measure. He felt well assured that Joe Strange would take good care of his. In a few moments more, Harvey was in his empty boat carefully rowing for the shore; and by daylight he was up in a little creek, called Eel Creek, where his boat was moored, and he went up among the bushes to lie down and rest. When he awoke from a short, but sound sleep, the sun was already risen. He looked off towards the ship, and there she lay motionless and dark. "It seems like a dream," said he to himself, "that I have actually been off to that ship three times alone,—that I have actually found my old friend and neighbor, Joseph Collins, on board, shut up as a common sailor! What *would* his old father and mother say, what would our Lucy say, if they only knew it! Poor fellow! I knew him, though he did not me, the first time I went aboard."

But that apple! it will deliver or destroy him! and my own neck! were I to be caught here trading with the enemy's ship, I should be hung! No plea that I do it to rescue a friend would avail, for the simple reason that I could not prove my motives to be such. And if on the ship they should discover me tampering and trying to entice away one of their men, they would hang me up at the yard-arm! But I'm in for it, and I must and will rescue Joseph, if in my power. But I have a hard day's work before me."

It was late in the morning before Joe Strange, as he was called, could steal a moment to be alone, and it was then only as the officer of the deck bid him go aloft and secure a rope which seemed to have parted. Aloft he went, and, having performed the duty, stopped a moment and took out an apple from his pocket. It was a fair-looking apple, but as he examined it he saw that it must have been cut in two and nicely fastened together again, with a very fine thread. On opening it, he found a small roll of paper, on which was written: "You are not forgotten. If you wish to see the tree on which I grew, the next time you go ashore, day or night, contrive to lose your hat just before you land." Twice he read the words, then put the paper into his mouth, to be spit out by piecemeal as he had opportunity. Taking a large nail from his pocket, he thrust it through the two sides of the apple, and threw it overboard. Its fall attracted the notice of the sentinel, but before he could think what it might be, it was out of sight.

Joe came down to the deck with a buoyancy of step to which he had long been a stranger.

Harvey Loomis was the son of a small, but very intelligent farmer, who lived about four miles from the sea-shore. Old Mr. Collins, a most guileless character, lived not far from him, and for nearly half a century the two families had been friends in close intimacy. Their children had been brought up together, and the ties of blood could hardly have made them dearer to each other. Joseph Collins, the younger son, had been gone for four years, during which time no tidings had been heard from him, except a vague report that he had been impressed into the British navy, and lately another report that he was actually in some one of the ships which were hovering along our coast. This last report had taken such hold upon Harvey Loomis, that he had determined to visit every ship in his power, under the pretence of selling them something. We have seen that he was successful in his search.

About ten o'clock that morning, Harvey reached home, fatigued, yet greatly excited. "Now, Lucy, for some breakfast! I'm tired and hungry: and be quick, girl, for I must be off again."

"What in the world are you doing, Harvey! This is something new for you! You were never out night after night before! Mother is distressed about it, and so am I. Do tell us what it means?"

"All in due time, sis. You must know I am hunting raccoons, and you know they are to be caught only in the night."

"And did you want me to fix that apple so nice for bait?"

"No, I gave it to your sweetheart!"

Poor Lucy blushed, then sighed, and with a pale face went about getting Harvey's breakfast. When it was ready, he said, "I'm in a great hurry, Lucy, and I wish you would get me the great cow-bell, and the powder-horn."

"Are you crazy, Harvey? the cow-bell! What can you want of it?"

"To shake, and keep myself from seeing ghosts in the dark!"

Harvey was soon equipped, and, putting the remains of his breakfast into his pocket, he once more left his father's house, without speaking to any one else.

Deacon Mayo's farm was at the extremity of a point of land which projected out into the Sound. On three sides it was bounded by water. It was a large dairy farm, well stocked, and easily enriched by the kelp or sea-weed which the winds and the waves brought up to the beach very frequently. At its extreme projection was a large barn and a comfortable dwelling-house. The house was lately abandoned by the inhabitants for fear of the enemy, and the cattle were driven away the day before, by the advice of Harvey. This farm was full eight miles from Harvey's home. Towards this farm he now bent his steps. It was several miles from any other house. When he had come within two or three miles of the farm he met Abel, an honest black man,

well known and highly esteemed. He was driving a long team of oxen.

"Well, Abel, a fine team that. To whom does it belong?"

"To the Doctor."

"To the Doctor, eh? Well, I have a notion in my head. I want to hire you and that team till the sun is about an hour high. What will you go for?"

"What to do?"

"No matter. Nothing very hard. It's a secret though, and it must be a part of the bargain that you never tell what you did for me. Here are two silver dollars, and they are yours if you go."

The negro turned his team about, and went with Harvey. When they had reached the Deacon's farm, Harvey made him unyoke the team and let the oxen feed in plain sight of the ship. After wandering about for an hour or two, they were then again yoked, and Abel, grinning over his two dollars, was on his way home, to the Doctor's. He wondered if Harvey Loomis was crazy! "Two dollars paid to see some cattle eat! He go in the house and look out of the window to see me drive the cattle about! He! he! he!"

After Abel was gone, and Harvey was once more alone, he said, speaking and thinking aloud, "I think the trap is well baited now, and I think they will come; but will Joseph come? And if so, how shall I know him in the dark, and how shall I separate him from the rest? I can hardly see."

After sunset there was a movement on board of

the ship, the lieutenants conversed together, and the midshipmen swelled and walked straighter than common, though they knew not why.

"Send Joe Strange aft," said the officer of the deck; and he soon appeared.

"Strange, do you think our boats can land near yonder point?"

"Your honor knows best, but I should think they might."

"Where would you land, if you had the responsibility?"

"A little west of the Black Boys, which you see in the range of that hill."

"I see them; but pray, sir, how did you know the name of those five rocks?"

Joe muttered something about having heard Harvey, the apple-seller, call them by that name.

"Why, Joe, you seem to know every rock, and island, and creek, on this coast. How came you to be so great a judge in these matters?"

"Common sense, sir, and having spent my boyhood on a coast something like this."

"Very like, — I have suspected as much"; and keenly did he fix his eye on Joe's face; but Joe stood the shot unmoved. Again berding a sharp look on him, he said, "Joe, after dark we are ordered to land and bring in those cattle, — would you like to go?"

"I should like to do as the boat to which I belong does, sir."

"You may go forward, sir."

The officer mused a moment, and walked to the first lieutenant and said, "In the larboard boat, No. 3, is Joe Strange, — will it be best to allow him to go, sir?"

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, he has always claimed to be an American, and has shown so much knowledge of this coast, naming the very rocks on it, that I begin to think he 's more than half right; and if so, he 'll give us the slip the first moment that he can."

"True, but I don't see that he can escape to-night. A boat of marines will go with you, with orders to shoot any man that offers to stir. Let him go."

The officer bowed, shook his head, and retired. In a few moments the drums beat the marines to quarters, and the bugles at the several port-holes sounded the notes that called each boat's company. The heart of Joe Strange beat quick and hard, as he listened to see if his boat would be called. Presently its well-known notes were sounded, and he leaped towards it; but a second thought checked him, and he put on an air as indifferent as possible. The boats were let down and manned, and empty boats were in tow to bring off the cattle. With muffled oars they now moved towards the shore, going west of the Black Boys, as Joe had advised. After landing as noiselessly as possible, the boats lay off a few rods from the shore, with "a middy" and a few men in each. The water was still, but the night was profoundly dark. They had about a mile to go be-

fore they reached the house of the farm. Over a salt marsh, and over little creeks, and over bars of sand, and through the stiff sedge-grass, they went till they reached the house. There were no signs of men, and the cattle were not in the barn-yard as they expected. It was now necessary to light their lanterns and search. On lighting the lantern the officer said, "Joe Strange, where 's your hat, sir?"

"It was knocked off in the dark as we landed, sir, and I could not find it."

After searching all about the premises, and finding no cattle, the officers began to storm and the men to swear in muttered tones. Just then, in a small grove a little distance off, a cow-bell was heard to tinkle, and a creature to low, though, to a practised ear, the lowing was not exactly herd-like.

"There they are now!" said one of the officers.

"There they are not, sir," said another; "I have just been through that grove myself, and there are no cattle there."

Again the cow-bell was heard to tinkle.

"Joe Strange, your legs are long, just run there and stir up that creature. I suppose it 's something that wears horns, even if it be the Devil."

Joe waited no second bidding, but, with a lantern in his hand, made for the grove. Scarcely had he entered it before the flash and the roar of a gun was heard, and his light was extinguished.

"Forward there, marines!" cried the commander of the expedition. But the marines were some way off, and they seemed in no hurry to enter the bushes.

At length, however, they entered, expecting every moment to be fired upon, or at least to stumble over the dead body of Joe Strange; but they met with nothing except finding Joe's lantern, and near by it a huge cow-bell. Whether Joe was killed or carried off bodily they could not tell, but concluded there must be some Yankee trick about it. In moody silence they turned and set the house and barn on fire, and then returned to their boats and to the ship to report: "No cattle found, and one man lost." Whether to report Joe as killed, or made a prisoner, or a deserter, the officer was at a loss.

Far up the heavens rolled the flames of that house and barn; and the few waking eyes in the region knew how it must be, but there was none to help. Slowly up into the back country were walking, as day began to dawn, Harvey Loomis and Joseph Collins. They had stopped to embrace, to weep, and to laugh, more than once.

"'T was nobly done, Harvey; but when you first tinkled the bell, what did you expect?"

"I was in hopes you would recollect the old bell at oncé, and smell it out, and at a single bound come to me."

"Well, I did not, — I was sent. But when I got there, why did you fire your gun in my face, and knock my lantern out of my hand?"

"I put out your light to make it dark, you ninny! and I fired the gun, so that, if you had been retaken, they might suppose you were taken as a prisoner, and not hang you as a deserter."

"You cunning fellow! What if they had taken you?"

"Hanging on the yard-arm of course; I had made up my mind for that."

"Noble fellow! May God reward you, I never can. Well, now you go home, Harvey, and tell Lucy, — and watch her closely, — if she's got her heart on any other point of the compass, be faithful and let me know it. I will go and show myself to father and mother, and if I don't hear from you, I shall be at your house by ten o'clock. Mind now about Lucy!"

"Get out, you jealous fellow! it's more than half because I love Lucy that I have had my neck smell of hemp for the last six months!"

That morning after breakfast, as usual, old Mr. Collins had read in the presence of his wife and little Molly, an orphan child of color, the word of God, and then they knelt in prayer. Just as he was about to kneel, the old parrot cried out, "Joseph! O Joseph! and Lucy Loomis too!" The words meant nothing in the mouth of the bird, but they led the train of his thoughts in that channel. After praying for things which filled the heart, he added, "And now, O Lord! remember, we beseech thee, our poor wanderer, if he be still in the land of the living; whether on the land or on the deep, in the hospital or in the prison, O, remember him. We would pray, in all submission, that we may see his face once more, and lean upon him as the staff of our age; but if this may never be, our prayer is, that we may meet him in

heaven, to part with him no more!" While the good old man was thus praying with many tears, the door softly opened, and the young man stood within it. When the family arose from their knees, there stood their son, bathed in tears! The old man lifted up his hands in utter amazement, but the mother sobbed, "My son! my son!" and fell upon his neck.

A few hours after this there was a group gathered at Mr. John Loomis's; who came with a kind of trembling, as men might be supposed to feel, who were conscious of being in a dream, and were afraid of being awaked. There were old Mr. Collins and wife, who contrived to keep near their son, as if afraid he might escape, or change into something besides himself. Then there were old Mr. Loomis and wife, who felt a quiet joy in sympathizing with those whose emotions were deep. Harvey said he believed he felt as foolish as did Touser, when in his puppyhood he chased something, and it turned out to be a real 'coon! As for Miss Lucy, she tried hard to appear sedate and quiet, but the color would come and go, and she felt nervous and restless, and had no command of herself till she had gone out and had a good, joyful time of weeping. Harvey was the first hero, and he had to relate how he had heard a rumor that Joseph was in some ship on our coast, and that he had visited every ship that had come into the Sound, under pretence of selling something.

"It has all turned out right," said he, "except the

burning of Deacon Mayo's house and barn. I feel grieved to think I was probably the cause of that, by showing the cattle and enticing them ashore."

"You take to yourself too much credit," said Joseph, "for the orders were given to land and search for cattle and fire the buildings before you showed the cattle; that I can testify."

"Very good, — for though some of us wanted you back, I don't know as any one would have subscribed a whole barn," looking archly at Lucy.

"I think you have just made it out that one life was hazarded," replied Lucy.

"Nonsense, — mere love of excitement, — that 's all! But come now, Mr. Joe Strange, or whatever your name is abroad, let us now have your story. What have you been at these four long years? All of us, except Lucy, are dying with impatience to know how you came to be on the deck of a ship of war, that was fighting against your country."

"Some people can throw apples to monkeys, though they would not themselves do the mischief which the monkeys do. But to my story.

"Four years ago, at the age of twenty, you know, I owned and commanded the pretty little schooner, 'Good-speed.' Owing to our ports being closed by the embargo, called 'Jefferson's gag,' I went to the West Indies, and became a carrier from one island to another. I had been gone a year and a half and had done very well, when I remitted my earnings to my father —"

"They are all laid up safe for you," said the old man.

"I was making a voyage from Trinidad to Porto Rico. I had but a mate, an American, one English sailor, and a Spaniard, for my crew. The mate and the Spaniard constituted one watch, and the Englishman and myself the other. On the third night, as I stood at the helm, I heard a noise in the cabin, and told Bailey to step down and see if some of the barrels were rolling. Before he could execute my order, I saw the Spaniard come up from the cabin with a hurried step. By the moonlight, I saw a large Spanish knife in his hand. As he made towards me, I met him, parried his thrust, and knocked him down. We then wrested the knife from his hand, and threw it overboard. Leaping upon his feet, he bounded down into the hold. We put on the hatches, and felt that he was safe. Immediately, I procured a light and went into the cabin, and there was poor Hand, my mate, sitting up in his berth, with his skull broken, and a part of his brains protruding. As I was trying to bind it up, he said, "Don't bind up my eyes, I can't see him when he comes again." They were the last words he ever spoke, though he lived three days. There were now only two of us to sail the schooner, and I was every day expecting a storm. On the second night after this, I thought the Good-speed sailed badly. On trying the pump I found there was water in the hold. I opened the hatches and leaped down to see if she leaked, and found four feet of water in my vessel! The axe also was missing, and I now knew that the Spaniard had scuttled the vessel, intending to sink her. I got

out, and taking a light and a loaded gun, once more went down and called for my Spanish friend, saying I would shoot him dead if he made the least resistance. He had crept away forward, and was high and dry, but gave himself up on my presenting the gun. We took him on deck and bound him, after receiving his confession that he intended to kill us all and take the schooner as his own, and failing in that he intended to sink with us, and that he had so scuttled the vessel that she could not live many hours longer. The schooner soon became unmanageable, but in four days after our troubles she was driven upon an island. The mate had died the day before, but his corpse lay in the cabin. The people, magistrates, &c., of the coast came down and boarded us. They spoke the Spanish and I only the English language. The Spanish rascal told his story, and I tried to tell mine. The result was, that, after being allowed to bury my poor mate, without coffin or shroud, we were all taken to prison. On entering the prison, our account was taken down word for word by the magistrate. At the end of seven and a half months, our story was again written down and compared with the first, and with each other's. Then we had our trial. Without funds or friends, I got the interpreter's good graces, so that he aided us greatly. We were acquitted finally, and the Spaniard left in irons in prison. Feeble and worn down with excitement and imprisonment, I knew not what to do. At length a vessel touched there; I agreed to work my passage home before the mast. While on the voyage, we

were overhauled by a British man-of-war, and, my name not being on her protection papers, I was claimed as a British seaman, and taken on board the ship."

"Did they flog you as a deserter?" asked Harvey, with his fists clenched.

"No, they only claimed me as a British sailor, and did not pretend that I had ever belonged to a man-of-war. I claimed to be an American, but this did not avail. Two thirds of the men would swear they were Americans, if they could get released by it. There I was when the war broke out, and there I remained, committing myself to God, and feeling sure that I should escape ere long. But when we came into the Sound, and I saw the blue hills of Connecticut, my heart leaped, and I came near betraying myself. God be praised, that, owing to Harvey's cool courage and persevering efforts, I am here to see you all alive, and to praise God for his goodness."

"And you 'll never go to sea again?" said Lucy, in tears.

"Not if you will do all you can to keep me at home."

Lucy blushed, but uttered no rebuke!

TOMO, AND THE WILD LAKES.

ALL the upper part of New York is a vast wilderness. What in other countries would be called great rivers take their rise here. On the north are the Raquette, the Black, Beaver, Grass, Oswegatchie, and the like, which roll their waters through the forests, till they find the St. Lawrence. Into the beautiful Champlain empty the Saranac, the Du Sauble, and the Bouquet, while from the south comes the lordly Hudson, — whose birthplace is among wilds and lakes almost inaccessible. In this mighty wilderness are mountains terribly magnificent, — rising up alone, cold, dreary, and sublime. Here, too, are lakes, — more than two hundred in number, — wild as they were before the white man ever came to their shores, and beautiful, often beyond any thing to be described on paper. Lakes George and Champlain are of the tribe, and have the good fortune to be more accessible than the rest of their family; but there are multitudes which are noways inferior to them in beauty, and far superior to them in wildness.

In former times this was all the rich hunting-ground of the Mohawks; and for a long period they trapped the beaver and the otter, and feasted upon the moose and the deer, unmolested. But in process of time a shrewd old sachem of the Abenakis Indians, in Canada, discovered this choice hunting region. At first he came alone; but the abundance of his success caused his young men to watch and follow him, and he was obliged to lead them into it. To this day, there are marks left by which he endeavored to frighten any from following him. Those who have gone over the old "Indian carrying-place," between the waters of the Saranac and the Raquette, will know what I mean. The old sachem contended that all the ground occupied by the lakes and rivers that emptied into Canada must belong to the Canada Indians, while the Mohawks contended that the ground was all theirs from immemorial possession. These disputes caused bitter enmities, severe contests, and much bloodshed. On the banks of the rivers, and around all the lakes, is many an unknown grave, — where they waylaid and murdered each other. Even to this day, you can see the eye kindle, and the form enlarge, as the Abenakis tells the story of these wars, and lauds the superior courage of his tribe; and I presume, though I am unacquainted with them, that almost any of the remnants of the Mohawks would do the same. The story I am about to relate was told me by one of the former tribe.

The bark canoe is the horse, camel, carriage, and vessel of the Indian. It is made so light that the

owner can carry it on his head for miles through the forest, and yet capable of carrying several men. Each tribe has its own pattern, — some exceedingly graceful and beautiful, — so that, on seeing a canoe, you can tell in a moment to what tribe it belongs. They are all made of the bark of the white birch, lined with white cedar rived very thin, sewed with the roots of the spruce, and gummed (or *puccoed*, as the Indians call it) with the gum of the same tree.

Has my reader ever passed through the enchanting lake, — Champlain, — from White Hall to St. Johns? If he has, he has had a great amount of enjoyment in a small space, — provided he had some friend by him to whom he could say, "O, how beautiful!" As he left the bold shores and lofty mountains that looked down on the lake on both sides, Vermont and New York, and came along the flattened shores in Canada, did my reader ever notice a small, flat island in the lake, just before he reached St. Johns? Those who speak the English language call it "Ash Island." The Indians, for reasons soon seen, call it "Head Island."

On one occasion, a company of thirty Mohawks in their canoes passed through the wilderness which I have named, into Champlain, and then *down*, north towards Canada, in order to waylay and intercept any of the Abenakis who might be coming up to hunt. Just at night, the warriors killed a moose, and landed on Ash Island, to camp for the night. Here they built their camp-fire, and began to roast

their moose. Just after this, there came along a single canoe, containing an old chief and three hunters, on their way to the hunting-grounds. Noiselessly they moved their paddles. Before they were seen they had discovered the smoke of the camp-fire. They waited till dark, and then silently landed on the shore opposite the island. One of the best swimmers was sent to examine the canoes, and see who were the owners. There were bushes all around the shores of the island, and the Mohawks were busy in cooking their supper. The night was very dark. The scout crept up among the canoes, which were drawn up, and, according to the immemorial custom of the Indian, turned bottomside uppermost. He examined their form, counted their number, and returned to his companions. The cunning chief laid his plans instantly, and lost no time in executing them. He directed two of his men to swim silently back, and, as still as the night, to land, and with a sharp knife slit every canoe lengthwise from end to end. They went on their perilous errand, — landed, — crept up, and cut each canoe full of slits. They were just starting to swim back, when a Mohawk rose up with a hugh thigh-bone of the moose in his hand, which he had just been picking. "I wish," said he, "that this bone might strike an Abenakis on the head!" He then gave it a throw over the bushes into the lake, and, sure enough, it *did* strike one of the swimmers on the head, and stunned him! The other Indian was close at hand, and instantly understood it. He was afraid that, when his com-

panion recovered from the stun, he would thrash the water, and make a noise. So he silently and coolly dragged him under water, and drowned him! All this was the work of silence, and of a very little time, and the Indian returned and reported to his chief. The three now entered their canoe, and, paddling out towards the island, began to fire on the Mohawks. These poor fellows raised their war-whoop, rushed into their canoes, and put out into the lake. But now came their trouble. Their canoes began at once to fill, and to sink. The cunning Abenakis came upon them with the war-shout. The Mohawks were in amazement, and were knocked in the head like dogs. They were all killed except one, who was designedly saved alive. What a victory for three men! In the morning the prisoner was brought forth, expecting to be put to death by all the torture that could be devised. But their plan was different, though hardly less cruel. They stripped the captive, and made him look at the twenty-nine heads of his countrymen, which were now impaled on as many stakes, and stuck up all round the island. (This gave it the name of "Head Island," — "*uirutup-island*.") They then cut off his nose, ears, and lips, and put him ashore. "Now, go home," said they, "go home, and tell Mohawks to send more men! Too easy for three Abenakis to whip thirty men, — tell Mohawks send more men!" The poor, maimed creature pursued his way through the pathless wilderness, and, after suffering incredible hardships, reached his home, and

told his story. The Mohawks were mortified beyond expression. Their hundreds of schemes for retaliation are not told. But in due time their vengeance was ample and full. The number who lost their lives as a sequel to the "Head Island" tragedy was very great.

"Shall we go back and tell what we have done?" said one of the victors to his chief. "No, no! These heads will stay here, and they will tell the story. We must go on before it be too late to hunt deer in the dark of the moon." And onward, and up the lake, the canoe moved, till they reached the Saranac, where Plattsburg now stands, when they turned into that river, and followed it up. They made no stop, even to hunt, till they had passed beyond the rapids, one of which is seven miles long. Around all these they carried their canoe and implements for hunting. In a few days they had reached the upper Saranac Lake, or, as they called it, the "San-belloninipus," the *beautiful lake*! And beautiful it is, — almost beyond expression. Its waters are deep, clear, and sweet. The lake is almost fifteen miles long, studded with islands, and surrounded with enchanting shores.

As the canoe merged into the lake from the long neck or outlet, the sachem held up his hand, and the paddles were motionless.

"I smell smoke," said he, in a low voice. "I smell smoke, — some Mohawks somewhere in the lake."

"Can you see any smoke?" said one of his companions.

"See none, — smell him sure." The canoe moved very slowly and silently. When opposite Eagle Island, a low whistle was heard, — so low and feeble, that none but an anxious ear would have caught it.

"That no Mohawk, — that Abenakis whistle," said the leader. He made a motion, and the canoe turned towards the island. Just as she reached a little niche on the southern side, a young man rose up from the moss in the bushes, and, with a leap, stood within a few feet of the canoe.

"Sago, sago," said he in a voice little above a whisper. "Brave Tomo is very welcome. Of all men in the world, Tomo is the man I want to see."

"Is the Saranac Hawk alone?" said Tomo, with a distrustful look around the lake.

"All alone."

"Was the smoke that I smelt from the camp-fire of the Saranac Hawk?"

"No, old friend, it was the smoke of the Mohawks who are hunting in the upper part of the lake."

"What is the young Hawk doing here?" asked Tomo.

"Come up the rock, and I will tell you. Come alone." The chief stepped lightly on the rock, and in a moment they were both out of sight. The canoe was lifted out of the water, and laid over behind a fallen tree; and in a few moments no one would have suspected any one being on the island. Long and low was the consultation between the chief and the young man whom he called the Saranac Hawk.

The young man might be twenty two or four years old. His form was straight, lithe, and symmetrical. His light hair and blue eye showed that he belonged to the Saxon race. He wore moccasins, after the Indian fashion, made of the soft moose-skin, and which gave no sound to the footsteps. He had a green dress, in the hunter style, with a knife hanging in a little sheath at his side, a small leathern ammunition-bag in front, a little axe or hatchet hanging in his girdle behind, a green cap on his head, and a rifle, long and of small bore, in his hand. His eye was mild, but a certain glance that accompanied a compressed mouth showed that the spirit that looked out of that eye was a stranger to fear or to indecision.

"I will give you rifle," said the young man, "whether we succeed or not, if you will only make the attempt."

"Tomo will not want rifle to keep, if young Saranac Hawk be dead."

"But I shan't be killed; or if I am, it's no more than I would wish to do." These last words were spoken to himself.

"Can't young Hawk find many white squaw so better as this one?"

"No, my good Tomo, there is none like this. We were children together, and we have been betrothed a long time."

"Umph! How foolish you white folks are! When Indian want squaw, he no do so. White man court, and court, and court great while, — may-be years.

When Indian want wife he go to young squaw, — sit down by her, — then he hold up two forefingers, — then squaw he laugh, — then they already be married. Much better way!"

"It may be so," said the young man impatiently; "but what will Tomo do? Will he help me?"

"He smoke first, then think."

As quick as said, the young man had his flint and steel out, and his well-filled tobacco pouch at his friend's service. The other two Indians were then brought in to help smoke and think. Among them all there were not provisions enough for a single meal. The first thing was to procure something to eat, and the next was to devise how to cook it without making a fire. After a long season of silence, which seemed interminable to the young Saxon, the old Indian said, "We want to help young Saranac Hawk to get his bird, but are few. We only four, and Mohawk thirteen, and much dogs to smell and bark."

"We must do head-work," said the young man, "since our arms are too short to reach them. Let me speak my thoughts into Tomo's ears. We must go off at once, — cross over the carrying-place, — pass through Stony Ponds and Stony Brook, — go up the Raquette, — cross Moore Mountain, go up to Incapacho-inipus (Long Lake), there kill deer and dry meat. They can't hear our guns so far, nor see our fires. We will then come back and make them think *Chepi* (ghosts) have come. We can do all this in two nights, and by that time they will be done

hunting in Fish Ponds, and come on this lake, and then we have good place to be Chepi."

"Young Hawk say well."

Each one then drew the girdle tighter around the loins, and stood ready to start. Cautiously, without stepping on a single dry stick, did old Tomo go to the best point of observation, and look out over the lake. Far in the distance, miles away, he saw a speck, which at first he thought was a loon; but a further look convinced him that it was a canoe crossing the lake towards Fish Creek. "They have been into the lake fishing," thought he, "and are now going to their hunting-ground for the night."

From Eagle Island was a distance of about three miles when they came to the "carrying-place." On landing, the young man with his rifle went forward in the little path, to be seen only by the practised eye. Behind him came the canoe carried on the head of an Indian; and then followed the others, all in silence. In a time almost incredible they had passed through the woods about a mile, when they came to a small pond. What a beautiful place! It was about half a mile in diameter, perfectly round, and its clear, beautiful waters seemed to reflect back the trees that stood around it, and the heavens which hung over it. It was indeed the jewel of the desert. On its grassy shores were more than one deer timidly feeding, while here and there the huge trout threw out his forked tail in sheer ecstasy. A single loon sat in the middle of the pond, and raised his clear, shrill notes on seeing the new-comers. As this was

in the travelled way of the Mohawks, the company hurried on silently. The very rifle in the hands of the youth seemed to ache to shoot one of the deer, but prudence told him better. They slackened not their efforts till they had passed through those beautiful ponds, — and down Stony Brook into the Raquette River. They then turned up the river, and felt safer, because now out of track of any new band of Mohawks who might be coming up the Raquette. By great and almost superhuman labors, they were over and beyond the upper falls by sunset. Here they might safely hunt; for the roar of the falls, full one and a half miles of rocks and roar, precluded the possibility of their being heard. Not a morsel of food had they eaten during all the journey of one day. Two of the Indians now made a camp-fire, and, having smoked their pipe, coiled up under the smoke, and in a few minutes were fast asleep. The chief peeled a small spruce, and with its bark and a stick of a yard in length soon made "a jack," or half lantern, — open in front and dark behind. He next got some dry roots of pine, full of gum, and highly inflammable. Then some dry outside bark of the cedar, which he pounded very fine, and tied with green bark, — which was the "Indian candle." By midnight the jack was in the bow of the canoe, the pitchy roots in the jack ready to be lighted up in an instant, and the Indian candle lighted and slowly burning, like the end of a dry rope. They were going to hunt deer in the Indian way. In the bow of the canoe sat the young man just behind the jack,

while the old Indian sat in the stern to paddle. In perfect silence and darkness the canoe moved up the river towards the outlet of Long Lake. The plunge of the muskrat, and the lunge of the otter as he gambolled and slid off the steep bank into the water, were frequent; but no deer was heard. At length a noise like a calf walking in the water was heard, and the young man raised the Indian candle and swung it in the air a few times, and it was all in a light blaze. He then applied it to the pine-knots in the jack, and they too were on fire. There was now a strong light thrown out in front of the canoe, while all behind the jack was perfect darkness. Slowly, and without lifting his paddle from the water, and almost without moving it, the Indian turned the canoe towards the deer. As it neared the animal, he was seen standing in the water about knee deep. He looked at the light without moving, while his eyeballs seemed to be balls of fire. He seemed like a picture of a huge deer, — such a picture as is thrown upon the canvas by the magic lantern. The bats are flying in all directions, — the owls seem to be holding a jubilee, and hoot and laugh and sneeze in all imaginable and unimaginable tones. The strange light changes the trees on the banks of the river into all manner of shapes, — castles, towers, churches, and palaces. The thin, cold fog rises from the river like a veil, and again the banks are covered with domes, and pyramids, and cones of silver. The forest seems like a breastwork of most wonderful workmanship. The wild-cat, too, screams,

and the wolf in the distance is howling. But the deer, — the deer! The Indian and the young man keep their eye on him alone. There he stands, — a huge buck, with his monstrous horns and his eyes of fire! He dreams of no danger. He never thinks of what may be behind the brilliant light. The canoe hardly moves, and the Indian gently shakes it, as much as to say, I can go no further. The rifle rises up, the outer sight just so as to have the light strike it, while the back sight is in the dark. But the young Hawk knows what he is about. Quick as thought he raises the deadly iron, and a stream of fire leaps from its muzzle. The deer gives one supernatural leap high in the air, and drops dead! "The Saranac Hawk no forget where to point the winding gun yet," said the Indian, in great admiration. By straining every muscle, they got the deer into the canoe, and returned to the starting-place. The two sleepers were now aroused, who proceeded to dress the deer, and to roast unweighed steaks for their repast. After which the two hunters went to rest; and they sat up, and cut up the deer and dried it in the smoke and blaze of their fire. They worked, and the others slept, till ten o'clock the next morning, when a new meal was cooked, and nearly a hundred pounds were cured and ready for transportation. They were now prepared to return and carry their plans into execution.

About a fortnight previous to the commencement of our story, a young man was walking home with a charming girl, the choice and the pride of his heart,

in one of those deep and beautiful glens which are so frequent in Vermont. Their parents had removed into this new and wild country years ago, and had lived as neighbors and friends,—their log-houses being about two miles apart. But others had come in, and the forest had fallen before the ringing axe; the humble school-house was seen at an early date, and all the blessings which follow in the wake of shrewd and watchful industry. Robert Ralston and Mary Parker were the eldest in each family, and from infancy they were so frequently in each other's society, that it happened very early, that, if either was absent from the little log school-house, the other found it a long and profitless day. Robert was sure to find the earliest flowers of the wilderness in the spring, and the sweetest wild-grass in the autumn, and Mary was never forgotten. If the wolves were more plenty than common, or if the snow was deep and untrodden, Robert was sure to see that Mary got safely home. The heart beats in the wilderness just as it does in the city, only more freely and purely. Nothing had crossed them, and by the time they had arrived at manhood and womanhood, they ran to each other like two birds that had never been separated, and never dreamed that they could be. Almost without the common hopes, and fears, and crosses of lovers, it seemed to be understood, that, as soon as Robert should get his farm cleared up, and a comfortable house and barn, they should go and occupy. And so manfully had Robert applied himself, that the crops were in, the house raised, — for the second

generation of houses in Vermont were all framed houses, — the barn was built, and partly filled, and a hug-horn cow, that would have been admired at any agricultural fair, had such things then been in vogue, fed in the pasture near by. Mary had her preparations well under way, her chest of towels and sheets all of pure linen, and most of them the work of her own nimble fingers. In two months they were to be married.

They were walking together towards Mary's house just at evening, and engaged in conversation in the twilight voice of love, when suddenly a light glanced through the trees, red and fierce. Robert turned his head, and saw in a moment that it must come from his new farm. "What *can* the matter be?" said he. The red glare increased. "Mary, can you get home alone, dear? There must be something wrong up yonder."

"Certainly, Robert, I can already see our house, and shall be there in a few minutes."

The lover gave the hasty kiss, and darted off through the woods, intending to reach his new farm by a shorter way than the usual road. That determination saved his life. Although he ran like a deer, yet the distance was over a mile, and the woods were dark, and so full of bushes and fallen trees that it was long before he reached it. But when he did reach it, how his heart sunk within him! His house, and barn, and their contents, were burning into ashes. Elsie, his pretty cow, was in the agonies of death by inhuman butchery, and his pigs, and a pet lamb, were

all killed. The poor fellow could hardly keep from weeping aloud. He sat down on a stump in the edge of the woods, where the light of the fires could not reveal his person, if the foe were anywhere round, and there sat as motionless as the black stump on which he sat. He knew that this must be the work of hostile Indians, — but why they should select *him*, he could not tell. The only imaginable reason to be assigned was, that once, on a hunting excursion, he delivered the old chief, Tomo, from the hands of his enemies, who had nearly surrounded him, and were exulting that in a few hours they should have him in their power, and under their tortures. He did it by stratagem, or “head-work,” as Tomo called it. Since that, he and Tomo had been the best of friends. Tomo gave him an Indian name, signifying “Saranac Hawk.” But while this gave Robert one warm friend in Tomo, it made all Tomo’s enemies to be his. They marked him for their vengeance. While thinking over the present and the future he happened to turn his eyes back, and another stream of fire sent out its red light. It was in the direction of Mary’s home. Like a lion, he bounded away in the path which he had not taken, but which the Indians had, regardless of nothing. Away the poor fellow bounded, till he reached the well-known opening, and, truly enough, Mr. Parker’s house and barns were in a bright flame. Not a soul was to be seen. The Indians had done the mischief, and were off. By and by a neighbor came cautiously up, and among others, the Parker family, who had fled into

the woods at the shouts of the savages, — all but Mary, — no one knew what had become of her. There were no signs of blood or murder, and it was evident that she had not been consumed in the house, unless she had first been murdered. But, oh! the agony of doubts and fears! They lifted up their voices and wept. The fires sent up their bright light upon the surrounding forest, only rendering it more intensely dark beyond their glare. They hung around the smouldering ashes, till, after a most weary night, the morning came. Then how anxious to find the trail of the foe, and to find who and what they were. Long and anxiously did they search and follow the woods; but so cunning had the Indians been in concealing their retreat, by walking backwards over soft places, wading and following brooks, and the like, that it was almost impossible to follow them. But in the course of the second day Robert Ralston got fairly on the trail, and with thrilling joy found the footprints of Mary Parker! She was then alive! These were the prints of her own little foot! They were even and regular, too, as if she was well and strong, though undoubtedly sore at heart. Without stopping for food, or any thing save his rifle, Robert followed the marauders, determined to rescue his betrothed, or die in the attempt. In a light bark canoe, he followed them on the waters, and carried it over the mountains, till he had found them in the upper Saranac Lake, as before mentioned. He was hanging on their rear when Tomo and his two companions came to him. Not daring to fire

his rifle, or to make a fire in the daytime, he had lived on fish caught at daybreak, and cooked in the dead of the following night.

Once more the little party were at the lower end of the Saranac, while the enemy, with their captive, was at the upper end, fifteen miles distant. They had come out of the pond, and were camped on a point projecting into the lake, by which the upper end is made into a bay in the shape of a T. Softly they went up the lake near the shore, listening to every sound, and watching every ripple of the waters. About midnight they passed the camp of the Indians, so silently that not a dog barked. They could see that they had just come in from their night hunting, were talking and laughing, and apparently delighted with their success. The smell of roasting venison filled the air. Robert tried to pierce the darkness, to catch a glimpse of Mary, but in vain. In pursuance of their plan, upon which Robert had been contriving and working all day, and the night previous, somewhere about two o'clock in the morning one of the Mohawks aroused his companions, and pointed to a small, bright, steady light on Watch Rock, about a mile distant. They all started up, and set off to see what it meant. In a moment, two more lights were seen, one east and the other west, deep in the bay! What could it be? As they came near Watch Rock, instantly the light was quenched. The others followed, and went out. They went round the rock, went to the shores,—could hear nothing, could see nothing! Again they went to their camp

to consult, when, lo! these lights appeared again in three different places! They listened, but all was silence. They now began to be afraid. It must be Chepi! (ghosts.) The captive maiden, slightly bound, has her curiosity excited, and saw at once that it must be the light of the candle,—sure sign that the white man was near! She thought, too, that they burned steady and clear, like the candles of beeswax, which she had made for her own Robert to hunt with! She doubted in her own mind whether they were intended as signals to her, or for stratagem. After much talking, and doubting, and fear, the Mohawks concluded once more to go out and see if it certainly was Chepi,—and if so, to break up their camp, and be away as quickly as possible. They took their dogs with them to aid in the search. The lights now seemed to burn up directly out of the water! Again they came near, and again, one after another, went out before they reached them. One of the old dogs stuck his nose over the side of the canoe, and, after snuffing a moment, uttered a yell! They all stopped and listened; but nothing was to be heard. Did old *Wamparetah* (white-foot) see or hear a Chepi? Again they turned towards their camp, and when about half way to it from where the lights were, they heard a blow, a low scream, and the paddles of a canoe! Cautiously they came to their camp, when they found the sentinel whom they left with the captive lying dead, with a blow which had crushed his skull. The captive, too, was gone, the fires put out or mostly so. Was it Chepi? They smoked and talked in low tones, till

the day dawned. They then found the footprints of other feet besides their own, and little pieces of bark floating on the lake with pieces of candle on them, so well cut, as to length, as to be quenched at the right time. They were more chagrined still, to find how completely they had been deceived.

The low scream which the Mohawks heard was that of joy, when the captive maiden saw her lover strike one blow at the sentinel, and catch her in his arms the next moment. Quick as a deer the youth bounded with her in his arms into the canoe, and long before the Mohawks got back to their camp, they were far down the lake.

All that night and the next day, the little party pushed on. On the second day, on "The Plains of Abraham," they met a party of Green Mountain boys in pursuit. Loud were the cheers, warm the greetings, and unaffected the joy, when Robert showed the unscathed, blushing maiden hanging on his arm. But who can tell the tears and sobs when he delivered her to "the old folks"? They trembled, and wept, and laughed, and screamed. The loss of property was forgotten, and all united in a day of special thanksgiving to God, for his great goodness. The neighbors all turned in and helped Robert put up a new house, and so he actually won his bride a month sooner than he otherwise would. Old Tomo assured all concerned, that the lesson which the Mohawks had received at Head Island, and on the Saranac Lake, would keep them away in future. He pronounced Mary a pretty squaw, but stood to it that the white man did not know how to court a wife.

THE DOCTOR'S THIRD PATIENT:

OR, REMINISCENCES OF OLD DOCTOR MICAH ASHER.

PART I.

THE young medical student who now goes to the medical school, where he meets with a multitude of eager young men pursuing the same end, where are learned professors to instruct them, a beautiful cabinet, opportunities to visit hospitals, to witness surgical operations, to obtain subjects for dissection, and to read from a full library, can have no conception of what it was to become an eminent physician fifty-five years ago. If he shall advance as far beyond the men of that period as his opportunities are greater than theirs, he will indeed be a distinguished man. Now that the frosts of seventy years are upon me, I have thought perhaps it would interest my young brethren of the profession to have me recall some of the incidents in my professional life. "Acti labores jucundi," and I hope to be pardoned if I am more egotistical than some would allow to be in good taste. It is the privilege of age to be garrulous.

One of my earliest and deepest impressions was made by our old family doctor. He was a large, portly man, kind-hearted, good-tempered, though his speech was quick, seldom giving offence, and always right in principle. His presence always lighted up a smile on the face of his patient, for the angel of hope always accompanied him. How often in my childhood have I slipped behind the great pear-tree by the garden gate, and watched him, as he dismounted, — for he always rode horseback, — throw his huge saddle-bags over his left arm, and slowly walk into the house without knocking! I knew that in those saddle-bags were mysteries, and horrors, and sleeping agencies of great power, and I looked upon them as an Indian might be supposed to look upon a charged bomb-shell, — not knowing when or how it might explode. I felt sure, for “all the boys said so,” that his emetics were made of toads caught alive, and carefully baked and ground to a powder. With what reverence did I look upon “the Doctor,” — a man who could feel the pulse and detect a fever in the wrist, who could extract teeth, take blood, draw a blister, order emetics, and make even stubborn “old Cæsar” swallow pills, salts, ipecac, jalap, however much he might writhe his great black face, and make mouths, or shrug the shoulders. Next to the minister whom I saw in the pulpit, I considered the doctor the greatest man living, and at a very early age I determined to be a physician. How often did I return to my humble home with bundles of wild weeds, or my hat full of “goldthread,” dug

up in the swamp! How rich I felt when I had a supply of “pennyroyal,” “motherwort,” “bone-set,” “snake-root,” “elm-bark,” “elder-berries,” and every other herb with which I could fill the garret. I remember catching some green frogs and putting them in air-tight bottles, because I had heard that they were good to draw canker from children's mouths; but they unfortunately died before the experiment could be tested. Not a plant grew in “Canoe Swamp,” in the “Wampas Lot,” or in the “Maple Lot,” from the “adder's-tongue” up to the “whistle-wood,” with which I was not familiar. All the good old ladies, for miles round, said, “That boy 'll certainly make a doctor, — he takes to it so.”

Thus I passed my boyhood on a farm, enjoying no advantages for education, except such as were afforded by the common free schools strung along the base of the Green Mountains, from the bluffs at New Haven to Canada. Medicine was my amusement during the sunny days of boyhood. If any of our domestic animals were sick, or looked sick, I was down upon them at once, and I distinctly remember (why can't we as distinctly remember what we have done to human patients in the course of our practice?) giving my old dog Rover a dose that made him afraid of me for a whole year, and our one-eyed cat, Cyclops, a prescription that threw her into fits, and the young turkey, Taro, a few pills which for ever after stopped his growing and gobbling. I called them my “elongated pills.”

At the age of twenty-two I found myself, with an-

other student, and with a medical book protruding from each pocket, fairly on the track of my profession at old Dr. Sale's. He had a great reputation for being a deep man; and if talking in supertechnical language, and in a way not to be understood by any body, is evidence of depth, then he was a deep man. But I have since learned that the world will call a man deep who brings up mud, whether he dive deep for it or not. The great burden of his instructions to his brace of students was on "the great importance of commanding the temper, keeping cool, and having the feelings in an imperturbable state of quiescence." Alas! he was the most irritable and passionate man I ever knew. I had been with him at a distance one afternoon to visit a patient, and it was a cold April midnight before we got home. The Doctor's house stood on the very apex of a high hill, and on the west side of it was a very steep descent. In trying to find the kitchen door,—it was very dark,—the Doctor stumbled over something, he knew not what. "Hang it and dang it!" cried he, for he never swore in good English. "Here, Mike, take hold of this confounded shin-breaker, and let us see if we can't get it out of the way!" We lifted a while, when he gave it a furious kick, and away down the hill it went, rattling, and bounding, and clinking, till it reached the brook at the foot of the hill. "There! lie there, will ye!" said he. The next morning I heard his meek wife lamenting that "all her new soap was spread over the ground like gravy, and the only soap-kettle in the region cracked

and ruined." This was his imperturbation, and, as he prided himself in governing his temper, I used to wonder what it *would* have been had he not governed it.

I now began to find real difficulties. I had very few books, had never seen the skeleton or frame of the human body, and had never witnessed a surgical operation, or a body dissected. O, if I could have had a skeleton to look at for a single hour! Accidentally, or rather providentially, about this time I met with an old hunter, who had spent most of his life in the wilderness. In narrating his exploits, he told how he and a fellow-hunter had once found a man dead in the forests, who had probably got lost and eventually died of starvation. The hunters buried him slightly, and placed a heap of stones over the grave. I made the most minute inquiries of the old man, as to the spot, the route to it, the distance, and the like. I then tried to draw a map of the way; but I soon found that when imagination came to retire, and knowledge to tell what she knew, it was a very different affair. I retired to think and to plan. The grave was in the heart of the great wilderness in the State of New York, on a little lake, called by the hunters "Cranberry Lake," and known only by them. I knew it would be impossible to get a hunter to go with me on such an errand, or even to allow me to go if he knew my object. Would it be possible for me to go alone? Would it be possible for me actually to possess a human skeleton? I determined to try. So on a certain day I was at the

last hunter's lodge, on the Saranac River, questioning old Mr. Moody as to the route, the crossings from river to lake, and from one water to another, as to "the carrying-places," and, comparing his answers with my map, it seemed madness to attempt to go alone, as really so as if I were setting out for the moon. But I procured a little boat from Moody, and, taking an old rifle, a bag of provisions, and an axe, launched my frail craft on the lower Saranac Lake, and set off alone. What days of toil I had, searching for outlets to the lakes, carrying my boat through the woods and brush, guided by trees marked by the Indian's tomahawk, sleeping on the ground, and half killed by fear of the panthers, with which the forest abounded! On the fifth day I had travelled perhaps a hundred miles in my circuitous route, when I came to "the Great Falls," on the Rachine River, and then knew that I must here leave my boat and strike off through the woods for Cranberry Lake. Drawing my boat up carefully into the bushes, I found a new cause of fear. It was an Indian newspaper! i. e. one side of a large cedar had been hewn off, and on it, with charcoal, was drawn an Indian canoe, with two men in it paddling, a dog looking out, and six deer's (buck's) heads. The canoe was headed down stream. A full moon was over them, and a buck's head under it. By this I knew that there were Indians near me, who had just gone down the river, having killed six bucks already, and were to spend the full moon in hunting below. This was for the information of other Indians who might wish to

find them. I concealed my boat with great caution, and set off at once for my lake. A deer bounded up before me, but I was too much afraid of the Indians to let my rifle be heard. All that day I travelled in the woods by the instructions I had received. How often I hastened towards a bright spot in the woods before me in hopes of seeing my lake, and how my heart leaped for joy when, just before sunset, I actually struck it! I could have kissed its very mud. How I found the poor stranger's grave, and exulted as a miser would have done over gold, and how I worked, and toiled, and finally got the bones—every one of them!—into my bag, and on my back, I shall not attempt to describe. It cost me three days' hard work, and work not the most pleasant. And I was ready to set out for my boat, and set out I did, but had hardly left the lake ere I was lost! It was cloudy, the forest was thick and wet, and I knew nothing which way to go. The man that is lost in the woods is not merely bewildered, but he is maddened. I rushed one way till exhausted, and then another way, but the trees were all alike, and I was lost. The night came on,—wet, cold, and dreary. My provisions were gone, for I had been nearly twice as long in the forest as I expected. My punk was wet, and my knife and steel would afford me no fire. So I lay down in the great woods, lost, without food or fire, with no company but the dead man's bones! The wolves were howling near me, and the sharp cry of the panther was added, while the owls sang a full and dismal chorus.

What a long, awful night was that! Should I ever find the way out of this mighty forest, or must I there perish, and perhaps somebody hereafter find my bones, and come and back them out for a skeleton! I looked into the utter darkness of the place, and more than once asked, mentally, if there was any possibility that the spirit of the dead man would come back and upbraid me with robbing his grave? I felt my bullet-pouch, and found I had just seven balls; these I thought I might cut in two pieces, and thus give me a chance of fourteen shots for food. But that long night was invaluable to me. I reviewed my life, and examined the object for which I had lived. For the first time in my life I truly and sincerely prayed. I made vows to God, if he would conduct me out alive, and laid plans for my future life, and laid down the principles on which I would act. All my success and character are to be traced back to that lonely night. In the morning, without having closed my eyes in sleep, faint and hungry, I set off again, though with feeble courage. How intensely burdensome was my pack and my rifle now! About noon I came to a lofty mountain, and after panting and resting many times, I reached its summit. Then a world of forest lay spread out before me, and many a beautiful lake too, looking in its green fringe like a basin of silver. After a long time in settling the geography, I decided which must be Tupper's Lake, and though I could not see the thread of the Rachtette River, yet I knew it must lie west of it, and that the falls must be about so and

so. Then came hope and whispered to me, and I felt strong and revived. That night I got so near as to hear the roar of the falls, and the next day I reached my boat. I then killed a deer, ate with a relish which I remember to this day, and in a few days more was out of the woods, and my treasure with me. I dared not show it even to the old Doctor; but how I gloated over those bones! studied them! strung them! They were the beginning of my professional knowledge, and were worth to me a thousand-fold more than their cost.

I was sitting alone in the Doctor's office one day, when who should come waddling up to the door but "Aunt Becky" Gorhom, as every body called her. She was the shortest person for her size and weight I ever saw, — a poor woman who lived and laid up money on twenty dollars a year and her board, — one who had no enemies, and not character enough to have very warm friends. She had a very good opinion of herself in all respects, and there was something so irresistibly ludicrous in her round, unmeaning face and masculine voice, one could hardly keep from laughing whenever she appeared. As she rolled into the door, I knew that something was out of sorts.

"Is the old Doctor at hum?"

"No, Mrs. Gorhom. Can I do any thing for you?"

"Why I've got the toothache most despitly. Where is the Doctor?"

"Gone out of town. But I think I can take out your tooth for you."

"You!" and her face actually expressed amazement.

"Yes."

"Why, you don't know nothing about it! Never pulled a tooth in your life."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Gorhom, I have pulled several this very day."

(I had been pulling the teeth out of the skeleton, and putting them back again.)

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so. Suppose you just let me look at your tooth."

She opened her mouth, and there it was, — a huge double tooth, just such a tooth as I wanted to begin with. It was much decayed. But she would not let me touch it.

"Mister, can't you put something in it, — some of your stuff?"

I bethought myself, and could hardly conceal a smile as I crowded in a neat piece of saltpetre! She shut her mouth, and, fearing lest she must have something to pay, left at once. It was just as I expected. In five minutes she came back, holding her head with both hands, and exclaiming, "Why, what on earth did you put into it, young man?"

"*Nitrate of potassa*, madam, nothing else, I assure you."

"Well, — O dear! dear! you have killed me! Do get it out!"

Once more she opened her mouth, and the turn-key which I had concealed in my sleeve was on it,

and in one instant the tooth flew across the room. She gave a yell of pain and indignation.

"Why, you pesky fellow, I told you to take out that stuff, that *niter of potato*, as you called it."

"Well, I have taken it out."

"Yes, and the tooth too, and mayhap ruined my jaw for ever."

"Not at all. You will find all safe."

She then washed her mouth, found her jaws all right, and a smile lit up her face as she left, and said, —

"Really, Doctor, you've done the work as well as the old doctor, only I don't like to have things done so quick. Thank the Lord, though, that the thing is out!"

What an hour was that! I had pulled my first tooth, and had been called "Doctor"! My conscience smote me for the deception I had practised, and I felt that I had violated one of the principles agreed upon in the dark night in the forest.

There were no diplomas, no being made doctor by a vote of half a dozen men. It took the whole community to make a doctor in those days. But I was sure I had now received my doctorate. And sure enough, after that, people taller than Aunt "Becky" began to call me doctor, or "the young doctor."

I now left my old teacher, and sought where I might set up for myself, though every day satisfied me that I was poorly prepared to have human lives committed to me. I read every thing on medicine and disease which I could obtain, and questioned

every doctor, and even every old nurse, I could light upon. Some shook their heads at my questions, and hinted at the danger of experimenting and tampering with human life, of being rash, and the like. Others tried to persuade me that the whole of medical practice consisted in being able to cleanse the bowels and empty the stomach, and let Nature have the opportunity to do her own cures. In vain did I procure vials and saddle-bags, open an office, hang out my sign, "Dr. Asher," and advertise, "To be seen at the office at all hours." The last was literally true, for nobody called me away, or came there to consult me. At the end of three long months, during which I was invited out to tea twice, but without having had my first patient, an uncle of mine proposed to send me up to the head-waters and sources of the Hudson, to examine a township of land which he had been purchasing. So I advertised "that Dr. Asher, being called away by urgent business, would close his office during his unavoidable absence, which would be as short as possible." My directions were to follow the Hudson up as far as Indian River, then go up to Indian Lake, take Elijah, or "Lige," (the Indian,) as he was called, as a guide, and go over to Rock Lake, where the land was to be found. After various mishaps, I found "Lige," a noble fellow, but then his canoe must be *puccoed* (made tight with pitch), and then I must wait another day for him to go down to M'Elroy's to get his trousers. M'Elroy was a squatter on the Indian River, and the only man who lived in that township. All day, till

three o'clock in the afternoon, I waited for my guide, but he came not. After trying to sleep, to "whittle," to whistle, and be patient, I determined to go after my Indian. Following the blazed trees through thick woods for a mile or more, I came to the log-cabin. At the door I met my friend "Lige," as pale as a sheet. I had no idea that an Indian could look so white.

"Why, Elijah, what's the matter? Have you got lost?"

Turning round, and mysteriously pointing to the cabin, he said, in a low voice, "Woman there,—he sick,—he very sick!"

"Ah! what is the matter with her?"

"Me don't know. He very sick. He see angel, see God, see Devil! He's eyes look so, me 'fraid! He's teeth bite so! He point so!"

On entering the log-house, I found a woman lying on a very rude bed, with an idiot son on one side of the room holding up a sore foot, and the husband standing over the woman with a kind of howl continually poured out of his mouth. The woman was rolling her eyes, gnashing her teeth, pointing upward, screeching, and shuddering. She trembled all over, and was apparently on the point of convulsions. The husband was nearly intoxicated, and kept howling, "Oh! och! what *will* I do? Poor wife, you 'll die,—you 'll certainly die, and oh! och! what will I do?" The woman was seeing snakes, angels, devils, and I know not what besides. I stepped back and beckoned the Indian,

"Elijah, does this woman drink?"

"No, he never drink. Man drink so as horse. Woman never drink."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, — he never drink. He good woman."

Once more I rushed into the house again and said, "Stand back, and be still, Mr. McElroy. Let me see her. I hope I can do her good."

"Who are you?" asked he, fiercely.

"O, don't you know? I am Dr. Asher, from Massachusetts."

I had on a red-flannel shirt without any collar, wood-pants, and boots, and looked like any thing rather than a doctor.

"O, my *dear*, my *dear*!" shouted he, "here 's the great Dr. Asher from New York! the great Dr. Asher! An angel of mercy from heaven, and the great brazen serpent in the wilderness, my dear! He 'll cure you! Oh! och! the great brazen serpent!"

Bidding the fool to hold his tongue, I next summoned all my little medical knowledge to bear upon the agnosis of my patient's disease, and soon satisfied myself that it was a violent case of hysteria, brought on by hard labor and severe exposure. Rummaging between the logs, what was my joy to find a paper containing a lump of assafoetida! I made up several pills, and dropped one into the snapping jaws of the woman every few minutes. The discovery of this medicine satisfied me that it would not have been in that peculiar place unless

she had been in somewhat similar condition before. Before I got there, she had complained of burning up, and they had dashed a pail of cold water over her. Then she had complained of freezing, and they had a fire large enough to roast an ox. In further searching, I found a bundle of valerian, which she had gathered in the woods, and, making a strong decoction of it, I induced her to drink now and then a swallow. In about two hours she was quiet, her senses returned, and I found her a modest, sensible, and intelligent woman. The violent symptoms were gone and returned no more. I then prescribed such poultices for the poor idiot's foot as were to be had. The woman recovered in two days so as to leave her bed. Among the many patients I have since had, and among the heavy fees and rich gifts which I have since had showered upon me, I have never had any so rich as were the thanks of that poor woman when I came to leave her. She had nothing to offer me but a single loaf of coarse bread. I took a piece of it and carried it with me, and every time I took it out of my provision-bag I blessed God that my profession was one of mercy, and promised him that, if ever I got into practice, I would be as faithful to the poor as to the rich. In proportion as I have been faithful to this vow, I have been prospered. I felt encouraged too, because now *I had had my first patient!*

Having accomplished my examination of timber, I returned to my uncle's, and held a consultation as to what was next to be done. "The difficulty," said

he, "is in getting the first patient. When a young physician has once accomplished that, he is in a fair way to gain practice." I told him that I was safe, then, for I had had my first patient, and related the circumstances as above. The old gentleman shook his head. "That would have done admirably had it been in your village, where it could be known and wondered over; but now nobody but your Indian friend can marvel over it. You must try again; and in order to aid you, I will lend you my colt, Lebo, and my sulky. You must go back to your home where your office is, and you must rattle boxes, jingle vials, and every morning you must get out Lebo, and drive through the village as if life and death hung on your speed, and by and by you will be in demand, as well as appear to be. Depend upon it, nephew, the world does not think or judge for itself, and the article that is in demand, be it what it may, is the article that all seek after. The certain and sure way to make your fortune would be to get up some quack pills made of aloes, flour, and molasses; but I trust you have too much self-respect and too much principle to swindle the public out of money, for which you render no equivalent. I see no difference myself between putting off money, or flour, or medicine, that is worthless, — unless it be that the last is the most cruel, as it raises hopes to be dashed, and probably prevents the use of means that might be useful in restoring health. Never do that. But this riding out, — why, it will do Lebo good to exercise, and you good to ride, and I don't see as it can

be wrong, and yet," shaking his head, "I confess I don't quite like the looks of it."

Promising to follow his advice as far as I could, without compromising principle, I accepted the horse and sulky, and once more announced to the public that I had returned, and would be most happy to wait upon the good public. Still I was "the young doctor," and nobody gave me patronage. Some were afraid of new doctors, some were afraid of young doctors, some wanted the doctor to be a married man, and some hated to leave "an old road for a new one." In vain did I open door and windows, and show vials, and let the noise of my pestle and mortar ring early and late; in vain I harnessed Lebo and drove out in different directions. No patients were offered. At length, when I had become much discouraged, as I brought out my horse one morning, I saw Ned Lundy bring out his, at the door of the hotel immediately opposite. I know not how it was, but I suspected there must be mischief in the fellow. But what could I do? My patients (imaginary ones) must be visited punctually. So I pounded with my pestle and mortar a few moments, took up my saddle-bags, hung out on the door "To return soon," mounted my sulky, and drove off at a furious rate. In a few moments I looked back, and there was Ned Lundy behind me, with a half-roguish smile on his face. I reined up to let him pass, but no, he would not go past. I drove Lebo to the top of his speed, but there Ned was behind me in my wake, evidently determined to follow me, and to show up all my

riding and diligence to be mere put on! How I perspired and almost groaned as the fellow stuck to me as a bur! At length I turned suddenly down Rainbow Lane, and drove as fast as I could. In vain, — Ned was a fixture. Being assured that he would make me the laughing-stock of the village, I was planning what to do, when I noticed Farmer Fitch at a distance before me mowing. As my eye fell on him, I noticed that he faltered and fell. By the time I got opposite him I heard a groan! In a moment my reeking Lebo stopped, and I was lifting Farmer Fitch up from the ground, and calling Ned Lundy to come to my aid. The farmer was bleeding like an ox, for he was terribly cut with his scythe, and was fainting. How I staunched the blood, bound up his wound, carried him home, attended him during his confinement, and, as he said, "saved his life"! No matter; Ned did not get the laugh on me. I obtained a *second* and a valuable patient, and felt encouraged.

But my *third* patient! Ah! "thereby hangs a tale!" My *third* patient! That was the turning point in my life! That is yet to be told.

PART II.

I HAD made up my mind to live and die poor. There were nostrums, indeed, on which I might have ridden into notice, and I knew that, with aloes, colocynth, and calomel, I could make pills by the barrel, and promise that they would cure all the diseases that ever afflicted humanity, and I could roll up a fortune by lying daily about plasters and lozenges; but from my soul I abominated all empiricism, and resolved that I would be honorable in my profession, or I would starve. My third patient had not yet called for me. Full of manly resolutions to do right and honorably, I could not conceal from myself a feeling of jealousy when I saw carriages loaded with people go past my office, and call "Dr. Bradis, the celebrated Indian doctor." I knew the charlatan could hardly read or write, knew nothing about the human system, and next to nothing about diseases. Yet, with his impudence and cool boasting, he had no lack of patients. How people love to be imposed upon! At length, when my hopes began to sink, on returning home one evening from my solitary office, — for home I called my boarding-place, — I found a short note, written in a neat, delicate, and I thought trembling hand, intimating that "Miss Lucy Braisley desired to consult Dr. Asher professionally and confidentially, this evening or to-morrow morning, as will best suit his convenience." It was too late to go that night, especially as, having seen Miss

Braisley walking out just at sunset, I knew she could not be very sick herself. How I lay that night, half sleeping and half waking, and forming all manner of conjectures as to the nature of the consultation desired! But who was Lucy Braisley? This I did not know, except that she was a beautiful stranger to whom I had been introduced, who had come to spend a few months in our village with a distant relative. She was dressed in deep mourning, was an orphan, understood to be poor, though once in great affluence, and beautiful she certainly was, as every beholder testified. By some means or other, I had got into the good graces of her relative, and suspected that it was to her influence that I was indebted for my call. Had the young stranger the first "slight cough," and the first " hectic flush," which are such sure heralds of that awful destroyer, — the consumption? I resolved that never should patient be treated more carefully. Had she some chronic disease, hidden, but sure to make war upon the system till it had destroyed it? I would leave no efforts unmade, by which to dislodge the foe. Long before morning I had imagined and treated a score of diseases in my new and fair patient. I even rose an hour earlier than usual, and read what books I had on "Scrofula," "Phthisis," and "Spine." Nor need I feel ashamed to own that I brushed my boots, coat, hat, and hair with at least common care, and drew on my best gloves at an early hour. On my way I studied what might be the golden medium between the cheerful, buoyant look with which a physician wants to en-

courage his patient, and that long face of sympathy which he wishes to put on to show that he has deep sympathies, and feels the responsibilities of his position. I am inclined to think the latter predominated, for on my saying to the young lady that I hoped she was not seriously ill, she burst into a laugh, and said she was never in better health in her life. I threw myself at once upon my dignity, and said that, as she had done me the honor to intimate that she wished to consult me professionally, and as she was in such perfect health, I was at a loss to know how I could assist her. She dismissed her looks and tones of levity at once, and gave me to understand that she wanted my assistance in behalf of an uncle, a rich merchant, who was at that very moment confined in chains, — a madman!

"We have consulted many distinguished physicians, sir, but they give us no hope of his recovery. He is so violent that he has to be chained day and night, and is especially outrageous when I come into his presence. My aunt, his wife, received a terrible shock on hearing my uncle return from Europe, where he went on business, raving in madness, and she is now on a bed of sickness. She had heard of you through the praises of a backwoodsman, whose wife he says you cured of a 'fit of ravin' distraction in less than no time'! Is that so? I was commissioned by my aunt to come to this village, and, if your character stood as she hoped it would, to see if we could not get you to take my uncle under your special charge, with the hope that

he may be restored to reason ; but if this may not be, that he may be made as comfortable as possible. I have been reading some French writers on Insanity, and I have acquired some new thought in relation to it. Perhaps you would like to read them ? If so, they are at your service." She pointed me to at least a dozen volumes, which, by their binding, I knew must be French. What could I do ? I could read French but very imperfectly, — next to nothing, — and I longed to get at the thoughts and views in those volumes, and yet I dared neither to say that I could or could not read French. I believe my face must have shown a troubled expression, for she said in a kind voice, " Doctor, perhaps you would like to think of our proposition a few days, and in the mean time I will send over the volumes, and you can dip into them or not as you can command leisure."

It appeared in evidence, as the lawyers say, that the history of her uncle's madness was as follows. At a very early age the two brothers, James and John Braisley, left their home among the hills to try their fortunes in the city ; they were apprenticed to the same mercantile house, and served their time together. It was soon found that James was the boy for a bargain. If a forced sale was at hand, he knew it, and apprised his employers accordingly. If a lot of goods none the choicest came in, James would contrive to sell them without delay. On one occasion a large lot of molasses was to be sold on the wharf. When the first hogshead was put up, with the privilege of taking " one or the whole," it

was observed that a carman, with his face dirty, and in his well-soiled frock, and a whip in his hand, was very eager to bid. He did not hang back and try to appear indifferent as the merchants did. He was prompt, and the merchants, concluding that the poor fellow had contrived to scrape money enough together to buy " a whole hogshead," did not bid against him. Down came the hammer of the auctioneer, and, " Well, carman, how many will you take ? " " I 'll take the whole. " " The whole ! who will be responsible for you ? " " Griffin and Lang. " The auctioneers and the owners raved, but there was no help, and James Braisley, in the carman's dress, had made two thousand dollars for Griffin and Lang, by that stroke. Griffin and Lang pocketed the money, praised James for his shrewdness, and promoted him in their store. On another occasion, being sent to the office of the commissary of the navy on some errand, and while the officer was out, he took the liberty to peep into his papers. Among them he found an advertisement soon to be printed, inviting proposals for a large quantity of vinegar for the navy, to be delivered at an early date. What does the fellow do, but whip round to all the vinegar-dealers in the city, and engage so much of their stock as to render it impossible for them to throw in proposals. The result was, that Griffin and Lang, at an enormous advance, furnished the vinegar, and made it a very profitable job. On the contrary, John was so open, fair, and guileless, that, though every body liked him and re-

spected him, yet he was not allowed to do much of the buying or selling. He was kept at the books of the concern, and they were well kept.

In process of time, the two brothers had completed their apprenticeship, and commenced business for themselves under the firm of J. & J. Braisley. James brought into it all the cunning and overreaching policy which had been called shrewdness and sagacity; and John, that accuracy in accounts, and that urbanity of manners, which gave the firm great popularity and respectability. It came to pass, too, that they accumulated property, and became rich, and they were caressed. Inspiration hath testified that "men will praise thee when thou doest well for thyself." After many years of successful business, at the desire of James, the firm separated. It was said that John was greatly grieved by the movement, but had to yield to the strong will of James. After the dissolution of the firm they both continued in business. At length the business of John led him to a distant part of the continent. There he was taken sick, and there he died. His wife was just leaving the world when the news came, and it hastened her departure. Their only child was the orphan Lucy, in whose presence I was now sitting, and learning these particulars. On the death of John, James hastened to the place where he died, and, much to his amazement and horror, found the estate of John so involved in a complication of speculations, that he was a bankrupt, and not a farthing was saved from the wreck. He came back not a little depressed in

spirits, and taking the death of his brother harder than any body supposed he could. Indeed, he never seemed to be the same man afterwards. But every body admired and praised his conduct towards his orphan niece. He soothed her, and took her to his own house, and assured her that she should never want. She had never known the want of money, and the loss of her property made no impression upon her. It was for her parents and the endearments of childhood's home that she mourned. With her uncle she lived. His own children were sons, who promised to spend all the estate which he might accumulate. Gradually, however, his feelings towards Lucy seemed to undergo a change. He seemed to grow cool, then distant, moody, and finally it was plain that her society was irksome to him. About two years after the death of his brother he was called to go to Europe. While absent, cotton rose at once, and the whole world seemed mad with the cotton speculation. James Braisley wrote home to his agents to buy, buy, — buy all they could. Letters came fast and urgent, all urging buy, buy. Soon the bubble burst, and thousands were wrecked. Just as it burst, James was leaving England for home. Then he began to figure up how many orders he had written, how many bales had been purchased, how much he had lost on each, till he saw that he was a bankrupt, and ruined. The fact was, the bubble burst here so early that his agents had not obeyed his orders. Money had been his idol. He had lived for nothing else, and now his

gods had been taken away, as he supposed, and what had he left? He figured and computed till he became wild, frantic, and deranged, and had to be brought home in irons. When he reached his home he did not know his own wife, but seemed to recognize Lucy, so far as to shudder, and howl, and screech at her presence. He could not bear the sight of her person.

Such, in substance, was the story which the poor girl told me with many tears. For my part, I could not see any thing in the young lady that should make even a madman hate her. It was evident that she loved him much, and was very grateful to him for his great kindness in giving her a home.

On taking leave, I loaded my arms with the French books, assured Miss Lucy of my deep interest in the case, and promised to consider the subject, and let her know my decision in a few days. How I hastened to my office, and borrowed a French grammar and dictionary, and pored over the books day and night, I need not say. Never did a poor fellow study harder to acquire the language, to master the contents of the volumes, and to acquire information, than I did during the three weeks that followed. By the end of that time I was master of what seemed to be locked up in an unknown tongue. My reader will bear in mind, that half a century ago the whole treatment of the insane was to bear with them if they were gentle, and to chain them, put them in cages and dungeons, and treat them like wild beasts, if they were wild and frenzied. The

hope or the thought of curing a deranged person was not dreamed of. But I now got a new idea in my head, and the very experiment caused my heart to exult with excitement. At the end of three weeks I called on Miss Lucy, and intimated that I would undertake the case of her uncle, aiming at a cure, on two conditions; namely, that I should have no one to interfere with me, I being allowed to manage my patient in my own way, and that I should be allowed to charge twelve hundred dollars a year. This last item seemed to stagger the niece and the aunt, but I assured them that it would cost me every farthing of that sum to make my experiments, without any compensation for my services. He was immensely rich, and what was that sum in comparison with the saving of the man? At length they agreed to it all, and I was to be ready to receive him in a single week. I had no time to lose in making preparations. I procured a small, but convenient house, rather retired, with a large garden. I next procured two strong, handy, patient young men, who were to obey my orders implicitly. One was a long-legged fellow, and the other small, lithe, and quick as a cat. I next hired two saddle-horses, the hardest-bit and the hardest-trotting creatures I could procure. Then a good, faithful housekeeper, and my accommodations were ready.

At the time appointed, a carriage drove up to my new habitation, and two men got out, dragging a large, powerful man, cursing, swearing, and resisting with all his might. I kept out of the way till

"the Doctor" was sought for and loudly demanded. At length I carelessly went into the room, and taking no notice of the keepers, but fixing my eye on the eye of the maniac, and with a smile gave him my hand with great politeness, and said, —

"Mr. Braisley, I believe?"

"Who, in the name of all God's lowest creation, are you?" said he.

"Dr. Asher, at your service," still keeping my eye on his. "Dr. Asher, sir, the doctor who takes care of so many deranged people."

"The deuce you do!" growled my patient. But I saw that he gave in under my steady gaze very slightly.

"Yes, sir, that's my sole business, and I cure them, too."

"Cure 'em, you son of night and darkness invisible, you imp of a Jack-o'-lantern, — *you* cure 'em, eh?"

"Certainly, sir," said I, with the eye fixed sharply on his, and with the most imperturbable gravity; "certainly, sir, I never had a deranged or insane patient that I did not cure." He looked puzzled a moment, and then broke out into the coarsest invectives and abuse. I took no notice of it, but, applying a small ivory whistle to my mouth, I blew a loud call, and my two men appeared. "Fairlong, show Mr. Braisley to his room. Stay: those irons on his hands must be uncomfortable. Mr. Braisley, now on your honor promise me that you will be gentle and quiet, and we will take off those irons, and you

shall be free." The men who came with him began to remonstrate, and talked about him just as they would about a wild animal in chains. I paid no attention to them, but kept looking at my patient.

"I say, you owl's head!" said he.

"Dr. Asher is my name, if you please, Mr. Braisley," said I.

"Well, then, Asher, Dasher, Thrasher, Smasher, whatever you be, you're a queer one. Why, don't you know for what they put these things on me, eh?"

"How should I know, when no one ever told me? For some crime, doubtless?"

"You may well say that. Why, Doctor, I bought all the cotton in creation; I have stripped the country of clothing, — I have ruined thousands and thousands of families, widows, orphans, — ay, *orphans!* — thousands and millions of *orphans!* — no wonder they put me in irons. All ruined, starving, ruined!" And horribly did he gnash his teeth, and shake his irons. I calmly repeated my question, "Will you be quiet and gentle if I'll take them off?"

"I'll try, Doctor."

In a few minutes the irons were off, he stretched himself up to his full height, and lifted up his arms, as if to strike. But it was just as I expected. His arms were so stiff from long confinement, and felt so strange, that he knew not what to make of it. The men who brought him hurried out, as if a tiger had been unchained. I bade my men show him his room, and, to my joy, he followed mechanically. I

had fitted up a neat room for him, with a door so strong that he could not break it, and with iron bars across his window on the outside. He was about fifty years old, a powerful frame, and a man of great muscular strength. He evidently tried to restrain himself for a time, and to keep his promise. But by night he was howling, screaming, and tearing his clothes. I did not go near him that night, though neither he nor I slept much. But in the morning, what a sight! He had torn every thing in the shape of clothing into the smallest shreds, and rubbed the straw in his bed till it was literally powder. Bed-clothes and all were used up, and there the creature was, without an article of dress of any kind. I went into his room alone, leaving my men just at the door, and ready to jump at my call.

"Well, Mr. Braisley, I hope you find yourself well this morning, after a comfortable night's rest. How soundly you must have slept, not to have heard any of my insane patients."

"Why, Doctor," still panting from exertion, "I have n't slept a wink all night."

"Ah, why not?"

"I've been making flour, Doctor. See there, — five hundred barrels of best Baltimore, Howard Street brand, all ground in one night! What say you to that, Doctor?" And he came up and began with both hands to rub my face.

"A good night's work, truly. You'll pay all your debts soon, at that rate!"

"Debts," said he, with a start, "what debts?"

"Why, the families you told me you had ruined by the cotton speculation."

"O, yes; you know about that, do you? Who told you? Well, their cries and groans do ring in my ears day and night. The orphans! Oh, the orphans!"

I now left him, directing my men to dress him, soothe him, and prepare him for breakfast. To my surprise, he made no objections to being clothed, or to have his room cleansed. To humor him, the dirt was put into a clean flour-barrel. Just before his breakfast, Fairlong and Stacy presented him a tumbler, desiring him to drink it, with my best wishes for his health. It was an ounce of Epsom salts dissolved in water.

"The Doctor wants I should drink that stuff! The *Doctor*! Tell the meaching, cowardly, ignorant, rantum-scantum scaliwag, that I won't, that's all!"

"But you don't mean to send that word to the Doctor, do you?" said Stacy.

"Yes I do, though."

In an instant Stacy and Fairlong chucked him down in a chair, had his arms and body lashed in, his mouth open, and the salts down. He could make no resistance; all he could do was to swallow. He was then liberated, much humbled at the victory, and amazed at their quickness. At the breakfast table I had him with me, but neither of us made any allusion to the salts. My men were at hand, but not in sight. I treated him, not as an insane man, but

as a visiter. He was very talkative, and had to go over all his story of having ruined so many thousands of widows and orphans. After breakfast, I merely said, "Mr. Braisley, Fairlong will show you a pleasant walk, and I think it will be beneficial for your health to take a good long walk." I saw by the flash of his eye that he thought he could now run away, and the proposal was received with glee. To Fairlong my instructions were, — keep in sight of him, and let him walk or run to his heart's content. But don't lose sight of him. Away they went, Braisley half running, muttering to himself, and steering right onward, while poor Fairlong had need of all his legs, long as they were, to keep up with him. On they went, walk, — walk, — walk, — five, six, eight, and nine miles out. There seemed to be no tire to him. Suddenly he stopped, and waited for Fairlong to come up with him. "There, now, you pill-smeller, what do you think of that? Don't you wish you had a pair of legs, hey? And what will the Doctor say to you, to drivel, and lag, and can't keep up?"

"The Doctor will never believe you beat me in walking, unless he sees it with his own eyes."

"He won't? Well, just for the joke of it, he *shall* see it." And greatly to the delight of the weary attendant, he wheeled about and put back again, and was at home again in less than five hours from the time he left. I was watching anxiously the result, when in he bounded, apparently fresh, while Fairlong came limping after him, hardly able to stand.

"Doctor, can't you send somebody with me next time that can walk some? That curmudgeon has no walk in him."

I did not fail to congratulate him on having beaten one of the greatest walkers in the State. "But, Mr. Braisley, Stacy will show you a warm bath, which you will have just time to take before dinner."

That night he actually slept quietly more than half the night, and I felt that I had got in the right path. The next morning, as Fairlong was too much used up to walk, I directed Stacy to bring out the two horses saddled, to tie one, and leave the other with the bridle carelessly thrown over his head, and then for himself to be rather out of sight. Presently I came walking round the house arm-in-arm with my patient, and as we came near the horses, I said, "Excuse me a moment, Mr. Braisley, I must get an outside garment before I leave." Scarcely had I turned my back ere he was in the saddle of the loose horse, and clattering out of the yard, — the very trap that I had set. Stacy mounted the other horse instantly and was after him. The horse on which Braisley had mounted could by no matter of arguments be made to canter, and his trot was long, and terribly hard. But away he went, and Stacy, in an easy gallop, after him. After he had ridden about ten miles, he began to sober down. Stacy designedly kept back. At length he came to a road which seemed to run parallel with his. It led directly back again, though not quite as direct. It was now that Stacy screamed for him to stop, and put up his own

horse. But the fellow got it into his head that he was certainly running away, and that Stacy was trying to stop him, and he cheered, and kicked, and made his horse almost break his hard trot, when, before he knew where he was, pop! the horse bolted directly into the yard whence he had started. I was out in a moment, admiring his horsemanship, and inwardly laughing at his evident chagrin and fatigue.

"Doctor, what 's the name of this brute?"

"Trip, I believe."

"Trip-hammer, you mean! Why I had rather ride a trip-hammer all day than mount the brute again!"

"I believe nobody *asked* you to ride it," said I, rather drily.

"Stacy," said he, as he was going to his bath, "do horses, and roads, and men, and every thing here, do just as the Doctor wants to have them?"

"Yes, every thing, except his patients,—they sometimes try to run away, but always contrive to fetch up here again."

By kind treatment, daily and severe exercise, and the cooling draught of salts on alternate days, I thought in a few weeks I could see a little improvement in my patient. Still he was at times wild, excited, and furious; but we could make him swallow his salts without confining, and take exercise at my bidding. But he harped upon his crime of ruining so many families, till I was fairly worn down with it. One morning he rushed into my room and began to mourn and lament over the same old story, when,

turning round suddenly and glaring him in the face, I said, "Mr. Braisley, I think, on the whole, that you are the greatest villain I ever met with!" I had heretofore heard him with great urbanity, and even delicacy. He started, as if stung by an adder. "What do you mean, Doctor?"

"I mean just what I say. I think you the greatest villain that ever lived!"

"Ah! has Lucy told you,—the minx! What makes you say so?"

"Why, from your own lips. You tell me again and again that you have ruined thousands and thousands of families, robbed widows, and plundered orphans. Now I know enough of mercantile business to know that nobody could do all this mischief without coolly sitting down for years and planning and plotting to do it. You must have been years in thus planning before you effected your object! What am I to think of such villainy?"

He was thunderstruck, and taken all aback. He saw that my conclusions were correctly drawn from the premises, and the premises he had himself furnished. He merely said, in a subdued voice, "I protest, Doctor, I never was so bad as that!"

The shock was beneficial. He never mentioned his supposed crime again. But my task was no easy one. Sometimes he would contrive to elude our vigilance unaccountably, and get away. I remember one day, Stacy came to me in distress, saying that Mr. Braisley was gone. Stacy had slept in the room with him, and, having locked the door, placed

the key under his pillow. But the patient watched him till sound asleep; then he crept and got the key, opened the door, and was gone. Our search was long and anxious, looking into wells, examining river-banks and cisterns, till at length we heard him singing! We found him in a tall grove, perched in the very top of one of the tallest trees. We tried to coax and flatter him down, all to no purpose. At length I called for an axe, and began to cut the tree down. He rubbed his hands with delight: "That 's it, Doctor! that 's it! Now I'll have a good ride!"

"Mr. Braisley," said I, resting as if exhausted with fatigue, "Mr. Braisley, I always thought you were a gentleman before!"

"And why ain't I now?"

"Would a gentleman sit there to ride, and make me cut down the tree! No, he would come down and cut it down himself."

In a minute he was down and pecking away at the tree. We then assured him that the axe was too dull, and that dinner would wait too long, — and thus we got him home.

He had been with me about eight months, gradually growing calmer and better; but there was something which I could not understand. He was moody, solemn, and gloomy during the day, and restless during the night. He would start, and talk in his sleep. During this time my interviews with the niece, Lucy Braisley, were frequent, — to report progress, to express my hopes and fears, and to ex-

plain my reason for such and such treatment. Her aunt, the wife, was too feeble and too nervous to attend to it, and so she resided in the city, and left it all to her niece and myself. Was it wonderful that she should think my plans wise and judicious, and that I should admire a beautiful orphan who was watching over a maniac with so much interest, and who could so readily appreciate my services?

It was evident that my calling him a villain had made a deep impression upon Braisley. I could detect him fishing for my real sentiments on that point, and so apparent was his desire to know what I thought of him, that my own suspicions began to be awakened. He had now, ten months after he came to me, become almost entirely rational; and yet there was a dark streak from the cloud still left, which I could not explain or fathom. This I was anxious to unravel, and I set myself to work accordingly. After he had retired to his rest and was asleep, I slipped into his room in the place of Stacy, every other night for a fortnight. These were sleepless nights to me, but I was well compensated. Before this, I had offered an empty hand, but a true and sincere heart, to Lucy, the portionless orphan, and she had consented to unite her destiny with mine. We looked forward to privations, and perhaps poverty, but youth looks only on the sunny side of the future, and hope peeps out from the darkest shade. Without telling her or any one my suspicions, I laid a plan of my own. Braisley was so nearly recovered, that he began to talk of resuming his business. He

evidently felt grateful to me for what I had done for him. But he never spoke of Lucy, — never inquired after her any more than if there had been no such person created. And now the time had arrived when my patient was pronounced by all to be cured, and was to leave me on the morrow. I had one test yet to apply. If he could bear that, he was cured. He *did* bear it. It was thus. The day before he was to leave me, I sent for him to come to me in my little parlor. He came in and sat down in a chair which I had designedly placed in a strong light. I arose and locked the doors, and put the keys in my pocket. I then sat down before him, and looked him full in the face. He was troubled, but said nothing.

"Mr. Braisley, months ago you used to talk and groan about having ruined and robbed orphans! I want to know how much of it was insanity, and how much was living truth?"

"What makes you ask me such a question?" said he, haughtily.

"Because, sir, I have my suspicions."

"Where did you get them? Has Lucy Braisley been putting them into your head? I hear you are thick with her."

"No, sir. Lucy never said a word, and I presume never indulged a thought, prejudicial to you. I have it from a better witness."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Yourself."

"I?"

"Yes. I have slept in your room, or rather watched in your room, while you were sleeping, for a fortnight at a time; and I have heard the revelations of a conscience which sleep could not quiet." He was now pale, and shook in every joint and limb.

"What do you suspect, Doctor?"

"That you have robbed Lucy of seventy-five thousand dollars."

Hardly gasping, as he tried to breathe, he added, "This is all you suspect?"

"No, sir, I suspect you murdered your brother John, for the sake of robbing his child."

"How could I, when he died away from home?"

"By slow POISON!"

He said not a word, but sank down on the floor like lead, faint, and hardly breathing. Now, then, thought I, a few moments will decide whether he is to be a maniac for life or not. I threw water on him, and after a while he opened his eyes and looked anxiously round. It was not the eye of a madman.

"Doctor! O, just heavens! I am in your hands. What shall I do? As you would have mercy at the Great Day, show mercy to me!"

"Mr. Braisley, I shall require you to do two things; — first, to restore to your niece the seventy-five thousand dollars, with interest from the death of her father; and second, that within two months you leave your country for ever. On these two conditions I promise never to divulge your secret, and on

their fulfilment I can safely promise you that you will never again divulge them in your sleep."

Never did a poor wretch more cheerfully make the required promises than did he. Nay, it seemed to take a load off his mind and heart at once. We were both aware that I had no legal evidence that could convict him, and yet he as gladly accepted my proposals as I made them. He kept his word to the letter. He paid over the money, and poor Lucy always supposed it was the recovery of debts due her father, — unexpectedly recovered. I need not tell you how I married the beautiful girl, — what a pattern of a wife she was, — how many years she was the light of my dwelling, and a blessing to me and mine, — how she left me at length in my age, when I needed her the most and loved her the most, — left me and went up to that pure world where there is no death because there is no sin, — how my aged eyes weep at the remembrance of what she was, and weep, too, with joy at the thought of what she will be when I meet her again. I am now an old man, I have had many, many cases of insanity since, and have had many years of anxiety in my profession, but no year has been so anxious, and no patient has been of such consequence to me as my THIRD PATIENT.

ZIPPORAH.

THE shadows of old Horeb began to stretch over the plains of Midian, showing that the night was coming down upon the earth again, when a weary stranger sat down by a well of water. It was the only well in all the region. Down the glens and ravines came the flocks of the shepherds and the droves of the herdsmen, twice a day for water. The men came crowding and contending, to decide whose flock should be first served. They chode and threatened each other, calling the most abusive names, but the stranger took no notice of their wrangling. He had stooped down and slaked his thirst, and sat alone, either gloomy or sad. At length there came a flock to the well, attended only by girls. They were young and fair, gentle and peaceful. But the moment they came near, the rude shepherds declared that they should wait till all the rest had been served, even if it were till deep darkness had come on. They even became bold and insolent in language to the maidens. It was then that the stranger sprang up,

like a lion from his lair, and said that the flocks of the maidens should be the first served. And when the men gathered around him, he threw them off and scattered them by his strength.

He then courteously saluted the maidens, drew water for their charge, and sent them away while blessing him, ere the sun went down. Often did they turn to look at the noble-hearted and strong-handed stranger as he sat down again by the well, lost in thought. They hastened home, and met their princely father just returning from a duty which had detained him,—for he was a prince among men and a priest before God. He paused to smile upon his loved ones, and to ask them how it came to pass that they were through with watering their flock so early.

“Because, father,” said Zipporah, the eldest and fairest, “a noble stranger met us at the well, drove away the rude shepherds, who were insolent, and then drew water for us.”

“From what country came he?”

“From Egypt, as we judged.”

“What made ye think so?”

“Because he spoke the Egyptian language so beautifully, and his dress was Egyptian. He must have been an Egyptian, and yet there was something more noble and lofty in his bearing than in any person of that country I ever saw.”

“But he could not have been an Egyptian!”

“Why not, father?”

“Because an Egyptian abominates cattle and

flocks, and would never draw water for them, or be seated near them,—no, not even if maidens were there to admire him. But Egyptian or no Egyptian, why have ye not brought him to our humble home, to share our hospitality?”

“Was it seemly, father, for maidens to be so bold with a stranger?”

“Was it seemly, girl, to leave a stranger alone, hungry, and perhaps sick, to spend the night in the open air, while we have a good shelter? Is that the kindness of maidens who are instructed to show mercy, and to live not for themselves? Go call him, and bid him welcome to our home.”

Away went the maiden, but in what manner she approached him, or how she did the errand, we know not, though the evening found him with the family, engaged in lively conversation. Great was their amazement to learn that he belonged to the Hebrew race,—of whom the daughters had heard but little, though they knew him to belong to an oppressed class, and they remembered that often, at the family altar, they were mentioned with deep interest by their father. But there were no marks of slavery about him. His bearing was noble, not without self-respect, and like that of a man accustomed to command, rather than to obey. They did not understand all the long conversation between their father and the guest, for they spake much in the Hebrew tongue; but they understood enough to know that his life had been an unusual one,—that some great purpose of his heart had been thwarted,—that a mys-

tery seemed connected with his history which had not yet been cleared up; and that he must for the future bear exile from his home and country, and in solitude mourn over some calamities which he could not remove.

"He must have been disappointed in love," said Zipporah to her sister Ellah; "poor fellow! Is he not pitied?"

"Not he! No, he never was in love, or at least, this is not his recent calamity and disappointment," said Ellah.

"How knowest thou, my sister?"

"By two special marks; first, he talks and mourns much about his mother; and secondly, he looks on thee too admiringly to be breaking his heart for any other woman. I suspect thee of being warm in thy words when thou wentest to call him at the well. More than once I have caught his eyes fastened on thee."

"Nonsense, Ellah. It is a fiction of thy own imagination. In truth, when I spoke to him I trembled with awkwardness."

"Perhaps he watches thee to see if this trembling is habitual."

"Nonsense, sister."

Long was the conversation between the father and the stranger. In the morning the maidens were surprised to learn that they were no more to tend the flocks of their father. The stranger was to be the shepherd. Awkwardly but resolutely he entered upon his duties, and in a short time he was master

of his simple profession. In the progress of time the early surmises of the young Ellah were proved true, and the stranger became her brother by espousing the elder sister Zipporah; and they were proud to number among their family *Moses* the Hebrew.

Time moved on, and with a wing so downy, that the gentle Zipporah scarcely heeded his flight. She saw in her husband a humble man, faithful to his lowly duties, with a kind of sadness which was inexplicable, with now and then a flashing of hope, and a looming up of character, which showed that the Hebrew was a very uncommon man.

Nearly forty years after this marriage, and the Hebrew shepherd came home with a brow so thoughtful, and a countenance so anxious, that his wife was greatly alarmed and distressed. His conversation was now on schemes so incomprehensible, and so utterly beyond the power of a poor mountain shepherd, that the family began to come to the fearful conclusion, that reason had forsaken her throne for ever.

When Moses found that he could not be understood or believed, in regard to the solemn commission which God had given him, he merely proposed to revisit his relatives in Egypt, and once more look upon the faces of those he used to love so well. With his wife and two sons he set out for Egypt. No one seeing his family on the ass, and he walking by their side with the shepherd's staff in his hand, would have believed him to be the deliverer and

guide of a nation, — the man of many generations. On their way the angel of God met them, and solemnly warned Moses that, through regard to his wife's prejudices, he had committed a great sin in not having circumcised his youngest son.

The sword was in the angel's hand, and the life of Moses was at stake. It was then that the Midianite mother gave way, — circumcised her child, and wondered over the mystery of blood. Seeing that she would be a hinderance to himself, perhaps a cause of unbelief in others, and foreseeing that he must now struggle against the opposition even of his friends, and dreading to expose his family to the trials which must precede the deliverance of Israel, Moses gladly assented that for a season she should return back with her children to her father's house, and leave him to follow his high calling. She could not, at that time, sympathize with that love for his down-trodden people, whose flame forty years' absence had no power to quench; and she could not believe that, if God had so mighty a work to accomplish, he would select an instrument so lowly as her husband.

We wonder that she could not see, that though the dust of Abraham slept in the cave of Machpelah, the God of Abraham still lived; that though Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph had finished the work which they had been commissioned to do, still the great plans of God were not yet accomplished. We wonder that she could not understand that, eighty years ago, her husband had been snatched from death on the Nile, by so manifest a providence, that he might be

preserved by the Divine plans to perform a great work. We wonder that she could not believe that a man who in his retirement could write the Book of Job, — who had communion with God so constantly, and who had seen the angel of the everlasting covenant in the burning bush, — might even be the leader in the hands of the Almighty One to deliver Israel from the bondage of Egypt. But what is now so clear to us was dark to the poor, fearful wife, and she turned back to the mountains of Midian, and thus cut herself off from the privilege of sustaining and comforting her husband in his great trials, and of seeing the mighty acts of God in delivering his people, and punishing their enemies, and thus her sons lost the opportunity of receiving those sublime impressions, which in no age and in no circumstances would again be made on men.

Thus our unbelief turns us back and palsies our hand from light and duty, shuts us off from witnessing the mighty power of God, and takes away from others golden opportunities of receiving good. Sad, indeed, is it for any one thus to stumble through unbelief; but doubly sad is it when the mother thus sets an example to her household.

Two old men, the one eighty and the other eighty-three, with a simple staff in the hand, were slowly descending a mountain and in solemn conversation. How feeble such instrumentality to move a proud king and his court, with a powerful army and at the head of a great nation, to permit one tenth of his subjects to go off into the wilderness, following these

two men! But Jethro, the prince and the priest of Midian, who had bid his son-in-law to go in peace, and we may hope his wife, too, were following him with their prayers. And the hoary-headed elders of Israel believed Moses and Aaron, and in prayer cried unto God.

To follow Moses in the great work to which he was commissioned, and to watch the mysterious union of human and divine agency, of weakness and strength, of darkness and light, of folly and wisdom, would be a most grateful task. But this would be foreign from our plan. In the solitudes of the mountains, Zipporah spent several following years. News travelled very slow in those days. It was not till rumor had carried the fame of Moses through all the surrounding regions, that she heard of his achievements, and learned to her amazement that her husband, the once humble shepherd of the hills, had become a prince and a leader, whose name would for ever stand foremost on the roll of greatness. It seemed like a dream to her, that millions of minds were actually acknowledging him as their deliverer, were receiving their laws and religion from him, and that he was in fact to be the founder of a nation and the father of a mighty people. It was then that her songs broke out, and her faith, which had staggered so much, received strength. She was humbled that she had no more appreciated his character, encouraged him in his work, and shared his trials, rather than to quarrel with the ordinances of God, to fold her arms at home, and to live merely for herself.

Then she told the story to her sons, not to make them proud of a father whose name they were to inherit, but to lead them to see what a work the God of their fathers was accomplishing through him. Old Jethro rejoices and praises God for the tidings which are brought to him. Again the family leave their home, and travel towards the deserts.

On a sunny morning, the sons of Moses pointed out to their grandfather a bright little cloud in the distance, that hung stationary between heaven and earth. Then Jethro dismounted, and kneeled down and praised the Lord, — for he knew that he was now looking on the cloud which hung over the tabernacle, and in which God dwelt. In a short time they saw the white tents, and heard the hum of the mighty travelling city, and knew they were near the hosts of the Lord. The tent of Moses was in front, — the place where they were thronging from morning to evening, for justice and for instruction. As they drew near, the heart of Zipporah fluttered and beat wildly. Would her husband receive, and acknowledge, and love her again? How changed was his noble brow, by the cares and anxieties of his station! What a lofty character he now was! She was almost afraid to meet his eye! But the moment he sees them, he forgets all the past, folds his wife and his sons to his bosom, and with tears welcomes the good old Jethro to his tent. What a meeting was that! Many and pleasant were the hours which the family spent that night, in recounting and in listening to the story of God's wonderful dealings to-

wards Israel. If Zipporah now found her husband to be a great and a lofty character, he no less found that she was greatly chastened in piety, strengthened in faith and meekness, and was now better fitted than ever before to be his cheerful companion, and advising and loving friend. The separation had greatly unfolded and elevated her character. The great and meek Moses, too, was willing to receive hints and suggestions from his father-in-law, which were of great importance and benefit to him. Sweet was their communion together, in which both had clearer and deeper views into the plans and promises of Israel's God. The simplicity of character and sincere piety of the priest of the mountains made a great impression on the hosts under Moses, and from the day of their arrival the whole family lived to do good. Many years did Zipporah live in the tent of her husband, sharing his sorrows, alleviating his trials and labors, and living to be the light of his home. Without ambition or regret she saw her sons, not rulers or leaders, but taking a low place among the Levites, the servants of the tabernacle, to have no inheritance or name among the great ones of Israel. Her prayer was, that in all humility they might serve their God and deliverer.

In the midst of the wilderness, in the burning desert, all Israel saw one morning the little white flag on the tent of Moses gone, and a small ribbon of black in its place. Then they crowded towards the tent, for they knew that the angel of death had been there, and that the heart of their leader was smitten.

Silently the hosts passed around the tent, and blessed the memory of her who was gone. Many rose up and called her blessed. They dug her grave among the scorching sands of the desert, and laid her there alone, without a stone or ornament to mark the spot where she sleeps till the morning of the resurrection. Deep and sincere was the mourning of the great leader of Israel; and though he spent the night following the burial in his tent alone, recalling the past and living over the past, even from the moment when he first saw the maidens at the well in Midian, yet when the morning sun rose, and the cloud was taken up off the tabernacle, signifying that the host were to remove, the mourner was ready, and with a countenance and a voice calm and peaceful he resumed his station, and all Israel felt that, though the strong man was bowed, he was not crushed. Zipporah sleeps in the desert, — but in the morning of the resurrection will she not come up and unite with those who sing "the song of Moses and the Lamb"?

INCIDENTS IN A JOURNEY FOR HEALTH.

GOING NORTH.

THERE were two of us, and yet, as I must alone be responsible for what I say, I shall be excused, I hope, for the frequent use of the first person. At the close of a noisy Fourth of July, we found ourselves going from Greenbush to Troy in the cars. (No matter, kind reader, who we are, or where we came from, — the editors know.) How they *did* smoke and swear! the multitudes in those cars, passing between the two cities. It was enough to chill one's blood, and we should think enough to make the most noisy advocate for universal licensing tremble at the spirits which he had helped to unchain. At Troy we took the cars for "the Borough," or place on the Champlain Canal where you take the boat. Of all travelling conveniences in the world, these canal-boats are among the most inconvenient. The company all look weary, homesick, and almost cross. They are too near it, certainly, to feel good-natured; and I never heard an

interesting, animated conversation in one of these "swimmers." We slept but little, and crept out of the hot room parboiled, and awfully *bitten*.

Early in the morning we found we had passed a groggery where, during the night, there had been a drunken row, and one murder committed. We passed many places which looked as if such deeds might easily and naturally be done in them. At Whitehall, (*lucus a non lucendo?*) where they seem cooped up and wedged together so close, that it seems as if the canal-boat could not get through it, and yet where there is much that is good, we took the steamboat, — one of those boats so celebrated, the world over, for neatness and perfection. For the first few miles, as you enter Lake Champlain, it is uninteresting in the extreme; but as the lake begins to open, and you pass along the bold shores, now gazing at its beautiful waters, and now at the lofty ridge of the Green Mountains, the backbone of Vermont, and now upon the Blue Mountains that rise up pointed and lofty on the New York side, you feel that you are in a beautiful region, and want a near and dear friend with you to help you to admire it, and to whom you can say, "See there!" The shores on the New York side are mostly bold, with beautiful bays, while on the Vermont side they are mostly flat and fertile.

As you pass along down (north), pretty villages cluster along and peep out of the trees, as if to admire and to be admired. There is Burlington, sitting like a queen, with a college for her crown, and looking off upon scenery changing every half-hour in the

day; and there, in front of her, are the curious rocks which shoot up out of the lake so bold and so naked, and at which a British war vessel fired during one long night in the last war,—mistaking them for vessels,—without ever bringing them to surrender! Opposite Burlington, quite across the lake, is old Whiteface, a singular mountain, lofty, lonely, and proudly lifting up his bald head, and looking boldly into his native State, into Vermont, and far into Canada. The storms of a thousand winters leave his head no less high, no way altered.

But it is nearly dark when you leave Burlington. The custom-house officer has come on board to see that you are honest, the twilight settles over the mountains, and then it creeps down to the shores, and at last over the lake, and wraps the boat in its folds. The chimneys send out their streams of fire-sparks, and they flash and threaten to burn up every thing; but they drop upon the lake, and are gone for ever. You now retire to your berth, listen to the play or rather work of the engine, the dash of the wheels, feel the leap of the boat at every stroke, think of the boiler that has not *yet* burst, think of your friends far away, commit and commend all to the Great Watcher, and go to sleep. In the morning you are waked in a hurry to show your baggage to the custom-house officer, to enter St. Johns, to see and to feel that you are in a new world. St. Johns! who is not disappointed in entering the place? So grim, and poor, and untidy, so full of soldiers, and so mournfully decaying! It looks as if there were no enterprise, no

activity, no encouragement, no hope. You eat a very poor breakfast, in a very unfastidious place, and are glad to take the cars for Montreal. Is it prejudice in me? But it does seem as if the ticket-man is more gruff, more "take-it-and-be-off" in his manner, than our folks are. And there are ceremonies, and delays, and examinations before we are off. But now we move,—we go,—and the one-story houses, with the long, tapelike lots and thistles behind them, and the lofty, beautiful elms, are flying past us towards St. Johns in great haste.

We now, for the first time, get the full idea of what a prairie means. A dead level plain, which seems once to have been the bed of a lake, everywhere alike, and everywhere like itself. We rattle over it till we reach the majestic St. Lawrence. What a river! Nine miles now to Montreal by steamer on this grand river! Nature now puts on an ample, as well as a beautiful cloak. It seems impossible that all this should be a river, and that these waters, running with such immense force, should thus run day and night, every hour, since creation, and the ocean be no fuller, and the lakes no smaller, than when it first began to run. What a beautiful island, that long, low, paradise-looking spot that is at the left! That is magnificent, and belongs to the Gray Nuns of Montreal. This is but a small item in their amazing amount of property. Verily, if they have much in the next world, they will be rich in both worlds.

Now we dash on and draw near to Montreal, whose quays are English and magnificent; where the trav-

eller goes often, and as often describes; where the city looks old, and rich, and poor; where the great Cathedral looms up all over the city, the interest of whose cost would relieve multitudes of those poor emigrants who lie burning in the dirt on the quays; where barracks are crowded with soldiery, and the bugle, the drum, and the "everlasting drone" of the bagpipe are constantly heard; where nuns and priests ride in the old two-hundred-year-ago calash, and where every thing looks foreign and strange. Ships are now coming up loaded with poor emigrants, and when they reach the quay, so poor, squalid, discouraged and stupid are the crowds, that in some instances, certainly, they are pushed ashore with a pole, just as cattle would be.

Canada cold! Why, the thermometer is ninety-six degrees in the shade to-day, and here we are, broiling and roasting, doing errands, and getting ready to be off in the evening boat for Quebec. Having been here about nine hours, done a multitude of copper-currency matters, visited the Cathedral, the Post-Office, the parade-ground, and the like, are we not prepared to judge, and criticize, and go into the history of things? So travellers do when they come among us. This was a French, is now professedly an English, but in reality a Yankee city. You see Yankee names, hear Yankeeisms, such as "Be spry now," "Don't let the grass grow under your feet," &c., and you find multitudes among her merchants and mechanics who were from the "States." Here, too, we have a portion in David; for

here our own Christmas and Strong fell with their armor bright, and who left a name that is better than precious ointment. Here labors Wilkes, too, who, though not of us, is a full-hearted, long-breathing soul, with a heart large enough to love every body, and a hand warm enough to make you feel that you are a part of every body. We found nothing which we needed so cheap as at home. Why should we? New York seems to be the port of entry for Montreal, and always must be, so long as the long, cold winters lock up the St. Lawrence, as they do every year.

Just at evening we took the "British Queen" for Quebec. And never did I suppose a British queen could be so filthy and disagreeable. She was crowded with passengers, parties of pleasure, invalids, wonder-seekers, young officers, and old ladies; and then, on the forward decks, what motley crowds of human beings! Indian men with their bark canoes, Indian women with their papposes, and tawdry mocasons for sale, bead-bags and bark purses, and then people of all nations, some with diseases you never heard of, and were never shocked with, before; some evidently poor and emaciated, if not starving, horses, donkeys, dogs, and sheep. If Improvement ever tried to get his hand in here, he surely must have withdrawn it quickly in utter discouragement. Every thing seems here to go by the hardest. That steamboat we are about to meet, so crowded with people, is going to Montreal, and all those are going to market. If a woman has a calf, or a sheep, or four dozen

of eggs, she goes to market herself, pays a shilling for the calf, two for herself, one for tobacco, and gets home with a pound of tobacco, and from one to two shillings in money. Such a thing as having one man take all the calves, or eggs, or sheep, would be an innovation not to be thought of.

We stop at Sorelle over one boat. Here we meet Mr. Osunkherhine, born in the wilderness of New York, on the Raquette River, about the time of year the wild geese fly north. ("Osunkherhine," "the birds are coming,") hence his name. He is now the missionary of the American Board to his people, the Abenakis Indians; a sober, shrewd, interesting, and very valuable man. Our interview is very pleasant, and we hope, on our return, to visit his flock. Sorelle is a most miserable-looking place to our eyes. Here is a single company of soldiers, and here resides the commander-in-chief of all the military forces in Canada. To-day he inspects this company for his annual report. Under the most burning sun they muster, and after standing on parade two long hours in waiting, the fat, squabby man arrives, alone, gets off his white horse, just walks round the company once, the captain following at his heels, and he then coolly asks, "Is the dinner most ready?" Soft and easy this, but his salary is, we are told, £25,000 annually.

VALLEY OF THE CHAUDIERE.

AT Point Levy, after much "dickering" in coming to a bargain, we procured a man with his horse, and the Canada horse-cart, to take us to "St. Mary's," ten leagues. It was late in the afternoon when we started, a hot day, we, and the driver, and all our baggage and provisions, piled up on that little two-wheeled machine, with a small, gnarly, ungainly, but powerful horse, to draw us. As we ascended from the St. Lawrence, we found ourselves in a flat, level prairie country, soil light and thin, and clusters of evergreen woods here and there. Now we could realize we were in a foreign country. The roads were straight and dusty; poles stuck in the ground, with pieces of tin on them punched with holes, told us when we had passed a league. At the crossings of the streets, and every now and then by the roadside, would be a Catholic symbol, a cross, a cock, a spear, a heart, a crown of thorns, &c., cut of wood, rudely painted white, and very conspicuous. In passing these, our drivers (for we changed every time we procured a new horse) would raise the hat, mutter something, and perhaps the next moment be swearing at the horse in abominable French. I never before heard praying and awful imprecations uttered so near to each other from the same lips. For our drivers we always had peasants, who owned their chubbed horses and little teetering, wabbling

carts. They always carried their own provisions, consisting chiefly of the coarsest black bread, and fed their horse only with the long grass which grew so spontaneously by the way-side, — so that all they received from you was to them clear gain.

After riding about twelve or fourteen miles from the St. Lawrence, we came to the Falls on the Chaudiere River, — most beautiful! We longed to have an intelligent population around them to admire their beauty, and if real Yankees would not yearn to see this noble river driving mills and factories at these falls, then we do not know them. And now we come to the houses, — all French, and all just as the fashion was in 1608, when they came here. Imagine a low, one-story house, few windows, the roof coming down low, and so as to jut over, and the shingles at the eaves sawed into notches like saw-teeth, — the chimneys at each end built up on the outside of the house, — the whole roof and sides whitewashed every year, — not a tree or a shrub near the house, — the pigs coming up to the door and into the door, — the inside any thing but neat, usually smoky, dingy, and dirty, — the barn long, usually thatched with coarse hay, and all whitewashed, except the roof, and that, if it be shingled, — and you have a specimen of the whole. On the banks of the Chaudiere is here and there an elm, lofty, graceful, and beautiful, but otherwise the valley is stripped of trees. Not a tree or bush of any kind, for shade, ornament, or for fruit, did we see in the whole valley. The valley is a few miles wide, and then the hills

rise up covered with forests, — at least this is so after you have left the valley of the St. Lawrence. When by a soft Canada moonlight you look around, it is most beautiful. The river murmurs along, kissing its rich banks, the tall elms look down in it as if admiring their own forms, — the white houses and barns scattered along the gentle slopes each side of the river, and the little lights borrowed from the stars reflected back towards the heavens from the waters, — all combine to make it look like an enchanted land. It seems as if it must be a paradise.

But when you come near the illusion all vanishes. These people are all very poor. You go into their houses, and there are no books, no papers, no reading of any kind. Probably very few can read at all. But in every room are female saints hung around, — all looking alike, — all having the oval, unmeaning face. In your bedroom, at the head of the bed, you will probably find a small, ugly waxen image of our Saviour. In every house you will find the children, especially the girls, comely; but all who have reached thirty are old, — they all look very old, and of the same age. Smoking and drinking, horse-racing and confessing to priests, seem to comprise all that is changeful or amusing. In the whole valley we saw not a post-office, — we do not say positively there was none, but we saw none, — we saw not a store of any kind, nor hardly a mechanic's shop of any kind, if we except a small cobbler's shop. But there were filthy drinking-taverns almost without number; at one of which they could literally accom-

moderate us with nothing, unless we wanted to smoke or to drink. Every thing called upon you to deplore the ignorance of the inhabitants, while you smiled at the results of ignorance. Here you would meet with a farmer going after hay. His team consists of two yoke of oxen, with a long pole extended from the cart, and to which pole the oxen were fastened, and drew by their horns. If the team was to turn, it took a great space, and it was a great exploit to get it round. The cart which follows this team is so unlike any thing we ever saw that we will not attempt to describe it. Here you meet with a farmer going out to mow his grass. He has a long, straight pole, and a scythe fastened on its end, as his tool. Here you will see a front lot, and in its centre a pile of stones, often fifteen rods long and several rods wide. This great heap is the accumulation from that farm for generations; and while they are lying there the man goes off, probably three miles, to cut and haul fencing. When he comes to make his fence he drives posts into the ground, two by two, close together, and withes them to each other, — a very expensive fence. It is as if he had built a solid fence of equal thickness, just as a log-house is built, except the two posts make it double. Then the farming! The hoe, mostly in the hands of females, is the large negro hoe of the South. The manure is in the way, and so they cart it off by hundreds of loads and throw it into the river! This we saw done all along the valley; or, if it has accumulated too much for this process, they move the barn away

from it, — so we were told. We saw nothing that answered to the name of a well, or a cistern, or what we call conveniences. All has an air of great discomfort. When they want an article or a tool, they pick up something that can be spared and sold, and set off to Quebec to procure it. We saw a man going seventy-five miles to procure a single scythe.

The churches are old, antiquated buildings, kept in excellent repair, but so unlike all our ideas of architecture! A steeple here at a corner, or two or three steeples, steep roofs and painted. They have the appearance of being very old. At or near each church we frequently met the priest, — usually a young man, dressed in a black, loose dress, and drawn up around the waist as if it were a petticoat gathered up behind. It more resembles that garment in make than any other. At one church a bevy of black-dressed sisters poured out, chanting something as they went round into the back door. We supposed them to be nuns.

It is very difficult for the traveller to make himself understood as he passes through this region. If you use the French word for an article, very likely they cannot understand it any better than English. At a French tavern where we arrived very late in the evening, I found myself feverish, and fairly shaking with chills. Never did my teeth chatter so, or my bones move so rapidly. I went to bed and asked the landlady if she could send me up a *bowl of hot ginger tea*? “Oui, Monsieur.” The bedstead was composed of straight sticks pinned together,

and the chairs of the same primitive pattern. After tossing, burning, chilling, and freezing perhaps an hour, up came the hostess, in the dark, with a bowl smoking hot, as I presumed, — for she had no light in the house, — and I seized it in the hopes that the ginger tea would warm me. To my mouth it went. Whew! *it was a bowl of hot gin-sling!* “Ah! Madame, tea, *ginger tea*, I want!” “O Monsieur! *gingembre!* *gingembre!* non! non! *Voulez-vous gouter de mon godet?*” “Non, Madame, *reportez, reportez, s’il vous plait.*” I lived through the night, but it was a very long one. At another time I wanted to convey the idea of an *egg*, and said, “*Un œuf?*” The head was shaken, and the look earnest. “*Un œuf frais?*” Again the head was shaken, and I was not understood. I then set up the “cut, cut, ca-daw-cut,” of the hen; and the smile, revealing a beautiful row of teeth, showed that the hens cackled in English in Canada, as well as with us. I was understood, but the eggs, — they could not be eaten as they were cooked! In the fields you see the women at work, covered with large straw hats. The people were universally civil, and even polite, always lifting the hat, if you met a man, and making a most graceful bow, if a woman. It seemed as if this population were instructed and enlightened, they would become a valuable people. They seem industrious, hardy, but awfully sunken in ignorance, superstition, and sin. It is said — I do not vouch for the truth of it — that notices are given in the churches on the Sabbath when and where a

sale of horses is to take place. What other means have they of advertising? They have no papers, and can neither read nor write. Shall we contrast them with Massachusetts, settled the same time? Not now, reader, but more anon. The only thing that looked as if it belonged to an age less than two centuries ago was here and there a — *cheap Yankee clock!*

“*Quis jam locus, —
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*”

VALLEY OF THE DU LOUP.

WE followed the beautiful valley of the Chaudiere up day after day, passing the ancient churches, St. Mary's, St. George's, St. Joseph's, *et omne id genus*, till the hills began to draw nearer to each other, and the valley to grow smaller. Here and there along the river's course would be pine logs, which were left scattered along by the “river drivers” in the early spring, as they guided down the annual harvest of lumber. It was now Saturday afternoon, and we had reached the last village, and the last house but one or two, before entering the wilderness. We were deliberating where and how to pass the Sabbath; but an hour in the filthy village decided us. We were now at the junction of the Chaudiere, the La Famine, and the Rivière du Loup (Wolf River); so, telling our guides to take the heavy

luggage on their shoulders, and each of us taking a pack, we set out, Indian file, leaving the Chaudiere, and following the Du Loup up towards its source.

After staggering along about three miles from any habitation of man, we turned into the woods, told our guides to pitch our tent in the best spot they could find, for there we should spend the Sabbath. So we boiled our tea in a large open tin pail, took out our scanty store of meat, our large supply of what we procured in Montreal under the name of ship-crackers, — (abominable stuff, and well named *crackers*, for every mouthful threatened to crack your jaws and teeth,) — and made our first meal in the wilderness. It was a magnificent Canada forest, untouched by man. We chose to Sabbatize here, rather than in the *very* dirty place we had left, and where not a soul could speak a word of English. As our camp-fire burned up, and sent up its stream of light among the tall trees, it seemed as if the trees were so many pillars, and their tops so many canopies of silver. When the camp-fire is first lighted in the forest, you always feel as if you must shout.

The next morning at daylight we were awaked by the calls of the Canada forest-bird, which they call by a term which means "the morning whistler." His notes, when he first begins, are very sad, but he is in a complete frolic before he closes them. He begins and sings, slowly and then lively, "O dear! dear! dear! — diddle-de — diddle-de — dee!" It is impossible not to love a little fellow whose notes of sorrow and of joy are so near each other. After

breakfast, the supper over again, as we sat reading our little Testaments, there came a British soldier to us, in full uniform. By some means he found we were there, and he professed to come to see who and what we were, who should stop travelling on the Sabbath. We learned from him that he, with a few comrades, were stationed near by, to look out for and catch any runaway soldiers who were making for the "States" through the wilderness, and we partly suspected that his visit to us had some such object in view. He was a Scotchman, well educated, shrewd, strong-minded, and a religious man. I asked him how it was that he could be trusted away there alone, when it would be so easy for him to run away?

"Sir," said he, "character is as valuable in the army as anywhere else. Besides, I have a wife and children at the garrison at Quebec!"

"Do you go to church when at Quebec?"

"No sir, but always to kirk."

"How are your children educated?"

"We have a free school for the children of each regiment."

"What do you do for Bibles?"

"There is a depository of Bibles printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, where we can buy a new Bible for eighteen pence" (thirty-six cents).

"That's good. Do you often think of auld Scotland?"

"Very often indeed, sir."

"Well, you know that one of her great lights has just been extinguished?"

"Your honor is referring to Chalmers, I'm a thinking."

"Yes, — and what do you think of him?"

"That he was *the* light of Scotland, sir."

After considerable conversation with this intelligent man, I turned suddenly to him and said, "Pray tell me how a good man and a Christian can be a soldier? You are bound to execute any command of your officer, to break any command of God, if he bids you, even if the command be to crucify the Son of God? And how can you reconcile it to your conscience to make it your professed and only business to shed human blood, and that, too, your business for life?"

"Does your honor believe that human governments are of divine appointment?"

"Certainly I do."

"If a human government is to stand, it must have a right to fall back on arms to support its laws, — is not this so?"

"I grant that too."

"Very well, if that government may fall back on arms if its laws are resisted, then it is lawful and right for somebody to carry and use arms, is it not?"

"I see you are trying to corner me, while you are trying to prove that you are merely a sort of police. But don't dodge the question. Suppose your officer should command you to do what you knew was

wrong, — say, put the Son of God to death, — then what is your course?"

"I must obey God and my conscience, and take the consequences."

An interesting man, and I could not but feel, from this first and last interview, that he would be one of the many who are the soldiers of Jesus Christ.

During the night following, after our camp-fire had burned down, we heard a true Irish voice calling to us, — "Shentlemen! Shentlemen!" (No answer.) "An' ba ye all dead intirely? Why don't ye spake?" But we had no particular desire for nearer acquaintance, and so we let him scream and pass on without finding us.

Monday morning early, having, at the only house in the region, procured a horse and cart, we pushed on fifteen miles, to "Armstrong's," the last human dwelling before entering the wilderness. But it was so filthy, that, leaving much of our baggage there, we now put on our woods dress, and put into the wilderness. We knew that a party of wild Indians had lately passed along here, and that, by following their trail seven miles into the woods, we should find them. Our guides took most of our luggage, and we set out. All the day we followed their footprints, and every now and then we saw the footprints of a little child, a moccasoned foot! And we were curious to see the owner of that little foot. On and on we went, — but what a walk! It seemed as if the seven miles had become three times that number.

Almost dead with fatigue, just at night we came up to them. They were encamped on the hill, from which every thing had been burned except the rocks. Here were their wigwams, of spruce bark. They were several families of the Abenakis tribe, old men and old women, brides and bridegrooms, girls and boys. They had been out hunting for eighteen months, as we understood them. But oh! how poor! their clothing little except blankets, their shoes were the skin off the moose's shank, undressed, drawn on and fitted just as taken from the animal. They had neither bread, salt, pork, nor any thing but the moose-meat, which hung up in the smoke near them in great profusion. There was one white lad, about eighteen, trying to become an Indian, with a face stupid and stolid; but him they evidently considered a drudge. The Indians were sitting around on the rocks smoking when we came up to them. But the first sight was revolting, and all the romance of the wild sons of the forest melted away in looking at bare heads, and necks, and shoulders, legs and feet, — the form dwarfed, and bronzed with smoke and dirt. As to the little moccasoned foot! He was a naked little imp, sitting on a rock alone, with a face without the expression of thought, and eating the large marrow from the thigh bone of the moose, nearly raw, without any condiment or other food. I never before saw so many countenances utterly blank and void. I understood that not one could read or write. They gave us no greeting or welcome, but kindly offered us some fresh moose, for which we gave them some crackers.

We now pitched our tent away from them in the woods, in order to lay and execute our future plans. Should we return home the same way we came, or should we push through the wilderness, and come out on the eastern shores of Maine? In the mean time we gave thanks to God for the blessings of civilized life, without any desire to enjoy the beauties and luxuries of these children of nature.

HEAD WATERS OF THE PENOBSCOT.

THE morning at last broke, but I was too unwell to proceed, and my companion and guides were very patient in waiting for me. Near by was a beaver-house, at the foot of a small pond. It was in the shape of a handsome hay-stack, though much smaller. The animal first cuts down young trees (with his teeth of course), and then cuts sticks off about two and a half or three feet long, and about as large as the arm of a man. These sticks are laid up so as to make the house octagonal or eight-sided, and laid up just as children build a "cob-house." But they are all of the same length and size. Then with his tail he plasters his house inside and out, so as to make it perfectly round. This is done with mud, and the sticks are all covered and concealed. Then he has it divided into rooms, — one below the water, in which he keeps his birch-bark, &c., for winter food. The second apartment is up out of water, where he sleeps

high and dry. But lest the waters should rise in the melting of the spring snows, he has a third room higher up still, where he is always dry. It would be very difficult for any architect to make proportions more perfect, or a dome more beautiful. We were greatly interested in the habits of these animals, and the wonders of their instincts. A single beaver has been followed more than sixty miles in the wilderness, and finally caught by the more shrewd hunter. This beaver followed up a river, and then passed through a ten-mile lake, and then up a second river forty miles. But whenever he came to a brook that emptied into his travelling river, he would stop, cut off sticks, and leave them just above the brook, to show that he had gone past the brook. But if he turned into the brook, he would leave his sticks just below the brook, to show that he had turned in there. This was to communicate, not with the keen hunter, but any beaver that might wish to follow him. Thus the very precision of his instincts makes him a prey to the stronger sagacity of man.

After the recovery of strength sufficient to walk, for which I hope I returned unfeigned thanks to God, we resumed our tramp, and when we struck the Penobscot we found it a powerful, rapid, and dangerous river. But the Indians would run their canoes down rapids that were perfectly frightful. Sometimes we would get out and clamber around the huge rocks, and look with admiration upon Pamah, as the old man on his knees in the middle of his frail canoe would dash down falls that made one shudder to

think of going down. Sometimes his canoe would rush down among the rocks, whirl round, and leap like a thing of life, but whirling or leaping, spinning or rushing, Pamah never for a moment let it get out of his control. He would whirl and turn round as quick as a cat.

And now we began to be short of provisions, and there was no way but to take the life of a moose. A moose is the largest species of deer, a beautiful and a homely, a graceful and an awkward creature. He is very large and tall, and will weigh, frequently, a thousand pounds. Suppose you were to take the round body of a beautiful horse, cut his tail off short, give him the slender and beautiful legs of the deer, put an ass's head on a camel's neck, and on that head a pair of horns that will sometimes weigh ninety pounds, and extend six feet, each horn, and then paint him black as night, and you have a pretty good moose. He will sometimes be eight feet high. The way we got them was this. In the darkest part of the short nights—for, so far north, the twilight of evening and the dawn of morning seemed to meet within about two hours—you take your seat in the bow of the canoe. The Indian sits at the other end with his paddle, which he moves noiselessly, without ever taking it out of the water. The mosquitos, the gnats, and the midges now come down upon you with a vengeance and a power that is unspeakable. You may brush, and rub, and turn, but there they are, myriads and myriads. Off you go over the beautiful Penobscot, over which the stars, and bright au-

rora borealis, and the graceful weeping elms and maples are hanging and watching.

Presently you hear a moose thrash like a huge ox, and then he blows like a whale; that is, he goes into the river where the water is perhaps seven or eight feet deep, and, thrusting his head down to the bottom of the river, he eats the long grass that grows there, and when his mouth is full, or when he must breathe, he raises his head up out of the water and blows and snorts. When you first hear him, he is, perhaps, two miles off. Silently the Indian shoots the canoe towards him. As you come near him, you begin to tremble, and to forget the biting of the insects, and think only of the great game before you. Slowly now the canoe goes towards him, keeping near the bank of the river and in the deep shade of the trees. As you approach the moose, you see a huge black something, without shape or form,—only it is the blackest thing to be seen. Which way he stands, or where his head is, you cannot even guess. The Indian now gently shakes the canoe, to let you know that he shall go no nearer. The black spot seems a great way off. You raise your rifle and guess as well as you can, and the fire leaps from the weapon of death, and the moose will probably be found within twenty rods of the spot, the next morning. It seemed cruel to kill so large a creature for food for four men; but as to the cruelty and suffering, there is more suffering in a load of starving, bleating calves, which goes down the Hudson every night, than in killing a dozen moose every day. We killed but a few, and the skins (we

gave them to our poor guides) were worth four dollars the skin. I found that the moose had no need to fear me or my rifle, for my companion never drew a trigger without killing.

The meat is very lean, juicy, and tender. We found it best fried in our short-handled frying-pan; but the Indians preferred it roasted on sticks over a hot fire. I forgot to say that in the summer the animal is jet black, hair soft and glossy. The Indians roast the shanks and legs, and get out the large marrow and eat it with great avidity. It is the only butter or oil they can get, and the civilized man can hardly imagine how the human system craves oil,—especially in a cold climate. I never saw men, at the daintiest turtle soup, eat with a greater relish, than did our guides when they had a pile of “marrow-bones” before them. But “the moose’s upper lip,”—that is considered the *ne plus ultra* of all eating, by those who are great judges in such matters. I have never heard any food—not even the beaver’s tail—so highly commended as this. It is unlike any thing I ever tasted. But whether it was because I was unwell, or because my taste needed cultivation, I do not know; but though we had the upper lip many times, I never tasted it but once.

Here on the Penobscot, in the very wilds of nature, we found “Peter Mountain,” an aged Indian, living alone with his beautiful dog, “Watch,” in a very filthy wigwam. He was a short chuck of a fellow, with long, coarse, grisly hair, like a moose’s mane, with no covering to his head, a flannel shirt and

coarse trousers for his clothing. He was very deaf, mostly blind, and a half-ludicrous, half-hideous creature. He had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company for seven years, — had been to the Rocky Mountains, and in every great forest in the land. He was quick, agile, and powerful in body. He joined himself to us, and helped us, simply for company and board, — and a hard bargain we should have had at that, if we had had to buy our provisions; for the amount which the three Indians ate was incredible. They would get our supper, see us eat, then begin to roast, eat, and talk in their tongue, and often the next morning would dawn before they got through supper. Fashionable people, who turn day into night, and night into day, have only reached the spot in refinement at which the savage has always been. In the night he eats and hunts, and in the day sleeps. Our guides were, however, faithful, attentive, and I never intimated a wish to Pamah but he made me to realize it, if within the bounds of possibility. It was difficult to make them understand sacred truths, — in religion especially. When we tried to press the conscience with religious truth, they would parry it by saying, "Me no think" (don't understand it), or, "Indian know that already." They were very great talkers with each other, and very cheerful and buoyant in their stories.

TWO THIRDS HIS VALUE.

"Do you know of a man worth six hundred dollars a year, and whom the good people of — can get for four hundred?"

"Yes, there is brother H., the very man, fully worth six hundred, and I think you can get him for four."

Such was the question which my friend put to me, and such was the answer I gave him. He went in pursuit of the minister, and I went to commune with my conscience. I knew that brother H. had been settled a few years, — a most faithful and valuable minister, — that he had been dismissed on account of poor health, greatly to the regret of his flock, — that he had a family, and must go to work somewhere as soon as possible. I knew, by mentioning him in these circumstances, I had virtually given my sanction to the bargain. Had I done right? I put it in another shape.

Suppose a man comes to me and says, "I am in want of a good ox; one that will mate mine, one that

will draw well, one that won't fret under the yoke, one that will do much work on little fodder. In short, sir, I want an ox worth one hundred dollars. Do you know of some poor man who has such an ox, and which I can get for sixty-six dollars?"

"Yes, sir, I know just the man and the ox. He is kind, well-broken, of a good disposition, and a great worker; and as the man has lost his mate, and as he is poor and can't afford to keep this ox on hand, I think you can get him for sixty-six dollars."

I put it in another shape. Suppose an incorporated company should come to me by their agent and say, —

"Sir, we want to put a factory in motion, and we want a stream to turn the wheel. Do you know of a stream that has the necessary power, which never dries up, which never runs low, and which will do all that we want, — a water-power that is worth a thousand dollars, but which some poor man would sell for two thirds of that amount?"

"Yes, sir, I have a brother who has been unfortunate, and had his mill burned, and had a family on his hands, and he must do something. I think his necessities are such, that he will be glad to sell for less than two thirds of what every body knows his water-power is worth."

I turned over the question once more, and said to myself, suppose Esquire Cooks comes to you and says, —

"Neighbor E., you know my family is getting larger and more respectable, and though we have

hitherto walked, yet I think it high time that we have something in the shape of a carriage. Do you know of some one who has a carriage worth about a hundred and fifty dollars, — not less, — which I can buy for one hundred?"

"O, yes, sir, there is my poor friend, who has a large family, and who has got a fine carriage that he might carry them — old grandmother and all — to meeting on the Sabbath; but unfortunately, he lost his horses last winter, and can't buy more, and I think he would sell his carriage for two thirds its value."

Now, on thinking it over and over again, it came to pass that there was a dialogue between me and my conscience, and it was on this wise.

Conscience. "Have you done just right in sending your friend after Mr. H., as you have just done?"

Myself. "Why not? They want a minister, and he wants to be settled. He is an excellent man, and will do good, I doubt not."

Conscience. "Do you really think his services worth six hundred dollars?"

Myself. "Indeed, I verily do. Would I say so if I did n't?"

Conscience. "You doubtless understand that your friend believes you think him justified in getting a man for two thirds of his value. And you doubtless understand that he will tell Mr. H. that you mentioned his name, and therefore that you are aiding to cheapen his services down to two thirds their value!"

Myself. "Now, my good friend conscience, you

are too hard upon me. Is n't it better that a minister should settle on four hundred dollars than starve?"

Conscience. "Would you help a man to take advantage of another and obtain an ox in this way?"

Myself. "No, indeed! But what could I have done?"

Conscience. "Done? Why told your friend that though that people might obtain that good man for two thirds his value, because of his necessities, yet it is wrong, and you cannot aid in doing it. You say you would not have done so in cheapening an ox. You would have said, 'This ox is worth one hundred dollars, and you ought to give that for it, and not take advantage of the situation of the owner.' Why did you not say so in this case?"

Myself. "Well, to speak plainly, I did n't think of *him*, I only acted for and thought of the people who wanted a good minister. But, dear conscience, your mill always grinds too hard. You don't suppose that every minister in the world is to receive just what he is worth, do you?"

Conscience. "No, but I ought not to expect that you will aid and abet in selling a brother for two thirds of his value."

Myself. "O dear! just let me off this time, and I will try never to do so again."

So conscience went to look after something else, and I sat down to muse. So my thoughts came along in their succession. I am not sure that conscience was not somewhere in the neighborhood, for they had a kind of chastened appearance, as if they had been

to school to that old gentleman, and had heard his teachings.

"So, then," — thus ran my musings, — "so, then, brother H. will go there and be settled. He will be expected to live in a house of such a character that they won't be ashamed of their minister's house, or his furniture and general style of living, and all for four hundred dollars a year. His parish is a farming one and scattered, and he must keep a horse; and then he must educate his children, it's all they *can* ever have from him, and all for four hundred dollars a year. Then he must be given to hospitality, ready to entertain all comers, or else he is not the Bishop of the New Testament. He must be first and foremost in all charities, and show himself a pattern to his people, and all for four hundred a year. He will want books and papers, and thus keep up with the times and with the world, — and how can he do it all on four hundred dollars?"

Well, where's the comfort, in all this? Why, if the good brother can't live on it, he has talents and education and skill enough, he can leave the ministry and go into some other business. Just as the good people of Virginia are said once to have concluded to debar ministers of the Gospel from the right to go to the ballot-box; and wrote to Wither-
spoon, to ask that wise man what he thought of it? He replied, with great gravity, that he thought it right, and that ministers would not complain, for, if they wanted to vote, all they had to do *was to commit some crime, and be deposed from the ministry,*

and then they could go to the ballot-box! So, if ministers don't choose to starve, they can leave the ministry and go into some other business.

After all, neither the dialogue with the conscience, nor the after musings have done much to upbuild self-complacency; but perhaps I have allowed myself to be unnecessarily depressed, and perhaps it is right to help a people to get a good minister as cheap as possible, — and if you think so, do just drop me a line, and say you have no manner of doubt of it. It will be popular too; who can tell?

OLD SABAEL, — THE INDIAN OF A CENTURY.

As the traveller leaves Lake George and goes north, he finds the country very hilly and rough, the population few and scattered, and every thing having an air of wildness. Following the lordly Hudson upward, he arrives at a point where the townships are called No. 12, 13, 14, &c., instead of having names, and where the road stops. Beyond this, far into the wilderness, the enterprising lumberman has penetrated, and all along the river are seen scattered saw logs, whose birthplace was far up among the wilds, and which were left the last spring, — the true log-driving season, — on their way down to the place where the saw-mill is ready to destroy their shape for ever. At one place, far, far up the Hudson, we found a nest of magnificent logs, which were stranded there the last spring by the sudden fall of the water. They completely choked up the river, piled up and wedged up from four to eight feet high, completely filling the river, and that for more than a mile in

length. From the point where the road seems to stop, is a path fifteen or twenty miles through the woods to Indian Lake, and through this, summer or winter, it is the best way to walk, having your luggage carried on a sled by oxen. This we found the best way even in summer. The miles are marked on trees, but they seem fearfully long. At the end of this terribly rough path you come to Indian Lake, — a long, wild, and not a very pleasant lake, — emptying into Indian River, and thence into the Hudson.

Indian Lake received its name from an old Indian who came to it many years ago, bringing an only son, and who have lived there in their rude wigwam up to the present time. The old man's name is Sabael; born on the Penobscot, more than a century ago, and afterwards joining the Canada Abenakis Indians. When, in our last war with Great Britain, the Abenakis were induced to fight against the United States, he, being a Penobscot, left his tribe, and relinquished the yearly stipend which the Canada Indians receive from the British government, and came off through the wilderness, and settled on this lonely lake. At that time the country was well stocked with moose, beaver, otters, and deer. The two former are mostly gone, while the deer, the otter, and the bear, remain in abundance.

This old Indian was in the battle at Quebec, when Wolfe fell and the city was taken. His father was a kind of chief or brave, and he was his father's cook. He knows that he was then twelve years old.

The battle took place in 1759, consequently he must now be a hundred and one years old. He speaks the English language, but not fluently. His son "Lige" (contraction for Elijah) is towards sixty years old. He was our guide in the wilderness, as he was also of Professor Emmons, when making his geological survey of the State, — a faithful, good-hearted Indian, kind, gentle, and true, — a real Indian, however. They keep a pretty black horse, for which they have, and can have, no possible use, and four hungry dogs, of which Wam-pa-ye-tah (White-foot) seemed to be the favorite. We asked old Sabael if he could see. "Me shoot so better as my son"; *i. e.* he could still beat his son with the gun. He is straight, and a powerful man; unable to read or write, a poor, ignorant Catholic in religion, and his knowledge is bounded by his experience in hunting. Even now he will take his canoe, and gun, and traps, and go off alone, six weeks at a time, on a hunting expedition. I asked him if he was never afraid while thus alone. His answer was, "Me sometimes 'fraid of Chepi (ghosts), and once 'fraid bear. Me go into great cave, — all dark, — no gun, — creep in and look round, and great bear stand right up on his hind legs and growl at me. Then my flesh feel cold, — say nothing, — creep back slow, — get out quick as can. Then me set birch-bark fire, throw him in, see bear, point in gun and shoot. Bear growl and stop, and then dead."

"But are you never afraid of the panthers which are in this wilderness?"

"No, me no 'fraid; government no more belong to beast."

"I don't understand you, Sabael."

"Me tell you what Indian say"; (i. e. an Indian tradition.) "Once time, long ago, wild beasts all come together to make government. When get there, lion say, 'I be government; I strongest.' Then all beasts say nothing; all 'fraid. Then wolf say, 'I know one stronger than you.' 'Who he?' say lion. 'His name man, and he stronger as you,' say wolf. 'Me don't 'fraid of him; be government still. Let me see him.' 'Come 'long with me,' say wolf. So wolf lead him 'way through woods, long way, and tell him to sit down by this path, and by-by see man coming 'long. So lion sit down great while, and then see little child coming, and he speak out, 'You man?' 'No; shall be one day.' Then see old man coming on staff very slow, and he cry out, 'You man?' 'No; was once; aint now; never shall be again.' By and by see one riding on horse, look like devil, and lion speak out, 'You man?' 'Yes.' 'You government?' 'Yes.' 'No, no; me government.' So lion spring at him, and man take one hees ribs and strike him (sword), and make him bleed. Then he spit at him (pistol), and wound him bad. Lion very sick, creep back to woods; no government any more. Men government ever since, and me never 'fraid to be all alone in the woods."

The wigwam of Sabael is about as uncomfortable as a dwelling could well be; the furniture a few deer-

skins, a pot, spider, frying-pan, and the like. No floor, no table, chair, or bed; but there, on the bare ground, he sits, eats, and sleeps, in summer and in winter. He told us he had discovered two silver mines (probably micaceous rocks), but he could not find them. Last year he spent more than a month in trying to find one of them, but to no purpose. He hopes yet to do so, and thinks they will yield him thousands of dollars. What would the human heart do without something to hope for? He says he first discovered the valuable iron mine at Keeseville, and sold the knowledge of it to a white man for a bushel of corn, and a dollar in money. He is a bigoted Catholic, though he has not seen a priest for many years. He has a string of beads, which a priest gave him many years ago, and which he superstitiously regards as possessing great virtue.

"What use are they, Sabael?"

"Spose me out on lake, wind blow hard, lake all too high for canoe; me drop one bead into lake, all calm and still in moment. Spose me in woods, thunder bang strike tree, me 'fraid; hang these upon limb of tree, thunder all go 'way, no hurt me. Spose woods full of Chepi (ghosts), take these beads out, all Chepi run 'way."

And yet he dared not say he had ever seen any such miracle performed by using his beads. His son is a Protestant, so far as he has any religious views, and, when he is out of the reach of ardent spirits, is a charming man. But neither has the power to resist on this point, when tempted.

Poor old Sabael ! I had heard much of him, but never expected to see him ; a forest tree more than a century old. He will soon be no more. But of what use is such a life, or scores of such, to the world or to the possessor ? How poor a creature is man, though he live to be one hundred years old, if he lives not under the light, the hopes, the motives, and the influences of the gospel ? With these, the little child may die a hundred years old, and without them, the man of a century of years is less than a child.

MEN'S RIGHTS.

You are aware that the ladies, dear souls, have just been holding a most important Convention at Worcester, at which they had resolutions, speeches, addresses, and appeals (no prayers) in abundance. There were eloquence, wit, sharp and pointed rebuke, and thrilling disclosures of unsuspected facts, from Abby Folsom, Garrison, *et omne id genus*, all on the subject of Woman's Rights. There was a Rev. Miss, besides doctoresses and the like, and they seemed to unite in one deep lamentation over the wrongs, oppressions, and slavery of woman in these United States. I read the newspapers containing full reports of this Convention, and rubbed my eyes, trying to get them wide open, for I had hitherto supposed that the ladies of this country were held in high esteem, and were treated so tenderly that they had no wish to complain. Alas ! alas ! I find they are bowed down, and trampled on, and there is not one drop of misery in the most galling slavery that our ladies have not tasted ; — not one word in the

recital of the wrongs of Egyptian bondage, that cannot apply to them. So they tell us! Well, I sat and thought it over, till my soul was moved, and with sorrow I thought what a cruel creature I had been, all my life, to my wife, daughters, and sisters. To be sure, I have always given my poor earnings into my wife's hands to spend for the family, — because I knew she could do it better than I; and I have given my daughters the best education possible, and far better than I had, — but what then? Are they not oppressed? Don't they have to use a side-saddle, and I don't? Don't they have to carry a muff, and sit under the buffalo, in a cold day, and I have the privilege of driving? When the snow is deep, don't they have to wait till I can dig paths?

Ah me! And is there nothing to be said on the other side? Suppose we carry the war into the enemy's camp a little, and speak of our sufferings and grievances. Can we not excite sympathy, if we speak of our unredressed wrongs? Now I propose to call a Man's Convention in some important place, say Matildatown, and to have a meeting of the greatest and best, the wisest and the boldest, and see if we can't emancipate ourselves from this thralldom. What do I propose? What a question! Why, sir, I would have a cavalcade of butchers as long as Maiden Lane, and I would let them tell how they have been compelled to do the dirty, disagreeable work of killing calves and pigs, sheep and oxen, and then dressing and cutting and carrying them to the door, and feeling very thankful if dear

woman would just come out to the cart, and point with her jewelled finger at the piece she would like for the table!

I would have a long line of coal-diggers come up from the deep mines where they live, two miles from daylight, and never seeing the heavens but once a week; and they should come with their little lamps in their caps, and all covered with coal-dust! No, they would not come, — they could n't be spared long enough. But they should send up their story of wrong and oppressions, and tell the Convention how no woman ever came there with pickaxe and blasting-powder. What heart in the assembly, especially what female heart, could remain unmoved, when the voice came from those dreary subterranean caverns, and when the *buried* cried out against the wrongs imposed on my sex. There are, it is said, three millions of men constantly on the deep, as sailors, standing at the helm, working the pump, climbing the shrouds, wet and cold in the storm, clinging to the wreck, going down to watery graves, — and for what? Why, that our dear ones may have their silks, their shawls, their laces, their china, and their perfumes! It is estimated that fifty thousand men, every year, are buried in the mighty deep. O woman, woman, what do ye mean? Why are you not hanging on the swinging yards, climbing the mast, and facing these hardships and dangers? I do protest against the slavery to which ye have sunk my kind!

And the Convention should be electrified by the

eloquence of men who fill our streets, who bear burdens, who carry all the brick and mortar to build the fine houses, who are obliged to handle pork and tobacco, train-oil and sugar, molasses and codfish, who are all day long confined in dusty, close counting-rooms, and exhausting life and strength over blotted account-books, who in lonely church-yards must dig graves, and work with no company save the mouldering dead. Are we not compelled, early and late, to do the hardest, vilest, filthiest work that human beings ever performed? What a story of wrong could we not tell? When I come down to your great city, I can't get a seat in the cars, till the ladies are provided for, and that, too, next to the window. I can't get a seat at the table, at the hotel or in the steamboat, till the ladies are seated at the head of the table, where I understand the greatest delicacies are placed. And if any body has to wait for the second table, and eat fragments, it's not a lady. If a gentleman has a seat in the cars, and a lady comes in, and wants it, though he were Melchisedek himself, he must give it up cheerfully. Ah! and who feeds the iron horse, and makes the cars go? Who lights the street-lamps, brushes boots, colors your hats, and pounds down the stones in the street? O men! men! poor men! my soul yearns over you, and longs for your deliverance! Do you not see that it's the women who keep you down to these ignoble toils, and who snuff out the very light of your existence? Do you not see that, if they would only come and help us, and lift off our

burden, we may be free! I used to think — foolish me! — I used to think that the Bible made us to be the protectors of women, and that thus the strong were to bear the infirmities of the weak, and that we could not fulfil the designs of Providence without doing all this hard drudgery, and exempting our feeble sisters from it: but since I've read the report of the Worcester Convention, I have learned that Paul was "an old bachelor," and "partook of the prejudices of the times," and that man was not designed to be "the head of the woman." I knew it was disagreeable to be surgeons, and amputate arms and legs, and cut out tumors, and sew up wounds, but I had no idea that the ladies were longing to cut and saw too. I knew that our lawyers were a kind of civil police to keep the community quiet, and aided, as a chimney, to carry off the smoke of society, but I had no idea that our ladies were grieved that they were not chimneys too! I knew that our clergymen must be poor, and work hard, and be "fools for Christ's sake," but I did n't know that women wanted to become fools too! In short, I see things in a new and strange light, and I am all awake for having a Men's Rights Convention.

DEDICATION OF OUR NEW CEMETERY.

WE have just returned from dedicating our new Cemetery. It is of very great extent. Solemn woods, sunny lawns, pleasant hills and dales, and a singing stream, which, stopping once in its course, forms a beautiful little lakelet,—all are found in our chosen resting-place for the dead. Miles of smooth carriage-road wind among the hillocks and trees, and as the stranger rides now in sunlight and now in shade, he confesses that no expense has been spared, and that it is an honor to the town. But the Dedication. The morning was beautifully clear, and, as the thousands gathered to move in procession, no banner or martial music disturbed the solemnity of the occasion. The bell tolling, a single bass-drum beating time to our footsteps, the procession, a mile in length, went forward to the grounds. In one of the beautiful groves, and on the side of a hill, the seats and the platform were arranged, and at least three thousand sat down in silence. The exercises consisted of prayer, reading the Scriptures, singing,

addresses, and a sweet poem from a most gifted mind,—Dr. Holmes. We seemed to be standing between the living and the dead.

We were drawn back to the past and connected with our fathers; for we are to remove, as far as possible, all the dead who have been buried in this town since its first settlement, and lay their bones here, to be disturbed no more, we trust, till the resurrection day.

We were solemn, for we seemed to be looking into our own graves; for though it is now “a new sepulchre wherein never man was yet laid,” yet we knew that the first graves would soon be opened, and that beneath these lofty trees our own dust must shortly sleep. We were connected with the future, for we knew that it will be at least two hundred, perhaps five hundred years, before the dead will again call for more room. We were doing what will not be again done here for centuries, and here the dust of our children and of our posterity is to be gathered. And we thought how we should then be centuries old ourselves, and through how many strange scenes of thinking, feeling, hoping, fearing, suffering, and enjoying, we should pass ere that day comes.

The great congregation that assembled to-day is but a small part of that which shall be gathered in the future. We felt that this will be the place, not merely where the dead shall rest in silence and in peace, but it will be the spot where affection would pour out her tears, where sorrow would mingle her sighs with the moanings of the trees, and where the

heart, coming here alone, will commune as it were with the love-born spirits who have left them, and will lift up its prayer to Him who will one day destroy death, and shut up the grave for ever. We seemed, too, to take hold of a chain that drew us back to glorious Abraham, who bought the first sepulchre of which we read, and took the first deed of land which is recorded.

How much hath Jesus Christ done to make the burial-place light, and hopeful, and beautiful! The old Greeks, who could only *long* for immortality, for they never could assure themselves of it, called the graveyard (*Polyandron*) the *place of many men*, — the gathering-place; but in later days the Christians called it (*Koimeterion*) the *sleeping-place*. And we know that Christ himself was buried, — in a garden, — as if to sanction our adorning the place of the dead; and that, though doubt and infidelity may look into the grave and see nothing but darkness and gloom, and shudderingly may call death an eternal sleep, Christ lifts up the pall that hangs over it, and shows us only a sleeping-place where the soul changes her earthly dress for the garments of immortality. To the trembling soul, who, through fear of death, is all “lifetime subject to bondage,” the angel of hope says, pointing to the grave, “Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”

“Thy Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.”

And he hath sweetened and blessed our homes, hath

bound the hearts there together in love, and thus hath made the grave more pleasant, because the affections which cluster around it are not the coarse affections of the savage, or the deadened feelings of unbelief, but the love of hearts that mourned and rejoiced together, and which hope to be reunited in a world where there are no graves. He promises to come and awaken and raise every sleeper, and to destroy the last enemy. The death of his saints, though terrible and forbidding, is precious in his sight. And thus, over the most fearful spot upon which we are ever called to look, — the spot where we are to lie till the resurrection day, — has Christ thrown the moral grandeur of Hope, of Expectation, of Desire, and of Certainty.

From every part of such a Cemetery will a mysterious influence go forth upon the living, and when busy feet shall tread these winding paths, the merry whistle and laugh will be hushed, and the lights and shadows under these lofty trees will speak to the heart of the moral light and shade which fall on these graves.

It was a solemn reflection, too, that time will continue to consecrate these grounds, till they are all filled up. It will be centuries ere that time comes, but oh! when the last coffin is brought here, and the last grave is dug, how consecrated and sacred will the spot be!

Most of the hushed multitudes present looked upon it as the place where, probably, their dust will rest till the last great day, — when the dead, small

and great, shall stand before God, and these grounds be covered with the waiting, anxious multitudes!

The mountains and hills will then be standing here hardly changed, save that the beautiful valley will then be filled with living men; and it was not difficult to imagine the hill-sides and mountain-tops covered with the living, who were looking down to see the vast congregation of the risen dead in these grounds, and they, like us, about to be openly judged, and to enter upon a state of never-ending progression, — in light or darkness.

Slowly we returned from the spot, — one of the most solemn on which I ever stood, — the place was holy. Scarcely a smile was seen upon any face, and the impression I received was, that this great congregation believe the Bible, — they connect Time with Eternity; they know that they must die, and that after death is the judgment.

DISCOVERIES NEW AND INTERESTING.

WHEN the Bible predicts that "the old heavens and the old earth" shall pass away, some wise commentators teach us, that it means that old notions and old theories shall pass away and be forgotten! And if this interpretation be correct, if we have not lived to see "the new heavens and the new earth," we at least see the chaos out of which they are to emerge. Almost every week startles us with some new discovery in science, or in the mental world, till at last it takes a great deal to startle us. One of the most recent of these is, that the old notion that death has a sting, and is the king of terrors, is exploded, — that the separation of the soul and body, so far from being dreadful, is a very easy affair, and the sensations are, on the whole, most pleasurable. A soft slumber, when the mind and body are in perfect health, is nothing to it. All our talk and notions about "the pangs of death" are false, and belong to the darkness which the light of science is sure to dispel. We have it demonstrat-

ed that *drowning* is perfectly delightful. The man lies in the water, and rainbows hang over him, and the most beautiful visions break in upon him, and so far from struggling, and catching, and clutching at straws, sea-weed, sand, or any thing else, all he has to do is to lie still and enjoy it. As these things are said gravely and with wisdom, — or, at least, with the claim to wisdom, — we trust they will afford great relief to the anti-capital-punishment people, — that those who have shuddered at the unsophisticated cruelty of hanging the murderer will cease to shudder. We hope, too, that these new views will not become so prevalent and so woven into our notions, that all classes will rush into suicide to enjoy the pleasures of hanging, and that our children will not begin to hang one another, because their teachers can demonstrate how thrilling must be the sensation. We should regret to have it become fashionable. But seriously, we are sorry to have such views circulated, because we believe them to be untrue, and because, were they to prevail, their effects would be injurious. We appeal both to the Bible and to experience.

We have entirely mistaken the Scriptures, if they do not by design make the impression that death is one of the penalties of sin, — the strong and the decided mark which God has fixed upon our race, as a token of his abhorrence of sin. All the imagery of the Bible goes to make the impression that dying is, and must be, a most fearful event. And when he would represent the loss of the soul, even “everlast-

ing destruction,” God borrows the image of death to represent it, — calling it “the second death.” The strongest instincts of our nature are arrayed against it, and the region and shadow of death is a gloomy region, as well in the days of Job as in these last days. One of the joys of heaven is, “Neither do they die any more.” Death is the strongest and the deepest mark which God has made in this world of his disapprobation of sin. The “bitterness of death” was no more bitter to Agag, than to all who are called to taste it; and we must get rid of the impressions which the Scriptures everywhere make upon us, before we can receive these new notions.

Then we appeal to experience. Ministers of the Gospel will not readily be made to believe that, in ordinary cases, the pangs of death are not, as they were designed to be, fearful; especially if they have been in the habit of visiting the sick and the dying. We can recall the face, and almost the voice, of a woman whose dying shrieks filled the whole neighborhood, and which were continued up to the very instant of dissolution. We can recall a second, when the agonies of death were such as almost to start the eyeballs from the sockets; another, in which the dying one seized the physician, and, with an eye and a look speaking unutterable agony, besought him to aid him; and another, when it took four strong men to hold the poor fellow down on the bed, while death was doing his work. Almost every one can call up such cases, — some of whom gave the best evidence of piety and of being prepared to

meet death. And who has not gazed at the corpse immediately after the agonies of death were over, and seen in the distortion of the face, in the position of the eyeballs, in the clenching of the fists, and in the whole appearance, evidence enough that there had been "pangs," "sorrows," and agonies too great to be described? It does not relieve us to tell us that the sufferer is no sufferer, inasmuch as he is unconscious of suffering, — for this can never be proved. Does it follow that the patient, sick with a fever, parched, rolling, tossing, groaning, and it may be shrieking, suffers not, because when he recovers he cannot recall his sufferings?

In no sense would we speak lightly or triflingly of that solemn event, the dissolution of the body and the departure of the soul. Doubtless its solemnity arises chiefly from the fact that after death cometh the judgment; but aside from that, we have no doubt but that God intended it to be emphatically the mark of his displeasure against sin; the valley and the shadow of death to be fearful. The Gospel mitigates the sufferings and the pangs of death, not by telling us there are no pangs and there are no sufferings in dissolution, but by giving us a faith that lifts us above them. The Christian can die with a smile often, and with triumph even at the stake, — not because the fire has lost its power to produce agony, and not because martyrdom is not full of pains, but because there is so much of hope and faith in the soul, that she can partially forget her sufferings. Whether the human body and soul be torn asunder by the violence

of crucifixion or of disease, we have no idea that the house is to be taken down, in ordinary cases, without much and decided suffering. That disease may sometimes benumb the sensibilities, so that the whole system may be unconscious of suffering, as chloroform will render men unconscious, we do not doubt; but these, we have no doubt, are exceptions; and the man who wants to die easy must not draw his hope of doing so from the theories on which we are commenting, but from the faith and the hopes of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. We dare not tell our friends, or say to ourselves, that death is terrible only in imagination, and that the severing of soul and body is only as the quiet, unconscious sleep of health; but we may say that Christ can take away the sting of death, and the victory of the grave, and that he can deliver those who were all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death. We may take away the fears and terrors of the solemnities of death, not by asserting that the sensations of death are easy or pleasurable, which we believe to be far from the truth, but by laying hold on our great Deliverer and Captain of our salvation.

THE END.

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Extract from a Letter. — "In begging you to express my thanks to — for the excellent little volume of 'Lectures to Children,' I cannot refrain from mentioning the great delight, and I hope edification, with which my daughter, of five years old, peruses them. I have kept them as a part of her Sunday reading, because they opened such fine subjects of conversation for that sacred day. But this morning she comes to me, and says, fervently, 'Mother, if I get all my lessons perfectly, may I read one of Mr. Todd's sweet sermons?' and by her application to her simple tasks in geography, natural history, and writing, won the desired reward. Such a suffrage from a simple-hearted and intelligent little one weighs more, in my opinion, than the praise of practised critics." — *From Mrs. Sigourney*.