

"As I sit by my fire, the penetrating screams of a panther ring out from the summit of the ledge, just over my quarters."

# MARCUS BLAIR.

A STORY OF PROVINCIAL TIMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG.

BY

CALEB E. WRIGHT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



PHILADELPHIA:  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1873.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

---

39103 . W93 m  
~~~~~  
LIPPINCOTT'S PRESS,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
~~~~~

## DEDICATION.

---

SOME stormy nights of a winter noted for its storms of sleet and snow afforded me opportunity of writing this little volume. Denied for a time the enjoyments of the home circle whilst away on official duties, and shut up to the seclusion of my hotel chamber, that which under other circumstances would have been a task proved the most agreeable pastime.

I dedicate the result to my constant associate for thirty years,—my safest counselor,—my assiduous and skillful physician,—my most loving and devoted, faithful, and good wife.

THE AUTHOR.

WILKES BARRE, *March 22, 1873.*

## PREFACE.

---

OUR family name is Blair. I am Thomas Blair. Five succeeding generations of us have occupied the tenement wherein I now reside. The farm was originally purchased by the father of Marcus Blair, my great-great-grandfather. The land fell within the bounds of Penn's Indian purchase,—one of my relatives by marriage, Marshall, having settled the extent of the purchase by his famous day's walk.

This Marcus Blair was in the English army at the time of the old French war. Afterward, for a year or two, he engaged in farming; then he became a minister of the gospel, and was very noted. He officiated at more funerals, and joined more couples in matrimony, than any three ministers put together within a circuit of forty miles around. At his decease the place descended to his oldest son; he in turn was succeeded in the possession by his son, Marshall Blair, my father. I went into possession as owner two years ago, moving in with my wife and four children.



My eldest child, Lycurgus, is now fourteen. The school-children have abbreviated his first name, so that he is called Lie Blair. I don't think this is meant by them as a reflection. It is true my son is of an active imagination, and any subject in his hand is not deficient in coloring. His mother maintains, notwithstanding his ardent temperament, that he is a candid, honest, and truthful boy. Let that pass. I was about to speak of a few incidents connected with my son that not a little puzzled me. For some weeks, on Saturday afternoons, there being then recess in school, mysterious convocations have been held in my garret. I should think about a dozen of youngsters, male and female, in age corresponding with Lycurgus, would gather together. How the secret conclave occupied themselves was a mystery. Their manifestations were various in kind. Now and then peals of laughter issued from the dormitory, supplemented with great clapping of little hands; then profound stillness would ensue, and only the voice of Lycurgus be heard.

The other day, being in the second story, I heard a few sobs, and could detect the female juveniles exclaiming, "Indeed, that's too bad! Poor thing! The dear little beauty!" etc. I observed further,

that when the assembly broke up, and the members filed down the stairs, a good many red eyes were perceptible.

Happening last Saturday two weeks to be out-of-doors, I witnessed a singular proceeding. By a spring at the corner of our grove, back of the buildings, was a sort of booth, made chiefly of fence rails set on end. It had, over the entrance, a bit of board, on which was written in red chalk and in large letters the words FAIR HAVENS. About thirty rods off, on the bank of a rivulet, was a second, built of brush with the leaves on; over this appeared the words CAMP CELLAR-HOLE. From the first of these I perceived Lycurgus issue forth, followed by a crowd of children in a high state of enthusiasm. Lycurgus was marvelously arrayed in a dress of skins,—that of a black sheep, tanned with the wool on, the most conspicuous. He had a big fur cap on his head and a false beard on his face; a knapsack on his shoulders, and an old shot-gun in his hand. He was followed by my dog Cæsar, with a stuffed pillow-case strapped on his back. This singular company of pilgrims seemed to be making a passage from one of these booths to the other.

On going into the house, I laid this matter be-

fore my wife, hoping she might possibly be able to explain not only this fantastical procession out-of-doors, but the garret convocations as well. She informed me that all she had been able to gather on the subject was, that some kind of a manuscript volume had fallen into the hands of the children, which they were much absorbed in, and which they indefinitely spoke of as the "Crusoe book."

In addition to the above, I will further state, that on a Saturday morning afterward I discovered lying on the breakfast-table, by my little daughter's plate, a note, written in the school-boy hand of Lycurgus, profusely decorated with flourishes, which ran thus:

"The undersigned is reluctantly compelled to inform his friends (and which he takes occasion to do through the politeness of his sister) that adverse circumstances over which he has no control will interfere with the accustomed perusal of the Crusoe book this p. m. He is, however, permitted to indulge the hope that the perusal will be renewed, at the usual place, on Saturday of the coming week, at three o'clock, sharp.

"He further begs to state, that should the weather

prove auspicious, the line of march will be renewed from Camp Pigeon to Camp Poco-poco.

"He avails himself of the present opportunity to renew to his attached friends

"The assurances of

"His distinguished regards

"LYCURGUS BLAIR."

Under the name signed to this pompous bit of diplomatic courtesy was a flourish worthy the imitation of the proudest grandee of Spain. I took occasion the same day to inquire of the writer what this book was that I understood had fallen into his hands. At first he seemed inclined to evade the inquiry, but consented at length to make the disclosure, under express reservation of the right to finish reading the work before handing it over to me. I agreed to this, making inquiry as to whom the volume belonged, or where it had been found. To this answer was made that it was found in a certain chest (I had often seen the same in the garret), which he had taken the liberty to look into. I knew this chest had belonged to my great-great-grandfather, Marcus Blair, and was known to contain his ministerial books, papers, sermons, etc.

After a week or two, Lycurgus put the book in my hands. It was rather ancient in appearance, the bear-skin with which it seemed to have been covered having lost most of its hair. I read the manuscript through at once,—then re-read it to my wife, all the children being present. I now place it before the reader, having divided the same into chapters, and prefixed a quotation to each.

THOMAS BLAIR.

## MARCUS BLAIR.

---

### CHAPTER I.

"What tangled, crowded growth is here!  
 Above, the wedded boughs lock hands;  
 Beneath are matted roots and vines,  
 And laurel down the slope and pines;  
 The axe and plow know not these lands.  
 No pathway threads the rocky swale  
 Cumbered with fallen trunks, uprooted by the gale."

THOMAS MARSHALL and I parted company in the month of October. It was under these circumstances. Fourteen days before, we had set out from the eastern shore of Lake Erie. Our purpose was to traverse the wilderness between that point and the Atlantic coast. The old French war was not yet concluded; but he and I had been released from service. We were turning our faces towards home.

We had between us a stout mule, upon which we loaded our luggage. This being a sufficient load for the animal, we traveled on foot. As there was no road leading in the direction we took, we went altogether by compass. Part of the time our progress was very slow. The last few days we

encountered innumerable obstacles. The country became very densely wooded, and the surface exceedingly rocky. We had been journeying at right angles to the hills and courses of the streams. The last two days we had not made twenty miles, though we had toiled from sun to sun. The last day had been almost wholly occupied in making our descent from the top of a mountain ridge, thence across a large creek, and thence up the side of another mountain almost as high. A couple of miles more, and night overtook us on the brow of a hill, in the dense woods at whose foot we heard the roar of another stream. When morning came we arose, but slightly refreshed by sleep. The prospect before us was very discouraging; though the mule seemed to stand the journey tolerably well, yet the exertion of clambering over logs and stones kept shifting his burden a good deal, and his back was getting sore. The further we went the rougher became the way. And now we were casting our eyes down into a thick swale which seemed almost impassable. Thomas Marshall was an older man than I, and I deferred to his opinion. He said he would diverge at right angles to our course, and follow the brow of the ridge a day's walk or more, unless he sooner discovered a better route. As soon, however, as he found such a route, he would retrace his steps. In the mean time, I was to camp there until he joined me. So we parted, as I have stated at the opening, and I saw him no more.

After I had taken my morning repast, and the mule had finished browsing, I concluded to camp down by the creek, and so I began the descent. It was probably nine o'clock in the morning, when, in passing over the surface of a smooth rock, the animal slipped and partly fell; recovering in a measure, he sprang forward, and in so doing blundered upon me as I was leading him, and we both went down in a heap,—the mule on top. In a sudden effort to rise again he broke the girth of the pack-saddle, and got on his feet disencumbered of his load, except a bag containing a few articles. I threw out my hand to catch the leading line, but the wary brute evaded me. For a moment he looked round on the wreck with pointed ears, then gave a snort, kicked up his heels, erected his tail, and set off at full speed on the return route. I had with me a slut of the shepherd breed, called Pinch, whom I sent after the runaway, hoping she might head him, or bring him to bay. But Pinch soon came back alone. I confess that my heart thrilled with not a little of despair, for I knew all hope of retaking him was in vain. He would retrace our way to the lake.

On attempting to crawl from under the luggage, I discovered that my left foot was a good deal bruised, and the ankle sprained. I could scarce bear my weight upon it. Walking was exceedingly difficult. My first thought was connected with my gun. I took it up with much foreboding, but found

it all right. This was a great relief. I then sat down, beginning to feel faint. The pain of my foot, though considerable, was exceeded by my mental apprehensions. What was to be done? If I should be unable to walk, Thomas Marshall could not carry me, and we might both be detained in this wilderness until winter should set in. I thought over the matter for at least an hour.

In the mean time my foot and ankle commenced to swell. The pain became very intense. I must do something,—idleness would but make matters the worse. I hobbled to the brow of the rock, and looking below, saw a small rill issuing from its base and flowing off to the creek. A spring thus gushing from the ledge must be cold. Just a little beyond, a break in the face of the precipice seemed to promise a means of descent. I took Pinch and went to examine it. It didn't look very inviting, however. The ledge was at least fifty feet in height. I concluded if Pinch could go down probably I could. Throwing down my walking-stick, I told her to bring it to me. Without much difficulty she went down, and soon came back with the cane. Having set Pinch as guard over the baggage, I then attempted the feat myself. It was accomplished, but with a good deal of difficulty. The spring proved to be truly magnificent. Stripping the foot and ankle bare, I bathed them a long time. The effect was favorable,—the swelling was arrested and the inflammation allayed. So I clambered up

the ledge again, and began the arduous task of transferring my chattels down to the spring. It being impossible to take much at a time, I was a long time about it. Night had almost set in before I had finished. Of course Marshall had not returned, and my situation was less agreeable on that account. Having done what I could for my lame limb, I lay down on some leaves at my camp-fire, with Pinch at my feet, and was soon asleep.

On the morning of the 4th of October I was up at daylight, much refreshed in body, but with a very lame foot. I bathed it again in the cold water, and having wrapped a cloth round it, I procured a crutch, stirred up the fire, and cooked my morning meal. Pinch and I enjoyed our modicum with mutual relish. As I now and then addressed her with a word, and threw her a bit of the broiled meat, she answered with the unfailing wag of the tail. I whiled away the day in a listless manner, having no occupation but to wait and watch for the return of Thomas Marshall. As night came on, I prepared a poultice of salt and sugar for my sprain. On the next morning I found the application had much improved my condition. During the second day I moved about a little, and killed a wild turkey. But as night drew on, I began to feel a good deal disappointed, as Marshall had not come. On the morning of the third day I fired off my gun as a signal. No answer came. During the day I fired repeated signals with no better success.

As I lay down to sleep at night, I ran the matter over in my mind, and came to the conclusion that Marshall was lost. He had not taken the compass with him, and had probably got bewildered. The sun came up on the morning of the fourth day, and I ceased to have any hope of seeing Thomas Marshall.

I gave up this day to the most anxious reflection, as to what it would be proper for me to do. Although my foot and ankle were somewhat improved, I dared not attempt to leave this place. I could not carry the luggage, or any considerable part of it. If I attempted to go on, the probability was I could not reach any frontier settlement before winter set in. And besides, I was wholly ignorant of the distance to any white settlement. My crude impression was, that it could not be short of several hundred miles. And then the intermediate district might be exceedingly rough and difficult to pass through. As I lay by my camp-fire that night, my plans took form. Therefore, when morning came, I arose ready for action.

It was now Monday, the 9th day of October. I had my stock of provisions to secure, and a shelter of some kind to construct. It occurred to me as best to obtain a limited stock at first, that might last me whilst I was building a house. In making an examination of my territory, I found myself to be in a narrow valley or defile, something like a hundred yards in width, hemmed in on both sides

by almost perpendicular ledges of rock. A thick growth of timber covered the little plain far as I could see. Through the midst of it coursed a large and rapid creek. The ground on both sides of it was reasonably smooth. The evidences of game were very flattering, so that I had no apprehensions on that score. Leaving Pinch to look after the luggage, I hobbled off with my gun down the stream in search of game. I could not have desired better luck, for in half an hour's time I killed a deer. The saddle, skin, and horns I brought in. This occupied me the full half of the day. Pinch and I had that day a good dinner and supper. The day's work, however, was hard upon my disabled ankle. It pained me in a severe manner. Bathing the lacerated part, and wrapping it again in the poultice of sugar and salt, I lay down by my fire for another night.

I awoke quite refreshed on the morning of the 10th of October. It was a beautiful day, apparently the height of Indian summer. My foot was considerably better. After I had cooked and eaten breakfast, I decided on the site of my tenement. The face of the ledge, at the bottom of which the spring gushed out, and on the top of which I had suffered shipwreck, ran up perpendicularly about sixteen or eighteen feet, with a regular and smooth surface. Then it projected over a yard, and thence continued straight up again some fifty or sixty feet more.

I proceeded to lay out the ground-plan of my dwelling, fourteen feet wide by sixteen in length. As my purpose was to build with poles, six or eight inches in diameter, set up against the rock at an angle of forty-five degrees, the foot of each resting on the ground fourteen feet from the base of the ledge, the length of pole required would be eighteen feet. These were to be found near at hand in great abundance, growing straight as reeds, and more than thirty feet without limbs. Each tree would make two sticks of the required length. The spring would be in one corner of the hut, saving me the necessity of going out for water, after the snows should fall. The small axe I had with me being in good condition, and the trees a sapling growth of white pine, I fell to work in good earnest, and by dinner-time had cut a sufficient number for the purpose. During the afternoon I rolled them to the spot where they were to be put up. This I regarded as a good day's work. It appeared likewise to be satisfactory to Pinch, who had looked on very gravely as the work proceeded. I was furthermore much encouraged by the fact that my foot and ankle were no worse. After a good broil of venison, we retired to rest.

## CHAPTER II.

"Here the architect  
Doth not with curious skill a pile erect  
Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry,  
But builds a house from stern necessity."

*October 11.*—Felt much better than on the morning of yesterday. Weather still fine. Breakfast over, set to in raising my house. I had at first anticipated much difficulty in getting the first few poles raised to their position. After three or four should be up, I knew very well there would be no difficulty in running up the others upon them. But all this matter I fully studied out betwixt sleeping and waking. I set to work, and constructed in a few minutes two pairs of what mechanics denominate shears. They were of different lengths. They were made by taking two sticks of the size of a handspike, and fastening them together eighteen inches from the top with a hickory withe. The feet of the sticks being then spread apart, a crotch would be the result at the top, in which the end of the pole to be raised would rest when lifted into it. The plan worked to perfection. Having placed my first log with one end touching the ledge, I raised it from the ground and slipped the shortest pair of shears under it. Then placing my shoulder under the



log, at the end by the rock, I raised it up higher, pushing the shears along before me, and thus securing it each time at its height of elevation. As soon as the shorter pair of shears failed of their purpose, the longer pair were brought into use. And thus in a short time the first pole was in its place, and firmly secured by a wooden pin driven into the ground at the lower end. Before raising it, I had chopped off the upper end at a bevel, so that, when in place, it lay flat against the surface of the ledge. Then having in the same manner put up a second pole by the side of the first, I had no further need for the shears, as it was easy to slide up the others upon those in place, and roll them severally into their proper positions. My plans succeeded so admirably, and I worked with so much zeal and pleasure, the whole space of twenty feet (for I added four to my original design) was covered before sunset. Pinch and I had the satisfaction of sleeping under the structure at night.

*October 12.*—Before I had arisen in the morning, I had settled the plan of putting ends to the mansion. I could hardly spare time for my breakfast before I was about it. In the first place, I dug a trench at each end of the house, directly under the first two of the logs. The trenches were about a foot deep and a foot wide, and ran to within three feet of the ledge, where was to be space left for a doorway at each end. Then I set logs on end in

the trenches, after the manner of a palisade. The upper ends of the posts being cut with the usual bevel in chopping, they fitted admirably between the two covering poles at the top. When the trenches were filled in again, the bottoms were firmly secured. Both ends of the mansion being nicely closed in, the day's work was done. Weather still fine, and the lame member gradually improving.

*October 13.*—This, I had foreseen, was to be a day of hard labor. I was about to put in practice the knowledge I had acquired as a stone-mason in boyhood, in assisting at the laying up a few stone fences, and the cellar-wall of my father's house. My task now was to build a chimney and fireplace. But nowhere in the world could be found better materials for the purpose than I had close at hand. A kind of slate-rock, but a few rods off, yielded me stone as smooth and regular of form as if made by machinery. I therefore went to work with great cheer. Having laid down the hearth, I proceeded to build up the jambs a little over a foot thick, three feet apart, and extending out into the room two feet and a half. When the jambs were four and a half feet high, I laid across, from side to side, in front, a piece of green hemlock log, made flat on top, that the front part of the chimney might rest on it. The crevices of the walls, on the inside, I daubed with wet clay. The chimney, as I carried it up, was daubed in the



same manner. So faithfully had I wrought this day that at dark the chimney reached within a foot of the roof. Much fatigued, and with my foot something worse, I went willingly to bed.

*October 14.*—To carry the chimney out through the roof, and daub outside in such way as to turn water, was a troublesome job. It occupied me the whole day; but I toiled on to its completion. Towards night, let a stone fall on my lame foot. The pain was so great for a short time that I came nigh fainting. Was glad to turn in without supper. My rest was not good; awake a portion of the night. As often as I dropped asleep, I would be awakened by the barking of Pinch. Wolves were around in full numbers, and their howling just across the stream was not pleasant to hear.

*Sunday, October 15.*—In the morning a smart shower. Pinch and I found little protection under our roof, save in that part of it under the jutting brow of the rock; but this was a space of three feet, and amply sheltered us. The shower lasted but half an hour. Afterward the sun came out beautifully. Nursing my foot, I passed the sabbath without labor. During the afternoon an incident occurred which gave me much pleasure. A large chip lay out by the doorway of my cabin, on which a little sugar had been spilled. The rain had mostly dissolved it. I observed a bee or two regaling themselves at my expense. Turning to it again after an hour's time, the number of the

bees had much increased. After witnessing them some time, it occurred to me that I might trace them to their hive. There was not the least trouble in doing it, as there was a well-defined line of them from the chip to a large tree only fifteen rods off. About twenty-five feet from the ground was a little hole, plainly perceptible, in and out of which they were continually passing. This was a flattering discovery indeed. After the completion of my dwelling, I should have no difficulty in gathering my store of honey.

The day's rest had much improved the condition of my ankle. The sun set fair, and I was soon after dark settled for a good sleep.

*October 16.*—As nice a Monday morning as the laborer ever wished for. Feeling cheerful, and quite strong on the wounded limb, my breakfast was dispatched, and I was at work. A big day's labor was before me. Having chinked in the spaces between the logs with split strips of pine, so as to make a tolerably smooth surface, I began covering the whole roof with clay, mixed to a stiff mortar. With a broad, thin paddle, I plastered it on as nicely as ever a beaver did with his trowel-formed tail. When I had finished, it was a perfect thing, and, after becoming dry, would be as secure a roof as the skill of man could construct. Throwing down the paddle when I had put on the last finishing touch, I remarked to Pinch that the job was done and we would go to supper.

*October 17.*—Shot a pheasant on a tree close by my cabin. This reminds me that I must hurry up my building, that time may be afforded me during the fair weather to gather my winter supplies. I am fully apprised of the severity of winters in this latitude, and the depth of snow, which sometimes prevents traveling altogether. Before I got up this morning I had matured in my mind the form of doors for my dwelling-house, but was staggered in devising some substitute for glass in the windows over them. It must be of such material as will afford passage of light, but not heat. I therefore left it as matter for future consideration.

After breakfast, went to work on doors. Putting an upright pole next the rock, in the same way as I had put up the others forming the gables, left me an open space for doorways of two feet and a half. At the height of five feet I put in a cross-tie. The space above this was to serve the purpose of a window. As I had an inch auger, it was but a slight task to make these two doors, five feet by two and a half. I first made a frame of oak saplings, and then nailed on strips of pine, rived out like shingles, and dressed down a little. I began at the bottom, and lapped the upper one a little over the lower, after the manner of putting on siding. Stout hickory withes served the purpose of hinges, by which the door was hung. On the upright log at the other side of the door was nailed a stop, so that the door could only open

outwards. The fastening was on the inside. But it was so arranged that, on going out, I could fasten the door and open it also. This was a secret.

Excepting the spaces over the doors, I was now housed in. After nightfall, I built a fire in my new fireplace, on which to roast the pheasant for Pinch and myself. To my delight, the chimney drew wondrously well. Pinch sat by one jamb and I by the other, looking upon the bed of glowing embers, and catching, now and then, a sniff of the savory bird. When the biped was done nice and brown, we set to, each with a first-class appetite. Betwixt us the pheasant disappeared, bones and all. I was not certain but my companion liked the bones better than the flesh. Soon after the repast I turned in.

*October 18.*—It rains this morning. For an hour after my meal I have been awaiting the cessation of the shower, I having been disturbed a good deal during the night by the music of my forest neighbors. The wolves may be heard almost any night, as likewise the foxes and hoot-owls. But near daylight, with the noise of the rain came the first salutation of the panther. I don't think this particular one has found me out, as I should think he must have been more than a mile and a half away. The cry of the wildcat and that of the catamount are sufficiently disagreeable; but the indescribable scream of the panther, it seems

to me, has no parallel in nature. However accustomed the ear of man becomes to the outcries of the savage denizens of the woods, it is a long time before it grows reconciled to the shrill scream of this fierce prowler. I have heard it often enough before, but never without a thrill running through me from head to foot. It occurred to me this morning, as I started up from my bed of leaves, when this terrific challenge echoed through my hall of slumber, that the window-spaces had better be closed up. Probably Pinch entertained the same opinion; for, bouncing up likewise from her couch of repose, she came to me whimpering with alarm.

As I can't go out, because of the storm, it occurs to me to be a suitable time to take an inventory of my effects. In making out the same, I embrace those which belong to Thomas Marshall.

2 blankets; 2 woolen shirts; 4 pairs woolen socks; needles, thread, and pins; small case of medicines; fish-hooks and lines; 1 pocket compass; Bible and hymn-book; gun and ammunition; 1 small axe; 1 auger; 4 lbs. nails; 1 small saw; 2 fox-traps; 1 frying-pan; 2 bags; 1 pair small shears; 1 coffee-pot (small); 2 pairs knives and forks; 1 hunting-knife and hatchet; 2 iron spoons; 1 saddle and girth; 4 yards white muslin; 1 bull's-eye watch; 4 pocket knives; 2 quires writing paper; phial of ink and quills; 1 whetstone; 1 drinking-cup;  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel potatoes; 25 lbs. flour;

16 lbs. salt pork; 6 lbs. coffee; 1 lb. tea; 8 lbs. sugar; 2 pairs shoes; lot of tobacco; 8 qts. salt.

Besides the above, there was some wearing apparel of Marshall's and my own. If the former should still rejoin me, there would be amply sufficient to carry us through the winter. But of his appearing, after so long a delay, I have about given up all hope.

Towards night the rain abated; and, cutting some small white-oak sticks, about the size of a hoe handle, I flattened them a little at the ends, and nailed them across the window openings, on the outside, as a barricade against the entrance of unwelcome visitors. Then cutting off two pieces of the white muslin, of proper size, I made curtains of them, which, put up inside of the grating, supplied measurably the lack of window-glass. By a cord I could run them up, if desirable; and when down, they could be so secured as to prevent the escape of heat in cold weather. This closed the labors of the rainy Wednesday, and, rather tired, I sought my bed.

*October 19.*—As I get up, my foot and ankle seem almost recovered. A thought possesses me that it is possible I might find it feasible to work my way to some settlement south before winter closes in. But then, if I leave here, it is barely presumable that Thomas Marshall might return and find me gone. Again, if I set out, and my ankle grows worse, it might be I should suffer for

sufficient supplies, as I should not be able to carry much with me from my present location. Furthermore, snows might shut me in at any point in the route. So I bid adieu to all contemplation of a change, and will set to work in putting up a meat-house and a wood-shed.

*Seven o'clock at night.*—I add to this day's journal, by the light of my fire, that I have worked all day on additions to the mansion. At the back door I commenced a palisade, made of poles about six to eight inches in diameter, cut ten feet long, and reared up against the ledge. The feet of the poles being about four feet from the bottom of the rock, a nice passage-way was afforded. Having run this some twenty feet from the hut, I gradually enlarged the passage, increasing the length of the poles, until a fine apartment was made. Then, in the same way, diminishing the length of the poles, the ordinary passage was resumed. This was the meat-house. To keep the snows from penetrating, and yet permit sufficient ventilation, I cut hemlock boughs and fastened them up on the outside, the stems upward. In the same way I likewise thatched the passage-way leading to it. Then going out an hour with my gun, I came back at sunset with two pheasants and a black squirrel. I broiled one of the former for my supper, and the squirrel for Pinch.

*October 20.*—Up early and at the wood-shed. I accomplished this by running the passage-way

a few feet from the meat-house, and then considerably enlarging it, for a length of some twenty feet more. It was not inclosed at the extreme end, as the wood, when cut up and piled underneath, would be sufficient for that purpose. This being done by noon, I went on the brow of the ledge, and commenced felling the hickory, rock-oak, and maples. As they were cut and split of the proper length they were thrown down the precipice, at the end of the wood-shed. But after working at this an hour or so, it occurred to me that in order to afford me some exercise during the winter days it would be better not to cut them into short lengths, nor to do much splitting. So I tumbled them down ten or twelve feet in length. Having finished my day's work and stepped down to the creek, a young deer came into the same, some twenty-five rods above me. I slipped back to the cabin, put a ball in my gun, and creeping close to the animal, shot it dead. This was a supply for the new meat-house.

*October 21.*—My disabled limb has recovered almost entirely. I am subjected now to but slight inconvenience. Now for a full day's work at a wood-pile. By noon I had slashed down and cast over the ledge a goodly supply of rock-oak and hickory. In the afternoon I packed it away, lengthwise, in the shed. I put it in, first beginning in the passage leading from my meat-house, piling it up to the very top, and so continuing back, until the whole concern was packed full. There was, no

doubt, half a dozen cords of it. Now I have only to go out some day, before the snow falls, upon the high ridges, for a supply of pine-knots, and this part of my winter stock is secured. It is time to turn in.

## CHAPTER III.

"The sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard;  
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Nor smiled when a sabbath appeared."

*October 22, Sunday.*—Almost warm as summer. Not a breath of wind stirring. Being the sabbath of the Lord, I will not work to day. Here in the solitude of nature, left to my own reflections, the teachings of my departed mother recur to my mind. She taught her boys to keep holy the sabbath day. But we didn't always follow her counsel. I find now and then a rising sentiment of regret that one whom I so dearly venerated was so often deceived. Was it because of the waywardness of childhood? It affords me at this hour, under circumstances so peculiar, an especial satisfaction that I have here the Bible she presented me with. It has been my companion a good many years, but I blush to confess I have not read it much. Well, a soldier's life at best is but a scene of confusion and disorder. Very few Bibles in our whole regiment,—only mine in the company I belonged to. A good deal of ridicule my fellows heaped on me one day when they found me reading it. So I hid it away in my knapsack. Here will I look into it again, if only for my mother's sake.

"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?"

Well, now, that is a queer passage to light on for the first. I was thinking all along it was my *own* skill of aim that brought me the supplies for my table. But the wilderness is God's, and the game therein his also. "Behold, he smote the rock that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed!" I turned my head and looked at the stream gushing out from under the rock by my feet. Often as I had quenched my thirst at this pure fountain, it had not occurred to me by whose hand the rock had been smitten and the little current set perpetually flowing. He, then, who had thus far set me a table in the wilderness, had likewise provided the fountain of waters. I read again: "Can he give bread also? can he provide flesh for his people?"

Truly, the words met my eye, conveying a strange impression. Here were the table, the bread, the flesh, and the water furnished to my hand, and nothing exacted from me in return. Yes, something demanded—my thanks; and even these had been withheld. "Pinch," said I, "you have shared too, but you are forgiven. Can I be, with the gift of superior intelligence? And that intellect, likewise, a divine bestowment?" I carefully read through this psalm, and reverently laid my mother's last gift aside. As I did this I decided to erect, after a few days, a nice little shelf, ornamental as I could devise, on which to lay the sacred little

volume, together with the hymn-book, and where they would always be within reach.

After dinner, leaving Pinch to keep house, I took up a walking-stick, and stepped forth for a little exercise. Thus far I had never been but a few perches from my place of abode, and always down the stream. I started this time in the other direction. The wooded valley, so narrow at my hut, widened as I followed it up the stream. After going but about fifty rods, I emerged from the dense wood, with its undergrowth of brush, and lo, I stood at the outlet of a large lake! This was the source of the stream which roared and plunged along by my mansion. It was so unexpected that I stood several minutes gazing at it, wondering if any white man's eye save mine had looked at any time upon the beautiful sight.

I strolled along the south shore of the little inland sea something like half a mile, beneath the towering pines and hemlocks, when I came to a small inlet. Here was a marsh, stretching up into the woods, covered over with low bushes in spots; in other places, where the incoming rivulet pursued its crooked way, a sort of wild grass. But, more important than all, there was a most plentiful crop of cranberries. This was a pleasing discovery.

On my return, I bore up from the margin of the lake and creek, and passed through the grove of oak and chestnut on the hill. I found the surface



of the ground strewn with the nuts shed by these trees. I was fully aware of the fact that bread, tolerable in quality, can be made of the acorn. Here, then, was a work to be done before the winter snows should cover them. I decided, therefore, if the state of the weather permitted, to occupy my time for a few days in gathering my store from the hills and marsh. Before returning home, whilst on a high part of the ridge, I found a few pine-knots. Extending my research farther, I discovered them in abundance. To the man at all schooled in woodcraft, the importance of the pine-knot is fully known. Here, scattered profusely over the face of the earth, Providence had mercifully and without cost given me my lamps for the long winter nights. Lest before gathering a sufficient quantity of them they too might be buried by the snow, I would come out in a day or two and rear some against the standing trees. Hearing Pinch set up a fierce clamor at the house, I repaired thither, and looked down over the parapet of rock, but without perceiving any cause. On descending, however, I found near my door the track of a bear. I traced the trail to the stream; but the visitor had passed over, and nothing of him could be seen. My supper over, retired to rest.

*October 23.*—Early in the morning, with bag on shoulder, I was at the marsh by the lake. Three trips did I make to-day, and fully two bushels of

cranberries are carefully stored. Also brought down a back-load of the pine-knots, and by their cheerful and brilliant light I am jotting down this entry in my journal.

*October 24.*—Since early dawn have I been faithfully nutting. Altogether I think I have pretty nigh a two-bushel bag full. The blue jays and squirrels, my co-laborers, were not more industrious. They too, I imagined, as we gathered the prodigal supplies of a bounteous Provider, were forecasting in anticipation the good times to be enjoyed whilst the howling blasts of winter should be sweeping hill and dale. But they, thought I, would enjoy their banquets in fellowship; I should partake mine alone.

*October 25.*—Nutting all day. Taking my gun with me, had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey. It surprises me that all the birds and animals are so very tame. I can almost get near enough to reach them with a pole. Very tired; will go to bed early.

*October 26.*—Weather fair. Out nutting again. I also obtained another small quantity of cranberries. Also threw down over the ledge quite a quantity of the pine-knots. Could have killed more turkeys, but abstained, lest the flesh should spoil in this fair weather. Had the good fortune to find another bee tree.

*October 27.*—Added to my wood-pile. I have now as much on hand as will keep me through

the winter. Examined the roof of my domicile, and found the clay has cracked open a little in several places as it dried. I went to work and filled all these places carefully. This done, I added a second coat over the whole surface. When this has become thoroughly dried, I have nothing to apprehend from the rains or melting snows. The hut of the beaver cannot exceed it. During the day a large flock of wild geese passed south. This looks like the coming on of cold weather. My out-door work being chiefly done, I am prepared for the emergency.

*October 28.*—The weather has not changed. Been at work busily all day for the benefit of Pinch. A very large hollow log reaches down from the corner of the house, in the direction of the creek. The lower end of it terminates between two large rocks, six or eight feet apart, and about as many feet in height. The cavity in this fallen trunk is abundantly sufficient to permit her to pass through it.

All I had to do was to lay some poles across from one rock to the other, and cover the same with hemlock boughs to prevent snows from penetrating, and here was a sort of dining-room for Pinch. A large animal put in the inclosure would afford her sustenance any length of time that I might chance to be absent, or confined by indisposition. The distance of this store-house from the cabin is about fifty feet.

Happening to split down an old decayed stump, I found quite a number of white grubs. I gathered all I could find, and put them away in a mass of the pulverized rotten wood. Rigging a rod and line, I tried my first essay at trouting. The stream seems alive with these beautiful fish. In ten minutes I caught more than ten pounds in weight. The change from flesh to fish was very agreeable.

*October 29.*—Sabbath again. Read several chapters,—some in the Old and some in the New Testament. A sudden suggestion arose in my mind, that I would read a chapter in each, the Old and New every morning. As I never had perused much of the sacred volume, I would begin at the commencement of each book, and read them in due course.

I formed this resolve as, cane in hand, I wandered out for a stroll. This time I went down the stream, perhaps the distance of a mile. The defile was quite narrow in places, and very rocky. The creek roars with a loud din as it plunges along its rocky bed. In several places it rushes down precipices nine or ten feet in almost perpendicular descent. The trees are chiefly hemlock, pine, and the different kinds of hard wood. They grow to a large size along the creek.

In returning, came over the high lands. These ridges grow the different oaks, interspersed with chestnut. The quantity of nuts is really wonderful, as in places they almost cover the ground. The



squirrel family are very busy; also the jays. They are an industrious and provident folk. I have heard it said the habit of these birds has this peculiarity: that they have no particular places for hoarding, but slip the nuts into any crack found in a tree, or crevice or opening in the bark, all through the forest; and then, during the winter, are just as busy in hunting for these deposits as they were before in making them.

*October 30.*—During the night, rain. As I arose the shower ceased. Not being pleasant to be abroad, the day was spent in fitting up my bed. I doubt if any monarch in past times, or those of the present, could ever boast of one more luxurious. I made the frame of the proper length and breadth, with four low posts, so that the bottom was about a foot from the ground. The bottom was of pine, rived, cut, and hewn down something like boards. The sides arose six inches above the level of the bottom. Then having brought in several bagfuls of the twigs of the spruce, I cut the ends of these twigs to the uniform length of six inches. Beginning with them at one end of this box, I stood them at a slight slant. Following up this process, and packing them in tightly, the entire cavity was filled. On the top I spread one of my blankets. The elasticity of this couch was unparalleled.

*October 31.*—The last day of October, and the first snow. I sit in my door, penning these lines,

as it gently falls around. I must be about the construction of a table and stool.

*Night.*—I have taken my supper from the new table, seated on the new stool. But I find the latter defective, as it has no back. At my first leisure a chair, with back and rockers, must be constructed. The storm is over, and I should think the snow about eight inches deep. But the weather is not cold.

## CHAPTER IV.

"A fairer mark ne'er challenged hunter's skill."

*Wednesday, November 1.*—The sun shines and it is mild. I am off for a hunt. Pinch is left in command until I return. The time is at hand for laying in my stock of beef and mutton. I have put up the pegs in the meat-house on which to hang them.

I renew my journal by the pine-knot lamp. I found a good tracking snow. Nearly all the animals had been abroad before me. Took up the track of a large deer, and followed it about fifty rods. Suddenly a buck arose from his day-bed under some low evergreens, and I fired. He did not fall, but ran in the direction of my cabin. As I followed him up, he had left a gory trail upon the snow. Not more than a stone's throw from home I found him dead. It occupied me the rest of the day to skin, dress, and dispose of him.

*November 2.*—I was off early in the morning. The air was quite mild, and the snow melting a little. A bear had come forth to enjoy the delights of the morning. I was aware of the probable failure in following the animal alone. Stepping back to the shanty, I brought Pinch to the place, whereupon we set forth. Bruin had left the defile not far from where I struck the trail, and clambered



"My knowledge of the bear, and its tenacity of life, fully apprise me of the necessity of sure aim in this combat."



up the ledge. After following him here, I soon discovered that he was on a nutting expedition. On the ridge, under the oaks and chestnuts, he had stirred up the snow in hunting for his breakfast. Pinch in a little while set all the hair of her back on end, and darting past a large rock, opened a brisk volley of growls and barks. This was just as I wished, feeling sure the animal would soon take to a tree. I therefore kept out of sight, lest the game on seeing me should make the distance greater from home, by making off. Pinch, in the mean time, made a great ado, greatly, no doubt, to the annoyance of the bear. In course of five or six minutes, I saw him working his way up a big rock-oak. When he had planted himself in the crotch of the tree, twenty feet above the ground, I advanced from my cover. My appearance seemed a little unexpected, for he turned his head in my direction, and exhibited a very splendid set of teeth. He was a noble fellow in his glossy winter suit. My knowledge of the bear, and its tenacity of life, fully apprised me of the necessity of sure aim in this combat. As a usual thing half a dozen shots are required. But I had the advantage now of being very near to the mark, and took sight for the ear. Bruin did not fall, but he shook his head lustily. Presently I saw the blood dripping from the wound. Pinch became a good deal excited on the subject, and renewed the energy of her serenade. As the beast was gazing and grinning at her, with his face

presented to me a little obliquely, I fired the next shot for the eye. It must have penetrated the brain, for my victim tumbled at once to the ground.

Now arose the perplexed question as to the method of conveying this bit of game to my quarters. The first thought was to roll the deceased down the side hill, and tumble him over the ledge near the house. But this would sadly deface the skin, and might require a long time, together with a good deal of physical effort to accomplish. Under the circumstances, I decided to skin and divide him up, on the spot, taking home such parts as were the most acceptable, and leaving the rest. His elegant, glossy skin, I took down as the first load. Afterward the best parts of the meat. Some that was inferior I cast into the meat-house prepared for Pinch. It was tiresome work, and darkness and a storm of sleet set in by the time I was through. Having broiled some slices of the savory flesh, Pinch and I partook of a hearty supper. I remarked to her that she was entitled to full rations for important services rendered during the day.

The repast over, I sat down and smoked a pipe of tobacco, with the air of a man who has meritoriously performed his task and deserves well of his fellow-men. Pinch sat with a knowing air at the opposite jamb of the fireplace, apparently absorbed in admiration of the greatness of her master. A sentiment of satisfaction sprang up in my mind, that I was surrounded with so much to make life

agreeable, followed by another of reverence for him by whose favor I was blessed with health of body and the lavish bestowment of abundant stores. I read two chapters in my mother's volume; and now, as the frozen sleet is clattering overhead, with a contented mind, will repair to my couch.

*November 3.*—What a night we have had! Our stock of provisions must have attracted all the dwellers hereabouts for miles around. Pinch has been in a fidget all the night through. What with owls, foxes, and wolves, a concert has been going on without cessation. I believe that the din has robbed me of half my night's sleep. Towards morning, however, a large part of the band must have gone upon the hill, and probably discovered the remains of the bear.

*Noon.*—The storm having abated, I went out. The snow around Pinch's meat-shed is well tramped down. But the inclosure was not broken into, and the contents are secure. I spent an hour or two in making the place a trifle more thief-proof. Out of curiosity, took my gun, and went upon the hill. A mighty wrangle must have taken place over the fragments of the bear. The snow for yards around is stained with blood and filth. Taking a slight detour on returning, I secured two pheasants and a wild turkey. From certain infallible tests, I imagine I have discovered a roosting-place of these last-named birds. I dressed my game, and hung it away to freeze.

I add a few words by torch-light. Went out again after dinner, and bagged another turkey. But I made a discovery that had escaped me in the morning. With the other tracks, so abundant on the hill, I found those of the panther. I have long known the footprint of this blood-thirsty marauder. This was that of a full-grown male; and I noticed it to have approached from down the creek, and to have returned in the same direction.

Before night I set both of my traps, covering one up in snow by Pinch's provision depot, and the other on the hill. It is now nine o'clock, and I turn in.

*November 4.*—A red fox in the nearest trap, caught by the hind leg. Having drawn the trap a few paces, the grapple caught and detained him. Leaving his skin at the cabin, I carried the body on the hill, to become a lure for his fellows. Found the other trap unsprung.

Took a stroll to the outlet of the lake. The water is yet unfrozen. I was surprised to see a duck. It must be a disabled one; rendered incapable of migrating with its fellows to the south. Crossed over the stream near the outlet, and passed over some new territory. In a little thicket, near the spot where Thomas Marshall left me, a doe sprang up within a rod or so. I fired as she ran from me, and hit her in the back of the head. The shot was instantly fatal. Having taken out the stomach and entrails, it was no difficult task to take

her by the ears and drag her upon the snow down to the hut. It occupied me during the rest of the day to store away the venison. On looking at the supplies, nicely dressed and hung on pegs, where it is freezing, I conclude there is enough for winter, even if Pinch and I are shut in entirely for the future. On Monday I shall commence tanning my skins. It is bed-time.

*Sunday, November 5.*—Spent the whole day within-doors. I read many chapters of the Bible. Part of the day it was stormy, but towards evening it cleared up.

*November 6.*—Spent the day gathering in honey. The first tree I discovered proved to be very productive. In felling the tree the honey was not much injured. The amount is so considerable, I decide not to cut the other. I may do so before spring, if it turns out I have not enough already on hand.

*November 7.*—Before setting to at the tanning process, I went out on the hill to look after the trap set there some days ago. Another red fox. Found another fresh track of the panther. I am bearing him in mind for a coming day. Left the skinned body of the fox, and the trap set near it. On my way back killed a hen turkey. She seems good and fat.

In the afternoon looked after my lot of furs and skins. I shall tan them with the hair and fur left on. I am already in want of an out-door garment,



and shall take occasion soon to put in requisition what little skill I have in tailoring. Every soldier learns a trifle of this art.

*November 8.*—Last night more snow. It now lies full a foot in depth. With the storm came the wolves; a nice howling they kept up almost under my eaves. In the morning found traces of them all about. They have a strong desire to break in on the treasure laid away for their cousin, Pinch. Worked most of the day at tanning,—but in the afternoon went to the trap. I found where it had been drawn quite a long way over the snow. As I went carelessly along, following the trail, a fierce growl arrested me suddenly, issuing from under a scrub-oak bush with all its dead leaves on. I sprang back with considerable alacrity. It came from an animal I had not anticipated,—a wild-cat. A nice show of teeth was before me, as the little monster glared at me with his wicked eyes. I was not long in sending a ball directly between them. Here was the material for a cap. So stripping off the skin, I brought the body to the old place, and set the trap near it. A few more inches of snow fell during the day.

*November 9.*—Quite a domestic event has occurred in our household. A couple of weeks ago I fancied it was not good for the health of Pinch to pass her days and nights by the fire. I therefore erected a sort of lean-to at the gable of my hut, communicating with it by an opening which

I could close, and where Pinch passed her nights after I retired, on a bed of leaves. During the day I kept her a good deal out of doors, and having this cool apartment at night, she was in much better condition for it.

Opening her door this morning, I discovered, after waiting awhile, that she did not bound out as usual with the accustomed demonstrations of joy. I called to her, but still she didn't come. Looking in, to ascertain the cause of something so unusual, there lay Pinch, looking at me with a queer expression, sheepish and guilty, and by her side two pups. I laughed out aloud, and rushed in. Pinch, seeming to comprehend my approval of this new enterprise, wagged her tail and licked my hand as I put it down on the second generation of the shepherd family. To seal the assurance of my entire approbation I patted the anxious mother on the head and hastened to prepare a nourishing repast for her in this most interesting emergency. I have now imposed on me the new labor of finding names for the strangers. Names, as everybody knows, are sufficiently abundant, and yet there are few tasks more perplexing than to make a selection. It is like the picking out of a jacket pattern.

Found it rather difficult wading through the snow as I went to the trap. The trap was not disturbed. Probably it would be better to set it in a new place. If nothing is captured to-night,

I shall try my luck with the beavers. I found traces of their work half a mile down the stream.

*Night.*—Pinch is not in her accustomed place by the roaring fire. She came out a few minutes, but was anxious to get back, having exchanged my company for associates more interesting. To keep the new-comers comfortable as possible, I added to-day the supplemental luxury of a deer-skin, with the hair side up, to their bed. I have not settled the question of names yet, though I have been running an endless catalogue of them through my mind.

*November 10.*—Nothing in the trap. On my return, killed another turkey and a brace of pheasants. I have set both traps for beaver. Was conning over names for dogs as I waded through the snow, but without arriving at a decision. This is becoming a harassing matter,—if I had names to find for more than two it would be insurmountable.

*November 11.*—Famous luck. Two beavers taken. I intend trying my luck with the mink and martens, as signs of them are apparent. Besides there are otter here. I hope to make a profitable winter's work of it.

I note down by torch-light, that during the afternoon I got the two additional beavers. One was taken in the trap, and the other I shot. I am engaged in tanning and preserving my stock of furs and skins. When they are in proper state, I

shall go to work with thong and needle. Have failed to choose the names for the shepherds.

*Sunday, November 12.*—As I mused an hour in bed this morning, it became a conclusion in my mind that the days of my imprisonment within-doors had begun. During the night it has stormed fearfully. The winds have made a ceaseless roar, and the descending snow been hurled in every direction around. From the hill above me it has been driven down in vast amounts, until my cabin is almost buried out of sight. This was just as I expected, after I had completed it; but it was then too late to build another in a more favorable place. As I opened my door the condition of things was plainly apparent. The ground was covered to a depth of several feet. Until a rain or sleet shall cover the surface, and form a crust by freezing, I can't budge a furlong from home. But I am provisioned for the time being, and feel truly thankful that I am so well fixed.

*Afternoon.*—The storm still rages. A large pine, not ten rods off, overburdened with snow and subjected to the stress of the blast, has just come down with a crash. It causes me consolation, that should any of them chance to fall upon my tenement, it is staunch enough to withstand the shock. My windows are becoming darkened a trifle as the accumulated mass piles up against them. I guess I am buried in to a certainty. In the morning I will manufacture a snow-shovel, from a strip of

pine that has been seasoning for some weeks. Some effort must be made to clear away an opening in front, for light and ventilation. I find this additional covering makes my room warmer, and thus less fuel will be required.

I have passed the day in reading. And now, in a thankful state of mind, whilst the unruly temper of the blast prevails without, I will retire to rest.

*November 13.*—Storm abated. Been engaged on the snow-shovel. The happy family next door in good condition. Not been able to select satisfactory names for the strangers,—but am giving the subject all the care and consideration its importance demands. I have been excavating a tunnel along the face of the ledge, that will afford me communication with the creek. This stream turns at a sharp angle just below my shanty, and runs headlong against the rock. Here is a deep hole, wherein I have taken some trout; being one of their wintering-places. I hope by another day to complete the tunnel, and then I can set my hooks. Also spent a little time in putting up some pegs in my room, that I may have suitable accommodations for hanging things up.

*November 14.*—I sit down by the pine-knot glare to make an entry in my journal. The passage-way under the snow to the trout-pool is completed and the hooks set. I hope in the morning to find that I have caught a mess. Worked chiefly to-day on a mortar and pestle. The latter needed only a

little finishing at the end to make it perfectly round. It is a pestle of Indian fabrication that I picked up on the shore of the lake, when out gathering cranberries. The mortar is made of a block of hard wood about two feet long, sawed off square at both ends. The upper end being first bored full of holes about eight inches deep, was cleaned out by means of a heated iron and a knife. It makes a tolerably good substitute for a better one, and will answer to break up my acorns in before grinding. The machine for this latter purpose is very simple,—a large flat stone with a level surface. When the pounded nuts are placed on it, they are ground to powder with a stone made flat at one end. Any person who has been in a paint-shop has seen this operation performed. After this job was completed, attended to my tanning. Some of the skins will be perfected in a few days more.



## CHAPTER V.

"'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
His desolate domain."

*November 15.*—During the night a shower of rain and sleet. Now for a cold day or two, and I can escape from this solitary imprisonment. Found a three-pound trout on one hook,—the other not disturbed. A change in diet quite agreeable. Been trying my skill at a cranberry stew; in which operation I used my coffee-pot. I must say that I was charmed with the complete success that rewarded the experiment. Truly, cranberries are glorious. They require a trifle more sugar than I was pleased to allow them. The next lot I design to sweeten with honey: It is now almost noon, and growing colder without. I am anxious to be abroad to-morrow, if possible. It is time to turn in. I have looked in upon the shepherds,—they are models of contentment.

*November 16.*—"The world and his wife" were astir last night. The wolves, shut in to a fast of several days, took advantage of the crust on the snow to pay me the courtesy of a call. It seemed to me there were at least two dozen at one time.

The odors escaping from my larder must have had great attractions for them. At first their dismal howling was heard quite a distance off. Pinch uttered a low whine or two of anxiety for her twins, as I took it; but as I spoke to her, she acquired confidence in my ability to protect, and became quiet. It was not long until the pack opened their clamorous hail at the top of my chimney. To convince them of the impracticability of a descent through that opening, I stirred up the embers and threw on a fresh supply of wood. They at once retired to a post a little remote, and seemed engaged in the most indignant protest against my incivility.

*Afternoon.*—I have tried the crust. Though strong enough to bear up a wolf, it is not quite strong enough to support me. As it is all the time freezing, I trust by morning I can go out upon it securely. The snow, as it appears to me, is between three and four feet deep on the level. But where it has blown down from the hill and settled on and about my cabin, it must be fifteen to twenty. Nothing but the top of my chimney is visible, and of that only a few inches. I have been engaged in digging openings to my windows, having thus materially lighted my apartment. Have also been obliged to construct a ladder of two hemlock poles, to be used in ascending and descending from and upon the crust. Killed an otter.

*November 17.*—Two trout this morning,—one

of them a four-pounder. I put them where they will freeze, as the supply exceeds my present wants.

Was out this morning soon after breakfast. The crust upon the snow bears me perfectly; but is so very slippery I could not travel upon it with much convenience. I returned to the hut and prepared me a staff, with a big nail driven in the end, made sharp by rubbing it against the rock. With this I could navigate without difficulty. Went up as far as the outlet of the lake. The water has frozen only a few rods from the shore. This satisfied me that the severity of winter had not yet come. Could see no traces of the wolves upon the glassy covering of the snow. All the bird family visible was a large owl. I dared not venture on the hill where the turkeys have abounded, owing to the danger of passing up and down. Therefore returned.

*Afternoon.*—A drizzling mixture of snow and sleet is falling. I am glad of this, since it will render locomotion safer. Been engaged at an occupation which, to me, is entirely new. I have assumed the practice of the tailor's art. But I doubt if any tailor living ever set his wits in array over such a garment as mine. It was fortunate that my suit was already cut out. All I had to do was to sew up the seams of the arms and legs, and sew on a few tying-strings to the front of the coat, and the whole suit was made.

I had an eye to my storm-suit when I skinned my large bear. I was therefore careful in taking

the skin off, ripping down the inside of each arm and leg, and along the belly. The feet were cut off, skin and all; but the ears and skin of the scalp were left on. In this form the skin was effectually tanned. I bestowed great pains in the tanning of it, and when completed the whole affair was pliable and soft as a piece of flannel. After the cuts in the arms and legs were sewed up with thongs, it required only two strings at the throat, and a few down the body, and the vestment was a success. All I had to do, when the job was finished, was to step inside and tie up the front. The head-rig was unique,—the covering of bruin's pate forming a cap for mine. I could have dispensed with the ears, but a whim induced me to let them remain on.

Having put on this garb and drawn the cap over my head, I concluded to submit the new raiment to the inspection of Pinch; who, being engaged in her nursery whilst I was making it, was wholly ignorant of the matter. Therefore opening the door of her apartment, and stepping back to the opposite side of the room, I stood erect and called her. She came bounding out as usual, but catching a glimpse when through the door, dropped her tail, wheeled round and darted back. I called again, but not a step would she budge. Then going to the door, I looked in without speaking. Pinch put up the hair on her back, and uttered a low but determined growl. I don't think, as yet, that she

had identified me with the figure; for as soon as I spoke again, and she was morally certain that my voice issued from the strange head-piece, she came slowly up. Nevertheless, I don't think her fancy in gentlemen's attire ran much in the way of approval.

*November 18.*—Being anxious to exhibit my new suit about the neighborhood, I was out soon after breakfast. The sleeting had ceased, and the walking was fine. I had no need of the pike-staff. With gun on shoulder, I took quite a long tramp. The unevenness of the ground, caused by stones or roots, now offered no obstacles: all was smooth and even. A very slight covering of snow rendered every track of beast or bird plainly apparent. The poor, hungry things had all been driven forth in pursuit of their breakfasts. What a demonstration of the great number of my neighbors was perceptible! Large tracks and small. The snow-birds, blue jays, and a small species of the woodpecker, busily flitted from tree to tree overhead. The foxes, closing their prowling expeditions with the dawn of day, were probably stretched out in the enjoyment of half-wakeful naps on the rocks. The traces of success of one of their number I perceived at the foot of a bush, where a pheasant had been captured.

Among other localities, I visited my old trapping-ground on the hill. Probably the remembrance of other and better days has made this a place of popular resort. Here was evidence of a great gath-

ering. Among the other footprints appeared again those of the panther. They approached the place from the same direction as before, and returned the same way. I had a curiosity to know something of the abiding-place of this distinguished resident, and therefore followed the trail a long distance. It led me over the hill, across a low valley, a mile or more in width, then along another ridge, higher than that above my cabin, and finally to the brow of a high, broken ledge. Here I paused, as the tracks could be seen leading down from rock to rock into a gloomy thicket of tall hemlocks. This was in all likelihood the domain of the savage beast; and here, in some cavern of the ledge, his winter den. I turned and sought the comforts of my own superior tenement, where the warmth of the fire and a well-filled larder invited me.

Have taken my supper, and enjoyed the luxury of a pipe. My bear-skin suit I discovered to be too warm for a moderate day like this. Although I had left off my coat, yet walking caused me to perspire a good deal. I must use it only in very cold weather, and that may possibly be at hand, as I found towards night a decided change. Secured a fine otter to-day.

*Sunday, November 19.*—It is keen and frosty. I found my nose tingling as I stepped out a moment. Been passing the forenoon at home. I changed the other day my plan of reading,—that

is, instead of following the two books, the Old and the New, in regular order, to take up the different books of the divine authors promiscuously, but marking each chapter read. I can just as well follow out this plan, and at the same time accomplish my purpose of going through the whole volume.

*Night.*—It has been a bitterly cold day. It is with a pleasurable emotion I count up the chapters read through to-day,—twenty-six in all. Besides, I have sung at different times thirteen hymns. I always sing one or two in the morning and evening.

*November 20.*—Fiercely cold without. I will wait until mid-day before attempting to go abroad. Been making a critical examination of the members of the shepherd family. The eyes of the twin brothers are well open, but in physical capabilities they are very deficient. As they differ a good deal in color, I am awaiting with some considerable curiosity their coming to such a state as will enable me to determine their nationality.

*Afternoon.*—Been cutting and splitting wood. For this operation I have every needed facility. Also made quite a change in my head-rig. I decided to take off the scalp of the bear-skin; being engaged in the construction of a beaver cap, which I expect to finish to-day. Am also making a pair of socks or overshoes of the neck part of deer-hide,—the hair inwards. A pair of rabbit-skin

mitten will be ready for use in another day. I can't see but what my equipment will be after the highest model of taste.

*November 21.*—I add by fire-light in the evening, that it has been exceedingly cold all day. I therefore remained in, and completed my overshoes and mittens. Whether it is cold to-morrow or not, I must sally forth: so much finery cannot be buried in seclusion. My cap is so made that I can draw it over my ears. A tie-string passing under the chin keeps it securely on.

*November 22.*—Up early this morning, dressed myself, and, with gun in hand, issued forth in considerable state. The weather clear and cloudless, but cold. Arriving at the lake, found it frozen entirely over. That part of the ice along the shores, frozen before the last snows had fallen, was necessarily covered with it. But inside of this shore belt it was clear as glass. I found the poor duck, from inability to fly, had been caught by the circumfluent ice as it formed, and made a safe prisoner. I cut him out with my hunting-hatchet, and assigned him to a peg in my larder. It was of that kind called the mallard, and quite fat. Running and sliding, for the first time I compassed this whole body of water. It was much larger than I imagined before, as from the point at the outlet but a small portion of it is visible. It is my intention, after a few days, to pace the entire circumference and draw a chart of it as near as I can; also,

by cutting holes at different points, to sound its depth.

I came back by a new route, on the north side, along a ridge not before visited. In a swale that I had to cross, where a small rivulet puts in at the west corner, I found a covert where more than a dozen deer were shut in. The smooth crust of the snow had prevented their egress from the yard. As I had all the venison that I required, I did not disturb them. Should my stock at any time need replenishing, I now know where a new supply awaits me. On the highest part of the ridge, saw at some distance a large eagle sunning himself on the top of a dead tree. I crept close up to him under cover of some evergreens, and made a shot at his head. The ball instead of hitting the head struck his neck, which it almost cut in two. He was a magnificent bird, and as I cast him down to become the meal of some vagrant fox, I regretted the act of wanton slaughter. Why should I destroy, without aim or necessity, so noble a champion of the airy realm as this, formed by the same creating Power as had given form and existence to me? I had unmade what God had made. I came home in a thoughtful mood, and dressed the mallard.

*November 23.*—Snows again. The wind coming with it whirls down large quantities, from the ledge above, upon my dwelling. As I can't go out, it occurs to me to be a fitting time to set down in the journal a description of a day's life.

I generally rise in the morning as soon as it is light. The embers, covered up in ashes the night before, are raked out and the fire built. This takes but a few minutes. I then go through a pretty thorough washing in cold water. By this time the fire is well under way, and I take my seat before it and read a few chapters in the Bible. Besides this I sing a hymn, or perhaps two. By this time the fire has so far progressed that I have a bed of coals for cooking my meal. Going to the spring, I put a quart of water in the coffee-pot and set it on to boil. From the meat-room I bring forth a few slices of venison, the part of a turkey, a pheasant, a steak cut from the bear, or part of a large trout, as the whim of appetite may suggest. I broil or fry the same. If the latter, I slice up one potato, which has already been partially boiled, and fry in the pan after the meat has been taken out. Of all my bill of fare, this is paramount. When the coffee is made, I draw the table up by the fire, place the breakfast on it, and commence. If any part of my breakfast cools, the embers are near, and I can warm it again. Bread (my unleavened bread) or cakes I use sparingly. Honey I use with the utmost prodigality, since my second tree has not yet been broached. But of salt I am sparing. When any of the bear's-meat is fried, a plentiful supply of sop is left in the pan, into which I dip the bread,—keeping the pan meanwhile on the embers.

Breakfast over, and having fed Pinch on the fragments from my table, I sit composedly down to the enjoyment of a pipe. This is one of my hours of reverie; I think of home, of the past, of my comfortable quarters, or plan the day's work. When the pipe is finished, I cut and split wood, dress and go out, look after my traps, sit down to work or read, as chance may decide. Always I find something to do.

During these short days I care but little about my dinner. But supper is a matter of more pretension. It is partaken before a cheerful fire,—the room strongly illuminated by means of pine-knots. After supper I pass the time until nine o'clock in reading, singing, or working out some utensil in wood. A good many of my table pieces of furniture are of wood, I may remark. Being kept perfectly clean, they answer all the purposes required, although they are not specimens of the highest order of art.

As I add this last line at night the snow is still falling,—and has fallen during the day.

*November 24.*—As I rose this morning, found my windows completely darkened. Eat my meal by the light of the fire. Been out all the forenoon clearing it away, so that the light may find entrance to my room. The storm has subsided. I don't know how much snow has fallen; but a foot and a half certainly. Brought in a large trout, caught last night on a set-hook. In all day.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

*November 25.*—Was visited last night by my old neighbor, the panther. He must be suffering for provisions, or he would not have paid me this attention. He came in perfect silence this time, and but for the uneasiness of Pinch, who must have winded him, I should not have been aware of his presence. She persisted in such a whining and yelping, that I got up and threw a few pine-knots on the fire. It seemed effectual in driving him off. I discovered, in the morning, that he had been within a few feet of my door.

To-day, for the first time, the two young dogs followed their mother into my room. I begin to form my conclusions as to their paternity. One of them is evidently a pure shepherd; the other has conclusive marks of the bull. This appears by his blunt snout and some markings of color. I am sure of his paternal ancestor,—a well-known bruiser in camp, and as familiar with every man in our battalion, in point of identity, as the colonel himself. I have now determined, at all hazards, and without further delay, to give names to them. I reproach



myself daily for such unpardonable neglect. To tell the truth, I have bothered myself more over this perplexing difficulty than with any other matter falling to my lot. I have run over in my mind all the names I have ever read or heard of; Pompey and Cæsar, Castor and Pollux, Gog and Magog, Hannibal and Scipio, Damon and Pythias, etc. But all in vain. I can scarce look their honest and confiding mother in the face with a clear conscience. On the coming morning the thing shall be done. So here's for bed.

*Sunday, November 26.*—Clear and cold. For a little exercise took a tramp through the drift, but only a short way. I find that numerous wolves have been prowling around,—they have doubtless a hungry season of it. Was glad to work my way back to comfortable quarters. Pinch and family were early out to greet me. Alas, all my resolves were futile: they are still a nameless pair. By way of affording the three a novel treat, I opened the door leading to Pinch's store-house, and permitted her to escort her sons within its bounds. They seemed to relish the privilege, as they remained a long time.

*Night.*—Something new,—I am growing sick. It is only about sunset, but I must to bed. I leave both of the doors open,—the one to Pinch's room and that to her provision magazine.

*Sunday, December 3.*—As near as I can estimate, there has a week gone by since I added my last

line to this journal. Part of the time I was conscious,—part of it not. My watch ran down. I can't say how long my fire was out, nor how often. Whether I have fasted all the time I know not. Weak and confused in mind, I can write no more.

*December 6.*—Up again. When up the other day, I undertook too much. A relapse was the result. How weak and tremulous I am still!

*December 7.*—Getting better. I can keep my fire and make a cup of tea now and then. Can only sit up an hour at a time. I must have had a fever. I am thankful to my Redeemer that it was not of a more malignant character.

*December 8.*—Think I improve.

*December 9.*—Eat a piece of broiled pheasant. Hope in a few days to be restored to health.

*Sunday, December 10.*—"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." I opened the book to cast my eye upon this verse. Had I been in charge of these messengers of grace during the hours of delirium and utter helplessness? I read the line over and over. What could I return for such voluntary goodness and mercy? "Who am I," was my exclamation, "and *what* am I, that the King of kings should send me watchers in my calamity? Only a poor soldier from the ranks, shut away from the meagre comforts of a distant, humble home." A tear blurred the page, and I laid it on the table, where I leaned my head, as a flood of grateful emotions

ebbed and flowed through my heart. Again and again the whispered ejaculation passed my lips, "Am I cared for in this lone spot? Have the angels been sent to be in charge over me?—even *me?*"

My mind recurred of a sudden to a line I had read and pondered some days before my attack of illness. I hunted it up, and thus it read: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." Long I reflected on the passage in my solitude. It would have been a great pleasure had some one been with me, with whom an interchange of views might have been possible. For instance, an oft-remembered and dearly-loved sister,—my kind sister Margaret. I always confided in her, and she never misled me in counsel. Margaret was a church member when yet a mere girl. Father had a doubt whether a child of thirteen should be admitted. But mother and the old minister both said it was her privilege; the latter quoted some passages to the point, that the sheep and the lambs were one in Christ. Then father assented; and on the day of the ceremony the house was crowded. All the family were present; and Margaret, in a new dress, occupied the place of honor. Certainly, I felt very proud that it was *our* Margaret attracting the attention of so many people, for all eyes rested on her. The result proved that mother and the minister were right; for the church had not within its pale a more devoted and exemplary member.

*Night.*—I have read much to-day, lying on my couch; but had not strength to sing. Perhaps I have written too much.

*December 11.*—Find I am growing stronger. Crept out at mid-day, for the benefit of the pure air. There must have been rain or sleet during my illness, for a strong crust has formed, on which I walked with perfect security. The little exercise improved my condition very much.

*December 12.*—A fine trout on my line this morning. The weather being fine, took my gun and went out. Took Pinch with me, having shut up Slap and Josh in the lean-to, to keep them out of mischief. Have I mentioned before the names of the two youngsters? If not, it is done now. Such was the termination of my long hunt for euphonious names. Before my mind had settled on a decision, I was calling to the young shepherd by the name of Josh, the familiar cognomen of a favorite fellow-soldier, and hailing the other as Slap, the title of a young vagabond, whose occupation was the looking after the major's horse and cheating the common soldiers at cards.

As I said, taking Pinch and the gun, I sallied forth on the crust. A thin covering of snow made the walking delightful. All the dwellers of the forest found sure footing, and they seemed to have embraced the opportunity afforded. Even the deer, with their small sharp hoofs, had not broken through. We passed up the course of the stream



to the outlet, and so upon the lake. It presented now simply the appearance of an open plain. As we rounded a sharp promontory of the western shore, I saw, but a few hundred yards off, a large animal crossing a little inlet. I stopped, and pointed towards the object of my discovery. Pinch, who didn't for a moment look in the right direction, at length made the discovery also, as the animal ascended the bank and entered the woods. I thought I could not be mistaken in the individual. It was far too large for a wild-cat or catamount. Now for a real adventure!

When we came to the track, all question was at an end. Here was my panther at last. There was but a single cause of apprehension, and that was the fear that Pinch in her zeal might go too nigh, and be torn to pieces. I found she was willing enough to follow the trail, and for a while I kept her near me. But soon she darted ahead, and it was not two minutes until her clear, vigorous notes broke out on the top of the hill. I hurried along fast as I could, as Pinch barked louder and louder. At length I came in sight of her, looking upward, and redoubling her demonstrations as I approached. The tree up which she was directing her glances was a large rock-oak, and slightly leaning. I was not long in descrying the tawny ranger, resting in a crotch where a large limb branched from the trunk, probably thirty feet up. He was looking down at Pinch and me in a



"When I was about to fire again, I observed the panther's hold relaxing; he slipped down a few inches—then a foot—then full a yard—then he fell like a log to the ground."

way not pleasant to behold. I stood a minute or two, and cast the matter over in my mind. If this thing was to be attempted, there should be no possibility of a failure in it. Never had I engaged an enemy of these proportions; and I remembered hearing the old hunters say, that when shooting the "painter," it was best to make sure work with the first shot.

I withdrew the load I had in my gun and put in another charge, adding a little to the usual quantity of powder. I found by stepping on a rock I could diminish the distance between us about eight feet. My first plan was to fire for the heart. This would be effectual if I could put the ball into that vital organ. But as the animal lay I could not make sure of doing this. I was unwilling to venture the shot at the head, as he faced me, lest the ball might glance on his skull. I sent Pinch a little from me, hoping, if she attracted his attention, it might aid matters. It did so; for in a moment he turned his head a little to look at her. Here was my opportunity. I immediately held my gun against the trunk of a sapling and fired for the ear. The panther made a bound, and must have gone twelve to fifteen feet up the trunk of the rock-oak. With his arms clasped round the tree, there he hung. I loaded again, hastily as I could. When I was about to fire again, I observed his hold relaxing; he slipped down a few inches,—then a foot—then full a yard,—then he fell like a

log to the ground. Pinch was for rushing into a free fight with the fallen foe, but I held her back. She would have encountered no danger, however, for the panther was past resistance. His final struggles soon ceased, and I was busy taking off his skin.

I had no means of making an accurate measurement of the length of this noble beast, but it may be doubted if many larger have been killed. Bringing the skin home with us, Pinch seemed pleased to rejoin her little ones; and I, rather over-fatigued, eat my supper and went early to bed.

*December 13.*—Been engaged making flour from acorns, as my wheat flour is running low. The acorn, being roasted in the ashes, loses most of its astringent qualities; then, broken in the mortar, it is ground to flour on the flat stone. A tolerable kind of bread can be made of this flour. In the same way I experimented with the chestnuts. In some instances I have mixed the two kinds together. I am thankful so plentiful a supply of these nuts were at hand, as only by this means will my breadstuff outlast the winter.

After dinner took a stroll to the scene of yesterday's exploit. Nothing but the bones of the panther was to be found. The wolves had held a banquet during the night. A red fox scampered away from the relics as I approached. Secured a wild turkey and a brace of pheasants on my return home. Deer, in their present lean condition, I decline to

kill. Besides, their flesh, from feeding a good deal on laurel, is not savory as in the summer and fall.

*December 14.*—Am tanning my panther-skin. I regret that so beautiful a robe may possibly be left behind me, when I leave here in the spring. Been at the creek, setting hooks for trout and traps for beaver. Also been busy preparing a vessel in which to make spruce beer. I constructed a kind of pot of clay, which will hold a couple of gallons. On a fierce fire I was enabled to burn it, so that it will hold water very well. The articles I need to make beer of are at hand, except the winter-green, now buried with snow. To-morrow will try beer brewing.

*December 15.*—The biggest trout of the season; it is certainly six pounds in weight. The beer is made, and set away in the vessel to mature,—in a day or two, I presume, it will be fit for use. Occupied myself a little in schooling the two young dogs. Josh shows symptoms of unusual intelligence; but his brother is an out-and-out dummy. The stupid little cur is wholly incapable of taking in a solitary idea. He goes bobbing around, with his tail sticking up like a spike, exhibiting no capability for anything but to stuff and growl. If I lay hand on him, he wrinkles his upper lip, and utters a fierce little snarl, which no doubt he imagines must excite terror in all who hear it. I find I am becoming disgusted with him.

*December 16.*—A gentle rain has set in. As I could not go out, occupied myself in making a hickory broom. Towards night the rain turned to snow. The weather colder.

*Sunday, December 17.*—How many wondrous things in this epistle to the Romans! Here have I been pondering this passage: "Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil; but glory, honor, and peace to every man that worketh good." The lines are underscored, and on the margin the letters M. B.; under them the date of the day I left home and joined the army. The date I remember well,—the writing is my sister Margaret's, and the two letters the initials of her name. Not until this hour had my eyes fallen on them. Margaret! my dear sister and playfellow of my youth, I have found the words, though buried long. I am reading them on the Lord's holy day, entombed in this lonely place. Your painstaking in my behalf meets its reward. The glory, honor, and peace guaranteed by the sacred word it shall be my aim in life to acquire. And singular it is the same chapter should point the way to the acquirement of that state whose consummation is glory, honor, and peace in the world which now is, as also in that which is to come. It says, "The goodness of God leadeth to repentance."

I look back on my past life, and am measurably thankful it has not been one of great immorality.

Profane language I have not indulged in,—nor have I been intoxicated but once. I can't but remember with gratitude that my associations in the army were with men of moral and Christian character. Thomas Marshall was my orderly sergeant, and he manifested always a deep interest in me. I now realize the advantage of being so much with him. He was a good man. Never a night but, on retiring, he knelt down in prayer. Sometimes, when he and I were alone in the tent, he prayed aloud. Thomas Marshall was always held in high regard by my mother; and as he lived in the same village with us, was often at our house. He was a few years older than me,—about Margaret's age,—perhaps two or three years older. He became a member of the same church, but it was several years after Margaret joined.

I did not go out to-day, but spent the most of my time reading; and at nine o'clock, add this last line to my journal. The weather is bitterly cold.

*Christmas-day.*—I have been up longer to-day than any other since the 17th. Not being a physician, I have little knowledge of diseases. The chief of my knowledge in this instance is, that I have been quite unwell. My appetite left,—few indeed the dishes I could relish at all. I lay in a sort of torpor, now and then asking the question, "How long will this last?"

*December 26.*—Getting better. But only able to

be on foot a little at a time. No disposition to work at anything.

*Sunday, December 31.*—Another long chasm in my journal. I don't know that I should open it now, but for the purpose of recording my gratitude to God for thus sparing me to the end of another year.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Come, O thou Traveler unknown,  
Whom still I hold but cannot see;  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee:  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day."

1756, *January 1.*—The cheerfulness and joy that gladden so many hearths to-day find no place at mine. I am sitting alone in this tomb-like place. Even the gambols and mock combats of my little fellow-prisoners afford me not the least entertainment. My hope of seeing home gives place to a feeling of stolid indifference. Is it the mind, or the body, that suffers this depression?

*Night.*—A deep gloom surrounds me. I seem to have a sombre sullenness of soul. Must I commence the new year under a cloud so dark?

*January 2.*—Long did I lie awake in the night. A verse of the twenty-fifth Psalm ran perpetually through my mind. I read that psalm the last thing before retiring. This is the verse: "Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths." I was aroused on two different occasions from a disturbed sleep by audibly pronouncing the verse.

Taking my gun, after breakfast, I started out with Pinch for a ramble. Only a few rods from

home I fell, and partially sprained the ankle which had been injured before. The pain was very great. I sat some time upon the snow, looking at the disabled member. "It is the Lord's doing," I said to myself; "it is written, 'I will bring the blind by a way they know not.'" Before I rose from the spot my purpose was formed. I hastened home, speedily as I could, and applied a poultice of salt and honey. Thinking no more of the injured limb, I gave myself up to prayer and supplication. The whole day was thus spent.

*January 3.*—A better night's rest. The poultice has essentially helped the sprain. But somehow I don't find my mind dwelling much on that. I am seeking after life,—eternal life. I have no time to cook; no time to eat. One thought alone takes possession of my mind. There is no time to add more to this journal.

*January 8.*—It is eleven o'clock in the forenoon. It was at this hour, or rather an hour earlier, six days ago, that I fell and injured my ankle. I have not been out since. An hour ago, all my prayers were answered. If I only could find language by which to describe the change. It is wonderful,—marvelous! Truly, the washing of regeneration.

*Afternoon.*—I can't but admire my little home. What a fortune to possess so lovely a retreat! I shall take my leave of it with sincere regret. My foot needs no longer the poultice: I can walk with a little care. In fact, I went out a short way, and

was charmed with the prospect around me. My panther-skin is almost through the tanning process. I shall set great store by that article.

I observe that the sunshine has called my neighbors out of their retreats. A whole family of jays held a concert over my roof, and a sap-sucker was just now tapping a dead branch close at my door. It seemed at first like some one knocking for admittance.

Supper is over, the dishes washed and set away. I do believe my cooking is almost perfection. But I am sometimes unmindful of the fact that my stock of provisions is not only superabundant, but of such extensive variety. These two young dogs are, as Shakspeare writes, minions of their race. I can't determine which of the two is the most astonishing. Josh has a little the most elasticity, but the other an impudence and stupidity truly amazing. When he gets hold of anything, he don't know enough to let go. With what pleasure shall I read over that twenty-fifth Psalm before going to bed! Has not God shown me that way mentioned in the fourth verse? And are not the promises of the ninth mine?

*January 9.*—Occupied the morning in cutting and splitting hickory and rock-oak for the fire. How lucky I was in having secured such a lot of it under cover! Looked into my meat-room. It is still frozen hard as a stone, and there is enough for a squad the winter through. After dinner, put



on my bear-skin uniform, and took a long walk with Pinch. She manifested a desire to lead me to the hill where we overcame the scourge of the forest. No doubt she fully expected the same or another panther awaiting us there. We brought back with us a couple of pheasants. Before night set my trout hooks and beaver traps.

*Sunday, January 14.*—A tranquil day. Others have worshiped in sanctuaries more ornate than mine. Be this as it may, my first sabbath of grace will ever be one of precious memories. A day passed in communion with him who redeems us with his blood has drawn speedily to its close. With a heart softened by the magic influences of a new-born fire springing up within it, I retire to rest.

*January 24.*—Walking by faith,—being in the light, as *He* is in the light. This I fully know, that to one who "sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up." For days past have I been walking in a sort of halo,—an atmosphere resplendent. The weather without, whether storm or sunshine, has been equally pleasant. What a state of grace is that in which we welcome the temporal bestowments of God, just as he sends them! My days pass delightfully by, as I find occupation for both hands and mind. I am not longing any more for the spring-time, as I was some weeks ago.

*January 31.*—The last day of the first month.

My journal has given way to other things. I seem to have always enough on hand to engage my attention and fill up the time. I hunt, fish, walk, work, read, meditate, sing, pray, sleep. So the journal is neglected.

*Sunday, February 4.*—My birthday. In addition to the goodness of God in giving me place among his creatures, have I not further cause of gratitude that he has thus marvelously kept me? This has been to me a day of peace.

*February 15.*—Under other circumstances, I might incur the accusation of extravagance. Been engaged for several days in making a new set of garments. Furs are very plentiful with me; and apprehending that I shall be able to take with me only what I can wear, have been putting my choicest furs into that form. Therefore I have in my wardrobe articles of apparel, made of the beaver, the martin, the mink, and the panther. The skin of the latter animal has supplied me an overcoat. Perhaps the most magnificent of all this array is a loose coat of otter. Deer-skins, as also that of the bear, have lost caste in the collection. I use them for home purposes only, as also divers fox, rabbit, and other common furs; whilst those other to which I have referred are kept as holiday attire, in which, I am daily flattering myself before long to issue forth and captivate the admiration of my fellow-men. My cloth garments, save probably a shirt, will be left here with other chattels, which I shall be unable



to remove. I am now and then discussing the impropriety of cumbering myself with the panther toga; but how can I leave behind this trophy of the hunter's skill and daring? I must take that, even if I forsake others infinitely more valuable in the market. Some of the smaller pieces it is my purpose to bind up tightly and put in sacks made of the two bags I have, to be carried on the backs of my dogs. They will, in a measure, resemble small saddle-bags, and can be secured on the animals' backs by girths going under their bodies. I trust yet to find dearly loved kinsmen at home, by whom the presentation of a set of furs, obtained by me under circumstances so singular, will be a matter not lightly esteemed. So I am out day after day, with gun and traps, gathering a bountiful hoard of treasures.

*February 22.*—A long tramp over the crusted snow to-day. For the first time we went out in force,—four of us all told. It is time my young boarders knew something of the world. Heretofore, doubtless, they must have considered it a limited concern. They seemed interested and puzzled in their first contact with objects new and strange. Josh has an inquisitive turn of mind, and superior elasticity of muscle. On the other hand, his brother takes less interest in things in general. He has a new way of going down hill,—sometimes one end first, sometimes the other,—now on his back and then on his belly. This was greatly owing to the slippery

state of the crust, and his ignorance of out-door locomotion. One time, on a steep side hill, he got underway, and went down sliding and yelping more than a hundred yards. I sent Pinch down to bring her wayward scapegrace up again. But not a step would he budge; he appeared to have a full determination against having anything more to do with that hill, lest he might roll up it as he had rolled down. Josh and I had therefore nothing to do but humor him by going down to his level. Being a sunny day, the game were abroad, and I came back fully loaded. I have now four mouths to fill, and supplies are demanded in larger quantities.

*Friday, March 1.*—As I sit by my fire, the penetrating screams of a panther ring out from the summit of the ledge, just over my quarters. It is the first to greet my ear since that of my old visitor, a part of whose glossy coat hangs on its peg in this room. The wild-cat and the catamount, in turn,—that is, almost every night,—have come with their serenades; but theirs are but small notes compared with their larger cousin's.

A storm of sleet is falling, and with it sweeps a tempestuous wind. I am beginning to look for sudden changes of weather. Slap is a little under the weather to-day. He plunged his stubbed nose into a bed of hot embers this morning, after a slice of broiling meat. He burned his ugly snout a good deal in the enterprise, but held on to his prize. Worse than all, the young fool swallowed it

down hissing hot. By the grimaces of his face and contortions of his body, the internal state of things was not comfortable. He has been in a sort of used-up condition ever since.

*March 15.*—Not written much lately. Been engaged in making preparations for marching. I wish to set out just as soon as I dare. Of course the snows must be chiefly gone, and the streams in such condition as to allow passage for my small caravan. I shall have all things in perfect order for the exodus.

*March 31.*—Another sabbath. As the Lord's day, I have passed it in reading his sacred volume. And this same day I have completed the perusal of the entire book. It is true that many chapters I have read many times.

*April 2.*—Been on the hill and cut down my second bee tree. It had not half the quantity which the first supplied. But the amount will suffice.

*April 3.*—Rain has set in. Any day I may look for the breaking up of winter.

*April 20.*—A wild scene of confusion along the stream. After warm rains and sunny days the ice has given way, and is passing down on the swollen current. It was lucky my cabin was several feet higher than the bed of the creek, or an ice dam forming below would have deluged it completely. But the dam has given way, and I am relieved from apprehension.

*April 24.*—A south wind for days past has done

wonders in melting the snow. The stream thunders past, like a river in volume. I clambered up the ledge and found the hills almost bare. A blue-bird greeted me with its familiar note,—also the pewee and ground sparrow. The snow yet covers the lake. It may be several weeks will ensue before it gives way. The weather quite warm.

*Sunday, April 28.*—As I lay a moment this morning before rising, I became assured that this would be my last sabbath in my happy home. I determined it should be a day of thanksgiving and praise. I cast my eyes round the familiar room, where every knot and inch of bark had its claim to memory and recognition. How sacred they would be hereafter! how often in future years would recollection call them up!

*Noon.*—I begin to feel some regret at the prospect of leaving. How much I shall part with! Here, in one part of the room, a little pyramid of stone arises. Should the timbers rot away, this little monument I have a hope will remain. The pile of stones marks the precise spot where the saving grace of God found me, and where I was born anew. Around that altar have I spent this much of the day. There have I sought renewed remission of all my sins, and renewed my covenant relation with him who hath saved me,—who saves me now.

*Night.*—My evening hymn is sung; and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and peace, I seek repose.

*Tuesday, April 30.*—I add a line before going to bed. Glorious weather. For two days have I been exceedingly busy. The three packages for my dogs are made up. They have been strapped on their backs a dozen times yesterday and to-day, and the pack animals exercised up and down the creek. Once, with their loads, I had them pass up the ledge to the hill-top, and down again. They performed to my satisfaction and delight. Slap objects a trifle to this new species of servitude, but my determined tone overcomes his scruples, and he soon submits. I subject Pinch to a burden of about twenty pounds, the others to about fifteen each; so that the trio will be equal to the transportation of fifty pounds weight of furs. What articles I decide on leaving (including my bear-skin suit) I deposit in a cache, placing over it logs of wood, to prevent it being opened by wild beasts.

Of my stock of groceries, I have left a pint of salt, about half a pound of coffee, two ounces of tea, and a pound of salt pork. I shall take with me the small axe, slung on a shoulder-strap, hunting-hatchet, gun and ammunition, pocket-compass, frying-pan and coffee-pot, a knife, fork and spoon, hooks and lines, and some other small articles. These, with my Bible, hymn-book, and journal, will constitute a sufficient load. I have kept a pair of shoes for the journey.

A short account of my sojourn here I have written and placed in a crevice of the ledge, near

the chimney. The end of the roll of paper is left sticking out, that it may attract observation. Another brief account I cut in the bark of a growing beech, near the shanty. In both these I assert my pre-emption claim to the tract of land, reaching from the outlet of the lake, two hundred rods down the stream, by one hundred in width. Here, some day, will be a famous water-power. I trust my priority of title will not be disputed.

*Wednesday, May 1.*—Regarding this as my last day, I have been making a final disposition of matters. I have put a good amount of furs into the construction of a knapsack, which I have also filled with others. All things favorable, I wish to set forth in the morning, by the rising of the sun. Some dried venison is about all the provisions with which I purpose to encumber myself. My rifle must procure subsistence on our march.

*Night.*—By the light of the pine-knot torch am making my final entry at this place. I find my stock of wood not consumed by more than a cord. My cranberries have held out,—there being about six quarts unused. Of honey I leave quite a store. Nearly all the acorns are gone, as likewise the chestnuts. The flour which we brought from the lakes has been exhausted several weeks past. As for meat, the store-house of Pinch and my own are full of it. Having been able to go out so much of the winter, and trout being abundant, I have not depended much on the quantity stored.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every scene and every heart is joy.  
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent."

*Camp Cellar-Hole, May 2.*—Under the shelf of a projecting ledge, sufficient to protect us should it rain, and on a high ridge, are we camped for the night. I have given the quarters the above name, from a deep cavity in the mountain on whose brink we are. It must be several hundred feet down to the tops of the tall trees, which grow in the bottom of this rock-inclosed dell. Through it roars and plunges the same stream on whose banks I have spent the winter, as, in my day's journey hither, I followed the high lands bounding its course. I have only made about ten miles, the way being quite rough and brushy, and besides I did not wish to overwork my dogs the first day.

I was up early this morning, after a night of sound repose, and cooked my last breakfast at the old fireplace. When done, and all things ready to move, I knelt reverently down by the little heap



"And now, the entrance closed up, the sacks fastened on the backs of my beasts of burden, I slung my own knapsack, took up my gun, for a moment raised my beaver cap to make a silent adieu to the dear old home, and turned sadly away to begin my journey."

W

of stones and poured forth the earnest avowal of my gratitude to God, for lending me the shield of his protecting care through the terrors of winter; recognizing likewise his bountiful hand that had fed me, and above all, the manifest gift of his saving grace. I closed my morning sacrifice by committing to him my destinies, temporal and spiritual, and beseeching him to be my pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day, to pilot me from this wilderness, as he had his chosen people in other days from theirs.

I had, the day before, closed up the rear door of my cot with palisades, and prepared other logs, and placed them in readiness to close the other door on departing. These, when set in place, and the ditch filled in around their base, would, I had hope, render the cabin secure against any visitor but man. And now, the entrance closed up, the sacks fastened on the backs of my beasts of burden, I slung my own knapsack, took up my gun, for a moment raised my beaver cap to make a silent adieu to the dear old home, and turned sadly away to begin my journey. The genial morning sun greeted us as we gained the summit of the ledge. Thence we ascended the hill to the tree, the rock-oak, it may be remembered, in which Pinch and I killed the bear. Here, for a few minutes, we paused to rest. This tree had now an additional claim to my regard. In running out and marking the boundary lines of my tract of land, I had made



this a corner tree. It was well marked as such; and besides, I had cut in it, with the axe, my initial letters, M. B. In passing now this tree, I should cross the line and turn my back on my landed estate. But I could not delay. Having passed the line, I turned a moment, and again elevating my beaver, muttered a parting farewell to Fair Havens. This was the name I had given my tract when I located it, by marked lines,—a name familiar to all who read the history of the great apostle to the Gentiles. I was now fairly under way.

The order of march I established thus. I walked ahead; next came Josh, with his load on his back, and always wide awake and in a good humor. Next, sometimes beside his brother, and sometimes behind, mostly crusty and grumbling, came Slap. Pinch formed the rear-guard, and kept her progeny from falling out of line. Several times during the day I heard her snapping at the heels of her misbegotten descendant when he exhibited signs of laziness or fell into a sulk. Josh had no need of such maternal chidings.

When the sun was about an hour high, I had the good fortune to shoot a yearling buck,—and my traveling companions now showing symptoms of fatigue, I decided to camp for the night at the spot above described.

*Camp Hog-Back, May 3.*—Had a laborious day's tramp. The descent of the mountain, as I left Camp

Cellar-Hole in the morning, was very trying. After Slap had gone heels over head down one or two ledges, I was obliged to relieve him of his load and carry it myself. From the top of the mountain range an unexpected object attracted my view. A large valley spread out beneath me, extending north-eastwardly, beyond the reach of vision. A noble river, swelled by the melting snows of the north, threaded the bosom of the valley. I knew this must be the Susquehanna, and it occasioned me not a little perplexity as I beheld it, forecasting, as I did, the trouble I might encounter in crossing it. I furthermore descried, far up the valley, quietly ascending in nearly perpendicular columns, numerous pillars of smoke. This was most unpleasant. I full well knew the side of the quarrel the Indian tribes had joined in the war. It was my policy, by all means, to avoid them. And that these little columns of smoke arose from Indian hearths I entertained not the slightest doubt.

Slipping and sliding down the steep descent, I found that the stream I had followed from Fair Havens threw itself into the Susquehanna, at a fall in that river of some six or eight feet, as near as I could judge. If I attempted crossing below the falls, it was uncertain how long a detour I should be obliged to make. Above, the water seemed calm, and I decided to make my effort above. Before I had followed up the river-shore the half of a mile I found a dug-out canoe, drawn

up high on the bank; and which apparently had not been used since the preceding fall. It was not ten minutes before this Indian craft was launched, and we were all aboard, bag and baggage. But I had rather misjudged my powers as a waterman, for the log canoe being heavy, and having but a stick in place of a paddle, and the current being strong, in spite of all my exertions, before the south shore could be reached, I was drawn within the suction of the falls. There was no help for it,—it was neck or nothing. Heading the canoe down stream, I plunged into the angry breakers. I had enough to do to keep the clumsy vessel lengthwise with the current. Sometimes, as we rose and plunged, we seemed to be standing on one end, then on the other. Slap, a stranger to the arts and experiences of navigation, concluded at a certain juncture to jump out. But for my knocking him back with the steering-pole, he would certainly have accomplished the feat. At length I steered the canoe, half full of water, into an eddy at the foot of the falls, and we disembarked. It was fortunate for us that we landed on the right side of the river. A tramp of about two miles brought us to the top of a rocky ridge rising within the valley of which I have spoken. It arose so sharply on both sides, and had a top so narrow and acute, that I call it Hog-Back.

Being here, I decide to stay overnight. We have had our supper, and I have fixed my bed of

leaves. Being in the neighborhood of those whom it might not be pleasant or safe to meet, I am obliged to pass the night without fire. But we are all tired enough to sleep well.

*Camp at Peppermint Spring, Sunday, May 5.—*

The reverses of Friday were amply compensated in the fortunes of yesterday. On breaking up at Camp Hog-Back, we began the ascent of a high mountain; and when part way up fell into a well-worn Indian path, leading exactly the course I was intending to follow. I was gratified to find that this path showed no indications of a traveler's foot since the breaking up of winter. This held out the assurance that any of the tribes inhabiting the north had not probably gone below. In fact, the exhibition of Friday night, as I looked away from the Hog-Back, made me a little nervous. There were a good many wigwam fires, as I took them to be, in different directions, both up the valley and in the direction of the river. I was, therefore, well content to be stirring at an early hour yesterday morning. During the day, as we followed the Indian highway, we crossed several small streams and one quite large.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, having reached the brow of a ledge of naked rock, of a sudden Pinch uttered a low bark, the meanwhile elevating the hair of her back and looking intently ahead. I looked in the same direction, and plainly saw, across a narrow defile through which our path



led, a party of Indians filing down the opposite declivity and coming directly towards us. I could see that they were all men and armed, and constituted beyond all doubt a war-party. There was no time for reflection, and hastily turning off to the left, I hurried my party forward along the smooth surface of the ledge. I had a hope the savages on the war-path had not seen us before they descended among the trees and bushes of the low ground. There was no danger of their doing so now, provided we could separate ourselves a sufficient distance from the path and find a hiding-place before they emerged. Having reached a distance of some hundred and fifty paces, a huge boulder-like rock, ten or fifteen feet high, flat on the top and covered with bushes, lay in our way. Without much difficulty or loss of time we gained its summit, and were concealed from view. A part of the trunk of a large tree, at some time having been blown down by the wind, lay on the rock, and would answer well the purpose of a breast-work in case of an attack.

We had barely reached this place of concealment before the war-party ascended to the spot whence we had diverged from the path. A tall Indian, decorated with his eagle plumes, and fancifully bedaubed with war-paints of several hues, led in the van. Behind him in single file silently followed a dozen more, similarly accoutred. I had some trouble in keeping my dogs from making an outcry

as the strange-looking procession rose fully into view. Slap especially manifested a belligerent mood, and I was obliged to cuff his ears and grapple him by the nape of the neck in the way of restraint. But the warriors, to my great relief, passed over the rocky pathway at the point where I had left it, and pursued their way. They seemed to exhibit no evidence of having seen us, and I regarded the apprehended danger as at an end. But all these convictions of safety and good fortune were as suddenly dashed as they had been formed. But a few rods along their path was a muddy place, which I now recollected traversing, and where my own foot-prints, as well as those of my dogs, must be distinctly visible. It proved so; for the leader at once stopped on reaching it. I could see the entire band, as one by one they inspected the trail. For but a minute did the warriors consult, as they seemed to me to be doing, and then in a body faced about. I saw my peril, and made immediate preparation. I had the advantage of position, and I had a reserve force, new, it was true, in military art, but which I trusted would nevertheless be very efficient. Pinch I could rely upon to execute any manœuvre she might be charged with, and Slap, I felt assured, besides his undaunted bravery, would be certain to hold on to any one of the assailants he might chance to fasten to. I therefore hurriedly slipped their packs from their backs, and bid them lie down. As I couldn't trust the bull-dog so well

under verbal command, I slipped a cord around his neck and made the end fast to a bush. Then looking a moment at my gun, and slipping down an additional bullet, I awaited the result.

The party of Indians followed the path back to the ledge, and thence descended into the defile through which they had so lately come. Quite a time they were in the bushes, and I now and then caught glimpses of them on both sides of the path, and quite a distance from it. It was quite half an hour before the search terminated, and they all gathered together on the brow of the opposite hill where Pinch first descried them. Here appeared to be a second consultation. At its termination, all but the leader disappeared over the hill, apparently satisfied that those they sought had passed that point, going south. For some time the solitary warrior stood where his command had left him. Then he wandered down into the little defile again. For quite a space I lost sight of him; but was at length extremely alarmed to see him appear again beyond me in the swale. I was now nearly between him and the point where I had diverged from the path. If he should return along the brow of the ledge, we must certainly be discovered. But instead of so doing, he passed along at the foot of the ledge only a few rods off; I could see the nodding of his plume over the top of the precipice. I had an anxious moment as he passed, being apprehensive that the

dogs might make some outcry. They were all greatly excited, their eyes glittering at the head-rig of showy feathers that appeared over the ledge. It was a prodigious relief to me that our hiding-place was not discovered. When our dangerous visitant had reached the path again, he sat down on the rock where I turned off. Here he sat, motionless as a statue, full an hour. By this time his party returned, and they all took up their line of march towards the north. As the last of them disappeared, I breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving to God that I had had this smooth surface of granite to escape upon, where no trace was left to betray us. I likewise laid my hand reverently on the head of my faithful and keen-sighted Pinch, by whose vigilance the approach of this band upon the war-path had been in such timely way descried. But for this we should have encountered the marauders in the thicket, and our lives might have been sacrificed.

Having now, as I should think, made a distance of eighteen or twenty miles since morning, I decided to seek a camping-place for the night and the following day, being the sabbath. It occurred to me as a prudent measure to give myself a still greater distance from this Indian highway, lest my camp-fire might betray me to any one who might chance to pass. I therefore followed up the course of the ledge a quarter of a mile or more before I descended upon the low ground. An equal distance

in the same direction brought me to the margin of a grand stream, whose waters, in color, nearly approached the hue of coffee. Here, in a dense forest of spruce, hemlock, and hard wood, I halted on a little green bank only a few rods in compass, and at whose side, amidst a patch of peppermint, a truly magnificent spring issues forth. I at once decided to pass the sabbath here, and recruit from the toils of the past few days.

As soon as I stopped here yesterday, I rigged a rod and line, and with a fly which I constructed during the winter of the feathers of the pheasant, made an attempt at fly-fishing. It seems to me, of all waters, these supply the greatest abundance of trout. I captured two dozen in half that number of minutes; some of them three and four pounds each. The smaller ones I threw back, as it seemed an act of wantonness to destroy so many.

I was disturbed last night, after the fire had burned pretty low, by a catamount. The hungry brute came almost within jumping distance of our party. I threw a brand from the fire into the bushes near him, after which he withdrew and annoyed us no more.

As night draws on, there is some appearance of rain. I am not very well situated for such an event, but think I have so disposed of my wares as to secure them from injury. Slap has had a combat with a porcupine. I judge from his appearance, that he had the worst of it. He came in with

his nose and lips filled with quills. I was obliged to strap his head down upon a fallen log, in order to pull them out. The amount of howling he made must be new in this part of the country. But I held him to the bull-ring until the last quill was removed.

*Camp Pimple Hill, May 6.*—Camped here about three o'clock this afternoon. I would not have halted so soon but for bringing down a deer. The animal got up from his bed only a few rods from the path. He ran thirty or forty rods after the ball struck him, but then fell. Where he went down I fixed on as my camping-place. It is at the base of a pyramidal hill, rising out of the level expanse of a wide plain, chiefly covered with scrub-oak bushes, which I have been traversing for a few hours. I give the mound-like elevation the name above written. Good camping-ground, but no water.

*Camp Pigeon, May 7.*—Halted here about five o'clock in the afternoon. I suspect the wild pigeons are about to determine on this vicinity as one of their vast breeding-places. The timber favors the purposes which usually control them in the selection of a roost; and the woods seem crowded with the countless throng. I have made my supper on a half-dozen of their community, which I brought down at two shots. We have only made about ten miles to-day, as the descent from the mountain plateau, over which,

for several days, I have been journeying, was exceedingly steep and rocky. The path, as common with Indian highways, does not descend the mountain obliquely, but in a direct course. In places I was obliged to unload Josh and Slap, and carry their packs myself. Pinch did better; but *her* capabilities are by no means common to the canine race.

I had to-day the opportunity of witnessing, for the first time in my life, one of those annual outpourings from the winter den, common with the rattlesnake. Arriving at a precipice on the south slope of the mountain range, a pheasant sprang up from the pathway and settled on a tree a few rods off. Thinking it might serve the purpose of a good dinner, I withdrew the ball from my gun, and, putting down a charge of shot, fired. The bird was fatally wounded, but flew some little distance before falling to the ground. I stepped out in the rocky but open piece of wood, along the foot of the ledge, and picked up my game. As I did so the united concert of several sets of rattles arose at my very feet. Stepping quickly back, I very nearly stumbled on half a dozen other serpents of the same poisonous family. I darted aside in great alarm, to find myself in close proximity with a huge heap of the terrible creatures, interwound and knotted together, making a pile equal to a half-bushel in dimensions. There must have been at least thirty in this one knot. Here they lay,

just emerged from their winter quarters, basking in the rays of the morning sun.

I stepped back to the path before making an attack on this fearful community, fearing that the dogs might get themselves implicated in the affray and run into fatal hazard. Slap, always more chivalrous than discreet, I tied securely to a root. Pinch and Josh were ordered to lie down. Then cutting a green hickory, the size of a brush handle and about eight feet long, I returned to the charge. I brought down this death-dealing weapon upon the large heap with all the force I could exert. There followed a dire harmony from the quivering rattles, as the mass started into motion. I followed up the assault with the pole, now reeking with blood, until the greater part of the assemblage were killed. But by this time a peculiar kind of stench commenced to suffuse itself upon the air, and warned me of the necessity to desist. I had heard before of the nauseating effects produced in like encounters, and not feeling disposed to lose either a day's march by sickness, or the breakfast that a traveler stands in need of, I threw down the cudgel and went my way.

Having gained the lowlands at the foot of this high mountain, the path led us along the banks of the same beautiful stream, taking head near the top of the range. I observed Pinch, about noon, while thus on the march, put up her nose for a moment in the air, and then dart from the path,

followed by her companions, under a projecting rock and commence the eager crushing of some small bones. I stepped to the place and found it to be a recent camp. The ashes were fresh where the night fire had burned, and at which the animal, probably a woodchuck, had been broiled, whose bones my dogs regarded as a savory morsel. It was beyond doubt the camping-place of the warriors whom we had so luckily avoided. Taking a lunch here, we went on.

At the point where I camp the path divides. I have no doubt the two severally lead to two gaps in the mountain chain before me, and which I distinctly saw this morning from the brow of the mountain behind me. The gap to the right is rather the more inviting, and I decide to pass through that.

*Camp Poco-poco, May 8.*—Made an excellent day's march. We had an early start, and found the path very good. I am camped on a point of land where the creek I have been following since noon joins quite a river. In the morning I shall build a raft out of some dry drift-wood, and try my fortunes by a new means of transit. Had time before the day closed to take trout sufficient for supper and breakfast. We shall hope for an easy passage the rest of the way.

*May 10.*—Found myself last evening once more within the pale of civilization. I have slept on a bed and eaten at a table. I was occupied the



whole of the 9th of May in building the raft. It was, however, rather a difficult machine to manage. It was in no danger of sinking, but in the swift turns difficult to keep off the shore, and on some of the shallow rifts had a bad habit of sticking fast. I was frequently compelled to roll up my pantaloons, get in the water, and pry her off. However, we made good progress, and having passed the mountain gap and gone some distance below, suddenly, about four in the afternoon, I heard the clatter of a saw-mill at the mouth of a creek. I pushed vigorously for the shore and landed at the spot. In a moment the door of a small tenement near the mill opened, and two children rushed out upon the stoop; but, catching a glance of our strange-looking party, darted back again. Directly a woman's face was seen at a window, and the bigger of the two youngsters streaking for life, by a back way, to the saw-mill. The mill stopped, and a man, eyeing us with marked curiosity, approached. In the mean time the miller's dog, aroused by the sudden incursion, with all the hair on his back set on end, fiercely charged our whole line. He might have broken it and thrown us into confusion, but for Slap, who, with the inherited chivalry of his line of ancestors, had fastened himself securely to the enemy's under jaw, and hung there like a tick. All together we separated the combatants, and peace was restored.

We had excellent accommodations in this pio-

"I pushed vigorously for the shore, and landed at the spot."



neer's retreat; and now, in the morning, as a slight shower is falling, I am afforded the opportunity of sketching this account of it. In place of the log-raft on which we navigated to this port, my new and hospitable friend has constructed another of seasoned boards, which will, as he assures me, carry us safely home within two days. He says this small river is what I had supposed it to be, the Lehigh; and that below this point the navigation will be unattended by many of the obstacles I encountered above. He is of the opinion I can easily reach the Forks of the Delaware by night, if I get off from here by nine A. M. I have given my hostess some fur with which to make a cape. They have treated me with great kindness.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Why, how now!

What see you in those papers that you lose  
So much complexion? Look you, how you change!  
Your cheeks are paper. What read you there,  
That hath so chased your blood out of appearance?"

*Camp Saucon, Saturday, May 11.*—I am almost ashamed to say that I am camped here in a little cove at the shore, by a spring, instead of speeding my way homeward. Truth to tell, it is all attributable to pride. I found my new bark was making such headway, that I should enter the home circle by daylight. Remembering my reception at the saw-mill, and counting upon the astonishment my singular attire would excite in the minds of my old neighbors, I concluded it was best to make the entry by night. So I laid to at this quiet haven, about the middle of the afternoon.

Having secured the raft, I sat down by the spring to enjoy the collation which my kind hostess at the saw-mill had forced upon my acceptance. First I unlapped the piece of muslin that contained it, then an old newspaper, or rather part of one. After finishing the repast, I took up the paper, and perceived it bore date in the month of November of the past year. My eye ran with a greedy interest over the contents of the first page. I turned it over,



and read what was before me with overwhelming interest.

Here was a letter addressed by my old captain to the editor of this city newspaper, parts of which I will here transcribe.

"Mr. Editor," began the document, "I send you for publication in the columns of your excellent paper an account of the company which I had the honor to command in the prevailing war, as far as my knowledge extends. I am aware this will be of great interest to all of the residents of your city who had relatives in this body of valiant men; and especially of interest to your many readers in this part of the country. I copy, in the first place, the full muster-roll of my company, as it stood when we set out from this village. All who were killed in the service you will perceive I have marked with the letter *K*; those missing at various times with the letter *M*; but as to any having returned home since, or known to be alive, a note of that fact is appended. And all who were honorably discharged at the disbanding of the company I have designated by the word *discharged*." (Then followed the roll; but though the word "discharged" was written opposite the name of Thomas Marshall, there was nothing indicating his return home. I read on.)

"I much regret that I am obliged to add," continued the letter, "the unpleasant report of Sergeant Marshall regarding a member of the company, who

was universally esteemed, and honorably discharged with the rest. I am the more particular in making mention of the case, since the deceased has many respectable relatives in your city (where his parents at one time resided), and who, perchance, have little knowledge of the particulars of his melancholy fate. I refer to Corporal Marcus Blair. The letter or report of my late orderly, Mr. Thomas Marshall, will fully set before you the particulars of this painful incident." (Here closed the letter of the captain, and then followed that of Sergeant Marshall.)

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—At your suggestion, I sit down to communicate what knowledge I possess of the calamity befalling our fellow-townsmen and fellow-soldier, Corporal Blair. While I am not able to produce the assured evidence of the death of my friend, yet circumstances have established the conclusion of that fact in my mind, unchangeably. The corporal and I, as I have heretofore made known to you verbally, set out on our return in October. We were traveling by compass, and hoped by this near cut to beat you all home. At a certain point on the route I left Corporal Blair in charge of our luggage and mule, and diverged from our course, to find, if possible, some better opening, through a very dense forest into which we were entering, than that immediately before us. I was to be absent about a day. I should have taken our compass with me, but forgot

it. Somehow, in attempting to rejoin him, I got bewildered and lost my way. It was the third day after I parted from him that I came upon our trail. And not more than forty rods from this point I found the remains of the mule. In speaking of these remains,—I mean his bones,—his skeleton, without a particle of flesh. I knew the mule to be ours by the shoes. Whether the same teeth which had torn away the flesh had likewise been red with the blood of my associate, I could not then determine. If alive, I presumed he would have been found near the mule. I followed up the trail to the spot where I had parted with him, making the forest re-echo with my shouts and the firing of my gun. At length, disheartened and sad, I retraced my steps to the remains of the mule. Proceeding to make a more particular examination, I found the knotted end of the halter made fast in the crotch of a sapling,—but the halter was not on the animal's head. The ground about the place was a good deal tramped and disturbed. Not far off were found the torn remnants of an old camp-jacket, which I knew to be one formerly used by the corporal; also a few other small articles, which, with the jacket and some oats that were in a bag, and ordinarily fastened on the mule's back behind the pack-saddle, were scattered around. The bag was torn open, and the oats gone. At least forty paces from the spot, I found, by the side of a fallen tree, a cloth cap, formerly used by Cor-

poral Blair when in fatigue dress. But no other articles could I discover.

"After reflecting awhile over this unpleasant state of things, I decided on the plan I would undertake. Not having the compass, I dared not attempt the finding my way through the forest, as we originally proposed. This left me the one alternative of retracing the route which had brought us here. The corporal, if alive, might have gone back the same way; I should certainly find trace of him, if he had. Or, as he had the compass, it was possible he might have pursued his journey in accordance with our original plan. But this could scarcely be the case, as he must have known me to be incapable of following him. I knew the corporal would not thus desert me.

"On my returning along the route we had come, I found no trace of him. And on my arrival here, the hope which had cheered me not a little on the way, of finding he had reached home before me, was doomed to disappointment. I am, under all the circumstances, satisfied in my own mind that Corporal Blair fell a victim to Indian rapacity, or was devoured by the beasts of prey.

"Very respectfully yours,

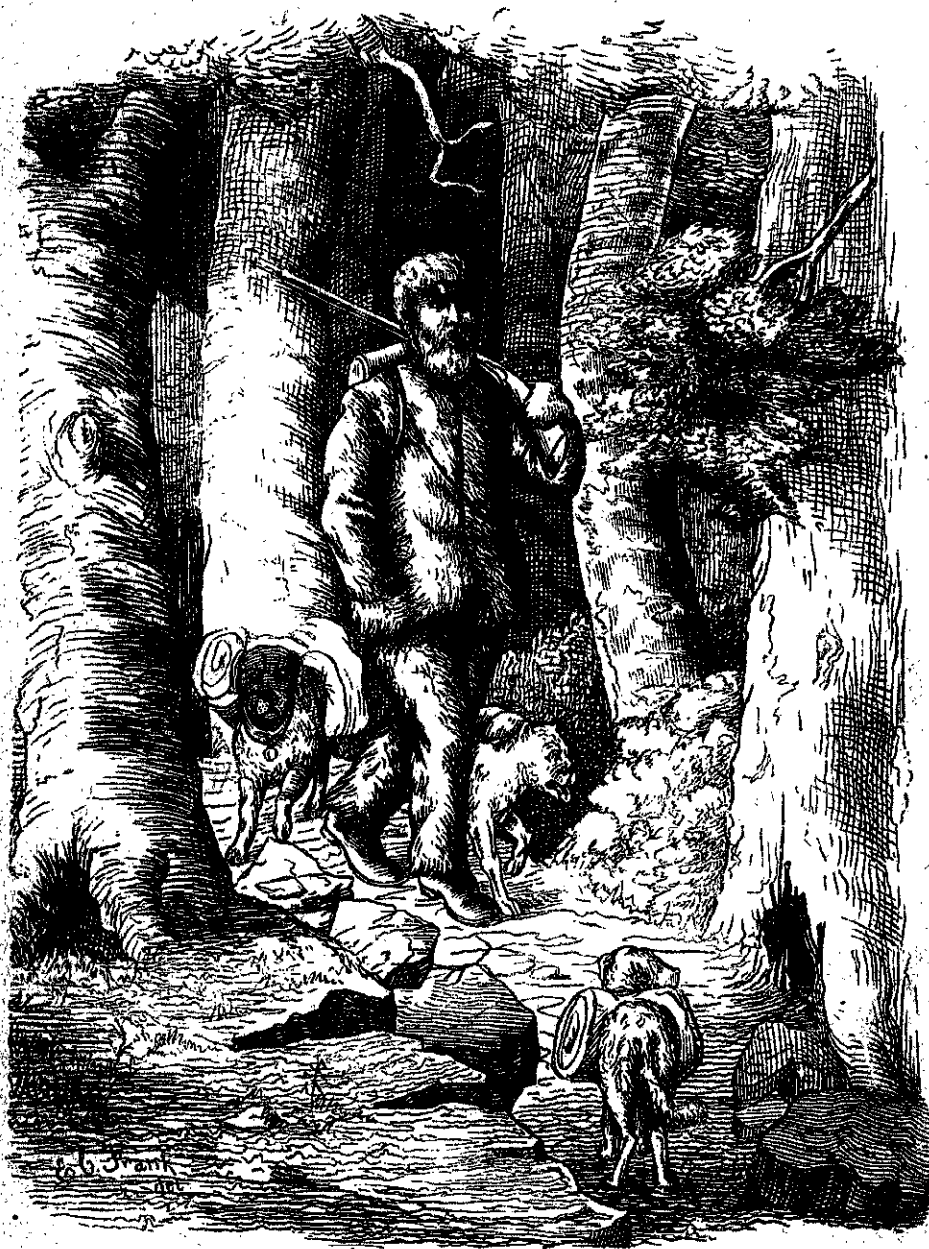
"THOMAS MARSHALL."

## CHAPTER X.

"There's no place like home."

*Sunday morning, May 12.*—Before leaving Camp Saucon I will put down a few lines. Heretofore I have deemed it improper to work or travel on the Lord's sabbath. In the peculiarity of my position, I have been greatly perplexed. I have cast the matter over in mind hour after hour, trying to settle the question. The imperative mandate of my moral sense directs me to proceed, and I shall therefore embark. I cannot, for another day, allow my kindred to rest under the weight of this misapprehension.

*HOME, Tuesday, May 14.*—I am scarce yet sufficiently recovered from the state of excitement through which, for a day and more, I have passed, to make an entry in this volume of my experiences. But having torn myself away from the besieging host of friends and kin, I sit down to the task. I did not leave Camp Saucon until about nine in the forenoon, my purpose being to avoid the stir and excitement my cavalcade would be certain to produce if I entered the village by day. Before noon my bark, in sight of a dozen or more idlers, who stood gazing from the shore, plunged into the waters of the Delaware. From this point I had



"I put the packs on my dogs, and slinging my own knapsack on my back, set forth to accomplish the last half-mile of our pilgrimage."

knowledge of the river, as I had been upon it many times before. I likewise knew a good many of the dwellers on both banks of the river below me. I was not a little apprehensive that by some of these I might be recognized; and a man without even a shirt to his back is not ambitious of notoriety. As I glided along, I took occasion to keep the opposite side of the river when I approached the tenement of any resident who would be likely to know me. A man, wholly clad in skins and furs, with three dogs, upon a slab-raft, of a Sunday, necessarily drew a good many spectators down to the water's edge as he passed along. But having a beard, untouched by the razor for some seven months past, and drawing my cap well down over my brows, I baffled all inquiry. Finding I was making more speed than desirable, I ran into a secluded cove which I well knew, and lay by in the woods until dark.

Having now only five miles to navigate, after taking a lunch all round, we weighed anchor. It was about half-past eight we landed on the well-known shore, a little way above the village. I put the packs on my dogs, and slinging my own knapsack on my back, set forth to accomplish the last half-mile of our pilgrimage. It was very dark; and as I passed along the streets I was fortunate, as I thought, in not meeting a single individual. Presently, as I approached the meeting-house, all lighted up, and the front door wide open, I paused

to cast a glance within. Just then the congregation, which was very large, arose to sing the final hymn. I felt that I ought now to hasten away, before they should rush forth upon me; but the sacred harmony, so long unheard, chained me to the spot. As the last echo faded away, the minister, known by me since early boyhood, arose in the desk and begged the congregation to be seated again, as he had a marriage ceremony to solemnize; at the same time desiring the parties to stand before the altar. A man and woman, occupying a front seat, immediately complied. I thought the contour of the man's shoulders was familiar to me, but was not certain. My suspicions, albeit, were immediately confirmed, as the words, "Do you, *Thomas Marshall*, take this woman to be your wedded wife?" etc., issued from the minister's lips. I could scarce restrain myself from giving utterance to a shout of joy. But then followed that other interrogatory, "Do you, *Margaret Blair*, take this man——" I heard not the rest. I dropped my face in my hands; my whole body shook. I tried to muffle the rising sobs that crowded into my throat. And then, as the final words caught my ear, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," I bolted in; cap, knapsack, panther-robe, and all on, with rifle in hand, and followed by Pinch, Slap, and Josh, with their burdens on their backs, we swept up the aisle to the altar. Silence, of course, reigned. The minister turned

white as a sheet, and stepped back in astonishment. When within ten feet of the party, I extended both arms and cried out aloud, "Margaret! sister! dear Margaret!" The first syllable from my familiar voice revealed all. She dropped the hand of her husband with a sudden, low cry, and fastened her arms about my neck. In a flash the whole matter passed through the room. All were at once upon their feet; and the minister, who had been putting up prayers for me the winter through, called out, amidst the confusion of voices, "The dead is alive, and the lost is found! My brethren, in requital of the goodness and mercy of God, who bringeth joy out of affliction, let us all join in singing—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures, here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Some voices sang it; some screeched it; hands were swung aloft, and hallelujahs vociferated. Josh and Slap, I am ashamed to say, little accustomed to demonstrations of spiritual fervor, both jumped upon the pulpit stairs, and, facing about, loudly participated in the prevailing uproar. Margaret, at the close of the doxology, withdrew her hands to clap them a moment in a wildness of joy, and then dropped upon a seat, entirely overcome.

But it is in vain to attempt a delineation in full of this rapturous occasion. I can't, however, omit

adding that my old orderly and now brother held me by the hand with an iron grip; the pastor likewise extended a hand of Christian fellowship, which truly interpreted the warmth of his welcome. He gave public expression to his belief that God had not been regardless of the prayers he had put up for my safe return; and further, that on the following sabbath, Providence permitting, he would improve the occasion by a discourse commemorative of the mercy of him who holdeth the destiny of every child of Adam in his hand. Then turning to me, he inquired if I had anything to say before he dismissed the congregation. I answered that, by his favor, first permitting me to lay aside my gun and take off my knapsack, I had a request to make, if nothing more should suggest itself as proper for me to say.

"My good friends," I began, after disencumbering myself of my pack, and with a freedom unusual with a man not practiced in public declamation, "your most hearty welcome assures me that I need not apologize for this most uncereemonious intrusion upon your notice, or for the somewhat anomalous habiliments in which you see me arrayed. It may be sufficient for the moment to say that they are the best I have. I should further state to you that these attendants that bear me company were not introduced here by design on my part, but from neglect to bid them remain at the door. They have been accustomed to a close intimacy

with me for a long time; and I will say, in extenuation of their appearance and doings in this place, that they have been my valued and helpful companions, and they only, through the solitude of a long and boisterous winter. I shall not take time to narrate at this hour the varied and singular fortunes that have attended me since parting with my friend,—I am happy to call him brother now,—nor the strange visitation of a saving Redeemer, who comes to shed the glory of his grace upon the heart of man in the seclusion of the wilderness, as well as within the thronged marts of trade." At the utterance of these last words my sister raised her tearful eyes, and fastened them upon me with a glance that bespoke immeasurable happiness.

"Yes, my dearest sister," I continued, "it is even so. The grace which sustained our mother in the parting hour; and has been yours since that day—many years now past—when at this same altar, a mere lamb, you were taken into the fold, has been measured unto me." Here the minister broke in upon me by a loud invocation of praise and thanksgiving; and calling on his flock to stand up again, they all sung once more, and therein I heartily participated, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

When this was finished and silence was again restored, I stated my hope of being indulged in the making of two requests: first, that on the coming sabbath I might be permitted to receive



the sacred rite of baptism, and have my name enrolled as a member of the church. And in the second place, if not too great a presumption, I would like, at the breaking up, to stand at the door, or where I then was, and take every one present by the hand. Both propositions were received with favor, and the hand-shaking that ensued was of the most vigorous description. Young and old alike beset me, until I began to entertain a fear lest I might be shaken to pieces. It must have been half-past ten o'clock before the ceremony was completed and I was permitted to accompany my kinsfolk home. After arriving there, I was glad to get to bed.

The next morning, as I lay quietly between the sheets (a new luxury, I confess), Thomas Marshall came into the room, inquiring why I was not up and ready for breakfast. I told him it was possible to get up, but that I didn't know how a man was to present himself at table without a single stitch of clothing to his back. This led to the confession of my actual condition, which he was pleased to listen to in a high state of mirth. However, he had a second suit in the house, and producing the same, I was soon respectably clad and on my way to the table.

What a meal that was! With her husband on one side and me upon the other, Margaret was in a state of ineffable felicity. She talked and ate and shed tears alternately. She plied me with questions,

heaped up my plate with hot cakes, and insisted on my swallowing one cup of coffee after another, until I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork and beg for quarter. I think it took us two full hours to finish that repast. Then began the day's work,—and what a day I had before me! The shops and places of business in the village were closed; in fact, a holiday agreed on by general consent. Every room in the house was full,—the door yard was full,—a jam everywhere. The furs, the skins, the dogs, and myself were critically inspected. And at last nothing would do but I must array myself in the garb of the previous evening and parade before the crowd. And then, amid thunders of applause, I brought forth the dogs, and exercised them in all the tricks wherein during the idle hours of winter I had instructed them. This performance, especially by the younger of my visitors, was witnessed with delight and wonder. I could not but remark with the older ones (the minister and his wife included) a twinkle of the eye and drawing at the corners of the mouth as, during these ring performances, the names of *Pinch*, *Slap*, and *Josh* were uttered. I should judge it a difficult point to decide whether the man or the animals challenged the greater degree of admiration. Should I conclude to cry off these learned canines at public auction, my fortune would be made. Certainly no less than two-score of boys inquired of me, aside, how much I would

take for Slap; and my sister informs me since, that several of the young girls have invoked the weight of her influence touching the purchase of the other. "Now pray do, Miss Margaret," was their persistent plea, "see if you can't get your kind brother to sell me that dear, sweet, magnificent Josh. Now you will, won't you?"

Ah, how this thing embarrasses me! If I only had dogs enough to go round! but I have but two in a market where the demand is so great. So, to cut this matter short, I have made over the title to Josh unto Thomas Marshall, and the other to Nicholas Buck, the German butcher, who, at a time when necessity pinched us, allowed our meat-bill to run unpaid for a year and a half. I sent for Nicholas this morning, not having as yet seen him since my return, and was glad of an occasion to remind him of my gratitude. After a hearty greeting, we had a long talk. Finally approaching the subject, I said, "You well remember my mother, Mr. Buck?"

"Oh, yaw, yaw, very vell, very vell," returned Nicholas; "she vas a goot vomans, very goot."

"She thought very well of you, Nicholas," I said.

"Vat? eh? net, net; bees you sure, eh?"

"Oh, yes, she always spoke well of Nicholas Buck," I went on to add. "You didn't always speak as good English as you do now, and mother once chided Margaret and me, when disposed to be merry over your imperfect pronunciation. She

said the heart was not to be judged by the imperfections of the tongue; adding that you had shown yourself superior to the most of men who had even enjoyed greater advantages."

"Eh? vat? bees it bossible, Mr. Gorbors? Dun——" but here my friend checked himself on the very brink of a breaker, and, grasping my hand, with a tear in his blue eye, exclaimed, "You bees so gute as to bardon me, my young frent. You zee I can't sbeek but I blaze hobs wid every ding. Bah! it is shoost der vay mit us Dutchmens, we do nodding brobber. We drinks, and schmokes, and schwears, and we bitch ride hetlong indo all mishtakes mid our eyes wide opens. You zay der mutter sboke so of me? net, net, gute Gorborsal Marcus; nay, der mudder net dinks no great shakes apout me. She vas too gute,—too much gute, gorborsal."

"She had abundant reason to regard you favorably, Mr. Buck," I asserted. "You can't forget the time my good father lay so long upon his dying bed, Nicholas?"

"Ah, boor man, I remembers vel, very vel. Vat den?"

"Well, at that time you did us a great service. Your kindness of heart withheld you making demand for your own. We were indebted to you upwards of a year, and you never even asked payment of the bill."

"There, sthop, sthop, never mind," broke in

Nicholas; "that all nodding, nodding at all, gorbors. Why, I hat blendy enough mitout sich liddle bills,—blendy, blendy. Schute I gum making one pig fuss about dem liddle bills, and der gute mudder in deeb droubles? Bah! net, net. And she mit two liddle gildrens to subbord? Nay, nay."

"Well, we appreciated your forbearance," I said; "and now, in remembrance of it, I wish to make you a small gift. It is of slight value, I admit, but will serve to remind you that I am your attached friend."

Saying this, I stepped out, and soon returned with Slap. I observed that Nicholas beheld the quadruped with an evident show of pleasure. But as I proceeded to put my pupil through his usual programme of feats, my German friend could not repress the fullness of his ecstasy. He danced and hopped,—he laughed and shouted,—his hands and tongue keeping up a running parallel of clappings and bravos; the latter whimsically compounded of Dutch and bad English. I then, when the entertainment closed, turned to Nicholas and presented him this prodigy of bull-dogs in due form. I may add that the measure of his joy was complete,—he was enchanted,—he enveloped me in a flood of thanks. After awhile, as he turned to depart, I told him the dog's name was Slap.

"Eh, vat? Schnapps?" returned he; "Schnapps! that ish gute. Come along, Schnapps; cum el hare, Schnapps."

"Not Schnapps," I called after him; "it is Slap."

"Yaw, I understant,—Schnapps, Schnapps."

And with his new name, led away by the hand of his new master, the relation between Slap and me was severed. I saw him casting back, with his frequently turned face, many anxious glances, as he passed up the street; but I reconciled the deed to my conscience, knowing he would find a bountiful board and the protection of a kind master.

*Saturday, May 18.*—Just returned from the city. My stock of furs sold well. What was left, after making presents to my sister and her husband, brought me three hundred and fifty-eight dollars. The odd sum I expended in apparel, and brought the remainder back. My sister and I have made amicable partition of the old place. I take seventy-three acres, including the homestead; and she ninety-eight acres and some perches. She is to occupy the homestead until the next spring; during the intermediate time, Thomas Marshall will erect buildings on her purpart. I shall board with them until that time.

*Monday, May 20.*—Yesterday was a most exciting time to me. May the impressions received by me in the house of my Master be lasting! So great was the assemblage that but a part could find room within the edifice. Before services commenced, I was called out to see some person awaiting me. I found there Nicholas Buck, who said he had heard I was to be taken in, and on coming

to the house, found there was no room. I told him he should have a seat; and after ushering him through the throng, found him a place on the pulpit stairs.

The minister spoke from the text in Job, "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." His theme was the necessity of laying the burden of all our cares on God, and depending on him in adversity, difficulty, and danger. Of course he referred to the special providence by which, in sickness and isolation, I had been preserved; and enforced the idea that it is often in the deepest of trouble that men turn to a Redeemer ever willing to save. After the sermon I was formally admitted to membership. In the greetings which followed the breaking up, no one clasped my hand with more fervor than my artless admirer, Nicholas. I have thought a good deal of the circumstance since, and have somehow come to the conclusion that it is my bounden duty to aid in leading this true-hearted child, of humble state, to the fountain of cleansing. I shall give him all my care.

## CHAPTER XI.

"Her cap of velvet could not hold  
The tresses of her hair of gold,  
That flowed and floated like the stream,  
And fell in masses down her neck."

1757, *April* 15.—Almost a year has passed since I have written a line in this journal. I now sit down to make entry of a few more particulars. Thomas Marshall and wife, and Marcus Blair Marshall (a very young gentleman of but six weeks), have moved into their new home. It is only about forty rods from mine. Josh has removed with them, and stands in high favor. Pinch remains with me. My old friend, Nicholas Buck, joined the church during the winter, and I am happy in bearing record of his constancy. Slap is still with him, but has acquired a rather unenviable notoriety as an exciter of brawls, and in one of his late encounters was deprived of the half of an ear.

I wish here to define the location of the cache in which I deposited my effects on leaving Fair Havens. Should I never go there myself, by this description some other person may. The cache may be found exactly forty feet from the spring, in a course at right angles from the face of the ledge. I also attach to this page by a wafer a draft of the tract of land called Fair Havens; show-

ing the courses and distances, with a note of the marked corners and sight-trees along the lines. It can be easily located by a practiced surveyor. He will commence to run out the tract at a bifurcated beech, directly on the south shore of the lake, thirty-six rods above the outlet; thence due south, at forty-two rods and a half, along a well-marked line, he will find the south-east corner,—the rock-oak already mentioned, on which Pinch treed the bear. Having found this monument, there will be no further difficulty in running out the rest of the tract. Should the bifurcated beech or the rock-oak be either of them down, numerous marked witnesses, which a surveyor always readily comprehends, may be found, attesting the place where the tree stood. If too long a time have not elapsed, the stump may be found. I have been thus particular in leaving a description of Fair Havens, since in future times it will become a valuable piece of property.

And now one thing more. When Thomas Marshall and wife moved out, Mrs. Marcus Blair and myself moved into the old homestead. This lady, I take it on myself to explain, was, from early childhood days, my constant playmate. She was, from early youth, a dumpy, buxom damsel, with a head of full-blown reddish hair,—enough in fact for two. This peculiar characteristic of personal adornment was noted in the village, and led to her acquiring the name of Blaze-away. She was

a frolicsome, genial, merry little girl. A few years younger than me, she placed herself always under my especial guidance; and when the other children, in excess of levity, too freely criticised the prodigious mop of red hair, she would fly to me in anguish of spirit, with eyes as red as her locks. I always had a word of consolation on these trying occasions, whereby the afflicted child was easily comforted. And then it was ample reward for me that I received from her cherry lips, made wet by the tears descending upon them, the earnest assurance that I was the "goodest boy in all the world."

But at twelve or thirteen poor Blaze-away was torn from my society. An uncle of hers, living in the city of New York, growing rich in means, but having no children, prevailed on her father to spare the damsel with the golden locks; and she was dragged away. This was a dreadful thing to us both, as my little dependent declared, in the most solemn manner, her very heart was breaking; and should she have a chance, she would run away and come back. We passed the last afternoon before her departure in a patch of alder-bushes growing behind my father's wood-pile. It was a very sad occasion. We talked over the cruelty of the measure, and concurred in the conclusion that she ought not to stand it. But the order to march on the following morning had been issued, and our stern resolves must yield. I presented her a bit of red ribbon that my mother had given me for a Sunday

necktie; and she bestowed in return—poor little thing! 'twas all she had—a lock of her ferruginous hair. At last, when the voice of this barbarous uncle from Gotham was heard calling us to the house, we rose up on our feet, and falling into each other's arms, both broke into a loud and bitter wail.

The next morning, before I was out of bed, Blaze-away was on her journey. But I had the lock of hair,—in fact, I have it yet. For a time I hoped she might come back on a visit, or that some turn in things might take me to New York. Neither expectation availed. From a boy, I became a man, and, on a certain occasion, found myself with a gun on my shoulder and a knapsack on my back, following the tap of the drum. Next, my good and evil fortunes found me buried in snow, beyond the pale of human fellowship.

On a hot day last August, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall being from home, I came alone to the house, well tired by labor, and panting with heat, and withal a little hungry. I therefore hunted up a large slice of bread and butter and a mug of morning's milk; and turning down a chair, threw a cushion upon it, preparatory to a quiet rest on the floor. To protect myself against flies, I drew Margaret's huge sun-bonnet on my head, and stretched out at full length, without coat or jacket, shoes or stockings. In order to avoid the light I turned away my face from the door, and took a portentous bite of the bread. I was a trifle annoyed in thought, that Pinch

should find me out and, as usual, beg for a part of my rations. I thought this, as my ear caught a slight stir at the door; so I called out, as well as I could with a full mouth, and without turning my face, "Yes, yes; it's you, is it? Well, come in, hussy; come in,—but I would rather you were somewhere else. Don't stand there at the door making faces, you hairy beggar, come in and stuff yourself if you must. No help for it, I suppose; so come along, wagtail. I say——" and here turning my face, I beheld, standing in the open door, a tall young woman, exceedingly well clad, with a face expressive of both surprise and mirth. I leaped upon my feet (my naked feet), the slice in one hand and the mug in the other, and the outlandish sun-bonnet on my head. I was too much astonished to address a word to the stranger, even if a mouth less crammed had permitted me. I stood and stared. But women are bolder than men,—and this one, greatly to my relief, opened the conversation.

"Excuse me, sir," began the visitor; "is Mrs. Marshall in?"

"No; she is not at home."

"Is Mr. Marshall away likewise?"

"He is away," I returned. "Will you sit down?"

"I—I think not." And she partly turned to go, but halted, and finally turned back; then with a good deal of hesitation put the question, "may I ask if this is Marcus Blair?"

"Yes, that is my name."

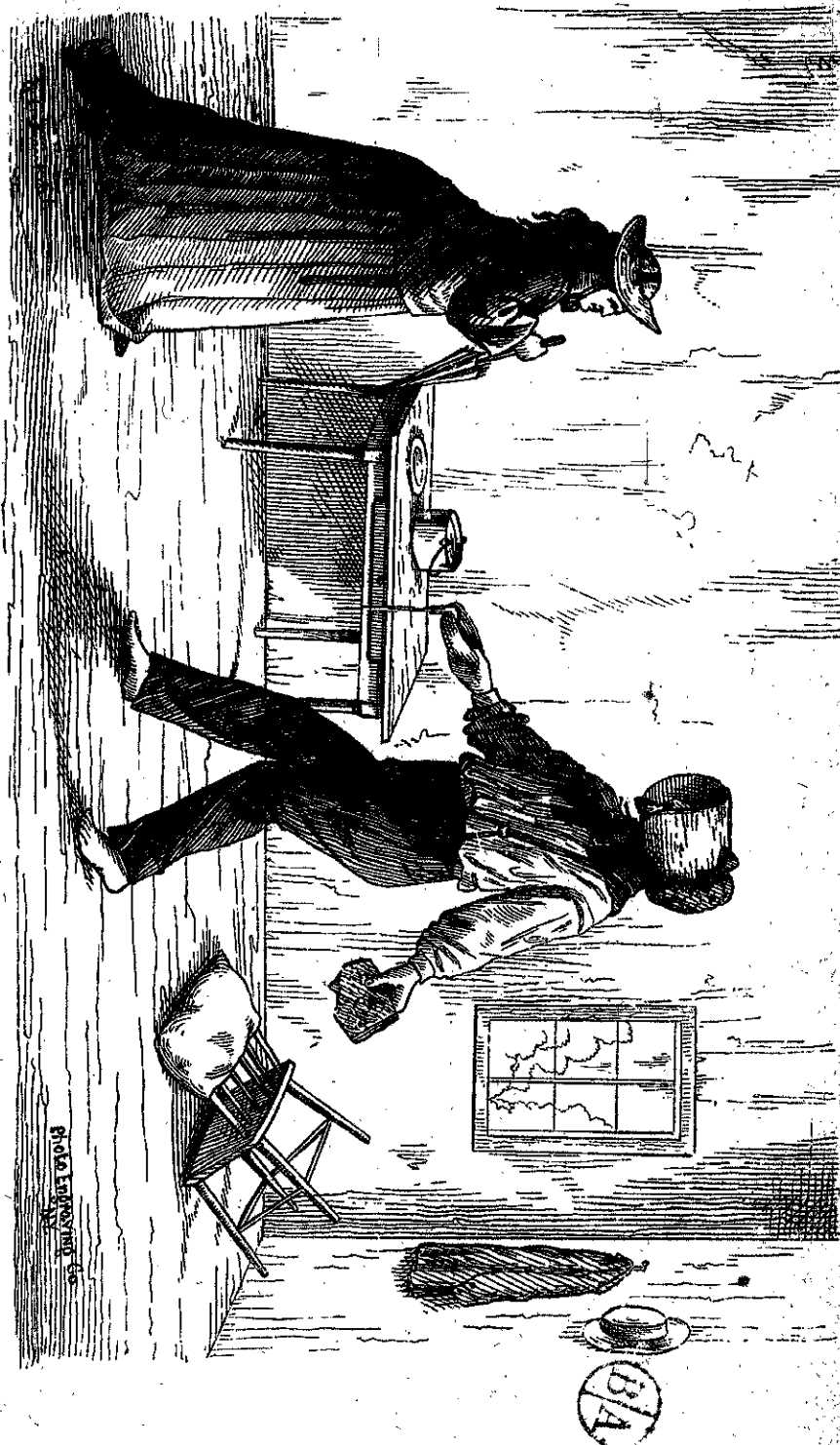


Her face assumed a marked change of expression,—her blue eyes fastened upon me with a penetrating, half-comical leer; and putting her hand behind her neck, she brought forward into view a few auburn curls, saying, meanwhile, "And can it be possible you have forgotten Blaze-away?"

I started back; and as I did so, that luckless mug of milk reached the floor,—the mug going into a hundred pieces. I am at a loss to know what took place in the succeeding five minutes, but returning consciousness found me sitting by the side of this richly dressed, this highly cultivated, this sweet-mannered, accomplished, beautiful, auburn-haired young woman,—her hand tightly clasped in mine. We had a long, a delightful talk. Her uncle, in New York, had died a year before, and she had returned to her father's house with the view of making it her home. Her uncle had been most liberal in expenditures for her benefit,—had kept her for some years at the best academies for female education, wherein she had formed associations with young ladies of the highest grade of respectability, and passed much of her time in their city and country residences. But for many months she discovered in her heart a great longing to seek once more the home of her early days.

Having improved my toilet somewhat, we took a long stroll in the fields. During this, I detailed briefly my own adventures. We visited many of the sylvan retreats, where we had passed the swiftly-

"And can it be possible you have forgotten Blaze-away?"



flowing hours of busy childhood. Returning, we came to the patch of alders by the wood-pile. We stood silent, on the very spot where, so many years before, we had embraced in such deep agony of soul. I took from my vest-pocket a bit of paper; when unlapped, a ringlet of bright red hair appeared. From the rich and costly reticule at her side she drew forth the bit of red ribbon. A strange flash darted from eye to eye. Hot tears gushed forth. Trembling in every limb, and sobbing aloud, we were once more bound in each other's arms.

It is needless to prolong this history. My Gertrude and I were married in the spring, and are now fully installed at the old homestead. It was not until after we became one, that she informed me her uncle (that hard-hearted man who tore her away from home) had devised to her all his estate.

Divers improvements are now in contemplation. It is decided to build an addition to the home edifice; not disturbing, however, that particular room wherein she found me taking the afternoon lunch. And, in the improvement of the grounds, we both concur in allowing the alder-patch to remain *in statu quo*. A small box of pearl, mounted with gold, contains the lock of hair and red ribbon. On the lid, in gold letters, are the initials M. B. and G. B.; underneath, the representation of a sprig of alder. Date, 1757.

I happen to remember, as I bring this journal

to a close, that I have not anywhere in its pages given the full maiden name of my beloved wife. The first name, Gertrude, has been mentioned; the last I communicate by intimation, she was the daughter of Nicholas Buck.

## CHAPTER XII.-

"We will trace out this forest way,  
This pilgrim path of other years;  
See where he camp'd at close of day,  
And built his fire and knelt to pray.  
Perchance some cinder yet appears,  
Or axe-mark in the growing tree,  
That shall to us be history."

*February, 1873.*—Thus concludes the journal of Marcus Blair. As I have heretofore intimated, soon after moving into the homestead of his fathers, as owner, with his young wife, he entered the ministry. His success in the divine calling was very great. The old pastor of the village retiring, Marcus was installed in his place. His wife was most efficient in the capacity of minister's helpmeet; and her father, Nicholas Buck, becoming a deacon, co-operated zealously with her and her husband in advancing the cause of the Redeemer's church. He not unfrequently apologized for the imperfections of his English, but effectually disarmed criticism on such occasions by adding, "Vel, vel, nebber mindt, nebber mindt, der gute Got vil dinks ghuste as much of der boor Dutchmens porn on der Rhine as any poddy else,—nebber mindt."

In the month of June, 1871 (just one hundred and fifteen years from the time my great-grandfather, Marcus Blair, left Fair Havens), my son

Lycurgus and I set out on an exploring expedition to that locality. As it was our desire to trace somewhat the route taken by him on his return home, the ordinary means of public conveyance would scarce subserve our purpose. Lycurgus therefore suggested the propriety of accomplishing the journey on horseback. I assented to this, and, properly mounted, we left home.

As our chance of finding the camps last mentioned in his journal seemed very doubtful, we decided that we would not follow up the Lehigh by its courses, but take the old Wilkesbarre and Easton turnpike, and by striking across the mountains, intersect his route on the high plains of the Pocano. We therefore passed through the Wind Gap; traversed the farm district beyond (and probably were not far from Camp Pigeon); and ascended the mountain range. Where the old pike was built must have been the place our ancestor made his descent. On the top of the mountain we halted at an old hotel. This, the landlord informed us, was, during the days of staging, the famous tavern-stand of Bill Sox. Here, on the south porch, the veteran innkeeper used to sit, watching the sun coming in range with the top of a distant pine. This was the noon mark. Off to the right, in the shape of a huge ant-hill, was a peak some hundreds of feet in height. I inquired of the host whether it was known by any name.

"That? yes, that's *Pimple Hill*. It's a well-known

land-mark. You can see it from almost everywhere." Lycurgus gave me a punch with his toe as we gazed on the interesting object. We were on the trail, to a certainty. Of course, after the lapse of a century, it was not worth while to hunt for the camping-spot of Marcus Blair. We therefore made no disclosure of our object, nor deemed it necessary to make our way through the scrub-oaks to the spot. Seeking further information, I ventured to ask if anywhere within this region there was a spring called the Peppermint Spring.

"Yes," returned the host; "but not very near. There's a fine spring by that name, over on the Tobyhanna. Do you want to go there?"

"If we can reach it without difficulty," I answered.

"Oh, no trouble at all," said the landlord. "You can follow the pike about a mile beyond the Tobyhanna bridge, and turn off at the school-house, and go out by Warner's; or you can take a near cut across to Stauffer's, on the old Sullivan road. When you are at Stauffer's, you have only a mile to the spring."

Lycurgus said we would try the latter route, and proceeded to obtain exact information regarding it. This done, we were soon in the saddle.

We had no difficulty in finding the way, and by three in the afternoon arrived at the Stauffer inn, where we found most excellent accommodations. When our horses were cared for, and we had eaten

a good dinner, under guidance of a smart youngster to whom the landlord had given us in charge, we walked down towards the spring. Soon we were standing on the bridge that spans the noble stream, looking up and down its course. It was a clear, rapid current, pursuing its murmuring way through the unbroken forest.

"How grand it is!" ejaculated Lycurgus.

"Yes, I s'pose so," returned the young forester.

"But we don't think much of 'em here,—that is, no ways particular. Maybe they have no creeks where you come from?"

"Yes, we have creeks enough," said Lycurgus, "but the land is all cleared upon their banks."

"How nice that must be!" suggested the boy. "Now here, you see, it's all brush and timber, snags and roots. You can't walk a dozen rods without scraping your shins; and when the bushes have rain on 'em you git wet as a rat. I wish I only lived where you do!"

"Fine trout in here?" I inquired.

"Bully!" answered the guide.

"And plenty of them, too?"

"Not so everlasting plenty," said the boy. "They used to be, though, thick as three in a bed. But so many chaps come here of late, that the fish have no chance."

"Come from a distance, do they?"

"From everywhere," replied the boy, as he led us by a blind path down the stream. "You never

see the like,—some from Stroudsburg, some from Easton, from Jersey, from York; but wust of all from Wilkesbarre. These last fellers beat the nation. They are, most of 'em, lawyers. I never could make out, for my part, why a lawyer should take so to a fish. But it's a fact, as I tell you. If there was but one trout left, at least ten lawyers would be after him. There's one of 'em now,—just look there; that feller always puts me in mind of a water-snake."

We cast our eyes in the direction indicated by the lad's finger, and beheld a man, with a gray beard, up to his middle in the creek, a fish-basket slung from his shoulder, busily whipping the glancing current. He wore a dark-colored straw hat, ornamented with a hawk's feather in front, and had on a dress of cross-barred flannel, fully justifying the comparison made by our guide. His shirt-like coat had four pockets in front and two behind. I remarked to the youngster that it was an unusual sort of rig.

"Well known on all the streams hereabouts," continued the boy. "I've seen that sap-sucker-looking dress every summer. That chap is a great fly-fisher; and yet his fish-pole, as you see, isn't bigger than an ox-gad. He coaxes the fish to bite though; and my eyes! if he hasn't snagged one now! Look how he flops and flashes,—a two-pounder, you bet."

Sure enough, the graybeard had hooked a large trout; and the contest between the taker and the

taken was very animated. At times the fish led his captor up and then down the stream; the latter floundering and plunging over the rocks, with his lithe rod bent like an ox-bow. At length, on a little bar but a few feet wide, the panting trout was safely landed, and the satisfied angler removed his hat and wiped the perspiration from his face. Just then a wordy clamor arose quite near us, and our guide, with an ejaculation of wonder, led us forward. In a minute or so we stood by a small opening, where a tent was set, and where, with a little stone jar in his hand, stood another angler, dressed something after the style of the first, with a *red* beard, and in a high state of excitement.

"Hullo!" called out our guide, "what's up?"

"Up enough," said the Redbeard; "three pounds and a half of the best grass butter devoured by a hog."

"Got in your tent, did he?" asked the boy.

"No; we put the butter in the spring to keep it cool. Look at that; not an ounce left in the jar."

"A sandy-colored hog, was he?" the boy demanded.

"Yes," answered the fisherman; "and with legs long as a yard-stick. If I had had my gun instead of this trout-rod."

"I know him! I know him!" said the boy. "That hog's a born thief. He can jump a six-rail fence with the rider on—There's not a spring house within three miles but he has been in a dozen times. Here's a gentleman wants to see the Pep-

permint Spring. He is from below the mountains, I believe; but I don't know his name."

"That's immaterial," said the fisherman; "I am happy to welcome him. Please step across the gully, sir, and make yourself at home in my tent. The spring, just stirred up by that felonious brute, will soon be clear again, and I think I can then promise you as good a draught of water as ever it was your privilege to quaff."

"This is the Peppermint Spring, then?" I musingly said, looking down into the little hollow where the water gushed up.

"Yes, sir. For many years it has been noted."

"I can vouch for that," I returned. "One hundred and fifteen years ago, the sixth day of last month, my great-grandfather drank of this water."

"That would be—let me see," replied the Redbeard, making a mental calculation; "it would be in 1756: some years before the first settlers came to our valley of Wyoming. Are you not mistaken as to time?"

"Not a jot, sir," interposed Lycurgus. "Here is the written account. You may read for yourself."

The attention of our new acquaintance was here called off by the arrival of the Graybeard, bearing in his hand the large trout we had seen him bring to land. Lycurgus and myself being duly presented, it was soon after decided (rather at his suggestion) that the boy might return to the hotel, leaving us to pass the night with our new friends, under canvas.



### CHAPTER XIII.

'In desert wilds, in midnight gloom;  
In grateful joy, in trying pain;  
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb;  
Oh! when is prayer unheard or vain?"

It is truly wonderful how good a meal can be informally produced in the woods. I don't think a more tempting plate of fish was ever placed before a hungry man than was laid before me, upon the log that served as a table. Besides trout, of the most delicate quality and the pure salmon tint, we had good bread, pickles, cheese, coffee, butter, fried eels, potatoes, and dried beef. The cooking was excellently done over a fire a little distance from the tent; and we all did full duty at the repast. Lycurgus, who was first to begin, was last to leave off. I was constrained to apologize for the boy, but Redbeard came to his relief by a word of justification, and piled an additional supply on his dish.

When we arose, cigars were passed round, and we entered on the enjoyment of the luxury they afforded. Redbeard, who, instead of a cigar, had put a large stock of the weed in a meerschaum pipe addressed himself to Lycurgus, saying, in a cheerful way: "And now, my young friend, since you don't join us in a smoke, would it be asking too much of you that you read for our edification that written

account of your remote ancestor's drinking of this water, one hundred and fifteen years ago?"

"I will do so with pleasure, sir," Lycurgus readily responded. And producing the venerable volume with its bear-skin cover, he turned to the right place, and began in a key pitched somewhat loud and high, after the accustomed fashion of boys, "Camp at Peppermint Spring, Sunday, May 5," etc.

"But stop," said Redbeard, interrupting the reader; "though you give there the day of the week and month, there is nothing that indicates the year."

"I will show you," quickly returned Lycurgus; And turning back many leaves of the journal, he pointed out an entry with his finger, which Redbeard glanced at.

"Ay, yes; quite true," said Redbeard; "there it is, sure enough,—'1756, January 1.' Have the goodness to proceed."

As the reading progressed, the eyes of our new friends were fastened on the old document with evident demonstrations of curiosity and wonder. When the words "Camp Hog-Back" were read, the Redbeard threw a nod at Graybeard, who soon after returned it, when the account of fly-fishing at this place in 1756 was reached. Lycurgus, feeling that he was duly appreciated by his distinguished auditors, read proudly on to the close of the entry regarding Peppermint Spring.

"Well," began Graybeard, when the reader

closed, "that is a very interesting narrative indeed. The incident of the catamount approaching so near the camp reminds me of a similar circumstance occurring when Major Bertels and I, fifteen years ago, made our famous voyage in a flat-shaped bateau down this stream, weighing anchor twelve miles above here——"

"And coming to grief about seven miles below this, on the rocks," said Redbeard, interrupting him.

"Yes," returned the other, "we certainly did. Much have I read of dire calamities upon the stormy deep; this was the only one, thus far at least, reserved for me."

"You lost everything, I believe?" interrogated Redbeard.

"Everything but officers and crew," replied he. "It was a mercy we escaped as we did. The major and I got safe to shore, but vessel and cargo went down in full two feet and a half of water. Well, as I was about to say, on that ill-fated expedition we camped one night on this ground. Probably about two hours before day the most piercing shriek arose just opposite us, on the other side of the creek. The cry was repeated several times, echoing from hill to hill. The major and I, awakened by the terribly shrill salute, bolted up at once. He, with the boldness of the lion, darted out of the tent and answered the challenge. I, permit me to say, remained where I was."

"I wonder," queried Lycurgus, after a slight

pause in the conversation, "whether that was the same catamount spoken of in this book?"

"I should judge not," answered Redbeard. "The cat family are not of great longevity. The lion himself lives but about the half of a century. But suppose you read us some more pages of this book."

In compliance with the request, Lycurgus read the entry made at Pimple Hill, then that at Camp Pigeon.

"That route is easily traced," said Redbeard. "Pimple Hill is a well-known land-mark. Your ancestor must have descended the Pocano about where the turnpike was laid out in 1804, and gone past the well-known tavern-stand of Merwine's. This Camp Pigeon spoken of may have been somewhere in the vicinity of Kresge's old tavern. But have the goodness to read further."

Lycurgus continued the journal, and read the entry made at Camp Poco-poco. The shades of evening now coming on, further perusal was postponed. Redbeard remarked that, as to this last camping-place, it was in all probability at the present location of Parryville. But the building of furnaces and other structures at the point where the creek enters the Lehigh had, in all likelihood, entirely changed the character of the spot.

After a season of conversation, in which we all participated, the fire was fixed for the night, and the blankets spread on which we were to sleep. But before retiring Redbeard took from his valise a small edition of the Greek Testament, remarking

that, as he had not a translated copy with him, he would read a chapter, and render the same in English as he went along. Lycurgus here remarked, that under date of Sunday, the 17th of December, the journal he had been reading referred to the second chapter of Romans; that the writer had fallen on a passage marked in the handwriting of his sister Margaret, on his joining the army, and which had much exercised his mind. If agreeable, he would like that chapter read on this occasion. Redbeard turned to the chapter, remarking it was one he was very familiar with; that he had read it out of this same book on the way traversed by the conquering Cortes, and more recently in the military prisons of the South. He therefore read aloud the chapter in question, giving the translation verse by verse. At the close, his friend turned to me with the remark, that it was their custom on these rural excursions, before retiring to rest, to offer up an invocation to the throne of divine grace. Would I lead them? I readily assented; and all bowing down, no doubt on the same identical spot where my ancestor had knelt more than a century before, I offered unto him who holds our destinies in his hands our evening sacrifice of praise.

Learning from our agreeable friends in the morning that after that day's fishing their purpose was to return home to the valley of Wyoming, Lycurgus and I accepted their invitation to remain during

the day, and set out with them the following morning. We were supplied through their kindness with fishing-tackle, and for the first time cast a fly for trout. It is of no especial consequence to add, though the truth, the luck of Lycurgus and myself was very poor. Like all other important callings, success in fly-fishing is acquired by dint of practice.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"Within the sunlit forest,  
Our roof the bright blue sky,  
Where streamlets flow and wild-flowers blow,  
We lift our hearts on high;  
Our country's strength is bowing;  
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent  
The lone wild-flower from blowing."

ALL things in readiness, on the morning of the following day we were *en route* for the famous valley. I was mounted with my two friends on a vehicle novel to me, but much in vogue here, called a buck-board. Lycurgus, riding one of our horses, led the other. Starting from the Tobyhanna, we followed some miles the road cut out by General Sullivan, in his famous expedition to the Indian territory along the Susquehanna, in 1779. If it was any more rough at that time than at the present, the revolutionary commander had slight cause to commend it. But with two black-hawks to our elastic vehicle, we made good time, nevertheless. My friends pointed out the various objects of interest as we passed along. Some five miles brought us again into the old turnpike at Stoddartsville. A few miles farther, and we stopped at Tucker's to water.

"This," said Graybeard, as we took seats for a few minutes on the porch of the hotel, "is rather

a noted stand. It was established sixty or seventy years ago, by a German emigrant, well-known afterward to all wayfarers on the pike as old Buck."

"Ah!" broke in Lycurgus, pricking up his ears at the mention of the name. "There is a man by the same name mentioned in the journal I have with me. He was a German too."

"This Buck," continued our friend, "was chiefly celebrated on the score of beans. It would seem he had not formed acquaintance with beans in the old country; so that after planting a parcel in his garden, he was astonished some days after, on going into the patch, to find the vegetable had come up, but every bean was on top of the ground. Assured in his own mind there was a mistake in the case, he pulled up every plant and set the bean end down. This gave rise to a world of merriment for years after; and anything happening out of usual course was said to be like old Buck's beans, that came up wrong end first."

"I don't think he was of the same family as the Buck I referred to," said Lycurgus.

The horses being watered, we set out. A mile or so farther on, Graybeard pointed out an old house.

"There lived," said he, "Conrad Sox. Fifty years ago, he was the unrivaled panther hunter of the region. I saw on the fence, there by the door, when quite a small boy, the heads of two panthers he had just brought in. At any time news was brought that

the tracks of one or more of these marauders had been seen, Conrad provisioned his knapsack, arranged his supply of ammunition, and taking his dogs, set out, through snow or sleet, upon the trail. Before coming up with the animal, he not unfrequently continued his toilsome tramp through swamps and dismal ravines three or four days. As a general thing, however, he returned with the head and skin of the panther. And here, just beyond the house, we fall into General Sullivan's road again."

Passing through a dense wood, called by my fellow-travelers the Shades of Death, and the scene of suffering and massacre in the days of border trouble, we halted for dinner at a picturesque place, called Bear Creek. Then pushed on to the mountain-top, where, at four in the afternoon, we saw spread out below us the valley made famous in song, tradition, and tragic events. Gliding down the steep declivity, until we found ourselves in a confusion of railroad tracks, piles of culm, shanties, shafts, and coal-breakers, and then thronged ways and costly dwellings, we brought up at the shaded, spacious porch of the Wyoming Valley Hotel. Our companions here left us, promising to call the following morning. We were in the city of Wilkes-barre.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Here nations rose and set. And on these verdant banks,  
That hem the river in, warriors engaged,  
And lost or won. Men, long since passed away,  
Angled these streams and hunted on these hills.  
The soil another race now digs and plants  
Contains their crumbled bones,—so that their  
Burying-grounds become the fruitful gardens  
Of to-day. And thus the world rolls on;  
One people's charnel-dust nurtures the roots  
From whence another springs."

THE day following, by the politeness of our friend Graybeard, we were driven down the valley to the Hog-Back ridge. Of course no trace of the camp of Marcus Blair could be found. But from the singular elevation, which even yet is known by this peculiar name, we had a full view of the falls where he crossed in the Indian dug-out; of the steep mountain declivity he descended to the falls; and the mountain he was obliged to climb, with his fur-laden dogs, on the other side.

"In yonder defile, where the steam is issuing from a large coal-cracker," said Graybeard, pointing southward, "comes down the streamlet called Warrior Run. The company to whom the works belong is chartered under that name. Up the same gorge, and thence across the mountain, ran the celebrated warrior-path to the gaps of the Delaware

and Lehigh. It was fortunate for your ancestor that he happened to fall into it as he did. It is likely he struck it up yonder, where you see the rock excavation made by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. I doubt if he could have made his way through the laurel thickets of the great swamps, had he not chanced to find the Indian path."

"He speaks in his journal of seeing fires at night as he camped here, and which he supposed were wigwam fires of the Indians," said Lycurgus. And, producing the journal, he read the account.

"Ay, yes," said our friend; "one of those Indian villages was over on that flat, to the north of us. There were the Shawanees. Another tribe were off here at the east, on this side of the river. We will return to Wilkesbarre by the river road, and you will see the former abiding-places of the Shawanees and the Delawares. But first we will pass down to the Nanticoke Falls, that you may form some idea of the rapids through which Marcus Blair, as he says, navigated the canoe. The dam, however, since constructed there, has materially changed the character of the fall."

We visited the place, and thence pursuing our way up the river, had ample opportunity of witnessing the advance that wealth and enterprise were making in this famed valley. From the brow of a hill that our road led us over, a fine view was obtained of the numerous collieries and intersecting

railroad tracks connected with them. Not only on the plain were jets of steam everywhere perceptible, but on the mountain-sides, where locomotives were running or stationary engines at work. It is difficult to comprehend the increased bustle that fifty years more will here display.

Before arriving at our hotel, it was decided that after dinner Lycurgus and I should take one of the trains, and run up to Pittston and Scranton, returning in time for supper. That then our two friends would join us at the hotel, and listen to the reading by Lycurgus of the whole of the journal, of which a small part had already been read to them. Accordingly, on our return, and after a good repast, the two being present, Lycurgus commenced at the beginning and read to the end. Our friends listened to the whole with marked attention; not failing, at the conclusion, in high terms to compliment the reader for the excellent manner wherein he had performed the task.

"To-morrow being the sabbath," said Redbeard, "I would advise you to remain, and it will afford me great pleasure to escort you to church. On Monday morning, if it will be convenient for my friend and neighbor, we will go with you to this Fair Havens alluded to in the narrative."

Graybeard assented to the proposition, and the other gentleman, as they rose to take leave, stated that he would call at ten the next morning, for the purpose above indicated.



When the appointed hour arrived, Redbeard was on hand, and in his company we attended the Episcopal church, and had the satisfaction of hearing a practical and highly spiritual discourse from the rector. Having escorted us back to our quarters, he informed us that in the evening he would call again and go with us to another place of worship. He came accordingly, and we went with him. On coming to the door of the edifice, we discovered that we were rather late; the congregation were singing the hymn immediately preceding the sermon. However, the sexton conducted us to seats. As the hymn was being sung, we could see just the top of a man's head over the desk. At its close Lycurgus gave me a nudge, as our friend Graybeard, whom we had so lately seen so singularly arrayed, and almost up to his middle in the Tobyhanna, came forth to deliver the discourse. He announced the text to be in the seventh chapter and part of the twenty-fourth verse of St. Luke: "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" Here Lycurgus gave me a nudge again, much more significant than the other, informing me in a whisper, "Now we'll catch it!" I should judge by the demeanor of my son, that he took for granted a sort of open rebuke was to be inflicted on himself and me, for the folly manifest in our scouring the forests in search of camps and trails pertaining to by-gone days. But in the discourse we failed to discover that anything of a personal nature was

intended. Coming out, I remarked to Redbeard that I was not before aware of the fact that our friend was the minister of any church.

"Nor is he precisely," answered he, "but holding a local relationship in the church to which he belongs. The regular minister in charge being absent to-night, his place was supplied in the manner you have seen."

"I understand," was my response; "at home, I belong to the same denomination, and hold the same relation."

"Both he and I (at least when he comes to know it) will regret the lateness of the discovery," Redbeard answered. "Had it been known sooner, you would doubtless have stood in his place."

"Four generations of us," I continued, "have held this subordinate position in the Methodist ministry. Marcus Blair, however, the author of the journal, soon passed to the higher grade of the traveling connexion."

"And the mantle will next fall upon this fine lad?" inquired Redbeard, tapping Lycurgus on the shoulder.

"I can't answer," was my reply. "He says no; but his mother says it will all come to pass in due time."

## CHAPTER XVI.

"If thou art worn and beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget;  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and lakes!—no tears  
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

It was a fine morning when we left for Fair Havens. A double-seated buck-board amply accommodated the four. Crossing the Susquehanna, and driving a mile or two over the fertile flat, we entered a gorge of the mountain traversed by Toby's Creek, and emerged into the farm district lying beyond. From the top of a hill Graybeard pointed out the location of the Cellar-Hole. A road now passes through it, as he stated, following the creek that issues from the lake. At nine o'clock in the forenoon we descended a hill, and found ourselves at a large hotel, on the south shore of Harvey's Lake. The water was clear and beautiful as when, more than a century ago, my ancestor had gazed upon it. I certainly had some strange emotions as I looked out upon this sheet of water, so intimately connected with the fortunes of a revered progenitor.

As we had four hours at our command before dinner, we determined to set forth at once, and walk down to the place of the cabin. Looking

round for Lycurgus, I discovered he was not at hand. The hostler, coming in from bestowing the team, informed me he had gone down to the bridge at the inlet. This being on our way to the outlet, we went down to the bridge. Lycurgus was there, and, with a boy's alacrity, had worked his way into the good graces of an old fisherman called Daddy Emmons. Both of them were in a boat, busily discussing the merits of various kinds of bait for eels, pike, and catfish. He called out to us on our arrival at the bridge, that we needn't walk all the way down to the outlet, as Daddy Emmons was going to row us down in his boat; adding, however, that Daddy had promised to let him row part of the way. As we took our seats and started from the bridge, Redbeard pointed to the marsh above it as the place where Marcus Blair had gathered his cranberries.

Arriving at the outlet, we had now the difficulty before us of finding the location of the hut. Lycurgus, referring to the written description, ascertained that it was in the neighborhood of fifty rods below. Daddy Emmons thought that would take us below the mills. Under his guidance we set out, and went down to the mills spoken of, and past them. We finally entered the growing timber. Anon came a shout from Lycurgus, who had darted ahead, like a restless pointer at a bird-hunt, and had been out of sight some minutes.

"Here it is! here it is!" he continued vociferating,

until we came up with him. We found him pointing to a spring, and over it, in the face of the ledge, the letters M. B., not very well carved, but sufficiently legible, about five feet from the ground. Under the letters were cut the figures 1755. Both letters and figures were six or seven inches in length. The making of this inscription, Lycurgus asserted, was nowhere made mention of in the narrative. But we needed nothing further to establish the identity of the spot. Had such necessity existed, there it was!—pointed out by Redbeard,—a little mound of stones. The falling timbers, in their decay, seemed to have parted, and left the sacred altar standing. A mass of stones indicated the fallen chimney. Above it, on the face of the ledge, traces of smoke were still perceptible. All the wood used in putting up the structure was gone. It had rotted away, or been destroyed by fire.

"Now," said Redbeard,—“now for the cache.”

"But first," suggested Lycurgus, with the book in his hand, "here is mention of cutting an account of his claim to the land in the bark of a growing beech."

Search was made, but no such tree was found. A large stump, in advanced state of decay, there was, and which Daddy Emmons pronounced the stump of a beech. So Lycurgus turned to the date of 1756, April 15, and read, "*The cache may be found exactly forty feet from the spring, in a course at right angles from the face of the ledge.*" Redbeard, who had brought with him a tape-line,

measured off the distance, having first obtained the course by his pocket-compass. But the logs, which he stated in the journal had been laid over the cache, were not there. The forty feet terminated at a large flat stone. The stone, by means of a lever of wood, was then pried up. Lycurgus, peeping under with the zeal of a terrier, cried out, "All right! here she is!" Sure enough, the stone removed, there was a hole, some eighteen inches in diameter. In a moment he had plunged down into the vault.

First was handed up a half-sheet of paper. There was written on the same an account of the transaction as follows:

"Wednesday, May 1, 1756. I, Marcus Blair, of the county of Bucks, Province of Pennsylvania, have this day deposited the articles here found, in this cache made with my own hands, as I am about setting out on my return home. I have passed the winter here alone, save in the company of my three faithful dogs, Pinch, Slap, and Josh. I have run out a tract of land, called Fair Havens, which I claim by right of occupancy, a correct draft of which will be found among my papers. If any one finds this cache, or should tear down the cabin I have occupied during the winter, or should at any time clear up this tract, I beg of him to leave standing the little mound of stones by the spring."

"Now, then," said I to Lycurgus, who had remained with his head sticking out of the mouth

of the cache while the paper was being read,—“now another lot!”

“Here you have it,” said he, casting out a saddle, little of which remained but the frame and rusty irons which held it together. The leather was chiefly decayed. Then a pair of blankets, two woolen shirts, a coat, jacket, and pair of pantaloons, sadly impaired. Then came up quite an array of household utensils and table furniture of wood, well and elaborately carved. There was a pitcher, that would hold at least a gallon or more; two plates of a large and two of a smaller size; a very perfect bread-tray, and a wash-bowl; a large ladle and a small one. Also a fire shovel, a pair of tongs, and a chair with deer-skin bottom. Next came a small axe, a saw and an auger. Then two fox-traps, a coffee-pot, an iron spoon, a whetstone, and about a pound of nails.

“I don’t know what this is,” said Lycurgus, throwing up a large Indian stone pestle and a block of wood with a hole in one end.

“Easy enough to determine,” replied Redbeard. “This was a part of the machinery for making flour of acorns.”

“Nothing more,” said Lycurgus, “but a mass of black hair, and a hide of some kind.” It proved to be the bear-skin dress; but the hair, some of it wholly gone, and much of it detached. It had been put in upon the bottom of the excavation, and the commodities had been placed on it. The legs and

arms were yet sewed up, and the tie-strings in front still remained.

“I move,” said Lycurgus, having come out of the cache, and looking at the heap of treasure, “that we give the whole lot to Daddy Emmons. Is the motion seconded?”

“Ay,” I responded, “saving and excepting the iron spoon and the whetstone. Those I retain.”

With this reservation, the motion unanimously prevailed. Of course Daddy Emmons was excused from voting himself. He was, however, not indifferent to the importance of the resolution, by which, thus unexpectedly, he became rich.

“I don’t know,” was my remark, having all of us taken a drink at the spring, “that anything further detains us here. If our friends are ready, we will return to the outlet, and see if the marked trees can be found. And as we go, we will aid Mr. Emmons in transporting his goods.”

“Now, my young friend,” said Redbeard, when we arrived at the outlet of the lake, “turn again to your book, and let us have the starting-point of this old survey.”

Lycurgus read as follows: “*He will commence to run out the tract at a bifurcated beech, directly on the south shore of the lake, thirty-six rods above the outlet.*”

“Then,” said Redbeard, “we measure up from this point the thirty-six rods, and see if we can find the beech.”

The distance was soon measured, but no tree was there. We found naught but a decayed stump.

"Look round for the witnesses," said Redbeard.

"Look for what?" returned Lycurgus.

"For the witnesses to this stump; supposing it to be the remains of the marked beech."

"I don't know what he means," said Lycurgus.

"Do you, Daddy Emmons?"

The latter had more familiar knowledge on this subject than his junior, and looking about for a moment, pointed Lycurgus to a scar on a very old birch.

"Well, what of that?" asked the boy.

"Don't it appear on the side of the birch facing the stump?" inquired Redbeard.

"Yes," replied Lycurgus. "But that's nothing. It might just as easily have been on any other side."

"Then it would not witness the stump," said the other, with a smile. "Find another witness."

A second and a third tree were soon found, each with a scar on its side, facing the old stump. Thus there were three of them, standing in a semicircle, conclusively establishing the stump as the remains of the bifurcated beech marked by Marcus Blair so long ago.

"Now we will try to run this old line," said Redbeard; "but turn to your book and give us the course and distance."

Lycurgus again read: "*thence due south, at forty-two rods and a half, along a well-marked line,*

*he will find the south-east corner,—the rock-oak already mentioned, on which Pinch treed the bear.*"

Setting his compass, and handing the tape-line to Graybeard and myself, we were soon ascending the hill, measuring the distance as we went. Shortly, as we came to an old hemlock, Lycurgus called out, "Another scratch!"

"Call it a blaze," said Redbeard. "Surveyors know no such things as scratches on trees. This is a fair mark, and I don't doubt you will find another like it on the opposite side."

"So there is; just like it," affirmed the lad.

"It is a sight tree; we will pass on," said Redbeard.

At different distances we found others, blazed in the same way, until we had finally measured the forty-two rods and a half. Here was a venerable old rock-oak.

"How is it marked?" called out our friend to Lycurgus, who had reached it first.

"On the side we approached it, but not on the opposite side, like the others," replied the boy.

"Look on the right side, as you came to it."

"Yes, a scratch—I mean a blaze," said Lycurgus.

"Enough," said Redbeard, putting up his compass; "if it blocks the date of 1756, the tract is located by sufficient marks upon the ground. We will take a block." Saying which, he proceeded in the execution of an act entirely novel to persons who, like myself, reside in districts of country for many years settled. He cut into the blaze quite

a depth, and took out a wedge-shaped block. When the side of this was planed down smooth, the rings of annual growth could very easily be counted. Here were one hundred and sixteen circles, and the blaze having been made on the tree in the spring of the year, Redbeard informed us that the mark coincided with the written narrative, that the mark had been put there in 1756.

"Then the land is ours?" said Lycurgus, in the form of an interrogation.

"That is not for me to pass an opinion upon," answered Redbeard. "My position in relation to the court forbids my doing so. Should the matter come before me afterward, I should be placed in circumstances of restraint. My friend, counselor Graybeard, will afford you any legal advice you may need on the subject."

"Judge of the court," whispered Daddy Emmons aside to Lycurgus.

"I am glad to hear it," said the latter, in low tones, to his friend the fisherman; "if the case is ever tried, we'll have a man on the bench who knows all about it."

When we returned to the hotel, a fine dinner was awaiting us. After rising from the table, and finishing our cigars on the porch, our horses were brought out preparatory to a start for home. Lycurgus, however, was nowhere to be found. After waiting an hour, it was discovered he had gone with Daddy Emmons to the North Corner (some-

thing over two miles and a half), to aid in taking up an out-line, set for pike. Some one made the proposition that it was rather hard to part these two new-made friends so soon, and that I had better remain a few days. This was agreed to; and the two gentlemen who had brought us over, saying the vehicle would be sent for Lycurgus and me, took their departure.

It was as well this arrangement had been made, for when Lycurgus returned from the North Corner, jubilant over nine large pike and as many perch, I came to discover that he and Daddy Emmons had laid out a programme of work covering almost a week. Besides piscatorial performances in the waters of the lake, an expedition had been planned for trouting in Bowman's Creek, in Cider Run, in Roaring Brook, and Beaver Run; in all of which, in company with Graybeard, Daddy Emmons had assured him he had wrought wonders. I may add that during the excursion Lycurgus had christened the boat of Daddy Emmons. He had painted the name in large letters, with red chalk, across the stern,—THE BLAZE-AWAY.



## CHAPTER XVII.

"Why, a fine lad! The tree of honored manhood  
Sleeps in his seed of youth. Give him the  
Friendly dews of your approval. This shall  
Lead forth the fruitage from the swelling bud.  
Ardent and hopeful is he, filled with  
Ambitious fire. See that you pour no stream  
Of cold indifference on his zealous spirit."

ON our return to Wilkesbarre, after a few days spent as indicated at the close of the preceding chapter, Graybeard put into my hands the following paper. The handwriting not being of the most legible character, he did us the favor to read it himself.

"MR. THOMAS BLAIR:

"MY DEAR SIR,—At your request, made before separating at Harvey's Lake the other day, I have made examination into the title of a tract of land, one hundred rods by two hundred, at the outlet of that body of water (the largest lake in Pennsylvania) by the name of *Fair Havens*. I will, in the first place, call your attention to three other tracts, located at the same place, interfering with that to which you lay claim.

"First, 'James Withy,' three hundred and ninety-seven acres and allowance, warranted the 1st July, 1784, and surveyed the 30th October, 1788.

Second, 'William Sims,' four hundred and three acres and allowance, warranted and surveyed the same days as the 'James Withy.' Third, 'Jesse Fell,' four hundred and thirty-one acres and one hundred and thirty perches and allowance, warranted 21st September, 1792, and surveyed the 10th May, 1793. These three surveys were regularly returned to the land office, the money due the Commonwealth paid in by the parties, and patents duly issued. For more than fifty years these tracts have been occupied. Mills have been erected on one of them, and farms cleared and cultivated on the others.

"As opposed to the titles of the said three tracts, in part, you, as heir at law of Marcus Blair deceased, set up claim of title to a tract called 'Fair Havens,' locating the same in such manner as to cover parts of all three of those above described. Your piece of land would seem to have been run out in 1755 or 1756. A cabin was erected upon it, which Blair occupied from the month of October, 1755, to the month of May, 1756. At this last date he abandoned his possession,—moved off the tract,—and neither he nor any person claiming title under him, for more than a hundred years, ever asserted title to the same. His survey was never returned into the land office; he never paid the money due the Commonwealth; never took out a patent; nor did he keep up *continuous possession* by himself or others under him. Your claim to that part of the three tracts surveyed in 1788 and 1793 therefore

fails. That you may see the nature of this interference, I hereto attach a copy of these three surveys, with that of the 'Fair Havens' drawn over them in dotted lines. In my draft I have at the same time laid down the lake, and indicated by marginal references a few of the localities referred to in the journal. I regret the necessity which compels me to pronounce against the validity of your title."

"And that's law, is it?" demanded Lycurgus.

"Backwoods law," replied Graybeard.

"Well, for my part," said Lycurgus, "I don't think much of it. My ancestor was there first; and he says in his journal his intention was to keep the lot, as it would some day become valuable."

"And could have done so," I interposed, "had he kept up his possession?"

"Precisely so," answered Graybeard. "And now having disposed of that question, allow me to introduce another. Our young friend here seems a good deal interested in this part of our Commonwealth, and I make this proposition: that from the present time until arriving at the age of twenty-one he give himself wholly to the acquirement of education. Then I tender him a place in my office as a student at law."

"Agreed!" ejaculated Lycurgus. "I'll do it."

"With your father's approval first obtained," mildly suggested the lawyer.

"Why, yes, sir,—I suppose so,—I forgot that," said the boy.

"I consent," was my remark; "hoping my son may fully appreciate so great an act of courtesy and favor."

"Then we'll see if something can't be done to get back the land," Lycurgus said.

"That is done already," remarked Graybeard. "You look a trifle surprised; sit still, Lycurgus, and I will explain. I met the man here in town, yesterday, who owns the land in question. I obtained from him the written refusal, as we term it, for fifty acres, including the spring where the cabin stood, for sixty days, at five dollars per acre. That is, if I pay him the two hundred and fifty dollars within the sixty days he makes me the deed,—or makes the deed to any person I may designate. If I decide not to take it, the matter is at an end, and he keeps the fifty acres. The reason he puts the price so low is, that the best of the timber, the pine especially, has been taken off. Now, if you choose to advance the two hundred and fifty dollars within the sixty days," continued Graybeard, addressing me, "I would like to have the deed made to you, in trust for Lycurgus Blair, until he arrives at his maturity; when the land, woods, ways, waters, hereditaments, and appurtenances shall be his."

"All right! all right!" said Lycurgus, jumping up. "I'll take it. Fair Havens back again in the Blairs,—hurrah!"

"Not until paid for, however," I remarked.

"Well, can't we—that is, can't you raise that much?" asked the young enthusiast. "Couldn't it be borrowed?"

"I think I may venture to say," was my answer, "that if you engage to pursue your studies as our kind friend here proposes, the money shall be forthcoming within a month from this day."

"I agree, upon my word of honor," affirmed the lad.

"I will go his security," said Graybeard. "Still, you must bear in mind that the land is not of so much value as it would be under different circumstances. The pine has been taken off."

"I don't mind that," said Lycurgus; "that's nothing. I saw trees enough there, handsomer than pine, for that matter."

At this juncture Redbeard entered, and the matter was fully stated to him. He professed his inability to see that there was any great amount of money in the investment, but regarded it favorably, as an incentive to exertion on the part of the youth in the course of his studies; that there was great encouragement to the young, even in smaller objects than this, to lead them to the attainment of usefulness, if not greatness. Practically considered, he would add, the young timber would be growing, and the old site at the spring might some day be a pleasant place for a summer retreat.

"Just what I intend to do," affirmed Lycurgus.

"I shall build on that very spot. It will be a nice place to spend the summers at. My mother and sisters will be with me of course. Father too, if he has time. I will place Daddy Emmons in charge, until I am old enough to build."

"With all possible respect for the taste of my young friend," said Redbeard, "I would nevertheless venture to suggest that a place better fitting the erection of the tenement would be at the rock-oak corner. The prospect afforded by the surrounding hills, together with the lake, would be remarkably fine, the air more invigorating, and, in the practical sense, ample space found for the laying out of grounds and planting fruit-trees. I would at the same time advise the construction of a meandering pathway from the dwelling down the declivity to the spring. The spring itself, together with the monument of stones set up by Marcus Blair, might be inclosed with a substantial wall in such way as to secure them from molestation, and the latter from destruction."

"I perceive!" broke in Lycurgus; "so it would. Just the plan! I'll follow the suggestions."

"Right, very right," said Redbeard, in reply; "for although the site at the old cabin might be a proper place for a summer retreat, yet in winter, as we gather from the journal account, you incur the liability of being rather too much UNDER THE SNOW."

THE END.

## POPULAR BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

# J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.,

715 AND 717 MARKET ST., PHILA.

*Will be sent to any address, postpaid, upon receipt of the price.*

### *The Princess and the Goblin. A Fairy Story. By*

GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., author of "Alec Forbes,"  
"Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," etc., Editor of "Good  
Words for the Young." With Thirty Illustrations. 16mo.  
Extra cloth, gilt. \$1.50.

"George Macdonald deserves all that can be said in his praise for the unequalled originality and beauty of his writings for youth. In the present volume he has surpassed himself. Rarely have we seen the pure interest of the fairy tale so well turned to moral purposes."—*Philadelphia Age*.  
"This is one of the most attractive books for the young published this

season, in respect both to contents and appearance. It is fascinating in its interest."

"The story before us is an exquisite allegory, as delicately and beautifully written as if it were a lyric, instead of a prose, poem. Like everything else of Macdonald's, it is pure and sweet."—*Pittsburgh Gazette*.

### *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood. By George Mac-*

donald, LL.D., author of "Robert Falconer," etc. With  
numerous Illustrations. 16mo. Fine cloth. \$1.50.

"If we only could have such juvenile books! We mean such as *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*, by George Macdonald. To light on such a book, full of 'sweetness and light,' full of boy-life and true goodness, is a discovery. There is adventure here. But such adventure! Never have we seen the ethics of a boy's life, the seed-morals that are sure to grow into the after-life, so well treated. If you have

children, *Ranald Bannerman* is good company for them; and if we had the power to put him where he deserves to be, *Ranald Bannerman* should stand upon every Sunday-school library-shelf."—*New York Independent*.

"Mr. Macdonald writes of youthful experiences in a way unequalled by any other author of the day, and this volume is in his best style."—*Boston Post*.

### *How Nelly Found the Fairies. A Grandmother's*

Christmas Story. 16mo. Extra cloth. \$1.

"How Nelly Found the Fairies, a Grandmother's Story," is one of many attractive books for young people lately published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is very unlike the usual run of books

of this class, and the fairy whom the heroine found, instead of performing wondrous things, is a tender and wise monitor whose teaching improves the mind."—*Philadelphia Press*.

PUBLICATIONS OF J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

*The Enchanting and Enchanted; or, Fairy Spells.*

From the German. By MRS. A. L. WISTER. Illustrated.

12mo. Fine cloth. \$1.25.

"A charming book in the best style of German romance, pure in sentiment and elegant in diction, with a nameless artlessness which gives tone to the language of the heart."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"These stories belong to the best

class of German fairy lore."—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

"A romantic German story full of thrilling adventures, and yet healthful in its moral tone."—*Cincinnati Herald and Presbyterian*.

*The Merman and the Figure-Head. A Christmas*

Story. By CLARA F. GUERNSEY, author of "The Silver Cup," "A Mere Piece of Mischief," etc. Illustrated.

16mo. Toned paper. Extra cloth. \$1.

"It is very well cast and told, and is a curious success for the delight of the holidays."—*Philadelphia North American*.

"The artist who has drawn the pictures is entirely in sympathy with the spirit of the story."—*Boston Advertiser*.

*Good Stories for Young People. A Series of Stories*

for Boys and Girls. By POPULAR AUTHORS. Selected from "Good Words for the Young." Profusely Illustrated.

8vo. Fine cloth. \$1.75.

"It is one of the most entertaining volumes for young people which has been issued for a long time."—*Boston Journal*.

"The book is altogether, as its name implies, a collection of really good stories that both old and young may

read with interest and profit."—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*.

"It will prove a valued friend to those who desire something that will please and instruct long after the holidays have passed."—*Cincinnati Evening Chronicle*.

*Eva's Adventures in Shadow-Land. By Mary D.*

Nauman, author of "Sidney Elliott," "Twisted Threads," etc. Illustrated. 16mo. Extra cloth. \$1.25.

A peculiar fascinating fairy story which cannot fail to please the young folks. Eva's wonderful adventures are told in a charming style, well suited to youthful readers.

"Full of marvelous adventures,

charmingly told."—*Baltimore Gazette*.

"Very charming to read, and told in very beautiful English."—*New York Evening Mail*.

*Elms Homestead. By Mrs. M. O. Johnson, author*

of "Linwood; or, The Christmas Gift," "The Century Plant," etc. With two full-page Illustrations. 16mo. Extra cloth.

\$1.

"It is an exceedingly attractive book for children, full of wise and kindly Christian instruction, without too much preaching."—*N.Y. Independent*.

"To those who have hearts to love that which is pure and beautiful, this book will be a most welcome present."—*New York Christian Intelligencer*.