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THE

TRAVELLERS.

A TALE.

DESIGNED FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF REDWOOD.

"Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey."

CHILDE HAROLD.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,
And Sold by
COLLINS AND HANNAY, NEW-YORK, AND CUMMINGS,
HILLIARD, AND CO. BOSTON.

1825.

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fourth day of April, A.D. 1825, in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, E. Bliss and E. White, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:—

"The Travellers; a Tale Designed for Young People. By the author of Redwood.

> 'Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
> And frequent turn to linger as you go,
> From loftier rocks new loveliness survey.'
> *Childe Harold.*"

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JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

J. Seymour, printer.

THE following pages are inscribed to the youthful brother and sister, who are associated with every picture of unfolding virtue, in the mind of their affectionate friend,

THE AUTHOR.

THE TRAVELLERS.

In the month of June, (the jubilee month of poets and travellers) in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, Mr. Sackville, his wife, and their two children, Edward and Julia, made the grand tour of Niagara, the lakes, Montreal, Quebec, &c. Both parents and children kept journals, in which they recorded with fidelity whatever they observed which they deemed worthy of note. We have been favored with the perusal of them all, and have been permitted to make a few extracts from them, which we intend to combine into a brief narrative, that we are sure will amuse our young readers, provided their delicate essence does not escape our unskilful hands.

First, it will be necessary that our readers should know into whose society they are thus unceremoniously introduced. 6

Mr. Sackville, in the prime of life retired from the successful practice of the law, to a beautiful estate in the country. Various motives were assigned by his acquaintances for his removal; but as those diligent inquirers, who so conscientiously investigate their neighbor's affairs, are apt to pass over simple and obvious motives, those which, in this instance, governed Mr. Sackville's conduct, escaped their observation.

The truth was, he had a strong predilection for a country life; he was wearied with briefs and declarations; he loved above all things, the society of his accomplished wife, and he ardently desired to participate with her the happiness of educating their fine children; and besides, he had many little plans of utility and benevolence, such as are naturally suggested to an active and philanthropic mind on entering a new sphere of life. 7

Mr. Sackville purchased a fine estate in the town of ——, in the state of ——. We have left these blanks, which we are well aware are very provoking to all, and especially to young readers, in order to allow them to locate the amiable Sackvilles (the name we confess to be fictitious) wherever they choose, north or south of the Potomac, east or west of the Alleghanies; for we sincerely believe that such pattern families are to be found in every section of our favored country.

Edward was ten, Julia eight years old, when they removed from town. They felt a very natural reluctance at leaving the city, their companions, and the only pleasures they had ever known. But the state of their feelings will best appear by a conversation which occurred between them and their mother, shortly before their removal, while Edward was assisting her to pack up some vials, which with their contents, composed his chemical laboratory. 8

“You are very good, dear mother,” he said, kissing her, “to take such pains to pack up these things: you have been in such a panic about spontaneous combustion ever since the night you found the phosphorus[1] on fire, that I expected my little cupboard and all its treasures would be condemned. But,” he added, with a sigh, “I suppose you think I shall want my chemistry more than ever to amuse me in the country.”

[1] Phosphorus is a matter which shines or even burns spontaneously, and without the application of any sensible fire.

“No, my dear boy, not more than ever.”

“Oh, mother! Bob Eaton's father says the country is such a bore—and Bob thinks so too.”

“And what,” asked Mrs. Sackville, “do Bob Eaton's father and Bob Eaton, mean by a bore?”

“Why, they mean, certainly”——Edward began in a confident tone, and then faltered a little: “that is, I suppose they mean, that——that——that——” Edward found it as difficult to explain their meaning, as the original utterers of the profound remark would have done if suddenly called on: and he was glad to be interrupted by a soliloquy of his little sister, who stood in one corner of the room, wrapping something in half a dozen envelopes. 9

“Farewell!” she exclaimed, as the man says in the play, “‘a long farewell’ to my dear dancing shoes—”

“Pardon me, Miss Julia,” said her mother, “for cutting short such a pretty pathetic parting: but here is another pair of dancing shoes, which you will please to put with those you already have, and I trust you will have the pleasure of dancing them both out before you come to town again.”

“Dancing them out, mother! shall we dance in the country?” exclaimed both the children in one breath. “I thought,” continued Edward, “that we should have nothing to do in the country but get our lessons; and all work and no play, you know, mother, makes Jack a dull boy.” 10

“Oh yes, Ned, I know that favorite proverb of all children. I am sorry to find that you have such a dread of the country. You know, my dear children, that your father and I are devoted to your welfare, and that we should do nothing that would not contribute to your happiness.”

Edward had quick feelings, and he perceived that there was something reproachful in his mother's manner. “I am sure,” he said, “that Julia and I wish to do every thing that you and papa like.”

“That is not enough, my dear boy, we wish you to *like* to do what we like.”

“But surely, mother, you cannot blame us for not wishing to go and live in the country.”

“No, Edward, I should as soon think of blaming poor blind Billy, because he cannot see. Unhappily you have been entirely confined to town, and are ignorant of the pleasures of the country. I only blame you for thinking that your father and I would voluntarily do any thing to lessen your innocent pleasures.” 11

“Oh, mother!” exclaimed Edward, “we did not think any thing about that.”

“Well, my dear, perhaps I am wrong in expecting you to *think*—reflection is the habit of a riper age than yours. You must trust me for one year, and at the expiration of that period, you and your sister shall decide whether we return to town or remain in the country.”

“Oh, mother! how very good you are. One year—well, one year won't be so very long—only think, Julia, in one year we shall be back again.”

“Not quite so fast, Edward,” said his mother; “you are not to decide till the end of the year.”

“Oh, I know that, mama, but of course we shall decide to come back.” 12

Mrs. Sackville looked incredulous, and smiled at his childish confidence in his own constancy. “I see, mother, you don't believe me; but of course, Julia and I can't wish to live away from every thing that is amusing.”

“Come, Julia, your brother has taken it upon himself to be spokesman, but let me hear from you, what are the amusements that you so dread to leave.”

“Why, in the first place, mother, there is our dancing-school: every time I go to take my lesson, Mr. Dubois says, ‘Pauvre, Miss Julie, point de cotillon; point de gavots in de country; ah, qu'il est sauvage—de country.’”

“Dubois for ever!” exclaimed Edward, as Julia finished her mimicry of her master's tone and grimace. “Oh, he is the drollest creature—and Julia is such a mimic—the girls will have nobody to make them laugh when she is gone.” 13

Mrs. Sackville secretly rejoiced that Julia was to be removed, in a great degree, from the temptation to exercise so mischievous a faculty. She, however, did not turn the drift of the conversation to make any remarks on it. “Console Mr. Dubois,” she said, “my dear, Julia, with the assurance, that your mother will take care that you do not lose the benefit of his labors in the service of the graces. Your father tells me, there is in our neighborhood a very decent musician, who does all the fiddling for the parish. I have purchased some cotillon music, and I hope your favorite tunes will soon resound in our new mansion.”

“Oh, that will be delightful, mother, but Edward and I cannot dance a cotillon alone.”

“No, but we are not going to a desert. There are enough clever children in the neighborhood, who will form a set with you; and now, Julia, that I see by your brightened eye, that you think the affliction of leaving the dancing-school will be alleviated, what is the next subject of your regret?” 14

“The next, mother? what is next, Edward?”

“I do not know what you will call next, Julia, but I think the theatre comes next.”

“O! the theatre—yes, the theatre—how could I forget the theatre?”

“Well, my children, I think you can live without the theatre, as you go but once, or at most twice in a season; a pleasure that occupies so small a portion of your time, cannot be very important to your happiness, or regretted very deeply.”

“A small portion of time, to be sure, mother,” replied Edward; “but then you will own it is delightful: you yourself exclaimed the other night when the curtain drew up, ‘what a beautiful spectacle!’”

“Yes, my love, but nature has far more beautiful spectacles, and I have kept you too long from them.” 15

“But, mother,” insisted Edward, “nothing can be so pleasant and startling, as when the curtain suddenly draws up and discovers a beautiful scene.”

“It may be more startling, my dear Ned, but it is not half so delightful as to see the curtain of night withdrawn in a clear summer morning, and the lovely objects of nature lighting up with the rays of the rising sun.”

“But, mother, there is the orchestra—”

“And in the country, my dear, we have bands of voluntary musicians on every side of us, who set all their wants, and all their pleasures to music, and pour them forth in the sweetest notes, from morning till night. These musicians will hover about our house and garden the entire summer, and ask no reward, but to share with us our cherries and raspberries; a small pittance from the generous stores of summer. But, come, my children, what next?” 16

“What next, Julia? Let us think—Oh, there is the museum. I am sure, mother, you cannot say a word against the museum—such a variety of curiosities, and elegant specimens of every thing, and I have heard you and papa both say, that it is a very instructive as well as amusing place to visit.”

“Certainly it is, my dear, a vast collection of natural wonders, and artificial curiosities; and I am glad you value it sufficiently to regret it. But, my dear children, nature has her museums every where: her productions are all curiosities, and the more you study them, the more you will

admire the wisdom and goodness of their Creator. Every vegetable that springs from the kind bosom of the earth—the earth itself—the rocks—the pebbles—living creatures, their instincts and habitudes—are all a study for you. The volume is open and outspread before you: God grant me grace to train your minds and hearts, that you may read therein—read with that enlightened understanding and benevolent spirit, which prompted a christian philosopher to say, ‘the air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. On whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view.’” 17

Any farther record of the conversation would be superfluous, and might prove tedious. It is our purpose to give some anecdotes of Edward and Julia, and not their history.

As might have been expected, our young friends in the country, were like beings rescued from an artificial mode of existence, and restored to their native element; and when their mother, at the expiration of the year, asked them if they were ready to return to town—

“Return to town, now, mother!” exclaimed Edward, “it is impossible.”

“Some time or other, mama, perhaps we should like to go back, but not now,” said Julia. “We cannot go now, when we have so much to do. The frost is just out of the ground, and Ned and I are as busy as bees in our garden.” 18

“And, besides,” said Edward, “there is my brood of ducks, that the old hen has just brought off; I am so curious to see her fright when they take to the water; and there are my bantam pigeons; bantams are so delicate, that you know, mother, I could not trust them to any body's care but my own.”

“I think old Cæsar might take charge of your bantams, Ned,” said Julia; “but I am sure my pet lamb—”

“Oh, Julia,” interrupted Edward, laughing, “give her the sentimental french name.”

“Very well, I will, and you may laugh as much you please: Orpheline—I am sure Orpheline would not relish her food from any hand but mine, she is so used to me; and my darling little partridges, that I am trying to bring up to be domestic birds, I would not leave them before I have made a ‘satisfactory experiment,’ as papa says; and then, mother, we did not half fill our herbariums last summer. Oh, we have a world of business on our hands,” continued Julia, with the air of one who duly realized the importance of her momentous concerns. 19

Mrs. Sackville smiled, but made no reply, and Edward said, “I was thinking, mother, as I sat on the door-step last evening, and listened to the hum of the happy little creatures that are waking up for the season, that I had new eyes and new ears given to me, since I came to live in the country. Even the hoarse croaking of the frogs in our meadow, sounded pleasantly to me; quite musical.”

“Equal to the music of the orchestra, my dear Ned.”

“Not quite so fine, mother,” replied Edward, “but it seemed to have more meaning in it.” 20

“You are right, my dear Edward,” said Mrs. Sackville; “you have new senses, or rather, your senses are unlocked to the reception of the sweet influences of nature. I have more happiness than I can express to you, my dear children, in finding that you have already imbibed a taste for those pure pleasures, that will remain the same, whatever change of condition or circumstances may await you.”[2]

[2] Miss Hannah More, at the age of seventy-five, said to Professor Griscom, ‘the love of the country, and of flowers, is the only natural pleasure that remains to me unimpaired.’

Another year passed to this virtuous family, full of useful and innocent occupations, and in the month of the already noted June, they left their home. The parents with rational expectations of pleasure, from visiting some of the most interesting scenes in our country, and the children with the anticipation of unbounded delight, so characteristic of childhood. 21

Their travelling party included Mr. Ralph Morris, a bachelor brother of Mrs. Sackville. Mr. Morris was a man of intelligence and extreme kindness of disposition, a little irritable, and when the sky was clouded, and the wind blew from the wrong quarter, somewhat whimsical.

As we hope that our young readers will conceive a friendship for Edward and Julia, before they part with them, they may have a natural curiosity to know whether they were brown or fair, and all the etceteras of personal appearance. Edward was tall for his age, (twelve) and stout built, with the rich ruddy complexion and vigorous muscle of an English boy. His eyes were large and dark, and beaming with the bright and laughing spirit within: his hair was a mass of fair clustering curls, which he, from a boyish dread of effeminacy, had in vain tried to subdue by the discipline of comb and brush. His teeth were fine and white, and with as little prompting from his mother as could be expected, he kept them with remarkable neatness. His mouth was distinguished by nothing but an expression of frankness and good temper. His nose, (a feature seldom moulded by the graces) his nose, we are sorry to confess, was rather thick and quite unclassical. His character and manners preserved all the frankness and purity of childhood, with a little of that chivalrous spirit which is such a grace to dawning manhood. For the rest, we will leave him to speak for himself. 22

The sister's person was extremely delicate and symmetrical, with too little of the Hebe beauty for childhood, but full of grace and *gentillesse*.

Her complexion was not as rich as her brother's; but it had an ever-varying hue, which indicated the sensibility that sometimes suddenly swelled the veins of her clear open brow, lit up her hazel eyes with electrifying brilliancy, and played in sweet dimples about her mouth; in short, 23
though she was not beautiful, she had an expression of purity, truth, and gentleness, far more attractive than mere beauty; an expression that was once happily described by a French lady, who said to Mrs. Sackville, “when your daughter smiles, it seems to me, that it is frankness and virtue that smile.”

We are well aware that young people do not like to be harangued about scenery; therefore, though our travellers sailed up the Hudson, we shall resist every temptation to describe its beautiful features, features as well known and loved as the familiar face of a friend; neither will we detain them on the scarcely less beautiful Mohawk, though we are sure they are not rebels against nature, and that their hearts would dilate if we had the power to present to their imaginations this lovely stream, winding through the valley it enriches, as it looked to the eyes of our young travellers, brimfull from recent rains, reflecting in its living mirror the verdant banks, 24
the overhanging trees, the richly-wooded hills, and the clear heaven.

It would be impossible to record the exclamations of the children. “It is a perfect picture, mother, all the way,” said Julia.

“I like every thing but these dronish farmers,” said Edward. “See, papa,” he continued, (not, perhaps, unwilling to display his agricultural observation) “see, that groupe of men, black and white, all leaning on their hoes, and staring at us, and they will stand and look just so, until the next carriage comes along, while their corn is trying in vain to shoot above the weeds that choke it. They seem to have no more soul than the clods they stand upon. I wish some of the farmers on the cold desolate hills of New-England had this fine soil.”

“My dear Ned,” replied Mr. Sackville, “I do not wonder at your indignation. I have myself 25
been marvelling, that, as a poet says, ‘Nature should waste her wonders on such men;’ but there is compensation every where, or, as your mother would say, there ‘are divers gifts.’ The man born to the inheritance of cold and sterile hills, is compelled to be industrious, frugal, vigorous, and resolute to live, and thus the advantages of his moral condition are more than an equivalent for the physical advantages of a fine soil or climate, or both.”

“Ah, well, papa,” replied Edward, “if I had my choice, I should take this fine soil on the Mohawk, and cultivate it with the mountain virtues, industry, resolution, &c. and I might make a paradise here.”

“A paradise, Ned!” exclaimed Mrs. Sackville, “do you remember that Milton says,

> Now morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
> When Adam wak'd?

If you would be a tiller of the earth, Ned, you must learn to like early rising and hard work, better 26
than you do now, and not go on living so like the lilies of the field, that are clothed, though they toil not.” Edward looked a little crest-fallen.

“Your self-confidence provoked a gentle rebuke,” said his father; “but it is a very common mistake, my dear son, for those much older than you are, to fancy they should avoid the faults others commit, if placed in their situation. But, before you permit such a presumption, be sure that you have resisted all the temptations in your own path, and have performed all the duties which belong to the sphere Providence has assigned to you. Here we are at the close of our day's journey, and my admonition comes in very well, like the moral at the end of a tale; this I think is one of the prettiest places on the river. If I mistake not, the village opposite to us is Palatine.”

The party alighted at Mrs. B's inn. The children entreated their mother to take her port-folio, 27
and stroll with them along the bank of the river, while the tea was getting in readiness.

As they came opposite the ferry, they stopped for a moment to look at a scow approaching the shore. There were several men in it, and among them a black lad, who, at the moment the boat touched the shore, either by accident, or by the contrivance of his mischievous companions, fell overboard. While they gave way to a burst of merriment, the poor blackey regained a footing on terra firma, and shook the water from his woolly locks and dripping garments.

“You an't white yet, Cuffee,” said one of his persecutors. “Look if he has dyed the water,” said another.

“Don't laugh,” said Julia to Edward, who, with a boyish love of fun, had joined in the laugh; “it is too bad to laugh at the poor fellow.”

“You are right, Julia,” said Mrs. Sackville. “It is hard to belong to a degraded *caste*, to be born 28
to the inheritance of jibes and jokes.”

They continued their walk a little farther down the bank, discovering new beauties at every step, till they came to a spot which Julia insisted could not be surpassed; and arranging a nice cushion on the grass with her shawl, she begged her mother to make a sketch there. “Now, mama,” she said, “you must take both sides of the river.”

“You forget, Julia, that I cannot take a panorama view.”

“Then you must leave out the inn, and the beautiful hill behind it, with its sycamores and locusts, and the road that winds along the bank of the river.”

“Yes, my dear, here is the boundary of your picture:—this magnificent elm-tree, that seems to pay its debt to the nourishing waters, by extending its graceful branches over them.”

“And don't fail, mother,” said Edward, “to mark the deep shadow it casts on that pier of the bridge they are building—and oh, do put in that little skiff so snugly moored in the shade, and hooked to the tree—and that taper church spire that stretches above the thick wood on the left;—oh, if you could but paint it as it looks now, with that bright gleam from the setting sun on it. And see, mother, just at this instant, what a golden mist there is in the topmost branches of that tree.” 29

“Stop your chattering one moment, Ned, till I get in this little brook on the left, that is creeping so softly into the bosom of the Mohawk. Oh, my children, it is an easy task to draw these lines so as to convey a correct idea of forms and distances, but very difficult to imitate the colouring of nature, the delicate touch of her skilful hand. How shall I represent the freshness and purity that marks the youth of the year?—like childhood, Ned, smiling and promising, and as yet unchanged by time.” 30

“If not changed, not perfected by time, dear mother,” said Edward, kissing his mother. His manner expressed a mixture of admiration and tenderness that went to her heart.

“You have spoiled my picture, Ned,” she said, “I cannot make another straight line. Come, Julia, take up the port-folio, and we will return to the inn.”

We hope our readers will not complain that we have not kept good faith with them, if we have been tempted to loiter longer than we promised on the banks of the Mohawk. To reward them for their patience (if perchance they have exercised that difficult virtue, without availing themselves of the skipping right—the readers' inalienable right) we shall make but one stage of it from Palatine to Oneida, not once halting at any of the beautiful grounds, waterfalls, or villages, that intervene. 31

It was mid-day, and a hot day too, when our travellers entered this Indian town, which presents a striking aspect, situated as it is in the heart of a cultivated and civilized country.

Huts are planted irregularly at some distance from the road, in fields overgrown with rank grass. Half-naked Indians, yelling and hallooing, were riding to and fro without saddles or bridles; on horses that looked as wild as themselves. Some were stretched along the road-side, in a state of brutal intoxication; others were lying under the shadows of the noblest patriarchs of their woods, showing their patent right to indolence as lords of the creation, while their women and girls were sitting around them, busily making baskets and brooms. On the green were groupes of men shooting arrows at a mark, playing at jack-straws, football, and the various games of skill and chance by which the savage drives away ennui—that demon that persecutes most fiercely at the extremes of the human condition. 32

“One might almost fancy here,” said Mr. Sackville, “that the march of time had been stayed, and the land spell-bound, by some mighty magician. The log-huts of these poor Indians are as rude structures as the bark wigwams of their forefathers, and these rich lands are a complete waste, except where we see here and there a little patch of corn or potatoes. The savages certainly evince their faith in the traditionary saying that ‘the Great Spirit gave a plough to the white man, and a bow and arrow to the Indian.’”

“And there,” said Mrs. Sackville, pointing to some women who were hoeing, “there is an illustration of another of their proverbs—‘men were made for war and hunting, and squaws and hedge-hogs to scratch the ground.’”

Edward interrupted the conversation, to beg his father to stop in the village long enough to allow him time to look into the interior of some of the huts. While Mr. Sackville hesitated whether to incur the delay necessary to afford this gratification to his son, the driver announced that his off-leader had lost his shoe, and asked leave to stop at a blacksmith's to have it replaced. 33

This request was readily granted; and while Mrs. Sackville entered into some conversation with the blacksmith, who was a white man, Edward bounded over a fence and across a field, towards a hut which was scarcely perceptible except by a smoke that rose from it, and curled through the branches of a lofty oak which stood before it.

As he drew near the hut, he heard a low voice, broken by sobs; he paused for a moment, and then cautiously and softly advanced, till he came so near as to hear distinctly what was said, and to see enough, through a small aperture where the clay had fallen away from the logs, to prevent his proceeding farther, and to excite his curiosity to its highest pitch. An old Indian woman was sitting on the hearth-stone, her arms folded, and her blanket wrapped close around her. It appeared that she had seated herself there for the purpose of watching an Indian cake that was baking on a shovel before the fire; but her attention had been so abstracted, that the cake was burnt to a cinder. Her face and person were withered by age; but her eye, as if lit up by an undying spark, retained a wild brightness, and was steadfastly fixed on two young persons who stood before her, apparently too much occupied with their own emotion to notice her observation of them. The one was a young girl, dressed in a riding habit and Leghorn travelling bonnet. Edward was not very well situated for accurate observation; but though he was at the first glance deceived by the brilliancy of the girl's colour, heightened as it was by the excitement of the 34 35

moment, his unpracticed eye soon detected unequivocal marks of the Indian race, accompanied and softened by traits of fairer blood. A young Indian stood beside her, who, as Edward fancied, had a certain air of dignity and heroism, that characterised a warrior chief;—still there was something in his attitude and motions, that bespoke the habits of civilized life. His dress, too, was a singular mixture of the European and Indian costumes. He wore a jacket with long sleeves made of deer skin, and closely fitted to his arms and breast. He had a mantle of blue broad cloth, lined with crimson, made long and full, hanging over one shoulder, and confined at the waist by a wampum belt. On a table beside him was lying a cap, like the military undress cap of a British officer, with a plume of black feathers tinged with crimson, and attached to the cap by a silver arrow.

The conversation between him and the girl was in French, and made up of ejaculations and vehement protestations, from which Edward could not at first gather any thing intelligible to him. The girl wept excessively; the Indian's passion seemed too powerful for such an expression. 36

“You promise,” he said, “Felice; but our old men say the winds are not more changing than a woman's mind.”

“Others may change; I cannot, Nahatton; you know I would not leave you if I could help it.”

“Could help it! can your father's right control nature's law? Oh, Felice!” he added, smiting his breast, “that which I feel for you is like the fires from the sun—the hurricane from the south—the tide of the ocean;—I cannot resist it.”

“Nahatton! Nahatton! you know I will return to you.”

“Let me place this around your neck then,” said he, detaching from his own a chain made of porcupine quills, and curiously woven. “My mother made it. She said it was a charm, and would keep me true to my own people. I wore it in France, and I have returned to my tribe.” 37

“Not about my neck, Nahatton,” said Felice, as he raised his hands to clasp the chain; “it looks too savage—bind it on my arm.——Why do you hesitate?” she asked, as she stood with her arm extended, and her sleeve pushed up.

“It looks too savage! Already ashamed of your mother's blood! Oh, there is poison in your veins!” and as he said this he broke the chain, threw it down, and crushed it under his foot.

“Oh, Nahatton, I did not mean that;—I am not ashamed of my indian blood—I will make you any promise—I will swear, on my knees I will swear to return to you.”

“Swear then upon this,” said he; and he took from his bosom a silver crucifix, and offered it to her lips.

At this moment the old woman, who, as they spoke in French, only understood as much as she could interpret from their gestures, rose, and darting towards them, she laid her hand on the crucifix. “No, no, Felice; swear not!” she said; “the oath will be written there,” and she pointed upward, “when you have broken and forgotten it.” 38

Edward, in the intensity of his interest in the scene, had forgotten the necessity of secrecy. He carelessly leaned his arm on some rails that had been placed against the hut, one of them fell; the party within started and looked around them, and Edward instinctively retreated. If he went as swiftly as the wind, and once or twice thought he heard an arrow whirring through the air behind him, we hope our readers will impute it to the excited state of his imagination, and not deem him a coward, ‘even upon instinct.’

“Just in time, Edward, my son,” said Mr. Sackville, who was standing by the carriage in which the rest of the party were already seated; “but what in the world ails you? you look as wild as if you had met a bear up in the wood there.” 39

“Oh, you would look wild too, father, if you had seen and heard what I have. Oh, mother! Oh, Julia! you never will believe what I have to tell you.”

“I have something to tell you, too, Mr. Edward,” said his mother; “and as you are out of breath, and out of your wits, I will tell my story first, which I assure you is quite a romantic little tale to pick up by the way-side.”

“Well, do be quick, mother, if you please, for what I have to say is so wonderful.”

“No doubt; each one always thinks his own wonder the most wonderful. But I will not try your patience any longer. Do you remember our speculating on an empty carriage, which we saw drawn up under a tree with a man standing by it, about half a mile back?”

“Yes, very well—but what of that, mother?” 40

“It was an idle inquiry about that carriage of the good-natured communicative blacksmith that led to the story, which I am going to tell you. It seems that carriage is to convey a young woman to New-York, whence she sails for France.”

“Oh, I saw her—I saw her,” exclaimed Edward. “It can be none other.”

“Well, Edward,” said Mrs. Sackville, “I will give place to you; for I see you are in such a state of fermentation, that I am afraid your story will evaporate in exclamations, while I am telling mine.”

Edward thus relieved from restriction, proceeded to recount with the animation of an eye-witness, all he had seen and heard. His audience listened to him with the most flattering attention, and at the conclusion, repaid him with exclamations, that proved they were adequately

impressed with the extraordinary scene he had witnessed.

Julia wished he had noticed whether the chief (for thus he had chosen throughout his narrative to designate his hero) wore moccasins or shoes, and whether his legs below his mantle, were bare, or covered with leggins. She thought too, he might just have staid to see whether the girl made the vow or not: and his mother congratulated him that the Indians had not executed summary justice on him, and shot him flying for a spy.

“My story,” said Mrs. Sackville, “will serve, Ned, as a sequel to yours, or rather, an explanation of it. It seems that this young girl, who is a Miss Bernard, had left the carriage when we saw it, on the pretence of going to take leave of her mother's sister, who is doubtless the old woman you saw. You were so fortunate as to discover her real errand. She is the daughter of a Frenchman—Rodolph Bernard. His family was noble and rich: they and their fortunes were sacrificed in the convulsions of the French revolution, and Bernard alone escaped and reached America, with nothing but his life. It appears from my blacksmith's story, that young Bernard had a good deal of spirit and enterprise, and more education than most of the young nobles of that time. I wish you to observe, my children, that knowledge is a treasure not impaired by a change of circumstances, but an immutable good in every extreme of fortune. Bernard remained in New-York for a year or two, and subsisted by teaching French to some Americans, and mathematics to his own countrymen. He was then employed by a company of French gentlemen, to explore the western part of this State, then a wilderness, and to furnish them such information as should enable them to make an advantageous purchase of the government. This was not quite thirty years ago: and then the cultivated country and beautiful villages through which we have passed, were for the most part a trackless wilderness.

“At a wigwam in Oneida, where he had been compelled to ask for such hospitality as it afforded, he was seized with the fever of the country that usually attacked strangers. For weeks and months he was nursed by an indian girl, famed among her people for her skill in such remedies as their native wilds supply. You know, that in the history of the early periods of all ages, we find the healing art assigned to women. You will remember, Ned, in your favorite old ballads, many a kill or cure, performed by cruel or tender leeches.

“Whether it was the indian maid's skill in medicine, that prevailed over the disease at last, or her devoted kindness, it might be difficult to determine; probably, Bernard thought the latter; for though she was, as my narrator's tradition says, ‘an uncouth maiden to look upon,’ he declared his love to her, and asked her hand of her father. The father consented, but not till after some delay, nor till he had ascertained that Bernard's rank entitled him to wed the daughter of a distinguished chief. She was an only child too, and she was heir to enough land within this Oneida reservation, to make a principality.

“The Frenchman understood how to manage it. His ties to his own country were broken. All his affections and interests were concentrated here. He has been a good husband and father—so indulgent as to permit his wife on ordinary occasions, to wear her indian dress, to which it seems she has a bigoted attachment. His children are well educated: and, Ned, our blacksmith thinks, that your heroine Felice, would be a perfect beauty, if she had such hair as your sister's, and the olive tinge could be washed out of her skin.

“Bernard, since the late reverses in France, has returned there, and recovered an immense property which had been sequestered by Napoleon.

“Last year his family received dispatches from him, by your ‘chief,’ Ned—who, if not in reality a chief, is the son of a distinguished sachem of the Seneca tribe, which is located some where on the shores of Lake Erie. The old Seneca chief was converted to the Romish religion, by a Catholic missionary, who persuaded him to resign his son into his hands, to be educated a priest.

“It appears that neither European intercourse, nor the strict discipline of a catholic school, have overcome the young man's preference of the wild and lawless life of his tribe. As I said, on his return from France, he brought letters from Bernard to his family, and here he has played successfully the part of Othello the Moor, with this young Desdemona; and the blacksmith thinks that Bernard will play the enraged father to the life, as it has been his declared resolution from his daughter's birth, that she should not wed an indian.

“For the rest of my story, it is explained by what you have witnessed, Edward. The Seneca youth has visited his people, and returned here just as Felice is on the eve of departure for France, in compliance with her father's requisition. As to the future, whether she will remain constant to her lover, as we are not seers, we cannot predict—we can only guess.”

Edward and Julia professed unbounded confidence in Felice's fidelity. Mr. Morris did not see what the girl could do better. Indian she undoubtedly was, and he thought it was a clear case for the application of the Scottish proverb, ‘hawks won't pick out hawks' een;’ at any rate it would be a piece of effrontery for her to turn her back upon her indian lover, and expect to win a white one.

Mr. and Mrs. Sackville thought it possible that Julia might find Frenchmen in whose estimation an ample fortune would atone for the slight dishonour of her maternal ancestry.

Our travellers proceeded without accident or adventure along the accustomed route through fine villages, whose rapid growth to maturity remind one of the construction of a fairy palace by the touch of a magician's wand. A few years ago this country was unexplored save by the indian hunter, or perhaps a devoted missionary, or lawless trader. A wheel had never entered it—a *shodden* horse was a curiosity; now, the road is thronged with market-waggons, stage coaches, and carriages filled with idle, curious, or classic travellers, who go to ‘the Falls’ to kill time, to

increase their stores of knowledge, or to gratify taste.

Mr. Sackville was constantly directing his children's observation to the prompt enterprise and industry so conspicuous in a new country, and stimulating their patriotism by pointing out to them the increasing riches and resources of their native land. “For my own part,” he said, “I prefer the sentiment that is inspired by the peaceful triumphs of man over nature, to the patriotism that is kindled on battle-grounds—if not as romantic, it is certainly more innocent.” 48

“Then I suppose, papa,” said Edward, “that you prefer Virgil's georgics to his epic.”

“Thank you, Ned,” replied his father, “for an illustration which proves that your travels have not quite put your school out of your head. I certainly do prefer the aspect of our cheerful dwellings, blooming gardens, and fruitful fields, associated as they are in my mind with innocent occupation and moral cultivation; to the ivy-mantled towers and triumphal arches of the old world —they are the records of feudal grandeur and high heroic deeds, but deeds too often of doubtful virtue, and of fatal consequences. The melancholy poet may exult in describing the ‘spectres that sit and sigh’ amid their ruins; but if I had the *gifted eye*, my children, I should rather look upon the spirit of Contentment that hovers over our land, and her sweet sister Hope, who points with her finger of promise to the smiling prosperity produced by busy hands and active independent minds.” 49

When the travellers reached Black-rock, where they were to cross the Niagara, they were compelled to await for some time the return of the ferry-boat, which was then plying towards the Canada shore. While they were detained, they amused themselves with a company of Irish people —raw emigrants, who had just entered our territory, and were awaiting the departure of the Erie steam-boat to convey them to the State of Ohio. They had spread tents for their temporary accommodation—Edward and Julia went from one to another, asking questions, and giving cakes and dried fruit from their travelling stores to the children. 50

They were particularly struck with one buxom young girl with laughing eyes and ruddy cheeks, who seemed to be a favorite with the whole company, and not to belong to any one; for she went from tent to tent kneading an oat-meal cake for one woman—dressing a lame arm for another, and performing sundry miscellaneous offices that always fall to the lot of those most useful people who have nothing in particular to do. Julia offered her a piece of cake, by way of introduction, and then asked her name:—“My name is Biddy Burns, an' please you, miss.”

“And who did you come with, Biddy?”

“I left home with my cousin; but it pleased the Lord to take her to himself before we came to Quebec, and she has left such a pretty complement of children to her husband to take care of, that I must e'en shift for myself.” 51

“Do you like our country, Biddy?” asked Edward.

“Och, my master, I could not miss liking it, ye are all so free and hospitable.”

“But Biddy,” said Julia, “how could you leave your father and mother, and all your friends?”

“Sure it is, miss, if it thrives well with me they will all come after.”

“Sure enough,” said Mrs. Sackville, “these poor Irish do all come *after*, sooner or later. Are you a catholic, Biddy?”

“I come from the north of Ireland, my leddy.”

“You are a protestant, then?”

“Yes, my leddy; thank God and my mother, that taught me the rasonable truth.”

“Can you read, my good girl?”

“Indeed can I, my leddy. Thanks to the Sunday school, I could read in the bible if I had one, without a blunder.”

“Well, Biddy,” said Mrs. Sackville, who thought it a good opportunity to give a God-speed to the girl's pilgrimage—“here is a bible in my basket—take it, and may it be the guide of your life.” 52

Biddy poured forth her thanks in many a God-reward-ye, and then after hesitating for a moment, she said, “I wish my leddy would condescend to walk up here a bit, to a poor woman who needs a kind christian word, poor crater.” Mrs. Sackville and the children followed Biddy to a tree which stood a little above the encampment of the Irish, where a woman was sitting on a log with a sick child in her arms, and a boy of five or six beside her.

She was a middle-aged woman, with a face originally plain, and deeply seamed with the small-pox; but withal, there was an expression of honesty and goodness, and of deep sadness, that interested Mrs. Sackville, though at first it failed to draw the attention of the children from their good-humored blithe companion.

“Does this woman belong to your company, Biddy?” 53

“Bless you, no, my leddy.”—“I thought not,” said Mrs. Sackville, who was struck with the extreme neatness of the woman's appearance, which presented a striking contrast to all the Irish, even to our friend Biddy.—Her child's head was covered with a linen handkerchief—coarse and patched, but white as the driven snow. There was scarcely a thread of the original cloth in her

children's clothes—neither was there a hole in them—their faces and hands were perfectly clean, and their hair neatly combed.

"You seem to find it possible, my friend," said Mrs. Sackville, patting the little boy's face, "to keep your children clean in the most difficult circumstances." "I try my best, ma'am," replied the woman. "And a slave, my leddy," interposed Biddy, "she makes of herself for it. Do you know that when I offered this morning to stay by the childer while she took a bit of sleep, that instead of 54
resting her soul and body, she went and washed her things in the river, and got leave to iron in the house yonder, and did it all as particular as it might have been done for you, my leddy."

The poor woman was wetting the sick child's lips from a cup of water that stood by her; and she took no notice of Biddy's remark. Mrs. Sackville inquired into the particulars of the child's sickness, which she thought would yield to some common restoratives which she had at hand; and just as she was dispatching Julia for the dressing case which contained them, a little rugged impish looking boy came towards them, throwing himself heels over head, with a segar in his mouth, which he continued smoking while he was making his somersets.—"Come, come, Goody Barton," said he, without heeding Mrs. Sackville's presence, "come, we must be up and moving. If we don't get over in this boat, I shall disappoint the company at Chippewa to-night."

"Don't speak so loud, Tristy," replied the woman, "but take the pack to the boat, and I will 55
follow you."

"That surely is not your child?" said Mrs. Sackville, as the boy walked off with the bundle singing, at the top of his voice, a very vulgar song, and affecting to reel like a drunken man.

"No, thank God," said the woman, "he is a poor heaven-forsaken lad, who is going into Canada. He has helped me along from Buffalo, and has offered to carry my bundle to Chippewa."

It occurred to Mrs. Sackville to caution the woman to be on her guard, for she thought Tristy looked wicked enough for any mischief; but a signal from the boat obliged them all to hasten to the shore. Biddy good naturedly took the eldest boy by the hand and led him to the boat, and then took leave of all her new friends, pouring forth a shower of prayers that God would bless them all, rich and poor.

The woman, whom we shall henceforth call by her name, Mrs. Barton, was reserved in the 56
expression of her feelings; but the tear of gratitude she dropped on Biddy's hand at parting, was an equivalent for the girl's voluble expressions.

There was, in all the poor woman's manner, an unobtrusiveness and reserve uncommon in a person of her humble degree, and it interested Mrs. Sackville more than any solicitation could have done. She ascertained that Mrs. Barton was on her way to Quebec, where she *hoped* to find her husband.

"And have you the means of getting there?" asked Mrs. Sackville. "It is a great distance, my friend, and you cannot get across Ontario and down the St. Lawrence for a trifle."

"I know that, madam; but I have some money; and if I find my own country people as kind to me as the people in the States have been, I shall do very well. Every body feels pitiful to a lone 57
woman with little children. If it please God to mend my little girl, I shall go on with good courage."

Mrs. Sackville commended the poor woman's resolution, and busied herself putting up some medicines for the child, and giving directions about them, and was so occupied with her benevolent duty, that she gave little heed to Edward's continued exclamations. "Oh, mother! how beautiful the colour of the water of the Niagara is!" "Mother, does not it give you sublime feelings to think you are on the Niagara?" "Mother, does not Lake Erie look grand from here?" &c. &c. &c. Suddenly his attention was diverted, and he was attracted to the extremity of the boat, where Tristy, the little "Flibbertigibbet" we have before mentioned, was exhibiting various feats for the amusement of the passengers. He was a little, pale, wizened-face fellow, with a bleared and blood-shot eye, his hair black, strait, and matted to his head, his mouth defiled with tobacco, and 58
in short his whole appearance indicating the depravity of one experienced in vice. He dislocated the joints of his fingers, stood firmly on his head, and performed some of the difficult exploits of a tumbler; and when he had done all this, "Come, gentlemen," said he, "shall I sing you a song, or pray you a prayer? I'll suit your fancy with either for a sixpence."

"No, no; none of your prayers, you little son of the old one," said one of the men; "we shall have your master with the cloven foot after us before we get to the shore: you may sing us a song, though, only let it be a decent one."

"Oh, well gentlemen, suit yourselves—I am a Jack at all trades, you know—that is to say, at any of the trades my father, that is dead and gone, followed before me."

"Trades! your father followed no trade, but the trade of the light-fingered gentry."

"I beg your pardon, sir; my dad was a noted man in his day:—a carpenter, joiner, tooth- 59
drawer, barber, gardener, studying-master, dancing-master, whipping-master, fiddling-master, school-master, music-master, play-actor, &c. &c.—all of which I am yours gentlemen to command. Now for the song:—there is Erie, and my song is Perry's glorious victory." He then half sung, half recited, a ballad recounting Perry's gallant exploits on the lake.

It was impossible for a compassionate being to see the little outcast without an emotion of pity; or not to be affected by the weak and almost infantine tones of his voice.

"How old are you, child?" asked Mr. Sackville, as the boy concluded his song, and opened his

mouth to catch the sixpence that was tossed to him.

"How old? I do not justly remember; but there is my age set down in our family Bible, as my father called it, by his own honored hand, on the day he got through, as I have heard him say, his fourth term of service at the state-castle."

Mr. Sackville took from the child's hand a filthy little dream-book, on the title-page of which was scrawled, and scarcely legible,—"Tristram McPhelan, born in the Bridewell, city of New-York, on Friday—bad luck to him—March 1807." 60

"You are then but eleven years old."

"Yes sir; and in that time I have seen more of life than many of my betters twice my age. I have been in every state in the Union, and in every city of every state. I have been in six alms-houses, two workhouses, and ten jails, on my own account, besides the privilege of visiting my father in two different state prisons. While my father lived we travelled in company, and now I am obliged (he concluded, bowing to Mr. Sackville,) to put up with what company chance throws in my way."

Mr. Sackville took Edward by the hand, and turned away, grieved and disgusted. His eye fell on his daughter, who was sitting beside Mrs. Barton, carefully sheltering the sick child from the sun with her parasol, while she nicely prepared an orange and offered it to her. The little sufferer seized it eagerly and devoured it, and then fixed her eyes on Julia and smiled. The first smile of a sick child is electrifying. 61

"Oh! miss," said the mother, "does not she seem to say, 'God bless you,' though she cannot speak it?"

Julia was delighted with the revival of the child, and with the mother's gratitude, which was even more manifest in her brightened countenance than in her words.

"My medicine," said Julia, "has worked wonders; if I could but find one more orange, I should quite cure my little patient;" and she zealously ransacked the carriage, and turned out every basket and bag in the hope of finding another, but all in vain. Disappointed, she turned to her mother,—"Cannot we, mama," she said, "do something more for this poor woman before we leave her?"

"I do not see that we can, my dear," replied Mrs. Sackville, "I have offered to pay her stage fare hence to Newark, but she says she has money, and declines receiving any thing." 62

"Oh, then she is not obliged to go on foot—I could not endure to think of the child's being exposed to this hot sun."

"That, I am afraid, cannot be helped; for the mother does go to Newark on foot. I could not persuade her to ride. She insists that she is very strong, and that her child is so wasted she scarcely feels the burthen of it; and besides, she travels but a very short distance in a day."

Julia paused for a moment. She was very reluctant to give up the point, and finally, as the last resource of her ingenuity, she proposed that her mother should take the woman into the carriage. "We can just squeeze her in for a few miles, mama; she looks so perfectly nice, that even uncle can't object; and I want so to know if the little girl continues to get better." 63

Mrs. Sackville could scarcely refrain from smiling at Julia's odd proposition to take in a way-faring woman and two children, but it had its source in such kind feelings, that she would not ridicule it. "I am afraid, my dear Julia," she said, "that it is quite impossible to gratify you. You know your uncle already complains of wanting elbow-room."

"Well then, mother, just listen to one more proposal:—take the woman into the carriage, and let Edward and me walk two or three miles. Three miles will be quite a lift to her, and Ned will lead the little boy."

Mrs. Sackville could not resist Julia's eagerness, and after some consultation with her husband and brother, she consented to the arrangement, though it involved them in some inconvenience and delay. It was as much a matter of principle as feeling with her, never to permit her own personal accommodation to interfere with the claims of humanity. A child is more impressed with a single example of disinterestedness, than with a hundred admonitions on the subject. Mrs. Sackville had some difficulty in overcoming the scruples of Mrs. Barton, who felt a modest awkwardness at seating herself in the carriage with her superiors; but when they reached the Canada shore, the necessary arrangements were made, and she being at last persuaded, on the ground of gratifying the children, took their place in the carriage, and it drove off and left Edward and Julia to follow with little Richard Barton, and Tristram with the wallet. 64

Mr. Morris was one of those thrifty people, who can never see any necessity of poverty, and though he was in the main kind hearted, he was rather inclined to be severe in his judgment of the wretched. Poverty was always suspicious in his eyes. No sooner were they seated and well under way, than he said, "It is a mystery to me, my good woman, why people who have not any spare cash should always be travelling. Sometimes they are going up country to see a relation—and sometimes down country. All their kindred are sure to live at their antipodes." 65

Mrs. Barton kept her eyes downcast on her child, and made no reply. "Now," continued Mr. Morris, "what use or pleasure there can be in lugging children from Dan to Beersheba, is more than I can imagine."

"God knows, I do not travel for the pleasure of it," meekly replied the poor woman.

"Oh, no, no—I dare say not—I dare say not"—said Mr. Morris, who had whiffed away his pet

with the first breath. “You are of another sort. But, pray, my friend, what are you travelling for?”

“To join my husband at Quebec.”

“Your husband at Quebec—and you here! how the deuce came that about?” 66

“My child has fallen asleep,” replied Mrs. Barton, turning to Mrs. Sackville; “and if you, ma'am, will condescend to hear the cause of my being here—there is no reason that I should be loath to tell it; only you know, ma'am, one does not like to be forward about speaking of troubles to strangers—and those so kind as you, it seems like begging, which I am not forward to do.”

Mrs. Sackville assured Mrs. Barton, that she felt great interest in knowing how she came into her present circumstances.

“My husband,” she said, “was a corporal in the fortieth ——. We were in Spain through all Wellington's campaigns, and had just crossed the Pyrennees into France, and were thinking of going home to England again, when the regiment was ordered to America. This was no great disappointment to me—I have no known relation in the world but my husband and child—then I had but the one. My husband is a sober man, who fears God and serves his king with all his heart: and his pay with my earnings, (for I did up all the linen of our officers) furnished us a decent living. When we arrived at Quebec, our regiment was sent into Upper Canada. 67

“Soon after we came to Newark, a detachment from the De Watteville regiment was ordered to make an attack on Fort Erie. In this detachment was a corporal, a great friend to us, who once saved my boy from drowning. At the moment he was ordered off, he had a child seemingly at the last gasp. The poor man was distracted like, and my husband, who had that tender heart that he could never bide to look on misery, offered to go as his substitute, and he went. You've doubtless heard of the sortie of Erie: that dreadful night my husband was taken prisoner. He got a letter written to me from Buffalo, to tell me all his ill-fortune. He had been mistaken by some American soldiers for a deserter from the American army; and not being with his own regiment when he was taken, or even among his acquaintance, he could not prove who he was. He had been ironed, and was to be taken to Greenbush, near Albany. 68

“He entreated me to procure from his captain, the necessary papers to prove that he was a true man, and to forward them to him. Our captain was a great friend to us; he gave me the writings, and I determined myself to go to Greenbush. I met with some troubles, and much kindness by the way. The people in your States, ma'am, are the freest and the kindest I have ever seen. They seemed to me like God's stewards, always ready to open their storehouses to the naked and hungry. I had money enough to pay for my boy's riding the most of the way; for myself I seldom felt weary, but pressed on beyond my strength; still I did not feel it till I got to Greenbush, and was told my husband had escaped from confinement the week before. Whither he had gone, no one knew, but all told me that if he was not retaken, he had probably reached Canada. 69

“I would have come straight home again, but my strength was utterly gone. I have not much recollection from this time: I remember having a fear that they would take my boy from me, but all seems as a dream, till I came to myself two months after in the alms-house in Albany. From that time I remained in a low wretched state, for four months, when this poor baby was born into this world of trouble.”

Here the poor woman gave way to a burst of tears, which seemed to be a relief to her full heart; for afterwards, she proceeded with more composure. “Many months passed before I was able to do any thing for myself. It pleased God to hear my prayer for patience; and though I was often without any hope that times would ever mend with me, I was kept from fretting. You are very kind to feel for me, but I will not tire you with all my ups and downs for the last three years. I have sent many letters into Canada, but have never received any return. My heart sometimes misgives me, and I think my husband has gone to Europe—or maybe is dead.” 70

“But, why,” asked Mrs. Sackville, “have you remained so long in the States?”

“O, ma'am, I was afraid to undertake the journey with my poor baby, who has always been but delicate, and I was determined not to leave Albany, where I had made many kind friends, till I had earned something to help us on our journey. I know how to turn my hands to almost any kind of work; and the last year has prospered so well with me, that when I left Albany I had forty dollars. At Buffalo my poor baby was taken down; and I have been obliged to spend ten dollars; with the rest I hope to get to Quebec; and if worst comes to worst, I may there find friends to send me to Europe.” 71

The poor woman's story was not one of unparalleled misfortunes, but it was unusually interesting to her hearers—there was so much resolution and mildness blended in her countenance, such perfect cleanliness in her coarse apparel, and such an evident solicitude to avoid any exaggeration, or even display of her troubles, that could be an appeal to the charity of her auditors, that when she concluded, they felt convinced of her merit, and deeply interested in her welfare. They were now arrived at the inn, where they were to await the children, who arrived in the course of an hour, heated and dusty—but declaring they had never a more delightful walk.

“Lord bless you, Miss,” exclaimed Mrs. Barton, “you've heated yourself to that degree, that the blood seems ready to burst from your cheeks. I shall never forgive myself if you get sick by it.”

“Oh never fear,” replied Julia, “I did not feel the heat at all.” 72

“But there is such a thick sickly feeling in the air to-day.”

“Sickly feeling,” exclaimed Edward, “I am sure I thought the air was never fresher and sweeter.”

“You can now understand,” said Mrs. Sackville, speaking in a low voice to her children, “the charm of the ring in the Fairy tale, bestowed by the benevolent Genius; which whenever worn, produced a clear sky, a smooth path and fragrant air. There is a happiness, my dear children, in the simplest act of genuine kindness, which is much more than a compensation for the loss of any gratification of taste. The relief of this poor woman, and the sweet sleep into which her child has been lulled by the motion of the carriage, have quite reconciled me to the delay of the sight of the Falls; for which I confess I began to feel a little but here comes your uncle, full of concern about something.” 73

Mr. Morris entered the room in great perturbation. “Here is a pretty spot of work,” said he. “I believe in my soul, Mrs. Barton, that that scamp Tristy has gone off with your bundle.”

“Gone off with it!—God forbid!” exclaimed the poor woman,—“my money was all in it.”

“Oh uncle,” said Edward, “he has not gone off with it;—he laid himself down under a tree in the wood just back, and said he would follow on as soon as he had rested him.”

“Rested him! a mere pretence to get rid of you—you should have had more discretion than to have trusted him, Ned;—but when was ever discretion found in a boy?”

“But what reason, brother, have you to think he has gone off?” asked Mrs. Sackville.

Mr. Morris said there had a man just come over the road, of whom he had inquired if he had seen him:—he had not, but he was certain he should have observed him if he had been by the road side. Mr. Morris had despatched a servant on horseback in pursuit of him, and he begged Mrs. Barton to calm herself till his return. 74

The poor woman's agitation could not be allayed as easily as it had been excited:—she said nothing; but she became as pale as death, and trembled so excessively, that Mrs. Sackville took her child from her arms and laid it on a bed.

Mr. Morris's compassion once excited, was never stinted. “Bless you, woman,” he whispered to Mrs. Barton, “don't tremble so. If the little imp has really made off, your loss shall be made up to you. Come, cheer up—I have engaged a place for you and your children in a return carriage, and you will all be in Newark to-night, safe and snug.”

“God bless you, sir,” replied Mrs. Barton. “I am ashamed of myself; but my courage and strength seem quite spent.” 75

At this instant, Edward, who had gone out on the first notice of the boy's delinquency, returned, shouting, “He's coming, he's coming;” and directly the messenger made his appearance with the wallet unharmed, and followed by Tristram, who came doggedly on muttering, “that it was a poor reward for lugging the old woman's bundle to be hunted for a thief.”

“Stop your clamor, Tristy,” said Mr. Morris, “the devil shall have his due; there is a shilling for you, which is full as much as your character is worth.”

“I don't know as to that,” replied the boy, pocketing the shilling: “those that have much character can do as they please, but I have so little, that I set a high price on it.”

The carriage was now ready in which Mrs. Barton was to proceed, and her friends saw her depart cheered and comforted by their kindness, and themselves enriched by the opportunity they had improved of imitating our heavenly Benefactor by ‘raising the sinking heart, and strengthening the knees that were ready to fail.’ 76

After our travellers were again on their way, Mr. Morris said he did not at all like Tristram's look, when he said Goody Barton would remember him the next time she felt the weight of her wallet. “The little rascal said too, that he had changed his mind, and was going back to the States—putting that and that together, I am afraid his evil fingers have been inside the poor woman's bundle.”

Julia was sure he could not be so wicked—she had herself observed the bundle, and that it was very nicely sewed.

Mrs. Sackville hoped and believed that there was no harm done to the poor woman's property; and the concern of the party for their protegée, gradually gave place to their admiration of the beauties of their ride, and the animated expectation of seeing the Falls. 77

Edward declared that his ears already began to tingle,—and after they passed Chippewa, Julia resolutely shut her eyes, for fear of having the first impression weakened by the imperfect glimpses that could be caught of the cataract from the road.

We hope our young readers do not think us so presumptuous as to attempt to give them a description of the Falls of Niagara; one of the sublimest spectacles with which this fair earth is embellished. Neither can we attempt to define the emotions of our travellers. We find in Edward's and Julia's journals, noted with an accuracy and taste that does them great credit, all the constituent parts of this great whole—a poet or a painter might perhaps weave them into a beautiful picture.

The vehement dashing of the rapids—the sublime falls—the various hues of the mass of waters—the snowy whiteness, and the deep bright green—the billowy spray that veils in deep obscurity the depths below—the verdant island that interposes between the two falls, half veiled in a misty mantle, and placed there, it would seem, that the eye and the spirit may repose on it—the little island on the brink of the American fall, that looks amidst the commotion of the waters like the sylvan vessel of a woodland nymph gaily sailing onward; or as if the wish of the Persian girl were realized, and the 'little isle *had* wings;'—a thing of life and motion that the spirit of the waters had inspired. 78

The profound caverns with their overarching rocks—the quiet habitations along the margin of the river—peaceful amid all the uproar, as if the voice of the Creator had been heard, saying "It is I, be not afraid."—The green hill, with its graceful projections, that skirts and overlooks Table-rock—the deep and bright verdure of the foliage—every spear of grass that penetrates the crevices of the rocks, gemmed by the humid atmosphere, and sparkling in the sun-beams—the rainbow that rests on the mighty torrent—a symbol of the smile of God upon his wondrous work. 79

"What is it, mother?" asked Edward, as he stood with his friends on Table-rock, where they had remained gazing on the magnificent scene for fifteen minutes without uttering a syllable, "what is it, mother, that makes us all so silent?"

"It is the spirit of God moving on the face of the waters—it is this new revelation to our senses of his power and majesty which ushers us, as it were, into his visible presence, and exalts our affections above language.

"What, my dear children, should we be, without the religious sentiment that is to us as a second sight, by which we see in all this beauty the hand of the Creator; by which we are permitted to join in this hymn of nature; by which, I may say, we are permitted to enter into the joy of our Lord? Without it we should be like those sheep, who are at this moment grazing on the verge of this sublime precipice, alike unconscious of all these wonders, and of their divine Original. This religious sentiment is in truth, Edward, that promethean fire that kindles nature with a living spirit, infuses life and expression into inert matter, and invests the mortal with immortality." Mrs. Sackville's eye was upraised, and her countenance illumined with a glow of devotion that harmonized with the scene. "It is, my dear children," she continued, "this religious sentiment, enlightened and directed by reason, that allies you to external nature, that should govern your affections, direct your pursuits, exalt and purify your pleasures, and make you feel, by its celestial influence, that the kingdom is within you; but," she added smiling, after a momentary pause, "this temple does not need a preacher." 80

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Sackville; "but the language of nature sometimes needs an interpreter to such young observers as Ned and Julia." 81

"That it does, papa," exclaimed Edward, whose exalted feeling was gradually subsiding to its natural level; "and there are people, too, older than Julia and I, that I think need an interpreter. That Yorkshireman, for instance, who lives in the stone house just at the turn of the road as we came down from Forsyth's, said to me, 'Well, young master, this is a mighty fine sight to come and see, but you would be sick enough of it if you lived here. It seems, when I am lying on my bed at night, like an everlasting thunder-storm, such a roaring from the Falls and dropping from the trees: and in winter my poor beasts are covered with icicles. I wish some of the quality that cry the place up, and come half the world over to see it, would change births with my wife and me,' and so he went on railing till I ran away from him to overtake you." 82

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Sackville; "the sentiment, 'Il n'y a rien de beau que l'utile,'[3] is quite excusable in a laborer. I think, Ned, I feel more disposed to pity than to blame your Yorkshireman."

[3] There is nothing but the useful which is beautiful.

"Well, papa, what do you think of that party of city shop-keepers who dined at the inn with us to-day? I heard one of the ladies say, 'I have been so disappointed in my journey.' I dropped my knife and fork, and exclaimed, 'Disappointed, madam! does not the fall look as high as you expected?' 'Oh, child,' she replied, laughing, 'I was not speaking of the fall; but I find it is quite too early in the season to travel in the country. I have not seen a roast pig or a broiled chicken since I left the city.' What do you think of that, papa?"

"Why I think, my dear, she is a vulgar woman, who travels because others do; and is naturally disappointed in not meeting with the only circumstances that could give her pleasure." 83

"There's Mrs. Hilton, papa, who, I am sure, is not vulgar—at least she is as rich as Crœsus—and I heard her say to a gentleman, that if she could have remained at the Springs, and then could have gone home and *said* she had been to the Falls, she should have been glad; for she was sure no one came here but for the name of it."

"Mrs. Hilton is of the class of the vulgar rich, among whom vulgarity is quite as obvious, and much more disgusting, than with the vulgar poor. But come, dear Ned; the faults and follies of others is a theme scarcely worthy of this place; and just at the moment that you are enjoying this festival of nature, you must take care you do not commit the pharisaic fault, and thank God that you are not as these people, without reflecting that Providence has arranged the circumstances which have made the difference."

"But, papa," said Julia, "it would not be wrong, would it, for Edward to feel that there is a difference?" 84

“Perhaps not, provided the feeling is properly tempered with humility and gratitude; but it is far safer to be in the habit of comparing yourselves with your superiors, than your inferiors.”

“It may be safer, papa,” said Julia, “but”—

“But what, my love?”

“It is not half so natural.”

“Nor so pleasant,” interposed Edward.

“Well, my children, I hope you will make it habitual, and then it will be natural. For the present I am satisfied that you speak frankly your opinions and feelings, without disguise or affectation.”

Thus these vigilant parents extracted some moral good from every object and every scene; and at that early age, when most children are thoughtless of the future, theirs were constantly directed to virtue, which they were taught is immortal in its nature, is man's support and solace 85
through all the vicissitudes of life, and his crown of glory when the ‘terrestrial puts on the celestial.’

Our travellers remained at the Falls for a week, that they might become familiar with them, see them by the rising and the setting sun; by daylight, and moonlight, and starlight, in all the radiance of the clear, full day, and in mists and storm; and then, after offering a Te Deum from the temple of their hearts, they left them with beautiful and imperishable pictures traced on their memories.

In following the windings of the Niagara to Newark, they passed the celebrated heights of Queenstown, ‘where ceas'd the swift their race, where fell the strong;’ but even then, though then so recent, there were no traces of the disastrous battle fought there. The children, whose home was in a hill-country, and who valued a mountain as much as a New-Englander does a ‘water privilege,’ rambled over the heights, and gazed delighted on the green Niagara, which, escaped 86
from its rocky prison, rejoices in its freedom, sweeps freely and gracefully around the bluff promontories that indent its course, flows past the headland, where Fort Niagara guards the American shore, and enters Lake Ontario, which stretches, sparkling in the distance,

“To where the sky
Stoops, and shuts in th' exploring eye.”

Edward had, in common with most spirited boys, a natural taste for military exploits. “I think,” he said to his mother, “that a coward might play the hero on these heights, or at Lundie's-lane. Only think, mother, of fighting within the sound of the roaring of the Falls: would it not give you grand feelings?”

“I think, Edward, if I could hear the Falls at such a moment, they would seem to me to speak in a voice of rebuke, rather than encouragement.”

“O, mother, you never seem to admire courage; but I suppose it is because you are a woman.” 87

“No, my dear: women have been accused of having rather an undue admiration for what you mean by courage—fighting courage; but I confess that war seems to me a violation of the law of God, and it appears a profanation of such beautiful scenes as these, to convert them into fields of battle.”

When they reached Newark, the party walked up to Fort George; a slight embankment, surrounded by a palisade, is still dignified by that name. “This palisade as they call it, Ned,” said Mr. Morris, “we should scarcely think a sufficient defence against the batteries of pigs and chickens.”

“It has served, though, to keep the yankees at bay,” said a soldier, gruffly, who was cutting up Canada thistles, and who had suspended his labour for a moment, to regard the strangers.

“A fair hit, friend,” said Mr. Morris; “but all our fighting is over now, and forgotten I hope. 88
This work you are doing here, cutting off these thistles, is far better than cutting off heads.”

“It is far aisier, sir,” replied the man, with a slight curling of the lip, which betrayed a professional contempt for Mr. Morris's preference of the plough-share over the sword; then turning towards the gate he called to a little boy who was just entering it—“Come, come Dick, what do you gaze at, boy? bring me the basket.”

The boy, without heeding the command, dropped the basket; and uttering a cry between joy and surprise, scampered off in the direction of a cottage, or rather hovel, which stood just without the palisade.

“That is Richard Barton!—that is certainly Richard Barton!” exclaimed the children in one breath.

“Surely is it Richard Barton,” said the soldier.

“Is his mother, here? Has he found his father?” asked Edward impatiently; while all the party 89
drew nearer the soldier, anxious to learn the fate of their humble friend.

“Ay, his mother is in by there, poor cratur; but his father has been gone since the summer after the war, when the 40th was sent from Canada—where, God knows—there's none but he that made them can keep track of a British regiment: one year they are here with the setting sun, and then off to where he rises—shifting and changing like the waves of the sea, beating from one

world to another; and I should know it by rason that I myself was fighting, and baiting gentaly under Wellington on the sunny side of the Pyrennees in one month, and the next comes an order and whips us off for Canada in the twinkling of an eye, among the indians and the yankees, who know nothing about fighting," he concluded, glancing his eye at Mr. Morris, "according to the civil rules of war." 90

"Poor, Mrs. Barton!" said Mrs. Sackville. "I am grieved at her disappointment, though I expected it."

"Oh, do let us go in and see her," said Julia.

"We will wait a moment, my dear," replied her mother; "her little boy must have told her that we were here, and I think she will come out to us."

"She'll not be right free to come before you," said the soldier, "if, as I now partly suspect, you are the gentlemen and ladies that were so hospitable like to her." The man now doffed his cap, and stood with it in his hand, with an expression of respect in his manner far different from the hostile air he had at first assumed.

"But, why not, my friend, come before us?" asked Mrs. Sackville. "I trust she has nothing to be ashamed of."

"Ashamed! no, thank God—it would be hard indeed if she had to bear the burthen of shame with her other misfortunes; but though a soldier's wife, she has an English spirit, and a proud one; and she says, while she has her health and her hands, she will never be seen asking charity; and that destitute is her condition, that as she said to-day, to make her case known to christian people, is asking charity of them." 91

"Do, mother, let us go now and see her," again interposed Julia.

"Stop, a moment, my love," replied Mrs. Sackville; and then turning again to the soldier —"You say she is utterly destitute; but when she left us, she said she had a considerable sum of money."

"And she spake the truth, ma'am—or, what is the same, she thought she did; but a little limb of the old one, saving your presence, my lady, had fingered all the poor cratur had been earning in three years, in as many minutes, and was off to the States with it."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Morris, who had been intently listening—"the son of Belial—I told you so —I knew the rascal had it." 92

"So dame Barton said one of the gentlemen told her; but the bundle was all tight and snug, for the little devil had sewed it up again, and she did not examine it till she come to look for the money to pay the captain of a schooner, who had agreed to take her down the lakes: and just think, my lady, at that moment what an overcast it was."

"That mischief was done," said Edward, as soon as he had an opportunity of speaking, "when you and I, Julia, left that little wretch Tristy in the wood. I shall always think we were to blame for leaving him."

"Does the poor woman," asked Mrs. Sackville, "still think of returning to Quebec?"

"To Quebec! ah, madam, and to the world's end, but she'll find her husband if he is above ground. She is that resolute, that neither wind nor tide can turn her. If she was left on a naked island in mid ocean, she would contrive to get off from it." 93

"Come, children," said Mrs. Sackville, "we will just leave your father and uncle to finish their survey here, while we look in upon our poor friend."

"Well, go on mother," said Edward, "I will overtake you; first I must run up to the flag-staff and get at least a clover stalk for a memorial of the gallant Brock who is buried there."

"And I will overtake you too, mother," said Julia, falling back with Edward.

The soldier's eye followed the children: "God bless them—God bless them!" said he, "that is better than a monument."

"What is better than a monument, friend?" asked Mrs. Sackville, riveted to the spot, as most mothers would be, by an honest commendation of her children.

"The memory of an innocent heart—and a tear from eyes that never cried for sin, my lady—we soldiers die, and are turned into the turf—but we are honored in our officers." 94

"Farewell, my friend; I wish you well," said Mrs. Sackville, dropping a piece of money into the soldier's hand, and then turned from him while he was still uttering his hearty, "God bless you, my lady."

Julia hailed Edward as he was bounding off towards the flag-staff, and begged him to stop for her, as she had something private to say to him. He laughed at her passion for secrets, said he could not possibly be detained, and at last good naturedly stopped to listen. "Ned," she said, "I tell you what I was thinking of—as it was our fault, you know, that poor Mrs. Barton lost her money—and she is so anxious to get to Quebec—and that little Dick is such a good good natured little fellow—I was thinking, Ned—"

"For mercy's sake think a little faster, Julia."

"Well, I was thinking, if we could contrive some way to have her go down in the boat with us." 95

"Contrive! it could not take us long to contrive I think: we can only ask papa, you know, and

all the contrivance in the world will do her no good, if he does not think it best."

"But, then, Ned, there is one thing I would like to propose to father and mother, if you are willing to join me."

"Don't be so round-about, Julia, as if I was the great Mogul. Speak out."

"Well then, to speak plain—you know Edward, you and I have each of us five dollars that papa gave us to buy Canada curiosities with; now I think if we were to club, we might have enough to get Mrs. Barton to Quebec, if the captains of the boats are good-natured men, and reasonable in their charges, and if papa approves the scheme—and if"——

"If—if—if," said Edward, "we shall never move the woman with all these *ifs* to clog the way; 96
one *if* is sure, that if we spend our money this way, we might have saved ourselves all the trouble of planning so many times over how we should lay it out."

Edward continued for a few moments silent and moody, while Julia urged her cause zealously. The person, young or old, to whom a charity is suggested, is not often as eager for it as the original projector. Edward, however, after having walked up to the flag-staff, plucked a clover-stalk, and retraced a part of the way to the little wicket by which they entered, said, with the air of a sage, "I did not think it best, Julia, to say yes, without some consideration; but on the whole I like the plan, and if father and mother consent, I shall be very glad." Once agreed, they were impatient for the execution of their scheme, and they hurried forward to the cottage, at the door
of which they were met by both the children. The little girl now quite recovered, clung to Julia, 97
while Richard plucked Edward by the sleeve, and expressed his joy awkwardly, but naturally enough, by laughing in his face.

"Ah, they are indeed right glad to see ye," said Mrs. Barton, "as I'm sure I am, as I have reason; but they, poor things—their hearts would not jump so at sight of their father's face, as indeed how should they, seeing they can have no recollection of him."

The children replied to all these kind expressions from mother and children, and then drawing Mrs. Sackville to the door, they suggested their plan. She kissed them both, and bade them await her in the cottage, while she went to consult their father and uncle, whom she saw approaching.

As soon as she had communicated the children's wishes, Mr. Morris laughed at them. "Why," said he, "the poor foolish woman is on a wild-goose chase, and the sooner she is stopped the 98
better—travelling over the world after a husband, who I have no doubt she is vastly better without than with."

"But she is the best judge of that, brother."

"Lord bless you, no—a wife is no judge at all about her husband. She is evidently an ingenious worthy woman, and can get a good living if she is not footing it over the world after this soldier—a good riddance—a good riddance, Mrs. Sackville. I am surprised you do not see it is a good riddance."

Mrs. Sackville, who did not esteem matrimonial ties so lightly as her bachelor brother, appealed to her husband, but he joined Mr. Morris in thinking Mrs. Barton had much better remain where she was; not because he was sure the father and husband, though a soldier, might not be worth looking up, but because there was not the slightest chance of finding him. "What
good will it do the woman to get to Quebec?" he asked; "her husband's regiment has left 99
Canada."

"She tells me," replied Mrs. Sackville, "that she has many friends in Quebec from whom she might expect assistance. She has worked for the governor's lady, and she builds much on her benevolence, and thinks she will get her a free passage to her husband in a government ship; and besides," added Mrs. Sackville, "even if her hopes fail utterly, we shall confer an essential benefit on our children by complying with their wishes; for if they give this poor woman all their little store of wealth, it will cost them the sacrifice of sundry personal gratifications that they have reckoned much on, and thus give them a practical lesson of self-denial and disinterestedness, better than all our precepts, and it will associate with the more selfish and transient pleasures of their journey, the pure and enduring sentiment of benevolence."

"Well, my dear wife," said Mr. Sackville, "do as you please—you have arrayed before me 100
irresistible motives."

Thus sanctioned, Mrs. Sackville returned to the cottage, whispered to the children their father's acquiescence, and then saying aloud, "I leave you to make all the arrangements with Mrs. Barton," she left them.

We shall not attempt to describe the poor woman's gratitude, which overflowed in words and tears, nor the children's noisy joy when they heard they were to go down the lake with their friends. Suffice it to say, that in the course of two hours, and just as the steam-boat appeared in sight, heavily plying down from Lewistown, Mrs. Barton was on the wharf with her children, as clean and nice as soap and water and fresh and well-patched clothes could make them, and looking so grateful and joyful, that Mr. Morris, who, like the good vicar of Wakefield, 'loved happy
human faces,' forgot all his objections to the procedure, and shaking the good woman's hand 101
heartily, said, he "was glad they were to be fellow-passengers."

Our friends, with many others, were now impatiently waiting a conveyance to the steam-boat, which had stopped near the opposite shore. The wharf exhibited the usual signs of a small garrisoned town. Half drunken soldiers were idling about, and sentinels were posting to and fro,

stationed there to prevent the desertion of the soldiers to the opposite side, a crime which the vicinity and hospitable habits of the State render very common. Edward accosted one of the sentinels, and asked him if the captain of the steam-boat sent his small boat ashore. “Fraquently he does, and fraquently he don't,” replied the fellow, rather surlily. “Does the boat stop at fort Niagara?”

“Indeed sir, and that is what I cannot tell you.”

“Well,” pursued Edward with simplicity, “do you think they will send ashore to-day?” 102

“Indeed master, and it's what I am not thinking about.”

Edward turned away, making a mental comparison between this man and his own civil countrymen, greatly to the disadvantage of the former, when his attention was attracted by the approach of a boat which came skimming over the water like a bird, and as it neared the shore, a little tight-built sailor leaped on to the wharf, and announced himself as Jemmy Chapman, the captain's mate. While the baggage was arranging in the boat, Edward seized the favorable moment to make the best bargain he could with the mate for his protegée.

But the mate averred he had no power to transact that business, and referred him to his captain. “You may safely trust to him, my young man,” said he, “for captain Vaughan is not a man 103 to take advantage of a ship in distress.”

And so it proved—for the captain, (as every body knows, who ever crossed the lake in the steam-boat Ontario) was a man of distinguished humanity; and pleased with the good appearance of Mrs. Barton and her children, and the zeal of her youthful protectors, he said, that if she had brought her thread and needles a-board, she might work her passage to Ogdensburg, for he and some of his men were sadly out at elbows. The good woman's eyes glistened with delight, at the thought of paying her way thus far, and she seated herself directly to put new pockets in an old coat of Jemmy's, when a sudden attack of tooth-ache put a stop to her progress.

The children were soon acquainted with her malady, for they were continually hovering about her, and Julia procured some camphor and laudanum from an invalid passenger, and gave them to her. She applied them, but the horrible pangs were not allayed, when Jemmy Chapman was 104 attracted by the report of her distress. “Stand away, all,” said he; “stand away—fall back, my young man; and you, my little lady, and give place to me. I am the seventh son of a seventh son, and I can cure any body's tooth-ache but my own.” Mrs. Barton was not free from the superstition which pervades her class, and she gladly permitted him to stroke her face, which he did with a gravity that evinced perfect faith in his own powers; and in the course of fifteen minutes, she declared herself completely relieved, and cheerfully resumed her labors. Julia ran to announce the cure to her mother.

“Is not it strange, mama,” she said, “that she could believe it was Jemmy that cured her?”

“Strange to us, my dear, who do not believe in any such supernatural powers; but we will not 105 quarrel with a faith that cures the tooth-ache.”

As the boat passed Fort Niagara, where the river debouches into the lake, “There,” said Jemmy Chapman to Edward, who stood beside him; “there, on that point stood a noble stone light-house, that has saved many a poor fellow from finding a grave in this stormy lake: it was like the good scripture light which shines equally upon all.”

“And what has become of it?” asked Edward.

“Oh, it was taken down like Solomon's temple, till there was not one stone left upon another, by one of our generals—thank the Lord he was not an American born—he it was, that first set the example of burning on the frontier, and burnt down this pretty town of Newark here—and cut down all the orchards.”

“The orchards! what in the world did he do that for?” asked Edward.

Jemmy paused for a moment, apparently at a loss what motive to assign for such reckless 106 destruction, and then said, “Out of curiosity I believe.”

We fear that we have already protracted our details beyond the patience of our readers.

We shall not therefore describe the prosperous passage of the boat over the beautiful expanse of Lake Ontario: nor the visit of our friends to the town of Rochester, which five years before was a complete wilderness; but now had fine houses, shops, and warehouses, and Edward said, reminded him of Adam, who was born grown up: nor their passage from the lake into the St. Lawrence, where these mighty waters passing St. Vincent on one side, and Grand Island on the other, contract their channel, and assume the form of a river.

Our friends, wrapped in their cloaks and shawls to defend them from the chill night air, 107 clustered around Jemmy Chapman, who stood at the helm guiding the boat through the difficult and shifting channels, amid the ‘thousand isles’—now in silence gazing on them, as they were lit up with the rosy hues of twilight, and then with the mild but insufficient lustre of the half orbed moon. These verdant islands are of every size and form. Some lying in clusters like the ‘solitary set in families:’ and some like beautiful vestals in single loveliness. Some stretching for miles in length, and some so small, and without a tree or shrub, that they look like lawns destined for fairy sporting grounds; while others are encircled by such an impenetrable growth of trees, that one

might fancy that within this sylvan barrier wood-nymphs held their courts and revels; in short, might fancy any thing; for there are no traces of human footsteps to break the spell of imagination, save where the fisherman's hut, placed on the brink of the element by which he 108
lives, is disclosed with its dark relief of unbroken woods by the bright glare of the pine torch, which is his beacon light, and which serves to show the gleaming path-way of his little canoe. Jemmy recounted to the children the sad mishaps and disastrous chances that had befallen unskilful or unfortunate navigators in these dangerous passes, and the kind captain repeatedly fired his signal gun, which seemed to wake the spirits of these deep solitudes, to send back the greeting in echo and re-echo, till their voices died away on the most distant shores.

“Don't they hollow well?” said Jemmy, after the last report, turning briskly around to dame Barton who sat near him.

“Well, I did not hear them,” said she, mournfully.

“Not hear them—why, they spoke as plain as preaching—are you deaf, good woman?”

“Deaf! oh, no—but my thoughts were far from here.”

Mrs. Sackville thought there was something in Mrs. Barton's devotedness to her husband, not 109
common in her class of life. She had been deterred from putting any questions to her, by the habitual silence and diffidence of the poor woman. But now they had become so much more acquainted, that she ventured to say to her, “Come, Mrs. Barton, suppose you favor us while we sit here, with a little history of your life. My children are so much interested in you, that they want to know all they can about you.”

“Oh, you are very good ma'am to say so; but what is there in the history of the like of me to tell? not that I have any objection to make known my story—thank God, that's kept me in his fear —but then what happens to poor plain bodies like me, is not made much count of in the world.”

“But, remember, my good friend,” said Mrs. Sackville, “the happiness of all his creatures, rich and poor, is of equal account in the sight of our heavenly Father, and as I wish my children 110
continually to bear in mind that it is this great Being, whom they are commanded by their Saviour to imitate, I trust that the happiness of their fellow-beings, whether high or low, will be of equal importance in their view.”

Thus encouraged by the kindness of the mother, and the eager looks of the children, who stationed themselves close to her, Mrs. Barton began her simple and brief story.

“I never knew my parents,” she said. “I was, as I have been told, given by a gipsey woman to a magistrate of the town of Lichfield, in England, when I was three years old. The woman was sick, and died shortly after. She declared herself ignorant of my parentage. She believed I had been stolen in London, by some of her tribe, about a year before; and said that I had been committed to her charge for some months, I had a necklace, with a gold clasp with initials, which I had been permitted to retain; and the worthy magistrate, in the hope that this might lead to a 111
discovery, advertised me, with a description of the necklace; but no one appearing to claim me, he finally placed me in the Lichfield alms-house.

“When I was seven years old, don't laugh at me, Miss Julia, I was called a beauty. My skin was as smooth as yours; and my hair hung in curls about my neck and face. At this time a whimsical gentleman, who had a fancy to bring up a wife to his own liking, came to the alms-house: he was pleased with my appearance, and selected me. He taught me himself, and procured teachers for me, and from morning till night I was poring over hard tasks: this lasted for three years, and perhaps Mr. Leslie, for that was the gentleman's name, might have remained constant to his purpose, but then I took the small-pox; and after lying at the gates of death for weeks, I recovered, but with my face blotched and seamed as you see it. For many months my eye-sight 112
and hearing were gone, and when I could see, my eyes had this cast in them, which looks as if I were born cross-eyed.

“No one could blame Mr. Leslie for giving me up. I am sure I never did. He placed me with a poor widow, and paid my lodging with her till I was one and twenty, and gave me a draft on him for a hundred pounds, which was to be paid when I came of age. With Mrs. Gordon I was happier than I had ever been in my life. My book tasks I never had liked, but I sewed or spun with Mrs. Gordon, from morning till night, without ever being weary or discontented. She taught me her own ways, and she was noted through the whole town, for her industry and neatness. She was a good christian too, and she brought me up to fear God and to love his service. She had one child —an only son, two years younger than myself. He was sometimes wild and wilful, for his mother, 113
though she was resolute with every thing else, could never deny him. He was sometimes as I said, wild and wilful—but when he was himself, he was the pleasantest lad in the village, and the best. Mrs. Gordon was as a mother to me; and you know it was natural I should love her son Richard; and I thought I but loved him as a sister should, till one Sunday I saw him come up the little path-way that led to our cottage, with a blue ribband bow in his hand, which he kissed again and again, and then thrust it into his bosom. I knew it was a love token from Sally Wilton the miller's daughter, for I had seen it that day in her hat, and I felt a pang at my heart, that told me it was not as a brother I loved Richard.

“I have skipped over many years, for I would not weary you. I was now one and twenty, and my draft on Mr. Leslie was due. Mrs. Gordon began to talk to me of marrying Richard. I only answered her with silence and tears; but one woman can read another's heart, and she knew 114
what was in mine; and she, poor woman, thought to make all right by taking it into her own hands.

“It so happened one night, that I was in an adjoining room when she supposed I was absent from the cottage, and she put many questions to Richard about me, but she could get no satisfaction from him. She then told him (oh, at the moment I thought I could never forgive her for it) she was sure I loved him. She said much in my favor, ma'am, that I cannot repeat, and tried with it all to put a veil over my poor ugly face, and then concluded with saying, for she was a thrifty woman, and never lost sight of the main chance, that I should not come empty handed. At this his spirit rose—he said, he would not be bought by all the gold in the king's coffers. My heart rose to my lips, but I held my breath, for his mother grew very angry, and said something from 115
Solomon's proverbs, about my being the virtuous woman whose price was far above rubies. Then Richard burst into tears, and said he knew that, and he would go round the world to serve me, but he could not marry me. He confessed that he had already plighted his truth to Sally Wilton; and he declared that he never would marry any body but Sally Wilton. His mother lost all patience—she said he would make a beggar of himself for life—that the Wiltons were an idle race, and that none of the name had ever come to any good.

“A great deal more she said, but it seemed to me the more she talked, the firmer Richard was in his own mind.

“You may be sure ma'am I did not close my eyes that night; my love had been blasted, and my pride cast down. It was long before I could think of any one but myself, or compose my mind to any good thoughts; but when I began to see things in a right light, it seemed to me a pity we should all be miserable together; and I began to contrive some way to make Richard happy. He 116
had just served his time with a shoemaker, but he had no capital to enable him to set up for himself. I knew Sally Wilton was a gay thoughtless thing; but so were most girls, and I believed that when she was married, she would do her duty; to me it seemed, that duty would be all pleasure with such a husband as Richard. I had some struggles with my own heart, but before the morning light dawned, I had made up my mind what to do. When I met Richard and his mother in the morning, I was far the happiest of the three. She was angry, he was sullen and downcast; but I had that feeling which I need not describe to you ma'am, who have so often the power and the will to make others happy. Immediately after our morning meal, I went and presented my draft to Mr. Leslie's agent, and received my hundred pounds. Half the sum I returned to him to invest for 117
me, the other half I placed in the hands of the shoemaker, with whom Richard had served his time, and with whom he was a great favorite, and I requested him to lay it out in tools and stock for Richard. The purchase was made—a little shop hired, and every thing in readiness; and then I told Richard in the presence of his mother what I had done. At first he said he never could accept so much from me; but I told him, (and I smothered my feelings, and smiled when I said it,) that in spite of his mother's fancies, it was as a sister I loved him, and as a sister and older than himself too, I had a right to provide for him. He was far more grateful and happy than I expected. His mother gave her consent to his marriage, though grudgingly, for she was a set woman, and she had no faith in Sally Wilton. They were married. Richard was industrious, and we hoped would be prosperous, but as it proved Mrs. Barton's distrust of Sally was too well founded. She was idle 118
and extravagant, and such a wife soon ruins a poor man. In five years Richard was reduced to such straits, that in a fit of desperation he enlisted. From the sorrowful day he came to take leave of us, for his regiment was soon after sent to the East-Indies, his mother never had a well day or a happy hour. After he went away, his wife led a vicious life; and four years after she came to our door to beg a crust of bread—a poor, wasted, sick, half-famished creature. We took her in. To be sure she had been a sad sinner, but she was Richard's wife, and besides it is always better to pity than condemn, and it is not for the like of us ma'am you know, who have no hope but because God's compassions fail not, to turn our backs upon a fellow-creature in sin and misery.

“For a whole year she laid in a distressing sickness. Mrs. Barton had become so old and feeble, that she could do nothing but pray for us, and I had as you may suppose a toilsome life of 119
it; but I was as I trusted, doing my duty, and that makes a light heart, and according to my experience ma'am, no one can be very wretched that has enough to do, and that tries to do their duty faithfully, be that duty ever so humble. We never suffered. Sally had some help from the charitable; and when we had no other resource, I drew on my fifty pounds.

“It would have been a great comfort to us to have seen Sally take hold of religion, when every thing else failed; but the poor soul was racked with pains and coughing, and could only think of her suffering body, and she was perfectly deaf too, and could hear nothing that the clergyman said to her, though Mrs. Barton thought it right he should talk to her. Oh ma'am, I think there is not a more mournful sight on the earth than to see a young creature thus cut off by her sins.

“Richard returned to us two days before she died, but she did not know him, and could not 120
hear his forgiveness, though he spoke it over and over again.”

Mrs. Barton paused for a few moments, quite overcome by the recollection of that sad period, and then resumed her story.

“And now came brighter days. Richard had endured many hardships, and past through many temptations, but he had not lost his integrity. He had come home in attendance on an officer who had obtained a furlough. Not many months passed over before Richard expressed a wish to marry me, though my little fortune was gone, and ten years had not as you may suppose improved my beauty. Our mother said, our wedding-day was the happiest of her life. She did not long survive it. Before my husband rejoined his regiment she had gone to her rest. From that time till Richard was taken prisoner by the Americans, we have never been separated, and he has proved faithful 121
and kind to me, and being, as he is, all the world to me who have never known other kindred but my little ones, it cannot seem strange to you, ma'am, that the world is a lonely place without him; and that I should be willing to take the help of your blessed children to get on my way to him.”

“Oh no indeed, my good friend,” said Mrs. Sackville, “I am delighted that my children have found one so worthy of their assistance; you may rest assured that we shall not part from you till we arrive at Quebec. Come now Edward and Julia to your berths—and dream of the ‘thousand isles,’ or Mrs. Barton, or what you will.” The children obeyed their mother, and doubtless had such sweet visions as hover about the pillow of youth, and health, and innocence.

Jemmy Chapman had not been an uninterested listener to this simple tale of patient virtue; and though Mrs. Barton had spoken so low that he had lost some parts of her narrative, he heard 122
enough to touch his kind heart. As she rose from the bench near him, “Stop, stop, good woman,” said he, and he jerked some tears from off his cheeks; “it is not much that such as I can pity you, but a drop is something in a gill-glass, and (turning his pockets inside out, and collecting a half handful of small change,) I should not be my mother's son if I did not feel for a woman in distress, and so will you just take this which may help to raise a little breeze for you when you are becalmed. Nay, don't haul off, but take it, and remember the poor sailors in a stormy night. It is good luck to us to have a friend a-shore to speak a good word for us when we have no time to speak for ourselves.”

Jemmy's hearty kindness was irresistible, and Mrs. Barton received his gift, scarcely able to command her voice to utter her thanks.

The next morning found the steam-boat at the wharf at Ogdensburg. Edward undertook to 123
settle with the captain for the passage of his protegées; but the captain would receive nothing, and persisted in declaring that he was amply compensated by Mrs. Barton's industry. The travellers parted from him and from our friend Jemmy with expressions of the esteem which their virtues even on this short acquaintance had not failed to produce; and then they proceeded to make arrangements for their passage down the St. Lawrence by chartering and provisioning a Durham boat.

While this was getting in readiness, Mrs. Sackville, whose curiosity, like that of a more celebrated traveller, ‘extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events,’ walked with her children to view a rare curiosity on our continent—an *American* antiquity. On a point of land at the junction of the Oswegatchie with the St. Lawrence, 124
there is a broken stone wall, the remains of a French fortification. While they stood surveying with pleased attention this monument of the olden time, they were joined by a gentleman who appeared like them to have been attracted to the spot by curiosity. He took off his hat, bowed to Mrs. Sackville, and asked if he might take the liberty to inquire of her whether she resided at Ogdensburg.

When she replied in the negative, he begged her pardon, and said he had been extremely anxious to authenticate a traditionary story he had picked up in his journey through Canada, some of the events of which had been located at this place. He had hoped to find some record of it in Charlevoix's History, but he had searched in vain. Mrs. Sackville became in her turn the inquirer. She said she delighted in those traditionary tales, which, with the aid of a little fancy, reconstructed ruins, and enclosed within their walls living beings with affections and interests 125
like our own; and she should hold herself very much obliged to the gentleman if he would enrich her with some interesting associations with this place. The stranger seemed highly gratified to have found so ready a sympathy in his feelings, and he related the following particulars.

“A commandant of this fort (which was built by the French to protect their traders against the savages,) married a young Iroquois who was before or after the marriage converted to the Catholic faith. She was the daughter of a chieftain of her tribe, and great efforts were made by her people to induce her to return to them. Her brother lurked in this neighbourhood, and procured interviews with her, and attempted to win her back by all the motives of national pride and family affection; but all in vain. The young Garanga, or, to call her by her baptismal name, Marguerite, was bound by a threefold cord—her love to her husband, to her son, and to her 126
religion. Mecumeh, finding persuasion ineffectual, had recourse to stratagem. The commandant was in the habit of going down the river often on fishing excursions, and when he returned, he would fire his signal gun, and Marguerite and her boy would hasten to the shore to greet him.

“On one occasion he had been gone longer than usual. Marguerite was filled with apprehensions natural enough at a time when imminent dangers and hairbreadth escapes were of every day occurrence. She had sat in the tower and watched for the returning canoe till the last beam of day had faded from the waters;—the deepening shadows of twilight played tricks with her imagination. Once she was startled by the water-fowl, which, as it skimmed along the surface of the water, imaged to her fancy the light canoe impelled by her husband's vigorous arm—again she heard the leap of the heavy muskalongi, and the splashing waters sounded to her fancy like 127
the first dash of the oar. That passed away, and disappointment and tears followed. Her boy was beside her; the young Louis, who, though scarcely twelve years old, already had his imagination filled with daring deeds. Born and bred in a fort, he was an adept in the use of the bow and the musket; courage seemed to be his instinct, and danger his element, and battles and wounds were ‘household words’ with him. He laughed at his mother's fears; but, in spite of his boyish ridicule, they strengthened, till apprehension seemed reality. Suddenly the sound of the signal gun broke on the stillness of the night. Both mother and son sprang on their feet with a cry of joy, and were pressing hand in hand towards the outer gate, when a sentinel stopped them to remind Marguerite it was her husband's order that no one should venture without the walls after sunset. She, however, insisted on passing, and telling the soldier that she would answer to the 128

commandant for his breach of orders—she passed the outer barrier. Young Louis held up his bow and arrow before the sentinel, saying gaily, “I am my mother's body-guard you know.” Tradition has preserved these trifling circumstances, as the events that followed rendered them memorable.

“The distance,” continued the stranger, “from the fort to the place where the commandant moored his canoe was trifling, and quickly passed. Marguerite and Louis flew along the narrow foot path, reached the shore, and were in the arms of —— Mecumeh and his fierce companions. Entreaties and resistance were alike vain. Resistance was made, with a manly spirit, by young Louis, who drew a knife from the girdle of one of the indians, and attempted to plunge it into the bosom of Mecumeh, who was roughly binding his wampum belt over Marguerite's mouth, to deaden the sound of her screams. The uncle wrested the knife from him, and smiled proudly on 129
him as if he recognised in the brave boy, a scion from his own stock.

“The indians had two canoes; Marguerite was conveyed to one, Louis to the other—and both canoes were rowed into the Oswegatchie, and up the stream as fast as it was possible to impel them against the current of the river.

“Not a word nor cry escaped the boy: he seemed intent on some purpose, and when the canoe approached near the shore, he took off a military cap he wore, and threw it so skilfully that it lodged, where he meant it should, on the branch of a tree which projected over the water. There was a long white feather in the cap. The indians had observed the boy's movement—they held up their oars for a moment, and seemed to consult whether they should return and remove the cap; but after a moment, they again dashed their oars in the water and proceeded forward. They continued rowing for a few miles, and then landed; hid their canoes behind some trees on the 130
river's bank, and plunged into the woods with their prisoners. It seems to have been their intention to have returned to their canoes in the morning, and they had not proceeded far from the shore, when they kindled a fire and prepared some food, and offered a share of it to Marguerite and Louis. Poor Marguerite, as you may suppose, had no mind to eat; but Louis, saith tradition, ate as heartily as if he had been safe within the walls of the fort. After the supper, the indians stretched themselves before the fire, but not till they had taken the precaution to bind Marguerite to a tree, and to compel Louis to lie down in the arms of his uncle Mecumeh. Neither of the prisoners, as you may imagine, closed their eyes. Louis kept his fixed on his mother. She sat upright beside an oak tree; the cord was fastened around her waist, and bound around the tree, which had been blasted by lighting; the moon poured its beams through the naked branches 131
upon her face convulsed with the agony of despair and fear. With one hand she held a crucifix to her lips, the other was on her rosary. The sight of his mother in such a situation, stirred up daring thoughts in the bosom of the heroic boy—but he laid powerless in his uncle's naked brawny arms. He tried to disengage himself, but at the slightest movement, Mecumeh, though still sleeping, seemed conscious, and strained him closer to him. At last the strong sleep, that in the depth of the night steeps the senses in utter forgetfulness, overpowered him—his arms relaxed their hold, and dropped beside him and left Louis free.

“He rose cautiously, looked for one instant on the indians, and assured himself they all slept profoundly. He then possessed himself of Mecumeh's knife, which lay at his feet, and severed the cord that bound his mother to the tree. Neither of them spoke a word—but with the least possible 132
sound they resumed the way by which they had come from the shore. Louis in the confidence, and Marguerite with the faint hope of reaching it before they were overtaken.

“You may imagine how often the poor mother, timid as a fawn, was startled by the evening breeze stirring the leaves, but the boy bounded forward as if there were neither fear nor danger in the world.

“They had nearly attained the margin of the river, where Louis meant to launch one of the canoes and drop down the current, when the indian yell resounding through the woods, struck on their ears. They were missed, pursued, and escape was impossible. Marguerite panic-struck, sunk to the ground. Nothing could check the career of Louis. “On—on, mother,” he cried, “to the shore —to the shore.” She rose and instinctively followed her boy. The sound of pursuit came nearer and nearer. They reached the shore, and there beheld three canoes coming swiftly up the river. 133
Animated with hope, Louis screamed the watch word of the garrison, and was answered by his father's voice.

“The possibility of escape, and the certain approach of her husband, infused new life into Marguerite. “Your father cannot see us,” she said, “as we stand here in the shade of the trees; hide yourself in that thicket, I will plunge into the water.” Louis crouched under the bushes, and was completely hidden by an overhanging grape-vine, while his mother advanced a few steps into the water and stood erect, where she could be distinctly seen. A shout from the canoes apprised her that she was recognised, and at the same moment, the indians who had now reached the shore, rent the air with their cries of rage and defiance. They stood for a moment, as if deliberating what next to do; Mecumeh maintained an undaunted and resolved air—but with his followers the aspect of armed men, and a force thrice their number, had its usual effect. They 134
fled. He looked after them, cried, ‘shame!’ and then, with a desperate yell, leaped into the water and stood beside Marguerite. The canoes were now within a few yards—He put his knife to her bosom—“The daughter of Tecumseh,” he said, “should have died by the judgment of our warriors, but now by her brother's hand must she perish:” and he drew back his arm to give vigour to the fatal stroke, when an arrow pierced his own breast, and he fell insensible at his sister's side. A moment after Marguerite was in the arms of her husband, and Louis, with his bow unstrung, bounded from the shore, and was received in his father's canoe; and the wild shores rung with the acclamations of the soldiers, while his father's tears of pride and joy were poured like rain

upon his cheek.”

The stranger paused, and Edward breathed one long breath, expressive of the interest with which he had listened to the tale; and then said, “You have not told us, sir, how the commandant was so fortunate as to pursue in the right direction.” 135

“He returned soon after Marguerite's departure, and of course was at no loss to determine that she had been taken in the toils of her brother. He explored the mouth of the Oswegatchie, thinking it possible that the savages might have left their canoes moored there, and taken to the land. Louis's cap and feather caught his eye, and furnished him a clue. You have now my whole story,” concluded the stranger; “and though I cannot vouch for its accuracy, many similar circumstances must have occurred, while this country was a wilderness, and my tradition is at least supported by probability.”

“You have not told us, sir,” said Julia, “whether Mecumeh was really killed. I do not see how Marguerite could leave him without finding out, for after all, he was her brother.”

“Marguerite,” replied the stranger, “justified your opinion of sisterly duty. Mecumeh was conveyed to the fort—the arrow was withdrawn, and after a tedious illness, he recovered from the wound. There is too a tradition that the pious sister converted him to the catholic faith; but about this part of the story there seems to rest some uncertainty.” 136

“And don't you know, sir,” asked Edward, “what became of Louis afterwards?”

“I really do not,” replied the gentleman, smiling; “but I doubt not that the man kept the promise of the heroic boy; and I think it extremely probable that he has led some gallant fellows to those deeds of high emprise which were achieved by the armies of Louis fourteenth.”

“My dear children,” said Mrs. Sackville, “you must really ask no more questions. You will be good enough to pardon,” she added, turning to the stranger, “the eagerness of their youthful curiosity.”

“Oh, madam,” he replied, “the evidence of curiosity is the most grateful reward to a story-teller, and I feel that my acknowledgements are due to your children for their patient listening.” 137

A few more courteous words passed, and the stranger bowed and departed.

“This was a lucky meeting, mother,” said Edward; “this crazed leaning wall looks quite interesting to me now. I can almost fancy I see Marguerite and Louis issuing from the gate—Louis holding up the bow and arrow that was to do such memorable service that night.”

“You have had a good lesson this morning, my children, on the pleasures of association. When we first saw that ruin, it looked to you like any other stone wall—mere mason-work: and you, Julia, afraid of being buried in its shadow, wondered what interest any one could feel in looking at it; and now, I see you are venturing on the most tottering part of it for a piece of moss, which I suppose is to be carefully treasured in your herbal.” 138

“Yes, mama, as a keep-sake for Marguerite and Louis.”

We shall not condemn our readers to attend the travellers in their tedious passage down the St. Lawrence. Sometimes a favoring breeze filled the single sail of their little boat, and aided by the oars of the lazy boatmen, wafted them gently forward, till, coming to a more rapid descent in the river, their light vessel seemed urged on by an irresistible force to the ‘rapids,’ where the waves, fretting and foaming over the invisible rocks, threatened to engulph it. The boatmen threw themselves prostrate on the bottom of the boat to avoid the splashing of the waves; their oars lay useless beside them, while the pilot strained every nerve to guide the boat in safety through the perilous channel. These passages, like the brilliant events of life, are rare and brief, and are succeeded by the sleepy lakes of the river, bordered by shores uniformly low and monotonous, save where the green mountains of Vermont dimly define the eastern horizon. 139

Arrived at Montreal, Mrs. Sackville, from consideration for Mrs. Barton, determined to avoid delay, and therefore deferred the examination of this city, so singular and picturesque to an American eye, till their return from Quebec. There was, however, no boat to sail before the evening, and a half day of leisure afforded our industrious travellers an opportunity to visit the churches and convents of Montreal.

The churches are spacious, and decorated with gaudy tinselled ornaments, and indifferent pictures. Edward and Julia were dazzled and delighted with the seeming splendor. A little demure Presbyterian girl, who acted as their guide, smiled at the animated expressions of their wonder. “Notre Dame, is,” she said, “as my grandmother often says, just fit for a baby-house for children.” 140

This remark caused a sudden revulsion in Edward's mind. He had a truly manly, or rather boyish aversion to be suspected of a juvenile taste, and averting his eye from his conductor, it fell on a miserable, half-famished looking old woman, who was kneeling in one of the aisles absorbed in her devotions.

“Look there, mother,” said he, pointing to the wretched object, “what a contrast to all this pomp.—It reminds me of an anecdote I have somewhere read of a pious pilgrim to whom one of the popes was ostentatiously displaying the decorations of the Vatican.

“Dites à ces ornemens,” said the pilgrim, “de se changer en pain.”[4]

[4] Command these decorations to be changed into bread.

Quite satisfied with this display of his superiority to the childishness indirectly ascribed to him by his conductor, though it was entirely lost on her, Edward left the church, and attended his friends to the Hotel Dieu, the convent of the black nuns. They were shown the different apartments by one of the sisterhood, a well-bred Irish lady, whose fine intelligent dark eyes, benevolent and happy expression of countenance, and short plump figure, made a delightful impression on Edward and Julia, who had always fancied a nun must be tall and thin, with a sad solemn face, condemned to wither under an immoveable veil. She led them to the hospital where the sick of every nation are received and treated with equal kindness according to the law of christian benevolence, which is of universal obligation. 141

“Do the rules of your order, (the order of St. Joseph I believe,”) inquired Mr. Sackville of the sister, “impose on you the performance of severe penances?” 142

“No,” she replied, “we are exempted from extraordinary penances, on account of the fatiguing and often loathsome offices that we have to perform for the sick; these are received as sufficient mortifications. We open our doors to the sick mendicant and wounded soldiers. We had in this apartment at one time during the late war seventeen American soldiers.”

“My countrymen,” replied Mr. Sackville, “had abundant reason to be grateful that they fell into your skilful and benevolent hands,—the beautiful order and neatness of your hospital prove with what fidelity your samaritan duties are performed.”

While the nun, courteously bowing her head at this merited compliment, led the way to an adjoining ante-room appropriated to medicines, surgical instruments, &c. Mrs. Sackville said in a low voice to Edward, “Take notice, my dear son, that where the *precepts* of the christian religion are strictly applied they produce the same fruits; no matter by what name the particular faith is called, Catholic or Protestant.” 143

“Oh look there, mother,” exclaimed Julia, pointing to large cases with glass doors which contained the medicines, “I am sure that in spite of your laws of association, those vials and gallipots look quite beautiful.”

“And I suspect they contain nothing very disagreeable,” replied her mother; “these sisters do not appear to deal in the harsh medicines of our daring doctors, but content themselves with emollients and palliatives. See those labels, ‘eau hysterique’—‘eau celeste;’ even you, Julia, would have no objection to medicines that deserve such pretty appellatives.”

From the Hotel Dieu they went to the chapel and sacristie. Julia pointed to the altars on which were standing vases filled with white lilies and carnations. “Every where, mother,” she said, “we see these beautiful flowers, even in the churches.” 144

“And they are certainly not inappropriate, Julia,” replied her mother, “in His temple whose pencil paints and breath perfumes them.”

After all had been shown that is usually exhibited, the sister invited her visiters to go to the garden. Mrs. Sackville said that though she had heard it much extolled, their time would not permit them the pleasure of seeing it, but she said there was a farther trouble that she must venture on imposing. She understood the sisters sometimes permitted their visiters to buy specimens of their work; and she was anxious to carry some to their friends.

Their conductor seemed gratified with this hint, and directly left them, and returned with a large basket filled with embroidered needle-books, reticules, work-boxes, purses, scissor-cases, &c. &c.

Edward and Julia eagerly examined the beautiful productions of the taste and industry of the cloistered sisters. Edward was particularly struck with a sack or purse, made of birch bark, and wrought with porcupine quills of the richest dyes. On one side of it was an indian woman, carrying an infant according to the aboriginal fashion, laced to a board which was laid on her back; the little creature's head was just visible, peeping over her shoulder. A boy was standing beside her with a bow and arrow, on the reverse was a group of indians seated under an oak tree, smoking the long feathered and beaded pipe, which they call the calumet of peace, “Oh, mother,” said Edward, holding up the sack, “is not this very valuable?” 145

“It is certainly very handsome,” replied his mother.

“But that is not all, mother—it is certainly very valuable, as an illustration of indian customs. —I wish”——he added and paused. 146

“What do you wish, Ned?” asked his mother.

“Nothing, mama,” he replied, sighing, laying down the sack, and turning away; “I only wish I had not seen it.”

Julia was all this time looking at a very curious work-basket, which she thought a masterpiece. She turned it from side to side, examined the roses, carnations, jessamines, and violets, that had been wrought with such exquisite skill as to represent to the life the peerless flowers they were made to imitate; and for one moment she too wished that her five dollars was still at her own disposal. Mrs. Sackville read what was passing in the minds of her children. She took them aside: “My dear Ned and Julia,” she said, “I fear you may be regretting your hasty benevolence, when you devoted to a charitable purpose all the money your father gave you for such gratifications as are now offered to you; you did it from a sudden impulse of generosity: you 147

have, I believe, as yet expended but a small portion of your money, and if you now prefer to appropriate it to the purchase of these very tempting articles, I will myself assume the expense of getting Mrs. Barton to Quebec."

Edward and Julia looked at their mother, and at one another without replying a word. Mrs. Sackville returned to the table to make some selections for herself.

"What had we best do, Ned?" whispered Julia.

"Why do you ask me, Julia? you know as well as I. I should like to have something to show that I had been in Canada."

"So should I excessively—but then"—

"But what, Julia? I am sure mama says it shall make no difference to Mrs. Barton."

"No, that is true—it will make no difference to her; but it will make a great difference to us."

The last member of Julia's sentence was quite lost on Edward, for he had abruptly returned to 148
the table, and to the examination of the coveted purse. Julia stood for one half instant wavering, and then walked to a window, and kept her eye steadily fixed on the garden it overlooked. Mrs. Sackville ventured one glance at her children. 'Ah,' thought she, 'Julia, you will prove faithful, but Ned I fear for you; 'he who deliberates is lost,'' Her mind was more intent on her children than on the little traffic she was making, and when she had set aside articles to a considerable amount, and was about to pay for them, the nun said, "I think, madam, you might make a better selection—allow me to exchange this basket for the awkward one you have there. I am a little vain of this, for I made it myself, and I should have begged your daughter to accept it when I saw her admiring it, but these articles are devoted to a specific object, and I have no
control over them. I should, however, be particularly gratified if you would purchase this for Miss 149
Julia, instead of that you have taken."

"You are very good," replied Mrs. Sackville, "but I have permitted my daughter to select for herself. Julia, do you hear what this lady says?"

"Yes, mama."

"Will you look at the basket, my love?"

"No, I thank you, mama."

This last reply was uttered in a faltering voice, and caught Edward's attention. He had just taken out his pocket-book to pay for the purse. He looked towards Julia, and then to his mother. Mrs. Sackville's eyes were fixed on Julia with an expression of love and approbation which flashed to Edward's heart; he dropped the purse, put up his pocket-book, and going up to his sister, whispered a proposal that they should return to the inn, without waiting for their mother to finish her business.

They then took a respectful, though rather a hurried leave of the kind sister, impatient to be 150
out of sight of a temptation, which no one will deride as inconsiderable, when it is remembered that Edward was twelve, Julia ten years old.

"What upon earth ails the children?" asked Mr. Morris, who saw that something agitated them. Mrs. Sackville explained as far as she could without making a display of their charity. "They are good children, very good children," said Mr. Morris, "and I think you have tried them a little too far, sister; but, dear souls, it shall all be made up to them. Where is that purse poor Ned was fingering? and that basket for Julia? I'll buy them both; they shall have them."

"No, my dear brother, you must not indeed interpose your kindness—you will spoil all. The result has proved that I did not try them too far, though I confess I was at one time a little afraid I
had done what I have often seen children do, pulled up the flower in trying to ascertain whether it 151
had taken root. I have now more confidence that their hearts have that good soil into which the roots of virtue may strike deeply; and they now know the full cost of a charitable action which is performed by the voluntary and deliberate sacrifice of personal indulgence."

"You are right, perfectly right my dear," said Mr. Sackville.

"Yes, I believe you are right," said Mr. Morris, reluctantly replacing the articles, "but it's deuced hard upon the children."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said the nun, in a sweet tone of voice, and added, "I assure you madam, I never missed a sale of our little wares with so much satisfaction."

The visiters then took leave of the amiable sister, and in the course of the evening embarked
on board the steam-boat. When they arose in the morning, they had already reached the mouth of 152
the Sorrel. It was one of the most beautiful of all the bright days of summer. A gentle west wind tempered the sun's heat, and if, as saith the good book, 'a cheerful countenance betokeneth the heart in prosperity,' it might be inferred from the happy faces of our friends, that their minds were as bright and clear as the cloudless sky. Even Mrs. Barton had lost her downcast despondent look, and the pleasant light of gratitude and hope was diffused over her honest countenance. Edward and Julia were unusually animated, and their mother observed their joyous step as they bounded over the decks, their sparkling glances, and their gleeful chatterings which fell like music on her ear: she traced their uncommon spirits to the little struggle and victory of the preceding day, and rightly, for it is active goodness that commands the secret spring of joy—virtue that opens all the sweet fountains of happiness within us.

It was late in the afternoon when the level and uniform shores of the river, studded with an 153

unbroken line of white-washed houses, or only broken where they clustered around a catholic church, as children gather under the wing of a parent, began to assume more picturesque forms. Bold promontories stretched into the river, and beautiful hills presented their verdant and graceful slopes to the clear mirror. There was a band of musicians on board the boat, who at the command of the captain, (who understood the laws of international courtesy,) had been playing yankee doodle. Edward was far enough from home to feel grateful for this tribute from the English captain, and when the music suddenly changed, at a signal from him, to a mournful requiem, Edward inquired with a look of disappointment, the cause of the transition.

"Look there," he replied, "my young friend, at that pretty grassy point. It is called Cape 154
Laboniére; just above the point you see a thicket of tall trees, which extend their shadows now beyond the church. Under those trees were buried three beautiful girls, the daughters of the honourable Mrs. Laboniére. The young ladies were called by the villagers, 'Les sœurs de la charité;' and are now, I am told, reckoned as their guardian saints by these poor catholic peasants. I happened to be there when the last was buried. You know the catholics have great pomp and expense at their funerals; but I believe the childless parents had no heart for this, for though the father is seignior of the place, and a man of great wealth, he granted the request of the poor villagers who went in a body to him, to beg permission to bury their beloved benefactress. I saw the procession—every one in it was a mourner. The girls strewed the grave with white roses, and all, even the old men and the little children, shed tears on the turf that covered it; and I could not but think how much better than their consecrated water were these 155
tears of gratitude. We call the place the 'Three sisters,' now," concluded the captain, "and I never pass it without some tribute of respect."

Before nine o'clock the steamboat was gliding along under the heights of Quebec. Having, as Mr. Morris (who kept strict note of time) remarked, achieved a sail of 180 miles in 18 hours. Edward stood on the deck beside his mother, straining his eyes to the proud summit of Cape Diamond, where the British flag waved in a flood of moonlight. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "what a kind friend the moon has been to us."

"She has indeed," replied Mrs. Sackville; "and I am very glad that you notice and enjoy her favors; her pale crescent was reflected in the waters of Ontario—her beams revealed to us some of the secret places of the 'thousand isles'—the glittering spires of Montreal sent back her silver 156
rays, and now she pours a flood of light from her full orb, upon these fortified heights. But, come, dear Ned, I believe it is time for us to leave the moon, and attend to our sublunary concerns. Your uncle has gone to settle our bill, and you had best attend to yours." Julia poured the contents of her purse into Edward's, and he left them, and returned in a few moments holding a single shilling between his fingers; "here is all we have left," he said; "what is to be done now, mother? I cannot bear to turn poor Mrs. Barton adrift the moment we arrive."

"No, dear Ned," replied his mother; "she shall be cared for still further. I had too much respect for good examples," she continued, smiling, "to spend all my money for fancy articles, and I shall take Mrs. Barton to the City Hotel with us, till she can make some provisions for herself. I confess I have not much expectation that the governor will think proper to do any thing for her, 157
but your father has letters to him, and he will call at the Chateau to-morrow, and say and do what he can in her behalf." Mrs. Barton received this additional kindness with unfeigned gratitude; "But after to-morrow, ma'am," she said, "I will trouble you no further, for I am sure to find some acquaintance here, who will help me to shift for myself."

The next morning passports were procured to visit the fortifications. Edward, who had a great regard to our own heroes and patriots, had previously sallied forth in quest of the spot where the gallant Montgomery fell in our cause; and his father, after awaiting his return for some time, proceeded without him, leaving a note of directions how he should follow him.

Edward obeyed the directions. He reached Cape Diamond without meeting his friends, and he was biting his lips with vexation, that he should have come to this celebrated fortification alone, 158
without any one to explain it to him, and must leave it as ignorant as he had entered; when he was accosted by a good natured looking soldier, who, doffing his military cap and making a slight bow, said, "This is a pleasant place, young gentleman, of a sunny summer's day."

Edward turned his bright glance on the man, delighted to have found any one who could answer the questions that were rushing to his lips. "Is not that," he said, pointing to the island opposite, "the island of Orleans?"

"The very same, sir: and the point there, is point Levi, which Wolfe fortified, and destroyed from it all the lower town of Quebec: but brave as he was, I think he never would have come within the rampart, if Montcalme had not been the fool to go out and meet him on the Plains of Abraham—once there, you know, we beat of course; for, other things being equal, one 159
Englishman is as good as two Frenchmen any day—and that's what every English soldier knows."

"But," replied Edward, with a smile, "what every French soldier does not admit I suspect."

"No—no—not exactly—for you know they are a bragging nation."

"Well," said Edward, "they seem to have something to brag of about you here in these beautiful villages:" and he pointed towards Beauport and Charlebourg, whose white houses, green fields, and churches, seem to promise every thing that poets have dreamed of village simplicity, peace, and contentment.

"Yes, sir," said the soldier, "those have a decent genteel appearance from here, but if you were once to go to them, and see the houses like painted pigeon-holes—white without, but within full of all manner of uncleanliness; the bits of gardens with little but onions in them; whole fields overrun with Canada thistles; and then the little bits of dowdy images that they worship; and slivers of wood set in frames, that they call pieces of the true cross, and there are enough of them, as I have heard said, to build a seventy-four. If you were to see all this, my young master, you would agree with me, they were but a set of poor ignorant superstitious deluded creatures, far enough behind us English, or even the Americans." The soldier then proceeded to point out and name the most attractive objects from this commanding point of view. The deep black ravine, through which the Montmorenci, after taking its graceful and wondrous leap, passes into the St. Lawrence; and the indentation of the shore beyond the Plains of Abraham, called Wolfe's Cove, where he landed his forces on the morning of his victory and death. Edward found it very difficult to tear himself from a spot which has so much natural beauty, and historic interest, but anxious to follow his friends, he offered the soldier a few pieces of change, and asked him if he was willing to show him the fortification, and then guide him to the Plains of Abraham, whither his father had gone.

The soldier civilly, and indeed thankfully assented, and they proceeded together. The man, evidently pleased with the intelligent questions put to him by Edward, which he answered in a way that indicated a knowledge of his profession quite unusual in a common soldier. Edward inquired the design of the Martello towers, of the bastions, scarps and counterscarps, of this fosse, that glacis, &c. &c. at last, stopping suddenly, while his dilating form and beaming face expressed the youthful heroism that glowed in his breast, he said, "It is a strong place, a very strong place indeed; but I do think *we* could take it."

"*We!*" exclaimed the soldier, darting at him a look of eager inquiry; "who are *we*?"

"Why, we Americans."

"Americans!" echoed the soldier, and then starting back and dashing the silver Edward had given him to the ground. "Have I," he said, "served my king four and twenty years, to be bribed by an American boy at last? has it come to this, Richard Barton?"

"Richard Barton!" echoed Edward in his turn.

"Yes, my young man, Richard Barton; a poor name, but an honest one, thank God."

"Richard Barton!" again repeated Edward. "But it cannot be the Richard Barton I mean."

"I don't know who you mean, sir, but I shall take care and report you to my officer, and clear myself of all blame."

"Do not be so hasty, my good friend," said Edward, with an expression of innocence and good nature, that went far to remove the honest soldier's suspicions; "it is true I have troubled you with a great many questions, but I had no motive but curiosity; we yankees, you know, are a curious race. Come, I shall hold you to your agreement; take up the money and go along with me."

"No—no—I never will touch the money; but I will go with you, there can be no harm in that."

"Well," said Edward, picking up the pieces, "if you won't take it, I know a Richard Barton that will, and he shall have it too; and now, if I was not afraid you would take me to the guard-house, I would put some more questions to you."

"Oh, put them and welcome, young man; now I know that you are an American, I can use my discretion in my answers. You do not look as if you could do wrong yourself, or tempt another: but I have lived long enough to know that it is not all gold that glitters, though I think nothing but true metal can bear the stamp that is on your face."

"We are friends again then, are we? Can you tell me where the 40th regiment is stationed now?"

"That I cannot; they have been gone from here three years this July."

"Had you any acquaintance in that regiment?"

"Indeed had I. I served with them more than twenty years."

Edward stopped, jumped at least three feet from the ground, (as the soldier afterwards averred) clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "It must be—it must be."

"Why, what is the matter now?" asked the soldier, amazed at his emotion.

"Tell me," continued Edward, with all the calmness he could summon, "why you are here, if your regiment has returned?"

"I got myself transferred to this regiment, to finish my term of service in America, in the hope of then finding my wife and little boy, who followed me to the States when I was a prisoner."

There was no longer any room in Edward's mind for doubt that his companion was the husband of Mrs. Barton. His natural and first impulse was, to make known to the husband the happiness that was in store for him. He began to speak, half laughing, half crying; then checked himself, and considered what a beautiful surprise it would be if they should meet without any preparation: he took the soldier's hand, and said, "I see my friends; you need go no farther; but come in one hour to the City Hotel, and my mother will tell you good news of your wife."

"News of my wife! are you an angel from heaven?"

“Oh, no,” replied Edward, laughing; “nothing but an *American boy*.”

“God bless you, my lad, tell me now—tell me now,” said the soldier, and tears of joy had already gathered in his eyes. 166

“No, not another word now,” said Edward, bounding away from him; “in one hour you shall know all.”

The soldier gazed after Edward with an intense curiosity: vague expectations of some good, and then more defined hopes filled his mind. ‘That boy never could have deceived me,’ he said, to himself: ‘what did he mean by exclaiming when he first heard my name? what, by saying he knew another Richard Barton? Is it possible that he has seen my wife and boy?’ The result of all his deliberations was, that he would go instantly to the Hotel—to wait an hour was impossible—an hour was an age. In the mean time, Edward joined his party, who were already on the return, and was chid for his delay; without giving the least heed to the rebuke, he drew Julia aside, and communicated his discovery to her. They then laid their heads together, and concerted a fine plan 167 for a denouement.

They would first show Barton the little girl; he could not remember her of course, for she had been born some months after he was separated from his wife; but then he might find her out from her resemblance to her mother; Julia remembered many stories she had read of similar discoveries, and Edward affirmed his belief in natural affection, though he allowed that his father said, that Dr. Franklin and many other philosophers laughed at the idea. If the little girl proved an insufficient clew, Dickey was to be brought into the room, as if accidentally, and with many cautions by no means to tell his name; and finally the door was to be thrown open, and good Mrs. Barton, all unprepared for the sight, was to behold her long-lost husband. Mrs. Sackville saw in the truth-telling faces of her children, that something in their view very important was in agitation; but she seemed to take no notice of their whisperings, and hurried pace, till Mr. Morris 168 called out, “Fall back children, one would think we were walking for a wager; remember we carry weight of years.”

“Oh,” whispered Julia, “uncle Morris is such a snail; but there is no use in our hurrying, because you know we should lose half the pleasure if papa and mama and uncle were not there.” Edward assented, and patience had her perfect work while the children made their feet, which seemed suddenly to have been furnished with the wings of Mercury, to keep time with the dignified movements of their parents.

When they turned into St. John's-street, and came in sight of the hotel, Edward saw the soldier standing by the step to the front entrance, and looking eagerly towards him, “there he is!” said he to Julia, and they both involuntarily changed their pace from a walk to a run, but before they reached the hotel, the soldier sprung into the door, and disappeared from their sight. He had 169 caught the sound of his wife's voice, and their first joyful recognition had passed before the children entered the door.

Our youthful readers have, we trust, been entire strangers to those joys that are preceded by suffering, and which remind us of some clouds that send down their showers after the sun has broken through. They would have been as much surprised as were Edward and Julia, if they had seen, instead of smiles and ecstasies, the deathlike paleness of Mrs. Barton, her husband dashing the tear from his eyes that he might gaze upon his children; Dickey looking timidly at him, and the little girl burying her face in her mother's gown. Yet this was joy—joy that no words could express; the joy of kind and faithful hearts—joy with which a stranger cannot intermeddle; and 170 Mrs. Sackville felt it to be such, for when she saw the family group, she drew her children into the parlour, and left their humble friends to themselves.

It was our intention to have described the soldier's gratitude—the contentment and thankfulness of his wife—the neat little cottage in which she was immediately placed by the officers of the regiment, who seemed delighted thus to manifest their regard for their corporal Barton. The emotion of this good family at parting with their benefactors—little Dickey's resolution, that when he grew to be a man, he would go and live with Mr. Edward—the hospitable honors rendered to the Sackville party by the officers of the regiment, who felt their beneficence to the British soldier's wife as a personal obligation—to which was to have been added, a particular description of some very beautiful curiosities presented to Edward and Julia by the 171 governor's lady; but we fear our young readers will think we have already protracted a dull tale to an unconscionable length; and we will therefore take our leave of them, with simply expressing a wish, that if they should ever travel to Quebec, or indeed in any other direction, they will remember that after the delightful but evanescent pleasures of their jaunt had faded, and were almost effaced from the minds of Edward and Julia, they possessed a treasure that fadeth not away in the consciousness of having rendered an essential service to a fellow-creature. A consciousness that strews roses in the path of youth and age—not ‘the perfume and suppliance of a moment,’ but those amaranthine flowers that exhale incense to Heaven.

FINIS.

Transcriber's Note:

The following is a list of corrections made to the original. The first line is the original line, the second the corrected one.

- Page 8:
  Bob Eton's father and Bob Eaton
  Bob Eaton's father and Bob Eaton
- Page 12:
  Julia finished her mimickry of her master's tone
  Julia finished her mimicry of her master's tone
- Page 13:
  “Oh, that will be delightful, mother but Edward and I cannot dance
  “Oh, that will be delightful, mother, but Edward and I cannot dance
- Page 14:
  ‘The next, mother? what is next, Edward?”
  “The next, mother? what is next, Edward?”
- Page 15:
  nature lighting up with the rays of the rising sun.
  nature lighting up with the rays of the rising sun.”
- Page 22:
  lit up her hazle eyes
  lit up her hazel eyes
- Page 24:
  “My dear Ned,” replied Mrs. Sackville,
  “My dear Ned,” replied Mr. Sackville,
- Page 28:
  “Now, mama,” she said, you must take both sides of the river.”
  “Now, mama,” she said, “you must take both sides of the river.”
- Page 30:
  the skipping right—the readers inalienable right
  the skipping right—the readers' inalienable right
- Page 32:
  said Mr. Sackville, that the march of time
  said Mr. Sackville, “that the march of time
- Page 43:
  a wigman in Oneida
  a wigwam in Oneida
- Page 47:
  the road is thronged with market-waggons, stage coaches; and carriages
  the road is thronged with market-waggons, stage coaches, and carriages
- Page 48:
  riches and resources of their native land, “For my own
  riches and resources of their native land. “For my own
- Page 50:
  who seeemed to be a favorite with the whole company
  who seemed to be a favorite with the whole company
- Page 50:
  “My name is Biddy Burns, an please you, miss.”
  “My name is Biddy Burns, an' please you, miss.”
- Page 57:
  He was a little, pale, wizzened-face fellow
  He was a little, pale, wizened-face fellow
- Page 59:
  “How old?” I do not justly remember;
  “How old? I do not justly remember;
- Page 62:
  replied Mrs. Sackville,” I have offered to pay
  replied Mrs. Sackville, “I have offered to pay
- Page 72:
  exclaimed Edward, I am sure I thought the air
  exclaimed Edward, “I am sure I thought the air

- Page 72:
  speaking in a low voice to her children, “ the charm of the ring
  speaking in a low voice to her children, “the charm of the ring
- Page 79:
  “What, my dear, children, should we
  “What, my dear children, should we
- Page 83:
  you must take care you do not commit the pharasaic fault
  you must take care you do not commit the pharisaic fault
- Page 84:
  most children are thoughtless of he future
  most children are thoughtless of the future
- Page 87:
  to convert themi n tofields of battle.”
  to convert them into fields of battle.”
- Page 91:
  she has an Enlish spirit
  she has an English spirit
- Page 101:
  “Fraquently he does, and fraquently he dont,”
  “Fraquently he does, and fraquently he don't,”
- Page 119:
  thus cut off by her sins.”
  thus cut off by her sins.
- Page 121:
  Come now Edward and Julia to your births—and dream
  Come now Edward and Julia to your berths—and dream
- Page 128:
  who was roughly binding his wampun belt over Marguerite's mouth
  who was roughly binding his wampum belt over Marguerite's mouth
- Page 131:
  He rose cautiously
  “He rose cautiously
- Page 142:
  led the way to an adjoining anti-room appropriated to medicines
  led the way to an adjoining ante-room appropriated to medicines
- Page 162:
  “Have I,” he said, served my king
  “Have I,” he said, “served my king
- Page 166:
  Is it possible that he has seen my wife and boy?
  Is it possible that he has seen my wife and boy?’
- Page 167:
  that something in their viewvery important was in agitation;
  that something in their view very important was in agitation;
- Page 169:
  the deathlike paleness of Mrs. Barton her husband dashing the tear from his eyes
  the deathlike paleness of Mrs. Barton, her husband dashing the tear from his eyes

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