# The Puritan and His Daughter

James Kirke Paulding

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# VOLUME I.

# DEDICATION.

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY SOVEREIGN OF SOVEREIGNS,
KING PEOPLE. −
May it please Your Majesty—

It was the custom, previous to the commencement of Your Majesty's auspicious reign, for every judicious author to dedicate his work to some munificent potentate, who, by virtue of the Divine Right of granting pensions, held, as it were, the purse−strings of inspiration; or to some neighboring prince, or noble, whose rank in the State, or whose reputation for taste, might serve, if not as a guarantee to the merits of the work, at least, in some measure, to overawe the vinegarized critics from falling foul of it with tomahawk and scalping−knife.

I, however, may it please Your Majesty, choose rather to go to the fountain−head—the source and grand reservoir of dignity and power—and scorn to skulk behind the outworks, when I flatter myself I may have the good fortune to effect a lodgment in the very citadel itself, under the immediate protection of your most sacred Majesty, to whom, of all potentates, can be justly applied the great maxims: "The king can do no wrong."—"The king never dies."

You alone reign by Divine Right: you alone inherit the privilege, and exercise the power of judging the past, directing the present, and presiding over the future. You alone are the great arbiter of living and posthumous fame; for being yourself immortal, it is yours to confer immortality on others. Your empire is self−governed and self−sustained. You require neither fleets, armies, nor armed police, to enforce your decisions, for your fiat is fate. You can set up kings and knock them down like nine−pins; you can make and unmake laws at pleasure; you can make little men great, and great men little: your will, when you choose to exert it, is despotic throughout the nations of the earth, for Your Majesty is the only sovereign that ever existed who could justly boast of universal empire.

Not only is your power without limits, but your judgment infallible in the selection of favorites, and the bestowal of honors. If you call a pigmy a giant, a giant he becomes; and if you dub a man a fool, the wisdom of Solomon cannot save him from the Hospital of Incurables. The reputation of heroes, statesmen, sages, and philosophers, is entirely at your mercy; you keep the keys of the Temple of Fame, and none can enter without your royal permission. In short, when Your Majesty issues a decree, it must be carried into effect, for with you there is nothing impossible, and all must obey him who is himself all.

It is for these, and other special reasons, which I forbear to enumerate, lest I should tire Your Majesty's royal patience, that I have, as it were, turned my back on the rest of the world, and selected Your Majesty as mine own especial Mecoenas, knowing full well you are of all patrons the most munificent and discriminating. May it please Your Majesty then to issue your Royal Bull, directing that no critic shall presume to mangle this my work with a stone hatchet, or dissect it with a butcher's cleaver, unless he can give a good reason for it: that it shall be puffed and trumpeted to the uttermost confines of your universal empire, insomuch that it shall go through as many editions as the Pilgrim's Progress, or Robinson Crusoe: that all members of Congress, past, present, and future, shall be furnished with a copy at the expense of Your Majesty, and what is more, be obliged to read it—unless their education has been neglected; that whoever ushers it into the world shall make a judicious distribution of copies; and above all, that Your Majesty will order and direct some munificent Bibliopole to publish it, at the expense of the author.

Relying thus on the powerful aid of Your Majesty, I considered it my interest, as well as my duty, to consult Your Majesty's royal palate in the conception and development of this my humble offering; and having been assured by an eminent publisher that Your Majesty relishes nothing but works of fiction and picture−books, I hereby offer at the footstool of your royal clemency a work, which, though it contains a great many truths, I flatter myself they are so dextrously disguised that Your Majesty will not be a whit the wiser for them. If I appear, or affect to appear, as an adviser or instructor to Your Majesty, it is not that I have the presumption to suppose that Your Majesty requires either advice or instruction, but because it is next to impossible for an author to dissemble the conviction that he is wiser than his readers.

Having, for a long time past, been sedulously occupied studying Your Majesty's royal tastes, I am not ignorant

of your preference for high−seasoned dishes of foreign cookery, most especially blood−puddings, plentifully spiced and sauced with adultery, seduction, poisoning, stabbing, suicide, and all other sublime excesses of genius. I am aware also that Your Majesty, being yourself able to perform impossibilities, believes nothing impossible. Possessing this clew to Your Majesty's royal approbation, I solemnly assure you I have gone as far as I could to secure it, with a safe conscience. I have laid about me pretty handsomely, and sprinkled a good number of my pages with blood enough, I hope, to make a pudding. If I have any apology to make to Your Majesty, it is for permitting some of my people to die a natural death, a thing so unnatural that it has been banished from all works of fiction aiming at the least semblance to truth.

I am aware, may it please Your Majesty, that it is one of the established canons of critical and other criminal courts, that killing is no murder; and that a writer of fiction is not amenable to any tribunal, civil, ecclesiastical, or critical, for any capital crime, except murdering his own story. But, may it please Your Majesty, I am troubled with weak nerves, and my great grandfather was a Quaker. I am, therefore, naturally averse to bloodshed, and have more than once nearly fallen into convulsions over the pages of Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, whom I consider a perfect Guillotine among authors. In short, may it please Your Majesty, I abjure poisoning, or smothering with charcoal, and confess myself deplorably behind the spirit of this luminous age, which is as much in advance of all others, as the forewheel of a wagon is ahead of the hind ones.

Your Majesty will, I trust, pardon the most devoted of your servants, for thus intruding on your valuable time. But it is a notoriously well−established fact that authors are a self−sufficient race, who think themselves qualified to direct Your Majesty's opinions. I therefore make no apology for so universal a failing, and shall limit myself on this head, to beseeching Your Majesty's forgiveness for introducing to your royal patronage so many honest, discreet women, not one of whom hath the least pretensions to figure at doctors' commons, the criminal court, or in modern romance.

As this is a time when empires are overturned, and potentates exiled by romances and newspapers, I deem it incumbent on me to conclude this my humble Dedication, by assuring Your Majesty that I have not the most remote intention of meddling with those dangerous edge−tools, politics and polemics, any farther than seemed necessary to render probable the conduct of the actors, and the incidents of my story. I solemnly declare that I have no idea of interfering with Your Majesty's regal prerogative; that I have no design against Your Majesty's royal person; that I am neither High−Church nor Low−Church, Socialist, Red Republican, Anti−Renter, Agrarian, or Philanthropist, but a peaceable disciple of the doctrine of passive obedience and non−resistance in all cases where Your Majesty's prerogative is concerned.

One word more, may it please Your Patient Majesty. Not considering myself as writing a historical fiction, or bound by the strict rules of matter of fact, I have indulged in one or two trifling anachronisms, which I refrain from pointing out, in order that Your Majesty may have the pleasure of detecting them yourself. I am, May it please Your Majesty, Your most gracious Majesty's Most Faithful, Most Humble, Most Obedient, Most Devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

# CHAPTER I.

Some Account of a Very Ancient and Obscure Family—An Accident which Gives Coloring to a Whole Life—A Conventicle—A Crop−Eared Preacher—A Surprise and a Capture—Danger of Being in Bad Company.

In the reign of King Charles—courteously styled the Martyr—there resided in an obscure corner of the renowned kingdom of England, a certain obscure country gentleman, claiming descent from a family that flourished in great splendor under a Saxon monarch whose name is forgotten. This ancient family, like most others of great pretensions to antiquity, had gone by as many names as certain persons who live in the fear of the law, but finally settled down on that of Habingdon, or Habingden, by which they were now known. They were somewhat poor, but very proud, and looked down with contempt on the posterity of the upstart Normans who usurped the domains of their ancestors. They had resided on the same spot for more than eight hundred years, during which time, not one of them had ever performed an act worthy of being transmitted to posterity, with the single exception of one Thurkill Habingdonne who flourished in the reign of King John—of unblessed memory—and who is recorded to have given one−third of a caracut of land, and a wind−mill, to the priory of Monks Kirby, "to the end," as he expresses it, "that his *obit* should be perpetually there observed, and his name written in the Martyrologe."

But, as hath been discreetly observed, the most miserable of mankind, as well as the most insignificant, would feel still more miserable and insignificant, had he not in a secret corner of his heart, something to feed his vanity or pride. The very beggar will prate of better days, deriving a strange satisfaction from contrasting his former prosperity with his present debasement, and those who have nothing to boast of in the present, or little to anticipate in the future, revert to the past for consolation. Most especially is this the case with those who derive their sole claim to respect from antiquity of descent, and modestly appropriate to themselves all the exploits, good, bad, and indifferent, of their forefathers, although, if the truth were fairly told, there is scarcely one of these residuary legatees of renown, that looks back into the family history, who would not find it stained with actions which, did he really feel himself identified with his ancestors, would light up his face with the blush of shame. But the Habingdons have never figured in the tempest of war, or the dead calm of peace, and if they could not boast of illustrious actions, were free from the infamy of illustrious crimes.

From the manuscript family chronicle, which commenced with the first of their ancestors who learned to write, and in which were carefully recorded the marriages, births, deaths, and other remarkable events, it appeared that during this long period of eight hundred years, the estate had passed in direct descent from father to son; and that the respective proprietors had, without exception, been once, at least, in their lives, foremen of the Grand Jury. It is also especially noted that in the reign of Henry the First one of the Habingdons repaired a window of the parish church at his own expense; and that another at his death bequeathed a mark to aid in the support of a charity school. The most illustrious of them all, however, was one who was a justice of the peace, and a churchwarden, and who on divers occasions acted as deputy to the high sheriff of the county, as will distinctly appear, from the history of the ancient borough of Slimbridge, now extinct, in five quarto volumes. No wonder the Habingdons were proud of their descent, and eschewed upstart wealth and mushroom titles.

Though the original patrimony of the family had, according to the manuscript record, comprised land enough for William the Conqueror to enrich two or three of his beggarly barons, and maintain a stupendous herd of swine, it now consisted of little more than three hundred acres, which the generous Norman had suffered the ancient proprietor to retain as a reward for not grumbling at being despoiled of the rest. It was the peculiar hereditary boast of the family, that they had thus, for so long a period of time, invariably held up their heads and maintained their position among the gentry of the county. Whether from some providential dispensation, or that the breed was nearly worn out, is difficult to decide; but it is a remarkable fact sustained by the manuscript record, that not one of the proprietors of the estate, after so great a portion was appropriated by right of conquest, ever had more than two sons. The eldest, in order to keep up the family dignity, was always the sole heir, though by some peculiarity of tenure, the property was not entailed, and of course a gentleman, while the younger, if there chanced to be one, was invariably an idler, and being too poor to marry, lounged about the house and neighborhood; hunted, drank,

and Philandered with bar−maids and country lasses, finally died a bachelor, and was buried by the side of his forefathers. The daughters, if not married in good time, usually entered a nunnery, so long as these refuges for desperate maidens flourished in England. If there ever was a family that had preserved a blameless existence throughout so long a period, during which the world had been so often tempest−tossed by political and religious revolutions, it was that of the Habingdons, not one of whom, up to the time in which our story commences, had ever been *sus−per−col*, or obliged to flee his country for felony, treason, or patriotism.

The present head of this ancient, though not very illustrious race, was Everard Habingdon, who might lawfully aspire to the dignity of an Esquire, which he justly observed was much more ancient than those mushroom titles which had sprung up amid the corruptions of the feudal system. He was a harmless person; rather reserved, if not actually shy; somewhat of a scholar; a little of an astrologer; still more of an antiquary, and as loyal as a colonial official, as might be expected from the aristocratic pretensions of his family. But there was a still better reason. He had written a book in defense of the *Jure Divino* , and against toleration, in which he maintained that the desire of liberty was the sole cause of the fall of Adam; that the divine right of kings extended equally to doing wrong; and that princes might with less hazard give full liberty to men's vices and crimes than to their consciences. In short, he was one of those blind, wise men, who imagine that religion and governments will remain the same, while everything around them is changing.

After thus publicly committing himself, there was no room for backsliding; and though, next to the laws of Edward the Confessor, he cherished a profound respect for *Magna Charta*, which venerable old parchment had been not a little signed by James the First, as well as his successor, yet did the old gentleman continue to the end of his days a pattern of loyalty, a perfect exemplification of the doctrines of passive obedience and non−resistance. It cannot, however, be denied that his principles were once grievously assailed on a certain occasion, during one of those "Royal Progresses," not uncommon in the reign of Elizabeth and James, when the sovereign was accustomed to honor certain special favorites with visits that nearly ruined them, his cattle, teams, and laborers were all put in requisition in behalf of the royal vagrant, who was exempted from the ignominy of making compensation by virtue of the prerogative. But with all these foibles of the age, he was in the main an honest, good−tempered man, full of the milk of human kindness towards all mankind, except Crop−ears, Papists, Republicans, and Frenchmen.

The posterity of Squire Everard Habingdon was an only son, now just arrived at manhood, who was called Harold, after his grandfather, of whom honorable mention would be here made, had not his life passed like a ship over the sea, or a bird through the air, without leaving a trace behind. They were the last of their race, the father and son. Every other branch of the old family tree had withered, dropt off, rotted, and mingled with its parent dust.

The Squire had in the downhill of life committed suicide on the family dignity, after the manner of many discreet old bachelors, and took to wife a buxom, blooming country damsel, who had approved herself eminently useful in keeping his house in order, as well as attentive in time of sickness. And here we must beg permission to remark on the egregious vanity of some would−be wise men, who imagine there is such a thing as the enjoyment of perfect freedom in this world, and who therefore studiously avoid entering into the bonds of matrimony, in the hope of escaping that species of government which, though not noticed by Aristotle, or his commentators, is supposed to be of primitive origin. The great law of attraction pervades all nature, and the constituent parts of the universe might as well rebel against it, as man attempt to resist its power. He may for a time, perhaps, escape that species of witchcraft which is the common attribute of women, who have, for that reason, in all ages been singled out as the peculiar victims of superstition and ignorance; but his time must come at last, and some blooming handmaid, or plump, middle−aged house−keeper, will sooner or later avenge her sex by exercising despotic sway over the refractory sinner, who pretended to hold them in defiance.

Squire Everard Habingdon is a case in point. Just as he arrived at that age, beyond which it is said a man never improves, the great law of attraction began to operate with irresistible force, and in despite of eight hundred years of uninterrupted, unimpeachable purity of blood, did he marry a damsel without a pedigree, and who, it is greatly suspected, had not a drop of Saxon blood in her veins. By this fortunate slip new life and spirit was infused into the old, lazy current, which had for so many ages slumbered in the bodies of the Habingdons, and thrown great doubt on the theory of Dr. Harvey. There is nothing like crossing the breed; and if the present race of kings, throughout all Christendom, would only follow the example of Squire Habingdon, there is every reason to believe

their posterity would be both physically and morally greatly improved.

Be this as it may, Harold, the sole issue of this union of opposites, was a striking exception to all his ancestors on record, and foreboded a revolution in the house of Habingdon. He was of a hardy, courageous, energetic, and determined spirit; but these qualities, as is not very unusual, veiled themselves under the appearance, and indeed reality, of a cool, quiet, demeanor, approaching humility. Yet the current of his feelings, though it scarcely murmured or rippled, was deep and strong. He had passed some time at Oxford, the most loyal and orthodox of universities; but having tweaked the nose of a scholar who insulted him, and who was son to a nobleman, the patron of sixteen livings and four fellowships, and refusing to apologize, he was expelled as contumacious, and returned home. The Squire, in accordance with his doctrine of passive obedience and non−resistance, would have had him attempt to reinstate himself by complying with the requisitions of his college; but Harold, though hitherto the most docile and obedient of sons, demurred on this one occasion, and his obstinacy proved invincible. From this time he occupied himself either in desultory reading, in rambling in lonely solitude, banqueting, or rather starving on his own thoughts, that rose and died away without leading to action, and bearing on his shoulders the most grievous of all burdens except remorse—the leaden weight of unoccupied time. Thus he lived, unacquainted with himself and unknown to others; nourishing that quiet, latent enthusiasm which formed the basis of his character, until called upon to mingle in the strife of men, and take part in that terrible conflict now approaching a crisis, between the prerogative of the king and the rights of the people of England.

The little estate of Habingdon lay in a remote part of England, where Puritanism had made no inconsiderable progress. Though persecuted by the dominant church according to invariable custom, until the new world set an example of toleration to the old, that indomitable spirit, so essential to the existence and progress of a new sect, which, like a strange bird in a poultry−yard, is sure to unite all the established denizens against it on a first appearance, enabled them not only to resist the tide of persecution, but make, at length, inroads on their persecutors. The milder spirit of the age had abolished the rack, the stake, and the fagot in England, yet the ruling church still flourished the cat−o'−nine tails of star−chamber fines, spiritual censures, imprisonment, stripes, and pillory. It did not actually inflict martyrdom, but contented itself with slitting noses and cutting off ears. Still, like certain hardy plants, that only grow more sturdily for being crushed under foot, the severe doctrines of the Puritans continued to advance as irresistibly as the tide of the ocean, and only rose the higher for the barrier that opposed them.

The elder Habingdon scorned these Crop−ears, as he called them, with his heels, and so did the younger, who had imbibed a deep−rooted prejudice, amounting to antipathy, against these obstinate schimatics, at Oxford, the very hotbed of loyalty and orthodoxy, where it is said pedantry is often mistaken for learning, and bigotry for religion. The retired situation of this part of the country proved, however, favorable to the growth of the new sect, and meetings, known by the opprobrious epithet of conventicles, were occasionally held in the neighborhood. It so happened that as Harold was one morning strolling away from home at random, and without any settled purpose, except, perhaps that of killing time in a retirement that afforded little amusement and less excitement, he unexpectedly came upon one of those unlawful assemblages. He was roused from his reverie, at first, by the distant moanings of a monotonous hymn, that broke on the silence of a calm summer day with a simple melody that harmonized with the scenery around, which exhibited only the unstudied graces of nature in her birth−day attire; and, attracted by the sound, quietly approached the wood whence it proceeded, where he found a number of plain country people of both sexes and divers ages reverently listening to a preacher, so different in appearance from all he had ever seen or heard, that his attention was at once attracted, and he unconsciously became an auditor, notwithstanding his contempt and dislike of his associates.

He appeared without any of the insignia of a Protestant clergyman. Instead of a gown and band, he was dressed in coarse materials fashioned after the garments worn by the country people at this period, and both his language and manners announced that he had not been drilled into the etiquette of the established church. His face was pale and stern, bearing a striking expression of intellectual as well as moral vigor. He wore a black velvet cap, which covered his ears but left his brow exposed, and addressed his little audience in a voice equally melodious and powerful. He spoke of the corruptions of the times; the profligacy of the higher ranks, and the laxity of morals among the people who had been led away by their example. He declaimed bitterly against the innovations of the established church, and the persecution of those who were seeking to restore the purity and simplicity of the apostolic times. To illustrate this last, he reverted to his own labors and sufferings. He bared his arms and showed

the marks of manacles on his wrists; he pointed to the stripes he had endured, the scars of which remained indelible on his shoulders; and finally pulling off his cap, the audience, which listened and gazed in reverent silence, perceived that he was destitute of ears.

"These," he exclaimed, with almost supernatural vehemency, "these are the testimonials of the sincerity of my faith, and the truth of my doctrines; these are the rewards I have received for following the dictates of my heart and my understanding. These badges of infamy, which in better times marked for contempt and abhorrence the lowest, most atrocious offenders against the peace of society and the rights of their fellow−creatures, are borne by one who, though standing as a criminal before the throne of grace, and humbly hoping for pardon, is innocent of any crime against his brother man, for the welfare of whose immortal soul he is ready and willing to lay down his life, and triumph in the sacrifice. For myself I care not, for I knew and was prepared for all, and more than I have suffered. But"—and here he pointed towards a sober−looking matron, by whose side sat a young woman plainly attired—"But look you there— those whom I love and cherish above all earthly treasures have shared my sufferings and disgrace. They have been dragged from the peaceful fireside of our humble home, and carried away like the daughters of Israel, to herd with criminals, and be insulted by turnkeys and jailors; they have been reviled, outraged, yea, smitten by brutes in the shape of men, and I—I was compelled to look on, unable to afford them help or consolation, except by appealing to Heaven, and offering up my prayers.

"But think not, my brethren and sisters," continued he with increasing fervor, think not that I complain of my sufferings in the cause of truth and piety. It is one of the inflexible laws of the Most High that all good here as well as hereafter must be purchased by sacrifices; and as a pure and holy faith is the greatest of all sublunary blessings, so must it be attained by the greatest of all human inflictions. Let none that hear me be afraid; let none despair of better times, because they are not already come. Remember that the black cloud charged with the bolts of heaven is the harbinger of a brighter sunshine, and that after wandering through the deep shadows of the cold and chilly wood, we suddenly enter the region of light and warmth. Believe me—I say, be sure that the period is close at hand, when the oppressor shall be laid low, and the beneficent Messiah reign in place of the tyrant."

At this moment, when the listening group was wrapt in the silence of breathless sympathy, the preacher was interrupted by a loud voice, exclaiming:

"Who talks of the tyrant? He must mean our most gracious sovereign King Charles. Down with the Crop−ear, seize him and his gaping crew. I'll teach him to rail at the king and the church. He shall be hanged for heresy and quartered for treason."

A posse of peace officers, as by courtesy they were called, at the head of which was Master Justice Shorthose, the author of the foregoing speech, now rushed forward into the midst of the affrighted group, which was taken by surprise. A few of the most alert made their escape into the wood, but by far the greater number were captured, and among the rest our friend Harold, who had been so wrought upon by the crop−eared preacher that he was completely taken by surprise. But if this had not been the case, he was of a mettle that never stomached running away. The Justice, who knew him well, was one of those pliant tools of power, who have been so often described that it is scarcely worth our while to sketch his character. It is sufficient to say that he was ignorant, servile and tyrannical; and that he had a most stupendous idea of the dignity of his office, considering himself the immediate representative of his most sacred majesty King Charles the First. He recognized Harold among the stricken pigeons, and exclaimed—

"'Slife, Master Harold Habingdon, are you among the Crop−ears? Are you, too, a convert to the whipping−post, the pillory, and the jail? Pray how long is it since you aspired to the martyrdom of losing your ears? Does your worthy father know of your conversion?"

To this insulting address, Harold at first scorned any reply; but recollecting the delicacy of his position, and the severe laws against conventicles, he at length condescended to explain his appearance on this occasion in the confident expectation of being released. But he reckoned without his host. Master Shorthose was a magistrate who knew but one law, to wit, the will of his superiors, and held himself bound to carry it into effect without discrimination, though in so doing he outraged every principle of justice. He listened with dignified gravity, and responded as follows:

"And so, Master Harold, you came here accidentally, and listened from sheer curiosity. Don't you know that curiosity is a great crime in these perilous times, and that a man listens at the risk of losing his ears? 'Slife, sir, you have incurred a præmunire."

"A præmunire, Master Justice? How can that be? There is no occasion for warning me to appear, when I am here in my own proper person."

"Well, then, you have incurred something quite as bad, and that is all the same. You are caught at a conventicle, listening to treason and blasphemy, and that is, as it were, becoming an accomplice in the eye of the law, being as how it was your duty as a loyal subject to have stopped your ears and run away. I shall carry you to jail with the rest of the elect, but hope, for old acquaintance sake, you will escape without being stuck in the pillory, or losing your ears, like yonder preaching rascal."

"Let me tell you, Master Justice," quoth Harold, "let me tell you, sir magistrate"—

"'Slife, whom do you call sir magistrate? I am no knight, that you should thus dub me; and what do you mean by addressing me with, `let me tell you,' as it were in defiance? Let me tell *you*, sir, that I represent his most sacred majesty King Charles of blessed memory—no, not of blessed memory, but he will be in good time—and that you insult him in my person, which being, as it were, the shadow of the substance of royalty, is equally sacred."

"My good sir," began Harold—

"Good sir! 'Slife, do you confound me with the vulgar commonalty, by addressing me as you would a clodhopper? It is as much as telling me I'm no better than I should be."

"Well, if you won't hear—"

"Well! is that the way you speak to the king's representative? Could you not add, your honor, or your worship, or something smacking of mine office and authority?"

"In two words, then," answered Harold, half vexed and half diverted at the tenacity with which the Justice asserted his dignity; "in two words, since you demur to my style of addressing you, I shall merely say, that if it so please your worship, I will accompany and make common cause with these good people."

"Common cause—good people! Very well, sir, this will bring you within the statute, which says—Hem—hem. But come, Master Roundhead, march."

"I am no Roundhead, and you have no right to call me so," quoth Harold, somewhat nettled.

"'Slife, sir, I have a right to call you what I please in the king's name. Come, Master Habingdon, if that pleases you better. You shall accompany me to town with these good people, as you call them. You shall be lodged in jail with these good people, and it shall not be my fault if you don't pay handsomely for being caught in such good company. Come, this is the best way; marry, why? because it is the only one. Come along—I wouldn't be in the skin of your ears for all the fees I have received since the accession of his sacred majesty King Charles the First of blessed—hem!"

Saying thus, master Justice Shorthose placed himself at the head of the posse, and marched his convoy, consisting of some eighteen or twenty persons of both sexes, to the neighboring town, where he triumphantly lodged them in prison, there to await the justice of their country.

## CHAPTER II.

Israel Baneswright, the Crop−Eared Preacher and his Family— Zeal and Bigotry often mistaken for each other—How Great Changes are often brought about in the Opinions of Men—Grand Perspective View of Justice Shorthose—Misfortunes never come single, as Harold experiences—Trial and Sentence of the Crop−Ear— A Disagreeable Instrusion, and a Prophecy fulfilled—A Separation, and Harold's Feelings thereupon.

As these were times when jails were apt to be crowded, Harold was deposited in the same room with the preacher, who, at the instance of the Justice, announced himself as Israel Baneswright, of Boston, in Lincolnshire, at which his worship rubbed his hands, and exclaimed:

"O ho! I've heard of you before. You are famous among the elect for abusing his sacred Majesty through the nose, and dubbing the bishops wolves in sheep's clothing. Instead of calling the Pope anti−Christ, as every good Christian should do, you bestow that title on our great defender of the faith, Archbishop Laud, who I honor next the king himself. You are the man for faith without works, but, i'faith, I'll work you. I see you've lost your ears, but, by good luck, your nose is still amenable to the law, and as all your treason and blasphemy escapes through that organ, it is but just it should suffer the penalty."

"Say your say, and do your worst, Master Justice," replied Israel Baneswright, "I am prepared to suffer in the good cause, sustained as I am by a power superior to the archbishop or the king.

"Hear him!" cried the Justice, in wrath; "Hear him—'Slife, I'll teach the Crop−ear who is the strongest before I have done with him. Clap him in irons, and see that he does not escape by a miracle."

"Angels have sometimes ministered to the relief of the saints in time of sore jeopardy," replied Israel, reverently, "and one thing I know, that whatever I am doomed to suffer by the divine will, that will shall enable me to bear."

"Hear him again," cried the Justice, appealing to his officials. "The blasphemer has the presumption to question the power of the head of the church, and place his conscience above the authority of the king. Gag the Crop−ear, that he may spout no more treason in the face of the representative of majesty and justice."

The officials obeyed with orthodox alacrity, and Master Shorthose departed with his followers, locking the door, and leaving the two delinquents alone. Without thinking of, or perhaps not caring for the consequences, Harold forthwith removed the gag, and the first use Israel made of the recovery of speech, was to thank him for his kindness. Gradually they fell into discourse, and Harold perceiving that Israel took it for granted he was one of his followers, immediately undeceived him, by relating the manner in which he had become involved in the same predicament with himself.

"You came to scorn us then," said Israel, with a look and tone of mingled disappointment and displeasure.

"No," rejoined the other, "not in scorn; I came by accident, and remained from curiosity."

Israel paused a few moments, as if communing with the inward man, and seemed somewhat in doubt and perplexity. But proselytism is the invariable concomitant of zeal. In all this world of seeming inconsistencies, there is not such a jumble as that mass of motives which prompts the actions of men and shapes their course of life, which often seems directed by the mere waywardness of the will. Hence many things appear extraordinary and beyond belief, though in reality there is nothing improbable in this world, but actions without motives.

Israel Baneswright was the son of a clergyman of the established church, who, besides fattening at a stall in the Cathedral of Durham, held a plurality of livings in various parts of the country, so distant from each other that it was physically impossible for him to perform the duties of shepherd of the flock to all of them. He was both loyal and orthodox in the highest degree, as in duty bound, and having the advowsion of one of his best livings for this his only son, had educated him accordingly in the strictest tenets of the Pharisees, as the Crop−ears irreverently called them. After going through the necessary preparation he was sent to the university, where he studied diligently, at times, though his conduct was occasionally not a little irregular. He was exceedingly self−willed, and often took the bit between his teeth, when neither tutor nor proctor could restrain him.

Among his fellow students was Oliver Cromwell, whose youth little indicated his future character and destiny, he being at that time more famous for his pranks than his prayers. Similarity of tastes and habits produced a

college intimacy between the future Protector and the future field preacher, cemented by various frolicks that subjected them to various degrees of punishment. It is recorded that they once performed together in a play, got up in honor of King James the First, on a visit to the university, called "The Marriage of the Arts," which, according to an old chronicler, "was too grave for the king, and too scholastic for the auditory, (or, as some have said, that the actors had taken too much wine before they began.) His Majesty being heartily tired, after divers yawns offered to withdraw. At length being persuaded by some that were near to him, to have patience till it was concluded, least the young men should be disheartened, he sat down much against his will. Whereupon these verses were made by a certain scholar: "At Christ Church marriage played before the king, Least that those mates should want an offering, The king himself did offer—what, I pray? He offered twice or thrice to go away."

The profane career of Israel was, however, suddenly arrested. About this time, Puritanism began to show itself in this stronghold of orthodoxy, and more than one student became infected with the heresy. Among these was Israel, who, through the native ardor of his character, suddenly passed from one extreme to the other. He at once adopted the Puritan creed, dress, deportment and every other peculiarity of these extraordinary people, who seemed expressly formed for bearing the bright torch of Christianity, civilization, and liberty, into the wild recesses of a new world. He caused his hair to be cropped, accommodated his dress to the severe simplicity, and his deportment to the staid, sober self−denial of the strict models of the sect, and talked openly of the downfall of anti−Christ's kingdom, the creation of a new heaven and a new earth, new churches, and a new commonwealth together.

Expulsion naturally followed such bold defiance of the statutes of the university; and the worthy Pluralist, his father, indignant at this enormous backsliding, on his return home, proffered him the alternative of the thirty−nine articles, or disinheritance. Parental affection and parental authority, kindly exerted, and pursued with perseverance, might, perhaps, have restored Israel to his mother church. But, unhappily, it but too often happens, that in the enforcement of what they believe to be the truth, men lose sight of those unchangeable and eternal truths which constitute the basis of our most sacred duties. Men may differ on speculative points, but it is believed that no one in this latter age would think it either Christian or humane to banish a son for differing in opinion with his father.

Israel was obstinate, his father inexorable; and thus one of the holiest of all human ties was severed forever. They parted never to meet again, and Israel became a houseless wanderer on the face of the earth. Impelled by zeal—perhaps aided by necessity, he turned field preacher, trusting to the pious gratitude of his followers for food and raiment. He became accustomed in time to rely on the immediate intervention of Providence for the relief of his wants; and finally, in the temerity of his faith, married one of his female disciples, at the moment that he was without a home, and destitute of every hope save that which animated his enthusiastic spirit.

That he was a firm believer in the faith he preached, and that all his deeds and doctrines were the result of conviction, cannot be reasonably doubted, for this was demonstrated by the sufferings he endured for their sake. It is not in human nature to sustain what has been so often inflicted for difference of opinion on points of faith, without being braced by that inward conviction which seems to spring from the secret whisperings of the divinity himself, and is the only test of truth to which mankind can directly appeal. Hypocrites never become martyrs. This grand tribunal of conscience is, without doubt, sometimes, nay often, perhaps always, subject more or less to the influence of self−love, the great moving principle, which is most directly assailed by persecution. What costs us most, is most dear to us; and that for which we sacrifice all, is everything.

The faith of Israel Baneswright had grown up against wind and tide, and the force by which it was assailed only increased its power of resistance. It passed the bounds of zeal, and had grown into a rigid, inflexible bigotry, amounting to uncompromising intolerance. Persecution makes bigots, and bigots make persecution. Though his humanity might have revolted from inflicting on others the sufferings he himself encountered for a difference of opinion, still he shrank with pious abhorrence from the idea of permitting to others that toleration which he demanded for himself and his followers. Stimulated at once, by the ardor of conviction, the hope of being instrumental in the conversion of a sinner, and of adding to his flock one of somewhat higher rank than most of those who as yet composed it, he at once with all that enthusiasm which alone achieves miracles, commenced an attack on the High−Church principles of his fellow prisoner.

The design of this tale is not to enter into polemical discussions, which too often end in biting sarcasms or bitter denunciations, equally unbecoming the subject and the occasion. Suffice it to say, that at the end of a long

controversy, Harold remained unchanged, and Israel spent his eloquence in vain. As usual in such cases, that feeling of fellowship which arises from community in misfortune, subsided into a coolness approaching dislike. Harold looked on his companion as a bigoted exclusionist, and Israel, on the other hand, considered him one of his persecutors.

Yet was Harold not a man who suffered his feelings to be embittered so far as to make him forget the common offices of humanity, which were never more necessary than in behalf of these unhappy conventiclers. The jailer was a dependent on Justice Shorthose, and sought to gain his favor by adding insult to the hardships he daily inflicted; and the petty underlings followed their leader. Like all persons of little and ignoble minds, they were over−zealous in emulating their betters; and it is notorious that of all tyrants there is none so intolerable as the slave. These miserable tools who, after all, give the sharpest sting to that whip of scorpions wielded by persecution, were, or pretended to be, devotedly attached to church and king, under whose broad mantle they sheltered their petty malignity.

Harold soon perceived that the anxieties of his companion were less for himself than his wife and daughter, of whose destiny he could learn nothing since their separation. He never failed to inquire of the jailer and turnkeys as opportunity offered, but was answered, for the most part, by bitter taunts, or significant hints of what would happen on the return of his worship the justice, who was absent hunting the Crop−ears. He could gain no information, but such as served to increase his solicitude. There was in his bosom a feeling still more powerful than that of enthusiasm. He was devotedly attached to his wife and daughter, who had shared his disgraces and sufferings, and who merited his affection by their tenderness, patience and devotion. He pined for their society, and all his prayers were for them.

Nor was Harold without his troubles. On being lodged in prison, he debated within himself whether to apprise his aged father, who was laboring under the weight of years, as well as of a long protracted infirmity which was dragging him by inches down to the grave. The good man had lost his buxom helpmate, years before our history commences. The decayed old trunk had outlived the verdant vine that twined around it, and now stood bare and desolate, nodding to its fall. Though aware that his sudden disappearance would excite the most painful apprehensions, at home, Harold also knew that such was the bigoted devotion of his father to church and state, that he would never forgive his son for attending a conventicle. After long reflection, however, he decided to send to his father, partly to relieve his worst apprehensions, partly in the hope his interference might procure his release.

For some days he could procure no messenger, it being contrary to directions of Justice Shorthose for any one to carry a letter or message from a Crop−ear. Nearly a fortnight elapsed, and his anxiety to hear from home had become in the highest degree painful, when one day, on repeating his solicitations to be allowed to send a message to his father, the jailer informed him with a grin, the messenger would have a long way to go, for his father on hearing he had become a Crop−ear, had sunk under his afflictions of mind and body, and been laid in his grave, a martyr to the backslidings of his only son. Regardless of the shock which this information occasioned, he proceeded to inform him with a look of peculiar satisfaction, that Master Justice Shorthose, having communicated his apostacy to the proper authorities, a heavy fine had been laid on the estate by the High Commission Court, and a pursuivant, under special supervision of his worship, was now in possession of the house, till the fine was paid. Such were the consequences resulting from accident, and the indulgence of a mere whim of curiosity. Well may man humble himself in the dust when he every day sees himself the sport of trifles in themselves less than nothing.

Harold Habingdon, though abstractedly a stern devotee of passive obedience and non−resistance, was one of those men that cannot be crushed, and never fall of themselves. Whatever might be his feelings, he gave them no utterance; and when Israel attempted to console him, he could scarcely perceive that he required consolation. He remained unruffled as before. But his outward seeming belied the spirit within. He felt the death of his father, which left him, as it were, alone in the wilderness of mankind; and the wrongs inflicted on himself became more galling, from the reflection that they had shortened the days of his only parent. It was now, for the first time in his life, that he began to question in his inmost mind, the truth of that creed which sanctioned such injustice, as well as the legitimacy of the authority by which it was inflicted. He had previously met with some of those famous declarations of Parliament which so ably asserted the rights of the people; and though they came directly in conflict with the principles he had imbibed from his earliest youth, still they had imperceptibly undermined his

prejudices without his being as yet conscious of their operation. But having never heretofore suffered from the practical consequences of these arbitrary principles, their intrinsic deformity was not brought home to him, and he had continued to bow implicitly to the slavish doctrine of passive obedience and non−resistance. Now, however, he began to feel the galling of the chain, and what his reason had refused to sanction, was realized by actual suffering.

Previous to his capture and imprisonment, he would have shrunk from the idea of any limitation to the authority of the king, but that of his own will, and promptly taken arms in its defence, if necessary. But now all the long cherished series of hereditary impressions descending from generation to generation, gathering new strength by the way, and centering in his person, together with the precepts as well as example of his father, and all those with whom he associated, were gradually swept away. The conviction was at length brought home to his door by sad experience, that as man is a being of imperfect virtue and wayward will, that will should be circumscribed by impassible barriers. He had not as yet become quite a Republican; but the course of his reasoning as well as feelings, was calculated to lead to that result in the end.

His High−Church principles, too, were sensibly shaken by the same personal experience of the consequences arising from their practical application; since he could not but perceive that the hardships they inflicted on himself and others, were the joint issue of a domineering church, and a despotic king, mutually aiding each other in oppressing the people. He became at length aware of what all history demonstrates, that the worst species of tyranny is that which arrogates to itself the sanction of Holy Writ, and seeks to sway the reason of mankind by the infliction of corporeal suffering, or the withholding of civil rights. Of all despotisms that of ecclesiastical bigotry supported by civil and military power, is the most rigid and unrelenting.

While this mental metamorphosis was imperceptibly going on, events bearing closely on the future destinies of Harold had taken place. Master Justice Shorthose had during this period been looking through a perspective at the end of which stood tho old manor house of Habingdon. The powers of this class of officers had been greatly extended for the purpose of more effectually executing the severe laws against the Puritans, and they had become for the most part the petty despots of the fireside, entering houses, seizing persons, and inflicting punishments on the lower orders with as little regard to their rights, as the Star Chamber and High Commission Courts paid to those of a more dignified class.

The Justice had already attracted the favorable notice of these renowned tribunals by his zeal and activity, and received some of the crumbs that fell from the great men's table. Thus his fervor was quickened by the hope of gain, as well as power, the love of which is, perhaps, more insatiable in the petty official than the higher functionary. From the period of the infliction of the heavy fine on Harold, Justice Shorthose had thought he perceived a fair prospect of obtaining possession of Habingdon, and in order to pave the way to the gratification of his wishes, now changed his deportment entirely towards his prisoner. He took frequent occasion to express his deep regret at having so precipitately seized and conveyed him to prison, and at the failure of all his efforts to procure his release. He insinuated the inflexible rigor of the higher powers towards persons of his degree when in a similar predicament, and the absolute necessity of paying his fine as a preliminary to his release from prison. He offered from pure regard to the memory of his deceased father, for whom he had always cherished the sincerest regard, to advance the necessary sum, in case Harold found it difficult to raise it, on the spur of the occasion; and finally, with the appearance of great candor, advised him not to make himself more obnoxious to those who had the power as well as the will to crush him to the earth, should he prove refractory.

With a view to soften the cool rigidity of Harold towards him, he was somewhat offensively officious in pressing upon the young man various little indulgences; and perceiving the strong interest he now began to take in the misfortunes of Israel Baneswright and his family, permitted his wife and daughter to pass the day in the room allotted to himself and the preacher. This arrangement of course brought Harold into the society of Mistress Baneswright and her daughter; and as usual, similarity of situation, aided by community in misfortune, produced a more than ordinary cordiality. Harold had never before paid any special attention to the appearance of the latter, and was not now particularly struck with her appearance.

Her face had little remarkable in its features, and her figure, clothed in garments neither fashionable or costly, presented in its sober simplicity an outline that though not ungraceful, was without any special attraction. Her complexion was very pale, and its expression sad and touching. It was impossible to look at her, without an inward conviction that she had been inured to suffering. Her eyes were black, and though glazed with sorrow, still

at times lightened up with sparkling flashes; and her hair, though disposed after the ungraceful manner of her sect, was glossy as well as exuberant. Perhaps the most touching of her attributes was a voice of mournful melancholy, sweet as the sighing breeze; and when, after a few days' association she spoke to Harold of the long series of hardships her family had endured, it was with a sad, touching pathos, exquisitely affecting. She was pious, but never declaimed; devout without ostentation; and resigned without insensibility.

For the first few days, she spoke but little, and that little addressed to her parents. But soon perceiving the deep interest Harold took in their misfortunes, and at the same time sympathising with his own, they gradually fell into an easy intercourse, like that of brother and sister. They usually conversed on the subject of their situation, which naturally led to a communion of feeling, as their fortunes seemed to have thus become strangely associated. In the course of these conversations, Susan Baneswright perceived with a sigh which she believed, and perhaps she was right, originated entirely in spiritual considerations, that Harold, though imprisoned as an accomplice, was not one of her faith. Accordingly, by a tacit understanding, they mutually avoided the rock on which so many good feelings have been wrecked, and refrained from all attempts to convert each other.

But with one whose zeal, like that of Israel Baneswright, had been quickened instead of quelled by persecution, it was next to impossible to be thus domesticated day by day, without occasional allusions to the cause of his sufferings. Without directly addressing himself to Harold, he would speak of the persecutions himself and family had suffered, for following the dictates of their conscience, and guiding others into the path of righteousness. In the course of his conversations he would sometimes enter into details of miserable petty oppression, and wanton outrages inflicted under color of law, that awakened all the sympathies of his heart in behalf of these helpless women, and excited the deepest indignation against those who, under pretence of vindicating the gospel of peace, outraged every principle of Christian benevolence. By frequently listening to these revolting relations, and at the same time associating with these victims of ecelesiastical tyranny, his previous impressions became greatly strengthened, and he at length arrived at the conclusion that a persecuting church was an instrument of man, not of his Maker.

As the time passed away, Harold began to find it gradually becoming less irksome and oppressive. He no longer pined for his lonely home, for he had now a gentle, pleasing companion by day, and a subject for nightly contemplation, when, as often happened, his memory would recall the placid yet affecting countenance of Susan, earnestly gazing on him with a look of saintly sorrow, as if lamenting that though joined together by accident and misfortune, they were separated by their creeds. His latter days had been so lonely and contemplative, and his thoughts so full of abstractions, that hitherto those affections that form a part of the very nature of man, had only been awakened in imagination. It is scarcely to be wondered at, if being thus daily associated with a young woman, who although not beautiful, was by nature fair, as well as attractive, and whose situation called forth his deepest sympathy; who by her sufferings had excited his pity, and by her patient endurance called forth his admiration—he should gradually be awakened to a feeling more profound and lasting. He at last became conscious of his situation, and would probably have disclosed himself to Susan, but that being confined to the same small apartment, and perpetually in the presence of her parents, he could do nothing more than resort to that universal language which seems equally understood by all civilized, as well as savage beings— by childhood, youth, and old age.

Meanwhile, Justice Shorthose had been sedulously at work to induce Harold to permit him to advance the money to pay his fine, on the security of a mortgage on the estate of Habingdon. But he found the young man every day becoming apparently more indifferent about the affair, and on one occasion being more earnestly pressed for a decision, Harold declared with bitter solemnity, that he would rather rot in jail than voluntarily submit to such illegal exactions, by doing which he should virtually acknowledge their justice. Master Shorthose who had only remitted his zeal for a purpose he now perceived was unattainable, hereupon resolved to bring matters to extremity. According he caused Harold and the Baneswrights to be brought before him for judgment, trial being out of the question, as he judiciously observed, he himself having witnessed their delinquency. This is called Lynch Law.

It was a scene at which humanity might weep, and justice shut her eyes, had she not already been blind. Harold and Israel stood stiff and lofty, while the wife and daughter, with folded arms and downcast eyes, awaited the result with pious resignation. The Justice sat in all the stateliness of awkward dignity, surrounded by his subordinate officers, grinning in mockery, and having directed his clerk to read the law against conventicles,

gravely observed that being himself a witness to the offence no other proof was required. Here he was interrupted by Israel, who declared no proof was necessary, as he acknowledged, nay, gloried in his vocation, which he was fully assured were imposed upon him by Divine ordination.

"Silence!" cried the Justice—"I must at least go through the forms prescribed by statute, and sanctioned by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is not only Primate of England, but Primate of *all* England. I don't want your confession unless accompanied by atonement and amendment. 'Slife, Master Crop−ear, do you mean to insult the King's representative, by pretending to confess what he saw with his own eyes? Do you mean to insinuate that I am blind and deaf too, that I did not see and hear you? Your confession is an additional offence, and shall be remembered in your punishment. But to the point. Here, clerk, give me the book. So, now, most reverend apostle, you say you are a preacher of the gospel. Will you promise to read this to your congregation—that is to say if you have any next Sunday, if I let you go?"

Israel took the volume, opened it, and finding it to be "The Book of Sports," as it was called, so obnoxious to the rigid Puritans, hurled it from him with indignation, at the same time exclaiming—

"Read it—read that accursed work of abominations— the book of Satan, which converts the holy Sabbath into a holiday for sinners! I'd rather read one of those profane stage plays, some of which, and these among the most abominable, are written by men who call themselves ministers of the gospel. Let it be read at Bartholomew Fair, for verily I will not pollute my lips with such scum of iniquity."

"Silence!" again roared the Justice, "or, though it be not in the statute, I will, by virtue of that discretion which appertains to me as being the representative of both church and king, order that foul tongue of yours to be cut off, that it may utter no more blasphemy. Silence, I say, and listen to your sentence, as becomes a contumacious sinner."

"I will not be silent," answered Israel, "it is my calling to speak, and I will speak while I have breath to declare the word of truth, and protest against the devices of the ungodly. Lift not your beseeching eyes to me, my poor shorn lambs," said he, glancing at his wife and daughter, "for I am called to fight the good fight, and have girded my loins for the combat. Be not afraid; a little while longer we may be hunted like wild beasts of prey; a little while longer we may be insulted, buffetted, striped, imprisoned, and exposed to worldly shame. But hold up your heads, my darlings, and look to Heaven for that justice which yet for a time, a very brief time, I trust, is banished from this land which boasts of its freedom, while it seeks to enslave the mind. He who is justice itself will not forever permit injustice to triumph, for that would carry with it the utter degradation of His creatures.

"Yea," cried he, as his feelings gradually waxed into enthusiasm—"Yea, verily the time is coming; it is close at hand; it is already come. England is about to smoke with blood—the blood not of bulls, and goats, and sheep, but of men. For every wrong shall be a victim; for every pang inflicted on the flock of the Shepherd, He shall smite the aggressor with fire and sword. For every drop of blood that hath been drawn by stripes and mutilations, rivers shall flow over the devoted land. For every earthly good we must pay the purchase. But when the welfare of the immortal soul is at stake—when not alone the salvation of the present, but of countless generations yet to come, is in imminent jeopardy; when our greatest good—that which is as high above all sublunary blessings as heaven is above earth—is to be attained, the price, like the benefit, is inestimable. Their must be martyrs to seal with their blood the sincerity of their faith. Every sacred drop that flows from their veins into the ground, nourishes some goodly seed of piety into a stately tree that casts its shadow afar. Blood is the great libation of man, the seal of his bond of faith.

"In times like these one martyr will not suffice. When nations sin, nations must atone. There must be hecatombs, thousands, yea tens of thousands of victims, not as heretofore wasting on the burning pile, or quivering on the rack, but offering up their lives on the field of battle where alone the great contest is to be decided, and crimes of rulers expiated by the blood of their people. As for me, I am but a worm, and they may tread on me if they will. If I am not worthy of martyrdom, stripes may suffice. I am ready, Master Justice. Be quick. The past has been yours, the future is in stronger hands than those of the archbishop and the king."

This was poured forth with a vehemence and rapidity, that for the time not only silenced the Justice, but caused him to quail before the despised Crop−ear. He soon, however, rallied his dignity, and as is natural to little and malignant minds, revenged himself for his temporary awe by exercising that discretionary power the law allowed him, in the infliction of a severer punishment on the person who had subjected him to the mortification of being cowed by a Crop−ear, in the presence of his officials.

"What!"—he at length exclaimed—"you are a prophet as well as a priest? 'Slife, I suppose you will set up for a king soon. Can your reverence, in the spirit of prophecy, predict what is going to happen to yourself, as you have what is going to befall the nation? Constable, take him to the Great Hall of the Prison; give him thirty−nine lashes well laid on; slit his nose, as his ears are *non est;* and then let him depart in peace on his mission of grace."

It may be as well to remark here, in explanation of the choice of the prison hall, instead of the market place, or some equally public situation, for the punishment of Israel Baneswright, that of late the Justice had been greeted with very significant tokens of public dissatisfaction, on occasions of similar exhibitions of Christian benevolence. Or, perhaps, he might have become a convert to the opinion that appeals to the imagination are much more effectual than to the senses, and private executions far more effectual in preventing crimes than public examples.

"But what shall I do with the women, your worship?" asked the constable, grinning.

"O! I had forgot the flock in providing for the shepherd. Let me see—hem—aye—yes—they shall have the pleasure of looking on while the ceremony is performing, and be punished by sympathy. Justice should be tempered with mercy. As for you, Master Harold, you will remain in jail till your fine is paid, or the prophecy of the inspired preacher fulfilled. Away with them."

The wife and daughter of the unfortunate field preacher remained throughout the whole of this wicked mockery of justice in the dead silence of resignation, or despair. They had undergone a long series of suffering; and if providence does not always temper the wind to the shorn lamb, it often makes amends by tempering the shorn lamb to the winds. They neither wept, nor wrung their hands, nor cried aloud, though their hearts were bleeding, and their limbs scarcely able to support them. Yet amid all their sufferings, and they suffered much, it was apparent that there was within some potent influence which sustained them in the hour of sore trial. Pale as the ghostly shadow conjured up by fear or superstition; helpless as the dove in the claws of the hawk, they awaited the execution of the sentence.

Harold was almost maddened by mingled love and indignation; but the conviction that his interference would only serve to provoke the Justice to new inflictions of petty malice, choked him into silence. He looked on while the preparations were making, with a terrible serenity, ever and anon casting a glance at Susan Baneswright, which, even at this sad extremity, sunk into her heart, and was long afterwards remembered. Israel awaited the infliction of the sentence with manly resignation; casting his eyes towards heaven, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed:

"Lord, Lord! how long wilt thou suffer this?"

The preparations were made; the scarred shoulders of Israel exposed; the executioner brandished his cato'−nine tails, and eagerly awaited the order to begin, while the two desolate females placed their hands before their eyes, that they might not behold what they were thus compelled to witness.

At this moment a confused hum of many voices, followed by loud shouts mingled with angry threats, and equally angry expostulations, was heard without the prison. Anon, the sound of heavy blows, and the tugging of men engaged in hot contention, succeeded this war of words. In a few minutes the outer door was assailed with thundering violence, and finally yielding, gave entrance to a band of rustics armed with iron crows, scythes, stakes, flails, bill−hooks, and other rural weapons. Justice Shorthose was at first struck dumb at this unceremonious intrusion; but soon recovering his self−importance, demanded in a tone of authority mitigated by a slight fit of trembling, what they wanted, and how they dared approach his presence accoutred in this manner. A stern−looking man, bearing an appearance of plain respectability, thus answered—

"We are come to release these poor harmless prisoners, the victims of laws enacted by bigotry, and enforced by tyrants. It depends on your present conduct whether we are not likewise come to punish the miserable instrument of oppression, though our object is higher game."

"'Slife!" answered the Justice, a little relieved from the immediate apprehension of personal violence, "'slife, sir, don't you know you are flying in the face of the law and insulting the dignity of his sacred Majesty, together with his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, by whose authority these pestilent Crop−ears have been apprehended?"

"The king's most sacred Majesty," said the other, with a grim smile, "and his Grace of Canterbury, are by this time, I opine, flying from the face of an injured people."

"What mean you by that, sirrah? Do you dare to spout treason against the king, in the presence of his

representative. I'll commit you, sirrah—you shall be carted, whipped, ridden through the streets on a rail, pilloried at the market place, lose your ears, and be hanged, drawn and quartered into the bargain."

A low, menacing murmur, accompanied by a suppressed laugh, was the response to this outbreak of the Justice, who was not a little daunted at the ill success of his harangue, as well as the look of cool defiance with which it was met by the person to whom it was addressed. He valued himself not only for his eloquence, but his singular acuteness in detecting a culprit by his physiognomy, and often boasted he could tell a rogue from sheer instinct. The confession of the face, he maintained, was more conclusive than that of the tongue. On this occasion, however, he was altogether at fault. The intruders, with the exception of their spokesman, were plain country people, with ruddy cheeks, and faces expressive of nothing but honest simplicity.

The person who appeared to be the leader of the band paid no further attention to the Justice, but quietly directed his followers to release all the prisoners without exception, as it was impossible to distinguish the innocent from the guilty. Accordingly the keys were demanded of the jailer, who called all present to witness that he acted under durance. A detachment being sent on this errand, Justice Shorthose employed the interim in a last effort in behalf of his majesty and the archbishop.

"'Slife, Master Crop—I say—that is to say— what was I saying? I say Master What−d'ye−call'em, do you know what you are about? You are breaking the laws in twenty different places—the law spiritual, the law temporal, the law civil, and the law military. You are violating Magna Charta which saith—hem—I say—what was I saying?"

"It matters little what you say," quoth the other, as the party detached for that purpose came in with the prisoners, "we are but of the commonalty, yet were always good, peaceable subjects, who respected the law while it afforded us protection against authority unjustly assumed, and exercised without mercy. The despotism of the law may be as oppressive as that of the will; and had not mankind sometimes resorted to those rights which belong to our nature, and cannot be alienated, the whole world would long since have been inhabited only by slaves."

"'Fore heaven, this is a new doctrine," grumbled the Justice, "it sounds very much like treason, sprinkled with a little heresy, I think."

"Treason? Know, Master Shorthose, when a whole people rise against oppression there are neither rebels nor traitors."

The indignation of the Justice at the bold annunciation of these doctrines overcame his fears. He denounced the intruders by every epithet of opprobrium he could muster on the spur of the moment, and his catalogue was pretty extensive; summoned the *posse comitatus* in vain; and adjured his most sacred Majesty to witness his total incapacity to resist these lawless intruders. Little attention was paid to his harangue, and the prisoners, among whom, of course, were Israel and his family, quietly departed under the escort of their deliverers. Harold, too, was offered his liberty, but declined it coldly, not being able thoroughly to overcome his reverence for the law, though smarting under its infliction. As Israel left the hall, he emphatically said to him, "assuredly we shall meet again." His wife bade him a warm, but chastened farewell, but the daughter was silent. A single look passed between Susan and Harold, as they parted, whether ever to meet again depended on the chapter of accidents, in which is contained a large portion of the history of man.

# CHAPTER III.

A Short Foray into the Domain of History—Harold in great Jeopardy— Interposition of Providence in the Disguise of Old Gilbert Taverner—Justice Shorthose and his Officials Abscond—A Secret concerning Susan Baneswright—Harold in great Perplexity, from which He is at length Relieved by the Interposition of Dan Cupid— He Becomes not only a Roundhead, but a Republican, and Abjures Passive Obedience and Non−Resistance for ever.

It is not our intention to enter into a history of the times, any further than as the course of public events exercised an influence over the fortunes of those who figure in this narrative. If we may be permitted to speak in our own behalf, we would, with all due deference to the public taste, insinuate an opinion, that the jumbling together historical facts and fictitious occurrences in one inextricable tissue, cannot but operate to the great prejudice of truth, by confounding those readers, at least, who are not sufficiently qualified to separate the actual from the imaginary occurrences. And this is still more likely to embarrass the reader, when the author is sufficiently familiar with past events to preserve the semblance of history by avoiding all anachronisms; by selecting for his actors persons who really figured at the time; exhibiting a few of their leading characteristics, and being so correct in many particulars that when he deviates into fiction the reader is scarcely aware that he has got on the ice, and is no longer walking on solid ground. It is unhappily too true, that history is, for the most part, but a reflection of the feelings and prejudices of the writer, and therefore cannot be explicitly relied upon as a faithful picture of past times or occurrences. In its earliest stage it is a fable; in its progress a romance—founded on fact; in its maturity it may, perhaps, be relied on as a chronicle of events: but of the real causes, and most especially of the secret motives which actuated the prime agents who gave them life and motion, the world can gather little from history but contradictions leading to doubts which cannot be solved. Still it is proper there should be some standard of belief as to the past, and historical works afford the best we have. It would, therefore, seem it were better that they should not be mixed up and confounded with fiction, or that when the writer is about to give the rein to his fancy, he should candidly apprise the reader, in order that he may be properly prepared. The chaste muse of history should not be dressed up in meretricious ornaments, but come forth in all the simplicity of truth, without spot or blemish. The most mischievous falsehoods are adulterated truths. But we are delaying the courteous and impatient reader, who will doubtless excuse our making a slight inroad upon history, although it be against our conscience. It is a great feather in the cap of an author, if, when doing what he thinks wrong, he can prove clearly that he knows better.

In order to explain the sudden liberation of Israel Baneswright and his followers, it is necessary to revert to the crisis by which it was brought about. The events are doubtless familiar to all, and therefore a few words will suffice. The despotic pretensions of James the First, though only those to which the English nation had quietly submitted under the reigns of his immediate predecessors, were attempted to be enforced on a people who had undergone great changes in the meantime. The despotism of Henry the Eighth was as complete as that of William the Conqueror. By becoming head of the church he had united the civil and ecclesiastical powers of the state, in the exercise of which he met with no opposition from a succession of the most servile parliaments that ever disgraced England; and by the suppression of religious houses he had obtained a fund for purchasing a venal nobility, which, in the long wars of York and Lancaster, had lost all traces of principle or patriotism. His successor was a child in leading strings, who was followed by a woman, called "Bloody Mary" by her embittered opponents, but who, we suspect, was not half so bad as she has been represented, and whose reign was a struggle between religious factions. Elizabeth courted the people and bullied their representatives. She effected popular measures, but in general her acts were those of an absolute sovereign, and she treated parliament with little more ceremony than her father, Henry the Eighth, who, when that body ventured to hesitate about suppressing the lesser monasteries, sent for the members, and told them "he would have the bill to pass, or take off some of their heads."

But the reformation of religion was accompanied, or rather preceded, by a revolution in the human mind, which had been silently, slowly, and surely advancing in knowledge and intelligence. Great revolutions, destined

to exert a lasting influence over the condition of mankind, are the invisible agents of Providence, operating unheeded and unsuspected until ripe for execution. When all is prepared, the dead calm which usually precedes the convulsion gives place in an instant to the whirling tempest. The long buried genius of change emerges to light full grown, and the moment of its recognition is that of its triumph. Henry the Eighth was merely the instrument. The Reformation would have eventually conquered without his aid. But the puny mortal who only floats with the current, is often mistaken for the omnipotent arm that directs the stream.

Reformations in the church are sure to be preceded, accompanied, or followed, by an extension of the franchises of civil liberty, because they both proceed from the expansion of the human mind to which all creeds must more or less accommodate themselves, if not in substance, at least in outward forms of administration. Hence, when in the reign of James the first the Protestant religion became confirmed in its ascendancy in England, those political principles of freedom which always grow up and strengthen in the struggle. between contending parties, began to exhibit their sensible operation. The despotic claims of James were discussed, questioned, and at length opposed; those of his successor resisted by Parliament, which at length becoming assured by repeated examples, that no faith could be placed in the concessions of the king, and that the only possible mode of retaining those rights he had only conceded through necessity or fear was to divest him of the means of reclaiming them, determined to resort to the last appeal if necessary. The question whether the command of the Militia should be at the disposal of the Parliament or the King brought matters to the issue. Neither dared to yield; for the command of the militia in the absence of a great standing army which has since superceded it in England, would in all probability finally decide the contest.

The only alternative was acquiescence or war. The King erected his standard at Nottingham, and Parliament passed an ordinance for raising an army, accompanied by a vote of supply. England was in arms against herself. The elements of civil and religious dissention were in utter confusion. Arms superseded laws, and the civil authorities could no longer preserve the peace of communities. This was most especially the case in the remote districts which were the scene of events just related, where dissenters abounded; and no sooner did the news arrive that civil strife had actually commenced, than a party of those who had frequently attended the exhortations of Israel Baneswright, gathered together, proceeded to the jail, and released him, as set forth in the preceding chapter. Thus it is that extremes beget each other, and that the abuse of authority is the parent of anarchy. Having thus briefly, we hope, prepared the way for what has passed, and what is to come, we shall resume the thread of our story.

After the departure of the Crop−ear and his followers, Justice Shorthose solaced his rage and mortification, by divers insulting hints and innuendoes directed against Harold, now the residuary legatee of his wrath, and who he was pleased to consider a party in the outrage against his most sacred Majesty in the person of his doughty representative. As yet ignorant of the commencement of hostilities—for news did not then travel by telegraph—he resolved to make Harold the scape−goat for all the rest, and ordering him to be safely locked in his old quarters, left the prison full of sound and fury.

Harold passed the remainder of that day and the ensuing night without food, except for the mind, and that was somewhat bitter. Accustomed to the daily society of Israel and his family, his present loneliness lay heavily on his spirits; and his probable eternal separation from Susan added greatly to its weight. He anticipated new acts of oppression from the discomfited Justice, and prepared himself for still greater exertions of fortitude and patience. From the period of the departure of Justice Shorthose, not the sound of a human voice, or passing footstep, had he heard. The prison was as silent as the mansions of the dead, and the striking of the great clock in the hall was the only sound that met his ear. He passed a sleepless night, and rose in the morning with a feeling of depression he had never experienced before.

The customary hour of breakfast passed without its appearance; the dinner hour came, but no dinner; and he laid himself down at night under an apprehension that made his blood run cold, having tasted neither food nor water throughout the day. In the meantime the dead, dreary silence continued, and he felt like one abandoned by the world. During the lapse of his second weary, wakeful night, he at times fancied he heard the distant shouts of human voices in the town, but they soon died away, and even the barking of the dogs ceased, as the black clouds encircled the moon and hid its silvery light.

The next day, and the next, passed in the same manner, with the same dead silence, and the same abstinence. He now began to experience the usual effects of protracted hunger and thirst. When he attempted to walk his

limbs faltered, his head grew dizzy, his sight vague, and objects indistinct. By degrees his brain waxed weak and visionary, for lack of that which is equally necessary to body and mind. A crowd of indistinct images arose, which, though they prevented his dwelling intensely on the reality of his situation, aggravated his sufferings by the addition of imaginary auxiliaries. His repose was nothing but half−waking, half−sleeping dreams, of chrystal springs and plenteous feasts, so that he might be said only to awake to the tortures of Tantalus.

While his strength enabled him, he watched constantly at the only window of his room, which looked into the interior, where was a small yard, enclosed with a high, massive wall, beyond which lay the open fields. But not a soul was stirring there. Sometimes he knocked at the door with all his strength, and called for aid. But no one heard, and no one answered. He seemed destined to perish by famine, alone in the midst of his fellow creatures. Every day added to his weakness, and at the same time his restlessness; for though ordinary hunger seeks oblivion in sleep, there comes a time when the starving wretch is deprived of that solace; when the brain becomes affected, and the powers of nature being exhausted, death, not sleep, is the only refuge.

On the morning of the sixth day, after a sleepless night, during a great part of which all consciousness of present suffering was lost in the medley of horrors that floated in the chaos of his unsettled brain, as he lay on his miserable pallet in that state of almost unconsciousness which happily accompanies a mind and body exhausted by extreme suffering, he was recalled to a sense of his situation, by fancying he heard the footsteps of some person along the narrow passage outside of his door. The instinct of nature, rather than any distinct perception of his position, roused Harold to a last effort. He called out in a feeble voice, and essayed to rise from his bed; but no answer was returned, and the footsteps died away in the distance. Again he relapsed into his former state, and sank down on the bed from which he had partly risen. After an interval of a few minutes, he distinguished the sound of returning footsteps, and, as he imagined, the jingling of keys. Hope now re−animated his waning strength, and he had managed to raise himself so as to lean against the wall, when he heard the turning of a key and the grating of hinges, as the door opened. He was too weak for joy; but the sudden revulsion of his feelings overpowered him; a film came over his eyes, and he sank down in a state of almost complete insensibility.

He fancied he heard some one calling him by name in a voice hallowed by long past remembrances, and though he strove to answer, his words died away in inarticulate murmurs. By degrees the film passed away from before his eyes, and he thought he perceived a figure bending over him, whose face seemed familiar. The process of returning recollection was very slow; for nature was almost exhausted, and hung to life by a single hair. But the voice of one lamenting over his sad condition, that voice of kindness and sympathy which can almost call us back from the grave, was at length recognized as that of a grey−headed domestic, whose life, together with that of a long line of forefathers, had been passed under the roof of Habingdon. Harold addressed him in a feeble whisper, and the old man, comprehending his situation, procured refreshments, which were cautiously administered, until in due time he was conveyed to his home.

Many days elapsed before Harold recovered sufficiently to leave his bed, and totter to the window, there to inhale the sweet morning air, and enjoy the beauties of what almost seemed a new world spread out before him. Every object appeared invested with a new and inexpressible charm, and the music of the birds was as the voice of long lost friends welcoming him home again. In the course of his convalescence he learned the mystery of his unaccountable desertion in prison, which at times he had ascribed to the malice of Justice Shorthose. But with all his manifold offences the Justice was innocent of any intention of starving his prisoner. He did not scruple at inflicting stripes, and his conscience would go to the length of slitting noses, or cutting off ears; but to do him justice starvation was beyond the sphere of his depravity, which, in fact, proceeded less from nature than the union of sectarian zeal with a vehement desire to make himself agreeable to the higher powers that set him the example.

The truth is, that on quitting the prison, after the forcible abduction of his prisoners, he had been so hooted and pelted by the townsmen, who had many old scores to settle with him, and were withal incited to violence by the example of King and Parliament, that he was fain to seek shelter in the house of a relative, whence he made his escape in the middle of the night. To make an end of this important personage, who will appear no more in our history, we will shortly state for the gratification of the curious reader, that he remained the most loyal of subjects until after the battle of Naseby, when he turned Round−head, cropped his hair, prayed, not in secret, and exhorted vociferously. Thus he continued till the restoration, when, happily shielded by his insignificance from the consequences of his backslidings, he came in with the full tide of loyalty, and was rewarded by his grateful

sovereign after the manner of that merry monarch.

The Justice having absconded, the jailor, and other officials who had become equally distasteful to the townsmen, followed his example, and departed without taking leave. Thus the prison was left solely to the occupancy of Harold, who remained unnoticed, either because no one suspected his being there, or that he was completely forgotten in the ferment of that civil commotion which might now be said to monopolize every thought and feeling. That he did not actually perish from hunger, was owing to a mere accident, or as Israel Baneswright always affirmed, a special interposition of Providence. However this may be, thus it was.

The old house of Habingdon on being taken possession of by the pursuivant, was cleared of all the servants except one Gilbert Taverner, the old household factotum, who was permitted to remain partly for the purpose of being useful, partly to save appearances. The others found a home or employment elsewhere, and did not trouble themselves about the affairs of Harold. As to old Gilbert, he shrank with the natural timidity of servitude from meddling with what did not come within the sphere of his household duties, and most especially from all intercourse with Master Justice Shorthose, who was as much the terror of good, as evil doers. He was a perfect man machine, and had been for at least half a century moving exactly in the same circle, doing the same things, at the same hour, and in the same order of succession, without thinking of any other earthly matter. He revolved like a planet within the inflexible sphere of attraction, and it is said never forgot to strap his master's razor but once in his youth, when he was sorely smitten with the milkmaid. Gilbert was totally ignorant of the abdication of the Justice, the town being six miles from Habingdon, a distance he never travelled even in imagination.

Thus matters stood while Harold was suffering the most painful infliction to which man perhaps can be doomed, when a stranger made his appearance in the town, inquiring for Master Harold Habingdon, and proceeded towards the residence of that young man, according to the directions given. The first person he met on arriving there was Gilbert, to whom he presented a letter from Israel Baneswright, for his master. Gilbert referred him to the prison, but was answered by the messenger, that the prison was empty, and the Justice as well as his officials run away. The old man was somewhat startled from his orbit at this information, and it was sometime before he could comprehend the exigencies of this new predicament. At length rallying his dormant faculties, he bethought himself of consulting the messenger who sagely advised him to proceed forthwith to town and inquire what had become of the young gentleman. By this time Gilbert had so far recovered himself, as to detect in the costume, close cropt hair, and nasal twang, a veritable Roundhead in the person of his visitor. As a faithful servant, he felt himself bound to follow in the footsteps of his deceased master, and was accordingly a devoted disciple of the doctrine of passive obedience and non−resistance. He waxed exceedingly wroth and bitter on thus recognizing one of the king's enemies; absolutely refused to receive the letter, marched into the house, and slammed the door in the face of the messenger, who could just distinguish the word Crop−ear, uttered with bitter emphasis. Hereupon he threw the letter into an open window, and departed, chanting a godly hymn in stout defiance.

When Gilbert Taverner became cool again, his mind reverted to young Master Harold who had succeeded his father in the affections of the old man. He straightway entered into a deep and rather confused cogitation concerning the course proper to be pursued on this occasion, the result of which, though it went greatly against the grain, was a determination to follow the advice of the Crop−ear, and proceed to the town for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of Harold. But still he shrunk from this daring exploit, and ever and anon relapsed into doubt or despair. "I am a perfect stranger in these remote parts," thought he, "and who will clean the knives, or set the table, while I am away at such a distance?"—for be it known that Gilbert, though his old master was dead, and his young master no one knew where, continued to go through the regular course of his duties, from the mere force of habit.

Thus he remained as it were at a stand amid conflicting eddies. He whistled, and fidgetted about in great perplexity what course to pursue; but at length habit got the better of all competitors, and he insensibly found himself occupied as usual in the daily routine of household duties. Having gone through these with satisfaction to himself, he was at leisure to attend to the affairs of his young master, and after a deal of hesitation accompanied by abundance of wry faces, at length resolved to adopt the suggestion of the Crop−eared messenger. Accordingly, having secured the silver spoons—a family heirloom—locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, he procceded to town for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of Harold. The result of his mission has already been detailed.

The letter from Israel Baneswright was filled with fervent exhortations to join heart and hand in maintaining civil and religious liberty, which were now to stand or fall together. It was written with all that fiery eloquence of enthusiasm which, when excited in a righteous cause is irresistible, and when in that of error, potent for mischief. But not a word was said about his wife and daughter, nor did the date of the letter give any indication of the place of his sojourning. The mind of Harold had, during his convalescence, dwelt intently on his present situation and future prospects. The uprising of the people in the neighborhood had frightened away the pursuivant who held possession of Habingdon, and the death of his father had left him master of himself as well as his property. He was, on one hand, swayed by the powerful influence of hereditary feelings or prejudices, call them what you will, as well as by the habits of his life, the bias of education, and the force of example; on the other by having not only seen, but suffered under the abuse of power in his own person; doubts, almost amounting to conviction of the legitimacy of that authority which could be perverted to the purposes of oppression; and what was perhaps still more influential in turning the scale, a quiet, deep−rooted affection for Susan Baneswright, his fellow sufferer under oppression.

But Harold possessed a weighty and capacious mind; a temper though warm and energetic, qualified by the power of restraint and conviction. He was accustomed to deliberate long and coolly on subjects of great concern; and it was only when thoroughly convinced, that he acted with a prompt enthusiasm little suspected of forming the basis of his character. He drew the bow and took aim deliberately, but the arrow once sped, could never be recalled.

While still in doubt as to his future course, he was surprised by a visit from Israel Baneswright, who seemed to have been wrought up to a state of excitement amounting to wild fanaticism. He scarcely allowed time for the usual salutations, when he entered on the only subject that occupied his heart.

"Why art thou here, O man of little patriotism, and still less faith? Is this a time for a son of England to skulk within the walls of his father's house, while others are abroad in the field, shedding their blood in defence of those rights of which if secured he will equally partake, and which if lost must render him an abject slave to the will of a fellow worm? Is this a time to stand an idle spectator, while the great question is about being decided, whether or not the mind and body shall be equally crushed under the heel of power, and the reason of man be no longer applied to the concerns of either earth or Heaven?

"Sluggard, why standest thou here all the day idle? Dost thou not know that thy mother is struggling in the arms of the ravisher, and calling on her children to rescue her? All is at stake and thou art doing nothing. Awake! arise!—Gird on the sword; or if thou canst not wield a sword, go forth like David with a sling and a stone—or go forth with thy naked arm, for the Great Jehovah is on thy side, and the courageous, determined spirit is more potent than the sharp−edged steel, in the hands of the Philistines."

To this fiery exhortation Harold calmly replied,

"My friend, I have been long considering the subject, and—

"Considering!" cried Israel impatiently—"Is this a time for consideration, when a single battle, yea, a single arm may decide the future fate of thee and thine, and of every man that breathes in this oppressed land—of millions living and countless millions yet unborn? Dost thou stand here selfishly weighing thy petty interests, and personal ease, against the freedom and happiness, the bodies and souls of long generations yet to come? Dost thou not know that the Bill of Rights, the great charter, not of the nobles but the people, hath already been sealed with blood—that the blood of the righteous as well as that of the wicked must flow in torrents ere it can wash away the sins of the people and their rulers? A despotic king and a persecuting church are now engaged in a desperate struggle with an oppressed people; and when force is resorted unto to bring about the ends of Providence, force must decide the contest. Courage and patriotism on the part of mortals is necessary to prove them worthy the assistance of an almighty arm; for be assured that miracles were never yet wrought in behalf of those who were too base and degraded to help themselves. Cowards can never be free, and man must be inspired with the contempt of death, ere he can hope to wrest the prize of liberty from the grasp of the tyrant. Why art thou not in the stirrup and the field?"

"Listen to me calmly, I beseech thee Master Baneswright," replied Harold not unmoved, "on occasions when we are about taking a decisive step—to risk all—nothing should be decided rashly. I was going to tell you that I have for some time been debating with myself as to the course I should take— whether to remain neutral—"

"Neutral!"—again interrupted Israel—"Neutral! Dost thou, a worm of the dust, expect to look on in peace

while all around thee is in convulsions? Dost thou hope to crawl into the ground, and there remain quiet while the world is rocking with earthquakes? The whirlpool is all about thee, and dost thou think to float round and round in endless circles, without being at length drawn into the vortex? Believe it not—hope it not. Thou must take sides, or be buffetted by both sides; and if neither conscience nor patriotism, neither reverence for thy Maker, nor love to thy fellow man can sway thy leaden purposes, look to thyself, since self is thine only monitor, and be assured that so long as this strife shall last, if thou dost not declare for either Parliament or King, thou wilt fare like the bat in the fable, and be despised and disclaimed by both parties."

"I was about to tell you," said Harold, "that I had made up my mind not to remain neutral.

"Well," cried the other impatiently.

"That I had all but determined to take up arms in behalf of the Parliament. But—"

"Hear me," cried Israel, who could no longer rein in the fiery steed on which he was mounted. "Hear me, young man, let me ask you one question, and be thy answer without disguise. Dost thou not love my daughter Susan?"

"I do," said Harold eagerly, "with all my soul, though I have never told her so."

"Not with thy lips, perhaps; but there is another language equally explicit. Suffice it that I noticed the glances that passed between thee and my daughter in prison, and more especially at parting. As a parent it became me to question her on the subject, and as a dutiful daughter, whose heart hath been always open to her father, she acknowledged that couldest thou be persuaded to walk in the way of righteousness, if it pleased Heaven, she would willingly live and die thy helpmate—nay, interrupt me not—but hear what I say, Harold Habingdon. If thou provest craven to the just and holy cause now at issue in the land; and above all, if thou shouldest seek fellowship with its enemies, in the sight of Heaven I solemnly declare, thou shalt never see my daughter more. No son of Belial shall be a son of mine. Farewell—I shall know of thy decision. If right, thou shalt hear from me, and peradventure we may smite the Philistines together. If wrong, we never meet again except in mortal fight, for if necessary I too will become a man of blood, in so far that I will strengthen men of blood with my exhortations.

Saying this, Israel suddenly departed without awaiting any reply, leaving Harold agitated by a whirlwind of conflicting feelings. But this did not last long, and the tempest soon subsided into the calm of determination. He resolved to join the Parliamentary forces, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. Though his reason in a great measure coincided with this decision, it cannot be denied that it was Susan Baneswright, and not the exhortations of her father, that decided the course of his future life. The confession of that gentle girl from this time guided his sword, and animated his spirit through all the sad vicissitudes of civil strife. The die was at length thrown by love, who, casting himself into the wavering scale, outweighed all other considerations, and the cause of loyalty kicked the beam. Hitherto he had been only the cotemporary of past ages; henceforward he became associated with the present and the future.

## CHAPTER IV.

Harold Joins the Parliamentary Forces—the Fortunes of War—He Makes Acquaintance with a Man of whom there is but One Opinion, and of Another of whom there are Many—Scene on the Field of Battle, and Exit of Israel Baneswright—Change from the Field of Blood to the Fields of Rural Life—Coelebs in Search of a Wife—Finds by Chance what He Missed in Seeking.

During the somewhat tedious recovery of Harold, and his subsequent irresolution, both parties had been engaged in active hostilities, unaccompanied by any decisive result. The battle of Edgehill had been fought with doubtful success, and the intervals of action were occupied by negociations in which, it is believed neither party was sincere. Mutual propositions for peace were made and declined under various pretences, and it had become evident to those who looked beneath the surface, that the contest could only be decided by the sword. Accordingly, both parties braced themselves for the final issue.

The Earl of Essex was at the head of the Parliamentary forces, and had already excited the jealousy of the leaders of the House of Commons, by his inactivity, as well as want of vigilance. Thus far the result of the struggle seemed extremely doubtful. The King had been successful in Cornwall, and other parts of the kingdom: misunderstandings subsisted among the Parliamentary generals, who of course did not cordially co−operate: and it was daily becoming more evident, that Essex, as well as several other noblemen who had taken arms against the King, were not exactly on the side of the people. Though ready to oppose the despotic claims of Charles, so far as they interfered with their own exclusive privileges, they were by no means prepared to strip him quite bare of his prerogative; and without doubt, by this time began to perceive, or at least suspect, that if finally successful, the popular leaders would not stop at a redress of grievances. In short, they began to fear for themselves and their order. A people struggling for freedom can never place any just reliance in those who monopolize in a great degree the benefits of the abuse of power; nor should they ever choose them for leaders. The chief of a revolution which has for its object the attainment of equal rights, rather than a mere change of dynasty, should be a child of the revolution, sharing the sympathies, partaking in the grievances of the people, and claiming a legitimate right to command, not from superiority of rank, but of talents, vigor and patriotism.

Harold had left home on horseback, placing his domestic affairs in charge of honest Gilbert, who continued to set out the dinner table every day at the same hour, and in the same manner as if his master was present, until at length, perceiving with great surprise, that no one attended, he relinquished the practice in despair. It is said, with what truth we know not, that he afterwards occupied the dinner hour in wandering about the house as if looking for somebody that was missing. The reader may perhaps question the prudence of Harold in leaving his affairs in the hands of old Gilbert. But it was in fact Hobson's choice; he had neither kindred, acquaintance, or friend around him; and in the confusion of the times, perhaps justly concluded that upon the whole he might as well trust to Providence and Gilbert.

The journey of Harold was devoid of incident or accident, and he joined the Parliamentary forces, at that time encamped on Turnham Green, under the Earl of Essex. The royal army was close at hand, the King having taken advantage of a negociation for peace then in progress to make a rapid march upon the city of London, in the course of which he surprised two regiments of the hostile troops, which were cut off almost to a man. Being admitted a private in a troop of horse attached to the Train Bands, he at once entered on active service. A battle was hourly expected, and Skippon, the sturdy leader of the Train Bands, composed of London apprentices, in anticipation of this event, took occasion to address them in the following pithy and characteristic words: "Come, my brave boys, let us pray heartily, and fight heartily. I will run the same fortunes and hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God, for the defence of your wives and children. Come my boys, let us pray heartily, and fight heartily." Such was the spirit which animated a large portion of the Parliamentary army, and it is not to be wondered at that they ultimately conquered. Religious enthusiasm had been arrayed against the sentiment of loyalty; and devotion to the King was met by the far more powerful influence of devotion to a higher power. The love of liberty was combined with the enthusiasm of religion, and the two united proved irresistible.

That a great majority of the Puritans of that age were sincere in their professions, notwithstanding the charge

of hypocrisy so often urged against them by the Loyalists, and reiterated by succeeding English historians, we think can scarcely be doubted. Cromwell may have been a hypocrite, though this appears extremely doubtful; but his followers were unquestionably sincere, as they proved on various occasions by freely sacrificing themselves on the field of battle. If any additional proof be required, let us cast our eyes towards the band of Pilgrims, who sacrificed their country, home, kindred, friends, and all those associations of early days that cling closest to the heart of man, to seek the far distant wilds of a new world; to cope with danger, death and famine; to struggle with the wintry winds; to war with the fury of wild beasts and the wiles of savage men; to labor in the fields, and worship in churches with arms in their hands, and meet the trying exigencies of a keen, inhospitable climate, divested of all the common comforts of life. To doubt the sincerity of these were to question the faith of the primitive martyrs, who offered up their lives on the wheel or at the stake, and sped their last breath in songs of triumph.

But to resume our narrative. To the disappointment and disgust of his army, Essex, it is said by the advise of some of the noblemen who served under him, strenuously opposed by that of a majority of the others, instead of offering battle to the King while facing him for several hours, suddenly wheeled about, and retreated to London, without being pursued. His subsequent conduct was such as to increase the suspicions already entertained by his partisans, and inspire the enemy with new hopes of final success.

Without entering into a detail of the events which succeeded, and in which Harold was not immediately concerned, we shall content ourselves with noticing the skirmish of Chalgrove Field, in which the conduct of Essex was again equivocal and unsatisfactory. An excursion of Prince Rupert from Oxford, the headquarters of the King, had alarmed the neighboring counties, and the Parliamentary forces were eagerly following him, as he retreated laden with booty. Among the foremost on this occasion was the patriot Hampden, who though an officer of foot, joined a body of cavalry of which Harold was one. They overtook the Prince at Chalgrove Field, and in their eagerness, advancing too rapidly, were environed by the enemy and cut to pieces. Almost at the first discharge, Hampden had been shot in the shoulder with a brace of bullets, and one of the prisoners to the Royalists reported that he had seen him early in the action, slowly quitting the field, his head hanging down, and his arms resting on the neck of his horse.

Harold, too, had been rather severely wounded, and on leaving the field, it so chanced that in his progress towards the main body of the patriot army, he overtook Hampden, who appeared on the point of dropping from his horse. Though in little better plight, he endeavored to assist him to the utmost of his power; but the strength of both failed them rapidly, and seeing a comfortable−looking farm house at a little distance, somewhat retired from the road, he proposed to attempt to gain it before they became entirely exhausted. Accordingly thither they proceeded, and were kindly received by the master of the house, who was devoted to the same cause, though too aged to take an active part in the struggle.

Prince Rupert, who generally lost by impetuosity what he gained by valor, having succeeded in reaching Oxford with his booty, while Essex was looking on, the Parliamentary army remained master of the field. The situation of Hampden and Harold prevented their removal, and the latter found himself companion in suffering with this illustrious patriot, during the brief remaining period of his existence. Though suffering exquisite pain he maintained a perfect abstinence from all complaint, and apparently forgetting himself thought only of his country. Being engaged in the same cause, and fellows in suffering, they occasionally communed with each other on the state of public affairs. At these times Harold listened with respectful deference to the voice of wisdom and patriotism proceeding as it were from the grave, for it became every moment more evident that his hours were numbered, and were but few. The day preceding his death, when the weakness of nature had overborne the capacity for suffering, the great patriot of England, after long silence and deep reflection, addressed Harold, as follows:

"The die is cast, and my earthly career is over. I could have wished to bear my part in the great contest now at issue, and to have seen the final result, whether successful or not; for I did not ask myself when I took arms against my sovereign but the single question, whether or not our cause was just. It was enough for me that England was oppressed, and that all men have a natural right to resist oppression however sanctioned by precedent, or hallowed by time. Antiquity is no warrant for abuses; on the contrary the longer a nation has suffered them, the greater reason they should be relieved as soon as possible."

After pausing a few minutes to recover breath, he proceeded—

"But I am called away, as it were, at the dawn of morning, perhaps in mercy that I may not see the darkness of the night that may succeed. For I will not conceal from you, my young companion in calamity, that my hopes diminish, in proportion as the prospect of a successful issue in the strife of arms increases. I do not fear the people, but their leaders; for the people are ever right, except when deceived by those they trust, and always successful, except when betrayed. But there are among us wolves in sheep's clothing, who I suspect will betray the flock to the midnight robber. As might be expected—for such is ever the mixture of liberal and selfish motives, in all the great, as well as little affairs in which man is the instrument—the noblest motives are often mingled with the meanest. Patriotism, which is the highest of earthly influences, is profaned by an association with selfishness, the meanest of them all.

"Already I perceive increasing symptoms of alienation among some of our chief leaders, and those, too, whose rank and wealth give them the most extensive influence; struggles among others of meaner rank, for the spoils even before they are won; and a general want of that concert of action, if not of opinion, which from first to last, in all past time, has been the bane of all parties without an acknowledged head, to whom long established laws, and immemorial custom, have prepared men to be obedient. The King is weak, if not unprincipled, and in the hands of still weaker and more wicked councillors. There is no longer any confidence to be placed in his word, which is the only bond of those who claim to be above the law. He will lose his cause, for he knows not how to fight or negociate; to make war or peace. We shall, in all human probability, gain the power to do what I and some others had in view, when forced to seek redress by the sword; but I greatly fear it may be so abused by contending factions, attaining a temporary ascendancy, that the people wearied and disgusted by repeated disappointments, and sick of the struggles of leaders, whose incapacity will be only equalled by their ambition, will at length be wrought upon to return like the dog to his vomit, and restore without reservation the same power to the same despot by whom it was abused.

"If such should be the case—which Heaven avert! it will speedily be followed ere long by another revolution, the offspring of the first; and England will be again doomed to pay a second price for a blessing she heedlessly threw away. Thus, my young friend, we who shed our blood will not shed it in vain. It will not, like the rivers of the desert, sink into the earth without yielding either flowers or fruits; its product will eventually be the enjoyment of a rational liberty, which could not have been obtained without martyrs. With this conviction I die, and with it I die content, leaving my motives, acts, and opinions, to the judgment of posterity."

These sentiments were uttered at intervals, as his exhausted strength permitted, and when finished, the dying patriot sank exhausted on his pillow, where he lay some hours without another word. Thus he quietly passed away, apparently without pain, and without fear. The Royalists exulted in his death, which had rid them of their most formidable enemy; while the opposite party mourned it as the loss of their best friend. Like Washington, he has united the suffrage of the world in his favor. Posterity has but a single voice in speaking of Hampden, who at one time seemed to concentrate in himself the spirit of the nation, and even the historian of the Revolution, himself a courtier, as well as a loyalist, who seldom ascribes other than sinister, or selfish motives for the conduct of friend or foe, has been compelled to yield to his talents and patriotism the highest meed, that of unwilling praise.

The recovery of Harold was slow and gradual; and it was not until the opening of the next campaign that he entered on active service, when he found great changes had taken place in the Parliamentary army. The self−denying ordinance, as it was called, had excluded a class of officers, whose zeal, if not fidelity, had been suspected; but an exception was made in favor of Oliver Cromwell, who was then at the head of the army in fact. He had rapidly risen to distinction, by a series of successful exploits; and it was the fortune of Harold, who had been promoted to the command of a troop of horse, to be frequently brought into contact with one of the most extraordinary men of that or any other age. Observing the quick decision, as well as fearless courage of Harold, on various occasions of great exigency, Oliver attached him to his person before the end of the campaign, during the course of which Harold studied his character intensely, only to become more profoundly puzzled by its apparent inconsistencies.

The real character of Cromwell is still a mystery— partly from its own deep profundity, partly from the bitter prejudices that are awakened in forming a judgment. Whether a hypocrite, or an enthusiast; a patriot, or a mere creature of selfish ambition, is a question that will probably never be decided. Assuredly, however his sincerity or his patriotism may be questioned, none can doubt his qualifications as a soldier, or his abilities as a statesman; and

the most loyal Englishman when he denounces him as a rebel and a traitor, should bear in mind, the successful vigor with which he asserted the honor of England, and caused the most potent monarchs of his time to crouch at his feet. England owes him more than a host of her legitimate monarchs combined can justly claim, and if he accepted the sovereignty he wielded it nobly.

Though leader of a band of stern enthusiasts, who in their abhorrence of the "Book of Sports," had perhaps fallen into the opposite extreme of sour austerity; and though he himself set the example in zeal, as well as sobriety, yet were there frequent occasions in which he deviated into downright buffoonery. Though in public he was grave and reserved, in his family, and among his friends, his conversation was familiar and diverting. He indulged in practical jokes; he loved the society of men of wit, and his domestic chaplain, Jeremy White, was a great humorist. A grave old chronicler says, "Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, loved a good voice and instrumental music well; and when Mr. James Quin, a student of C. C. Oxford, a good singer, was introduced to him, he heard him sing with great delight, liquored him with sack, and in conclusion said, `Mr. Quin, you have done well, what shall I do for you?' To which, Mr. Quin made answer, with great compliments, (of which he had command with great grace,) `That your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place,' which the Protector did accordingly, and he held it to his dying day."

Oliver's jokes were sometimes rather rough, it must be acknowledged. He would occasionally, when he suspected any intrigue was going on in the army, invite his inferior officers to an entertainment, and in the midst of their jolity, order in a company of footguards, with beat of drum, to whisk the dishes away, after the manner of Doctor Pedro Positive de Snatchaway. While this was in progress, Oliver pelted them with cushions, or put live coals into their boots and pockets; and when thus thrown off their guard by this sportful conviviality, would wheedle them out of all such secrets as he desired to know. When it suited his purpose, he spoke in a style so full of studied perplexity, that no one could comprehend his meaning; but when he wished to be understood, he delivered himself with a force and vigor and clearness, that caused it to be said of him that "His every word was a thought." But the real character of kings and rulers, who are succeeded by those of opposite principles, is seldom, if ever, fairly delineated, since historians are either themselves infected with party prejudices, or become the organs of those that are. Thus it has fared with Oliver Cromwell. The loyal English, while they cannot help pluming themselves on the successful vigor of his foreign policy, which laid the foundation of their country's greatness, still consider him a hypocrite and usurper; while the republicans can never forgive him for having picked up a sceptre that lay in his way, and appropriated to himself an authority that had no owner.

Under this renowned leader, Harold entered on a career of arduous service, the particulars of which will be passed over, as more properly belonging to history. Advanced to the command of a regiment of horse, at the head of which he greatly distinguished himself at the decisive battle of Naseby, it was once more his fortune to be desperately wounded, near the close of the action. He received a musket ball in the thigh, which caused so great a loss of blood, that in a few minutes he fell from his horse insensible, where he lay unheeded, while his regiment rushed on in hot pursuit of the flying Royalists, leaving the scene of conflict among the living, peopled only by the dying and the dead.

Recovering his recollection after a brief interval, and raising himself on his elbow with great difficulty, he looked around with dim and glazed eyes, rendered half blind by weakness and exhaustion. Both armies had passed away, one in retreat, the other in pursuit. Nothing remained but the wounded and dying; nothing was heard but groans of anguish and despair. Some lay stretched on the ground with their pale faces turned to heaven; some writhing in agony, and tearing the earth; and here and there might be seen an expiring victim half propped up by a dead body. Enemies and friends now joined in one melancholy concert of moans, and those who from fellow subjects had become mortal foes, now once more rested together in peace in the long armistice of death.

Thoughts like these occurred not to him, for his own condition in a great measure occupied his mind, and cooled his sympathy for others. He had managed in a degree to stop the bleeding of his wound by the application of a handkerchief; but a faintness like that of approaching dissolution hung upon him, and as evening was now at hand, he felt assured that if he passed the night on the field, he would never see the dawn of morning. From the consideration of his own forlorn state, he was moved by a feeble voice exclaiming—

"Is there any one here that knows Ambrose Harefleet?"

"Yes," answered another voice equally feeble.

"Who art thou?" asked the first.

"Thy brother, Miles."

"The Crop−ear—the traitor to his king—and the curse of his father"—cried the other, his voice strengthening with indignation.

"And thou," said Miles Harefleet—"The companion of the sons of Belial, the persecutor of the faithful, and the oppressor of thy fellow subjects. But alas! this is no time to dispute the justice of our cause. The appeal has been made to the sword and there is but one higher tribunal. Canst thou not crawl hither, for I cannot come to thee to exchange forgiveness and die together."

The one brother managed, with many moans, to crawl to the other, and they fell into each other's arms weeping.

"I forgive thee, Miles, for drawing the sword against thy king."

"And I forgive thee, Ambrose, for drawing thine against the people. But enough of this bickering. Though we have of late lived in discord, let us die in peace. Let us remember we are brothers; one mother bore, one bosom nourished, one country sustained, and one God will judge us both. To−day we have met in mortal fight, to−night we shall lay down in peace together. Alas! my dear wife and children, and my dear country—what will become of ye all?— Brother! brother! give me your hand, I am going."

The two brothers embraced, and lay for a while locked in each other's arms, without any other evidence of life than occasionally a low moan, bespeaking the agonies of nature in her last struggle. In a short time it ceased, and the silence of death succeeded.

This sad example of the deplorable consequences of civil strife, which sets brother against brother, father against son, and severs all the ties of nature and society, sank deep into the heart of Harold, who often recalled it to mind, and as often asked himself whether even liberty was not sometimes too dearly purchased. But such reflections were speedily banished by a sense of his own situation. Night was now close at hand; he could still feel the blood trickling from his wound, and was conscious of increasing weakness. With a last despairing effort he raised himself sufficiently to recline against the body of one whom he supposed dead, but who feeling the pressure of his weight uttered a low moan, at the same time making a feeble effort to escape the burden. Harold turned his head towards him, and at once recognized the pale face of Israel Baneswright, bearing the ghastly expression of approaching death. He addressed him by name, but he answered only by a groan. At length he gradually regained his consciousness, and in a voice that seemed to come from one whose spirit was already on tip−toe for another world, asked who was there.

"Your friend Harold Habingdon," answered the other, and the name seemed to awaken the last spark of life.

"Thou art come too late to help me," said Israel.

"Alas? I am as helpless as yourself."

"Art thou too wounded?"

"Yes, sorely."

"And in what cause? That of a tyrant king, or a suffering people?"

"I serve under Oliver Cromwell."

"Enough—we will then die together; and I for my part would die rejoicingly, did I but know that the Philistines have been conquered and on the field where I perish."

"Thy wish is granted. The Royal army has been defeated utterly, and chased from the field. I doubt if it will rally again."

The news seemed to awaken Israel to new life and energy. He raised himself partly from the ground, and exclaimed with an enthusiasm that seemed only more energetic from his weakness—

"Praise be to the Lord of Hosts! The malignant adversary is smitten, hip and thigh; the usurping Prelacy are sinking under the weight of a persecuted people; the kingdom of anti−Christ is falling, and those who have been crushed under its foot shall crush it under their foot in turn. The great armies of Gog and Magog are fleeing before the might of the godly. Let us pray with Joshua, that the sun may stand still in Gideon, and the moon in the valley of Aijalon, that there be time to smite the Philistines, even without mercy, as they have dealt towards the children of righteousness."

Exhausted by the effort, he sank again to the ground and spoke no more. Harold eagerly inquired after Susan; but he answered not. His spirit had departed, and the last breath of one whose temper was originally mild and forgiving, was expended in maledictions on his fellow creatures. Such are the effects of religious persecution,

equally the offspring and the parent of bigotry.

By this time straggling parties of the victorious army were beginning to return; and commencing their first duty to their wounded fellow−soldiers, discovered the body of Harold still among the living, but almost drained of the fountain of life. He was borne to a tent, where his wound was examined and pronounced not in itself mortal, though the great loss of blood he had sustained rendered his recovery doubtful. His youth, a good constitution, and a patient firmness, at length by slow degrees overcame his extreme debility, and in due time he was able to walk abroad. Conscious, however, that the lingering debility which not only weighed his body but his spirit to the earth, would for some time incapacitate him for active service, he asked and obtained leave of absence and returned home, where he found everything precisely in the same place he had left it, and Gilbert just about setting out the dinner table, as usual. The good old man was so surprised at seeing him, that he dropt a bundle of spoons he carried in his hand, which so discomfited him that he forgot to welcome his young master, till he had carefully picked them up again.

Harold returned to Habingdon an altered man. During the period of his service his religious and political opinions had settled down on the platform of the most rigid of the sect of the Puritans. He had fought and bled for them, and they had become more precious for the price. The habit of fighting against his king, had quite effaced all reverence for his authority; and the example of those with whom he had daily associated in danger and death, gradually made him a thorough convert, not only to their opinions, but their manners and habits. He had become a Roundhead and republican. His deportment was characterized by a sour austerity, which scorned all appearance of gaiety, and seldom relaxed into a smile. A secret feeling of superiority over those he chose to call the wicked, at war with Christian humility, had gradually insinuated itself into his heart, and generated that spiritual pride so utterly unworthy the spirit of Christianity and its author. So far as respected his principles and conduct, he was a man of the strictest integrity; but he had ceased to be amiable, and though gifted with qualities that might gain respect, could scarcely hope to be loved by those around him.

It was long ere he thoroughly recovered; and during the period of his convalescence the Royal cause was ruined, and the King in the hands of his enemies. His party ceased to make head in the field, and it was not long before the errors and weaknesses, which would have been more venial had they not been those of a sovereign, were atoned by a death inflicted by The Judges of Kings, who taught him by sad experience, that monarchs are not alone accountable to heaven for their actions, but that there is a High Tribunal on earth to which they may be brought for judgment. Hitherto kings had paid the forfeit of their crimes against the people, by becoming the victims of conspiracy, assassination, and war; but now for the first time did a sovereign fall by the axe of the executioner, according to the forms, at least, of law and justice. It was a memorable example, and, say what we will, a sublime spectacle, to see a monarch atoning for his offences against his people, like one of the people. The punishment may have been illegal, but who shall say it was not just.

Harold had left the service, sometime previous to the death of the King, in consequence of his regiment being disbanded, and remained at home, a quiet though deeply interested observer of those succeeding struggles and intrigues, by which unprincipled, ambitious men at length justly forfeited that freedom it had cost so much blood to acquire. They had united in achieving victory, but quarreled about the division of the spoils; or to do them justice, perhaps it may have been that a difference of opinion as to the adoption of a new system of government was one great cause of those divisions which were now approaching a crisis. But Harold had another subject which approached nearer his heart. He had not forgotten Susan Baneswright; and his deep−rooted affection for that orphan girl was only more quickened by the recollection that she was now without a father or protector. He sought her, and instituted inquiries in all directions that afforded the least hope of success, but could gain no clue to guide him in his further search, and finally sat down in despair of ever seeing her again. This disappointment of the dearest of his earthly hopes only increased the gloomy severity of his devotion, for religion and love are in some degree antidotes to each other, and the disappointments of the heart often seek consolation in devotion.

While in this state of mind, circumstances not material to our story called him to a distant part of the country not far from the borders of Wales. It was midsummer, the weather soft and balmy, and the landscape everywhere displayed that rich redundancy of green pasture for which old England is so renowned. One evening towards sunset, as he rode along, buried in contemplations in which the past predominated over the present and future, he was roused from his reverie by the sudden darkness which came upon him, occasionally illuminated by flashes of lightning, followed by quick crashes of thunder. At once the present resumed its empire, and, as often happens in

this world of sudden changes, the pains of memory were banished by the prospect of an approaching shower. The anticipation of a wet jacket is a sovereign remedy for sentimental regrets. It has a marvellous cooling influence on the fever of the spirits and acts as a showerbath on the heated brain. Powerful as is the influence of memory and imagination, reality is stronger than either or both combined; and notwithstanding all that may have been said or sung of mental sorrows, they fade away like spectres before the stern realities of physical suffering. The Patriarch Job bore the loss of his cattle, his houses, and his children without a murmur; but when his body was covered with boils, and he writhed in the agonies of pain, he groaned aloud, and his patience was conquered.

Be this as it may, Harold pricked on his weary steed in hope of gaining some friendly shelter in cottage, barn, or outhouse. But the storm proved too swift in the race, and he was overtaken by a pelting rain opposite a rustic temple of learning, the small fry of which had just been dismissed for the day, and scampered home, anxious to escape a ducking. This being the only place of shelter in sight, he forthwith rode up to it, and fastening his horse to a post, opened the door, through which he bolted without knocking; your pelting shower being a great enemy to ceremony. The first object that caught his attention was a female, who seemed somewhat alarmed at his intrusion, for she trembled violently, and her face was very pale. A second glance, followed by a fixed gaze of intense interest, disclosed to Harold the object which had so long occupied his thoughts, and influenced his actions. It was Susan Baneswright, who at once recognising him, after a slight hesitation came forward, addressed him by name, and offered her hand, with a pensive smile of chastened welcome. Years had passed away since they parted, yet in gazing on her he could see little change in her face or person. The attractive power of her face depended not on color but expression; and the placid firmness of her mind, as well as the gentleness of her temper, had preserved her in the midst of great trials from those violent emotions of passion which undermine the constitution, and perhaps more than any other cause, contribute to shorten as well as embitter the brief period of existence allotted to men. Her face still wore that sweet expression of submissive melancholy, which had from the first irresistibly called forth his sympathy; while her person, clothed in the simplest fashion and most homely texture, was yet graceful from its natural proportions, as well as attractive from the absence of all affectation.

It will be recollected that Harold had never disclosed his attachment in words, except to her father, who she had neither seen nor heard from since the interview heretofore recorded; and if she had become conscious of his feelings, it was doubtless through the medium of that mysterious sympathy said to constitute a sort of magnetic telegraph, but which after all is perhaps nothing more than the dumb eloquence of the eyes. The meeting, therefore, was not that of mutual lovers, but long separated friends. Though friendly, perhaps cordial, it was accompanied by that sober, staid formality peculiar to the sect to which they belonged; and not a word passed that could be translated into the language of love. We will not say as much of their looks, or that the eye did not make ample amends for the delinquency of the tongue.

After mutual greetings, the storm being passed away as suddenly as it came, Harold leading his horse by the bridle, accompanied Susan to her abode in a small hamlet, which though close at hand, was hid by a green wooded hill that soared above the rustic chimneys. She resided with an elderly widowed dame, whose husband had died fighting against his king, and who was of the strictest sect of the Puritans. The pious widow received Harold somewhat ungraciously; but being apprised by Susan that he was an old friend of her father, and of course of the right stamp, she abated somewhat of her acidity, and accorded him her blessing. While busily occupied with her household affairs, the which she accompanied occasionally with a hymn of more piety than poetry, Harold and Susan being left to themselves entered into mutual details of their past history.

Harold related the principal incidents of his life since they parted, omitting the scene after the battle of Naseby, as well as the particulars of Israel's visit, and dwelling slightly on his anxious search for Susan. The narrative of Susan was one of grief and suffering. On leaving the prison they had continued to lead a sort of itinerant life. Israel exhorted the people to rise in their might and smite the Philistines, until at length excited beyond all restraint by continually hearing of the vicissitudes of the conflict, now at its height, he girded on his sword, and proceeded to join the army of Cromwell, who he considered the chiefest of the saints. Here he exhorted and fought with equal enthusiasm, until he met his death on the famous field of Naseby, while hotly pursuing a flying squadron of loyalists, and exhorting his companions to scatter the armies of Gog and Magog like chaff before the winds. But of this catastrophe Susan knew nothing certain, though accustomed to consider him as dead. Not long after the departure of Israel, his wife, worn out by the hardships and exposures she had encountered as well from duty and affection to her helpmate as from pious conviction, gradually declined in her health, and sunk into the

grave, leaving Susan without a protector, save the good woman in whose house she now resided. Not to be a burden to her, she had managed to gather together a little school, from which she derived a homely support, which sufficed for all her wants. When her story was finished, she anxiously inquired of Harold if he could give her any information concerning the fate of her father.

Without entering into minute particulars, he communicated the death of Israel on the field of Naseby and the information was received with humble resignation, as only confirming what she had long believed. After a pause devoted to filial piety and love, she addressed Harold with mingled sorrow and resignation.

"The will of Heaven be done. I have long believed myself without a parent, without a home, and without a friend, save him who has promised to protect those who have no other protector. My dear mother breathed her last in my arms; I saw her die, and her last words were spoken to me. Of my father's fate, though well assured something serious had befallen him, I was ignorant till now, and the certainty, fearful as it may be, is less painful than uncertainty without hope. There is one thing yet left me. I have still duties to perform, and it is a blessed dispensation that the indigent, in administering to the wants of others, provide for their own."

The heart of Harold swelled with overwhelming emotion at this affecting lesson of philosophic piety. A flood of tenderness rushed to his heart, and he could no longer restrain his emotions.

"Susan," he exclaimed—"Dear Susan, do not say you are alone in the world without a home or a friend, when one such stands before you to whom you are dear as the apple of his eye, the breath of his life—I might almost say, the welfare of his soul—"

"Forbear, Harold"—interrupted Susan—"forbear, Harold Habingdon. Place not thine immortal part in comparison with thy mortal affections. Thy heart thou mayest give away; thy soul belongs to God."

"Nay, hear me, Susan. From the moment I exchanged that last look at the prison door, my thoughts have dwelt on thee by day and by night, in sickness and health, in the calm hour of contemplation, and in the hurry of battle. In the jail when forsaken and perishing with hunger, hopeless of relief, and often wandering from myself, so long as my mind retained its consciousness, I thought of thee. And when I lay gasping on the field of blood, with nothing but woe and death around me, still I thought of thee—"

"Forbear, Harold—forbear. This is no time to talk on such a subject. It becomes me now to mourn the breaking of former ties, rather than think of new ones."

"Forgive me, Susan—we have met by accident, and accident may soon part us. Let me tell thee all, and then answer truly, as thy heart may dictate. When after retiring from the army, I recovered from my wound, I sought thee wherever I thought it probable thou mightest be found, nor did I rest until all hope of finding thee was gone. We have at length met, and chance has done for me what my own exertions could not accomplish. Let us never, I beseech thee, part again. Like thee, I stand alone in the world. I am the last of my race, with none to share my thoughts, or control my actions; and thou, dearest Susan, thou art a stricken deer, alone in a forest, without a protector. I offer you a refuge and a home; I offer you a heart devoted to your happiness and I expect a decisive answer. Speak to me, my beloved— answer me, are we never to part, or never to meet again?"

For the first time since he had known her, the steady, well−poised mind of Susan seemed shaken to its base. During this address she became greatly agitated by a struggle which relieved itself neither by tears or words. At length recovering in some degree, she raised her eyes to his, and perceiving the eager expectation with which he awaited a reply meekly said—

"What can I bring as my dower but poverty and misfortune. My inheritance, alas! is disappointed hopes, and sorrowful recollections.

"What canst thou bring me"—cried Harold, the deep−buried enthusiasm and energy of his character bursting forth like a torrent long pent up—"Thou canst bring me the most precious of all earthly dowers, a gentle, pious, virtuous wife, in whom I may trust with the faith of a martyr. Thou canst bring me peace, content, joy, and felicity. Thou canst make my house the abode of happiness, and its master the most blessed of men. Talk not then of poverty and misfortune—I have enough to ward off one, and my watchful care will, with the blessing of Heaven, shield thee from the other. Answer me, Susan, wilt thou be mine—wilt thou entrust thy happiness to me for this life? One word—and give thy hand as a token."

"I will"—whispered the maiden, and gave him her hand. At that moment love triumphed over the self−denying ordinances of the sect; he pressed her to his bosom; he kissed her with all the ardor of long continued abstinence suddenly bidden to a plenteous feast, while Susan, doubtless taken by surprise, quietly submitted to the inexorable

canons of nature. The contract being thus sealed, Harold related to her the occasion of his journey, and besought Susan to become his bride on his return, which would be in a few days. But here her unconquerable sense of duty presented an insurmountable obstacle. She had engaged herself as a teacher during a period of which more than a month remained, and steadily refused to break her engagement, though he eagerly offered to compound with the villagers.

"No, Harold," said she, "I will not violate one engagement, however unimportant, while about to enter into another so solemn and lasting"—adding, with the first happy smile he had ever seen light up her pensive brow, and which made her look almost beautiful—"I fear thou wilt not trust me hereafter as a wife, if I prove faithless to these little children."

Harold respected her scruples, and after appointing the day on which he was to return and claim his bride, bade Susan a farewell, which caused her cheek to wax almost as red as her lips. As he left the house he heard the good mistress of the mansion chaunting with awful nasal twang, the following lines, that seemed ominous. "Why should vain mortals hope for bliss, In such a wicked world as this, Where Satan goes about in wrath, And sin lurks in each pilgrim's path."

# CHAPTER V.

Metaphysical Subtilties—Anticipation and Reality—Obstinacy and Principle—Some Morsels of Wisdom Crammed down the Reader's Throat in Spite of His Wry Faces—A Prophecy—An Orthodox Serving Man—Disgust of Harold at the Profligacy of the Cavaliers— Meditates a Decisive Movement, and Does a very Foolish Thing— A Complaisant Helpmate—Eulogium on the New World—A Voyage in Search of the Philosopher's Stone, to wit, Happiness.

The journey of Harold was agreeably solaced by the recollection of certain passages at arms that had, as hinted at in the preceding chapter, taken place between himself and Susan, as well as by the anticipation of their speedy renewal, with additions and improvements. They say still water runs deepest, and there is another venerable proverb, to a like purpose, not quite genteel enough for the verbal squeamishness of the present age, which, with due deference be it spoken, swallows down whole mouthfuls of abominations disguised in the delicate embroidery of exquisitely harmless words, and while it strains at a gnat, religiously swallows a camel. Be this as it may; an old friend, to whom we are indebted for all the wisdom expended in this work, assures us it is a fact verified by his own experience, that the melting of the ice in the heart of a staid, sober, abstemious gentleman is invariably succeeded by a terrible overflowing of the long imprisoned waters, which like an autumnal freshet, carries all before it, tearing up the ground into the bargain.

It is not therefore wise, he says, to turn our backs in sour disdain on the good things spread out before us by the bounty of Providence; to consider them, not as benefactions to be partaken of in sober moderation, but as temptations purposely laid in our way as practical lessons of self−denial. Those enjoyments which neither injure ourselves, interfere with the happiness of others, or violate the laws and decorums of society, are in fact in themselves most effectual barriers against the indulgence of those criminal propensities which at one and the same time undermine our own happiness and destroy that of others. Give to mankind innocent amusements, and they will be far less likely to seek for guilty pleasures. But it will generally be found that those who whet their appetites, by rigorously abstaining from one enjoyment, are the most voracious in the gratification of others; and that he who rails most loudly at the ninety−nine innocent pleasures of life most commonly selects the hundredth, as an exception, and converts it into a vice, by excessive indulgence. These remarks, continues the prosing old gentleman, apply to all ages, but most especially to that gay and joyous season when free from the cares of manhood, and the infirmities of age, the youthful spirit seems fairly entitled to nature's vernal holiday. Those who view with impatient spleen their merry gambols, or listen with sour disdain to the jocund laugh, that springs from all absence from care, as well as freedom from pain, might as well find fault with the spring for producing nothing but blossoms. But to resume our tale.

Harold certainly verified the old gentleman's theory, for he was in a tumult of hopes and anticipations, unworthy a person who had so long valued himself on his contempt for sublunary enjoyments. The ice had suddenly melted; his ardent soul which had been ere while occupied in curbing the steed, now relaxed the bridle, or rather dropped it entirely, and made itself full amends for the past by anticipations of the future. The sturdy Puritan actually took to castle building, and had his horse been as much in love as himself, it is extremely questionable whether on his return home, he would not have been lost in the Fens of Lincolnshire. But owing to the sagacity of the discreet animal, he arrived in safety, but not until after missing his way occasionally when he came to a cross−road. Here with the aid of old Gilbert, he set about putting his household in order for the reception of its new mistress, during which it was an observation of Gilbert, that his young master neither sung psalms, or prayed as often as usual, and twice missed a conventicle.

Time always limps, when driven too fast. He has something of the donkey, and if you attempt to prick him beyond his usual speed, will but out his forefeet, make a dead stand, and bray most vociferously. It was thus with Harold, who was out of all patience, and put Gilbert almost out of his wits, by hurrying the dinner every day, as if that would hasten the march of time. "Gilbert," said he one day, "what day of the week is it?" Gilbert considered the matter maturely and answered, "Friday, sir." "'Slife, I thought it was Saturday," said Harold, turning away impatiently, to the infinite astonishment of Gilbert, who had never heard his young master come so nigh swearing

before.

But time is withal a sure−footed steed, and never fails to reach the end of his journey at last. The fated hour arrived, and Harold, dressed in a new suit, that actually smacked a little of the cavalier, departed on his mission, from which he in due time returned with his wife. Without entering into minute details, which however are a great help to an author in time of sore distress, when the catastrophe of his story threatens to pounce upon him, long before his two volumes are completed—we shall be content with observing that for the usual period which it is said is governed by the moon—he enjoyed as much happiness as is good for mankind. But whether it be that there is that in the institution of matrimony, which like a magnifying glass causes the merest trifles to appear important, or that the parties are drawn into such intimate communion that they cannot conceal, or be blind to the faults or foibles of each other, or that familiarity produces the result which has become proverbial, certain it is, that after the expiration of that period so hallowed in the annals of wedded life, Harold and Susan were not quite so happy as they had anticipated.

All men, says our wise old friend, and as is affirmed by scandalous persons, all women have a way of their own, and like to have their own way. Now there is an infinite variety of nothings in domestic life, which though in themselves of no consequence, constitute the most fruitful source of trifling disagreements and contradictions that too often in the end produce coolness, if not alienation. We have somewhere heard of a couple of the fondest, best tempered people in the world, who unfortunately, one day, in the middle of a long, gloomy, drizzly week in November, during which the sun suffered a total eclipse, fell into an argument on the question whether people have ten fingers, or only eight fingers and two thumbs. They parted without settling the question, and the next day it was renewed with additional vivacity. The habit grew upon them, and each party waxed more warm as well as obstinate. They began to complain bitterly of the peevishness of each other, and finally agreed to a separation on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Were it possible to penetrate the deep mysteries of wedlock, it would probably be found that in a vast many, perhaps a majority of cases, matrimonial dissentions arise from a difference of opinion on matters of not the least consequence and to which the parties are totally indifferent.

Harold was a man of principle. He did everything on principle, and often applied his principles to things that involved no principle whatever. Susan, too, was governed by principle; she was obstinately good, though to do her justice, it was only passive obstinacy, that of non−resistance. No earthly motive could tempt her to do wrong, or act against her settled conviction. It would have been better for both, had they confined their adherence to principle to those acts which involve the obligations of duty to ourselves and others; but they went much farther, and when there was neither right or wrong in the case, strictly adhered to principle. Yet with all this, Susan possessed a temper of the sweetest complacency, and never on any occasion contended with her husband. When, as sometimes happened, Harold found fault with her, she would only ply her needle with greater rapidity, and exclaim—"My dear, I don't hear—I don't hear."

That perseverance, our old friend continues, nay, obstinacy in doing right is a noble characteristic in man or woman cannot be denied; and yet it requires to be kept within certain bounds, or it may chance to degenerate into obstinacy in doing wrong. Nothing is more common than to mistake prejudice for principle, or the suggestions of passion for the dictates of reason. The desire of having our own way, the mere indulgence of the will is often the substitute for a conviction of right, and in many, very many cases what is called acting on principle, is only an excuse for a determination to do as we please. Even conscience is not always an infallible guide, else we had not so often seen whole nations forgetting the obligations of humanity, charity and justice, and exterminating each other for a mere difference of opinion. It is however the best we have; and though partaking in the common weakness of our nature, should be handled with gloves, least from a sleeping lamb it becomes a raging tiger.

There are a vast many occasions, most especially in the daily intercourse of domestic life, in which it is not worth while to be obstinate, and where opposition is oftener the result of wilfulness than reason. It is in yielding to others, in such small affairs, that what is called good nature consists. This is the honey that sweetens the cup of human life; the great cement of our social relations, which consists as much in mutual forbearance, as in mutual good offices. A married pair should equally keep clear of the two extremes, of absolute independence, and grovelling submission. Most especially should they avoid all argument, which is only another name for contention. The wise old gentleman from whom we have again quoted, is clearly of this opinion, and earnestly recommends the example of a friend of his, who whenever his wife expresses dissent to any opinion, or proposition, invariably replies, "well, my dear, then there is an end to the argument,"—takes up his hat, and

quietly goes about his business.

The same old gentleman begs to caution our readers against a fundamental error of a certain married couple, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, whose domestic harmony was grievously undermined, by a habit of contending, not which should have his, or her way, but which should concede it to the other. This produced very serious conflicts, which generally ended in the husband exclaiming, "Zounds, madam, do you think to always have your own way? I desire you to understand that I too have a will of my own." The old gentleman, however, observes, that this is rather an uncommon case, and constitutes an exception. He further remarks, that argument between the rival domestic powers, is most especially dangerous, where both parties agree; and affirms he has seen two people exceedingly discomposed, at finding after a long and warm discussion, there was in fact no difference of opinion.

The gentle and impatient reader will pardon us, if we occasionally indulge in a little wholesome digression, though in opposition to certain critics, who lay it down as one of the orthodox canons of criticism, that a story is like a top, which breaks down the moment it stands still. The author, they affirm, should be constantly whipping his top, to prevent this catastrophe, and the more it hums the better for both himself and his reader. Like old Virginia, he must never tire, nor linger on his way, to pluck a flower, or sketch some lovely scene of nature that wooes him as he passes along. "Sentiment, sir,"—ordained one of these infallible doctors—"sentiment is impertinent, and morality out of place in a story. It is as bad as mint sauce to venison, or stuffing to a canvas−back duck. It is out of place, sir—it interrupts the progress of the story, which should be all action, passion, adventure, blood, murder, fire, fury, fretting, fuming, and phrenzy This is what I call power; it is the steam that gives motion to the engine, and sets the author and his reader going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The most racy book I ever read was an abridgement of the Romances of Mrs. Radcliffe and some others, in which all the connecting links were left out, and nothing retained but the incidents."

We agree perfectly with our thunderbolt of a critic, but shall not follow his precepts. We don't see why an author has not as good a right to please himself, as his readers have to be pleased. The latter buy his book at their peril, and if it should chance not to please them, they can take the worth of their money in abusing him soundly. This is what statesmen call reciprocity. Now we confess, that though in the downhill of life, and much nearer the bottom than the top, we like to roam about a little out of the direct course of narrative, even if we pluck only weeds in our way, and have a decided antipathy to authors who cannot be dull whenever they please. The only legitimate excuse for publishing a book is, that the writer either is, or fancies himself, wiser than all the rest of the world put together. He should, therefore, take the bit between his teeth at the first start, and follow his own way, regardless of his riders, the critics. If they should chance to pelt him with old shoes, or hiss him as he passes, he has an infallible resource in the judgment of posterity. Let him appeal to the great court of chancery, whose function it is to reprieve an author after he has been hanged, drawn, and quartered. But although the preceding speculations may seem a wanton digression, the judicious reader will, if we are not mistaken, detect their bearing on the sequel of our narrative.

Years passed away, and notwithstanding the little breezes that ruffled the surface of the stream of life and shook the verdant leaves, without causing them to fall, Harold and Susan continued to enjoy themselves in comparative peace. The only events of consequence that happened during this period, were the birth of a daughter, which shook the leaves a little when about to give her a name, and the death of honest Gilbert Taverner, who had never held up his venerable head since the luckless day when his mistress commanded him to change the disposition of the salt−cellars at dinner. The first time he did this, his hand trembled so that he spilled the entire contents of one, and was so agitated, that though the salt fell between himself and his mistress, he forgot the indispensable ceremony of casting a portion over his left shoulder. To the conviction that a terrible feud was at hand between his mistress and himself, was added another, to wit, that the House of Habingdon was nodding to its fall; concerning which he had been assured by his grandfather, who was accounted almost as old as Methusalah, there was an ancient prophecy which ran as follows:— When ye saulte sal daunce aboute ye tabelle, Then tymes wille comme ryghte execrabelle, And ye olde house of Habingdonne, See tymes ytte sal never see agone. Sancte Rumbold and Sancte Frideswyde, Keepe ys houe, or wae betyde.

Gilbert had never before heard of either of these Sanctes; but ever after continued to pray devoutly for their good offices in behalf of the House of Habingdon, until in later times, he gradually imbibed such an orthodox antipathy to the entire Roman Calendar, and such a horror of St. Peter especially, that he could scarcely refrain

from railing against his fellow apostles. He felt assured that a house that had no better support than Sancte Rumbold and Sancte Frideswyde, could not stand forever, and in fact wondered at its having stood so long. In short he had become a convert to his master's opinions, or rather example, and cherished such a virulent prejudice against the Pope, whom he always denounced in orthodox phrase, together with all the adjuncts, appurtenances, and ceremonies of Popery, that he abjured the four cardinal points, and lost all respect for prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude, when told they were cardinal virtues. The good old man—for he was as honest as the day, and as harmless as a ghost, soon pined away under the innovations of his mistress, and his fears for the House of Habingdon. His brief remaining history is that of all the human race; he sickened, died, was buried and forgotten by all but the author of this tale.

In the meantime, Harold remained at home, a quiet though by no means an uninterested spectator of passing events. He formed no intimacies with his neighbors, who were of different sects, and received few visitors but travelling preachers of his own persuasion, whose zeal not unfrequently approached the burning confines of fanaticism. With this exception, the daily routine of his life would have become tedious by its uniformity, had he not found perpetual excitement in the increasing fervency of his devotions, which gradually filled up a great portion of his time, and precluded all amusements or relaxation. He warred against rural pleasures, and rustic recreations; the merry song of the milk−maid was hushed in his domain; the sound of laughter never echoed within his walls; he often turned distastefully from the smile of the infant Miriam, now beginning to sport and prattle; and was only reconciled to the music of the merry minstrels of the morning, by the idea that they were chaunting their spiritual songs. Though a man of more than ordinary talents, and of undoubted worth, he was not liked by his inferiors, or popular among his equals. His wife was gentle and affectionate, and his daughter obeyed him implicitly; but the feeling they cherished towards him was what the Indian meant, when he wished to describe that of his tribe for white men—it was that of "Fear−love." His limited intercourse being, as before stated, confined to a single class, instead of expanding his mind and liberalizing his principles, only served to contract the one, and render the other more rigid and intolerant. He fancied himself humble, but if so, it was only to his Maker, not towards his fellow−creatures. He became infected with the very worst species of pride—spiritual pride—and finally wrapt himself up in the mantle of self−righteousness, like the Pharisees of old.

The Dissenters were now in the ascendancy, and instead of forgetting, only remembered the persecutions they had suffered, to retaliate on those who had inflicted them. The wolves in sheep's clothing, as they were opprobriously called, had now a full taste of the cup they had proffered to the lips of others; the churches changed occupants; and the universities were treated pretty much as they were at the Reformation. The Parliamentary forces had taken possession of Oxford, and their chaplains possessed themselves of the pulpits, where, as a cotemporary writer of the opposite party says—"Their preaching was the cause of great scorn in some and laughter in others; because their prayers and sermons were long and tedious; because they made wry mouths, squint eyes, and screwed faces, quite altering them from what God and nature had made them; because they had antic behavior, squeaking voices, and feeling tones, fit rather for stage players and country beggars to use, than such as were to expound the Scriptures."

But what most excited the indignation of the loyalists, was an ordinance of the Parliamentary visitors, directing that the bellsman of the university should not go about in the customary manner, at the funeral of any member of the university; that the fashion of gowns and caps should be changed; and "that all excess and vanity in powdering their hair, wearing knots of ribands on their clothes and in their hats; walking in boots, spurs, and boot−hose tops," should be abandoned. Our readers may smile at those seemingly unimportant matters, but the history of religious dissentions will inform them that lesser causes than these have set the world in arms, and deluged the earth with blood. It requires the utmost exertion of despotic power to change the fashion of a hat, the cut of the coat, or the mode of wearing the hair.

But though the enemies of royalty had got the upper hand, and gained the prize they sought, the most difficult and delicate crisis had not been passed. The rights for which the patriots had struggled were indeed attained, but it seemed they knew not what to do with them; and the establishment of a new government proved a more difficult task than that of pulling down an old one. The labor of removing the rubbish was greater than that of erecting a new building and in addition to this, the workmen employed differed altogether in the plan of the edifice. Presbyterians, Puritans, Anabaptists, Brownists, Levelers, and Independents were mixed pell−mell together, without any cement to the heterogenous mass; and Harold began seriously to apprehend, that if this state of things

continued much longer, the people, tired of being tossed about at random on the ever−changing ocean, would eventually seek the old haven, and voluntarily give back what they had forcibly wrested away. His fears were realized even sooner than he anticipated, and he believed his old commander, Cromwell, invested with a power greater than that of royalty, though masked under a different name. It could scarcely be called a usurpation, since in reality no established authority existed in England. The royal power was in abeyance. The sceptre lay in Oliver's way, and he found it. Anarchy can only be cured by despotism; and when contending factions, each equally incapable of maintaining that permanent ascendancy which is indispensable to the peace and order of communities, are steering the vessel of state at random, amid shoals and quicksands, the master−mind must seize the helm, to secure a safe harbor, and to do this he must be sole commander.

Harold, as before hinted, had almost imperceptibly become a sturdy republican, or Seceder, as they were denominated by the cavaliers—and the elevation of Cromwell, to the supreme power of the state, galled him sorely. His death after a few years of brilliant successes, in which he did much for England, but little for his own happiness; the accession and abdication of his son Richard; the erection of a council of state; and at length the restoration of Charles the Second without conditions, all followed in quick succession. Thus the same men, though still in the meridian of life, had lived to see those rights which had been purchased by years of civil commotion and bloodshed, voluntarily surrendered back, by a people wearied by a succession of changes, which placed them perpetually at the mercy of cabals and factions.

It was at this period, that Harold, disgusted with the abortive issue of that great struggle, in which he had prayed, fought and bled; and apprehensive of the return of those persecutions, which in his heart he could not deny the Puritans had justly merited by their conduct during their ascendancy, began to meditate a decisive movement. When he witnessed the frivolity of manners, the relaxation of morals, and the insulting ridicule heaped on the heads of the Puritans, his heart swelled with mingled sorrow and indignation, and he turned his thoughts to the far off wilderness of the West, where, among the savage Pagans, he hoped to find that toleration which Christian charity had hitherto withheld. The vision of the medina of a new world, whither already the victims of persecution had sought and found a refuge, had often flitted before his fancy previous to this despicable termination of a great revolution, made little by the littleness of men. But it was at this time considered a daring enterprize, requiring not only courage, hardihood, and self−denial, but a pious confidence in the support and direction of Providence. Harold possessed all these requisites, and having at length with cautious deliberation decided on his course, proceeded promptly to carry it out. His first step was to propose it to Susan, who though accustomed to buffet the ills of life, shrunk from such hardships, dangers, and privations, as she had heard detailed by eye witnesses, returned from the land of the Pilgrims.

"I love my country, Susan," said Harold—"I have shed my blood in what I thought, and still think, a great and good cause, and I am ready to do it again, whenever there is any hope it will not be shed in vain. But I have lived to see that freedom which I had hoped to achieve sacrificed to that very family which has endeavored to crush it for generations past. I have lived to see all sorts of profaneness, lewdness, luxury, and vice, spreading far and wide, through the example of the King and his courtiers, by whom all virtue, decency and sobriety, are ridiculed and laughed to scorn. I see the Parliament united with the court, and ready to sacrifice the people for the wages of corruption. My countrymen are bought and sold like cattle or slaves, and no man is safe, but by bribery or flattery. It is true that our lives are as yet spared; but who can rely on the act of indemnity, or put faith in a King whose word is made a subject of ridicule by a profligate rhymster? What tie can bind a dissolute monarch, and a slavish Parliament, one of whom openly sets at defiance the commands of his Maker, while the other is equally regardless of the rights of His creatures. When I see such men as Vane, Lambert, Hardrigge, Milton and Ludlow, offered up on the scaffold, or hunted into exile, I feel a conviction that my own insignificance is my only protection. Let us go, and seek in the new world what is denied in the old."

"Alas, Harold"—replied the meek, submissive wife— looking down on little Miriam, who stood wondering at the earnest energy of her father, whose discourse she hardly comprehended—"Alas! would you take me and our daughter from our home, to be buffeted by the waves of the sea, and encounter the still greater perils of the land? To bury us in the howling wilderness, where we and our posterity must sojourn with wild savages, and savage beasts, perhaps in time to become savages like them, and lose all reverence for the laws of man or the will of God? What is the new world, and what will it ever be but an unpeopled wilderness?"

"Cease, Susan—thou speakest like a woman, or rather like a child. Know that the moment in which the

inspired navigator, Columbus, caught sight of the new world, was fraught with consequences more extensive, important, and lasting, than ever originated in any single act of any human being that has existed since the fall of Adam. It was the recovery of a lost child of the universe, destined, if I foresee aright, to grow up into a giant, possessing all the activity of youth, all the energies of ripened manhood, and all the experience and sagacity of a green old age. It gave a new impulse to human action and enterprise; it provided a refuge from civil oppression and religious persecution; it offered a boundless field for the cramped energies of the mind and the fettered activity of the body; it held out rich rewards to courage and genius; it promised to enterprise wealth, to industry competence, food to the hungry, and freedom to the oppressed. The old world has long been the exclusive property of the rich and powerful; but here is one that seems expressly created for the indigent and lowly. America is the poor man's inheritance. The land we live in already grows weary of her inhabitants, insomuch that man, the most precious of all creatures, is here become more vile and base than the earth he treads upon. The social and domestic ties are as burnt flax, and children, friends and neighbors, are become burthens instead of blessings, because they stand in each others way, and the laborers are too great for the harvest. Let us quit, forever, this doomed land; let us go where men are required to carry into effect the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and can assume their proper place, as joint proprietors of that earth which was bestowed not on the eldest son, but all the posterity of Adam. Let us straightway set forth on our pilgrimage while we may. The blood of martyrs has been shed in vain, and what was won by the virtue of the people has been lost by the degeneracy of their leaders. But such is the fate of nations; they fight and conquer; they trust and are betrayed."

It will be perceived, that Harold, with all his outward coat of ice, had a warm under−current of ardent enthusiasm, which flowed from the fountain of nature, and could not at times be repressed. His enthusiasm, though in a great measure absorbed in his piety, occasionally took another direction, and when thus awakened, flowed impetuously in its new channel. Susan was overawed, if not convinced, and expressed her submission as follows, pointing to Miriam:

"This is the daughter of my affection, but thou art the husband of my earliest love. They claim is stronger than hers, and therefore, will I go whither thou goest, and risk this dear pledge to all the perils that may befall, in obedience to my heart and my duty. The earth is our mother, and we shall find our kindred dust wherever we abide."

Harold ought to have kissed his wife, and thanked her for the sacrifice thus offered to conjugal duty. But like very many sturdy advocates of the right of self−government, out of doors, he did not apply the doctrine practically within. He had adopted the Salique law in domestic matters, and confined female jurisdiction to certain limits, which no republican female of our days would probably submit to, without a deal of preliminary discipline. He therefore received this concession without any special acknowledgment; for which omission, in our opinion, he forfeited all claim to the like in future. When any woman—most especially a wife—gives up an opinion, or sacrifices a wish, even though the one may be wrong, and the other unreasonable, she deserves a kiss at least, if not a suit of new drawing−room furniture from Paris.

This decisive point being settled, Harold proceeded without delay to prepare for his pilgrimage to the New World, which, in our poor opinion, is a great improvement on the old one in many particulars. It was some time before he could find a purchaser for his estate, to his liking, for he made a point of not disposing of it to a cavalier. One promising negotiation was broken off by a discussion on free will; another by a difference of opinion in the interpretation of a text; a third ended in a downright quarrel concerning the respective merits of Luther and Calvin; while a fourth, involving the duty of charity to all mankind, was concluded by Harold turning his antagonist out of doors.

At length he succeeded in finding a chapman altogether unexceptionable, who so thoroughly agreed with him in his opinion, that everybody said he got a great bargain. Having gone through all the necessary preliminaries, it now became his painful task to take a final leave of a home hallowed by the recollections of so many centuries. It was indeed a spot equally endeared by past association and quiet rural beauty. The mansion house was neither spacious nor tasteful; on the contrary, it was by no means remarkable for its size, and had little to please the eye, save a quaint picturesque irregularity, accompanied by an aspect of most venerable antiquity, without being quite as old as the family, but sufficiently so to combine all those conveniencies of arrangement, which, owing to the progress of the age and the development of mind, are now denounced as sore inconveniences. It was of a dark slatey colored stone; the walls prodigiously thick; the ceilings prodigiously low; the windows narrow and deep;

and there was a vast many hiding places for rats, ghosts, refugees, and all persons that might find it convenient to be missing.

A pigmy river ran in front of the house, which was seated on a pretty steep bank, terraced down to the shore, fringed with grass and decked with a long row of majestic trees that strongly smacked of the antiquity of the House of Habingdon. The windings of the little pastoral stream might be seen for miles above and below, and its murmurs, which, in the stillness of night, were distinctly heard in the sleeping rooms, might soothe into repose any but a spirit disquieted by remorse, or condemned to weary wakefulness by care and gluttony. The country all around was rich, verdant and alluring; and though the view was not very extensive, it was only the more varied as well interesting from the distinctness with which every object was presented to the eye. Nothing marred the beauty of the prospect, but the tall steeple of a neighboring parish church, of which, the wolves in sheep's clothing had again acquired possession, and on which Harold often turned his back in pious disdain. Strange that the love of our Maker should produce antipathy to His creatures! All men differ in form, face, and disposition; yet they do not cut each others' throats, or fall together by the ears on that account. But the moment they disagree in opinion, especially on subjects involving the obligations of universal charity, they seem, in their zeal to establish the abstract principle, altogether to forget its practical application.

As Harold delivered the rusty old keys to the purchaser who had come to take possession, his heart almost failed, and the ghosts of his Saxon ancestors seemed to rise up in judgment against him. Yonder under those old yew trees lay the family burying place, where rested in peaceful oblivion a long train of succeeding generations, who had followed each other in the same old track, and slept not more peaceably than they had lived together. He remembered none of these but his parents, and all his recollections were centred in their graves. He had paid them a last visit, and when he returned, his wife anxiously inquired what was the matter with him. "Nothing,"—replied he— "I have only been bidding a last farewell to some old friends." Susan understood him and inquired no further.

As they passed through the avenue of old trees that led to the high road, he cast a long, long glance at the past and an anxious look towards the future. Between the two his firmness forsook him, and a few solitary tears coursed down the cheeks of the iron Puritan. But he recovered himself almost instantly, by a mighty effort, and looked behind him no more. To Susan, the parting was marked by somewhat less emotion. She had not the same recollections and associations. She could only look back to a few years spent in the abode she was now leaving for ever, and not so much what was past she regretted, as what was to come she feared. But there is in the heart of women an innate vagrant disposition, arising probably from their confinement at home, and the sameness of their occupations. They luxuriate in new scenes, awakening new ideas, and we have more than once seen them actually delighted with danger, simply because it produced an excitement. Susan thought more of the future and less of the past than Harold: and as they seated themselves in the carriage that was to bear them away, gazed, not on the forsaken home, but on her little girl who was weeping, she scarcely knew why.

Accompanied by two servants, one of whom was the nephew of old Gilbert Taverner, and already somewhat advanced in years; the other a staid, starched, devout spinster, devotedly attached to Susan, on the score of her father, by whom she had been converted—they proceeded to London, as the most likely place, at that time, to procure a passage to America, and make their moneyed arrangements. Here they were detained a tedious time, waiting for a vessel, the only one then in preparation for the "Virginia voyage," as it was called. It will be recollected that at this period, the ignorance of the people of England, especially the more enlightened classes, in all matters relating to America, was, if possible, more profound than at the present day. Of its geographical divisions, the distance and relative position of the different sections, they had either a vague idea, or no idea at all. In the old maps and books the entire country comprised within the limits of the British Plantations was called Virginia; and the vast distances between the different parts, with the difficulties of communication, was little comprehended. People applied their experience at home, to the wild regions of the west, and thoughtlessly imagined that there was no greater difficulty in making a journey or voyage from Jamestown to Boston, than from London to Edinburgh. Be this at it may, people at that time knew more of their own business, and less of that of others than they do now. It will not therefore appear so very surprising that Harold engaged his passage in a vessel bound to Virginia instead of New England, imagining there would be little difficulty in reaching the latter, either by land or sea.

The truth is, he was impatient to leave England, where his religion, his manners, and principles were subjects

of perpetual mockery. The profligacy of the King and his court now become open and undisguised; the general relaxation of morals and decency, partly the result of this example, partly from a spirit of opposition to the severity of the Puritans; the revival of obnoxious amusements, more especially the theatres, where the sect to which he belonged was a favorite subject of ridicule, all combined to render his abode in London little less than martyrdom. Accordingly he embarked in a vessel bound for Chesapeake Bay, carrying with him sufficient funds to purchase a principality in the wilderness. Strong as were his motives for seeking a far distant home, he could not quell a melancholy feeling, arising from mingled recollections of the past, and anxious forebodings of the future. As the vessel glided along the bank of the silver Thames, the smiling landscape seemed to beckon him to its green lawns and shady woodlands, and when at length the land of his nativity, childhood, youth and manhood, gradually diminished to a speck on the horizon, and finally faded from his view, he felt as if he had turned his back on the world. Stern and inflexible as was his spirit, he would have sunk under the weight of his feelings, had he not been sustained by a sentiment capable of resisting all the perils of life, and defying all the agonies of death.

At this period there were no floating palaces on the seas, nor was the number of voyages so great, as to have made, as it were, a beaten track across the broad Atlantic. The vessels of that age would have made but a poor figure by the side of a Liverpool packet; and one of the most singular circumstances attending the progress of maritime discovery, is the undoubted fact, that its greatest achievements were performed in vessels which at this later period would be held inadequate to a coasting voyage; and that, too, without the aid of nautical almanacs, or charts to guide them. It would require a stout−hearted mariner of these times to adventure a voyage across the Atlantic, in one of the caravels of the great Columbus. Yet in such a one, did the daring and inspired enthusiast—for such he was, with all his cool self−possession—in such a frail barque, did he launch out into the untracked ocean, in which keel had never yet ploughed a furrow, and straight as an arrow from the Indian bow, proceed to his destined mark, until he "gave a new world to Castile and Leon," for which he was repaid by fetters.

The clumsy barque proceeded slowly, buffeting, or rather being buffeted by the unceremonious waves, and soon approved herself without speed or bottom; for it was not long before the pumps were constantly going. The captain, an avaricious tarpaulin, had stinted his allowance of provisions to a short voyage, and as it soon appeared that this would be a long one, he began, prudently in time, to prepare for what he saw was coming, by "hauling taut his sheets," as he called it in nautical phrase—to wit—by dealing out his provisions with a sparing hand. In approaching the southern latitudes, they sometimes lay becalmed on the melancholy waste, under a broiling sun, and wallowing amid the long rolling waves without making any head−way; at others they were irresistibly driven by tempests, far out of their course; and as they approached the coast, became the sport of currents, that put them sadly out of their reckoning. In addition to these annoyances, there were three or four roystering cavaliers, younger sons, who having exhausted their money and credit at the ordinaries, had taken the "Virginia voyage" in hopes of marrying an Indian heiress, with a kingdom for her dower.

These were a knot of noisy, merry, reckless rogues, with more wit than wisdom, and more generosity than prudence. Nothing could make them serious; and when by degrees they were all put on quarter rations, they made a jest even of hunger, becoming more merry and noisy than ever. Added to this, they had a variety of jests and ludicrous anecdotes of the Crop−ears, which they took peculiar pleasure in repeating before Harold, who though he preserved an outward coolness and indifference, had much ado, to quell those sturdy rebels, flesh and blood, so often victorious over the spirit. He imagined he forgave them; but it is to be feared that he only nourished a deeper inward feeling, by repressing all outward demonstrations. It is indeed astonishing how knocking a man down contributes to harmonize the irritated spirit, and how much sooner we forgive an insult that we have promptly avenged, than one we have quietly pocketed. The wise old gentleman at our elbow is of opinion that when two persons are fairly at feud, it is on the whole better, as the phraze is, "to fight it out, at once," than nourish a bitter spleen, that produces perpetual contention, or secret ill offices, which though not amounting to breaches of the peace, occasion wounds far more painful and incurable.

But the longest voyage, as well as the longest story, must have an end. At length they reached the capes of the Chesapeake, and gliding into comparatively smooth water, the good ship seemed so greatly relieved, that she careered gallantly with wind and tide, past Willoughby Point, and Old Point Comfort, into Hampton Roads, whence in due time, she anchored off the cradle of the new world, where the passengers were landed in a state of miserable exhaustion. Though the old cavaliers, who had gathered together on the appearance of the vessel—a rare occurrence—stiffened their tails a little at the appearance of a Crop−ear, their prejudices speedily yielded to

the generous impulses of hospitality, still inherent in their posterity, and they forgot their ancient prejudices against his faith, in sympathy for his sufferings.

# CHAPTER VI.

The New World—Harold under the Necessity of Changing his Original Destination—Purchases a Plantation—Some account of his Nearest Neighbor, Master Hugh Tyringham and His Right−hand Man, Gregory Moth, the Oxford Scholar. A Small Dose of Wisdom from our Old Friend, and an Apology to the Reader—A Young Crop−Ear Lady, and a Young Gentleman Cavalier Introduced—The Cavalier and the Round−Head don't Agree any Better than the Young People—Consequences of Forbidding Young Folks to Do What they Have no Mind to.

Harold was now in a new world, where everything was changed, except himself, his wife, and his daughter. The broad river, so different from the dwarfish stream to which he had been so long accustomed; the dark interminable forest that bounded the prospect in every direction, hiding the bounteous earth from the rays of the sun and the eyes of her children, and silent as the abodes of the dead, except when awakened by the long quivering howl of the hungry wolf, or prowling savage; the absence of cultivation, except in little spots, few and far between; the homely simplicity of the houses, as well as the furniture; together with many other marked peculiarities, presented a contrast to the world he had just left behind, not altogether unpleasing, since it awakened new impressions in his mind. Susan, too, was filled with wonder, and Miriam, now on the verge of woman−hood, was half−pleased, half−frightened, when the tall feathered redman patted her head and called her Pappoose.

His first inquiries speedily convinced him of the difficulty in finding his way, promptly, to the Land of the Pilgrims; and he discovered to all intents and purposes, he was further off than ever, if obstacles may be said to constitute distance. To proceed thither by land was out of the question. The intervening country, with here and there an exception, was little else than a wilderness, through which none but savages could find their way, and presented a combination of dangers as well as difficulties. At this period, too, opportunities of going by sea were of extremely rare occurrence. Only once in a great while a coaster would creep along shore, and feel its way into the Chesapeake, with a cargo of notions. The sole commercial produce of Virginia was tobacco, and the Pilgrims were no smokers. It might be a year, or more, ere one of these adventurous navigators made his appearance.

Harold therefore remained at the little capital, for some time in a state of doubt and hesitation as to the course he should pursue. During this period his situation was rather irksome. He was displeased with the tone of manners that prevailed among the cavaliers, and more than once fretted by allusions to Crop−ears, Roundheads, and Levellers. Though surrounded by dangers, beset by hardships, and often in danger of perishing by famine, the emigrants to Jamestown were a gay, thoughtless race, and seemed to have caught from the neighboring savages that improvidence of the future, which is one of their leading characteristics. They were not much given to long prayers, or spiritual songs; they were equally loyal and orthodox, though they claimed the right of representation, as well as of being governed by their own laws; and were occasionally fined for not attending church on the Sabbath. With all this they were hospitable, brave and generous, though as before hinted, they could not forbear a fling at the Roundheads, and had Harold been considered a permanent denizen, he would have been placed in the unpleasant predicament of being obliged to listen to the preaching of one of the "wolves in sheep's clothing," or suffer a fine, perhaps imprisonment. As yet however he was ignorant of this pleasant alternative, and having made acquaintance with some of Oliver's old soldiers, who had come over at the Restoration, he by degrees grew more reconciled to his new position, though feeling every day the inconveniences of having no home, as well as the anxiety of not being able to find one elsewhere. The situation of his wife and daughter was still more unpleasant, particularly that of the latter. A young unmarried damsel was a *rara avis* in this portion of the new world, and Harold was several times offered a hogshead of tobacco for Miriam, by grave old cavaliers, seeking a helpmate for their sons.

Under these circumstances, and influenced, perhaps, by the persuasions of his wife and daughter, who were exceedingly anxious to have a permanent home, he at length determined to purchase a plantation, then for sale, on the south side of the river, and at the distance of several miles from the capital. Thither he carried his family and took up his abode, greatly to the satisfaction of all, especially of old Mildred, who had been more than once hooted at by the boys, while singing pious hymns at her window. In the interim of putting his household in order,

he was hospitably received and entertained by the proprietor of the adjoining estate, who added to these attentions his advice and assistance, with an off−hand frankness and liberality which seems a growth of the soil of the new world. Of this gentleman, it is proper to say something more particular, as he will figure largely in the ensuing narrative.

The father of Mr. Hugh Tyringham, as this gentleman was called, was the scion of a younger branch of a very ancient and noble family, that had become illustrious by changing sides some sixteen or eighteen times during the wars of York and Lancaster, but withal was much more distinguished for its blood than its money. For several generations, the younger sons had been compelled to live by their sword, or their wits, as the family estate was barely sufficient to enable the eldest son on whom it was entailed to marry and keep up the breed. In cases of this kind, it is usual in almost all enlightened Christian countries, to give these unlucky outcasts who are disinherited by their birth a tolerable education, and then quarter them on the country for a maintenance. Though deprived of their share of the family property, they are welcome to the family interest, which is always zealously exerted in their behalf; and though the fortunate inheritor of the estate is prohibited from selling any portion of it to benefit the unlucky "*Desdichado*," it is said he not unfrequently sells himself for that benevolent purpose.

The father of the gentleman now introduced to the reader was, like his father before him, a younger son, and consequently destined to become a protegé of his country. He received a good education, and acquired the fashionable accomplishments of the age, which together with a purse of gold, a good steed, a competent outfit of rich raiment—an expensive article at that time—and the parental blessing, constituted his business capital. The court was at that period the great point of attraction to this species of adventurers, and a handsome person the foundation of a man's fortune; his Majesty King James the First, then on the throne, as well as his immediate predecessor, being a great admirer of masculine beauty. The young gentleman in question possessed a face and figure in the highest degree attractive, and in the hope of gaining the notice of the King, bent his way towards the seat of honors, full of agreeable anticipations.

After the manner of the heroes of good old fairy lore, he travelled, and travelled, and travelled, until at length, in due time, he arrived at the court of a puissant monarch, who is said to have had little discretion and no valor; and of whom all our readers have had a full and true account in romance, if not history. Here he fell into the ranks of expectancy, and continued a long time attending the motions of the court with unwearied diligence and inexhaustible patience, without having had the supreme felicity of being spoken to, or in any way noticed by his Majesty or his minions. By this time both his money and his wardrobe became nearly exhausted, and he was seriously meditating the alternative of entering into foreign service, or adopting the expedient of Prince Hal and his roystering companions. But those who wait patiently the ebbing of the tide are sure to float on the flood at last. And chance afforded what he could not obtain by seeking.

Pacing one day in the antichamber of the King, his Majesty—who since the Gunpowder Plot had become even more nervous than after the Gowrie conspiracy— being alone in his closet, chancing to hear a sound which caused him to turn suddenly round, was so grievously alarmed at seeing the reflection of his royal person in a large mirror, that he mistook it for an assassin, and cried out for help most lustily. Master Tyringham, then under the lucky star, happened to be the first who ran to the rescue, which he did, sword in hand; and having through an unerring instinct acquired by long residence at court, penetrated the whole affair, stoutly asserted on this, as well as all other occasions, that, on entering the closet, he had distinctly seen a person with a dagger vanishing through an opposite door.

This spirited exertion in behalf of the life and honor of his sovereign, was not without its immediate fruits. He was taken into special favor, and might in time have supplanted Steeney, if the King had dared to displace that formidable minion. His Majesty was content for the present to bestow on him the high responsible office of Gentleman Sewer, whose vocation it was to change the king's plate, and see that he did not wait for that important ceremony. What rendered this promotion the more honorable was, the fact that it had been bestowed in opposition to the entire Scottish influence at court, which was rallied in behalf of a nobleman of that country whose ancestors had become illustrious from having been one hundred and sixteen times in arms against their lawful sovereign.

Master Basil Tyringham was thenceforward considered a rising man at court. His personal comeliness and accomplishments, added to his high position of Sewer, in due time attracted the notice, and finally secured the hand of one of the Maids of Honor, who was even more in favor with the Queen than he was with the King, whose secret he kept inviolable. The lady was of course noble, and could trace her lineage as high as Catharine

Swineford, and Joan Hill, though it must be confessed, she valued herself much more on her paternal than maternal descent. However this may be, a marriage took place, and though neither could boast of much actual wealth, they calculated with certainty on the bounty of the King, who was excessively liberal of the money of his people. Nor were they disappointed, for on the death of that monarch, they retired at a respectable middle age, to a competent estate in the country, graced by a title.

As might be supposed from his Norman extraction, which had long since been certified by Lyon King−at−arms, Lord Tyringham was exceedingly loyal—first, on the score of descent; secondly, in virtue of the high office he had held; and thirdly, for the special reason that the King is the fountain of all honors and profits. The wise old gentleman at our elbow says he has invariably observed that the most rampant loyalists will surely be found among the tribe of petty officials. The issue of this union, were two sons and a daughter. The destiny of the eldest son was of course settled, by the right of primogeniture; that of the younger was equally certain; and the daughter was specially brought up in the conviction that her first duty was to practice "moral restraint," and marry for an establishment, in conformity to a long enduring and purely aristocratic custom, which hath descended to the present time. Hastening over this portion of our story, it is only necessary to state that Hugh, the aforesaid younger son, being predestined by Magna Charter to become a national pauper, as his father had been before him, was shortly after coming home from college, like him sent forth to carve his way through life, under the guidance of that Providence which is said to take especial care of younger brothers.

The troubles of Charles the First's reign had now approached a crisis, and Hugh Tyringham, having not only a loyal father, but a loyal *alma mater*, proceeded to London, where, through means of a college acquaintance, he was received among that band of young men equally loyal and wild, which had been drawn about the palace of Whitehall, under color of protecting the King, but in reality, as was surmised, for the purpose of overcoming the Parliament. Here he led rather a disorderly life, frequenting ordinaries and theatres; gambling when he had money; paying his devoirs to tradesmen's wives, and quizzing the Roundheads whenever opportunity offered. The band consisted principally of younger brothers, of ancient families, victims to the first−born of Egypt who naturally fell into a state of abject dependence on the patronage of the King, and became the servile instruments of power. It is these who principally compose the officers of European armies, and who, under the respectable name of loyalty to the King, become the most inexorable oppressors of the people.

When this association of young sparks at Whitehall was broken up by the jealousy of Parliament, and hostilities had actually commenced, Hugh joined a troop of horse in the service of the King, and fought manfully in his cause, until Old Ironsides, and his valiant psalm singers, after stripping him of his crown, bereft him of the head that wore it. By the result of the contest his family was temporarily exiled, and himself left not only entirely destitute, but his person placed in jeopardy. He was fain to secrete himself in the great wilderness of London, where, under the pressure of that iron necessity which is the only poor excuse for actions otherwise inexcusable, he lived in a manner not altogether reputable in the eyes of those who are free from similar temptations. Still he preserved the stamina of a gentleman; and though in some measure fallen, never descended so low as to be quite irreclaimable. He still retained a distinct sense of integrity and honor, and despised himself for what rendered him despicable in the eyes of others. Above all, he preserved his free and generous spirit in the midst of every temptation, and his good qualities still predominated over the exigencies of his situation. Though soiled, he was not past washing. The stain was not indelible.

When Oliver Cromwell assumed the Protectorship, many Cavaliers, despairing of the restoration of the Stuarts, and perhaps apprehensive for their own safety, turned their eyes towards Virginia. Among them was Master Hugh Tyringham, now equally destitute of fruition and hope. He applied to his brother, who had taken refuge in Holland, and from him received a remittance, which barely enabled him to fit himself out, and pay his passage to the New World. In this adventure he was accompanied by a faithful follower, who had attached himself to his fortunes in early youth, and never deserted him in their lowest depression, either from real liking, or because he did not know how to better his fortune.

Gregory Moth, as he was called, had accompanied his master to Oxford, and acquired a smattering of scholarship, at least so far as words went, as well as of the fables, traditions, and antiquities of that ancient seminary. He was moreover a great wag in his way, though of infinite gravity—a tipler upon occasion, and a coward always. He was for ever anticipating danger, that he might have an excuse for being frightened without reason. Though he trembled at the very idea of crossing the ocean, and had an insurmountable antipathy to the

"Salvages," as Captain John Smith calls them, he was so attached to his master, either from habit or inclination, that he finally made up his mind to accompany him. Accordingly, they commenced the voyage together, and after the usual long passage of those days, at length launched on the capital of Virginia, as helpless a pair of adventurers as ever set foot on the virgin soil of the new world.

Tyringham however soon encountered, and was welcomed by one two of his associates in the civil wars who had preceded him, and introduced to some of the old settlers. Being of a fine person, genteel address, and frank, generous spirit, it was not long ere he captivated the affections of the heiress of a goodly plantation, a discreet, sober, and excellent widow, not very young, or very accomplished, but of gentle disposition and great good sense. In the dearth of females which then pervaded the colony, this lady had often been wooed but never won, until Master Hugh Tyringham, according to the phraseology of a lady of color in the family, "melted the ice of her yellow−baster heart."

With this excellent lady, he retired to the country, to the cultivation of rural tastes and tobacco. He succeeded rather better in the latter than the former; and though liberal somewhat beyond prudence, found himself waxing richer every revolving year. The first question was what to do with his money, and after due consideration, he as usual determined to consult Gregory on the subject, who had long since become his oracle. Accordingly, one pleasant evening as Master Tyringham was sitting, in the philosophic enjoyment of the "fragrant weed," on his rustic piazza, and Gregory, in order to recognize the degree of precedence between himself and his master, on the lowest step.—

"Moth," said the old cavalier—for he by this time was not young—"Moth," repeated he, puffing out a cloud of smoke, "what think you of my building a new house." He then chuckled a little, and said partly to himself, "I wonder what my lord brother would say if he found me living in a log palace. Moth, why the plague don't you speak?"

"Master," quoth Gregory, "you know I never speak without due consideration. I was reflecting on the matter, and see but one objection."

"Hey—what is that?"

"Why, sir, there is an old proverb in the way."

"Hey—what is that, Moth?"

"Why, sir, that fools build houses, and wise men live in them."

"Pish! what care I for such musty old saws. Did not King Solomon build him a magnificent house, and send all the way to Lebanon for the timber?"

"Yea," quoth Gregory, "but I never heard that Solomon was held the wiser for it, any more than for having so many wives and concubines. But there is great wisdom in old sayings, master; they are, as it were, a part of the common law, inasmuch as the memory of men runneth not beyond them."

"Pooh! Knowest thou not, Gregory, that what is called long−established truth, is often nothing more than grey−beard falsehood consecrated by time? But a truce with your proverbs. I say I am resolved to build a new house."

"Well then, master of mine, I see no use in asking my opinion."

"But I want your opinion as to what kind of a house it shall be. I suppose you can give me that."

"O, if that's the object, sir; well, you know there are divers sorts of houses, to wit, the aulae lapidae, the aulae plombeae; the aulae vitrae; the aulae cum camino; and the aulae cum stramine cooperate— whereof the first is of stone, the second of lead, the third of glass, the fourth hath a chimney, and the fifth is thatched with straw. You can take your choice, sir."

"But I want your opinion, I tell you."

"Well, sir, if I were in your place, I would not build a stone house, because there is no stone within fifty miles—nor a leaden house, because the first Indian war that happens, it would be run into bullets— nor a glass house, because there are things occur in all houses that ought not to be seen by everybody— nor a house with a chimney, because two are much better—lastly, sir, I would by no means have you build a straw house, inasmuch as you are continually stumbling over single straws, and would certainly break your nose over a straw house."

"Moth; do you know I've a great mind to send you on the expedition fitting out against the Indians. They are in great want of men, and you will be a host. If I can't get anything out of you, the colony may."

This insinuation acted instantaneously on the nerves of Master Gregory, who exclaimed in a paroxysm of

fear—"For Heaven's sake, master, what put that in your head? What have I said or done that you should condemn me to be roasted alive, as I certainly shall be if I go out against the pagan salvages. What was it you wished to get out of me, sir?"

"Why your opinion about the house, confound you. I don't want to know what house I ought not to build, but what will be best."

"O, is that all? Why then I should advise you, sir, to build a wooden house, because there is plenty of timber near at hand, and your new saw mill will supply boards."

"Gregory," quoth Mr. Tyringham, "you're a perfect oracle. The house shall be of wood, I am determined, and now I will go and consult Mistress Tyringham." He did so, and as that good lady never opposed him, when he was in the right—an example earnestly recommended to all discreet wives — the wooden house was commenced on a great scale for the new world and finished in due time, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The building of the house was followed by the birth of a son, who was fast verging to manhood, and in his own opinion already a man, at the period when Harold Habingdon took possession of the adjoining plantation. Having thus brought the Cavalier and the Roundhead together, we shall proceed straightforward in our journey, without once looking behind.

Seldom have two men been brought together into close contact with more points of dissimilarity than Harold Harbingdon and Hugh Tyringham; and though the latter with the spontaneous generosity that marked his character had tendered the new comer his house, his advice, and his services, it was next to impossible, considering the bitter prejudices subsisting between the Cavaliers and Roundheads which were as yet unmitigated by time, that they should ever become friends. Both religion and politics forbade; and though oil and vinegar are found to mingle together harmoniously in the latter, yet has it unhappily been but too often demonstrated that religious antipathies, like those of nature, are seldom reconciled. The stern and self−sufficient pride of human opinion seems more inflexible here than elsewhere, and that which teaches humility becomes a source of arrogant intolerance.

To do the two gentlemen justice, they did not fall out at the first encounter, nor during the brief sojourn of Harold with the gay Cavalier, who made it a part of his creed never to affront a guest, even though he refused to pledge him in a bumper. Yet it cannot be denied, that a solid foundation was laid at this early period for a long series of suffering to those they loved best on earth. Tyringham was the embodiment of a sentiment which seems almost extinct at the present time, when the feeling of loyalty to kings, which was rather a slavish principle, has been almost superseded by the more enlarged and manly one of patriotism. Harold—doubtless stimulated by the plebeian blood that contaminated his veins—on the contrary was a republican. One was high church; the other abhorred the prelacy, and was, in truth, as much of a democrat in religion as politics. Without entering into more minute chemical antipathies, it will readily be seen that here were fruitful sources of discussion on points which almost invariably end in contention and dislike. As almost every man has an opinion of his own, it is a great pity he is not willing to allow the like privilege to others.

Still, however, the two neighbors being the only settlers within a distance of several miles, continued for some time to hold a lazy, indifferent sort of intercourse with each other, and to exchange the offices of good neighborhood. The only son of the Cavalier and the only daughter of the Puritan were thus occasionally brought together, but to all appearance took no special note of each other. There was not much difference in their ages, but a total dissimilarity of disposition. Miriam Habingdon resembled her father in the staid sobriety of his outward deportment, as well as in the deep fervor of his inward feelings, and her mother in her plaintive voice and gentle bearing. She was naturally full of poetic feeling; but both the precepts and example of her father had taught her to limit her enthusiasm to piety alone. For aught that appeared otherwise, all her feelings were concentrated in filial duty and profound devotion. Her reading had been almost entirely confined to the Bible and books of a serious cast; and her language had acquired much of that apostolic simplicity which would indeed seem inspiration, since it baffles all attempts at imitation. Like her mother, her appearance was not striking at first; but the oftener she was seen the more she gained on the eye and the heart, even of those who were in some measure steeled by long cherished prejudices. Her approaches were slow but sure; like the bee, she gathered her honey almost imperceptibly, and what she gained, she scarcely ever lost. Her voice has already been commemorated, and was so musical that good nurse Mildred solemnly declared that she had rather listen to it than to a sermon; and Gregory Moth, though he always called her the Crop−ear young lady, more than once assured Master Langley

Tyringham, that were he buried under the Polar Sea, the very sound of her voice would melt him, even as a Virginia dog−day. Miriam too had wit; but it was a melancholy wit, which is said to be far more dangerous than a merry one.

Master Langley Tyringham, though not quite of age, and an only child, was yet a man in thought, hardihood and daring. Though brought up in the woods, he was not to be scared by an owl; and though no great scholar, his faculties had been awakened, schooled and matured, by dangers and vicissitudes. From his first breath of life, he had been surrounded by savages, whose friendship was as precarious as their enmity was active and terrible. His father lived at the very outskirts of civilization, and was obliged to be his own protector as well as avenger. In his very childhood he had once been seized by an Indian while playing on the verge of a wood near the house, who was making off with him, when he was shot by the father, and instantly killed. Tradition says that the stout little fellow neither shed a tear or uttered a cry on this occasion, but kicked, scratched and struggled manfully. He handled the rifle like a backwoodsman; guided his boat on the river with the dexterity of an Indian; tracked the wild deer with the instinct of a hound; and took the lead on all occasions in those rural sports which at this period were accompanied by perpetual exposures and dangers. Though not accomplished according to the acceptation of this age, he was by no means ignorant or unlettered. He had for his instructor Gregory Moth, who boasted of being an Oxford scholar, and who had indeed managed to scrape together, by hook or by crook, from that vast pile of accumulated learning, where so many bring contributions and carry nothing away, a modicum of scholarship that might almost pass muster at a college examination. His father, also, who, when he brushed off a little of the rust of time, was by no means deficient in general intelligence, paid no little attention to his progress in learning. Though of a figure like that of Apollo, or an Indian, he would not have made a very brilliant debut at a modern fashionable assemblage; but in all those qualities, moral, intellectual, and physical, which give one man superiority over another in the stern and trying warfare of the world, and in times of suffering or danger make him the master of his fellows, our hero—for such he is—was liberally gifted. In short, he was the very man for a new world and a free country.

The gentle and courteous reader, who hath doubtless had his perceptions brought to so fine an edge by a constant study of cheap literature, that he can smell a rat where there is not a mouse stirring, will assuredly have anticipated our future disclosures by pronouncing at once that the two young persons, just sketched, are, long before this time, in love to distraction, and that the secret is just about being formally disclosed. But he is quite out in his reckoning, and had better be quiet until he knows what he is talking about. The two young people are not in love with each other, nor shall they be until it is our good pleasure to make them so. It is a sin and a shame that an author cannot be allowed to keep his own secrets till he sees proper to disclose them, and that some prying, disagreeable reader—not one of ours, of course—will always be putting in his oar, and plumping the boat high and dry ashore, when, in fact, the pains−taking author is not yet half through the voyage, thus bringing his work to an untimely end, by satiating the reader's appetite before he has half finished his dinner. We hereby pledge ourselves that this young couple did not fall in love at first, or second, sight. Miriam shrunk from the high spirits and frank deportment of Langley, while he felt chilled, if not repelled, by what he considered the stiff, cold, and distant reception he always received from Miriam. It was ten to one they would soon dislike each other heartily, unless some unexpected obstacle presented itself to their intercourse; for as the thunderstorm approaches apparently against the wind, so do the passions of the human race strengthen by opposition, and expend themselves with greater force when that opposition is overcome.

In the meantime, the coolness between the Cavalier and the Roundhead gradually approached the freezing point. It was not as yet exhibited in any sudden outbreak of spleen, or exemplified by any overt act. It matured by degrees, and became more inflexible, as well as lasting, from the slowness of its growth. It was not active hatred, but passive, inveterate dislike. There was not only conflicting opinions and prejudices, but opposite habits to encounter; and these last are by far the most difficult to reconcile. The stiff sobriety, colloquial precision, and staid abstinence of Harold, ill suited with the frank speech and manners, or the convivial habits of the Cavalier, who swore he could never elevate the Crop−ear one degree above zero, and who cherished a sovereign contempt for a fellow who had so little of the spirit of good−fellowship in him, that he would not drink a glass of wine with a friend, even against his conscience.

Two events happened about this period, which contributed to bring about a non−intercourse between the two neighbors. In a little skirmish that took place at an accidental meeting, on the subject of the Prelacy, Harold had

roundly asserted that the mitre of the bishops was a Pagan device, borrowed from the highpriest of ancient Rome. The Cavalier, who, it must be acknowledged, was more zealous than pious, took fire at this attack on the hierarchy, and covenanted with himself that he would cut the Crop−ear out and out, from that time forward. But the holidays were now approaching, and softened by the benign and jolly influence of that beneficent saint who presides over the season of good wishes, good things, and good fellowship, the Cavalier sent Harold a frank, cordial invitation to meet a few friends from the capital at a Christmas dinner. The invitation was promptly declined, with the additional offence of a slur on Christmas festivities, which, being of Pagan origin, Harold denounced as unworthy of Christians. This was not very polite; but zeal often gets the better of good manners.

The Cavalier was a great lover of holidays, which, he maintained, were invented on purpose to afford occasional opportunities for the poor to eat, drink, and be merry. Especially did he delight in the hilarity of the little children on these occasions, and the obstreperous jollity of his colored dependents, who managed to crowd into a small compass as much enjoyment as would sprinkle a whole life of those whose sole employment is hunting it throughout the world. Neither did he like holidays the less, that they gave him a fair opportunity of indulging his own convivial propensities, by gathering a few of his old cronies about him from the capital, and feasting them royally. He was therefore highly indignant at Harold's refusal, and especially resented his reflections on the venerable Christmas holidays. As he complained that he never could stimulate his wife to sympathize in his extempore bursts of indignation, it was his custom on all such occasions to summon Gregory Moth, who, either from long and faithful services, or through the influence which the air of the new world seems to exercise over all those who breathe it for any length of time, had of late been admitted to a reasonable degree of equality, and aspired to that freedom of speech which is held the birthright of Americans.

"Plague take that impenetrable Roundhead," said Master Tyringham, to Gregory, who was seldom far from his master; "he will neither eat, drink, or be merry; and what is such a man good for, I should like to know. It will take ten summers in Virginia to thaw him. What shall I do with the fellow? Call him out—hey?"

"Sir Master," quoth Gregory, "logically speaking, before I undertake to advise you what to do, it is manifestly expedient for me to know what has been done unto you."

"Why the psalm−singing curmudgeon has not only refused to dine with me at Christmas, but insists that keeping Christmas is a Pagan custom altogether unseemly in Christians. What think you of such a fellow—eh?"

"Why, sir, logically speaking—"

"O confound your logic. If you will speak, say something to the purpose."

"Well, sir, syllogistically speaking—"

"'Slife, Gregory, what has a Roundhead to do with syllogisms. I want your advice as to how I shall manage this two−legged cabbage, who, I verily believe, vegetates against his conscience."

"Well, sir, how can I give my opinion of a single individual without first defining the species? And how can I define the species except logically or syllogistically? You might as well judge of a goose by its feathers."

"Well—well—I know you are an obstinate ass, with ears only the longer from having brayed against the outside of a college. You make as great a display of your shreds and patches as others do of a whole suit. But proceed, either logically or syllogistically, just as you please; and as I perceive very clearly you are going to make a speech as long as a Roundhead's prayer, I will light my pipe and take a seat under this tree. Proceed, sir."

"Well, sir," replied the other, taking his seat on the green sward, "in order to define what man really is, it is proper and right, nay, absolutely necessary, that we should go to the fountain−head. I will therefore, begin with Adam."

"The Devil you will!" cried Master Tyringham, taking the pipe from his mouth, and puffing out a cloud of smoke—pfew! "But pray proceed, Master Gregory, with your infernal logic."

"Infernal logic, sir? Why, Master, the excellence of logic is such as cannot be expressed in words, conveyed by signs, or embodied in thought. It is a net that no man can escape, a cobweb from which no fly can disentangle himself. It muzzles the mouth of ignorance, silences the chattering of fancy, and chokes a wild boar—"

"Chokes a wild boar?" exclaimed Master Tyringham. "How do you make that out, Gregory?"

"As thus, sir, logically. It is authentically delivered by tradition, which being the father of history, is therefore more venerable and infallible, that a scholar of Oxford, in days when wild boars came to college, I don't mean, sir, that they studied, or took their degrees, as A. B., A. M., LL.D., and such like, but when they prowled about, shortly after King Brute and his valiant Trojans laid the foundation of the first college at Oxford."

"Well, get on with your story, and have done with these old greybeard tales."

"As I was saying, sir, a scholar of Oxford, having retired to a neighboring forest to pursue his studies, was surprised and sorely beleaguered by a huge wild boar, the which he finally utterly discomfited by thrusting a volume of Aristotle down his throat, which choked him incontinently."

"Faith, Gregory, I don't wonder at it. I was nearly choked in the same way myself. But to the point. I desire to know what I am to do with the Roundhead."

"Very well, Master, to proceed logically, though I don't hold it absolutely necessary, yet it appears to me quite indispensable—"

"Hem," quoth Mr. Tyringham.

"That we should go a little beyond Adam, whereby we shall be the better able to tell what man is, by defining what he is not, for, as Aristotle says, your negatives are sometimes more potent than your affirmatives, especially when they hunt in couples. If you please then, sir, we will begin at the creation of the world."

Here Master Tyringham leaned back against the tree, and shut his eyes, probably that he might see the clearer into Gregory's logic.

"I remember, sir," continued Master Moth, "there was in our time a great dispute concerning the question whether or not the world ever had a beginning, and that one learned professor lost his wits in seeking a solution. But however that may be—"

Here Gregory observed his master beginning to nod, and that his pipe was very near scorching the flaps of his waistcoat, whereupon he essayed to wake him by crying out, in a loud voice, "For my part, sir, I have a sort of disagreeing consent to this theory, and think I can see in the perspicuous cloud of human reason a clear way to get into insurmountable difficulty by striving to get out of it. I will therefore whisper in a loud voice and be silent, in order that I may penetrate the deep shallowness of my hearer."

"What's that you are saying?" quoth Master Tyringham, rubbing his eyes. "Deep shallowness—how can that be, you blockhead? It is downright contradiction— a logical paradox."

"By your leave, sir," answered Gregory, "there is nothing so apposite to the illustration of a logical truth, as direct opposites, whereby we the more clearly discern the exact likeness of a thing by seeing something as unlike it as possible: just as we become the more sensible of the presence of ghosts by their being invisible."

"Very well—that will do, Gregory," said his master, interrupting him, "I understand a Roundhead perfectly. Please to take the boat and catch a sturgeon for dinner. You will doubtless succeed best among the deep shallows of the river."

Gregory departed well pleased that he had indulged his humor, and what, indeed, was his principal object in all such discussions, gained time for his master's choler to evaporate, which it did very soon, for though quick to anger, like his own trusty rifle, he cooled immediately, the moment he had discharged his load. The Cavalier called for his horse, and proceeded, as was his daily custom, on a tour of inspection over his plantation, which was some miles about. For this he had two very rational objects; the first to see how matters were going on with the tobacco; the second to get an appetite for dinner, which, however it may be despised by sentimentalists, is by no means to be contemned by philosophers. He who cannot relish his dinner, can scarcely relish anything else; and the man who can enjoy his meals and sleep soundly at night, must not only possess good health, but be blessed with a clear conscience—or none at all.

As usual in these peregrinations, he encountered his overseer, with whom he consulted, and to whom he gave his advice on various matters, about which he knew little or nothing. The overseer informed him, among other things, he had that morning heard a rumor that the Roanoke Indians—a tribe once reputed to speak Welsh, were meditating an incursion towards Powhatan River, and advised the necessary precautions to guard against surprise. These Indians had not long ago smoked the Calumet with the Governor; but mutual suspicions, mutual apprehensions, mutual aggressions, and long cherished recollections of past injuries, rendered it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to maintain a lasting good understanding between the Redman and the white. At this distant period of time, it is useless to inquire, and perhaps impossible to ascertain in all cases, which was to blame, or which most to be blamed. Both parties feared each other, and fear is the parent of hatred. In this, as in many other cases, a looker−on is not the best judge. He may see, but cannot feel the most; and to decide this question, the umpire should be placed in the same situation with the early pioneers of the new world. It is not to be settled in the peaceful chimney corner, by pious old ladies, or universal philanthropists. On his way home, the

Cavalier, forgetting his late affront, called on Harold, to give him warning that he might be prepared for what should happen. But that gentleman, having not yet realized the obligations imposed on him by his new situation, and the absolute necessity that any man should become not only his own defender, but the protector of others, talked about the abstract principles of justice; and losing sight of the great law of self−defence, declined to take any measures for that purpose, as it went against his conscience. He had never injured the savages, nor had they ever injured him, and he relied on Providence alone for protection.

"Master Habingdon," said Tyringham, with emphatic seriousness, "I am a magistrate, and it is my duty to see the laws executed, most especially those necessary to the safety of life and property. Among these is one which makes it incumbent on every male member of the community, not disqualified by age or infancy to bear arms, and be ready at a moment's warning, to defend himself and protect others. Now, sir, however contrary it may be to my feelings as a neighbor, I am bound by my oath of office, to see that all do their utmost in time of danger, and I shall be obliged to enforce the law against you, in the event of an inroad of the savages. Until then, I will shut my eyes and say nothing, in hopes that you will think better of it."

"Master Tyringham," replied Harold, stiffly, "I always act from principle, leaving it to Providence to shape the consequences. From all I can learn, these wild men of the woods have been treated harshly and unjustly, and if we suffer for it, I conceive it is only a salutary atonement. I should scruple to shed blood in a cause like this."

"After shedding it in the cause of rebellion, sir"— said the other, "I should suppose you might be less scrupulous. The man who has drawn his sword against his king, need not shrink from employing it against his enemies."

"Master Tyringham, you and I differ so widely on this subject, that argument is useless. You are under my roof, sir, and came here on a friendly errand. I cannot forget what I owe you as a guest, and I expect you to remember what is due to me as your host."

The blood of the Cavalier was roused, and that of Harold, with all his self−command, tingled in his veins, for the slur of rebellion against a cause he still held sacred, was a bitter pill. Many keen passes took place between them, and they parted worse friends than they met.

The old Cavalier had scarcely issued from the premises of the Roundhead, when he met young Master Langley, riding that way, as if intending a visit, and somewhat testily desired him to turn to the right about and go with him. As they proceeded homewards, he repeated what he had heard concerning the savages, and being too impatient to enter on the particulars of his interview with Harold, abruptly desired him, in a tone not to be misunderstood, to desist in future from all intercourse with a person who had bore arms against his lawful sovereign, yet scrupled to do so in defence of his wife, his family, his neighbors and his country.

Now be it known, that Langley Tyringham cared not a rush for the family of the Roundheads, male or female, and cherished a positive antipathy to old Mildred, who had divers times put herself in his way and attempted to convert him. He particularly disliked the stiff, starched manners of Harold; knew little of his wife whom he seldom saw; and, though sometimes struck with the eloquent simplicity of Miriam's words, the gentle melody of her voice, and the harmony of her face and person, never failed in the end to be repelled by the staid, sober gravity of her manners. If left to himself, or if accident had decreed they should meet no more, it is probable he might never have thought of her again. As it was, he bowed in submission to the will of his father, deciding at the same time in his own mind, that the good gentleman was a little unreasonable.

When alone he recurred to the subject again, and after long cogitation as to what special reason his father had to establish this system of non−intercourse, at length came to the conclusion that he was under serious apprehension, that himself and Miriam either had, or were about to fall in love with each other. There was something most mischievously titillating in the idea and its consequences; he thought a good deal about it that night, fell asleep, and for the first time in his life dreamed of Miriam.

## CHAPTER VII.

Rights of Authors—Wisdom of Gregory Moth—The Author Reminded of One of his Heroines—Something that May peradventure Give Offence to Nine−tenths of Our Readers—Little Miriam Habingdon Hunts up an Excitement—An Accidental Meeting—A Parting— Langley Tyringham Calls Names.

Every writer of a romance has an undoubted right to tell his own story, in his own way, at his own peril. Some gallop, some trot, some creep along like a snail with his house on his back, and some stop so often by the road−side, that the gentle reader is out of all patience. Some are in such a violent hurry that they crowd the incidents pell−mell together in most inextricable disorder, without connexion or explanation; others are so careful in preparing the way for what follows, that the reader forgets what went before, and anticipates what is coming after, very often with more certainty than the author. Some are of such ineffable modesty that they never venture to appear in their own proper persons, except, perhaps, in the title page or preface; while others are so fond of hearing themselves talk, that they are very apt to prose the reader to sleep. Some seem to think that a rapid, unceasing succession of incident is indispensable to keep the reader awake; while others, on the contrary, consider their own thoughts so much better than the actions of other people, that they are perpetually intruding their individual tastes, opinions, and feelings, forgetting that the generality of mankind are so egotistical themselves, that they can't endure the egotism of others.

Action, or incident, is undoubtedly one of the main props of fictitious narrative, and hence every writer of romance should pay special attention to that point. If he finds his fancy, invention, or memory deficient, in this indispensable material, he must then resort to talking, and set his actors to making long speeches, or he must become philosophical and aspire to the dignity of teaching. It sometimes doubtless happens, that the author has plenty of incidents on hand, but is at a loss for motives strong enough to render events sufficiently probable. There is but one remedy for this. He must give actions without motives, whereby he will greatly astonish the reader, and produce an agreeable excitement. The most deplorable case, however, is when an author has ploughed the fertile bog of his understanding, till it has become a perfect pine barren, in which the principle of vegetation is entirely extinct. Nothing is then left him but to make the most of nothing. He must loiter along like a school−boy, anon chasing butterflies, and next skipping stones in every puddle by the way. Whenever he introduces a personage, he should be very particular in giving the precise hour, or minute of his appearance; be sure to apprise the reader what kind of a day or night it is, and whether the moon shines. Most important of all, he should describe the gentleman's dress to the very button, and by no means ever send him on a visit to his mistress without apprising the reader whether or not he had been previously shaved.

If the debutant is a lady, he should be, if possible, still more particular, and enact the man−milliner to the utmost extent of his genius, which, if deficient in this important particular, should by all means be refreshed by an application to some competent authority among the French milliners. It is indispensable that he should individualize, and not omit a single item, except such as claim the privilege of invisibility. In short, he should take pattern after the London scribes who chronicle the stupendous events of a birthnight ball, and tell us to a penny the value of a lady's jewels. By these, and other adroit expedients—of which the present discussion may serve as a specimen— it is amazing (we speak from experience) with what ease a couple of volumes of cheap literature may be spun out of an exceedingly small modicum of the raw material, and how much wear and tear is saved to a weather−beaten fancy. But we will say no more, least the intelligent reader should suspect us of seeking to appear wiser than himself, a degree of presumption we utterly disclaim. Our sole object has been to throw out a few hints for the benefit of the rising generation, gleaned in the course of a long experience in the mysteries of authorship. Having done this, we will take up the clue of our story, if we can find it again.

The Cavalier, as previously hinted, returned home in great dudgeon, and, according to custom, summoned Gregory to a cabinet council on the subject of the reported movement of the savages. He accounted that trusty knave the best of all counsellors, since he was accustomed to boast that he had an instinct apprising him of any coming danger, which he could foretell with as much certainty as an almanac does the weather.

"Come hither, sirrah," said Master Tyringham, "you are a notorious poltroon, and they say cowardice is

sometimes inspired with good counsel. I hear the savages are preparing to fall upon us."

"You call me coward, sir," answered Gregory, "but say what you will, there is not a more valiant man in the colony, so long as danger keeps at a distance."

"And you take special care always to keep it so, for you never fail to run away before it comes in sight."

"Just so, sir,—that is to say, before it becomes visible to vulgar eyes. I have a sort of second sight of danger, and always flee before the shadow, because I know the substance cannot be far off. I am not, I thank the sign that governed my nativity—to wit, the crab that feeds by moonlight—one of those stupid people, who, not seeing danger till it is too late to escape, are compelled to fight in spite of their teeth, and then desperation passes for valor."

"Good−now will you, who understand the subject so thoroughly, define a man of courage, according to your system of logic?"

"Why, sir, your true courageous Philistine—"

"Gregory, don't repeat that infernal word again; it is perpetually in the mouth of that canting Roundhead yonder, who has scruples of conscience in fighting against any one but the King and the Church. Do you know he just now as much as called me a Philistine, and talked of repelling the savages with praying and psalm−singing. Instead of Philistines say Moabites."

"Or Hittites, if your worship pleases. But touching the logical definition, sir, your only true man of valor is he who holds danger in such sovereign contempt that he incontinently turns his back on it; or, what is still more incontestible demonstration of heroism, is so little afraid of death that he makes no resistance, and dies quietly like a true philosopher. A murrain take those dastardly bullies who are forever fighting through pure fear of being called cowards. For my part, I am not afraid of that name—not I—and if I keep myself out of harm's way, it is only for fear I should cry out before I am hurt. Others may die from sheer cowardice, but, for my part, I am not afraid to live."

"'Slife, Gregory, you are the first fool I ever met with that took such pains to prove himself a coward."

"Coward, sir! didn't I follow you to the wars, and courageously eschew all danger, in spite of the floutings of those pestilent knaves, that fought only that they were afraid to run away, because they feared dishonor more than death? A man like me has some right to boast, when he can set his face manfully against all the world and despise its ridicule. Is not this a greater proof of valor than to face a single enemy? You forget, sir, that I saved the whole royal army by crying out one night that the Crop−ears were upon them, whereby they were the better prepared for their coming next morning."

"Why, friend Gregory, you have mistaken your vocation, and were certainly intended for a senior wrangler. I predict to a certainty you will one day meet death in the teeth by running away from him."

"With your permission, sir, I'd rather it were in the night, for I should not like to die in my own presence, and see myself after I was dead."

"Well—well—I confess you to be as courageous as a hen partridge protecting her young. But enough of this. I wished to consult your apprehensive cowardice concerning the probability of this rumor. What think you, will the caitiffs come?"

"Beyond question, Master—I feel it in my bones; they always ache before a basting, and my short ribs have lately troubled me sorely. Besides I have a strange tingling sensation about my head, which causes my hair to stand on end of late, and I think betokens its loss ere long."

"Will you never be serious, thou incorrigible buffoon? Is this a time to be jesting; and would you think it a laughing matter if the savages were to come in the middle of the night and wake us up with the yell of death, never to sleep again except in the arms of death? Or what is still worse, think of their carrying us away captive, not to spare our lives, but to make death a thousand times more lingering, agonizing and terrible. I think I see at this moment our bleeding scalps torn from our heads, reeking with blood; our skins bristling with sharp pine knots, smoking and blazing like lighted torches; our heads left naked to the brain, covered with live coals; our legs up to the knees in burning embers, and our bodies expiring in agonies beyond the reach of thought, or the utterance of the tongue. This is no theme for jesting or laughter. Before to−morrow morning we may have a chorus of dying groans and shrieks of anguish."

But never man was farther from laughing than Gregory Moth at this moment. The appalling picture presented by his master had stirred him up to an agony of terror. He was on his knees, his eyes wildly glaring around, his

limbs trembling, his teeth chattering, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth. His master contemplated him with a sort of scornful pity, and when he had somewhat recovered, said:

"Well, sir, are you now prepared to give your advice seriously?"

"Ye—e—e—s, sir," replied Gregory, trembling, "Ye—e—s, sir. My advice is to make the best of our way to the capital, without once looking behind, and depart thence in the first ship for Old England, where these are none of these copper−colored villains."

"What! leave my home to be burnt, my estate to be plundered, and return to England a beggar, as I left it? No—no, Gregory, those who look for independence and fortune here must fight for it. So let me hear what else you have to propose. I know you are not such an ass as you affect to be, and can give good counsel when you please."

Gregory rallied, and, after due consideration, delivered himself to this effect. He advised that information of the rumor should be sent to the capital, with a request for assistance; that the house of Master Tyringham should be put in as good a state of defence as possible; that none of the family should be permitted to stray from home; and that a watch should be set at night to give notice of danger."

"Gregory," said his master, "I say and swear it— you are an oracle. Though you yaw about like a ship without a rudder, you never fail to come safe into port at last. It is exactly what I had determined on before I asked your advice."

"Hum," quoth Gregory, "I thought as much. My master never consults anybody until he has made up his mind to do as he pleases."

Preparations were accordingly made in accordance with the advice of the sage Gregory. But it would seem, if people are to be caught at all, they are caught napping. Our friend, the wise old gentleman, observes on this occasion that it is better to make preparation a hundred times against danger that never comes, than to be caught once unprepared when it arrives. The savages did not come this time. The rumor probably arose from those unceasing apprehensions which would have rendered a residence under such circumstances intolerable, were it not that perpetual danger is its own antidote. It is among the special mercies of Providence, that what mankind are condemned to endure without ceasing ceases by degrees to be unbearable; and that the burden which must be inevitably borne becomes lighter the longer it is carried. The calm which had for a time been ruffled by the rumor of Indian hostilities again returned; the every day business of life went on as before, and the good people became more confident that the danger was past, from their having been needlessly alarmed.

But methinks we hear the gentle reader complaining that we have lately said nothing of the ladies, who most assuredly have the best right to figure in romance, because the greatest number of readers belong to the sex. "After cheating me," methinks I hear you say, "into a belief that Susan Baneswright was to be your heroine, and Harold Habingdon your hero, you drop the one entirely, and say little or nothing about the other. Is she dead? If so you might have said something civil about her. For aught I can see we are to have neither hero or heroine."

Gentle reader! Susan is not dead. But what could we say of her worthy the dignity of romance? She has kept on the even tenor of her way, gently revolving in the quiet circle of the domestic fireside, carefully fulfilling all those noble duties on which women are now taught, by mischievous discussions on their rights, to look down with contempt as degrading to the sex, but which contribute far more to their own happiness, and that of the entire human race, than all the equivocal virtues of an Elizabeth, or all the dangerous talents of a Corinne. It is not, quoth the wise old gentleman at our side, it is not by her efforts without doors, but within; it is not by winning public admiration, but by private acts, her unseen, but not unfelt agency; not by leading armies, subduing kingdoms, governing states, or mingling in the contaminating strife of manhood, but by instilling into the future man those virtues which prepare him for the performance of high achievements, and the exercise of great virtues, that woman best fulfils her divine mission. Surely it is enough that one−half the human race is compelled to delve in Mammon's mine, to smother or control the generous impulses of the heart, and become selfish in self−defence. In the name of virtue and humanity, let not the other half be engulphed in the vortex of this scuffling world, least it become a hell, and be peopled by fiends. The best praise of woman is never to be talked of by the world. Silence is her most eloquent eulogium; the approving thoughts of others her highest praise, and the suffrage of heaven her richest reward. So saith the old gentleman; but it must be confessed he is at least a hundred years behind the spirit of the age.

As our first object in this work was to gain the approbation of the highest order of fashionable readers we had

determined to avoid all low, common−place topics, and especially all such domestic concerns as exclusively appertain to the vulgar. But as the reader is determined to know something more of good Mistress Habingdon, he must be gratified at all hazards. Be it known, then, that Susan passed most of her time in plying her needle and knitting stockings. As an apology for these ignoble occupations, it should be recollected that at this period there were no men−milliners in the new world, and as for seamstresses and spinsters, professionally, nothing of the kind was ever heard of. Young women were too valuable to become hired menials, and a damsel of ordinary attractions was a prize for a first−rate planter. If not worth her weight in gold she was in tobacco.

Yet it cannot be denied that the needle is an instrument of more value than the sword, the revolving pistol, or even the "Big Gun" of the conqueror of California, being most potent in keeping women out of mischief. How many heavy hours does it while away that would otherwise be spent in yawning lassitude, or exerted in the fruitless pursuit of some fleeting shadow that mocks her as it flies; and what a zest it gives to the hours of rest and relaxation, or to the employment of the mind in wholesome study, or quiet contemplation. A stitch in time not only saves nine, but kills time, while it excites a gentle interest, by carrying her who plies the needle to the end of her seam. At least one half the errors and follies, not to say crimes, of the human race, quoth the wise old gentleman, originate in not knowing what to do with themselves. Excitement of some kind or other is indispensable, and those who don't find it in business must seek it in pleasure or mischief. Having run down one fancied pleasure, they soon become sated, and seek another more piquant and racy, until at length mere folly grows insipid, and excitement can only be allayed by guilty indulgence. It is matter of surprise that our lawyers don't urge this in extenuation of murder, instead of laying it to the temptations of the devil, or resorting to the old threadbare plea of insanity. But a great portion of these temptations may be avoided by the gentle sex if they will only resort to the needle, which is a sort of non−conductor to all sorts of mischief. As the lightning rod protects the house from the dread flashes of the angry cloud, so does the needle ward off the besetting sin of love, insomuch that it is an established truth that no woman can possibly thread her needle while thinking of her sweetheart. Well might the goddess of wisdom, continues the old gentleman, dispute with Arachne the superior management of the needle, and change that notable damsel into a spider for excelling her in stitching, for it is most undoubtedly the greatest of all female accomplishments. Would I were a tailor!

Not that Susan devoted herself exclusively to the needle. The spinning wheel was not then quite obsolete, and often, yea, every day, though not all day long, would she and Miriam join in the harmonious concert of the spinning wheel. It was worth a trip to the Nile to see them, as they sat side by side, on a balmy spring morning, at an open window that looked out over a spacious greensward, dotted with trees, as old as the flood, on the wide expanse of the shining river. Dressed in the simple fashion of the sect, without ornaments of any kind, they might almost pass for sisters. Susan was one of those jewels of women that grow handsomer as they grow old, and though, as long ago stated, no beauty when young, had become one of the most comely of matrons. Miriam was the genuine representative of a very small class of females, that like a glorious landscape cannot be described, because no words can convey an idea of the expression of one, or the cunning dexterity of nature in combining the other. As the mother and daughter plied this most graceful of occupations, their appearance was touchingly attractive. The easy motions of the head and chest, keeping time with those of the little foot; one hand touching the light distaff, the other moving to and fro as it drew forth the slender thread and returned it again, all formed a picture fresh from the hand of nature, more graceful and alluring than all the grimaces and contortions of sickly affectation. Talk of the waltz, the polka and mazourka—pshaw!

In those long delicious summer twilights, equally dear to the poetic as the contemplative mind, it was their custom to ramble along the shore of the river whose silvery sands, washed by the salt waters of the not distant ocean, the hollow drumming of whose surf might sometimes be heard, afforded a pleasant promenade. On these occasions they were generally escorted by Harold, and sometimes, previous to the prohibition of the wrathful Cavalier, by Langley Tyringham, when he chanced to come that way. Their conversation was generally of a sober, pious cast, sometimes enlivened by the spritely or enthusiastic sallies of the youth, who, with all his active, vigorous habits of body, was of an imaginative mind. These, though they excited a smile in the face of Susan, and sometimes a thrill in the heart of Miriam, were received by Harold with a stiff, discouraging gravity, which, though not expressed in words, was sufficiently intelligible.

Harold was a sincerely pious man. He loved his Maker, but did not seem to love His works; and when Langley and sometimes Miriam broke forth in admiration of the glories of the setting sun, or the silvery beauty of the

rising moon, would check their innocent and happy feelings, by drawing contemptuous contrasts between the eternal omnipotence of the Creator, and the frail duration of all created things. He did not seem to comprehend the beautiful truth, that there is an inseparable connexion between the great Creator and His works, which are the Jacob's ladder by which, step by step, we ascend to the beneficent Architect of all these wonders. Where shall we look for a livelier type of infinite goodness, than in the beauties of nature, and the bounties of the generous earth? Where shall we look for a more striking exemplification of His mercy than in the rich gifts He has bestowed on wayward, ungrateful man? And where shall we find a greater proof of His omnipotence, than in contemplating the uncircumscribed infinitude of His glorious universe?

It is greatly to be regretted—says the wise old genman aforesaid—that rigidly righteous persons do not sometimes condescend to make themselves agreeable to those who are not precisely so; that they clothe religion in sackcloth and ashes; war against the cheerful hilarity of youth, and the innocent recreations of manhood; and convert a smiling cherub into a scowling demon, looking askance at all that adorns and embellishes human existence. Thus is the balmy solace sent to cheer us onward through the thorny path of life converted into gall and bitterness; and the light intended to guide us to port, becomes not a beacon to the haven of rest, but to the iron−bound coast of gloom, despondency, and despair. It were much to be wished that piety would make herself more amiable to the young, instead of adopting that species of monkish austerity, by which the anchorites of old sought to starve their way to heaven, by rejecting the bounties of the earth. Surely, to turn our backs on nature and all her beautiful works in sour disdain; to refuse to partake in the banquet spread out before us, because it may sometimes be enjoyed to excess; or to stifle those glorious impulses of genius, which, if anything on earth can claim so high a mission, are direct emanations from that spirit which is everywhere and eternal; to war on smiles and laughter, which are among the gifts bestowed on man alone, of all created beings, and to shut our senses in bitter spleen against all the good provided for us here—to do this, is surely neither conformable to reason, philosophy or religion, but a fanatical perversion of a glorious blessing.

Harold became every day more deeply infected with this bitter piety, and both Susan and Miriam in some degree partook of its twilight gloom. They lived as it were in the shadow of life, and never enjoyed the sunshine in all its warmth and brilliancy. Still they were, perhaps, as happy as their neighbors; for it would be a sad thing if there was but one wholesome and palatable dish in this world, seeing that each one has his peculiar favorite.

But Miriam was fortunate about this time in having a new excitement—a gentle one it is true—but any excitement was better than none, to one whose whole life was one day so like the other. At the expiration of some ten days, or perhaps a fortnight, after the interdict of the Cavalier, she was sitting at the window admiring the setting sun, and the many−colored, ever−changing tints of the river and the skies, which gave forth their brightest hues to the dying day. Without being actually engaged in contemplating the past, or anticipating the future, her fancy, like the butterfly among the flowers, was lightly skimming from one to another, without closing its wings, or settling on either. In this state of wayward wandering, it all of a sudden occurred to her that she had not seen Langley Tyringham for a great while. She did not much like him to be sure, and cared not if she ever saw him again. He was too gay and flighty, too headlong and enthusiastic for her taste; and she had seen him actually drink wine. Nay, it was told her by Mildred, who had it from Gregory Moth, that he sometimes danced at balls at the capital, and had on more than one occasion attended a horse race. Such a man could be nothing to her; but still she could not help, somehow or other, wondering a little why he did not call at the house, or meet them in their evening walks, as he used to do once or twice a week. In a word, she began to think of Langley Tyringham, and the longer his absence continued, the more she wondered why, until at last her curiosity became quite uncomfortable. It was the old story; what she slighted in possession was valued when lost, and Miriam by degrees became conscious that Master Langley had been a very efficient spoke in the wheel of time. Of late that worthy old gentleman of the hour glass had limped along on a snail's gallop, and his scythe became so dull that he left a great many weeds behind in his path.

Langley, too, had a grievous perplexity on his shoulders. He could not for the life of him see any reason why he should be prohibited visiting Miriam, merely because the two old gentlemen differed in politics and religion. He had no more to do with this than the man in the moon, who is a mighty indifferent old gentleman, and an example to all busy−bodies. At length, through a long rigmarole of ratiocination, he arrived at the conclusion, that unless there was something very particular to prevent, there was no particular reason for prevention. What this particular reason could be puzzled him sorely, until one evening it suddenly popped into his pericranium, that it

must be Miriam, though it is believed this was the first time a reason was ever metamorphosed into a woman. But why this should be, was a question that always brought him to a dead stand, where he stuck fast, thinking and thinking, but always coming back to his old conclusion, that his father was afraid he might fall in love with, and marry the Roundhead's daughter. Thus it will be perceived that he was continually coupling Miriam and matrimony together, a most dangerous conjunction, worse than that of Virgo and the Twins.

In this mystical state of mutual sympathy, which is said to be ominous of other mutual affinities, it so happened that Miriam, one balmy twilight in the merry month of May, which, in that genial southern clime is worthy all the raptures of the rascally poets, set forth on a lonely ramble by the river−side. A variety of good reasons might be given why she was not accompanied by one or both her parents, as usual, which would fill a page or two very comfortably to the author, and doubtless equally edifying to the reader. But, notwithstanding the temptation, we shall content ourselves with stating, positively and unequivocally, that it was decreed by fate that Miriam should be alone that evening. Precisely at the same time did Master Langley, doubtless touched by that magnetic telegraph by which young people in love, or destined to fall in love, communicate with each other without being a whit the wiser, set forth in the same direction.

It was a charming evening of the sunny south, when the lazy twilight, like some ancient dame picking her way through the increasing obscurity, and sounding the path with stick in hand, lingers long after the setting sun. The lord of day, though sunk behind the distant mountains, had left the reflection of his glories behind him in the skies, which presented a gorgeous array of purple, red, and gold, mingling with, and decking the light fantastic clouds that slept in the lap of the blue heavens, unmoved by a single breath of air, and yet were perpetually changing in hue and form. The broad river was at rest like all nature around, and only presented a quick succession of varying purple tints reflected from the skies. The mockbird, that Orpheus of nature's tuneful choir, was running the round of all his endless variations, and trilling forth his matchless melodies, with such a joyous hilarity, such a rich redundancy of extemporaneous song, that had any of our prima donnas heard him she would have died of envy. Other than the rural minstrel no sound met the ear, save ever and anon at a distance, and at distant intervals, might be heard the splashing of the huge strugeon, as he fell back from his ambitious attempt to see a little of the world above. The reader must pardon this sketch, for we delight in such scenes, whether of fancy or reality, and pity those, whether old or young, who have outlived, or never enjoyed, a wholesome relish of nature's enchanting beauties.

The two wandering pilgrims saw each other at a distance, and, as they were proceeding opposite ways, of course gradually approached each other, without attempting to avoid a meeting. They actually did start a little at first sight, for it happened they were at that moment both thinking of the same thing. Langley was wondering at the prohibition of his father, and Miriam was wondering why he had ceased his visits. Certainly this was a wonderful coincidence, and foretold something extraordinary. As they were both walking along the same river path towards each other, it is obvious they must have met in time; and accordingly meet they did, under a great antediluvian tree, whose wide−spread branches overshadowed half an acre of stinted greensward. The ceremonies of meeting were very common−place, and if either blushed it passed unheeded by the other, for both had enough to do to hide their own. It is the proper business of women to begin first, because they are said to be always ready; and Miriam, seeing Master Langley in all appearance at a loss for words, addressed him in her simple Doric dialect:

"Thou hast been a stranger at our house of late, Master Langley."

Master Langley, not exactly knowing what to say, answered in that expressive monosyllable with which single ladies are wont to reply when asked a certain impertinent question, and another pause ensued.

"Hast thou been absent?"

"No."

"Hast thou been ill?"

"No."

The maiden paused a few moments, and though she knew nothing of logic—having never had the benefit of Gregory Moth's instructions—actually achieved a syllogism. "He has not," thought she, "he has not been absent—he has not been ill—ergo, he did not wish to see me." The conclusion was, on the whole, not satisfactory. In the meantime, Master Langley had been chopping logic, too, and arrived at a conclusion, that it was equally due to Miriam and himself that he should apprise her of the cause of the abrupt cessation of his visits. This he did

with all the frankness of his nature, adding, that though at a loss to know his father's reasons for the sudden prohibition, he had felt bound to conform to it, however contrary it might be to his wishes.

"Alas!" replied Miriam, sorrowfully, "well do I know the reason. It is that which caused the persecutions of my dear mother and her parents; it is that which sets friends against friends, countrymen against countrymen, brother against brother, sons against their fathers, and fathers against their children: it is that which deluged England with the blood of her sons; it is that which drove us from our home to seek a refuge in the wilderness of this new world. I thought not that it would cross the broad seas, and follow us here to set neighbor against neighbor, where it seems so necessary that all should unite in defence of each other. But the ways of heaven are not for me to scan. Doubtless all is right, or all will come right at last."

There was no declamation or effort in all this. It was spoken with the most perfect simplicity, slowly, and in a voice of plaintive sweetness. Her face was calm and unruffled, yet touched by an expression of profound sorrow, hallowed by devout resignation. Her dark chestnut hair, which was quite anti−Puritan, and would curl in spite of the platform, fell back from her snowy brow as she raised her eyes towards heaven, and Langley, as he gazed on her innocent look, called to mind the pure, unspotted virgins offered up in olden time on the blood−stained altar of persecution. He felt too much to speak, and another silence ensued, which was again broken by Miriam.

"Thy father hath seen it right to forbid thy coming to my father's house, and doubtless he wishes we should not meet elsewhere; continue thy walk and I will return."

"Nay, Miriam, he did not forbid my seeing you by accident."

"No, but that was doubtless intended in his prohibition. Good evening, Master Langley."

"I entreat you to stay a moment. Surely my father cannot dislike one so young and unoffending as you. His resentment is against your father; and he is not, I assure you, of a disposition to confound the innocent with—with—"

"With the guilty," interrupted Miriam with a sad smile, "with the guilty, thou wouldst say, after the manner of presumptuous mortals, who make their own principles, yea, often prejudices, the standard for the reason of others, and are not content with freedom themselves unless they can impose bondage on the rest of their fellow creatures. Good evening once again. I wish thee well, though thy father hath condemned me."

There was truth in her voice and her eye as she said this; Langley was touched deeply as he gazed earnestly in her face and almost thought it beautiful. There was a placid and earnest simplicity in all she had said; a native dignity of manner, a proud humility, that awakened an interest he had never felt before, ardent in disposition, quick in his feelings, and prompt in expressing them, he gently arrested her departure, ontreating her to continue her walk and permit him to accompany her, this she gently but firmly declined; but finally acquiesced in a compromise, and assented to his accompanying her towards home.

"You seem to wish it," said she, "and I at least am not forbidden to meet thee, though I tell the frankly my father does not like thee."

"I know it," replied Langley, "but I hope you don't partake in his dislike."

"I do"—what she would have added was suddenly arrested by a slight embarrassment, and she said no more, as they continued their walk slowly, and with frequent pauses in the conversation. In truth, there seemed little accordance in their feelings, sentiments or opinions. By degrees, inspired by the mellowed luxury of the air, the beauties of the scene, and the fragrance of the blossoms of many a nameless shrub and plant that sprung up in wild luxuriance around them, Langley launched forth in his naturally poetic vein of talk, and became eloquent with feeling. The little Puritan girl listened and looked up into his face, as if half wondering and half admiring. Sometimes she answered not, and once she said with an almost breathless sigh—

"Though hast strong feelings and a virtuous mind, else thou couldst not thus revel in the delights of nature. Pity it is thou dost not look upwards from this beautiful earth to Him who created and bestowed it on His creatures."

Langley thought of the Crop−ears; but though this speech did not exactly please him, there was a sincerity and fervor in the speaker, and such a beautiful expression of piety in her face, that he paused to admire it.

"I am sorry," at length, he said, "that you don't admire such a scene as this. Living as I have done, for the most part alone in the forests, without a companion in thought or feeling, I know not what I should have done had I not learned to commune with nature; to fall in love, and almost make her my mistress. You think it wrong to worship nature?"

"To worship—but not to love her," answered Miriam, with a gentle smile. "Thou dost me wrong in thinking I

am blind or insensible to the bounties of Heaven, or the beauties of nature. I love the green meadows, the silent, shady woods, the murmuring brooks, the waiving hills, and misty mountains. I love the lily's whiteness, the rose's blush, and the purple hyacinth, clothed in all the glories of nature's many−colored wardrobe. Whoever loves the Creator must love his beauteous handiwork. But the enthusiasm is catching," said she, checking herself and blothing, "I beseech thee not to laugh at me."

"Laugh at you," cried Langley, with all his heart. "Laugh at you? By my soul, I love to hear you—go on, I entreat you."

"I have nothing more to say, but that those who love the beauties of nature should be grateful to Him that spread out the banquet before them."

"Who dares to say," exclaimed the youthful enthusiast, "who dares to say that piety is sour and repulsive? By my soul, as I see it now, it seems more lovely and alluring than all those temptations that lead astray the world."

"No more of this, sir," said Miriam, gravely, "thou hast twice invoked thy soul to witness for thee. Believe me, that when thus invoked it bears only testimony against thee."

Langley was fairly unhorsed. His enthusiasm was checked in its flight; he again thought of the Crop−ears, and all his Cavalier prejudices were awakened. He could not at that moment forgive her, and she was suddenly transformed into a prim, starched, common−place Puritan. He did not know she was as much of an enthusiast as himself, only in a different way. In this mood they arrived at a little gate which opened into the wide lawn spreading out from Master Habingdon's house to the river.

"Leave me now," said she, "I am at home, and thou must no farther transgress the command of thy father."

"But I don't like to appear as if I were afraid of being seen. And besides, if I skulk away now, will it not be suspected that our meeting was not accidental?"

"If my father or mother should think it so, I will tell them otherwise, and they will believe me. Good evening," added she, as Langley opened the gate, "or rather I should say, farewell, for though we live near each other, it may be long before we meet again, to take another pleasant walk together."

"Ah! accident may bring it about again."

"Think not so, Langley,"—she had never called him so before,—"it will not be accident if we walk there again at one and the same time. Promise me thou wilt walk no more there of evenings, or I must walk elsewhere or stay at home." He promised, and she added—"Farewell, once more—who knows if we shall ever meet again. But this may be said by all that part, even for a moment. I shall often remember this evening."

"And so shall I," said Langley. "Farewell, gentle Miriam, when I look back on the past, I shall often find you there."

Miriam passed up the lawn, and Langley pursued his way towards home, sometimes belying his heart, by calling her a little canting prude, at others almost revering her piety and singleness of heart.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Eulogium on the Divine Tobacco Pipe—A Discussion and a Catastrophe— The Cavalier grows Peremptory—A Soliloquy—The Cavalier for once Agrees in Opinion with the Roundhead—Miriam Talks like a Simpleton, and Thinks not a whit more Wisely—Falls Asleep in a Profound Doubt.

"Moth," said Master Hugh Tyringham to his trusty squire, who was philosophically solacing himself with the truly republican relaxation of the fragrant pipe. We call it republican—not to say democratic—because it is emphatically the poor man's luxury, innocent, cheap, and refreshing; one that he can enjoy at home in summer on his porch, in winter by his fireside, without seeking abroad for vagrant pleasures; one that, while it produces a gentle, harmless excitement, leads to no excesses, like the mischievous inspiration of wine, and whiles away the time in the intervals of exhausting labor. Well have the wise red men of the woods selected the pipe as the seal of reconciliation, the token that the bloody hatchet has been buried, for it is the very emblem of peace and repose. Would any man wish to calm his troubled spirit, ruffled by the rude elbowings of the busy world, or wasting away with disappointed hopes, or never−ending toil; would the philosopher wish to explore the depths of some unfathomable doubt, or metaphysical mystery; would the poet aspire to reach the highest haven of inspiration, or the lover seek to indulge himself in weaving a web of fancied bliss, let him light his pipe, and, like the fabled wand of the magician, it will conjure up before him such a host of happy ideas, that he will no longer seek the fruition of dull reality.

Were we to attempt to exhibit a picture of content— the only real happiness this earth affords—one that would attract the envy of mankind, we would set before them yonder grey−headed Dutch farmer, not fat, but round and portly, with his brown, ruddy face, calm as the noble river that flows along his verdant meadows. He is seated under his porch, one of the last remaining types of the little cocked hat, erewhile worn by the great Frederick of Prussia, and other celebrated warriors. He has finished his hay and harvest, his barns are full, and generous plenty laughs him in the face. It is a delightful summer evening, and it is not yet time to go to rest. No wind but the sweet southwestern zephyr, which the Indians say comes from the abode of the Great Spirit, ruffles the leaves or the waters; no noise but that of the rural concert of tinkling bells and lowing herds, nothing to awaken the wickedness of man, or afford his great enemy a bait to lead him astray.

He has lighted his pipe, and the eddies of smoke ascend in spiral volumes, gradually fading away in boundless space. Beside him sits a wholesome, portly dame plying her knitting needles, and now and then it is clear, from the old man taking the pipe from his mouth, that they are exchanging a few words. On the lower step of the porch, and at a respectful distance, sits honest Coony O`Brien, of the Emerald Isle, a hired man, who, saving that he sometimes makes a respectable blunder, is as honest and well spoken a person as one would wish to meet with. He has saved from his wages enough to pay his brother's passage to the land where labor meets its due reward, and plenty sits laughing in the lap of liberty. Coony, too, is modestly smoking the stump of a pipe, black as ebony, and counting the days till the coming of his brother. Notwithstanding all the loyal and orthodox writers of England say of Irish ignorance, barbarity, and that sort of thing, they certainly have strong natural feelings and affections, and if they are impatient of the process of starvation, we must expect the apple to sputter a little while roasting. The honest fellow looks so comfortable that we could almost find in our heart to wish we were Coony O`Brien.

A plague on those musty moralists who would feed the world with crab apples; who rail against the majesty of tobacco, and seek to deprive the poor and lowly of their cheap, as well as harmless, solace in the few short hours of cessation from labor. And most especially a plague on those pestilent rulers who leave the expensive luxuries of the rich unburdened, only to lay the load on the poor man's enjoyments. Smoke away, honest, portly Dutchman, and smoke away, Coony; if this is the worst thing you do would we were in your old shoes

"Gregory—Gregory Moth!" exclaimed Master Tyringham somewhat impatiently, though the reader must not imagine Gregory was quite as long in answering his master's summons as we have been in weaving the foregoing train of philosophical speculation.

"Coming, sir," answered the squire, "I am just knocking the ashes out of my pipe. Dust to dust, is the moral of

smoking."

"Have you seen Langley lately? I wish to speak with him. I hear more about the Indians, to−day. The Governor has sent us an express to put us on our guard."

"For the love of mince pies, I beseech you, sir, not to mention those disagreeable heretics. It benumbs my faculties at once, and I have no use of myself for hours afterwards."

"Will you be pleased, Master Gregory, for once in your life, to answer directly and categorically? Have you seen Langley lately?"

"Why, sir, I can't say directly, categorically, or positively, for there is no trusting one's eyes, to believe what we see, unless it conforms to the deductions of science, and can be demonstrated on principles of philosophy. But if I might trust any of my five senses I saw him a little time ago walking along shore yonder."

"Along shore? Why, what has come over the young blockhead to be rambling about alone by himself. Has he fallen in love, or grown poetical?"

"Why, sir, if, as I before remarked, my eyes did not deceive me, I think I saw something walking beside him very like a woman."

"A woman! impossible; why they are so scarce in these parts they are worth a hogshead of tobacco, inspection and all. Are you quite sure?"

"I again aver that I can't say positively, seeing, as I before premised, there is no trusting the villanous five senses. The other night I thought I heard some one crying murder, but it turned out to be only a screech owl, and not long ago, sir—"

"Gregory Moth, let me ask you one question: Have you any inclination to get your head broke? which will certainly happen if you don't answer me directly, and in as few words as possible."

"Honored sir," quoth Gregory, "you doubtless know I am a man of few ideas, and consequently a great multiplicity of words. Allow me, by way of illustration— a prudent man, with only one guinea in his purse, will—primo, divide it into shillings—secundo, into pence—and tertio, into farthings, before he ventures to expend the least modicum. I, sir, taking example from this judicious arithmetician, having, figuratively speaking, but one idea, essay to make the most of it by sub−dividing it grievously."

"The fiend take you, and your one idea to boot. Was it a real bona−fide woman or not? Speak, villain, or die!"

"Patience, honored sir, you will drive my one idea to distraction. I opine it was a woman, howbeit, she certainly wore a petticoat; and, as we used to argue at Oxford, the man is only a remote circumstance of his dress, so may it be logically inferred that a two−legged animal wearing a petticoat is a woman."

"Well, sirrah, having settled the species, can you tell who was the individual? Was she old, young, or middle−aged—black, white, or copper−colored?"

"I am inclined to believe she was not old, as my young master stuck pretty close to her side. I draw the logical conclusion that she was not of a middle age, for she tripped along like a little zephyr, and I pronounce her most emphatically young, because Master Langley, like unto his father, has too much discretion to consort at evening walks with any other than a fair, blooming damsel, not more than eighteen at farthest."

"Did you see her face—do you think you can identify the hussy?"

"I was not watching them, sir. I scorn it. But I think I may say, without injury to my reputation for veracity, that it was the little Crop−eared damsel."

"Impossible, Gregory, quite impossible. I have forbid him all communication with any of the family."

"Hem," quoth Gregory, "now I am certain of it."

At this critical moment Langley returning from his evening stroll, in what some unlettered people aptly call a fit of distraction, stumbled against Gregory Moth, whose pipe he shivered into countless pieces, and as usual, when people are themselves in fault gave him a broadside for standing in his way. The loss of a pipe was thought more of in those times than taking the benefit of "The Act" is now−a−days, as it could not be repaired within less than a score or two of miles. But Gregory was a philosopher, and proceeded to pick up the pieces with great deliberation. After which, like a wise man, he took his departure to see if he could not mend the matter."

"Where have you been, sir," asked the father, rather sharply.

"Taking a walk, sir," replied Langley.

"Where?"

"Along the river side, sir."

"With whom?"

"With Miriam Habingdon, sir."

"Why, didn't I forbid your entering the door of that confounded Crop−ear again?"

"I have not entered his door, sir. Our meeting was quite accidental, though I acknowledge we walked together afterwards. I accompanied her to the gate of her father's lawn, but did not go in."

"Well—well—I believe every word you say. But did it not occur to you, that you were breaking your promise—at least the spirit of your promise, if not the word of my command?"

"Why, sir"—replied Langley, smiling—"I confess it did come across me, after our walk was ended, that such might be the case. But really, I can't think there was any great harm in availing myself of a mere accident."

"Perhaps so—you may be of that opinion, sir—but I have my reasons, which as they are no concern of yours, I shall not trouble you with. I have my reasons, sir, for prohibiting not only your going to the Crop−ear's house, but associating either by accident or design with any of the family, most especially his daughter. I must beg of you then, sir, to understand this in future, accident or no accident; if you see Miriam Habingdon coming towards you, turn about and make tracks as if the old Harry himself were coming. If you see her going another way, you must turn short about."

"And follow her?"—said Langley, laughing rather irreverently.

"No, sir—I tell you, no—you must—you must—go to the d—l." And the indignant Cavalier turned into the house and sought his bed, it being his custom to retire early to roost, except when he had a few boon companions from the other side of the river to keep him awake.

The reader will recollect it had been voluntarily settled between the two young people, that they should meet no more. Langley was content to accede to the arrangement, since he cherished no feeling towards Miriam strong enough to prompt him to resist the will of his father. "Why then,"—thought he, as he lay that night on his pillow, "why should my father so peremptorily forbid what I had no intention of doing? There must be some special reason for this unwonted exercise of his authority, and now I recollect he said something about secret motives. What can they be? It is not possible that a mere difference in politics and religion can estrange two families residing so near each other, and having no neighbors within a distance of many miles. In this remote region surely the bitter feelings of hostility which were awakened in the old world, by mutual rivalry and bloodshed, cannot exist in such rank maturity as to produce fruits like these. What can it mean?" he again asked himself, and again the thought came over him that his father was apprehensive of an attachment between himself and Miriam. This set him musing on the probability of such an event; and in order to weigh the subject dispassionately, he recalled to mind the simple dress and unstudied gracefulness of Miriam; he dwelt on her piety, which had something poetical in its mode of expression; her love of flowers, so indicative of a pure taste and delicate sensibility, and her perception of the grandeur and beauty of nature, characteristic of a pious, elevated soul. From these, by a very natural transition, his memory and his fancy together, conjured up a vivid and exaggerated picture of her exuberant chestnut hair, which curled about the snow−white cheek, which never glowed, save when her heart beat rapidly, and her large, pensive, penetrating eyes, sometimes in despite of themselves, sparkled of other joys than those of Heaven.

The end of all this was, that Master Langley began to think there might be some reason for his father's apprehensions, and entered on a rigid self−examination which resulted in the conclusion that the thing was possible. In the midst of these cogitations, it cannot be denied, that a rising spirit of opposition, a feeling so often conjured up by what are deemed unreasonable exactions of parental authority—was awakened in the bosom of the son.

"How can those,"—continued Langley, resuming his silent soliloquy—"How can those, that like my father, who, though loyal to his sovereign, has learned in this new world of unrestricted reason to scorn the slavish doctrine of passive obedience and non−resistance— how can they deny the application of this principle to a tyrant king, and apply it to a tyrant father! I am a man—I reason, and I draw conclusions. If left to myself, I can take care of myself, in danger and difficulty. I am past the age of correction, I should no longer be commanded. When rational beings differ in tastes, opinions, and principles, are they to break each other's heads, if strangers; or if they stand in the relation of parent and child—the latter arrived at years of discretion—is it for the father to command at will, and the son to obey against the impulses of his heart, and the convictions of his understanding? Where then is the authority of the parent to cease, and the freedom of the child to commence? The law says at

one−and−twenty—but I am not mooting a question of law—hum—um—um." Here he began to grow sleepy. "The difference between what is reasonable, and what is not, is assuredly very plain if one could only see it; but like black and white, the edges may be so blended together that it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends." So Langley fell asleep, and again dreamed of the little Crop−ear.

Precisely at the same moment the Cavalier was haranguing his son, the Roundhead was questioning his daughter, in a different style, but in the same spirit, and on the same subject; another proof that the destinies of these young people were spun from the same distaff. He inquired where she had been walking, with a cold gravity that savored of unkindness, a feeling far from his heart, for he loved his daughter almost as dearly as his own stubborn will. Miriam stated the simple truth, without hesitation, and without a single tell−tale blush to impeach her veracity, or betray a latent feeling. The mother, who was present, saw with the unerring instinct of woman, that it was a mere common−place affair; but the father, who was rather too much given to holding a tight rein, when the steed had no disposition to run away, took occasion to express his disapprobation of her rambling forth alone.

"Do you think there is any danger, father?" said Miriam. "If you do I will not go out alone again, though I own I love the quiet summer twilight along the river. It makes me feel so calm, and awakens so many agreeable fancies."

"Miriam," replied Harold, "knowest thou not that the indulgence of the imagination is dangerous to youth! It lures us astray from the path we are destined to tread in this weary pilgrimage, rough as it is, and leads to a worse, among thorns and briars."

"But father, does it not sometimes lead us among the roses, as well as the thorns?"

"Yea, daughter, to inhale their fragrance for a moment, and suffer for years from the wounds they inflict. The pilgrims of this world are destined to cope with that which is real, not that which has no existence; and they who, according to profane language, build castles in the air, will peradventure be crushed by their fall."

"Ah! father, it may be so. But when I am rambling alone amid the delights of nature, breathing of sweets—seeing naught but what is pleasing in my eyes, and grateful to my heart, I cannot keep my mind within the narrow limits of reality. Methinks, I dream rather than feel; I seem to live in some other world, more beautiful even than this, and fancy a happiness I never felt, and never expect to feel. Yet is it delicious to my heart, and like the reflected glories of the sky at summer twilight, is far more soothing and gentle, than the real presence of that sun, from whence they derive their lustre."

Harold gazed on her awhile in silence. He wondered where she learned to feel thus, and to express herself in such glowing terms. He forgot she was young, and that her teacher was that same Nature, which inspires the glorious love of song, gives magic to the strains of the musician, and teaches the artist almost to outdo his teacher. For a moment or two, he contemplated her with all the proud affection of a parent, but again relapsed into his usual frame of mind. He had sacrificed all for religion, and religion was all to him. Though he partook in moderation of the enjoyments of life, he persuaded himself it was because they were essential to existence, and not for the gratification of the senses. He grudged himself and his household any pleasure or relaxation that had not reference, in some way or other, to what he called the one thing needful. Thus his home was gloomy, his face gloomy, and all around him partook in the infectious gloom. His presence was a restraint, and his absence a relief.

"Dost thou not know, Miriam," at length he said, "that such thoughts and feelings are carnal and wicked, seeing they lead astray from those higher purposes which should be perpetually before our eyes and in our hearts? But this is not what I wished to say just now. My object was to warn you against consorting with that profane and unbelieving youth, Master Langley Tyringham."

"Unbelieving, father!" exclaimed Miriam, then suddenly checking herself, "I do not consort with him. Our meeting, as I told thee, was accidental, and will not be repeated. His father had forbidden him to come here."

This information grated harshly on the feelings of Harold. His besetting sin of spiritual pride reared its head aloft, and the serpent hissed in his ear. "What an insult, in one of the imps of ungodliness to forbid the intercourse of a sinner with one of the saints! It is as if the spirit of darkness should turn his back in disdain on the spirit of light." True, it was calculated to bring about the very thing he was himself aiming at. Yet he was deeply mortified that the first movement had not come from him. He had long since persuaded himself that his temper was entirely subdued; a dangerous delusion, since it throws us off our guard, and induces us to drop the reins when they should be most firmly grasped. It is true he was able to repress all outward expression of passion; but the spirit of

forgiveness was not within him. He swallowed his anger and it turned to gall. On this occasion he answered Miriam in his usual measured tone without any appearance of passion:

"Thou shalt see the young man no more. If not an unbeliever he is one of those who have perverted the precepts of the only true faith. His sect, his family, and his father, have been the persecutors and revilers of thy father, thy mother, and thy whole race. They scourged and mutilated thy grandfather, who died in my arms on the field of Naseby, a martyr to his faith; they drove thy mother and grandmother from their homes, and made them outcasts; and they and their friends have banished me and mine, from that peaceful home which had sheltered my forefathers for eight hundred years, to this howling wilderness, to murder or be murdered by the savage Indians. Yet here, even here in the boundless solitudes of nature, the whip is brandished over our heads, the viper spits his venom, and the scorner continues to scorn. We are not, I find, permitted the free enjoyment of our consciences even here, for I have this day been apprised that we must attend at the church which has persecuted us to death, and hear ourselves and our faith contemned, or ridiculed, or pay a fine for liberty to stay away. Miriam, my daughter, wouldst thou mingle thy thoughts, or hold communion with one who has neither sympathy for our wrongs, respect for our faith, or feeling for our sufferings? Surely the grand−daughter of Isaac Baneswright, the martyr, will not even wish to do this; and here I declare that never while I live— unless some dire necessity should occur—if I can prevent it, shalt thou see or speak to him more."

"I do not wish it, father," answered Miriam somewhat sadly—"thy wishes shall be mine. I have never disobeyed thy will, and trust I never may."

Harold, stern as he was, at least outwardly, was softened by the passive obedience of his daughter, and said to her kindly,

"Now go to thy rest, my child, and shut thine eyes like yonder flower that closes its leaves against the dew of night. Commend thyself to Heaven, and sleep in peace."

Miriam did not sleep in peace. The quiet current of her innocent thoughts, which had hitherto flowed along almost without a ripple, or a murmur, was disturbed. She thought to herself—"Surely the spirit of our faith cannot be that of mercy and forgiveness, or my father would not be so bitter against poor Langley. *He* never persecuted or slandered us, I am sure; he is too noble and generous for that; though, I confess, I never thought much of him, till I heard he was forbidden to see me. What can my father mean by my marrying Langley?" The attentive reader will recollect that Harold had not said a word about matrimony. "I am sure I have never dreamed of such a thing, but now he has put it into my head, I dare say I shall think of nothing else, can it be possible that Langley wishes to—to—what nonsense! But if he don't, how strange that my father should forbid what is never likely to happen." Thus she lay for hours, ruminating on love and marriage, mixed up with Langley Tyringham— a most dangerous concatenation. At length she fell asleep, with a weight on her heart, without being able to tell exactly to what cause it was owing; whether to the sternness of her father, or his antipathy to such a harmless young man.

## CHAPTER IX.

A Great Event Signalized by a Great Feast—Transformation of a Boar's Head—a Red Herring on Horseback—Tristrified Flesh— Apology for Making Merry in this Miserable World.

On the morning succeeding these decisive movements of the Cavalier and Roundhead, the former was sitting on the piazza apparently in deep contemplation, which was interrupted by a sudden jerk of the body, an elevation of the chin and a determined compression of the lips, indicating that he had arrived at a conclusion. Pausing a moment, he shouted in a loud, decisive voice—

"Gregory Moth!"

"Sir!"

"Come hither—I want to speak with you."

"Here I am, sir, in *puris naturalibus*—that is to say, in my own proper person."

"Gregory, do you know that Langley will come of age on Friday next?"

"An unlucky day, sir. I thank my stars I was born on the twenty−ninth day of February, which being, as it were, no day at all, cannot be called unlucky."

"Pooh—don't talk, sir, but listen. I mean to give a great dinner on the occasion."

"Better not, sir—Master Langley is already rather hard in the mouth, and depend upon it, if you once put the toga on in him, he will take the bit between his teeth, and for aught we know run right into the arms of the little Crop−ear damsel."

"No danger of that, Gregory. Has he not promised not to go near the house, and you know as well as I, he is a man of his word."

"Sir, in the course of my study and observation of men, manners and customs, as well as the instincts of animals, I have never failed to notice that they all, man and beast, have a pernicious hankering after forbidden fruit, insomuch, that I am fully wrought into the conviction that were they permitted to do as they liked, they would never go out of their bounds."

"A most logical conclusion, worthy the famous wild boar that swallowed a volume of Aristotle. Relieve them from all restraint and they will not require to be restrained. Eh? But have done with your nonsense, I am determined to celebrate this auspicious day by a grand dinner. I shall invite—"

"The Roundhead gentleman, I suppose, for he is the only Christian man, besides ourselves, in twenty miles round, at least on this side the river."

"No, sir, not the Roundhead. Do you call *him* a Christian man? Why, the fellow don't believe in the bishops. I mean to invite the Governor and council, the general−in−chief, the judge, the doctor, and the parson, who, you know, is not one of your water−drinking dissenters."

"No, he never dissents from good wine; conforms exactly to a bowl of punch; and swallows the thirty−nine articles in as many bumpers."

"Hold your tongue, sir, who has a better right to drink than a man with a quiet conscience? But we'll have the dinner, I'm determined, so set about making provision without delay. Let me see—ah— yes—a haunch of venison at both ends—"

"By your leave, sir," interrupted Gregory, "I would respectfully and reverentially recommend a boar's head at one end of the table, with a lemon in his mouth, and a red herring riding away on horseback, to come on with the second course, after the good old fashion of king Brute and his valiant Trojans, who, accompanied by certain Greek philosophers, came into Britain, and reached a place called Bellositum, afterwards Oxenford, where they feasted lustily on wild boars, and laid the foundation of that ancient seat of learning, eleven hundred years before the Christian era."

"Confound me if I believe a word of it. But I have no objection to the boar's head, and the red herring riding on horseback, for I think the latter will be a new dish in these parts. But for all that, I don't believe one word about king Brute and his valiant Trojans. Why don't you go back to your favorite era, the creation. That is an excellent starting point."

"You don't, worthy sir? If you had broached such a doubt at Oxford, you would have been expelled, as you told me the great John Locke had lately been, for heresy, or something else. You ought to have flourished at the time when the study of Greek was considered little better than heresy, and *ego legit*, and *ego currit*, held to be good Latin."

The Cavalier seemed to pay little attention to this display of learning. He sat apparently in a fit of abstraction for a few minutes—then began nodding his head and rubbing his hands—concluding by passing the back of his right hand briskly across the end of his nose, right and left, as was his custom when tickled by any idea passing in his mind.

"Ah, Moth, those were pleasant times at Oxford— hey? Do you recollect the bonfire we made in the college walk on the Prince's birth−day, in spite of the Crop−ear proctors?"

"And do you remember," said Gregory, "the plot of the students to expel the Crop−ear Garrison?"

"Yes, and that you got tipsy drinking small beer, fell asleep on your favorite seat, The Penniless Bench, as it was called, and being waked up by the morning gun, was so frightened that you let out the whole secret."

"And lucky was it for you all, sir; for I opine that if we had carried our plot into execution, we should have been terribly drubbed by the Ironside Crop−ears, and the survivors expelled incontinently. I peached from pure humanity, sir."

"Very well, so be it. Now go and make your preparations, and mind there is no scarcity."

"They shall have as much as they can swallow, sir."

"Six times as much, Gregory. It don't become a Virginia planter, and Cavalier to boot, to stint his guests. But now I think of it, where the deuce is the Boar's Head to come from—eh?

"Sir," said Gregory proudly, "did you ever know me to propose anything that could not be done. You know there are many swine that have strayed away into the forest, and become wild boars, to all intents and purposes. You will send your forester to shoot one of these, whether sow or boar is of no consequence. If he should fail, I will go and catch a sturgeon, and send up his head instead. If you ply the guests well with punch before dinner, they won't know the difference."

"Good—right, Gregory, and if any man except the Governor and the parson questions its being a boar's head, I'll call him out. So now go at the business, and I'll consult Mistress Tyringham, about the puddings. There shall be a plum pudding at each end of the table, and two in the middle."

The guests were bidden, the invitations accepted— all but the governor, who was ill with the gout—for when people live a great distance from each other, they are always most anxious to meet—the wild boar was not shot, and the red herring mounted on horseback, ready for a drive. The excellent Mistress Tyringham smiled at the boar's head and the red herring, besides hesitating a doubt, as to the six plum puddings. But being a sensible woman, she quietly acquiesced in any reasonable matter that pleased her husband.

The day at length arrived, and with it the guests, who, in those days, were accustomed to come betimes, in order to whet their appetites for dinner by certain libations of punch, as that unequalled beverage, mint julep, was not yet discovered. It was the product of a more enlightened period, and doubtless stands first among those improvements which give one age a decided superiority over another.

Gregory Moth was among the immortals. He had determined to celebrate the majority of his young master royally, first, because he had a great affection for the young man, secondly, because he had a still greater attachment to good liquor: accordingly, like a prudent man he began early, and was tolerably well ballasted before dinner. At the instant the guests entered one door of the dining−room, Gregory, as had been concerted with his master, came into the other, bearing the boar's, or rather sturgeon's head, most elaborately disguised, and singing a stave of a classical old song— which ran as follows— "The boar's head in hand bear I, Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary; And I pray you, masters, merry be, Quot, quot estis in convivio."

Which was received with great applause.

The commander−in−chief, who in his youth had served a campaign or two in Germany, was first helped, Mistress Tyringham, as is often the case among good housewives, having exerted herself so zealously in manufacturing the six plum puddings, that she was obliged to go to bed with a headache. At the first taste, the general−in−chief crossed his knife and fork, and looked doubtingly. The judge tried it twice, that he might, as it were, hear both sides; the doctor looked as if he had swallowed one of his own prescriptions; and the parson, as if he had swallowed a Jesuit or a Presbyterian. Master Tyringham did not know whether to laugh or be angry;

Langley, who was not in the secret, wondered at the general abstinence; Gregory stuffed a napkin into his mouth, and the gentlemen of color in waiting showed a vast quantity of ivory.

The general−in−chief tasted again, and again laid down his weapons.

"It's d—d fishy; I ask your pardon for swearing in your presence, parson," said he, turning to the Rev. Mr. Truehart, who sat next him.

"Truly, it has an ancient and fish−like smell," replied he, quoting Will Shakspeare.

"Yes, and taste, too," said the general. "I have eaten of a boar's head more than once, in Bohemia, but I'll swear it did not taste like this. I say, Tyringham, where did this boar come from?"

"Why, Gregory says he was shot somewhere in the forest, yonder."

"I should rather suppose it was in the river, for between you and me, it tastes more like fish than flesh."

Here Gregory, seeing his master at fault for an answer, made a diversion in his favor.

"If the general−in−chief will permit me, it is dressed after the manner of King Brute and his valiant Trojans, with crab sauce. Besides, sir, the wild boars often come down to the river to feed on the clams and periwinkles, which give them a fishy taste sometimes."

"That is a curious fact in natural history, Mr. Truehart. You who are fond of such studies should investigate the matter," said the general aside to his neighbor.

By this time a general titter circulated round the table, and the Cavalier began to perceive the joke was turning against him, especially when the doctor exclaimed, "A sturgeon's head, by all the gods," and burst into a roar of laughter. He debated within himself whether to call out the doctor, make Gregory the scapegoat, or make an honest confession. Being both bold and generous, he determined on the last course, and told the whole story. The sturgeon's head, so far from disturbing the harmony of the company, only occasioned a more general merriment. Gregory was quizzed unmercifully about the boar's head, and the red herring riding on horseback; while the general−in−chief took occasion to tell the story of a servant of his from the old country, who being sent out to procure a sheep's head, instead of a fish brought back the head of a fine old ram with magnificent horns. But Gregory stood fire like a hero; at every shot he reinforced his courage with a stiff glass of punch, and came off with flying colors. Though a systematic tippler, he never got fairly seas over, or lost the command of his head or his legs. He resembled those tempers which are easily pushed to a certain point, beyond which they are immovable. Like a bottle, the fuller he was the stiffer he stood.

The rest of the dinner went off swimmingly. The venison and wild turkey amply atoned for the sturgeon's head; the becon and greens were received with the honors of a national dish, and the plum puddings met with universal acceptation. Poor Langley was called upon so often to exchange bumpers in honor of the occasion, that he became at last oblivious, and fell asleep in his chair; whereupon the Cavalier winked to the company and said—"Now that the old gentleman has retired, suppose we young fellows make a night of it. Come, a toast, and a song from the doctor." The master of the seven sciences, who valued himself on his singing, toasted "Church and King," and forthwith followed it up with rare Ben Jonson's exquisite song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," which he sung with great unction, but repeated the chorus so often, that the general−in−chief at length exclaimed—"Doctor, how many eyes had this same lady? I think she must have had as many as a amprey. Your song has as many eyes as a peacock's tail, or a piece of bird's−eye maple."

"Yes," said the doctor, good humoredly, "she saw double, like some of the present company, that shall be nameless."

The laugh went against the general−in−chief, who was fined a stupendous bumper for interrupting the song; and not to give offence to scrupulous folks by descending to further particulars, the merriment was kept up far into the night, and the morning dawned on a set of quiet gentlemen peaceably sleeping in their chairs. The scrupulous reader may be assured that not a single one of them was under the table, and that they maintained the strictest silence and decorum. This circumstance will, it is hoped, make some atonement for our having introduced a scene, with a view to illustrate the manners of the times. For so doing, we earnestly hope forgiveness from all conscientious tetotalers, especially those who convert abstinence from one sin into a license for indulging half a dozen others. This is said to be not altogether uncommon, as was exemplified in the case of the Italian robber, who quieted his conscience for the habitual commission of murder by scrupulously abstaining from flesh on Fridays. But however this may be, there are certainly many sins more grievous than making merry occasionally with our friends, provided we don't disturb our conscientious neighbors.

It has been or it might be truly remarked, that though you may exclude the air from escaping out of a bottle, it is impossible to do so with a secret. Cork it up as tightly as you will, seal it hermetically if you please, but it will be just as vain as to attempt to hold an eel by the tail. This is most especially the case in the country; and what is very remarkable, people that live at a distance from each other, are almost always the soonest enlightened by such disclosures. The carousal of the old Cavalier, however, was not intended to be kept secret in the first instance. But certain incidents which are here related, rendered it desirable that the point of honor metaphorically conveyed by the classic phrase of "Under the Rose," should be observed. Yet by some means or other, never fully developed, the particulars of the whole affair, greatly exaggerated, were in less than twelve hours conveyed to the ears of Harold Habingdon and his family, by telegraph or otherwise. It was said that the old Cavalier had sacrilegiously set fire to the parson's wig, and that the latter had swore like a trooper on the occasion; that the judge had not only nodded on the bench, but pitched head foremost under the table; that the general−in−chief had cleared the board of bottles and glasses, sword in hand; that the doctor had sung such vulgar and indecent songs, that Mistress Tyringham was obliged to leave the table; and finally that Master Langley had signalized his majority, by getting superlatively corned, and fighting a pitched battle with Gregory Moth.

The dislike of Harold towards the old Cavalier was by these rumors increased to disgust. Almost every man has his peculiar horror of some one particular vice or foible, and the antipathy of Harold was drinking, though he was in truth rather addicted to good eating, and was apt to be a little ruffled at an ill−cooked dinner. But so it is. Habit and custom is everything. In Russia and China, it is no disgrace to be cudgelled; while among the people of Europe, and emphatically among Americans, a blow is considered an indelible stain on manhood, and is never submitted to without incurring contempt and disgrace. What is held indecent and barbarous in one place, is perhaps the highest *ton* in another; and in all the wide circumference of this world, there are not two nations that agree exactly in their estimate of manners or morals. All have their different standards, and all might learn from this diversity, to abstain from offensive scurrility, or contemptuous airs of superiority.

Miriam, too, was highly indignant at the backsliding of Langley Tyringham, though she certainly had no right whatever to be angry. What was he to her, or she to him—nothing. They were to be strangers in future, and there was no reason in the world why she should care a straw if he got fuddled every day. Still she felt angry, as well as sorry. It was a great pity, she thought, that so clever a youth should thus throw himself away, by becoming addicted to an odious, beastly vice. Above all, when her fancy pictured him engaged in a drunken fight, with Gregory Moth, she turned from him in disgust, and resolved to think of him no more. Whether she kept this resolution, will be best known from a perusal of our second volume. END OF VOL. I.

# VOLUME II.

# CHAPTER I.

A PREFACE WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE PRECEDED THE FIRST VOLUME OF THIS WORK.

It hath been a mooted point with that class of philosophical inquirers, which so usefully occupies itself with discussions that can never be brought to a conclusion, whether the age gives the tone to literature, or literature to the age. It is a knotty question, and not being of the least consequence to any practical purpose, it will be passed over with the single remark, that it is quite useless for an author to write in good taste if the public won't read, and equally idle for the public to cherish a keen relish for polite literature, if there are no authors to administer food to its appetite.

It is certain, however, that owing either to the excessive refinement and intelligence of the age, or it may be, to causes directly the contrary, the present taste of the venerable public is exceedingly carniverous. If any conclusion can be drawn from those classical productions which are so industriously hawked about by the genuine representatives of the illustrious "Dicky Doubt," who, by an allowable figure of speech, may be called the handmaids of the Muses, there must be an exceedingly voracious appetite in the reading community for all sorts of breaches of morality and breaches of the peace, not omitting smothering, poisoning, and suicide. Authors do not mind committing murder in cold blood, or perpetrating any other atrocious crime, any more than they do borrowing an idea from some old, forgotten writer; and the most timid, delicate, nervous lady in the land, who would shriek at the apparition of a caterpillar, or run away from a butterfly, is now so accustomed to battles, robberies, poisonings, and assassinations, that it would not be altogether surprising if we some day hear of one of the elite, after going the rounds of polite literature, and committing a few murders in the way of poisoning, together with some other fashionable *et ceteras*—not proper to mention by name, though the thing itself is highly aristocratic—should make a brilliant exit by blowing up a whole square of houses and perishing in their ruins.

There was a time—it was in the dark ages, previous to the apotheosis of phrenology and animal magnetism—there was a time when the records of crime, and those exhibitions of human depravity, which disgrace the name of man, and make angels weep, were confined to the romance of the police, and the last dying speeches of convicted and converted murderers. A taste for these was considered as characteristic only of the vulgar and depraved, and they seldom ascended to the parlor or the drawing−room, except by stealth. At present, however, it appears that the most fashionable species of romance is a sort of Newgate calendar, in which the crimes and depravity of the lowest and worst species of real human beings, are cast into the shade by the creation of imaginary monsters.

The reader, however, is not to conclude from these preliminary remarks that we meditate the presumption of finding fault with the prevailing taste for blood puddings, and concentrated soup of depravity. On the contrary, with the amateurs of thorough−going barbarity and wickedness, we are perfectly willing to defer to the taste of the venerable public for that species of meritorious romance, which, if anything can achieve it, will assuredly, in the shortest possible time— with the aid of the "diggings" of California—bring about that Golden Age, when the saint and the assassin shall lie down in peace together; when the sword shall be turned into a bowie knife or a revolving pistol; firemen meet at midnight conflagrations without broken heads and bloody noses; and last and greatest miracle of all, the bright star of Bethlehem cease to be the torch of discord.

We are full of hope that the time is not far distant, when the human heart shall become so mellowed and humanized by being accustomed to these pictured horrors, these atrocious crimes, and this total degradation of the human species exhibited in polite literature that certain portions of select readers should in time lose all perception of the distinction between virtue and vice, and the good and bad mingle together in perfect harmony. Thus the world might at length be brought to a perfect good understanding, and no more blood be shed, except in romances.

Doubtless the experiment is worth the trial, and we propose in this our second volume to flourish the besom of destruction somewhat liberally. Hitherto, we have only killed two or three honest people, in fair fight, and, as yet, not one of our actors is qualified for a hero of romance. But we shall do better in future, by introducing, in due time, a gentleman so utterly divested of any attribute that might redeem him from abhorrence, that he cannot fail to conciliate the favor of the judicious reader. It shall go hard with us, too, if we don't commit a most exemplary

murder soon. If it comes not in our way, we will seek it. If we can't kill by retail, which is much the most emphatic and striking, we will go at it by wholesale, and demolish entire communities without regard to age, sex, color or condition. Should all our resources fail, we will murder our story and smother ourselves with charcoal to escape public justice.

## CHAPTER II.

A Forest Scene—The Wild Man in the Wild Woods—A Short Speech Worthy the Imitation of the Wisdom of Congress—An Ingenious Mode of Trying the Patience—A Thunder Storm—The White Man Asleep when He Should Be Wide Awake.

In the depths of the vast primeval forest, where echo had never replied to the axe of the woodman— the great instrument of civilization, or the long resounding burst of the hunter's rifle—on the margin of a nameless lake, where dark waters, though pure as the skies, reflected no object of the earth, was assembled a band of red men, a race made for the shade, as the white man is for the sunshine. The lake was several miles in circumference, and lay in the centre of swamps whose limits were almost undefinable, and its approaches at that period only known to the savages who roamed its borders. It was a gloomy, wild, fantastic scene, silent as death, and melancholy as the grave, yet decked with a profusion of flowers, and flowering vines of gorgeous tints and various odor, that "wasted their sweetness on the desert air." There every production of nature, around the margin of the lake seemed to spring out of the water; for the land, if so it might be called, was nothing but floating earth, that quivered like a jelly under the light foot of the Indian. Vast cypress trees, with slender limbless trunks and tufted heads towering to the skies, and rocking with the slightest breeze, rose from the water apparently selfsupported on its surface; and with the exception of a level spot on the southern shore which loomed some ten or twelve feet above the surface of the lake, the entire margin was one dead level morass of decayed vegetables saturated with moisture. A numb and moody silence reigned far and near; no woodland minstrel caroled his joyous notes in these pathless wilds, whose unapproachable recesses were never cheered by the rays of the sun even in winter, for the trees were all evergreens and knew no change of seasons. At intervals during the day, a lonely woodpecker, the hermit of the forest, might be heard tapping some rough−barked tree; and sometimes the monarch eagle was seen in solitary majesty resting on a dry limb, silent and motionless, as if he were the guardian genius of this gloomy empire.

The hour was near midnight, and a large fire around which a crowd of dusky figures were moving back and forth, tinged the melancholy cypress trees with a silvery lustre, and threw a long line of light athwart the dark water. It was an Indian council of the surrounding tribes, whose deputies had met together at this secret hour, in this secret haunt, to devise the plan of a general attack on the intruding white man, and practice those preliminary rites, which were always the precursors of war to the knife. It is the characteristic of the savages of North America, that they have always some old injury to remember, or some new one to avenge. Though without historians to record their wrongs, they never forget them; and a legacy of revenge is handed down from generation to generation. Time never heals these wounds, however slight; and when these motives are wanting, a dream interpreted to suit the purpose, a whim of some old woman, a fraud of some mountebank, or a real or pretended desire to appease the spirits of the dead, is sufficient to rouse the ever restless savage to war and rapine.

A war was now in contemplation which not merely involved a single tribe, but all the tribes within reach of the influence of the colony, together with their allies, and which had for its object the utter extermination of the whites, as well as the total destruction of their property. The civilized and savage men are two dry sticks; rub them together and they take fire. The causes which produced this combination of the Indian tribes were such as seem innate and inseparable from the irreconcilable relations of savage and civilized man, and will be passed over, as not material to our story. At the moment of which we are speaking, the final decision had been made; the deputies of all the tribes were agreed; the plan of operations concerted, and nothing now remained but to practice those religious rites and warlike ceremonies customary on such occasions.

A chief who had fasted till the vapors of an empty stomach had ascended to his brains, and half−crazed his intellect, now came forward and addressed the dark assemblage as follows:—

"Brothers, I have had a dream. The great Spirit appeared to me in the shape of a bear, and said: The blood of your brothers is not yet wiped away. It smokes from the ground. The spirits of your fathers are not appeased. They wander about the spot where they fell, and disturb me with their shriekings. You must go and take scalps, burn houses, lay waste tobacco fields, and eat the long−knives. Say to your young men, take courage, dress your hair,

paint your faces, sharpen your tomahawks till you cannot feel their edge, for the Great Spirit is with you. Go and avenge the dead, that their spirits may no longer wander on the face of the earth, howling like hungry wolves. The long−knife is fast asleep—go and wake him."

This speech was answered by a shrill, withering howl, that quavered through the silent air, and awaked the echoes from their sleep. Songs, filled with boastings of exploits that might make the hair stand stiff, were sung, followed by a succession of dances, rehearsing the vicissitudes of war, and the various manoeuvres of Indian tactics, all exhibiting a variety of strange, grotesque motions, accompanied by harsh, dissonant music. When these were ended, the aged warriors proceeded to test the self−command of the young braves who offered themselves, for the first time, as candidates for service, and were to act under the immediate orders of the great war−chief. It was a maxim with these strangely wise barbarians, that no man possessed true courage who is not master of his temper, on all occasions. Nature is more knowing than most people think her.

The old warriors, accordingly, inflicted every possible insult, provocation, and outrage on the young candidates. They called them cowards, women, and threatened to dress them in petticoats; they accused them of running away from bears and wolves, nay, even the timid deer; they made faces at them, followed by the most contemptuous gestures; they beat them with cudgels, pricked them with knives; and, as a last effort, threw hot coals and blazing brands at their heads. All this was borne with the most stoical indifference, for if any one had exhibited the least sign of pain, anger, or impatience, he would have been considered disgraced, and unworthy to go forth to battle with men. After this came the great war feast, consisting entirely of the flesh of dogs, which, being their most valuable possession, was offered up to Areskoué, the god of battles. The feast being ended, they extinguished the fire, and slowly departed to their respective wilds, chaunting the song of death. The silence of the grave succeeded their departure, but their next coming was the signal for groans of agony, shrieks of despair, and shouts of demoniac triumph.

# CHAPTER III.

A Scene not Uncommon in the Early Settlements of the New World— Obstinacy of the Roundhead—A Massacre and a Siege—Unparralled Achievement of Gregory Moth—Langley Distinguishes Himself— A Providential Shower and its Consequences—A Scene and a Reflection.

The inhabitants of the colony, who were by these barbarous ceremonies devoted to destruction, remained not only ignorant, but unsuspicious of the destiny at hand. So many false reports and unfounded alarms had of late followed in succession, and passed away, that they, as a natural consequence, only produced an additional feeling of security. The savages had concealed their purpose with consummate art, and the infant of the new world lay sleeping in its cradle, unconscious that the serpent was coiling around him. Every station on either side of the river, except the capital, which was too strongly guarded for their simple tactics— nay, every house was marked out, and a body of Indians expressly devoted to its destruction. The plan was laid with a cruel sagacity, and executed with equal silence and celerity. Not a human being, white or black, would have escaped, but for the compunction of a half−civilized Indian, who paid the debt of gratitude by betraying his brothers.

He was one of a small tribe which, some years previous to this period, had been nearly exterminated by the victorious Iroquois, the few survivors of which had sought refuge among the Indians of the South, and were received by adoption. Among them was a little lad, who, being ill of body, and worn out by a long, wearisome journey, was dropt by the way, and finally fell into the hands of Master Tyringham, where he became the companion of Langley, then a boy of about the same age. By degrees he grew to be a favorite; shared in Langley's studies, amusements, and occupations, until finally scarcely any difference appeared in the treatment of the white man's son, and the Indian boy. They became greatly attached to each other, and but for the difference of color might have passed for brothers.

Somewhere about the age of sixteen, Langley was sent to pass the winter at the capital, with a friend of his father, with a view to polishing his manners, by intercourse with the little community, among which were many persons of liberal education and high breeding, some of whom had figured at courts in their day. Circumstances prevented the Indian boy from accompanying him, and he was left behind. From that moment he became melancholy and discontented. He no longer paid any attention to his studies, insomuch that Gregory Moth prognosticated that the Indian blood was up, and that nature was becoming too strong for habit. His days were spent in wandering through the woods, or paddling on the river, and finally he disappeared to return no more.

On the day succeeding the scene sketched in the preceding chapter, as Gregory was early in the morning scouring the wood in search of wild turkeys, he was half−frightened out of his wits, by the sudden apparition of an Indian, who approached him without arms, making signs of peace. Whether Gregory understood or not is a question, but certain it is, that at this instant his gun went off, but happily without doing any injury. The savage still approached, and coming up said with a smile—

"Your gun is bewitched, Master Gregory."

Gregory trembled like a leaf, and replied only by the chattering of his teeth. The other then asked,

"Don't you know me?"

"No," said Gregory, somewhat restored by his gentle voice, and pacific deportment—"No, my acquaintance is not very extensive among gentlemen of your complexion."

"That is rather strange. I was once a scholar of yours."

"Hah!" quoth Gregory—eyeing him closely, "a scholar of mine! Let me look at you—but don't come a step nearer. Why—why—if it is not our Indian boy, I am a blind beetle. Where did you come from, where are you going, and what brought you here, after playing my master such a trick, you ungrateful salvage?"

"True, I am a savage, and will speak to you in the style of my native home. Listen—I see a black cloud in the sky."

"Where?" said Gregory, looking upwards—"I don't see it."

"No—the long−knife is asleep. He don't see anything. The cloud will burst soon, and then he will wake too late."

"What do you mean by that? Speak out like a Christian, can't you."

"The Great Spirit is angry with the long−knives. When the next sun is high up yonder, he will speak to them in blood and fire."

"A murrain seize this metaphorical villain," thought Gregory, "he is as obscure as a Pagan oracle. I say, speak out. I can't understand your gibberish. Its all Greek to me."

"The Indian talks his talk, and the white man his. But I will try to speak with the double tongue. Run— fly like the deer to your master, and tell him from me, that this day—at the middle of the day, when the white man is resting from his labors, the red men will spring from the woods, like hungry wolves, and devour them all at a single meal. Tell him from me, to make the most of the few hours yet left him, or woe to him and his!" He paused a moment and added, "I have been ungrateful to the white man for his kindness, and am ashamed to meet him. Tell him the Indian cannot fight against his adopted tribe, nor join them in scalping the white man who has fed him. He will go and seek some other tribe far away. Be quick, long−knife, they will come at noon—let it not be night to you all." Thus saying, he bent his course towards the West, and was never seen again. His information, for a time, almost paralyzed Gregory, whose limbs and senses seemed equally to fail him. At length he recovered to a perception of his duty, and winged by fear, made the best of his way home, where he communicated his information to his master.

It was now verging towards eight o'clock, of as fair a day as ever dawned upon the sunny South. Mild, gentle, and soothing, it irresistibly disposed the mind, as well as body, to languor and repose. But the tale of the Indian had effectually roused the inmates of the mansion, which in these early times, when danger lurked behind every tree, had been built with a view to defensive operations, though its materials were principally of wood. There was no other house of any pretensions within a distance of many miles, on that side of the river, but that of Harold Habingdon, which was by no means so well adapted to resist the Indian mode of attack, as that of his neighbor. In the castle all was hurry, and confusion. The massacre was to commence between twelve and one, when the field laborers would be resting themselves in languid indolence in the shade, or fast asleep in their cabins, and the masters shut up in their mansions to avoid the sultry summer heat.

Every means of defence the brief period would permit was adopted, and messages sent out to give warning on both sides of the river; but, alas! too late. In addition to this, Langley Tyringham took occasion to mention the defenceless state of Harold and his family. The old Cavalier's spirit rose within him, not in anger, but sympathy. He forgot the past, and only remembered the present hour, when a common danger demanded a common sympathy.

"'Slife—that's true. The Crop−ear is more exposed than we are, and besides makes a point of conscience to offer no resistance in cases like this, as he told me not long ago, when I called to warn him against the savages. There is yet time—go to him. I see there a horse ready saddled at the door. Go, and entreat him to come hither instantly with his family and people. Say to him, from me, that danger should make us friends, and he shall be welcome. Be quick—not a moment is to be lost—mount and away! But mind you don't suffer his obstinacy to detain you too long."

Langley mounted the horse, and gallopped full speed to Habingdon. Entering without ceremony, he found Harold apparently unconscious of the terrible calamity impending, and was received by him with an ungracious courtesy, by no means gratifying. Harold stiffly inquired his business, which was equivalent to an insinuation that nothing but that would excuse his visit; and Langley, without preface, communicated his errand. Harold had previously wrought himself into an obstinate doubt of the reality of the danger, and positively declined the invitation of his neighbor. He professed to rely on Providence, which, as he had never wronged the redmen, would doubtless incline their hearts in his favor. Langley besought him to come home to his father's. He painted in few words the indiscriminate vengeance of the savage, which spared neither age nor sex, and involved all in blood and fire; he entreated him, if not for his own, for the sake of his wife, his daughter and his dependents, who looked up to him for protection, to accept the invitation of his father, which he assured him was cordially given; and finally reminded him that the aid of Providence was only vouchsafed to those without other aid, or who made every effort to help themselves.

The stern obstinacy of Harold became only more rigid and inflexible, under the increasing warmth with which it was assailed. A precious half hour was wasted, and the young man at length took his departure under the influence of feelings he had never experienced before. It was not alone compassion that tugged at his heart, but a

stronger sentiment, which had been a nurseling in his bosom ever since that wise old gentleman, his father, had so judiciously proclaimed his edict of non−intercourse. The danger in which Miriam was placed took precedence, nay, swallowed up all other feelings for the moment, and he thought only of her. So young, so pious, so innocent and helpless, he bound himself by a solemn vow she should not perish if he could save her. On his departure Harold apprised Susan and Miriam of what he had just heard, his doubts of its truth, and his determination to await the event. They heard, and submitted in silence. Susan had long since acquiesced in the supremacy of her husband in all cases not directly compromising her conscience, and the religion of Miriam was that of obedience. They retired and sought consolation in prayer.

Langley galloped furiously home, and related to his father the ill success of his mission. At one time he thought of asking permission to return and endeavor, if possible, to protect those helpless women; but he recollected he had higher duties at home, and relinquished the design with a calm resolution to do his duty, and submit in silence to what seemed inevitable. The brief period preceding the expected attack was employed in various devices of defence which former experience had taught them; and these being completed, the hour had come that more than any other tries the strength of manhood—the hour of watchful caution, and of deep suspense—the hour of dread anticipation, ere action has conquered thought—the hour when the arm is idle and the fancy busy.

It was indeed an interval of dreadful silence and grim repose; a stern, terrific calm—a crisis that tried the firmness of the soul, ere it called forth the strength of the arm. At length, when the sun had gained the midway of the sky, Langley, who was on the watch, suddenly saw on the opposite side of the broad river a hundred columns of smoke, beginning slowly to rise in various directions, as far as the eye could reach. The land was a rich alluvial plain, extending many miles, and constituting the most thickly settled, as well as best cultivated portion of the colony. Here, where every object was distinctly visible, he beheld men, women, and children, white and black, fleeing before the swift−footed Indian, brandishing his tomahawk, painted like a demon, and yelling like a fiend. Here he saw a white man bravely contending against fearful odds, with all the energies of despair, at last cut down, scalped, and hacked in pieces. There, and everywhere, there crowded upon his sight scenes the most horrible and inhuman—old men and little children, women and half−blown blooming girls—all shared the same fate in that bloody hour, and were offered up a sacrifice to savage vengeance, perhaps savage wrongs. It was another of the sore trials which so often occur amid a conflict of painful duties, that Langley was compelled to be a witness of this scene of horrors, without the power of administering aid to the wretched sufferers; for every moment a similar attack was anticipated. Still he proposed to his father to cross the river in the boat, if it were only to rescue one single victim from the grasp of these relentless barbarians.

"Impossible," answered the old Cavalier—"It will be fatal to us, without being of the least service to them. The bloody scene will be over before we can cross the river, and with only the assistance of the overseer and Gregory, who is a notorious poltroon, what could we do? Unless our information is erroneous, we may expect an attack every moment, and might soon be called to defend our own hearth. In this case, at least, charity begins at home, and our first duty is here. But, Langley," added he, as if suddenly recollecting himself—"there is yet a few moments, I hope, for another effort to overcome the obstinacy of that frost−bitten Crop−ear and his family. For himself, I care not—let him pay the penalty of his folly. But his poor wife, who really is a kind, good soul, though a little fanatical—and little Miriam, who, for one of the elect, is a good sort of a dowdy"—Dowdy! thought Langley—"they are not to blame, and I don't like the idea of their perishing miserably, as they most certainly will, if they remain where they are."

"Shall I go to him once more," interrupted Langley impetuously."

"Yes—quick as lightning! take Fireblood, who I have ordered to be kept saddled, and put him to whip and spur. The distance is but small, and possibly the sight of what is passing yonder may cool his confidence in savage discriminations. If the Crop−ear resists, knock him down, and run off with the women, whether they will or not. This is no time for ceremony. Be off instantly. I would go with you, only I am sure the Crop−ear and I would get into a quarrel."

Langley required no spur, and in less than ten minutes had dismounted at Harold's door. He found him contemplating the scene on the opposite shore with deep and solemn emotion.

"You see, sir," said Langley, "I am here again, and on the same errand. You can no longer doubt what will be the fate of yourself and family, if you remain here. Your only chance of safety is in coming over and joining my

father in defending his house, which is in some measure prepared. Once more, I beseech you to lose not a moment."

"I have made up my mind, on principle," replied Harold. "I have not wronged these redmen, and I anticipate no revenge."

"Is this your determination?"

"Unalterably."

"Where are the ladies, sir?" asked Langley, somewhat sharply.

"Where they should be," replied Harold; "at their prayers."

"Cannot I see them for one moment?"

"To what purpose? But no matter—they are not to be seen."

"But, by heaven, they shall be seen. Excuse me, sir. This is no time for ceremony. Life and death are on the moment"—and he darted past Harold into an inner room, where sat, or rather kneeled, the mother and daughter in silent devotion. The moment he entered, they rose, and Langley exclaimed, pointing to Harold, who had followed him—

"*Your* husband and *your* father is resolved you shall stay here and perish by the hands of yonder savages. I come, on the part of *my* father, to entreat— to conjure him to take refuge in his house, which we can defend, at least for a time. But he refuses—he is determined that you shall both be murdered, scalped, and consumed in the flames of his dwelling. Go to him—fall on your knees to him—cling round his body— clasp his knees, and pray him to avoid the double crime of sacrificing you, and murdering himself."

Thus saying, he took them each by the hand, and led them to where the father stood, apparently unmoved. They kneeled at his feet—they embraced his knees—they caught his hands, bathed them with tears, and besought him to accept the offered refuge.

"Harold," sobbed the faithful wife, "remember we are not now suffering for conscience' sake. We shall be murdered, not martyred. If we die, it will not be an offering to God, in testimony of the truth, but as victims to the false confidence of a husband and a father in the humanity of those who never spare. Ah! hark!" An Indian yell of triumph was heard across the river, announcing that the bloody work was done.

The iron frame of Harold shivered with emotion, and his more than iron will was shaken to its centre by this appeal. He contemplated the only two beings that bound him to the earth, a few moments, in speechless tenderness; and, as a second yell sounded in his ear, raised up the pale supplicants, pressed them to his heart, and the martial spirit of his youthful days being once again aroused, exclaimed—

"Be it so. My own arm shall protect the wife of my bosom and the daughter of my affections. I will not trust them even to heaven."

Few, very few preparations were made, and right speedily they left the house they were never to revisit more. The emigrants consisted of Harold, Susan, Miriam, and Mildred—the affrighted slaves being dispersed in all directions, no one knew whither. They were received by the old Cavalier, with the warm welcome of a frank and generous spirit. His excellent wife—who we have not yet mustered among our active, disposable force, because we have already as many troops on hand as we can manage—his excellent wife was no way behind her husband in hospitable demonstrations; and the logical Gregory, who was suffering under a severe fit of the ague, was greatly comforted at the new recruits to the garrison, though they added to its numbers more than its strength—for "Misery loves company," quoth Gregory Moth.

The dread repose which, for a brief period, followed, was at length interrupted by the appearance of a band of painted warriors, cautiously emerging from the thick forest, that extended from some quarter of a mile distance to heaven only knows where. Silent and cautious as beasts of prey on their bloody midnight rounds, their dark faces were seen peeping from behind the trees, and their leaders exchanging vehement gestures with each other. Being, at length, apparently satisfied that no enemy lurked in ambush, they advanced warily towards the mansion, exercising all their savage arts in making their approaches, under cover of the outbuildings, and keeping in the range of that part of the house having the fewest windows and doors. Not a mouse stirred, not a word was spoken above a whisper within, and the savages at length concluded that the place had been abandoned. Still with habitual caution they advanced, crawling like serpents in the grass, with the intention of plundering and setting it on fire.

The Cavalier had laid his plan of defence with great skill, as became an old soldier. The few men were placed

at different loop−holes, primed and loaded, with positive directions not to fire, till the order was given, and the women, having refused to retire to an inner apartment, were to supply the ammunition as it might be wanted. The savage band was still sliding along in the grass, their heads scarcely visible, and every gun was pointed with deadly aim, each at its peculiar victim, awaiting the word to fire, when Gregory, who was placed at one of the loop−holes, in an ecstasy of fear, unconsciously pulled the trigger, discharging his piece at random, and without effect. The savages uttered a yell, started up, and retreated under cover of one of the outhouses.

"Victory! victory!" shouted Gregory, "I have routed the copper−colored catiffs. See how they scamper."

His exultation was, however, speedily checked by his master, who without saying a word, seized him by the shoulder, conducted him to the cellar, and locking him in, put the key in his pocket. An hour, or more elapsed without the re−appearance of the redmen, and it began to be hoped, that Gregory had indeed discouraged them from any further attacks. But this hope was soon dispelled by the advance of the enemy, from behind the barn, each with a lighted torch. It was evidently their intention to fire the house, and force its inmates either to perish in the flames, or come forth to meet even a more cruel death. Again every gun was pointed with a steady aim, and at a signal from the old Cavalier the fire was given—three savages fell, and some others limped off in the rear, as the main body retreated once more to their cover, yelling with rage and disappointment.

Another pause ensued—a dreary pause—filled up by the spectacle of the conflagration of Harold's residence, which was distinctly seen from that of Master Tyringham. A detachment from the beseiging party had plundered, set it on fire, and were dancing like demons around the ruins. The fugitives contemplated the spectacle in silent sorrow; but the thought of what would have happened had they been there, reconciled them to their loss, and they were grateful. A new and nearer danger now presented itself. The savages were seen emerging from behind the stables, pushing a wagon laden with straw before them, and which almost completely protected them, as they advanced. There was no doubt as to their object, which was to set fire to the straw, when the wagon was near enough to communicate it to the building. This manoeuvre at once baffled all their previous arrangements for defence. There was no time to concert means to counteract it, and each man was left to his own resources. It was in vain they kept up a continued fire; the Indians, sheltered behind the straw, escaped their aim, and continued pushing the wagon steadily in a direction to windward of the house. At this moment of dread suspense and imminent peril, Langley suddenly exclaimed—"There is but one way"—and rushing towards the kitchen, returned with a blazing firebrand.

"What now?" asked his father.

"Nothing—nothing, sir,"—replied he, hastily. "Don't stop me—a moment and it will be too late."

He then made for a door which opened in the direction of the approaching danger, and in so doing, passed close to Miriam, who had acted the part of a little heroine, during the siege, and who suddenly grasped his arm, as if to detain him. He paused at the interruption, and Miriam, as if recollecting herself, snatched away her hand, bent down her eyes, and spoke not a word. Before any one was aware of his design, he had hastily opened the door, which was fortunately in a direction that hid it from the savages, advancing, and tugging behind the load of straw, and darted forward in the same line of direction until without being seen, he had applied the brand to the dry straw, which in an instant was in a blaze. He then retreated full speed, but was detected in his flight, and saluted by a shower of arrows, one of which lodged in his shoulder, and remained quivering there, as he rushed in, and closed the door. It was speedily drawn by the overseer, who was one of the garrison, and like most of his class, had a smattering of surgery; the blood was staunched, and Langley, though suffering much pain, persisted in remaining on duty, so long as he could point a rifle, or draw a trigger.

But this daring diversion produced not its merited consequences. The fire having been speedily extinguished before it gained the mastery, the wagon was pushed still nigher and nigher; and as if to aid the savages in their design, the wind suddenly rose to a gale. They redoubled their exertions, and at length having succeeded in spite of the exertions of those within, in placing the wagon in contact with the house, they set it on fire, and stood under its cover, shouting in triumph.

"Our time is come"—said Harold, in a calm, steady voice—"death is inevitable, but there is at least a choice how we shall die. How say you, friends, shall we perish in the flames, or die fighting like men? It is a righteous cause, when life and all that makes life dear is at stake. This life is as often a choice of evils as of good. Follow me, friends, and remember the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Come Susan—come Miriam—if it please God, we will die together. Keep close to me, both."

Langley now stept forward, and offered his protection to one or either of the poor desolate women, whose habits of submission to the will of the husband and father were so confirmed by long years, that they spoke not a word, but bowed in silence to Harold's behest. They had clung to him in life, and were willing to follow him to death.

"You cannot protect them both," said Langley.

"Both!" replied Harold; "God only can protect them. Alas! a little while ago, I said I would not trust them even to His keeping; I am punished for my blasphemy."

"But I entreat you, sir, for the sake of others, if not for your own."

"Enough—no more, Master Langley; in this hour of mutual extremity, when all of us are destined to one common fate, all differences should be forgotten, at least for the present. I would accept thy offer; but, look yonder! There," said he, pointing to Mistress Tyringham, "there bides your watch. A higher and holier duty calls you. To her who owes her being to me, I will give my care; to her who gave you being, give thine, and die for or with her as Heaven shall will. Now let us go forth and perish by the tomahawk rather than by fire.

Langley bowed low, and placed himself beside his mother. He exchanged a look with Miriam more expressive than words, and all stood ready prepared to sally forth in the last extremity. In the mean time the flames rose, and spread throughout the mass of straw; the dry pine boards began to smoke, and soon the lively flames ran swiftly along their edges. The moment for making a last desperate effort had arrived; the father and children, the husband and wife, had exchanged a last embrace, and Langley had whispered something in Miriam's ear that changed her deadly paleness into a ruddy glow; when, suddenly, a black cloud, which had been approaching unheeded, sent forth a vivid flash, followed by a burst of thunder that seemed to announce the interposition of a higher power. The cloud opened its bosom, and a deluge of rain descended with such volume, as well as fury, as in a few minutes entirely extinguished the spreading flames, and drove the savages into the stables for shelter, where they stood awed into silence, until the chief addressed them:—

"The Great Spirit of the white man protects the longknife, and says he must live. Let us return home, lest he should be angry with us for opposing his will. Let him live to tell the story of this day, and teach his children how the redman avenges his wrongs."

Under the influence of this feeling they all assented; and taking up their killed and wounded, retired into the recesses of the forest, chaunting the song of death.

The little garrison, after awaiting in silent awe the passing away of the providential shower, and finding the savages did not make their appearance, proceeded to consult on what was best to be done. It was unanimously resolved to remain on the watch till next morning, and if no attack was made in the interim, it might be safely inferred that all danger was over, at least for that time. The night passed away in anxious suspense, but without any alarms; and on the morrow, a party went warily forth without meeting the enemy. On a careful examination their tracks were traced in the wet ground till they entered the forest, and it was the unanimous opinion they had departed not to return.

Feeling now a sense of security, their thoughts reverted to the melancholy scene they had witnessed on the opposite shore, where every appearance of life and animation had ceased. The savages had departed after finishing their bloody business, leaving nothing but ruin and death behind them. One dreary, deathlike solitude extended for many miles along either side of the river; and, save those of Master Tyringham, not a single building was standing. The whole country wes scathed with fire. The nest of the toiling emmet was broken up; the labor of lives reduced to ashes; the meed of dangers, hardships, exile and privation, for long, suffering years, swept away in a single hour, and the owner of the fields lay a mangled victim among their ruins. A party from Master Tyringham's passed over with a view to rescue any survivor that might chance to have escaped, and to bury the dead. The scene was equally calculated to awaken both pity and vengeance. Here lay a grey−headed Cavalier, who had fought bravely, for his hands were cut to the bone in grasping the Indian knife; close by his side was his wife, who had accompanied him to the New World to share his fate; and between them a young woman, doubtless their daughter, with her head cleft asunder by a tomahawk, and reft of its crown of glossy hair. Here and there lay little infants with their brains dashed out; and more than once they encountered one of these innocent victims clasped in the arms of its mother, or its faithful black nurse, who had perished with it. Last of all, lay a banished, wandering Quaker, whose non−resistance little availed him here.

Some were basking in the burning sun, and some lay half consumed in the still smoking ruins, and all had

undergone the bloody Indian rite of scalping. Men, women, infants, not one was spared. Black and white lay side by side; and the slave had ascended with his master to the judgment seat of Him who knows no distinction. So rolls the wheel of time, and crushes as it rolls. Shall we while lolling in the lap of security, enjoying the rich legacy of peace and prosperity bequeathed us by our forefathers, who paid so dearly for it, rise up in judgment against them, if in avenging this bloody tragedy, they took care to prevent its repetition? Forbid it, justice! or if not justice, forbid it, gratitude! The pioneers of the New World came here under the sanction of rights universally recognized by all Christian nations; they occupied their early possessions by purchase, or by donation of the savages; and for a long time afterwards their weakness placed them under the immediate obligation of self−defence, the first law of nature.

## CHAPTER IV.

Resuscitation of Gregory Moth—How Accident sometimes Disconcerts the Projects of Wise Men—Decisive Consequences of Turning to the Right instead of the Left—Sensible Cogitations of a Young Man about Falling in Love—Another Accident Leading to a Long Talk, which, as Is commonly the Case, Ends in Nothing particular.

While the events recorded in the preceding chapter were in progress, Gregory Moth had remained ensconced in the dire donjon−keep to which he was consigned by his master. Nor was he, in truth, at first altogether discontented with his situation, as it placed him entirely beyond the reach of the Indian arrows. But there being no window on that side of the cellar where the savages were making their approaches, his solicitude to know what was going forward soon became exceedingly troublesome, and in process of time the dead silence that prevailed gave rise to a thousand thronging apprehensions. He was suffering the martyrdom of fear, when all of a sudden his nostrils were grievously assailed by a strong effluvia of smothered smoke, which threw him into an agony, or rather an ague. He concluded at once that the house was on fire, and gave himself up for a lost man. The moment all hope was over, he quietly resigned himself to his fate; for the desperation of cowardice is often a substitute for manly resignation.

He was roused from this state of abject despair, by the flashes of lightning that penetrated his dungeon, and the loud peals of thunder that rolled over his head, followed by the pelting shower, which occurred so opportunely. After this, a dead silence again ensued, and he was left to his own conjectures, which finally ended in a profound sleep, produced by the struggles of his mind and exhaustion of body. Here he lay undisturbed, being forgotten by all amid the apprehensions each one entertained for his own safety, and in the contemplation of the desolation around.

It so happened, however, that early in the morning of the day succeeding the raising of the seige, it became necessary to procure some articles of comfort or convenience from the cellar, and one of the colored serfs, who it should have been before noted, had been safely gathered in their master's fold, on the first alarm, was dispatched for that purpose. Cuffee, or, as he was usually called by Gregory, old King Cole, was a native of Africa, with a face that glistened like a well−polished boot, luxuriating in the splendors of patent blacking. Descending into the cellar, which was rather darkish, King Cole stumbled over the body of Master Gregory, who was solacing his hunger, which now began to be rather imperative, with another nap. Being taken by surprise, the gentleman of color pitched head foremost against the stone wall of the cellar, but being providentially provided with a competency of woolly hair, escaped without any material damage.

"Gosh!" exclaimed King Cole, rubbing his pate— "what dat dare yeer?"

"I am a sort of living creature," quoth Gregory, "very like a man, I believe, though I can't be certain, in this dubious light."

"Hey! Masser Gregory—you hide away from Indian here—hey?"

"I hide from the Indians! thou discolored specimen of the genus man—I scorn your words. My master sent me here to forfeit daylight, and starve in a dungeon, because I did utterly discomfit and put to flight the copper−colored catiffs, with my single arm, and he wanted to get all the credit of the victory to himself. But Cuffee—good Cuffee—if thou hast the bowels of a woodcock, I do beseech thee in thy merciful cruelty, and pitiful hardheartedness, to petition my master to let me out. I am, as it were, on the extreme edge of starvation, and could make a glorious meal on pickled grasshoppers. Go now—do, mine honest Cuffee, and solicit earnestly for my release. I will reward thee with the stump of my old pipe." King Cole graciously condescended to this pleading, and communicated it to his master.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Cavalier—"I had quite forgot poor Gregory, though some how or other, I felt as if I missed something. Poor fellow—he must be as hungry as a wolf by this time. Send him hither—I must beg his pardon."

King Cole obeyed with all the dignified solemnity of a favorite household servant; but Master Gregory instead of waiting to receive apologies, had made tracks towards the kitchen, where finding breakfast ready, he sat down without saying grace, to the great discontent of Goody Mildred, and solaced himself with a degree of satisfaction

quite exemplary. And now, having released friend Gregory, and placed him *status ante bellum*, we feel at perfect liberty to proceed in our narrative with a clear conscience. Some doers of romances seem so entirely destitute of humanity, that they will leave a man just on the point of drowning, or with a house burning over his head, or a sword through his body, while they lead the gentle reader a dance no one knows where, leaving the poor victim all the while in this imminent jeopardy. We remember a grievous case of this kind, in which a very interesting young lady fell overboard into the lake of Geneva, in the first chapter of a romance, and was not rescued till the middle of the second volume, the author being occupied all that time in discussing a question of politics. But, thank our stars, we were not born under Saturn, to feel pleasure in devouring our own children, for such we consider the personages of our story.

The destruction of the abode of Harold Habingdon made it absolutely necessary for himself and family to continue under the roof of Master Tyringham, until some other refuge could be provided. Every other building for a wide circuit around had been consumed; and though the little capital of the colony had escaped, in consequence of being protected by wooden defences, guarded by a company of soldiers, it was at a distance of many miles. Hospitality is the virtue of the new world, and the old Cavalier, to do him justice, not only frankly offered his house, but insisted on the family remaining his guests, until provided with another residence. Harold did not relish the proposal; it went against the grain. But there seemed no other alternative, and after a degree of hesitation that made the old Cavalier feel quite belligerent, rather stiffly, and ungraciously, signified his acceptance. Thus Langley and Miriam became inmates of the same home in spite of the stern decision of their fathers; and thus did what could not be foreseen, baffle all the foresight of these calculating worms. Were it not for fear of being stigmatized as a turbaned Turk, one might almost be tempted to believe that what is called the chapter of accidents is the book of fate.

The wound of Langley Tyringham, though not dangerous was slow and lingering in its cure. But at the expiration of a week he was able to leave his room, and sit out on the piazza, where the refreshing breezes from the river seemed to infuse new life and vigor into his frame. Here he was sometimes joined by different members of the family, in social chat; we cannot say cheerful chat; for the deep impression of the recent massacre, joined to the wide−spread desolation that everywhere presented itself, depressed the jocund, airy spirit of youth, and turned the gravity of age to sober melancholy. When Harold announced to his wife and daughter the arrangement he had made, he contented himself with gravely, almost sternly, reminding the latter of his former conversation on the subject of Langley, and repeating his prohibition of all intercourse, as far as it could be avoided, without direct offence to their host and his family. In spite of filial duty, Miriam could not help thinking these restrictions unreasonable, as regarded herself, and ungrateful towards those who had opened their house and their hearts to receive them. Still, she offered no objection, but as usual acquiesced in his wishes with silent resignation. She was obedient, as well from a habit of duty, as from the dictates of conscience. The deportment of Harold towards her, though in the main kind and affectionate, was rigid and inflexible in all matters involving what he termed principle. He checked the vivacity of her youth, and was intolerant of all those little amusements, or recreations that had for their object merely whiling away the hour, and dissipating that weary listlessness, always the lot of childhood, when in the absence of all capacity to be useful it resorts to trifles for amusements. Thus, instead of growing up among the flowers, her early days were passed in the shade of her father's pious gloom. In her infancy, she was never a child, in her youth, she was never young. Perhaps it was all for the best, and that this stern discipline prepared her to endure with patience the severe trials she was destined to encounter.

Though she avoided Langley, as much as possible, without absolute rudeness, strange as it may appear to some, the less she enjoyed his society, the more she thought of him. She dwelt on his daring courage in venturing forth to almost certain death, to save the lives of his parents, *her* parents and herself. Had he risked his life for her alone, she could not have been more grateful. Nay, her feelings were only the more fervent, when she remembered that those she most cherished on earth were involved in the fate from which he had ventured his life to rescue her. Langley remained for weeks pale and languid, and pity allied itself with gratitude—a most formidable confederacy in the heart of woman.

The robustuous Cavalier, who pitched head foremost into everything, whether a stone wall, or a feather bed, had in like manner, in his summary mode of intimating his wishes, signified to Langley, that though as a Virginia gentleman, he had invited the family of the Roundhead to his house, after losing their own, he must distinctly understand that the edict of non−intercourse was still in full force. The wise old gentleman concluded by

positively prohibiting his son from falling in love with the little Crop−ear, since he would never consent to mix his blood or his name with that of a rebel to his king, and an apostate from his mother church. The reader is not to presume from this reference to mother church, that Master Tyringham was a very religious man. The honest truth of the matter is, that though he had fought for the thirty−nine articles, and was ready to fight again, it would have puzzled him mightily to tell what they were. But people may have a vast deal of bigotry without much religion.

However this may be, Langley assured his father, and that with sincerity, that he had not the least intention of making love to Miriam; whereupon the worthy Cavalier departed, highly satisfied with the wisdom of his precaution. Left alone, the young gentleman began to chafe a little on the bit. He was now of age—witness the sturgeon's head, and the profound nap in his chair. Without overrating himself, he thought he was man enough to resist being treated as a boy or tied to his father's watchchain. In short, he waxed rebellious, and meditated an insurrection. It was well, he thought, that he was not in love with Miriam, else he might be tempted to woo her, if only to assert his independence. Then by a very natural transition, he recalled to mind the sweet and pious composure, with which she had met the almost certain approach of a horrible death. He dwelt on her pale, placid brow, her deep, feeling eye, as it often watched him in his efforts for her defence; nor did he forget the involuntary eagerness with which she grasped his arm, and suddenly relinquished it, as heretofore related. There were certain looks she had directed towards him, while the arrow was extracting from his shoulder, which penetrated deeper than his wound, and made a more lasting impression. Finally, having lived much alone in his boyhood, he was accustomed to soliloquize in thought, and the following may serve as a specimen of what occurred to his mind whenever he was at leisure and alone.

"How strange it seems, that those religious and political antipathies, which set us together by the ears in the old world, should extend to the new. What if her father raised his arm against his lawful sovereign? For all their claim to divine right, kings are but men, for they die like other men, and if people are punished with death for rebelling against their sovereign, I don't see why a sovereign may not be punished for rebelling against his people. It strikes me, that kings may conspire against the just rights of their subjects, as well as subjects against the lawful prerogative of the sovereign. If you punish one, why not the other? As to high church and low church, I don't see that there is any great difference, where there are no loaves and fishes to scramble about. Surely it is not only absurd, but cruel to persecute those who have themselves fled from persecution. How can people tell whether they are treading in the paths of truth, or wandering in the slough of error, except as the Bible teaches them, not as the Bible is interpreted by those who with all their arrogance, do not pretend to inspiration? As to poor Miriam, she is a dear little soul, as innocent as a lamb, and as pious as a saint. She follows the faith of her father, as I do that of mine. If we were married—not that I have the least inclination that way—but if by some unaccountable accident we were to marry, we might go to the same church, for we are both Christians, without disputing about points of faith when we came home. It is true, she sings rather long hymns, but her voice is so sweet, it does my heart good to hear her. To be sure, there might be some difficulty about the children. Pshaw! what the deuce am I thinking about"—and Master Langley concluded his soliloquy in a huff, by setting forth to cool himself in a contemplative walk.

It was verging towards sunset, and this was the first time he had ventured to take a stroll, since he received the arrow in his shoulder. He naturally bent his way towards the water, for there is an irresistible attraction in the running brooks, the silvery lake, and the winding river. The playful child, happy in its innocent thoughtlessness, loves to scamper along its white, sandy shore, and ever and anon, bathe its feet in the cold water; the lusty boy delights to hurl the skipping stone athwart its glassy surface, and count with exultation the number of its leaps; and the caretired spirit, laden with tears and sorrows, is coaxed for a while into resignation or forgetfulness, by its soothing murmurs.

Just before the spirit moved the young philosopher to indulge in an evening stroll, that mysterious sympathy, which the reader must already have observed, had unaccountably produced a concert of action, between Langley and the little Crop−ear girl—had impelled Miriam to put on her primitive bonnet, with the self−same design. She had been accustomed to walk abroad at will since the illness of Langley, feeling no apprehension of meeting him, and Harold had indulged her under a like conviction. Langley had not proceeded far, when he saw something he took for a woman, slowly pacing along, as if in deep contemplation. He had a presentiment who it was, and respecting the command of his father, changed his course, several points of the compass, by which manoeuvre he placed a thick copse of wood betwixt him and the enemy. Miriam had also seen him coming towards her, and

moved by a similar impulse of duty, diverged a little at first, until she placed herself under shelter of the self−same copse, after which she turned short about, and bent her steps towards the house, on the opposite side of the cover. Without a map, we despair of giving a clear idea of their juxta−position; but certain it is, that these mutual endeavors to avoid each other suddenly brought them together, face to face, in turning a sharp angle of the wood. The truth is, there is no resisting destiny, and it is useless to argue the point.

The face of Miriam, naturally pale, and that of Langley rendered so by his late indisposition, both became suddenly flushed at this awkward and unsought meeting. To pass without speaking, or to speak without stopping, would have savored of discourtesy, and accordingly the young gentleman addressed the young lady, halting at the same time. It is believed—nay, it is certain, that his first remark had reference to the weather, that never failing and—let people say what they will—that interesting subject, which in some way or other, enters into almost all the concerns of life. Certain pert writers, aspiring to more fashionable topics, have sneered at this common−place topic, but after all, it is better to talk of the weather, than to scandalize our neighbors, or play dummy, like two John Bulls, when they meet together after a long absence.

"What a delightful evening," quoth Langley.

"Delightful," echoed Miriam; and they rung the changes on this head, reiterating the same ideas, if not the same words, until it is believed they scarcely knew what they were saying. Whether this unconsciousness extended to what they were doing, is doubtful, but certain it is, that contrary to all approved canons of courtesy, instead of the gentleman turning about with the lady, the lady turned back with him, without being aware of her condescension; and in place of returning to the house, they proceeded the other way, still harping on the beauty of the evening. All on a sudden, however, Miriam changed the subject, and fixing her eyes on his face, said in a voice betokening an interest in the subject—

"You are very pale, and must be tired with your walk—let us return."

"Tired, what makes you think so? Is it because you are tired of me?" said Langley jestingly.

"Why—why—because you look so. You are so pale and thin; I am sure you must be weak and weary."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, I never felt better in health, or happier in spirit, than at this moment."

There was probably something in the tone, manner, or look, which accompanied these words, that caused a slight suffusion on the cheek of Miriam.

"Do you think there is no danger from the savages?" said she hastily.

"None. They will not return. They have pretty well done their bloody business. Besides, they will soon have enough to do in defending themselves. We are preparing an expedition to avenge their cruelties, and if possible forever prevent their repetition."

"And do you go with it?"

"Certainly. Every man that can carry a weapon, or put one foot before the other will go, and do his best to avenge the blood of his kindred and friends."

"By shedding his own. But you are not yet fit to go on such an errand. You are scarcely recovered from your wound, and should stay at home to protect us poor women."

"I am quite able to pull a trigger, and can best protect you, by destroying your enemies."

"Yes!"—answered she, with a deep feeling—"yes, by leaving them alone to their fearful apprehensions, awakened by every falling leaf, or whisper of the air; to feed on their miserable anxieties for your fate—to a conflict of hopes and fears, that only ends in the certainty of a broken heart. Do not go—I entreat thee not to go. Do not leave us—I—I—speak in behalf of thy mother."

"Would you have me stay at home to be despised as a coward?" cried Langley, deeply moved by her gentle solicitude—"would you have me called coward— tell me, Miriam?"

"No," replied she, firmly—"My father is a Christian soldier, and has often told me that courage is the great safeguard of the virtues of man, since without it he may be frightened out of them all, and commit the deepest crimes through the instigation of fear. I would not have you be afraid of anything on earth, but doing wrong. But I wish you could remain with us, without incurring a name all women hate and men despise. When do you go?"

"The day after to−morrow."

"Indeed—so soon. And when do you return?"

"When it pleases Heaven. Perhaps never."

"Perhaps so," said Miriam in a low voice—"let us return home. We have committed a fault to our fathers. Let

us go and ask forgiveness."

Langley made no attempt to detain her, and they turned towards the house, apparently little disposed for further conversation.

# CHAPTER V.

Miriam Sets an Example to all Dutiful Daughters—Poses Her Mother with a Knotty Question—Some Prosing about Humdrum Domestic Matters—A Love Scene between Mildred and Gregory Moth—Sketch of a Character, and sundry Other Matters.

Harold Habingdon was now busily employed in erecting a temporary wooden building for the occupation of his family, and had frequent occasion to visit the capital to obtain supplies of materials. It was during one of these journeys there that the accidental meeting recorded in the preceding chapter occurred, and consequently, Miriam, for the present, escaped a lecture for her involuntary transgression. Like a dutiful daughter, she, however, immediately disclosed it to Susan; for her pure and innocent soul never once harbored the idea of concealing any act or thought from her mother. She, therefore, frankly told the whole story, or at least intended to do so. But, somehow or other, it was no more like what actually occurred, than the practice of certain very moral and religious people is to their professions. She said not a word about looks, tones, and other accompaniments, which are as essential to the proper understanding of a subject as the expression of the face is to a likeness in a picture. Susan was a kind, rather than an indulgent mother; and though she seldom commanded her daughter, expected obedience to her wishes. She gently chid Miriam for not returning home immediately.

"Would you have done so, mother, if you had been me?" said Miriam, with perfect simplicity.

"Why, I don't know whether I would, child. Come, let us go spin."

The period of departure for the capital to join the garrison and the few planters that survived the massacre in the expedition projected by the governor against the hostile savages, had now arrived. Harold had returned, and having been cured of his scruples by the scene he had just witnessed, voluntarily consented to be one of the party; and the old Cavalier and his son panted for an opportunity of retaliating on the Indians the murder of their friends and neighbors. It was felt by all that a decisive struggle was at hand, which might decide for ages, perhaps for ever, whether this portion of the earth was to remain a wild, unfruitful heritage of savage man, or the wilderness come in time to blossom as the rose, by the magic of labor.

The evening preceding the morning of the departure of these adventurous spirits on this fatiguing and dangerous service was passed in grave and solemn converse, interrupted by long pauses of painful thought and gloomy anticipation. Many were the cautions of the good dames to their helpmates to be careful of the nightly dews, and morning fogs; and most especially were they adjured to keep clear of all trees behind which the prowling savage might lurk, and launch his feathery arrows. Good Mistress Tyringham especially reminded her husband that she had packed up his nightcap and slippers; whereupon the old Cavalier kissed her and, though not in merry mood, laughed in his sleeve while telling her he did not think he should have much occasion for such rarities.

The hour of parting came, for they were to start bright and early next morning. It was brief, solemn, and sad. At the last moment Miriam gave her hand to Langley; he felt a warm tear fall on his, and heard a soft tremulous whisper—"Take care of yourself for *all* our sakes." "The tear, thought he, may have been for her father, but the words were for me;" and he often dwelt on them as he lay awake in the deep forest at night, listening to the wolf's long howl, or the shrill hootings of the solitary owl. The Indian warfare is no child's play. The American savage is equally crafty and daring; he moves like a shadow, leaving no track behind him; instinct and experience have endued him with a sagacity which often puts to shame the boasted reason of civilized man, and forces from him an acknowledgment of his inferiority. In courage he is a hero, in fortitude a martyr. A union of the virtues of a North American Indian with those of a civilized Christian white man would be a great improvement in the human species. But experience has shown that the mingling of the blood of the two races rather combines their vices than their virtues, and produces a being inferior to both. The white man is the great aristocrat of the creation, and cannot amalgamate with any other color without being soiled by the contact.

The march of our wayfarers was through a long unbroken succession of woods and wilds, where no milestone marked the distance, or fingerpost pointed out the way. By the aid of Indian guides they were enabled to follow the trail of the Indian party that had desolated the colony, until, on the thirteenth day, they tracked them to the

village of the great chief who had led the massacre. Crouching low in the thick forest that approached to within a few hundred yards of the village, they waited in breathless silence till the sun went down, and the shadows of evening gathered around. They could see that preparations had been made for a grand feast in celebration of their victory over the white man, and as soon as it was dark, hundreds of wild savages, men, women, and children, issued forth from their cabins carrying lighted torches, with which they set fire to a vast pile of pine knots, which anon lighted into a blaze that shed a red and angry lustre on the scene. Painted like fiends, and decorated with fantastic yet picturesque grace, the warriors danced around the fire, to the music of triumphant yells, brandishing the tomahawk, and howling forth their exploits in the victory they were now celebrating. One warrior sung in a sort of recitative how he had slaughtered the long−knives, and cast them still quivering with life into the burning flames; another boasted of the women he had cut down and scalped, as they shrieked with agony; and a third acted over again the massacre of innocent babes, their brains dashed out, and their bodies trampled in the dust, or cast among the smoking ruins of the home where they were born. The blood of the white man boiled in his veins at hearing these bloody stories. Some of the victims, whose fate was now rehearsed with such triumphant exultation, had been their friends; some their near relations; and among the lookers on were those who mourned the loss of wives and children. But for the near prospect of a surer vengeance, it would have been impossible to restrain them from instant action; for the scene and the recollections it brought to mind almost made them mad.

The leaders urged, over and over again, that it would be best to wait till the feast was over, and the tired savages sleeping away their debauch; but when at length they saw the scalps of their kindred, friends, wives, children, brothers and fathers, brought forth, and suspended from poles, round which the savages danced in triumph, they could no longer be restrained. Both Langley and Harold, in whispered tones of deep determination, declared, that however bitter and bloody the aggression, they could not bring themselves to await the hour proposed, when the disarmed Indians, become insensible from drunkenness, would be unworthy victims, incapable of resistance or atonement. It was true, they would at all events be taken by surprize, but they were armed, and so far capable of defending themselves, that it would not be rank cowardice to attack them. The old Cavalier seconded these remonstrances, and an immediate attack was determined on. The plan of operations had been previously settled, and the long−knives, who were not sufficiently numerous to surround the village, emerging from the forest with silent celerity, were upon the savage revellers ere they were aware of their coming.

The Indians, though taken by surprise, did not fly, with the exception of the women and children. Elated by their late success, and by the boastings and revellings of the night, they met their foes without flinching. Man to man, teeth to teeth, they met, and tugged and struggled for life. No quarter was asked or given, for the long−knife well knew the tortures inflicted by the savages on their prisoners, and the savages felt that they were now about to atone for their recent massacre. Death or victory was the only alternative, and death or victory the only thought. Each one fought for himself, and every man was a unit. None heard, none heeded the word of command, if any such was given, for now men had no ears to hear, or eyes to see, aught but the groans of the dying, or the bodies of their foes. The fires went out, and still they fought by the light of the stars, that seemed to shine brighter than ever on the bloody scene, unconscious and uncaring. Many gallant deeds were done that night, and many a gallant spirit, red and white, never saw the morning. But we will not enter into particulars. There is enough of bloodshed in the pages of authentic history, one would think, to satiate the keenest appetite, and we shall only say, that when the sun rose that day, and smiled on the open space in front of the village, he saw nothing but smoking ashes, and earth smoking with blood. The women and children had fled into the woods, at the first surprise; but the red armed warriors, had died to a man on the ground where they stood, and the village had been set on fire. So ended for this time the war between the white man and the red, a war "never ending, still beginning, fighting still, and still destroying." The surprise had given the long−knives such a decided advantage, that their loss was comparatively small. Of the trio, in which the reader is doubtless most interested, Langley escaped with a contusion received by a blow from an Indian club; Harold with a few hard knocks, and the old Cavalier came off scot free, bringing home his night−cap and slippers in triumph.

During this brief campaign, Miriam and her mother said their prayers and plied the needle or the spinning wheel, while Mistress Tyringham seemed to forget her anxieties for those abroad in kindly cares for those at home. There were indeed hours and hours, especially in the dead silence of night, when dismal fears would beset them, and the whoop of the owl, or the chaunt of the whippoorwill, came full charged with all those omens ascribed to them by superstition, from long past times. But the cheerful light of morning seldom failed to assuage

these gloomy forebodings, and those blessed every day duties which must be attended to, in joy or sorrow, sunshine or rain, forbade that constant, wilful indulgence of care or sorrow, which is one among the many penalties we pay for what is called the good fortune of being in a situation that places us above the necessity of exertion. Busy men, especially politicians, and philanthropists by profession, with whom meddling is a disease, are a mischievous race, and a great portion of their time is spent in doing mischief. But little busy bee, woman, is always gathering honey, when employed within doors. Every stitch of the needle, and every turn of the spinning wheel, administers to the comfort of somebody; and every step she takes is on some errand of domestic benevolence, tending towards a happy household, provided always that she avoids scolding, and the chimney does not smoke.

All would have gone on smoothly—for the anxious cares and sad solicitude of the faithful wives and pious daughters were too deep to ruffle the surface— had it not been for Master Gregory Moth, who being a man of notorious valor was left at home for the protection of the ladies. There had grown up between this worthy and dame Mildred, the faithful handmaid of Susan, a desperate sectarian feud, arising from a difference in politics and religion, similar to that of their masters—and according to the old saying, "like master like man," they kept up a perpetual warfare. Gregory, being an Oxford man, considered a bishop as essential to the Protestant Church as a pope is to the Catholic, and would as soon have turned Turk as give up the hierarchy. Mildred, on the other hand, never called the bishops anything but "wolves in sheep's clothing," and verily believed the mitre a device of Satan himself. As to the principles of the two sects, or the points of doctrine in which they differed, they knew little or nothing and cared less.

Mildred was in the abstract an excellent woman; practically she had some faults, and many weaknesses. The great enemy of woman, who figured in the garden of Eden, had persuaded her, that though not young, she was still rather handsome, and she had lived so long in the hope of finding a helpmate, that hope had almost become a certainty. The vision had become so familiar that it seemed actual reality. She was, moreover, violently given to psalm singing, both in season and out of season, though it must be confessed her voice did not quite equal the music of the spheres, as celebrated by the rascally Pagan bards. The fact is, it was decidedly bad, inasmuch as it united the two great requisites of shrillness and dissonance, besides being occasionally as keen as hard cider. It was, moreover, a most ungovernable and rebellious voice, always out of the traces; sometimes too high, at others too low, and continually breaking short off, from a treble to a bass, without the slightest preliminary gradation, like unto a desperately−ridden hack, who suddenly varies his pace from a canter to a trot, from a trot to a villanous wriggle, and finally ends in a full stop. In addition to all this, poor Goody Mildred sung through the nose, and made ugly wry faces just like a prima donna.

Gregory Moth, who boasted of being not only an Oxford scholar, but a Cavalier, had a special antipathy to long psalms, most especially the one hundred and nineteenth, a great favorite of Mildred. If, as the most witty of all wits, the reverend author of Hudibras, affirms, in the mischievous spirit of satire, the Puritans were pious out of pure spite to the Cavaliers, it may be affirmed with equal truth, that the Cavaliers were licentious and profane in pure spite to the Puritans. There was a curious contest—on one side which should be the best, on the other which should be the worst. However this may be, the feud which deluged a nation with blood, and cost a monarch his head, had somehow or other descended into Mistress Tyringham's kitchen, and greatly disturbed its accustomed serenity. These two bulwarks of the faith scarcely ever met without a sparring, and, if the truth must be told, Master Gregory often provoked a contest, from which he always came off triumphant by preserving his temper. His usual way of rousing the lion was by singing a stave of some profane song, and calling her Goody Mildred, a name she abhorred.

A day or two after the departure of the expedition against the savages, Mildred was sitting in deep contemplation of the enormities of the wolves in sheep's clothing, and at the same time humming a stave, which from long habit she could repeat without thinking. At this moment Gregory approached her with fell designs, singing a verse of an old song, to which she had a special aversion, and which ran thus— "Barnaby, Barnaby, thou 'st been drinking, I can tell by thy nose, and thine eyes are winking; Drunk at Richmond, drunk at Dover, Drunk at Newcastle, drunk all over, Hey Barnaby! take 't for warning, Be no more drunk or dry of a morning."

"Goody Mildred, I wish you would take a lesson from me in singing, for you know I was one of the chaunters at Saint Frydeswide's church, at Oxford. I never heard an owl hoot with a worse grace. Listen to me, I'll teach you the true cadenza:" and he roared out— "My name's not Tribulation, Nor holy Ananias; But I'm a pagan saint of

old, Call'd Antoninus Pius."

"What dog is that, howling?" exclaimed Mildred. "Get out, you cur;" and she stamped her foot significantly.

"Goody Mildred, of a truth, thou hast little taste and no voice. Why, I have silenced a whole flock of wolves with that very song. If you don't like it, I'll sing you another—Fa, sol, la,—hem—my voice is a little hoarse."

"Hoarse!" said the other; "it's always hoarse. It sounds for all the world like the songs they sing in Tophet. I wish you'd go and frighten the wolves again."

"Well, but Goody Mildred—excellent, exemplary Mildred—don't be so Crop−earish; and don't turn up your devout, impatient nose at me, as if I was a bishop. I've a great secret to tell you."

"Well, what is it? do tell me." Mildred was apt to be a little curious.

"Why, marry, I declare I am almost afraid to tell you, for I might as well expect a drum to keep a secret. But, really now, as it were, peradventure, and howbeit, if I am not greatly mistaken in the symptoms, I am either grievously in love, or at least have an awful presentiment that I shall soon meet with one of those fatal accidents called matrimony, and that without benefit of clergy."

"Oh, Master Gregory! not without benefit of clergy; that would be monstrous wicked. But you are at your nonsense again. I know you are not serious."

"Serious and solemn as a toad sitting under his umbrella, which is metaphorically called his stool. Am not I a Cavalier, and you know they never tell fibs like unto the Crop−ears."

"I don't know any such thing, old Moth," so she always called him when out of humor.

"Well, don't be angry, it spoils your looks entirely, and that is a great pity, seeing you can't well afford it. So you won't hear my secret?"

"Well, out with it. I'm sure I don't hinder you."

"As I was saying—no, now I recollect, I have not yet said it—I am grievously tempted, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, I know not—whether instigated by the wicked Serpent or not, to commit the awful, unpardonable, irrevocable sin of matrimony."

"Now, you don't say so, Master Gregory. You mean, then, to reform and marry."

"No, I mean to marry and reform—that is the true order of succession. To reform before marrying is putting the cart before the horse; for, inasmuch as that all men undergo a radical change after marriage, if they were to wax good beforehand, ten to one they would revolt afterwards and become little better than the wicked. But, to return to my text:—I have deeply pondered the subject for the last thirty years, and if I could meet with a real bona−fide woman— I mean a white woman, who has brought her pigs to the same market,—'Slife, Mistress Mildred, I think I would purchase one of the plantations over yonder, that have no owners—for I have saved a little, skimmed the cream—eh! Mistress Mildred—you understand?" and Master Gregory slapped his pocket, where he always carried a few pennies to make a jingling.

"Are you really serious?" asked Mildred, edging her chair close to him.

"Quite serious, by all—but I won't swear. You wouldn't like a swearing husband, would you?"

"Husband? Good la! Master Gregory, I never think of such a thing. But I would exhort him at all hours, by day and by night, sleeping or waking, eating or drinking, to give up the practice; and if he refused—"

"You'd convert him with a broomstick—hey? Mistress Mildred. But to proceed—I have had serious, nay, insurmountable difficulties in finding a suitable person; for, you know, women are as scarce here as swallows in winter. I have—forgive my presumption, most exalted of women—I have all but determined to cast myself and fortune at your feet," and down he plumped on his knees.

"La! Master Gregory, now you are making game of me, I can see it in your eyes."

"Distrust thy spectacles, divine spinster. Mine eyes lie most impudently, if they convey any such diabolical insinuations. In good faith, were it not for one thing—"

"What is that?" cried Mildred, impatiently.

"Why, verily it is this—I will be candid with you, for I scorn to deceive your unsuspecting innocence. The fact is, you damsels of a certain age are too apt to boast of your conquests; you go about like a hen, cackling as if you had performed a great feat, and wanted all the world to know it. Now, I am a modest man, possessed of all the delicacy of my sex, and don't like to be published in this manner. If it were not for this serious objection, I do verily believe, I should be tempted to offer Mistress Habingdon a few pounds of tobacco, for the rich reversion of your remaining years, seeing that in all probability you would break my heart by dying a martyr, to prevent me

from hanging myself in despair."

Towards the close of this aboriginal declaration, Goody Mildred had gradually pushed her chair farther and farther from Gregory, who sat with immovable gravity waiting an answer, which came like a hailstorm.

"Marry come up!" cried she, in a rage. "*You* talk of marrying—*you* talk of buying a plantation, that can't muster as much as the hundredth part of a fathom of wampum. *You* miserable bag of bones— you smoked herring, that has hung up so long in the chimney that rats won't touch it. You dried toadstool. You—you—you—*I* boast of such a conquest— *I* cackle like an old hen! *You* an Oxford scholar, that never studied anything but how to make a ninny of yourself. *You* a Cavalier— *you* pretend to have kept company with gentlemen in London, that never entered a decent house but to steal cheese−parings, and never drank anything but two−penny ale, which you never paid for, at the sign of the fool laughing at a feather! But I can't live in the same house any longer, and I'll go tell my mistress so, this blessed minute."

"Go say thy prayers, good Mildred, and aggravate thine apathy," said Gregory, and Mildred departed in a rage.

These sparrings happened almost daily, and invariably ended in an appeal to her mistress, on the part of Mildred. This placed Susan in an awkward position, somewhat similar to an exiled monarch, who has taken refuge with one of his more fortunate neighbors, and, if he is wise, never meddles with his domestic concerns, lest he should wear out his welcome, and receive a hint to mind his own business. The world without, it is said, cannot bear two suns, neither can the domestic world within doors bear a divided empire. In that sphere the system of government should be absolute, and the administration an unit. No division of power is admissible; and the lordly garment which has been from time immemorial the emblem of man's supremacy, should always be hung up at the outside of the door to indicate a temporary abdication. The discreet Mistress Habingdon was well aware of the extreme delicacy of any interference with the affairs of the domestic empire, and especially with the conduct of those household menials who exercise the important functions of ladies of honor, gentlemen ushers, lords of the bedchamber, and grooms of the stole, in the courts of puissant monarchs.

Thus, though these frequent complaints of Mildred were not only disagreeable but painful, still Susan wisely declined any interference, awaiting with patience the completion of the temporary building preparing for their reception, until a better was finished. By persevering in this prudent course of non−intervention, it actually happened that the two ladies, though placed in this dangerous juxta−position, preserved the most amicable relations, and finally parted the best friends in the world.

Other than these summer squalls, there was nothing to disturb the even tenor of their daily routine, except continued fears and anxieties, which were much oftener felt than expressed. Nearly four weeks had elapsed, without any tidings of their absent friends, save certain vague rumors coming from no one knew where, which only increased their apprehensions. Buried in the boundless, pathless wilderness, these hardy adventurers were lost to the world, and had no means of giving or receiving information. Both parties remained entirely ignorant of the fate of each other. But the two matrons had been accustomed to these trials, which, without hardening their hearts, had given them firmness to endure either actual or anticipated evils. Poor little Miriam suffered most, for she had not been so well schooled in the rough discipline of the world, and besides anxiety for her father, had now begun to cherish in secret, and unknown to herself, another feeling, which sometimes overmasters filial love.

Notwithstanding the simplicity and self−denial which formed the basis of her character, she resembled her father in the depth of his enthusiasm, and the firmness of his resolution. She was capable—nay, she was formed for cherishing the most profound and lasting impressions; and in the misty softness that seemed to constitute the leading feature of her mind, as it certainly formed its most touching attraction, there was sleeping, as it were, a steady, calm resolution, which, when once formed, and sanctioned by a conviction of right, was capable of resisting temptation, danger, violence and death. Her virtues had grown up and been nourished in the solitude of youth, and like the giants of the primeval forest, acquired a strength and maturity never to be equalled by any after growth. Had she been wicked, she would have been a monster; had time and circumstance concurred, she might have become a saint or a martyr, like those illustrious virgins whose pure blood cemented the grand edifice of the Christian Church. But in her present situation she seemed far removed from such a destiny. Save piety and filial love, no other strong feeling had ever agitated her bosom, until she had frequent opportunities of meeting Langley Tyringham, who stood before her all alone, a tall, stately tree in some sandy desert, without a companion, and without a rival. There was no one near to compare with him, and the great solitude around seemed, in her gentle fancy, animated by him alone. She was not actually in love, or did not know if she was. She had lately thought a

great deal of Langley, especially since his wound and his absence on such a perilous adventure, for he accompanied her father, and they were so closely associated in peril that it was quite impossible to dwell on one without recalling the other. But he had never spoke a word of love to her, though sometimes her heart would whisper sweetly in her ear, that once or twice at least the tongueless eloquence of his eyes had flashed a language more easily learned than our mother tongue, and far more expressive than that of the flowers by which the Persian youth conveys his secret love.

The time did indeed pass wearily, sometimes sadly, with the lonely girl, and every day she found it more difficult to fix her mind on the objects before her. It wandered away into the region of ideal fancies and visionary anticipations, half shaped, and peering like objects in a mist, half real, half a dream. Even her devotions were often intruded on by worldly thoughts, and anticipations that flitted past and led her away into the wilderness; or, what was far more winsome and alluring, into a region of dim visionary delights such as are never realized in this world. She often wandered along the river, careless of its smiling banks or tuneful murmurs; and still oftener sat idle at her wheel, until roused by catching the eyes of her mother contemplating her with deep solicitude.

Ah! Miriam, thou hast a secret in that innocent bosom, and remember what the poet sings: "If, when within the budding rose A gnawing worm in secret lies, Unless the opening leaves disclose The thief, the flower soon fades and dies."

# CHAPTER VI.

Return from the Wars—the Cavalier and Roundhead like Each Other the Less the Better They Become Acquainted—Specific for Dispersing a Fog—A Communication Ending with Something like a Declaration.

One evening, as the three Penelopes were sitting together, beguiling the time in sober chat and sober occupation, they were suddenly roused by the entrance of those who were the subject of their thoughts and conversation. It is unnecessary to describe the warm, affectionate welcome they received, or repeat the thousand eager questions dictated by curiosity or a deeper interest, and which, contrary to the practice of many lords of creation, were answered with exemplary courtesy. All manner of married men should make a point, when they return home from the daily round of occupation or pleasure, to answer the inquiries of their helpmates frankly and fully. They should recollect, that women are household deities, who only see what is passing in the world through the windows, and are, consequently, more curious than the other sex. Nor should they forget, that they have a right to know what their husbands have been about during their absence. Who knows but that they may have been carousing it lustily at a tavern, losing money at a horse race, figuring among the young ladies, or, what is still more provoking, actually making love to a fashionable dame just returned from the land of Cicisbeos. Yet we have seen brutes of husbands who, returning home from fishing or hunting excursions, would churlishly make a mystery of how many fish they had caught, or woodcocks they had shot or missed. This we affirm to be treason against the domestic queen; but, like bigamy, it never fails to carry its own punishment with it, as all men of experience know full well. If not a storm, there will be a cloudy day after it, as sure as the world. But a vehement and never−ceasing desire to render our work highly instructive to all classes of readers, we fear may draw upon us the indignation of some and set the others yawning. It can't be helped. We must have our say, and those who don't like it may solace themselves with cheap literature and picture books.

We have said nothing of the meeting of Miriam and Langley, for the special reason that there was nothing to say. Their behavior was exceedingly provoking. Miriam only held out her hand timidly, and Langley, as he gently pressed her finger ends, softly whispered, "You see I have taken good care of myself." The little goosecap blushed, for she remembered these were the last words she had spoken to him on his departure. But there is no time for love scenes just now. We have a new house on our hands, and must finish it as soon as possible.

So at least thought Harold Habingdon, the Roundhead, who became every day more impatient to remove from the domicile of the Cavalier, that never said grace at meals, and ate a hot dinner on a Sunday. The fact is, the more these two gentlemen saw, the less they liked each other. Though both good men in their way, they were continually ruffling each other, without intending or knowing it. Like two burrs, they never came in contact without pricking. It was not only a contrast of opinion on those ticklish subjects, politics and religion, but their medium of viewing almost everything, as well as their habits and manners, not only forbade anything like cordiality, but actually created a mutual dislike. The Roundhead abhorred drinking, even to tetotalism, and blasphemed against tobacco. If asked to take a glass of wine, he declined, with an air of scornful superiority, which almost amounted to insult. It happened that just at this time the classical beverage called mint−julep was invented by some happy genius, whose name, according to custom, with most of the great benefactors of mankind, has been ungratefully forgotten. The inventor of the plough is unknown, while he of the daguerreotype, who has been the instrument of marring more human faces than all the sign painters that ever existed, hath been embalmed in divers works that will cause his name to last at least as long as themselves. Well might the sage Gregory Moth liken fame unto water, which floats the feather and lets the diamond sink to the bottom.

The old Cavalier was in truth a man egregiously inclined to be jovial, though, to do him justice, he never got "foxed," as the phrase then was, except on extraordinary occasions, such as birthdays, holidays, election days, and friendly carousals among the chosen few. If ever man had a fair excuse for sailing over the Bay, it was him; for the juice of the grape and the juleps did so harmonize with his good qualities, that he was, if possible, thrice as kindhearted, forgiving, generous, and loving in his cups, as when sober as a deacon. With him the love of good wine was a prelude to the love of his neighbor, not excepting the Roundhead, whose name he sometimes toasted, when the wine or the venison was especially good, with the remark, that "though a Crop−ear, he was as honest as

the day, and as brave as Cæsar, that is to say, on particular occasions." But he always relapsed when he became sober, and hated him mortally, a fact we relate unwillingly, because it may be that evil−disposed persons may draw from it an argument in favor of drinking. Touching mint juleps, it is confidently asserted, that he was the first man that achieved "a hail storm," by the aid of which he boasted he could at any time disperse a great fog, and thus escape a fit of the ague. It was with him an incontrovertible axiom, that any man who would not volunteer a fit of the gout now and then, for the sake of good fellowship, was a skinflint, a flincher, and a milksop to boot. Finally, he was a devoted disciple of Sir Walter Raleigh—glory to his name!—and smoked like an aboriginal; was mighty quick on the trigger; exceedingly loyal, though he eschewed passive obedience; rigidly orthodox, in his way; and swore a little upon occasion.

The Roundhead, it is well known, was neither loyal nor orthodox, and agreed with King James in nothing but his disloyalty to tobacco. He never fell into a passion—that is, he never gave vent to it openly. He rejected wine on principle; he despised tobacco on principle; and in short, was fettered by so many principles, that on the whole, though a man of real worth he was a disagreeable companion, since he was not content with abstaining himself and setting a good example, but lectured others for not following it. With these, and various other sharp points of contact, it is no wonder that these two neighbors, when the time came for Harold to take possession of his new house, parted worse friends than they had met; the crowning offence being given by that gentleman, in discovering what the Cavalier considered an indecent anxiety to quit his house as soon as possible. They verified the old observation, that domestic association creates either friends or enemies. The story goes, that two men once retired into the wilderness to make maple sugar. They occupied a large hollow tree, and there was not another human being within a distance of twenty miles. They agreed very well at first, but soon fell to quarreling, and one of them finally murdered the other. So, when there was but one family on the face of the earth, a brother slew his brother in a religious quarrel. Let us not boast too much of poor human nature.

After allowing a few days for putting things in order in the new habitation, Langley Tyringham, considering, or choosing to consider, the old prohibition of intercourse abrogated, or superseded by the two families having not only resided together in peace, but made war as allies, strolled over one evening to make a friendly visit of inquiry, and offer his services. Entering without ceremony, as the door stood wide open, he found Miriam sitting alone, apparently perfectly idle—for it was just at that happy hour of twilight, when all the world has leave to play awhile— indulging a sort of indolent reverie, in which fancy hovers like the butterfly from flower to flower without lighting on any. She started at his entrance, and though he was received not unkindly, her deportment evinced a degree of awkward restraint, that seemed to say he was not altogether welcome. But soon her habitual calm self−possession returned, and after a few minutes conversation on past events, she addressed him with a melancholy gentleness, and her eyes cast down—

"Langley Tyringham, I have all my life been accustomed to obey the commands of my father, nor will I wilfully disobey them but when my own reason and conscience forbid my obedience." Here she paused, as if to take breath, or gather firmness to proceed, and Langley thought to himself, "What is coming now?" She drew a long breath, that seemed almost a sigh, and then with an effort at cheerfulness proceeded—

"I see thou art a patient listener, and will be as brief as possible to reward thee. Dost thou remember the conversation we had together, walking along the river side?"

"Certainly I do. It has often been recalled to mind, and I almost think I could repeat every word."

"Thou rememberest, too, the commands of our— of your father and mine, that we—that is, that thou shouldst not seek me again; that we were to hold no converse, and be as strangers to each other?"

"I do; but don't you know these commands are, or should be, no longer in force. Have we not lived together, shared dangers together, suffered and rejoiced together, since that time? Surely our fathers can be no longer enemies after having been thus closely associated with each other, when all their earthly interests were bound up together. I feel myself free to come and go, unless you forbid me. If my visits give you pain, I will see you no more."

"They do indeed, and—"

"I am gone, then, Miriam"—said he, in a tone of sadness—"If my presence, as I understand you, is disagreeable, I will trouble you no more; for, however deeply I may regret its loss, I would not seek your society at such a price. Farewell!"

"Thou—thou dost not understand me, Langley. Thy visits are not disagreeable, but painful to me, because they

involve a breach of duty. O! were it not for that, I should"—and here she checked herself in some confusion.

"What then?" asked he, eagerly.

"No matter what; it is of little consequence. Let me say what I have to say. I am commissioned by my father, at my earnest request, to say to thee, that having been sheltered under the roof of thy father from danger and death—having been his guest and shared his generous hospitality, he cannot bring himself to forbid your seeing me in his own house. But he entreats thee, for reasons of the deepest moment, reasons which can never be overcome, and that become every day stronger, that—that thou wouldst spare him the painful necessity of forbidding thy visits, by voluntarily discontinuing them."

"Why, what, in the name of heaven, have I done to awaken such strong antipathy? But, no matter; his wishes and yours shall be obeyed. In my father's house all are welcome, and his son is too proud to intrude where that is wanting. Farewell, Miss Habingdon; though you drive me away, I will still watch over you, and be your protector, should protection be required."

"Alas! Langley, say not *my* wishes," replied she, sadly; "for why, now that we shall meet no more— why should I not tell thee frankly, that but for that unhappy feeling of dislike, I might almost call it antipathy, between our fathers, it would have been a pleasure to me to see you here, or elsewhere. But it is forbidden, and obedience is my duty.

"Miriam—Miriam—does it indeed give you no pain to think we shall meet no more?"

"It does, indeed. Why should I, who have all my life considered it right to speak the truth, speak falsely now? I shall be more lonely than ever. My feelings and my thoughts will have no one to commune with, and I shall prey upon myself. I shall be sorry so see thee no more. But it must be so."

There was a touching, plaintive simplicity and feeling in this frank confession of innocent regard that waked up all the latent enthusiasm of Langley's soul, and caused him to pour it forth before her, without control—

"Thanks, Miriam—dearest Miriam—a thousand thanks, of love and gratitude, for your gentle kindness. Nay, hear me before I go—hear me declare to you that I love you better than any living being—that you are dearer to my heart than all in this world besides, and that nothing on earth shall prevent your being mine but your own heart and your own will. You say you have always been accustomed to tell the truth, and I believe you. Tell me—the question imports much, and your answer more—tell me, would you, did no duty, no parental authority interfere—would you forbid my visits after what I have now said. Think what you say, and answer frankly."

Miriam reflected a few minutes, as if to realize the import of the question, and then firmly replied—

"No—I would not!—and now farewell, Langley. I see my father coming, and your meeting would give no pleasure to either. I shall tell him *all* that has passed.

"Do so, dear Miriam. Let us have no concealments. Our only sure guide through this world, in joy or sorrow, danger; or difficulty, is the honest truth, let what may come. Farewell once more—give me your hand. I shall watch over you at a distance, that will be something to live upon."

"Farewell, Langley;" and the conceited youth thought he actually felt a gentle pressure of her fingers.

## CHAPTER VII.

Another Example Set by Miriam, which Young Ladies may Follow in a Similar Predicament, or not, just as They Please—Harold again Acting on Principle—The Cavalier Becomes Unreasonable, and Refuses to Consider the Matter, lest He Should Come to a Wrong Decision—Is Hugely Tickled with the Vision of an Angel, Which Is Put to Flight by a Woman—How to Manage an Unreasonable Husband—The Cavalier both Astonished and Enraged—Indites a Challenge, but Is Prevented from Sending It, by the Discretion of Gregory Moth.

Immediately on the return of her parents from their walk, Miriam, with that calm self−possession ever the result of a consciousness of well meaning, detailed to them all the particulars of the interview with Langley. The mother listened with somewhat painful anxiety, the father with evident disapprobation. When the daughter had concluded, he addressed her with stern solemnity, as follows—

"Miriam—you know I always act on principle—I feared, nay, I foresaw this, and for that reason forbade all intercourse with that profane young man, who would doubtless lead thee to the path of destruction. He is one of the followers of Belial, and were he to become thy guide in this world would shipwreck thy hopes of that which is to come. Tell me—I know thou wilt speak the truth, even on a subject where maidens think it seemly to deceive even their parents— tell me, hast this young Philistine touched thy heart? Come, do not blush and hang thy head. Remember, I am thy father, and thy mother is a woman."

Miriam did indeed blush and hang her head, and hesitated before she answered—

"Father, I know not what thou meanest by touching the heart; but if to think often, and sometimes dream of him—if to wish for his presence and regret his absence—if to feel myself awakened to a new existence, and to live and move in a world I never dreamed of before, is to be touched at the heart, then, I fear, I am indeed touch deeply."

"Enough—enough, my daughter," said Susan; "thou remindest me of the days of my youth. I recognize thy symptoms—say no more."

"Miriam," spoke Harold, after a silence of deep, intense thought, "listen to what I am about to say. The young man hath disclosed his love to thee, and thou hast sufficiently disclosed thine to thy parents. Thy innocent heart is indeed deeply touched, as I well can see. Providence, for some inscrutible purpose, perhaps to try thee in the fire, hath baffled all my precautions. As a father I have a right to forbid thee to think more of that reprobate young man."

"Reprobate!" exclaimed Miriam, timidly. "For aught I have ever seen of him, he is good and amiable, honest and true."

"It may be so in the estimation of those who judge a man by his acts rather than his faith, and substitute the filthy rags of good works for the sublime mysteries of the incomprehensible Creator. But whatever he may be, he is not of thy faith, nor are his habits, manners, and mode of thinking like ours. He belongs to a church which hath persecuted thy father and thy mother; to a party which hath forced them into exile from their country, whose principles are in eternal warfare with mine and thine, and to whose members our habits and principles are subjects of ridicule, if not abhorrence. To live in harmony with such a man under one roof, and in all the intimate relations of life, either thou must assimilate with him, or he with thee. In the natural, not to say inevitable course of things, the former would be the case; the weaker vessel would yield, and thou wouldst become not only a backslider from thy faith, but its deadly foe. All that I have done and suffered in the hope of at last enjoying the freedom of my immortal soul, and transmitting the like to my children to the latest posterity, will thus be rendered vain. Thou wilt become an apostate, and thy children will follow thy example."

He paused, deeply affected by the picture he had drawn, and Miriam approached, took his hand, and said—

"Believe it not, my father. The persecutions of the living and the dead of my family; the blood thou hast shed of others, and thine own, and the sacrifices thou hast made, have caused thy faith to be too precious to me ever to offer it up on any worldly altar. Speak thy commands. I will not say I am convinced by thy arguments, but I will obey thy will."

Harold kissed her pale cheek affectionately, and proceeded—

"I command nothing—I will nothing; for I now see that to do so is only to lift a feather against the wind. While I thought it might avail, I strove to prevent what has happened, as I too plainly see, by forbidding all intercourse between you. But it is done, and I will interfere no more. If Master Langley Tyringham offers thee marriage, with the approbation of his father, I leave thee to thy own free will to decide. Only remember this, Miriam; if by indulging the wishes of thine heart, thou shouldst break that of thy father; and, if in vainly reaching after happiness in this world thou should forfeit that in the world to come, the penalty will be the just meed of the offence, for thou alone wilt be to blame. Thou wilt have offered up thy soul a victim to thy heart."

Overcome by this appeal, Miriam cast herself on his bosom, and sobbed out—

"Father, never while thou livest will I leave thee; never while I live will I disobey thy commands, for I know thou wilt never bid me do wrong. Be satisfied— all is over." He pressed her to his heart, and this prompt obedience made him almost regret this harsh exertion of his authority. Susan, who had remained a silent witness of the scene, now drew her daughter away, and by her womanly sympathy calmed her into quiet resignation.

In the meantime the old Cavalier had received a full and true account of the state of his heart, and his position towards Miriam, from Langley, whose frank and manly spirit scorned all concealment. He was answered by a tremendous explosion of wrath, levelled at Crop−ears, Roundheads, Rebels and Republicans, not forgetting Oliver Cromwell and the Rump Parliament. He denounced them all in a lump, for divers grievous offences, such as making long prayers, singing psalms through their noses, and cutting their hair in an unseemly fashion; swore they were no better than Jews, because they ate cold dinners on Sunday, and concluded, as was not unfrequently the case when the froth had subsided into sediment, with something like a sensible observation, to wit: that enthusiasm might be respectable enough in its growing state, because it was sincere; but that nothing was more contemptible than enthusiasm in its decline, since it was always replaced by hypocrisy.

Master Langley, as was his invariable custom when the old gentleman indulged himself in an explosion, listened in respectful silence. But when the storm had a little subsided, he attempted to expostulate.

"But consider, my dear sir—"

"'Slife, sir, I won't consider. I never considered but once in my life, and then I made a great blunder. But I have no objection to hear what you have to say, though I tell you beforehand it will be of no use. Come, give us an eulogium on Crop−ears, and particularly young Crop−ear damsels."

Just at that moment Langley, instead of duteously listening to his father, had conjured up right before him the picture of a little Crop−ear damsel, whose plain, yet touching face, graceful symmetry of form, gently waving hair, and deep, lustrous eyes, presented a most agreeable subject for contemplation. The whole vision defied Puritanism, most especially the hair, which obstinately curled, in despite of the "Platform." He could not help greeting it with a smile, which, in classic phrase, "raised the old Cavalier's dander pretty considerably."

"What," cried he, "you're laughing, are you? I can tell you, though you stand there grinning, like a stone fence, its no laughing matter, sir. If you don't instantly relinquish all claim, right, title, interest, reversion, remainder, and all that sort of thing, to this little Puritan Roundhead, who rebelled against the King, put down the bishops, brought one monarch to the block, and exiled another,—I say, sir, if you don't pronounce, renounce, and denounce all intercourse in thought, word, or deed, with this witch of Endor, you're no son of mine—damme—that's all—now laugh at that, sir."

"My dear father," replied Langley, who was not unaccustomed to these tornados, "I assure you I was not smiling at what you said. There was nothing in it to provoke a smile."

"No, I should think not. You'll find it a serious business, I can tell you. But I insist on knowing what you were laughing at, sir."

"I only smiled, sir; I was not laughing."

"Well, sir, that's only a different degree of impertinence. What were you smiling at?"

"Why, sir, I had a delightful vision—"

"Bless me! a vision—the fellow is half Crop−ear already. I suppose he will begin to prophecy soon. Well, what was it, a fiend or an angel—eh?"

"An angel, sir. A little Crop−eared angel, about the middle size, with a face as innocent as a dove; teeth white as snow; lips red as a cherry; a neck like a swan; a shape like Venus; hair, every thread of which might form a chain for captive hearts, and eyes in which you see reflected a bright heaven of love and purity."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed the old Cavalier, rubbing his hands, "I should like to see such a vision. It must have

been an angel."

"What's that you are saying about angels, my dear?" said Mistress Tyringham, at that moment coming into the room, and putting to flight the angelic vision. Now, whether this inopportune diversion in favor of Langley grated harshly on his feelings, for people don't like to be interrupted in giving lectures— or that the abrupt dispersion of the vision produced that effect, we cannot say, but certain it is the Cavalier took it somewhat in dudgeon. Mistress Tyringham, though a woman of ten thousand, was not altogether lovely. In fact she was rather a contrast to Langley's angel.

"What was I saying, my dear"—for he was particular in always treating his wife with gentlemanly courtesy—except when he forgot it—"what was I saying about angels! Why, I was telling this young gentleman who has visions and dreams, that I would see him hanged before he should marry the Roundhead's daughter."

"La! my dear, I'm sure that was not much like an angel. Why did you so earnestly wish to see one just at such a time? I declare I begin to be quite curious."

"Why my dear—because—hang me if I know exactly. Langley, can't you tell me?" Langley shook his head. "Well, then, I believe it was because I see them so seldom."

"Well my dear, that's a sufficient reason to satisfy a reasonable woman," and the good lady departed perfectly contented, for she liked to tease her husband a little sometimes, after the manner of all discreet wives.

"Plague take the woman—no—Heaven bless the dear, good old soul"—she was only ten years younger than her husband. "Heaven bless her. But she has thrown me completely out of the traces. Where was I, Langley?"

"Why sir, according to the best of my recollection, I think you were just about giving your full consent and approbation to my marriage with the little Crop−eared angel I saw in my dream, and who took your fancy so much."

"Why, you impudent young scapegrace! But enough of this—I am a man of few words. You know my mind, and I once more repeat, that if you marry that young Roundhead, you are no son of mine."

"My dear," asked Mistress Tyringham, putting her head inside the door—"My dear, would you like to have the chickens roasted or fried for dinner? But what were you saying about Langley being no son of yours! You ought to be ashamed, my dear, of throwing out such insinuations against an honest woman."

"Pshaw!" said the Cavalier testily.

"Well, pshaw or no pshaw—I say you ought to be ashamed of yourself. And, Langley, as you are, it seems, relieved from all obligations of duty to your respected father, I am clearly of opinion you may go and marry Miriam Habingdon, as soon as you can gain her consent. But, my dear, you have not decided about the chickens."

"'Slife, Jenny, what's got into you, to−day? What do I care—fry them, or broil them, or roast them, or boil them, in the devil's name, for all me."

"Well, my dear, I suppose that means plenty of cayenne pepper. Gregory! Gregory Moth! Please go and tell Black Rose to tell Phebe to tell Phillis to put plenty of cayenne inside and out of the chickens. Her master wants them a little devilled, as he feels rather chilly this cool morning." The thermometer was at ninety. The excellent matron departed, laughing in her sleeve, contented with having made her husband a little ashamed of himself, without resorting to the *ultima ratio regum* of matrimony—arguing the question, which in nine cases out of ten, produces contention. The great secret for preserving domestic harmony is to let all parties do as they like, and if they are rational, good−tempered people, they will naturally like to please each other. If they are not so, there is no use in argument.

But to return to our story. This interruption of good Mistress Tyringham again threw the Cavalier completely off the track; but he soon found it again, and repeated the sentence of disinheritance with renewed vigor.

"My dear father," said Langley, "It is quite unnecessary, I have just been dismissed by the young lady, by command of her father, with strict injunctions not to visit her again."

"What," cried the astonished Cavalier, "rejected— refused—cut adrift by a Roundhead—a Crop−ear— a rebel to his king, and a renegade from his mother church! Why 'slife, what is the meaning of all this? The son and heir of sixteen generations of Cavaliers, rejected by the daughter of a Crop−ear, and turned out of the house by a Roundhead! Here, Gregory, Gregory— saddle old Rowley instantly. Rejected—a son of mine, only four degrees removed from a title—by Jupiter Amnon, the whole generation of Crop−ears shall answer for the insult. Langley, this makes matters ten times worse, and if you have the spirit of a man, you will implicity obey my command. You may go— I see Gregory coming with old Rowley."

Langley departed, just as Gregory entered, and as usual, inquired what his master wanted. On being informed of the gross insult offered to the house of Tyringham, and that he was to be the bearer of a defiance, as there was no gentleman in the neighborhood to perform that office. He demurred exceedingly, for he had an insuperable antipathy to fighting, or having anything to do with it. He insisted that the occasion by no means called for such decisive action; that the honor of the family rather required no notice should be taken of this slight; and that being so greatly opposed to the match, his master ought to be rather highly pleased than mortified, at what would place an insuperable obstacle in its way.

"'Slife, Gregory, I say again for the hundredth time at least, that you are the most astonishingly discreet knave, for so great a fool, I ever met with. You talk sometimes like Friar Bacon's head, and sometimes as if you had no head at all."

"Ah sir! when I take into serious consideration that it is not the fashion for wise men to speak wisely at all times, methinks it were a great pity that fools should not enjoy the like privilege. Wise fools, sir, are just as common as foolish wise men. The world is divided between them."

"Gregory Moth, I pronounce you one of the seven champions—I mean one of the seven wise men of Greece, who like his sacred majesty, King Charles, according to that villain Rochester, never said a foolish thing nor ever did a wise one. Truly, Moth, if your valor were only proportioned to your wisdom, you would be as great a wonder—as—as—zounds! I was never good at a comparison."

"You mean, doubtless, sir, to say, that my valor is as disproportioned to my discretion, as your discretion is to your valor. Surely, never master and man were so well fitted. You will defend me by the strength of your arm, and I will enlighten you by the thickness of my head. Thus shall we two be invincible."

"Well, well—we won't dispute that matter; especially as I can always get the better of you by the *argumentum ad baculinum*, as we say at Oxford. I have, or to do justice, you have thought better on this subject. It would be making the Roundhead of too much consequence to call him out on such an occasion. The honor of my family is safe from such a mushroom of yesterday." The doughty Cavalier forgot that the family of Habingdon could beat him hollow counting centuries.

"To be sure, sir," replied Gregory; "especially as you would have the trouble of horsewhipping him afterwards; for he would not accept your defiance. He won't fight; he has scruples of cowardice, commonly called conscientious scruples."

"No, no, Gregory; to do him justice, he is no coward. He is as brave as old Noll, and quite as ready to meet danger as you are to run away from it."

"I run away from danger, sir! Didn't I utterly discomfit and put to flight the barbarians when your house was sorely beleagured, and that with my single arm? If you had not shut me up in the cellar—I say nothing, but the copper−colored caitiffs would not have escaped scot−free as they did, to the immortal disgrace of all Christendom."

This sally put the Cavalier in high good humor, and he proceeded to consult Gregory on the subject of Langley's attachment, which he communicated as a great secret.

"I knew it long ago, sir," said Gregory.

"You! ah—I know—you are always wiser than other people, especially in knowing things after they have come to pass. How did you know it, pray?"

"Why, sir, he once threatened to crop my ears for calling the young lady a Crop−ear; and I clearly discerned from this, and other infallible symptoms, that my young master had been converted by the gospel of eyes."

"Well, what do you advise me to do?"

"Nothing, sir; when King Brute and his valiant Trojans—"

"D—n King Brute and his valiant Trojans; what have they to do with this matter?"

"O, a great deal, sir. Had they not come to England, the great university of Oxford, whose learning is heaped up like sand, and is equally productive, would probably have never existed, at least on that identical spot,; and the church and the bishops might, for aught I know, have given place to such cattle as presbyters and conventions instead of councils and convocations. Think of that, sir."

"Certainly, all this is highly interesting; but just now I want your counsel on other matters. What do you advise me to do with Langley?"

"Nothing, sir; let things alone. Love is like a brush heap on fire; the more you stir it, the more sparks and

flames. Let it alone, and it will burn out of itself. See you not, sir, that the fire always advances against the wind?"

"Well, I believe I'll take your advice. But, harkee, Gregory, if it turns out badly, I'll make an example of you."

"You can't have a better, sir," answered Gregory, conceitedly; and the old Cavalier departed to dress for dinner, a custom he always observed, being resolved, he said, to be a gentleman one half the day, at all events.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A Little Truth, by Way of a Treat—Causes and Consequences— Harold Transgresses the Law by Obeying the Gospel—Inconvenience of being a Justice of the Peace—The Justice Seeks Counsel from a Wise Fool, like the Illustrious Panurge—Harold once more before a Magistrate—Is Fined and Adopts an Important Resolution—Soliloquy of the Justice, which Begins very sensibly, but Ends in Nothing.

The people of the colony of Virginia was at this period both loyal and orthodox; for though they made very little ceremony in opposing the shadow of the king in the person of his puissant governor, they reverenced the substance in the person of his master. It was, as everybody knows, originally settled by Cavaliers, roystering younger sons, victims to the firstborn of Egypt, who sought the New World to better their fortunes, or it may be from pure love of adventure, and brought with them the habits as well as principles of loyalty to church and state. The former they retained for several generations, but the latter soon became greatly modified by the irresistible influence of the free air they breathed, and the vast space occupied by the individual man, which instilled into him a deep consciousness of his own personal importance, as well as ] sought refuge from the persecutions of those whom persecution had taught to persecute, among the people of the South, they having no other refuge, as Pennsylvania was then a pathless wilderness. Without meaning to offer the slightest apology for religious persecution, that indelible stain on the white surplice of Christianity—it may be remarked, that it is not always the persecuted are innocent of all offence, save a difference of opinion. Zeal and enthusiasm are seldom content with mere toleration and the passive enjoyment of impunity. Instead of quietly hoarding what they already possess, they not only seek to make converts from other sects, but are prone to denounce all creeds but their own, without mercy, and without measure.

It will also, in most, perhaps all cases, be found that innovations in religion necessarily involve innovations in civil governments, by interfering with long established maxims of law, as well as long existing social institutions. To these causes we may, beyond doubt, trace much of the persecution for which religious opinions were made the pretext, but which were in a great measure owing to that connection between church and state, which, wherever it has existed, has converted the trumpet of Zion into a signal for discord and bloodshed, and the gospel of peace into a bone of contention for ambition and avarice.

There is perhaps another key to the persecutions of the Quakers. By the early laws of New England and Virginia, every able−bodied man was obliged to bear arms in the public defence. This was indispensable to the very existence of these colonies for a long time after their establishment; and the Quakers by refusing to perform the highest duty of the citizen—that of defending the State—not only rendered themselves liable to the penalties of the law, but set an example which, had it been extensively followed, would have rendered all the early colonies an easy prey to the savages. That a sect which obstinately refused to contribute to the defence of a community in whose safety they participated, and in whose advantages they determined to partake, should have been unwelcome visitors, ought not to be matter of surprise, nor can it be justly charged against those who were perpetually risking their lives for the protection of those who refused to protect themselves or others. Undoubtedly bigotry had something to do in the business, and dropt her venom into the cup of bitterness. But there were faults on both sides, and the best lesson to be derived from the history of those times is that of universal forbearance.

Some two or three of these wandering exiles had found their way to Virginia, which was yet smarting under the tomahawk and scalping knife, and to whose surviving colonists their tenets could not fail of being peculiarly obnoxious, as impairing the great obligation of self−defence. They were completely under the dominion of enthusiasm, or more properly, fanaticism— for persecution, if it does not find, always makes fanatics, and very soon attracted the attention of the civil authorities by attempting to make converts, as well as by disturbing the service of the Established Church. Sentence of banishment was passed on them; but they refused to depart voluntarily and resisted force. They became, in short, a species of outcasts, wandering about without a home, and often without a refuge. It happened that one of these forlorn fugitives arrived at the dwelling of Harold Habingdon in a most destitute condition, half crazed with fatigue, hunger, and fanaticism. He was received with kindness, as a fellow−creature in distress, though Harold bitterly abhorred his tenets, and remained some days before he

recovered sufficiently to resume his erratic career.

Some one of those petty officials, the pestilenal product of penal laws, and every other species of misrule, who always outstrip their betters, in zeal for a bad cause—becoming acquainted with this affair, laid an information before the old Cavalier, against Harold, for harboring, comforting, and relieving a sinner against the statute in such case made and provided. Master Justice Tyringham was excessively annoyed at this proceeding. As a magistrate, it was his duty to enforce the laws; but though he utterly eschewed the Roundhead, and would have fought him with all his heart, still, as a neighbor he could not reconcile it to his feelings to proceed against him. They had, it is true, crossed their swords in the civil wars; but they had since stood side by side under his own roof, mutually defending each other.

"Confound the Crop−ear," muttered he to himself— "what right has he to place me in this predicament? I must either violate my oath as a magistrate, or my conscience by doing an ill−office to my neighbor, who, though a rebel and a Roundhead, is a brave man and a good soldier, I will say that for him; though how a fellow that neither drinks nor swears can be either one or the other is beyond my comprehension." At the end of this monologue, he called in the aid of Master Gregory, who acted as his clerk on all official occasions, and handing him the information, asked— "what shall I do in this confounded business, Moth?"

"Why sir," answered Gregory, after due consideration— "If I were you—that is to say, if you were me— you would first give notice to Master Habingdon, that he might get out of the way, and then issue a warrant to apprehend him."

"He get out of the way? He'd see me hanged first. He won't stir a peg. Your genuine Crop−ear can no more live without a dose of wholesome persecution now and then than a fowl without gravel. It keeps up his bristles, and makes his orthodoxy as stiff as a poker. No, no—that won't do, Gregory. If there was another New World he might seek refuge there; but, take my word, he won't budge an inch."

"That being the case, sir, if I were in your place— I mean, if you were in my place, you would do a good action for once in your life."

"Why, you insolent varlet, do you dare to insinuate that I never did a good action?"

"You misunderstand me altogether, Justice Tyringham. Do not you comprehend that I am speaking as it were of myself, seeing I have taken the liberty of putting my own proper person in place of your own proper person—ergo, logically speaking, it is I that never did a good act, not you, my most honored master."

"Well, well—go on in your own way."

"As I was saying—or rather, to speak more accurately, as I was about to say—I would respectfully recommend that you perpetrate, as it were, a good deed, by flying in the face of the law, and acting according to the gospel, by doing unto your neighbor as you would be done by. It is not seemly in one of your station to pay attention to a rascally informer, who I hereby strenuously advise you to fine and imprison in place of Master Habingdon, who, though I hate as a Roundhead, I somehow or other respect, against my conscience."

"It won't do—I tell you it won't do, Gregory. This good act, as you call it, will lead to the loss of mine office; and what is far worse, the disgrace of my person and character. 'Slife, sir, I should go near to be taken for a Roundhead, or a Quaker, which last I most especially abhor, because they will not fight either in a good cause or a bad one."

"Well, Master Justice, that is the very thing. A good act that costs a man nothing is worth just what it costs. It is like unto a beggar's dinner for which he pays no reckoning, and is no better than scraps and bones. Besides, sir, admitting that this one neighborly act should be attended by evil consequences to yourself, you have only to perform ninety−nine more, and I will venture to predict, that one out of the hundred will repay you for all the rest."

"By Saint Gregory the Great, your remarks are theoretically right, but, what is very provoking, practically wrong. My oath of office, Gregory Moth—my public duties as a magistrate, and all that sort of thing—don't you see I am acting double, as it were, and am pulled two different ways between a choice of evils? But it don't signify talking, I must have the Crop−ear up, and fine him according to the statute. If he won't pay, as I take for granted will be the case, for he is as obstinate as a mule, and always acts on principle, why he may go to the devil, that's all; for you know there is no jail nearer than the capital, and I shall get rid of this confounded business. Make out the warrant, and I'll dub you a constable to execute it; so that eternal busybody, who has given me all this trouble, will be despoiled of his fees."

Gregory obeyed orders; the warrant was signed, and the old Cavalier dubbed him a constable by laying his cane across his shoulders. Proceeding on his mission, and finding the culprit at home, he performed his duty agreeably to the instructions of his master, in the most approved as well as courteous style, informing him that Master Justice Tyringham was unwillingly enforcing the law, as a magistrate.

This proceeding caused great consternation in the minds of the Roundhead's wife and daughter, the former of whom still preserved a vivid recollection of the persecutions of her parents, and her own sufferings in the days of her youth. She was struck with grief and dismay at what she believed a renewal of them in the New World, whither they had fled to avoid them. She pictured to herself the long catalogue of imprisonments, scoffs, stripes, and maimings which had marked the footsteps of the demon of spiritual pride; and, ignorant of the colonial law, as well as the somewhat milder spirit with which it was administered, looked forward to seeing Harold return marked with ignominious stripes, or possibly without his ears. Poor Miriam, too, bowed under the infliction, which weighed the more heavily as coming from the father of one who, she felt, was every day becoming more dear to her heart and her imagination. She was now compelled to associate him with the persecutors of her father, and her fair yet gentle spirit rose in unsuccessful revolt against the feelings of her heart. As Harold was preparing to obey the summons, both wife and daughter hung about his neck, beseeching for permission to accompany him and share his fate. But he resolutely declined, while he comforted them, saying—

"Be not cast down, my beloved. I am not afraid, though I little thought that persecution would track me, like a bloodhound, into the forests of the New World. But be of good comfort; if I understand the law, the utmost that can be inflicted is a fine, and, in default of payment, a prison. Is it not so, Master Moth?"

Gregory signified assent, and Harold, mounting his steed, accompanied him to the seat of justice. The old Cavalier, who saw them coming, felt more like a criminal than a magistrate; but, by a great rally, mustered sufficient dignity to receive him with the stiff solemnity of a citizen in office. He began by apologizing, which was cut short by Harold, who interrupted him, saying—

"There is no necessity, Master Tyringham, for apology. You are a magistrate, and must do your duty. The law is the tyrant, not those who enforce it."

"Hush," answered the Cavalier, "remember that respect is due to the laws, which should be reverenced as well as obeyed."

"I know no difference, sir, between the oppressions of the law and the tyranny of a single despotic will But enough on this point. May I ask of what offence I am accused?"

"That of aiding, comforting, and consorting with one who has been banished from the colony for flying in the face of the law and the gospel. Here is the witness."

"My offence requires no witness. I acknowledge it, without scruple and without compunction. There came a wretched man to my door, weak, hungry, and almost naked. I did not ask him his creed, nor did I inquire whence he came, or whither he was going. I saw he was a man, and that he wanted succor, for his face was pale and thin, and his limbs trembled as he stood leaning on his staff. I received him into my house, for he was an outcast from all others, and I and mine administered to his necessities till he recovered and went his way. I saw that his faith was neither mine nor thine, but it seemed to me that was no reason why he should perish, like a beast of the field, in the midst of Christian men and fellow−creatures. I have suffered persecution, and God forbid I should ever inflict it on others."

He spoke this in the sincerity of his soul, forgetting that, for some time past, he had been unconsciously acting on the same principle which dictated the law under which he was now smarting, and inflicting on two amiable beings far more severe penalties, solely on account of a difference of opinion. But all mankind are liable to these delusions, and in truth are seldom self−satisfied but when they deceive themselves.

The sturdy old Cavalier winced not a little at the view of the subject presented by Harold, and was perfectly conscious that, in a like case, he himself would have done the same. He could not help acknowledging it was a hard case that a man should be punished for an act of humanity. But, at the same time, there was something in Harold's manner and appearance which so forcibly reminded him of the "preaching rascals," as he called them, who had beaten him and his brother Cavaliers so soundly at Marston Moor and Naseby, that his newly awakened feelings yielded to his ancient inveterate prejudices, and he relapsed into the stern, inflexible magistrate, who forgets the spirit of the law in acting up to the letter.

"Master Harold Habingdon," said he, "it is not for you or I to sit in judgment on the laws of the land, but to

obey them. It is true we are commanded by the Gospel to love our neighbor as ourself; but if the law says the contrary, why there is no more to be said. You have subjected yourself to fine, as well as imprisonment, in default of payment. But as the jail has been burnt by the savages the law must remit that penalty. I shall, therefore, inflict the fine, as is my duty; but whether you pay it or not is none of my business, nor shall I trouble myself on the subject. You are free, sir."

Harold, however, insisted on paying the fine, and the justice and culprit separated with most ceremonious politeness, though the dislike of the former was materially increased by having been thus forced to act against his better feelings by the innocent agency of the latter; and Harold felt most keenly the conviction, that persecution and bigotry were citizens of the world, at home everywhere. On his way home, and after his return, he silently brooded awhile in the recesses of his mind, and having apparently come to a decision, called his wife and daughter, to whom he announced his determination to depart from the colony of Virginia, and seek refuge in New England. Susan received the announcement in silent acquiescence; Miriam started and turned pale, but said not a word. Harold, always prompt in action, proceeded, without delay, in carrying his project into execution.

At this period, the intercourse between Virginia and New−England was altogether by sea, a great portion of the intervening country being, as previously stated, a howling wilderness. But intercourse of any kind was extremely rare; and though at long intervals a coasting vessel from Boston or Salem would find her way into the Chesapeake, on a voyage of speculation, yet this produced nothing like friendly or social intercourse. The old leaven of the mother country still fermented in the bosoms of the emigrants to the New World, and to this day is not altogether extinct. On inquiry, however, Harold had the good fortune to find at the capital a schooner of moderate size, bound for New England, and lost no time in making his arrangements. A man who is ready to take what he can get soon finds a purchaser; and he managed to arrange not only his domestic but money matters so speedily, that he was ready to embark before the schooner was ready to sail.

Now, when the old Cavalier heard of the intention of his old neighbor, and saw his prompt preparations to carry it into effect, his heart smote him with the recollection of his enmity, and especially his late magisterial exercise of power. He felt a conviction that this latter was the immediate cause of this second exile, and fell into a train of reflection, which may be embodied in the following words:

"'Slife! I wonder what is the reason people who call themselves Christians can't live together in peace and quiet like Christians, instead of squabbling, fighting, backbiting, and spitting at each other, like so so many crabs in a basket? Here now, are Master Habingdon and I, thrown by the vicissitudes of life into a new world, of which we may almost be said to be the sole Christian inhabitants; and yet we can't live together as friends and brothers, and why? He is a brave, upright man, and has never done a mean act since he came here, and I—'slife, I'll say that for myself— am neither a coward, a hypocrite or a rogue, for I never turned my back on friend or foe, except at Marston Moor and Naseby. I did scamper there like a rabbit, that's certain. Yes, the bloody Crop−ears, with their infernal long prayers, and psalm singing, scattered us like chaff before the wind, and may I never eat venison again, if I forgive them. A Roundhead, is a Roundhead, old world or new, and there's an end of it. Let him go to New England, or New Guinea and welcome—joy go with him—I'm glad he is going."

So the two neighbors who had lived several years in sight of the smoke of each other's chimneys, parted without bidding farewell, though the chances were a hundred to one they would never meet again.

# CHAPTER IX.

Unaccountably Perverse Conduct of Miriam—A Message by Gregory Moth, who Makes Mischief—An Evening in the South, which actually Ushers in an Apology for a Love Scene, which will, It Is feared, not altogether Satisfy the Reader, for Want of Sufficient High Seasoning—A Last Parting.

When Miriam left the room, after hearing the resolution of her father, to bid an eternal farewell to the banks of the Powhatan, the first, perhaps the only thought that occupied her mind was, that she should never see Langley Tyringham again, and the cold thrill that shivered through her heart taught her, for the first time, how precious was the certainty of being near, though she might not see him. There was something in the idea of proximity, exquisitely soothing, just as the soft luminaries of the heavens, twinkling with reflected lustre, administer a sweet delight to the contemplative spirit, though for ever beyond its reach. We know they are there; we realize their presence; they exist to us, though all intercourse is forbidden. She was resigned to the thought of their never coming together, so long as it was possible for them to meet; but when an insurmountable barrier was placed between them, and all hope of its ever being removed was over, she felt a saddening gloom, such as had never come over her spirits before. It was no longer a sacrifice to filial duty, or an offering on the altar of faith, but an irresistible destiny which took away all the merit of voluntary submission.

"Where is he?" thought Miriam. "Will he not come and bid me farewell! But I have forbid his coming, and he promised to obey. Yet now that I am going away, to be forever separated by stormy seas, and impassable wilds, if he disobeyed me, I think I could forgive him. I should like to see him once more, if only to tell him to forget that he ever loved me, and that I will never forget him. Surely he cannot know that we depart so soon—for I feel if I were him, I could not rest without a last farewell."

These, and such reflections, were perpetually interrupted by the necessity of exertion in preparations for their departure. Yet they only returned with renewed strength, from their temporary suppression. The nearer the period of departure approached, the stronger became her anxiety to see Langley once more, as well as her conviction that she might do so without violating the spirit of her promise to her father. But she was not of a nature to rest in doubt on any point of filial duty, and one day frankly, though covered with blushes, asked permission of Harold, to send for Langley.

"Miriam," said he—"wouldst thou wed this young man? Tell me truly, and without maidenly hypocrisy."

"No father—at least not against thy will."

"Then why wish to see him again?"

"I scarcely know. But if he were only a common acquaintance, living as we have so long near neighbors, and having been sheltered from death under his father's roof, to go thus without taking leave would increase the pain of parting. Why then, since we are still near to each other, should we part without bidding farewell?"

"Because, my daughter, it will only make your parting more painful."

"No so, my father—at least not to me; and I trust not to him. I wish very much to say a few parting words to Langley."

"To tell him to remember you, Miriam?"

"No—to tell him to forget me. To tell him, as I would without being ashamed, that though if no insuperable obstacle interposed, I would gladly be to him what my mother is to you, yet as that is impossible, when we are far away from each other, he must think of me no more."

"My dear daughter," said Harold, kindly—for his principles were prone to yield to his feelings—"you overrate your firmness, I fear. The sight of this youth for the last time will soften you to yielding acquiescence, and he will extort from you pledges you can never fulfil without disobedience to your father, and belying your faith to heaven."

"Is there, then, more than one God, and do not he and I both believe in him? Is there more than one Saviour, and is not he equally so to both of us? But of this no more. I owe my father obedience, and the debt shall be paid. I am but a simple girl, but I so far know myself as that I feel I can sacrifice my own dearest wishes to my father and to my faith. I beseech thee, father, to let me see him once more. Mother, wilt thou not entreat for me?"

Susan had been present during this dialogue, but did not interfere, for she knew it would be ill taken on the part of Harold, whose system of domestic government by no means approximated towards republicanism. She, however, answered this appeal, by saying to her husband—

"When we parted at the gate of the prison, in days long passed, I would have given much to exchange a few words with thee; and it added sorely to my sorrow at parting, that we could only take a silent farewell."

This reference to former times awakened a long train of recollections in the mind of Harold, which softened his heart and relaxed his will. He at length granted the prayer of his daughter, and a message was sent to request the presence of Langley Tyringham. The servant returned with the intelligence that he had been absent for some time past at the capital on special business, and that the period of his return was quite uncertain. He received this information from Master Gregory, who being, as the reader knows, a most inveterate joker in his way, concluded in the following words—

"They say he has gone on my master's business, but I reckon I know better. There is a young lady in the case, and I smell a wedding before long. But its a great secret, and you must promise not to tell a living soul."

Gregory well knew the state of his young master's affections, but his infirmity of jesting was aided on this occasion by a long−cherished antipathy to the Crop−ears, and he felt great satisfaction in throwing a random arrow that struck deep where it fell. The bearer of the message kept his promise so far, that he only told the secret to Mildred, and the rest may easily be imagined.

Miriam received the first item of this news in silent sorrow, but the latter portion caused her to turn deadly pale. "He requires no consolation from me," she thought, but gave her thoughts no tongue. The succeeding morning was destined for their departure. During the day she seemed a different being from what she had ever been before. Her habit was always that of repose and self−possession; but now she scarcely remained still for a moment. She wandered about the house, apparently without object; but it might have been noticed, that her steps always rested awhile at an open window, that looked toward the abode of Master Tyringham. Towards sunset, she told her father she wished to take a last walk on the banks of the river. He proposed to accompany her, but she said she preferred going alone, and he acquiesced in her wishes.

It was a scene to make one melancholy in bidding it a last farewell. The sun had just slipt behind the distant hills that rose in waving outlines above the level borders of the river, and left a flood of glory behind him in the evening sky. A range of airy and fantastic clouds sleeping quietly in the lap of Heaven skirted the horizon, never moving, but perpetually varying in shape and color, and exhibiting, in their changes, all the colors of the rainbow. The river slept in a dead calm. Not a single tiny wave broke on the white pebbled shore, and not an object moved on its surface but a little skiff, paddled by two negroes, who kept time to the homely, yet pathetic old ditty, which has for its burden "Long time ago." In the silence and distance its simple pathos was exquisitely touching; and the plagiarist mock−bird, after stilling his song and listening a while, vainly attempted to catch its plaintive melody. It was one of those scenes which, though they awaken no joyous feelings, are dear to the senses, the imagination, and the memory. When not overwhelmed with sorrow, or smarting under the lash of remorse, they seldom fail to inspire a pleasing and luxurious melancholy, divested of all painful recollections of the past, all gloomy anticipations of the future. We confess our delight in lingering about such scenes as this we have just sketched, and that we would fain inspire our readers with a taste which can at all times be so easily gratified. It is a cheap, as well as blameless luxury; it costs no sacrifice, and is followed by no regrets; it is one of those pleasures for which we pay nothing, in the past, the present, or the future; and in a world where every good we enjoy seems to be so dearly purchased, it is a great privilege to banquet at the feast without paying the reckoning. It is, moreover, a pleasure at all times, and everywhere within reach; and, while it appeals to the senses, is, at the same time, a step in Jacob's ladder, leading from earth to Heaven, since there is an inseparable link between the great Architect of the Universe and His glorious works.

Miriam wandered on, too full of that within to notice that without; or, if it called her attention for a moment, it was only accompanied by the painful conviction she should behold it no more. There is something in this that makes parting even with what we little value more or less painful. To part for ever in this world, brings with it the certainty that we shall die before we meet again. It is a foreshadowing of death, which, though the common lot of all the living, is still a grisly spectre, clothed if not in terror, at least in dread uncertainty. We will not insult our reader by telling what Miriam was thinking about, as she paced along. If he—and more especially she—cannot divine it, let her remain in endless ignorance, and never know what it is to be crossed in love. As she proceeded

thus unconsciously, she all at once distinguished footsteps behind her rapidly approaching, but, supposing them those of some one of the slaves in the neighborhood, felt neither alarm nor curiosity. There was but one being she wished to see, and he was absent. Presently the footsteps were close at her side, and she heard a well−known voice of panting earnestness close to her ear.

"Forgive me, Miriam, for once more intruding on you. But I have just returned, after a long absence— at least long to me—and heard that you were going away to−morrow to a distant land, where I shall never see you again. You will forgive me for breaking my word."

"I have nothing to forgive," answered she, in a low voice, "nor is your presence an intrusion. I was thinking of you—I wished to see you."

"Me!—me, Miriam, after forbidding my presence so peremptorily, almost sternly."

"Langley, at that time I could not see you without a breach of duty—without disobeying my father. I have now his permission to see you."

"Is it possible, Miriam? What am I to understand from this?"

"That we meet for the last time. Nay, do not interrupt me, for our time is short, and I have much to say. Once, and but once, thou saidst I was dear to thee, and I believed it. But it is past now. I have just heard, with satisfaction"—and the tear started from her eye—"that—that thou hast found one still dearer than I ever was, or ever wish to be."

"I, Miriam? Who told you so?"

"A little bird," said Miriam, with a melancholy smile.

"There is no truth in little birds, now that the reign of the fairies is past. I have not found—I shall never find one dearer to my heart than you. My absence was an indispensable business for my father, and I have just returned to hear you are going away to−morrow. But you say you have permission from your father to see me. Has he relented?"

"Alas! no. It was through my persuasion, and that of my mother, that he consented to a parting interview. He will never relent, for he believes himself right, and nothing can move him. This is our last meeting, Langley."

"Then, would to Heaven we had never met."

"Say not so, Langley. To me, at least, it will be a source of melancholy pleasure to think of thee, and to know that we parted as friends. That here, as on the brink of the grave, with a gulf like that which separates time and eternity between us, we shook hands across the abyss, and bade farewell, not to forget, but to remember each other."

"You, at least, will soon cease to remember me, Miriam?"

"No; I am not one of those whose feelings are suddenly awakened, and as suddenly subside, nor do I forget what I cease to see. I know that thou wilt live in my memory till I am dead. Though I may mourn our separation, I can yet live upon my thoughts."

"Thoughts," interrupted Langley, impatiently, "thoughts are shadows."

"With me it is not so, Langley. My recollections of the past shall take place of my anticipations of the future. I may cease to hope, but I will not despair. I will still think thou rememberest, long after thou hast forgotten me, and this will be my consolation, that I shall never know it. My ignorance will be my happiness."

There was a sad simplicity, a deep, yet sober, heartfelt seriousness in the look, tone, and manner of the little Puritan, as she thus gave utterance to the feelings of her pure heart that struck on that of Langley, entered deeply, and choked, for a moment, the utterance of his feelings, while she remained in that outward calm that far more than fiery words, or violent gestures, bespeaks the depth of the noiseless current.

"Ah! Miriam," at length he said, "If I could but feel as you do—if I could wrap myself up in cold submission to the will of another, I should bear your absence more patiently. But why should we part? In family, in fortune, and in years we are suited to each other. We have been thrown together almost alone by ourselves in the wilderness, and our hearts have become as one. Why then should we part?"

"My father wills it, and his will is mine. He may be severe, he may be unjust in his commands, but where is my warrant that I am right and he is wrong? He is my father; he has reared me from infancy, and I am still dependent on him for every comfort I enjoy. It is, therefore, my duty to obey him, unless in so doing I violate a higher duty."

A shade passed over Langley's brow. He did not relish this view of the subject, and his old prejudice against

the Crop−ears roused up and began to growl. But it was only for a moment, and it lay down and and slept again.

"Then you are content, Miriam, to give me up, and if your father commands, give yourself to another."

"No," replied she, firmly, "while my heart belongs to thee, Langley, it would not only be a gross deception, but the breach of a holy vow, to promise obedience and love to another. My father has no right to command that, and if he did, I neither could nor would obey him. My duty goes no farther than not to choose against his will. He cannot choose for me. He cannot give away what I have already bestowed on another."

"Miriam—Miriam—you reason only—you do not love."

"Thou wrongest me, Langley. I shall love thee long after thou hast ceased to love me. We are going— at least such is my father's intention—into a lonely region of a distant country, where I shall have few companions but my own thoughts, and little to divert them from the past. There will be nothing but silence and nature around me, and my associates will be the creations of my fancy, or my memory. Ah! if, as thou sayest, I reason coolly, it is not because I do not feel, but that true and lasting love is as much the offspring of reason as of passion. You accuse us Puritans of canting, but the worst cant is that which excuses the crimes and excesses of love, by placing it above the restraints of reason and virtue."

"Did you wish then to see me once more, only that you might lecture me into forgetting you?" said Langley, in dissatisfaction.

"No, Langley. I wished to reconcile thee to our parting. As little do I wish thee to forget me as I wish to forget thee. Why cannot we continue to love each other as well absent as present? Why cannot we be contented with thinking of each other?"

"Thinking! it is only bread and water to the starving heart. But I will urge you no more. I love you too well to tempt you to disobedience, and involve myself in the same offence. Nay, I know you too well to believe I could be successful in attempting it. I know, too, that you could never be happy, or bestow happiness on me, by deserting your parents, and inflicting on your own heart the sting of ingratitude. I know that we must part, but I own I could wish to see thee a little less resigned. Oh! only seem to be miserable like me, and I will try to be content."

"Langley—dear Langley, have done with these useless complaints. Do not think me devoid of feeling, because both habit and example have taught me restraint. Ah! if thou couldst see into my heart! and thou shalt see it!" exclaimed she, with a sudden burst of feeling. "Thou shalt know all my heart. Why should I conceal a thought or feeling from thee, when we are about to part forever? It is but trusting the grave with our secrets—it is but whispering in the ear of death, for soon we shall be dead to each other. To−morrow we shall be as shadows, every hour becoming more dim, and at length fading into nothing but a phantom of memory. Oh! Langley, if thou knewest how dear thou art to me! The first and last fruits of my heart are yours, for I never loved before but with filial affection. To be thine would fill the measure of my happiness—but it cannot be—there is a gulf between us that we must never pass. But I consecrate myself to thee while I live, and I give thee this first and last kiss in token that my lips shall never again be pressed by those of any man but my father." Saying this, she clasped him around the neck, and pressed her lips to his and wept on his bosom. He murmured vows of lasting love; he pressed her to his heart, and paid back the kiss with ample interest. Recovering a portion of her wonted self−command, she cut short his protestations.

"Nay, dearest Langley, no vows, no oaths. Thou art, thou must be free. I am but a woman, and can, I trust, fulfil my humble duties in the little circle of domestic life, while I continue to cherish thy memory and devote myself to thee. But thou art a man, and shouldst devote thyself to thy fellow men. Thy father and thy mother, thy friends and thy country demand thy cares and exertions. Thou art called upon to perform all the duties of a man, which thou canst not do while devoted to one object alone. All I ask of thee is to remember me sometimes on an evening like this, when taking a lonely walk along the path we are now treading for the last time. I will be with thee then."

Langley could not answer for his emotions, we might say his temptations. He longed to tempt her, by all the arts love teaches his votaries, to sacrifice all to love; to forget herself, her duties, and her home. But he was a man of principle, as well as feeling, and at length, by a great effort conquered the enemy. He felt it would be the most dastardly cruelty to attempt to persuade her to a step which would at the same time deprive her of one home without his being able to offer her another. He knew the bitter religious and political feelings of his father would exile them from his home and his heart, and determined to submit to his fate like a man. His reflections were

interrupted by Miriam, who said, in a low, tremulous voice—

"Now it is time to go home. It is growing dark, and I must return."

Langley made no opposition, for he was quite broken down. His reason yielded, but his heart rebelled; and his mind was benumbed by conflicting emotions. They proceeded in silence and gathering darkness, until they arrived at the rustic gate opening into the lawn, when Miriam softly said—

"Wilt thou not go in and bid my father farewell!"

"No—I am no favorite, and my presence will scarcely be welcome. Tell him, if you will, that I wish him all the happiness of which he has deprived me."

They paused awhile, as if each had something to say to the other. At length he whispered—"I must repay you the debt I owe," and taking her to his arms impressed a long, lingering kiss on her cold lips. Only one word was spoken—a mutual farewell. Miriam broke from his arms, proceeded rapidly towards home, and passing her father, merely said—"I will tell thee all to−morrow,"—ran to her chamber, and appeared no more that night. Langley did not return home till late in the night, having spent hours in wandering along the river side, recalling the sweet yet bitter banquet of the preceding hour.

# CHAPTER X.

A Deserted Mansion—Captain Skeering—An Extraordinary Voyage without Tempest or Shipwreck—Arrival at Naumkeag—State of Affairs there—Mildred Suspected of Witchcraft—A Pilgrimage through the Wilderness—Scene on a River—Excommunication of the Demon of Water Power—End of the Pilgrimage.

Next morning betimes the house of Harold Habingdon was deserted, the doors and windows closed, and no smoke curled from the chimney, as Langley looked that way, and saw its inmates departing to return no more. Then he turned away in all the apathy of chill despair. The little party proceeded to the capital, where, the vessel being ready, they speedily embarked, and Harold was once more on the seas, seeking a second asylum in the solitudes of the New World. The course of our story leads us to accompany him on his voyage.

The vessel which carried Harold and his fortunes was in all respects so unlike a Liverpool or Havre packet of the present day, when far greater pains are taken to make people more comfortable abroad than at home, that to compare would only be to contrast them with each other. She was sorely laden with a miscellaneous cargo of such inconceivable articles, that though the insertion would save us at least a dozen pages of wear and tear of thought or invention, we are compelled to give it up in despair. It was a veritable cargo of notions, and the bill of lading almost as capacious as Captain Skeering's flying jib. The cabin, the lockers, and the rat holes, were all stowed choke full; and Harold, on insinuating himself into his birth, found his pillow stuffed with tobacco stems, which every body knows are an excellent commodity for snuff making. Now Captain Skeering well knew, that though the good people of Naumkeag abhorred smoking, yet did many of them quiet their consciences by snuff taking.

Touching Captain Abiel Skeering, he was one of those strange, unaccountable, nondescripts, that never were, and never will be found anywhere, but in his own country. He cultivated a little farm, cobbled shoes in winter, and at intervals caught codfish, either along shore, or on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. Between whiles he traded to the Manhadoes, Virginia, and the West Indies, up Connecticut River, and the Lord knows where. There was not a hole or corner in which he did not poke his bowsprit to smell out a bargain; and what is very remarkable, he never went anywhere without finding one. He once made a capital speculation by being cast away on Cape Cod, not by defrauding the underwriters, but by exchanging rusty nails for wampum. In short, he was one of those wise men who never fail to convert a misfortune into a benefit. He was unquestionably an expert seaman, for he went where no one else ever thought of going; and though he never saw, heard, nor dreamed of a nautical almanac, managed to find his way all the world over, by dint of a combination of skill, luck, and sagacity. He was undoubtedly amphibious, and for aught we know, his mother might have been a mermaid, for his marine instincts seemed equal to those of our Indians in the woods.

Though to use his own expression, "he had followed the sea ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper," he never met with but one disaster, out of which, as before stated, he made a capital speculation. Captain Skeering was, withal, an easy, quiet, good−tempered man, and reasonably honest; though when it came to a bargain, it must be confessed, he shaved rather close. Like all wise men, he preferred asking questions to answering them. He, moreover, smacked enormously of the Puritan, and he and Harold got on exceedingly well together, notwithstanding the latter was sometimes a little put out, by the captain putting in at rivers, creeks, bays, and inlets, to see if there was anything stirring in the way of a bargain, though to all appearance there was scarcely room to stick a pin in his vessel. He knew what people at ever so great a distance wanted, quite as well, if not better, than they did themselves; and if he could only be set going, you might pump out of him more practical knowledge than would set up an academy of science.

Under the auspicious destiny of this sagacious, selftaught mariner, the vessel proceeded on her way, sometimes becalmed on the wide watery waste, and at others, somewhat rudely buffeted by the winds and waves. Captain Skeering put in at the Manhadoes, or New Amsterdam, then in its cradle, where he astonished the smoking burghers, by asking an infinite number of questions, whereby he gathered sufficient information to make a successful adventure to that famous port, on his next voyage. From thence the made a desperate push through the Helle−Gatte, escaped the Pot, the Frying Pan, and the Hog's Back; squinted at the little embryo settlement of New Haven; passed into the mouth of the Connecticut river, traded a day or two with the Indians of Montauk Point;

had a great notion of trying his luck in Narragansett Bay; bartered a trifle at Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and finally anchored triumphantly in Naumkeag Bay, after a prosperous voyage of six weeks.

The Habingdons were received with a kind, brotherly hospitality by the good people of the town, and Harold at one time contemplated pitching his tent among them. But it happened, unluckily, that certain pious, well−meaning persons, who had been zealous advocates for toleration in the mother country, had, by some strange transition, become intolerant, and commenced the old story of persecution, so often repeated in the Christian world. The town was divided into parties, and peace was no longer there.

Still, more than this, it was about this time that the extraordinary panic of witchcraft had found its way, like the cholera, from the Old to the New World. It was the characteristic superstition of the age, and by no means peculiar to Naumkeag, though it is said to have first broken out there in the colonies. Though without any foundation in nature, science, philosophy, or reason, this baleful superstition, which led to so many atrocities wherever it existed, by degrees spread throughout the little community, and was not only cherished, but fomented by men of liberal education and scientific attainments. A fast had been proclaimed by the clergy, with special reference to this visitation, and this ill−advised measure in some degree served to give the stamp of reality to the strange absurdities and extravagances which now only excite ridicule among the enlightened, and wonder among the ignorant.

But however one age may plume itself on its freedom from superstitious delusions or impostures, there never has occurred, and probably never will occur, a period in which mankind has been, or will be, free from the delusions of their own imagination, or the designing impostures of others. Every age has its peculiar follies; and philosophers and philanthropists, who set about curing them, for the most part fare like physicians who, in driving out one disease, peradventure lay the foundation of half−a−dozen others. Credulity is a monster of capacious maw, and, like the fabled ogre, delights in human flesh. If the miracles of mesmerism, which come abroad under the mantle of science, are true, necromancy is no longer a fable; if they are impostures, as doubtless most of them are, then had we best be silent on the delirium of witchcraft.

Be this as it may, the community of Naumkeag was, at this time, beginning to feel the throes of that ideal convulsion which, after exhibiting certain premonitory symptoms, gradually seemed to die away, only to be felt with renewed violence a few years afterwards. It was, as before stated, the prevailing epidemic of the age; it raged in England as well as on the continent of Europe; and an old writer records that, on returning from Canada to his native province of Bearn, after an absence of some years, he found three−fourths of the inhabitants believing or affecting to believe themselves under the dominion of witchcraft.

But while Harold was wavering as to his future course, he was brought to a speedy decision by receiving private information from one of the unbelievers, whom he had made his banker, that a little child, of some six or eight years old, who had exhibited decided symptoms of being bewitched, had, in one of its paroxysms, declared she saw the waiting−maid of the newly−arrived strangers sticking pins into her. This demonstration upon poor Mildred was not to be slighted at such a time; and it fortunately happening that, just at that moment, a party, consisting of a few families, was on the eve of setting out to form a new settlement, on a "platform," quite favorable to Harold's creed, he lost no time in associating himself with the adventurers. Hastily adjusting his pecuniary affairs, and providing himself with the small outfit which could be conveyed such a long distance through the wild, he was on his way to the new Medina before the evil spirit made a second demonstration against poor old Mildred, who happily died in utter ignorance of having come nigh passing for a witch.

The suddenness with which Harold changed his destination from one place to another at a great distance, may, perhaps, seem extraordinary, if not unnatural; but he had pulled up his anchor in England, and those who have severed the ties of their nativity never take such deep root elsewhere. The emigrants to America had a world before them, and we may trace much not only of the past, but future destinies of our country to that roaming and adventurous habit which pricks them ever onward towards the region of the setting sun. This propensity is one of the great instruments of Providence in shaping the destinies of a people such as the world never saw before.

The perils, hardships, and privations of such a pilgrimage can never be properly realized even by the present race of emigrants to the far West. At that period, the savages environed them on every side, and they had no protector but Providence, and their own hands. The mother country paid little attention to her distant children, and never afforded them protection till they were able to protect themselves; and their own governments were little more than the united energies of their citizens, spontaneously tendered in time of danger. Those who went forth to

establish new settlements in the wilderness were not only their own sword and shield, but their own legislators; and such adventures required a degree of intelligence, intrepidity, hardihood, and firmness which, if at this time exhibited on the great stage of the civilized world, would excite admiration. Their sufferings, their patience, their courage, their fortitude, and their faith have as yet scarcely awakened the poet, the painter, or the historian to the dignity of the theme; and, instead of being presented for the contemplation of their posterity as objects of grateful veneration, they are much oftener stigmatized as profligate adventurers, or harsh enthusiasts, or canting hypocrites, for having rescued a world from barbarism, made the howling wilderness to blossom as the rose, and laid the foundation of a glorious empire, greater by one−half than that of Rome, when called mistress of the world.

The party of emigrants with which Harold had associated his fortunes, consisted of the families of men of respectable birth, education, and acquirements, who had left England from conscientious motives, rather than to better their fortunes. They were rigidly pious, and having abandoned their native country for the free exercise of their religious opinions, were determined to enjoy them to the fullest extent. Some differences among their preachers on points which at this time appear frivolous, but which were then deemed of great consequence, had divided the little community into factions, only the more inveterate from the slight partition that separated them. A small party from the weaker sect had in consequence determined to seek freedom of conscience, or perhaps, the right of dictating to others, in a distant portion of the wilderness, as yet unoccupied by civilized men.

It was practicable to proceed to their destination by water, and such had been their original design; but rumors of hostility on the part of some of the Indian tribes on Connecticut River, authenticated by the murder of the captain and crew of a coasting vessel, deterred the party from taking that route, and they pursued their journey by land, by a path hitherto only trod by the Indian moccasin. Each family had a covered waggon, drawn by either horses or oxen, containing some of the indispensable conveniences for housekeeping and farming, together with a supply of provisions. Attached to the band were a few laborers, or servants, as they were then termed, and a guide, belonging to the Praying Indians. Thus went they bravely forth to conquer the wilderness and extend the empire of Christianity, civilization, and liberty.

It is not within the purpose of our story to enter into the particulars, or detail the daily progress of the little band, groping its way slowly and wearily among the giants of the primeval forests, so lonely, sad, and silent, that but for a little solitary woodpecker, or a chirping squirrel by day, and now and then a melancholy howl by night, it would have seemed a lifeless world. Neither squirrel nor woodpecker showed any symptoms of fear; sure sign they had never before been visited by man, for he never makes the rural train his friend. Morning and evening hymns were sung by the pilgrim band; and now, for the first time, the sacred chaunt ascended to Heaven from the depths of that lonely forest. The toilsome day was not followed by quiet repose; for one half the men was always on the watch by night, and even weariness could not lull the apprehensions of the other to refreshing sleep. But not a heart sunk, or a spirit bowed, under these rough trials; and they cut their way through the woods, cheering each other on with hopeful anticipations. Miriam bore it like a heroine; but her mother almost sunk under fatigue and exposure, nor did she ever recover from their effects, which were shortly exhibited in the progress of a malady that finally brought her, after all her wanderings, to her last long home.

At length they reached the banks of one of the fairest rivers of the New World, fed by a hundred winding streams, that like the veins of the human body convey the life−giving fluid from one extremity of the frame to the other. Coasting upwards along its level alluvial banks, where no tangled forests impeded their course, they at length arrived at the foot of a beautiful cascade, as yet unspoiled by the hand of that busy meddler, man; who, in this age of progress, wickedly sacrifices all the beauties of nature, and banishes all the naiads and the nymphs from their wonted haunts, to make way for that monstrous pagan demon, yclept the water power. There is some satisfaction in knowing that at least one half these sacrilegious caitiffs, who thus outrage the divinity of nature, are punished for their impiety even in this world. Sometimes retribution comes in the shape of a freshet, that sweeps away all his "improvements," as the rascal calls them, into chaos and night. The insulted river−god rises in his wrath, and in an hour avenges the atrocities of years. Sometimes the task devolves on another element, and the flames perform the work of destruction; and at others political economy punishes this conspiracy against the rights of nature, by letting loose her mysterious jargon of supply and demand, maximum and minimum, specific and ad−valorum duties; and last of all, the avenging spirit is let slip on them in the form of a new tariff, without protecting duties. Thus are the ringleaders of this crusade, the votaries of the demon of water power, punished in

their generation, besides being compelled by the prickings of a guilty conscience to join a temperance society and perish on water.

Halting at this romantic spot, one smiling evening of the merry month of June, within a day's journey of the land of promise, where they were to pitch their tents, they prepared for their simple repast. While the kettle was boiling, Miriam strolled a few hundred yards below, and from a projecting point, contemplated the wild, beautiful scene spread out before her by the bounteous prodigality of nature. The little caravan had encamped on the verge of a vast meadow, extending as far as the eye could reach, along either side of the river below, under the wide−spread branches of a primeval elm, whose stately trunk, and deep tenacious roots, had for ages resisted the periodical floods, that swept away all else beside, and spread out into a wide expanse of waters, which diffused fertility wherever they flowed. The cattle were feeding, or reposing in the high luxuriant grass; the smoke of the newlylighted fire curled upwards gracefully; the kettle began to simmer, and Goody Mildred, no longer in jeopardy from witchcraft, assisted by others, was as busy as a bee, about the table, which it is said was neither mahogany or rosewood.

All else was the silence and repose of nature in her primitive nakedness, save nature's lulling music—the solemn plunge of the river, falling over a cliff of rocks in all the forms of rich, fantastic grandeur—wild, savage, and majestic, yet still beautiful. Hurled headlong by the impetus of its fall, it rushed over an inclined plane, the impatient masses pushing forward in a quick succession of circular waves, that struck by the slanting rays of the setting sun, almost blinded her eyes by the flashing effulgence of their splendors, and the swiftness of their motion.

While gazing on this Paradise of the wilderness, her mind was not there. Sometimes it wandered towards the sunny South, and after lingering awhile, returned to dwell upon the strange vicissitudes of her past life. Here she stood, alone on a spot never before trod by the footsteps of her race. She was in a new world; her birth−place, her native land, were far away—so far, that England seemed more remote than the stars that now one by one began to twinkle sleepily, and at far distances above her head. She could see them though distant and unapproachable; but her country was out of sight, and equally beyond her reach. She felt she should never see it more, and nevermore is akin to eternity. Yet was she not sorrowful. There was a vastness and sublimity in this boundless solitude; a grandeur in her loneliness, that though awakening neither smiles or gladness, touched her soul with the inspiration of poetic thought, within whose magic sphere nothing is reality, and even melancholy is happiness. Her eyes grew dim, she knew not why; and such was the luxury of her grateful tears, that like the summer shower, they made every object seem more fresh and glowing. She returned to partake of the simple fare, to join in the evening hymn, and to enjoy the sweet repose of an unreproving conscience. The next day they reached their destination, and prepared themselves, not to rest from the cares of life, but to begin the world anew.

# CHAPTER XI.

The New Home—Statistical View of a Young Lady's Heart—A Conversation— A Loss Never to be Repaired—Two Griefs Better than One—The First Grave in the Church−Yard.

The spot chosen by our Pilgrims to settle down upon, like a flock of vagrant birds, had been previously purchased of the Indians, for we don't know how many fathoms of wampum, an aboriginal currency much preferable to paper money, because it was the product of labor and skill. It could not be made for nothing, out of nothing. The surrounding scene was of rare, surpassing beauty. A vast expanse of verdant greensward, level as a floor, and smoothe as a shaven lawn, extended up and down for many miles, entirely free from forest or tree, save here and there a stately elm dotted the landscape. No woodman's axe, the great weapon of the sturdy pioneer, was here required to prepare the ground for ploughing; for except that no fence or hedge marked the division of property, the fields looked as if they had been cultivated for centuries.

A noble river, which courses the country a thousand miles, flowed in graceful curves and silent serenity through the vast meadows, its course marked by two rows of gigantic trees, some of whose roots were laid bare by the ravages of the stream, which in the spring, when the snows of the distant mountains melted, spread a wide sea of waters over all the verdant plain. Some three quarters of a mile from the river, arose a natural terrace, corresponding to its windings, about fifty or sixty feet high, smoothe as art could have made it, and sloping gently down to meet the level below. From the summit of this terrace commenced another plain of lesser width, and not so smoothe or luxuriant of grass, which extended to the base of a range of lofty wooded hills, that bent round in a curve, and terminated towards the south, in a peaked mountain towering above the rest of the chain. To the north, the view was similar, but far more extensive, and was terminated by the conical summit of the grand Monadnoc, lifting its head aloft in the blue distance of the skies. No where could be seen a trace of the footsteps or the hand of man; and yet the landscape wanted nothing but flocks, and herds, and piping shepherds, to recall to mind those scenes of the golden age, over which the youthful fancy loves to linger, and which the wicked wise ones of these iron times call a fable or a dream. All around was peace, repose and silence. Yet there lurked in the recesses of the surrounding wilderness an enemy more cunning, fierce, and unrelenting than the barbarians that sacked the mistress of the world. Solitude was no refuge here; silence was not peace; and the repose of the night was more harrassing than the toils of the day. But the troubles of the mind, like the exertions of the body, dispose to rest; and they soon learned to sleep soundly in the midst of unseen dangers.

With the exception of a small number of servants, the head of each of these families had sufficient means to purchase all the essentials of comfort and convenience required in this simple stage of society; but the distance and difficulties of transportation for a considerable period confined them to what was indispensable. Harold was the richest of them all, and had in the hands of his agent at Naumkeag a sum that made him wealthy, compared to his fellow adventurers. In the course of that brief period which changes, as if by magic, the face of all things in this New World, they were comfortably settled, and becoming gradually familiarized to the sense of home. The rich alluvial meadows became animated with lowing herds, and the verdant hills by flocks of sheep; the tolling bell was heard for the first time from the humble spire of the rustic church; the echoes of the hills repeated the song of thanksgiving; and under the protecting branches of a spreading elm stood a little log cabin, from which on week days might be heard the sound of many voices, repeating lessons in most harmonious discord. Though the Puritans denounced the doctrine of good works, there were at least two which they never failed to perform. They laid a foundation for religion and knowledge, by building churches and schoolhouses. They had not adopted that pernicious dogma which makes knowledge the great if not the sole basis of morals; nor had they lost sight of the melancholy truth which the experience of every day is verifying, that unless morals keep pace with intelligence, the latter, so far from being the handmaid of virtue, only makes the possessor more dextrous in fraud, and increases his powers of mischief. Ignorance is far preferable to error: the former is a passive, the latter an active instrument of evil. One is the player, the other the instrument played upon.

In ancient times, and in the Old World, when adventurers went forth to plant new colonies, it was under military leaders, and the sword was the great instrument for clearing the wilderness. But our little pilgrim band

was led by a minister of peace, to whom all looked up with respectful veneration, and his advice was little less than law. And truly, the shepherd who thus led his flock into the wilderness merited all their affection and confidence. He was zealous without bigotry; loved his own faith without hating that of others; and set an example of all that his precepts enforced. He preached the doctrine of love, not that of fear; and preferred to lure his flock to the fold by the hope of eternal bliss, rather than the fear of eternal punishment. He was their law and their gospel.

To an American—and for such alone we write— nothing can be more interesting than the growth of a new settlement in the wilderness. It is a complete exemplification of the progress of society, a theme that hitherto has been more the theory of philosophical abstractions than the result of actual experience. In its first institution, a community is governed by public opinion which, is powerful in proportion to the smallness of the circle in which it operates; and the great inquest of society is the expounder, as well as enforcer, of the law. Where all are intimately associated, the good or ill opinion of every one is essential, because its consequences are directly felt; and no man, unless so debased as to have lost the sense of shame, can exist amid the contempt of all around him. The atmosphere being confined, is poisoned by a single breath; and where all live together, and all partake in one common interest, the object of general contempt or abhorrence is under sentence of banishment, as surely as was the ancient Roman when prohibited the use of fire and water.

The swarms that from time to time issued from the parent hives were also invariably subjected to imminent dangers from the savages, who, like the wild beasts of the forest, lurked everywhere. Hence sprung another substitute for laws—the tie of common danger; which, united with a common interest in the prosperity of all, formed as strong a bond of union, and as impressive an obligation of restraint, as either laws or constitutions could devise. Every man felt that his own safety depended on those immediately around him, and of consequence, that it was equally his interest as his duty to assist in defending them. There was no necessity for laws or precepts to teach him his obligations to society. The law of nature, the first impulses of reason taught him this. When the Creator of the universe gave to man the privilege of free will, in the government of his own actions, he laid down certain immutable principles, or laws of nature, by which that free will is in some measure restrained; and gave him the faculty of reason to comprehend those laws so far as they are necessary to the conduct of human actions: such among others are the obligations that we should live honestly, hurt no one, and render to all their due. No civil laws are, or ought to be obligatory, that come in conflict with the law of nature, implanted in the heart of every rational being by the impulses of Infinite Wisdom. It is to this we trace that otherwise inexplicable paradox, the voluntary submission of man to laws of his own making.

All this and more was exemplified in the little community whose progress we are sketching. Far out of the reach of the parent hive, they, like the new swarm of bees, carried with them the instincts of nature and the habits of social life. There was, for years, no power on earth to coerce them from abroad; and, though they appointed magistrates and adopted laws, their submission was voluntary, since there was no authority to enforce the decrees of one, or execute the precepts of the others. There were few crimes among them, and these were, for a time, only punished by the community. If a man committed a wrong to his neighbor, or defrauded him in any way, he was, to use a phrase common in such cases, "hunted out of the community." Whenever he came into the presence of his companions, he was received with scorn, and, if he dared to resent it, all united against him, so that it never failed that the delinquent soon found it necessary to seek a home where his offence was unknown. Slander was kept in awe and punished, by all uniting in proclaiming that the delinquent was unworthy of belief, on any occasion whatever. Thus, if they happened to speak the truth, no one would believe them; and, though there were no courts for a time to punish them, by awarding damages, they underwent one of the severest of punishments—universal avoidance and contempt. In short, it seldom happened that they were not "hated out," and obliged to go where they were not known. Thus it would seem possible for a well−disposed community to exist, at least for a time, without being burdened by a multiplicity of laws, at least one−half of which operate as peevish restraints, without conducing either to the morals or peace of society. But it is high time to individualize, and return to the principal persons of our tale.

To be alone in the world, is not to be out of the reach of its calamities. They track the footsteps of man even through the illimitable wilds; they require no "blazing" of the trees, no compass, or north star to direct their chase after the invisible fugitive, but scent him like bloodhounds, and run him down at last. Happiness is everywhere, or nowhere; and to pursue it from one place to another is to chase a shadow. The fatigues and privations of a tedious

voyage, followed by the exposures of a long journey through the wilderness, had made deep inroads on the constitution of Susan Habingdon, which now began to exhibit alarming symptoms of decay. Schooled in the painful vicissitudes of life, she never complained, but bore her increasing infirmities with quiet acquiescence, as the invisible enemy worked his sure progress, and undermined the frail citadel of life. So almost imperceptible was his approach, that those who lived under the same roof, and saw her continually, were not aware of it, though the neighbors had, long ago, predicted that her days were numbered, and her pilgrimage near its end. But Harold, as yet, saw it not; he was daily becoming more intensely devout; the sentiment of devotion seemed gradually to absorb all others, and deaden the feelings of nature in his heart. He became, in a great measure, abstracted from worldly affairs; passed much of his time alone, indulging in long fits of gloom, during which he seemed more under the dominion of imagination than reality, and his naturally poetical temperament displayed itself in occasional flights of lofty eloquence. Miriam, too, cherished a master feeling, which, if it did not monopolize, was perpetually intruding on her mind; and, though sometimes a sudden pang would thrill through her bosom, as she fancied her mother looked ill, she continued unheeding of the fatal crisis now close at hand.

Such was the state of things, when, one day, as Miriam was sitting at her spinning−wheel, not turning it indeed at the moment, but thinking of one far away, her mother, who was reclining languidly in an easychair, of most homely fashion, now almost her only resting−place during the day, addressed her in a languid voice, accompanied by a still more languid smile—

"Who art thou thinking of, Miriam?" said she.

Miriam started from her reverie, but promptly replied—

"I was thinking of Langley, mother."

"What wert thou thinking about him, my child? Thou knowest it is all in vain."

"I know it, mother; yet still it is a pleasure to think of him. I wonder if he ever thinks of me? I should like to know. But why should I doubt? He promised me he would, and he never breaks his word."

"Ah! my poor Miriam, years have passed since we parted from him, and, in that time, many forget and many are forgotten. Think of the changes of this world, at every passing moment—how many come into, how many go out of it, at every ticking of the clock."

"True, dear mother—but still we may think of absent friends, and like the magicians of old, conjure up their images, though far away."

"Miriam! Miriam! You are wasting your heart on ideal nothings. On that which has no existence."

"Mother! dear mother! what dost thou, what canst thou mean?"

"It must be known," said Susan, as if communing with herself. "And better it should come from the lips of a mother than those of a stranger. Miriam canst thou bear to hear what I can scarcely bear to tell?"

"Tell—tell—tell me mother quickly. Anything is better than what I feel this moment. O tell me— has anything befallen Langley?"

"There is bad news for thee, Miriam—at least thou wilt think it so. Be calm, my love. There is news of Langley Tyringham—bad news."

"Is he dead?" gasped Miriam.

"Listen, and be calm, as becomes one who belongest to a race whose appointed vocation is to endure many losses, many sorrows. Our neighbor Westport has returned from Boston and informed thy father, that a vessel passing up the Sound picked up a dead body, in whose pocket−book were found letters to the Governor and other persons in Boston. These letters were from the Governor of Virginia, and others of the colony."

"The name—the name—mother. But I know it well. It was Langley Tyringham," interrupted Miriam, with almost phrenzied earnestness.

"It was indeed, my daughter. Besides this, a hat was picked up on the beach in which his name was written at full length. Lean on me, Miriam—thou art fainting, and remember that to hope humbly, and bear patiently, are among the brightest virtues of woman."

But Miriam was not fainting though white as snow, and almost as cold. Nor did she weep, or wring her hands, but remained silent a few minutes. At length she drew a deep shuddering sigh, and calmly said to her mother—

"Well, be it so. He is no farther from me in Heaven than he was on earth. I shall meet him there, but I could never meet him here. But mother— dear mother—how ill thou lookest. Surely thou art not well—I never saw thee thus before."

"I have exerted myself too much, and felt too much. But now we are talking of death, let me say something of myself, for death and I will soon be one."

"Mother! dear mother!"

"Yes, daughter, it is time thou wert prepared— alas! must I inflict another blow! To me the cares and sorrows of this world appear as nothing—my vision is of another. But I wish I could have been spared this painful communication. I hoped either Harold or thou wouldst have observed the change I see and feel myself. But he is otherwise occupied, and thou—poor Miriam—thou hast had other thoughts to occupy thee. But it must be delayed no longer. It is time thou shouldst know that I am not long for this world. Death has been a long time approaching slowly, but the nearer he comes the quicker his pace. A few weeks, a few days—nay, perhaps a few hours, and thou wilt be without a mother."

This second blow, for a while banished the remembrance of the first. Miriam no longer thought of Langley Tyringham. Another and a holier feeling occupied her heart. She gazed intensely on the face of her mother, and struck for the first time with that indescribable expression, which indicates approaching dissolution, cast herself on her knees before her, exclaiming in the bitterness of self−reproach—

"Forgive—O! forgive me, dear mother! My own selfish thoughts have made me blind to what I now see too plainly."

"I have nothing to forgive, Miriam, and rejoice that thou hast been spared many hours of painful anticipation of what all thy cares could not avert. And now, as this may be the last time I shall have breath to commune with thee, let me here bear testimony to thy dutiful and loving conduct during all thy past life. Thou hast been to thy parents a never−failing source of comfort; their solace in exile, and amid all the strange vicissitudes of their weary pilgrimage; and be this thy best consolation when I am gone, that thou hast fulfilled all thy filial duties, and that the dead cannot reproach thee. When thou recallest me, as thou wilt do sometimes, I know it will not be with a feeling of regret or remorse for remembered wilfulness, or disobedience, but with a pleasing melancholy, arising from the assurance I now give thee, that thou hast never drawn a tear from my eyes, save of joy or affection, nor a sigh from my heart, but of anxiety for thy welfare. Go, now my child, and commune with thine own soul awhile, for there is no comforter like an approving conscience."

Miriam retired into solitude in obedience to her mother, with a heart rent by conflicting emotions. But two griefs are better than one, since by alternately taking place of each other, they prevent the mind from fastening on either, with that intense, unchangeable tenacity, which, if long continued, causes a total wreck of either body or mind. Such was the case with Miriam, who, in the deep solicitude and overwhelming apprehensions connected with the state of her mother, found a temporary refuge from the bitterness of that besetting sorrow with which the death of Langley was destined to render her familiar hereafter. Susan Habingdon died about ten days after this conversation, as it may be supposed such a woman would die; not shouting delirious hallelujahs of triumph, in frantic enthusiasm, or shrinking with fearful forebodings from the dread hereafter, but with the sweet, calm resignation of a pious soul—hoping, yet hoping humbly. Hers was the first grave in the little church−yard; and the only monument erected to her memory was in the hearts of her husband, her child, and her neighbors. She lay alone for awhile, but in process of time, her grave became surrounded by many little mounds, and at this time their numbers almost equal those of the descendants of the little band of Pilgrims, that live and move around them.

# CHAPTER XII.

A Sage Observation—Change in the Habits and Character of the Roundhead— Harold Questions his Daughter on a Very Delicate Subject— Arrival of a Welcome Visitor—A Walk to the Summit of a Mountain— And What They Saw there—The Judge of a King.

Calamity never leaves us where it finds us. It either softens or hardens the heart. With some, the wounded spirit subsides into cold insensibility, and every blow serves only to harden it into stern resistance, accompanied by a disregard to the sufferings of others; with some, it finds its best solace for the loss of the dead in administering to the happiness of the living. There are those who, smarting under the recollection of the loss of some beloved being, retire, as it were, within themselves, and shrink from forming new ties, lest they should be again severed by the angel of death, who seems to shoot his arrows at random, careless whose heart he splits asunder; and there are others, who only cling more closely to what is left, from attachment to what is gone forever.

Harold Habingdon belonged to this latter class; and from the period of Susan's death, seemed to concentrate his worldly thoughts and affections on his daughter. No longer the stern, unbending father, sacrificing everything to what he called his principles, he became the tender, affectionate guardian, the confidential friend. When, after months had passed away, he saw little if any mitigation in the calm, settled melancholy of Miriam, and sometimes observed traces of those secret tears that always come from the heart; when he marked her struggles to be cheerful only followed by increasing paleness and dejection he became convinced there was a deeper cause at work than grief for the death of her mother. He, too, had learned the melancholy fate of Langley; and now that death had placed the barrier of the grave between him and his daughter, his heart softened towards him, and he sometimes caught himself regretting that he had so sternly opposed a union that might at the same time have secured her happiness, and brought her a protector when her father was no more. He thought that, perhaps, instead of becoming a convert to his faith, Miriam might gradually have brought him to adopt her own. But it was now too late, and the very impossibility of the marriage ever taking place increased his regrets for his past opposition. Had Langley been living, and at hand, it is probable his former dislike might have continued, and increased; but being now forever removed beyond the possibility of giving offence, Harold sincerely desired an opportunity of making atonement by sanctioning what he had so sternly opposed. Mankind are never so anxious to make amends for injury or unkindness, as when the time for doing so is past forever. They can forgive the dead, but not the living. Influenced by these new−born feelings, he one day questioned Miriam on the subject of her continued depression

"I do not wish," said he, "to prevent your weeping over the loss of what can never be restored either to you or to me—a faithful wife, and tender mother. But sorrow, like joy, should have its limits; and if time did not cure, or at least alleviate our griefs for the loss of those we love, the world would be clothed in perpetual mourning and sadness. I do not wish to prevent your indulging your sorrow, since it is not for us to expect to pass through this vale of tears, without adding our tribute to the waters of bitterness. Happiness, my daughter, soons becomes tired of the same companion, and seeks new associates. We may have happy days, but not happy lives. If thy mother is permitted to look down upon us, she will grieve to see thee unhappy so long."

"Father," said Miriam, with her usual frank simplicity, "I have other cause of grief than the loss of my dear mother. There is another grave for me to weep over."

"I understand thee, Miriam; and if it can be any consolation to thee to know it, I declare that were poor Langley Tyringham alive, I would now trust your faith and your happiness to his keeping; for Heaven only knows how long it may be before you require a protector in this wild region."

"Dear father!" cried Miriam, with tears of gratitude, "you have taken a load from my heart. What though I can never be his, that I shall see him no more, it is a sweet consolation for me to know that my father at last thinks of him with kindness, and would accept him as a son. I shall be happier now, for I can think of him without offending you."

As she said this her face brightened, her deep pensive eye sparkled as if with a flash of newly−awakened hope, and a long absent stranger appeared in the likeness of a flush on her cheeks. From that time her depression

gradually subsided into something like patient cheerfulness, and she went about her household duties with new vivacity.

The stern winter of that northern region had now passed away, and the joyous spring, which had only awaited the melting of the snow, now leaped forth as if full grown from under the shelter of her frozen canopy. The sweet south wind, the most balmy breath of nature, gently curled the surface of the glad river, now released from its icy fetters, and murmuring as if enjoying its newly−acquired freedom; the fresh meadows put forth their brightest verdure; and now and then a chirping bird, just returned from its southern tour, chaunted his joyous song among the buds and expanding leaves, whose foliage seemed as soft and fleecy as the reflection of the woods in the bosom of some glassy lake.

Miriam, one afternoon, pointed out these newly−arrived strangers to her father, and proposed a walk to the high−peaked mountain, heretofore noted, which rose gently from the river until it suddenly changed its aspect, and shot like a pyramid into the skies. It was not difficult of ascent in one part, and was now free from snow. Harold gladly assented, and the mountain being nigh at hand, they reached the summit in time to see the setting sun in all his glory, giving his evening farewell to a world which lay beneath their view in all directions. It was a scene of most enchanting beauty and sublimity. The river gracefully winding, and turning, and lingering with sweet delay among the broad meadows; the vast expanse of waving woods, undulating hills, and towering mountains peering among the blue skies, as blue as them, and almost as transparent; the sublime distance of the horizon, and the endless variety of objects spread out before them, all formed a scene that elevated the soul to the loftiest conceptions of infinite power and infinite wisdom. Both for a while paid it the homage of silence. At length Miriam exclaimed—

"What a beautiful world! and what a pity it cannot last for ever."

"True," answered the father—"all that we see around; all that is, and all that shall ever be, is destined to perish, how soon no one knows, no prophet can predict. But the time will surely come, when this earth shall crumble into a heap of smoking ashes; the sea exhale in scalding steam; and the sun consume in his own fires. Of all created things, animate and inanimate, visible and invisible, in this vast uncircumscribed universe, there is nothing immortal but the soul of man."

"Thou sayest truly, Harold Habingdon," answered a strange voice, as he ended this burst of pious enthusiasm; and turning round, he beheld an aged man with white hair and beard, leaning on his staff.

"You seem to know me, my friend," said Harold, "but I cannot recollect ever seeing you before."

"That I do not wonder at," answered the old man— "for since you saw me, I have been hunted like a wild beast from my lair in the Old World only to be hunted in the New. I have lived in forests and in caves; above ground, and under ground; and for years past have not dared to enjoy the light of day, save when I sometimes crawl forth like a fox from his hole, to breathe the pure air of this mountain, and contemplate a world that has forsaken me."

Miriam was awed by the looks and words of the white−haired old man, and Harold now felt a strange conviction that he had seen him before. Again he asked who he was.

"One of the judges of kings," answered he proudly.

"Hah!—I know you now, though it is long since we met. You are—"

"Hush!" said the old man—"breathe not my name, even in the solitudes of nature, least the very echoes should betray me. You know me, that is enough."

"Yes—though you are greatly changed since I last saw you on Marston Moor."

"True—years have done much, and hardships more. I need not tell my story, for you have mixed in the world, and know it all. If not, I will one day tell you, that you may learn how surely it is the destiny of man to be a slave. If he does not carry the yoke on his neck, he will wear the ring in his nose; if not driven, he will be led; and if he casts off the chains of one tyrant, it is only to put on those of another. Wretched were they who toil and shed their blood, to emancipate their fellow−creatures, had they not within them an approving conscience, which is its own reward. I sat in judgment on a king, who was guilty of treason against his people; who conspired against their rights; who made war on them in support of his unlawful pretensions, and caused England to smoke with the blood of her children. In my inmost soul, I believed him worthy of death; and I thought that such a high example of justice might serve as a warning to those who profanely call themselves the vicegerents of Heaven, by showing them there was an earthly tribunal to which they were amenable—that the justice of man might overtake them even in this world."

"Yet he is called a martyr," said Harold.

"Martyr to what?" cried the old man vehemently.

"Was he a martyr to his religion when leaguing with the Irish Papists against the Church he had sworn to protect? Was he a martyr to liberty when he raised his standard against those who were striving to secure it to the people? Or was he a martyr to his country when he pointed his sword at her bosom and stabbed her to the heart?"

"*I* said not he was a martyr, my friend," resumed Harold; "for though he may not have suffered according to the forms of law, I think he suffered justly. I am not one of those who hold that kings are the vicegerents of Heaven, and govern by divine right. Nor, if they did, do I believe that God delegates any power to kings, but that of doing good, since he does not possess the power himself of doing evil, and therefore cannot confer it on others."

"Assuredly you are right," replied the old man; "and what if there be no legal tribunal established, to punish the crimes of kings? Shall they, therefore, be permitted to abuse their power and oppress the people without punishment; and must they wait patiently till the hand of Heaven interposes, and puts a period to their mortal existence, by course of nature? No, Harold Habingdon, the just vengeance of an injured people is as much an instrument of the Most High, for His great purposes, as plague, pestilence, and famine, the tempest and the earthquake. Such was my creed. I may have been mistaken; if so, I have paid the penalty, by being exiled from my country, my home, and all I loved, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"It is a hard fate, and I pity you."

"Hard indeed, and almost more than I can bear; for the perpetual struggle, to resist and endure what I have encountered, has almost shaken my reason, and made me sometimes a visionary, I fear. The pen of history is now in the hands of the scribes of kings, and those who dared to set a high example of justice, at the expense of a head that wore a crown, will be handed down to posterity as traitors and regicides. But"—and here the eyes of the old man brightened as if with some new hope—"But there is still one consolation left me. I look to a new world, and a new people, to do justice to my memory. From all that I can see and judge, a new race will spring up in this great region of the west. The people who are daily flocking hither are destined to be free. They have been fitted for entering on their rich inheritance in the preparatory school of England, when great teachers were abroad. They have suffered too much in the Old World by civil and religious oppression, ever willfully to inflict it on themselves. They find no impregnable bulwarks of oppression here; no greybeard abuses, hallowed by time, whose roots and branches are inseparably intertwined with the very vitals of the social system; no massive castles or splendid palaces to overawe, or shame the humble cottage; no titled satraps, or regal pageants to dazzle the eye and subjugate the mind; no long−cherished consciousness of inferiority, descending from generation to generation, until it grows to be a second nature; no great standing armies of hirelings, that under pretense of enforceing the law or defending the state, for ever become the chosen instruments of oppression; no bristling bayonets pointed at the heart, to quell the throbbings of liberty. This New World is destined to be free. It cannot be otherwise. All those great universal causes that constitute the instruments of Providence in governing the world, combine for the fulfilment of my prediction. Here, at least, I and my fellow−sufferers will have justice one day done them by millions of freemen, who will adopt the great maxim, that rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God. This is the hope that lights my way, and enables me to support the load of life, now, thanks be to Heaven, rapidly drawing to an end."

The old man spoke with all the enthusiasm which belongs to those animated by a spark of hope lighted from the darkness of despair. The energy of his language and the vigor of his thoughts strangely contrasted with his ghostly appearance, which reminded Miriam of one just risen from the dead. He might be likened to one of those pale, sickly plants, which have lost their natural wholesome color, by being shut up in the dark, deprived of the cheerful air and bracing sunshine. Harold had served with him in the civil wars, and they conversed together, till the evening twilight warned them that it was time to separate. The old man told his story; and surely if the act of condemning a king, whose conduct none living now dare to justify, originated in erroneous principles or culpable notions, the penalty was sufficiently severe. From his arrival in the New World, himself and his companions in exile were hunted through the Colonies by the agents of Charles the Second, with a perseverance that rendered their escape little less than a miracle. After living in forests and caves, where they were fed by some neighboring colonists, who doubted the claim of Charles to the dignity of a martyr, they at length found a last refuge in the home of a worthy clergyman, whose remote situation afforded them a prospect of security. But even here they

were obliged to seclude themselves within doors, and generally in the cellar. For a series of years they were entirely lost to the world. More than a century elapsed from the period of their disappearance, before it became known what had become of them; and the fate of the survivor, after the death of his companions, is still shrouded in oblivion. Whither he wandered, where he died, or where he was buried, no one knows, or will probably ever know. It cannot, however, be denied that they were men of pith and nerve, for they set an example that had no precedent in the history of the world, and taught posterity that the offences of monarchs, like those of their subjects, may be punished by the sentence of a court, instead of the sacrifice of the people they govern. No act on record so shook the thrones of despots, or so effectually stripped kings of their divinity. Since that memorable example, the distance between monarchs and their people has been gradually diminishing; they are approaching each other, and the time may not be far distant when they will change places.

Harold pressed the old man to come and reside with him. But he shook his white locks, and declined to accept what might cost his friend his life.

"It cannot be," said he, "I am a bird of night, or rather a beast of prey, who only ventures forth in the dark, not to hunt his game, but to be himself hunted if discovered. That I venture out at all is owing to an irrepressible longing I sometimes feel to breathe the free air and enjoy a short interval of liberty. I go forth at night, and ramble through the mountains all day, when I again return to my lair. I will not tell you where that is, not that I doubt your honor or discretion. But I expect secrecy from those I have trusted, and who have trusted me, and must be secret myself. I saw and knew you, and could not resist the desire of meeting an old companion in arms in the same cause. But it is time to part, and for this young maiden to be at home. Farewell, and may you find all you sought in the New World."

They separated each to go his way. On their return towards home Miriam asked her father the name of the old grey−headed man, but he shook his head and only said—

"Thou knowest he is one of the Judges of Kings, for such he has announced himself. Thou knowest, too, that his life is in danger, and only depends upon the secrecy of others. I know I could count securely on you, but I have no right to call on you for the exertion of a discretion which I could not myself practice. Ask me then no more to tell his name."

Miriam was satisfied, and nothing was said on the subject, at that or any future time.

# CHAPTER XIII.

A Living Rival to a Dead Man—Some Account of a Man with a Good Character at Home, and an Indifferent One Abroad—Approved System of Courtship which, however, Does not Succeed—The New Suitor Thinks Miriam Is Looking in a Strange Place for a Husband.

For some time past there had appeared increasing symptoms that the memory of Langley Tyringham was about to have a formidable rival in the person of an exceedingly staid, sober, and somewhat canting neighbor, whose visits to Harold became gradually more and more frequent. This person had by perseverance in a long, rigid course of hypocrisy, meanness, and successful trickery in a small way, accompanied by no direct violation of the law, managed to acquire what in these simple, economical times was considered an adequate fortune, and that without forfeiting the respect of those with whom he never had any dealings in the way of business at home. He always went to a distance to make his bargains, and though his reputation was not a little out at the elbows abroad, at home he was generally respected as a consummate specimen of religious worldliness, being a strict observer of all the decorums of life, as well as all the ordinances of the community. In short, he was one of those not very uncommon characters, who squared his conduct rather by the law than the gospel, and so long as he had the former on his side, dispensed with the latter. These are the most dangerous of all men to deal with, and we advise our readers to have as little to do with them as possible. The greatest scoundrel we ever knew was one who squared his conduct exactly by law, and considered everything right which it did not prohibit. Though not actually a lawyer by profession, he was well versed in the law, having made it one of his principal studies, to learn precisely, and to a hair, how far he could go without burning his fingers, or entangling himself in its cobwebs.

It is quite certain, however, that Tobias Harpsfield— for so was he called—with all his circumspection could not disguise from his own heart that he was an arrant rogue. So entirely engrossed was he by selfishness, that in shaping his course he never thought of anybody but himself, nor did it ever occur to him that there was any other person whose interest or convenience was to be consulted. If he ever on any occasion sacrificed to these, it was only in small matters, and in the certain anticipation of some greater advantage to be derived from his self−denial. Still, with all this, he was called "a very decent man," and decency, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

Tobias—who, it is as well to state, was not one of the original band of Pilgrims—had for some time past been "calculating," as his phrase was, the great advantages of a union with Miriam Habingdon. In a speculative mission to Naumkeag, he ascertained that Harold had a very considerable sum in the hands of his agent there, and as Miriam was his only child, she would be sole heiress as a matter of course. True, thought he in the course of his calculation, "Master Habingdon is not an old man, and may marry again; but I calculate the chances are ten to one against that, and in my favor, for women are mighty scarce in these parts; and in the second place, I don't think I ever saw him speak to any woman but his wife and daughter, except when obliged to do so. At all events, I shall come in for a good slice, if I marry the girl, and half a loaf is better than no bread." So Tobias calculated he would fall in love, and marry the pretty heiress.

He followed up his conclusion by more frequent visits, until at length both Miriam and her father became so accustomed to see him, that they were scarcely aware of his presence. Harold continued to read or ruminate, after the usual salutations, and Miriam pursued her domestic occupations just as if they were alone. So much was she occupied by thinking of another, that it is extremely doubtful whether she ever thought at all of Tobias, or asked herself the meaning of some very original, outlandish demonstrations he achieved from time to time. We have observed in the course of our experience, that your cunning rogues who are ever on the watch for prey, are perhaps of all men the most liable to be deceived. They are so intent on overreaching others, that they have no leisure to take care of themselves, and exemplify the fable of the Fowler and the Dove. In attacking the quarters of the enemy, they forget to defend their own; and hence it commonly happens that a series of successful roguery, ends at last in the deceiver becoming the dupe.

Not that our upright, gentle Miriam was a deceiver— for if she ever deceived any one, it was herself. She treated Tobias civilly, because she cared so little about him that she never divined his object, and referred his visits entirely to her father. If she had really known what it was, it is highly probable that notwithstanding all her

Christian forbearance, she might peradventure have thrown the distaff at his head; for with the quick intuitive sagacity of woman, she had penetrated the dark recesses of his character, and despised him heartily. Women are seldom deceived in men except by their own passions. Thus Tobias thought himself sailing with wind and tide, when he was in fact entirely becalmed; and having at length calculated that if he broke the ice, he would catch the fish, he opened his mind to Harold, who to say the truth received his communication with more surprise than disapprobation, for he was quite ignorant of the inward man of Tobias. A few minutes' reflection brought to his mind the unprotected state of Miriam in the event of his being called away by the messenger that stops sooner or later at every man's door; and in addition to this, the hope that new ties and duties might in time heal the deep wound he could well see still festered in the heart of Miriam, rendered him, if not favorably inclined, at least not averse to the proposal. What rendered it still more palatable, was the idea that this union would not separate him from his daughter. These thoughts flitted rapidly through his mind, and resulted in a permission to make his proposal known to Miriam.

Tobias had hoped the affair might have been settled, like a royal marriage, by proxy; but there being no help for it, he proceeded to the little sitting room peculiarly appropriated to Miriam, conning a declaration by the way, a great portion of which is for ever lost to posterity. Before he had half finished, he met such a look of mingled anguish, contempt and repugnance from the young maiden, that he fairly lost his utterance, though a man of great self−possession, that being necessary to his vocation. The heart−stricken Miriam rose, tottered towards the door, and said to him in a voice agitated by deep emotion, as she turned to leave the room—

"Go to my father, and tell him when I seek a husband it will be in the grave."

Tobias did as directed, and Harold assured him that the answer was decisive. He would never, he said, again exert his authority, or influence her decision in a matter so dceply interesting to his daughter, having seen and felt the consequence of such interference. Tobias departed full of the gall of bitterness, meditating schemes of malice and revenge, but at the same time could not help thinking the grave was rather a strange place for a young lady to look for a husband. When he was out of sight, Miriam put on her straw bonnet—the work of her own hand—and walked forth in the holy stillness of the modest twilight, along the smooth grassy terrace which formed what is called the second bank of the river. Her heart seemed to have received a new wound from the proposal to substitute another idol there, and she strictly scrutinized her past deportment towards Tobias Harpsfield, to satisfy herself that she had never in word, deed, or look encouraged him to this sacrilegious rivalry of the dead. Her memory entirely acquitted her of such offence; yet, still her heart persisted in reproaching her for the involuntary crime of attracting another suitor. Tobias, from being an object of perfect indifference, became gradually elevated to one of decided dislike, if not antipathy. As she wandered on, her mind naturally strayed into the regions of the past, and recalled, with unfailing accuracy, every incident calculated to revivify those deep−rooted impressions of sorrow, that happily for the stricken deer of this world, when softened by time, and assuaged by resignation, exercise a sort of fascination, which, while it incites to new indulgence, carries like the bee some honey with its sting. She returned home in her usual quiet mood. The waters had been indeed rudely ruffled, but were now calm, not only on the surface, but in the depths below. When she met her father, he kissed her forehead tenderly. Neither spoke a word of what had just passed, and the subject was not resumed until events about to be related caused it to be once more revived.

# CHAPTER XIV.

Symptoms of Trouble—The Church in Danger—An Apparition Appears, Disappears, and Is never Seen again—A Fatal Accident— A Conversation and a Death—The Pagan's Offering—Old Servants, Old Friends—A Sonnet.

Hitherto our pilgrims, though on the frontier of the civilized world, and directly in the route from Canada to the colonies of New England, had escaped the ravages of Indian hostility. They had purchased the lands they occupied from the original proprietors at a price which, though it may now appear totally inadequate to their value, was at that time a fair equivalent. It is the labor of man that gives value to the earth; and to the roaming tenants of the uncultivated wilds, whose claims could not be said to be founded on possession, the relinquishment of a small portion was of little consequence. The early settlers of this country have been accused by philanthropists, whose zeal outruns their knowledge, of having robbed the Indians of their lands. But such was not the case. The condition of all the early grants of public lands for immediate settlement was the purchase of the Indian rights; and it must be obvious to all reflecting minds, that in the first stages of colonization, the weakness of the colonists was such as to preclude all acquisitions by force. The friendship of the savages was indispensable to every new settlement, and for a long period they were made either by fair purchase, or by consent of the Indians. When, in process of time, owing to causes which seem inseparable from the contact of the civilized and savage man, wars ensued between the two races, the right of conquest, recognized, if not by the law of nature at least by the practice of all civilized as well as savage nations, became applicable here as well as elsewhere; and it was then that lands were acquired at the price, not of money, but blood. The remoteness and obscurity of the scenes and times render it difficult to decide which party was the first aggressor; but it would be in opposition to all reason and experience to presume that while the whiteman continued the weaker party, he would wantonly provoke the hostility of the stronger, and thus ensure his own destruction. The aborigines of this country are notoriously a jealous, as well as a revengeful race; and so soon as they began to comprehend the truth, that the progress of the whitemen involved their own certain fate, from that moment they determined to repel or exterminate the intruders.

It was at this period that the conviction seems to have become general among the savages of New England, who had formed a general confederacy to annihilate the race of the whiteman, and by a single blow free themselves from all apprehension of the consequences which they foresaw awaited them; accordingly the plan was matured with a secrecy almost miraculous, and the moment appointed for striking the blow.

One Sabbath day, when the little congregation had gathered together according to custom with their weapons at hand—for danger accompanied them in the fields as well as in the house of prayer—when the auditors were about to offer up their grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of all good, and when the good pastor was fervently inculcating the peaceful doctrines of the Saviour of mankind, the shrill war−whoop sounded the knell of death in their ears, and called their thoughts from heaven to earth. The men seized their arms and rushed forth only to encounter a band of painted warriors, who set upon them with savage fury. They were taken by surprize, and thrown into confusion; their efforts were without concert, for the military experience of Harold was inapplicable to Indian warfare, and consequently ineffectual. The savages gradually gained ground, and neared the church, where the women and children were awaiting their fate in trembling apprehension, the whitemen were on the point of retreating to the sacred asylum, there to make a last effort, and the fate of all, wives, children, friends, everything dear hung on the moment, when suddenly there appeared among them an aged man, with long white beard, and head whitened with the snows of many winters, who called on them in a voice that seemed accustomed to obedience, and arrested their retreat. His appearance awed the savages, and for a brief space arrested their efforts.

"Will the champions of the true faith," cried he in a loud voice, "flee before the children of Satan? Stop—turn—and fight the good fight for your wives, your children, and your God! Follow me!" The old man placed himself at the head of the wavering troop, and ere the awe−struck savages recovered from their dismay, arranged his little band with martial skill, and led them on to victory. The affrighted barbarians soon fled before what they

believed a supernatural being; and when the battle was gained, the old man disappeared as suddenly as he came. He was never seen again, and none knew what became of him. It was the last appearance of one who had sat in judgment on a king.

Previous to the confusion which had been arrested by the vision of the old man with the white beard, Harold, who had stood foremost in the fight, was knocked down and tomahawked, by a savage who came behind him unawares. Miriam saw him fall, and, in spite of all opposition, rushed out, and raising his head from the ground, supported him in her arms, while she endeavored to staunch the blood that flowed from a deep wound in his back between the shoulders. When the fight was over, he was borne to his home, insensible from loss of blood, followed by his weeping daughter. He was brought to himself by slow degrees, but it was only to become sensible that his wound was mortal. Yet he lived several days, supporting, with manly resignation, those pains of body only equalled by those of his mind. The thought of leaving his lonely, friendless child in this remote, exposed region without a protector, and among those who shared not a drop of her kindred blood, smote sorely on his heart, though his piety persuaded him he might safely leave her to the protection of Heaven. When he beheld that dutiful and loving child, who he knew was heavily laden with sorrows of her own, forgetting herself as if she had no being; hovering over him by day and by night, like a ministering angel, anticipating his wants, administering to his wound, and soothing him with soft commiseration, his heart smote him deeply that but for him she might now have one to protect and cherish her when he was gone. In the midst of these painful recollections and forebodings, he one day, shortly before he died, recalled to mind the proposal of Tobias Harpsfield, and determined to make one more effort in his behalf, rather than leave his daughter thus alone in the world.

"Daughter," said he to Miriam, who was sitting in the breathless calm of speechless anxiety, watching him as these painful thoughts passed over his mind, "Daughter, thou knowest we are soon to part for ever in this world, to meet, I trust, hereafter in a better. Art thou prepared for the trial?"

"Father," replied she, "I have been taught, and hope I have learned, submission to the will of Heaven."

"True, Miriam; thou hast answered like a Christian. But I am about to leave thee here in this wilderness alone and unprotected, save by thy innocence and piety; and though I have especial trust in these, I own I should die more assured and happy if I could leave thee under the protection of some worthy husband, like Master Tobias Harpsfield."

"Father!" exclaimed Miriam, in dismay.

"Nay, hear me, Miriam. I once before told thee I regretted most deeply my stern, and, I will add, bigotted opposition to the dearest wishes of thy heart. When I recall the past, I can find no fault with Langley Tyringham. But he is now dead, and—"

"But his memory did not die with him, dear father," interrupted Miriam; "I, at least, will never forget him."

"But his memory will not protect thee when I am gone."

"Heaven will protect me," said she, casting her eyes upwards; "a better protector by far than an unworthy, selfish husband. But, dear father, do not let the few last hours we are permitted to pass together be embittered by a subject on which we never can agree. I have thus far kept my pledge never to wed without thy consent, and humbly urge that filial duty can justly require no greater test of obedience. Oh! leave me—I beseech thee, leave me to the fulfilment of another vow I made to poor Langley at parting, which I hold equally sacred—that of fidelity to the memory of the only man that ever awakened me to the conviction that there was another feeling stronger and more enduring than even filial love."

"Well, daughter, be it so. Thou hast made a great sacrifice to me—I will make a lesser one to thee. In these last moments of my life, I hope I have recovered what I too often lost, the peaceful empire over myself. Let the subject be at rest. I will trust thy innocence to One who, if He does not always shield it here, will assuredly reward it hereafter. Remember always, Miriam, that it is better to suffer than to merit suffering; that there is no shield for innocence like innocence itself and no balm for sorrow like patience and resignation. I will trust thee to Heaven."

Miriam earnestly begged forgiveness for opposing his wishes, adding—

"Even could I forget my vow to Langley, I could never have consented to wed Tobias Harpsfield. Believe me, my father, he is equally unworthy of thee and thine. I have indeed but little experience in the world, but I have lived with those who taught me to know the look and language of sincerity, and my heart has communed with one who was the soul of honor and the mirror of truth. I have seen into the secret heart of this bad man, and believe me, father, he is a hypocrite and a villain. I would rather suffer the Indian tortures of scalp and fire than wed with

that man. But, dear father, let not my selfish sorrows weary thee."

"No, daughter; and, if thou did, a few hours more or less of life are only a few sands of the hour−glass. I have something else to say before I have done."

He then briefly informed her that he had long ago made his will; that, being now of age, she would have the sole disposal of his property; and that the good pastor had promised his kind offices whenever she required protection or advice. He enjoined her to look to him as a parent on all occasions, and giving her a paternal kiss, desired to be left alone awhile, as he felt exhausted and drowsy. He fell asleep, but never waked more, and was found about an hour afterwards dead, with his hands folded on his breast, and his eyes cast upwards.

The good man—for such he was with all his bigotry—was buried by the side of his faithful helpmate, and accompanied to the grave by all his neighbors with sad decorum. Among the rest was an Indian, who had become attached to Harold by many acts of kindness, and who greatly scandalized the good Puritans by casting his pipe and bow and arrows into the grave. "Let them remain," said the good pastor, "it is the offering of gratitude."

The grief of the bereaved daughter was a silent grief, and her tears were shed in solitude. She became more pale than ever, and her form lost much of that graceful roundness which gives such harmony to the human figure. There might be seen after this event a slight expression of that stern determination, with which the well−poised spirit braces itself to meet the stormy wave of rough calamity. This, however, gradually disappeared, and her face once more assumed that calm, resigned, and beautiful expression, which forms the mirror of a soul innocent of remorse, yet not exempt from sorrow.

The faithful Mildred, fast descending into the vale of years, was now her only domestic companion, or rather friend; for long and faithful services elevate the character of a menial into that of a friend. So thought rare Ben Jonson, when he addressed a sonnet to an old servant, who became afterwards a respectable dramatic writer, as follows:—"To my faithful servant, and (by his continued virtue) my loving friend, Mr. Richard Broome."

# CHAPTER XV.

Miriam Alone in the World—The Good Pastor Falls Asleep in His Pulpit—One of Job's Comforters—A Suitor Non−suited before Commencing His Suit—New Lords, New Laws, and New Emigrants— Consequences.

Miriam was now alone in the wilderness; and like Logan, there was not a drop of kindred blood flowing in the veins of any human being breathing in the New World. She was without any stay but the tempered energies of her own mind, strengthened by a firm reliance on the protection of Heaven. The benevolent shepherd of the little flock to whose care she had been recommended by her dying parent, assisted her with his advice, and consoled her with his sympathy. On the settlement of her affairs, she found herself in a situation not only to supply all her own wants, but to administer to the necessities of others, when occasion required. It was not often, indeed; for beggary was not then in fashion, and it was thought much better to labor for support, than to derive it from the labors of others. There was but one pauper in the community, and she was a stranger.

When the silent grief of a deeply−wounded spirit, had begun to feel the balmy influence of the old greybeard comforter, Time, Miriam, though she might not be called happy, was far from being miserable. Her recollections of the past were unaccompanied by remorse; her present situation was surrounded by the simple comforts which money could command in that remote region; and the future was brightened by a hope beyond the grave. Her habits of industry were now a never−failing resource; she never felt the pressure of unoccupied time, that deadly nightmare which poisons the existence of those favored mortals, the envy of their fellow−creatures, who undergo ten times more labor in search of pleasure, than the poor man does in search of bread; and find harder work in killing time than others do in employing it usefully. In her hours of contemplation, she was never alone, for her thoughts dwelt on objects, which though not always present, yet ever and anon, returned in the semblance of departed friends, who dead to the world, seemed to live for her alone. She became at length so familiarized to these contemplations, that instead of paining, they soothed her heart, and she would not have exchanged them for joy and gladness. Their shadows ever appeared with approving smiles, not frowning scowls, as if reproaching her with some past offence; and when this is the case, the memory of the past, though it may be peopled with lost friends, brings with it a soothing, gentle pleasure, that may well compare with the delusive dreams of hope. Wretched, indeed, are those who dare not look backwards, for the future can afford them little consolation for the past.

Thus months passed away with little incident, and less variety. But this calm was at length ruffled by an event of passing interest to the Pilgrim band. The faithful shepherd, who had led his flock into the lonely wilderness, and watched and prayed for their welfare; whose advice had directed, and whose example guided them in all the vicissitudes of their course, was suddenly and without warning called away by the great accountant, who sooner or later brings all mankind to a reckoning. To some he gives a short credit of a few hours, or months; to others he allows a longer period; and to a few, some fourscore years, or upwards. But they must pay at last; and when they think he has forgotten, or rubbed out the score, appears on a sudden like some pale officer, and lodges them in that narrow cell, wherein no air can blow. One Sabbath morning, just as the good man was giving his blessing to his flock, he fell back in his pulpit, and word spake nevermore. His last breath was spent in prayer, and his last word was a benediction. His death threw a gloom over all around, for he never discouraged innocent mirth, delighted in seeing smiling faces, and did not believe it necessary to live in the perpetual gloom of present night, in order to enjoy the brightness of the future day.

Here was the last staff broken, and poor Miriam had no earthly prop to lean upon, but an aged woman, kind and affectionate indeed, from long habit; but possessing a narrow mind, incapable of sympathizing with hers. It was at this period, too, that she began to be again pestered with the visits of Tobias Harpsfield, who, notwithstanding his former rebuff, still continued to calculate that she would be an excellent speculation. He had taken great pains to ascertain precisely what she was worth, and watched with the patience of a beast of prey to see how, one by one, all those who would protect or defend his victim, were called away from her. He had a high opinion of perseverance, and was accustomed to say, that he who held out to the last would always win. Accordingly, having waited "a decent time," as he expressed it— for decency was his moral creed—he

recommenced his devoirs, by calling on a visit of condolence, of all visits the most irksome to the receiver, when paid by one who feels no sympathy.

"Ah," quoth Tobias, casting up his greygoose eyes, "ah! he was a good man—an excellent man—a tender husband, an affectionate parent, a kind neighbor, and a pious believer. Such a loss can never be repaired; it is worse than that of your excellent mother. You will never get such another father. But though left alone in the world without a friend or relation, you should not despair, for there are thousands and tens of thousands in this world a great deal worse off than you, who have wherewithal to support yourself handsomely and ride in your own carriage, with two horses, if you choose."

This was about the sum total of the consolations of philosophy, according to the creed of Tobias, who was one of that very numerous class who think money not only a great blessing, but one equivalent to the absence of all others. Miriam received and listened to him with loathing. With the sure instinct of woman she saw into his heart, the sole animating principle of which was a grovelling selfishness, not merely confined to a preference of his own gratification above that of all others, but to the exclusion of the rest of the world. Still, the alleged kindness, of his motive for this visit forbade her treating him with downright incivility, and Tobias departed quite satisfied that he had broken the ice very successfully, though if he had read her countenance he would have groaned in spirit, and gnashed his teeth. But the truth is, he was so completely absorbed by his own selfish purposes, that he forgot everything besides. He studied only in his own book, and never looked into the pages of others. Following up this auspicious commencement, Tobias repeated his visits, gradually shortening the intervals between them, until his persecution became almost intolerable. There was no getting rid of him; for in these matter−of−fact days, the last thing thought of would have been to instruct a servant in the art of lying, by denying the master or mistress when actually at home. The upright, punctilious Mildred would have scorned such a mission.

Nor was this all. Miriam could not take a walk, morning, noon, or evening, without what Tobias called a chance meeting; and if she staid at home, he had ever some clumsy excuse for calling. He watched her going to church, or waylaid her in returning; accompanied her home; and in short, so managed matters, that at length the neighbors began to compliment Miriam on her conquest in a sly way, and ask her "when it was to be." This tickled Tobias mightily, for he thought there must be something in it, as everybody seemed to be of the same opinion. He was a cunning, but not a wise man. Perseverance will carry the day at last, thought he, as he was proceeding on his daily visit with a full resolution to try his fortune once more.

Now it so happened, that on that very morning Miriam had been for the second time complimented by a knowing old dame, a near neighbor, who took particular cognizance of other people's affairs—on her approaching wedding. Heavens! how her heart swelled with indignant sorrow at the idea of such a suecessor to Langley. It was not to be borne; and though the discreet Tobias had as yet never repeated his proposal, or given her a fair opportunity for discarding him, she at once resolved to take it without it being given, though it was rather an awkward business to nonsuit one who had not actually commenced his suit.

She was in the height of her indignation, when Tobias walked in without knocking—for he affected to be very intimate—and full of his purpose to try his fortune a second time. He had wrought himself up to the crisis—he had cleared his throat by a vigorous "hem," and warmed his icy soul by a vision of her dower, when Miriam anticipated his purpose, by meeting him considerably more than half way. She began by referring to her peculiar situation, as a single woman, without father or mother, and living almost alone; to the delicate proprieties such a situation imposed; to his frequent visits, and constant intrusion everywhere; and finally, with a flushed cheek and flashing eye, bespeaking mingled modesty and loathing, she alluded to the reports which his conduct had produced.

Tobias sat with open ears, eyes, and mouth, anticipating a prosecution for breach of promise, after the fashion of New England spinsters, if he did not forthwith offer her his hand. What then was his astonishment and dismay, when he was saluted with a peremptory request, which sounded very much like a demand, that he would at once, and forever, discontinue his visits; forbear all further attentions, and consider himself a perfect stranger in future. The revulsion of his feelings was terribly bitter. He was taken by surprise; replied not a word; and departed without taking leave, filled with anger, malice, and revenge.

While the disastrous courtship of Master Tobias Harpsfield had been progressing backwards, various changes highly important to the destinies of our little community occurred. New accessions of settlers had come; various improvements had been made or suggested by certain troublesome and mischievous busybodies, called

"public−spirited citizens;" and the body politic, inflated with its self−importance, began to aspire to the dignity of an incorporation. This notion was fostered, if not originally engendered, by certain leading men, who thought they had undoubted claim to official distinction. The whole project was, however, knocked on the head for the present by a shrewd old deacon, who warned the good people that a charter was only a cunning device to enable the corporation to run in debt without paying, and plunder the community under color of law. A new judge had been appointed, who, coming direct from the oldest but one town in the State, was looked up to with sinful reverence; and to crown all, a new pastor had been called from the midst of the witches, who began about this time again to play their diabolical pranks at Naumkeag, and elsewhere. He was accompanied by a number of disciples, enamored of his doctrines and preaching. These innovations and innovators brought with them the seeds of much after disturbance, and caused a deal of mischief, as well as misery.

The new arrivals, judge, pastor and flock, were, without exception, devout believers in witchcraft, coming as they did from the very focus of witchendom. Such a delusion might seem strange, had it not been cherished in every age and nation of the world. It has been ridiculed as an error of superstition and ignorance; but to this day, so far as we know, it has never been philosophically treated, nor has any attempt been made to demonstrate its incompatibility with nature, reason, philosophy and science. At this moment there exists among a large portion of mankind, the latent seeds of that same delusion, which, in the age of which we are speaking, produced such deplorable examples of the weakness of reason, the strength and ferocity of fear. Happily, though tolerated by the pulpit, in compliment to the Witch of Endor, it is repudiated by the law, and its punishment is now founded not in its reality, but its nonexistence.

The course of our story leads to a revival of these times, and the reference is made with no view to reflect on a race of men whose integrity, piety, and heroism were amply sufficient to atone for all their faults and weaknesses. The records of past ages are equally useful, as affording examples to imitate or avoid; and it cannot be denied, that in the present age, the credulity of science is quite equal to that of ignorance in days of yore. The reign of superstition, if we do not err, if it has ever gone by, is about to be revived; and witchcraft and necromancy seem destined to assume the dignity of sciences. It is well for the professors of mesmerism they did not practice their impositions some two centuries ago, for they would assuredly have been brought to the stake or the gallows.

Though unhappily at that time recognized as genuine, by men whose piety and learning were equal to any of their cotemporaries, it was a species of witchcraft of the most vulgar species, and had in it nothing of the vague sublimity of the invisible world. It consisted entirely in physical inflictions, or practical jokes carried to extremes, such as sticking pins, throwing stones, playing pranks with furniture, and other petty annoyances, altogether beneath the dignity of supernatural agency. It was in fact the sublime of the ridiculous, and would have been the broadest of farces, had it not ended in the deepest of tragedies. The gambols of superstition are like the festivals of the savages, where human victims are offered up to flames and torture. Like the fabled Ogre, its gigantic deformity would excite only contempt and scorn, did it not prey on human flesh, and banquet on human blood.

It was not long after the arrival of the new reinforcement to the settlement, before it began to be whispered that witchcraft was abroad among them. Many strange things happened, or were said to happen, which could not be accounted for in a natural way. Invisible hands perpetrated invisible outrages, such as pelting honest people with stones at night; setting the frying pans to ringing profane and diabolical tunes; upsetting milk pans; bewitching the tongs, so that it opened when it ought to have shut, and shut when it should have opened; together with various other mischievous devices, such as witches practice as it were without any other object than the gratification of a perverse, malignant spirit. In cases of this kind, there can be little doubt, that the love of mischief incites many persons to perpetrate various pranks, or that others wreak their secret spite under the cover of the prevailing delusion.

Tobias Harpsfield was among the early victims of fiendish malignity. He now first began to luxuriate in the conception of a plot which time will develope; and it behooved him to spread the infection of witchcraft by every means in his power. Accordingly, there was not a night passed that, if you would believe him, he was not grievously assaulted or persecuted, by one or more of these invisible demons. Sometimes he would be aroused by a box on the ear; sometimes while sitting at a window, it would come slamming down on his head; at one time his hat was blown off, though there was not a breath of air stirring; at others he heard horrible bursts of laughter close to his ear while saying his prayers; and more than once he was waked up at night by the sticking of pins, though as yet he could find none in his flesh, nor detect any mark of the infliction. People began to stare and wonder at

Tobias; he had become a subject of supernatural agency, and partook in the awful and mysterious dignity of his persecutors. Thus he continued for a time to feed the growing panic, until a few recent examples of perverse action in this matter caused him to apprehend that he might, by some strange process of reasoning, be converted from a victim into an accomplice, and from this time his persecutions miraculously ceased.

# CHAPTER XVI.

Progress of a Panic—Ingenious Device of Master Tobias Harpsfield for Winning a Wife—Description of a First−Rate Witch—Miriam Accused of Witchcraft.

The progress of a panic is like that of a pestilence. It is conceived in obscurity; it walketh in darkness, and is communicated from one to another by a process equally rapid and inscrutable. No sooner had the apprehension of witchcraft fastened on the minds of the people, than its existence became hourly demonstrated by new and extraordinary appearances. The human mind delights in the wonderful, and there is a period in the progress of terror which affords a strange gratification. Thus every day brought forth new evidence of witchcraft. The weak, the superstitious, the mischievous and the designing, all united in contributions to the common stock, until a mass of facts, sufficient to overwhelm the most skeptical, was accumulated. Reports without father or mother, and coming from no one knew whither, followed at the heels of each other. At one time there came a tale of a woman living at a sufficient distance to afford space for rumors to expatiate in, who, in the phrase of the time, "Belched out nefarious blasphemies," without moving her tongue; next came the rumor of a man being beaten almost to death by an invisible fist; another was bruised black and blue with corn cobs, and had his barn set on fire by means he could not discover; another, in going into his field, was saluted with a shower of stones that knocked him down and bruised him sorely, though no marks could be seen on his body; another had his milk skimmed every night, and his cheese turned into buttermilk. But this was not the worst; a select man, famous for "devotion, sanctity and gravity, was murdered with an hideous witchcraft;" and to cap the climax of rumors, little children "fell into fits that carried with them something diabolical." In short, there was no cessation to these reports of wonders, that, even if true, might have been easily accounted for without resorting to supernatural agency.

As yet, however, the public suspicion had not concentrated itself on any one particular object. But fear is nearly allied to cruelty, and must have its victims. We may perhaps trace much of the blood shed by tyrants to their apprehensions of the people. Old, ugly, and decrepid women, though at other times neglected and forgotten, are sure to figure in the van when witchcraft is rife in the land. The more poor, helpless, and, above all, ugly and decrepid, the greater the probability in the mind of a philosophical adept in the science, that they have entered into a compact with the arch enemy, not for the rational purpose of improving their own condition, but merely to obtain the power of tormenting little children, by way of amusement.

Just at the base of the mountain heretofore spoken of, and about a mile from the village, dwelt an aged Dutch woman, who had, when quite young, been captured by the Indians of the Manhadoes in one of their incursions; and through a series of strange vicissitudes, not altogether uncommon in those days of veritable romance, found her way at length to the little settlement, where she was permitted to build a hut, on the skirts of a wood that clothed the base of the mountain. She had resided here a twelvemonth or more, with no companion but a cat, the color of which it is impossible to state positively, at this distance of time. None knew how she lived, and the reason was, none cared, except Miriam, who could have explained the mystery had she chosen. This old vrouw was eminently qualified for a witch, having not the least pretensions to beauty. Homely in her youth, the hardships and exposures endured in the progress of her captivity among the savages, together with the deep scar of a tomahawk across her cheek, had given her face a savage expression, exceedingly harsh and disagreeable. Besides this, she lived alone with her cat, and apparently shunned all communication with her fellow−creatures. The natural conclusion was, that her principal associates were among the spirits of darkness. In fine, she was old, ugly, and poor; her dialect was a farrago of Dutch, Indian, and English; she walked with a stick, was almost bent double, and had a cat. Could any one doubt her vocation?

One of the extraordinary features of witchcraft is the agency of young children, at least such was the case here. They were among the principal, and sometimes the only witnesses, on whose testimony more than one person was condemned to death and executed, at different places, during the prevalence of this moral pestilence. Whether these children were themselves the dupes of their own fears or fancy, or tutored by others more artful than themselves; or whether they were instigated by the vanity of making themselves the objects of universal wonder, cannot be known at this day. But strange as may be either of these suppositions, they are not half so improbable as

that they were really under the influence of supernatural agency. Be this as it may, about this time a pair of these little imps, who were unquestionably under some evil influence or other, became infected with the mania. They fell into strange convulsions, uttered equally strange exclamations, and indulged in divers inimitable contortions, during the intervals of which they would cry out, that the Old Cat—as the old woman, whose name was Catalina, was generally called—was either scratching, or choking, or sticking pins into them. Having repeated this execrable farce several times, with additional extravagances, the magistrates being made acquainted with the facts, assembled together, and after grave deliberation, decided to have Old Cat apprehended, and brought before them for examination.

Accordingly, the devoted old woman made her debut in charge of three constables, two of whom had been expressly installed for this purpose, as no single one of them was hardy enough to venture alone into her premises. After hearing the accusation, of which the poor old creature scarcely comprehended one word, she was strictly interrogated on the subject, and poured forth an unintelligible jargon of Dutch, Indian, and broken English, at which the worshipful bench was utterly confounded. They understood no more of her defence than she did of the accusation, and solved the mystery by pronouncing it the language of the devil, without a dissenting voice. She was then confronted with her supposed victims, who were seized with still more violent paroxysms in her presence, and this being deemed decisive, she was committed to prison to await her trial at an early day.

It was at this crisis, that Master Tobias Harpsfield thought he perceived a fair opportunity of either revenging himself for his double dismissal, or forcing Miriam into his arms for protection. He had been meditating his plan for some months, and gradually familiarized himself to its mean, malignant atrocity; for every time the idea of meditated guilt occurs to the mind, it comes shorn of some of its most revolting features. His plan was to cause the poor, unprotected girl to be accused of witchcraft, which would certainly result in one of two consequences. Either she would become an object of universal fear and abhorrence, or be committed to prison for trial. In either case, by friendly attentions, by interfering in her behalf, and procuring her release in the last extremity, as he had no doubt he could, he might so work on her gratitude, if not her affections, that she would be ultimately wrought upon to give him her hand, which being well filled, he coveted most egregiously. Thus the wily deceiver deceived himself; for little did he anticipate the tenacity with which the fatal sisters, Bigotry and Superstition, would cling to their victims. But being a man of great weight and influence both in Church and State, he flattered himself that his interference could at any time be successful, and his first step was procuring an interview with Old Cat, which he did without difficulty, though the jailer looked at him with astonishment, and ever after quoted him as a model of heroism, in thus venturing alone into the presence of a veritable imp of Satan.

He found the desolate old crone smoking the stump of a short black pipe, though this was in direct contravention of the regulations of the prison. But she insisted, and the jailer was fain to comply, least she should exercise some of her diabolical art on his person. By her side sate the cat, which had followed to the jail, and entered with her, in spite of the opposition of the said jailer, which, however, was not very energetic, as he was extremely shy of what he verily believed was the Familiar Spirit. Tobias, having occasionally visited New Amsterdam in his speculating excursions, had picked up a smattering of Dutch, which aided by his knowledge of some Indian dialects acquired while a trader, enabled him to understand, and be understood by the old woman—originally without education, and having nearly lost all perception of the distinction between right and wrong, by years of miserable sojourn among savages, who could teach her little but rapine and murder, the poor creature was but a passive instrument in the hands of the tempter.

He first worked on her fears, by assuring her she would be burnt alive, with such tortures as she had seen the savages inflict on their prisoners; and having thus frightened her almost out of her wits, cautiously insinuated that the only possible mode of escaping this terrible fate was, to accuse some person of having betwitched her, by which means she might cast the guilt from her own head on that of another. It is equally painful and disgusting to trace, step by step, the arts of a cunning and malicious villain; and without proceeding any further in detail, or specifying by what windings the serpent at length circumvented his prey, it will be sufficient to say, that by practising alternately on her fears of punishment and hope of reward, he succeeded in bringing the poor stultified being to his purposes. The plan was quite simple. When brought to trial, she was to pretend to fall into convulsions, howl like the savages, and ever and anon screech forth the name of Miriam Habingdon, as the instrument of all her sufferings. Alas! for human nature! Miriam was her benefactress. In justice, however, to Old Cat, she demurred stoutly to this last act of the farce, until Tobias solemnly assured her he would take especial

care that no harm should happen to the young lady.

Thus tutored, and having thoroughly learned and practiced her lesson, Old Cat was in good time brought forth for trial. In her progress from the jail to the room in which the court was sitting, she performed all sorts of violent antics; imitated the most extravagant gestures of the savages in their dances, their shouts, and their howlings; and after going through a series of almost supernatural contortions, ever and anon screeched forth the name of Miriam Habingdon, who, she said, was thus tormenting her. The court was brought to a stand; the spectators stood aghast at this denunciation of one hitherto believed of so blameless a life, so innocent of all offence against her fellow−creatures. Hitherto the accusations of witchcraft had been confined to persons of suspicious character and low station, whose habits of life or obscurity of position afforded at least some pretext for persecution. But now it seemed that the great enemy of man was aiming at higher conquests, and that none might expect to escape his snares. The panic became more intense; and that purity of life and character which ought to have shielded Miriam from suspicion, only operated to raise her into an object of increasing horror; for such was the besotted state of the community, that had an angel descended from Heaven, his divine mission would scarcely have protected him from being mistaken for the Spirit of Darkness in disguise. The old woman was remanded to prison, rather as a witness than a criminal; and though the judges were neither brutes nor hypocrites, such was the delusion under which they labored, that after mature deliberation, a warrant was issued for the apprehension of Miriam Habingdon, on a charge of witchcraft.

# CHAPTER XVII.

Miriam Examined before the Magistrates and Committed to Prison on the Evidence of Old Cat—Visit of Condolence by Tobias Harpsfield and its Consequences—Trial and Condemnation on the Testimony of the Devil.

Our heroine was more astonished than dismayed on the receipt of a summons to attend the magistrates on a charge of witchcraft, a crime the existence of which she utterly disbelieved. Conscious of her innocence, she suffered herself to be led an unresisting victim, little aware that neither innocence would avail, or humanity interpose to shield her from a whirlwind that was sweeping down all the barriers of common sense, and human feeling. She appeared before the magistrates, with all the quiet self−possession of conscious innocence; but such was the revolution in public opinion which a few hours had produced, that a majority of the spectators pronounced her demeanor nothing more than a hardened insensibility, indicating the last hopeless stage of guilt.

Schooled by Tobias Harpsfield, Old Cat, after a preliminary exhibition of writhings, screechings, contortions, and convulsions, told the usual tale of beating, pinching, strangling, and sticking pins, all which she ascribed to Miriam, who, though at these times invisible to others, she recognized as her tormentor. When this deplorable farce was concluded, the criminal being asked what she had to say in her defence, simply and solemnly protested her innocence, and concluded by suggesting the propriety of establishing the existence of witchcraft, before they punished the witches. This insinuation operated greatly against her, as it clearly indicated that both magistrates and people were equally under the influence of a delusion. This cut rather too deep. Already two victims had been sacrificed on the altar of superstition, and every mind revolted from the very possibility of their having been unjustly punished. It was necessary to believe, in order to quiet their consciences. In addition to this, one of the magistrates, who had specially distinguished himself in the crusade against witchcraft, felt himself personally insulted by this insinuation, which, moreover, savored of downright heresy. The belief in witchcraft had become in some measure a test of orthodoxy, being not only sustained by the example of the Witch of Endor, but by the precepts of the new pastor, who had come from the very hot−bed of witchcraft. Strange as it may seem, he was a liberal scholar and a pious divine, though deeply infected with bigotry, the besetting sin of that age. Without doubt he had a thorough conviction of the existence of witchcraft; but he deceived himself, and what is worse, he deceived others. In truth, such was the miserable infatuation that pervaded all classes, men, women, children, clergymen and magistrates, learned and ignorant, that while the panic raged, to be accused of witchcraft was the certain prelude to imprisonment or death. This terrible delusion led into a labyrinth of error and iniquity, which cannot be excused on any plea of sincerity; and, however unpalatable may be a reference to the subject, it should be for ever preserved in our remembrance as a solemn warning against superstition in all its forms, and under every disguise. It is a hideous, bloody, remorseless fiend, and with its twin−sister bigotry, richly merits an association with war, pestilence, and famine.

The blamelessness of her past life, the solemn assertion of her innocence, the calm self−possession of her manner, availed nothing against the absurd declarations and extravagant contortions of the old woman, who really exhibited a pantomime that seemed to savor of supernatural suppleness and activity. Miriam was committed to prison, where she remained in solitude, avoided by all. Even Mildred, a firm believer in witchcraft, was afraid to come near her young mistress, lest she herself should be infected; and though she took good care to supply her with all she required, never ventured inside of the prison door. She had nursed Miriam from the cradle, loved her with all her heart, and it is probable would have died for her; but there was something in this diabolical communion so horribly revolting, that the pious old soul recoiled in disgust whenever she thought of her former nursling. Thus was poor Miriam deserted by all the little world around her, and left with no other stay than that of conscious innocence.

It was now that the very devout Tobias Harpsfield, who boasted that he had never laughed nor eaten a hot dinner on Sabbath day; who never violated, or at least was caught in violating the law; and who was approved by all his more respectable neighbors, a good man and a worthy citizen—it was now that he brought his machinery into play to win the last cast. He paid Miriam a visit, and such was the desolation of her soul, such the depression of the lonely and deserted maiden, such the feeling of utter abandonment that crushed her to the earth, that even

his presence was not unwelcome. To the solitary prisoner, condemned to pass the livelong day in idleness, without a visitor, and without a resource except in melancholy thoughts of the past, or gloomy forebodings of what is to come, the presence of anything breathing of life is grateful. A spider weaving his web, or a mouse sporting in the silence of the scene, is hailed as a companion, where all around is one dread vacuity.

During the interim between the committal and trial of Miriam, Tobias repeated his visits, confining himself to reflections on her situation, and suggestions of the best means for relief, without the slightest allusion to his ultimate object. Miriam began to believe he was indeed a friend, and her heart smote her for her former prejudices. At length being pressed for time, as the trial was now approaching, he took occasion to apprise her, with an air of peculiar satisfaction, that in the course of his indefatigable inquiries in her behalf he had, he believed, gained a clue, which, if properly followed up, would either result in her immediate release, or subsequent acquittal. Having thus awakened a hope, he indirectly and cautiously insinuated her forlorn and desolate situation, without parent, brother, or friend, other than himself; and concluded by suggesting, that under the avowed and lawful protection of a man of weight and influence in the community, especially in the church, she would undoubtedly be shielded from all further persecution. He was proceeding with all the caution of an experienced hunter, circling around his game and gradually approaching nearer and nearer; and had gone so far as to intimate he thought it possible, nay, was almost sure, he had sufficient influence over old Catalina to induce her to retract her absurd accusation. But Miriam, at once divining his purpose, suddenly interrupted him with deep emotion, exclaiming—

"Enough—enough, Master Harpsfield; I comprehend thee now! But I am already wedded—I belong to the dead. Spare me any more words on the subject. Thou hast been kind to me when no others showed me kindness, and I had become grateful. But I now see thine object, and to arrest it for ever,know that I had rather, ten times rather, meet the doom prepared for those accused of witchcraft, than pledge my faith to a man mean enough to take advantage of my wretched condition for his own selfish purposes. Spare me, I pray thee, and let me die in peace, if such is Heaven's decree. Death will not sever me from *my* world, but unite me to all I have loved here."

Tobias departed, but not in despair. "The time,' thought he, "is not yet come. Even the weak and wicked defy death at a distance, believing themselves beyond reach of his dart. We shall see, when he stares her full in the face. The next time she shall ask me to marry her."

The court was now convened, and the day at length came which was to decide the fate of the lonely orphan. The place was crowded with awe−stricken spectators, drawn thither by that strange fascination which terror exercises over the human mind. The magistrates took their seats on either hand of the presiding judge, and to give additional solemnity to this mockery of justice, the pastor of the flock, in his clerical robes, was complimented with a seat on the bench. The crime of witchcraft was considered of a mixed nature, involving an offence as well against the civil as the ecclesiastical law, and more properly under the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts. But nothing of this kind existed here, and criminals of this class were left to the civil authority.

Miriam appeared with all the calm confidence of conscious innocence, though trembling with that deadly weakness, which is the result of a long harrassed mind, sinking under its own resistance of calamity. After the old woman had gone through another rehearsal of her lesson, and detailed all the stupendous absurdities of her story, in a language which added new horrors to the tale, by its obscurity, Miriam was permitted to cross−examine her. She calmly questioned her as to their previous intercourse, and her own objects in visiting the hut. But here Old Cat could neither understand or be understood. She answered only by a mixed jargon of all the dialects of which she had a smattering, and which was again pronounced by the hearers to be the language of the Evil Spirit himself. When called on for her defence, the mind of Miriam rose with the occasion, and there suddenly shone forth over her face an expression of sublime innocence, visible to all, but which, in these besotted times, was held to be only one of the cunning expedients of the Great Tempter to impose on the people, hoodwink the eyes of justice, and screen his bondslaves from merited punishment. She spoke like one inspired; she sketched the character of her parents, their sufferings and their exile for their faith, together with her own education and habits of life, and concluded as follows—

"As for my occasional visits to that poor, mistaken, or misled woman—though aware that errands of benevolence should be in secret—I feel now called upon to declare that they were visits of charity. The precepts of my parents taught me there were occasions when the right hand should not know the doings of the left; but there are also occasions, I trust, when good deeds may be brought forward to meet unjust accusations. I sought

this woman, not to exercise over her that power which, I believe, was never yet delegated to the wicked, here the pastor threw up his eyes and hands—"but to administer to her necessities by such relief as they seemed to require. I do not know whether she is herself deceived, or is deceiving others. I do not know whether she is the instrument of her own depraved heart, or of some one still more depraved. There is but one person living"—and here she cast her eyes on Tobias Harpsfield, who was present—"I at least know of but one person living whom I have offended. But I accuse no one, because I have nothing but suspicion to support my accusation. If innocent, God pardon my suspicions—if guilty, God pardon him." Here Tobias twitched his eyebrows a little, but stood his ground manfully—"I would not unjustly accuse him, but I cannot but see the hand of some one more cunning than this wretched woman, in this plot against my life and my good name. Whoever it may be, that hath thus selected from all the rest of the world a desolate orphan, standing alone among strangers, without a friend above ground, save one who is above all, as the object of a loathsome calumny, I do not envy him his feelings, though he may succeed in bringing me to a disgraceful death, a memory abhorred by all, and subject me, while living, to imprisonment, derision, and disgrace." Here Tobias was seized with a sudden bleeding at the nose, and placing his handkerchief to his nostrils, departed in haste. "But," continued Miriam—"I feel that my days of humiliation and sorrow are drawing to a close, and that I am about to become one of the many victims of men bewildered by the strange revelations of a fantastic madness, which, when it subsides, will cause all those who have dipped their hands in blood at its bidding, to shudder at the recollection. I can but solemnly declare I am innocent—I have no witnesses to prove it, but Him who sees and knows all things, even the deepest secrets of the heart. If acquitted, I shall be grateful; if condemned, I shall hope hereafter for that mercy denied me here."

As she concluded, the pastor, a weak, but well−meaning man, deeply infected with the mania of the times, said to the magistrates in an under tone—

"Verily how artfully Satan can clothe his followers, even so as to convert the blackness of guilt into the whiteness of innocence. Of a truth, it is high time to be stirring, when the spirits of darkness walk forth among us in the disguise of spirits of light."

When such was the prevailing sentiment of all present, it is needless to say, that the innocent girl was pronounced guilty of witchcraft, and ordered for execution at the expiration of a brief period, lest she should indulge a spirit of vengeance at the expense of the community. Miriam was silent; she cast her eyes towards Heaven, folded her arms across her bosom, and bowed submissively, as she was led back to prison. There being some difference of opinion in the Court, as to the final disposal of Old Cat, she was, greatly to her disgust and disappointment, also remanded to jail. She had been assured by Tobias, that her discharge would take place immediately on the condemnation of Miriam, and, for his own sake, he had earnestly exerted himself to make good his promise. But on application to the magistrates he found to his equal surprise and dismay, that though they had received her testimony against the life of another, they still believed her possessed, and consequently had condemned poor Miriam to death, on the evidence of the Devil.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Self−punishment of the Guilty—An Apparition—Exorcism of Mildred who Joins in Accusing her Young Mistress of Witchcraft— The Ghost Vanishes suddenly, but shortly Appears again to Miriam— Particulars of the Interview.

Tobias Harpsfield, when he found that he had totally failed in his matrimonial schemes, and forced Miriam into the grave instead of the bridal bed, began to feel the consequences which never fail to follow in the track of guilt, even in this world. Though mean, selfish and revengeful, his depravity had never contemplated reaching the life of his victim; and when, after exerting all his influence in her behalf in vain, the conviction came over him, that her fate could only be averted by a miracle, his conscience, not yet sufficiently hardened to the guilt of blood, became his accuser and his torment. Though not actually intentional, still the crime was the direct consequence of acts that he had wilfully committed; and with all the ingenuity of his self−love, he could not disguise from himself the bitter truth, that he was responsible for all consequences. To these feelings of compunction was added the apprehension of being betrayed by Old Cat, who finding his promise of release was not fulfilled, might, and probably would, in revenge for the disappointment, make a full confession. Thus assailed on one hand by the sting of guilt, on the other by the fear of discovery, he found no rest by day or by night, and suffered far more than his innocent victim.

He continued to use every effort in behalf of Miriam, still cherishing a hope that if convinced she owed her life to him, gratitude might bestow what love had denied. But all his exertions failed to relax the stern decree of bigotry, and those arts which had hitherto enabled him to compass his evil designs, failed to accomplish his good ones. The panic had now reached its crisis; every day brought forth new rumors, new cases, and new accusations; imposture became more bold and reckless; dupes increased with the number of victims; and in proportion to the extravagance of the charges was the credulity of superstition which swallowed every absurdity. A state of feeling existed, which, had it not so often been exhibited in the history of men, would be deemed incredible.

Many of the accused had confessed their guilt, in the hope of pardon, or possibly in the full belief that they were actually possessed; and it was considered infallible proof of the truth of the accusations, that they tallied exactly with the confessions. These were taken down by reverend men, who, instead of exerting their influence in allaying the ferment, prostituted it to the purposes of superstition and cruelty. There is reason to believe that in many cases these confessions were greatly exaggerated by those who recorded them. and who at the same time, sought to give these stupendous absurdities, the stamp of truth, by reciting texts from holy writ to their purposes. They seized on the panic as a favorable predisposing disposition of the human mind towards religious impressions; as if the dark and blood−stained avenues of superstition could ever lead to the realms of light.

As the day appointed for the sacrifice of the innocent maiden at the shrine of a bloody and remorseless delusion drew near, Tobias Harpsfield became every hour more intensely beset by remorse and fear, those twin scourges of crime that always hunt in couples. At times, his better feelings prompted him to make a full confession in private to the pastor, in order that he might exert his commanding influence in behalf of Miriam. But of the three great stages of reform—repentance, amendment, and atonement—he had only partially attained the former; for it was quite certain he was as much influenced by fear for himself as compassion for another. Pride, which often keeps men from falling, and at other times prevents their rising when they fall, became one of the great obstacles to a confession. Having long forfeited his own good opinion, he was the more anxious to preserve that of his neighbors, not only as a homage to his pride, but a spoke in the wheel of fortune. Thus laboring with the wretched indecision of conscious guilt, half willing, half opposed to making reparation, he secluded himself almost entirely at home, under pretence of indisposition, and at length sought to escape from the consciousness of guilt, or the fear of punishment, by wandering away no one knew whither. But he could not elude himself, and became every hour more and more the victim of guilt, remorse and fear.

Let us leave the wretched man to his well−merited punishment, and return to those more deserving of our sympathy. Poor old Mildred, as before stated, was a devout believer not only in witchcraft, but ghosts, fairies, and hobgoblins. Though from sentiment and habit, she loved Miriam, yet had she such a religious horror, such a

mortal antipathy to everything in any way connected with the agency of the great enemy of man, that she could not bring herself to hold communication with one not only accused, but convicted of having entered into a compact with himself, or any of his imps of darkness. She, therefore, though her heart yearned towards her young mistress, avoided all contact; and though she once or twice ventured to the door of the prison, recoiled with horror from entering. She spent much of her time in praying and chaunting hymns, and though her voice was not the sweetest in the world, yet if the heart be in tune it does not signify.

She was thus employed one evening, just about the twilight hour, with her eyes shut according to custom, and moving back and forth, in an old rocking−chair, when she was roused by a knock, or rather gentle tap at the the door, succeeded by the sound of footsteps in the little passage that led to where she was sitting. As the footsteps approached still nearer, she opened her eyes, gazed for a moment at the intruder, uttered a loud scream, and attempted to run out of the room. But the figure arrested her with a strong grasp, which made her shudder to the very marrow of her bones. She stood trembling and panting for a few moments in an agony of fear, and then screamed out—

"Let me go! let me go! You are dead, you are buried—your flesh is crumbled into dust. Your hat was found floating on the sea, and your body on the shore. You are dead and buried, I say, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come out of your grave to frighten a poor lone woman."

"Mildred! Mildred!" answered the ghost, still holding her fast—"don't be alarmed. I am neither dead nor buried. You will frighten your young mistress. Where is she? Is she—is she living—is she married? Is she at home? What has become of her, that I see her not here? Tell me—tell me, where is Miriam."

"She's bewitched!" screamed Mildred—"she's turned witch herself, and bewitched Old Cat—she's sold herself to the Evil One, and is married to Satan. She sticks pins in little children—she worries old women—she rides on a broomstick, and is to be burnt or hanged next Friday!" and the poor old soul burst into a torrent of tears at the thought of the sad fate awaiting her young mistress. Then, as her fears returned, she struggled, and repeated—"Let me go! let me go! Master Langley, if it is really you."

This information went like an icy dagger to the heart of Langley Tyringham, for he it was. Unable to support himself, he let go Mildred's hand, sank into a chair, and covered his face. Not that he suspected poor Miriam of any other witchcraft save that of ladies' eyes, or believed in the existence of such diabolical compacts. But he had just come from an infected district, and seen and heard enough to be assured, that however absurd or monstrous a superstition might be, it was no laughing matter. He at once comprehended the dangerous situation of Miriam, and rousing himself, by degrees reassured Mildred, from whom he drew a full account of what has already been related. Having received this, he rushed towards the prison, regardless or perhaps forgetful of the effect of his sudden appearance before one, who doubtless, like Mildred, believed him dead. His heart melted into a feeling of inexpressible tenderness, the joint issue of pity and love, as he called to mind her lonely, desolate condition, for he had learned the death of her parents on his way.

Arriving at the prison, it was with much difficulty he procured admittance. But the jailer, though deeply affected with the panic, and its attendant inhumanity, was naturally of a kind disposition, and being told by Langley that he was an old friend come from a far distance, at length showed him into the gloomy chamber occupied by the orphan girl. He entered without noise, and without being observed by Miriam, who was sitting at a grated window, which looked towards the west, as if contemplating the silent change from the splendors of departing day, to the milder beauties of the starry night. But neither her heart nor her eye was fixed on the scene. Her thoughts were far away, among the memories of the past, the anticipations of the future. She was among the dead, not the living, and more occupied with others than herself. So profound was her abstraction, that she had not noticed either the opening or shutting of the door, for no hope ever entered there. As Langley approached close to her, she became conscious of the presence of some one, and raising her eyes she distinguished a man in the waning light. She passed her hand convulsively over her brow, looked once more, and casting herself forward with a heart−piercing exclamation, would have fallen on the floor had not Langley caught her in his arms.

Worn down by her sufferings, both mind and body gave way, and for awhile she lay without sense or motion. Gradually the voice and caresses of Langley recalled her; and opening her eyes, she said, in tones that sank into the inmost depths of his heart—

"Art thou come from thy grave, Langley, to accompany me to mine?"

"No, my beloved Miriam, I am come to move Heaven and earth to your rescue."

"Ah! why didst thou come? I was content to die when I thought I was going to thee; but now I shall shrink from death, because it will bring about our separation. Oh! that I could have died ignorant that thou wert living!"

"You are sorry, then, that I am alive?" said he, in tones of deep mortification, while he withdrew his arm from her support. "I am not welcome, then? You wish me dead?"

"No, no, no! thou art thrice welcome to my heart— to my arms," and she cast herself on his bosom; "I will borrow a few moments from the grave to be happy with thee; and Heaven, I trust, will pardon me that I mix one drop of sweetness in the bitter draught I must soon drain to the dregs."

She leaned on his breast; she permitted him to clasp her in his arms, and kiss away the tears that now, the first for many days, trickled down her pale cheeks, and relieved her oppressed heart. In the joy of meeting again they forgot how soon they were to part; and it was not until the jailer made his appearance, and reminded Langley it was time to depart, that they awoke to a full perception of the present awful crisis.

# CHAPTER XIX.

In which the Author, after Vindicating Himself from a Serious Charge, and Disclosing a Great Secret, Takes a Retrospect by Way of Accounting for the Appearance of the Ghost.

During the interview recorded in the preceding chapter, it may well be presumed that Miriam, being a woman, had expressed a curiosity to know how Langley Tyringham happened to be in the land of the living, after having been drowned and his dead body actually recognized. This drew from him a relation, which will be given in our own words, inasmuch as Master Langley, in the course of his detail, indulged himself in divers digressions both of speech and action, in which he was encouraged, if not abetted, by Miriam, and which, to confess the truth, rendered his story rather desultory to a dispassionate hearer.

Previous, however, to commencing our narrative, we feel it incumbent on ourselves to repel a grievous charge, which we foresee will be made against us by that class of readers between which and the writers of romance there is always a severe contest, the one to discover as soon, the other to keep his secret as long as possible. Such, however, is the sagacity and experience of romance readers of the present day, that the author, notwithstanding all his doublings, and windings, and dodgings, is generally fairly run down and unkenneled before he has got half through his first volume. Hence it is, that experienced writers of this class, who have written some two or three hundred volumes, have adopted the practice of writing extemporaneously, and commencing a work without having the remotest idea how it is to end, leaving the catastrophe to be worked out by accident. By this cunning device they hope to puzzle and confound the reader, so that he will be left in doubt to the last moment. Such, however, is the instinctive sagacity of this class of students, that this plan seldom, if ever, succeeds; and it is now a notorious fact, that most readers anticipate the author in his voyage, and discover to what port he is bound, long before he knows it himself.

But all readers are not so knowing. There is a simple—we will not call them ignorant—for there are no such monsters at present—there is a simple class of romance readers, who have adopted the belief, that an author absolutely knows everything, past, present, and to come. But we solemnly assure them this is not the case. There are some few things of which we are ignorant; and this must be our apology for having cheated the reader out of so much valuable sympathy, by making him believe that Langley Tyringham was drowned, when in fact, no such accident had happened. For this, our apology must be, that we were ourselves entirely ignorant that our hero was actually still in the land of the living, until he suddenly made his appearance, as related in the preceding chapter. The truth is, that the scene of his supposed death, was so remote from all civilized life, and accompanied by such strange romantic circumstances, that we never could come at the truth, till we had the young gentleman's word for it, and, therefore, thought it most prudent to say nothing on the subject, lest we might mislead the simple reader, who pins his faith on the sleeve of an author, and believes everything he sees in print. With this explanation, which will, doubtless, be quite satisfactory, we proceed to abridge the relation of Master Langley, in our own way, seeing it is an awkward business for a man to be the hero of his own story.

The departure of Harold Habingdon, and his family, without taking leave, had given no small offence to the old Cavalier, who was somewhat ceremonious, and considered a breach of etiquette near akin to a breach of the decalogue. It increased his distaste for the Roundheads, and gave occasion for divers flings at Crop−ears, Levellers, and Rebels. On Langley it had a far different effect. Though in the course of our story, we have dilated but briefly on the subject, considering love scenes much more agreeable to actors than spectators, yet had there been both time and opportunity, for the growth of an ardent, deep−seated, and lasting attachment between these young people, thus thrown together in a situation where the absence of those various excitements of the busy world, which fritter away the affections of the heart by piecemeal, and as it were neutralize each other, gives force and permanency to the master feeling, whatever that may be. This attachment which in its earliest stage, had been met by the positive prohibition of one parent and the stern, inflexible opposition of the other, had not been subdued or arrested, but strengthened by these obstacles. The damming up of the stream only raised the waters the higher, and threw them back with greater weight and volume.

Langley became moody, careless, and abstracted— neglected himself, and was indifferent to others. He took

long rides, but could not tell on his return where he had been; he displayed no interest whatever in his former favorite amusements of hunting, and sailing on the river; and seemed altogether wrapt up in a sort of indolent, gloomy melancholy. The old Cavalier frequently took him to task, and as usual, only made matters worse. Like many fathers, he forgot his son was no longer a child, and treated him as a boy, when in fact, he had become a man. Langley had always cherished a warm filial affection, as well as a deep sense of duty towards his father; but his passionate overbearing reproaches, rather tended to awaken a spirit of resistance, than to soften his heart, or dispose him to yield his cherished feelings at the arbitrary command even of a parent. He thought that having submitted his actions to the will of his father, he had a right to his thoughts, at least.

Finding his remonstrances and commands equally vain in altering the deportment of his son, the old Cavalier hit on a masterly expedient. He instigated his wife to negotiate a visit from a famous belle at the capital, who had figured at the court of Charles the Second, and it is said nearly captivated that monarch. She was, moreover, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and an heiress, to boot. Lastly, she was niece to the Governor, who, besides being the representative of majesty, was a veritable knight of King James' creating. But Langley—as he assured Miriam—paid her not the least attention, beyond what was due to his mother's guest; and half the time was unconscious of her presence. The young lady—as well she might—soon became tired of the devoirs of the old Cavalier, who endeavored to atone for the deficiencies of his son, by a variety of gallant expedients, and returned home, where she pronounced Master Langley as stupid as an owl—bores being not yet in existence. The worthy gentleman began seriously to apprehend that his only son would die a bachelor, and the ancient name of Tyringham become extinct in the New World. As usual, in the last resort, and when he had gone so far in the wrong track, that he could not find his way back, he called the sage Gregory Moth to a consultation, to whose opinion he always paid great deference, when it squared with his own.

"Gregory," quoth he, "What has got into that blockhead, my son? I can't tell what to make of him, not I. He is getting quite thin; he has lost all relish for horse−racing, hunting and sailing; eats little breakfast, forgets to come home to dinner, and what is worse than all, drinks no wine."

"That's a very bad symptom," said Gregory, shaking his head.

"Very bad—I shouldn't be surprised if he had a touch of the ague before long—hey?"

"I am inclined to think, sir, that his complaint is more likely to turn out a fever. But verily, sir master of mine, did it never occur to you in your hours of serious meditation, that you were as blind as a bat, metaphorically speaking?"

"Why, you impudent varlet, what do you mean by that, hey?"

"Why, sir, with due submission, I mean exactly what I say, which is more than most people do. I consider you as having been struck with a preternatural blindness, intended, doubtless, as a punishment for having consulted me so often without taking my advice. I may be mistaken, sir, but I have sometimes doubted whether you can see the nose on your face."

"I tell you what, Master Gregory Moth," quoth the Cavalier, brandishing his cane, "if you don't speak to the purpose, and that speedily, I can see clear enough to plant this stick directly on your nonce. 'Slife, sir, answer me without any of your infernal circumlocutions. What do you think is come over my son Langley?"

"Why, verily, sir, I opine that his very heart−strings are tied up in a true lover's knot."

"Hey—what? Nonsense, Gregory—why, he has seen but one young white woman—except her that is just gone—since he came to years of discretion, and I positively prohibited him from visiting, talking to, or thinking of her."

"Ah, sir, that's the very thing. Seeing but one young woman, he could make no comparisons to her disadvantage. Any woman standing alone in the wilderness is an angel. Touching your prohibitions—as I observed, with all due submission just now—you must be blind to all human experience not to know, that both men and women—being descendants of Adam and Eve—love nothing so dearly as forbidden fruit. Ergo—speaking logically, my young master did doubtless fall in love with the Crop−ear's daughter as soon as possible after you forbade him, if he had not done so before."

"Hum," quoth the Cavalier, thoughtfully, "very likely; I think I recollect something of that kind when I was young. But if the mischief is done, it is too late to prevent it now, eh?"

"You never said a wiser thing in your life, sir, and in respect to the discretion of your tongue, marvelously resemble our most gracious sovereign, Charles the Second. In my humble opinion, the best way to treat an event

after it hath actually happened is to let it take its course till it runs itself fairly aground, instead of getting our fingers crushed by attempting to stop the stone while it is bounding full tilt down hill. The truth is, we don't know whether it will turn out good or bad, till we see the end of it; and as Seneca says— I don't recollect exactly what he says, but it is something very much to the purpose—and certain it is that our misfortunes frequently turn out greatly to our benefit. The pursuit of happiness is like that of the hunter, who must plunge into thickets, swamps and puddles, to run down his game."

"Gregory," said his master, "if your wisdom were not grievously adulterated by your folly, you might in good time make a fourth among the wise men of Gotham. If I understand you, which is no easy matter, I had better let Master Langley alone, till his love burns out of itself, like a fire in the mountains, eh?"

"Assuredly, sir."

"But if I find it won't burn out, what then?"

"Why then, sir, logically speaking, I would let him seek out and marry the Crop−ear young lady, and then it will entirely go out in the common course of nature."

"Well, I will let him alone awhile longer, and if I find it don't turn out a case of ague and fever, and he fails to recover his spirits, I may consent to let him take a trip to that nest of Roundheads down East, in search of that little damsel, who I should like mightily, if she were not of that confounded Puritan breed, which scorns to obey the king, much less a husband. She may have married or turned witch, as I hear one half of the women have in that quarter, and either specific will cure him. What say you, my trusty counsellor?"

"I say amen, sir, and bow to your superior wisdom. It would be a great pity my young master should fail in transmitting your name and honors to posterity."

"Aye, Gregory, and who knows what honors besides. I have received letters from home, by which I learn that his lordship, my elder brother, and first born of Egypt, has only four sons at present living, and is not in good health. Now suppose one should break his neck in a fox chase, a second be killed in battle, a third be drowned, and a fourth hang himself for want of excitement; you know Langley would come in for the estate and title. It is, therefore indispensable he should marry, in order to continue the line, which, after all, will suffer no disgrace by a union with the Roundhead's daughter, for he has a most infernal musty pedigree, Langley says."

Thus ended the conference. But when, after the expiration of several months, it was found that Langley so far from recovering his spirits, became still more abstracted and melancholy; that though his disease did not turn out to be ague and fever, his health seemed gradually declining, the old Cavalier one day took occasion to question him directly, as to the cause of his change both in habits and manners, at the same time requesting a frank reply. Langley made no hesitation in opening his heart to his father, and in conclusion addressed him as follows:

"So far as regards your commands to cease all intercourse with Miriam Habingdon, I have obeyed you, sir, and if we met it was by accident. As a father, you had a right to forbid my bringing into your house a daughter whose manners, habits, and religion were not only disagreeable but offensive to you. I was, and am still entirely dependent on your bounty, and so long as I continue so, have no claim to do as I please. But here, sir, I conceive your authority ceases. You have no right, derived from divine or human laws, to exact from me any farther sacrifice by commanding me to wed another. I neither can or will obey you. We are equally bound by an exchange of vows, as by the unchangeable feelings of my heart, at least; and I declare to you solemnly and before God, that no other woman shall ever stand with me before the altar, but my own Miriam. It rests with you, sir, to say whether I am to continue in an existence equally useless to myself and others; a solitary being, without a purpose in life; a burden to myself, and to those I would willingly rid of all burdens; or to give me a new existence, new hopes, new objects, and new excitements, by permitting me to seek Miriam, wherever she may be found. If I find she has forgotten me, and chosen another, I am not such a silly weakling but that I can leave and forget her. But if I find her, as I know I shall, true to her vows, I will make every effort to remove those objections which, I fear, my dear father, are far more difficult than yours to overcome. I entreat, I conjure, sir, as you value my happiness in this world, to let me go and try my fortune. Promise me, too, that if I succeed you will receive Miriam and cherish her as a daughter; for I swear to you she will deserve it. For my mother—I know I am sure of her."

"Go, then, in God's name, and may success attend you," said the old Cavalier, overcome by this manly expostulation. "There is a vessel to sail in a few days. Get ready as soon as you can and return as early as possible, for who knows what may happen in your absence. From the savages there is now nothing to fear, but there is

another foe, or fiend, as may be, who launches his arrows with more certainty than the Indian warrior."

"Believe me, sir," cried Langley, who seemed at once awakened to new life, "believe me, I will not lose a moment, and I trust in Heaven I may bring you one who will be the solace of your age for long years to come."

"Amen!" said the old cavalier, and they parted.

## CHAPTER XX. Retrospect Continued.

The matter being thus promptly settled, Master Hugh Tyringham, from the mere force of habit, consulted his better half on the subject, who, being a sensible woman, and an excellent wife, withal, very judiciously answered, "you know best, my dear," and proceeded quietly in a succession of painful endeavors to thread her needle. She was, indeed, a pattern of a woman, and merited a more particular introduction to the reader than we have yet given. This must be our apology for having said so little of her in the progress of our tale. Any good−for−nothing woman may be made to figure in romance: but it is no easy task to make anything of a discreet, plain, good−tempered dame, whose virtues are so nicely balanced and harmoniously blended that there is nothing monstrous or disproportioned to excite wonder, admiration or disgust. Hence, without doubt, it so often happens that writers of fiction are obliged to resort for their heroine to some strange, fantastic, incomprehensible being, as it were "half horse, half alligator, and a little of the snapping trutle," whose high attainments, sublime genius and trancendental transcendentalism, serve no other purpose than to destroy her own happiness and that of all within the sphere of her influence. The gentle and judicious reader will pardon this, and all other digressions, most especially when we assure him that these seeming excrescences contain the very cream of our work. Having been forced, by the taste of the venerable public, to glean in the weather−beaten path of fiction, we have sought to mingle with it as much concealed morality as the spirit of the age will bear.

The old Cavalier possessed many good qualities, though, like big John Bull, he sometimes had a disagreeable way of showing them. But it is not intended to hold him up as a model for husbands, for he was sometimes a little testy, and occasionally somewhat unreasonable. He neither liked his wife to agree with him without some little discussion, nor to oppose him without in the end coming round to his opinion. Tacit acquiescence was as disagreeable to him as obstinate resistance; and being on this particular occasion a little dubious as to the wisdom of his course, he wished to bolster himself up with the opinion of his wife. If the affair turned out badly, he might then throw all the responsibility upon her shoulders. When, therefore, she quietly answered, "you know best, my dear," he felt somewhat nettled at her passive obedience.

"'Slife, Mistress Tyringham," said he, "I asked your advice, not your acquiescence. I am pretty well satisfied that I know best, yet, as two heads are better than one—you know the old proverb—I should like to know what you think of this journey of Langley, eh?"

"Why, my dear, as I said before, I think you know or ought to know best, and—bless me! if I haven't been stitching this petticoat wrong side outwards."

"The devil take all stitching, patching and hemming. What has that to do with the matter? I want your opinion, madam."

"Well, my dear, I agree with you perfectly."

"Zounds! I tell you I don't wish you to agree with me perfectly."

"Well, then, my dear—"

"Don't dear me, if you please. You are never so affectionate as when doing all you can to provoke me."

"Well, then, my—hem! I differ with you entirely," said she, laughing at the same time so exuberantly that she missed threading her needle three several times.

"Mistress Tyringham," roared the Cavalier, "I don't wish to say anything disagreeable or disrespectful, but, by the Lord Harry, you are a great fool!"

"Ah! my—Mr. Tyringham, you should not say that, at least in my presence. I may not be as wise as you, but it is quite impossible for one to have lived with you so long and be a fool. But, now, I recollect, Gregory has brought home one of the finest wild turkeys I ever saw, and I want your opinion about cooking it."

Hereupon the worthy gentleman rubbed his hands with great glee, and the conference was ended in the pantry.

It may be taken for granted that Langley Tyringham lost no time in making his arrangements for a voyage to New England in search of a wife. On inquiry, he learned that our old acquaintance, Captain Skeering, having established a regular trade between the two colonies, was now in port and on the eve of sailing. Accordingly, being liberally supplied with the one thing needful by his father, and letters of introduction to the Governor, as well as other gentlemen of Massachusetts Bay, he took an affectionate leave of his parents, not forgetting Gregory

Moth; embarked with Captain Skeering, and cleared the capes with a prosperous breeze.

The first and second day, Langley, being the only passenger, had the vessel to himself, but on the morning of the third, one of the sailors informed the captain that a "tarnation droll cretur" had just crept out of the forecastle, though nobody knew how he came there. The captain went forward, followed by Langley, to investigate this strange interloper, who at the first blush demonstrated himself to be a lost sheep from the flock of gentlemen. His garments had evidently once been rich and fashionable, but were now in the last stage of dissolution and decay, and he bore about him all the insignia of poverty, except humility; for he encountered the unwelcome looks of all around, with a hardy, insolent indifference. Though his face was marred and blotched by intemperance, and his tattered garments smeared with dirt, still there was about him some of those evidences of better days, that often survive the lowest stages of degradation, and distinguish the fallen angel from the mere animal man. Captain Skeering was one who took everything coolly; he never got outwardly angry, and his self−possession was proof against a hurricane. He civilly inquired of the mysterious stranger, how he got on board, whence he came, and what his object in coming.

"I hid myself in a locker," replied he, "I came from the capital, and my object was to escape the constable."

"You don't say so," replied the captain, in his simple way. "What had you to do with a constable?"

"Why, I had the misfortune to run in debt to my landlord, who was so unreasonable to expect payment from a man without the means."

"Then you have no money, I guess," said the captain.

"Not a groat."

"And how do you expect to pay your passage, friend."

"I don't expect to pay it, friend."

"The deuce you don't. But maybe I do, though."

"Look you, captain," said the gentleman vagabond, "I carry in my veins the blood of kings, and number among my ancestors, princes, dukes and earls by dozens."

"Pooh," said the captain, "What's the use of being high born, if a man has no money?"

"Use?" said the other, "very great use, sir. One of the greatest advantages of high birth is, that it makes merit entirely unnecessary. But listen—I have been a courtier, a soldier, a gambler, a highwayman, a bully, a cheat and a dupe. I have lived by my wits— but there are two things I never descended to—I never worked or begged—I was above that. I was once within one degree of the top; I am now at the bottom; and though I lack courage to drown myself, I shouldn't much mind being drowned by another. Here I am without a shilling. If you don't choose to take me where you are going, fill my pockets with lead and throw me overboard, that I may give the lie to my good friends at home, who long since predicted I was born to be hanged."

"But how came you to be in this miserable condition, if you have such great friends?" asked the captain.

"I was a younger brother," answered the other, fiercely—"I was disinherited at my birth. Another came before me and reaped the harvest. Don't you know, sir, that to be second best among us is to be nothing. My elder brother started first in the race, took the purse, and left me the lining. He played the tyrant and I whipped him. They sent me to college, and I was expelled. They purchased me a commission in a regiment disbanded at the conclusion of peace. I sent to beg forgiveness of my father, but he said I had disgraced him. I joined a party who amused themselves occasionally on the king's highway, made a great prize at the expense of the life of the owner; was tried and condemned to the gallows. My father, fearing I should further disgrace him by being hanged, sent an agent to say he would procure my pardon if I would take an oath to change my name, leave England, and never return. I had a great mind to be hanged on purpose to spite my family, and leave behind me a famous dying speech and confession; but, on the whole, concluded to accept the terms offered, especially as they included a purse of money. Finally, I sailed on the Virginia voyage, arrived safe, spent my money, ran in debt, ran away, and here am I at your service."

In the course of this brief, yet comprehensive detail, the gentleman vagabond, as we shall dub him, he having positively refused to disclose his name, seemed not the least affected by the recollections of the past or the prospects of the future; and it was evident that he had not only outlived the feeling of compunction, but the sense of shame. An outcast of Providence, he had neither the capacity or inclination to reform; and it seemed as if he was permitted to cumber the earth for the purpose of exhibiting an example proving the futility of high birth or noble blood in sustaining the dignity of man, without the aid of integrity and virtue.

There was no help for it, however. The captain shrugged his shoulders and declined throwing him overboard; and he was suffered to remain until an opportunity offered of putting him on shore. It was curious to see how this miserable outcast carried his head above the common sailor, and with what silent contempt he declined answering any of their questions. He assumed an air of superiority over the captain, and if at any time he addressed Langley Tyringham, it was with an air of courtly condescension that would have been rather provoking in any one but such a ragamuffin. If asked to assist in any emergency, he turned up his nose in scorn, and swore that rather than debase himself by working, he would die in a hospital or swing on a gallows. The sailors dubbed him "the gentleman vagabond;" the captain prohibited his entering the cabin; and Langley contemplated him with a mixture of contempt and horror.

Meanwhile, the good vessel sailed steadily onwards with a genial southerly breeze, and the worthy captain, having no special business at any intervening port, made no stop by the way. They had reached the easternmost extremity of Long Island, and the captain, having consigned the care of the schooner to his trusty mate, had retired to his cabin, when, in an instant, and without the least preparatory warning, a squall struck her while lying almost becalmed, and before she could recover way, threw her on her beam ends. The vessel did not fill immediately; but such was the confusion created by this accident, that no one thought of saving anything, ere it was too late. It was supposed at first that the gentleman vagabond had been washed overboard, until he was seen creeping out of the cabin, like a drowned rat. All were too much occupied to take any note of this circumstance, and none remembered it afterwards

The squall was succeeded by a fierce gale, which continued nearly four and twenty hours, during which the vessel floated at random, until at length she was cast ashore on a small island, inhabited by Indians, and soon went to pieces. It is believed that this was what is now called Block Island, but as it is not material, we shall not insist upon it. The situation of the island and the sterility of the soil having hitherto protected it from the inroads of the whites, the savages had no injuries to revenge, and contented themselves with stripping their involuntary victims of their outward garments and setting them to work in various ways. Langley, being better dressed than the rest, his clothes were claimed by the principal chief, who reserved them for extraordinary occasions, and deposited them among the treasures of his wigwam. The gentleman vagabond also fell to the lot of the same high dignitary, who, after examining his costume with great contempt, suffered him to retain his ragged remnants as unworthy of his adoption.

Here they remained in melancholy exile, the bondmen of barbarians, performing the work of slaves without the rewards of slavery, and without the hope of relief. Captain Skeering, who had once before been in a similar situation, set himself to making the best of a bad bargain. He labored as if for his own benefit, and preserved a perfect equanimity of temper on all occasions, only that he obstinately refused to work on Sundays. This, at first, brought him into difficulty, until he compounded matters by doing double duty on Saturdays. But of all persons in the world, your gentleman is in the most doleful predicament when obliged to resort to his physical energies in any useful employment; and Langley greatly excited the contempt of the squaws by his total ignorance of the art of raising squashes. He knew something of fishing and shooting, but the Indians would not trust him with weapons, or permit his going out in a canoe. He suffered many hardships and privations, which, however, had this advantage, that their close pressure often drew him from the most painful of all his contemplations, that of being probably forever divorced from Miriam and his home. As for the gentleman vagabond, the savages could make nothing of him. He swore he would not degrade himself and his ancestors by raising pumpkins and squashes; resisted all attempts at coercion, and finally entered into a treaty, by virtue of which he maintained his dignity on condition of furnishing the little papooses with plenty of whistles.

Thus passed the time in hopeless captivity, until the Indians engaged in a great hunting expedition, in conjunction with a friendly tribe on the opposite shore of Long Island. As is usual on such occasions, all the men except the aged and decrepid, went forth, carrying with them their canoes, with the exception of a single one, reserved in case it became necessary to communicate with the hunting party. The prisoners were left behind, the distance of the island from all other points of land precluding their escape by swimming, and the single boat—a bark canoe—not affording them the means of conveyance. The next morning, but one, after the departure of the savages, not only the gentleman vagabond was missing, but likewise the canoe, as well as the garments of Langley Tyringham, that had been allotted to the great chief of the little island. In their place was found the dead body of an aged Indian, who had been left in charge of the royal wigwam, and who had evidently died by

violence.

It has been previously stated that this fellow, who had reached the last stage of human depravity, was observed emerging from the cabin of the schooner as she lay on her beam ends, immediately after being struck by the squall. In the confusion that followed, he had taken the opportunity to rifle Langley's trunk, in which the key had been carelessly left, of a wellfilled purse, and a pocket−book containing his letters of introduction, together with the formal consent of the old Cavalier to his marriage with Miriam Habingdon. These he concealed among his rags, and had been enabled to retain in consequence of his dress being as before stated, so filthy and worthless as not to excite the cupidity of the savages. Having noticed the position of the only canoe left behind by the hunting party, he conceived the design of using it to effect his escape from the island, and reaching the opposite shore of the continent, where he imagined he should find the abodes of civilized men, and might avail himself of the money and papers he had purloined. As exclusively appertaining to the principal chief, he lodged in his wigwam with his aged father, a decrepid Indian warrior; and accordingly in the middle of the night when the old man was fast asleep, he took the opportunity to despatch him with a stone hatchet he had found in the wigwam. This done, he leisurely threw off his rags, and dressed himself in the hat and clothes that formerly belonged to Langley Tyringham; after which he made all speed to the canoe, which he launched from the beach, and jumping in, paddled off as fast as possible. The wind blowing off the island, the waters were quite smooth, and he proceeded toward the mainland without danger or difficulty, until he got out of the shelter of the island, and came within the influence of the waves of the Atlantic, when his situation became very precarious. Having little experience in the management of boats of any kind, he was tossed about at random; became bewildered and frightened, and finally, long before reaching the mainland, his canoe filled, capsized, and he was drowned. The finding his body and hat; the inference drawn from the letters, partially preserved in the leather pocket−book, and the attendant circumstances, are already known to the reader. The body had remained too long in the water to be recognized or described, and in due time the parents of Langley Tyringham received information that clothed them in sorrow and mourning.

## CHAPTER XXI. Retrospect Continued.

The escape of the gentleman vagabond and the murder of the father of the chief placed Langley and his fellow captives, as they were well aware, in a most critical situation. There was no doubt that on the return of the hunting party, one at least of their number would be selected as a victim to the manes of the murdered Indian, and of course they cast about for the means of escaping. But none presented themselves. The boats of the schooner had been swept from the deck, and floated none knew whither; the only canoe left on the island had disappeared; and swimming to the mainland, or Long Island, was impracticable.

Thus they remained, helpless and hopeless, until the arrival of the hunters. The rage of the chief on learning the murder of his father was terrible, and those aware of the savage law of retaliation need scarcely to be told, that it was determined that the innocent within their power should be sacrificed to atone for the crime of the guilty who had escaped. A council was held, and well was it for the captives that the lazy savages could not bear the idea of depriving themselves of so many laborers, or they had all been condemned to the stake. It was unanimously decreed that one of the white men should be sacrificed, to appease the wandering spirit of the slaughtered Indian. The desire of vengeance yielded something to the love of ease; and the choice of a victim fell on Langley, whose labors were not so valuable as those of his sturdy companions.

The execution of savage vengeance is as prompt as terrible, and the first notice our hero received of his doom was the entrance of a trio of savages, who forthwith painted him black, from head to foot. His experience of Indian manners and customs had but too well taught him the meaning of this ceremony, and a horrible conviction came over him that he was doomed to suffer a lingering death, aggravated by all the refinements of savage cruelty. He was a man of courage and firmness; but still this conviction almost unmanned him, and for a brief period he suffered the most acute anguish. He had hitherto lived in hope, but here ended all his hopes. He should never more see Miriam; the home of his father would become desolate, and he himself perish in agonies unutterable. The first shock over, however, he summoned up the spirit within him, and prepared to meet his fate like a man.

He remained strictly guarded until the next day, when all things being in readiness, the whole tribe, men, women and children, assembled in a little valley that opened out on the sea, to witness this great act of justice, for such it doubtless appeared to them. As is usual on such occasions, the passions of all, especially the women and children, had been wrought to the highest pitch of savage fury; and when the prisoner was led forth, and tied to the stake by a rope of sufficient length to permit him to move around in a circle within reach of the flames, he was received with yells of triumph that seemed the rejoicings of fiends. Every species of insult, exultation and malice, was resorted to by the women and children in order to irritate him into anger or complaint. But Langley had, during the preceding night, prepared himself to meet the horrors of his doom. He resolved to give these barbarians no cause of triumph over the white man, and he was capable of keeping his resolution. Capt. Skeering, who had done his best in his behalf, now, when the pile was about to be lighted, came to him, and with tears running down his weather−beaten face, said, "Master Tyringham, I will pray to God for you, it is all I can do," and, dropping on his knees, fulfilled his promise with pious fervor.

The fire was now set to the pile, the smoke began to ascend slowly, and the victim, his hands tied behind him, stood still as death, with his eyes cast upwards, when the loud report of a cannon echoed far and near, and the next moment a vessel was seen to furl her sails and drop anchor immediately opposite the cove, about half a mile distant. At this sight the savages were thrown into great commotion, and paying no attention to the pile, the fire not being thoroughly lighted, went out of itself. Presently a boat was hoisted out from the vessel; a number of men descended the side, and she was rowed swiftly towards the shore, with a white flag flying at her stern.

This signal, everywhere understood by civilized and savage men, brought the chief with all his people down to the beach to meet the strangers, who proved to be Dutchmen from the good town of the Manhadoes, engaged in a trading voyage according to the custom of those days. A communication was speedily opened, and a brisk exchange commenced, in which the instinct of nature proved a pretty good match for the refinements of civilization. The spirit of trade, indeed, seems a natural gift all the world over. Hearing, in the course of this contest of nature and art, that there were five or six Christian captives on the island, the captain, an honest,

good−natured tobacco−smoking skipper, entered into a negociation for their redemption, in which he found no great difficulty except as to our hero. They were loth to lose the pleasure of banqueting on his tortures; but a case of genuine Scheidam removed all scruples, and it is earnestly hoped the worthy skipper will be acquitted even by the most sturdy tetotaler on the score of his benevolent purpose. Langley was accordingly unbound, and probably never man was so near the fire without scorching. There can be little doubt that he was grateful to Heaven for this timely interposition; but as he offered his thanks in secret, it is not thought proper to parade them before the public, as is too much the fashion in all ages.

When the trading voyage was finished, the redeemed captives were carried to the Manhadoes, where they were well received and hospitably entertained, not excepting Captain Skeering and his seamen, though the Dutch were then in hot contention with the Yankees about boundaries, land being very scarce at that time. Captain Skeering and his crew soon found a passage home, and it should be recorded to his credit, that from this time, so long as the Dutch skipper lived, he never failed to send him a yearly present of a jolly quintal of that excellent fish ycleped dumb. Nor, to make an end of this special matter, was Langley at all behindhand in demonstrations of gratitude, for he kept his benefactor plentifully supplied with excellent James River tobacco, till death broke his pipe and extinguished its smoke for ever. Mynheer Tienhoven—for that was his name—used to affirm that he never puffed the fragrant weed with so much satisfaction, for it always reminded him of a Christian act, which, being "spiced," as he said, with the delight of smoking, was exceedingly toothsome to the nose.

Arrived at the Manhadoes, Langley underwent a severe struggle as to the course he should pursue. His heart yearned towards the east, where dwelt his morning star; but, in addition to a strong feeling of duty which prompted him towards the south, in order to learn the fate of his parents, who, he supposed. must have long believed him dead, he was under durance to the great law of necessity, which carries all before it. The gentleman vagabond had relieved him of all his money, with the exception of some small coins which he carried in his pocket, which were appropriated by the savages, who bored holes in them and hung them in their noses by way of ornament. He finally decided to turn his face towards the south; ascertain the state of things at home, replenish his purse, and commence Coelebs again, guided by the information he had received from Captain Skeering. Having thus settled the matter, he waited impatiently for an opportunity to return home, which he could only accomplish by sea. Luckily such an one soon offered, and he proceeded on his voyage.

## CHAPTER XXII. Retrospect Concluded.

It was a pleasant evening of the early southern spring, and the old Cavalier sat in his arm−chair, on the piazza fronting towards the broad river, breathing, but not enjoying the balmy breeze that gently curled the lazy waters. But those who remembered him as he once was would scarcely have known him now. Disease and sorrow make sad work with age. He had heard of the death of his son, and soon after was seized with a severe fit of the gout, which, in its vagrant ramblings, had threatened the vital parts. Though partially recovered, he was weak in body and sorrowful in heart. Remorse, too, added its sting of scorpions, for he could not help reproaching himself with having been at least accessory to the death of his only son by his causeless antipathy to the Puritan's daughter. Gregory Moth, who now sympathised too deeply with his old master ever to play upon his foibles—if grief had left him any—was standing near him, when, after a long pause of deep thought, the old Cavalier thus said to his ancient dependent, in a feeble, trembling voice:

"Gregory, do you know what day this is?"

"The tenth of May, sir," answered Gregory.

"Yes, I know that—but do you know who was born this day?"

"Master Langley, sir," said Gregory, hesitatingly.

"Yes, you are right, Gregory. We used to keep this day merrily. It was once a day of joy, but now a day of sorrow. It is now only the birth−day of the dead, and should be kept not by merry ringings of bells, but doleful tollings, telling of the departure of some one to his long home." He paused awhile, and then suddenly resumed. "But perhaps he is not dead. It is not certain that he is dead. Perhaps he may yet live, for as yet we know nothing but by report, and I cannot help sometimes thinking I may yet see and bless him before I die."

Gregory cherished no such hope; but he could not find it in his heart to aid in extinguishing the last spark in the bosom of his master.

"There is nothing certain in this life, sir, but death, and nothing more uncertain than rumor. The report we have heard came from no one knows who, and from no one knows where. The vessel was lost, that's certain; but it is not certain all on board were lost with her. He was a good swimmer, and may have got ashore only to be captured by the savages along the coast. If so, it is no wonder you never heard from him. He may be yet alive and return."

This suggestion seemed to reanimate the old Cavalier, and he exclaimed, eagerly, "True, Gregory, true. Why have I not thought of this before? I will send in pursuit of him. I will hire a vessel and go myself. I will scour the country far and near. I— I—" and here he sank back exhausted in his chair, panting for breath.

At this moment Gregory descried a boat crossing the river, paddled by two negroes, with a third person sitting at the stern. The boat approached the shore opposite to the house; as she struck the land, the man in the stern leapt out, and sped towards the house in all haste. It was still bright twilight, and Gregory at once recognised the person approaching. He began to mutter almost unintelligibly, "Master! Master! he is coming—he—he is here. M—M—Master Langley is—"

"Who did you say?" asked the Cavalier, feebly.

"Who is come—did you not say something of Langley? Speak, varlet, who is coming or who is come?"

"It is I, father," cried Langley, grasping his trembling hand. It is your son come back to receive your blessing."

The old Cavalier recognised the voice of his son, and opened his arms to receive him. He could not bless him, for his voice was gone. But he pressed him in his arms, and old as he was, shed tears of joy. The meeting with his mother need not be described. It was like that of a mother of the old patriarchs, welcoming the son of her affections, who was dead but is alive again.

Now all was life and joy under the roof of the old Cavalier, who became once more splenetic, and Gregory logical. In short they were at least four times as happy as they would have been had they never been miscrable. Among the dregs of the cup of calamity are found the grains of gold dust, that enrich us ever afterwards, if we make a right use of them. But we cannot dwell on this picture, which indeed soon faded; for we are impatient to return to our heroine, who was left in such imminent jeopardy. Suffice it to say that grief treads on the heels of joy, even as joy does on those of sorrow. The bucket that goes down the well empty comes up full, and that which comes up full goes down empty. So rolls this changing world, and so let it roll, since all is for the best, as wise

ones say.

The light that flashed from the old Cavalier on the return of his lost childarly ss the last ray of the sun when it sinks behind the hills. His old enemy, the gout, roused up by the agitation of the enfeebled mind and wasted body, made a second inroad, and took possession of the citadel of life. He struck the victim on the head and the blow was mortal. The old Cavalier had reached the great Inn, where all the travellers of the earth sooner or later take up their last night's lodging. Let him rest in peace and no one disturb his ashes.

After all due sacrifices to filial duty, Langley took occasion to intimate to his mother his intention of making another attempt to see Miriam Habingdon. That excellent woman, who had a strange habit of forgetting that important being, self, at once acquiesced; and leaving Gregory, who, on this occasion, grievously anathematized the Crop−ears, to manage affairs out of doors, he set forth on his pilgrimage, as usual, by sea. Arriving safely at Boston, he lost no time in proceeding on his journey, which he accomplished without accident, just in time to see Miriam in a similar predicament with that from which he was rescued by the philanthropy of Skipper Tienhoven.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

Poor Miriam Habingdon!—All Human Means of no Avail—A Last Interview.

Scarcely had Langley Tyringham finished the story which we have thus abridged in our own words, when the jailer came in and apprised him it was time to depart. He took leave of the forlorn girl with feelings of pity, love and anguish, that almost sundered his heart, and cleft his brain asunder. Sleepless and miserable he occupied the livelong night in devising means of rescuing her who he had found at last only to lose again forever, by means he shuddered to realize. At length it occurred to him to seek an interview with Old Cat, in the hope of obtaining some clue that might guide him in one more effort to avert the fate of Miriam. Waiting impatiently for the morning he proceeded to the prison, and rly sdmitted without hesitation by the keeper, who had no orders to the contrary, and who, in truth, began to feel no small sympathy in the fate of Miriam, whose sweetness of disposition and quiet resignation had touched his heart. He showed Langley into the room occupied by the old woman, and left them together.

Langley found her in a state of great discontent and impatience. Instead of being released, as Tobily sssured her she would be by casting the burden of her supposed guilt on another, she had not only been remanded to prison but wly sssured by the jailer that her confession had only rendered her punishment more certain. She was muttering to herself a strange jargon, of which Langley could comprehend little but the name of Tobily Harpsfield, with whom she seemed greatly dissatisfied. By perseverance and coaxing he drew out of her sufficient to enable him to comprehend that the poor old creature had in some way or other been employed and deceived by Tobily. With unwearied patience he questioned and listened, until step by step he came to a full understanding of the foul conspiracy against Miriam. Feeling perfectly justified in a case like this, he affected great sympathy for her, and more sincere indignation against Tobily, for not interposing in her behalf as he had promised. Finally, he urged her, as the best means of escaping the fate which certainly awaited her, to make a full confession before the magistrate. To this she finally consented, and Langley, with a heavy burden removed from his heart, immediately proceeded to the court room, where the magistrates were now almost constantly in session, listening to new tales of witchcraft, which had so increased in number and extravagance, that they began to be alarmed at the new and terrible responsibilities continually cast upon them. It seemed as if the entire community was about to be involved in the crime of witchcraft.

On the representation of Langley, they consented that Old Cat should be brought before them for examination, and when she arrived, listened to her confession with great gravity. A short consultation ensued, in which the pastor, who constantly attended these meetingy ss a sort of spiritual counsellor, being still led captive by the demon of superstition, which equally hoodwinks the mind and hardens the heart, took the lead. He stated as his decided opinion that this confession of Old Cat was nothing more than one of the cunning devices of the devil to screen a favored disciple from merited punishment. He observed there was no end to the arts of the great enemy of man; and that most especially in these times, when doubtless for the punishment of the transgressions of the people, who had permitted divers heresies and schisms to grow up among them, the whole host of evil spirits had, as it were, been let loose upon the land, he would resort to every device of diabolical ingenuity in behalf of those he seduced into his toils. This reasoning, so suited to the times and the hearers, prevailed. The testimony which had been thought sufficient to convict, was declared insufficient to acquit poor Miriam, and the Old Cat was once more remanded to prison, muttering maledictions against the whole world, most especially Tobily Harpsfield. Langley Tyringham, who, until now, had not been fully aware of the state to which the minds of these pious, well−meaning men had been wrought by this terrible delusion, was stricken with disgust and horror at this perversion of justice and humanity. He now, for the first time, became fully sensible of the desperate situation of Miriam, and felt the leaden hand of numb despair oppressing the vigor of his body, as well as the energies of his mind. "Alas!" thought he, "what possible chance is there that light should penetrate the deep gloom in which both reason and humanity seem alike buried forever. There is no hope for innocence when both religion and law combine for its destruction. No hope—no refuge—ha!" A sudden thought seemed to strike him, and rushing out of the court he bent his way to the place where he had taken lodgings. Here he loaded his pistols carefully, and

concealing them about his person, proceeded rapidly to the abode of Tobily Harpsfield, at the door of which he knocked impetuously. A female answered the summons, from whom he learned Tobily was not at home. He had been absent several days, and left no word where he was going, or when he would return. "The last staff is broken—be it so—we will die together!" murmured Langley, as he staggered towards home. Convinced of the guilt of Tobily, and equally certain that none but a base coward could have hatched such a conspiracy against a lonely orphan girl, he had determined to force him to confession through his dastard fears, in the expectation that it would have more weight than that of the old woman. But he was gone, and now nothing less than a miracle could save her who had twined herself about his heart a thousand times more closely than ever by the double tie of love and pity.

The day had been spent in these unavailing efforts, and it was evening ere he could visit Miriam, the last they were to pass together. She had not wondered at his absence, feeling sssured that he labored in her behalf. As he approached, she gently yielded herself to his outstretched arms, and looking in his face, softly said, "To−morrow another bridegroom will come, and I must go with him. Till then, Langley, I am wholly thine."

"Miriam," said he, as he held her closely to his heart, "think you that death shall ever part us?"

"But for a season, I trust—not forever."

"Not for a moment—we part no more."

"I understand thee, Langley," said Miriam, quietly withdrawing from his arms. "Sit down by me and let us talk together. Thou hast a mother still living— hast thou not?"

Langley answered in the affirmative, and she proceeded:

"I know full well, thou hast enough of what men call courage, or thou wouldst never have been the chosen of my heart. Thou hast the courage to die; but I exact of thee the courage to live. Could thy death preserve my life, there might be some motive for offering up the sacrifice. But to die with me, or follow after, would be to sacrifice thyself on the altar of cowardice. If thou indeed lovest me, thou must obey me and live."

"For what should I live?" asked he gloomily.

"Live for the performance of those high and noble duties for which man was sent into this world, gifted with qualities which enable him to administer to the welfare of his fellow creatures. Live for thy country, which demands thy services, and merits thy devotion. Live for thy widowed mother, who, now in the vale of tears, will by thy death be robbed of her only stay and staff in this world. Live for me, Langley; for when thou art dead, there will be none to remember that I ever existed. Thou wilt be ss a tomb to my memory; for while thou livest, I know I shall not be forgotten. But thy parent, thine only parent, think of her. The ties which bind the mother and the childaare more holy than those of love. Live, then, and prove thyself worthy of mine."

"I am glad you do not wish me to forget you," said Langley, a little reproachingly.

"No—no—no—never! I wish thee to remember me for ever in this life, and if possible in the life to come— ss one who loved thee with all the depth and purity of woman's first and only love; ss one who, when time shall have smoothed the rough furrows of grief, thou canst call to mind without reproach and without remorse. Let it be your consolation, that you never sought to lure me from the path of duty—never suffered thy selfish wishes to interfere with my painful self−denial, nor ever wilfully inflicted a pang on my heart. Thus, there will sssuredly come a time when thou wilt remember poor Miriam; it may be with sorrow, but it will be a sweet and gentle sorrow, softening not corroding thy heart, and free from all the bitterness of self−reproach. O! if it be permitted me to look down and see thee thus, it will sdd to my joys in the regions above."

"Miriam, Miriam!" cried Langley, "is this the way you would reconcile me to losing you? Do you think I can see you dying a death of infamy—for so it will be in the eyes of all spectators but mine—do you think I can see you suffer an innocent victim to a blind and bloody superstition? It cannot be—it is not in man to bear it. I should go mad, and run a muck against all mankind. Having tried every means to avert your doom, I will die with you."

"Thou art then a coward, Langley. I would not have believed it. Thou wilt deny my last request, and yet pretendest to love me. Thou wouldst add to the pains of death the last and bitterest pang. Cruel Langley, I did not expect this of thee;" and now for the first time she wept, and sobbed aloud. Langley could not stand this, and replied—

"Be satisfied, dearest love. I promise to bear my burden till it crushes me."

She thanked him gratefully, and for a brief period they both remained silent, absorbed in deep reflection. At length Langley suddenly rose, and closely scrutinized the window, together with every part of the room. "It is

impossible, at any rate it is too late now," said he, and resumed his seat again.

"I was thinking," said Miriam, almost cheerfully, "how little space I occupy in this world, and how few will miss me when I am gone. I was plucked up by the roots from my native soil, and have taken no root here. I am the last of a race that, if I may believe our family chronicle, had existed on the same spot eight hundred years. I shall perish here in this lonely corner of the earth, without being missed by any but you—for poor old Mildred has forsaken me since I became a witch—and the false and foolish stigma on my fame will soon be buried in forgetfulness. Why then should I fear to die? Death would perhaps be a hardship were it not the common lot of all the living. We all follow in the same track, and soon overtake each other. But I had forgotten. I have a request to make thee, Langley. It is, that when thou goest home, thou wilt entreat thy mother to call me her daughter Miriam. Wilt thou?"

"I will" replied he, in a voice choking with agony.

The jailer now summoned Langley to depart. It was as the knell of death, and both stood silent and immovable. At length Miriam said—as to herself— "It must be, and it must be borne." Then once more voluntarily yielding to his arms, she spoke her last farewell.

"Not for ever," faltered he, "I will be with you in your last moments—I will see you die—perhaps your example may give me courage to live."

"Thou canst not bear it, dearest Langley."

"Perhaps my heart will burst. So much the better. But do not attempt to dissuade me, for so help me Heaven I will be with you."

The jailer repeated the summons; Langley tore himself away to spend the rest of the night in wandering about like some guilty spectre, and Miriam to sink into that profound sleep which is the blessed refuge of mind and body, when exhausted by conflicting struggles.

you one who will be the solace of your age for long years to come."

"Amen!" said the old cavalier, and they parted.

## CHAPTER XXIV. The Last Scenes in the Drama.

The sun rose clear and bright that morning, and the balmy airs of summer, as they gently fanned the flowers, the meadows, and the whispering woods, were as pure as the blameless spirit now about to take flight to the region of kindred spirits. A shower of rain which occurred during the night had left the atmosphere so transparently clear, that every object presented itself distinctly, while all together formed one beautiful and perfect harmony. The distant mountains seemed to have come more near, and every thing in nature glowed in its morning loveliness. It was one of those days so gracefully sketched by an old poet, "Sweet day, so calm, so clear, so bright, "The bridal of the earth and sky, "Soft dews shall weep thy fall to−night, "For thou must die."

The river, gilded by the rays of the morning sun, coursed its graceful, lazy, winding way, through the wide−spreading meadows sprinkled with many−colored flowers; the merry minstrels of the morning caroled a welcome to the blushing visitor; and every sight, and every sound, mingled together in all the wondrous harmony of cunning nature. All was repose, sleeping in infant smiles, save the ever restless passions of that reasoning worm called man, whose bosom, like the unbridled ocean, now foams in wrathful tempests, now settles in a still, delusive calm, meditating a wider devastation.

Langley, after passing the night without rest or shelter, appeared before Miriam that morning looking the picture of desolation. His garments, saturated with the rain, clung to his body, and both his person and face exhibited the ravages of despair. He found her clothed, as she said, in her wedding garment of spotless white, calmly awaiting the bridegroom death. The hour was too solemn for the endearments of love; and little was said as they sat with their hands locked in each other, awaiting the appointed hour. Miriam had begged him to go and change his wet garments, but he turned away impatiently, as if indignant that she should think of such trifles at such a moment. A tear, which her own approaching fate could not draw, was wrung from her heart by pity for another.

The signal was now given. They rose, embraced, kissed, and once more, and, for the last time, bade farewell. A procession was formed, headed by the magistrates and the pastor, and in the midst walked Langley and Miriam, hand in hand, to the spot where the victim was to be offered up to the dark demon of superstition. A crowd had gathered together, drawn by that strange feeling of mingled terror and curiosity which hurries so many thousands to witness scenes that scare their nightly pillow long after with spectres of fearful identity. Various were the impressions and whispered comments of the spectators on the appearance of Miriam in her snowy gown, with a face almost as white, and a still, calm air of resignation that some said looked like innocence. Others maintained it was more like hardened guilt; some beheld her with pity, others with shuddering antipathy, and a majority with holy horror. Of the stranger holding her hand and expressing in every lineament of his face feelings they could not define, it seemed the prevailing opinion he was nothing less than her familiar spirit in the disguise of a handsome youth.

Things remained in this state for some time, for there seemed an unwillingness to proceed to the last act. At length the pastor approached her and proposed that they should join in prayer together. Miriam replied, "Thou hast not been my friend, but I will pray with thee and for thee;" and their prayers ascended together. As he heard her pronounce with deep devotion that name, which, according to universal conviction, could not be uttered by the unhallowed lips of the possessed of the devil, the well−meaning but misguided man looked in her face intently, and saw there such an expression of mingled piety, innocence and resignation, as shook his settled conviction of her depravity. Painful doubts flitted across his mind for a moment, but it was only an eddy of the tide, and the current again resumed its wonted direction.

Miriam was now to be placed on the cart, where no coffin appeared according to custom, for these abhorred reprobates were buried without coffins, in highways, least they should contaminate the church−yards. It was necessary the hands of Miriam and Langley should be unclasped, and rhen thiy was done, it was as if the last tie was severed. Her last words, as she drew her hand from his, were, "Langley, take care of poor old Mildred. She has indeed deserted me, but it was from fear, not for want of affection to me. Take her with thee when thou goest home." Langley did not answer; he remained fixed like a statue in numb despair; his feelings were so intense that he had become almost unconscious of feeling. His eye glared around like one walking in sleep, and it was evident

that he had no distinct perception of what was passing around him. The heart of Miriam bled when she divined his sad case, but she thought, "It is best it should be so—best for both of us."

The moment was come. The sheriff, with trembling hands, tied the fatal knot, and then stood waiting the signal from the magistrates. The crowd remained in breathless silence, oppressed by a growing conviction of her innocence; the magistrates hesitated to give the signal, and the pastor heard the still, small voice whisper that he must hold himself accountable for his share of that day's work. At this moment, when the fate of Miriam hung by a single hair, Tobily Harpsfield, who, driven by the lash of the fiends, had returned that morning and mingled in the crowd, attracted the attention of those around him by the agitation he displayed. Struggling in the bonds of guilt and fear, and goaded on one hand by conscience, on the other by shame; shaking with agony at thus beholding the end of his machinations, he stood in a state of horrible irresolution, panting and perspiring— now suddenly pushing the crowd before him, and then as suddenly retreating. At length, with a desperate effort he rushed forward, shouting aloud—"Stop! stop! she is innocent—halter me—hang me, for I alone am guilty. She is no witch. It was I that bribed the old woman to accuse this innocent maiden, whose murderer I shall be if she perishes. Give me the book and let me testify to the truth of what I say, and then give me a halter, for I have lately suffered ten times worse than death."

A few words will explain the appearance and conduct of Tobily Harpsfield. As stated in a preceding chapter, he had, after finding all his efforts to rescue Miriam, from the web he himself had woven, vain, left the settlement in a state of mind that might have awakened pity for any other than such a base, unmanly villain. Lashed by guilt and fear, the twin executioners, who inflict justice on secret crimes, he roamed about, bearing a load of misery becoming every hour more difficult to carry. As the time drew near and nearer that was to consummate his villany by the sacrifice of his victim, his struggles became more bitter. That selfishness which had been his ruling principle through life impelled him on to undo what he had done, not so much to make all the atonement in his power, but that he might rid himself of the sting of remorse, which he felt would follow the death of Miriam. He returned home irresolute; he attended at the execution, still irresolute, and he remained irresolute to the last, when remorse finally conquered shame, and he rushed forward at the critical moment, as just related.

The timely repentance of Tobily srrested the execution. The magistrates, after receiving his confession in legal form, and consulting their oracle, the pastor, decided it was sufficient for the acquittal of Miriam, being in all respects corroborated by that of the old woman. Besides, Tobily labored under no suspicion of witchcraft, and his testimony was therefore considered orthodox. But there was something yet behind all this. The truth is, some occurrences had taken place within a few hours past that had a powerful influence in bringing about this decision. The mania of witchcraft was spreading like a pestilence; accusations poured in from all quarters, the product of hatred, envy, malice, revenge, or superstition; and the very evening before the events just related, the wives of the pastor and of one of the magistrates had been denounced as dealing in certain mystical demonstrations, by one of their neighbors, either from malice or possibly with a view of arresting the persecution by bringing it home to the persecutors. However this may be, the question was now brought to their own firesides and presented itself in a new aspect. They now began to apprehend they might themselves become victims to the panic they had thus fostered, and had, each one unknown to the other, tacitly resolved to set their faces against it in future. The pastor, too, had, as before stated, been for a moment shaken in his conviction of the guilt of our heroine, by the apparent sincerity of her devotion, and the magistrates, to do them justice, had recoiled from this last practical demonstration of the fatal consequences of this senseless, cruel superstition.

They therefore hailed with pleasure so fair an opportunity of arresting a delusion which had now involved their own families, and accordingly promptly and unanimously decreed the release of Miriam. She had heard the declaration of Tobily, and during the dreadful pause of suspense had suffered more than when utterly hopeless of relief. Langley, too, had been roused by the same voice from his deadly stupor, and his first impulse was to rush towards Tobily snd tear him to pieces. But he was forcibly restrained by the attending peace officers; and rhen her acquittal was announced, ran to the cart, untied the knot, received her in his arms, and almost carried her home. Here the first moments were consecrated to love, the next to pious gratitude; and the hours that succeeded almost made amends for those that went before this timely reprieve from a death of infamy.

The present abode of Miriam was associated with too many painful recollections to render her desirous of remaining, and she readily consented to accompany Langley to the sunny South, there to be united in the presence of a new mother. Accompanied by Mildred, who continued for a long time rather shy of her mistress, after a

parting visit to the graves of her parents, she set out on her third and last pilgrimage. The few years that had elapsed since she passed through the wilderness with her parents, had produced some of those wonders which the industry and enterprise of men achieve in this our New World, which still continues to advance like the giant with his seven−league boots, while the Old remains the cotemporary of past ages, and may be said to live in its ancient renown. Towns had been founded, forests cleared, and roads made, so that their journey to Boston was neither fatiguing or tedious. From thence they voyaged by sea to the capital of Virginia, and reached home without accident. Here Miriam was received by Mistress Tyringham with the welcome of an affectionate mother, and in due time pledged her vows to him who had so long possessed her heart.

Those feelings of religious and political antipathy which had alienated their fathers, and caused so much suffering to their children, did not take root in the soil of mutual love. It would seem that civil and religious liberty are twin sisters, and cannot be divorced from each other. Hence America—we mean the United States, the legitimate representative of the New World —is not the soil or genial clime for bigotry and persecution; and it is earnestly to be hoped it will be long, very long, before the blood−stained fiend of persecution and intolerance, which has perpetrated more revolting cruelties than ambition, avarice, or revenge, rears its Gorgon head over the ruins of liberty of conscience.

Both Miriam and Langley were stricken deer. They had equally felt the barbed arrow tipt with poison, and shrunk from the hand by which it was launched. Miriam was actually married by a minister of the Established Church—there being at that time no other mode of wedding in Virginia—and thought the vows she pledged and received as binding as if they had been offered at a different shrine. Nay, when afterwards asked by her husband if she wished to accompany him to the only church in the neighborhood, which was Episcopal, she modestly replied, "I have no scruple in worshipping with Christians in any Christian church." Those who confound bigotry with piety, and mistake the venom of sectarianism for the healing balm of religion, will doubtless accuse our heroine of backsliding; but that which makes woman, or man either, more mildaand tolerant towards others of a different sect, or more ready to exchange the offices of kind benevolence with them, cannot be wrong, by whatever name it may be called. And this is the moral of our tale.

The new and endearing ties of wife and mother gradually moulded Miriam into something less solemn and abstracted. Though she never became a gay woman, she did not lack a cheerful spriteliness, that shed a pleasant light around the fireside; and though not less pious, she was more tolerant of the piety of others, though exhibited in a different guise. Her early instilled prejudices against other sects were gradually absorbed by the mild, forgiving spirit of Christianity, whose basis is the universal brotherhood of mankind. Without being gay herself, she enjoyed the innocent gaiety of others; never railed at youthful sports or recreations because she did not choose to partake in them; nor did she ever turn with sour ingratitude from the bounties spread out before her by a beneficent Creator. Her most common and natural mood was a quiet gentleness; and no one ignorant of her story ever suspected the latent enthusiasm; the energetic purpose; the obstinate, unyielding sense of right; that lay dormant under the yielding softness, the mildabenignity, the smiling acquiescence, of the Puritan's daughter.

Honest Gregory Moth was still alive and flourishing on the return of his master, and survived years afterwards. He sometimes indulged his vein, by singing his favorite song of "Barnaby, Barnaby, thou'st been drinking," and often frightened Goody Mildred by affirming, with his usual gravity, that, logically speaking, her young mistress had certainly bewitched him, for he would do anything but run into danger for her. Langley, too, in their hours of chaste endearment, which actually outlived a month, often accused her of being an arrant witch, for she made him do just as she pleased. We cannot find that he ever succeeded to the title of his uncle, by outliving his four cousins, but certain it is that both he and Miriam lived long and happily, and their posterity still flourish in the Ancient Dominion. FINIS.