

The Columbian.

VOL. I—NO. 2.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1867.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE COLUMBIAN, A Democratic Newspaper.

IS PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
JOHN G. FREEZE.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
BLOOMSBURG, Columbia County, Pa.

The principles of this paper are the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

It has been the Proprietors that the requirements of a County newspaper have not been heretofore fully met by its predecessors or contemporaries; and they have determined to, if possible, supply the deficiency. In a literary point of view also this paper will aim at a high standard, and hopes to cultivate in its readers a correct taste and sound judgment on merely literary, as well as on political questions.

The news, Foreign and Domestic, will be carefully collated and succinctly given; while that of our own State and section of the State, particular attention will be directed. Important Congressional and Legislative matters will be furnished weekly to our readers in a readable and reliable form; and votes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of current political events.

The Local interests, news and business of Columbia County will receive special attention; and we will endeavor to make the paper a necessity to the farmer, mechanic and laboring man, upon whom at last all business interests depend. The friends and family circle will be diligently considered in making up the paper. No advertisements of an improper character will ever appear under any pretext, or be admitted into its columns. The Editor is determined that it shall be entirely free in all respects from any deleterious doctrine or allusion, so that every man can place it in the hands of his children, not only without fear, but with confidence in its teachings and tendencies. Promising to use his very best endeavors to fulfill in letter and spirit the announcement above set forth, the Publisher of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully places it before the people believing that it will answer and a want in the community hitherto unsupplied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to make THE COLUMBIAN as complete a record as possible of all facts and events, accidents, improvements and discoveries relating to Columbia County, we respectfully invite correspondence, accompanied with responsible names, from all points. If facts, dates and names are carefully given the Editor will put the information in proper form.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars for one year when payment is made in advance; and all subscriptions not paid in advance, or by the first day of April, 1867, will invariably be charged Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. All contracts of subscription and for advertising will be made with the Publisher and all payments therefor enforced in his name.

* * * THE COLUMBIAN will be delivered through the mails to subscribers in Columbia County, free of postage. To those outside of the County, five cents per quarter in advance, paid at the office where received.

ADVERTISING.—One square (ten lines or less) one or two insertions \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents; one square one month \$2.00, two squares \$3.00, three squares \$5.00, four squares \$6.00, half column \$10.00, one column \$15.00. Executors or administrators notices \$3.00; Auditors \$2.00. Editorial notices twenty cents a line. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract. Transient advertisements must be pre-paid. Jobbing of all kinds done and promptly executed.

NEWSPAPER LAW.—A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the requirement of the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office, and to state the reasons for its not being taken. A neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

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As it is, in all cases, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publisher, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed

JOHN G. FREEZE,
"Columbian Office,"
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Printed at Robinson's Buildings, near the Court House, by
CHAS. M. VANDERBILT,
FRANK R. SYDNER.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situated on MAIN STREET in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be desirous to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omni-buses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various Railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars.
JOHN F. CASLOW,
Bloomsb., March 2, 1865.

POETRY.

THE BRIDE.

(The following poem from SIR JOHN SUCKLING, to one of the sons of English literature. The second stanza is perfect. The homely conclusion of the first may be questioned, but who can improve the general effect of the whole? The likening of the little feet to roses, with their playful little fingers; the graceful dancing; the pure white dress; the cheeks, the one borrowed from the daisy, and the other from the sun-warmed cheek; and the modest but brilliant eye which guard the face from bold inspection and cheer which preserve this little old poem from oblivion and stamp it as a masterpiece.)

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was born in 1602, at Wiltshire, in Middlesex, England, and died in France, in 1642, at the age of forty-eight years. He served in the German wars under CHARLES II. and was known in his own country as a wit, a poet, and a dramatist. His writings consist of letters written with ease and spirit, and of many poems and several comedies and tragedies.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, when they did bring;
It was too wide, a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must),
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young one's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light,
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks, so rare a white was on,
No daisy bears comparison,
Who sees them is undone,
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherin pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
I compared to that was next her chin,
Some had had stung it newly;
But (Dicky) her eyes so guard her face,
I dare not more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

COSTS IN CRIMINAL CASES.

NON-LIABILITY OF THE COUNTY.—I. FELONIES.—II. MISDEMEANORS.—III. FELONIES AND MISDEMEANORS.

At common law, (which was adopted in Pennsylvania by the Act of 28th January 1777, so far as was suitable to our circumstances,) the public pays no costs; and a defendant indicted for crime, was liable for the costs of prosecution, whether he was convicted or acquitted on the trial. The law continued to be so, until the Act of 20th March 1791 was passed, and as the liability of the county for costs is created only by statute, it cannot be extended beyond the limits assigned to it by the Legislature, 6 H. 496.

The following are the only statutes now in force in Pennsylvania, imposing costs upon the county in criminal cases:

1. "In all prosecutions, cases of felony excepted, if the bill of indictment shall be returned 'ignoramus,' the grand jury returning the same shall declare and certify on such bill whether the county or the prosecutor shall pay the costs of prosecution; and in all cases of acquittals by the petit jury on indictments for the offences aforesaid, the jury trying the same shall determine, by their verdict, whether the county, or the prosecutor, or the defendant shall pay the costs." Act of 31st March 1860, section 62.

2. "The costs of prosecution accruing on all bills of indictment charging a party with felony, returned 'ignoramus' by the grand jury, shall be paid by the county; and the costs of prosecution accruing on bills of indictment charging a party with felony, shall, if such party be acquitted by the petit jury on the traverse of the same, be paid by the county; and in all cases of conviction of any crime, all costs shall be paid by the party convicted; but when such party shall have been discharged, according to law, without payment of costs, the costs of prosecution shall be paid by the county; and in cases of acquittal, or jointly between them, or the county, as the court may direct." Act of 31st March 1860, sec. 64.

3. "In all cases where two or more persons have committed an indictable offence, the names of all concerned (if a prosecution shall be commenced) shall be contained in one bill of indictment, for which no more costs shall be allowed than if the name of one person only was contained therein." Act 31st March 1860, sec. 65.

4. The act of 23d September, 1791, sec. 13, enacts, that "where any person shall be brought before a court, justice of the peace, or other magistrate of any city or county of this commonwealth, having jurisdiction in the case, on the charge of being a runaway servant or slave, or of having committed a crime, and such charge, upon examination, shall appear to be unfounded, no costs shall be paid by such innocent person, but the same shall be chargeable to, and paid out of the county stock, by such city or county."

This section is in full force, although it was left out of Purdon's Digest, and is therefore often lost sight of. The repealing section of the penal code of 1860 repeats all other statutes imposing costs upon the county in criminal cases.

I. FELONIES.

The non-liability of the county for costs under certain circumstances in cases of felony occasioned by the penal code of 1860, has in no case been brought before the Supreme Court, and has often escaped the attention of lawyers. Even an attorney to the Commissioners of Luzerne County in a lengthy article published in the *Legal Observer* of July 31st 1861, uses the following language: "In all cases of felony—either felony by common law or felony by statute—the county is liable for costs." Again he says that "the officials who have in charge the disbursement of the public funds, have no right to pay the costs in any criminal case, except where

the statute specifically provides for payment." Certainly, the Commissioners could not be charged with negligence, if they did misapply the public funds in consequence of the illegal advice of their attorney. The responsibility would be with the attorney, not with them.

Previous to the adoption of the Penal Code of 1860, the 79th section of which repeals the 10th section of the Act of 23d September, 1791, where any person was convicted of any offence, punishable capitally, or by imprisonment at hard labor, the county was liable for costs of prosecution, if the defendant had not property sufficient to discharge the same. This is the farthest that the legislature ever went in imposing costs upon the county in cases of conviction for felony. And inasmuch as felonies were generally punishable either capitally, or by imprisonment at hard labor, and as persons who had property sufficient to discharge the costs were seldom convicted of felonies, the exceptions were gradually lost sight of it seems even by lawyers, and the idea appears to prevail that in all cases of felony, the county is liable for the costs of prosecution.

But since the act of 31st March, 1860, the county is made liable to pay the costs of prosecution in cases of felony only in two instances, where it is not equally liable in cases of misdemeanor. First, Where the indictment is returned 'ignoramus' by the grand jury. Second, Where the defendant is acquitted by the petit jury upon trial. Never when he is convicted.

The following list comprises most of the felonies: Treason, misprision of treason, arson, murder, voluntary manslaughter; attempt to commit murder, maiming with intent to disfigure, injuring by explosive substances, administering stupefying mixtures with intent to rob, burglary, larceny, receiving stolen goods knowing them to have been stolen.

II. MISDEMEANORS

The Supreme Court have put a strict construction on all statutes which impose costs on counties, and the county can be made liable for costs on an indictment for an offence below felony only in one of three ways. 1. By the finding of the grand jury that the county shall pay the costs when the bill is returned 'ignoramus'; 2. By a similar finding of the traverser jury when the defendant is acquitted upon trial; and 3. By the discharge according to law of a convict, who is sentenced to pay the costs and does not. 6 H. 496.

III. FELONIES AND MISDEMEANORS.

In cases of conviction of any crime, where the convict shall have been discharged according to law, without payment of costs, the costs of prosecution shall be paid by the county. The "discharge according to law," must be had either under the act of insolvency, or on reversal for error, 12 S & R. 95, or by pardon before sentence, 4 S & R. 419.

It is not every discharge according to law, of persons sentenced to pay costs and do not, that will make the county liable. It is also necessary that there should be a conviction of a crime. Hence if the grand jury return a bill 'ignoramus,' in a case other than felony, and order the prosecutor to pay the costs, and the prosecutor having been sentenced by the Court to pay them, is committed and then discharged according to law without having paid them, the county is not liable for costs.

Nor is the county liable, if a bill be found "a true bill," and the defendant having been tried and acquitted, and ordered by the petit jury to pay the costs, is sentenced by the Court to pay them, and is committed and discharged according to law, the costs not being paid.

Nor if the defendant is acquitted, and the prosecutor ordered by the petit jury to pay the costs, who after being sentenced by the Court to pay them, is committed and discharged according to law, the costs being unpaid, 4 S & R. 510.

In cases of surety of the peace, the costs are to be paid by the county, or by the parties, as the court may direct.

Justices of the peace, constables and witnesses are entitled to be paid their fees out of the county funds, in all criminal cases, where upon examination the charge appears to be unfounded, so that a discharge of the accused ensues without a binding over or a commitment. But clerks, sheriffs and district attorneys are not entitled. Such cases are not to be returned to court, whether the accused be discharged by a justice, or by one of the judges; (who are also justices of the peace so far as relates to criminal matters.) Act of 23d Sept. 1791, sec. 13.

The county is not liable for costs where a *nolle prosequi* is entered, which ought not to be done without a stipulation on part of the prosecution or the defendant to pay costs. 12 S & R. 94—6 H. 493. Nor is the county liable for costs where the indictment is quashed, 3 H. 487.

The county is not liable under any circumstances for the defendants bill of costs for his subpoenas, serving the same, and attendance of his witnesses, in any criminal prosecution; although if the jury on the trial for any misdemeanor, acquit the defendant and impose the costs upon the prosecutor, or divide them between the prosecutor and defendant, the defendants bill shall be included in the costs and paid accordingly by the party, or parties. Act of 31 March 1860, sec. 63.

Although the proportion of criminal cases wherein the county is liable for the costs of prosecution, is smaller than is generally supposed; yet, they may always be secured from the parties provided they are able, if magistrates would perform their whole duty when they commit defendants or bind them over to court, and also bind over the prosecutor and his witnesses to appear and testify. Then if any of them failed to appear, their recognizances would be forfeited and collected, and applied so far as necessary to the payment of costs, while if they do appear, it enables either the grand or petit juries to put the costs where they belong. The grand jury have no right to ignore a bill of indictment without any witnesses being produced and sworn, whereby the costs would fall on the county in cases of felony, or perhaps be put upon the prosecutor or county in cases of misdemeanor. The legal acceptance of the words "diligently inquire" contained in the oath administered to grand juries is, "diligently to inquire into the circumstances of the charge, the credibility of the witnesses who support it, and, from the whole, to judge whether the person accused ought to be put upon his trial."

If the grand jury should return a "true bill," without any witnesses being sworn, and so noted, the indictment would be quashed at the instance of the defendant. American Criminal Law, 232. So too, if without witnesses, the grand jury should return a bill "ignoramus," whereby the costs would fall, or be put upon the county, or the prosecutor, their return would be set aside at the instance of the county, or party interested. Where no witness is produced and sworn before the grand jury, they have nothing to return to the court, and their simple duty is to burn the bill of indictment, or return it to the District Attorney. Therefore, where justices of the peace make returns in criminal cases without any recognizances of the prosecutor or witnesses, (as is generally the case in Columbia county,) and the defendant appears, without prosecutor or witnesses appearing against him, the costs are simply lost.

All bills against the county for costs in criminal prosecutions, should be made out in such a manner as to show the names of the offences charged and how the respective cases were disposed of; so that if the commissioners did not happen to know, they could readily ascertain whether they were disposed of in such way as to render the county liable.

E. H. LITTLE.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was a February storm in Maine, and those who have not experienced such can have no idea of its terrific power, the air thick with falling snow, which was driven whirling into immense drifts, and the wild raging and tearing in its wild fury with a roaring like thunder.

Brook's Mill was a small clearing on the Penobscot, over which was scattered some dozen log cabins, besides the mill which gave name to the place. The cabins had an opening in the roof, which served the double purpose of letting the smoke out and the light in; and on nights like the one described, were scenes of elemental warfare, for the wind and snow come whistling and drifting down the opening, but only to be met and conquered by the bed of glowing coals and the flames which leaped and flashed as if enjoying the contest.

When nights were clear, the stars looked down upon those gathered about the hearthstone, and by the day the sky spread above its glorious blue, and the sun poured down its flood of golden light.

The cabin of Peter Hoffman was somewhat larger than the others, and possessed the luxury of glazed windows. The chimney occupied nearly one side of the apartment, and the fire, which was composed of logs several feet in length, went blazing and crackling up, sending out its ruddy light and genial heat. There were perhaps a dozen persons gathered around it, luxuriating in it as only those can who have battled through the day with fierce winds and deep snows.

There was but one woman present, Kitty Hoffman, the housekeeper of her father; the others were men with firm tread, iron muscles, and voices accustomed to ringing through the forest with clear trumpet notes, more penetrating than the howl of a wolf or the scream of a catamount.

One of the company was an Indian, whom they called Sockabason, brown and wrinkled, but with erect figure, and coal black locks, which hung straggling over his ears and shoulders. Near him sat a boy, of perhaps thirteen summers, who was designated as Indian Sam, though it was evident from his blue eyes and ruddy cheeks that he had no hereditary claim to that title. He was an stray, who had been picked up by Sockabason, so long ago that he had forgotten when, though he repaid the kindness of his protector with the staunchest devotion. They had lived much

with the remnant of the Penobscot tribe, after their usual wandering manner; but latterly the old man had suffered from rheumatism, and the boy, in order to provide for him, had joined a logging camp.

The men had just returned from a hunting excursion, which had lasted three days, and in which they had been highly successful, having brought home upon their sleds several moose, besides smaller game.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Paul Carter, a man whose age ranged somewhere between thirty and forty, for those men wear so well that it is not easy to judge; "By Jupiter, Crawford, that moose's antlers would have done for you if it had not been for Sam's hatchet."

"Hm!" replied the man addressed, "so they might if I had been fool enough to let them."

"For shame, Crawford!" returned the first speaker, "you dropped your knife when the moose turned, and it lay three yards behind you. You'd not have been a living man to-night if Sam hadn't rushed in when he plunged down upon you, and a lucky thing it was, with nothing in his hand but that hatchet."

Sockabason turned his eyes upon the boy at his side, but without making the extra effort of turning his head, and with his pipe held between his teeth, grunted out a satisfactory "Ugh!"

Kitty Hoffman dropped her knitting upon her lap, and looked upon him, as a woman always does upon a man who has done a heroic action.

Every glance, save that of James Crawford, was turned upon him with approbation.

Crawford looked exceedingly sulky, at which his host seemed annoyed.

"What's the use, friends, he exclaimed, 'of all this palaver? The moose is ours, and his beef will taste all the same whether struck down with knife or hatchet.'"

That attempt to produce harmony was assisted by Jimmy Spear, who, from an old chest in the corner, produced a viol, upon which he scraped out a number of lively jigs and reels. They put the company in excellent spirits, who soon after dispersed, some to their homes in the vicinity, and the remainder to beds in Peter Hoffman's house.

Crawford was one who remained. He was owner of the mill, which was a position of importance, and that, combined with other reasons, gave him great influence with Peter Hoffman. The latter had an unfortunate taste for strong drink, which was not easy to supply; the Maine law being then in operation, and it was shrewdly suspected by many that Crawford, who went frequently down the river, managed to furnish him with the forbidden article.

Crawford had endeavored to play the agreeable to Kitty, but had been constantly repulsed by her, to the great dissatisfaction of her father.

Spring at length arrived. The ice had taken its departure from the rivers and streams. The axe was no longer heard resounding through the forest, and the logs which had been deposited by the water's edge were floated by the Spring rains, and bound together in rafts, to be transported in that form to the market towns, some hundred and fifty miles below. The logging camps were broken up and some of their crews gone down river to settle with the owners, while others remained to "drive the logs."

One balmy morning Kitty Hoffman had been in the wood gathering the fragrant May-flower and scarlet checkerberries, which are so beautiful amid their brown leaves, and after taking them home to smile in glasses on the mantel, again went out, and that time to the water. Unfastening a bateau, she entered it, and after gliding round the pretty shores of the stream, pushed out into the river. The current, swollen by melting snows and Spring rains, was swift and strong, and bore the little bark rapidly along without effort of her own.

The ride over the rushing water was so exciting that she laughed and sang, and wondered that any one could forego the delights of such a morning, and sit shrouded within four walls—how much time passed thus she could not tell, when a call proceeded from the shore, a prolonged "Who—o—o," the voice resting upon the vowel notes in a rich musical swell. She swept the shore with her glance, but no one was visible; the call was repeated, when, placing her hand to her mouth, she gave an answering cry. Then she perceived, gliding in and out among the trees, a figure moving rapidly up the shore. As he drew nearer she perceived that he was making violent gestures, evidently directed toward herself. Supposing that he wished her to put him over to the opposite shore, she caught up the paddle in order to do so, when, to her alarm she perceived that the current was much stronger than at the mouth of the stream, and she had no control over her little bark. In vain she exerted all her strength to direct it toward the shore—onward, more and more rapidly it was swept, and soon the fearful sound of the rapid fell upon her ear. She was approaching Solmon Rips, and had been borne so swiftly along as to be unconscious of the distance which she had made.

The person upon the shore, whom she then recognized as Indian Sam, had evidently seen her danger, and attempted to warn her. She gained hope from that, when, to her dismay, he turned and rapidly retraced his steps; but she soon felt assured that he had formed some plan for her assistance—for he al-

most flew over the ground, taking flying leaps over the fallen trees, while his long locks streamed upon the air.

He reached the broken water, and the boat nearly in the middle of the stream was rapidly approaching it. Then he plunged in, half swimming, half wading, contending with the tumbling waves, and with the assistance of his pole springing from rock to rock. He reached the channel, and battled for one moment with the angry element for a foothold, then, when the boat approached, with one great leap, he was standing in her prow.

There was no time for words, and he did not even look behind him; all his strength and skill were required to guide the boat amid the foaming breakers, to fend her with his pole from the rough jutting rocks, and force her into the safest channels. He had often poled up and down those rapids, but never before with a pole so short and untried, or with a freight so precious. How quick was his eye; how firm his muscle! as he stretched sometimes nearly half his length over the water, to guard against some treacherous rock, and quick as thought sprang to the opposite side, to ward off a danger there. Sometimes, when his pole was firmly settled for a moment, he would exchange a smile of encouragement with Kitty, then again he would spring over her as if she were a bale of chatties, to guard the boat in the rear. At length the rapids were safely passed, and the boat brought into the shore. The two adventurers, wet and exhausted, but grateful and happy, sat down in the sunshine upon a fallen tree.

Kitty's emotions took the womanly form of tears, and it was with alternate smiles, sobs, and broken words, that she expressed her thanks to the brave boy who had risked his life for her own. She called him her best friend—her brother.

He took her hand, which he pressed between both his own, and while he looked earnestly in her face, said, slowly: "Sisters marry, and brothers live in friendship with their husbands. I could not look upon your husband, Kitty, therefore I am not your brother."

Her eyes fell beneath his gaze; her cheeks flushed with surprise and embarrassment, and she made an effort to withdraw her hand.

The boy unclasped it instantly, and sat silently by her side.

Pained by the thought of grieving him, she lifted her eyes, and met his own fixed, full of sadness, upon her.

"Have I vexed you?" she whispered.

"Oh no, no!" he replied; "what more could you do for poor Sam, for Indian Sam, than to pity him, than to endure him? How should he dare love Kitty Hoffman, the pretty girl, the wise girl, who has more book learning than all the men of the settlement? I will go away with Sockabason, who is kind to me. I will shut up my heart toward women forever."

The youthful face of the speaker grew pale with his stern purpose, but his lips were tremulous with another emotion. How unconscious he was of all his splendid gifts, youth, beauty, and heroism! In his own eyes, he was but the poor and unlettered Indian boy. The sentiment of caste rose as strong in that little village as in the circles of city life. The Indians are always regarded by the white settlers as an inferior race, and Sam shared in that opprobrium, of which he was fully conscious.

He waited as if to hear from Kitty one more word, before he should leave her forever. A struggle suggested by his words was going on in her mind, which he perceived by that power which accompanies strong emotion, and which reveals soul to soul more clearly than words can ever do.

She did not speak, and a shade of bitterness passed over his face. Then he said: "The path through the woods is long and lonely, but Kitty is a forest maiden and does not fear it. I will go now," and he moved away. But a few low words from his companion arrested him: "Do not leave me."

He turned: "Have you one word of hope for me, Kitty?" "If there is hope in this—that you are to me the noblest, the kindest, the most beautiful of human beings."

He sprung toward her, falling upon his knees at her feet, and seizing her hands which he pressed to his lips and cheeks.

"Silly boy," said she, but with a smile and tears, "to plunge into Salmon Rips, daring death at every step, and all to save a girl who for her folly deserved to be drowned?"

CHAPTER II.
Sam found frequent opportunities of stepping in at Peter Hoffman's, to converse with Kitty, and when the time approached for his raft to go down the river, he proposed a plan to her. He would remain at Oldtown, and enter a school; Kitty should not have a husband who could neither read nor write.

To that she replied: "You are a hero, Sam; but you do not know how hard it will be to lift up your tall person in the A. B. C. class."

A flush of mortification passed over his face, but a moment after he looked up with a bright smile. "I can bear it, Kitty, never fear for me."

The plan was carried out, and he encountered all of which he had been warned; but his purpose was not shaken. He applied himself with so much perseverance that he was soon enabled to read, but writing he found much more difficult. He could not succeed in form-

ing one sentence which he was willing that Kitty should look upon—thus he was unable to fulfil his promise of writing to her.

Crawford, with the keen glance of jealousy, discovered the affection existing between the lovers, but as his own interest in Kitty was no secret, he resolved not to be outwitted by Indian Sam.

Sam's school was nearly ended, and he had begun to count the time in days when he would return to Brook's Mill, when one morning he was hailed by a familiar voice. It was that of Crawford, and every old feeling of resentment vanished in the pleasure of seeing a face from the settlement. Crawford told him that he had come down on business connected with the mill, which would detain him several days, and then he detailed to him all the news of the settlement, mentioning Hoffman and his daughter incidentally, as if they were not of especial interest to either of them.

Sam had commissioned a friend who was going to Bangor to procure for him several articles which he designed to present to Kitty. In the mean time, his school had closed, and Crawford proposed that he should visit Bangor with him, overcoming his objections by offering to defray his expenses.

He played the cicerone admirably, taking him to every place of interest, and lastly to visit the shipping. There was one vessel bound for California, in which he lingered for hours, conversing with the men on the land of gold, and frequently turning to Sam with expressions of wonder and delight. After leaving, he proposed they should both ship as hands on board the Gold Hunter, remain two years in California, and then return rich enough to buy the whole township which contained the little settlement of Brook's Mill.

Sam was unmoved by the proposal, and in the evening Crawford again led him to the vessel. There were a number of men collected in the fore-cabin, and he declared that he must have "one drink with such good fellows before leaving them forever."

The bottle was irresistible, and they soon became uproarious. Sam took out one glass, yet his head reeled and his limbs lost their strength. Crawford was noisier of all. He sang, danced and shouted, but suddenly became silent, looked keenly around, and then slipped out. He sought the captain—offered himself for a hand—was accepted—signed the papers *Samuel Spring* and then disappeared.

Sam had fallen down overcome by what he had drunk, for there was a white sediment in his glass, which none of the others contained. The vessel was several miles down the bay the next morning before he staggered upon deck, but his name had been read off long before. His astonishment and dismay may well be imagined. The sailors pitied him, but supposed he had signed when intoxicated; the captain supposed the same, and would not listen to him—so he sailed for California.

Crawford returned to Brook's Mill, having accomplished the object for which he had left.

The grief and mortification may well be imagined, when she learned from him the faithfulness of her lover, and the winter which followed was dark indeed, with her hopes extinguished, and her father's intemperance increasing. Crawford's kindness and attentions alone made life endurable, yet she felt a repugnance to him which she in vain endeavored to overcome.

Hoffman had passed a day of drunkenness, and Crawford had succeeded in getting him to bed. He then returned to the bedside where Kitty was sitting, and spoke to her of her future, unprotected, and worse, with such a father. Then he told her of his love, and how he would protect and cherish her if she would permit him. She was deeply touched by so much kindness, and expressed many thanks, but begged him never again to rear to the subject.

When her father recovered from his fit of intemperance, he was, as usual, wretched and despondent, and Kitty's feelings underwent their accustomed change, from disgust to pity. He told her with falling tears and trembling voice, that it was in her power to make a man of him; that he was deeply in debt to Crawford, and that if she would marry him he would be relieved from his feelings of dependence, and in that event he solemnly promised never again to taste a drop of liquor. Then there came to Kitty a terrible conflict, and she made that mistake which has wrecked the happiness of so many; to a false sense of duty she sacrificed every instinct of her nature.

She consented to marry Crawford, and preparations were made for the wedding. But a few days before the event was to take place, a stranger, dressed in hunter's costume called upon her. He introduced himself as John Brown of Old Town, a friend of Samuel Spring, whom he said he had known intimately during his stay at that place; then taking from his vest pocket a small box, presented it to her, with apologies for having kept it so long. The box contained a ring of massive gold, and Kitty looked to her visitor for an explanation. He told her that he had been commissioned by his friend to make purchases, which were designed for a present to herself; that the ring box was by mistake put into his pocket, which he had not discovered until after the other articles were sent, and as he found no safe opportunity of forwarding it, decided to keep it until he should make his accustomed annual