Cambria Freeman.

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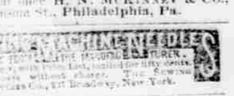

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BLACK AGATHA.

Black Agatha is dead and gone,
Toll the bell in the old church-tower!
Never again will she grieve or groan,
Bending and bowing o'er rut and stone,
Aching in every nerve and bone,
At early morn or the twilight hour,
With her broad, flat basket of raiment clean,
From her little laundry upon the green.
Her work is done, her race is run,
Toll the bell in the old church-tower!

Black was her face, and wrinkled and rent,
Toll the bell, toll the bell!
And her hair was white, her form was bent;
And what if she sometimes grumbling went?
Her lot was not one to breed content,
Her feeble frame was a shriveled shell,
And she was so old that her groans and tears
Could not number her many years.
And now it is best that she should rest,
Toll the bell, toll the bell!

She was a slave in Tennessee,
Toll the bell in the belfry high!
From South to North she drifted—free,
Though little but slavery still found she,
Toiling as long as her eyes could see
In her little laundry the church-yard nigh.
But the good All-Father had her in mind
In His sleepless watch over human kind;
And at last hath He set the old slave free,
Toll the bell in the belfry high!

Black Agatha is gone to rest,
Toll the bell in the old church-tower!
She often said, "I is sore oppressed,
I'se tired to deff, an' I want to res'."
Fold shrunken hands on shrunken breast,
And place in the fingers the fairest flower.
If doing one's duty wins the way,
Her place is among the blest to-day.
Her work is done, her race is run,
Toll the bell in the old church-tower!

ADVENTURE IN THE DACOTAH TERRITORY.

In the autumn of 1871, an expedition was organized to explore the almost unknown region of the Yellow-stone Valley, and report upon the possibility of locating proposed crossings over the Missouri. The party consisted of General R—— and a staff of about twelve engineers, with teamsters, cooks, etc., and an escort under the command of General W——, of several companies of U. S. Infantry, some Gatlin guns, and a company of Indian scouts (Dacotahs or Sioux). The country to be traversed was unknown, and full of Sioux Indians, professedly hostile to the proposed railroad, and determined to oppose it, on the valid ground, that the hunting, their sole means of sustenance would be evidently spoiled.

Owing to a peculiar circumstance, though only having been a very short time in the United States, I had the offer of an appointment on General R——'s engineer corps; and as such an opportunity of seeing the country rarely presented itself, I gladly availed myself of it. It was hardly my first experience of travel, as I had already visited many parts, including Australasia; but this was a new experience, and having in youth, like most English boys, had an intense desire, inculcated and fostered by the marvellous books of Cooper, Mayne Reid and others, to see the noble savage in his own domain, I was delighted with the opportunity.

Three guides who professed to know the country were engaged; but they were of little use; indeed, as General R—— observed, if we had secured the services of one or two more, we should have been hopelessly lost; as it was, their peculiar avocation seemed to be to mislead us, and malign each other, and it was found that, by putting two under arrest, and then ignoring the other, we facilitated our movements considerably.

We rendezvoused at Fort Rice on the Missouri—as the troops were drafted in companies from the different frontier forts and marched there, or came up or down the river, as the case might be, in flatboats—and left September 8, 1871. The great object was to prevent surprise, as with our forces, unless the Indians were able to concentrate their bands, we were tolerably safe from open assault; so on the line of march we had skirmishers constantly thrown out, and beyond them, riding up every eminence, a cordon of scouts to give notice of the slightest Indian signs. For several days we saw none, but knowing the facility with which the redskins hide, and the secrecy of their movements, we never could be assured there were none about.

Many of the officers, and particularly General W——, had been selected on account of their having seen service on the frontier, and being acquainted with Indian wiles and stratagems; and after the day's march was over, sitting in the mess tent after a meal of antelope steaks, that would have produced dyspepsia or dissolution in many, and over the inevitable and invaluable pipe, many a story was told of Indian warfare, and cruelties of the late Minnesota massacre; till, notwithstanding the triple line of sentries and outposts (necessary indeed, but not always effectual to prevent surprise), the first impulse of any one, if by any chance he did wake up in the night, was to carefully feel his head, and ascertain the safety of his scalp. Once or twice Indian signs were plainer and fresher than usual; the prints of a horse's hoof, denoting that one of their scouts had been around, or, in one or two cases, the ashes of a smouldering fire, showed how closely we had come to a small party, but still no living redskin had been seen by any one. Game was plentiful; and any quantity of antelope, black and white tailed deer and elk, were killed by the skirmishers and mounted scouts; but no one seemed much inclined to stray far from the main body, knowing the tendency of the enemy to pick of stragglers.

One day General ——, with the engineer corps and one company of infantry as escort, was engaged taking levels and observations along the dry bed of a river, on each side of which rose a hilly country, with boulders of granite sprinkled at intervals (relics of the ice period), looking as if some giants had been pelting each other with rocks; and a few scattered shrubs at long distances from each other. Fringing the river was a very thin belt of light cotton-wood, and under growth of bulberry bushes covered with clusters of bright red and currant-like fruit.

From the high-water mark, plainly visible by the washed-up debris of beaver-cut logs, etc., the river had, after the spring rains, been one of considerable depth and swiftness; but now dried by the summer sun, little was left but a few pools at intervals, and a spongy bottom, of the nature of quicksand, not at all calculated to facilitate the crossing of the heavy train and artillery, that constituted our main body. This of course necessitated a *detour* for them, and a comparatively easier march across the plateau of prairie county beyond the hills, which was taken, both parties agreeing to meet at a little eminence, visible some miles off, and there pitch the camp. Naturally, in following the course of the river, our way was very devious, while the train made as straight a course as possible. After an hour or two, I stopped for a time behind the rest to take the topography of one of the hills, and by the time I had finished, saw they were too far off to follow, and accordingly started off across the wide country, with a view of making a course to the probable locality where the camp would be pitched.

I went along quietly, not being at all anxious to arrive before the tents were up, the "correll" of wagons made, and the eight or nine hundred mules, which constituted our draught-power, safely inclosed, picking up at intervals on my way pieces of petrified wood, moss agates, or some of the small pieces of granite of countless variety of shade and color, which characterize that section of country, till I found myself on the top of a higher point of hill than any of the surrounding ones.

Having in my course described the chord of the arc represented by the direction of the movements of the train, I imagined myself to have nearly reached the proposed camping-ground, and after lighting my pipe, sat down and looked around.

The sky was intensely blue, not a cloud to be seen, all around, the country rose and fell in fantastic shapes; far in the distance rose a cloud of smoke-like dust, marking the progress of the train, and the dark line of cotton-wood trees, dwindling off to a mere thread in the distance, showed the course of the river. The chirp of the cicada, and humming of various insects, seemed the only signs of life; unless the lazy waving of the prairie-grass could be so called, and I felt very much alone. The sun was hot, and feeling tired I laid myself down behind a large boulder, some four feet high and rather overreaching, and fell asleep. After I suppose an hour's rest, I awoke, and getting up looked around to ascertain the position of the train, and see if they were making preparations to camp.

The sun was lower, and the column of dust nearer than when I looked before, but they were evidently on the move still; the rifles of the advance-guard glistened at intervals, and in the rear the commissariat beeves, guarded by the commissariat "bull punchers," dragged their weary lengths along. Still looking round I saw three or four black objects on a nearer hillside, and after a hasty reconnoitre discovered them at once, from their appearance and manner of riding, that they were mounted men and Indians.

A "good" or friendly Indian is very seldom met with on the plains, and none would be likely to feel well disposed towards one of a party who had an avowed intention of crossing their hunting-grounds; so I immediately made a dive, flattened on the ground, and crawled under cover of a rock, from which I cautiously looked, hoping they had not seen me, and trusting to their going another way on the approach of the train. The reader may imagine my feelings when I saw them ride straight towards the bluff I occupied. I am not covetous, but certainly never wished more for the sole possession of any piece of land than I did of that hill; still, I never thought they would ascend to the top, but merely felt they were too near to be pleasant.

From behind the stone I looked, exposing as little of myself as possible, when, to my intense horror, after a short conversation at the bottom, they began to ascend. Carefully dragging myself along, so as to make as little trail as possible, I wedged myself in under the rock, beneath which I had been sleeping a few minutes ago, hoping against hope that the near approach of the troops would prevent them making a long stay, and trying to imagine they would not discover me.

What would I not have given at the time for my well-beloved and trusty Winchester repeating rifle; but, alas! it was then, I knew, carefully placed in a baggage-wagon; my only weapon was a French Lefaucheux revolver—of the pepper-box species, not reliable; and rendered still less so, by some horribly bad German pin-cartridges I had purchased in St. Paul, Minnesota, for it; not to be depended on for a moment, in short, when accurate shooting was indispensable. However, I at once took out all the cartridges, reloaded the weapon very carefully, and cocking it quietly, lay there, shadowed and sheltered by the rock, and awaited the result.

Thoughts of all the cruelties I knew were practised by the Sioux on their captives, and the impossibility of making anything like a fair and even fight of it—as they all had rifles or carbines, ran through my mind; and even then, amid all the horror of the situation I could hardly repress a smile at the thought of the painful disappointment the reds would feel in endeavoring to "lift" my hair, as, in accordance with a habit contracted in the East Indies, it was little over three-quarters of an inch long, certainly not long enough to afford sufficient hold for them to take my scalp.

I cannot say how long I remained in this position: perhaps a few minutes, but it seemed hours. Thoughts of home, and places I should never see again, flashed through my mind; and the idea of dying in that way seemed all the more dreadful, as I thought of the proximity of the troops, and how little they were aware of my fate. Vague ideas as to whether my body would be ever found, floated through my mind, amid a general piling up of mental agony. I could hear the footsteps nearer and nearer, and the guttural grunts of the ridders were more distinctly audible as they approached the top, and in a few more seconds, I was aware by the sound they had reached the summit, and had, as I judged, dismounted.

Can a much more unpleasant situation be supposed? Within a few feet of my savage enemies, who would certainly not pay any attention to the etiquette of civilized warfare, whose language was unintelligible to me, and mine to them, and the certainty of being discovered by their keen eyes the moment they had looked around the surrounding country. I must certainly confess to a very bad scare; all sorts of wild schemes revolved through my brain; rushing down the hill in a desperate effort to escape and reach the train presented itself, and was dismissed as vain and futile.

Then the calmness of desperation seemed to come, and with a vague, dreamy feeling of pitying myself as one in a bad way, I lay revolver in hand, meditating whether it would not be better to reserve the last bullet for myself, so as not to fall alive into the hands of savages.

At last the climax came. An exclamation from one showed an object of interest, and I could hear them cluster together, and talk rapidly. From the inflection of their voices, I knew they had discovered something. What could it be? In a moment I remembered; in my haste I had left a small metal matchbox (an old traveling companion) where I had lit my pipe, and it had been discovered. Then, footsteps were heard all round, and close to my hiding-place; so drawing a long breath, I jumped up with my pistol presented, and confronted—an Indian certainly, and a Sioux, too—but to my intense relief I recognised the peculiar features of "Tartanka Morza," or "Iron Buffalo," one of the scouts attached to the expedition.

Our mutual surprise was great. I never felt so lovingly disposed to an Indian in my life. He himself could not tell what to make of the apparition of a white man suddenly springing from behind a rock, with such a decidedly hostile appearance; and we stood looking at each other, till with the intuitive perception of an Indian, the whole thing seemed to burst on his mind, and we both exploded into a roar of laughter (it is a mistake to say redskins do not laugh), in which the rest joined. Sitting down, we discussed the affair by pantomine over a pipe, and then seeing below the white tents rapidly rising, and dotting the neighboring hillside, while the bugles made themselves heard sounding halt as each company came up, denoting the stoppage for the night, I strolled leisurely down the hill to rejoin my friends, and having got over my fright, amused them that night with the story of it.

Catching A Thief.

The following expedient for catching a thief was adopted in a provincial town in England some thirty years ago:

A miller residing near a place called Beverly, whose place had been entered for some time previously almost every night; and a considerable quantity of grain abstracted, hit upon a very ingenious expedient for the detection of the offender.

The means of ingress was by putting a finger through a hole in the door, which uplifted the latch. On the night in question the miller set a large box-trap, and hung it inside the door, so that the thief would be obliged to touch the spring in opening the door.

Having taken this precaution, he left it for the night, and on going the following morning his expectations were realized by finding a fellow suspended from the door by his finger! The miller, after severely admonishing the thief for his crime, and taking in consideration the sufferings the poor wretch had undergone, gave him the choice of abiding by the law, or receive a good horse-whipping.

It is needless to add that he preferred the latter alternative, which the miller administered, with the full power of a stalwart man.

THAT was a rather unpleasant situation in which Moses M. Stearns, a diver, found himself in Boston Harbor, the other day. He had gone down in his armor, when a vessel near him gave a lurch and he was thrown to the bottom of the sea, while the tube for supplying him with air became so entangled as to be useless. He, however, seized the tube and hauled himself to the surface, just in time to save his life.

The Irish Post-Boy of 1835.

In the Irish post-boy we are not presented with the white-jacketed, silk-hatted, top-booted, and bright-spurred gentleman we are accustomed to in England, as trim as his own horses, and as silent, till he touches his hat to get his fee for driving you. The Irish post-boy is as scanty in his attire as he is abundant in his intelligence, having always something to tell his passenger of the localities they pass through, as though he took him for a book-maker, who was taking notes upon the way. He fulfils a double function; he is guide as well as driver, and his humor often lies as much in what he does as in what he says. He will commence something in this fashion:

"Do you see that house, yer honor, yonder? I suppose you know that's Mr. d'Arcy's."

"Yes; I do. Mr. d'Arcy is very rich, I believe?"

"Well, sir, maybe he is and maybe he isn't."

"Why, I thought he was a man of fortune?"

"Well, you see, he was purty well off, sir, till he got howld of the property."

"Till he got it! What do you mean?"

"Why, sir, when he was heir to the property he had great expectations, and so, on the strength of that, you see, he got whatever money he wanted."

"Well, so he ought, when he was heir to £5,000 a year."

"That's true; yer honor, that's true, sir! But then, you'll understand, that he was heir to £5,000 a year that was spint."

"Oh, I see!"

"So, when he got the property, of course, the gintleman was ruined."

"Hillo! take care—you were nearly in the ditch then."

"Never fear, sir; it's that blackguard mare that is always shyin'!—Hirrup!"

"How close her ears are cut."

"Yis, they are, sir—oh, they're close enough; but nothing will cure the villain."

"Cure her! How do you mean?"

"Why, sir, I persaved that whenever she started she always cocked her ears up, so I cut them off, you see, to make her lave off the trick of startin', but badluck to the vagabond, she's just as bad as ever she was."

In a particularly dangerous part of the road, with a precipice on one side of you, you observe the post-boy keeps an inquiring glance towards his vehicle.

"What's the matter?" you inquire, "rather an awkward bit of road here."

"Oh, it is nothin', sir; it's a grand prospect,"

"Yes—of going over. Why, it is some hundred feet to the bottom."

"Well, it may be—but look at the prospect, sir; them mountains—oh, they're grand, sir; they beat the world for dignity. You'd never see their likes again if you was to go over twenty precipusses."

After many other tales and difficulties you reach your journey's end, and then the post-boy as you have surmised, expects a gratuity. You give him what you consider to be a handsome reward for his services, but still he is not contented.

"'Sure,' he says, 'yer honor wouldn't mind another shillin'?"

"No," you reply, "I think I've paid you liberally."

"But, you'll consider the way I druv you, sir?"

"Not a pleasant one, by any means."

"And the power of stories I told you?"

"Some of which, I have heard before."

"Well, then, give me another shillin', sir, an' I'll tell you somethin', which I will undertake to say you never heard before."

"Very good, then, there's a shilling. Now, what's the story I have never heard before?"

"Well then, of course your honor remembers the three miles we came along with the cliff upon one side of us?"

"Remember it?—I shall never forget it!"

"Well then, you don't know, sir, that I drove you them three miles without a linch-pin!"

Chin.

A pointed or round chin indicates a congenial love. A person with such a chin will have a *beau ideal*, and will not be easily satisfied with real men or women.

The indented chin indicates a great desire to be loved; hunger and thirst for affection. When large in woman, she may overstep the bounds of etiquette, and make love to one that pleases her.

A narrow square chin indicates a desire to love; and is more common among women.

The broad square chin indicates a violent love; or at least devoted attachment.

The broad square chin indicates ardent love, combined with great steadfastness and permanence of affection.

The retreating chin is indicative of the want of attachment, and but little ardor in love.

The chin, in its length and breadth, indicates self-control, self-will, resolution, decision, etc.

Carniverous animals have the upper jaw projecting, while those of a graminivorous nature have the lower jaw projecting. In man with a projecting upper jaw will be found large destructiveness and love of animal food; when the lower jaw projects, then the love for vegetable food.

IN Japanese theatres the perfomer is followed about the stage by a figure in black who holds a lighted candle to assist the vision of the spectators.

A Brave Iceland Girl.

Mr. S. E. Waller started for a trip in Iceland in June, 1872. He gives an account of "Six Weeks in the Saddle," in a little volume from which we get an idea of the customs of the people there. The Icelanders are almost inconveniently hospitable. It is difficult to get a farmer, who keeps you a day or two, to accept pay. Our author seems to have done his best to requite his host by making himself amusing. Here we have an instance of native kindness and feminine courage:—

"In the morning I made a small study, and after a very tolerable meal and many good wishes we rode off. All went well until we came to the river Markafjot, which happened to be very much flooded. Not liking to attempt to swim, we rode on down the bank for some miles, and fortunately found a house.

Knocking at the door, we asked,—

"'Is the river very deep?'

"'Very,' said a voice from inside.

"'Is there a man who will show us a ford?' we again asked.

"'No,' was the reply, 'both Jon and Olavr are up in the mountains, but one of the girls will do quite as well. Here, Thora, go and show the Englishman the way.'

"Immediately an exceedingly handsome woman ran out, and nodding kindly to me, went around to the back of the house, caught a pony, put a bridle on it, and not taking the trouble to fetch a saddle, vaulted on his bare back, and sitting astride, drove her heels into its sides and galloped off down the river bank as hard as she could go, shouting for us to follow.

"We became naturally rather excited at such a display of dash on the part of such a pretty girl, and started off immediately in chase. But though we did our utmost to catch her, she increased her distance hand over hand. There was no doubt about it; she had as much courage as ever we could boast of, and in point of horsemanship was a hundred yards ahead of either of us.

"For about half a mile we rattled along, when suddenly she pulled up short on a sand bank.

"'You can cross here,' she said, 'but you must be careful. Make straight for that rock right over there, and when you have reached it, you will be able to see the cairn of stones we built to show the landing place.'

"'All right,' I said. 'Good-bye.'

"She looked puzzled for a moment, and then said,—'I'll come through with you; it will be safer.'

"'Good gracious, Bjarni, don't let her came,' I said; 'she is sure to be drowned, and I can't get her out with these wet clothes on; tell her to go back.'

"But before I was through the sentence, she had urged her horse into the water, and in a moment was twenty yards into the river. Of course we followed as quick as possible, and after a great deal of splashing reached the middle of the flood.

"'Now,' she said, bringing her horse up abreast with mine, and pointing with her whip, 'there's the mark.'

"The water was running level with the horses' withers, and it was only by lifting their heads very high that they could keep their noses clear.

"'Good-bye,' she said, 'God bless you,' and before I was quite aware of it, kissed me on the cheek.

"I was about to return the compliment, but she was gone, and a few minutes after we saw her, a mere speck in the distance, galloping over the plain.

"Kissing in Iceland is a custom similar to shaking hands here. I had thought of it in ordinary situations, but a kiss in the midst of boundless waters was, to say the least of it, strange. It was certainly the wettest one I ever had in my life,"

A Laplander's Encampment on the Neva at St. Petersburg.

The Laplanders in the Russian Empire occasionally avail themselves of the Winter to travel down and visit the capital, pitching their tents on the frozen surface of the Neva, contrasting their rude and unimproving way with the civilization and splendor of Russia's court and cultivated people.

They bring their reindeers and their sleighs, and carry on a little traffic, disposing of the results of their hunts and fisheries, and obtaining some of the commodities and manufactures which their inertness will ever prevent their attempting to introduce.

They are of those doomed races which have lost all ability to acquire the arts and sciences of civilization. They look on in mute admiration at processes of manufacture without ever attempting to acquire the use of the implements they see, or to employ them in effecting a solution for their wants.

The skin-lodge, like the tepe of the plains, is their home, their life most primitive. Like their kindred, the Esquimaux on this continent, they are comparatively stationary. Indeed, under the Moravians, the Esquimaux has acquired some spirit of appreciation of civilization, and makes some endeavor to reach it.

GAMBLING was invented by Lydians, when under the pressure of a great famine. To divert themselves from dwelling on their sufferings, they invented dice, balls, tables, etc. It is added that, to bear their calamity the better, they used to play a whole day without intermission, that they might not feel the effects of the want of food. The invention intended as a remedy for hunger, is now a very common cause for that evil.