DOLPH HEYLIGER.

B. WASHINGTON IRVING.

An uns put the litue doctor in a terrible fume. He threatened vengeance on any one who should affect the value of his property by exciting popular prejudices. He complained loudly of thus being in a manner dispossessed of his territories by mere bugbears; but he secretly determined to have the house exorcised by the dominie. Great was his relief, therefore, when, in the midst of his perplexities, Dolph stepped forward and undertook to garrison the haunted house. The youngster had been listening to all the stories of Claus Hopper and Peter de Groodt; he was fond of adventure, he loved the marvelous, and his imagination had become quite excited by these tules of wonder. Besides, he had led such an uncomfortable life at the doctor's, being subjected to the in-

cited by these tales of wonder. Besides, he had led such an uncomfortable life at the doctor's, being subjected to the intolerable thralldom of early hours, that he was delighted at the prospect of having a house to himself, even though it should be a haunted one. His offer was cagerly accepted, and it was determined that he should mount guard that very night. His only stipulation was, that the enterprise should be kept secret from his mother; for he knew the poor soul would not sleep a wink if she knew that her son was waging war with the powers of darkness.

When night came on, he set out on this perilous expedition. The old black cook, his only friend in the household, had provided him with a little mess for supper, and a rushlight; and she tied round his need an amulet, given her by an African conjurer, as a charm against evil spirits. Dolph was encorted on his way by the doctor and Peter do Grooft, who had agreed to accompany him to the house and to see him safe ledged. The night was overeast, and it was very dark when they arrived at the grounds which surrounded the mansion. The sexton led the way with a lantern. As they walk light, and a lantern. As

the fitful light, catching from bush to bush, and tree to tree, often startled the doughty Peter, and made him fall back upon his followers; and the doctor grabbed still closer hold of Dolph's arm, observing that the ground was very slippery and uneven. At one time they were nearly put to a total rout by a bat which came filting about the lantern; which came flitting about the lantern; and the notes of the insects from the trees, and the frogs from a neighboring pond, formed a most drowsy and doleful

The front door of the mansion opened with a grating sound, that made the doctor turn pale. They entered a toler-ably large hall, such as is common in American country houses, and which serves as a sitting room in warm weather. From hence they went up a wide stair-case, that grouned and creaked as they trod, every step making its particular nete, like the key of a harpischord. This led to another hall on the second story, from whence they entered the room where Dolph was to sleep. It was large and scantily furnished; the shutters were closed, but as they were much broken there was no want of a circulation of air. It appeared to have been that sacred chamber known among Dutch housewives by the name of "the best bedroom," which is the best furnished room in the house, but in which scarce anybody is ever permitted to sleep. Its splendor, however, was all at an end. There were a few broken articles of furniture about the room, and in the center stood a beavy deal table and a large arm chair, both of which had the look of being coeval with the mansion. The fireplace was wide. and had been faced with Dutch tiles, representing Scripture stories; but some of them had fallen out of their places, and lay shattered about the bearth. and lay shattered about the hearth. The sexton had lit the rush light; and the doctor, looking fearfully about the room, was just exhorting Dolph to be of good cheer, and to plack up a stout heart, when a noise in the chimney, like voices and struggling, struck a sudden panic into the sexton. He took to his heels with the louters, the doctor followed. with the lantern; the doctor followed hard after him: the stairs creaked as they hurried down, increasing their agitation and speed by its noises. The front door slammed after them; and Dolph heard them scrabbling down the avenue, till the sound of their feet was lost in the distance. That he did not was tost in the distance. That he did not join in this precipitate retreat, might have been owing to his possessing a little more courage than his companions, or perhaps that he had caught a glimpee of e cause of their dismay, in a no chimney swallows, that came tumbling

down into the fire place.

Being now left to himself, he secured the front door by a strong bolt and bar; and having seen that the other entrances were fastened, he returned to his desolate chamber. Having made his supper from the basket which the good old cook had provided, he locked the chamber door and retired to rest on a mattress in one corner. The night was calm and still; and nothing broke upon the profound quiet but the lonely chirping of a cricket from the chimney of a distant chamber. The rushlight, which stood in the center of the deal table, shed a feeble yellow ray, dimly illumining the chamber, and making uncouth shapes and shadows on the walls, from the clothes which Dolph

had thrown over a chair. With all his boldness of heart, there was something subduing in this desolate scene; and he felt his spirits flag within him as he lay on his hard bed and gazed about the room. He was turning over in his mind his idle habits, his doubtful prospects, and now and then heaving a heavy sigh, as he thought on his poor old mother; for there is nothing like the silence and loneliness of night to bring dark shadows over the brightest mind By and by, he thought he heard a sound as if some one was walking below stairs, He listened, and distinctly heard step on the great stair case. It apched solemnly and slowly, tramptramp-tramp! It was evidently the tread of some heavy personage; and yet how could be have got into the house without making a noise? He had examined all the fastenings, and was certain that every entrance was secure. Still the steps advanced, tramp-tramp-tramp! It was evident that the person appreach-ing could not be a robber—the step was too loud and deliberate; a robber either be stealthy or precipitate. And now the footsteps had ascended the stair-case; they were slowly advancing along the passage, resounding through the silent and empty apartments. The very cricket had ceased its melancholy note and nothing interrupted their awful distinctness. The door, which had been locked on the inside slowly swung open, as if self moved. The footsteps entered the room; but no one was to be seen. They passed slowly and audibly across it, tramp—tramp—tramp! but whatever made the sound was invisible. Dolph rubbed his eyes and stared about him: he could see to every part of the dimly lighted chamber; all was vacant; yet still he heard those mysterious footsteps solemnly walking about the chamber. They ceased, and all was dead silence. There was something more appalling in this invisible visitation than there would have been in anything that addressed it-self to the cycsight. It was awfully vague and indefinite. He felt his heart beat against his ribs; a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; he lay for some time in a state of violent agitation; nothing, however, occurred to increase his alarm. His light gradually burnt down into the socket, and he fell asleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight; the sun was peering through the cracks of the window shutters, and the birds were merrily singing about the house. The bright, cheery day soon put to flight all the terrors of the preceding night. Dolph aughed, or rather tried to laugh, at all that had passed, and endeavored to per-suade himself that it was a mere freak of the imagination, conjured up by the stories he had heard; but he was a little

puzzled to find the door or mis locked on the inside, notwithstanding that he had positively seen it swing open that he had positively seen it swing open that he had positively had entered. He re-

turned to town in a state of considerable perplexity; but he determined to say nothing on the subject, until his doubts

another night's watching. His effence was a grievous disappointment to the goesips who had gathered at the doctor's mansion. They had prepared their minds to hear direful tales; and they were almost in a rage at being assured that he

the next in a rage at being assured that he had nothing to relate.

The next night, then, Dolph repeated his vigil. He now entered the house with some trepidation. He was particular in examining the fastenings of all the doors, and securing them well. He locked the door of his chamber, and placed a chair against it; then, having dispatched his supper, he threw himself on his mattress and endeavored to sleep. It was all in vain—a thousand crewding fancies kept him waking. The time slowly diagged on, as if minutes were spinning out themselves into hours.

spinning out themselves into hours.
As the night advanced he grew more and more nervous; and he almost started from his couch when he heard the mysfrom his couch when he heard the mysterious footstep again on the staircase. Up it came, as before, solemnly and slowly, tramp—tramp—tramp! It approached along the passage: the door again swung open, as if there had been neither lock nor impediment, and a strange looking figure stalked into the room. It was an elderly man large and



A strange looking figure stalked into the

robust, clothed in the old Flemish fashion. He had on a kind of short cloak, with a garment under it, belted round the waist; trunk hose, with great bunches or bows at the knees; and a pair bunches or bows at the knees; and a pair of russet boots, very large at top, and standing widely from his legs. His hat was bread and slouched, with a feather trailing over one side. His iron gray hair hung in thick masses on his neck, and he had a short grizzled beard. He walked slowly round the room as if examining that all was safe, then, hanging his hat on a peg beside the door, he satdown in the elbow chair, and, leaning his elbow on the table, he fixed his eyes on Dolph with an unmoving and deadenon Dolph with an unmoving and deaden-

ing stare.

Dolph was not naturally a coward;
but he had been brought up in an implicit belief in ghosts and goblins. A

plicit belief in ghosts and goblins. thousand stories came swarming to his mind, that he had heard about this building; and, as he looked at this strange personage, with his uncouth garb, his pale visage, his grizzly beard, and his fixed, staring, fish like eye, his teeth began to chatter, his hair to rise on his head, and acade great to break and his head and a cold sweat to break out all over his body. How long he re-mained in this situation he could not tell, for he was like one fascinated. He could not take his gaze off from the spec-ter; but lay staring at him with his whole intellect absorbed in the contemplation. The old man remained scated behind the table without stirring or behind the table without stirring or turning an eye, always keeping a dead, steady glare upon Delph. At length the household cock from a neighboring farm clapped his wings, and gave a loud cheerful crow that rung over the fields. At the sound the old man slowly rose and took down his hat from the peg; the door opened and closed after him; he door opened and closed after him; he was heard to go slowly down the stair case — tramp — tramp — tramp! — ar when he had got to the bottom, all wa again silent. Dolph lay and listened earnestly; counted every footfall; listened and listened if the steps should return—until, exhausted by watching and agitation, he fell into a troubled sleep.

Daylight again brought fresh courage and assurance. He would fain have considered all that had passed as a mere dream; yet there stood the chair which the unknown had seated himself: there was the table on which he had leaned; there was the peg on which he had hung his hat, and there was the door, locked precisely as he himself had locked it, with the chair placed against it. He hastened down stairs and examined the doors and windows; all were ex actly in the same state in which he had left them, and there was no apparent which any being could tered and left the house without leaving some trace behind. "Pooh!" said Dolph to himself, "it was all a dream;"—but it would not do; the more be endeavored to shake the scene off from his mind, the

more it haunted him.

Though he persisted in a strict silence as to all that he had seen or heard, yet his looks betrayed the uncomfortable night he had passed. It was evident that there was something wonderful hidden uncomfortable may be the content of the con den under this mysterious reserve. The doctor took him into his study, locked the doos and sought to have a full and confidential communication; but he could get nothing out of him. Frau Ilsy took him aside into the pantry, but to as little purpose, and Feter de Groodt held him by the button for a full hour in the churchyard, the very place to get at the bottom of a ghost story, but came of not a whit wiser than the rest. It is all ways the case, however, that one truth concealed makes a dozen current lies It is like a guinea locked up in a bank, that has a dozen paper representatives. Before the day was over, the neighborhood was full of reports. Some said that Dolph Heyliger watched in the haunted house with pistols loaded with silver bullets; others that he had a long talk with the specter without a head; others, that Dr. Knipperhausen and the sexton had been hunted down the Bowery lane and quite into town by a legion of ghosts of their customers. Some shook their heads, and thought it ; shame that the doctor should put Dolph to pass the night alone in that dismal house, where he might be spirited away, no one knew whither: others observed, with a shrug, that if the

devil did carry off the youngster, it would be but taking his own. These rumors at length reached the cars of the good Dame Heyliger, and, as may be supposed, threw her into a terri-ble alarm. For her son to have opposed himself to danger from living fees would have been nothing so dreadful in eyes as to dare alone the terrors of the aunted house. She hastened to the doctor's, and passed a great part of the day in attempting to dissuade Dolph from re-peating his vigil; she told him a score of tales, which her gossiping friends just related to her, of persons who had been carried off when watching alone in old ruinous houses. It was all to no effect. Dolph's pride, as well as curiosity, was piqued. He endeavored to calm the ensions of his mother, and to assure her that there was no truth in all the rumors she had heard; she looked at him dubiously and shook her head, but tinding his determination was not to be shaken, she brought him a little thick Dutch Bible, with brass clasps, to take with him, as a sword wherewith to fight the powers of darkness; and, lest that might not be sufficient, the housekeeper gave him the Heidelberg catechism by

av of a dagger. The next night, therefore, Dolph took up his quarters for the third time in the old mansion. Whether dream or not the same thing was repeated. Towards midnight, when everything was still, the halls-tramp-tramp-tramp! The stairs were again ascended: the door again swing open, the old man entered, walked round the room, hung up his hat and scated himself by the table. The same fear and trembling came over poor Dolph, though not in so violent a degree. He lay in the same way, motionless and fascinated, staring at the figure, which regarded him as before, with a dead, fixed, chilling gaze. In this way they remained for a long time till by de-

grees, Dolph's courage began gradually to revive. Whether alive or dead this being had certainly some object in his visitation: and he recollected to have heard it said, that spirits have no power to speak until they are spoken to. Summoning up resolution, therefore, and making two or three attempts before he could get his parched tongue in motion, he addressed the unknown in the most solems form of adjuration that he could recollect, and demanded to know what was the motivo of his visit.

No sooner had he finished than the old man rose, took down his hat, the door opened and he went out, looking back upon Dolph just as he crossed the threshold, as if expecting him to follow. The youngster did not hesitate an instant. He took the candle in his hand and the Bible under his arm and obeyed the tacit invitation. The candle emitted a feeble, uncertain ray; but still he could see the figure before him, slowly descend the stairs. He followed, trembling. When it had reached the bottom of the stairs it turned through the hall toward the back door of the mansion. Dolph held the light over the balustrades, but in his eagerness to catch a sight of the unknown he flared his feeble taper so suddenly that it went out. Still there was sufficient light from the pale moonbeams that fell through a narrow window to give him an indistinct view of the figure near the door. He followed, therefore, down stairs and turned towards the place, but when he got there the unknown had disappeared. The door remained fast barred and bolted; there was no other mode of exit; yet the being, whatever he might be, was gone. He known had disappeared. The door remained fast barred and bolted; there was no other mode of exit; yet the being, whatever he might be, was gone. He unfastened the door and looked out into the fields. It was a hazy, moonlight night, so that the eye could distinguish objects at some distance. He thought he saw the unknown in a footpath that led from the door. He was not mistaken; but how had he got out of the house? He did not pause to think, but followed on. The old man proceeded at a measured pace, without looking about him, his footsteps sounding on the hard ground. He passed through the orchard of apple trees that stood near the house, always keeping the footpath. It led to a well, situated in a little hollow, which had supplied the farm with water. Just at this well Dolph lost sight of him. He rubbed his eyes and looked again; but nothing was to be seen of the unknown. He reached the well, but nobody was there. All the surrounding 'ground was open and clear; there was no bush nor hiding place. He looked down the well and saw, at a great depth, the reflection of the key in the still water.

hiding place. He looked down the well and saw, at a great depth, the reflection of the sky in the still water. After remaining here for some time, without seeing or hearing anything more of his mysterious conductor, he returned to the house full of awe and wonder. He belted the door, groped his way back to bed, and it was long before he could compose himself to sleep.

His dreams were strange and troubled. He thought he was following the old man along the side of a great river, until they came to a vessel that was on the point of sailing; and that his conductor led him on board and vanished. He remembered the commander of the vessel, a short, swarthy man, with crisped black hair, blind of one eye and lame of one leg; but the rest of his dream was very confused. Sometimes he was sailing; sometimes on shore; now amidst storms and tempests, and now wandering quietly in unknown shore; now amidst storms and tempests, and now wandering quietly in unknown streets. The figure of the eld man was strangely mingled up with the incidents of the dream, and the whole distinctly wound up by his finding himself on board of the vessel again, returning home

board of the vessel again, returning home with a great bag of money!

When he woke the gray, cool light of dawn was streaking the horizon, and the cocks passing the reveil from farm to farm throughout the country. He rose more harassed and perplexed than ever. He was singularly confounded by all that he had seen and dreamt, and began to doubt whether his mind was not affected and whether all that was passing in his and whether all that was passing in his thoughts might not be mere feverish fantasy. In his present state of mind he did not feel disposed to return immediately to the doctor's and undergo the cross questioning of the household. He made a scanty breakfast, therefore, on the remains of the last night's provisions, and then wandered out into the fields to meditate on all that had befalled him. Lost in thought, he rambled about, gradually approaching the town, until the morning was far advanced, when he was roused by a hurry and bustle around him. He found himself near the water's edge in a throng of people, hurrying to a pier, where there was a vessel ready to make sail. He was unconsciously carried along by the impulse of the crowd, and found that it was a sloop, on the point of sailing up the Hudson to Albany. There was much leve taking and kissing of old women and children, and great activity in carrying on board bas-kets of bread and cakes and provisions of all kinds, notwithstanding the mighty joints of meat that dangled over the stern, for a voyage to Albany was an expedition of great moment in those days. The commander of the sloop was hurry-ing about and giving a world of orders, which were not very strictly attended to, one man being busy in lighting his pipe and another in sharpening his snicker-

The appearance of the commander suddenly caught Dolph's attention. He was short and swarthy, with crisped black hair; blind of one eye and lame of one leg-the very commander that he had seen in his dream! Surprised and aroused, he considered the scene more attentively and recalled still further traces of his dream; the appearance of the vessel, of the river, and of a variety of other objects accorded with the imperfect images vaguely rising to recollection.

As he stood musing on these circumstances the captain suddenly called out to him in Dutch, "Step on board, young man, or you'll be left behind!" He was startled by the summons; he saw that the sloop was cast loose and was actually moving from the pier; it seemed as if he was actuated by some irresistible impulse; he sprang upon the deck, and the next moment the sloop was hurried off by the wind and tide. Dolph's thoughts and feelings were all in tumult and confusion. He had been strongly worked upon by the events that had recently befallen him, and could not but think that there was some connection between his present situation and his last night's

dream. He felt as if he was under supernatural influence, and he tried to asmaxim of his, that "One way or other, all would turn out for the best." For a moment the indignation of the doctor a his departure without leave passed across his mind, but that was matter of little moment. Then he thought of the dis-tress of his mother at his strange disappearance, and the idea gave him a sud den pang; he would have entreated to be put on shore, but he knew with such wind and tide the entreaty would have been in vain. Then the inspiring love of novelty and adventure came rushing in full tide through his bosom; he felt him-self launched strangely and suddenly on the world, and under full way to explore the regions of wonder that lay up this mighty river, and beyond those blue mountains that had bounded his horizon since childhood. While he was lost in this whirl of thought the sails strained to the breeze; the shores seemed to hurry away behind him, and before he persloop was plowing her way past Spiking Devil and Yonkers, and the tallest chim-ney of the Manhattoes had faded from his sight.

I have said that a voyage up the Hudson in those days was an undertaking of some moment; indeed, it was as much thought of as a voyage to Europe is at present. The sloops were often many lays on the way, the cartious navigators aking in sail when it blew fresh, and oming to anchor at night, and etopping o send the boat ashere for milk fo without which it was impossible for the worthy old lady passengers to subsist. And there were the mace talked of perils of the Tappara Zee and the highlands. In short, a prodent Dutch burger would talk of such a voyage for months, and even years, beforehand; and never under the contract of the contrac dertook it without putting his affairs in order, making his will, and baving prayers said for him in the Low Dutch

In the course of such a voyage, therefore, Dolph was satisfied he would have time enough to reflect, and to make up his mind as to what he should do when he arrived at Albany. The captain, with his blind eve and lame leg, would, it is true, bring his strange dream to mind, and perplex him sadly for a few moments; but, of late, his life had been made up so much of dreams and realities, his nights and days had been so jumbled together, that he seemed to be moving continually in a delusion. There is always, however, a kind of vagabond consolation in a man's having nothing in this world to lose; with this Delph comforted his heart, and determined to make the most of the present enjoyment.

In the second day of the voyage they came to the highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountains deek, was echoed from the mountains of the reconstructed the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountains of the preventered above the

a plank or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain side and reverberated along the shores; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it from every cliff.

Delph gazed about him in mute delight and worder at these commands.

and wonder at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left the Dunder-berg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strut-ted forth the bold promontory of An-thony's Nose, with a solitary cagle wheel-ing [about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces, There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms here and there scooped out among the preci-pices; or at woodlands high in air, nod-ding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the vellow sunshine.

yellow sunshine.
In the midst of his admiration Dolph In the midst of his admiration Dolph remarked a pile of bright, snowy clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing enwards its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere; and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high dry trees; the crows flew clamorously to the crev-ices of the rocks, and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder

The clouds now rolled in volumes over The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the wind freshened and curled up the waves; at length it seemed as if the bel-lying clouds were torn open by the moun-tain terms and consoler torrents of rain tain tops, and complete terrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explesions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunder-berg, and rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull hill seemed to bellow back the storm

echo, until old Bull hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fear-fully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the rain drops. Never had Dolph beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain deile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into

The vessel was hurried on by the increasing wind, until she came to where the river makes a sudden bend, the only one in the whole course of its majestic career. Just as they turned the point, a violent flaw of wind came sweeping down a mountain gully, bending the forest be-fore it, and, in a moment, lashing up the river into white froth and foam. The captain saw the danger and cried out to lower the sail. Before the order could be obeyed, the flaw struck the cloop, and threw her on her beam ends. Everything was now fright and confusion; the flap ping of the sails, the whistling and rushing of the wind, the bawling of the captain and crew, the shricking of the pa sengers, all mingled with the rolling and bellowing of the thunder. In the midst of the uproar, the sloop righted; at the same time the main sail shifted, the boom came sweeping the quarter deck, and Dolph, who was gazing unguardedly at the clouds, found himself, in a mo-

ment, floundering in the river.

For once in his life, one of his idle ac complishments was of the to him. The many truant hours which he had de voted to sporting in the Hudson, had made him an expert swimmer; yet, with

all his strength and skill, he found great difficulty in reaching the shore. His disappearance from the deck had not been noticed by the crew, who were all occupied by their own danger.



Found himself floundering in the river. ble rapidity. She had hard work to weather a long promontory on the cast-ern shore, round which the river turned, and which completely shut her from Delable signs.

Dolph's view.

It was on a point of the western shore that he landed, and, scrambling up the rocks, he threw himself, faint and exhausted, at the foot of a tree. By degrees the thunder gust passed over. clouds rolled away to the east, where they lay piled in feathery masses, tinted with the last rosy rays of the sun. The distant play of the lightning might be seen about the dark bases, and now and then might be heard the faint muttering of the thunder. Dolph rose, and sought about to see if any path led from the shore; but all was savage and trackless. The rocks were piled upon each other; great trunks of trees lay shattered about, as they had been blown down by the strong winds which draw through these mountains, or had fallen through age. The rocks, too, were overhung with wild vines and briers, which completely matted themselves together, and opposed a barrier to all ingress; every movement that he made shook down a shower from the dripping foliage. He attempted to scale one of these almost perpendicular beights; but, though strong and agile, he found it an Herculcan undertaking. Often he was supported merely by crumbling projections of the rock, and sometimes he clung to roots and branches of trees, and hung almost suspended in the air. The wood pigeon came cleav-ing his whistling flight by him, and the eagle screamed from the brow of the impending cliff. As he was thus chamber-ing, he was on the point of seizing hold of a shrub to aid his ascent, when some thing rustled among the leaves, and he saw a snake quivering along like light-ning, almost from under his hand. It coiled itself up immediately, in an atti-tude of defiance, with flattened head, distended jaws, and quickly vibrating tengue, that played like a little flame about its mouth. Doirn's heart turned faint within him, and he had well nigh let go his held, and tumbled down the precipice. The serpent stood on the de-lensive but for an Instant; it wo an instinctive movement of defense; and find ing there was no attack, it glided away into a cleft of the rock. Dolph's eye fol-lowed with fearful intensity, and ha saw

at a giance that he was in the vicinity of a nest of adders, that lay knotted, and writhing, and hissing in the chasm. He hastened with all speed to escape from so frightful a neighborhood. His imag-ination was full of this new borror; he saw an adder in every curling vine, and heard the tail of a rattlesnake in every day leaf that mistled. dry leaf that rustled.
At length he succeeded in scrambling

At length he succeeded in scrambling to the summit of a precipice; but it was covered by a dense forest. Wherever he could gain a lookout between the trees, he saw that the coast rose in heights and cliffs, one rising beyond another, until huge mountains overtopped the whole. There were no signs of cultivations of the state of t the whole. There were no signs of cultivation, nor any smoke curling amongst the trees, to indicate a human residence. Everything was wild and solitary. As he was standing on the edge of a precipice that overlooked a deep ravine fringed with trees, his feet detached a great fragment of rock; it fell, crashing its way through the tree tops, down into the chasm. A loud whoop, or rather yell, issued from the bottom of the glen; the moment after, there was the report of a gun; and a ball came whistling over his head, cutting the twigs and leaves, and burying itself deep in the bark of a chestnut tree.

chestnut tree.

Dulph did not wait for a second shot, but made a precipitate retreat; fearing every moment to hear the enemy in pursuit. He succeeded, however, in returning unmolested to the shore, and determined to penetrate no farther into a country so beset with savage perils.

He sat himself down, dripping, disconsolately, on a wet stone. What was to

He sat himself down, dripping, disconsolately, on a wet stone. What was to be done? Where was he to shelter himself? The hour of repose was approaching; the birds were seeking their nests; the bat began to flit about in the twilight, and the nighthawk searing high in heaven, seemed to be calling out the stars. Night gradually closed in and wrapped everything in gloom; and though it was the latter part of summer, yet the breeze, stenling along the river, and among these dripping forests, was chilly and penetrating, especially to a half drowned man.

As he sat drooping and despendent in this comfortless condition, he perceived a light gleaming through the trees near the shore, where the winding of the river

the shore, where the winding of the river made a deep bay. It cheered him with the hopes that here might be some human habitation, where he might get something to appease the clamorous cravings of his stomach, and, what was equally neces-eary in his shipwrecked condition, a comfortable shelter for the night. It was with extreme difficulty that he made his way towards the light, along ledges of way towards the light, along ledges of rocks down which he was in danger of sliding into the river, and over great trunks of fallen trees, some of which had been blown down in the late storm, and lay so thickly together that he had to struggle through their branches. At length he came to the brow of a rock that overhung a small dell, from whence the light proceeded. It was from a fire at the foot of a great tree that stood in the midst of a greasy interval or plat among midst of a grassy interval or plat among the rocks. The fire cast up a red glare among the gray crags and impending trees, leaving chasms of deep gloom that tress, leaving chasms of deep gloom that resembled entrances to caverns. A small brook rippled close by, betrayed by the quivering reflection of the flame. There were two figures moving about the fire and others squatted before it. As they were between him and the light they were in complete shadow; but one of them happening to move round to the opposite side, Dolph was startled at perceiving, by the full glare falling on painted features and glittering on silver orunments, that he was an Indian. He ornaments, that he was an Indian. He now looked more narrowly, and saw gons leaning against a tree and a dead body tying on the ground.

Dolph began to doubt whether he was Dolph began to doubt whether he was not in a worse condition than before; here was the very foe that had fired at him from the glen. He endeavored to retreat quietly, not caring to intrust himself to these half human beings in so savage and lonely a place. It was too late. The Indian, with that eagle quickness of eye so remarkable in his race, perceived something stirring among the bushes on the rock. He seized one of the guns that leaned against the tree; one the guns that leaned against the tree; one moment more, and Dolph might have dian salutation of friendship; the whole party sprang upon their feet; the saluta ion was returned, and the straggler was invited to join them at the fire. On approaching he found, to his con-

solation, that the party was composed of white men as well as Indians. One, who was evidently the principal personage of commander, was seated on the trunk of a tree before the fire. He was a large, stout man, somewhat advanced in life, but hale and hearty. His face was bronzed almost to the color of an Indian's; he had strong but rather jovia features, an aquiline nose and a mouth shaped like a mastiff's. His face was half thrown in shade by a broad hat with a buck's-tail in it. His gray hair hung short in his neck. He wore a hunting frock, with Indian leggings, and moccasins, and a tomahawk in the broad wampum belt round his waist. As Dolph caught a distinct view of his person and features, he was struck with something that reminded him of the old man of the haunted house. The man before him, however, was different in his dress and age; he was more cheery too, in his aspect, and it was hard to d too, in his aspect, and it was hard to de-fine where the vague resemblance lay— but a resemblance there certainly was. Delph felt some degree of awe in ap-proaching him; but was assured by the frank, hearty welcome with which he was received. As he cast his eyes about, too, he was still further encouraged by receiving that the dead body which perceiving that the dead body, which had caused him some alarm, was that o a deer; and his satisfaction was complete in discerning, by the savory steams which issued from a kettle suspended by a booked stick over the fire, that there was a part cooking for the evening's re

He now found that he had fallen in with a rambling hunting party, such as often took place in those days among the settlers along the river. The hunter is always hospitable; and nothing makes men more social and unceremonious than meeting in the wilderness. The com-mander of the party poured him out a drain of cheering liquor, which he gave him with a merry leer, to warm his poart; and ordered one of his followers o fetch some garments from a pinnace, which was moored in a cove close by ping might be dried before the fire.

Dolph found, as he had suspected, that the shot from the glen, which had come so near giving him his quietus when on the precipice, was from the party before him. He had nearly crushed one of them by the fragment of rock which he had detached; and the joyial old hunter, in the broad hat and bucktail, had fired at the broad hat and bucktan, had area at the place where he saw the bushes move, supposing it to be some wild ani-mal. He laughed heartily at the blun-der; it being what is considered an ex-ceeding good joke among hunters; "but, faith, my lad," said he, "if I had but caught a climpse of you to take sight at, you would have followed the rock. Antony Vander Heyden is seldom known to miss his aim." These last words were at once a clew to Dolph's curiosity; and a few questions led him completely into the character of the man be-fore him, and of his band of woodland rangers. The commander in the broad hat and hunting frock was no less a personage than the Heer Antony Vander Heyden, of Albany, of whom Delph had many a time heard. He was, in fact, the hero of many a story, being a man of singular humora and whimsical habits, hat were matters of wonder to his quiet Dutch neighbors. As he was a man of property, having had a father before him, from whom he inherited large tracts of wild land, and whole barrels full of wampum, he could indulge his humors without control. Instead of staying quietly at home, enting and drinking at regular meal times, amusing himself by smoking his pipe on the bench before the door, and then turning into a comfortable bed at night, he deighted in all kinds of rough, wild expeditions. He was never so happy as when en a hunting party in the wilder-ness, sleeping under trees or bark sheds, or cruising down the river, or on some

woodland take, fishing and fewling, and living the Lord knows how.

He was a great friend to Indians, and to an Indian mode of life; which he considered true natural liberty and manly enjoyment. When at bome he had always several Indian hangers on, who loitered about his house, sleeping like hounds in the sunshine, or preparing hunting and fishing tackle for some new expedition, or shooting at marks with bows and arrows

Over these vigrant beings Heer Antony had as perfect command as a huntsman over his pack; though they were great nuisances to the regular people of his neighborhood. As he was a rich man no one ventured to thwart his humors; indeed, he had a hearty, joyous manner about him that made him universally popular. He would troll a Dutch song, as he tramped along the street; hall every one a mile off; and when he entered a house he would slap the good man familiarly on the back, shake him bythe hand till he reared and kiss his wife and daughters before his face—in short, there was no pride nor ill humor about Heer Antony.

kiss his wife and daughters before his face—in short, there was no pride nor ill humor about Hoer Antony.

Besides his Indian hangers on he had three or four humble friends among the white men, who looked up to him as a patron, and had the run of his kitchen, and the favor of being taken with him occasionally on his expeditions. It was with a medley of such retainers that he was at present on a cruise along the with a medicy of such retainers that he was at present on a cruise along the sheres of the Hudson, in a pinnace which he kept for his own recreation. There were two white men with him, dressed partly in the Iudian style, with moccasins and hunting shirts; the rest of his crew consisted of four favorite Indians. They had been prowling about the river, without any definite object, until they found themselves in the highlands; where they had passed two or three days, hunting the deer which still lingered among these mountains.

mountains.

"It is a lucky circumstance, young man," said Antony Vander Heyden, "that you happened to be knocked overboard today, as to-morrow morning we start early on our return homewards, and you might then have looked in vain for a meal among the mountains—but come, lads, stir about! stir about! Let's see what was a base for support, the lettle has prog we have for supper; the kettle has boiled long enough; my stomach cries cupboard; and I'll warrant our guest is in no mood to dally with his trencher."

There was a bustle now in the little encampment. One took off the kettle, and turned a part of the contents into a huge wooden bowl; another prepared a flat rock for a table; while a third brought various utensils from the pinnace, which was moored close by; and Heer Antony himself brought a flask or two of precious lines from his away arisate locker. In own liquor from his own private locker-know-ing his boon companions too well to trust

ing his boon companions too well to trust
any of them with the key.

A rude but hearty repast was soon
spread; consisting of venison smoking from the kettle, with cold
bacon, boiled Indian corn, and
mighty loaves of good brown household bread. Never had Dolph made
a more delicious repast; and when he had
washed it down with two or three washed it down with two or three draughts from the Heer Antony's flask, and felt the jolly liquor sending its warmth through his veins, and glowing round his very heart, he would not have changed his situation, no, with the government of the recycles.

ernor of the province.

The Heer Antony, too, grew chirping and joyous; told half a dozen fat stories, at which his white followers laughed immoderately, though the Indians, as usual,



"This is your true life, my boy!" "This is your true life, my boy," said he, slapping Dolph on the shoulder 'a man is never a man till he can defy wind and weather, range woods and wilds, sleep under a tree, and live on bass

wood leaves!"

And then would he sing a stave or two of a Dutch drinking song, swaying a short squab Dutch bottle in his hand, while his myrmidons would join in chorus, until the woods echoed again—as the good old song has it:

They all with a shout made the elements ring,

So soon as the office was o'er; To feasing they went with true merriment, And tippled strong liquor gillore. And displied strong liquor gillore.

In the midst of his jovialty, however, Heer Antony did not lose sight of discretion. Though he pushed the bottle without reserve to Dolph, yet he always took care to help his followers himself, knowing the beings he had to deal with; and he was particular in granting but a moderate allowance to the Indians. The repast being ended, the Indians. The repast being ended, the Indians having drunk their liquor and smoked their pipes, now wrapped themselves in their blankets, stretched themselves on the ground with their feet to the fire, and soon fell asleep, like so many tired hounds. The rest of the party remained chatting before the fire, which the gloom of the forest and the dampness of the air from the late storm rendered extremely grateful and comforting. The conversa-tion gradually moderated from the hilar ity of supper time, and turned upon hunting adventures and exploits and perils in the wilderness, many of which were so strange and improbable that I will not venture to repeat them, lest the veracity of Antony Vander Heyden and his comrades should be brought into question. There were many legendary fales told also about the river and the settlements on its borders; in which valuable kind of lore the Heer Antony seemed deeply versed. As the sturd bush beater sat in the twisted root of tree that served him for a kind of arm chair, dealing forth these wild stories, with the fire gleaming on his strongly marked visage, Delph was again repeatedly perplexed by something that re-ninded him of the phantom of the haunted house, some vague resemblance that could not be fixed upon any precise feature or lineament, but which pervaded the general air of his countenance and

The moon had just raised her silver horns above the round back of old Bull hill, and lit up the gray rocks and shagged forests, and glittered on the waving bosom of the river. The night dew was falling, and the late gloomy mountains began to soften and put on a gray aerial tint in the dewy light. The hunters stirred the fire, and threw on fresh fuel to qualify the damp of the night air. to qualify the damp of the night air. They then prepared a bed of branches and dry leaves under a ledge of rocks for Dolph; while Antony Vander Heyden, wrapping himself up in a huge coat made of skins, stretched himself before the fire. It was some time, however, before Dolph could close his eyes. He lay contemplating the strange scene be-fore him: the wild woods and rocks around—the fire, throwing fitful gleams on the faces of the sleeping savages-and the Heer Antony, too, who se singularly, yet vaguely, reminded him of the nightly visitant to the haunted house. Now and then he heard the cry of some animal from the forest, or the hecting of the owl, or the notes of the whip-peer-will, which seemed to abound among these solitudes, or the splash of a sturgeon, leaping out of the river, and falling back full length on its placid surfalling back full length on its placid sur-face. He contrasted all this with his accustomed acst in the garret room of the doctor's mansion, where the only sounds he heard at night were the church clock telling the hour, the drowsy voice of the watchman, drawling out all was well; the deep energing of the doctor's

cautious labors of some carpenter rat gnawing in the wainscot. His thoughts then wandered to his poor old mother; what would she think of his mysterious disappearance? what anxiety and distress would she not suffer? This was the thought that would continually intrude itself, to mar his present enjoyment. It brought with it a feeling of pain and compunction, and he fell askep with the tears yet standing in his eyes.

Were this a mere tale of fancy, here would be a fine opportunity for weaving clubbed ness from boow stairs, or the

would be a fine opportunity for weaving in strange adventures among these wild in strange adventures among these wild mountains and roving lunters; and, after involving my hero in a variety of perils and difficulties, rescuing him from them all by some miraculous contrivance; but as this is all solutely a true story. I must content myself with facts and keep to probabilities.

At an early hour the next day, therefore, after a hearty morning's meal, the encampment broke up and our adventurers embarked in the panace of An-

tony Vander Heyden. There being no wind for the sails, the Indians rowed her gently along, keeping time to a kind of chant of one of the white men. The day was serene and beautiful, the river without a wave; and as the vessel cleft the glassy water it left a long, undulating track behind. The crows, who had scented the hunters' banquet, were al-ready gathering and bovering in the air, just where a column of thin, blue smoke, just where a column of thin, blue smoke, rising from among the trees, showed the place of their last night's quarters. As they consted along the bases of the mountains, the Heer Antony pointed out to Dolph a baild engle, the sovereign of these regions, who sat perched on a dry tree that projected over the river; and, with eye turned upwards, seemed to be drinking in the splendor of the morning sun. Their approach disturbed, the monarchia ing in the splendor of the morning sun. Their approach disturbed the monarch's meditations. He first spread one wing and then the other, balanced himself for a moment, and then, quitting his perch with dignified composure, wheeled slowly over their heads. Dolph snatched up a gun and sent a whistling ball after him, that cut some of the feathers from his wing; the report of the gun leaped sharply from rock to rock and awakened a thousand echoes; but the monarch of the air sailed calmly on, ascending higher and higher, and wheeling widely as he ascended, scaring up the green bosom of the woody mountain, until he disappeared over the brow of a beetling precipice. Dolph felt in a manner retaiked peared over the brow of a beetling precipice. Dolph felt in a manner rebaked by this proud tranquillity, and almost repreached himself for having so wantonly insulted this majestic bird. Heer Antony told him, laughing, to remember that he was not yet out of the territories of the lord of the Dunderberg, and an old Indian shook his head and observed that there was bad luck in killing an eagle—the hunter, on the contrary, should always leave him a port. This spoils,

should always leave him a port, this spoils.

Nothing, however, occurred to most them on their voyage. They passe, pleasantly through magnificent and lonely scenes, until they came to where Pollopol's Island lay, like a floating bower, at the extremity of the highlands. Here they landed, until the heat of the day should abate or a breeze spring up that might supersede the labor of the car. Some prepared the midday meal, while others reposed under the rhade of the trees in luxurious summer indolence, looking drowsily ferth upon the beauty of the scene. On the one side were the highlands, vant and cragged, feathered to the top with forests and throwing their shadows on the ghasey water that dimpled at their feet. On the other side was a wide expanse of the river, like a broad lake, with long, sumny reaches and green headlands, and the distant line of Shawungunk mountains waving along a clear borious or checkers and to never the process. of Shawungunk mountains waving along a clear horizon or checkered by a fleecy cloud.

But I forbear to dwell on the particu-But I forbear to dwell on the particulars of their cruise along the river; this vagrant, amphibious life, careering across silver sheets of water; coasting wild woodland shores; banqueting on shady promontories, with the spreading tree overhead, the river curling its light foam to one's feet, and distant mountain, and rock, and tree, and snowy cloud, and deep blue sky, all mingling in summer beauty before one; all this, though never cloying in the enjoyment, would be tended. dious in narration

When encamped by the water side some of the party would go into the woods and hunt, others would fish woods and hunt, others would mus-sometimes they would amuse themselves by shooting at a mark, by leaping, by running, by wrestling, and Dolph gained great favor in the eyes of Antony Vander Heyden by his skill and advoitness in all these exercises, which the Heer consid-ered as the highest of manly accomplish-ments. ments.
Thus did they coast joilily on, choos-

ing only the pleasant hours for voyag-ing; sometimes in the cool morning dawn, sometimes in the sober evening twilight, and sometimes when the moontwilight, and sometimes when the moon-shine spangled the crisp curling waves that whispered along the sides of their little bark. Never had Dolph felt so completely in his element; never had he met with anything so completely to his taste as this wild haphazard life. He was the very man to second Antony Vander Heyden in his rambling humors, and gained continually on his affections. The heart of the old bushwhacker yearned The heart of the old bushwhacker yearned toward the young man, who seemed thus growing up in his own likeness; and as they approached to the end of their voyage, he could not help inquiring a little into his history. Dolph frankly told him his course of life, his severe medical studies, his little proficiency and his very dubious prospects. The Hee was shocked to find that such anazing talents and accomplishments were to be shocked to find that such amazing tal-ents and accomplishments were to be cramped and buried under a doctor's wig. He had a sovereign contempt for the healing art, having never had any other physician than the butcher. He bore a mortal gradge to all kinds of study also, ever since he had been flogged about an unintelligible book when he was a boy. But to think that a young about an unintelligible book when he was a boy. But to think that a young fellow like Dolph, of such wonderful abilities, who could shoot, fish, run, jump, ride and wrestle should be obliged to roll pills and administer juleps for a living—twas monstrous! He told Dolph never to despair, but to "throw physic to the dogs;" for a young fellow of his prodigious talents could never fail to make his way. "As you seem to have no acquaintance in Albany," said Heer Antony, "you shall go home with me, and remain under my roof until you can and remain under my roof until you can look about you, and in the meantime way can take an occasional bout as shooting and fishing, for it is a pity such talents should lie idle."

bould lie idie.

Dolph, who was at the mercy of chance, was not hard to be persuaded. Indeed, on turning over matters in his mind, which he did very sagely and deliberately, he could not but think that Anately, he could not but think that Anately and the same how or tony Vander Heyden was, "somehow of other," connected with the story of the Haunted House; that the misadventure in the highlands, which had thrown them so strangely together, was, "some-how or other," to work out something good; in short, there is nothing so convenient as this "somehow or other" way of accommodating one's self to circum-stances; it is the mainstay of a heedless actor, and tardy reasoner, like Dolph Heyliger, and he who can, in this locse, easy way, link foregone evil to anti-ipated good, possesses a secret of he ness almost equal to the philosophics stone.

(Continued next Saturday.)

Horticultural Notes. Nasturtiums combine the beautiful with the useful. The flowers are attractive and the fruit makes delicious pickles.

Remember that washing suds are ex cellent for grape vines.

The Massachusetts Experiment station finds that where fertilizers, rich in potash, are used for fruits, the latter shows an increase of sugar and decrease of acid.

The Bubach strawberry has done well wherever tested. It now looks as if it were the coming berry. It does not, like Wilson, taper off with small berries, but its quality is second, and it is a pistillate.
Sharpless, May Ki or perhaps Jessie should be planted with it.