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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

SONG TO THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Beautiful river! sparkle and foam,
Madly careering on to thy home;
On to thy home in the deep, deep sea,
There to be mingled with royalty!
Kingly the ocean, but dark and drear,
Beautiful river! hast thou no fear?

Glitter and shine, thy music I love,
Murmuring sweet as angels above.
Gathering strength in thy onward career,
Stopping for naught and feeling no fear;
Proud in thy grandieur, strong in thy might,
Flowing on ever through day and night.

Sweet the flowers that on thy banks grow,
Some blue and red—some white as the snow
That caps the mountains, 'mid which you flow,
Casting their shadows far, far below;
Thou carest naught for mountain or flower!
Thou'rt onward, e'er onward bound in power.

Gleaming in moonbeams, tender and sweet,
Gently laving the violet's feet;
Sparkling in sunlight, golden and free,
Say, oh! say, hast thou tidings for me?
At thy clear fount a friend have I there,
Sweet as a dream—a summer day fair.

Ah! thou heedst me not, hearest me not,
All but thy onward course is forgot;
Loving thy beuty, I this may ask,
Dream on thy mysteries, on thy face bask;
Well, gaily flow, on, on to thy rest,
Sunshine above, the foam on thy breast.

Miscellaneous.

The Tennessee Blacksmith.

Near the cross roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and it might be safely added, nor devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as Old Bradley." One night toward the close of September, as he stood by the anvil plying his *labors, his* countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron.—While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smiths feet, faintly ejaculated:

"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form three men entered, the foremost exclaiming:

"We've treed him at last! There he is!—Seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order; but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed:

"Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for *his countenance* plainly told them that he ment what he said.

"Do you give shelter to a Unionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolition hound!" exclaimed the leader with increased vehemence, and we must have him. So I tell you Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know that you are already suspected, and if you persist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"*Suspected!* Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a fierce tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why of adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glance at the speaker. "I adhere to the North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not as long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing to the door, he continued, "leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Brad ley," said the leader, as he returned.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed to the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watching them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned back to go into the shop, he was met by the fugitive, who grasping his hand, exclaimed:

"O! how shall I ever be able to thank you Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly, and that at once."

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will take care of them. But you must go to night."

"To night?"

"Yes. In the morning if no sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They have provisions for the journey and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop and hurriedly said:

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?"—Her eyes resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and in a sympathizing tone, continued, "Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's house and heart.—She was his all—his wife having been dead five years. He turned toward her, and in a mild but firm tone, said:

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The bloodhounds are on the track. They have scented their prey and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and may God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office.—She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky.—Turning to the fugitive, she said:

"Come Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road and then turned off in a by path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of them engaged in running bullets while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the party prepared to accompany her; but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance from the shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go into the shop she thought she could hear the noise of horses hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away.—Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; she then saw that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a wagon containing two persons drove up, one of them, an athletic young man of five and twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father," he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued. "Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterence, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off. Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced. Here, Joe!'

At this the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "would you like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to leabe you, but den I'se like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours! Aye, fight to the death?"

"I'se fight for you any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have a desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the everlasting God, that, if you falter or shrink from the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro kneeling. "An I hope dat Gor Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you through fire and water and ebery ting!"

"I am satisfied, Joe,' said his master; then turning to the young girl who had been a mute spectator of the strange scene, he continued, "now Mattie, you get into the wagon and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain with Mrs. Peters until I bring you some intelligence of your father.

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee. The committee met in a long hall on the ground floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demandad the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring a Unionist, and the penalty of that you know is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley.—"Simpson," the chairman continued, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do! what of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes"

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters' church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being a Unionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and who make it is a villian?"

"I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of a traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union—I am still for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!"

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay on the table before him, and the bright gleem of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal blow a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; which at the same instant another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving them in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken. In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon and driven rappidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriotic fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tears coused down his furrowed cheeks.—He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had sacrificed his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State it will be necessary, in these troublesome times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted down minister was called upon to perform the marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no dimamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee."

(From the New York Argus.)

The Forks of the Susquehanna.

Within the region drained by the two branches of the Susquehanna, whose waters unite at Northumberland, lie some of the most beautiful, most romantic and most celebrated spots in the local history of Pennsylvania—comprising many rich and now populous counties, to which years ago, the hardy settlers flocked for cheap land, the pleasure of the chase and the fishing rod. Within its borders occurred some of the most terrible and bloody battles in which the white and the red man contended for life and subsistence. Fierce and protracted were the struggles; and we find marks of them, not only on their very sites, but the Indians have indelibly stamped their own nomenclature upon the streams, the mountains, the passes and the valleys; and it should ever be a source of gratification that our noble and majestic rivers were permitted to retain their beautiful aboriginal names, instead of being be Rhined and be Rhoned and be Tibered from the Old World.

Born within the forks of the Susquehanna, on the very bank and directly at the mouth of one of its most romantic tributaries, with the tempest roar and sunny sparkle of both streams the most familiar sounds and sights of my childhood, and the peculiar sweet-sounding Indian name of both in my young ears, it is no wonder that the region watered by the "rivers of the winding shore," should be to me the loviest spot of earth and from which God grant that war, pestilence and famine be ever absent. And there is no valley in the world which, for beauty of scenery, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate and facility of access—for the mineral wealth of its hills, the moral health, hospitality and intelligence of its inhabitants—surpasses that lying in the forks of the Susquehanna, in the good old commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

But it is not only for the things mentioned that this valley is celebrated. Its historical associations and recollections are fully worthy of its high character in other respects. Within that territory lies the beautiful valley of Wyoming, the plain tale of the massacre of whose citizens bring tears to the eyes of the most careless reader, and whose charms and horrors have been painted, but not heightened by the magic pen of Campbell. Here, too, the celebrated Van Campen followed the trail of the Indians, or suffered as a prisoner in their cruel hands, a narrative of whose adventures, some of them occurring almost in sight of where I write, would be more exciting than a romance. In this charmed region, Captain Sam. Brady performed many of his famous exploits, and made his hairbreadth escapes; and numberless places are pointed out as the spots where the white and the red men met in deadly conflict.

The celebrated Montour family, which has left its name indelibly on one of our most beautiful mountains, lived, acted and died, and are believed to be buried, in the valleys of the Susquehanna. Here dwelt the Lenni Lenape, "the original people;" and the council fires of Tamedend, their most illustrious chieftain, were kindled in his forests. For many years annually on the first of May, throughout Pennsylvania, his festival was celebrated. In Philadelphia, the members of the "Tammany" society walked the streets in procession, their hats decaroted with bucks' tails, and upon reaching the wigwam, had a talk, smoked the "peace pipe," and performed Indian dances.

The valley must have been very thickly populated, for many remains of Indian towns are pointed out. Very extensive burial grounds are also known to exist at several places within the forks. Curiosities of various kinds—mounds, excavations and fortifications of undoubted Indian workmanship—are found in large numbers. Through this valley ran some of the most important and frequently-traveled "war paths" known in the history of the race. Shall I trace them out for you by existing roads and villages? The writer has been over most of them, and you can put your finger on the "paths" on almost any map.

"The Shamokin Path" began at the place now known as Sunbury, and continued up the West Branch by the mouth of Warrior Run and an Indian town there located; thence through the gap in the Muncy hills to the town of Muncy, where the public road now passes.

"The Wyoming Path" left Muncy on the West Branch, ran up Glade run, then through a gap in the hills to Fishing creek, which empties into the North Branch at Bloomsburg, twenty miles above the junction; crossed the creek, passed into (now) Luzerne county through Nescopeck gap, and up the North Branch to Wyoming.

"The Wyalusing Path" was traced up the Muncy creek to its head, then crossed Loyal Sock creek, near where the Berwick turnpike crosses, then to Dushore thence to Wyalusing creek and to the flats above.

"The Sheshequin Path" ran up Bonser's run, thence to Lycoming creek, near the mouth of Mill creek, thence up Lycoming to the Beaver Dams, thence down Towanda creek to the Sheshequin flats.

"The Fishing creek Path" started on the flats near Bloomsburg, on the North Branch; up fishing creek to near Long Pond, thence across to Tunkhannock creek. It was on this very path that Van Campen, the most prominent Indian fighter on the North Branch, was captured, and within three miles of where I write.

Several other less important paths led into those great thoroughfares, and are well known in their neighborhoods.

What an interesting history would be that of the country lying in the forks of the Susquehanna! Every creek and mountain pass has its history and with that history you generally find associated the Indian name. Where will you find so many names, somewhat corrupted, perhaps, but still easily traceable to their Indian origin, as here?

Hark to the music of a few of them: We have Wyalusing, Tunkhannock, Lackawanna, Wyoming, Nanticoke, Cattawissa, Mahoning, Shamokin, Chillisquaque, Muncy, Loyal Sock, Lycoming, Towanda, Kittanning, Shesbequin, and many others.

The Indians seem to have called what is now Towanda, "Awandae;" and perhaps what is now known as Pine Creek is a little easier of pronounciation than the aboriginal "Tiadaghton." So, also, what is now known as Muncy Creek was, in the native dialect, "Ocohpocheny," and by some of the tribes was called "Longeserango." The name Muncy was doubtless given by the whites as easier of pronounciation, or because the tribes inhabiting the region were called the "Monseys," or Wolf tribes

Lycoming was, in Indian, "Lacomick;" and "Stonehange" is by some given as the Indian name of Loyal Sock. It, as well as Muncy, may have been known to different tribes by different names; for Loyal Sock is undoubtedly Indian, and signifies "Middle Fork"—the explanation being that it enters the Susquehanna about midway between Muncy creek and Lycoming. There is reason in this; and the authority for it, though mislaid, satisfied my mind.

Chillisquaque, "The frozen Duck," is named from the legend of a beautiful squaw having met an untimely death upon the banks of that quiet stream.

Nanticoke and Lackawanna are most certainly Indian, and I am informed by a Welshman that the roots of both words are certainly Welsh. He explains them to have reference to streams of water, in his own language, and their peculiarities answer exactly to those of the streams which they designate. It is impossible to say if the meaning of the words in both languages is the same; but it is a little remarkable, if the Welshman was not quizzing me, that in both, the words should have refer ence to water, rather than woods, fields or mountains.

Such is a skeleton of a history of the forks of the Susquehanna, a history that has been attempted in detached pieces by several writers, but without in a single instance making such a book as the facts and materials would warrant. That history yet remains to be written. When done, may it be done wisely and well!

LENNI LENARE.

The Pilot's Story.

Many years ago when I was so small a boy as to hardly recollect it now, my brother and myself were placed on board one of St. Lawrence river steamers as cabin boys and waiters, with a view to become pilots when we were older. That was nearly fifty years ago, and wheel boats were not fitted up in the style they are now, nor were good pilots a thing to be found every day. We had run up and down, several times, when one morning we stopped at Brockville to take on board, as usual, a Government pilot to guide us down the river.

It was late in the season and we had a strong wind the night before, leaving the river rough, and our usual pilot had hard work to keep the boat in its proper track, while it brought us into Brockville two hours later than the usual time. The clouds over head still looked cold, and the wind blew fresh and strong, when, making all possible haste, we again put out of the harbor and were soon bounding on our way. Throughout the morning I had noticed an anxious look on the captain's face, which bespoke his uneasiness about the final termination of our journey.

We had a good many passengers on board, and although we usually reached Montreal by four o'clock in the afternoon, we should be delayed until six, if not later. About ten miles this side of Lachine, a storm of rain commenced, which rendered it almost impossible to guide the boat at all, while the rapids of that name, the most terrific in the whole river were yet to be passed. The pilot was one of the best on the route, but a man of passionate temper, with a peculiar dogged look. Between him and the ordinary boat pilot there existed an old grudge, which once or twice had led to blows, when they came in contact with each other. That morning, when passing one of the higher falls, they stood together at the wheel, when, owing to the strong current of the water, and the almost exhausted strength of him who guided us all night, one spoke of the wheel slipped from his hands and nearly caused an accident of a pretty serious nature. This annoyed his companion and hard words passed between them, since which time a sullen silence had been preserved.

When about two miles above the Lachine rapids, some of the rigging aloft gave way, and the night pilot mounted the upper deck, with a ladder, and attempted to make it fast. The wind blew fiercely, and while exerting all his strength to stay the mischief, he lost his hold and fell, the ladder coming down directly on the head of our government aid, wounding him pretty severely. Not pausing to look at the mischief, he seized the unfortunate man, and with almost superhuman strength, lifted him above the boat railing. The other, quickly guessing his meaning, and winding his arms around the neck of his companion, they fell together in the boiling flood below. We lowered the life-boats as quickly as possible, ropes were thrown out and every effort put forth to save them, but in vain. They rose to the surface of the water still locked in each other's arms, and then sank from our view forever.

The boat now rappidly rushed on, coming near the frightful rapid, while terror-struck faces were around us, at the thought that no master was near to guide us through the dark passage below. The scene which we had just been called to witness only made our situation more terrific while wild and tearful eyes around us bespoke the agonizing apprehension of the passengers and crew as we went plunging madly to destruction, scarcely half a mile from the gulf, whose dashing waves we could distinctly hear. The captain had frankly told us of his inability to guide us through the perilous passage, while the deck, gangway and cabin were filled with men, women and children, some of whome were praying, and weeping, others intensely crazy with an agony too intense for utterance Women eagerly clutched their children, and husbands pressed their wives to their bosoms with the only hope of dying together. The captain stood at the wheel, assisted by one of the passengers, vainly endeavoring to hold out to the last and until every effort should prove fruitless while strained eyes and looks of despair, they gazed through the almost blinding storm upon the craggy rocks, lifting high their gray, bare heads out of the water, and upon which they expected every moment to be dashed to pieces.

Just as frenzy had begun to calm down into sober earnest preparation for the doom which awaited us, there came out of the state-room a fair young creature, over whose head scarce sixteen summers had passed. She was of medium height, and fair as the lily of the northern clime. She donned a dress of plain black stuff, while the coat of one of the deceased pilots was buttoned tightly around her slight form. Her face was ashy pale as she mounted the stairway, and with her hair disheveled by the wind, she exclaimed in a voice which rung clear as the notes of a bugle above the storm;

"I know something of this Lachine rapid, and will use my best endeavors to guide you, although we have everything of wind and water against us. Let two of you who are the strongest and most self-possessed stand by me at the wheel, while the rest invoke His aid who ever stilleth the tempest, to guard our life-laden bark safely through the troubled waters!"

As if in derision of her matchless courage, the mad waves dashed higher, while the thunder pealed a loud defiance to her words. With pale face and lips compressed, she took her station at the wheel, while two powerful men stood by to aid her as far as possible. With a firm hand she raised the glass and swept the scene before her; then bidding them to have courage, the boat entered upon its fearful course, bounding onward, as if conscious of the hand that guided its destiny. Her orders were given in clear, loud tones, while she stood proudly erect, her eyes brightened into a darker blue, until one would have fancied her the ruling spirit of the storm. The water dashed against the side of the boat, crowning her fair head with glittering drops; yet still she stood unheeding, while not an eye in all that group but gazen in mingled awe and confidence upon that delicate form. Once again the spoke of the wheel slipped from the grasp of him who held it, but a fair jeweled hand arrested its progress, and stayed the destruction which otherwise would have followed its swerve from duty. Onward sped the noble bark, and when darkness shut the last rock from our sight, one deafening shout rose high above the storm for her who had so bravely guided us through the shadow of death.

She would receive no thanks for herself, but bidding us "give thanks to Him whose voice ever ruleth the storm" she retired to her state-room, and was lost to view.

Around the cabin-table that night, about an hour before we entered the harbor of Montreal, we learned her history. She was the daughter of the merchant who owned the line of boats, one of which she had just saved from ruin. Her mother died when she was a child, and her father had, yielding to her wishes, allowed her to accompany him in the boat of which he was captain. By degrees she become acquainted with every bend in that beautiful river, while calm and storm alike brought scenes of beauty to her eye. She was now on her way to visit some friends in Quebec, where her father proposed joining her to spend the winter.

A gentleman artist sketched a likeness on a leaf of his portfolio, as she stood at the wheel, wrapped in the pilot's coat, with the glass in her hand; and her full length portrait still graces the gallery of the fine arts in Montreal. Many a rough hand grasped the snowy fingers at parting, and many a blessing crowned that noble head.

A magnificent diamond bracelet, bearing upon an inside plate the name of the vessel and date of the occurrence, was presented to her about a week after her arrival in Quebec, by the passengers who were on board at the time, while loud and triumphant were the praises borne to the ears of a fond parent of the noble conduct of that frail but fearless one who had braved the dangers before which stout hearts and strong forms had quailed.

"And what became of her afterward?" I inquired.

"She married an officer in Quebec, and her children still live there. One is a noble boy, or rather a man now, and plows the ocean in one of the noble battle-ships of England."

☞ A skeptic thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more strange that thousands of men are continually talking like asses.

☞ A young man, upon being joked on the slow growth of his beard, gave as an excuse that "heavy bodies move slowly."

☞ If you wait for others to advance your interests in this world, you will have to wait so long that your interests will not be worth advancing at all.

☞ If beauty be a woman's weapon, it must be feathered by the graces, pointed by the eye of discretion, and shot by the hand of virtue.

☞ When children who are born with silver spoons in their mouths grow up, there is seldom anything of them left but the spoons.

We never comprehended the full import of the term "Abstractionist" till Floyd explained it by his wholesale plunder of millions of Government property.