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ORIGINAL NARRATIVE.

Notes of a Seven Months' Journey to CALIFORNIA.

VIA FORT SMITH, SANTA FE, GILA RIVER, AND
THE TULE LALES.

From the Private Journal kept by
WM. H. CHAMBERLIN, of Lewisburg, Pa.

CONTINUED.

Friday, April 20.—Our general course
thus far has been a few degrees S. of W.

The road better than usual to day; crossed
a creek, within half a mile of its junction
with the Canadian river. We are now in
the Shawnee Indian country. Passed
through one of their villages; they appear
to be a more civilized tribe than any we
have yet met with. They have very good
log cabins, arranged in a straight line, with
a road or street, passing along in front of
them. The old chief of whom we pur-
chased corn had a stern, commanding ap-
pearance, an intellectual physiognomy, and
"fire" in his eye, but was very obliging.

He said that he had been at war with the
white, had fought many battles with them
in the States, but was now at peace with
everybody and hoped to remain so. As
he said this, his moistened eyes appeared
to wander around upon the fields and cab-
ins of this, a portion of the remnant of his
once powerful tribe, with a seeming,
though melancholy pride. Some of the
squaws were handsome, with regular fea-
tures, and in dress imparted the style of the
whites. One in particular, the wife of a
white man who was absent on a hunting
excursion, was quite fashionably dressed.
Her house and contents were comfortable,
and neatly arranged, and not the least
prominent article of furniture, was a clean
looking bed and bedstead, curtained and
furnished off a-la-mode. From this lady
we procured eggs, chickens, milk, &c.

Distance, 8 miles—122.

Saturday, April 21.—Made little pro-
gress to day, our course lay over a rough
and mountainous country. We were tol-
lowed all day by Indians wanting to trade
with us; they had corn and potatoes, and
generally wanted clothing of some descrip-
tion in exchange. They have a good idea
of the worth of the different articles we
offered them, and are well acquainted
with the value of money. These half-civ-
ilized Indians, have a great dread of the
wild "Red skins" of the plains, and trem-
ble when the word "Cananche" is named.

They appear to think that we are a fool
hardy set to venture through this country,
and that we will certainly get into trouble.

The grass is becoming more nourishing;
the stock, which are fast improving. We
have pitched our tent upon the bank of a
brook, and have quite a crowd of Indians
about us. They are very independent,
and even insolent, but will beg tobacco,
this being the first thing they ask for.

Distance, 6 miles—128.

Sunday, April 22.—Rain this morning.
For fear of detention by high waters, con-
cluded to travel to-day. Crossed a num-
ber of deep, boggy slues, in one of which
we broke the blister of our wagon; another
upset in the stream, injuring the wagon,
and wetting their baggage; a third broke
the tongue of their wagon. We soon re-
paired ours, and were again under way.
Soon after we reached a prairie several
miles in length, but quite narrow. From
the number of horses and cattle we saw
grazing, we knew we were near an Indian
settlement. We encamped early, and
were soon visited by a number of squaws,
bringing eggs, fowls, milk, butter &c.,
to sell, and afterwards by the men on
horseback. We learned that we were
within two miles of the Canadian river,
five miles of Edwards' trading house on
the opposite side, and half a mile of
"Shawnee woods." This village is situated
in the woods between the prairie and the
river, very much scattered, being several
miles in length. The Canadian divides the
Shawnee and Creek Indian Territory.

Distance, 10 miles—138.

Monday, April 23.—Maj. Green and
myself rode over to Edwards' trading
house, which is situated on Little River,
near its junction with the Canadian. It is
180 miles from Fort Smith on the old road,
which is the one we should have taken.

We forded the Canadian, which is here
about 600 miles wide. The water is
brackish, turbid, and of a yellowish color.
The bed of the river is entirely quicksand,

which is in constant motion. We were
obliged to hurry our animals across to
prevent them from sinking. There are a
number of cabins about this trading post,
inhabited by a motley race of whites, In-
dians, and Negroes. Old Mr. Edwards
has grown wealthy, but at the same time
sorey, and bordering on second child-
hood, in this traffic with the Indians. The
Knickerbocker Company from New York
passed Edwards' last week. They dis-
posed of many of their effects here; have
had a great deal of trouble and contention
in their party. Two wagons overtook
and encamped near us this evening. A
heavy thunder shower last night, to-day
very pleasant.

Tuesday, April 24.—Started at 7 o'clock
this morning, the road better, and the coun-
try more open than usual. We have been
luxuriating for some days upon the many
good things we procured from the Shaw-
nees, such as wild turkey, fresh pork,
milk, butter, eggs, sweet potatoes, pean-
uts &c., and a dish of fritters, butter cakes
&c., which is not uncommon at our table.

Wednesday, April 25.—Remained in
camp to day. The Gov't teams gone back
to Shawneetown for corn. The Indians
promised to bring us corn and "boot flour"
to camp, but did not fulfil. Persons living
in a civilized country, unacquainted with
the Indian character, would naturally
sympathize with them and would dwell
for hours upon the wrongs they had re-
ceived at the hands of the whites, but a
short acquaintance with these Redskins,
will suffice to change that opinion. They
are a treacherous, lying, dishonest people,
with but few redeeming traits of character.
We gave them no opportunities to pilfer
from us.

Thursday, April 26.—Started at 6 this
morning, and traveled over a level coun-
try, at a pretty fast rate, until 9 o'clock,
when it commenced raining, and the troops
encamped. We determined to go on. I
ascended a high point or bluff, off which I
had a fine view of a large and beautiful
scope of country—woodland and strips of
prairie, alternately, waiting but the houses
to give it the appearance of a vast settle-
ment. We made the compass our guide,
and steered in a due west direction, cutting
our own road for about five miles, when
we encamped, satisfied that we had done a
reasonable day's work. There is a great
abundance of iron ore in this section of
country, and the soil is a rich loam, pro-
ducing fine grass. The water in the small
streams we crossed to-day, was as clear
as crystal, but of a soft, brackish taste.
The sun is generally very hot during the
day, and the nights uncomfortably cool.

Distance, 13 miles—161.

Friday, April 27.—Started early, and
after crossing a creek, struck upon a high
prairie, over which we passed at a good
rate until 2 o'clock, P. M., when we bore
a little N. of W. and soon found ourselves
in a high place—rocks, ravines and woods
all around us; but we finally reached our
camp ground, after upsetting one of our
wagons in a deep ravine; fortunately, we
broke nothing. Part of our course to-day
was through a fine country. Crossed what
Lieut. Dent calls the Delaware mountains;
the scenery, from some of the peaks, was
truly magnificent. The streams of water
crossed to-day, were limpid, but saltish in
taste. From the appearance of the country,
we must be near the Canadian river, and
by what we can learn from the Indians,
about 25 miles from "ChoctEAU's." It is
high time we reach that point, which has
been more the topic with us than the gold
mines of California. We have no good
feelings for the founders of this new road,
and hope but few will venture upon it.

Distance, 18 miles—179.

Saturday, April 28.—Several of us
started ahead of the wagons, early this
morning, to "cut and blaze" the road,
which we did for about four miles thro' a
scrub oak and briar thicket, when the wag-
ons came up with us; crossed a wide
creek, flowing towards the Canadian, the
bed being quicksands; passed thro' several
miles of timber, which proved to be the
"Cross Timbers" which separates the In-
dian Territory from the Plains or "Great
American Desert." The Delaware Indians
inhabit this portion of country; the moun-
tains of that name are nothing more than a
high, bald prairie. About noon, we came
out upon the great plain, which extends
north, south and west as far as the eye can
reach. Saw two antelopes to-day, and
fired two shots at them as they ran or
rather flew by us. Several fine turkeys
killed to day, and a prairie chick's nest
robbed of 14 eggs. To-night, as I sit by
the fire on guard, I am well serenaded by
wolves, which keep up a perfect chorus.
As yet, we have seen no buffalo, except
their old "crossings," and a number of
"frames" or skeletons. By uniting a hard
day's labor with a hard day's travel, some
idea can be formed of how we have been
getting along, and how we feel when we
encamp at night. We have been one

month out from Fort Smith, to-day. Lieut.
Updegraff has encamped some miles back,
to await the arrival of Capt. Marcy with
provisions; Lieut. Dent, to save his credit,
came up with us this evening, alone, de-
termined to be in advance to ChoctEAU's,
so that it can not be said that we laid out
the road for him, although he has ordered the
troops to follow our trail. A good pocket
compass is an indispensable article, in trav-
eling through this country. Wild turkey
for supper. Distance, 15 miles—194.

Sunday, April 29.—"Remembered the
Sabbath" to-day, by pursuing our journey.
We left our encampment at 6 o'clock and
had a fine high prairie for several miles,
but were again interrupted by creeks and
sloughs which detained us very much. En-
camped this evening within two miles of
the river. We breakfasted on turkey and
venison. Strawberries are abundant on
the plain, and beginning to ripen. There
has been a strong hot wind blowing to-
day; water very scarce, and unfit for
use. Distance, 12 miles—206.

Monday, April 30.—Our course to day,
was along the dividing ridge between the
Canadian and Watcha rivers. Encamped
on a small ravine, where we could scarcely
procure enough water for cooking pur-
poses. This evening a Delaware Indian vis-
ited our camp. He called himself Big
Buck, and could speak a good deal of En-
glish. He said that we were within 8 miles
of ChoctEAU's, and gave us a great deal of
information in regard to the country. In
return we gave him his supper, and he car-
ried six men's rations, enough, he said, to
last him three days. When he departed
he promised to come in the morning, and
guide us to ChoctEAU's, find us a good cross-
ing, &c. He and his companion are out
from their village on a hunting expedition.
Distance, 15 miles—221.

Tuesday, May 1.—Big Buck came ac-
cording to agreement, to act as guide.
On reaching the river, several of our company
crossed, and went in search of a trading
house. We caught some fine fish, in
which the Canadian abounds; and the In-
dians trap a good many otter along its
banks. This afternoon we crossed our
teams, with but little difficulty, the river
being wide, but shallow. We were
obliged to keep the wagons "rolling" to
prevent their sinking into the quicksand.
Encamped on the north side of the river,
where we had excellent feed for our stock.
Distance, 6 miles—227.

Wednesday, May 2.—Reached ChoctEAU's
this morning, in an hour's travel. We
found an organized company of emigra-
nts here, about 200 men, with 40
wagons, under the command of Capt. Bass;
also some scattering messes, and some
families, who are waiting for Capt. Marcy's
escort. We heard that the Knickerbocker
Company had passed several days ago, also
the Cherokee company, and a pack mule
company. Encamped, and deliberated
upon "what was to be done next." Dis-
tance, 3 miles—230.

Thursday, May 3.—This morning, I
visited what was formerly an extensive
Indian trading post, established by Mr.
ChoctEAU, of St. Louis; how long since he
abandoned it, I am not able to learn. Some
years ago, Mr. Edwards of Little River, 80
miles below, sent up a lot of goods and
negroes, with a man in charge, to trade
with the Indians, cultivate corn, &c. After
they had a crop raised, and everything
going on as well as could be wished, they
were suddenly attacked by the Cananches;
the negroes fled, and the overseer was
killed; the buildings were set on fire, and
everything burned to the ground. From
the remains, it can be seen that there were
several buildings, enclosing on three sides
a court about 150 feet square, the open
side to the east.

We have determined not to travel with
a large company, if we can find 20 or 30
men of our mind. A mess of 9 Virginians
have concluded to go with us. This evening
we struck camp, and traveled a few miles
upon the plain; halted on a small ravine,
amid heavy rain; here we found a mess of
8 men from Baton Rouge, La., who also
agreed to go with us. Distance, 6 miles
—236.

Friday, May 4.—Rained all day, but we
continued moving along. Encamped early,
for the purpose of organizing a company
or mutual protection as far as Santa Fe,
or the Rio Grande. Elected Maj. Green,
Captain. There are 31 men in our com-
pany, and 9 wagons. Fitzhugh, Winston,
Winston, Jenier, Burnell, Rockyfellar,
Hart, Brown and Jim, from Virginia;
Dixon, Dixon, Gathwait, Haddenburg, Pi-
erren, Meeker, Martin, and Henry, from
Louisiana; Dougherty, Dougherty, Green,
Faras, Parker, Campbell and George from
Texas—these, including our mess, formed
our little company. Some thought it rather
rash to attempt passing through the Can-
anche country with so small a force; but
all agreed that our animals would fare bet-
ter, and we would be more likely to get
along in harmony, (both of which proved
true.) Distance, 30 miles—266.

Saturday, May 5.—Started at 8 o'clock.
Travelled over a perfectly level plain. The
road being good, we made excellent time.
The road is so much better than that we
have been traveling over for the last five
weeks, that we scarcely knew when to
stop. We are now fairly launched upon
the plains, and if "wind and tide" favor
us, we will "probably live" to see the end
of our journey. We were obliged to leave
the road a mile or more this evening, for
the purpose of encamping with wood and
water. Rain and heavy thunder showers
during the night. Distance 30 miles—286.

Sunday, May 6.—In the course of to-
day's travel, there was frequently not a
tree or shrub in sight. Passed through a
large Prairie Dog village; the earth was
very spouty and damp where they had
burrowed. We saw a number that were
apparently guarding their habitations, but
turned in upon our approach. We did not
succeed in killing any. They are said to
be delicious eating. Encamped on a
ravine, and had good water and feed.
Distance, 15 miles—295.

Monday, May 7.—Left camp at 8 o'clock,
shortly after reached and crossed the Can-
adian river; it has the same singular, tur-
bid appearance, and quicksand bed. The
road to-day has been very good. This
route has never been traveled before, so
that our course is merely marked out and
not a solid road. There are probably 20
wagons in advance of us. We are now in
the Cananche Indian range, but as yet
have seen but few traces of them; or rather
it may be considered neutral ground be-
tween the savage and half civilized Indian
tribes. Game is very scarce, and although
there have been at one time vast numbers
of buffalo on these plains, yet as civilization
advances this animal retreats towards the
setting sun. We have pitched our camp
upon a high point, where the horizon does
not appear to be more than half a mile dis-
tant on all sides. Distance, 20 miles—315.

Tuesday, May 8.—Our course to-day lay
over a high, level plain, very solid, which
made the wheeling good. We passed a
great number of natural mounds to-day,
of various shapes, which gave the landscape
an odd, romantic appearance. The mounds
are composed of a red colored, rotten sand-
stone, and earth of the same nature and
color. The grass on the plains is short,
but very nourishing to our animals. Water
and wood have been very scarce to day;
we almost despaired of finding a place to
encamp until 4 P. M., when we crossed
several ridges of white stone, which we
decided to be plaster; the grass appeared
more fresh, and we soon found water and
wood enough to answer all purposes. The
farmer, however, was so bid that we could
scarcely use it. To-day we saw the first
fresh tracks of buffalo—hair watering pla-
ces, fresh dung, and newly cropped grass;
and about 3 o'clock, saw seven bulls feed-
ing about a mile from the road. At that
moment what would I not have given for
a good horse; I could have exclaimed
"a horse! a horse! a kingdom for a horse!"
As it was, I could but witness the sport.
Several of the men gave chase, and suc-
ceeded in killing one, and wounding three
more. We found seventeen bulls grazing
behind a small mound, within one fourth
of a mile of camp. Messrs. Fitzhugh and
Winston wounded one of them, pursued
him several miles, and finally killed him,
but did not reach camp until late at night.
During the day we had also killed a deer,
turkey, prairie chicks, and ducks, and
we are enjoying a bounteous feast this
evening. If our situation was known by
our friends at home, they would certainly
envy us. The bull meat however, proved
rather tough; otherwise it resembled beef,
excepting the wild flavor. Wolves, rattles-
nakes, and toads, abundant. Distance,
20 miles—335.

Wednesday, May 9.—Crossed several
deep and difficult ravines to day, and en-
camped on a stream running in a S. E.
direction. It is about 20 yards wide, and
we suppose a branch of Red River. The
water is very red, turbid and unfit for use.
Fortunately, we had filled one of our india-
rubber bags during the day, which served
us for cooking. Jerking our venison and
buffalo meat this evening. We have very
fine grass at this camp. Caught some
fine catfish and soft shelled turtle in the
stream. The weather is very warm, and
I find walking all day pretty tiresome
work. Passed the remains of a horse,
left by some company in advance of us.
Distance, 16 miles—351.

Thursday, May 10.—Passed over a
high rolling prairie; the few shrubs that
grow in the "arroyos" are in full bloom,
which serves to cheer the monotony of
this vast waste. Found but little water,
gathered a mess of mushrooms for supper.
Encamped upon a small running stream,
of very red water. It will not affect soap.
Distance, 20 miles—471.

[To be continued.]

A fine coat often covers an intolerable
fool, but never conceals one.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be who find it!

We seek too high for things close by,
And lo! what Nature found us;
For life has here no charms so dear
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
While flowers as sweet, bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!

For things afar still sweetest are,
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth has naught
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need
When hope's last ray is shaken,
To show us still, let come what will,
We are not quite forsaken!

Though all were night—if but the light
From Friendship's altar crowned us,
I'd follow the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us!

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE MAIDEN SISTER, OR PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

BY MRS. S. HERBURN HAYES.

My father's address was Mr. Felix Hen-
ly, or Esquire Henly, as he was denomi-
nated par courtesy by the country people,
who sometimes came to see him on busi-
ness. He was an easy tempered old gen-
tle man, with mild, dark, eyes, and flow-
ing silvery locks, and being naturally indolent
and inclined to taciturnity, he had very
willingly yielded the prerogative of power
to his wife, being full fifteen years youn-
ger, and a woman of active habits and
strong intellect, omitted no opportunity to
govern her household—which consisted of
her children and farm servants—with, as
she thought, a view to their best interest.
Yet I can remember, even at this late day,
with many a bitter pang, the feelings of en-
vy and distress, occasioned by the differ-
ence of her treatment between my sister
and myself. From my earliest recollec-
tion, every disagreeable, childish task was
mine to perform. If any one was com-
pelled to forego an anticipated pleasure,
the lot was sure to fall on me; and I was
scapegoat upon whose devoted head every
accident and misdemeanor committed in
the whole household, was sure to be laid.

It chanced, however, that my natural dis-
position was mild and accommodating, and
on this account I was not so much injured
by the disagreeableness of my situation, as
might have been expected; it had a ten-
dency to make me thoughtful; and the self-
denial I was compelled to practice, enabled
me to submit to the younger members of
the family, and to support with patience
many petty trials and inconveniences.

My reader, I can no longer avoid infor-
ming you that I am the oldest of four sis-
ters—this being the entire family of my
parents. I, moreover, was so unfortunate
as to be christened by the name of Rhoda,
a name which had always been the detes-
tation of my mother; but as this was the
discriminative appellation of a maiden aunt
of my father's, who possessed some landed
property, with considerable money at in-
terest, who had promised to make me her
heir, provided I was called after her, all
scruples had been wisely overcome. But
the old lady, who was exceedingly caprici-
ous, afterwards becoming offended from
some trifling cause, made her will in favor
of a distant male relative, and I was thus
compelled to bear a name with all the ob-
jection, which disappointment and preju-
dice had connected with it, without any
palliating circumstances.

My three sisters were all of different
styles of beauty, and yet they appeared to
be equally admired. Constance, the next
in age, had light brown hair, hazel eyes,
and a bewitching smile; and appearance
pleasing in the extreme. My second sister
was considered the beauty of the family.
Rose was her name—and with her snowy
skin and auburn eyes and hair, few paused
to enquire whether her disposition corre-
sponded with her person. Selina, the youn-
gest, bore a striking resemblance to our
mother, and was the favorite with her; she
possessed more mental energy than
either of the others, but her natural
character was both haughty and vain. Her
eyes were also hazel, but of a darker
shade, and her superb hair was black as
the raven's wing; while in person she was
a queen of grace and majesty.

As for myself, no one had ever pretend-
ed to discover a single trait of either parent
in me. Rose was said to be like what my
father had been in his halcyon days; and
Constance and Selina to call up a remem-
brance of mamma; but I, whose figure
was tall and angular, with a pale face, and
sunken grey eyes, was said to look like no
human being, unless it was aunt Rhoda.
Yet, my reader, I had one charm not pos-
sessed by either of my highly gifted sis-
ters; my voice was inexpressibly sweet,
and, as I was treated from my earliest
childhood almost as an alien in the family,
I had ample leisure for the cultivation of my
mind. Our education had been, in a great
measure, conducted by our parents. Our
mother was an accomplished woman, and

she omitted no opportunity to render us so
also; but we were each, at the age of
sixteen sent to a large boarding school at
a considerable distance from home, where
we were allowed to remain two years for
the purpose of finishing.

Mamma had urged that, as I was so or-
dinary in every respect, little could be ex-
pected from me in the way of marriage, or
advancing the interests of the family, and
observed that one year might suffice for
me, while each of my younger sisters
should have the benefit of two years' pub-
lic instruction. Downright injustice of
this description did not, however, suit my
father's preconceived idea of right, and I
was allowed equal advantages with the
others.

I will not, at present, dwell upon these
school days; suffice it to say, I formed no
particular intimacies; I made good use of
my time, and carried home testimonials of
progress from the teacher, which were not
bestowed upon either of my sisters, much
to their chagrin.

As I have headed my narrative "The
Maiden Sister," I will pass over the particu-
lars of our early youth, nor will I dwell
upon the absence of sympathy and true
affection which continued to distinguish me
from the other members of the family.
The time of which I write at present, was
in the month of April; Selina's last school
term had just expired. She was eighteen
years of age, and I turned of twenty-four.

I recollect, on that memorable afternoon,
the air was cold, and the sky cloudy, ren-
dering a little fire necessary in our small
living room; and I can never forget the
aspect it presented. Our father was not
present, as he generally occupied an apart-
ment denominated the study, where he
could attend to his affairs and pursue his
books unmolested. Mamma sat erect be-
fore the fire, occupied with her needle;
when silent, her countenance was almost
too commanding to inspire affection; yet
her smile was gentle and winning. She
dressed becomingly, and was lady-like in
her deportment. There was, however, an
air of sternness and decision that she could
assume at pleasure, which caused her
household to fear as well as love her. Her
manner towards my sisters was affection-
ate; but, with me, uniformly cold. My
sister Constance was sitting at a low table,
with a little basket before her, lined with
scarlet silk, containing the implements nec-
essary for sewing. She feigned to be oc-
cupied with some petty feminine employ-
ment; but as she was constitutionally in-
dolent, in reality accomplishing nothing.
Rose, who professed to be dying of ennui,
had seated herself in apparent desperation,
and was turning over the leaves of a popu-
lar novel. Selina was stretched at full
length upon the sofa. We had entertained
company at dinner, and she was in her at-
tentionless dress. A greater part of her ex-
quisitely moulded arm was visible, as it
supported her head; her eyes were closed,
and the long dark lashes rested upon a
check whose glow was like that—

"By the sunset given to mountain snow."

Her coral lips, slightly parted, revealed
teeth white as ocean pearls; and, as she
lay there, in dream-like beauty, I often
paused from my work to gaze upon her.
We were thus occupied when the door
opened, and one of the maid servants en-
tered with a small covered basket in her
hand—

"Here is a present from John's wife for
Miss Rhoda," said she, smiling, as she ad-
vanced towards me.

I took it from her, and, on opening it,
found that it contained a small cream cheese.
John was the ploughman, my reader, and
during a long and severe winter, I had found
the road to the hollow in which his hovel
stood, when the snow rendered the roads
almost impassable for others; I had cut up
a portion of my own slender wardrobe, and
converted it into clothing for Kate's twin
babies, when she, poor creature, had but
a scanty supply for one child. I had man-
y times made nourishing broth, and fed
it to her with my own hands; and now,
when returning health had smited upon
her, as a token of still grateful feeling, she
had sent me this little cheese.

"Is she in the kitchen?" asked I of the
maid.

"No, Miss, she has gone home."

"Take it with you and put it in the pan-
try," I replied; "I will thank her for her
present when I see her again."

As soon as the girl had left the room,
Selina, who had started up, burst into a
contemptuous laugh.

"Truly, Rhoda," cried she, "you are
entering into the duties of your vocation a
year before the allotted time."

"Did you ever yet know an old maid,
mamma," chimed in Constance, "who was
not given to charitable visiting and all those
sort of things?"

"You must not forget," interrupted I,
"that it was the only thing this poor wo-
man had to give. It has, doubtless, been
made a present to them, and would have
been a great delicacy in a family accus-

to med to the coarsest fare; she has made
more of a sacrifice to evince her gratitude,
than the great ones of the earth when they
bestow their gifts of costly jewels."

"You possess the knack of defending
yourself, at any rate, Rhoda," said mam-
ma; "I wish, however, if you have an idea
of making yourself useful, you would con-
trive to do so at home. You could assist
your sisters in repairing their wardrobe,
help the maid and myself sometimes in the
dairy, and turn your hand to a variety of
things."

And here my mother commenced a sub-
ject she usually introduced into all her pri-
vate discourses: "Having so many useless
girls to dress is certainly very expensive,
and there is a poor prospect of any of you
being married soon."

"Rhoda should set her younger sisters
an example," replied Rose, while her pou-
ting under lip curled with a sneering ex-
pression, which had become almost habit-
ual to it. "An elder sister an old maid, or
what is the same thing, certain of being
one, appears to exert a baleful influence
over the fortunes of a family of girls. It
effectually prevents the others making
good matches, as her age entitles her to
precedence, and gentlemen are prevented
from visiting at a house for fear of having
an object of dislike forced upon them.
Moreover, I think Rhoda grows more homely
every day—"

Here the remarks of my sister were
broken in upon unexpectedly. I had, hith-
erto, borne all in silence; but my feelings,
at this moment, overcame me, and I burst
into an agony of tears and sobs. Our
mother, who had always appeared to look
upon me with concealed dislike, did not
seem affected by this distress, but evident-
ly thinking such scenes disgraceful in a
family, she requested Rose in a decided
tone to "go on with her reading without
any further remark."

Silence being restored, I shortly after-
wards left the room, and after putting
my shawl and bonnet, bent my way to a
wood where I knew I could wander for
hours unmolested. I had many favorite
haunts around my really picturesque home,
and a few moments brought me to a spot
as wild as that of the foot of man had never
entered it. Here I seated myself on the
long leathery grass at the foot of an old
tree, and gave vent to my feelings without
restraint. Tears exerted a salutary in-
fluence in allaying the tumult within, and
as my mind was active, and I was a creature
of the most affectionate impulses, I soon re-
covered sufficient composure to enable me
to reflect. My sphere was indeed limited,
but I had always thought the welfare of my
fellow mortals an object of interest and du-
ty. It had been my pleasure to encourage
the timid to counsel the erring, and to di-
vide my pittance with the destitute. Yet
my heart had grown heavy under the con-
sciousness that the cold philanthropy of my
family viewed these my good offices with
a sort of sneering contempt. Yet I felt that
I must not allow myself to be discouraged;
the little offices of kindness it had been in
my power to bestow, had served to keep
my heart green and fresh, and when mis-
erable by feeling myself an alien and a
burden at home, the consciousness that
there were some humble souls who never
mentioned my name without coupling it
with a blessing, cured with it a feeling of
pleasure inexpressibly soothing.

"Ah, if my sisters would but allow me
to love them," I at length audibly exclaim