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Notes of a Seven Months' Journey to CALIFORNIA, VIA FORT SMITH, SANTA FE, GILA RIVER, AND THE TULE LAKE.

From the Private Journal kept by WM. R. CHAMBERLIN, of LEWISBURG, PA.

CONTINUED.

[In our last No., the Canadian river was stated to be "600 miles wide," which should be yards instead of miles—an error of the compositor.]

Friday, May 11.—Rain this morning; cleared off, and we started; weather very warm and sultry. About 2 o'clock we were met by a most terrific hailstorm; there was a constant shower of lightning and peal after peal of thunder; ice fell to the depth of two inches in a few minutes. Our animals were so frightened as to be unmanageable, and they ran, with the wagon, in every direction over the prairie, and when the storm ceased, some of us were out of each other's sight. I had on an India rubber cap, and my head was sore for several days afterwards, from the beating of the hail. Some of the men happening to have some brandy with them, Iced it, and drank "hail storm." Found a deserted wagon. It appears by a handbill left upon it, that it was owned by a mess of three, one of whom had strayed off, and was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; the other two had abandoned the wagon, and started in search of their comrade. Thus far we have had but little trouble with our animals. Immediately after encamping, we turned them out to graze until dark, under guard. We then tie them up, and guard them during the night, and loose them early in the morning. We generally form our wagons into a "corral," put the animals in the inside, and our fire on the outside. Although we apprehend but little danger from the Indians, it is best to be prepared. Distance 18 miles—359.

Saturday, May 12.—Encamped this evening on the banks of the Canadian river. The water is very brackish and ill tasted, but we are obliged to use it. The plains which heretofore were covered with grass, wild flowers, and odoriferous plants, have become barren and hilly; and traveling is much impeded by deep arroyos and sand hills.—Distance, 20 miles—409.

Sunday, May 13.—Remained in camp to-day, to rest, and graze our weary animals. We very much need rest ourselves. Washing our clothes, and preparing for another week's travel.

Monday, May 14.—Started early, and traveled on, and near, the bank of the Canadian all day. We now find it necessary to keep near the river, to find water, and grass. Passed a number of mounds. Encamped on a small pool of water, near a deserted Indian encampment, which is not 16 days old. There had been 18 lodges. Distance, 30 miles—439.

Tuesday, May 15.—Opposite our camp on the other bank of the river, there is a desert of sand, entirely destitute of vegetation. It resembles a snow drift, having no doubt been formed by high winds. It is several miles square. There appears to be as much water in the Canadian, here, as there was 200 miles below. I suppose that it loses as much by evaporation, as it gains by the few streams, that put into it for that distance. In all respects it retains the same appearance, excepting that the growth of cotton wood on its banks is more sparse. We have not as yet resorted to "buffalo chips," for fuel, but I find that one wears the purpose of a writing desk at present. Distance, 16 miles—455.

Wednesday, May 16.—Our course to-day has been along the flat of the river, which in places is very narrow, and in others half a mile broad. Occasionally we come across a patch of good grass. For several days, we have crossed no streams putting into the river. The sand in our road is very heavy, and the weather hot, which makes traveling very laborious upon man and beast. Passed a large number of large mounds upon the plains which resembled the former ones. We are much annoyed by sand flies and gnats. Saw some wild flax, and a great variety of wild flowers, some of which were rare and beautiful. Grass grows here in abundance, and a few dwarf pines. The scalp of an emigrant was taken a few days ago, by the Indians, and hung upon a pole, in the road. It was found by a company in advance of us. They probably thought to frighten

us by this act of hostility, but will find out to the contrary. A hail storm this evening, and a heavy shower threatens this morning. Distance, 20 miles—475.

Thursday, May 17.—We have traveled along the banks of the river for several days. About noon to-day we crossed a large branch, which was much swollen, and very cold on account of the recent hail storm. Our general rule for traveling is as follows: Start at 8 o'clock in the morning, and continue without intermission until 4 P. M., when we encamp, and graze our mules, until 8, then tie them up until 4 in the morning, and again start at 8. Distance, 20 miles—495.

Friday, May 18.—Overtaken by a pack mule company this morning. Road very heavy, caused by the recent rains. Saw some beautiful specimens of "Cactus" in bloom—they were several colors, but principally yellow. I have suffered severely from toothache for several days; contrary to all rules it commenced after our sugar had run out. We are getting scarce of breadstuffs, but have plenty of bacon and beans. Distance, 20 miles—515.

Saturday, May 19.—The country presents a rough, brown and very barren appearance. There is a species of rank grass growing on the flats of the river; one stalk that I measured out of curiosity, was 27 feet long. Crossed a large dry branch of the Canadian, to-day, and it was with great difficulty that the mules dragged the wagons through it. We see a great many of "Captain Lee's Mexican toads" on our way. Pached our tent in time to escape a soaking. Distance, 15 miles—530.

Sunday, May 20.—The wind is very high, which has blown the sand over everything, ruining our victuals, &c. The grass is poor, and of a salty nature, and the water is strongly impregnated with salt. Although we had proposed remaining here over Sabbath, some of the company, considering our situation, were in favor of moving, a vote was taken and decided to travel. The flat on the river appeared to end here, and we were obliged to ascend a high and very steep bluff. Continued traveling over a high barren plain; crossed one small stream, and passed one spring of good water, where some of us fortunately filled our kegs, canteens, &c., for we were obliged to encamp upon the plains, without wood or water, not a tree or shrub to be seen, as far as the eye can reach over the barren waste. We are getting out of the buffalo range, but succeeded in finding enough dough to boil our coffee, by carrying a sack full of the "chips" about two miles. When perfectly dry, it is a good substitute for wood, and our cooking was very palatable. We have been traveling south to day. Distance, 20 miles—550.

Monday, May 21.—The first day we have escaped a shower since we left Choteau's. No dew fell last night, and we had to drive several miles out of our way, this morning, to procure water. We have seen very little or no game for several days. What the Creator designed this barren portion of the world for, is more than I can imagine, unless (like the deserts of Africa) it was thrown in "to fill up." The road was heavy, and we made but little progress. Encamped early, with an abundance of good wood, water, and grass. Here we came upon an old wagon road, which, we afterwards learned, was the route traveled by Mexican traders into the Indian country. Distance, 15 miles—565.

Tuesday, May 22.—Some of the Company anxious to "lie by" to-day, but again decided by vote to travel; and accordingly started; ascended a high range of hills and kept along the back-bone, over a solid gravel road. Encamped at 1 1/2 o'clock; had good grass, water, and some wood. Shortly after we had pitched our tent, we were visited by three Mexicans; they were rough looking fellows, and the first we had seen. They said they lived at a ranch 10 miles to the south, but could speak no English. A sight of them however, was cheering, and we began to think we were near the borders of New Mexico. The weather has been pleasant to-day, with a good breeze from the west. Walter Winston has been very unwell for some days, but is recovering. The faces of some of the party, bitten by gnats and sand-flies, are dreadfully swollen, and very painful. To-day we saw a new variety of prickly pear, or cactus, that grew in the form of a bush. It had some fruit upon it; curiosity prompted some of us to taste it; we were soon satisfied, and came away with our mouths stuck full of small bars, which we could not extract. We have already decided to pack from Santa Fe, if we can procure the necessary outfit at that place. Weather uncomfortably warm. Distance, 15 miles—580.

Wednesday, May 23.—Visited this morning by several Mexicans; one of them spoke pretty good English. He has been in the employ of Americans for 25 years, and made a trip to California 12

years ago. Some years since, he was employed by "Boyl Drake" (formerly of Lewisburg,) to assist him to take 12 live buffaloes to the East, for exhibition. M. J. Green had seen them in Philadelphia, and recognized the Mexican, although he has since lost an eye, and is otherwise disfigured. Our course nearly S. W., over hard gravel plains. Prairie dogs abundant. Encamped on a small pool of standing water. Distance, 20 miles—600.

Thursday, May 24.—The country presents the usual appearance to-day. Traveled 9 1/2 hours; crossed a small stream, where we supplied ourselves with wood and water, and went farther in search of grass. Ascend several large hills, and continued our course over a high plain, annoyed by a very high wind, which impeded our motion, and filled our eyes with sand. Finding it impossible to keep a hat upon my head, I laid it aside, and received the scorching rays of the sun upon my bare pate. Dr. Winston shot an antelope to-day, the meat of which was pronounced the most tender and delicious we had ever eaten. They are a beautiful animal, and as fleet as the wind; we see a good many of them, but they are difficult to kill. Encamped near some puddles of wretched water, the grazing very indifferent. Distance, 25 miles—625.

Friday, May 25.—Passed over a broken and barren plain to-day. The grass is fast drying up. About 1 o'clock, we came to a rocky chasm in the bottom of which there was a little water, which was a God-send, for we were very much in need of it. Millions of swallows inhabit these rocks, attaching their nests to them; in one place, under a large overhanging rock, there were a great many rude hieroglyphics, painted, and carved in the stone, imitating persons, beasts, birds, reptiles, and one in particular which we supposed was intended to represent the evil spirit; there were also a great number of large stone crucibles, lying about; what they were ever used for, was more than we could discover. Altogether it is a strange, wild, and picturesque looking place. There are recesses in the rocks that would shelter and hide thousands of persons. From the numerous trails about it we suppose it to be a great resort for the Indians, to trade with the Mexicans. There were 17 of the latter encamped amongst the rocks; who offered to sell us corn, tobacco, &c.; they pack it hither upon mules and asses. Our road from this point appears much plainer. These Mexicans said they were out upon a trading expedition with the Comanches. They asked \$2.50 per bushel for corn, and sixpence a piece for their hard, black looking crackers. They informed us that we were yet 200 miles distant from Santa Fe; but we doubted their word, supposing it to be to their interest to sell us their merchandise. We are encamped upon a puddle of water, with a little wood, and poor grass. We have not more than 3 days' supply of breadstuffs on hand. Distance, 25 miles—650.

Saturday, May 26.—Started at the usual time this morning, and traveled until 7 1/2 P. M., finding no water, except one pool which was too salt for use; some of us suffered very much from thirst. We did not encamp until after dark, when a little water was found in a rocky ravine, about a mile from camp; we did not get all the animals watered until midnight; then made a cup of tea, and "turned in" after a hard day's travel, and our difficulties were soon forgotten in a sound sleep. We met another gang of Mexican traders to-day. A pack-mule company ahead of us, in searching for water, became separated, and lost to each other. The Mexicans also become scattered, being also in search of water. High wind during the night. Distance, 33 miles—683.

Sunday, May 27.—We have had but one day of rest since leaving Choteau's, and concluded to remain in camp to-day. The reason we have not stopped oftener, is, that we have never found good water, or grass, enough for our animals, and being in hopes of finding better, every day. Our great objection to this route across the plains, will be the scarcity of feed. How large companies will fare, I can not tell; but I think that many ox-teams will never reach Santa Fe. Mules endure thirst much better than cattle. The range of the Rocky Mountain that runs through New Mexico, is in sight, in the west. One large peak has the appearance of a perfect dome, and others have peculiar shapes. There is a long range of bluffs to the south of us, covered with a small growth of cedar. I have been interested, to-day, in reading Bryant's "What I Saw in California." The portion that treats on his journey across the plains, agrees pretty well with our experience, except that three great necessities, water, grass, and wood, were more abundant on his route, and his road being a plain, well beaten one. Our tent was blown down by the storm last night.

Monday, May 28.—The wind was very high during the night, and when I awoke

this morning, was almost suffocated with sand. While the storm was raging, we were alarmed by cries of distress near our camp; we answered, and groped our way toward them as well as we could in the dark; their continued cries served to guide us to them, when we found them to be a company of Mexicans, who had been scattered, and driven out of their way by the storm; they were very much alarmed, and did not move from the spot until day-light.

This morning, a company of emigrants, with six wagons, overtook us, and turned in to encamp, where we had left. They had been without water since the morning before.

We have had a comfortable breeze to-day, and our course has led over a rather barren plain, broken by mounds and rocky peaks, amongst which we wound our way. One cluster of conical shaped mounds rising up, one behind the other, reminds me of a picture upon the cover of my old school Atlas, representing the heights of the different mountains in the world. The general scenery to-day, has been grand, gloomy, and picturesque. We are now obliged to use the dry branches of the Cactus for fuel. Found some wild peas to-day, of which our animals are very fond; passed through some patches of wild flax, and saw a great variety of wild flowers, but being no Botanist, I can not give their names; they are altogether strange to me, and peculiar to the country and climate. Encamped on a small dry stream, in the bed of which were a few holes of water, so salty that we could scarcely use it; but stern necessity compels us to drink or die. Some wood and grass. Distance, 18 miles—701.

Tuesday, May 29.—To-day our road ran through a valley bounded on the north, west, and south, by high peaks, pyramid-shaped hills, and mounds, covered with a scrubby growth of cedars; the grass is all dried up, and we found no water until 4 o'clock, P. M., when we came to a ditch, filled with red, muddy water. Our animals drank without measure; when I tasted, I found it so nauseous that I could not drink. We were obliged to encamp, and make the most of it. This is a watering place for a flock of several thousand sheep; they are grazed in the neighborhood, and driven into a natural fold in the mountain, where they are watched by shepherds and dogs. The plain to-day has been covered with bear grass; the root resembles a pine apple, from which a large top of coarse grass springs up, very sharp at the ends. The animals are afraid of it, and turn out of its way when in the road. A stalk grows out of the center, to the height of several feet, bearing a white, drooping flower. Distance, 20 miles—721.

Wednesday, May 30.—While the teams were passing through the outlet of the valley, I clambered to the top of one of the high ridges. The mountains appear to be composed of red sand, or granite rock, those uppermost, were very much washed and worn by water, although from the present parched appearance of the country it would be natural to think that it is never visited by rain. I found some rich specimens of iron ore, of which mineral there is undoubtedly a great abundance in these mountains. Saw a number of m-eating birds, and it did me good to hear these little songsters, imitating the various birds of the country; I only regretted that I could not listen to them any longer. Shortly afterwards, we found the country more broken. Cedar appears to be the only wood, except a few scrubby pines, the odor of which, when we broke the twigs, resemble a good ripe apple. Passed a large flock of sheep and goats, herded by dogs and several wretched looking Mexicans. We purchased a sheep for \$1.50, and a lamb for half price; the mutton tasted very good. The wool grown in this country is remarkably coarse, no regard being paid to its improvement, although this country is well adapted to wool-growing. Here we found a basin of water in the rock, strongly impregnated with salt and sheepsickness; we watered our stock, and proceeded until 6 o'clock, when we encamped (as we supposed) without wood or water, but found a small spring of water about a mile from camp, where we obtained a scanty supply. Cactus for fuel. Distance, 25 miles—746.

Thursday, May 31.—The country to-day has the usual rough, hilly appearance; sun very powerful this morning, and not a breath of air stirring. Overtaken a pack-mule company who had lost the greater part of their stock during the night; they were in an unpleasant situation, and we agreed to carry a part of their baggage to the first Mexican town. Found no water until evening, when we encamped on a pure running stream, about 20 feet wide, very deep and swift. We did not learn the name of it, but no doubt it finds its way to the Rio Grande; it leads in the mountains, to the north, and is very cold. This is the first running water we have crossed in a distance of 300 miles, and, together with the old-fashioned romantic mountain

scenery around us, had a cheering effect upon us. Used the small green willows that grew upon the bank of the stream for fuel. Distance, 25 miles—771.

(To be continued.)

THE METEOR MISSION.

BY "NOVUS."

As wearied millions sought their pillow's rest,
Amid the shadows of the pill of night,
Beneath the vapors that upward pressed,
A sleepless wanderer surveyed the night.

Despair was gnawing at his heart,
Whose open door revealed, alone,
The shrine that Memory erects
To idols that have flown.

An aching, boundless, depthless void,
As yawning in his soul,
And rumbling thunders swept the gulph,
As any billows roll.

On, on, as birds their pathway trace,
He rushed with mad endeavor;
His beating heart and rapid pace
Kept time together.

And on he flew, till mild the frowns
Of rigid tombs he stood,
With ghastly glare of staining eyes,
And veins of curling blood.

He flung his length upon a mound,
That day had ne'erly made,
And clung as his heart's wild throes
Were calling up the dead!

Then Fancy, winged with sweeping plumes,
Conveyed his eyes afar,
Where, struggling 'mid a mass of clouds,
There leamed a single star.

Again he gazed, with doubt and hope,
Up where it lit his view;
A second time its silver smile
A halo round him threw.

And still he stood with gnat-up breath,
And scanned the vapor o'er,
Trembling in hope, yet dared not think
He'd never see it more;

And yet again, with added glow,
Its brilliant beauty came;
Then, sweetly, softly, from the grave,
A whisper breathed his name.

Swift as lightning flashing
O'er the raging storm,
From his cold bed dashed,
Stood that haggard form.

Upward glanced his vision
Where the star had come,
With its meteor mission
To his heart's sad home.

"Welcome! blessed star of gladness,
Sweet thy rays within my breast;
Brighted hope and rising sadness
Yield to joy and peaceful rest.

In the brightness of thy splendor,
Glory's entering port I see;
Fleeting scenes no more can render
Comfort's healing balm to me.

I'll meet her there,
I'll meet her there,
The pang of parting never come;
I'll seek her there,
I'll seek her there,

Her voice has sweetly called me home.
Frost-tinged and spectral, joys of air,
Thy wings rest not on heaven's blue dome."
Lewistown, Jan. 1851.

THE MAIDEN SISTER.

OR PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.
[Concluded.]

After his departure, I can scarcely describe to you the flutter my sisters were in. Mr. B. it was discovered, still remained a bachelor; and Selma, who had watched him mount his horse and ride down the gravel-walk, declared he was enough to turn the heads of half the girls in Christendom. Constance and Rose regretted, for once, that they had not been in my place, in order to obtain an introduction; and I was obliged, to my infinite amusement, to repeat again and again, every word which had escaped his lips. At length, in order to allay the tumult, I told them of his determination to call again in the morning; and Selma at once proceeded to request papa, on his next visit, to invite him into the parlor.

The following morning, my sisters were early engaged in dusting, polishing, and re-arranging the old-fashioned furniture. Flowers in vases were placed here and there, and everything was made to appear as handsome and as cheerful as possible. Nor were they indifferent to their own appearance. Constance attired herself in a dark dress which she had been told, well became her complexion. Rose, with her blooming cheeks and flowing ringlets, looked best in pale blue; while Selma's superb figure was displayed to wonderful advantage in a white transparent mu-lin.

The lapse of time had not improved them; the two elder, especially, had grown thinner, and their faces wore a fretful expression. But Selma was still in the luxuriant bloom of her beauty.

As to my own attire—they had ridiculed me so unmercifully, that I dared not make any change; and I appeared before our visitor, as I had done on the previous morning, in a simple black silk, a good deal the worse for wear. I had, however, one advantage—I was at all times scrupulously neat, and when I had put on the same collar, which chanced to be of real Valenciennes, and arranged my hair as I was in the habit of wearing it, homely as I was, I felt that I was by no means displeasing. And, as my appearance had never been what is called youthful, I was fortunate enough to look as young as I had done ten years before.

When Mr. Baryton arrived, my father requested my presence in the study, and informed our visitor that, as he found himself growing too infirm to transact business without assistance, a portion of his eldest daughter's time was devoted to him.

Mr. B. looked at me intently, for the first time, when this remark was made, and I judged from the power and penetration of his eye, that he possessed great skill in deciphering character. After he had murmured some complimentary words in reply, about filial affection, they proceeded to busy themselves, while I was employed in collecting the papers they required, and in rendering myself otherwise useful.

When an hour had been spent in this way, and Mr. B. was preparing to leave, my father invited him into the parlor, and introduced him to his daughters. Here, agreeable to the resolution I had formed, (but at this time not without a severe struggle,) I did not appear, but, tying on my bonnet, left the house for my daily walk on the river's bank.

My mood was particularly desponding; for, constituted as I was, with a heart and soul to admire all that was good and exalted, and keenly feeling the isolated position in which I was obliged to place myself—with the want of congeniality in all the members of my own family—I experienced a choking sensation in the throat, while my spirit rose to a state of rebellion which, for some moments, reason strove in vain to quell. My relations were what they had ever been, yet at this moment I fancied they possessed qualities even more unpleasant than they really did; and my frame of mind was so disconsolate that I experienced a kind of disgust to all the world.

"My father does not care for me farther than interest is concerned; my mother does not treat me with the affection she bestows upon others; the opprobrious epithet, 'old maid,' is more frequently applied to me than any other; and, unless it is a few poor I have been able to befriend, no one would miss me if I were really gone."

Here my wretchedness reached its climax. I felt the hot tears gushing up from my heart, and setting myself upon a broad stone which chanced to be near, allowed them to trickle down my face without restraint. I had been in this situation some time, and as the whispering wind from the river fanned my brow, began to feel more composed—when, startled by the sound of steps, and turning suddenly, Mr. Baryton was beside me! He did not appear to observe my emotion, but smiling with an expression of real pleasure, rallied me upon my love of solitude, and remarked that in following the course of the stream to reach Eagle's Cliff, he had not anticipated falling in with a companion.

My embarrassment was so great that I scarcely knew what reply to make; but he went on to remark on the beauty of the summer which was now shining; of the mingling influences of nature, and of the time, when a boy, he had explored every nook of the stream upon whose bank we were seated. My heart had fluttered strangely as he seated himself by my side in that solitary place; but his manner was so gentle and courteous, that I soon became sufficiently reassured to converse, and was both glad and proud to observe with what silent attention he listened to my remarks.

For one brief hour we sat there, then walked together to where our paths diverged, and I returned alone to my home, every emotion of my heart softened down to a gentle calm, missing, as I went, upon the capabilities of mind, the characteristics of feeling, possessed by the owner of Eagle's Cliff. I remembered, too, that he had said my voice possessed the low, sweet tone, so excellent in a woman; he had also observed that defects of symmetry and color might be redeemed in any face by beauty of expression; and, although the romance of early days had long since passed away, my bosom throbbled with a strange, new sense of happiness.

No questions were asked me on my return, nor did I speak of the interview. My sisters were, I found, in raptures with Mr. Baryton; they also informed me how much he had appeared struck with Selma; and that mamma had invited him on the following day to dinner. Great preparations were made for this event; but as no one could concoct a pudding equal to myself, my services were required to assist in the preparations, and I did not enter the parlor until they were about proceeding to the table. Three or four persons belonging to the neighboring families were present. Mr. B. bowed to me with the kindly air of an old acquaintance, but his attention was engrossed by Selma, who sat beside him, and appeared to be doing her utmost to render herself agreeable. I did not return to the parlor after the gentlemen came in, but prior to their appearance, overheard my mother saying to Constance, Rose, and Selma, that if she could see one of her daughters the wife of the owner of Eagle's Cliff, she could then leave the world in peace.

From this time forth, this gentleman

was a regular visitor at our house. A part of each morning was spent in arranging affairs, which I have before said had not been looked into for many years, and I was always required to be present. After some time, my father left these matters in my hands altogether, and hastening to dispatch what we had on hand, Mr. Baryton and myself, throwing the papers aside, would grow quite merry and talkative, entirely unrestrained by the presence of papa, who would sit quietly reading. It was apparent to me that our visitor enjoyed these hours of familiar intercourse with a mind which was evidently congenial; as for myself, the emotions I experienced at such times were undisturbed, yet exceedingly pleasant in the indulgence, and while I admired the elegant scholarship and noble sentiments of my companion, I, somehow, possessed a consciousness that these brief periods of time were, perhaps, the happiest of my life.

Very frequently after leaving us, Mr. Baryton would join my sisters in the parlor, and although quite sanguine as to his preference for me, they had never yet been able to decide which the fortunate object really was. He had invited Selma to ride upon one of his fine blooded horses, and complimented her horsemanship in no measured terms; but, then, it was to Constance and Rose, the presents of rare house flowers and delicious fruits, so frequently arrived. As for me, I could not express how desirable I thought a connection with this gentleman would be for a family situated as ours chanced to be; yet, my mind was in a tumult, which rendered it difficult for me to analyze my emotions. I saw that my sisters did not possess the capability of appreciating him as he deserved; that their every action originated in the purest selfishness; and provided this feeling was gratified, everything else was well. Every day some new demand was made upon my patience. I was obliged to make continual sacrifices, in order that they might appear to advantage, and when weary of their exertions, and embittered by the utter contempt with which they now, more than ever, appeared to regard me, I refused to comply. My mother would lecture me upon selfishness, until I was fast losing all tranquility, under the consciousness that I did not possess a friend, when an unexpected turn was given to affairs.

Our family had all been invited one day to dine at Eagle's Cliff. Mamma had declined on account of papa being slightly indisposed, but the girls were in high spirits, looking forward with delight to the visit, as they had never yet enjoyed an opportunity of seeing the place under its present advantageous circumstances; the shrubbery trimmed, the walks rolled, the windows opened, and the sumptuous furniture uncovered. It had also been included in the invitation, but as it seemed out of the ordinary course for me to accept, and as they were accustomed to pursue their pleasures in the manner which suited them best, they did not ask me to accompany them. I never enquired what excuse was made on my behalf, but the next day they could not get through with an account of their entertainment; the company had been large, and they entered into a minute detail of every particular. Yet they spoke of Mr. Baryton, notwithstanding the urbanity and politeness of his manner as host, as being out of spirits; and Rose conjectured with a laugh, which brought the color to Selma's cheek, that he must be in love. My thoughts were occupied with meditation upon these subjects when commencing my daily walk, and after proceeding as far as I thought proper, I took the path to John's hovel. I heard voices as I approached, but not pausing to listen, pushed open the door and beheld Mr. Baryton!

"Here she is herself," cried Selma, whose manner evinced that she was considerably interested in subject upon which she had been speaking, while Mr. B. advanced to me, and holding out his hand, said, with great animation—

"I shall soon discover all your excellencies; among the poor, I find, 'none name you but to praise.'"

I stammered something in reply, which was scarcely intelligible, and after enquiring for Rhoda, who was sick, prepared to leave. Mr. B. accompanied me, and placing my hand within his arm, he led me forward. Something unusual in his demeanor striking me, I looked up; but his earnest eyes were upon me, and I turned away from their power; he had assumed a manner of the utmost solemnity, and to my infinite surprise, said—

"You can scarcely conceive how much I was disappointed that you declined my invitation yesterday, as a principal object in making the party was to enjoy the pleasure of your society."

"I was not aware—I did not imagine—"

"I know all you would probably say, my dear Miss Healy," replied he, interrupting me. "I have watched, and study