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## Selected Tales.

## THE HUNTER'S REVENGE.

### A WESTERN LEGEND.

BY MARK PINDELL.

CHAPTER I.

A few years since, while wandering in some of our Kentucky counties which border upon the Ohio river, chance caused me to pass the night in the house of one of the oldest surviving pioneers of "the dark and bloody ground." The sight of such men—relics of a departed age, and memorials of that state of infancy from which our country has grown into its now glorious manhood—always possesses for me the highest interest. I listen to their words with reverence and delight. I never tire of their simple loquacity, for I feel that it is from their stores of traditionary learning, rather than from the dull pages of historic lore, that we can become fully aware of all the peculiar and distinguishing features of the spirit-stirring times in which they bore a part.

He, to whom I have alluded, was a fine specimen of his class. Though his once stalwart form was somewhat bent, and his white locks hung thin upon his broad temples, yet his body and mind were still active and vigorous. His cheerful laugh, the ruddy glow upon his cheek, and the quiet gleaming of his clear, blue eye, that told the good effects of an early life of temperance and active, manly toil. In the opposite chimney-corner sat the gray-haired matron whose love had cheered him through the toils of youth and manhood, and now shared the peace and contentment of his age.

I soon found, to my pleasure, that the old man both remembered well and loved to speak of the scenes of his early days; and never had storyteller, old or young, a more pleased and attentive listener. It was a cold, stormy, blustering winter night. The winds howled around the old farm-house and drifted the snow-wreaths against the window panes with a fury that made the great fire of logs, that was throwing its cheerful, flickering blaze over the room, doubly welcome.

As the night grew colder, we drew our chairs closer around the hospitable hearth, and while the young folks were enjoying the winter store of apples and nuts, and the old lady quietly knitted, and the house-dog slumbered on the floor, my venerable backwoodsman detailed many a thrilling anecdote of the pleasures and the perils of the past; of the daring of the hunter, and the vengeance of the red man.

At length, at the earnest request of the young folks, he told us a story which I will endeavor to repeat accurately, though without hoping to convey the charm imparted to it by the simple words and manners of the narrator.

Without further preface than a preliminary punch at the great backlog, which sent a cloud of sparks up the huge chimney, yawning like the mouth of a cavern, and roaring as if in defiance of the storm without, the old man proceeded somewhat as follows:

"For several years after the interior of the state had began to settle up, and was becoming quiet, this part of the country remained continually liable to incursions by the wild, roving tribes of Ohio. Companies of Indians, sometimes consisting of thirty or forty, sometimes of only three or four, were constantly crossing over in canoes at night, setting fire to barns and fields, of grain, stealing horses, and sometimes carrying off women and children. True, there was one petty "station" not far from where we now are, but the scant, though valiant garrison could do little for the defense of the frontier beyond protecting the families immediately within or around the walls, and by chasing retreating parties of the enemy to the river. It was about the year 17—that the Indians, taking advantage of this defenseless state of the border, increased their depredations to an alarming extent. And it was in the spring of that year that there appeared at the station I have mentioned, a man, whose character and actions seemed for a while to infuse new spirit into the desponding frontiermen.

Who he was, or whence he came, no one knew, though his singular habits and appearance called forth many inquiries.—Tall, sinewy and raw-boned, with sunburnt countenance, seamed across the forehead with a deep scar, deep-sunken eyes, which in moments of excitement gleamed with a strange, lurid fire, and dressed in the wild, half-Indian costume of the times, he presented a rather remarkable figure. In spite, however, of his looks, his dress and accoutrements, there was something in his conversation and manners which showed that he possessed an intelligence and a breeding above the rude, unlettered men among whom he moved.

The most prominent feature of his character, the one thought of his soul, seemed to be deadly, uncompromising hostility to the whole Indian race. In his ordinary intercourse with men he was shy, taciturn and retiring. But in moments of the chase and the conflict, he seemed changed, transformed, and filled with a mysterious fire which rendered him an object of wonder even to the bravest of the old hunters who looked upon his reckless daring.

Thus uniting to superior intelligence, undaunted courage and fierce energy of purpose, he acquired at once, and without appearing to seek it, that ascendancy over the minds of the simple backwoodsman, which such qualities must ever gain in any community. Yet he seemed, as much as possible, to avoid mingling with his fellows. He refused to live in the stockade fort, but built himself a little hut upon the summit of a hill about three miles distant, where he passed most of his time with no society save that of his dog.

But whenever the alarm was given that the foe had crossed the river, he was seen at the station, commanding, organizing, and planning; a self-appointed dictator, to whom all yielded implicit obedience. In the pursuit and the conflict he was ever foremost. He sought to make no prisoners; death to the enemy was his watchword and his only object. When the fight was over, he was heard claiming no booty, disputing with no man about his share in the conflict; but silently and unnoticed he stole back to his mountain hut to resume his solitary mode of life. Thus the woodsmen came to regard him with awe and almost with superstitious reverence, and the inquiries concerning his past life, checked by his stern and austere manner, gradually died away.

There was but one living being, beside his dog, for whom he seemed to entertain any feeling of interest or affection. This was a young hunter living at the station, and who had once, in an Indian battle, saved the old man's life at the risk of his own. This boy he sometimes suffered to join him on his hunting expeditions, and to share his frugal meals. But even to him he never spoke of his past history, and the boy was too discreet to allude to it.

CHAPTER II.

Months had passed since the stranger made his first appearance at the fort.—Spring and summer had come and gone, and autumn had thrown his rich mantle of bright and mellow hues over the landscape, when one evening, a few hours ere set of sun, the hunter and his young companion might have been seen ascending and descending the long, green hills which skirt the shores of the Ohio, on their return from one of their long and lonely wanderings among the recesses of the mountains. Descending the slope of a thickly-wooded hill, they came to the bank of the river, where a sudden bend in the stream formed a little cove, known as the Horse-shoe. As they were about to cross the little pebbly beach in order to reach the hill which rose in front of them, the hunter's attention was attracted by the unusual and uneasy motions of the dog, running hither and thither, snuffing the air, and pushing through the bushes which skirted the bank with a sharp, quick bark.

"Ha! old Snarl has snuffed something in the wind. That dog's never wrong.—Here, Snarl down, down, old fellow, before the red skins hear you!"

The dog came back and crouched at his master's feet, while he stepped cautiously forward, looking carefully about for "tracks," and peering anxiously into every thicket.

"There it is, at last," said he, suddenly, pointing to the ground and turning a significant look toward his companion. Sure enough, there were two footprints in the sand. They were half effaced, but the keen eye of the hunter could detect at once that they were quite recent, and had been made by a moccasin. After a few moments' search they found, snugly hidden beneath the thick undergrowth that skirted the immediate bank of the river, an Indian canoe, containing a bag of parched corn, a little venison and some powder.

"Well," said the old hunter, after a few moments' reflection, "I'll trap the red scoundrels this time."

"How is that?" asked his young friend.

"Why, you see the canoe is so small that not more than two or three can be in the party. They must intend to return soon, or they would have brought more provisions and hidden them in a better place. So I judge they intend to commit their deviltry to-night, and be off before day. Therefore, I'll just come down as soon as the moon rises, lay in wait until they get here, and then I think that Black Bess and myself will answer for two or three scalps to hang up in the cabin. In the mean time, I want you to go to the fort and put the boys on their guard, or some of them may be picked off before they know what hurts 'em."

"Well," said the youth, "I'm willing to go to the fort and warn them, but you must let me return and stand guard with you here. There may be more Indians than you expect, and two rifles are better than one, anyhow."

"No, no, boy; do just as I tell you.—There's no chance whatever of there being any more of 'em; and if there was, why, my old scalp is worth nothing, at any rate; but you know it won't do for you to get hurt just about this time."

The old man chuckled, and the young one blushed in spite of his sun burnt cheek. He was to be married, in a few days, to a young girl at the station.

His friend, however, paid no attention to his blushes, but carefully replacing the canoe, and erasing their own foot-prints, he led the way up a rugged path which lay before them. This path wuond along the side of a narrow gorge, shut out from the river by cliffs, and rendered gloomy by their eternal shadows. After a tedious walk of half an hour, the rocky path brought them to the summit of the hill on which the hunter's hut was built.

CHAPTER III.

The hut was of the rudest and simplest construction, and almost hidden by the thick growth of young trees, wild vines and bushes which the hunter had left undisturbed. In front of it stretched the green sward for a few yards, and then the hill went abruptly down, forming an almost perpendicular precipice, at the foot of which it sloped off again to the river's bank, which was thus a considerable distance from the hut.

As the two hunters gazed around from this lofty eminence, the scene spread out below and around them was one of almost indescribable beauty. Far as the eye could reach, stretched a sea of hills, more or less abrupt, and covered from base to summit with a mantle of foliage rich with all the varied hues of autumn. Westward lay a level expanse of forest, over whose tops arose the curling smoke of the distant station, the only visible sign of human existence. At their very feet, apparently, flowed the broad Ohio, rolling on in sluggish majesty, undisturbed, as yet, by the keel of the steamboat or the snort and whistle of the engine. And now, the setting sun, in his dying glories, poured a rich flood of light over the whole scene, making the ripples of "La Belle Riviere" seem a flood of molten gold.

The prospect was indeed glorious, but the young hunter in vain endeavored upon that evening to make his friend participate in his feelings of delight and admiration. During the whole day he had seemed unusually gloomy and taciturn, and as evening advanced, a deeper melancholy settled upon his brow. Now he sat upon the green grass, with his face buried in his hands, and returning brief, often incoherent answers, to the words of his companion. At length, as if endeavoring to relieve himself from his own meditations, he raised his head and said, with an evident effort to be cheerful.

"And so, my boy, you are going to get married soon, they tell me? Well, well, you needn't blush so—Molly's a good girl, and will make a hunter like you, a first-rate wife. But these are troublous times to be "marrying and giving in marriage." Ah! I remember—"

He paused, and his mind seemed absorbed in painful recollections.

"What is it that depresses you?" said the youth coming nearer, and laying his hand gently upon the old man's shoulder.

"Boy," he answered, at length, "this is the fifth anniversary of my sorrow; that which made me the outcast, wandering hunter that you see me now. Never before have I sought for human sympathy. But I love you as a son, and something seems forcing me to speak. Five summers ago, this very hour, that same sun looked down upon a happy home in West Virginia. It was an humble log-house, it is true, situated in a lonely spot, amid hills and woods, but it was full of comfort and happiness. That home was mine. For years, all went well with me. My crops, my cattle were unsurpassed. But, above all, I had a wife who was an angel upon earth, and two babes, a boy and a girl, who would have made a desert happy with their sweet laughter and their childish sports.

"Though remote from any human habitation, and though the Indians were occasionally seen and heard of in the neighborhood of my dwelling, I yet felt no fear. I had never wronged them, but on the contrary, had often fed and clothed half-starved stragglers from the tribe, who would wander to my door, and blindly I trusted to their magnanimity for the safety of all I held dear.

"Well, a little later in the day than this, just five years ago, I was seated by my hearth with my children on my knee, while my wife was busied in the preparation of our evening meal. The sun went down, and darkness came on, but the air was so pleasant that I left the door open to enjoy the fresh breeze that seemed making music among the branches of the great oaks before the door. I had lent my dogs to a neighbor for a hunt, and there was nothing to give warning of danger save the melancholy hooting of an owl in the neighboring forest. More than once my wife spoke of the effect that dismal sound had upon her feelings, but I laughed at her fears. Suddenly, as she was crossing the room, I heard her utter a scream of terror. I turned, and beheld a dozen dusky forms crowding into the doorway. Even now, I can see their eyes glaring and their white teeth shining as the fire-light flashed upon them. Springing from my seat, I was snatching down my rifle which always hung over the fire-place, when I received a blow from a tomahawk, which made that scar upon my forehead. A thousand lights gleamed in my eyes, and horrid sounds echoed in my ears as I fell insensible. Severe as was the blow, I soon returned to consciousness, owing, no doubt, to the excessive flow of blood. How awful the sight which I beheld! My wife standing bound in one corner of the room, the little children sobbing and clinging to her knees as if for protection, while the fiends were heaping all my little furniture into the centre of the room, evidently with the intention of firing the house. Making a desperate effort to rise, I gained my feet, and staggered forward a step or two, when the blood gushed over my eyes, and I fell, helpless and blinded, upon the floor. The shrieking and sobbing of my wife and children at this pitiable sight, were mingled with a laugh of derision from the savages, who supposed that I was dead at last. At this moment, one of their sentinels rushed in, exclaiming in their own language, "Fly! fly! the whites are coming!"

"I heard a few words of consultation. Then a command was given in tones I shall never forget. Then came blows and shrieks. They were murdering my children! O, God! how I writhed and struggled, in vain, to rise! In a moment their infant cries were stilled in death. Then came a crashing blow, a fall, a groan, and all was over! The had murdered my wife! Yes, they were *all* gone!—*all*—*all!* not one—not one left!"

The big tear-drops fell like rain through the old man's clasped hands, and his strong frame shook with agony. The young man said nothing, but wept. At length the hunter calmed himself, and proceeded:

"I became again insensible. A party of hunters who happened to be in the neighborhood, came in time to snatch my body from the burning dwelling, but not soon enough to take vengeance on the murderers. No, thank God, that task was left for me!

"I was taken to a station. I was nursed and tended most kindly, but for weeks and weeks I lingered upon the brink of the grave. I wished to die; I was delirious not only with pain and fever, but with grief and rage. But, at length, good treatment and my own iron constitution proved victorious. I recovered my health and strength of body, but there was a fever at my heart, which no time, no medicine could cure. I came forth twenty years older in feelings and appearance. My hair was gray, and my face wrinkled, as you see them now. But my change in body was nothing to my change in soul. I, who before was too kind hearted to have harmed a worm, was now a tiger, thirsting for human blood. I thought of nothing, prayed for nothing but revenge! I sold my land, and swore never to rest until the last of that band had fallen beneath my hand. I have nearly fulfilled my vow. Though I saw them but once each of their features was burned into my brain, and I could not mistake or forget them. Day and night, summer and winter, alone, and with bands of men, over rivers and mountains, through forest and morasses, in all shapes and in all disguises I have tracked and followed them. They made me a demon, and the demon has turned again and rent them. In their tents at midnight, with their wife's around them, in the battle-field, and alone in the dark forests, I have met and slain them! One after another they have fallen, and still one remains—the most subtle and ferocious of them all; and I have followed him here. He leads a band upon the Ohio side, and I have watched and sought for him day and night. They call him the Black Wolf of the Prairie. You have heard of him before; but when we meet you will not hear of him again!"

The hunter clenched his rifle fiercely, and was silent. His companion sat mute and motionless.

CHAPTER IV.

The boy had not sat thus many minutes, however, listening to the low hard breathing of his excited friend, when his attention was attracted by the sight of a familiar object floating upon the river. It was the large boat belonging to the station, and rowed by an old and faithful negro. The fluttering of a female dress in the stern of the boat revealed the presence of his sister and his betrothed. They had come out to meet him on his return from the chase. Jumping from the grass to hail them, his step was arrested by an occurrence which struck him at once with terror and amazement. The river bank, far below him, was lined with a thicket of young trees, matted together by a luxuriant growth of vines and creepers of every description. From this thicket he beheld a thin curl of smoke arise, followed by the report of a rifle and a single war-whoop. Before he could move or speak, the old negro had fallen heavily from his seat into the water, and two savages were seen to spring into the river, and with their rifles held above their heads, gain the boat, now drifting with the current.

With a cry of horror, the young man grasped his rifle, and rushing forward, would have plunged over the precipice, had not the strong hand of the hunter, laid open his shoulder, arrested his steps.

"Stop, rash boy, or you will ruin every thing!"

"Hands off, old man, I say! My sister—and Mary! I must save them!"

"You must, and you shall. Follow me at once! If the Indians see you, they will push across the river, and they will be lost forever."

By this time the Indians had placed themselves in the bow and stern of the boat, and were sculling her along, keeping her in the current. The boat was large and heavy, and their progress was not rapid. But the young man saw at a glance that his companion was right; and accustomed to yield implicit obedience to his dictates, he turned reluctantly and followed him down the same narrow pass which had brought them to the hut.

"Back, Snarl! stay here, sirrah!" said the hunter to the dog, who would have followed them. "And now, my boy, look to your tools, we have work ahead!"

Away, like bloodhounds on the trail, they started down the rocky path. The sun had set, and the twilight glimmer which was left, served only to throw strange, dark shadows over their rugged pathway, but with the firm, unerring tread of hunters "in a mountain land," they dashed forward at full speed. The contrast between the two was great. The one, furious and half demented at the idea that those he loved best on earth were in the hands of the brutal savages, grasped his rifle with a very death-grip, and with clenched teeth, sprang and bounded like a wild deer startled from his covert. The other, older and more accustomed to restraining outward signs of emotion, went as swiftly, but with the long, measured tread of a pursuing panther, taking care as he went, to look to the priming of his rifle, and to loosen his long hunting-knife in its scabbard.—Few were the minutes (though they seemed like hours to the young) ere they emerged upon the smooth level beach of the cove. It was, as we have said before, a little, pebbly place, a few yards square, with hills coming gently down to it upon three sides. On that side furthest, but only a few yards distant from the shore lay a giant oak, which had been uprooted in some long previous storm, and which now reclined, like a fallen monarch, in stern and silent majesty, with its giant arms still lifted up towards heaven. Behind this natural rampart, the two hunters placed themselves, with the long barrels of their rifles supported by its trunk.

The harvest moon had now risen in all its splendor, shedding a glorious flood of light over the scene. The river seemed one bed of liquid silver. The fog was rising, and the distant hills stealing out through their hazy azure mantle, seemed like ghostly sentinels or mountains in dream-land. The nearer forests, as they seemed to clamber up the steep hill-sides, were here tipped with silver, here wrapped in impenetrable gloom. A little ridge which ran out into the river from one end of the cove, giving it its peculiar shape, was crowned by a bristling array of young forest trees that stood out with strange distinctness against the clear blue sky.

"Be still, boy!" said the old man, in a whisper; as the youth moved uneasily in his position. "They will be here soon." All was still, indeed. The river did make a low, rippling, splashing noise among the bushes that hung down into its waves, and an owl in a neighboring tree sent forth his long and melancholy hooting but all else was calm and noiseless.

"Curse that owl," muttered the old man, forgetting his own injunctions, "it was just that way he hooted this night five years ago."

The young man shuddered, as the tale of horror he had listened to was thus brought to his mind, and made him reflect how soon the same fate might fall upon his sister and his bride.

A moment more and the low splash of oars is heard; another, and the boat swept rapidly around the projecting point which formed the upper end of the cove. In the bright moonlight every figure was plainly discernable. In the stern, sat a small Indian, steering, and occasionally speaking to the two girls in the middle of the boat, who, with terrified countenances, lay clasped in each other's arms, as if for protection. In front stood a tall and magnificent looking fellow, in all the warfinery of an Indian Chief, with scalp-lock, feathers, paint, and silver bracelets. He, too, handled an oar, while his rifle lay at his feet.

As the boat came near enough for them to distinguish the features of those on board, the old man started as if an adder had bit him.

"By Heavens! 'tis the Black Wolf! Thank God, the hour is come! Don't move," he whispered between his clenched teeth, "until I say the word; then fire at the smaller Indian."

The youth felt excited, also, but by a strong effort, quelling their emotions, the two lay motionless as statues, while the polished tubes of their rifles gleamed like fire in the moonlight.

The boat strikes the shore. The Chief steps out, and orders the girls to rise and follow him; but insensible with grief and fear they neither hear nor heed his command. The smaller Indian, enraged at their obstinacy, rises with an oath, and stepping forward, clutches Mary by the arm, as if to pull her from her seat. The hunter can contain himself no longer. A quick, clear report rings out upon the air, and the smaller Indian, with a single cry, leaps up and falls dead in the boat. The old hunter, taken by surprise, fires hurriedly, and a half-smothered groan from the Chief, as he springs back into the boat, tells that he is wounded, but not mortally. He seizes an oar and puches the boat from the land. Quick as thought, with a bound like that of a tigress robbed of her young, and a terrible shout of vengeance, the hunter has sprung into the boat, and grappled with his last and most deadly enemy!

But the warrior, though wounded, is not conquered. The long, keen blade of an Indian scalping knife, gleams an instant in the moonlight—the next, it finds a sheath in the hunter's breast. But there is no time for a second blow—the hands of the Avenger are at the Chieftain's throat. The cry of "Blood for blood," rings in his ears! The boat rocks with the terrible struggle. They totter, they fall with a heavy splash, and go down in the terrible embrace of death. A sullen wave, a few bubbles, and the dark waters of the Ohio roll over the Hunter and his Indian foe. Such was the *Hunter's Revenge!*

"And were their bodies never found?" I inquired, when the old man had finished his story.

"Yes, long years afterward, when the waters were unusually low, in a bed of drift-wood which must have lain upon the bottom for half a century, two skeleton forms were found by a startled fisherman still locked in a last embrace. They have been buried upon the summit of the hill, where once stood the Hunter's hut, and there they repose, side by side."

"And the young Hunter—what of him?"

"I am he, and there is his young bride," and he pointed with a smile to the gray-haired matron, in the opposite chimney-corner.

I looked up, and saw the eyes of the old couple filled with tears.—*Columbia and Great West.*

## Youth's Department.

### Lazy Boys.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves paupers and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and alms-houses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work, little by little, as the child is taught to learn at school, In this way he will acquire habits of industry that will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many parents who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor, Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief and finally find their way to the prison or alms house.

With the habits of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found. Where the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the street till late in the evening, learning the vulgar and profane habits of those older in vice: they may be seen hanging around groceries, bar-rooms and stores, where crowds gather; but they are seldom found engaged in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect that he became thus. No parents, however poor, in these times of cheap books and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness, If they cannot be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept at work; make them industrious scholars and they will be industrous at any business they may undertake in after life.

We know of many boys—young men—old enough to do business for themselves, who cannot read, and much less write their own names. They, too, are lazy, for ignorance and laziness are twin brothers. We always feel sorry for such young men—their habits are for life, the twig bent in childhood has grown a distorted tree and there is no remedy for it. They must pass through life as they have lived—in laziness and ignorance. Think of it, young reader, and take heed that your habits and character be not formed like theirs.—[Palmer Journal.

## Communications.

FOR THE LEDGER.

### LEAFLETS OF MEMORY.

NO. I—BY LURA LERNE.

The sun shone with dazzling splendor on the beautiful brick buildings of A., in the luxurant month of August. Every ray seemed to shine with unusual brilliancy, and apparently to penetrate the hearts of the merry school girls.

Groups were passing to and fro under the dark green foliage of the trees that surrounded the College; some with book in hand, endeavoring to concentrate their thoughts on study, whilst the thoughts of others were playing the truant.

There were two that had divided themselves from those that were passing, and were wending their way to a sequestered grass plot, to enjoy a *tete-a-tete* on the approaching festival of "to-morrow," that would be given in honor of his excellency Gov. M., from which was anticipated the pleasure of seeing some acquaintances, among the retinue of military characters that would be present on the occasion,

On arriving at the spot desired, they seated themselves beneath an oak that was venerable in years, the elder of the two exclaiming as she threw aside her bonnet:

"This mossy bank shall be my couch,
Th is rustling oak my canopy."

The elder girl was rather majestic and dignified in her deportment—her form was not what a connoisseur would term perfect, being rather of a voluptuous than a delicate mould; a complexion clear and smoothe; small but brilliant black eyes that at times beamed with unwonted animation; teeth that vied in whiteness with the pearl; her dark auburn hair was somewhat disheveled by the impatient manner in which she had thrown aside her bonnet; her cheek, usually pale, was now flushed with excitement, in contemplating that "to-morrow, she would see acquaintances, as the conversation will disclose.

Her friend by her side was beautiful beyond a doubt; her sylph-like form and merry mischevious face, revealed at once a heart unfettered by a care—how very applicable are the words of an immortal bard:

"Ne'er from the heath-flower brushed the dew."

Her golden locks were braided and placed around her sunny brow, resembling an imperial crown in hue; violet eyes that were shaded by lids of snowy whiteneas, a blonde that would rival the lily in its purity.

Books in hand they seat themselves, but eyes rivited on each other's faces, their conversation ran thus, the more youthful of the two speaking to the heart of the elder:

"Well, Janez, I am really pleased to see your spirits so elated this morning, I thiuk you are entitled to holiday to-morrow, as tis seldom you see an old acquaintance from your native home."

The breeze seemed to affect her eyes as she replied:

"Thank you, Nannie, I concur with you, as it has been a year, a long—long year, since I saw the face of one I knew previous to my coming here. I will apply this evening, to be emancipated from servitude to books, and enjoy liberty on to-morrow—'bondage is horror,' an—"

"A truce to your poetry from love-sick Julia, you are always poring over some poem, romance or other book, Janez, that I feel treated in getting you to speak rationally to me. Now let us enjoy a pleasant chit-chat, and leave off your silly stuffs; your imaginatiou would fall from its lofty flight f Dr. P—— would refuse you a furlough, if I may so express myself."

"Ah! that is too true; Nannie, 'and then will rend my fairy dreams of bliss;' if I may credit presentiments, my application will be received, and returned with a kind gentle yes."

I indulge the hope that your presentiment may be favorable. I am pretty sure that Dr. P—— will treat your petition as you desire, I will esconse behind the arras, when you present yourself. Dissemble a little, look sad, woe-begone, embody grim melancholy in your countenance, and I am sure you will be successful.

"I have but little doubt, Nan, but listen! heavens! there's the bell tolling for our class. I vow I know not much of Uphane, this morning, my thoughts of to-morrow has distracted my mind from Mental Philosophy."

"Come Janez, we must appear before the tribunal, be examined, and if deficient, a demerit without doubt. I almost imagine I see the long black stroke—black as night without moon or stars."

"The lesson is principally of illustrations of the sense of touch, if we do not acquit ourselves with eclat, I trust not with discredit."

"You will be at least able to cite one example, Scott is too great a favorite with you for you to forget 'Wandering Willie' in 'Red Gauntlet,' Janez."

They have gained the threshold—entered the chapel—but we will not go through the routine of interrogations. We imagine the black mark was not entered against them, as naught was said with respect to it. Janez remains after the dismissal of the class—Nannie is not to be seen, but if we may judge by