A NEW ENGLAND TALK. By the Author of "Sundries."

CHAPTER I.

break his dumb neck!"

"Never you fear," said the Deacon's be broke-and he'll never be drowned

neither, I can tell you" any other language would have been in mins in the year for her indent. cat, and took to his heels with a with they of her own sex or mero volunte cart-whip for he was used to hid to her loaned her books and chitted knocks, too, as well as to haid worls, and her when from company ship the blame-if the wind shook off the ally thus indulger to Margare parson's fruit, it must have been Jonee stoutly denied those of which he w who pelted down the apples if the not guilty, and she implicitly believe cows came home dry Jonce had been him. Can we wonder that how as surreptitiously milking them if the leasures Jonce loved his only friend non est. Jonce had the credit of having while as yet neither had read rom ... matter of course, all accredited to that sorrow and she had natural account dumb Jonce Smiley "

ceived commonly a blow or two for his the aid which he contribed to give her hardy and unreasonable impertinence, in her studies of transgression the real sinner was some one passed over, and his parent or guar- Deacon Abijah Under word was a dea-

boy up to such mischief!" able pastime, rather than of uncomfort- oric reputation is a capital assistant to cried as if her hear! would break able mishap. He considered those days his home standing. of exciting adventure.

a parent to him; but he had reason were admitted as valid. The opinion of enough, young as he was, to make ex- the public upon the Parson's sermons. cuses to himself for her conduct. He upon the Squire's decisions, upon the knew that she was every day beset with Doctor's practice, were only so many complaints about his unruly and wick- reissues of the Deacon's judgment; and ed hehavior; he knew that when peo- to finish the idea of his absolute sway. misuceds, even on occasions when he the richest man in the township, per-mad been peaceably under his mother's haps in the county. eye all day, that she was assured, and he only stayed at home to escape sus- into the village of Hardscrabble, on polon; while he did his mischief by Peltiah Perkins's cow, the Deacon, depthy. So he said, "let her thump, if having heard his wife's opinion that the did his mischief by Peltiah Perkins's cow, the Deacon, with a felt afraid that she should only compared to his her-room to stead, had placed a large grindstone held her peace. Jonce, at any rate, sor it, one of these days."

The state of the s

At school poor Jon . - . ways at the "foot of the class" care gh he actually knew more than any of his mates. There was no kind prompting voice at his ear, when he hesitated there was no waiting for him to collect his thoughts when a question was I'm to him - habit had taught the pedagogue to call out "Jonathan" nexe" almost in the same breath. Ano in school he was not less the foo'-bal and scapegrace than he was out, for the merit of all misclemeanors was as a mitter of course, his peculiar perquisite In the play-ground, if the agree draw for themselves upon the Deacon's able diversion of pelting any one with elder barrel, such a method of "patsnow-balls, turf, or stones was sug gested, Jonathan was the victim at unfrequent twenty years ago, or even "Well, I swan to man" energetically foot ball his shins received more kick- now in the interior of New England, axe ne er got before, inasmuch as Marexclaimed Deacon Abijah Underwood, then the ball, trickle he was avoid Breed and cheese for the family, and garet and dared to cry when he beat "If there isn't Peltian Perkin's brindle ed as one of the unlucky, for he was grain for the horse were drawn from Jonce Smiley, and the extra turns at cow, coming straight an end, like all always out, at marbles he lost his supplies in the wagon. possessed! And there's that young "toys" whether by the rules of the scapegrace, Jonce Smiley, clinging to game he won or lost, and "come now her back like a monkey in the caravan that's not fair play" put him down in round the vehicle with their hands in to the Shetland pony! Why, the little variaby, whether he was right or their pockets, intently examining the rascal will certainly be thrown and wrong All voices were against him In short he had no friends

wife-2"that's not the way his neck will was among the girls a child as muct persecuted by her sex, as Jonathan by his but in a different manner. Poor the harness, to asser ain whether the The subject of this pleasant prophecy little Mirgaret Smit n was an orphan shot by the deacon's house on his queer and a charity girl, a calld taken from Journey as for form; short trips. The conveyance, to use his own expression. the almshouse, to do double the labor age of the horse was "judged upon," "like a streak of chalk," unmindful of of a well puld domestic and receive all the uncharitable predictions which therefor such of the cast off clothes of were shouted as he passed, by more the children of the family as could no than one kind well wisher. The fact to original into decent appearance any limit was, he was used to such things and lorger. She was sent to school certain to him a scrap of the unknown tongue, secured that to here the really gene: When Pelitah's cow reached the home- ous heart of little longe was moved tostead. Jonathan or as he was usually ward this state in master une and the nicknamed. Jonce, slipped off like a assistance which she dued no ask of ing instinct of the danger of Pelital 4 ed. He made her lessons intelligible

He was an unlucky hitle Ishmaelie, from their rates be howevere exceed he always in disfavor with somebody for by active; have and a city that selent cause, and often without cause as, and cruel contempt. In the fair half when any mischief was riscovered the of creation understand so well how to origin of it was invariably imputed to visit upon one another. The little cou-Jonce If the bars of any body's con-ple were mutual compdants and while field were left down or thrown down Jonathan honestly confessed his retal by unruly cattle, it was Jonce who bore jatory misdoings ifor he did occasion

gal lookers for eggs made a return that he reciprocated the attachment been peaching. Was any body's dog or spoken of love, except for breid as lame? Jonce had stoned him Did any butter. And little Margery aside from body's cat disappear? Jonce had cer- the sympathy in situation and cir umtainly drowned her. Shivered glass, stance which knitts even older hear's scrawls on fences, mud on house doors, was a child to love. A mild blue evestolen melons, tricks on travelers and added to the pensive cast of a connec all and singular the boyish pranks nance which had thus early bewithin a ten miles' circuit, were as a schooled into the expression of pattern' ages of which even her hard lot could This was decidedly convenient for all not deprive her. Quick of apprehen-parament of matters and things in genthe other boys in the neighborhood in soon as she was slow to anger and vain did poor Jonathan protest his in- was apt and patient becomed her vers nocence—he was only whipped for ly- and capable of giving her little in a ing, in addition to the original count; in misfortune excellent advice and a and if the persisted in his denial he resistance out of school in return for it own veirs old that the mother of

in refusing to acknowledge what every- She was the bondmail of De an more that the dog had a cross of the body knew must be his work, and poor Abijah Underwood whose ejamiations found and that on the whole the Jonce not unfrequently saw the real open this chapter and she was not wight be permitted to pass culprit among the edified spectators of an unmoved eye witness of Jones | Heaving reached these sige conclusions, his castigation. Under such a state of mad prank, and an ear witness of the his mind was at ease and he was just affairs, as other boys could not be ex- remarks made upon his approach by furning to report the facts to the Inc. pected to feel Jonce's aches, and as her master and mistress. She knew con before he ventured to give them they found it not at all disagreeable to that this frolk would cost poor Jonee utterance to the world of Hardscrabble be whipped by proxy, we are not to a taste of discipline if not for the ride generally, when his ove fell upon Jones the blacksmith and farrier not loud, wonder that the more Jonce was whip- certainly as an additional count in the Smiley ped, the more offences multiplied very next complaint which should be Unlucky Jonce'. Hid Peltiah but against the peace and good order of the made against him a thing quite likely seen him at the made and while the village of Hardscrabble, and the com- to occur within the very next half wheel tire was yet unsettled, or while monwealth of Massachusetts. No mat- hour for poor Jonce's position as the age of the horse was yet unresolv ter if he could prove an alibi-that did scapegoat, as we have already remarked or had the image of Jones been not mend the case at all. No matter if ed, kept him in continual demand when printed on the re ina of Peltiah's eve another boy was caught in the very act village spite required to be visited upon a moment or two later when that wor- nonplussed. Never in his whole ex-

dian took the first opportunity to catch con of the old school, and held many things pertaining there o, all might and cull Jonce Smiley, for "putting his offices in the state as well as in the have been well. But the haples 'v church at Hardscrabble. He was keep, crossed Peltlah's vi. o. just at the co-But the little rogue, far from perish- er of the village inn and of the village it usplifors more and was seven ing, seemed but to habe under such pound postmaster, head of the over- the farmer as a soundly belaboard upon assistance, of going out of the retical illiberality, and the unlucky on- The Deacon shook his head. "He's discipline. He could acrabble out of a seers of the poor, and town-clerk With the emigrant's whip In wath horse trough, or creep from under a his business of innholder, he united pump, and shake himself dry, sooner that of "merchant" or "storekeeper," John rode the cow himself first all said "Somebody must go for the docthan any duck in New England. As to having on hand articles of all descriplicks, he knew the length and momentions, from a German flue to a penny tum of every leg in the township, and whistle- from a stick of tape to one could slide just one inch beyond the coat pattern of broadcloth, and a prime | 2' oon, to tell her own story, with reach of the sole of any man's shoe, assoriment of satinetts, and pepper- Jones on her back. For every accusawith almost unerring exactness. He and salt cassimeres three threads to ton against John, Jones received a har- run, as if nothing short of a scrub race knew whose hand was horny, and the inch. The reader, if he has any der whack, as John sood by, denying whose not, having auricularly tasted of reverence, has doubtless by this time the whole impeachment. When at every palm in the parish, more than perceived that Deacon Abijah Under-length he was released, poor Jonce once; and he had a most capital way of wood was the man of his age and his cept off, with every meh of his skir defeating the women's wrath, by shock- country, so far as the village of Hard- smarting, and Pelitish Perkins as great ing their knuckles with his elbows, scrabble was considered. It was also bullies, when they have the shed small when they tried to rain their up and currently believed in Hardscrabble that men or weak boys inventbly do, down blows upon the back of his neck. Deacon Underwood was a man of no walked off with a most noble conscious-Broomsticks he could dodge so scien- small influence and consequence even ness of power, and pride or victory. tifically that not one whack in twenty in Boston the political, commercial, intended ones would leach him Indud and literary Jerusalem of New Enghe rather like the excitement of pla 'g land; an impression which the Deacon dodge with all he met, and grew a himself was at some little pains to tostime, almost to consider his position for; as in Hardscrabble, as well as in

blanks, at the end of which he was The Deacon's bar-room was the court obliged to lie down to sleep without a of last appeal in Hardscrabble. The bruise, or scratch, or other memorial Doctor, the Squire, and even the Parson had striven in vain in former years Our here had few such days in his to set up separate and independent experience. If nobody else cuffed him, jurisdictions in the distinct parts of his mother's good night was usually their several careers in Hardscrabble, rapped upon his knowledge-box, with but the Deacon had succeeded at length her knuckles, and this was about the in reducing them all three. He was in only punition that Jonathan cared any- fact, the autocrat, and the others were thing about. He could not, as a duti- content at last to hold permitted auful son, accidentally kick her ankles, thority as the heads of the three dewith his heels, or plant his foot upon partments of divinity, law, and physic, her toes, as was his wont when other subject to the control of Deacon Abijah women administered such discipline to who confirmed or disapproved of their him, and his only method, when the decisions as his humor dictated. The maternal blessing visited his ears was Deacon's standing force was public to hold his breath, and bear it. This opinion, and an irresistible agent of was rather irksome, but he found con- his will it was too; for all public opinsolation in inwardly vowing that he ion must be either primarily issued by would one day be a man, in spite of his him, or by him endorsed, before it could mother and all her abettors. He felt become current, or be received as genthat she was cruel, and, except that she uine. They say to Hardscrabble was fed him, as she did her cat, (only not only another phrase for "the Deacon so kindly,) that she was any thing but says"-that is all the "they says" which

is come in to complain of his alleged it is only necessary to add that he was When as herein before related. Jonce int was worse still, convinced, that | Smiley made his unceremonious entry

settle the public opinion upon the mat- here thus improving the shade and the er for he well knew that such an room. event as this must necessarily furnish. Now it so happened that Pelitah Pera subject for confab. Peltiah Perkins kins, who was the Deacon's next-door coon arrived, with others of the imme-neighbor, being mercilessly disposed to dute neighbors, and the last high improve his mood of furious daring by erime and misdemeanor of poor Jonce some seed of high emprise, determined was forthwith entered upon. And the after having whipped Jonce, to grind somewhar unusual occurrence of a real his axe, by way of letting off the valor traveler, or travelers, added to the in- which of pressed him, and he applied terest of the occasion. An emigrant to the Deacon for permission to use the family, on its way to the West, had stone, the situation of which we have stopped to give their horse entertain- already remarked upon. As the Deament at the Deacon's pump; and to con gave permission, his wife added: ronising public houses being nothing

Pelitah Perkins and all the rest as a matter of course, walked out, and s'ood v (gon, harness, and horse They shook Itile wheels to see if the axels were No friends' We are wrong. There | firm and the lineh glas in good order looked at the tires to see if they were tight, and at the buckle holes in me length was used for this longand the tamily within the vehicle w. & The Arra productly used to see if they would be likely to stand it, on a long

> er or a clan gathered about and sto d is one sep behind their parents, the non-softhe junior being also in their perhers and their a titudes as near resembling their a least as constant or attigg on such occasions could make The women from the houses ada servicion proped out a some standers the doorways and shading their eve othe noonday sun with one hend. r particularly the vaing girls ang boldly or thin the street o ginee eter aa ourlt eiri ni

the tays full topylsts of their

The greates the wases and the most to ident men accosta ally forgo to be greatness, the wasdom, and the birs of careful management. The objuge of an emigran' party to difor the Deacons elm-free was rear event to Hardscrabble generally or a greater event to Jonce Smiles : contalar. He thought that in this orgign invasion domestic ma** is ght be forgotten, and ventured collibily at first contenset as he was to in the admitting group about the emi ent wagon. For the first few mo-

onts he was safe enough. At length bligh Perkins who we should say ight be considered the litteon's sic er is of state and head of the dehad made up his mind that the " ... ' tires were not put on a' any able himent with which he was to accused that the horse was about

thy would have been delivering his en-

a ved Jonce to ride he malle ously let

_ cared Fig. __ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ CHAPTER II.

Poor little Margaret was a speciator of unlucky Jonce's castigation, and one of enviable distinction, and agree- , her places of more note, a man's ex- while Jonce did not shed a tear, she "Lord-a-massey." cried her kind mistress, "if you must bellow, do cry for being a dead man something."

Whereupon she lent Margaret such a hox upon the ear as made her too retire from the street almost at the same his aches and pains Margaret retreated through the house to the bottom of her garden, where it was her usual custom, when she had need to cry. which was not seldom, to repair to shed with judicial solemnity: the tears which it might not have been politic to drop before Mrs. Underwood. There might, too, have been some at traction to the spot in the fact that just at that place in the fence there little heroine and hero had more than visible. once conversed, like Pyramus and the place before her own tears were threw the stone, if he had a mind to. stopped by hearing poor Jonce, who on the other side of the fence, was giving vent to the boo-hooings which his stubborn courage would not permit to

escape before taunting witnesses. tures about this trysting-spot of the brindle cow to-day." young lovers, we should feel bound to describe them. like other annalists of of the fence, and the garden adjacent of you to day!" second, the shade of the tree aforesaid prevented cabbages from growing, and den. She was sure that Jonce did not the spot was, therefore, left unimprovi throw the stone, and almost as certain ed by garden culture; and third, and that Peltiah's own son did; but as she accident, repaired to his bar-room to

"Margaret's out there somewheresshe'll 'arn for you.'

Pelith inwardly resolved that his axe should have such a whetting, as the gradstone should be her punish-

"Her you Margaret!" he commenced she ting, as soon as he reached the place come and turn this here grindstone'

Ma.garet hesitated for she saw John following at a distance and she saw no propriety in her being called upon while Peltlah's own son was coming John however was not perceived by the father, and was in no haste to be for two reasons. He had a mortal aversion to the grindstone at all times and in his father's present mood he knew that whoever did turn the stone would have a long task at it. And John. felt not quite easy on the cow score He wished and still feared to speak to his father to repeat his lying demul of any agency in that transaction and thrust all the blame upon lonce out he preferred to wait until his honored parent had but a portion of the becomess of his anger into the edge of he axe. Margases at length reloandly came forward and as she very in token'ly happened to furnithe with a

way. Petriah in the most mainly and magnant mous mary er struck her in the tie with his open hand

Jonce who had watched proceedings through the fence, was upon the " of it in an instant but as Pelitich's hock was turned be a is not perceived The blow was not repeated and John was just thinking about getting down again when he was perceived by his old enemy John. That young gentle man could conceive of no other mo for Jonce's presence there than a sec sire to exculpate himself from the cow riding. He feared that young Smiley. noght succeed in persuading his father. of the truth could be once get his exl'esperate cases requite pi imp desperate measures and Master John Perkins picked up a stone

Unjuckily however John had not calculated the force and direction of projectiles. He threw with all hisstorigth, but the stone intended for Orce Smiles, knocked Jelliah flat and ensensible upon the grass. Jones. rightly judging that the sin would be tripured to him rare away for his life.

the Deacon and at the corpse as the v the scene of the opening of our veri- ed. But I guess you could tell us some fully believed it was "Bleeding said table history but low for the Deacon had not vet! spoken. Wormwood rue hot flannel, ledge the whole truth the oracle was which he who made it pronoused to try! Why, Deacon, I don't suppose perience had he met before a case like dorsed opinions on the wagon, and this. He felt that he was bound to say ligion which breathes 'peace on earth, but that child has been abused here be something and yet he knew not what

to: his to acknowledge. Peltlah stood. world insensible, when at last the Ireadence excluded that Peliah's sen con suiting the action to the word, around the field, and that when he had tor' and as Deacon Abijah Underwood tridged off to call the physician, strove so to do. own the bars, and sent the cow home all his retinue started too men, women, and children. Before they were out of the garden they broke into a of a whole village to the doctor's door, could impress that functionary with a due sense of the great importance of the case. The emigrant remained, and as soon as he found himself alone, he coolly took up the grindstone bucket. and dashing the contents in Peltiah's face, refilled it, and dashed again I nder this discipline. Peltiah so soon recovered, that when the doctor, the lawyer and the minister arrived at the door of the Deacon's house Peltiah to th wonder and admiration of the whole village, walked forth to meet them a little ghastly in countenance, and rather blue and swelled in the forehead, it is true, but far enough trom

The first subject of inquiry naturally was, how all this came about. Margaret was the only witness, and she could only say that she heard the stone instant that Jonce Smiley carried away strike, and saw Peltiah fall-farther than this she could not with certain .y depose, and would accuse no one. The Deacon, who was ex-officio presiding judge of the inquiry, at length asked,

> "Where is Jonathan Smiley?" "Sure enough!" was the response. All the village was there even John Perkins, finding his father alive and

well, had come boidly out of his hidingwas a knot-hole through which our place, but Jonce Smiley was nowhere "If that boy could be found," con-Thisbe. And hardly had she reached tinued the Deacon, "he might tell wno

"Ay-ay," said every one, "there's no doubt of it. And Peltiah auged --"I believe he throwed it himself." "Certainly, father," said John. know he did, because you gave him If there were any remarkable feat that whipping for almost killing our

"I know he didn't," said Margaret. "Come, now," screamed Mrs. Underlove's vagaries, but the only noticeable wood, "you'd better go in, and do up points were as follows: First, a large your work, miss, if you don't want to apple tree sheltered this particular part catch it. We've heard quite enough

Poor Margaret did as she was bid-

was in ro immediate danger, for all the boys who had been despatched as scouts made the same unsuccessful return, and we are not to wonder, under these circumstances, that all present who said any thing denounced poor Jonce as the guilty one. The Deacon at leng'h said

"That boy must go to the poor-house or the county jail. We've stood it long enough -and to put up with his actions any longer, would be the ruination of him, if it wasn't the death of some of us.

The lawyer, who, as squire, had the ostensible disposal of the administration of the law, nodded his assent; and everybody considered Jonce's flint as fixed if they could catch him Ever his mother, though the son's disgrard a:. i danger awakened more maternal pity than she had ever felt before, could but admit the justice of the sentence, while she went weeping home. The emigrant had seated himself in his wagon, and taken up his reins. Still he hi gered, listening to the conversation. At length the Deacon asked him:

Well, Mister, taking it altogether, what do you think?" "Looking at it all round," said the stranger, "I don't know exactly what I do think-but there's one thing I will say Judging from what I've seen and heard, that boy Jon e, or Jonathan, whatever his narie is don't owe many thanks to any of you" the Deacon started" "and if he had a throwed the stric, which arn't proved yet. I we 'see, after the thrashing he got for nothing that, I for one should want to hand him, if hed killed the man"

An earthquake could not have startled all Hardscrabble more than this s, such of the emissant did. But he waited no answer, and was soon on his way leaving the villagers in earnest discussion of his daring wickedness The universal condition was, that they did no wonder le had to move away from folks and go into the woods it such were his notions. But the stranger had watched both Jonce and Margaret with unprejudiced eyes ie saw that the girl knew more than sac-When he stopped for the night at the next into he was not sorry at all after he had taken his own children from the wagon, to find the identical Jones Singley creeping out, and looking up thio its face with that sheepish expression of deprecation of expected wrath which had become habitual to the persecuted boy

CHAPTER III

on that becabble just as caim as if that the way you'd thank anybody for Jonse smiley had not seen whipped or curing him for you'-Peliath Perkins knocked in the head. The miscles about the Deacon's And Peltiah Perkins's cow sauntered eyes (witched a nitib) while the emiaway as leisurely to her pasture un- grant waited for his answer. The Dea der the guidance of one of the little con spoke, but evaded the question by Perkinses, as if she had never been the another. But where is the creature cause and abettor of a great common Does any body know, I wonder? W John sneaked into the Descon's born, tion in Hardscrabble. And Deacon hunted high and low last night, and frightened almost to death and Mar. Abijah Underwood was as he had! en couldn't find hide nor hair of him, and gutet ran screaming into the house. On every pleasant morning for feety his mother went away from here in a Mr Perkins is killed. Mr Perkins is years punctual as the sunrise upon the terrible taking. I wonder if she found top of the little knoll behind his barn, him to home The Deacon and all his loungers—the Thence he watched the rising sun, first emigrant and all his fermily, and in evident by the gilding weather vane, to the garden in an instant. The Deal house, then diffusing golden light oversome children who heat all for wicked con looked at Peltiah as he lay r d, er the pleasant plain in which was it-ness. To torment his mother, and the

The Deacon, despite his little eccentricities, and the whimsicalties of his adventure the stranger answered. 'Dar character was a good cifizen, and a ed to stay away' a dumo beast dare sincere Christian. The mind which to keep out of the reach of kicks and could watch and love the kind mani- cuffs, if he could and shall not a reafestations of Supreme Benevolence in sonable creature dare to keep whole the cheerful features of the crea on bones in his skin if he knows enough good, could not be insensible to the you can see it, and I don't believe that and good will to men." Doctrinal sub- youd all account and the very moths a fact that it would not answer theties might sometimes contract his er that bore him has had her ears filled brow sectarian and other prejures till she's e'en-a-most lost all natural might occasionally lead him into theo- affection" fluences of his position might now and a bad boy a dreadful bad boy--territhen betray him into practical injus- bly opstropolous. And to crown all, to tice but all the time he thought he was think of his e'en just killing Peltiah doing right, and earnestly labored and Perkins. What a dreadful thing that

Fresh from his untroubled sleep; him, grateful to Heaven for his happi- something into yourn besides cottonness as the little birds whose throats wool." were bursting with their matin song, the old man scanned the prospect from done before, not in the expectation of seeing any thing new but silently to so long familiar to his senses. He -

would have pained, indeed, rather than, pleased, at any change in the landscape -improvement would have seemed an intrusion—a foreign daub introduced, by an enemy into the picture. That is: not the way he would have expressed. it, for beyond the Washington with his nose beaten out by the weather, upon his tavern sign, the Deacon knew nothing of pictures. The print of John Rodgers at the stake, with his nine small children, their tears being prominent as ordnance balls, was, to him, the very perfection of art. Of poetry, beyond Watt's simple and beautiful lyrics, he knew nothing, as a mode of expression. No heathen images of Aurora and Hesperus came to his mind at morn and eve, no fauns and satyrs haunted his thickets and meadows, no images borrowed from mythology aided his thoughts. Still had he the true innate feeling and inspiration of poetry -the elevation of thought from earth to heaven, the suggestion of the ('reator in the creatures of his hand. He felt the holy enthusiasm of the Psalmist, when with pious David he exclaimed, "Great and manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made

them all!" Suddenly the apparition of some unexpected object broke his revery, 'Well. I declare!" he exclaimed-"why no it ain't—and yet it is too, as sure as my name is Bijie Underwood!" and clapping the hat upon his head which he had held in his hand that his tem. both tegether being without doubt, in all respects, the finest and fastest that are run in the interest of the traveling public in the United States. ples might be fanned by the morning breeze, the Deacon stumped briskly down the hill, and met the emigrant, just as he had turned, on foot, up to the house, and was about to apply for admittance. The Deacon commenced the conversation:

"There haint no accident nor nothing happened to you. I hope?" The good

lage, he let him depart on the previous dav

The emigrant shook his head. The Deacon had by this time filled a brimming mug of cider, which he pressed upon the stranger, while he pursued hi: inquiry. You ain't lost nothing, nor lef

nothing behind you and nothing ha. been stole. I do trust in Hardscrabble But that there dumb Jonce Smiley -"No, no" said the stranger, a little impatiently as he sat down the mug to the contents of which, as was the ante-breakfast custom in those days he had done justice. The Deacon put away the drinking cup, with a trulandlord's eye to business, and appar ently lost in wonder at the emigrant's return, pushed his half questioning re-

"But you are out early, and afoot and on the back track too it beats me out and out to know what it can be for

marks

"That is just what I've come to tel you, and I come early because I've a long journey to go, and no time to spare, and because I did want to see you alone.

I come afoot to spare my horse with his day's work before him I don't mind a six mile walk and a mercifu man is merciful to his beast, you know.

The stranger had with Yankee shrewdness, blocked up all chance for farther cross-questioning, and the Deacon had nothing to do but to sit as pa tiently as he could, and listen. The stranger resumed.

Well it's about that boy, Jonce, or Jointhan Smiley - " Fossible" ejaculated the Deacon

in undisguised won er. "And you've walked clear back to Hardscrabble, at this time in the morning, to say that'

The stranger merely nodded in answer to the interruption, and proceed ed. You've seen more of the lad than I have but a man can sometimes guess as much in half an hour, as he could see in haif a lifetime. His mother is a poor willow woman, and I judge you li dated to speak, and that Jonce bore come to nothing, if he stays rampaging a'mu' here and taking his own head in every thing."

That's just the conclusion I'd come to said the Deacon, now beginning to feel his official Importance "and I was just going to have something done about it this very day

Yes, said the other but what kind of a something? I heard you talk yes iciday about the workhouse, or the county jail. Is that Joing justly as you dibe done by? Now allowing you The sun rose the next morning uper and a son, a little bit wild or so, is

'No,' answered the emigrant, "Possible' I wonder if he dared to unted the ancient settlement which is whole town so' It's right down wick-

news if you would " Without heeding this sagacious pertrue and kindly influences of that ie- you would wrong a fly if you knew it.

would have been, if his strength had been as good as his will' But I reckon. placid in thought as the scene around talking about filling ears, that he's put

[To be continued.]

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