"Deacon Underwood, that boy hasn t often had a chance to speak to any shody that would hark to his story, I reckon, by the way he talked to me. his witness. The whole of his body, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, is one black and blue spot; and the wales on his back are as thick the hoops on your cider barrel'

Peltiah Perkins did thrash him peskily, that's a fact," said the Dear on. "He beat him like a brute-worse than a brute. And, after all, Deacon, it wasn't him that was to blame about the cow, I do beffere, and I know the left-hand side of Pelijah Perkins. reason he could fling a rock, and hit dae didn't do it."

Little Margaret was called A kind predict. question or two from the emigrant, of Jonce, Margaret or the stranger, self in the morning before his to we away, lest the troble screech of her occum of what the kind emigrical income he knew that to throw the Perkinses I stad se where the polal fully of place.'

"I'll take him," said the stranger, "Yes. Just now, as overseer of the

poor, you was going to send him to the workhouse. You dont want to do that now. Send for his mother bind him out to me, and I'll take him west, and make a man of him.

The Deacon deliberated within him-At length he said, hesitatingly, "Mister er-I don't so much as know VONE DANIA-"Herry.

"Mr. Herry, I do know your name now, but I don't know no more about your character than about the man in the moon." The Deacon took a turn or two about the room, and offering his hand to the stranger, pressed it warmly, and continued "Last night, if a parcel of Ishmaelites had come along, I do believe the Lord might have left me in my sin, to sell that boy to go down into Egypt -- but the truth is, you've touched and reprimanded me. You've put the lash on the raw pretty knowing it. I have a son of my ownmy only child, and Heaven only knows how he will end. But," said the Deacon, dashing away a tear with the back of his hand, "we'll let that go. I believe you're a right up and down good man, and I'd put my own life and happiness in your hands without a doubt the judge between me and this poor boy, and you have been the means, in his hands, of opening my eyes to my | ble responsibilities, and my heart to pity." The stranger muszed a moment.

"If you could only go with me to the of her. next village "

"Sartainly I can!" said the Deacon his face at once lighting up, "and just so sartainly I will. I'll have the horse put into my wagon, and after breakfast we'll drive down there, a little quicker! than you walked up; and Mrs. Smiley shall go along, too, and poor little Jonce shall have one kind word from her to take west with him, any how. I reckon you mean to give me a reference, of course, but that's between us. It's reason enough to tell the folks for my going down, that I do it to bring back Ma'am Smiley."

A messenger was forthwith despatched for Mrs. Smiley, and in a few moments all was arranged, as far as her consent was concerned. She hurried home to pack poor Jonce's little effects, and left the Deacon and her boy's new master to finish their breakfast, and call for her with the wagon. At breakfast. Mrs. Underwood could not help wishing Mr. Berry joy of his Jonce, whereat Mr. Berry smiled, and the Deacon bit his nether lip. But Mr. B. was not swayed by trifles, and Deacon Un-

derwood had heard his wife talk before. They were seated in the wagon, Margaret ran out, placed a parcel in Mr. SLY. in Mrs. Underwood's well-known fal- kind intentions of her husband. setto. As the wagon rolled from the hard, and conquered her feelings for fancied Jonce, too, was present, and for it, the good Deacon fully believing, aued her, and hastily drying her eyes. by her diligence the whole hour she well as in joy, time flies apace,

The West Where is it? Cace the district

At the time of our tale, however, the Great West, comparatively little of it the of settlement, the continent seem-

to see who tempted this wilderness in it. So, though he saw them, they did wir suit of a better change in their con- not see him, for he took good care to d ion were as vast and as vague as conteal himself before the wagon their ideas of the territory upon which drove up to the door. Experience in they entered. Nor were these great dodging had given him tact, and he expectations to be tested without goat pursued the safe plan of hiding him-

And it isn't his tongue alone that is means of conveyance. Turnpikes even proceedings. were almost unknown, and through as my thumb, and as close together as tously worked his way through what kept up what appeared to him to be a the newer New World as for a courty where children might be born to them he didn't throw the stone. He was on comforts of civilized life coming out oney came out of doors, he hurried over the fence, and it don't stand to pioneers have found themselves sur. He had a superstitions horror of papers him on the right side of his head. I hoods than they dired hope their on for he believed that with pen and took notice of that last night, and he grandchildren would live among it was the terrible Deacon could do more declares by all that's good and great more than the most sanguine proph. 4 than Faustus was reputed to do with among them would have ventured to

Jonce Smiley was not man enough to and an aproving look from the Deacon think very definitely of the future at brought out the whole truth It was childlike, despite of his brubes he hard to decide which was best pleased slept comfortably in the assurance that with the Deacon's admissions in tayor, he should be able at least to turn house Her story finished, Margaret hastened to a would get hold of him. He does a

mistress should be ringing through the posed to do for him but vague we have house for her; but where Jonee and crossed his slumbers of glorious item to her and which for completion want-Jonce kindly spoken of was the theme dom -- of a country where there would; to his name, he had no idea of the discourse, she would gladly have be no Peltlah Perkins, and no son listened to the last, if she had dared. John, the latter to do mischief and he as he came out of the house But the acquital of Jonce, while it former to punish Jonce for John's mis
But the acquital of Jonce, while it former to punish Jonce for John's mis
But Jonce, who had been so really gratified the Deacon, placed him doings. He had heard of the West as in a quandry. He knew the bitterness a place where there were no people, of his wife, the "power behind his and as his notions of population wife throne," against the lad; he knew the estimated by the number of their shoe general tenor of public opinion, as he soles, (boots in those days were not had aided to form it against Jonce, and so common)—he thought that land a into the wrong, and to show that they numbers of the inhabitants would not on his knee, a stone fell -Jonce's head had abused poor Jonce, would make be marked upon his flesh at a facer that strong party in the Hardscrabble rate than one to each of the four or ibody politic, more the poor boy's ene- twenty bours. He dreamed of pick- through the tavern keeper's standing mies than ever "What shall I do with ing up cents without having them for beast through a cane brake, in less him?" at length he asked "As you say cibly taken from him, and of sun-ity he will never come to anything in this other things, which, once in his hands he could have a property in undisputed ed because there should be none to dispute with him. He dreamed too of going to bed without having his care cuffed, and as he had, on the night of ly enjoyed this happiness, it is not to the fugitive be wondered that so strange a thing

should occur to him in a vision

piness, to the poor and weary, are same trap" to a sort of indefinite surprise as to less and the emigrant could not long folly which had urged him from home. where he could be and how he came delay. So after an hour's fruitless and from those whom he was now there. As he sprung from the bed a waiting for the runaway to return the ready enough to remember as friends. dull ache or two in different parts of emigrant took his weary road, as much But the next peal restored him to the his mauled body recalled him to him- grieved as if he had lost one of his own full activity of his terror. He sprang self. Jonce sighed, and descended to family, and the Deacon and Mrs Smi- forth from his shelter, and as he ran take such steps for the future as chance ley turned back to Hardscrabble, the across the little area, it seemed to him or circumstances might dictate but latter wondering, as she alternately as if the air around him was red the upon one thing he determined with the cried and scolded, how the boy could earth lurid beneath his feet, and ready first fresh breath of the morning he treat his mother so. The Deacon said to gape and swallow him the heavens would not return to Hardscrabble. His nothing nor did he feel quite so much above rolling up as a parched scroll first impulse was to run away from his surprised, or so much anger against At three bounds he was in a neighborpresent friend and protector, then he poor Jonce, as he might have felt un- ing thicket, and fell upon his face amid recollected that he could just as well take leave of, and thank him, as he before could conceive no motive why the emigrant should wish to detain or control launch upon the very tide which might more painfully acute than before. He him, and the unlucky boy really felt have borne him on to fortune! But grateful heartily grateful to the man who had pitied and the woman who had bathed his bruises. Children quick form attachments where they meet kind treatment; and Jonce Smiley was if so be it was necessary. But God is already more attached to the children -nay to the very dog of the emigrant. than to any living thing in Hardscrab-Perhaps he did remember his mother- but it was more as a duty than a pleasure that he thought even

Upon inquiring for the emigrant, and finding him absent, his misgivings returned-nor were they at all abated when the emigrant's wife told him with a smile that her husband was gone back to Hardscrabble "to see about him." All Jonce's ideas ran in one painful channel, and whenever any one had promised to "see about him," it had usually ended in an operation which made him "feel about him" as if he had been rolled down hill in a barrel, with its sides full of nails. points inward. Nevertheless, Jonce ate a hearty share of the emigrant family's breakfast; for to be in what is familiarly denominated a "tight place" was no new thing to him; and he ate with a glorious appetite, holding himself ready to digest his food by such precautionary activity as the return of the emigrant might render necessary. Breakfast was finished; the horse

was harnessed, the ready assistance of Jonce being watched by the mother. with an interest which he would have better understood, if he had known as much of what had been resolved upon in relation to him, as the woman did. and the reader does. But as boys are usually supposed to have no business Berry's hand, and had just time to to know what most concerns them-"It's for him!" when "Margaret! selves, Mrs. Berry had not troubled you Margaret!" came from the house herself to tell our hero what were the his feet were tied. He heard the crack Big drops of rain, left upon the trees

Jonce had adjusted the last buckle door the little girl ran back into the in the harness, and tied the last bit of house, and bent all her thoughts to her cord which had taken the place of the by friction, when he caught sight, on daily work, she slipped out to the tryst. | wagon. Jonce had good occasion to | ing-place beneath the tree—the spot remember old Roan, for once upon a where accident had decided Jonce's time, when the Deacon's own son had future fortune. There she cried till her rode that horse into a sweat (unpara)little senses were so confused that she leled event!) Jonce had been punished crying on the other side of the fence, upon the assurances of the son afore-Margaret! you Margaret!" again pur- said, that it was Jonce's work. He remembered the Deacon's wagon, too, as the little true lover—none the less true | part of its history had been scored upthat she was little—hastened to repair on his hide upon a recent occasion. when John Perkins and others had had link. In certain kind of tears, as taken a fancy to put the hind wheels upon the reptile's domain—had glistinto the pond, one fore wheel into the ened in vain upon the drowsy boy; Dencon's pew in the meeting-holse, and and he had sunk quietly to sleep, unthe other in the master's chair in the der the unsuspected gaze of the sertown school-holse. These tricks done pent, which, had he been awake, would

to atoms for them.

was formed, limited by the Mississi pt. As the wagon unw near, some and is now bounded only by the Pacific. Gerned the deacon, the emigrant, and is now bounded only by the Pacific. Mrs. Smiley, his honored mother. What they intended to do for him, he as had been settled, seemed more vast could not precisely determine; but as in at present; for while no one he was naturally suspicious that they dreamed of the Oregon as a practicable would not make him cry for joy, he was determined that they should not boundless, and the expectations of make him cry at all, if he could help

tifices. No railroads made the de- self as near as possible to the spot at site to travel and the accomplishment which the search would commence. He eriorts of mind and body almost simul. crouched down under the stone wall "neous. The canal had not interse ted, which separated the tavern yard from he country with its easy and cheap the kitchen garden, and watched the

He saw the Deacon introduced by the tracts of country where thousands of emigrant to the innkeeper, who appeartravelers now rush with almost the witto be an old acquaintance and lightning's speed, the emigrant labor- friend of the former. He saw that they were barely paths in the forest in switshed conversation, and then he saw which the blow of his own axe might his mother, the Deacon, and the eminot in equently be necessary to face grant repair to the house. Through trate his progress. Men departed for the open window, by creeping near it, he saw a paper produced from the Dea-" " - pocker and signed by the whole whose children would perhaps find the three, and this proceeding finished, as

to them in the desest. If many of these back to his hiding-place Poor Jonce rounded with more dense neighbor- particularly in the heads of the Deaink and type. That his mother should the of the party did not surprise him: but that the emigrant came into what he deemed a plot against him, grieved him much. He concluded that the world must be one large Hardscrabble and that all hands were fated to be turned against him. Of the nature of the paper, which was a mere indenture.

> letween his mother and the Deacon on and the emigrant on the

"Where is the lad?" said the Deacon,

long the answering proxy for others, let echo be his proxy, and echo's answays are never very satisfactory

This is bad," said Mr Berry, "for long to be on my way". As he placed a foot upon the wall to rest his elbow escaped by just a quarter of an inch. and he was on his legs, and darting than an instant

"Jonathan" shouted the emigrant "No you don't" said Jonce to himself, as he gathered over ground like a race-horse "Jonce' Jonce, my boy'" cried the

his hegira from Hardscrabble, actual- Dencon in a loud but kind tone after

"You caught me with fair wordonce said Jonce to himself, "but the But alss for Jonce' Dreams of hap- same cretur isn't caught twice in the

der similar circumstances on the day the underwood.

how could he have known that?

CHAPTER V

Jonce, in his escape from rancied dangers, as recorded in the last chapter, ran as long as his limbs would support him, fancying at every step that he heard people in pursuit, or that he heard his mother, the Deacon, and the emigrant shouting after him to come back. It is a singular fact that though a boy may feel that he is out of sight and out of reach of the person calling, he cannot feel safe while he hears their voices; being conscious of a sort of fascination which he fears may carry him back within the reach of the arm from which he has removed himself. A curious fact though this be, it is a fact nevertheless; as you, reader, may chance to remember, unless you were one of the white hen's chickens, and never heard cackle imperative, being always summoned by a coaxative cluck. Leaving this point to be settled by some of the 'ists who are going up and down the earth in search of matter for theory, we will return to the wanderings of Master Jonathan Smilev.

When he could run no longer, he was saved the trouble of deciding what he would next do, by the giving out of his legs, and their utter refusal to bear him farther. He sank down in fatigue and complete exhaustion; and in the prostration of mind and body which naturally followed his almost superhuman exertions, he first cried-and then went to sleep. He had a long and hideous dream. He fancied that, for some misdemeanor, he was pursued—caught -and tied to a tree. He felt the cords with which he was bound press upon his limbs until they ached, and he would have kicked but could not, for of the whip with which Peltiah Perkins was preparing to torment him, to branch, resting by the way at every and—awoke. As he rubbed his eyes, he could hardly persuade himself, so charged leaves dropped them down to fistress's requirements. She struggled part of the gear which had disappeared fearfully distinct had been the scene, the next, and the next, and finally to that it was but a dream; and he lay the ground, as gently as if they had inthe hour; but at the first pause in her the road, of the Deacon's horse and long motionless, before he could reconcile what had seemed so terribly like the truth, with the solitude which

reigned around him. But the unfortunate boy was not watched-the Providence which never tires had guarded his slumbers. Little recked he the imminent danger through which he had passed, as safely as unconsciously. The basilisk eve of that terror of the American forest-the rattlesnake—disturbed by his intrusion by night were of course attributed to but have terrified him into imminent of Jonce Smiley was the reigning sub-

The admonitory rattle of the servent an unusually deep interest. arrayed against him.

mation almost tempted to forego it, in ulated its pulse. view of the more piquant than pleas- In thinking of Jonce's death many ant sauce which would attend it, gar- villager recollected, with more pain nished with tongue, as it invariably than he cared to acknowledge, the una meal so unsavory, the recollection ited the friendless boy, and 'just as came that he had abjured, altogether, they do in cities, ay, in nations, too), farther such fare in his mother's dwell- they tried to quiet their consciences for ing he remembered that he was a fu- their abuse of the living boy, by doing of procedure. givive, and an exile, and then, for the rather more than justice to the memfirst time that morning as in his desti- ory of the dead. Of all the eulogists hands they were lacerated and torn, to praise him. and the blood which had flowed unnoticed was caked upon them in dirty in latters he saw the shreds commence to shiver in a rising gust, and, looking now for the first time at the heav-.m. homeless, shelteriess companionless and disconsolate as he stood Distant mutterings of thunder broke

the silence and the smaller arms of the mighty forest trees begin to wave grew blacker, the startling peals of

most terrible of all discouragements utter loneliness. He would have welhough the companion-hip of a fellow being where only to be purchased at the price of a whipping

The instinct of the beast is his safesence of others. So Jones of course or his fright sought the very place for protection which he should have avoid bram hes of a tall tree, one or two of which had been left standing in the small clearing where the thunder-

form overtook the fuglilye. And from this shelter be saw the bolt fall upon Deacon the other ties and its trunk riven to the very ground. Palsted with fear, he clasped his hands over his eyes and grouned, in bitterness of spirit, at the

Not long did he rest there. In com-Poor Jonce! He had then refused to parative quiet, his senses were even started struggling to his feet, and again pushed forward, seeking to dive yet further into the woods. As he plunged, he received that sudden and violent heart in hand, walked, ran, and skipped the orphan's heart. impetus which is experienced where an absence of resistance is unexpectedly found when obstacles were expected. With eyes tight closed, to shut out the

and struck into it just where the emigrant family, like him caught abroad, were slowly pursuing their way, be- a darned young gallowsbird as that cause to proceed was as safe as to rest, and progress, however slowly made, diverted their minds, in a degree, from the terrors of the storm.

When Jonce had recovered his senses for the fright and the fall had bereft him of them, the summer sun was setting clear and glorious. He was in the adventures of our several heroes and emigrant's wagon, which had remained heroines too closely, would make a precisely where his unexpected tumble story as long as the Columbiad—an ininto the road had stopped it; and the fliction which we solemnly promise the mother of the wandering family was reader not to impose. Let him suppose chafing his hands and his temples. He' Jonce fairly quartered in the West, and heard the blows of an axe, and look- fairly forgotten in the East, by all save ing out for the cause, found the emi-two the mother who felt her love ingrant cutting in pieces for removal, a crease with his absence, and little Marblocked th path— a tree which but for and responsibilities missed sadly her Jonce would have fallen upon, and only confident and adviser. But it is crushed the 'emigrant family.

mer evening after the furious tempest which but an hour before had seemed about the little orphan. to presage almost the destruction of red, save where here and there one might gently-

– Lift and fall Beneath its glittering coronal. by the shower, dropped from branch step in their descent, until the overdeed been fragile gems, requiring to be consigned with all this care to earth.

If nature was at rest, so was our he-

ro. We need not say how heartily he was welcomed, under such circumalone. The eye which never sleeps had stances; nor how little explanation and persuasion it required to domesticate him in the emigrant's wagon. And now, having set Jonce on the road to the West, return we to Hardscrabble. Several days had passed. It is a dethere is no such thing as news, and nothing to talk about but the weather. Thère is always as great an abundance of home-provided topic as 4s desired; and at this particular juncture in Hardscrabble, the mysterious disappearance

served but to furnish part of the ma- hat had been discovered in the thicket, chinery of his dream- and the aches where, in working his passage through, which made him fancy that he was head first, he had lost and left it. The fast bound, and could not stir, secured wind, as is not unfrequently the case that quiet of his limbs, which disarmed in a thick wood, had broken a path the most noble of all reptiles of his through, levelling tree after tree in its purpose. The serpent before Jonce way, and under some one of these the was thoroughly awadened, had glided villagers felt sure that poor Jonathan away, and Jonce wa. sed the horror must have been crushed. But the most of finding not only unfeeling man, but diligent search failed to discover any the very animals of a lower creation, thing to confirm this opinion as, of course, no traces of the body could be The lad was hungry. He thought found. It was on its way to a new himself back to his thankless meal in home, animated by a more jocund and his mother's house, and was in imag- happy spirit than had ever before reg-

was But while in fancy he rejected thinking blows with which he had vis-

nobody could tell-"

The arrival of the weekly mail for And now came into exercise the af-Hardscrabble, with one letter, done up fection of the charity-girl for her misas if in deprecation of the impending with proper circumstances in a way, tress, the assiduous care, the patient fury of the elements. The heavers Mill and two newspapers, one for the watching, the invariable sweetness of Squire and one for the Parson, cut of temper, never ruffled by the petutant thunder more frequent the lighter g Felfian's funeral oration. Peltiah made exactions of the invalid. Like the very more vivid and terrible. In all the a grab at the Squire's newspaper, di- genius of order, Margaret presided over poor boy's previous experience hard as vested it of wrapper, and fell to read-the household. All went on as quietly it but been this extreme of terror and ing just as if he had paid the sub-as if a loud nor a cross word had never suffering had been spared him for neve scription and the postage. The Deacon been uttered in the house, and the house er before had he felt in danger that ordinarily did the same good turn by est Deacon, in the simplicity of his The Parson's paper, but the one letter, heart, blessed the child that so little being for him, he left the newspapers confusion disturbed the invalid; little comed even Peltiah Perkins then to rife others and putting on his spec- suspecting that under ordinary circumtacles, squared himself down at the stances, or without the absolute need window to read

examining the superscription as if he be dispensed with. present opened their mouths.

der what stump? Bones where? Dead for the privileges of a most of struccorpse, how?" and they all stood tron, while he had hardly cranked her to run employs which should for descending to the first carry the news to his mother - And if that boy amid his grief prom-

"Thank heaven for that". Then he did well, and from good promptings, suddenly giving more exuberant vent -however carelessiv the might somemore, he sung!

"Yankee-doodle came to town On a little pony —

He had a feather in his cap And called it maccaroni! Fal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal Loodle-oodle! Fol-lol-lol-lol-lol-lol-lol Go it, Yankee-dood le'''

Nobody was ready to run with this on his way to the house of the boy's mother. Glorious old Deacon! Particularly glorious when we remember mourning for ma'am Smiley, to be SEND ONE DOLLAR With eyes tight closed, to shut out the frequent and fearful light of the lightfrequent and fearful light of the lightning, he stumbled at the absence of resistance before mentioned, and as he
fell he clasped tightly by the fore legs
—the emigrant's horse! He had reachthe emigrant's horse! He had reached after him a moment. The demons
of cruelty and oppression had been for
some few days exorcised from his
ed the narrow road in his wanderings,
heart—

"Ut this ad out and send
to us and we will send you
to use and to us and send
to us and we will send you
to construct the absence of resistance before mentioned, and as he
ed after him a moment. The demons
of cruelty and oppression had been for
some few days exorcised from his
equal to Pansing Bills that rel
the absence of resistance before mentioned, and as he
ed after him a moment. The demons
of cruelty and oppression had been for
some few days exorcised from his
equal to Pansing Bills that rel
the absence of resistance before mentioned, and as he
ed after him a moment. The demons
of cruelty and oppression had been for
some few days exorcised from his

> there Jonce, any ways but one!" Their demonships had found their old residence empty, swept and garnished'

CHAPTER VI.

Jump a few years. To follow the tree which had fallen across, and garet, who in her accumulating cares strictly pertinent and essential to our How still, how calm was that sum- story, to tell how and why those responsibilities had thus early gathered

Mrs. Deacon Underwood had absothe world. Not a twig-not a leaf stir- lutely "fretted out her own soul-case." Excuse the homely expression—no polished phrase were half as expressive. A continual habit of seeking something of which to complain, and at which to scold, had so attuned her mind to discord, that nothing could strike it as pleasant or harmonious. To Margaret, this continual complaint and hectoring. had become as a matter of course. It had even ceased to annoy her, on her own account; but as she grew older, and perceived how it embittered the Deacon's otherwise placid temperament unparalleled Night service. New STEAMERS and how it wore upon the woman herself, she had learned to pity her benefactors. Benefactors they were; the Deacon without qualification—his wife both together being without doubt, in all with the single drawback with which respects, the finest and fastest that are rue the reader must be by this time fully the United States. acquainted.

Long imagining fictitious griefs or magnifying trifles, Mrs. Underwood had Leeve Cleveland 9 P. M. Arrive Buffale 7 A. A lusion among cits, that in the country at last encountered a real sorrow. Her only child, a favorite son, to whom allusion has been already made in this story—the life of her life—the only trains for all points West and Southwest human being in her circle at whom Ask toket she had never scolded and to whom Line. Set she had never scolded, and to whom her solicitude by ingratitude and next. poor Jones and he had been compelled danger perhaps into certain death. Leck And circumstances had given it leck At college he learned to regard

her as a country nerson, to whom he was, to be sure, indebted for some early nursing before he could go alone, and perhaps also for some little suffering endured in his behalf; but all these trifles he corsidered as more than offset by the obligation which circumstances imposed upon him of acknowledging her ac quaintance; and he was furthermore fully of opinion that it became her to pay for the privilege of calling him son, at a rate somewhat onerous. These sentiments he was so far from taking pains to conceal, that he was at no little trouble to make her pretty distinctly understand them; particularly when he abused her because his father would not mortgage his farm to find the young gentleman in pocket-money -a course which magnanimous young men are very apt to take in their wisdom. Torturing the mother to open the father's strong box is a truly ingenious and generally effective mode

Some of the young man's college friends had little truoble in placing tution his heart failed him, he thought of poor Jonce, perhaps none was more things in what they called their true of home with longings to return of eloquent than Peltiah Perkins. Begin- light before the young collegian. They Hardscrabble, as a place not so utterly ning by conceding, unasked, that Wid- showed him that he was bound to see odious after all He stepped and ow Smiley's son had really some good life, theatres, and the gaming-table and thorns not before perceived, the dona- in him, he had gone on from day to cetera, included-that life was not to tions of the brambles through which day in discovering new excellent traits be seen without money that parents barefooted he had pushed, made him in the missing lad's character, until at are naturally bound to deny themselves start with acute pain. He looked at his last he could not find words too strong sait that their children may drink champagne; that the heir is only spend-"He was a little wild but then he ing his own in driving his father to the would have outgrowed that. There poorhouse; and that the quicker that streaks. As his scanty clothing hung wasn't a drop of lazy blood in his body; consummation is effected, the sooner and as to kindheartedness and willing all parties will understand their positness to do, when he was asked kindly, ion. Under such hope ul tuition, Henry why there wasn't a boy his match in Underwood tormented his mother, till ens, he perceived that a black and the township! And then that he should his extravagance broke her heart; and fearful storm was about to break upon die in such a kind of cruel, out-of-ther after two "rustications" for misconduct way-fashion, and nobody to bury him at college, came home expelled. His decently that is, if he was dead and mother took to her bed, and never rose again.

of stillness, the noise which his better Wonder who this is from?" said he, half was wont to make could possibly

ty in any natural danger however had no other means of determining. But a quieter hour still came. Mrs. unitied before, the reason of man is Pelijah looked up from the paper a mo- Underwood had secured her son one good for nothing until suight by exper meht, to wonder too, as in duty bound, afterpoon from his idle amusements The deacon opened the letter, and all - for she was dying, and he felt it now, Bitterly did he reproach himself with "Hey what!" shouted the Deacon, his neglect of so kind a parent—anxed for its danger. He escaped from holding the letter almost out of doors jously did he struggle to convince himthe drenching rain, beneath the to see the better "Hey what!" reself that he had not before known her sponded the bar-room congregation- danger-he could not avoid the con-The Deacon jumped up, and up they actousness that he might have known it, had he been but a thousandth part "The boy Jonathan Smiley!" said the as attentive to her situation as the orman child who was how to her by "Do tell!" they all interrupted - "Un-no ties of blood, butwill a segrateful "Is alive and well" shouted the Dea- ised all his dying mother could desire.

to his joy- the Deacon danced! Nay, times have forgotten the pledges into which he entered, for when he thus smoothed her dying pillow, he was sincere and she died happy. One hand was held by her husband the other by her son Each she pressed in her last struggles. The father and son were too much affected to weep. Margaret's childish grief, not less sincere and deep, found vent in a piercing shriek. The last glance of the dying woman's eye was one of gratitude to news to Widow Smiley Nobody, we the orphan, her last smile for in death should say except the Deacon. He as she smiled effaced the recollection of soon as he could swallow, drank a full all her petulance of habit but not of pint of cider, took down his hat, and malice, and enshrined her memory in

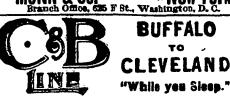
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