

## 106. BATTLE FIELDS, OR VULTURES' SHAMBLES.

AS I was sitting within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures crying to each other on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock. I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance. I soon perceived that my labor would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence,<sup>1</sup> with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by her last lecture, for their final dismissal to the mountains and the skies.

2. "My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes. You have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl; you have seen me seize the leveret<sup>2</sup> in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food: I have often regaled you with the flesh of man."

3. "Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known. His flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture! Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?" "He is too bulky,"<sup>3</sup> said the mother. "When we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground."

4. "Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear. By what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenseless than a sheep?" "We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and the vulture would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our nourishment, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth."

<sup>1</sup> Prom'i nence, a point jutting or standing out from the surface of something.—<sup>2</sup> Lév er et, a hare in its first year.—<sup>3</sup> Bulk'y, large; heavy

5. "Two herds of men," continued she, "will often meet, and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are mangled, for the convenience of the vulture."

6. "But when men have killed their prey," said a young vulture, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it, till he is satisfied himself. Is not man a kind of wolf?" "Man," said the mother, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him the greatest benefactor to our species."

7. "If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves?" "Because man will, sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel<sup>1</sup> in human blood."

8. "But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat." "My child," said the mother, "this is a question which I can not answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle<sup>2</sup> bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the eyry<sup>3</sup> of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian<sup>4</sup> rocks. He had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly, between the rising and setting of the summer sun; and he had fed year after year on the vitals<sup>5</sup> of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables, with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the

<sup>1</sup> Rêv'el, to feast with noisy merriment.—<sup>2</sup> Subtle (sût'tl), sly; artful; cunning.—<sup>3</sup> Eyry (âr'e), a place where eagles or other birds of prey build their nests.—<sup>4</sup> Carpathian (kar pâ'the an), a range of mountains in Europe, principally in Austria.—<sup>5</sup> Vitals (vî'talz), parts of an animal body necessary to life.



storm, that swine may fatten on the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed.

9. "Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these carterers<sup>1</sup> of ours; and those that hover more closely around them, pretend that there is in every herd one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with carnage.<sup>2</sup> What it is that entitles him to such preëminence,<sup>3</sup> we know not. He is seldom the biggest or the swiftest; but such are his eagerness and diligence in providing and preparing food for us, that we think the leader of such human herds is entitled to our warmest gratitude, and should be styled, THE FRIEND OF THE VULTURES!"

DR. JOHNSON.

#### 107. THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

1. "WHAT dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?  
Is the day breaking? comes the wish'd-for hour?  
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,  
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."
2. "The stars are clear above me, scarcely one  
Has dimm'd its rays in reverence<sup>4</sup> to the sun;  
But yet I see on the hori'zon's verge,  
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."<sup>5</sup>
3. "And is that all, O watcher on the tower?  
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.  
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain cōpes,<sup>6</sup>  
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"
4. "A mist envelops them; I can not trace  
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.<sup>7</sup>  
The clouds roll up in gold and amber<sup>8</sup> flakes,  
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

<sup>1</sup> Carterers, those who provide food.—<sup>2</sup> Carnage (kār'naj), slaughter; great destruction of lives.—<sup>3</sup> Preëm'innence, superiority; the condition of being first in place or rank.—<sup>4</sup> Rêv'erence, fear mingled with respect and affection.—<sup>5</sup> Surge (sêrj), to swell; to run high like waves.—<sup>6</sup> Cōpe, a cover; a hood; a priest's cloak.—<sup>7</sup> A pâce', quickly; fast.—<sup>8</sup> Am'ber, of the color of amber, which is yellowish.

5. "We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;  
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,  
All thou beholdest; many of us die  
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"
6. "I hope, but can not tell. I hear a sōng,  
Vivid<sup>1</sup> as day itself, and clear and strōng,  
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—  
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic<sup>2</sup> tune."
7. "What doth he say—O watcher on the tower?  
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour  
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,  
Fill'd with the glories of the future time?"
8. "He prophesies;—his heart is full;—his lay  
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day—  
A day not cloudless, nor devoid<sup>3</sup> of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."
9. "We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,  
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour  
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strōng,  
And Right shall rule supreme, and vanquish Wrōng?"
10. "He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace,  
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;  
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind  
Soar as unfetter'd as its Gōd design'd."
11. "Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!  
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?  
We pine to see it:—tell us, yet again,  
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?"
12. "It breaks—it comes—the misty shadōws fly:—  
A rosy radiance<sup>4</sup> gleams upon the sky;  
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;  
THE PLAIN IS YET IN SHADE, BUT DAY IS NEAR."

CHARLES MACKAY.

<sup>1</sup> Viv'id, bright; lively; glowing; alive.—<sup>2</sup> Seraph'ic, pertaining to a seraph, or angel of the highest order; sublime; pure.—<sup>3</sup> Devoid', destitute; free from.—<sup>4</sup> Rad'iance, brightness shooting in rays; vivid brightness; luster.



## 108. THE GOLDEN AGE OF NEW YORK.

I WILL not grieve the patience of my readers by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam.<sup>1</sup> Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers,<sup>2</sup> like so many pains-taking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors—they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log-hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled<sup>3</sup> roof—from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage-garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous<sup>4</sup> burgomaster.<sup>5</sup> In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident<sup>6</sup> to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

2. The sage council, not being able to determine upon any plan for building of their city—the cows, in a laudable<sup>7</sup> fit of patriotism,<sup>8</sup> took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque<sup>9</sup> turns and labyrinths<sup>10</sup> which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

3. The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best foot foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated, by iron figures on the front, and on the

<sup>1</sup> New Amsterdam, the name given by the Dutch to New York.—  
<sup>2</sup> Burghers (bêrg' erz), citizens; the inhabitants of a borough, or incorporated town.—<sup>3</sup> Tiled, covered with tiles, or plates of baked clay.—  
<sup>4</sup> Pôn' der ous, weighty; heavy.—<sup>5</sup> Burgomaster (bêrg' o mās ter), a magistrate in Holland.—<sup>6</sup> In' ci dent, falling upon; happening to.—<sup>7</sup> Laud' a ble, worthy of praise.—<sup>8</sup> Pâ' tri ot ism, love of one's country.—<sup>9</sup> Pictur- esque (pikt yer êsk'), showing that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.—<sup>10</sup> Lâb' y rinth, a place full of windings.

top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret, which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind;—the most stanch<sup>1</sup> and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

4. In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out, by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

5. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation,<sup>2</sup> under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious<sup>3</sup> animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his own townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

6. The grand parlor was the place where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing

<sup>1</sup> Stanch, sound; true.—<sup>2</sup> In un dâ' tion, an overflow of water.—<sup>3</sup> Amphibious (am flib' e us), living in two ways, both in and out of water; of a mixed nature.



the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhôm'boids,<sup>1</sup> with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the window-shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

7. As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval<sup>2</sup> simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of truly patriarchal<sup>3</sup> magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner.

8. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking on the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the good woman on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth,<sup>4</sup> listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle<sup>5</sup> of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

9. In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun-down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable<sup>6</sup> symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness, at being surprised, by a visit from a neighbor, on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly

<sup>1</sup> Rhôm'boids, figures having four equal sides, but not equal angles.—

<sup>2</sup> Pri mē val, original; primitive; first.—<sup>3</sup> Patriarchal (pa tre ārk'al), relating to a patriarch, or the father and ruler of a family.—<sup>4</sup> Hearth.—

Oracle (ōr'a kl), a wise person; any person or place whose opinion is consulted with religious reverence.—<sup>5</sup> In con tēst' a ble, that can not be disputed.

averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

10. These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or nobility, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

11. The company, being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon<sup>1</sup> in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in the city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

12. The tea was served out of a majestic delf<sup>2</sup> teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux<sup>3</sup> distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies<sup>4</sup> of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately<sup>5</sup> nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

<sup>1</sup> Salmon (sām'mun).—<sup>2</sup> Delf, earthen; a kind of ware made in imitation of china at Delft, properly called delft-ware.—<sup>3</sup> Beaux (bōz).—

<sup>4</sup> Macaronies (mak a rō'nez), finical fellows, or those that are affectedly nice or showy; fops.—<sup>5</sup> Al tērn'ate ly, by turns; one after another.



13. At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting<sup>1</sup>—no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden<sup>2</sup> chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely<sup>3</sup> in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, Yes, sir, or Yes, madam, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fire-places were decorated.

14. The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them at the door.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

#### 109. LILIAS GRIEVE.

THERE were fear and melancholy in the glens and valleys that lay stretching around, or down upon St. Mary's Loch;<sup>1</sup> for it was a time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted<sup>2</sup> on the hill-side and in the hollow; some had felt the fire, and had been consumed; and violent hands had torn off the turf roof from the green shealing<sup>3</sup> of the shepherd. In the wide and deep silence and solitariness of the mountains, it seemed as if human life were nearly extinct. Caverns and clefts, in which the fox had kenneled, were now the shelter of Christian souls; and when a lonely figure crept steal-

<sup>1</sup> Coquetting (ko kêt' ing), treating with insincere marks of affection; trifling in love.—<sup>2</sup> Hoy'den, rude; bold; rough.—<sup>3</sup> De mûre' ly, solemnly: with downcast eyes.—<sup>4</sup> Loch (lôk), lake.—<sup>5</sup> Un tèn' ant ed, unoccupied; uninhabited.—<sup>6</sup> Shéal' ing, a Scotch hut; any humble dwelling.

ingly from one hiding-place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in faith, the crows would hover over him, and the hawk shriek at human steps, now rare in the desert.

2. When the babe was born, there might be none near to baptize it; or the minister, driven from his kirk,<sup>1</sup> perhaps, poured the sacrament'al water upon its face, from some pool in the glen, whose rocks guarded the persecuted family from the oppressor. Bridals<sup>2</sup> now were unfrequent, and in the solemn sadness of love. Many died before their time, of minds sunken, and of broken hearts. White hair was on heads long before they were old; and the silver locks of ancient men were often ruefully<sup>3</sup> soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

3. But this is the dark side of the picture; for even in their caves, were these people happy. Their children were with them, even like the wild-flowers that blossomed all about the entrances of their dens. And when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of Gôd was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. If a child was born, it belonged unto the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefathers. The hidden powers of their souls were brought forth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless became sedate; the wild were tamed; the unfeeling made compassionate; hard hearts were softened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways.

4. All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul; and so was it now. Now was shown, and put to the proof, the stern, austere,<sup>4</sup> impenetrable<sup>5</sup> strength of men, that would neither bend nor break; the calm, serene determination of matrons, who, with meek eyes and unblanched<sup>6</sup> cheeks, met the scowl of the murderer; the silent beauty of maidens, who with smiles received their death; and the mysterious courage of children, who, in the inspiration of innocent and spotless nature, kneeled down among the dewdrops on the greensward,<sup>7</sup> and died fearlessly

<sup>1</sup> Kirk (kêrk), church; meeting-house.—<sup>2</sup> Brl'd' als, marriages.—<sup>3</sup> Ruefully (rû' ful ly), sadly; mournfully.—<sup>4</sup> Austere (âstêr'), severe; harsh.—<sup>5</sup> Im pên'e tra ble, not to be affected or moved.—<sup>6</sup> Unblanched (un blâncht'), not whitened; not made pale with fear.—<sup>7</sup> Green' swârd, the grassy surface of the land; turf.



by their parents' sides: Arrested were they at their work, or in their play; and, with no other bandage over their eyes, but haply some clustering ringlet of their sunny hair, did many a sweet creature of twelve summers ask just to be allowed to say her prayers, and then go, unappalled, from her cottage door to the breast of her Redeemer.

5. In those days, had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house willing to die there, or to be slaughtered, whenever Gōd should so appoint. They were now childless; but a little granddaughter about ten years old lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so familiar to her, that, although sometimes it gave a slight quaking throb to her heart in its glee, yet it scarcely impaired the natural joyfulness of her girlhood; and often, unconsciously, after the gravest or the saddest talk with her old parents, would she glide off, with a lightsome step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful tune. The old people looked often upon her in her happiness, till their dim eyes filled with tears; while the grandmother said, "If this nest were to be destroyed at last, and our heads in the mold, who would feed this young bird in the wild, and where would she find shelter in which to fold her bonny wings?"

6. Liliās Grieve was the shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pasturage at the head of St. Mary's Loch, and up the hill-side, and over into some of the little neighboring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful church-yard, with her sheep lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves, where, on still, sunny days, she could see their shadows in the water in the loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read; and day after day, the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a fairy upon the knoll, with the blue heavens over her head, and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

7. "My fairy" was the name she bore by the cottage fire, where the old people were gladdened by her glee, and turned

<sup>1</sup> Im páired', injured: lessened.—<sup>2</sup> Mòld, the ground.—<sup>3</sup> Bòn'ny, hand some; merry.

away from all melancholy thoughts. And it was a name that suited sweet Liliās well; for she was clothed in a garb of green, and often, in her joy, the green, graceful plants, that grew among the hills, were wreathed around her hair. So was she dressed one Sabbath day, watching her flock at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm in the solitary moor; when, in a moment, a party of soldiers were upon a mount, on the opposite side of a narrow dell.

8. Liliās was invisible as a green linnet upon the grass; but her sweet voice had betrayed her, and then one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes; and, as she sprung frightened to her feet, he called out, "A roe! a roe! See how she bounds along the bent!" and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in sport, half in ferocity. Liliās kept appearing and disappearing, while she flew, as on wings, across a piece of black heathery moss, full of pits and hollows; and still the soldier kept his musket at its aim.

9. His cōmrādes called to him to hold his hand, and not shoot a poor, little, innocent child; but he at length fired, and the bullet was heard to whiz past her fern-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth turf; till, like a cushat,<sup>1</sup> she dropped into a little birchen glen, and disappeared. Not a sound of her feet was heard; she seemed to have sunk into the ground; and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke toward the spot where she had vanished.

10. A sudden superstition<sup>2</sup> assailed the hearts of the party, as they sat down together upon a hedge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as my ball went whizzing past her ear? If she be not one of those hill fairies, she had been dead as a herring; but I believe the bullet glanced off her yellow hair as against a buckler."<sup>3</sup> "It was the act of a gallows-rogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not fairy; and you deserve the weight of this hand, the hand of an Englishman, you brute, for your cruelty."

<sup>1</sup> Cūsh'at, a ring-dove or wild pigeon.—<sup>2</sup> Superstition (su per stīsh'un), a false belief in some remarkable or uncommon appearance or event.—

<sup>3</sup> Būck'ler, a shield; any thing buckled on to defend the person from spears, arrows, or blows.



And up rose the speaker to put his threat into execution, when the other retreated some distance, and began to load his musket; but the Englishman was upon him, and with a Cumberland<sup>1</sup> gripe and trip, laid him upon the hard ground with a force that drove the breath out of his body, and left him stunned, and almost insensible.

11. The fallen ruffian now arose somewhat humbled, and sullenly sat down among the rest. "Why," quoth Allen Sleigh, "I wager<sup>2</sup> you a week's pay, you don't venture fifty yards, without your musket, down yonder shingle<sup>3</sup> where the fairy disappeared;" and, the wager being accepted, the half-drunken fellow rushed on toward the head of the glen, and was heard crashing away through the shrubs. In a few minutes he returned, declaring with an oath, that he had seen her at the mouth of a cave, where no human foot could reach, standing with her hair all on fire, and an angry countenance; and that he had tumbled backward into the burn,<sup>4</sup> and been nearly drowned.

12. "Drowned?" cried Allen Sleigh. "Aye, drowned; why not? A hundred yards down that glen the pools are as black as pitch, and the water roars like thunder; drowned! why not, you English son of a deer-stealer?" "Why not? because, who was ever drowned that was born to be hanged?" And that jest created universal laughter, as it is always sure to do, often as it may be repeated, in a company of ruffians; such is felt to be its perfect truth, and unanswerable simplicity.

#### 110. LILIAS GRIEVE—CONCLUDED.

**A**FTER an hour's quarreling, and gibing,<sup>5</sup> and mutiny,<sup>6</sup> this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw, in the solitude, the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded to get some refresh-

Cum'berland, the most northwest county of England.—Wager (wà'jer), to bet.—<sup>3</sup>Shingle (shing'gl), a stony place.—<sup>4</sup>Burn (bèrn), a brook or small stream.—<sup>5</sup>Gibing (jib'ing), using reproachful words; ridiculing.—<sup>6</sup>Mu'ti ny, disobedience of orders; opposition to the authority of their commander.

ment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife, hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out, and were immediately saluted with many opprobrious<sup>1</sup> epithets.<sup>2</sup> The hut was soon rifled<sup>3</sup> of any small articles of wearing apparel; and Samuel, without emotion, set before them whatever provisions he had—butter, cheese, bread, and milk—and hoped they would not be too hard upon old people, who were desirous of dying, as they had lived, in peace.

2. Thankful were they both, in their parental hearts, that their little Liliás was among the hills; and the old man trusted that if she returned before the soldiers were gone, she would see, from some distance, their muskets on the green before the door, and hide herself among the brake.<sup>4</sup> The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and obscene<sup>5</sup> language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing, for that would have been willfully to sacrifice his life.

3. At last, one of the party ordered him to return thanks, in words im'pious,<sup>6</sup> and full of blas'phemy;<sup>7</sup> which Samuel calmly refused to do, beseeching them, at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not so to offend their great and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting<sup>8</sup> Covenanter;<sup>9</sup> I will prick him with my bayonet, if he won't say grace!" and the blood trickled down the old man's cheek, from a slight wound on his forehead. The sight of it seemed to awaken the dormant<sup>10</sup> blood-thirstiness in the tiger heart of the soldier, who now swore, if the old man did not instantly repeat the words after him, he would shoot him dead.

4. And, as if cruelty were contagious,<sup>11</sup> almost the whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and that the old

<sup>1</sup> Op'pr' bri ous, reproachful; insulting; abusive.—<sup>2</sup> Ep'i thets, expressions; names.—<sup>3</sup> Ri' fled, robbed.—<sup>4</sup> Brake, fern; a thicket.—<sup>5</sup> Ob-scène', indecent.—<sup>6</sup> Im' pi ous, irreverent toward God; profane; wicked.—<sup>7</sup> Blás' phe my, evil speaking against God.—<sup>8</sup> Cánt' ing, whining; using set terms.—<sup>9</sup> Covenanter (kúv' e nan't er), a subscriber to the Scotch national covenant, or solemn agreement to walk together according to the precepts of the Gospel.—<sup>10</sup> Dor' mant, hidden; sleeping; concealed.—<sup>11</sup> Contagious (kon tá'jns), catching.



nypocritical<sup>1</sup> knave must preach or perish. "Here is a great musty Bible," cried one of them. "If he won't speak, I will gag him with a vengeance. Here, old Mr. Peden the prophet, let me cram a few chapters of St. Luke down your maw.<sup>2</sup> St. Luke was a physician, I believe. Well, here is a dose of him. Open your jaws." And, with these words, he tore a handful of leaves out of the Bible, and advanced toward the old man, from whose face his terrified wife was now wiping off the blood.

5. Samuel Grieve was nearly fourscore; but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and, in his younger days, he had been a man of great strength. When, therefore, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave made his blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed, the gray-headed man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor.

6. That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed such butchery of others, and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As thou didst reprove Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the high priest's servant, and saidst, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' so now, O my Redeemer, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring follower, and enable me to drink this cup!" With these words, the old man knelt down unbidden, and, after one solemn look to heaven, closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast.

7. His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die together, Samuel; but oh! what will become of our dear Lilies?" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening not his eyes, but taking her hand into his: "Sarah, be not afraid." "O Samuel, I remember, at this moment, these words of Jesus, which you this morning read: 'Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do.'" "We are all sinners together," said Samuel, with a loud voice; "we two old gray-headed people, on our knees, and about to die, both forgive you all, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We are ready, be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

<sup>1</sup> Hypocritical, marked by hypocrisy, or putting on an appearance of virtue which one does not possess.—<sup>2</sup> Maw, stomach, properly of beasts, and used only in contempt when applied to the human species.

8. It seemed that an angel was sent down from heaven, to save the lives of these two old gray-headed folks. With hair floating in sunny light, and seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure; with eyes beaming luster, and yet streaming tears; with white arms extended in their beauty, and motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine when a cloud is rolled away; came on, over the meadow before the hut, the same green-robed creature that had startled the soldiers with her singing in the moor; and, crying loudly, but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives," she fell down beside them as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood.

9. They all stood heart-stricken; and the executioners flung down their muskets upon the greensward. "God bless you, kind, good soldiers, for this!" exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy. "Ay, ay, you will be happy to-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God will love them for your mercy to us, and nothing, till you return home, will hurt a hair of their heads. Oh! I see now that soldiers are not so cruel as we say!" "Lilies, your grandfather speaks unto you; his last words are, 'Leave us, leave us; for they are going to put us to death.' Soldiers, kill not this little child, or the waters of the loch will rise up and drown the sons of perdition.<sup>1</sup> Lilies, give us each a kiss, and then go into the house."

10. The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse for their coward cruelty smote them to the heart; and they bade them that were still kneeling, to rise up and go their ways; then, forming themselves into regular order, one gave the word of command, and, marching off, they soon disappeared. The old man, his wife, and little Lilies, continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into the hut; the child between them, and a withered hand of each laid upon its beautiful and its fearless head.

J. WILSON.

Perdition (per dīsh' un), destruction.