

hunting ground, again arrived, but my friend could not keep his promise with the old woodsman. The companion of my last hunt, the best friend of my boyhood and youth was beneath the sod. Loving him with almost a woman's love, it was hard to give him up to the grasp of the spoiler, adding another to those

"Who, like to autumn leaves by tempests whirled,  
Are swept forever from this busy world."

With another companion I have revisited the scenes above described, and we have sat upon that same pine ridge and listened to the same sighing wind, fancying that a familiar voice came to our ears upon its "wings," reminding us of bygone days.

## III.

BENEATH a rough and unseemly exterior, how much that is intrinsically valuable or lovely may be hidden! The fire of the diamond is clouded by baser soil, till revealed by the hand and skill of the polisher; the water that is purest and coolest, wells from the roughest and hardest rock.

As in nature, so, oftentimes in life. There is many a roughly-clad pilgrim, journeying earth's pathways with us, who beneath his tattered garb, wears a brave and noble heart.

He is an unstudied masquer, yet the world, which with cursory glance,

"Weighs all things in custom's falsest scale,"

will, too often, denounce him as an outcast, or despise as a misanthrope. He may, and he may not be, deserving of that merciless ban. "A word fitly spoken," a little heartfelt sympathy invested in his behalf, may reveal that though.

"The tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind  
Chapped by the axe looks rough and little worth,  
The *sap* still lasts."

There are few men so utterly lost and degraded, as to be insensible to kindness or sympathy; there are few so rough-hewn, who may not suffer some gentle hand to round off and polish here and there an unsightly corner. With skilful pruning and careful nurture, the roadside bramble may adorn the parterre; so too, may the scraggy oak be taught to assume almost the innate grace of the maple and elm.

Necessity, and may we not say, destiny oftentimes make men belie their very nature.

With the high-souled of such, life is a continuous struggle. "To be, or not to be, that is the question," the *casus belli* between the spirit and the flesh—whose arbiter is too often—Death.

With one thus constituted and thus situated, I was once familiar. A genius and a scholar by nature, but by the misfortunes of his family compelled to forego those opportunities which in early youth he had been led to expect, and which he would have improved so well, he was thrown upon the world, dependent on his own exertions; fitted for some callings—unfitted for others, yet compelled to do something for a livelihood.

His birthplace and early home was in a secluded and mountainous district of New England; of his parentage I knew but little.

"Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
And had been glorious in another day,  
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
However mighty in the olden time."

By a misdemeanor of an elder and only brother, was *his* name soiled, his father's hard-earned property lost, and a happy home vacated.

The mother, heart-broken and hopeless, died soon after the disgrace of her son; the father, taking with him Herbert, my after friend, emigrated to the far-west, where amid the toils and dangers of a pioneer's life, he reared his rude log-cabin, and in the excitement of a hunter's life strove to forget his past troubles.

Amid such scenes, Herbert grew from youth to manhood; by such associations his tastes and habits in after life were indelibly tintured.

The old man lived to see the forests through whose solitudes his axe had first resounded, cleared away and replaced by a thriving village; but ere long he died, and the link that bound Herbert there was broken.

Yearning for a life more in unison with his earlier tastes, and longing to ascertain somewhat of his brother, who had been lost to him for five long years, he shouldered his rifle and knapsack and retraced his steps toward the home of his childhood. It was a long and weary way thither, but at last the goal was reached, though the hope that led him on was doomed to dis-

appointment. The erring and forsaken brother was in a nameless grave, and of all who once filled the old homestead, Herbert alone walked the earth.

It was soon after this when I first met him—dispirited, but not despairing: world-sick, but not misanthropic. He had been seeking some situation, where, earning enough for a mere support, he might once more apply himself to study, and become fitted for a sphere of influence and mayhap—renown.

The hardships and habits of a frontier life had given him a rough exterior; for this he had met many rebuffs and in some cases, insult, from those to whom he had applied for advice and aid. They little knew how superior in intellect was the being they despised, or how at a future day he would tower above them all. *He* was conscious of the truth, that

“He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below.”

For a month or two I saw much of him, and as acquaintance ripened into intimacy, I could not fail to discover that he was possessed of talents brilliant to a pre-eminent degree.

With the exception of a few hours a day, devoted to the business of a trifling agency, which afforded him a small income, the most of his time was spent in hard, untiring study.

He was a passionate lover of Nature, but chiefly in her wildest forms. He loved to roam the deep woods, and climbing the loftiest hills, gaze upon the distant river, for it reminded him of his father's cabin by the banks of the Missouri, and of his deer-hunts amidst the forests of the West. His fondness for study made him a lover of solitude; the soothing murmur of a mountain stream, or the whisperings of the breeze through the leafy woods, were far sweeter to him than the hum and bustle of the crowd. For this, the world called him misanthropic and stoical; as if all men are constituted alike, and no happiness may be found save along the beaten thoroughfares of busy life.

Ere long an opportunity for more engrossing employment offered. It was in taking charge of a district school situated in a newly settled county of an adjoining State.

The enterprise, though holding out little inducement as to pecuniary advantage, accorded well with his tastes and habits. The country itself was new and wild, its inhabitants plain and unassuming, and the desk might be the stepping-stone to a position which his ambitious spirit had long coveted. So once more starting on his pilgrimage, he trod his way thither, with a hand ready for any good endeavor, and a heart nerved for any fate.

Though corresponding at short intervals, and the

distance between us but a short day's journey, I saw nothing of my friend for more than a year: yet wishing to see him again, and knowing it would afford him pleasure, I packed up my hunting habiliments one fine day in early autumn, and ere many hours had elapsed, again felt the warm grasp of my friend's hand.

The rude house of the raftsmen, in whose family he was living, stood in a wild and lonely glen, not far from the little village which had sprung up and flourished like a mushroom on the banks of the Delaware. A few months previous, its site had been a part of the wilderness, but armies of sturdy men, marshalled by all-conquering Progress, had marched thither, levelling the hills, bridging the streams, and filling up the valleys, to make a pathway for the iron horse to travel, whose deep pantings woke strange echoes amidst the woods and mountains.

I found my friend, unconscious of my coming, poring over the pages of his well-worn Virgil.

The small yet comfortable chamber allotted him was filled with objects indicative of his tastes: it was alike the studio of a scholar and a hunter. Guns and fishing-rods, pouches and baskets, deer hides and antlers, skins of wild-cats and foxes, stuffed birds, books, papers, and some crayon sketches, all were fancifully arranged upon the walls, so that hardly a chink in the log siding could be discerned. And there, by the blaz

ing hickory fire, so lavishly piled, we spent the greater part of the night in talk of bygone days, of present troubles, and of future plans and hopes. Thus far he had been prospered beyond his most ardent anticipations.

Though he had spent many wearisome hours and days in striving to teach pupils who were heedless, and slow to learn—though the people amidst whom he was thrown were mostly ignorant and uncultivated still he felt that he would rather strive to “carve himself a name” there, than among those who had cast him out in his day of need, and had never appreciated him as he felt he should be.

Giving his scholars a play-day before my departure, we devoted it to hunting and rambling the woods and hills which surrounded his home. He was familiar with them all, and grew eloquent sometimes, as his heart swelled with memories of other days.

At noon, tired and satisfied with our sport, we seated ourselves upon the summit of a knoll, which commanded a beautiful prospect of the wild valley beneath us, and a wide expanse of forest on every side. Here and there a column of blue smoke rising above the high tree-tops, told of some woodman's lonely clearing, along the distant railroad track or within reach of some mountain stream, whose swollen waters might bear his lumber to the river.

No sound came upon our ears but the occasional bark of the squirrel, the murmur of the stream far down in the ravine, or the trumpet-like bay of our hound on the track of a fox or deer along the opposite hillside.

Such sights and sounds awoke, in my companion's spirit, recollections of the time when he and his father reared their cabin amidst the wilds of Illinois, and lived happily enough surrounded with the hard-earned comforts of a frontier life.

His warmest sympathies were with those early emigrants who, won by the tales of that wondrous beauty, grandeur, and fertility which would greet their eyes and bless their labors, went forth from eastern homes to rear a new and untried one amidst forests untrodden and unknown, save by the "untutored Indian." Their only guide thither had been the trail and war-path which the red man had made and tramped from time immemorial.

What volumes more stirring than those of romance might be written, recounting the trials and adventures of those earnest and faithful men! what tales of warfare and savage torture!

The whoop of the Indian, the howl of the wolf, and the scream of the panther, broke their slumbers, and caused the timid mother to draw her babes still closer to her bosom. With all these and more, it was their

lot to contend; yet with their labors and trials came reward. The wilderness was made to "blossom as the rose," according to the promise given them, and their children know but little what their fathers suffered.

"The noble, dauntless Pioneers,  
Journeying afar new homes to raise,  
In the lone woods with toils and tears,  
Meeting with faith the coming years,  
Theirs be the highest meed of praise."

Yet with all his admiration of those in whose trials he had borne a part, not the less was his pity awakened for the poor Indian, who, scared away from his old haunts by the noisy tread of the white man, broke his bow over the grave of his fathers, and with wounded or embittered spirit made a new trail towards the unknown realms between him and the setting sun.

Their hunting grounds were broken up by the axe and the plough—the ashes of their council-fires and the bones of their kindred, enriched the fields of their successors. By little and little, their names would fade from the memory of man, till lost among "the things that were."

"There *were* their homes, but now no more,  
Their day of power and pride is o'er;  
They urge the chase, where other skies  
Are spread, and other hills arise."

With such reflections and in such converse we passed many a pleasant hour. It was a joy to me to see one whom, a few months before, I had feared would shrink disheartened from the strife in which he must engage, thus manfully and cheerfully bearing his part.

Well I knew there were some, whose taunts were still rankling in his spirit, whom, at some future day, he would compel to acknowledge that "mind, not manners, make the man."

And so I left him in his rude school-room, surrounded by his pupils, happy and contented, yet looking forward to a loftier and more extended sphere about to open before him

## IV.

"MAY you die among your kindred," is an aspiration which none can fitly appreciate but those who have stood by the bedside of one dying in a strange land. There are not a few of us who have gathered those that were loved and loving unto the company of that "silent multitude" whose realm is the tomb. Some are sleeping quietly enough beneath the green turf of the village churchyard, afar from the noise of the city and the busy tread of men: others maybe have costlier sepulchres and rarer flowers above them, by the shady avenues of Auburn and Greenwood; but we, who survive them, have the consolation of knowing that they lie with their kindred, and that their last hours were not embittered with the thought that they were dying in a strange land.

There is scarcely anything that so saddens the heart of one journeying abroad, as to roam through the cemeteries contiguous to the larger cities of the continent. A few winters since, it was my melancholy pleasure to visit some of these, and in two of the most lovely of them, I assisted to inter several of my coun-

trymen, and in one instance, a fair young girl, who had left home and friends in quest of health, but to die amidst strangers.

The cemetery at Leghorn is beautifully laid out, and contains the graves of some ten or twelve Americans, and many more of English birth. The following inscription on an unassuming tomb therein, struck me as at once simple and touching :

M. R. C.

Æ. 19.

Mourn not for her ; she died as Christians die,  
There was no earthward clinging of the heart,  
No shuddering *terror*, no reluctant sigh.

The Campo Santo of Naples is as lovely a spot as the world can show. Its graves are ever green, and flowers are perpetually blooming and fading over them ; but on the hill of Posillipo, at the other extremity of the city, there was one solitary grave whose site was far more lovely. It lay hidden from view, till closely approached, in a shady dell upon the sloping southern hillside : above it are white villas, luxuriant vineyards, and odorous orange groves. Before it, stretches the blue expanse of the noble bay, girt well nigh round with shores which for beauty and variety cannot be surpassed, while far below, the surf breaks upon the shore with its deep and restless murmur, and still far

ther away lies the city, whose din and rattle come thither only on the breeze. It is the last resting-place of a young German girl, who died here years ago, and few strangers visit Naples, who do not time and again stand by her grave-stone, and marvel at the loveliness amidst which it is enshrined.

At the Baths of Lucca, which lie so warm and sheltered in the bosom of the Apennines, one may see in a morning's walk, during the winter months, invalids of almost every clime.

I remember a pale, fragile girl of my own country, who, with an elderly father, had been roaming Europe for a year or two, searching for that fountain, whose fabled waters so few may find.

To the stranger, it was evident enough that the Spoiler had long ago set his ineffaceable seal upon her brow ; but with that delusive hope, which to the last fills the heart of the consumptive, and often too, of their friends, she was confident that a few weeks more would find her at home again, with every prospect of a long and happy life.

One morning, gay and flushed, she would mingle with the crowd upon the shady promenade—the next, pale and languid, she would be carried in her palanquin where the sun was warmest, and the air most soft and tempered.

I saw her again in Naples, sometimes on the crowded

Toledo, or in the gay Villa-Reale, but oftener in the invalid's chair upon her chamber balcony. I saw her last, inhaling the balmy and odorous air of Sorrento on the opposite shore of the bay, but I knew when the rainy season came, she would fly elsewhere, yet for her all places were alike.

I was at Rome during the Carnival, but even amidst its follies and gaieties, in which every stranger must mingle more or less, I could not forget the pale face of the young, deluded invalid.

She too had come to Rome, but my first intimation of it was the mourning-enveloped note of our Consul, summoning me and my friends to her funeral. That was a gloomy day, on which some sixty of us followed to the grave the remains of one whom we felt was one of us, because of our country.

The weather had been cold and damp for days, colder than usual in Rome; and the occasion was one which is always saddening at any time, but more so to those who are far away from home and kindred. The service, conducted in the English chapel, by an English chaplain, was very solemn, and when it was all over, and a few of us stepped forward to press the hand of the heart-stricken father, who was to return home not "bringing his treasure with him," I thought how touching and how beautiful are the farewell words of the orient—

"May you die among your kindred!"

Two weeks afterward, I saw another of my countrymen buried near by. He was from our own sunny South, and had left at home a young wife and child to mourn him, in a stranger's grave.

Most of the tomb-stones in the English cemetery bear the names of English persons. One is that of a young and beautiful girl, whose horse became unmanageable as she was riding by the Tiber, when its waters were swollen by a freshet. The animal plunged into the river with her, and she was carried swiftly away before a helping hand could reach her.

There also is the tomb of the poet Shelley, and near by, that of Keats, who, stung almost to madness by the malice of a few heartless critics, desired these words inscribed upon his tomb-stone.

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

As I read the inscription, and looked around me upon the thickly-strewn graves of his countrymen, these beautiful lines of his, rose in my memory—

"Stop and consider! life is but a day:  
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way  
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep  
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep



Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?  
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;  
The reading of an ever-changing tale,  
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil—  
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air,  
A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care."

## V.

ABEL MEAD was a "tiller of the ground" by destiny, not by nature. His father and his father's family were farmers before him, and the fair homestead which he now owned, with its well-lying fields and opulent woodlands, had been the scene of earnest and untiring toil for two generations.

It was known as Hillside throughout the neighboring country, and acknowledged to be the "crack farm" of the county. There were not a few of the young farmers in the vicinity, who envied the heir of Hillside his rich acres, for at all the agricultural shows held year after year in the town near by, the "Meads" had uniformly taken the premium for the largest corn and potatoes, and the best seed wheat. Yet it was not likely so to be, the season in which I sojourned thereabout.

A year had not passed since Abel, upon his father's death, became sole possessor of the farm; yet already did it give evidence that a less thrifty and industrious hand superintended its labors. Here and there the fences were tottering, and the wealth of the barn-yard,