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## AMUSEMENT.

**Walking for a Dram.**—One of the best stories of the season is told by Sandy Welch, of a man who was in the country on a visit, where they had no liquor. He got up two hours before breakfast and wanted his bit of bread. None to be had; of course he felt bad.

"How far is it to a tavern?" he asked.

"Four miles."

So off this thirsty soul started, walked four miles in a pleasant frame of mind, arrived at the tavern and found it a temperance house.

A Western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer.

"Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money."

"But what shall I do," said the farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why, you can then work for me, and get them back."

**No Time to Sleep.** The man who was crossing the river, and who was thrown from the boat with a large horse and a small pony, was emphatically "quick-witted." He seized upon the pony's tail, (that being the nearest to him,) for he couldn't swim a yard. Some one on shore cried out—"Catch hold of the tail of the big horse!"

"No, no," he answered, "no time to swap horses now."

**Daniel Tucker,** who has been so often warned to "get out of the way," is said to have been run over by a train of cars in Arkansas, which is the first intimation we have seen that a railroad had been built in that State.—*Boston Post.*

A woman quarreling with her husband, told him she believed that if she should die he would marry the devil's daughter. The tender husband replied, "the law does not allow a man to marry two sisters."

People who die penniless have this fact to console them—that their children always inherit their property. With rich people the case is different, the most of their effects going to the executors.

**Tucker.**—How many points of the compass is there?

Boy.—Two, east and west; there used to be four, but as Mr. Webster said he didn't know no North nor South, I suppose that there isn't any.

"You didn't go to Cork, to-day, Paddy?"

"Och, no," said Paddy, "I heard a gentileman say there would be an eclipse of the moon here to-night, and I staid to see it."

Fame is like a young duck in a mud-puddle—very easy to see, very easy to talk about after you have seen it, but it is an awful job to get hold of it.

"My dear," said a young gentleman to a young lady to whom he thought to be married, "do you wish to make a fool of me?"

"No," replied the lady, "Nature saved me the trouble."

The word *daisy* is a thousand times pronounced without advertising to the beauty of its etymology, "the eye of day."

**Joining Hands in Matrimony.**—A custom arising from the practice of pugilists shaking hands before they begin to fight.

**A Hit at the Progressives.**

How well it is the sun and moon—  
Are placed so very high and low—  
That no presuming man can reach  
To pluck them from the sky.

If 'twere not so, I do believe  
That some reforming saint  
Would soon attempt to take them down,  
To light the world with gas!

**Cracking a Joke.**—A fellow named Willis was hauled up in Albany the other day for striking a man named *Joke*, and fined five dollars. He plead, in extenuation, that he thought it no offence to "crack a joke."

"We have proved an *alibi* by five witnesses," said a lawyer in the Criminal Court. "Yes, I am ready to admit," said the opposing counsel, "that you have proved an *alibi* by five of your witnesses."

**Important if True.**—One of the papers of the "spirit rappers," in pretending to be informed of the affairs of the dead, states that Napoleon and Wellington are quarreling about the affair at Waterloo. This teaches people to get through with talking and quarreling before leaving.

There is a pound of feathers as light as anything else."  
It ain't quite so heavy, but  
A good deal larger."

**Water Conquered in Verse.**

Intemperance quicker,  
Than plan the monster to slaughter;  
To drink up the whole of the liquor,  
Than then we'll have nothing but water.

**LIGHT JOKE.**

"Tom, what's on fire?"

"A chandler's shop, sir."

"It makes a big light."

"Yes, sir, great many candles burning."

A newspaper may be destroyed at night, it may light a cigar, it may curl a lady's hair. Ah! only think of that, girls. An editor's thoughts completely, sweetly, exquisitely, wreathed in with your silken tresses, and—yes, nestling down with you in your midnight slumbers, to gently guard and peacefully watch over your happy dreams.

## Popular Tales.

### THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

CHAPTER I.

The New England States are noted for their two ranges of mountains—the Green Mountains extending through the whole length of the State of Vermont, and the White Mountains stretching themselves through the northern part of the State of New Hampshire—two as lofty and beautiful ranges of mountains as can be found in the United States. The scenery of both is grand and sublime in the extreme, and whether covered with the verdant cloak of summer, or whitened with the snows of winter, present to the eye of the beholder a scene of attraction and grandeur. The incidents upon which the following story is founded, occurred on and in the vicinity of the White Mountains, a range which contains some of the highest peaks to be found in our country; that of Mount Washington, which is the highest, being 6,584 feet above the level of the sea. Imagination may form something of an idea of the scenery comprehended in the almost boundless view from the summit of the highest points of this lofty range of mountains, but to be appreciated according to their worth they must be seen with the naked eye. The green foliage of the mountain side extending to its very base, where it meets the plain, covered with the same luxuriant dye of nature, and spreading itself far away in the distance, here and there specked with the beautiful silvery lakes, and purpling streams, with which New England abounds—spotted with neat and lovely farm-houses, and occasionally a small village nestled quietly down in some romantic spot, is a fit subject for a lover of nature to feast upon, and scarcely to be equalled by the much talked of Italian or Sicilian scenery. From the towering height of Mount Washington, may be seen at no great distance, five peaks bearing the respective names of Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, and Jackson.

In the vicinity of these is found "The Notch," a deep and extensive ravine, dividing the mountain for some distance, and forming on each side a wild and almost frightful appearance. In this "Notch" there now stands the remains of a dwelling house and out-buildings where once resided a family by the name of *Willet*, who were in the year 1826, killed by a slide from the mountain above the dwelling, the tracks of which are visible to this day. To the west of the "Notch" spreads a sublime range of high mountains surrounded as it were at their tops by the clouds. The peaks in this direction though not as high as those before spoken of, command an extensive and picturesque view. The eye wanders away in the long, dim distance of the hazy atmosphere, and like the mind's eye when taking a glance at future years, unable to discover with any distinctness what lies beyond your immediate comprehension.

There are on this range various caverns of different sizes and all descriptions, but the mountains around them are so very difficult of ascent, that they have seldom been visited. On the eastern side of these mountains, at some distance from the "Notch," there is a cave known to a few of the oldest inhabitants of that vicinity, by the name of the "Bandit's Cave." This name was given to it from its having once been the home of a large and powerful banditti, that spread themselves over the surrounding country, plundering all property of any value, that could be obtained by stratagem, violence and force—a source of annoyance and terror to the people. The cave was a very large one, consisting of various apartments and cavities, which the banditti had formed into rooms suitable for their purpose. The entrance to it was so secluded that a person might pass within a few feet of its mouth, and yet not discover it. From the entrance to it a person could stand and view the mountain side, taking in at the same time a large portion of the plain below, while directly at his feet was a precipice of some fifty feet, and almost perpendicular. One side was protected by the rock which formed the entrance to the cave, projecting from a high point over the head and gradually descending to the brow of the precipice, thus forming an insurmountable barrier to admittance from that side, while the other side, the only place where an entrance could be made, was thickly overgrown with underbrush, so thickly matted together, that a passage through it was next to impossible; but the banditti had made an opening whereby they could enter by parting the boughs, passing through, and then letting them fall back to their original position, and no one would discover that it had ever been disturbed.

This guarded, they were not under the necessity of placing upon their door the words so much disliked by busy bodies,—"No Admittance."

Farther down the mountain, in a very secluded spot, there stands a rude log cabin surrounded with trees and bushes to such an extent that it was hidden almost entirely from view, and could be seen at only one or two particular points far above it, one of which was at the mouth of the cave. This house, originally built for the accommodation of some laborers on the mountain, was once the residence for a short time, of the family

of the leader of the band that had their home in the cave above described.

Charles Anson, was the only son of a wealthy merchant, in one of the New England States, and like most children under the same circumstances, was petted and spoiled while in youth, becoming before he had barely entered his teens, Governor and Chief Magistrate of the family, himself seldom, if ever corrected; consequently he grew up to manhood, a headstrong and wilful youth, his passions and desires unrestrained and uncontrolled, exercising his own will and pleasure at all times, and upon all occasions.

He early became enamoured of a young lady, whose beauty of person and amiability of manner, had won the better feelings of his heart, and with all his faults he could not but appreciate her worth and loveliness. She in the mean time, was drinking draught after draught from the goblet of Love, little dreaming that there was coiled in the bottom of the cup a poisonous and deadly serpent, that would strike death to her heart's best hopes, and embitter the close of her life, which had opened with so much sweetness and promise, with trouble and sorrow; that would strewn her path with thorns, which had in its early life been spread with flowers. He paid his address to her, was accepted and married. For a time, the sun of prosperity and happiness shone forth upon them with much splendor and promise, but a black and threatening cloud, hidden in the long, dim distance of time, was slowly rising, and darkening the sky of their life. His love, it might have been said, was lost at his marriage. His youthful associates and practices, instead of being diminished, were now increased, and but a short time had elapsed ere his dislike for home, and the society of her whom he had sworn to love and protect became too evident to be misunderstood. She now found that he whom she had garnered her bosom best affections, was utterly unworthy of them. It is not to be supposed that a knowledge of her real condition coming as it did, at a time when the tide of prosperity was at its utmost height, would in no wise affect her. The tender flower bent beneath the chilling storm. His recklessness, and gambling table associates, drew from him all the money that he could command, and he made repeated calls upon his father, till he had nearly ruined him, when assistance was denied him from that quarter, and feeling no inclination to abandon his present mode of life, the whole bent of his mind was now given to contrive some means by which he could be supported. After endeavoring to practice several schemes of fraud and crime to supply his wants, he, with a number of his associates hit upon the expedient of forming a band of robbers. In this a large number were ready and willing to cooperate, and as he possessed a stout and robust frame, and a strong constitution, together with a resolute and fearless spirit, he was chosen as the leader of the band.

About the time this association was formed, his wife gave birth to a daughter, which awakened in the mind of its mother a hope that it would be the means of creating in him a desire for home, and a love for the society of virtuous friends, and reclaiming him from his downward course. But these hopes, like all others, which she had cherished, were doomed to wither and fade before her eyes. He now informed her that it was his intention to remove to a distant village, but for what purpose he did not state, and as soon as she was able to endure the toil and fatigue of a journey, she was removed to the cabin upon the mountain. Under the pretence of establishing himself in business at a distance, he left his relatives and friends without any knowledge of their whereabouts. Here she lived, shut out from the world, with no society but that of her infant child, with such of her husband's routine as was not devoted to his daily routine of wickedness. Her time was mostly occupied in watching over her child, and providing for the wants of her husband. The remainder was given to weeping over her unhappy fate. Day after day thus passed on—the same monotonous round of daily duty was performed—the same feelings were realized from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the same pillow was nightly bedewed with the tears of this broken-hearted being. But for her child, she would have many times wished that she was the occupant of that receptacle for all beings—the silent tomb.

She had been alone with her child for nearly a week, and within that time, the sound of a human voice had not greeted her ear, when one evening, just after the sun had set, and nature was hushed in the stillness of night, and a threatening storm was rising in the westward horizon, she heard his footsteps at the door. As he entered, she gave a terrible shriek, and endeavored to raise herself from the stool on which she was sitting, but strength failed her, and she fell back into her seat, covering her face with both her hands, to hide from her eyes the horrible spectacle before her. She sat thus for a moment and then rose to administer to his wants. His clothes were almost literally torn from his body, his face out in several places, and the blood was oozing out of his wounds, and running down over his body. A glance sufficed to show that he was intoxicated. She assisted him to bed, dressed his wounds in the best possible manner, and then sat down to watch by his pillow,

alone as it were, in a mountain wilderness—the darkness of night hovering over her, the wind sweeping fearfully by the cabin, and at every gust, increasing with demon-like fury, and mingled with large quantities of rain—rendering her home gloomy and dismal without, while trouble and sorrow had proclaimed themselves masters within. The night passed slowly away, morning at length dawned, followed by the rising sun, which as it broke through the clouds, greeted her sleepless eyes with his radiant beams, and showed that the storm of the preceding night had passed away, and gave promise of being succeeded by a pleasant day. But there was no evidence of any such change in her circumstances. The lowering sky that had been gathering over her head grew darker and darker, and the storm that had just begun to rage around her, and in all probability rage on with increased violence till it should sweep her from the shores of time into the ocean of eternity. The effects of the liquor that Charles had drunk the preceding day had now subsided, and he was enabled to relate the story of his misfortune. He had left the cave just at sunset, thinking to reach the cabin before it would be very dark, but in consequence of being intoxicated, he had become bewildered, and lost his way. His step being unsteady, he had fallen several times among the rocks and stones, and thus received the wounds and bruises upon his body. He now made known to her his intention to remove her to the cave, where he said they would be less liable to be discovered. In a short time his wounds were healed sufficient to permit him to leave the cabin, and make his way to his gang, with the promise of returning in a few days for his family. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Anson sat down, with her infant on her lap, and the warm tears of motherly affection bedewing its innocent face, to reflect on what course it was best for her to pursue. She felt that she could never consent to take up her abode with a band of lawless robbers, and rear her child amid the scenes that were enacted among them; she also knew that she could never reconcile it with her sense of propriety to do this, and yet what else could she do? could she leave her husband—him whom she had sworn to love as long as life should hold out, and him whom she did love notwithstanding all the ill-treatment she had received from him. Could she break the tie that bound them, and leave him forever?—If she could do this, where could she go? She had incurred the disgrace of her parents, in the marriage; and not dared attend their doors since she first became the bride of Charles Anson, and she was fearful that she should receive no assistance from that source. Thus situated, she felt that cold words and frowns from her parents would be but the filling up of her cup of sorrow to the brim, and therefore she could not consent to place herself before them, in the humiliating posture of a mendicant asking assistance. She sat for a few moments, ruminating upon her painful situation—first her anxiety for the welfare of her child, seemed to have the ascendancy of her mind, then her love for her husband, and the hopes she entertained of his yet being reclaimed, seemed to bear sway, and she was almost determined to stay with him, and share the disgrace and dishonor which he had already brought upon himself. Such was woman's love. But as the scene of beauty and intoxication, which she had but recently witnessed, came vividly up before her, she determined at once to leave the mountain, and trust to Providence for a home for herself and child. She had but few preparations to make for her departure, and was soon ready, when taking her child in her arms, she knelt by the side of the lowly couch where she had often knelt, and offered up a fervent prayer to Almighty God, humbly imploring his protection on herself and her lovely infant.

Who is there that could have looked upon this scene with dry eyes and an unfeeling heart? If there is such a being to be found, in this wide world, he is unworthy of the name of human. Alone in the wilderness, with nought to love or care for but her child; far away from friends and home, and exposed to cruel treatment, from one to whom she had looked to for protection and support through the trials which beset life's pathway—the wife of an inebriate, a robber, and a hard-hearted wretch. She reproached him not. Not one word of complaint was uttered in that short prayer. She prayed to God to guide her in her present undertaking, and for a blessing on the head of her wayward husband, and then rising from her knees with a serene countenance, and a steady eye, evincing a determination to pursue the course which she had just resolved upon, turned and left the cabin, trusting to God to find friends to take care of her child, in case her days should not be lengthened out to watch over her and guide her, herself; and she was fearful that her troubles would weigh upon her spirits till they would bring her to an early grave. Her face was now turned towards the foot of the mountain, where she arrived after much toil and trouble, from whence she traveled on mile after mile, with her child in her arms, until she came near the suburbs of a beautiful little village, where she resolved to leave her child, and trust her future welfare to him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" then rolling the infant snugly in her

shawl, she noiselessly opened the gate, and entered the yard surrounding a large, and comfortable looking house, carefully laid her child before the door, gave it a last fond embrace, and placing a piece of paper with the name of "Helen" upon it, by her side, turned with tears in her eyes and left the yard. She retraced her steps for some distance, until she arrived at a neat looking farm house by the road-side, where she asked permission to stay through the night, which was readily granted.

The house where the infant Helen had been left, was the residence of a rich old bachelor, by the name of *Ruggles*, but who was generally known by the name of "Old Rags." In fact, the people of the village, and the owner of the house, were the only persons acquainted with the name of *Hitty*, which was but a modern abbreviation of the more ancient name, *Mehitabel*, who was chief servant, or rather chief mistress of the house (for she took upon herself to see that all went right throughout the household) two out-door servants and himself. The temper and disposition of *Hitty* was not of the mildest caste, and she very often found occasion to manifest her ill-temper upon the servants, when out of the old gentleman's presence. She had lived a long time with "Old Rags," and knew that he had a goodly share of this world's goods laid up in store for some one, and she could not conceive why she was not entitled to a portion of it, inasmuch as she had been an inmate of his house, and a slave to his whims for a great number of years, and he had not, that she knew of, a relative in the whole world.

Early the next morning, "Old Rags," as was his usual custom arose for the purpose of taking his morning walk, and dressing himself, he took down his broad brimmed hat, which always hung in a certain place in his kitchen, except when upon the owner's head, and which had for many years protected his bald head, alike from the scorching sun of Summer, and the storms of Winter, and placing it upon his head, he sallied out. As he opened the door, the bundle upon the mattress attracted his attention, and he stooped to pick it up, and move it out of the way, thinking it to be a bundle of clothes, but the weight of it told him it was composed of something besides cloth, and he sat down to examine it. While he was busy with his hands unrolling the bundle, his mind was revolving the probability of some fairy's leaving him a roll of silver, and taking this curious method of transmitting it to him. But before his expectations had been raised to too high a pitch, the shawl was unrolled, and out peeped a smiling infant. The old gentleman did not seem to be at all displeased with the result of his golden dream, for he smiled and dandled the child on his knee, making, however, as all old bachelors do, a very awkward appearance.

*Hitty* was soon aroused, and the child consigned to her care while "Old Rags" proceeded on his morning walk. When he returned he found his house-keeper in no very pleasant mood. A new idea had struck her mind. She was fearful the old gentleman would keep the child and adopt it as his own, and should he do this, it would probably be the means of loosening the hold which she vainly imagined she had upon his golden affections. She determined to sound him upon the subject, and as soon as she was settled at the breakfast table, she very pettishly asked him if he intended to keep the child.

"Keep her," he exclaimed, "certainly I intend to keep her. Who is better able to keep her, and take care of her than I am? and as long as I am as able as I am now, she shall not want for friends or home."

This was a death-blow to *Hitty's* hopes. If the child was adopted as his own, she would, in all probability inherit his property, leaving the large dowry which she had long had in view for herself minus, and she tartly replied:

"Well, children can be found at all times, if a person wishes to adopt one as his own, without taking up with an outcast, and raking the highways for what-soever may happen to be left there to die."

"It is my determination *Miss Hitty*," replied he, "to adopt the child as my own, and if the trouble which it will cause in bringing up should prove too much for you, you are at liberty to leave my service at any moment you choose."

This reply had the effect of silencing her, and she did not venture to speak again upon the subject. She saw in a moment that she had touched a tender chord, when she stigmatized the child as an outcast.

She had for some time been receiving the addresses of the village schoolmaster, an old bachelor, who had the ill-will of his scholars, and a majority of the villagers. He was avaricious in the extreme, his whole study being how he could turn this and that to the best account. Piety and virtue were secondary objects with him, and ambition for any high or noble pursuit was altogether out of the question, while his desire for acquiring money was unbounded. A love for the "root of all evil" had evidently been planted in his heart while in youth, and the shoot that had sprang from this seed had "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." Some of the villagers had even gone so far as to say that he would not hesitate to take

other means to obtain money, than those held out as right and just, both by the laws of God and man. Certain it was, that he had never paid any particular attention to *Miss Hitty*, until he had heard it hinted that she was to be *Mr. Ruggles'* heir. Of his birth and parentage no one had any information, and he was always very studious to avoid any mention of the subject, and never appeared free to converse upon his former life. He had managed to keep his place in the village school, by the assistance of a few persons whose favor he had gained, and in whose opinion he was

time more members of a family, during the prevalence of this epidemic. At last, when it had nearly abated, *Mrs. Anson*, worn down with excessive toil and watchings, was taken sick, and the kind attentions were paid to her which she had so long bestowed upon others. Her labor, together with the trouble and sorrow which had weighed upon her spirits, brought her very low, and from her first attack she felt convinced that she should not long survive, and there was no last one thing that crossed in her mind, to leave a legacy to the schoolmaster.

When *Mrs. Anson* died, she left a legacy of property, and her mother, who was unbounded, she was convinced, of the suffering she had undergone, served but to brighten the temple of her grief.

Many supposed that *Mrs. Anson's* disease was the same that had so recently prevailed in the village, and it was thought advisable to bury her as soon as practicable, and much against the wishes of Helen, the funeral was to take place on the afternoon of the same day on which she died. Notwithstanding the supposition that her disease was contagious, the Church where the funeral was held, was filled to overflowing. In consequence of yielding for some time to the prayers and entreaties of Helen not to remove the corpse, it was late before the procession reached the Church, and twilight was fast succeeding the setting sun, before the service was over. Here was a solemn and impressive scene which is seldom witnessed—a funeral in the twilight of evening and a burial by moonlight. Although the corpse was followed by one mourner only—the lonely Helen—each one felt that they had lost a friend that was dear to them, for she had long been their ministering angel, and the fact of her being the mother of Helen, increased, if possible, their respect for the deceased. The hymn was given out, and sung with a solemnity that awed the congregation, and the prayer that followed seemed to come from a heart of divine fullness.—The sermon, which immediately succeeded, was impressive and eloquent, and the eulogy upon the life and character of the deceased, left scarcely a dry eye in the house. The service over, the procession moved to the grave by the dim light afforded by the rising moon, and the remains of this once loved and lovely, but broken-hearted being, were consigned to the silent tomb. Helen remained weeping over the grave of her mother, till the moonlight had all dispersed, and she was left alone, with nought to solace her but the knowledge that she died a Christian. The death of *Mrs. Anson* was severely felt for a long time, and the impression which her death and the funeral scene had made upon the minds of the people was more lasting and effective than any death that had occurred during the prevalence of the late sickness.

A few days after *Mrs. Anson's* death, there came a man to *Mr. Ruggles* in search of employment, and as his servant had been numbered with those who were swept away by the sickness, he gave him a situation, and as he takes an active part in the closing scenes of this story, it may be well to give a short description of him. His dress and manners together gave him the appearance of being a very verdant specimen of humanity, but whether he was in reality as verdant as he appeared, remains to be seen. His pantaloon, which wore of a dark gray color, extended nearly half way from his knees to his ankles, at which point they tapered off to as small a compass as would admit the passage of his feet whenever he had occasion to take them off or put them on, while at the top they gave evidence of a "dissolution of co-partnership by mutual consent and agreement" between them and the red vest, over which dangled down to a cravat, a shade or two darker than that of his vest. His coat was of a brown, the skirts of which were

more than a couple of handbreadths in length; on the front of which was mounted two rows of buttons of wood, the crowns of all, was placed a button in a shining position, the rim of which would measure two inches in width, and the crown so corresponded, resembled very much an old fashioned church steeple. In this singular costume he made his appearance before *Mr. Ruggles*, and as we have before stated, obtained a situation.

His course of conduct for a long time, indicated that he really was as green as his appearance intimated. By degrees, however, he became initiated into the arts and mysteries of "town life," and was soon quite an adept in all the crooks and turns, enough to show that he had been "broken in." He was faithful and gained the entire confidence of his employer, and that, to an extent, that no one ever before had. Indeed, the old gentleman ever permitted him to carry the key to his petty chest, which

Time rolled on. She was now somewhat advanced in her teens, and the glow of childhood was fast deepening into the darker tints of the discretion and judgment of womanhood. A distemper broke out in the village, of an alarming character, which prostrated many of the inhabitants upon beds of sickness, and a great number of deaths occurred in consequence of this disease. *Mrs. Anson* was as usual at her post, attending upon the sick, and supplying their wants. She moved about even amid the worst cases of the disease, without taking it herself. It was that distressing complaint called the "Black Tongue," from which few that are attacked with it recover. It raged violently, sweeping the aged, the middle-aged, the aspiring youth, and the smiling infant, alike into the grave. Many were the hearts that were made desolate by the loss of one, two, three, and some-

times more members of a family, during the prevalence of this epidemic. At last, when it had nearly abated, *Mrs. Anson*, worn down with excessive toil and watchings, was taken sick, and the kind attentions were paid to her which she had so long bestowed upon others. Her labor, together with the trouble and sorrow which had weighed upon her spirits, brought her very low, and from her first attack she felt convinced that she should not long survive, and there was no last one thing that crossed in her mind, to leave a legacy to the schoolmaster.

When *Mrs. Anson* died, she left a legacy of property, and her mother, who was unbounded, she was convinced, of the suffering she had undergone, served but to brighten the temple of her grief.

Many supposed that *Mrs. Anson's* disease was the same that had so recently prevailed in the village, and it was thought advisable to bury her as soon as practicable, and much against the wishes of Helen, the funeral was to take place on the afternoon of the same day on which she died. Notwithstanding the supposition that her disease was contagious, the Church where the funeral was held, was filled to overflowing. In consequence of yielding for some time to the prayers and entreaties of Helen not to remove the corpse, it was late before the procession reached the Church, and twilight was fast succeeding the setting sun, before the service was over. Here was a solemn and impressive scene which is seldom witnessed—a funeral in the twilight of evening and a burial by moonlight. Although the corpse was followed by one mourner only—the lonely Helen—each one felt that they had lost a friend that was dear to them, for she had long been their ministering angel, and the fact of her being the mother of Helen, increased, if possible, their respect for the deceased. The hymn was given out, and sung with a solemnity that awed the congregation, and the prayer that followed seemed to come from a heart of divine fullness.—The sermon, which immediately succeeded, was impressive and eloquent, and the eulogy upon the life and character of the deceased, left scarcely a dry eye in the house. The service over, the procession moved to the grave by the dim light afforded by the rising moon, and the remains of this once loved and lovely, but broken-hearted being, were consigned to the silent tomb. Helen remained weeping over the grave of her mother, till the moonlight had all dispersed, and she was left alone, with nought to solace her but the knowledge that she died a Christian. The death of *Mrs. Anson* was severely felt for a long time, and the impression which her death and the funeral scene had made upon the minds of the people was more lasting and effective than any death that had occurred during the prevalence of the late sickness.

A few days after *Mrs. Anson's* death, there came a man to *Mr. Ruggles* in search of employment, and as his servant had been numbered with those who were swept away by the sickness, he gave him a situation, and as he takes an active part in the closing scenes of this story, it may be well to give a short description of him. His dress and manners together gave him the appearance of being a very verdant specimen of humanity, but whether he was in reality as verdant as he appeared, remains to be seen. His pantaloon, which wore of a dark gray color, extended nearly half way from his knees to his ankles, at which point they tapered off to as small a compass as would admit the passage of his feet whenever he had occasion to take them off or put them on, while at the top they gave evidence of a "dissolution of co-partnership by mutual consent and agreement" between them and the red vest, over which dangled down to a cravat, a shade or two darker than that of his vest. His coat was of a brown, the skirts of which were