point, and becoming quite absorbed in the characteristics and tokens of the child gave renewed unassumable to Solomon, who expressed his feelings in a loud and somewhat menacing tone.

"Rest you, young man!" she replied, "your fortune is wrapped in that of the child. The hour cometh. Your significance must apply to a material of Mercury and Venus. I see a coffin in the wick of this candle. Scurry the cats, let me see them jump once more. Now is your moment, depart."

Whatever might be the meaning of this visit and this singular mummery to Margaret, Solomon, it appeared, had now accomplished his object, and was ready to leave. They plunged from the light again into the darkness, and retracing their steps through the woods, returned to the Still. Margaret would have gone in to her brother, but Solomon declared he had something more for her to do, and insisted that she should ride a little farther with him. They went up the road leading to the Pond, and arriving at a growth of trees known as the Pines, lying on the west side of the way, Solomon hitched his horse, and led Margaret once more into the woods. Reaching a spot which he seemed previously to have in his mind, he put a hazel-twig into the child's hand, and bade her go about among the trees in the same manner as she did at Mr. Palmer's at the Ledge. She was not long in announcing the movement of the twig, and the young man secured himself of the place as well as he could in the darkness, by piling a heap of stones over it. He asked him what it was for, but he declined telling; and what he would not do, we must, since, in the sequel, the whole affair came out. This young Smith had a dream, three nights successively, of gold hid in the Pines. He could not identify the precise locality, and sundry private canvassings of the earth with a spade had hitherto been fruitless. Hence his anxiety to secure the services of Margaret, whose success on a former occasion with the dividing rod he had been apprized of; hence also his visit to Joyce Dody the Fortune-teller, for the purpose of fortifying himself more completely in his undertaking. Once more in this night of wanderings and mystery was Margaret conducted to the Still. Morning had scarcely begun to dawn, and Solomon had time to dispose of his horse in the stable, and himself in bed, before the family were up. Margaret found Hash yet in his sleep, the fire decayed, and the Still dark, cold and dismal as the morning after a debauch. She rekindled the fire, sufficiently at least for her own comfort, and lying down before it, with her head upon the breast of Bell, fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARGARET INQUIRES AFTER THE INFINITE, AND CANNOT MAKE HER WAY OUT OF THE FINITE—SHE UNWITTINGLY CREATES A GREAT SENSATION IN THE TOWN OF LIVINGTON.

"What is God?" said Margaret one morning to the Master, who in his perambulations encountered her just as she was driving the cow to pasture, and helped her put up the bars.

"God—" replied he, drawing back a little, and thrusting his golden-headed cane under his arm, and blowing his nose with his red handkerchief. "You shut your cow in the pasture to eat grass, don't you, mea discipula?" added he after returning his handkerchief to his pocket, and planting himself once more upon his cane.

"Yes," she replied.

"What if she should try to get out?"

"We put pegs in the bars sometimes."

"Pegs in the bars! ahem. Suppose she should stop eating, and leaning her neck across the bars, cry out, 'O you, Mater hominum bonumque! who are you? Why, do you wear a pinata?' In other words, should ask after you, her little mistress; what would you think of that, hey?"

"I don't know what I should," replied Margaret, "it would be too odd."

"Cows," rejoined the Master, "had better eat the grass, drink the water, lie in the shade, and stand quietly to be milked, asking no questions."

"But do, sir," she continued, "tell me what God is."

The Master folded back both his ruffle cuffs, lifted his golden-headed cane into the air, and cleared at one bound the roadside ditch, whereby his large three-cornered hat fell into the water. Margaret picked it up, and wiping it, handed it to him, which circumstance seemed to recall him to the thread of his feelings; and he replied to her by saying,

"Paxi qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas. God, child, is Tetragrammativa, a Four-wordly; in the Hebrew יהוה, the Assyrian Adad, the Egyptian Amon, the Persian Syre, Greek Θεός."

"Yes, bishop," said the Master, "it is, it is; that is the very thing. You will be a bishop one day, Margaret."
exclaimed he, endeavoring to impose silence upon the child. "In what way, capacity, office, character, can I do you service, Mistress Wright?"

"Gummy!" retorted the woman. "He has been a talkin' about me, and a runnin' of me down. I wouldn't stoop so much as to pick him up. I wouldn't crack my finger joints for him."

"He didn't mean you," replied Margaret. "He said women were an evil."

"Not widows, child," added the Master.

"Yes," said the woman, "we are evil, but not evils, I trust. No offence, I hope, sir," she added in a softened tone.

"None in the world," answered the Master. A widow the good Fuller enumerates in his Holy State.

"Ah yes, they would try to make us think we are suttin when we are nothin', as the Parson says."

"She is one, as that old writer observe, whose head hath been cut off, yet she liveth, and hath the second part of virginity!"

"The Lord be praised," said the woman, with a curtsy, wiping her mouth with the corner of her apron; "I do survive as good a husband, as ever woman bad."

"Her grief for her husband," continues the Worthy to whom I refer, "though real, is moderate."

"Yes, sir."

"She loveth to look on the picture of her husband, in the children he hath left her, as adds our reverend Author," subjoined the Master turning his eye towards Obod, who stood in the door, twitching up his breeches.

The manner of the Master was too pointed not to be felt, and when he had succeeded in smirking the good Widow's sensibilities, his object was attained. But she, on the other hand, had the faculty, by a smile that was peculiar to her, of disguising her emotions, and always contrived to cover up her sense of humiliation with the airs of victory. These two persons, as we have formerly remarked, did not like each other very well, and in whatever respects they stood mutually beholden, it was the object of each to make it appear that favors were given without grace, and received without gratitude. We will not follow their diplomatic banterings, but join them when they have concluded to go peaceably about their business. The Widow had invented a new medicine which would cure a great variety of diseases. But she wanted a scientific name for it, and also the scientific names of its
several specific virtues. Her own vocabulary supplied her with an abundance of common appellations, but her purposes
aspired to something higher, and the Master’s aid was brought
in requisition. The Leech sat by a table, holding a pen, with
a pester inkstand, and some scraps of dingy paper before her,
and endeavored to avail herself of every suggestion of the
Master’s by committing it immediately to writing.

“Wilder or woman,” said she, “I knows what I knows,
and I know what is in this ere medicine, how many yars, and
how I gathered um, and how I dried um, and how I pounde
um, and how I mixed um, and I kalkulate there is a variue in
it. It’ll ill fevers, dry up sores, stop ruminin’, drive out rattle
snake’s bite, kill worms — there ain’t a disorder you can men-
tion that won’t knock under 101.”

“Except one.”

“What is that?”

“Cecethees Feminarum.”

“Up-a-day!” What a real soundin’ one! Bite me up for
soop, if that ain’t a peeler,” exclaimed the delighted woman,
giving a kind of chuckling grin both to the Master and Mar-
garet. “Don’t tell us what it is?” she asked. “Is it round
hereabouts much? Has any died on’ it?”

“I know,” said Margaret, “it is something about women.
Femina is Latin for woman.”

“Oh forever! I don’t,” rejoined the Widow, “it’s some
perilous matter, and he wouldn’t like to speak it out before a
body. How valtible is scientifikals and larin’! Perhaps he’d
tell what brings it — for me, what a body I be teak ask.
My skull for a treachery, if I can’t cure it, if it’s as bad as the itch
itself.”

“Humors” said the Master.

“Humors! Humors in winnin’ — now don’t say more.
I know ‘twas some perilous matter. But I can cure it, or any
thing else: only give us the scientifikals and larin’.” There’s
elders-blow in my new medicine, and they’ll drive out humors
as clean as a whistle. Only if I had the name. A name that
has the scientifikals and larin’ in. Diseases don’t take now-
adays without they have the pecoolar; and you can’t cure ‘em
without the pecoolar. I’ve studied the matter out and out,
and I knows, what I knows, Widdler or no Widdler. I ain’t
tea be befuddled by nobody, not I. I don’t ask no favors of nobody.
But the Master knows so much, and here’s our Old Man;
she’s as smart and pecoolar as the best on um. The Master
knows there’s a good deal in a name, if he’d only say so. There
was four cases up to Snake Hill, and I got two of um, and
should have got the red bein Dr. Spoor hadn’t a come in,
with his larin’ words, and that took. They’ll all go teu the
dogs if they can’t have the scientifikals and the larin’. If he
would only be so kind as to give a poor woman a name for
her medicine — but I won’t beg, no I won’t.”

“Nominis stat umbra,” said the Master slowly and solemnly,
while with assumed gravity and inward impatience he had
been listening to the balderdash of the woman.

“Is that it?” asked she hastily.

“Verily,” he replied, “Nominis stat umbra.”

“Nommerzirnstortumbug,” said the Leech. “Why now, I
vum, I could a thought of that myself. Obed here, see how
easy tis, Nommerzirnstortumbug, remember, Obed, and you’ll
be as larin as Miss Molly. Git Molly some honey, perhaps
the Master would like tea taste on’t. We’ll go it into um
now. My husband made a great push in the scientifikals,
and his pills did amaze’st stout; but he didn’t live in my day. I
ought by good rights to make suttin out of it, for I’ve took
pains and studied long enough tea git it through. Jest
give us the names, and we’ll go right among the upper crust
anywhere, and Dr. Spoor may hang his saddlebags in his
garret. There’s Dencon Penrose’s gully pots and spurtles, and
Nigger Tony’s prinked up Patents, I ain’t afeared of none of um,
no, nor of old Death himself. He dar’n’t show his white
jaws where the larin’ is. A box of my Nommerzirnstortum-
bug would give the saucy rascal an ague fit, and he’d be glad
tea put on some skin and flesh, and dress up like a man, and
not be round skirrin’ people so with his old bones. There’s
Parkins’s Pints has been makin’ a great pudder over to Eng-
land, but they ain’t knee high to a toundy t’s. The thing of it
is, people has got t’au he so peasy proud and perilous, they will
have the very best of names. They’d all die every one on um,
between they’d touch the Widdler’s stuff, as they call it: but
the Nommerzirnstortumbug they’ll swallow down box and all,
and git well tea, ha! ha! I knows what I knows, I’ve seen how the
cat has been a jumpin’. The minister try to save their souls,
and have to preach such things as’ll take; I mean to save
their bodies, and I must fix it so it’ll take. — I hasn’t a grain
of interest in the matter, not I. As soon as Obed git a little
older, I mean tea send him ten Kidderminster, and Hartford,
and Boston, and all about the country, with my medicines, and
there won’t be a spice of disease left. The Pints is a pound
sterling, and I shall put my Nommerzirnstortumbug right up,
and when you ax a good round price, it’ll sell all the quicker.”
Margaret.

The Master, secretly amused at the Widow's self-complacency, was not disposed to give her any interruption, at least so long as he ate of her clear white honey, which Obed supplied in liberal quantities, and of which he was thoroughly fond. Nay he went farther, and at her request wrote down for her, in scientific terms, the several and various properties of her nostrum, which she described to him. The Widow's bad feelings towards the Master were likewise so overcome by the thought of her good fortune, as for the moment to throw her off her guard, and she forgot her usual self-possessed spirituality. Their interview was in fair progress towards an amicable termination, when the Master happened to say he wanted Margaret to do a service for him that day. But the Widow in the mean time had been concocting plans in her own brain which included the mind of the child. Their difficulties broke out anew, there were taunts on the one side, and feminine objections on the other. How far the matter may have been carried we know not, when Margaret took the decision into her own hands, by running off. Both started for her, and came to the stile nearly at the same moment. Margaret had already got into the road. The Master, having a little advantage in point of time, mounted the stile first, but his course was checked by the skirts of his coat catching in one of the roots that composed the fence. The lady in excess of strong feeling pounced upon his ankles, and held him fast, while Obed hovered near with a look that threatened to facilitate his mother's purposes. The Master flourished his long golden-headed cane in the air, great delight in the consternation of Obed, and the merriment of the Widow, who dared him to strike. Margaret hastened forward, intercedingly, and begged the Master off, under such conditions as the woman chose to stipulate, to wit, that she should come and help her some other day.

The Master sometimes employed Margaret to scour the woods in search of wild flowers, a pursuit for which she was fitted both by her own lightness of heart and foot, and a familiar acquaintance with the region. It was his wish that she should preserve specimens of almost all kinds she encountered, in the expectation, partly, of discovering some new variety. She furnished her with a tin case or box to keep the flowers fresh and sound. Providing herself with a bunch of bread and cheese, she took a familiar route through the Mowing into the rich Birch and Walnut woods lying towards the village. Bull had gone off with Hash in the morning, and she was obliged to feel of the usual companion of her rambles. The sun shone warm and inviting, and the air was soft and exhilarating. The olive-backs trodled and chanted among the trees, and in the shadowy green boughs, innumerable and invisible creepers and warblers sang out a sweet welcome wherever she came along. She found varieties of fungus, yellow, scarlet, and blood-colored, which she tore from the sides of trees, from stumps, and rails. She gathered the wild columbine, snakeroot, red co-hosh, purple bush-trefoil, fleabane-flower, the beautiful purple orchis, and dodder, that gray-yellow-tinted parasite; and other flowers, now so well known and readily distinguished by every lover of nature, but which, at the period of our Memoir, had not been fully arranged in the New England Flora. She turned to the right, or towards South, and came to a spot of almost solid granite, through the hard chinks and seams of which great trees had bored their way, and forced themselves into the light and air. This place was set down in the vocabulary of the district as the Maples, or Sugar Camp, from its growth of sugar maple trees. Over these stones she stepped as on a pavement, or leaped from one to another as one does on the foam-crams at Nahant. In these dark crevices she found the bright green banches of the devil's ear seed, and the curious mushroom-like tobacco-pipe; all about her, on the rocks, the bright green polyponds and maiden's hair waved in silent feathery harmony with the round dots of quivering sun light, that descended through the trees—little daughters of the sun dallying with these children of the earth, and, like spiders, spinning a thin beautiful tissue about them, which was destroyed every night, and patiently renewed every morning. Here also she found beds of shining white, and rose-colored crystal quartz stones, large and small, striped and ruffled with green moss. On the flat top of a large boulder that was thrown up from the mass of rocks, she saw growing a parcel of small polypod, in a circle, like a crown on a king's head. Up this she climbed, and sat among the ferns, and sang matches from old songs she had learned—

"There were three jovial Welchmen As I have heard them say, And they would go shingling Upon St. David's Day."

She selected some of the fairest of the fronds, and singing—

"Robin and Richard were two pretty men, They laid in bed till the clock struck ten; Then up starts Robin, and looks at the sky, O! Brother Richard, the Sun is very high,"

The Sugar Camp.
leaped down again. A humming-bird that she had seen, or fancied she saw, early in the morning sucking her scarlet bean flowers, shot by her. She would follow it. It led her to-
wards the road going from the Pond to No. 4. She pursued it till she came to its nest on the branch of a tree, which she was able to reach by means of a high rock. She found the nest constructed of mosses, and lined with mullein down, and in it were two tiny white eggs, a second hatching for the sea-
son. Two birds, the male and female, darted angrily at her, and ruffled their golden-green and tawny-colored feathers, as if they would fight her. She spoke to them, and discovered that they were really the same that had fed on honey from her hand, and one took quickly to the nest, while the other wings a swift, playful roundelay above her head. Leaving the birds,
she crossed the road, and entered the Pines, where Solomon Smith took her a few nights before. Here, under the trees she
found a crowd of persons, men and women, boys and girls, who seemed bent on some mysterious thing, which they pur-
posed with an unwonted stillness. Among them was a man, whom she knew to be Zenas Joy, pacing to and fro with a drawn sword
and keeping the people back. Damaris Smith ran to her, and whispered her not to speak loud, and said they were after the
gold. Let us explain what Margaret herself had not been apprised of, that young Smith, after discovering the supposed deposit of
the gold, for two or three nights, went and dug alone there. Buffed in his search, but not in his expectations, he had re-
course to his neighbor, and so the secret leaked out. There
were five or six men employed in digging, and for more than
a week had they worked there, day and night, without inter-
mission, relieving each other by turns. They had excavated
the ground to the depth of nearly thirty feet, and with a propor-
tionately large breadth. A prodigious heap of earth and stones had been cast up, and great pine-trees had been under-
mined, precipitated, cut off, and thrown out. When Marga-
aret approached near enough to look in, she saw the men,
noiseless and earnest, at work with might and main; scarcely
did they stop to wipe the sweat that reeked and beaded from
their faces. Among them she saw her brother Hash, and others, whom she knew to be No. 4's and Breakneck. It
was a received notion of the times, that if any spoke during
the operation, the charm was destroyed, therefore the palpitation silence Margaret observed, and for this purpose also a sentry
had been appointed to keep order among the people.
Margaret seeing Hash, was inconsiderate enough to speak
to him, and ask after Bull. For this Zenas Joy, since words
were out of the question, administered a corporal admonition
with the flat side of his sword, and Damaris Smith, with the
other girls, segundoing his endeavors, fairly dragged her from
the place. She went off, singing as she went,

"Little General Monk
Sat upon a brack,  
Eating a crust of bread;  
There fell a hot coal  
And burst in his clothes a hole,  
Now little General Monk is dead;  
Keep always from the fire,  
Keep always from the fire."

She had not gone far when Bull, who had been asleep in
the shade of a rock, awakened by the sound of her voice, came
leaping out to her, and continued in her company. In the
Pines she gathered such flowers as, for the most part, are
proper to that description of soil;—the sleepy catchfly that is
wide awake nights, pensyroyal with its purple whorls, yellow
bent spikes of the gromwell, the sweet-scented petymorrel,
the painted cup with its scarlet-tipped bractes, yellow-horned
horse balm, peach-perfumed waxen ladies tresses, nodding
purple gay feather; she climbed after the hairy honey-suckle,
and the pretty purple ground-nut, which, despising its name,
overmounts the tallest shrubre. She encountered in her way a
"clearing," now grown up to clematia, mullein, fire-weed, wild-lettuce. She forced herself through a thicket of brakes,
blackberries and thistles, and clambered upon a fence, where
she sat to look at the tall lettuces that shot up like trees above
the other weeds. The seeds disengaging themselves from the
 capsule at the top, and spreading out their innumerable long
white filaments, but still hovering about the parent stalk, gave
the plant an appearance as if it had instantaneously put forth
in huge gasamsmer inflorescence. Then a slight agitation of
wind would disperse these flowers or egrets and send them
flying through the air, like globes of silver light, or little hurled
fairies, some of them vanishing in the white atmosphere, others
brought into stronger relief as they floated towards the green
woods beyond. Descending towards the Brook, she gathered
the beautiful yellow droops of the barberry-heap, white wall-
cress, yellow none-such, flowers of the sweet-brier. She came
to the stream, Mill Brook, that flowed out from her Pond; near
it grew the virgin's bowers or traveller's joy, hedstraw, the
nightshades, yellow spearwort, button-bush, purple thoroughwort, the beautiful cardinal flower or eye-bright just budding, and the side-saddle flower. On its grassy margin she took her seat under the shade of a large white birch. She ate her bread and cheese, sharing her morsel with the dog. She kneeled and drank from the swift sparkling waters, where they ran between two stones. It was now past noon; her box was full, and quite heavy enough for one so young to carry, and she might have returned home. The woods beyond, or to the west of the Brook, were close and dark, hardly did the sun strike through them, but the birds were noisy there, and she must persevere enter them, as a cavern, and walk on the smooth leaf-strewn floor. She was well pleased to find a broad interval below, down into which she went. Here a giant forest extended itself interminably, and she seemed to have come into a new world of nature. Huge old trees, some white pines and white oaks, looked as if they grew up to the skies. Birds that she had never seen before, or heard so near at hand, hooted and screamed among the branches. A dark falcon pierced the air like an arrow, and impinged on a partridge, just before her eyes. An eagle stood out against the sky on the blasted peak of a great tree; a hen-harrier bore in his talons a chicken to his young; large owls in hooded velvety sweep flew by her; squirrels scattered and scolded one another; large snake-headed wild-turkeys struttled and gobbled in the underbrush; a wild thrush sprang across her path and she eluded closer to her dog. Resting herself at the feet of a large pine-tree, she picked and ate the little red checker-berry that grew in profusion on the spot. The birds unfurled, fluttered and shrieked, in strange confusion, among the trees, and she entertained herself watching their motion and noise. The low and softened notes of distant thunder she heard, and felt no alarm; or she may have taken it for the drumlike sound of partridges that so nearly resembles thunder, and which she had often heard, and thought no more of the matter. Had she been on the tops of the trees, or on the branches, or in the branches, she would have seen a storm gathering, cloud engendering cloud, peaks swelling into mountains, the entire mass sagging with darkness, and dilating in horror. The air seemed to hold in its breath, and in the hushed silence she saw the birds at the sabots and woodchucks that scampered across the dry leaves, and dried into their burrows. She broke into a loud laugh, when she saw a small brown-nosed marlin in smart chase after the bolt- upright, bushy, black-tipped tail of a red fox, up a tree, and spat her hands, and stamped her feet, to cheer the little creature on. She sung out, in gayest participation of the scene, a Moten Goose Melody, in a Latin version the Master had given her:

"Hei dieulum!que iterum dieulum! felixque dixique,
Vacas super luna cornua prosiliat
Neatam qua coetes inicta dulcenis ludi;
Abatibus et turpi ocellores fuga."

While she was singing, hail-stones bounded at her feet, and the wind shook the tops of the trees. Suddenly it grew dark, then, in the twinking of an eye, the storm broke over her, howling, crashing, dizzying it came. The whole forest seemed to have given way—to have been belied by the stroke of some Demiurgic Fury, or to have prostrated itself as the Almighty himself passed by. The great pine, at the root of which she was sitting, was broken off just above her head, and blown to the ground; and by its fall, enclosing her in an impenetrable stonewall, under which alone, in the general wreck, could her life have been preserved. A whirlwind, or tornado, such as sometimes visits New England, had befallen the region. It leaped like a manticore from the skies, and, with a breadth of some twenty rods, and an extent of four or five miles, swept everything in its course; the forest was mown down before it, orchard-trees were torn up by the roots, large rocks unearthed, chimneys dashed to the ground, roofs of houses whirled into the air, fences scattered, cows lifted from their feet, sheep killed, the strongest fabrics of man and nature driven about like stubble. In bush and settlement, upland and interval, was its havoc alike feared. When Margaret recovered from the alarm and bewilderment of the moment, her first impulse was to call for the dog;—but he, at the instant having been caught off by the apparition of the wild-cat, was overtaken by the storm, and borne down by the falling trees, losing all sense of duty, wounded and frightened, he fled away. She herself was covered with leaves, fragments of bark, hailstones and sand; blood flowed from her arm, and one of her legs was bruised. The end of a bough had penetrated her box of flowers and pinned it to the earth. The sun came out as the storm went by; but above her the trees with their branches piled one upon another on the great pine that had been her salvation, formed an almost impenetrable thatch that enveloped her in darkness. Making essays at self-deliverance, she found her path in every direction closed, or at least distorted. The
fallen trees, mingled and matted with the shrubbery, obscured and opposed her way, while the chasms made by the upturned roots rendered progress devilish and dangerous; and when at last she reached the edge of the ruins, and stood in the open woods, she knew not where she was, or in what direction lay her home. There were no cart-tracks, or cow-paths, no spots or blazes on the trees, that she could discover. The sun was setting, but its light was hidden by the denseness of the forest. As she advanced, hoping for the best, every step led her deeper in the wood and farther from the Pond. She mounted knolls and rocks, but could discern, nothing; she crossed brooks, explored ravines, but to no purpose. At last despairing, exhausted, her mind went down under the projecting edge of a large rock. She had not been sitting long when she beheld, approaching the same place, a large, shaggy, black bear, with three cubs in his rear. The beast came close to her, smelt about her; she looked into its eyes, scratched its forehead, as if it had been her own Bull. Possibly satisfied with what it had eaten during the day, the bear was not disposed to make a meal of the child. The mother-bear stretched herself on the ground, partly crowding Margaret from her seat, and the three cubs applying themselves to her supper with all infantile zest, set an example that proved contagious, and our other cub, with curiously wrought head, took possession of an unoccupied dog, and was refreshed and soothed thereby. The mother-bear and her young fellows rumbled together, went to sleep; Margaret pillowing herself in the midst of them, went also to sleep.

Meanwhile the noise of the storm reached the Pond, where its effects came not, and distressed the family with ungenerous apprehensions. Hash had not returned; after finishing his bout in the Pines, he went with his comrades to see the results of the wind at No. 4, and have a drunken carouse. The Widow and her son came down both to seek news of the storm, and indom the impression of its terror. The hectic and waxen face of Pluck bristled with a thoughtful. The dry and dark features of his wife were even lighted up with alarm. Chillon coming in from the Pond where he had been fishing, when he learned the absence of his sister, seemed smitten by some violent internal blow. He paced to and fro in front of the house, listening to every sound, and staring at every glancing leaf. The ordinary intercourse of the family, if it were not positively rude and rough, was more frequently of a light and trivial character, and, unacustomed to the ex-

139 pression of deeper sentiments, now in the moment of their calamity, they said not little. Yet they watched one another’s looks and slightest words with an attention and reverence, which showed how strongly interested they were in one another’s feelings, as well as in the common object of their thoughts. They watched and waited, and waited and watched, uncertain what course the child had taken, not knowing where to go for her, and hoping each successive instant she might appear from some quarter of the woods. The sun was going down. Obed was dispatched in the direction of the dam, or north end of the Pond; Pluck went over into the Maples; Chillon seizing the tin dinner-bowl, ran to the top of Indian’s Head, and blew a loud blast. No response came from the far glimmering sound but its own empty echo. Descending he beheld Bull returning alone, lame and bloody. The dog was at once questioned, and as if convicted of weakness and infidelity to his mistress, or with that native instinct which is proper to the animal, he pulled at Chillon’s trousers and made as if he would have him follow him in search of the child. Chillon took the lead of the dog, who, despite his wounds pursued his way strenuously. They came to the place of the gold-digging in the Pines. The sentry and the people were gone; two men, the relay for the night, alone remained. Suspended on the trees, and fastened in stone sockets below, blazed pitch-knot torches. Deep in the hole toiled the two men, in sturdy silence, and with most religious steadfastness. Intercommunication was impossible; Chillon spoke to them, but they answered not. Bull urged him onwards, he had found the track of the child, and would abide no delay. They took the same course Margaret had gone in the morning. They crossed the Brook, they entered the thick woods. It was now night and dark, but Chillon was familiar with each vein, recess and loop-hole of the forest, and had often traversed it in the night. They followed the footsteps of the child till they came to the line of the storm. Here the prostrate trees, upturned roots, vines and brush, knotted and riven together, interrupted the track. A barrier was presented which baffled the sagacity of the dog. He ran alongside the ruins, up and down, tried every avenue, wound himself in among the compressed and perplexed fissures of the mass, but, failing to recover the scent, he returned to his master, and set up a loud howl. What could Chillon do? He called his sister’s name at the top of his voice, he ran out the farthest-reaching alarm. He then repeated the attempt of his dog to gain an en-
trance into the gartered forest-wreck. He crept under trunks of trees, he tore a passage through vines and brambles, he climbed to the end of a tree and lowered himself down into the centre of the mass; he groped his way in utter darkness wherever he could move his hand. When he found a space large enough to kneel or stand erect in, he again called aloud; but no answer came. "She's dead, she's dead, she's crushed under a tree!"—such was the dreadful reflection that began to ebb in upon his heart, and form itself in distinct images to his thoughts. Armed with fresh energy he renewed his efforts. He explored with his hand every vacant spot, trembling on the one hand lest he should lay it upon her dead and mangled body, hoping on the other that the vital spark would not be entirely extinct; wishing at least to find her before the animal warmth had wholly subsided in one for whom he evinced so strong an attachment. A large limb, broken off in the storm, which he was endeavoring to remove, fell upon his foot, bruising the flesh, and nearly severing the cords; but of this he took no notice. In uttermost despair, he exclaimed, "she is dead, she is dead!" He, the moody and the silent, gave utterance to the wildest language of distress. That dead and dismal darkness was pierced with an unuttered cry. "Oh my sister! my dear, dear sister, sweet Margery, dead, dead!" He fell with his face to the earth, his spirit weighed as with a most exquisite sense of torture; from his stimulated frame dropped hot sweat. "Oh Jesus, her Beautiful One, how couldst thou let the good Margery die so? My muse shall die, my hopes shall die, all things die; sweet sister Margery, your poor brother Chilion will die too." His frenzy seemed to assume the magnitude of inspiration, as in all simplicity of earnest love he gave vent to his emotions. Pain and weariness combined with hopelessness of success to divest him of the idea of finding her that night. He extricated himself from the fallen wood, and not without extreme difficulty and much suffering, both bodily and mental, accompanied by the dog, he returned to his home. His father and mother were still up, restless and anxious. His foot was immediately dressed and bandaged, and he was obliged to be laid in his parents' bed. Obed was also there, strongly moved by an unaffected solicitude. As soon as light, he was sent to the village to have the bell rung and the town alarmed; Pluck himself immediately went down to No. 4. In the course of two or three hours the entire population of Lexington received the exciting and piteous intelligence of "A child lost in the woods, and suppose to have perished in the storm!" At No. 4 Illash was aroused from his boon supper to something like fraternal activity, and the four families composing the hamlet, the Smiths, Hatchers, Gubsen and Tapleys, more or less of them, started off for the scene of the disaster, under the direction of Pluck, whom Chilion had advised as to the course probably taken by the child. The village was deeply and extensively moved. Philip Davis, the sexton, ran to the Meeting-house and pulled swiftly and energetically a loud and long fire-alarm, on the bell. The people flocked about Obad to learn the news, and hurried away to render succor.

The Master, who was on his way to the barber's, hearing of the sad probability respecting his little pupil, was like a man beside himself; perfectly benumbed, he made three complete circles in the road, drew out his red bandanna handkerchief, and returned it without blowing his nose, poised his golden-handled cane in the air, then leaped forward, like a bound upon its prey, ran down the South Street, and disappeared, at full speed, up the Brandon road. Judge Morgridge and his black man Caesar, rode off in a swift gallop, on two horses. They overtook the Master, who had fainted and fallen, and lay beating his breasts and abstractedly moaning. Caesar and the Judge helped him to the saddle of one of the horses, and the Negro mounting behind and holding him on, they galloped forward. Men with ox-carts, crossing the Green for their work in the Meadows, stopped, threw out their ploughs, sextines, rakes, pitchforks, or whatever they had, into the street, turned their carts about, took in a load of old men, women and children, and drove for No. 4. Deacon Fennoms shut up his store, Tony his shop; Mr. Osborne the joiner, and Mr. Cutts the shoemaker, left their benches respectively. Lawyer Beach, Esq. Weeks and Dr. Spoor started off with axes and bill-books in their hands. Boys seized on dinner-hors and ran. A multitude of people, old and young, men and women, hastened down the South street. At the corner of forks of the road they were joined by others, who came from the Mill. They shoaled up the Brandon road, like a great wave of the sea, rapidly, urgently, solemnly. The Potties and Dunlapes, from Snake Hill and Five-mile-lot, came down to the Pond, on swinging horses, and receiving their directions from Chilion, hastened into the woods. A messenger had been posted to Breakneck, and those families, the Joys, Whistons and Orbes, turned out. Of all those engaged in the hunt, were absent the two most interested in it, to wit, Chilion
and Bull, whose wounded and stiffened limbs rendered it impossible for them to go out. Dr. Spoor rode up to see Chilton, and little Isabel Weeks, her sister Helen and brother Judith also came, and brought him cordials and salves. It was his irrepressible conviction that Margaret was dead, and he was slow to be comforted. Successively, as the several parties arrived at that spot in the woods where Chilton had gone the night before, they set themselves at work clearing away the trees. It seemed to be the universal impression that the child lay buried somewhere under the wind-fall. Capt. Elizabeth Tuck, and Anthony Wharfield, the Quaker, took the general superintendence of the operations. The melancholy silence of the workmen, singularly contrasted with the vehemence of their action. The forest resounded with the blows of axes, and the crashing of limbs. Broad openings were made in the compact mass. Little boys crept under the close-welded vines prying about in anticipation of the men. Beulah Ann Off and Grace Joy helped one another bear away the heavy branches. Abel Wilcox and Martha Madeline Gibe- borne lifted on the hillocks of wood. Deacon Pearson executed justly with a bill-hook. Phoebe, Shocks, the Jailor, Lawyer Beach, Sibyl Rudney, Mr. Cutts, Solomon Smith and Hash, rolled over a great tree, roots and all, while Judge Mosebridge and Isaac Tapley stood with shovels, ready to dig into the mound of earth and stones which the roots had formed in their sudden uprise. Zenas Joy and Seth Penrose rode off to get refreshments. The Master alternately worked with the others, and sat on a stump, covering his eyes with his hands, foreboding each moment some dreadful sight. In the midst of all, kneeling on the damp leaves in the open wood, might be heard the voice of the Camp-preacher, in loud and importunate prayer, beseeching the Most High to spare, if possible, the life of the child, and restore to her afflicted friends and family.

To return to Margaret. The night had passed, she had slept and waked, and taken her breakfast with the cows. She felt her strength revive, and her hopes rise. She offered her bruised and bloody arm to the bear, who licked the blood, and soothed and fomented the wound with her tongue. She attempted to walk, but her bemused limbs refused their office, and she sat down again. She dug out with her fingers the roots of the polypods which she ate with good relish. Then with her voice she raised the signal of distress, and tried to make her situation known; but she had wandered far from any neighborhood, and out of the ordinary haunts of men. Dreary feelings and oppressive thoughts came over her, and thawn flowed freely, which the kind motherly bear wiped away with her tongue. Then the three little bears began to play with their dam, one climbed up her back, another hugged her fore leg, and the third made as if it would tweak her nose, and the one upon her back began to bandy paws with the one that was hugging the leg, like kittens; and Margaret was forced to be amused despite herself. Then she fell to singing, and as she sang, the animals seemed to be moved thereby, and the old bear and the three little bears seated themselves on their haunches all in a row before her, to hear her; and they appeared to her so much pleased with her performance, that neither of them spoke a word during all the time she was singing.

Where the people were at work, they made satisfactory examination of a pretty large space of ground. One of the boys, Isaiah Hatch, who was burrowing mole-like under the ruins, raised an exclamation that brought several to the spot. He had discovered the flower-box, which was soon recognised as having been carried by the child. The limb that held it was cut away, and battered and perforated it was borne to the Master, who, clenching it in his hands, uttered a mixed sound of pleasure, apprehension and regret. It was concluded that she might have escaped from the storm, and while a few remained and continued the search, they agreed that the main body should distribute themselves in squads, and range the forest. They took the horns wherewith to betoken success, if success should attend them.

Margaret, who, as the hours wore away, could no more than resign herself to passing events, was startled from her reveries by the rustling of footsteps, and the sound of a human voice. At the same instant she saw the Master running precipitously across the woods, and crying out, "Bear! Bear! Ursus major, Ursus minor"—his arms extended, his cane dropped, his hat and wig fallen off, his big coat tearing itself to tatters in the brush, himself stumbling over roots and besidding daddocks in extremest consternation. Close at his heels was the bear with her young, running with a more fierce of her pursuers than the Master was of her, and whose track she pursued only for the instant that it happened to identify itself with the direct course to her lair, whither the animal betook herself, while the Master, thinking he had dodged her fury, disappeared among the distant trees; and all
this before Margaret, who called to him, could make herself heard. But in the same moment men and boys appeared storming and rattling through the brush, with uplifted axes, clubs and stones, in wild hue and cry after the bear, whom happening to alight upon, they had given chase to, and drove to her retreat. Their shouts after the bear were changed into exclamations of a very different character when they beheld the child. They sprang forward to Margaret, caught her in their arms, and asked her a thousand and questions. Speedily the horns were blown, and presently there came up from hill and home-moo, wood and basket, rock and dingle, all around an answering volley. A loud trine reciprocating blast conveyed the glad intelligence. Wherever was a horse, there those interested to hear it. The Master at length ventured forward. What were his emotions or his manners at finding the lost one alive, we will not detail. To show field and woods mortified him greatly; the received mode of expression he did not follow; nor were his contradictions performed by any rule that would enable us to describe them. "We have found the child, let us now kill the bear," became the cry;—the animal in the mean time having sunk, trembling to the death, under the low dark eaves of her den.

"No, no!" was the urgent response of Margaret, and she recounted again the passages between herself and the animal.

"Wal," said the boys, "if she has been so good to the gal, we won't touch her." It was a question how the child should be got home. For her to walk was impossible. Some proposed carrying her in their arms, but the general voice was for a litter, which, of poles and green boughs, was quickly made, and borne by four men. The hat and wig of the Master were replaced, and his tattered garments mended by some of the women, who, leaving their homes in haste, carried away scissors, wax, thread and needle, in their pockets. Their best course to the Pond was through Breakneck, and so down the Brandon road by No. 4. A fearful gorge, terminating, however, in a rich bottom, gave the name Breakneck to what was in reality a pleasant neighborhood, consisting of the three families before mentioned, the Orts, Joys and Whistons, who were all substantial farmers. Joseph Whiston conducted the people and bearers of the child directly to his father's. Margaret was carried into the house, laid on a bed, where Mistress Whiston and the other ladies examined and dressed her wounds, and had some toast made for her, and a cup of tea, adding also quince pre-

serves. Refreshments were also sent out to the people, who in addition received liberal supplies from the other houses. While Margaret was resting, the young men busied themselves in putting together a more convenient carriage than the litter, and Paulina Whiston brought thick comfortables to cover it with, and pillows and bolsters to put under the child's head. On this Margaret was placed, reclining, and borne off, as before, on the shoulders of four young men. For the Master, we would remark, a horse was kindly provided. They entered the high-way, and went down the hill through the woods; the boys and younger portion of the company whooping, capering, and sounding their horns. Passing the side-path that led to Joyce Bddy the Fortune-teller's, there, at the entrance of the woods, on a high rock, stood the mysterious woman herself, holding by strings her five cats. At sight of her the people were silent. She enacted sandy grimaces, uttered mumming sentences, declared she foresaw the day previous the loss and recovery of the child, pronounced over her some mystic congratulations, vexed her hand and departed, and the people renewed their shouts. Over fences, through the woods, up from ravines, came others who had been hunting in different directions, and when the party reached No. 4, its numbers were swelled to more than a hundred. Here they found another large collection of people, some of whom came up at a later hour from the village, and others were just returned from the search. Here also were describing marks of the storm, in rocks, chimney-ways, windows, trees, fences, fields. Deacon Ramsdill, lame as he was, with his wife, had walked from their home beyond the Green. Parson Wells and the Preacher were engaged in familiar conversation, the first time they had ever spoken together. "The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the Preacher. "We see the Scripture fulfilled," said the Parson. "There is more joy over one that is brought back, than over the ninety and nine that went astray." "Amen," responded the Preacher.

"You come pretty near having of considerable a tough time, didn't you, dear?" said deacon Ramsdill, advancing and shaking Margaret's hand; "but like to never killed but one man, and he died a laughing. It 'll do you good, it is the best thing in the world for calves to lie out of nights when the dew is on." "Our best hog was killed in the pen," said Mistress Gub-tail; "but here's some salve, if it 'll be of any service to the child."
"Salve!" retorted the Widow Wright, indignantly, and elbowing her way through the crowd. "Here's the Nommenswortrumb, none of your twaddle, the gennesawe tippee, caustic and expectorant, good for bruises and ails in the vitals."

"I've got some plums that Siah picked under the tree that blow down in the storm," said Mistress Hatch; "I guess the gail would like them, and if any body else would eat, they are welcome."

"Bring um along, Dorothy," said Mistress Tupley to her little daughter. "A platter of nutcakes. The chimney tumbled in while I was frying um, and they is a little sifty, but if the gal is hungry, they'll eat well."

Provisions of a different description were furnished from the Tavern, of which the multitude partook freely. People from the village also sent up quantities of fruit, cakes, &c. But they could not tarry, they must hasten to the child's home. They went up the hill, Margaret crested on the shoulders of the young men, escorted as it would seem by half the town, all wild with joy. Pluck was in transports; Obed laughed and cried together all the way up the hill; Hash was so much delighted, that he drank himself nearly drunk at the Tavern. When they came in sight of the house, a new flourish of the horns was made, three cheers given, hats and green twigs swung. Chilton, who had the good news had already reached, was seated in a chair outside the door; Bull, unable to move, lay on the grass, wagging his joy with his tail; Brown Moll took to spinning flax as hard as she could spin, to keep her sensations within due bounds; the little Isabel leaped up and down spattering her hands. Margaret was conveyed to her mother's bed. Dr. Spoon examined her wounds, and pronounced them not serious, and all the women came in and examined them and gave the same decision. Parson Welles suggested to the Preacher the opportuneness of a prayer of thanksgiving, which the latter offered in a becoming manner.

A general collection was had in which the family who had tasted of nothing since the noon before, were made glad participants. Chilton, to express his own transport, or to enliven and respond to the delight of the people, called for his violin. Playing, he wrought that effect in which he took evident pleasure, moving the parties in a kind of subservient union, and gliding into a familiar reel, he soon had them all dancing. On the grass before the house, old and young, grave and gay, they danced exuberantly. Parson Welles, the Preacher and Deacon Hadlock looked on smilingly. Deacon Ramsdill's wife declared Margaret must see what was going on, had her taken from the bed, and held her in her lap on the door-sill. There had been clouds over the sun all day, and mists in the atmosphere, nor did the sun yet appear, only below it, while it was now about an hour high, along the horizon, cleared away a long narrow strip of sky flashing with golden light. Above the people's heads still hung grey clouds, about them were green woods, underneath them the green grass, and within them were bright joyous sensations, and through all things streamed this soft colored light, and in all shone a favourite iridescency, and their faces glowed more lustreously, and their hearts beat more rapturously. Deacon Hadlock, stirred irresistibly, gave out, as for years he had been accustomed to do in Church, the lines of the Doxology —

"To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As's was, and is, and shall be,
To all eternity."

which Chilton pitching on his violin and leading off, they sung with great emphasis. When they were about breaking up, Deacon Ramsdill said, "Shan't we have a collection? We have had pretty nice times, but stripins after all is the best milk, and I guess they'll like it as well as anything now. We shall have to feather this creature's nest, or the lord will be off again. Here's my hat if some of these lads will pass it round."

A contribution was made, and thus the night of the morning became a morning at night to the Pond and the people of Livingston.

CHAPTER XVII.

Winter.

An event common in New-England, is at its height. It is snowing, and has been for a whole day and night, with a strong north-east wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intervenes, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any of the