

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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No. 41 TEMPLE PLACE.

For the Companion.

## THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By M. O. W. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

[The circumstances of the following story, which are strictly true, occurred during the reign of James II., in what is called the time of the persecution in Scotland; when the Church of the Nation, the Presbyterian Church established at the Revolution, was cruelly oppressed. Sir Patrick Hume, the father of the young heroine, had taken part in the expedition of Argyle, which was intended to act in concert with Monmouth's insurrection in England, and which came to an equally disastrous conclusion. It was while Sir Patrick was a fugitive, hunted from place to place, that the incidents here recorded took place.]

"Mother, look at Grizzy! She has eaten up a' the sheep's head the time we've been suppin' our broth."

The small boy who made this complaint had suddenly looked up with a pair of round, large eyes from the empty platter which had been set before him five minutes before, full of substantial broth. In those days there was plain living in the manor-houses of Scotland, and the children brought up on broth and porridge were excellent specimens of their race.

Little Sandy had cheeks like two rosy apples, and round blue eyes well opened under the influence of indignation and loss. His yellow hair was bleached almost to whiteness on the top with exposure to sun and air, while the curling locks that fell about his ears had touches of russet-gold like ripe corn. Sandy was fond of his dinner, and of sheep's-head in particular—a characteristic Scotch dish.

Perhaps the little reader of the present day does not know what is meant by Scotch broth. It is the king of soups, an inheritance probably left by our French connections to the Saxons of the Lowlands. The *pot-au-feu* is nothing to it.

In the first place, it requires a good foundation of meat, mutton or beef, well and slowly boiled but not overdone, for that is eaten after in a thrifty household, where the law for the children used to be that he who ate (supped) the most broth had the most meat afterwards. To this is added pearl-barley, turnips and carrots cut in small pieces, and the green vegetables, whatever they may be, that are in season.

But the perfection is in the boiling, which must be done with art and skill, so that all shall be mellow and mixed in delicious soft confusion and savory completeness.

Such was Lady Hume's broth, you may be sure, made with the fresh vegetables out of the garden, thick and tender and well-boiled,—a dish for a king.

If you had seen Sandy's plateful, you would have understood the delightful irony of the promise of "most meat" to be given to the one that supped the most broth. But Sandy's appetite was vigorous, and it was little wonder that he was started to see how far the favoritism extended to Grizzy had gone.

Grizzy was the eldest girl, and sat next to her mother. She was fourteen, which seemed maturity to seven, and there was no doubt that the sheep's head which had been put on the board when the great tureen of broth, nearly exhausted, was taken away, had already suffered serious diminution.

Instead of expressing either surprise or displeasure, Lady Hume only laughed at her little son's complaint.

"You should sup your broth quicker, Maister Sandy," said the serving-man behind his chair, who entered himself to laugh too, and did not think it disrespectful to take his part in the conversation. "Misses Grizzy is ay the gleggest," he added, admiringly, "baith for meat and wark."

There were six of them about the table, and it was a little hard upon all those children, with their excellent appetites, that Grizzy should be so "gleg" (which means the most rapid, lively, expeditious, as the reader will divine). They all looked up as Sandy spoke, even Patrick, who was next to Grizzy, feeling a slight resentment.

"My dears," said their mother, "there is plenty for everybody; and you see if Grizzy is gleg, she is soon satisfied; and it does not become my ladies to make remarks upon their sister. You will

be saying the same of me some day or other—that I am taking more than my share."

"Lang may she live, and muckle may she eat," said Tammas, the serving-man.

This little scene took place in the castle of Redbraes in one of the years preceeding the Revolution of 1688. It was an old house even then, with thick walls and deeply-recessed windows, and the room in which the family dinner was going on

Thus the empty chair was to this family a more than usually melancholy sign of the absence of the father.

The children were indeed too young to understand all that was meant by that vacant place; but the old servants and the family friends, many of whom were involved in the same troubles, were much affected by the sight, and as to the Laddy herself, it would be difficult to describe what her

"Me doo, me doo," said little Robbie, the youngest, holding out his little fat hands.

It was he who was the least easy to resist; but at length the weight of Margaret's authority, and the blandishments of Julian, had their effect upon the little rebel, and the room was thus emptied of spectators, all excepting Tammas, who went about in his homely blue livery with heavy feet and all that measured delay and elaborate performance of every punctilio, which drives almost to desperation impatient people who have something to say to each other.

Perhaps it is a lurking consciousness in the air that there is something to say which inspires an old servant to such delays.

But neither Grizel nor her mother betrayed any desire to get rid of him. Some times when his back was turned they would exchange a look, but not a word was said. At length he carried a large load of plates and dishes out of the room, and left his mistress and her child at liberty.

"O mother!" said the little girl, "did you hear what Sandy said? They will call me greedy Grizzy more than ever."

"Never mind what they may call you, my heart; they will know better when they grow older and hear what Grizzy has done. Come, Grizel, rouse up!" the lady continued; "or I will think what Sandy says is true, and you're sleepy with too much eating. Here, take this yarn and carry it to Jean in my chamber. It's for the boy's stockings, and much need of them. Hold out your apron, and take care none of the hanks fall."

A keen observer would have remarked that the dark woollen yarn which the lady flung into the child's lap could not be heavy enough to warrant Grizel's stoop, and the appearance of weight in what she carried.

But Tammas, coming and going as he carried away the dishes, paid no particular attention, and the little girl went unnoticed up the spiral stone staircase, and through her mother's bed-chamber into a little room called a closet in those days, in the turret, which in Roman Catholic times would have been the lady's oratory. It was so now, though that name would have been an offence to the children of the Reformation.

A small but heavy table, with a silver inkstand at one side, and a large Bible at the other, occupied the chief place, with a heavy, square, high-backed chair and large stool, both covered with rich but faded velvet.

It was lighted by two narrow windows in the round wall, looking in different directions, at which the anxious wife had watched many a day for the gleam of the red-coats on the distant road, or the cloud of dust which betrayed the marching of a troop.

Grizel carefully closed the door with the weight of her small person, and then, but not till then, threw off the skins of wool, and disclosed her real freight, which was nothing less than the sheep's head lamented by Sandy, which she had secretly placed on a wooden trestler on her lap, and covered with her napkin while the others were eating.

This she regarded with a mingled look of triumph and alarm as she placed it in a basket that stood ready in a corner, in which already some bread and wine had been placed, articles more easily procured without observation than the cooked meat.

There was a little tremor in Grizel's hands, though her face was bright with pleasure and success. It was the first time that she had executed this manoeuvre, and though she had accomplished it with a child's coolness, her nerves felt the thrill afterwards.

Besides, this was but the beginning of an undertaking to which Grizel looked forward with a suppressed terror, which her high courage could surmount but could not subdue. She put the thought of it heroically out of her mind with a determination not to torment herself before the time, which was worthy of a philosopher.

"It will be soon enough when it comes," she said to herself, "and I will say my prayers before I go."

Grizel was only fourteen, but she had already many experiences of danger and trouble. A little Scots gentleman of the Whig party in the times before the Revolution, was acquainted with many



occupied the entire breadth of the house, giving access to other rooms by doors in the corners leading through little tortuous passages and communicating at each end with a spiral staircase. The dark wainscot of the walls, broken by the openings of the many windows, made bars of light and shade across the long table which filled the centre of the room.

Lady Hume, or "Laddy Polwarth," as she was more frequently called, from the name of the estate, sat at the head in one of these lines of light, her white cap and hood, already somewhat old-fashioned in those days, making the high light of the picture, which softened down by degrees from one little head to another to the vacancy at the other end of the table, where a large, high-backed chair stood empty, marking with a certain emphasis the absence of the head of the house.

Sir Patrick Hume was one of those who had gone through the worst of the religious troubles in Scotland—had fought and rebelled and conspired to the utmost extent of a Scots gentleman's powers against the last and least wise of the Jameses. He had escaped from his pursuers after the unfortunate expedition of Argyle, the ruin of which, and Hume's part in it, has been so harshly treated in Macaulay's history; and was now in hiding, no one knew where.

thoughts were as she passed her husband's empty place, or looked down the long table between the ranks of her children to where his face had so often smiled back upon her.

Whatever his reputation might be out of doors, he was the kindest of husbands and fathers at home.

"Now you will be gone to your plays," she said, when dinner was over, "but come not lack, laddies, with rents in your breeks, and file not your doublets that must last all the winter; and, Margaret, ye will see that Julian does not lose her time for her father, God bless him, will miss her tunes upon the spinnet if she let herself forget. And take you the wee aye with you, for the boys are too strong for him, for Grizel will do her reading with me."

"And me too," said Julian, who, notwithstanding her masculine name (pronounced Julian), was a girl, and the musician of the family. "Let me stay too; I would rather read with you than play tunes."

"Na, na, my bonnie Mistress Julie," said old Margaret, who had dined at the table between two of her charges, and who was the second of earthly authorities to the Polwarth children; "you would not like the Laird when he comes back, and sune may that be! to have to send for wandering Willie as often as he wants a tune."



things in life such as men and soldiers would shrink from now-a-days. She had seen the fugitives straggling home from a lost battle. She had stood by trembling, while party after party of rude troopers, respecting nothing, had searched the house and examined the servants as to what they knew of their master.

She, who was altogether in the confidence of her parents, had lived and trembled like a grown woman on the watch for every sound, while she knew her father to be wandering about the country in disguise, or hidden in some corner where foes might find or treachery betray him at any moment.

Such experiences as these develop the mind, and Grizzy had all the resources of a conspirator at her fingers' ends, though as honest a little soul as ever was born. A considerable time before, when she was not more than twelve, a very great call had been made upon her fortitude. There had been need to send a message to one of the prisoners at Edinburgh, one of the last who "suffered" under James, for conscience and liberty's sake. It was Ledy Polwarth herself who had suggested her little Grizel for the mission.

"She is as wise as any of you men, and she is a child and fears nothing. Who would meddle with her? She is just innocence in person," said the mother.

Ledy Polwarth pronounced "wise" like "wice," and meant something different from the ordinary meaning of the word. It is still so used in Scotland, and signifies reasonable, capable, understanding.

And there could be no doubt Grizel was wise. She had set out with her brown hair curling under her little hood, in the coarse stiff frock of a ploughman's daughter, and slipped through all the marauding hands about the country who wrought their pleasure upon the poor Whigs, and called on every traveller to take the test, and renounce the Covenant, but yet were not hard-hearted enough to molest a child, going upon her simple way, "on a message," as she said.

Grizel had seen bloodshed and misery. She had seen houses burning and orphans weeping, and the crowds in the Edinburgh streets gathering towards the Grass market—sometimes in the horrible levity that arises in times of blood, sometimes in a stern indignant hush of smouldering rage and sympathy, to see the victims executed.

She had stolen her way through these ranks, her fresh rustic bloom now paled with terror, now flushed with excitement, to the very prison itself, where a pitying jailer furthered "the bit innocent thing" who could harm nobody, and gave her access to him she sought.

That was an expedition never to be forgotten. It was for Scotland's sake, and for the sake of the religion, that Grizel felt herself to be acting—the political side of the question did not trouble her. William of Orange meant deliverance from Popery and the Mass, and freedom for the Scots to worship God in their own fashion. It meant also deliverance for her father—the drying of tears—the end of anxiety.

For all these objects, personal and public, Grizel was ready to give her fingers to the thumbscrew, or put her foot into the boot of torture. Her heart was high as a hero's, and full of self-devotion. But yet she trembled before the ordeal she would have to encounter to-night.

The winter afternoon went quickly over, and the night gathered in. It was still only November, and the weather was mild, but the nights were dark. It was Grizel's privilege to sleep in her mother's room while Ledy Polwarth was alone, and so all the other children were put to bed, and the servants followed without interference with little Mistress Grizel, whom the Ledy spoilt, old Margaret thought.

"She's ever young to sit up so late at night, though she has a great spirit, madam. I would make a bairn like that a woman before her time," the old woman said, who had been Ledy Polwarth's nurse, too, and was privileged to speak her mind.

"O Margaret," said the lady, "every word you say is true; but I am lone like the sparrow on the house-top without my good man—and my Grizel is all the comfort I have. I can say anything to her."

"Ay, ay, my Ledy," said the old woman, "I make no doubt of that. But I was thinking of the bairn," and she went away shaking her old head. Grizel, who came into the room after Margaret was gone, found her mother with tears in her eyes.

"O my Grizel," said Ledy Polwarth, "you are the very comfort of my heart, but what if I am trying you above your strength as Margaret says?"

"She is like an old hen with her chickens," said Grizel, with a merry laugh; "she would like to have me under her wing with little Roddie and Julian—but I am the eldest and this is my place, and I am proud, proud!" cried the girl, pressing to her mother's side.

Ledy Polwarth felt the nervous thrill in the little form which she took into her arms—but she knew the damsel son of her child, and thought it only the high tension of excitement, and did not, for once, reckon with what a panic that brave little spirit was concealing.

After a while they retired into the turret, the windows of which were shrouded by heavy curtains so that it might seem to any watcher that the light came out in the lady's chamber, and the little household at rest.

The mother and daughter said their prayers together in the little oratory, and then a strange thing happened. Instead of preparing for rest, Grizel began to make another toilette, in which her mother assisted, trembling. She put on a dark cloak of rough country cloth, which covered her from head to foot, and Ledy Polwarth tied a handkerchief over her pretty hair, and drew the hood of the cloak closely over all.

Then Grizel took the basket on her arm, and slipping her feet out of her shoes, took them in her hand. It was a dark night—nothing but blackness all around as she lifted a corner of the curtain and glanced out. Then she held up her face for her mother's kiss, who gave it trembling and with tears.

"The Lord go with you, my darling bairn! O my Grizel, what should we do without you?"

Grizel could not trust herself to speak; but she looked back and nodded gayly as she stole down the dark stairs.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

### HIS LIFE OR THEIRS.

In looking over the telegraphic despatches in a newspaper a short time since, I came upon a brief account of a railway collision in the West. The engineer of one of the colliding locomotives had displayed a touching heroism which had undoubtedly saved the lives of many passengers; and not only was he the only person killed, but no other was even seriously injured.

Incidents of courage and self-sacrifice are by no means unusual among railway men, as any reader of the daily newspaper knows; and after reading the despatch above referred to, I merely said to myself, "One more brave fellow gone." Just then the concluding sentence of the despatch arrested my attention. "The name of the brave engineer was Samuel S. Homan."

Homan? Samuel Homan? The name was familiar. I had once known a boy whose name was Homan, and he had left school to become a locomotive fireman. Later in the day, I learned conclusively that the dead engineer was really my boyhood acquaintance; and many old-time memories rose as I thought of him.

He was the champion base-ball player of our class, during the first year at the High School—not a showy, but a very thorough, sure player. Perhaps he gave too much time, interest and attention to the game; the ordinary boy cannot put himself heart and soul into athletic amusements and stand high in his studies. And Homan was not a quick scholar. He was one of those boys who are obliged to give time and hard study for what they learn.

Towards the end of the year, we began to fear that he would not pass the examination and secure promotion with the rest of us. For this reason during the last week we tried to "cram" him in his studies, for we were eager to have him in our class the next year.

But Sam did not take kindly to the cramming process. I well remember what he said one morning when Plummer and I were drilling him in his neglected algebra.

"But if I haven't fairly got it, fellows, I don't deserve promotion, and perhaps it wouldn't help me much if I passed." Something in the way he said this, made me always remember his words.

He did not pass—much to our regret; and a month or two afterwards he obtained a situation as fireman on the railroad that ran through our town. We used to go to the station to see him occasionally. In old, greasy, drilling overalls, with a smutty cap on his head, and with face and hands grimy from contact with the coal and the oil of the locomotive, he did not look like the same boy that was with us in the High School. But he was, nevertheless, the same "solid" Sam; and we liked him as well as ever, if his hands were grimy. A boy's a boy for all that; and if he has honest stuff in him, a pair of white hands and a handsome suit of clothes do not make him truer or manlier in conduct or character.

It happened that Sam was promoted to the place of engineer, or engine-driver, sooner than is generally the case. I do not know that the promotion was on account of his merit entirely; but a vacancy occurred, and he was chosen to fill it after he had acted but a year and a half as fireman. The superintendent, no doubt, saw that he was a steady fellow, thorough in his work, and therefore to be trusted, although he was scarcely twenty years old at the time.

He now received three dollars a day, and sometimes more for extra running; and during the first year, he received the prize, given by that railway company to the engineer who ran his locomotive with the least expenditure, to the mile, of coal, oil, and money for repairs. This at least shows that Homan was a careful and intelligent driver.

But in railroading, there are always "chances," or risks, which must be encountered; so, at least, railroad men tell us. The most careful men on a road may meet with mishaps. Accidents certainly occur after a manner of second breaklessness. For this reason, it sometimes happens that a careful engineer may seem to be heedless, or at least, unlucky.

After Homan had been running his engine about a year, an accident occurred, caused, it was said, by negligence on his part. At the end of his round trip, he was ordered one morning to take his engine back over the line to bring in a special

train. His regular trip then occupied a part of the night, and he did not arrive at Polo, the terminus, until two o'clock in the morning. After a rest of only thirty minutes, he was, on this morning, started on his way back up the line with his locomotive.

An engine running alone on special service, is termed a "wild" engine; and by the running-rules of the railway on which Sam was employed, the engineer is obliged to report his arrival to the telegraph operators at certain stations along the line, and to get an order from them to proceed before starting out.

It had been a bleak winter night; and the two boys no doubt had a cold time of it. I call them boys, for, though holding men's positions, Sam was not yet twenty-one, and his fireman, Martin Fallon, was but nineteen. They stopped at Z Station at six in the morning, in the midst of a thick snow-squall. Getting off the locomotive, half-frozen, Sam reported to the operator, and thought the man gave him a verbal order to proceed. This the operator subsequently declared he did not give him.

Jumping into his cab, Sam started the engine at once in the thick, blinding squall, and was soon running at a high rate of speed. When four miles out from the station they came suddenly in violent collision with a down-freight. So thick was the weather, that neither Sam nor the freight-engineer saw the approaching engine until they were within a hundred yards of each other. Neither of them had much more than time to reverse his engine when the collision followed; Sam and his fireman jumped from the locomotive, and landing in a snow-bank, were not greatly injured.

The freight-engineer, however, had his leg broken; his fireman was instantly killed; and two brakemen were thrown to the ground, one of them killed and the other badly hurt. Both engines were wrecked—converted into masses of iron rubbish; and eight or nine freight-cars, loaded with corn, were more or less injured.

In the investigation that followed, the responsibility for the accident was fixed upon Sam. He did not try to evade it, but acknowledged that it was probably due wholly to his mistake in not understanding the operator, and made no attempt at excuse.

He was at once dismissed from the company's service, and it was only out of compassion for him on account of his youth, the double duty he was doing, and the bitter severity of the night, that he was not committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

So in one day Sam found himself dismissed from an honorable position in disgrace, and branded by the newspapers as a criminal who ought to be sent to prison. Almost all of us, his old mates, went to see him when he came home, after the investigation and his dismissal. He was the same Sam as ever, telling us frankly about the accident with every little detail of truth, either for or against himself. He seemed to think that he had escaped with a less punishment than he deserved. Only when he spoke of the poor fellows who had been killed and injured, his eyes filled with tears and his lip trembled.

It would be a mistake to call such a man a "criminal." There was not the slightest trace or taint of crime in Sam Homan! He said several times that he wished he had not jumped from his life, but if by jumping he had saved his life, he should not again forsake his post.

"It looks better for an engineer to stick to his machine and take what comes," he said.

To the writer such a resolve seems to indicate a purely Quixotic devotion.

Seven or eight months later, Sam went West, and I heard that he had secured the situation of fireman on the C. B. H. & R. Railway. He had for while railroads do not make a practice of hiring as employees men who have been dismissed for cause from other lines, they sometimes do so. In the two years that followed, I learned incidentally that he had been promoted on the same railroad to the place of engineer.

Ten years of busy life succeeded, and I had almost forgotten Sam and many other of my old school acquaintances, when the press despatch I recalled him, and his history to mind. A feeling of sadness came over me at the thought of his death; and I sent for the papers published near the place of the accident in order to gather additional particulars respecting it.

From these I learned that he had run an engine nearly ten years on that line without an accident; and the collision that caused his death was in no way due to carelessness on his part. He had so completely retrieved the mistake of former years that the contrasted to him its most important passenger by the directors, as an engineer by whom they accident to his train.

Some part of this immunity was no doubt due to good fortune, but most of it to his extreme carefulness. That sad lesson of his youth had evidently never been forgotten.

On the afternoon of the collision, he was taking his train—the "down" passenger express—over 4.30 P. M. When they reached D. M., at received an order from the telegraphic operator at

that place to "cross" an "up" freight train at the next station, called "Sandford's."

The passenger express immediately went on at the usual rate of speed—thirty-eight miles an hour. But the operator at Sandford's failed to deliver to the conductor of the freight the order to wait there for the express to pass him. It was a single-track line; and the two heavy trains were thus put in motion, to meet each other between the two stations.

As the express dashed through a tract of pine woodland, and turned a reversed curve along an embankment, at the foot of which ran a small river, the long freight train was suddenly discovered coming down the gradient at full speed.

The name of Homan's fireman was Frank Galbraith. He seems to have seen the freight train instant before it was seen by Sam. The latter at the moment was trying some of the steam cocks, or noting the gauge.

"Good God!" the fireman cried out. "Here's No. 23 right into us!"

With the swiftness of a long-practiced arm, Sam shut off steam, applied the vacuum brake, then reversed and opened the sand-spouts upon the rails. The fireman whistled for the hand-brakes at the same instant.

With these powerful appliances promptly put in operation, a train going at the speed of Sam's car now he stopped on a little less than five hundred feet of level track. Had the engineer of the freight been equally well provided, the collision might have been prevented, or at least reduced to a trifling concussion.

But he seems not even to have seen the express till it was nearly upon him; and he had a heavy load of factory machinery and only hand-brakes to stop his train. With scarcely diminished speed he rushed headlong to his fate.

Seeing that a collision was inevitable, and that the passenger cars were likely to be tumbled down the embankment into the river, this is what Sam Homan did:

"Jump, Frank!" he said to his fireman. "You'd better save yourself!"

Then he reversed again and pulled the throttle of the locomotive wide open. The steam was at full pressure, and the engine, springing violently ahead, fortunately snapped the coupling lack of the tender, then shot forward alone, and like a wild beast springing for its prey, seemed almost to leap at the approaching freight! When the two engines met, it bore almost all the brunt of the collision itself.

The heavy freight, thus violently checked, shoved the disabled express locomotive backward a few yards, when it left the rails, toppled over and rolled into the river—led fifty feet below. And there, twenty minutes later, they found my old school-mate mangled and dead beneath it.

As white a soul had gone out as ever struggled in honest but unconscious heroism, through this rough, troubled life.

The passengers in the cars behind could scarcely believe that a fatal accident had happened—so slight was the shock to them. But for the self-sacrificing act of their generous guardian in the locomotive, they might at that moment have been maimed and in agony, or dead, in the river below. His quick glance had seen that it was his life or theirs, and he had unhesitatingly given them his.

For the Companion.

### CAPTURING A PYTHON.

The old sawmill, which was the scene of the adventure I am to relate, was a long, low and considerably unpretentious structure, built on the south side of the bluff overlooking Crooked Creek, a tributary of the Kaskaskia, or Okaw River, in southern Illinois. My home, during a part of my boyhood, was quite near this creek, and not far from the mill.

For years the sawdust had been dumped out of the "pit" down the bank, and the great mounds of it that had accumulated had been browsed by the weasels and had become almost as hard as the bank itself. Some of these hardened and weather-browned pits reached half-way across the creek.

To the left of the saw-pit were piled promiscuously the rough slabs sawed from the outside of the logs; and to the right the boards were stacked. On the hill-side above were the timber and the logways. On either hand the holes were filled in with rubbish and sawdust.

These mounds and heaps, and the creek banks adjoining as well, were the homes of reptiles of many kinds. The snakes that lived there were particularly and most unpleasantly numerous. The great mounds of sawdust were literally honeycombed with their holes. We were continually coming upon snakes in the most unexpected places; and hardly a day passed when one or more of them was not killed in or around the mill.

If only the more harmless snakes had lived there, the population of the mound would have been only a nuisance, and not a pest. But the poisonous "water-moccasins," and the chunky but deadly "copperheads,"—next to the rattlesnake and "rottenmouth," the most venomous snakes of North America,—were the worst.

It is not with these, however, that my story has to do. During the spring of 1875, the community in the neighborhood of the mill was excited from the news of a state of excitement by the reported appearance of a huge, non-descript reptile in the creek below, and every town or report was spread that it had been seen again, there, was little else talked of for a day or two. The reptile had been seen now on one bank, now on another, but always in the bottom.

The creek bottom varied from a half mile to a mile, and a half in width, and was densely wooded throughout. The undergrowth was particularly heavy. As a



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## THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By M. G. W. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

The shoeless feet made no sound on the stone stair; there were no creaking boards to betray them. Mother and daughter stole down one after the other to the little door at the front of the turret. The night air blew in their faces with a mild dampness and freshness.

Grizel stooped for a moment and put on her shoes, then with a wave of her hand sped away into the darkness and silence of the night.

How dark it was! Till her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom it seemed to Grizel as if a wall of blackness, opaque and solid as the walls of the house, was before her. But after a minute there was a gradual clearing of the little space about her, and she began to perceive a lighter line between the ghosts of the trees which indicated the avenue.

Her heart was beating wildly in her breast. It had come at last—this time of trial. The excitement was so high in her that she did not feel any pain when she stumbled against the great knotted roots of the big ash trees, though the shock brought a cry, suppressed ere uttered, to her lips.

Whatever happened she knew she must not utter a sound which could betray her presence in such a place, at such an hour, in case there might be any eye or ear open; and though the whole world about, earth and sky, seemed wrapped in blackness and silence, there is always suspicion in the hearts of those who know that a precious life hangs upon their precautions.

She sped along under the trees without a pause or a sound, her feet now and then sinking in the fallen leaves, now stumbling over an inequality of the path.

Outside the gate was a long stretch of the high road, unsheltered by any such protection as the trees; a bare bit of road with ragged, broken hedgerows on either side, leading to the village with its little church-tower and cluster of roofs.

The church stood at the nearest end, but still was a long way, half a mile or more, from Redbraes. The building was low and old, with a brown, small tower showing but a little way above the village roofs, and the graveyard round it was full of those touching hillocks, many of them undistinguished by any stone, which are the most pathetic of all tokens of buried humanity. From the moment when Grizel emerged noiselessly, a little shadow in the darkness, out of the gate, her anxious eyes were fixed upon the spot where the churchyard lay.

In those days there were very few people so enlightened as not to believe in ghosts, and of all things alarming and terrible there was none more than the churchyard at night. A man who would have faced his enemy without hesitation and never quailed before any open danger, would pass that spot with a pale face and trembling limbs. Tales of apparitions, of corpse-candles, of a thousand terrible spectacles, of the country folk, and children in their cradles were subdued into quiet by stories of dreadful things in shrouds, and awful meetings that were held at midnight in these cities of the dead.

Grizel, though she was so brave, had been brought up like other children of the time. Though she feared nothing in daylight, the dark was full of terrors for her lively imagination. Her heart beat more and more wildly as she approached that spot where all lay so silent, hidden in the mystery of the grave. How was she to do it? Her little limbs quaked under her, her bosom panted with excitement and terror. In all the world there seemed nothing living, waking but herself; very stars were dead or hidden in the low-lying blackness of the clouds.

When she came to the wall of the churchyard, her senses had almost gone from her. She passed for one terrible moment with such an impulse to turn and flee as she had never felt in her life before, and knelt down upon the roadside and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, take care of me!" she said in her heart; "Oh, take care of me!"

While she thus knelt terrible little sounds seemed to wake and creep about her and fill her ears with horror; sounds to which the stillness gave importance; small flittings among the grass, jars in the hedgerows, the crackle of a broken twig, the movement of a field-mouse or a water-rat in the ditch. If but a bird had stirred under the dark eaves of the little church, it would have

suddenly brought to herself by a sound which burst into the air all in a moment; a sound which made her almost drop the basket to which she had clung with the rigidity of death itself, and liberated her stifled breath in a cry which was unstrainable.

It was not a sound of mystery, however, but of good cheer; the ringing clangor of a dog's bark,

or the faint charnel smell that filled the confined air.

"Father!" she said, and then something stirred and moved across the grayness in the corner, and in another moment she felt the arms round her of a form unseen.

"My Grizzy!" He was worn with captivity and suffering, and though he could bear risks of all kinds himself, it was almost more than he could bear to think what this little creature had undergone. But Grizel had lost all her fears; her heart sprang up in wild delight and the intense relief which is like joy.

"Wait till I have locked the door," she said, in a voice which was like the song of a bird. "O father, but I am glad, glad! here is your meat and a light, and some wine to warm you; and oh, did you think I would never be here?"

"My darling!" said Sir Patrick, "the sight of ye (but I cannot see ye) is like life to the dead. Hold close by me, Grizzy, and I will lead ye len to my own place, which is not just so well filled," he said, with a faint laugh, "as the outer chamber here."

"We'll light the light, father," said Grizel, tightening her hold upon his arm.

"If you think it's safe," said Sir Patrick, "Fain, fain would I see your face, my bonnie little woman. But what made all the dogs give voice like you? It set my heart beating for fear the tyrant's minions might have gotten my bairn."

"I will tell you after," said Grizel, with a sigh; "it is quite safe, and there is no soul stirring but me—nobody in all the world but me. Oh, but it is gruesome, father. Nothing but the dark, and no sound, except things that sounded like the folk stirring in their graves."

"If the folk were in the graves to stir," said Sir Patrick; "but my Grizzy knows better. The blessed in heaven may cast down a glance by times just to see that their old garment is all safe where they can find it again; and we have nothing to do with the other kind."

"Ah! but, father, there must be the other kind in the kirkyard as well as the saints of God; and it's them I am feared for, when there is nobody with me."

"And when may that be? I never knew my Grizzy, or any other child of grace, that was left with nobody with her. Ye will, maybe, be forgetting God?"

"O daddie!" Grizzy said, "it is just that. Come and light the light and I'll tell you. The dogues,—it was all my doxies. I was so frichtit; and I just said, 'Oh, take care of me!' before I opened the gate. Is God ever o'er kind, father, when bairns are young and very silly? For He just made the dogs bark to keep up my heart."

Sir Patrick was too much moved to speak. He busied himself about the light, which it was no small business to kindle, and though it was only a little home-made candle when all was done, it was a most grateful change from the light of the vault, with that small, assure overgrown by plants through which, in the day, a straggling line of daylight came.

The place in which they were was a smaller chamber under the church porch, with no door, but only a wide opening between it and the vault in which the Humes of past generations lay. The walls were partly of rough stones and partly of earth, with huge supports of wood, down which there ran glistening lines of damp and traces still more unpleasant of the slimy things that harbored there. In one corner lay a heap of straw, with some blankets and a large plaid, in which the fugitive wrapped himself at night.

But it was not cold below ground, in this refuge of peace where no winds blew. The little opening that admitted something like air and light, was close to the steps of the church-porch, and Grizel remembered to have put her small foot into it among the high grass that grew across the hole.

When, however, the little light brought this scene into evidence, the child had no eyes for anything but her father, who, pale and gaunt, with a beard of many days' growth, and a horseman's coat buttoned over his breast, looked as ghastly a figure as might be, and would have answered well enough for the ghost of one of his own ancestors had he been seen.

He, for his part, could not see enough of the little countenance, which already in the pleasure of



thrilled over the country-side, so still was everything in the chill of winter and night.

Grizel lifted herself up as by main force and went on. Had it been only to pass the kirkyard! But far more terrible was the effort demanded of her. She went on, not knowing what she did, in a sort of insensibility of resolution, determined that all the forces of hell should not stop her. If she saw white figures rising from any graves, as she expected to do, what then?

"God will never let them meddle with me," she said to herself.

It is impossible to put into words the terror of a child. Children rarely tell and cannot describe those panics of the soul that seize them, which are beyond all power of reasoning. Who has not fled along a dark passage, knowing well that nobody was there, yet feeling a visionary pursuer too terrible for thought behind him, pressing on his steps?

Grizel's very heart was frozen within her as she lifted the latch of the churchyard gate, and pushed it open and went faltering, her feet twisting over each other, along the darkling path between the graves. What if a hand should clutch her? If anything should shape out of the gloom and chill her into stone? If she should see unearthly lights rising above the mounds?

In the midst of this madness of fear Grizel was

supplemented by the whole chorus of village curs, which in a moment restored the little girl's courage, and brought her back to herself. The dogs sounded like friends all about her.

She was no longer afraid. After this she hurried on without thinking of the graves, even when she had to leave the path and stumble on among those awful mounds, down through the nettles and brambles that grew thickly where the ground descended to the foundations of the church walls.

She had to feel along these walls, the high nettles getting in her way and stinging her hands, before she found the moulting round the door of the Polwarth vault, and after that the door itself, and the keyhole into which she cautiously introduced a large key which hung from her waist by a ribbon.

It was now with expectation and almost joy that Grizel's heart was beating, as she felt the heavy lock turning without noise under her hands. The door opened into the profound darkness of a vault in which Grizel's forefathers had rested for many generations. Her eyes could distinguish nothing in the utter gloom, until after a moment, in the distance a faint grayness from one corner, so faint that it could not be called light.

The child stepped in boldly with no longer any remembrance of the ranges of coffins about her,



seeing him, and the relief of having accomplished her errand, had recovered color and brightness.

Grizel, however, put aside her father's anxious questions and loving contemplation of herself until she had provided him with the food of which he stood in need. It was wonderful to see her improvise a table of her basket, and spread the white napkin upon it, and make even in this desolate place a semblance of comfort.

"Now, father, eat!" she cried, "and I will tell you how you came by the sheep's head; for my minnie's durnst not let Jean make it ready except for our dinners lest they should say in the kitchen, 'What is the Liddy wanting with a sheep's head?' And oh, if you had seen Sandy when his breath was snuff, looking round and round the table from end to end! At last he says, 'Mother, Grizel has eaten a' the sheep's head!'"

Sandy's speech had not amused Grizel at the time. She had felt keenly the nursery nickname of Greedy Grizel which was instantly bestowed upon her; but as she told the story, and mimicked for her father's amusement Sandy's face of dismay, the joyous laugh which pealed into the silence was as light-hearted as if she had never known a care. And the hunted man laid down his knife and laughed too till the tears were on his cheeks.

Never was anything sweeter than the meal thus eaten. Sir Patrick Hume was of the class for which their opponents even now find no names bad enough—a sour Presbyterian, a bitter Calvinist, an enemy of everything gay and happy, he would be called.

And there was news to tell him of the most serious kind. He had to hear of executions and banishments, and that his home had been visited again and again by the troopers, his servants put to their oath whether they knew anything of him—the very children examined. The soldiers had put a lighted match between old Margaret's fingers, because she had said,—

"Shame upon ye, men, if ye are men! Would ye make the weans betray their dadde?"

All this Grizel had to tell, and smiled and wept as she went through her story; but then came back to Sandy, and once more the little scene was enacted.

"My minnie says, 'Hoots, there's plenty for ye all!' and Tammas he cries, 'Muckle may ye eat!' and Margaret she gives me a long sermon after, no to be so greedy—that it was not like a gentlewoman; but Sandy's face was the best of a'!"

"The next sheep's head must be for Sandy," said the father. "Tell your mother he must have the biggest part, for he takes after his dadde. I was always keen upon the sheep's head myself, and I've a great fellow-feeling for the boy. Oh, to be with you all again, and see ye dance, and hear ye laugh, my bonnie bairns! but there will be sore dolings in England, Grizel, and many a good man will bide the dust, alack! before that comes."

"But, father, we might all get away over the seas, and escape the bloody man, as it is said in the Scripture, and bide till all is safe again."

"It will scarce be safe again except by much misery," he said, "and I am loth, loth to flee from Scotland, though I am but little me here. I'm like a rat in a hole, Grizel, and tremble when I hear your dogs barking, little thinking, poor creature that I am, that it was my God that did it to keep my child's heart."

"I will not be so feared again," said Grizel, with a blush, "nor ask the Lord what is so unreasonable; but oh, the doggies were such company! to hear them was like the voice of a friend. Now, father, I have told ye everything, and ye have eaten your meat, and the candle is near burnt out. I was to judge by the candle what time it might stay. So now I will gather up my things and be going. And here is the rest of the sheep's head, and the bread and cheese and the wine. Where will I put them to be safe for your breakfast, and out of the way of these creeping things?"

She made a movement of disgust and terror, for the creeping things were loathsome to Grizel; but then she remembered that these were, perforce, her father's bed-fellows, and with a struggle she subdued the repugnance; "though they're all God's creatures, too, dadde, like you and me," she added, breathlessly, in her compunction, with scarcely a pause.

"That's true, my Grizel; and harmless creatures that live according to their kind; though I would fain have other company," said Sir Patrick, with a smile. "We must not be o'er nice in our present circumstances. I will find a place for the blessed food that has sustained my strength, and that my bairns have brought me, in the other chamber, and my Grizel will just go lightly home, with a light heart, for she has been a little mother to me. And ye can give them all a kiss and say in your heart, 'That's your dadde; and my heart's love to your mother, and the blessing of the Lord, night and day, be upon my bairns.'"

"And to-morrow, father," said Grizel, holding tightly by his arm as he led her through the darkness to the door of the vault. She laid her face against his shoulder lest even in the dark she should see the last resting-place of her forefathers. "To-morrow, at the same time you will look for me again."

"That will I," said Sir Patrick, "look and think long with wishing for you, my little comfort. But

"A common term of endearment in Scotland for mother, like the *materna* of modern times.

let the next one be a fine head well singet," he added, with a laugh, "and let Sandy have a double portion, and bid your mother that she grudge him not, for he takes after his dadde."

With this they kissed each other, and the mild fresh air, wet with the early vapour of the morning, blew in their faces at the opening of the door.

When Grizel had locked it upon her father she felt no more terror of the graves, but with her basket light upon her arm, gathered up her skirts and ran, finding her path, she hardly knew how. It was still night, yet it was morning, and the darkness was penetrated with a lightning of hope, and her father's laugh was in her ears. She thought of herself, "Oh, what a story for the bairns when dadde is home again and all well! but a little hard on Sandy, who was so young, poor fellow, and would have been blythe to come if he had been old enough!"

What with the fun and this compunction, she had not a thought of ghosts or anything terrible as she ran home as light as a bird along the bare road, and darting under the familiar trees of the avenue, flew into Liddy Polwarth's arms at the little turret-door, all breathless and bright, her eyes shining, and her cheeks blooming with excitement and happiness, though her pretty curls were all damp with the wintry dew. The mother had come and gone a dozen times to the door, watching and trembling through the sleepless night.

"Those who have read the Waverley Novels will not need any explanation of the Scotch dish of a singet (singed) sheep's head."

(To be continued.)

### WE LINGERED LONG.

We lingered long at that old grave's side,  
And look to the death-swept funeral tide;  
For from the death-bed it ebbed away,  
Nor missed from its bosom a drop of spray.

A drop of spray,  
And must dust absorb it? Ah, no, if she should  
Tremble Christ's jewels a precious stone,  
When the judgment shall open the grave's rough shell,  
She may be a pearl, but we cannot tell,  
We cannot tell.

For the Companion.

### OTHO.

Otho was in a bad situation. True, Otho was but a dog,—a shaggy, milk-white Esquimo dog, his sharp eyes nearly hidden in curly hair, and his little tail so curled and so covered with long hair as to be almost out of sight.

Born far away in the North, amidst the fogs and ice of Labrador, he had first voyaged southward in a "sealer," then travelled westward as far as Kansas in the character of a "wonderful performing dog." He would bound over chairs and run up ladders with remarkable rapidity; and as a "speaker," his voice at once commanded admiring attention.

But fate, in the shape of a carelessly-placed show-chest, had fallen heavily upon Otho, and broken one of his legs. Then his showman master, thinking that the care and cost of nursing him would not be repaid by any future service of the dog as a public performer, had quietly opened a back window and dropped Otho out into the cold world, to get a living on three legs, or to die, according to his luck or his pluck.

And so thus it happened that the white, curly and ill-used Otho found himself a blunder, and probably a cripple for life, in a back lane of Ottawa, Kansas. It was a black day in Otho's bitter-to-remember life.

Toward evening, he dragged his painful limb down the lane and out to a corner of the main street.

"O papa! papa! Only thee 'at pity itty white doggy! Poo! itty fellow, he can't go! Top, papa, top 'at 'et me poor him!"

It was Minnie,—little three-year-old Minnie Wistarside sitting beside her father on the seat of their wagon: Mr. John Wistarside, a great, plain, kind-hearted young farmer, and Minnie, his little daughter and pet. They had driven into town from their farm that afternoon.

Papa John stopped the wagon to please Minnie, and then his own kind heart gave a throb at sight of poor Otho's condition.

"Oh, 'et's we tarry him home," pleaded Minnie; and John, after some little hesitation, put Otho in the wagon at Minnie's feet and drove homeward.

Wife Mary's natural resentment at being compelled to receive an invalid dog into her household was in part disarmed by Otho's white, curly wealth of hair, and by Minnie's plying fondness for him. So Otho was nursed and cared for. His leg was set and "splintered up" by John, and in a month he was frisking on it, and had become the joy, the delight and the romping companion of fast-growing, golden-curl'd little Minnie.

But he was no longer Otho. Of course he could not tell his name, however badly he may have missed it; and Minnie took the grave responsibility of giving him another. To her Pinksy and Pink were the prettiest names she could think of. So Otho became "Pinksy," and after a day or two he liked the new name as well as the old one. Like Minnie, he neither knew nor cared a straw for ancient history.

But, though contented with the quiet life he led at the prairie farm, Pink never forgot his circus accomplishments. He would often mount the pony, and, turning a somersault in the air, alight on his feet upon the animal's back with perfect ease. Sometimes, too, he accompanied John to town. There if he saw a ladder leading to the top of some

high building, he would ascend it, and seating himself upon the topmost rung, would wave his forward paws in apparent expectation of the applause that once greeted his performances.

He was extremely fond of sweetmeats, and while other dogs seem generally to prefer meat, Pink would perform almost any trick he had ever been taught for a slice of cake or bit of candy.

Two years passed. They were prosperous years with John and Mary Wistarside, who had built in a road near half a mile from the old "dug-out" in a creek-bank, where they had made their first humble homestead on their large and now profitable farm. The old earth-house had been abandoned, though not filled up. For a year or more not even John himself had been to it, and Minnie had almost forgotten it.

On the day of my story John was at work at the further side of his farm. On coming home to dinner, he remarked to Mary that the air seemed very "muggy," and that if it were not so late in the season, he should fear a cyclone. An hour later he went back to his labor. Minnie and Pink went out together, too; and Mary, as usual, became busied with her household cares.

An hour or two later, the industrious housewife having finished her work, was dressing for a pleasant evening hour with John, Minnie and Pink, enlivened, possibly, by a call from their neighbors, or by a ride around the broad green farm, when she noticed that the room had grown suddenly dark. The air, too, had all at once become strangely heavy and close. What John had said at noon came into her mind. She ran to the door; and there a singular, and even to those who are accustomed to the tempest-phenomena of the West, an appalling spectacle met her eye.

A lurid glow was in the sky. At the same time a frightful roar burst upon her ears; and up in the northwest she saw what nearly froze her heart with terror and anxiety.

A vast, balloon-shaped pillar of what at one moment looked like black vapor and the next instant seemed like illuminated dust, glittering against the dark sky behind it, was rushing down across the country—coming directly towards the farm and the house in which Mary stood. The ragged edges of cloud about it sparkled as if with flames.

Onward it came, a messenger of death and destruction, with steadily increasing roar. At the base of it, where this stormy apparition touched the earth, a fiery, lament "foot" seemed to play to and fro; and wherever this ghastly foot touched, houses, trees, straw-stacks, barns, everything disappeared on the instant.

As it drew nearer in its destructive course, Mary saw that all around it and high in the sky about it, the air was filled with branches of trees, boards, and fragments of whatever had been in its path.

For an instant she gazed, fascinated by her fear and the awful grandeur of the sight. Then, recalling John's frequent instructions what to do in such emergencies, she ran into the cellar.

Scarcely had her foot left the last stair, when with a roar and a deafening crash, the house above her was lifted, whirled around and swept away. Timbers, bricks and underpinning-stones fell into the cellar; and a torrent of rain, mingled with hail, dirt, straw and leaves, half-buried poor Mary where she crouched and clung in a corner.

But the cyclone passed as quickly as it had come. In three minutes it was over; and then Mary Wistarside, in an agony of terror,—for her loved ones, not for herself, for she was safe and unhurt,—cried aloud to God to protect them, hurriedly climbed up the broken stairs and set off in search of John and Minnie.

What a spectacle was that which met her eye when she looked over the prairie! The house gone, and every out-building, even the fences and garden-trees demolished and swept away. Of the eight cows in an adjoining pasture, only one remained, and that one lay maimed and groaning with pain. It seemed to the poor woman that every living creature save herself had been killed, and that she alone was left on earth.

Hardly knowing which way to look, she started towards where John had been at work, hoping that Minnie was with him, and that the storm had been less severe on that part of the farm. She had gone about half a mile, when she saw her husband coming towards her; but he was alone.

When Mary told him that Minnie had gone out after dinner and had not returned, a shiver passed through his frame. For a moment Mary thought that he would faint; but he regained his strength, and then, nearly wild with grief, they both began searching for their lost child.

Their nearest neighbors lived nearly a mile away. To them they hastened for aid; but found these people even more afflicted than themselves; two of the family had been killed by the tornado.

Till ten o'clock or later in the evening, they searched, but in vain; they found only the rubbish scattered in the track of the cyclone, and the dead bodies of cattle.

At last, worn out with fatigue and suffering, Mary could go no longer; and they beat their steps to their old "dug-out" house in the creek-bank—the only place remaining to them where they could hope to find shelter.

The rude door stood ajar, and as John mechanically pushed it open and looked into the gloom within, a sound sweeter to him and to Mary than celestial music—Pink's gruff little bark—came to their ears.

And then, as their hearts bounded with a new hope, they saw the white, shaggy little Esquimo dog stalking suspiciously forward in the darkness, and heard a half-alarmed small voice asking, doubtfully, "Is that you, mamma?"

It was Minnie! and need one try to describe the happiness of John and Mary Wistarside? What to them now were houses and cattle lost! Here was Minnie, for whom their hearts were breaking, safe and sound in the old "dug-out"!

And Pink! What had Pink to do with it, does the reader ask?

A great deal, as nearly as Minnie could explain. The two had wandered away to the creek, when, seeing the sky so black and hearing such a dreadful roaring, Minnie was frightened and started to run for home. But Pink caught her dress in his mouth and fairly pulled her along to the door of the old dug-out, into which, as the awful roaring grew louder, they both ran to escape the cyclone.

So our story goes once more to prove, what some know already, that a kind act, even a trifling one like John Wistarside's to poor Pink, is rarely lost in the world, but often returns a hundred-fold more than is given.

### HELP.

A sunny smile and a word of cheer,  
If coming from one whom you hold dear,  
May change a life through many a year.

For the Companion.

### ADVENTURES IN THE LATE CUBAN WAR.

El Señor capitán Romero will take twenty soldiers with thirty contrabandos, and advance at six o'clock this evening to attack and destroy the impregnable Citar.

Such was the verbal order (we had no writing paper in Cuba Libre) given me by the patriot General Garcia, at sunset on the evening of February 26, 1872.

Such service was quite in the ordinary line of our duty at that period of the war. Three *seguros*, or sugar mills, had been burned that week, all of them, as was this of Calvar, within four leagues of Manzanillo.

"El Señor Capitán Romero," however, was not a Cuban by birth, as possibly the name and title might lead the reader to suppose. For although I was addressed as Juan Romero, in Cuba Libre, I had been properly christened John Komer twenty-six years before, in the good State of Connecticut.

How I came to be campaigning with the dusky patriots against the Spaniards in Cuba, can be briefly explained. Of course, being an American citizen aiding a rebellion against a government with which the United States was at peace, I was a "filibuster." But in doing so, I was a patriot. I may say that I believed them, and still believe, the Cuban insurrection to have been a proper war for freedom against odious tyranny, a struggle for liberty which, had victory crowned our efforts, the world would now universally applaud.

Naturally, I did not find the Cuban struggle for independence all that my youthful imagination had dreamed it would be. The insurgents were by no means a spotless and angelic band of heroes. They were fighting men, and some of them were selfish enough and thoroughly unscrupulous in seeking their ends.

Over two-thirds of the army were Creole negroes; and nearly all the *contrabandos*, or mariners, were runaway slaves; yet a common cause and a common hatred of Spain held these discordant elements together, and I firmly believe that, in so country and at so early a date, there had been instances of a truer heroism, or a more self-sacrificing patriotism than these men displayed.

I had twenty-eight men in my company, all negroes but five; but for the peculiar service, and for the mode of fighting which the nature of the war demanded, I would not have exchanged them for any white troops I have ever seen.

They were all sincerely pledged in that brotherhood, known among the patriots as "*el aliento*," never to desert a wounded comrade on the field of battle, yet in being off at all hazards. This brotherhood grew out of the barbarity of the Spaniards in killing all prisoners taken in battle, even the wounded. It gave the patriot soldiers wonderful courage and unbounded trust in each other.

Although the soldiers of my black company were most scantily clothed and wore for the most part barefooted, I contrived to keep them fairly well armed, mostly with Winchester or Remington rifles, and with *machetes* (heavy cut-throats). Many of the bands were less fortunate, however, being armed simply with *canes*—cutters.

When not marching through the country so some expedition, we lived at little clearings in the depths of the forest, subsisting on *bananas* (sweet potatoes), sugar-cane, oranges, yams, coconuts and killed on the plundered estates. The *patito*, too, a kind of woodcock which, like the Northern bogcock, lives on the bark and sprouts of trees,—furnished us with many a morsel of fresh meat when most we were wanting.

We had no regular commissariat. In almost any other country it would be impossible to conduct military operations, or to hold a force together, without any commissariat, or to hold a force together, without any commissariat, or to hold a force together, without any commissariat.

Oranges abound almost all the old plantations; where are also acres of sugar-cane and banana plants, even if the place has been neglected or in ruins for years. These old plantations, in fact, were our favorite feeding grounds. Our pettiest fare had its advantages, one of which was the almost entire absence of insect-eating figures. Our drinks were rarely stronger than *agua mosca*—wild honey and water—and *pliegues*, or gingered lemonade.

### The Petrol Chicks.

On first landing in "Free Cuba," I went to join President Cespedes, who was then encamped at a little hamlet of *bohios*, or palm-huts, in the forest in the eastward of Hiale. Up to that time, I had learned in



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For the Companion.

## THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By M. O. W. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

"And was he woe and worn, and was he out of heart; and did he eat his meat; and did you make him take some wine? And, O Grizy! is it an awesome place? and how does your father bear himself, and what does he say?" Laddy Polwarth cried, as she hastily undressed the child and prepared her for bed. "My darlin', just one word, and then you must go to sleep."

"He ate his meat and he drank his wine and he sent you his heart's love; and I'm to kiss them a' and say below my breath, 'That's from your daddie.' And you must give Sandy the largest portion of the next sheep's head. And, O mother! give me a kiss, for I'm sleepy, sleepy, and come to your bed."

"Oh, my bonnie Grizy, and oh, my good man!" cried the poor lady.

Perhaps it was she, watching and waiting, and obliged to risk her child and, in imagination, to bear all her husband's sufferings doubled, who had the hardest lot.

She lay awake with the ache in her heart partly satisfied, holding her little daughter in her arms and admiring the soft, regular breathing, the sweet sleep that in two or three minutes wrapped the child. The little heroine slept with the smile still on her innocent mouth; and Sir Patrick, wrapped in his cloak, slept too, in the darkness underground, laughing softly to himself, with the moisture in his eyes, at the humors of his children, as he composed himself upon his straw.

But Laddy Polwarth lay and watched the slow wintry dawn coming into the skies, and was up betimes to set a good example, taking no indulgence, though all the household observed how pale she was, and her eyes heavy, as one who has not slept.

Old Margaret, coming into the room to assist in her toilet, as she had done from her childhood, made her lady a little sermon, shaking her venerable head.

"Oh, my leddy, ye must trust in the Lord," she said, "that can keep them safe that call upon Him, wherever they are, if it were in the bowels of the earth, or on the muckle ocean, or in foreign parts, however far they be"—for it was the belief of the servants that Sir Patrick was in safety by this time in Holland, or at sea.

"I try to mind that, Marg'ret," said the lady, glad perhaps of the excuse to shed a few tears without concealment; "but, oh, it's with a sore heart. I will not show it before the bairns, but I need not hide it from you."

"Na, that would be strange indeed, if ye were to hide it from me. Greet, my bonnie leddy, greet!" said the old woman, "it will ease your heart; and syne take up your burden again, as we a' must do. Bless the bairn, how she's sleepin'! Look at the innocent things, without a care," said Margaret. "Must I waken her, the darlin'? I have scarcely the heart to do it."

"Let her be," said the mother. "She was kept awake with my restlessness far on in the night." Margaret shook her head once more and said, "My leddy, that should not be," and Lady Hume received the undeserved blame as a sort of balance to the sense of guilt in her mind, because of the false impression her words had conveyed.

The consequence was that Grizel slept till the wintry sun was high in the sky, and woke with such a sense of guilt as a much greater offense need scarcely bring with it. In such a household, to "be long in the morning" was a sign of depravity, and the child felt humiliated by the idea that she required such an indulgence. She was ready to cry when she discovered how late it was.

"An' I such a miserable thing that I must sleep in the day because I have something to do at night!" she asked her mother, with due indignation. And, indeed, poor Grizy suffered for the indulgence as you may fancy, and had many a lie to bear from Sandy and Pate and Julianne.

"I wish I were the eldest, and slept with my

minnie, and could lie in my bed as long as I liked," the children said, which took sadly away from any sense of satisfaction in Grizel's mind, and dispelled what innocent pride she might have had in her own achievement.

Keen eyes were upon her at dinner, where she sat close to a fat capon, which, in the course of instruction Lady Hume thought necessary for her

has come about the dogs and their barking. He says it will rouse the countryside."

"Oh, my doggies!" cried Grizel. She felt in her heart what would have to be,—and yet they were her friends and comforters!

"But they are aye barking," she said, "and what for would the folk take any notice?" She knew that Jamie was in the secret, the only man

"It's the minister's little dog," she said; "the bonnie little one with the long hair, and Elfin is what they call him. He's the dearest little doggie in a' the parish, and would not harm a fly. O Jamie!" said the little girl, "ye shall not poison him. Ye shall steal him, for that can be mended, but killing cannot be mended."

"Me steal him!" cried Jamie—he was almost offended with his little lady. "I wouldna steal the value of a bodle,\* no to save my life!"

"If ye gave him poison, what would that be but to steal him? and never be able to bring him back? Ye will just borrow him, Jamie," said the little lady, imperatively.

Her mother was confused, too, with this sudden command. Fire and sword come natural to the primitive mind, and to kill your enemies is always comprehensible; but to steal a dog! At last Jamie smote his hand upon his thigh.

"I'll do it!" he said; "he's naething but an indulged minister, neither fish nor flesh; just a dumb-dog himself, that cannot bark. The little one is ower gude for the like of him. It's a grand breed, and I have ane myself that will just match; and sine, as you say, my wee leddy, when the danger's o'er, we can—maybe—give him back. He'll be far happier with me in the woods," Jamie added, "than in that bit little garden at the manse." It is always easy to justify a step we are going to take.

Grizel missed the dogs terribly. Her terror almost came back to her as she stole through the unbroken silence with no honest watch-dog waking to send a sound of cheer into the air.

But then God put it into the heart of a robin redbreast, that had his nest in one of the neighboring trees, to stir in his sleep, and look out to see if it was day or night, and twitter sleepily to his wife that all was dark, and no one need think of getting up for hours to come. Robin chirped and roused nobody, but with his little kindly voice set Grizel thinking where his mansion was and how kindly was the birds.

It was he that covered the babes with leaves; "and the angels will have told him that I was frightit," Grizel said to herself. There was always some little natural twitter to cheer her just as she got to that gate.

But greater danger was to come. The village got up a tale about the dogs barking, though it had lasted only for three or four nights. And it got to be believed that the laird was about,—though nobody knew where,—and came back to the castle of nights, be or some other bunted gentleman.

The people were all sympathetic with their landlord and would never have betrayed him; but gossip is irrefragable, and the whisper that floated about in the air, came at last to the ears of the garrison in the nearest town, and was conveyed to their colonel, who sent a band of troopers to catch, if they could, so important a rebel, upon whose head a price was set.

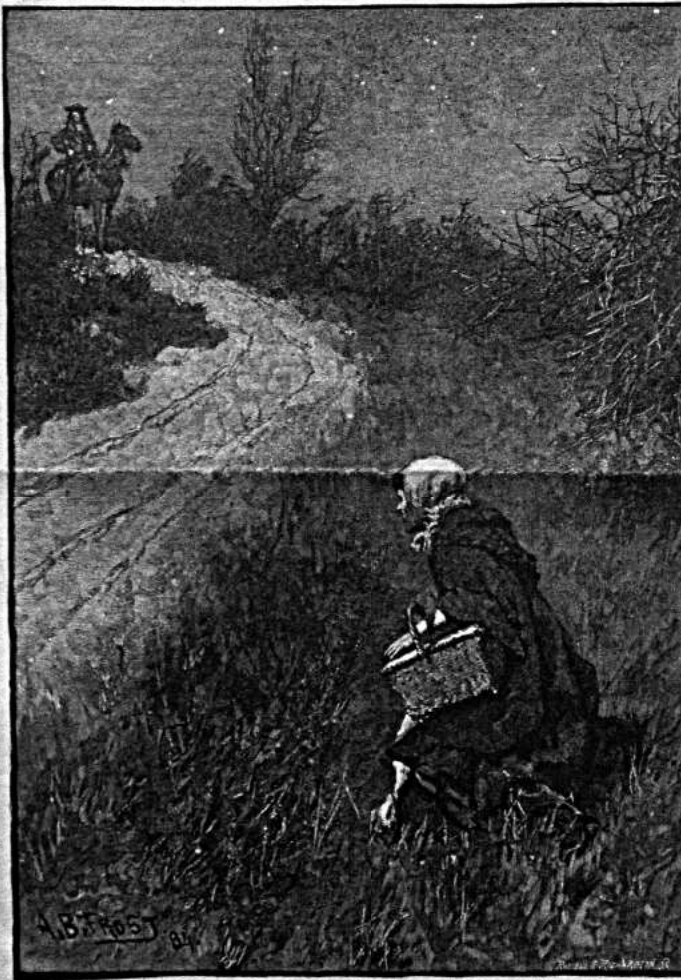
They set out privately by night, calculating upon the time the dogs had barked, to be by Polwarth Church, and lay hands upon him suddenly. And what made it worse for Grizel, but also worse for her pursuers, it was a moonlight night, and all the road lay clear in the white brightness, without a shadow to conceal her—or them.

She was on the high road, that naked path, without any shelter, when she first got note of alarm. Was it, one wondered, because little Grizel was tender to all living things that she thus got cheer or warning from them? It was the sudden whinny of a horse that roused her attention now.

Complete security had made her almost indifferent. In all her comings and goings she had encountered nobody, and though the bright moonlight had given her a little apprehension, it was so cheery and sweet that Grizel's courage had risen with it, and she had scarcely paused to reconnoitre the road before entering upon it.

The sound of the horse startled her beyond measure, but perhaps after all it might only be some beast that had strayed out of a neighboring field, or the minister's old mare like a white ghost in the moonlight, which she had seen once before and trembled at.

\* Bodle: a small coin.



children, Grizy was to carve. This gave her an advantage over her little observers.

It was part of a gentlewoman's breeding in those days to carve the most difficult dishes, and make the joint suffice for the party, whatever it might be,—a matter of very close calculation sometimes,—as it was also part of her education to dress wounds, and have many simple resources to help the suffering, at her fingers' ends. There were other accomplishments these girls were not taught, perhaps, which are familiar to little ladies in our day.

That night Grizel went upon her midnight errand with a lighter heart. She was no longer afraid, and she carried, with the half of the capon, another little budget of news, to amuse her father, and told him all the stories she could think of, not only of the nursery, but of the village folk. Her heart indeed fluttered a little when she lifted the latch of the kirkyard gate, but the minister's dog, with his cheerful bark, again gave her a sense of comfort.

Alas, poor Grizy! She was summoned one day to her mother's chamber, where Jamie Winter, the carpenter on the estate, stood turning his blue bonnet round and round in his hands, and shuffling his feet upon the oak floor.

"Shut the door, Grizel," said the lady. "Jamie

trusted with it, and that in his presence she might speak.

"Ye see, my wee leddy," said Jamie, "barking freely at large, that is naething, but barking at a certain hour every night, and waking a' the babies and making the auld wives cock their lugs,\* that's a great danger. We'll have to poison them, or knock them on the head. Poor beasts! I'm wae for them myself," he added, as the girl uttered a scream of dismay.

"O Jamie! I'm loth, loth that any living thing should suffer!" cried the lady, wringing her hands. "It's nae pleasure of mine, my leddy. The doggies they're just like friends; but ye cannot put reason into their heads and learn them no to bark, which is their nature. And sooner than there should be any danger to the laird, Lord! I'd sacrifice every brute beast about the place!"

"Whicht, Jamie! do not swear," said the lady, looking with expectant eyes upon her child. For Grizel's head was full of invention, and it was to her the household looked for suggestions. Grizy cried and pondered, with an acute pang in her little heart which was not only pity but loss, for the dogs had given her courage. This, however, it was clear she must forego.

\* Lugs: ears.



Then suddenly there appeared to Grizel, surging up against a background of moonlit fields, coming tall and terrible—a man on horseback, out-thrusting the distance. She could not tell how far off he was or how near, but there he stood, and no doubt there were others behind him, for Grizel had seen the redoubt too often not to be aware, even by this outline against the sky, that there was no harmless traveler, but one of the troops from Polmont, in search of her father.

The child's heart stood still in her breast. It stopped beating, so she thought in her great terror, and she too stopped as if frozen to the ground on which she stood, in such a desolation of despair as only a child can feel.

But the next moment her life began again with a rush of new strength. If he might yet be saved, there was no one but Grizel to help or to hinder, and it might all depend upon who she bore herself, like a woman, or like a coward.

A thousand thoughts rushed through her mind in that terrible moment. She thought, with an ache of physical agony as if her little heart would burst, of him lying in the dark, waiting for her, expecting light and food and consolation and unable to understand what her absence could mean—and she thought of what would happen if these cruel men, the tyrant's minions, as Sir Patrick called them, should find her—how she would have to swear—that would she have to swear?—oh, never, never a lie! and yet how else could she save her father?

And there was the cruel road, all swept by the moon, not a tree, not a stone to throw a shadow, between her and the Kirk on one side, between her and home on the other!

It was well for Grizel that she was thus frozen and still in that first moment of perception, for she herself looked like a piece of the still life round, a little straggling bush or mile-stone, in her dark cloak and hood.

When she had regained her senses fully, the quick instinct of necessity helped her reason. She sank to her knees, without any movement of head or arms, and that slowly, though a frantic longing to fly was in her veins.

So light a shadow as there was from the hedge-rows was foreboded by the full shining of the moon, so that the bushes themselves were black with their own shade, and spread scarcely any shelter around.

From her knees, Grizel dropped prostrate, and thus dragged herself into the shallow ditch which edged the road. To do this, unembarrassed by the basket to lie along the ground like a log, and then, slowly, gradually push her noiseless way into the hedge was no easy task.

She knew every bough of it, and every twist of the thorny stems, and where that one old over-hanging thorn-tree gave room for a village pair to sit under it in the summer nights, when the blossoms were so sweet.

There was but one that was big enough, and Grizel felt if she could but get there and push her way into the middle of the thorn, before the soldiers came up, she might be safe. She could hear them, though they approached cautiously, coming nearer and nearer, the hoots of their horses ringing on the dry road, their accoutrements clanking, their voices in low bass murmurs unlike any other sound.

The old thorn was paraded with hesitations, to make it more sharp and impenetrable, but Grizel felt no prick as she struggled into it. She had a stem almost as thick as a tree with a quantity of long-extending branches sweeping almost to the ground. Grizel crept under the lowest of these branches just where the blackness lay.

The under-ground was occupied with long branches reaching out like prickly feelers to the road. She crept beneath them, letting them curl over her as she lay. And then there was nothing more to be done but to commend herself to God.

She had accomplished this some time before the troopers came up, and what a moment of waiting was that as she lay all torn and bleeding, but unconscious of it, clinging always to her basket, holding her breath, listening, every taper sense concentrated in one!

The horses came on with muffled tread, the bristles now and then sending a jar and jingle into the air, the voices rolling through it. Grizel's heart beat so loud that she thought they must hear it as they passed her, but this very terror occupied her mind, and helped her to be still.

"The earlier are all in bed, and not even a dog to bark," one said, as his horse's hoofs touched the end of a bramble that hung over the child's head.

"They keep no dogs, the covenanting curs!" said another. "All the better for us. We'll get the Whig devil in his den afore a snout can reach him."

Though Grizel's heart choked her with such a hurry-hurry of sound, yet she heard every word, and felt every step as if they were marching over her body. One after another they strained by a score of men at least.

She divined from what they said that they believed Sir Patrick to be at home, and they were bound for Redhouse, where, with anguish, yet relief, Grizel realized all that would happen. She pictured her mother's wild anxiety for her father and herself, the roaring of the recruits, the crying children, the search through every street and corner. Oh, God be thanked that they knew no better—that they thought he was there!

\*Bough: branch.

Grizel began to draw herself together when they had passed, feeling that she must not delay a moment to make good her way to the kirk, and take refuge there, when, peering out from her thorny shelter, her heart turned once more to lead in her bosom.

The rear guard, whom she had forgotten, was close to her covert, and evidently had heard or seen something that awakened his suspicions. He stood over her full in the moonlight, a huge figure on his great horse, suddenly drawn up, his charger held in, his head on one side, intent and listening with all his faculties.

He stood for a moment thus, and the child gazed at him in an agony of silent hostility and fear. He was to Grizel the enemy of God as well as of her father.

If there had been a pistol in her hand, in the passion and panic she was in, she might have used it, so sharp and strong was the sense of wrong, of cruel terror and indignation, in her excited spirit. The man stood over her, watching the branches for a moment that seemed an age.

"It might be some of these wild vermin," he said to himself.

And then came a great flash in the moonlight like the leaping out of lightning, which flashed into Grizel's eyes with a dazzling as of flame. That she did not scream out in wild terror, was more due to the paralyzing effect of this sudden awful blaze, than to any restraint on her part.

She lay breathless, her terrified eyes drawn by it, and set in their orbits with deadly fear. It was the flash of the trooper's sword, like a sheet of white lightning in the colorless blaze of the moon.

(To be continued.)

#### For the Companion.

##### BE THOU MINE.

Often in life's battle growing weary,  
All behind me and defects uprearing,  
All before me looking blank and dreary,  
Doubting others and myself despairing,  
Yearning for things better, oh, divine,  
O loving Saviour, be thou mine!  
Nearer thy banner, I myself enrolling,  
Steadfastly I would follow thy kind leading;  
Humbly yield me to thy wise controlling,  
Hear me, Saviour, while my heart is pleading,  
Yearning for things better, oh, divine,  
O loving Saviour, be thou mine!

When by sin I seem to be overtaken,  
When the powers of darkness are surrounding,  
Let me not be there, be ever hovering,  
May thy love be then the more abounding,  
Yearning for things better, oh, divine,  
O loving Saviour, be thou mine!

#### For the Companion.

##### THE NORWEGIAN EMIGRANT.

Just across the confluence from my house stands the old cabin of old Andras Olson.

A coule, in our parlance here in Dakota, is a narrow river, or brook, of rain and snow-water, draining the prairie in the spring. It was May, and we were seeding, but not far from our barn a heavy ice-bridge still spanned the coule. And seeing Andras, my Norwegian neighbor, sitting in his doorway one day, I walked across to have a chat with him.

He was clad in a long black coat, the tails of which nearly swept the ground when he walked. On his head was a cap such as the Norwegians here commonly wear,—a fur cap with the fur on the inside and the skin out.

"Well, Andras," I said, "the winters must be cold here to leave such ice as that. You know I have never spent a winter here yet."

"Cold?" said Andras, looking up with a smile. "Cold out door. But my house be very hot. Susanna and I go out doors in winter never. We sit by stove all days, five months long."

I could not help smiling as I glanced in through the open door. The little house is tent-shaped, sloping on either side clear to the ground. It has a light wooden frame, covered with the roughest and cheapest kind of boards, and over these are laid two thicknesses of tough prairie sod.

The ends are covered in the same way with broad sods piled one on another.

There is one room, one door, one window,—consisting of one sash.

"No," Andras continued, "November, saw woods for all winter. Pile him up here all round door. Plenty potatoes. Buy meal. Kill pig. Then go in house for all winter. In morning, run out quick, get full of water and woods, run in quick and slam door. Then so nice and warm till next day!"

"And do you and your wife never get lonesome all winter?"

"Plenty woods," said Andras, placidly. "Plenty water, plenty pork, plenty sleep. But Susanna,—here be crossed his legs and assumed an air of great superiority,—she get lonesome sometime. She say five month long time for see nobody. Women gets lonesome so easy!"

Susanna was away for the evening, or perhaps Andras would not have ventured this remark.

"But Susanna she got letter from her sister once last year," he continued, "and when she very lonesome, she get letter and read it some more. So by-and-by spring he come again."

"But, Andras," I said, "I hear that there are whole weeks of fine weather here in winter, when it is bright and clear and pleasant. Why don't you go out then, and visit your neighbors?"

Andras crossed his legs, crossed them again the other way,—bringing up against the knee with a sudden violent push on his blue overalls—and looked wise.

"Ten o'clock, very pleasant," he said, grimly.

"Twelve o'clock, very lovely; one o'clock, more

lovely. Sun, he shine so warm. Somebody, he go away from home. Five minutes, all wind, all snow, all cold. No see, no hear, no road, no house. He lost. You never catch no more more, no sir," he said, looking about fiercely at vacant space.

"So you have been caught once?" I asked, sitting down near him on the chopping-block.

He did not answer for some moments. Then he said, slowly:

"Yes, more as two year now, December. Lots of snow, all piled up. Some fields no snow, other fields twenty foot snow. But sun shine, and all so nice."

"Susanna she sick. Not sick for die, but sick for eat only pork all times. Some folks gets sick so easy. But she no want for say so. So she say,"

"Andras, some lovely day, now."

"I knowed she good for say something else, so I say,—"

"Yes, lovely day."

"Andras, you no ought to stay all times in house. Don't you go for take walk?"

"No, I said."

"I go maybe."

"Yes, go little walk to store," she say, "buy some salt beefs. You ought for have some salt beefs, Andras. No good for eat porks all times."

"But I knowed she want it herself, so I laugh and say,—"

"I no care."

"But she say,—"

"You must have beefs. You be sick pretty soon for not have beefs."

Poor Susanna! I thought. Here must be a dull and lonesome life indeed, when the advent of a piece of salt beef, during the winter, could be looked on as a matter of so much moment.

In her case, as in most cases, the wives of pioneers are the ones who bear the brunt of their severe life and most often succumb to its hardships.

"So I wrap up hot," Andras continued, "and put plenty straw in my wooden shoes to keep my feet hot, and go for store. Only seven mile."

"What time did you leave home, Andras?" I asked.

"Twelve o'clock. Get to store two o'clock. Start back half-past tree. All bright, all lovely. But pretty soon come some wind. Pretty soon some more wind. Pretty soon too much wind. All cloud; all dark."

"I afraid for stop. Keep walk on. Very cold. Oh, very cold. Snow fly here, snow fly there. Air all full. No track. All dark."

"Did you feel like stopping, Andras, and falling asleep?"

"Oh yes. So sleepy. But no stop. Walk, walk, all times."

Andras was silent for a moment, and I looked across the prairie toward the village. It was hard to imagine on this pleasant spring evening, how fiercely and cruelly the elements could work on these very fields,—how their force and fury could rise beyond all human power of resistance.

"I stumble down two, tree, four time," Andras continued, "but get up some more."

"Maybe I walk many hours. Night be come. So by-and-by I stumble down, and no get up."

"But pretty soon I wake up a little, and feel something warm. I puts out my hand. Very warm. And made from iron. And round. So I say,—"

"Stove-pipe for some house. And house all covered up. So I feel stove-pipe some more. Look!" and he pointed to what may by courtesy be called the ridge-pole of his little house. "You see stove-pipe? You see bend in pipe? So I feel bend in pipe, so I say,—"

"Andras, you gets home after all!" So I wakes up good, and digs down to roof, and roof not frozen hard near stove-pipe.

"And I cuts away sods, and drops down into house."

"And Susanna she scream. Women gets frightened so easy. But I fall down and sleep till next day."

"And how glad your wife must have been," I said, "when you woke up and told her how you were saved! What was the first thing she said?"

"The first word," said Andras, "was when I look up awake, and she say,—"

"Andras, have you lost my salt beefs?" and her voice so sad like I been died.

"So I knowed I had lost some beefs in snow. And we never see him some more till next April, when snow go away."

"Oh, that was too bad, Andras, to lose it all," I said. I knew that even so small a loss was a serious matter to him.

"Oh, we founded it all right," said Andras.

"Froze hard. We eat him all up. Only we gone waited four months for him. Four months not much to wait for beefs."

As I rose to go Andras asked me for the time.

"Half-past eight," I said.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in consternation. "So late! I will be asleep to-morrow, for go bed so late. Good-night."

And he entered his little home, whither his wife had not yet returned, to rest for the labor of the morning on his farm.

HUGH MITCHELL.

THOROUGHNESS IN WORK.—Mr. Gladstone is the first statesman, the first statesman and the man of most commanding influence in all England. His speech on the budget, the driest of subjects when treated by other leaders, are uniformly at-

tractive. One secret of his power is the thoroughness with which he does all his work. Nothing is ever left at loose ends. This habit was formed in boyhood, and has gone with him through life. A friend tells an incident of his early life which suggests a lesson to boys who are apt to be careless in little things. The friend says:

"We often had archery practice, and the arrows that went wide of the target would get lost in the long grass. Most of us would have liked to collect only the arrows that we could find without trouble, and then begin shooting again; but this was not William's way."

"He would insist that all the arrows should be found before we shot our second volley, and would marshal us in Indian file, and make us tramp about in the grass till every quiver had been refitted. Once we were so long in hunting for a particular arrow that dusk came on, and we had to relinquish the search. The next morning, as I was dressing, I saw through my window William ranging the fields and prodding into every tuft of grass with a stick. He had been busy in this way for two hours, and at length he found the arrow just before breakfast."

The tenacity of purpose in the boy has shaped the public life of the British premier.

#### For the Companion.

##### MARCH.

Pierce blows the blustering wind, and chill  
Its breath: from snow-capped northland hill  
O'er many southern slopes it sweeps,  
And rakes the fields and fells that people  
Unlively from its cover duns,  
Too early trusting to the sun.

The dull clouds send across the sky:  
The dust and stinging swirl on high:  
The beggar shivers to the bone:  
The earthworm burrows 'neath the stone;  
Before the gale each vessel is tossed,  
Or, dashed upon the rocks, is lost.

Old Winter in the lap of Spring  
In early April is lingering:  
Faint Nature in this cheerless mood  
Seems doomed to lasting snow-droud.  
The songling tree-top would howl  
The desolation that prevails.

Grin March is here, and all is drear,  
But look! what sign doth here appear?  
Beside your pathway, with rare grace,  
The tiny blue bird fits his face  
Radiant with heaven's divinest hue,  
A promise sure that skies are blue.

C. ALEX. NELSON.

#### For the Companion.

##### ADVENTURES IN THE LATE CUBAN WAR.

###### SUMMER II.

The Cuban patriots were of two classes, the actual *insurrectors* in arms, fighting and hiding in the eastern interior of the island; and the *laborantes*, or active sympathizers, who worked secretly for the cause at Havana, Matanzas, Santiago and all the other cities and towns garrisoned by the Spanish troops.

The Spanish were, if possible, more relentless toward the *laborantes* than toward the rebels in arms. But there was little choice. An offender of either sort was shot or gibbeted when caught; those who were merely suspected of being secret helpers of the rebellion were so treated. It was a part of the Spanish war policy completely to isolate the *laborantes* from their fellow-patriots in the interior.

Most vigilant guard and picket-duty was done on all their lines; and it was only with much risk and many losses that we kept up communication with our friends, and co-laborers in the towns and districts held by the enemy. Notwithstanding our absolute isolation, however, transmitting and receiving letters and papers, words often passed with no intelligence from the outer world.

At the time of which I write, we were operating on the river Cauto, and thence west toward Zharilla and Cobre, while constantly menacing the Spanish garrison at Manzanillo, a town on the coast. At the last named place there is a fortress (Castillo Gerona), which the enemy secured, although we often raided into the very suburbs of the town, and had destroyed all the outlying plantations.

There were five or six active *laborantes* in Manzanillo with whom we managed to keep in communication. With one of these *laborantes*—subsequently shot—Jose Perez, through a negro named Pedro Maman, who lived at a ruined *quinta* outside the town, I conducted my correspondence and received the entire mail of that part of Cuba. Later, for the first half of 1872, this is the way we managed it.

Three or four miles northwest of the town had formerly stood the *aguarda* of *Padre Maman*, which the Spanish had themselves burned three years before. Upon the plantation stood all alone a palm, or coihui, an immense old trunk of a tree, half dead and hollow. The trunk of this tree was at least ten feet in diameter near the ground; and its height, up to the first great fork, where two huge branches issued, was not much less than a hundred feet.

Maman, one of my colored *soldados*, who was often sent out as a scout, had discovered this tree, and turned it into a watch-tower for his private use. The hole inside the trunk extended up to the forks of the great branches. Maman had first climbed up inside, soon fashioning, but afterward facilitated matters by hanging a line with loops in it inside the hole.

One day, while we were out reconnoitering, Maman told me of "his tree." We crept forward through the cane to it, and climbed up. The hole at the top issued in a perfect snarl of a thick, green, pinnate plant. There was space to get out, on the big branches, and even to stand erect upon them, and yet be completely hidden in the dense mass of thick stems and broad green leaves. In short, it furnished an admirable lookout, perfectly safe, too, so long as the trail at the bottom was not discovered.

From this high perch the Spanish troops, though nearly a mile away, seemed very near; and through my glass the town of Manzanillo, Fort Gerona, the harbor and a wide extent of coast outside were distinctly visible.

Very frequently thereafter I used to come here and occupy myself in this old crib to reconnoiter, and also for pleasure. It was a satisfaction merely to be a peep at the cool blue sea. Moreover, I could watch



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No. 41 TEMPLE PLACE.

For the Companion.

## THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

Grizel's heart had leaped into her mouth, when the sword, like a blaze of quivering light, sprang into the air, and then it sank again to her very shoes as the glittering blade was thrust towards her through the branches that extended themselves over her head.

But she was too low down to be within reach of the cuts that the soldier made at random and carelessly, more as a bravado than as a precaution.

After a moment he put up his sword with an exclamation, "That's a safe," and proceeded slowly on his way, the sound of his horse's hoofs going through and through the little fugitive as she lay motionless in an ecstasy of terror and indignation.

She was afraid to move until these sounds had died away, and yet it was all she could do to restrain herself, to keep down the passion with which her young bosom was bursting. The interval seemed one of years to Grizel, lying bent double with her basket in her arms under the prickly brambles.

To drag herself out was more difficult than it had been in the strong excitement of the moment to seek that shelter. When she emerged at last, with all her pulses beating and her nerves quivering, with limbs that trembled under her and a heavy burden which she could scarcely carry, her spirit had almost given way.

But had Grizel given way, what would have happened? Perhaps the discovery of her father's hiding-place, which would have cost him his life; perhaps the sacrifice of her own, which, at the present time, was so full of value and importance, indispensable to both her parents.

At thought of that she took a little courage and drew herself together. She was torn and bleeding, yet felt nothing but the fluttering of her heart, which made her faint, and the slow, withdrawing steps of the trooper following his companions, which sounded like a knell in her ears.

She did not even dare to make a rush along the road when at last she got free, lest some straggler or sentinel should catch sight of her, but crept along in the ditch, mingling as well as she could her little stooping figure, bent almost double, with the blackness under the broken and irregular hedges.

When, however, she escaped from the telltale moonlight and found herself safe in the shadow of the kirk, the girl flew, her feet scarcely touching the ground. She was no longer afraid of stumbling over the graves, but knew her way among them and threaded through the mounds with a lightened heart, feeling herself safe among those tranquil dwellers in the land, who were her father's body-guard and protectors.

So swift and noiseless was she that she had opened and closed again the door of the vault, and locked it carefully, before Sir Patrick, alarmed as he was by the unusual sounds which had reached even to his retirement, and by the delay, could hurry forth out of his cell to meet her. Instead of giving her usual kiss and cheerful greeting, Grizel dropped into his arms half-fainting and burst into childish tears.

"Oh, the troopers! the troopers!" was all that she could say.

"Then that was what it was! I thought I could not be mistaken," Sir Patrick said. "My Grizy, have the lions harmed ya? My hairn, speak to

me! Oh, the dastards that war upon weans! But if it's so, the villains shall feel a father's hand ere they cut down Patrick Hume! The curse of God!"

"O father, whisht!" said Grizel. "I am not hurt; I am but frichtit. Oh, there was one that took out from his side a flame of fire and stuck it into the bushes—and me lying below! but the rest just laughed and rode by. They're gone to harry the house; and what will my minnie do and me away?"

aid of the pale ray of the moon which came in, broken by the tall weeds and grasses at the little opening in the roof.

"Here's your supper," she said, "and what shall I do? I shall have to bide with you all the night, for if I were to go home, I should fall into their hands; and then they would find this hidin' hole that is so sure."

"It will be long before they will think of coming here," said Sir Patrick; "the like of them are not fond of the company of the dead. You must

arms in her innocence and trust, would be more than words are equal to.

But he, too, fell asleep after awhile, as the gleam of moonlight faded off the wall and the blackness of the winter night filled the cell. It was still all dark when Grizel woke, and with an instinctive horror and bewilderment struggled to the recollection of where she was, and how all this had come about.

It was characteristic that her first thought when she fully realized the circumstances was the same with which she had gone to sleep. She figured to herself all the incidents of the midnight raid upon Rodbrass: the waking of the sleepers, the terror, yet excitement, of the children, her mother's distraction and alarm—"and me away!" Grizel's lively thoughts followed every detail of the scene,—a scene of which she had indeed already been a witness,—until her heart began to beat more and more wildly with the rising tide of anxiety.

Then there came sounds through the darkness at which Sir Patrick also stirred and woke, and the two listened breathless, not venturing to move, while the sound of the troopers sweeping by came to them through the intense stillness, as if it had been over their heads.

They were kept for some time in miserable suspense, hearing those sounds echo about in the neighborhood, now from one point, now from another. Neither spoke, but Sir Patrick felt Grizel's small hands clasp his with a sort of clutch equal to the cry with which she would have relieved her breast had she dared to utter a sound.

"They are searching the town," he said in her ear.

Folwarth was but a small village, but it was the kirktown—the little centre of the rural parish. The father and daughter sat there together motionless, save for that involuntary clasp and whisper, listening, scarcely venturing to breathe.

To Sir Patrick it was no such extraordinary idea to be brought to bay, and finally, to stand for his life, selling it dearly if need were; but the child!

Grizel, for her part, had no consciousness of herself; her little brain was fermenting with plans for him. She turned over a hundred devices in her breathless thoughts.

The door of the vault was strong. Some time must elapse before it could be forced; and she planned how, at the last moment, when there was no time to question but only to act, the lid of an old coffin which she had shuddered at before, custom softened all those grim accessories to her, could be pushed aside and her father forced to hide beneath it. Oh yes, he should be forced; she could do it; she would overpower him with her reasons, she would leave him no time to think.

For Scotland's sake and the truth's—and then for the mother and the children. She ran over in her mind all she would say to him, then imagined herself standing with her head high, to meet the invaders, and already seemed to feel the rope with which they would tie her wrists, and the cold air on her face as she was carried helpless before some trooper to prison. To prison—that was where they would carry her—and what then? had not many a saint gone there?

All this ran through her mind, and was, so to speak, all enacted in her quick, childish imagination in a few moments, less than we have taken to tell it—and so preoccupied was she, that she was scarcely conscious of the gradual ceasing of the sounds that had broken her rest.

Her father, still scarcely venturing to speak,



It was not a moment in which to remark Grizel's confidence in her own power to face the situation, nor was there any vanity in this confidence, for the child had been her mother's right hand all her life. Sir Patrick held her in his arms, and kissed and soothed her, fortunately unconscious in the darkness of the plight in which she was, covered with scratches which were as wounds on the child's soft hands and face.

Grizel herself was too much excited and highly strung to be conscious of anything more than a smarting and stinging, which were as nothing to the tremor and passion in her mind. And she soon came to herself with characteristic sense and promptitude.

"You must have your supper, father," she said. "It is all safe, but we will not light the light, for there might be somebody watching. Oh, if you had seen that sword! It was like the archangel in the picture in the big Bible that you used to let us see on the Sabbath at e'en."

"Shall I never show it to my hairns on a Sabbath evening again?" said the father, with a sigh. "But name not the angel's flaming sword, my Grizy, beside that weapon of blood that one of the tyrant's minions draws from his side. I see the angel must have been there with his shield to cover my brave hairn."

"It was that big bush, that knotty old thorn thorn-tree, with all the haws upon it," said Grizel, with a laugh. "The great white angel would have been o'er grand for Folwarth, but the doddard old thorn would be God's too. Eh, and He'll take care of my minnie and the children, though both me and you are away. Daddy, do you think He'll keep up her heart?"

"That I'm sure He will—better than you or me could do it," said Sir Patrick.

Grizel was moving about in the dark, arranging his meal for him as best she could, with the

not be frightened, Grizel, my lamb. I will put this big cloak about ye, and you will sleep as safe as at home. Come," he said, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. How thankful should I be of your company! for the nights are long, long, and I weary for the breaking of the day."

"Then it has all happened just to give us a ploy," said Grizel. "To be out all night that never happened to me before; and oh, how Sandy and the rest will wonder and grieve with their round big e'en when they see all the candles lighted, and the big soldiers looking into all the presses, and me not there! I hope they'll not say, 'Where's Grizy?' for that might make the men think!"

"Let us be thankful that the men would never think what Grizy was—just a little nursing mother to her daddy," Sir Patrick said, with a smile.

"I must be granny then to the rest," said Grizy, with a soft peal of childish laughter, strangely inappropriate to her surroundings, "if I am minnie to you."

Long, long after, Grizel Hume wrote a song which is still to be found in Scottish poetry, the burden of which is—"Werena my heart light, I would do." That light, gay, valiant heart sprang up in her now, triumphant over all her surroundings.

When she had gathered together the fragments of her father's meal, she crept close to him under his big cloak, and laid her head upon his breast, and chatted and laughed under her breath, and kept him amused and herself too, till sleep overcame her, and she sank into a slumber as profound as if she had been in her snug bed at home. To tell you with what love and pity and tender adoration her father bent over her, holding her in his

\* Ploy: a good time; entertainment.



It seems perfectly wholesome and is very satisfactory to throat: I have drunk gallons of it. It is much be-







ing even then to speak, but the warmth of the fire which he had not seen for so long, and the bodily comfort to which he had been a stranger, soon restored Sir Patrick's spirit. He ate, seated between them, and stretched out his numb feet in the glow of the peats, and said that this must be heaven.

"He took me from the fearful pit, and from the miry clay," he said, quoting the Psalm in the version familiar to Scotland.

"O my good man! it is because of coming out of hell, that ye take this poor place for heaven," cried the lady, with tears.

"It behooves us to think better of the abode of our fathers," said Sir Patrick. "Na, na, you is no hell, where the dead of the righteous is laid. If ye were a learned woman, Jean, I would tell ye ye were thinking of Hades, which was the place of the disembodied, according to classic authors that knew no Heaven. And there have been times when, if not fortified by better thoughts, I would have imagined I saw beings about me that were not flesh and blood."

"Did ye see—ghosts, father?" said Grizel, with cheeks suddenly blanched.

"Whisht, haim, and do not speak nonsense," said Laddy Polwarth, but she too grew pale.

"I saw a bit little person in the dead of the night, with feet that never sounded on the floor, and a bit countenance that was never discouraged. Will you guess who that was, Jean? That told me many a merry jest and all the news of the house, and kept my heart light in the charnel house, nor ever showed a sign of fear, nor thought of ghost or bogie till this night!"

"Ah, that was my Grizay, my helpful bairn! Look at her little hands that were so white and bonnie—that is all for you, Patrick, like the rest."

Grizel put her hands resolutely behind her back. "It was nothing, it was just for fun," she said. "Jamie Winter did more than me, and he is but your hired man, and not daughter to Sir Patrick Hume."

"She is a proud monkey, too," said the fugitive, with a burst of somewhat feeble laughter, which frightened his watchers.

What if old Margaret, with her keen ears, should hear, or little Robbie wake and rouse the house? It was hard to check the joy of the reunion, but yet the time of ease and safety was not come.

The parents talked in whispers of all that had been done, and was to do, of friends in prison, and of "the tyrant's" proceedings against one and another, and of bloody Lauderdale, and his hiring tribunal, and of escaping to Holland if better could not be—though I would fain, fair bid for the sake of the bairns and their heritage," Sir Patrick said.

"Oh, what is stiffer or land, in comparison to peace?" said the lady with tears. "The bairns shouldna starve while we have health and hands."

While they were discussing these things, Grizel was busy with her preparations, which were of the most singular description.

The continued search made through the houses of the disaffected, as they were called, was such that even the naphery-room with its recessed bed, was not safe. The floor beneath this bed had been mined, and a large square hole made, large enough to contain a box covered over with the planking, with openings like the cracks in the planks for air. This was the new hiding-place prepared for the fugitive, the digging of which, performed with her very hands, had deprived Grizel's little fingers of their beauty.

It was paradise to Sir Patrick after the vault, but Laddy Polwarth could do nothing but weep as her husband, the master of the house, stretched himself in his hole.

"I am not hard to please in the way of breathing," he said, "but you will allow, Grizay, there is little enough of it here."

"But this is only for the day, daddie. At night ye will be free, and oh, the merry nights we will have!" said Grizay.

"At night I will be at large like a prince," he said, with a smile. "Come, wife, I will have no sweeping. Fire, and good meat, and sweet company—what more could a man want if he were a king?"

How still the house was, when the mother and daughter stole up stairs in the dead of night! Was it too still, artificially quiet, as a place may be when spies are about? They did not venture to carry a light, but Laddy Polwarth, stealing up the spiral stairs, though they were as dark as the night, seemed to feel lurking figures about, and heard a suppressed breath, as if some one lay watching in the dark doorways of the closed rooms.

She had thought she was as anxious as it was possible to be before, but the danger was not present with her as now. She seemed to walk amidst ranks of possible traitors, for she was unable to do her good servants justice in the tumult and terror of her mind.

But as for Grizel, she flew madly from step to step, scarcely able to keep from singing for joy. No more church-yard expeditions, no more terrors of the night, but only an exercise of all her bright young wits, to keep him in safety and comfort. He should live like a prince, she said to herself, and if the noisier came, what then? The kindest eye would never find out that device. O clever Jamie Winter! cleverer than Grizel, who could not forgive herself for not thinking of it first. Grizel saw no drawback to the safety and comfort of the arrangement.

But, alas, other dangers than those of spies and troopers, dangers which all their wits could not guard against, were near.

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

APRIL.

April! Sweet spirit! meadow with showers,  
And clods in air rainbows, dews and mist;  
Enthroned in clouds of purple anemone,  
And nestled with the soft of spring hours,  
Mild as the quiet breath of new-born flowers,  
See how the lakes in crystal silence lie  
To hear the rain, by swift brooks kissed  
Like silver dew from buds in heavenly bowers,  
A tinge of green lights up the meadow wild,  
And now and then upon the air is heard  
The liquid note of some glad-hearted bird,  
Or gentle cool of running waters whist.  
Hush were the heart of man that would not sing  
When such a hope fills every earthly thing.

K. W. S.

For the Companion.

### THE NEWS FROM PETERSHAM.

Mrs. Peak had been to Petersham herself, to spend Thanksgiving with her niece, and brought the first account of old Mr. Johnson's illness.

Mrs. Jesse Johnson, his daughter-in-law, had come in for a few minutes Thursday afternoon, and had said it was the first time since she could remember that the old gentleman had not been in his seat in church on Thanksgiving Day. And they all felt as if it were a great break.

"He would insist upon setting at the table," said Mrs. Jesse, "but he looked too feeble to be out of his bed. These had colds take hold of a man of his years!"

After the visitor had gone Mrs. Peak and her niece Martha had talked a good deal about the changes in the family which would be sure to come when Mr. Johnson died.

"I know that Jesse's folks are depending upon getting a lift," said Martha. "Miss Jesse has hinted as much to me more than once, for she says Jesse's got more than he can carry in his business, and everything would be easy if he only had a little more capital. Truth is, I have an idea that he's teased a good share away from his father now, and the old gentleman isn't so ready as he used to be to further his projects. And there's William, his other son, I know it to be a fact that he is intending to go out West when his father's taken away. He has had a notion of it for a good while; his wife's sister's folks are all out there and doing well."

"They'll be very much missed as a family," said Mrs. Peak; "how Petersham has changed from what it was when I was a girl!"

When she went home the next day she was quite disheartened, and told Asa Fales, who happened to be at the depot when the train came in and offered to carry her home, that old Mr. Daniel Johnson was breaking up—at least, so his family seemed to think.

Asa Fales was deeply concerned; the two villages were only a few miles apart, and he had been a Petersham boy. It was old Mr. Johnson to whom he owed his rise in the world, and he remembered that he might never have owned his flourishing country store, if it had not been for this kind friend's assistance.

Besides, he had been confident of Mr. Johnson's support—if he should make up his mind to buy a large tract of woodland which would pay well for being cleared that very next winter. He was already indebted to him, however, and it would be a very different thing if he were the debtor of the eager heirs.

So with all this in his mind he questioned Mrs. Peak anxiously, and they concluded that Mr. Johnson's end was not far distant.

"Of course he made a great effort to get to the table on account of his being Thanksgiving," said Asa, sorrowfully, "but I'm afraid he'll give right up now. I'd ride right over to see him to-morrow, but I can't get away. 'Tis right in my busy time; I'm buying up a great deal of wood this fall, and some of 'em are bringing it in now on wheels instead of waiting for snow."

"The snow does keep off late this year," said Mrs. Peak. "Here it's the first of December, and there's only been one flurry that was hardly more than a hoar-frost."

They had reached the little gray house behind the blue-bushes, where Mrs. Peak lived alone, and as she unlocked its side-door and went in, it seemed strangely cold and lonely.

"I must look about for a lively kitchen," she said to herself; "they're a sight of company, and what trouble it gave would be no harm. I declare it makes me feel lonesome; all the folks I have always been used to knowing seem to be flying off. I always set a good deal by Daniel Johnson."

Two neighbors looked up the road a little later than this through their kitchen windows, and seeing a light in Mrs. Peak's kitchen also, said to themselves that she might be kindly that evening without anybody to speak to, and they would step over and hear the news. They met at the door, each with a shawl over her head and her knitting-work in her hands;—and were welcomed home heartily.

Mrs. West, who was very fond of talking, began at once to describe her experiences Thanksgiving morning, when she found that the cats had stolen into the pantry during the night, and mingled the turkey so that it was only fit to be thrown away. It was too late to get another, except a rack of bones fit only for a lantern, that had been left at Fales's store.

"I didn't know what in the world I would do. There was all the folks coming; his sister and all the children, and my brother and his wife, and we three at home are middlin' hearty—but there; we made out with the chicken-pie and a spare rib I put right in. It so happened I had one that was thawed. An' I took those cats and soured 'em well in a tub o' water, after I'd give 'em as good a beating as I knew how. And after a while they stole in half force, and set by the stove meek as Moses with their paws tucked underneath 'em, and when I'd look at 'em they'd mew at me both to gether 'bout making a sound. For all I was so worked up, I had to laugh."

They all laughed along at the cats, while Mrs. Peak acknowledged that she had just been thinking of getting a kitten, but such accounts as this were discouraging, and Mrs. West promptly offered her own virtuous pussies, which amused the little company very much.

"You haven't told us yet whether you heard anything over at Petersham," said Mrs. Rogers, the other guest, at which Mrs. Peak's face grew long.

"I had a beautiful visit with Martha," she answered, "but I've been feeling anxious to hear again from old Mr. Daniel Johnson. Jesse's wife came in and said he seemed very feeble. He didn't make no effort to get out to meetin' Thanksgiving Day, and Martha said she'd noticed he looked pale and kind o' wizened up two or three weeks ago."

"I suppose the cold weather pinched him up," suggested Mrs. West. "Well, he'll be a great loss."

"I heard from him direct this morning," continued Mrs. Peak, mournfully. "I called to Jesse's oldest boy as he went by, and he said his grand-ther wasn't any better. I asked if he was a-bed, and he said, 'no.' He's got a sight o' resolution; I shouldn't wonder if he didn't take his bed at all."

"I don't see how they'll pay their minister the salary they give him now, when they lose Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Rogers. "He's always ready to give, and he does what he can for his folks. I shouldn't wonder if he hadn't but a little property left, after all he's had to do, and being out o' business for some years now."

"He's kept his money a-movin'," observed Mrs. West. "There ain't no such business-man about here, but there's been plenty o' hands reached out to take what they could get. Well, 'tis all over now; he won't last a great while if he's as feeble as you say. His father went just the same way, only kept the house a week, and his bed the last day."

"I should have gone right over to see him myself yesterday," said the hostess, "but it kept raining steady all day, same's it did here, I suppose."

"They'll be likely to have his funeral from the meeting-house, won't they?" asked Mrs. Rogers, solemnly; but nobody could answer her question.

Next day being Sunday, and most of the congregation coming from the scattered farms, there was the usual exchange of greetings and inquiries for news. And in this way the sad story of Mr. Johnson's last illness was spread far and wide before night. And in passing from one to another, the report became every hour more serious. At last some one ventured to say, that judging from what she had just heard, the poor man could not now be living. And the listener felt justified in announcing that Mrs. Smith thought there was no doubt that he was dead.

Late on Sunday night Mrs. West brought the news to Mrs. Peak.

"He heard it from some one who stopped at Asa Fales's, but there weren't no particulars," and Mrs. Peak said one had no idea Mr. Johnson would go so soon. It was a great shock to her, as much so if he had not known of his illness.

"Death is always sudden at the last," said Mrs. West. "I suppose you will go over to the funeral—it seems a pity you should have come home Saturday, don't it?"

"I shall get ready to go by the first train," answered the old lady, crying a little. "I declare I wish I'd gone there before I come away. It aint that I think of the expense of going to Petersham twice, for that's nothing at such a time as this, but I can't feel reconciled to not seeing him again. He was a most amiable Christian man,—there won't be many dry eyes in Petersham the day he's buried. I've known him ever since I've known anybody."

So by the earliest train next day Mrs. Peak went back to Petersham. Her countenance wore a solemn expression. She felt herself to be one of the chief mourners, though her place in the procession would probably be not far from the least adorned end.

As she stepped down from the car, she pulled a very long face, and was surprised to see no signs of the calamity which had befallen the village. She meditated upon the way the world moves on though its best men die—and took her way, to save time, through the back streets to her niece Martha's.

"Well, Martha," she said, sadly, "I'm sure I didn't think I should be back again so soon when I left you. When do they bury?"

"Who?" asked Martha, much amazed. She was busy washing, and was not in the least prepared for her aunt's appearance. She was used to making careful arrangements when she expected guests,—being, as her friends said, very set

in her ways—and if there was anything she disliked it was a lack of ceremony, even from her nearest relatives.

"I haven't heard of any death," she assured her aunt, who was apparently much perplexed.

"Somebody told the Wests last night that Mr. Daniel Johnson had passed away, and Miss West came right out to tell me," she explained at last.

Martha began to laugh. "He was out to meet last night as sure as the world," she said. "He's had a bad cold—you know he's always been subject to fall colds—but he's about again. I heard Jesse's wife fussin' at him about doin' up his throat when we were comin' out o' the meetin'-house last night."

"She was dreadful down-hearted about him, I'm sure, when she come in 'Thanksgiving night,'" ventured Mrs. Peak in self-defence.

"Now, Aunt Peak," said Martha, "haven't you seen enough of Lydia Johnson by this time to know that she always thinks everything and everybody is going to rack and ruin? She was cheerful about the old gentleman to what she is sometimes. To be sure we all know he's getting along in years."

"Seems to me I do recollect she is apt to look on the dark side," reflected Mrs. Peak. "But now, Marthy, don't speak to any one of what my errand was in coming over. I've got a little shopping any way that I forgot last week, and folks will think we're dreadful hungry for news over our way."

"It does look like it," chuckled Martha. "But do stop to dinner, aunt, now you're over—it's coming winter and you may not get started again. 'Tis a pity there aint something else for you to go to—I s'pose you've heard that story about the old ladies that set out for a funeral and found they'd missed the day, and asked the folks if they didn't know of a funeral they could go to?"

"Marthy," said her Aunt Peak, "I should think you had no feelin's. It wasn't my fault as I know of that the story got about. I did speak of it to one or two that his son's wife appeared concerned—and when word come that he was gone I only thought she had good reason to be anxious; and he was an old friend, and a leader in church interests, and I thought, natural enough, I'd come right over."

"Don't take it hard of me, joking with you," said Martha, "but it is kind of amusing when you come to look at it and see how stories get made up and set going out of nothing. Every one of 'em thinks they tell the truth, and first thing you know there's a lie travelling about fast as lightning," and she turned to her neglected washing, as if no time must be lost.

"I can't get back before two. I'm sorry I happened to trouble you on an inconvenient day, I'm sure," said Mrs. Peak, humbly. "I'll step down the street for awhile and do a few errands, and you mustn't let me put you out. Just a cup of tea and a taste of bread and butter'll be all I ask for," and Martha nodded and told her aunt not to worry, and to have as good a time as she could.

The old lady's pride had met with a sad downfall—she did not know how to face the people at home. But luckily she was saved the first acknowledgment, as Asa Fales had reached Petersham before her and had found Mr. Daniel Johnson briskly at work by the garden trellis covering his grape-vines.

He had prudently avoided any reference to the next world, and, indeed, had learned the falseness of the story from a Petersham man whom he had met on the road. So he entered at once upon the project of buying the pine woods between Gastown and Hollis, and found to his great satisfaction that his old friend would be glad to join him if the affair could be well arranged.

Mrs. Peak herself met Mr. Johnson, and could hardly look him in the face when she asked for his health. And when the neighbors came in one after another that evening after she was again comfortably established at home, she said, "You may laugh at me all you have a mind to, but I don't mean to need another lesson like this—I think it's a good deal better to mind what we've got to do instead of livin' on what folks have got to say; but it's hard to teach an old dog new tricks, and I suppose I shall always like to hear what news there is a-goin'." S. O. JEWETT.

### CARLYLE'S FATHER.

Thomas Carlyle's father was one of five brothers, all of whom are described by a neighbor as "pithy, bitter-speaking bodies, and awfy fellers" [fighters]. James, the father of Thomas, was notable for his intellectual and moral force. In many ways his character was akin to that of his illustrious son.

"A curious body; he beat this world," said an old lady, who knew him well. "A spirited body; he would sit on no man's coat-tails. And as for his temper, he was a sight to see! No matter how he would give to things and folk! His words he had as never been heard before! He was a very strict old body, and could bide no contradiction."

Those familiar with Carlyle's books will recognize in this description of the father the same, not only of the son's self-assertive, constructive temperament, but also of his pungent sayings and peculiar expressions.

"I have often wondered," said Edward Irving, the eloquent preacher, to the son, after listening to the father's talk, "where you acquired that pithy, original and forcible manner of expressing



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For the Companion.

## THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

There ensued, however, a time of great quiet and peace—one of those moments of tranquillity sometimes accorded in the midst of suffering to give repose and strength to those who yet have much more to bear.

It was discovered, to the consternation of the house, that "the moth" had got among the napery, from which cause a fire was kept in the room, and Grizel and her mother found a great deal of occupation in tarring over the linen and examining its condition.

Now and then one of the servants was allowed to enter, to bring in the peats, or light the fire, that no apparent secrecy might give the alarm. But that old Margaret had her suspicions the lady had no doubt.

"The moth in the napery? Na, na, my leddy, ye'll no tell me that. Yeken the saying, 'Maggot's seed in oo' will breed, but there's nothing in't when it's cloth of lint.'"

"You were always a great one for old sayings, Margaret," her mistress said; "but moth will fray the finest damask as well as your ough plaiding."

"Wonders will never cease," said the old woman, who did not believe a word of this. "I mind when I was a young thing an awful judgment that fell upon a house—a beast that got into the meal grisel."

Ek, but that was just a judgment of God. The goodwife was a devout woman, but the man was an ill person and would not change his ways. Many's the hour the poor woman spent upon her knees pleading with the Lord to remove His heavy hand. But it was never done till the man broke his neck one Saturday, coming back from the market; and the beast was never heard tell of more."

"Is it me you would have break my neck that the plague may cease?" said Leddy Polwarth, with a smile; "for you cannot mean"—and here the poor lady, who was shaken by her great anxiety, shed a few tears without power to restrain them.

"Oh, the Lord forbid!" cried Margaret, very pensive, but still profoundly curious. She would have guarded her mistress' secret with her life, but she was wounded at the thought that she was not trusted. She was the only person in the house, however, who exhibited any suspicion, though the moth in the linen was a thing that startled all.

"And Grizel, she just eats and eats till ye would think she would burst," Sandy said, agitated, "and my minnie never says a word. If it was Patie or me, it would be, 'Oh, these hungry laddies!' And she is just as powkitt and as little as ever, though she devours the guid meat like one of our troopers—the big, malignant devils!"

"Sandy, ye are swearin'," said Juliann.

"No, I'm no swearin'. They're jist devils, and fire comes out of their horses' hoofs."

"And so would fire come out of your horse's hoofs if ye struck them against a stone," said Patrick.

"O Sandy, hold your tongue! My minnie says we must call no ill names; and somebody might hear."

"I'm no mindin' wha hears," Sandy said.

Patrick, the eldest, was gentle and weakly, but Sandy had all the mettle of his forefathers.

This conversation was held near to the door of the napery-room, and Sir Patrick, in his concealment, heard the voices of his children in a strange ecstasy of pleasure and pain. But in a minute more the alert step of Grizel sounded along the passage.

"Whisht in the meantime. I will take no harm; there are worse things than cold water; but get everything quiet as soon as you can, and send for Jamie Winter. Say nothing to your mother till the balms are in their beds and all is still. No harm," said Sir Patrick, reassuring her with a smile, "will happen to me."

Poor Grizel felt that the end of all things had come. All their trouble and pain gone for nothing, their little melancholy enjoyments, the relief from those midnight expeditions, which, brave as

voices within had seemed to welcome some new comer.

Sir Patrick, alarmed at first, made up his mind, being well aware of all the usual incidents of this tranquil country life, that it must be some wandering packman or pedler who had thus moved the household. For it was the voices of the maids that were most loud, and their kind master knew well what a "p'play" it was for them, what a festive and delightful incident, when the travelling pedler came with his wares, and the pack was opened and all its stores unfolded.

He smiled with friendly sympathy in their simple pleasure, terrible though his own plight was. And there was always the likelihood that the pedler might bring news, which came at all times so slowly and with such difficulty in those days, and doubly so in times of trouble, when a sort of civil war was rending the country.

He thought that in the distance he once heard his wife's voice utter a cry of distress, and the minutes seemed to lag along like hours as he lay helpless in such discomfort of body and trouble of mind. By the usual contrariety of events, it was later than usual when Grizel and her mother came in, carrying his food and the dry clothes which had become necessary.

Their soft steps gliding along the floor, even before he saw them, brought ease to his heart, and he did not observe anything more than the seriousness which his own news of the rising of the water in his hiding-place naturally called forth in the looks of Leddy Polwarth, until he had changed his

wet clothes and eaten his meal, during which his wife sat beside him and talked in subdued tones, telling him that Jamie Winter was waiting to be called in to give his opinion upon the new misfortune, while Grizel sat on a stool behind her father with her face hidden in her hands.

He thought she was crying, and missed her cheerful little note, but would not, in his tenderness, disturb his little Grizel. When, however, she arose to carry away the remains of his supper, he saw that her face was swollen with tears, and caught her by the arm.

"It may be bad, but it is not so bad as this," he said. "What will happen to us if our Grizel loses heart?"

"O Patrick!" cried his wife, "there is terrible news. I would not tell ye till ye had eaten and drunken, and got a little strength. Andrew Wyllie, the packman, has been here to-day, straight from Edinburgh; and the first thing he had to say—for he knew what friends ye were—was about Jerviswood, our kind Jerviswood, that was the friend of us all."

"What about Jerviswood?" said Sir Patrick, growing pale; but what need to ask? Already at the first word he knew, and his face grew stern and sad with a sorrow that was likewise righteous wrath, and beyond tears.

Leddy Polwarth permitted herself to weep, now that the first words were said, and little Grizel, who had carried her father's message to his friend in prison, came and laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed.

"The tyrant," said Leddy Polwarth, "has had his will of that saint on earth. Wednesday was a week, he suffered in the Grassmarket, where so many have gone before him. Patrick, we must not mourn, for oh, who would bide in this distracted Scotland, that could win there?"

Sir Patrick Hume raised his gaunt head, worn with confinement and suffering.

"I mourn none," he said, though his voice was



"O Grizel! Sandy's swearin'," said Juliann.

"I'm sayin' the troopers are devils, and that's no swearin'. I'm sayin' I wish my daddie was here to cut them down; but the rest are feared," said Sandy.

"Me, I'm no feared. I would get on black Bess's back, the big charger, and just say, 'Come on!'"

"O Sandy! bide a little," said Grizel.

"If my daddie could hear ye, he would say, 'Sandy must eat two—three more sheep's heads before he could bid the troopers 'Come on!'"

"Wha's laughing?" said Sandy, very fierce.

"Nobody—me—the whole of us," said Grizel.

and she hurried off to her work in the napery-room, where the fire had just been lighted for the sake of the linen.

She closed the door upon the children softly before she took breath, for it was Sir Patrick in his box, in danger of his life, who had laughed—a low chuckle indeed, but audible and mysterious, had the children been less occupied with their own affairs. Grizel turned the well-oiled key in the door, and then she removed one of the planks and shook her wise head at the grim figure all bearded and gaunt that lay concealed there.

"O daddie, will ye never learn not to laugh?" she said.

"Never, I hope, my Grizel," though he spoke only in a whisper; "and whose fault was it, putting our merry jest in my mind?"

Merry jests that had been told in the vault and that now, repeated, shook the subterranean bed with laughter suppressed! You will think there was not very much wit in it either, but family p'asantries do not need to be very bright.

The gaunt spectre raised himself a little, added, still with the smile lingering about his hollow eyes, "Be composed, my bonnie bairn; the Lord will show us a way out of it. I'm floating, Grizel; the water is in the hole."

"O father! father!" the girl cried; "what shall we do?"

she was, had been so great a strain upon her powers. It was not in flesh and blood, aged fourteen, not to weep over this new misery.

"I think we are just beaten this time," she said, involuntarily, with a moan that came from her very heart.

"No, no, my lamb," said Sir Patrick; "never beaten as long as there is God above and a stout heart to trust in Him. You will see it will turn out just the best thing that could have happened. But you will have to smuggle me down some dry clothes."

And this was the man who had almost betrayed himself laughing at her childish joke ten minutes since! It took Grizel half an hour at least to get up her heart. Would it be necessary to take him back to the vault? She shivered at the thought, for now it was over, Grizel had often asked herself how she could have done it; and to begin all over again!

But by-and-by she dried her tears, and her mind began to work once more.

Meanwhile, too, other thoughts were rising in Sir Patrick's mind. He had seen the keen anxiety in his wife's face, and how she shook like a leaf at every sound. He divined that the joy of having access to him, and being able to look after his comfort, was almost neutralized by the additional terror from which she was never free, and that the risk of another descent on the house by the soldiers, or even a search by other visitors less violent, would break down her nerves altogether.

This had been gradually growing more and more apparent to him, and the new incident brought a climax to his thoughts. He had time to think it well over when Grizel was called to the evening meal, and he was left in his dark imprisonment with the cill of the water rising about him, to settle what he must do.

Sounds and steps without in the twilight had warned him of some novelty, and a stir of







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For the Companion.

## THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

It was deep night when they rode away. The time which had elapsed had been spent, it need not be said, in consultation as to the family and what was best to be done for its welfare, which bore a certain resemblance to those sad consultations that take place about a deathbed.

Sir Patrick talked cheerfully indeed, but to Lady Hume this venture into the unknown through the ring of adverse forces which were on the watch around her house, and with the possibility that the fugitive might be arrested within reach of his own door, was almost more terrible than any certainty.

"How am I to live till I hear of ye?" she cried, with tears which she could not restrain and with almost the feeling that the Laddy of Jerviswood weeping her husband was not so much to be pitied as she; though next instant she would cry out, "God forgive me, that has still my good man, while that poor lady has nothing but a memory."

Meanwhile, little Grizel was at her needle, doing tailor's work with that genius which is developed by necessity, converting the garments of Sir Patrick Hume into clothes not unfit for Dr. Wallace, with no time to think what was coming, glad to leave her mother free to talk over all there was to be done.

When Sir Patrick reached Holland safely (for he would not say *if*, but laughed tenderly at all her terrors), the first thing to be done would be to send her such instructions as would make it clear for her how to follow him, with all the train of children and such necessary goods as she could bring.

To speak of this brought a faintness over the poor lady. She felt like John Bunyan, when he heard the poor women at Bedford jail talk of their joy and peace in Christ when he was in despair. Would it ever come to pass, that wonderful hope? Could it ever be that she should dwell again at peace, under a peaceful roof, however humble, and have no fear of the "tyrant" or his "minions," no visitation of rough troopers to dread, or insult, or ravage? It seemed too much to think of.

"And are there many Scots there?" asked Grizel, from her work.

"Plenty of Scots and plenty of kindness, and a bonnie young Princess that will make my Grizzy one of her ladies."

"No," said Grizel, "that would never do. Let it be Julian, father, for what would my minnie do without me?"

This made Lady Hume smile among her tears, and the father and daughter laughed to cheer her. To tell the truth, neither of them were far from weeping in that last evening together.

It was not till a little while before the hour that John Allan, the grieve, was told of the mission confided to him. Jamie Winter had warned him beforehand, and openly, that the laddy meant to send him off to Morpeth Fair with the brown pony, which was a beast of a good pedigree and for which a good price was expected, an order which Allan had taken simply enough.

"There should be a lad to ride it," she grieve said.

"Oh, ay, there will be a lad to ride it," Jamie replied.

But when the hour arrived and the laddy herself, calling him apart, communicated to the man who it was who was to ride with him, Allan's consternation and amazement were such that Lady Hume, already so anxious, almost broke down altogether. The man became as pale as death, great drops of cold moisture stood on his forehead.

"Shall I ever see my man again? Oh, shall we ever see your father again?" cried the lady, leaning helpless upon Grizel.

"Mother, has not God the care of him?" Grizel said, sobbing. "Come in now; come in, that nobody may hear."

You may think there was little sleep in the lady's bedchamber that night. Even to lie down was impossible. It seemed to Lady Hume that she was giving some aid to her husband when she

"Oh, stand up! stand up! May be they have not gotten him. May be they are coming in search of him, and him safe and far on his way. Look there! a light gleaming on the trees! They are carrying torches. They would not do that if they had a prisoner, to rouse the countryside."

"O Grizy! they are more like demons than men. How can we tell what they would do?" "But, mother, they surely would not rouse the country," poor Grizel said.

They spoke in gasps, not knowing, indeed, whether they spoke at all, and scarcely audible to themselves; it was like an interchange of quick thoughts, and then they stood silent scarcely breathing, leaning one against the other, as if without that prop they must fall.

Thus standing they watched, the torches gleam up the avenue, and the sound of the horses, and the voices of the men coming nearer and nearer.

When the troop defiled into the open space in front of the castle, and showed by the lurid light of the torches, Laddy Polwarth and her daughter had come, by stress of emotion, to feel as if all the life in them was mechanical, not more than enough to keep them upright by external support, and able to listen and look, seeing and hearing more than any calm woman not driven to extremity could see and hear. The first thing that reassured them was that there seemed no prisoner in the midst of the troop,

as Sir Patrick would surely have been, so important a prize as he was, had he been taken. This gave them some command over their faculties.

Then Grizel whispered, "They are setting guards at every door; they think he is here," and the two drew breath and kissed each other in the first fulness of relief.

"We must keep them in parley as long as may be, and let them search and search," said Laddy Polwarth. "Quick, my Grizy! go to your bed. They must find us in our beds, and hard, hard to wake. Oh, the Lord forgive me for trying to make him bide—and the Lord be thanked he is out of here!"

"If it had been last night, mother!" said Grizel, with a shiver.

The thrill of danger escaped is almost more penetrating than that of actual peril. The lady's head seemed to turn round and round as she felt herself thus on the edge of a precipice just eluded and no more.

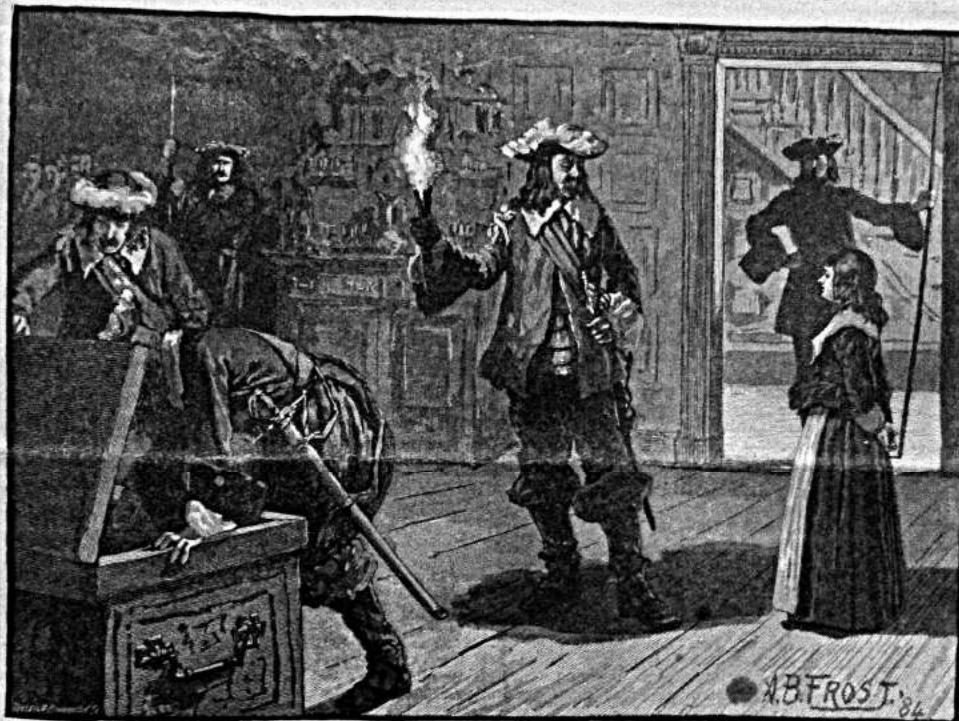
They had taken off their dresses hurriedly and lain down in the great bed under its silken canopy, when a violent knocking began at the great door, with the summons of a voice to open in the King's name.

It was impossible not to tremble at these sounds, secure as they were in the consciousness that Sir Patrick was no longer in the house. Grizel kept her arms close clasped around her mother. She thought of her own adventure in the moonlight, and the sword that had been lifted over her head like a flame.

"O mother, will ye have to parley with them?" she said.

Fearless as the child was, the thought of being brought face to face with the soldiers was almost more than her excited imagination could bear.

Servants are slow to wake even for the loudest summons, and those at Polwarth were old, and accustomed to a gentle sway. They woke unreluctantly, and began to stir slowly in different



"Oh, my good maister!" he cried. "Is he here? and has he not got free o' these villains?"

"John," said Lady Hume, weeping, "his life is in your hands—and mine too, for my heart would break if any harm happened to my good man."

"My laddy," said the man, whose voice was broken and quivering, "the Lord do so by me and more also, if I do not guard him with my life."

But the laddy had to bring him a cup of her own cordial, which she kept for rare occasions, before the trembling went off and the man was himself again.

He cried like a child when he was brought into the presence of his master, and saw how gaunt and grim and worn the handsome Sir Patrick had become.

"We thought you were safe and far away," he said. "I would rather than a hundred pounds that it had been so."

"Well, John, it's but a few days in the future," said Sir Patrick, with a smile, "if your pony is as good as I hear it is."

"It will be no blame of the pony, Sir Patrick, nor mine," said Allan; "but I would give a year's wage we were over the border."

"Fear not, my good man, it shall not cost you so much," said his master, with a smile.

Sir Patrick would do nothing but jest and smile till the moment came. The roads were "soft," as they call them in Scotland, muddy and heavy with rain, which was a blessing of Providence, they all thought, to deaden the sound as they rode away into the night.

Lady Hume and Grizel stood outside in the rain and watched the two grim figures disappearing into the confusion of mist and darkness. They sank gradually into the night like two great ghosts, and the watchers clasped each other's hands and leaned against each other for support—two but one, with hearts echoing each other, making a tumult of sound which seemed to fill the whole atmosphere.

walked about the room, or looked out from the turret window, straining her eyes into the darkness, wondering how far they could have gone by this time, and whether Allan knew all the short ways, and where they would be by dawn.

Alas, long before dawn the watch at the window was recomposed. It was Grizel who first, with anguish impossible to be described, heard the faint sounds which she thought meant the return of the fugitives. The girl implored her mother for the hundredth time to go to bed.

"I will bide here," she said. "I'm no sleepy, and if anything happens, I will call you."

"How could I rest and your father riding for his life?" said Laddy Polwarth, and then the sound which had startled Grizel met her ears too.

"They are coming back," she said. "They have met some danger on the way."

They stood together pressed against the window looking out into that blackness in which there was nothing but a faint difference of tone between the sky and the earth. Their eyes were blinded looking out into the dark depths of night, but it seemed to help their hearing thus to gaze and gaze, putting one sense into another. As the sound of hoofs penetrated the stillness, with little pauses and intervals, they grasped each other's hands tighter.

"They are flying," said Lady Hume, breathless. "They have been warned of some treachery. Quick, Grizy! let us go down and open the door!"

Here Grizel clasped her closer than ever, and detained her.

"Mother, that is not two horses! it is a troop!" Lady Hume gave a great cry, and sank on the floor on her knees.

"They have fallen into the enemy's hands," she said. "Oh, my heart! I felt it would come to harm. They are prisoners. Grizy! Grizy! look to the bairns, for I think I will die!"

"Minnie, you shall not die!" cried the girl.



parts of the house. Old Thomas, who served the table, when he had risen with many grumblings, opened a window and called out,—

"What are ye wanting at this hour of the night—and wha may ye be?" in a quavering, unwilling voice.

"Gie the auld fool a bullet, and that will learn him to ask questions," said the rough voice from below.

And then another window was hastily thrown up.

"O gentlemen, nae bullets! nae bullets, for the love of God! The man is just a fool as ye say, and I will come and open till ye," cried the voice of Margaret, shrill in the thick air of the night.

"Be quick, auld wife, or ye'll have something to hasten ye," said the intruder.

"O my bonnie gentlemen, just the time to put on some clothes," pleaded the old woman.

A moment after her light flashed into the room where Laddy Polwarth and Grizel listened trembling in the dark.

"My laddy! my laddy! are ye so sure that ye can lie still and take no heed? But oh, do not be o'er sure!" cried Margaret.

They heard her voice again, explaining loudly to the troopers without, as the mother and daughter got up again and lighted their candle, and put on the dresses they had taken off a few minutes before.

"My laddy is in her bed, and all the bairns sleeping. I'm no saying but ye may have a lawful errand, but oh, be canny a wee, and wait till her laddie is fit to speak to ye."

"None o' your fleecing, ye old witch!" cried the rough voice outside. "We're here for that bloody rebel, Patrick Hume. 'We're sure news that he is in the house this time. If your laddy is hiding him behind her jupes, the worse for her and for the bairns too!"

Here Laddy Polwarth in turn opened the window, and looked out upon the strange scene below. How the lady trembled!

Grizel stood close behind, with her arms round her mother's waist, propping her, and joining the strength of her young throbbing heart to the other which beat so wildly. Her eyes were scarcely higher than Laddy Polwarth's shoulder, over which she peered at the confusion below, the red glare of the torches clearing a space out of the surrounding darkness in which the figures of the soldiers showed darkly, with gleams of reflection from their helmets and breastplates.

The sergeant who led the party was a little in advance; there was no superior officer at the head of this night raid, and the movement of the horses and men outable broken by sounds of bolts and bars tremulously withdrawn within, filled the air with an unpeacelful clangor.

It was strange amid this din to hear the lady's voice, soft and high, with a tremble in it that all her fortitude could not restrain.

"It's a strange hour," she said, "to come to a lady's house that is little better than a widow woman, with her lord away. But my people will throw all open as soon as they are well wakened out of their sleep. And, sirs, ye will show courtesy, I hope, to a household mostly of women and bairns."

"Ye speak fair, my laddy," said the sergeant, with a rude salute, "but ye hide an arch rebel and bloody traitor. Let Sir Patrick Hume deliver himself up, and not a man o' mine shall cross your doors."

"Sir," said Laddy Polwarth, "Sir Patrick Hume is neither rebel nor traitor, but a true man. I hope he is far, far out of reach, but will ye believe me whatever I say? I trow not! But ye will believe your own eyes, though ye will not take my word."

"I'll take nobody's word, by ———!" cried the trooper.

And then there ensued a scene which Grizel never forgot. The castle was turned suddenly into a kind of pandemonium, full of lurid light, and ringing with harsh sounds and voices.

The servants, all but old Margaret, who stood her ground by her nursery, were collected in the dining-hall, where Laddy Polwarth after a time followed. Grizel, who was little enough to be unnoticed, yet old enough to observe everything, with her keen eyes watched them from chamber to chamber, as they went, thrusting their spears into every corner, turning out even the little bed in which little Robbie sat up staring with big blue eyes and rosy mouth wide open, too bewildered to cry.

A strange electric dancing of mirth and excitement was in Grizel's veins. When she saw the sentinels posted at all the doors, she could not contain herself, but laughed aloud.

"What are ye laughing at, little mistress?" cried the leader of the expedition, turning sharply upon her.

"I am laughing," said Grizel, "at all those big men against my wee brothers and old Tammas; for, sir, I suppose ye do not fight with ladies and old serving-women," cried the girl in her daring.

Her low stature, and curling hair, and laughing air of childhood disarmed the man, but he gave her a suspicious glance.

"If ye were in Edinburgh, mistress, they would try ye with a turn of the foot and see if ye would laugh then," he growled under his big moustache.

Laddy Polwarth called the girl to her side with an imploring look. But Grizel's eyes had in them a gleam of scorn and triumph which it was not easy to dissemble. Her heart had jumped up

light as a bird—all this time Sir Patrick was speeding through the night, while the troopers with their muskets watched every door. What a merry jest to tell the father when all their trouble was over!

(To be continued.)

For the Companion.

#### FAITH'S UNSEEN FLOWERS.

Sweet Easter lilies, pure and white,  
Ye seem most fade from earthy sight.  
But there are flowers no eye can see,  
Blossoms of immortality!

Their precious buds awake in bloom,  
As Christ ascended from the tomb;  
These unseen flowers we love to lay  
On dear ones as they pass away.

FLETCHER HATES.

For the Companion.

#### A CONQUERED ENEMY.

"You are to have the Coopers for neighbors, I hear," said Mrs. Bailey, as she stopped on her way "down town" to chat for a moment over the fence with her cousin, Mrs. Sunderland. "Look out for squalls!"

Mrs. Sunderland paused in her work of snipping the withered blossoms from a running rose to turn an inquiring glance toward the speaker.

"What is wrong about the Coopers? They are honest, sober, industrious folks, are they not?"

"All of that, with many other virtues beside," Mrs. Bailey replied, laughing. "Nevertheless, I'd rather have them live next door to you than to me."

"Don't be so mysterious," Mrs. Sunderland said, her good-humored face beginning to wear a shade of anxiety. "Either tell me all there is to tell, or tell me nothing."

"There is nothing very dreadful to reveal, and what there is, is no secret. You would have known Mrs. Cooper's reputation as well as everybody else in Greenville does if you were not a newcomer. She is said to be the worst-tempered woman in town, and has never lived neighbor a month to any family without getting up a quarrel with them; therefore, I say, beware of squalls."

Mrs. Sunderland did not think that the dangers her cousin had warned her to prepare for were of a very serious character, but being a woman "wise in her generation," she deemed it prudent to pour oil upon the waves before any signs of a storm became visible. A day or two after her new neighbors arrived, seeing Mrs. Cooper making some endeavor to improve the condition of a very neglected garden-plot, Mrs. Sunderland stepped to the dividing fence and begged her neighbor's acceptance of a basket full of vegetables she had just gathered from her own thriving garden.

"It is so late in the season that I'm afraid you will not be able to raise much in your garden this year," she said, pleasantly; "and as I have more garden-truck than I can make use of, I shall be glad to have you help me dispose of it."

Mrs. Cooper turned upon her a face that certainly was not very prepossessing, for it was dark, sallow and scowling, and when she spoke it was with such a misplacing of her aspirates as at once betrayed her to have been at no very distant date a subject of Queen Victoria.

"I'm much obliged to you, ma'am, and as you've bothered the garden-sass, I'll accept it; but as a general thing me and my man pays our own way, and don't care to be beholden to nobody."

The lad, Charlie, she found it much easier to make friends with; he was a freckle-faced, black-eyed youngster of twelve or thirteen, with a head thickly covered with closely-coiled rings of auburn hair. Noticing him one morning wheeling away a lot of weeds and rubbish from his mother's garden, Mrs. Sunderland asked him if he would like to perform the same service for her, of course for a remuneration. The offer was eagerly accepted, and after that Charlie Cooper earned many a dime by little services performed for the widow lady.

Frank Sunderland and he became quite well acquainted in the course of these labors, and as a general thing, the two boys got along together remarkably well; but one day some accident happened to Charlie's wheelbarrow, and he chose to think Frank was the cause of the disaster. The evil temper which had hitherto lain dormant sprang suddenly to life, and Charlie gave utterance to such a torrent of profanity as utterly appalled not only Frank, but Frank's mother, who witnessed the scene from her kitchen window. She called Frank away at once, and after a few words of rebuke to Charlie, spoken far more in sorrow than in anger, she sent him home, saying that she could not allow any boy who swore or used bad language to be the companion of her son.

Charlie departed in tears with his broken wheelbarrow, and probably gave an account of the trouble from his own point of view to his mother, for a few moments later Mrs. Sunderland was startled to see, coming over her back fence, first a cabbage, then a peck or so of potatoes, and finally the basket in which she had that morning sent to Mrs. Cooper the vegetables thus unceremoniously returned. An explanation of this surprising shower followed in Mrs. Cooper's voice.

"I'll thank you after this to keep yourself and everything belonging to you to yourself. My boy isn't fit society for your boy, we don't none of us want nothing to do with you."

Of course, to such a speech as this no civil reply was possible, so Mrs. Sunderland quietly withdrew

from the scene of action, leaving her neighbor in possession of the field. The predicted quarrel had come, greatly to Mrs. Sunderland's mortification; for, to have it known to the whole town that she was at variance with her next-door neighbor,—as, was at variance with Mrs. Cooper's unscrupulous tongue, it thanks to Mrs. Cooper's unscrupulous tongue, it was a real disgrace.

All that she could do to smooth matters she did, with no effect, however, except that Mrs. Cooper subsided gradually from a ferocious into a sullen mood, but lost no opportunity of exhibiting her dislike and ill-will in the numberless little ways which a near neighbor can always make available.

The quarrel between the boys was of much shorter duration. In the course of a few days Charlie's red head was again seen bobbing over the division-fence, and Frank being responsive, the former intimacy was soon re-established. When September came and the schools re-opened, the two lads became school-mates and classmates.

Charlie was a bright boy, and his parents had kept him steadily at school, and were very proud of his attainments; but though he was two years older than Frank, the latter was more than his equal in school-standing. There was no brag about Frank, however, and there would probably have been no jealousy on Charlie's side had it not been excited by home influence. Mrs. Cooper was bitterly jealous and envious, and her sneers and innuendoes did much towards making her son as unreasonable and suspicious as herself.

A few months after the school opened, an examination was held for the purpose of promoting the scholars as were fitted for the advance to higher departments in the school. Frank Sunderland was the only boy in his class who was successful in passing the examination, though Charlie Cooper had not been far behind him, and his heart, and his mother's as well, had been set upon his obtaining the promotion.

That he failed to do so was, in itself, a bitter disappointment, but that Frank should succeed where Charlie failed, was a trial much harder to endure. Mrs. Cooper's undisciplined tongue wagged freely, and her opinion that the school was conducted upon the rankest principles of favoritism was widely disseminated. She would even have been foolish enough to withdraw Charlie from the school, had not his father interposed his rarely exerted authority and put a positive veto upon any such absurd proceeding.

As usual, Charlie's wrath soon evaporated, and as there was now no occasion for actual rivalry between them, the two lads got along very harmoniously, and Frank was able to do many a kind turn for Charlie, which the latter, as a general thing, fully appreciated.

Though very well aware of the rancor of Mrs. Cooper's feelings towards her and Frank, Mrs. Sunderland was sensible enough to feel rather amused than irritated, even when Mrs. Cooper's conduct, on their chance meetings, verged upon actual insolence. The widow's cheerfulness and politeness continued to be quite invincible until the events of a certain morning proved to her that forbearance had at last ceased to be a virtue.

It was a cold day in January; Frank had gone to the well to draw a bucket of water, but found the well-bucket half-full of ice, so that it would not sink when lowered into the water. His mother came to his assistance, but succeeded no better than he had done. Charlie Cooper was at the well in their own lot, scarcely a stone's throw distant, and he called out, "Come fill your bucket here, Frank; our well is all right."

Without stopping to ask permission, Frank scrambled over the fence, and soon the two lads were laughing and joking together as Charlie lowered the bucket. Just then Mrs. Cooper came out of the house and advanced towards them; she brought another bucket to fill, one that was already half-full of water, which she was shaking around in the bucket, preparatory to throwing it out.

"What are you doing in my lot, sir, may I ask?" she said, as she noticed the intruder. Frank colored, and took up his still empty bucket. "Never mind, Charlie," said he; "we can get the ice out of our own bucket; I'll go back now."

Charlie was provoked at his mother, and his temper being as ill-governed as her own, he turned towards her angrily, crying, "What's the use of being so hateful? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" at which words his mother's anger rose to the exploding point.

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, Charlie Cooper!" she said; and then turning ferociously upon inoffensive Frank, "as for you, you young harlot, I want you to get off my premises, and stay off 'em. We don't want no favorites round here." Then, throwing the contents of her bucket, not absolutely of Frank, but with an utter disregard of what she was doing, she dashed the water in such a way that the lad was completely drenched.

Mrs. Sunderland advanced to the fence to help Frank, shivering and crying, to get over it. Her gentle temper, proof against all insults or attacks directed upon herself, was at last aroused. Frank was a very delicate child, and the effects of such a shower-bath upon such a morning might be serious. With flashing eyes and face flushed with indignation, she turned upon her enemy, who did have the grace to look a little ashamed of herself.

"You are a wicked, cruel woman, Mrs. Cooper,

and henceforth I will have nothing to do with you." Then she hurried Frank to the house, and attired himself in dry garments.

The lad had a cold and a sore throat as the result of his drenching, and his anxious mother, during the period of his indisposition, entertained towards Mrs. Cooper a resentment hearty enough to have satisfied even Dr. Johnson. Frank got well that time, however, and was soon at school again bright and merry as usual.

But he had several attacks of sore throat before the winter was over, and they left him so weak and puny that his mother never before welcomed spring weather so gladly as she did that year. Frank seemed to get quite well and strong as the warm weather came, and therefore perhaps less prudent, for in May he again caught cold and came home sick from school.

He was severely ill from the first; in a few days diphtheric symptoms developed themselves, and twenty-four hours later the bright young soul was freed from its frail tenement, and Mrs. Sunderland was a childless widow.

I will not dwell upon her desolation; the whole community sorrowed with her; everybody had liked merry little Frank Sunderland, and his mother was almost an equal favorite. If friendly sympathy could have lightened her grief, that solace would have been hers; perhaps it did, even though unconsciously to herself, but as she sat the evening before the funeral by the side of her dead darling, she felt as though there could never be any more brightness or pleasure for her this side of eternity.

She sat there fearless, speechless, and despairing, and heard not the little knock that came upon the door, nor did she notice the figure that a moment later entered the room, until a voice choked with sobs said,—

"Please, Mrs. Sunderland, mayn't I see him?"

Then she turned, and saw Charlie Cooper. The boy's swollen eyes showed that he had been crying, but Mrs. Sunderland looked at him apathetically, and when she realized what it was he wanted, turned quite calmly towards the coffin and withdrew the cloth that covered the waxen face.

Charlie gazed for a few moments upon his dead schoolmate, awed and silent, though the tears chased each other down his cheeks. In a little while the mother kissed the marble brow, still with that unnatural calmness, and re-covered the face.

Charlie was trembling from head to foot with repressed agitation, and Mrs. Sunderland almost unconsciously laid her hand upon his shoulder as if to calm him. At her touch the boy's self-control gave way; with a child's instinctive desire for comfort and support in sorrow, he flung his arms around her, and dropping his head upon her bosom, burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"O Mrs. Sunderland!" he cried, "I can't bear to have him die; I can't—I can't—I was always so good to me."

The mother's lips quivered; her features worked convulsively; the healing tears came at last to her aching eyes, and with her face bowed upon Charlie's curly head, she, too, wept, freely and softly, and with the blessed tears the first bitterness of her anguish passed away.

Mrs. Sunderland's friends came to her and took her away from the scene of her bereavement. All that affection could do was done to cheer her, and after a few months her healthy, cheerful temper began to reassert itself, and so aided the effort of beneficent nature that by September she felt able to return to Greenville and her boy's grave, and to become again, in a measure, her old calm and gentle self.

The schools had just reopened, and though the remembrance of one short year ago, when her own boy was there, the brightest and most hopeful of the young throng who commenced the school-year together, brought a pang of almost unbearable pain to the mother's heart, she endured this suffering as she had endured all the rest, uncomplainingly.

The examination for promotion was again held, and this time Charlie Cooper ranked first among the five of his class who were promoted to the higher department. Mrs. Sunderland was sincerely pleased when she heard of the lad's triumph, and a few mornings later when she met him, she stopped to shake hands with him, congratulating him most cordially. "But how does it happen you are not in school, this morning?" she asked.

"I—I—don't go to school, just now," he stammered. "I've stopped awhile."

"Why, how does that happen? surely now is the very time you ought to be most regular in attendance."

"I know,—I'd like to be, but"—again he stopped, much embarrassed, and it was not without a good deal of questioning that Mrs. Sunderland at last drew from him the information that he had ceased to attend school on account of his father's inability to procure for him the new set of school-books his promotion had made necessary.

"Father's had a felon on his hand all summer, and it's not well yet. He hasn't been able to work much, and we've had to be awful economical. Mother cried like everything when father said he just couldn't spare the money to buy a lot of new books; she was mad at first, but she soon got over that, for she knew father couldn't help it. She's saving up now, and so am I, and we'll raise



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For the Companion.

## THE COVENANTER'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VIII.

TAMMAS had been covering the table tastily with everything the house could furnish in the way of food, with wine, and large stoups of the home-brewed ale which the troopers scorned.

They sat down and devoured the impromptu meal while the women crowded together at the upper end of the room, half-dressed and frightened, save one or two of the younger maids, to whom the soldiers, if a terror, were something also of a delight, in their buff coats and shining cuirasses,—not such demons as they were painted.

When the supper was going on, a trooper burst into the hall with the information that two stalls were empty in the stable.

"He will have stolen off while ye have been feasting," said the man who had no share in the feast.

And then there was a hubbub of sudden noise and movement, each man springing to his feet.

"Na, na," said old Tammas, "it's been Allan, the grieve, aff with the brown powny to sell him at Morpeth Fair."

This was a speech which Tammas repeated sorely, for before he knew, he was mounted on the best horse in the stables and carried off in the midst of the party to show the way his master had gone.

"Me! what do I ken about the way? Do ye no ken the way to the border without me?" cried the unfortunate old man.

The party of women hurried to the window, saw the wild troops sweeping off into the night, then rushed down stairs to close and bar and bolt the heavy doors. And it may be supposed with what mingled relief and anguish the mother and daughter listened to the sounds lessening and lessening in the distance, as the troops on their heavy horses plunged along in the night on this new secret.

Relief perhaps was the first thought, but soon the agony of alarm and suspense came back. Every tinge of color faded from Liddy Polwarth's face as she went back to her bed-chamber and sat down in the little turret which was her watch-tower and from which the wide sweep of the landscape round was softly rising into dim vision in the chill of early dawn.

"Here will I sit until there is news," said the poor lady. "Grizel! Grizel! do you think they will get him? For if so my heart must break."

"They had all the night before them—and oh, mother, such a long, long night! And God that will take care of them."

"O my lamb! but God delivered Jerviswood, that was a saint, into the hands of the enemy. His will is right; but what if it were He will that your father should suffer like Jerviswood?"

"No, my minnie! no, my minnie!" cried Grizel through her tears, and then she clasped her mother close, and laughed, and asked if she had seen yon trooper's red nose dip in the silver quag?"

"It will just be a grand tale for my daddie when we're all safe in Holland," said the girl, her features quivering with mingled laughter and tears. "And did ye see Sandy, mother, with but one shoe on, and his eyes glinting like two swords, and the old hanger in his arms? He would have sprung at yon big sergeant's throat if it had not been for Margaret. Oh, how my father will laugh, till the tears run down!—when we are all safe in Holland," said Grizel, with a sob she could not master—"safe over the sea."

Liddy Polwarth clasped her hands, gazing out pale and wistful through the gray morning. "Oh, if that will ever be!"

Last on the following day, old Tammas, his line coat all torn and dirty, his hose covered with mud and foam, a lamentable pair, came trotting up the avenue.

The horse was one of the best in the stables, but it had the air of a worn-out old nag, and as for Tammas, his air of fatigue and dejection and despondency was indescribable.

Grizel, who was then at the gate, where she watched as a sort of advanced sentinel to convey

the speediest intimation of any approach, flew up the avenue on her light feet winged with happiness and relief, far more swiftly than the tired pair could go; and darted into the turret where Liddy Polwarth still sat motionless, without breath to tell her tale, which came forth in gasps.

"All's well, mother—they saw nothing of him—but met the grieve—that said he had lost—the

his master was safe across the border, and making his way to London, having bought a common hack to replace the brown pony which had done such good service, and changed utterly from the gallant Sir Patrick Hume into Dr. Wallace, a poor practitioner, who was ready to give a cast of his trade at blood-letting or tending a wound or setting a broken limb, to whoever might require aid.

swearing false! And if there was a conscience to be burdened," she added, in the true spirit of that "service of the antique world" which has left us so many examples of devotion, "wherefore no mine, as well as another?" A heroic question to which Liddy Polwarth attempted no reply.

Were the story of Grizel Hume to be told from beginning to end, there would be a great many more moving and tender incidents to tell. But our space does not permit much more; and were we to go beyond her childhood and youth, other persons and other sentiments would have to come in.

In the meantime you must know that the family at last got safely to Rotterdam, though not without long delays and much to do for the mother and daughter, "the dear and helpful bairn" upon whom the mother always depended.

Sir Patrick Hume's estates were forfeited and given to a favorite of the king, and before the family could leave Scotland the ladies made a visit to London, going what was then a long voyage by sea, and waiting wearily in the antechambers of the great lords to make what interest they could that some little allowance might be made to them for the sake of the children thus deprived at once of their living and their inheritance.

They were so far successful that they secured nearly one hundred and fifty pounds a year (a larger sum than now) instead of the broad lands and farms that had been taken from them.

But to carry those ten children to Holland, a long and troublesome voyage, was a terrible tax on their finances. Nor was this all, for Jullian, who was delicate, could not be moved with the others, and Grizel had to return for her after going with her mother to Holland, and helping to settle the family in the new and cheerful habitation where it was such happiness to live once more together.

Grizel was eighteen, a fair young gentlewoman, for all these changes occupied much time, when she thus returned alone to bring her little sister. They were very merry together in their house at Utrecht—one of those brick houses that throw cheerful red reflections into the canal, and Grizel was so much wanted for everything, that you may be sure it was no easy matter to let her go.

I wish there was space to tell you something of her busy life there. She was up before six to light her father's fire and dress the children, to whose education he now devoted himself, not being rich enough to send them to school.

"When she had a moment's time," as we find in the little memoir of her published long after, "she took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music."

But it must have been but rarely that she found a moment's time, for it was her part to go to market among the brisk Dutch housekeepers, all eager for a bargain, and lay in the family provisions, and at home to keep everything in order; to iron the linen, sitting up at night that her dear brother Patrick, now a young cadet in the Prince's guard, should have his ewest and cuffs of point lace as fine as the best; to cook, and sweep, and do everything that was required.

It was the happiest time of her life, she said afterwards, when she thus labored for her own, singing at her work the liveliest day, and sometimes, if by chance her courage failed, putting her little trouble into some simple verses, and thus forgetting it, like the brave creature she was. One of these songs has lasted till now, and will always last, we are disposed to think. It is old-fashioned Scotch, and you might not understand it. Besides, it belongs to another portion of our noble Grizel's life.

In the meantime, let us go back with her to Scotland to bring Jullian. What a dreary voyage it was in those days! Small, crowded, dingy vessels, without any comfort for the days and nights that had to be spent on board, as the little ship crept along the coast, or tossed on the stormy northern seas.

But Grizel made nothing of these hardships, so long as she was alone and had only herself to consider. It was different when she returned with Jullian, the delicate child, whom old Margaret had accustomed to constant tenderness.



pony—and the lad that rode it—but never a word more!"

"Lost the pony, and the lad that rode it!" said Liddy Polwarth, swift to extract what was alarming out of the good news.

"Oh, wherefore will ye refuse to be comforted?"

Grizel cried, with a fit of impatience. And then she kissed her mother's hand humbly. "If ye will think, minnie dear, ye will see it is good news, for if they had been together, my father would have been taken, and as they were parted and no news of him, it is as sure he is safe as that Tammas does not know a thing nor has any suspicion, so well has good John kept the secret."

"The Lord grant that it may be as ye say, but oh, my Grizel, if Tweed was gris!" and him this long time confined and weak with trouble and not used to manage a beast!"

"My daddie not need to manage a beast!" Grizel cried, with triumphant laughter—"Sir Patrick Hume no able to ride a ferd!"

And this was so ridiculous, that the anxious wife relapsed a little and almost ventured to laugh, too, and consented to eat and appear in the household, which was more alarmed by her sudden change than by the troopers.

After another twenty-four hours' suspense, the grieve too came home with the welcome news that

— Gen. in flood.

Tammas was a great hero among the maids for some time after, and had endless stories to tell of his ride with the troopers and all its perils. It need scarcely be said that he gave himself credit for leading them round so as to give the fugitives time to escape, when it coaxed out afterwards that the lad who rode the pony was no other than Sir Patrick. Tammas would have had his hearers believe that he was in the secret from the beginning.

"Does it stand to reason," he said, "that my master should be about the house, and me no ken?" But old Margaret took it in a different way. When the story was told to her fully, which was not till Dr. Wallace was safe at Utrecht, and had sent by a sure and private hand—for the post was not to be trusted in those days—his directions to his wife for her voyage, Margaret held her head high with indignation and offence while she listened, but as the end burst into a flood of tears.

"And did your leddyship think I was a traitor, or one that could not be trusted—though I've nursed you in these arms, and all your bonnie bairns after you?" she said.

"Margaret," said Liddy Polwarth, "they would have made you swear; and was I to put temptation in your way to swear false for the love of me?"

"And am I such a fool," said Margaret, "that I couldn't be trusted to baffle these rascals without



