

## Literature, &amp;c.

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## THE ELDER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALK OF FAIRFIELD COUNTY IN 1707.

By Miss Martha Russell.

It will be ever regretted that in naming the early settlements of this country our ancestors did not oftener retain the Indian appellations. We may fancy it would have been a mournful pleasure to the wronged aborigines to have known that their *white brothers*, on expelling them from their possessions, had revered and spared the old names of places, mountains and rivers. And we should have been gainers; for, instead of this endless repetition of hackneyed names, borrowed from the old world, we should have had a land rich in appellations, all novel, striking, and often musical exceedingly.

The old purchase of Unquowa, in Connecticut, embraced a beautiful region, and Roger Ludlow must have had the feeling of a poet when he named it Fairfield. And yet, surely Wopage, Cupheog, and Rippowams were quite as pronounceable and quite as appropriate as Milford, Stratford, and Stamford.

In this country there was many a fierce skirmish between the early settlers and the Indians. Here was the great swamp of Sasco, the last refuge in the state of Sassacus and his remnant of untamable Pequots. Poor Sassacus! With a few followers he escaped to the Mohawks, who murdered him. His captive women and children were divided among his enemies, and the good people of Massachusetts sent some of them to the West Indies and sold them into slavery: Poor sufferers! But, in this respect at least, the social conscience in New England is somewhat different now. In these 'degenerate days' the good people of Massachusetts would regard such an act as too infamous to be tolerated.

At the date of my story, sixty-eight years had passed since Mr. Ludlow and the six or eight families who had accompanied him from Windsor began the plantation. These strong hearted, iron-nerved men were sleeping quietly in their graves, and another and more numerous generation had taken their place. But the new generation was strictly Puritan, and that was not the age of religious tolerance. Taught from the cradle to receive and reverence the tenants of their fathers, they were stern and unyielding in their principles, true to their conceptions of right and rigid and severe in their views and practice of religion. The fathers had fled from persecution, and certainly the children had not been trained to cherish feelings of lenity and liberality toward those who held the creed of their persecutors.

Hitherto the Congregational had been the only mode of worship in the colony. But, in some of the settlements, and particularly in Stratford, settlers had appeared, who were attached to the church of England; and, besides these, there were some others in the congregations of the 'standing order,' who were inclined to be rebellious dissenters; from the rigid doctrine and discipline of the Puritans. In 1707, the Rev. Mr. Muirson was stationed at Rye, as a missionary of the church of England. He was soon invited to preach at Stratford, and the next year he visited Fairfield. We of the present day can form but a very poor conception of the dismay and abhorrence with which the Puritan settlers at that time, viewed any movement which might lead to the introduction of Episcopacy among them. Ministers, churches, and Magistrates took the alarm. Every effort was made, every precaution was taken to prevent the people from being led away to the abominable doctrines and ceremonies of prelacy. The Rev. Joseph Webb, who then illuminated the Church in Fairfield was unwearied in warning and exhortation, and the ruling elder, Levi Judson went from house to house, enforcing the admonitions of the pastor, threatening whoever should go to hear Mr. Muirson or in any way favour his cause, with all those fearful curses uttered against Israel for the sin of idolatry.

A stern, inflexible man was his elder, Levi Judson. In his youth, his powerful soul had seemed to be very susceptible and very full of strong passions. But he had been trained in the strictest school of Puritanism. He had been sternly disciplined under a stern ideal of religion, where he had learned to regard some of the strongest and holiest instincts of his soul as so many obstacles in the way to holiness. With all the might of an iron will he had fought with them and conquered. His heart had become a kind of petrification. Cold, rigorous and taciturn in his manners, he was feared rather than loved. Yet within his heart there were strong passions, though they were regulated by his rigid notions of duty, which could not suffer him to be very gentle, nor allow him to feel much sympathy for the weakness or errors of others.

His family consisted of two daughters, and if he was ever tempted to much gentleness, it was by the influence of Faith, the youngest. She was the child of his old age, and her mother had died when she was an infant. The elder sister, Susannah, who was the child of a previous marriage, had been as a mother to Faith. Indeed, she had bestowed on her more than a mother's care and almost a mother's love.

Faith in her father's love, was like a sunbeam in a cloister, or like a bird in a dim old wood. It was in vain that the quiet, demure

sister, Susannah, endeavored to train that glad young spirit to the sober, household gait, and smooth the willful dimples and wavy curls out of her cheek and hair. The bright chestnut hair would crimp and kink as if in defiance of blue laws and elders, and the dimples only left her cheek to laugh out of her deep blue eyes with redoubled roguishness.

Susannah was twenty one years older than Faith. She was one of those gentle, affectionate beings who go through life too quietly to win much attention, and yet without whom society would soon fall into embarrassments. She had always submitted to the discipline which prevailed in her father's house with reverence. Year after year she was there, thinking as her father thought, and always happy in pouring out the pent-up affections of her heart on the head of the child, who had laid in her bosom almost from the hour of its birth.

Faith Judson was now eighteen. Within the last year there had appeared a change in her character, over which the good sister rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Faith's buoyant gaiety was giving way to a grave earnestness. It seemed that her eyes grew deeper and stiller. The fitting dimples were not so often playing around her mouth like sunbeams dallying round a rose. Her smile was more spiritual, and the whole expression of her face was evidently deepened, purified and hallowed, by the working of some new and mighty influence.

Simple, good Susannah! How could she once dream that love is so mighty to subdue, exalt and hallow a human soul? Or how could she understand what was meant by the growing acquaintance between Faith and young Walter Cary? But Elder Judson had shrewder eyes and a larger measure of worldly wisdom than his daughter Susannah. He had not failed to observe Faith and young Cary, and he understood well enough what was signified by their manner toward each other. Walter Cary's mother had been educated in the church of England. In her family there had been some bold cavaliers and 'godless malignants,' but his father and his father's father had witnessed for the truth, in persecution and imprisonment, with fire and sword. Walter himself had embraced the views of his father. He had also a purity and nobility of character which made him universally esteemed. Therefore if the elder did not openly encourage his growing intimacy with Faith, he at least did nothing to prevent it. Perhaps 'carnal considerations' were not entirely without an influence, for Walter Cary was prospective heir to great wealth.

Faith did not think so much as she felt and fancied. She saw, like others, that Walter was manly and noble; but it seemed to her now that he was inexpressibly more. How constantly she thought of him! How she loved the tones of his voice! Heaven and earth, life and death, love and immortality, these had been common words; but now, she began to comprehend their meanings; and the child-like, merry girl became a high-souled conscious woman.

Thus matters stood with the family of Elder Judson on Mr. Muirson's first appearance in Fairfield. The event awoke a stir of excitement and caused a change of mood in the elder's soul, which directly interfered between Faith and Walter Cary, to destroy their beautiful dream of happiness. Walter's mother had never ceased to be an Episcopalian. She had known Mr. Muirson in England, and when he came to Fairfield he became her guest and held service in her house. Thus it happened that the quiet, gentle widow Cary was regarded and treated as the protectress and patroness, of the 'man of sin,' against whom the popular excitement was so sternly directed. But her character commanded respect. Mr. Muirson was evangelical and earnest, and his preaching was attended with some success. So many went to hear him that the church and magistracy were alarmed and thought it necessary to call a public meeting, to devise ways and means to repeal this invasion of prelacy.

It was a glorious evening, and the full moon of August was pouring a flood of light on dale and hill side when Elder Judson returned from this meeting. The sisters stood in the rude porch of their dwelling as he approached. The moonlight fell full in his face and they saw that the compression of his lips was unusually stern and his face gloomed into one of its darkest frowns. Feeling instinctively that he was in no mood to receive their gentle greetings they retreated to the house. From the first, Faith had felt that in the present excitement her relations with Walter Cary were seriously threatened, and she had watched her father's moods with unceasing solicitude. She and Susannah seated themselves at their little round table and busily plied their needles, stealing occasional glances at their father, who sat erect and silent in his high backed chair, brooding over the condition of the times. Faith was hemming a gay handkerchief, which she designed as a present to an Indian girl, who had been assigned to Elder Judson's care by the town, and on whom he had been pleased to bestow the name of Mahala. When her task was completed she held it up and made some pleasant remark on the brilliancy of its colors. It caught her father's eye and she started and trembled at the sound of his voice as he said:

'Foolish girl! Is this a time to be occupied with sinful vanities, and to be pondering to the vain lusts of the eye, when the ways of Zion are mourning, and when this priest of Babel is enticing the people with deceitful words? In the exercises of this day we have been graciously led to feel that it is because of our lukewarmness, because we have relaxed the righteous discipline of our fathers, and consorted

with malignants that this evil has come upon us. And, I perceive, the guilt is no where greater than in my own house. Ye, too, are guilty; ye, whose great uncle, Jehoida Judson, fought the good fight at Naseby and at Marston—ye, whose fathers witnessed for the truth in caves, and dens in stocks and imprisonments, and whose memory is like frankincense and myrrh to all the faithful. Instead of being occupied with such vanities, you should now repent in sackcloth and ashes.'

Elder Judson rose and walked the room with a quick, fierce tread. Susannah bowed her head and worked on. Faith, with pale cheeks and tearful eyes, sat erect, gazing at her father as if fascinated or stupified with sudden excitement. He turned with a still darker frown and continued:

'Yes, that dangerous woman, Adah Cary, whose fathers persecuted the saints, whose heart is wholly given to prelacy, and who is ready to cherish the worst malignants, has turned your heart from the truth. You have wickedly consorted with her son Walter. Henceforth let him be as strangers to you, and see that ye fall not again in a like sin.'

Faith had a portion of her father's strong spirit in her woman's nature, and she would have replied, she would have expostulated, she would have declared the impossibility of consenting to break off her acquaintance with Walter Cary; but her feelings were in a tumult and she did not trust herself to speak. Burying her face in her hands she wept. Elder Judson's prayer that night was longer and deeper-toned than usual, and very terrible were his petitions that the Lord would 'put forth his right hand and scatter his enemies even as chaff before the wind—yea, that they might be utterly consumed from off the face of the earth.' Yet Faith's tears had moved him a little. He felt something like a movement of uneasiness, though he presently dismissed it with the persuasion that she would get over it.

Walter Cary was absent on a visit to his uncle in Virginia, and how anxiously Faith longed for his return, that she might look in his eyes and hear him speak of the present state of affairs, and by that means be able to see the issue. He would not return till late in the fall. Her father did not allude to the subject again, and she could not speak freely to Susannah. She bore her burden of thought and solitude in silence, and at length became wearied, restless, nervous, ill. Consolatory neighbours said she was going into a decline, and the loving Susannah became alarmed. She summoned Mahala to her aid, gathered herbs and compounded syrups. Faith took the medicines and made an effort to be cheerful. Susannah was encouraged, and with true professional pride extolled the sanative power of her medicines, and praised all the marvellous recipes in that 'approved book called the English Housewife,' which her sainted grandmother had brought from England and bequeathed to her with the great folio bible.

The Indian Summer came with the golden hazy atmosphere, which seems full of dreaming spirits. Faith, when her father was in the fields frequently sat in the porch of their dwelling, sometimes sewing, but oftener still with the excitement of busy thoughts, while her eyes were turned toward the blue outline of the distant hills. On each side of the door were sunflowers, hollyhocks, marigolds, and rose bushes, while here peeped up a small bunch of rue, or a tuft of camomile, and a few feathery leaves of tansy, were intermingled with the dusty stalks of wormwood, which stood there like so many sneering cynics.

The luxuriant branches of a wild honey suckle twined themselves round the old porch, clung to the gray old clapboards, crept over and fringed the edges of the uncouth projection over the doorway, yclept a fan, which was so common to the farmhouses of that period, completely hiding this unsightly appearance under a mass of green leaves and scarlet blossoms.

Dear New England! the beauty which naunts thy rivers, hills and valleys is ever bright, pure and spiritual, and hearts that would find communion with it must be full of holy aspirations.

As Faith sat here on sunny afternoons and watched

'The glorious splendour of the sunst clouds,  
'The rainbow beauty of the forest leaves,'  
and felt the spirit of beauty and love which permeates all the forms of nature, she felt that our Father has medicines for all the pains of his children.

One evening as she sat watching the sun which was going down behind long bars of rich purple cloud, she was roused by the soft, earnest utterance of her name, and turning she met a pair of large, eloquent eyes gazing at her through the twisted branches of the honey-suckle, with a peculiar expression of intelligence. It was the Indian girl, who advanced and presented a bouquet of those loveliest of our late Autumn flowers, the fringed gentian. The girl had not failed to see how matters stood in the family. She disliked Elder Judson and cared little for Susannah; but with her quick, earnest heart, she loved Faith and was entirely devoted to her.

'Nequa brings flowers,' she said, for she disdained to utter the name bestowed on her by the elder. 'Nequa brings flowers. They are the Great Spirit's medicine for sick maidens.'

'Thank you, my dear,' said her mistress, 'they are very beautiful.' You were very kind to gather them for me.

The young hunter's eyes are very keen, and he always sees flowers when he thinks of his maiden, replied the girl, you may guess who sent you these, or if you wait a few minutes,

he will be here and can tell you himself. He has just got home.'

Faith's face was overspread by a swift, bright flush, and rising hastily, she passed through the house and took the way to the spring, beyond the bleaching ground, near the edge of the forest. During the past year, she and Walter Cary had often chanced to meet there under the trees at sunset. She went there now because she wished to meet him alone. Her face glowed and her step was quick and elastic as ever. The sick maiden had, indeed, found a medicine in the flowers. Walter Cary was soon beside her and they met as the loving and the pure always meet.

At length, looking earnestly in his face, she said, in tremulous tones:

'Walter, do you know what has happened since Mr. Muirson came here? My father has commanded me not to see you again. I suppose we cannot meet at present as we were accustomed before you went away. And shall you forget and forsake me entirely.'

'Forget you, forsake you, Faith? Can you need an answer to that question? We must meet, we cannot be separated.'

'What shall we do? My father will interfere and you know him well.'

'We can be united immediately. He has consented to our acquaintance while he saw the nature of it. I am as worthy of his favor now as I have ever been; therefore, he will have no just cause to complain of our marriage.'

No, no, Walter! It would be terrible to disobey him in such a manner and I think it would be wrong. Our marriage must not take place under such circumstances. You know how I love you, Walter, but do not urge this course—do not tempt me to this step, for it seems wrong and I am weak.'

'Then we can trust each other, and wait until I have endeavored to reconcile your father, and receive you with his consent.'

'We must wait, Walter, though I fear my father will never be reconciled. He is not wilful or capricious. He is very stern, but he is also conscientious. He thinks he ought to separate us, in order to save me from the influence of dangerous notions of religion. Oh! why did Mr. Muirson come here?'

'I respect your father, Faith. There are many noble traits in his character that I reverence. I only regret that he and others should be so greatly influenced by what I regard as a blind bigotry. He is conscientious and therefore I do not despair of winning him to sanction our wishes.'

'What do you think of Mr. Muirson, Walter? Do you believe his doctrines?'

'He is a good man, undoubtedly, and I respect him as an old acquaintance of my mother and her family. But he is as quite exclusive and bigoted in his way as any of our friends who oppose him. As to his doctrines, he is one of those who turn their backs on the future and are still looking back into the past. Such men I think, have a poor conception of the development and spread of Christianity in the earth.'

'Then you are not inclined to be a churchman, Walter?'

'No, Faith. I believe we should be in earnest to go on from imperfect notions of truth to higher and better views. I reverence all true-hearted image breakers. I have no respect for that blind reverence for old things which hinder the incoming of the Divine light. Therefore I am a Puritan; yet I feel that among our people the views of Divine truth and the manifestations of a Christian spirit are too narrow, too imperfect. There is something higher than we have yet attained to. I dislike this bigotry and severity. I long to see good men everywhere love each other, and recognize all that is good and beautiful.'

'You must be right, Walter, I have not thought much on these matters. But you utter what I have felt. I wish you would speak to my father in this way. Wait though till we get over this excitement about Mr. Muirson, but whatever may happen, I am yours, and I will consent to nothing which would make me otherwise. Oh, I shall be calmer and happier now that I have seen you.'

[To be continued.]

From the Cincinnati Casket.

## DEAD OPEN AND SHUT.

OR THE WAY THEY PLAY IN ARKANSAS.

Few who have travelled much on the broad Mississippi at an early day but what have heard with dread the name of Gen. William Montgomery, and none, but knew of the landing called 'Montgomery's Point,' which, for its location and peculiar advantages, was hard to be excelled. Montgomery himself was a shrewd, quick witted, low bred fellow, who in roguish exploits was seldom if ever, equalled. He was the terror of the South, to all who knew him, and as a sportsman, gambler, &c., was as notorious as was the celebrated Captain Kidd as a pirate. The General was said to have many redeeming qualities in his gaming transactions, which might be classed as follows:—

First—If he found a man naked, he clothed him. If he was hungry he fed him.

Second—If he was thirsty and poor, he gave him to drink, and advised him to leave for some more salubrious clime. And last, though not least, if he was thirsty and rich, he made him drink and robbed him.

His notorious life was the occasion of all gamblers yielding to his nefarious designs, who chanced to fall in with him; and whatever the General said must, of course be right, as none dared to gainsay him.