

were any quantity of remarks made among the men at this, and, strange as it may appear, nearly ever man of them sympathized with him for they had seen him weep.

About the middle of the afternoon the captain called Mr Thayer and myself into the cabin. The boy was clasped to his bosom when we entered. He had us be seated, and then he spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I know you are curious to know the meaning of what you have seen and heard, and I will explain it in as few words as possible. It is now fourteen years since I married one of the most lovely girls I ever saw. She was a noble, kind, generous, virtuous, warm-hearted, lovely girl. I loved her with the whole power of my soul, and she loved me the same. But her father swore that we should not wed—but when he found he could not prevent it, he told his child she should never come beneath his roof again. He disliked me because I was a rough sailor, and because I told him once, when he forbade me to visit his house, that I would make him over my knee and whip him if he told me that again. But Sarah and myself were married. I went short voyages for a while after that—I was commander of a full rigged ship even then. At length she gave birth to a boy. O, I do not think mortal man ever loved any two things as I loved that mother and child. I worshipped them, and I felt that they were going to draw me away from the rough, un-governable passions I had allowed to rule me. One evening, while I was trotting the infant on my knee, he made a spring and fell from my lap on the hearth, and he received a severe burn on his back. But it was not dangerous, and when I went to see again, it was all well. The next voyage was to Canton, and for the very owners who have hired me now. I was gone over a year, and when I returned my wife was gone. I went to her father's house, but he had moved. And no one could tell me whither.—Yet he had left a word for me in a letter—a letter he had left with one of my owners for me when I should return. In that letter he told me that I should never see my wife again. He charged me with being a profane, reckless man, and told me I was not fit to take charge of the life of one so pure as his child. O, I knew she was pure. But what could I say of her church-belonging, Sunday-praying father? I said nothing, for I did not dare to give breath to the thoughts that grew within me.

"I searched everywhere I could think of for my wife, but I could not find her. For years I continued that search whenever I could find time, but nowhere could she be found, nor any tidings of her. Earth was all dark to me then, and my soul was shut up from every joyful thought. Every kind impulse that would rise in my bosom, I locked firmly up, and I became what I since have been. An hour's calm thought would make me too miserable to live, and I have growled and snapped like a lion because I could not give home to the feelings of a man and live. If I allowed the soul of my manhood to open itself but for a moment, it only would hold up to me the sweet face of my wife, and then an absolute mania of misery and anguish would follow. So have I been able to find oblivion of my misery only in savage turmoil and continuous excitement.

"But a strange thing has happened," continued the captain, with moistened eyes.—"From the moment I first saw this boy, I felt drawn towards him by a strange impulse. To-day when I saw that scar upon his back, I felt dizzy and faint. I remembered the burn of my infant—and then I saw my wife's own sweet face in those features. You heard what followed. I heard enough there to assure me that this was my son, and that my loved wife lives—for William saw her only a week before we sailed. Did you not, sweet child?"

"Yes, father, I did."

"Father?" repeated the stout captain, in a tone so soft and sweet that it seemed the voice of a girl. "O, what God's own given joy there is in that word to my soul. Yes, yes, she lives! And my boy has told me enough so that I can see it all. After I had gone, my wife's father came and told her that I was dead, and he bro't her the news of the loss of my ship in one of the papers. The report was so brought to the States and printed; but it was contradicted—and he did not show her that. He took her home and made her give up my name, and when my boy was six years old he gave him to a man named Atherton to bring up. And he even went so far in his revenge as to force his own daughter to swear that she would never reveal to her boy his father's name. Great God what a heart must that man have! And yet he is a member of a Christian Church, and scoffed at me because I had no religion! Could you think of such a man and not run quite mad?"

"Bunkton here shut his teeth, and I could see the great veins and cords in his neck and temples swell till they looked like ropes. But his face changed in a moment.

"Ah—but my wife—my angel lives!" he murmured, and I shall see her again. My child has told me how often she has clasped him to her bosom, and told him of his father. And she told him more. William, O tell me that once more—what your mother said when you asked her what she loved best. Tell me."

"Once about a year ago," said the boy, look-

ing up, "when she was weeping. I asked her which she loved best, her father or my father; and she said—O, I love your father, your father—ten thousand times the best, for he was a noble, great-souled man! And then she pressed me harder to her bosom, and wept till I thought her heart would break."

As the boy ceased speaking the stout man clasped his hands over his eyes, and the tears ran through his fingers in trickling streams, till I thought his heart would burst asunder.

"You may tell the men all if you please," he said at length.

I considered this to signify, that he would be alone, and both Thayer and myself went on deck. The men gathered about us, and when I had told them the story—for Thayer asked me to do it—they were changed wholly in heart and soul towards their commander. I think if Mr Gilbert—that was the name of our master's wife's father—could have been that instant landed on our deck, they would have torn him to pieces.

On the next morning the captain came on deck, and his whole features were changed. They wore no more that cold, stern, restless look, but they were warm, kind and genial. He ordered the men aft, and they came with a rush.

"Boys," said he, "my mate has told you my story. We have thus far had some rough weather, for the best part of me has been, for long years all frozen up and lost. But it is past now. Let what has been done be forgotten. If I have wronged you—I beg you will forget it, for I will do it no more. Do your duty, and you shall find Abel Bunkton hereafter, as kind a man as he is a strict master."

And from that time things were changed. A better sailor in every practical point never breathed than was our captain. He could sail a ship where I would never have dared to try, and he could save a ship where nine hundred and ninety nine men in a thousand would lose her. The ship owner's knew this, and hence had they been so anxious to employ him. Before our ship reached the States again, every man loved Bunkton, and most of them I think worshipped him. Before she was fairly at anchor they formed in a body and asked him to promise them that he would not go to sea again without taking them with him. And he promised them.

As soon as Bunkton could get clear of the ship, he prepared to set off for Auburn, and he asked me to accompany him. He was in earnest in the request, and I did not refuse. We took a steamer to Albany, and there we took the Erie canal. O how I trembled with fear as we approached our destination, lest something should have happened to the woman we would see, for if she should be dead, or gone, I felt sure it would kill the Captain outright. It was a pleasant, calm, autumnal evening, when we reached Auburn. William led the way to the house where he had left his mother, and he went in first without knocking. I stood close by Bunkton's side upon the broad door stone, and I could plainly hear his great heart beat; but I dared not speak to him.

"Is he not gone long?" the captain whispered, in a tone that thrilled me through.

But before I could answer, the boy returned and bid us enter.

"They don't know who it is," he whispered. "Only that you are shipmates of mine travelling this way, and that you would like to spend the night here."

Bunkton told me to go in first, and I did. I was led to a neat, well furnished sitting room, and I found two people there. One of them was an old man, with gray, crispy, bristling hair, small, gray eyes, sharp features, thin, compressed lips, and a countenance long drawn out by continued outward sanctimoniousness. The other occupant was a middle aged woman, with a pale face, a high, open brow, and large, deep, blue eyes. Her hair was yet golden and bright and she was beautiful to look upon—a calm, deep, soul-given, abiding beauty.

"Ah, sailor-man, you wish to stop here to-night?" said the old man, looking up and eyeing me sharply.

"I should like to," I replied.

At that moment Bunkton tottered in and leaned upon my shoulder for support. The woman saw him. The rays of the lamp shone full upon his face, and his noble features were plainly revealed. She started to her feet and uttered a quick, low cry. Bunkton left me and opened his arms.

"Sarah—my soul—my wife?" he uttered. She gave one sharp, wild cry, and then sank on his bosom.

I wept like a child. I could not help it. And the boy, he crept up and wound his arms about them both. And there those two people stood for a long, long time, locked in each other's arms.

"My husband—my own dear husband!" I heard the frantic woman say—"O God be blessed—God be blessed! You will not go away again—you will not leave me more!"

I turned my gaze on the old man, and he had started to his feet, and I could see the passionate marks upon his face. At length my captain

led his wife to a chair, and then turned towards the father.

"Sir," exclaimed the old man, what means this? Abel Bunkton, leave my house at once! Have I not told you never to darken my doors again?"

For an instant Captain Bunkton's eye sparkled, and his massive bosom heaved. There was surely an angry word upon his lips; but he kept it back, and in a moment more the expression of his countenance changed. Pity took the place of anger, and contempt took the place of revenge.

"Alexander Gilbert," he said, in a tone so deep that it seemed really to come from the bowels of the earth; you are the father of her whom I love better than my own soul, and I will not put my foot upon you, for if I should, I should annihilate you as I would a worm.—But, sir, do you not dare to breathe one other word against me or mine. For long, long years you have had your heel upon that fair being's very soul—you have lied to her—basely cruelly deceived her and wronged her. Do not speak for you cannot deny it."

And as the captain spoke his giant form towered up, his black eye burned, his brow swelled with its filling veins, and his fingers were pointed in the cowering man's face.

"You have done enough," he continued, "but you will do no more of harm to her. The authority of a father sinks to nothing before the sacred rights of a husband, and if you dare to breathe but a single word or thought again, that can harm either my wife, or my child, or myself, I will drag you down to where the whole world shall spit upon you and spurn you!"

The old man sank down into his chair, and Bunkton went back to his wife, and again he pillowed her head upon his bosom and wept with frantic joy.

But I have told enough. I staid in Auburn long enough to see the aged parent beg his child's pardon, and humbly acknowledge his guilt to her husband—and he was forgiven.

Three months after that Abel Bunkton consented to make one more voyage to the Indies, his wife having first given her consent. Nearly the same crew went with him as before, and he was the most noble, kind, and generous commander I ever saw. He could now laugh and joy with his crew without losing his authority, and he could be strict in discipline without betraying the least tinge of severity, for the men loved him, and it was a pleasure now to obey him.

When our ship returned once more home, Alexander Gilbert was dead but he showed his full repentance for all that he had done of evil in life by leaving the whole of his vast wealth to his daughter and her husband.

And Abel Bunkton went to sea no more. He settled down in New York, a wealthy, honored and happy man, and his wife was once more in the earthly heaven of smiling love and peace. Bunkton is an old man now, and he walks with a cane—and he stoops some as he walks—but his wife looks up to him as her protector still, and it would be a bold reckless man who would dare to measure strength of muscle with him.

A LEGEND OF GEORGIA.

AMONG the subjects of interest to the tourist in Upper Georgia, Track Mountain holds a distinguished place. The summit is a mass of rock, in which are numerous impressions resembling the tracks of men and animals. Some of these are gigantic proportions. There is a track of the human foot more than thrice the natural size, having six toes; and, close by, is a horse-track of the same magnificent proportion. The Indians have two or three traditions concerning this mountain, one of which I will relate. For some reason, not clearly understood by the present race, the Great Spirit became angry with his red children, and, to punish them, he resolved to destroy the world by a flood.—That the race should not become extinct, however, he caused the chief of the Cherokees to construct a great canoe, and to stock it with provisions for many days. When the rains began to descend, the chief and his family, accompanied by a great variety of animals, entered the canoe, and were thus saved from the general destruction. For nearly two moons they were tossed upon the angry bosom of the great waters, when at last the storm ceased, and the clouds fled before the sunlight. Yet the waters seemed not to abate, nor were they aware of their proximity to earth, till they beheld the bold crest of what appeared to them a huge mass of rock looming up in the distance.—What was their joy in approaching it, to discover the summit of a ventable mountain, and a near prospect of again beholding the good earth. Upon this mount they rested their canoe, and effected a landing. The action of the waters upon the soft limestone—they aver—made it impassible, and the tracks found there, they affirm, were made by the survivors of the great drowning, in descending to the valleys; and as that they became exposed to the powerful rays of the sun they rapidly hardened, leaving the impressions distinctly marked. The huge tracks of the man and horse, they say, were made by the chief, who was a mighty warrior, and his favourite war horse. On the way from Clarksville to Penfield, about seven miles from the former place, the tourist comes upon

the Falls of Toccoa. They are situated close by the highway, and are particularly admired. A small stream passes over a precipice 180 feet in depth, but the volume of water is so small to be heard at a great distance. A winding path leads to the foot of the fall; and, following this, I came to a large rock in the stream, directly in front of the fall. Seating myself upon it, I cast my eyes upward, and could not but exclaim—Toccoa! Toccoa!—well did they name thee "Beautiful!" For more than an hour did I gaze upward with the deepest admiration.—Over the abrupt and fearful steep, the lovely little stream came flowing so gently, so calmly, that it seemed the highest pleasure to float down upon its bosom. Here was no wrestling of currents, no bowing of floods, no rebounding of the waters as they struck the rocks below.—True, a sheet of mist curled upward, but it rose so gracefully, and withal glistened so beautifully in the sunlight, that I almost fancied the nymph of the stream to be offering incense to the God of Day. The precipice is as perpendicular as if hewn out by the line plummet.—Several men called to me from above—they looked like lads of fourteen. The trees about the fall are litterly covered with names, some dating as far back as 1828. Not to be unfashionable, I clambered up a tree and recorded my name, as far from earth as the most ambitious had done before me. Retracing my steps I next visited the top of the fall and looked below. The depth was indeed fearful, yet I gazed downward without awe or dread. The course of the stream, as it winds gracefully along amid the luxuriant forest trees, the deep green of whose foliage contrasts beautifully with its own sweet silvery breast, is of itself sufficient to repay a visit; but in the falls, beauty herself lies mirrored. Lovely as is this place, it is connected with a doleful legend.

Early in the history of the country, a party of whites were encamped in its vicinity. Dreading the numbers and vindictiveness of the Indians they endeavoured to keep their proximity to them. By some means an influential Squaw discovered their retreat. They treated her with the utmost kindness, and by the aid of numerous trinkets, they gained her confidence.—She was urged to keep her presents hidden from her people and for a time did so; but the natural vanity of her sex overcame her resolutions, and she displayed them publically. By these means the vicinity of the whites became known, and a council of warriors was assembled to decide upon their fate. They resolved upon their entire destruction. A dark rainy night was chosen for the expedition, and the Squaw was commanded to guide them to the camp. She readily acquiesced, promising that if they would closely follow her, they should have the scalps of a hundred whites. By a narrow path, admitting but one at a time, she led them to this abrupt precipice, and stepped immediately off. Those behind fearing each to lose sight of his predecessor, pressed after her one after another, until all were buried in the vortex below. Thus did this faithful Squaw sacrifice herself and the lives of her warriors, to preserve the whites from destruction. Tradition affirms, and the superstitions there believe, that on every dark rainy night the death-wail of the warriors is borne upward on the mist, and is audible above the noise of the waterfall.—American Magazine.

A PRAIRIE.—One of the most novel as well as enchanting scenes in nature is the prairie, or delta, extending to a distance of many miles between the two great rivers. It is for a considerable portion of the year one sea of flowers, one wide region of fragrance; and its features differ from those of any other land in any other country. Not a tree is to be seen except upon its outer edge, and the blue horizon meets it everywhere, forming a long straight line, without the least appearance of irregularity or undulation. As you cast your eye over it, it is all one series of deceptions. Sometimes, owing to a particular state of the atmosphere, or the position of the sun, distances and objects are increased or diminished like the vagaries of the phantasmagoria; things that are near will appear as if at a great distance, and those at a great distance at other times seem as if you could almost touch them. Now a bird will seem as if touching the sky with its head, and anon the herds appear like an assemblage of insects.—America Described.

SUBLIMITY.—'Twas night; the wind howled fearfully among the deserted places of ancient Rome, now sweeping with a dirge-like cadence o'er some mouldering monument, and anon rushing with awful Majesty through the realms of space scattering destruction on every side.—An old and sorrow stricken man, bending 'neath the weight of years and misery, opposed his bosom to the pitiless storm; no son to aid, no friend to succour him. Leaning his aged frame upon his staff, and in a voice inarticulate from emotion, he ejaculated, "By gosh! how my boots leak!"—American paper.

A gentleman met a young girl, whose parents lived near his house. What are you doing Augustena, said he. Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir, was the smart reply.

Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—both in your necessity will serve you.