

POETRY.

ELAINE AND ELAINE.

Dead, she drifted to his feet;
Tell us, Love, is Death so sweet?
Oh! the river floweth deep;
Fathoms deeper is her sleep;

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS,
"THE PATRIOT," "HOMEROUND,"
"BOUNDS," ETC.

CONTINUED.

The lake had exchanged its covering of
unspotted snow for a face of dark ice,
which reflected the rays of the rising sun like a
polished mirror.

The houses were clothed in
a dress of the same description, but
which, owing to its position, shone like
bright steel; while the enormous icicles
that were pendent from every roof, caught
the brilliant light, apparently throwing it
from one to the other, as each glittered,
on the side next the luminary, with a
golden lustre that melted away in its op-

posite, into the dusky shades of a back-

ground. But it was the appearance of the
boundless forests that covered the hills as
they rose, in the distance, one over the
other, that most attracted the gaze of Miss
Temple.

The huge trunks of the pines
and hemlocks bent with the weight of the
ice they supported, while their summits
rose above the swelling tops of the oaks,
beeches, and maples, like spires of burn-

ished silver issuing from domes of the
same material. The limits of the view, in
the west, were marked by an undulating
outline of bright light, as if, reversing the
order of the nature, numberless snows
might momentarily be expected to heave
above the horizon.

In the foreground of the
picture, along the shores of the lake,
and near to the village, each tree seemed
studded with diamonds. Even the sides
of the mountains where the rays of the
sun could yet fall, were decorated with a
glazy coat, that presented every gradation
of brilliancy, from the first touch of the
luminary of the dark foliage of the hem-

lock, glistening through its coat of crystal.
In short, the whole view was one scene of
quivering radiance, as lake, mountains,
village, and woods, each emitted a portion
of light, tinged with its peculiar hue, and
varied by its position, in the magnitude.

"See!" cried Elizabeth—"see, Louisa;
hasten to the window, and observe the
marvellous change!"

Miss Grant complied; and, after bend-

ing for a moment in silence from the
opening, she observed in a low tone, as if
afraid to trust the sound of her voice,
"Is that the change I should be able to ef-

fect it so soon?"

Elizabeth turned in amazement, to hear
so skeptical a sentiment from one edu-

cated like her companion; but was sur-

prised to find that, instead of looking at
the view, the mild blue eyes of Miss Grant
were dwelling on the form of a well-dressed
young man, who was standing before the
door of the building, in earnest conversa-

tion with her father. A second glance,
necessary before she was able to recognize
the person of the young hunter, in plain,
but assuredly the ordinary garb of a gen-

tleman.

"Everything in this magical country
seems to border on the marvellous," said
Elizabeth; "and among all the changes,
this is certainly not the best wonderful.

The actors are as unique as the scenery."

Miss Grant colored and drew in her
head.

"I am a simple country girl, Miss
Temple, and I am afraid you will find me
but a poor companion," she said. "I am
not sure that I understand all you say.
But I really thought that you wished me
to notice the alteration in Mr. Edwards.
Is it not more wonderful when we recollect
his origin? They say he is part
Indian."

"He is a gentle savage; but let us go
down, and give the sachem his tea; for I
suppose he is a descendant of King
Philip, if not a grandson of Pocahontas."

The ladies were met in the hall by
Judge Temple, who took his daughter
aside to apprise her of that alteration in
the appearance of their new inmate, with
which she was already acquainted.

"He appears reluctant to converse on
his former situation," continued Marna-
duke; "but I gathered from his discourse,
as is apparent from his manner, that he
has seen better days; and I am really in-
clining to the opinion of Richard, as to
his origin; for it was no unusual thing
for the Indian agents to rear their chil-

ren in a laudable manner, and—

"Very well, my dear sir," interrupted
his daughter, laughing and averting her
eyes; "it is all well enough, I dare say;
but, as I do not understand a word of the
Mohawk language, he must be content to
speak English; and as for his behavior, I
trust to your discernment to control it."

"Ay! but, Bess," cried the Judge,
determining gently by the hand, "nothing
must be said to him of his past life. This
he has begged particularly of me, as a
favor. He is, perhaps, a little soured,
just now with his wounded arm; the
injury seems very light, and another time
he may be more communicative."

"Oh! I am not much troubled, sir, with
that landable thirst after knowledge that
is called curiosity. I shall believe him to
be the child of Corn-stalk, or Corn-planter,
or some other renowned chieftain; possibly
of the Big Snake himself; and shall treat
him as such until he sees fit to shew his
good-looking head, borrow some half-
dozen pair of my best earrings, shoulder
his rifle again, and disappear as suddenly
as he made his entrance. So come, my
dear sir, and let us not forget the rites
of hospitality, for the short time he is to
remain with us."

Judge Temple smiled at the playfulness
of his child, and taking her arm they
entered the breakfast parlor, where the
young hunter was seated, with an air that
showed his determination to domesticate
himself in the family with as little parade
as possible.

requires us to leave him for a time to
pursue with diligence and intelligence the
employments that were assigned him by
Marmaduke.

Oliver Edwards, whose sudden elevation
excited no surprise in that changeable
country, was earnestly engaged in the
service of Marmaduke, during the days;
but his nights were often spent in the
hut of Leather-Stocking. The intercourse
between the three hunters was maintained
with a certain air of mystery, it is true,
but with much zeal and apparent interest
to all the parties. Even Molegan seldom
came to the mansion-house, and Natty,
never; but Edwards sought every leisure
moment to visit his former abode, from
which he would often return in the
gloomy hours of the night, through the
snow, or, if detained beyond the time at
which the family retired to rest, with the
morning sun. These visits certainly ex-

ceeded much speculation in those to whom
they were known, but no comments were
made, excepting occasionally, in whispers
from Richard, who would say:

"It is not at all remarkable; a half-
breed can never be weaned from the
savages ways—and for one of his lineage,
the boy is much nearer civilization than
could, in reason, be expected."

CHAPTER XXII.

"Speed! Malice, speed! such cause of haste
Time active sines never traced."—Scott.

The roads of Otego, if we except the
principal highways, were, at the early day
of our tale, but little better than wood-

paths. The high trees that were growing
on the very verge of the wheel-tracks ex-

cluded the sun's rays, unless at meridian;
and the slowness of the evaporation, even
when spring drew near, united with the
rich mold of vegetable decomposition that
covered the whole country to the death
of several inches, occasioned but an in-

different foundation for the footing of
travellers. Added to these were the in-

equalities of a natural surface, and the
constant recurrence of enormous and
slippery rocks that were laid bare by the
removal of the light soil, together with
stumps of trees, to make a passage not
only difficult but dangerous. Yet the
riders among these numerous obstructions,
which were such as would terrify an un-

practiced eye, gave no demonstrations of
uneasiness as their horses tolled through
the sloughs or trotted with uncertain pace
along the dark route.

Into one of these roads the active sheriff
led the way, first striking out of the foot-

path, by which they had descended from
the sugar-bush, where the party had gone
to the removal of the light soil, together
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both, unconsciously adopting the dialect
of her parent in the warmth of her sym-

pathy. "Upon thee must have fallen the
responsibility, if not the suffering."

"I did, Elizabeth," returned the Judge,
pausing for a single moment, as if musing
on his former feelings. "I had hundreds
at that dreadful time daily looking up to
me for bread. The sufferings of their
families and the gloomy prospect before
them had paralyzed the enterprise and
efforts of my settlers; hunger drove them
to the woods for food, but despair sent
them at night, enfolded and wan, to a
sleepless pillow. It was not a moment
for inaction. I purchased cargoes of
wheat from the granaries of Pennsylv-

ania; they were landed at the wharves,
and sent up the Mohawk in boats; from
thence it was transported on packhorses
into the wilderness and distributed among
my people. Seines were made, and the
lakes and rivers were dragged for fish.
Something like a miracle was wrought in
our favor, for enormous shoals of herrings
were discovered to have wandered five
hundred miles through the windings of
the impetuous Susquehanna, and the
lake was alive with their numbers. These
were at length caught and dealt out to the
people, with proper portions of salt, and
from that moment we again began to
prosper."

"No, Bess," added the Judge, in a more
cheerful tone, "he who hears of the set-
tlement of a country knows but little of
the toil and suffering by which it was ac-

complished. Unimproved and wild as
this district now seems to your eyes, what
was it when I first entered the hills! I
left my party, the morning of my arrival,
near the farms of the Cherry Valley, and,
following a deer-path, rode to the summit
of the mountain that I have since called
Mount Vision; for the sight that met my
eyes seemed to me as the deceptions of
a dream. The fire had run over the
pinacle, and in a great measure laid open
the view. The leaves were fallen, and I
mounted a tree and sat for an hour look-

ing on the silent wilderness. Not a
breath of wind stirred the leaves, and
nothing was to be seen in the distance
but the snow that lay on the ground,
and the valley, with its surface of branches,
enlivened here and there with the faded
foliage of some tree that parted from its
leaves with more than ordinary violence.
Even the Sagoehanna was then hid by
the height and density of the forest."

"And were you alone?" asked Eliza-
beth; "passed you the night in that soli-

tary state?"

"Not so, my child," returned the father.
"After reaching the summit, I observed,
obedient to the curb and whip of her
fearless mistress, she bounded across the dan-

gerous pass with the activity of a squirrel.

"Gently, gently, my child," said Marna-
duke, who was following in the manner
of Richard; "this is not a country for
equestrian feats. Much prudence is re-

quisite to journey through our rough
paths with safety. Thou mayst practise
thy skill in horsemanship on the plains of
New Jersey with safety; but in the hills
of Otego they may be suspended for a
time."

"I may as well then relinquish my saddle
at once, dear sir," returned his daughter;
"for if it is to be laid aside until this
wild country be improved, old age will
overtake me, and put an end to what you
term my equestrian feats."

"Say not so, my child," returned her
father; "but if thou venture again, as in
crossing this bridge, old age will never
overtake thee, but I shall be left to mourn
thee, cut off in thy pride, my Elizabeth.
If thou hadst seen this district of country,
as I did, when I lay in the sleep of nature,
and had witnessed its rapid changes as it
awoke to supply the wants of man, thou
wouldest curb thy impatience for a little
time, though thou shouldst not check thy
steed."

"I recollect hearing you speak of your
first visit to these woods, but the impres-

sion is faint, and blended with the confused
images of childhood. Wild and unsettled
as it may yet seem, it must have been a
thousand times more dreary then. Will
you repeat, dear sir, what you then thought
of your enterprise, and what you felt?"

"During this speech of Elizabeth, which
was uttered with the fervor of affection,
young Edwards rode more closely to the
side of the Judge, and bent his dark eyes
on his countenance with an expression
that seemed to read his thoughts.

"That was then young, my child, but
remember when I left thee and thy
mother, to take my first survey of these
uninhabited mountains," said Marna-
duke. "But thou dost not feel all the
secret motives that can urge a man to em-
igrate, yet in order to accumulate
wealth. In my case they were not being
trifling, and God has been pleased to
smile on my efforts. If I have encountered
pain, famine, and disease in accom-
plishing the settlement of this rough ter-
ritory, I have not the misery of failure to
add to the grievances."

"Famine!" echoed Elizabeth; "I thought
this was the land of abundance! Had you
famine to contend with?"

"Even so, my child," said her father.
"Those who look around them now, and
see the locusts of produce that issue out
of every wild path in these mountains
during the season of travelling, will hardly
credit that no more than five years have elapsed
since the tenants of these woods were
compelled to eat the scanty fruits of the
forest to sustain life, and with their un-

practiced skill, to hunt the beasts as food
for their starving families."

"But, my dear father," cried the won-

dering Elizabeth, "was there actual suf-

fering? Where were the beautiful and
fertile valleys of the Mohawk? Could they
not furnish food for your wants?"

"It was a season of scarcity; the neces-

sity of life commanded a high price in
Europe, and were greedily sought after
by the speculators. The emigrants from
the east to the west invariably passed
along the valley of the Mohawk, and
swelt away the means of subsistence like
a swarm of locusts. Nor were the people
on the Flats in a much better condition.
They were in want themselves, but they
spared the little excess of provision that
Nature did not absolutely require, with
the justice of the German character. There
was no grinding of the poor. The word
speculator was then unknown to them. I
have seen many a stout man, bending
under the load of the bag of meal which
he was carrying from the mills of the
Mohawk, through the rugged passes of
these mountains, to feed his half-famished
children, with a heart so light, as he ap-

proached his hut, that the thirty miles he
had passed seemed nothing. Remember,
my child, it was in our very infancy, and
had nothing of increase but the mouths
that were to be fed; for even in that in-

auspicious moment the restless spirit of
emigration was not idle; nay, the general
scarcity which extended to the east tended
to increase the number of adventurers."

"And how, dearest father, didst thou
encounter this dreadful evil?" said Eliza-

of the discourse between the latter and her
father. Marmaduke followed his daughter,
giving her frequent and tender warn-

ings, as to the management of her horse.
It was, possibly, the evident dependence
that Louis Grant placed on his assistance,
which induced the youth to continue by
her side, as they pursued their way
through a dreary and dark wood, where
the rays of the sun could but rarely pene-

trate, and where even the daylight was
obscured and rendered gloomy by the
deep forests that surrounded them. No
wind had yet reached the spot where the
equestrians were in motion, but that dead
silence that often precedes a storm con-

tributed to render their situation more
frightful than if they were already subject
to the fury of the tempest. Suddenly the
voice of young Edwards was heard shout-

ing in tones that carried far and wide,
and which curlew the blood of those that
heard them:

"A tree! a tree! a tree!—spur for your
lives! a tree! a tree!"

"A tree! a tree!" echoed Richard,
giving his horse a blow that caused the
armed beast to jump nearly a rod, throw-

ing the mud and water into the air like a
hurricane.

"A tree! you tree!" shouted the
Frenchman, bending his body on the neck
of his charger, shutting his eyes, and
playing on the ribs of his beast with his
heels at a rate that caused him to be con-

veyed on the crupper of the sheriff with a
marvellous speed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHIGNECTO SHIP RAILWAY.

A Description of this most Stupendous
Undertaking.

A correspondent who recently returned
from along the Chignecto ship railway says:

"No work on the continent at present
under construction is so universally attract-

ing the attention of the various clever
correspondents of the scientific press, and
those keen-eyed purveyors of mechanical
intelligence are often in the vicinity of
the ship railway gazing upon the mam-

moth steam shovels that dig out the docks
with wonderful rapidity, or watching the
extensive cuttings and the preparations
for the placing of the stupendous hydra-

ulic lifts that will raise the argosies of
commerce to their positions on the rails
when the railway becomes a completed
work. The Chignecto ship railway, while
being constructed, gives employment to an

army of workmen in the cuttings at the
terminus of the road, and the terminus of
the work at Fort Lawrence, on the Chignecto
basin, and Fiddish, on the Northumberland
strand. Speculations as to its utility
when completed are of course rife among
nautical men, and among less interested

men, but none of the kind exist in the
minds of the men who are engaged in the
work at Fort Lawrence, on the Chignecto
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LIFTED BY A BIG BERG.

The steamship Portia of the Red Cross
line, which recently took a ride on an ice-

berg's back while on her journey from
Piley's Island to this port, arrived at Brook-

lyn, nothing the worse for her perilous
adventure. The Portia is 220 feet in
length and 1,150 tons register, and her com-

mander, Captain Ashe, is a bluff and jolly
sailor, but he confesses he was a little
frightened for his ship and his crew and
himself when he went into his frozen dry dock
on the afternoon of July 29. At 1 o'clock
on that day there was a fair breeze blow-

ing, the captain told a press reporter, and
they had reached the Fog Islands. Soon
afterward an iceberg was sighted not more
than two hundred yards ahead on the star-

board bow. The berg was half a mile in
length, and the Portia was set to clear it in
safety.

Suddenly there was a loud cracking
noise, then a crash and a tumult of the
waters. The great berg had been rent
into three parts.

Two of the parts floated across the bow
of the ship and the captain went ahead to
escape from the third. He would have ac-

complished his object had the mass of ice
not suddenly turned a somersault.

The next moment the Portia was high
and dry on the great mass of ice. She had
been lifted up fore and aft and she re-

mained in this position for three minutes.
Captain Ashe who kept his nerves in or-

der, had the engines stopped instantly
and he waited for the berg's backward
swing.