POETRY.

CHRISTMAS WITH MY OLD MOTHER.

Lu B. Cake, in Harper's Bazar.]

Oh! I never felt so happy as upon last Christmas night,
Coming near the little home where mother lives,
The familiar scenes of boyhood, and the window with the light,
And the joy anticipation ever gives.
Eager fingers tingled gladly as I opened the old gate,
And my feet, impatient, hurried to the door;
But her ear had caught my footsteps, and her love remembered well:
On the threshold mother met me as of yore.

Oh! I clasped her to my bosom, as she used to clasp her boy,
While her tears and loving kisses answered mine.
Then she led me to the table, where the good things kept for me
Were all waiting with the chair of auld lang syne.
She remembered ev'rything I liked, and how to make it best,
Serving me as though my place were still a child's;
Cakes and jellies, home-made candy, and ev'ry choicest thing,
Heaped before me with caresses and her smiles.

Oh! I seemed a very boy again, as we sat talking there,
And she told how she had thought of, prayed for me;
How I'd been a joy and comfort to her all her widowed life;
And her spirit, like an angel's, I could see,
How in ev'ry whistling boy that passed she heard me coming home,
So she had love-waited for me all the years;
Then, arising from the table, she would stand caressing me,
As she breathed on me a blessing through her tears.

When I went to bed she came to me and tucked the covers around,
In the dear old way that only mothers know.
Oh! I felt so blissful, peaceful, and so full of tender love
That all silent came my glad heart's overflow.
Happy, grateful, joyful tears I shed; ay, cried myself to sleep,
Dreaming in a heav'nly dream-land free from cares;
In my boyhood home and bed again, the covers tucked around,
Safely guarded by my dear old mother's pray'rs.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J Finimore Cooper

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONCLUDED.

Until his parent was placed comfortably in bed, with Natty seated at his side, Effingham did not quit him. He then obeyed a summons to the library of the Judge, where he found the latter, with Major Hartmann, waiting for him.

"Read this paper, Oliver," said Marmaduke to him, as he entered, "and thou wilt find that, so far from intending the family wrong during life, it has been my care to see that justice should be done at even a later day."

The youth took the paper, which his first glance told him was the will of the Judge. Hurried and agitated as he was, he discovered that the date corresponded with the time of the unusual depression of Marmaduke. As he proceeded, his eyes began to moisten, and the hand which held the instrument shook violently.

The will commenced with the usual forms, spun out by the ingenuity of Mr. Van Der School; but, after this subject was fairly exhausted, the pen of Marmaduke became plainly visible. In clear, distinct, manly, and even eloquent language, he recounted his obligations to Colonel Effingham, the nature of their connection, and the circumstances in which they separated. He then proceeded to relate the motives of his silence, mentioning, however, large sums that he had forwarded to his friend which had been returned with the letters unopened. After this, he spoke of his search for the grandfather who unaccountably disappeared, and his fears that the direct heir of the trust was buried in the ocean with his father.

After, in short, recounting in a clear narrative, the events which our readers must now be able to connect, he proceeded to make a fair and exact statement of the sums left in his care by Colonel Effingham. A devise of his whole estate to certain responsible trustees followed; to hold the same for the benefit, in equal moieties, of his daughter, on one part, and of Oliver Effingham, formerly a major in the army of Great Britain, and of his son Edward Oliver Effingham, or to the survivor of them, and the descendants of such survivor, forever, on the other part. The trust was to endure until 1810, when, if no person appeared, or could be found, after sufficient notice to claim the moiety so devised, then a certain sum, calculating the principal and interest of his debt to Colonel Effingham, was to be paid to the heirs-at-law of the Effingham family, and the bulk of his estate was to be conveyed in fee to his daughter, or her heirs.

The tears fell down the eyes of the young man, as he read this undeniable testimony of the good faith of Marmaduke, and his bewildered gaze was still fastened on the paper, when a voice, that thrilled on every nerve, spoke near him, saying:

"Do you yet doubt us, Oliver?"

"I have never doubted you!" cried the youth, recovering his recollection and his voice, as he sprang to seize the hand of Elizabeth; "no, not one moment has my faith in you wavered."

"And my father——"

"God bless him!"

"I thank thee, my son," said the Judge, exchanging a warm pressure of the hand with the youth; "but we have both erred, thou hast been too hasty, and I have been too slow. One-half of my estates shall be thine as soon as they can be conveyed to thee; and, if what my suspicions tell me be true, I suppose the other must follow speedily." He took the hand which he held, and united it with that of his daughter, and motioned toward the door to the major.

"I telt you vat, gal!" said the old German, good humoredly; "if I vast as I vast ven I servit mit his grandfader on ter lakes, ter lazy tog shouldn't vin ter prize as for nottin."

"Come, come, old Fritz," said the Judge; "you are seventy, not seventeen; Richard waits for you with a bowl of eggnog, in the hall."

"Richart! ter duyvel!" exclaimed the other, hastening out of the room; "he makes ter nag ast for ter horse. I vilt show ter sheriff mit my own hants. Ter duyvel. I pelieve he sweetens mit ter Yankee melasses!"

Marmaduke smiled and nodded affectionately at the young couple, and closed the door after them. If any of our readers expect that we are going to open it again, for their gratification they are mistaken.

The tete-a-tete continued for a very unreasonable time — how long we shall not say; but it was ended by six o'clock in the evening, for at that hour Monsieur Le Quoi made his appearance agreeably to the appointment of the preceding day, and claimed the ear of Miss Temple. He was admitted; when he made an offer of his hand, with much suavity, together with his "amis beeg and leet" his pere, his mere, and his sucreboosh. Elizabeth might, possibly, have previously entered into some embarrassing and binding engagements with Oliver, for she declined the render of all, in terms as polite, though perhaps a little more decided, than those in which they were made.

The Frenchman soon joined the German and the sheriff in the hall, who compelled him to take a seat with them at the table, where, by the aid of punch, wine, and eggnog, they soon extracted from the complaisant Monsieur LeQuoi the nature of his visit. It was evident that he had made the offer, as a duty which a well-bred man owed to a lady in such a retired place, before he had left the country, and that his feelings were but very little if at all, interested in the matter. After a few potations, the waggish pair persuaded the exhilarated Frenchman that there was an inexcusable partiality in offering to one lady, and not extending a similar courtesy to another. Consequently about nine, Monsieur Le Quoi sallied forth to the rectory, on a similar mission to Miss Grant, which proved as successful as his first effort in love.

When he returned to the mansion-house at ten, Richard and the major were still seated at the table. They attempted to persuade the Gaul, as the sheriff called him, that he should next try Remarkable Pettibone. But though stimulated by mental excitement and wine, two hours of abstruse logic were thrown away on this subject for he declined their advice with a pertinacity truly astonishing in so polite a man.

When Benjamin lighted Monsieur Le Quoi from the door, he said, at parting:

"If-so-be, Mounsheer, you'd run alongside Mistress Pettybones, as the Squire Dickens was bidding ye, 'tis my motion you'd have been grappled; in which case, d'ye see, you mought have been troubled in swinging clear ag'in in a handsome manner; for thof Miss Lizzy and the parson's young 'un be tidy little vessels, that shoot by a body on a wind, Mistress Remarkable is sum'mat of a galliot fashion; when you once takes 'em in tow, they doesn't like to be cast off ag'in."

CHAPTER XLI.

"Yes, sweep ye on! — We will not leave,
For them who triumph those who grieve.
With that armada gay
Be laughter loud, and jocund shout —
— But with that skiff
Abides the minstrel tale."
— LORD OF THE ISLES.

The events of our tale carry us through the summer; and after making nearly the circle of the year, we must conclude our labors in the delightful month of October. Many important incidents had, however, occurred in the intervening period; a few of which it may be necessary to recount.

The two principal were the marriage of Oliver and Elizabeth, and the death of Major Effingham. They both took place early in September, and the former preceded the latter only a few days. The old man passed away like the last glimmering of a taper; and, though his death cast a melancholy over the family, grief could not follow such an end.

One of the chief concerns of Marmaduke was to reconcile the even conduct of a magistrate with the course that his feelings dictated to the criminals. The day succeeding the discovery at the cave, however, Natty and Benjamin re-entered the jail peaceably, where they continued, well fed and comfortable, until the return of an express to Albany, who brought the governors pardon to the Leather-Stocking. In the mean time, proper means were employed to satisfy Hiram for the assaults on his person; and on the same day the two comrades issued together into society again not at all affected by the imprisonment.

Mr. Doolittle began to discover that neither architecture nor his law was quite suitable to the growing wealth and intelligence of the settlement; and after exacting the last cent that was attainable in his compromise, to use the language of the country, he "pulled up stakes," and proceded farther west, scattering his professional science and legal learning through the land; vestiges of both of which are to be discovered there even to the present hour.

Poor Jotham, whose life paid the forfeiture of his folly, acknowledged, before he died, that his reasons for believing in a mine were extracted from the lips of a sibyl, who, by looking in a magic glass, was enabled to discover the hidden treasures of the earth. Such superstition was frequent in the new settlements; and, after the first surprise was over, the better part of the community forgot the subject. But, at the same time that it removed from the breast of Richard a lingering suspicion of the acts of the three hunters, it conveyed a mortifying lesson to him, which brought many quiet hours, in future, to his cousin Marmaduke. It may be remembered that the sheriff confidently pronounced this to be no "visionary" scheme, and that word was enough to shut his lips, at any time within the next ten years.

Monsieur Le Quoi, who has been introduced to our readers because no picture of that country would be faithful without some such character, found the island of Martinique, and his "sucreboosh," in possession of the English; but Marmaduke and his family were much gratified in soon hearing that he had returned to his bureau, in Paris; where he afterward issued yearly bulletins of his happiness, and of his gratitude to his friends in America.

With this brief explanation, we must return to our narrative. Let the American reader imagine one of our mildest October mornings, when the sun seems a ball of silvery fire, and the elasticity of the air is felt while it is inhaled, imparting vigor and life to the whole system: the weather, neither too warm nor too cold, but of that happy temperature which stirs the blood, without bringing the lassitude of spring. It was on such a morning, about the middle of the month, that Oliver entered the hall where Elizabeth was issuing her usual orders for the day, and requesting her to join him in a short excursion to the lakeside. The tender melancholy in the manner of her husband caught the attention of Elizabeth, who instantly abandoned her concerns, threw a light shawl across her shoulders, and, concealing her raven hair under a gypsy, she took his arm, and submitted herself, without a question, to his guidance. They crossed the bridge, and had turned from the highway, along the margin of the lake, before a word was exchanged. Elizabeth well knew, by the direction, the object of the walk, and respected the feelings of her companion too much to indulge in untimely conversation. But when they gained the open fields, and her eye roamed over the placid lake, covered with wild-fowl already journeying from the great northern waters to seek a warmer sun, but lingering to play in the limpid sheet of the Otsego, and to the sides of the mountain, which were gay with the thousand dyes of autumn, as if to grace their bridal, the swelling heart of the young wife burst out in speech.

"This is not a time for silence, Oliver!" she said, clinging more fondly to his arm; "everything in Nature seems to speak the praises of the Creator; why should we, who have so much to be grateful for, be silent?"

"Speak on!" said her husband, smiling; "I love the sounds of your voice. You must anticipate our errand hither: I have told you my plans: how do you like them?"

"I must first see them," returned his wife. "But I have had my plans, too; it is time I should begin to divulge them."

"You! It is something for the comfort of my old friend, Natty, I know."

"Certainly of Natty; but we have other friends besides the Leather-Stocking to serve. Do you forget Louisa and her father?"

"No, surely; have I not given one of the best farms in the county to the good divine? As for Louisa, I should wish you to keep her always near us."

"You do!" said Elizabeth, slightly compressing her lips; "but poor Louisa may have other views for herself; she may wish to follow my example, and marry."

"I don't think it," said Effingham, musing a moment; "I really don't know any one hereabouts good enough for her."

"Perhaps not here, but there are other places besides Templeton, and other churches besides 'New St. Paul's.'"

"Churches, Elizabeth! you would not wish to lose Mr. Grant, surely! Though simple, he is an excellent man. I shall never find another who has half the veneration for my orthodoxy. You would humble me from a saint to a very common sinner."

"It must be done, sir," returned the lady, with a half-concealed smile, "though it degrades you from an angel to a man."

"But you forget the farm?"

"He can lease it, as others do. Besides, would you have a clergyman toil in the field?"

"Where can he go? You forget Louisa."

"No, I do not forget Louisa," said Elizabeth, again compressing her beautiful lips. "You know, Effingham, that my father has told you that I ruled him, and that I should rule you. I am now about to exert my power."

"Anything, anything, dear Elizabeth, but not at the expense of us all: not at the expense of your friend."

"How do you know, sir, that it will be so much at the expense of my friend?" said the lady, fixing her eyes with a searching look on his countenance, where they met only the unsuspecting expression of manly regret.

"How do I know it? why, it is natural that she should regret us."

"It is our duty to struggle with our natural feelings," returned the lady; "and there is but little cause to fear that such a spirit as Louisa's will not effect it."

"But what is your plan?"

"Listen, and you shall know. My father has procured a call for Mr. Grant, to one of the towns on the Hudson, where he can live more at his ease than in journeying through these woods; where he can spend the evening of life in comfort and quiet; and where his daughter may meet with such society, and form such a connection, as may be proper for one of her years and character."

"Bess! you amaze me! I did not think you had been such a manager!"

"Oh! I manage more deeply than you imagine, sir," said the wife, archly smiling again; "but it is my will, and it is your duty to submit — for a time at least."

Effingham laughed; but, as they approached the end of their walk, the subject was changed by common consent.

The place at which they arrived was the little spot of level ground where the cabin of the Leather-Stocking had so long stood. Elizabeth found it entirely cleared of rubbish, and beautifully laid down in turf, by the removal of sods, which, in common with the surrounding country, had grown gay, under the influence of profuse showers, as if a second spring had passed over the land. This little place was surrounded by a circle of mason work and they entered by a small gate, near which to the surprise of both, the rifle of Natty was leaning against the wall. Hector and the slut reposed, on the grass by its side, as if conscious that, however altered, they were lying on the ground, and were surrounded by objects with which they were familiar. The hunter himself was stretched on the earth, before a headstone of white marble, pushing aside with his fingers the long grass that had already sprung up from the luxuriant soil around its base, apparently to lay bare the inscription. By the side of this stone, which was a simple slab at the head of a grave, stood a rich monument, decorated with an urn, and ornamented with the chisel.

Oliver and Elizabeth approached the graves with a light tread, unheard by the old hunter, whose sunburnt face was working, and whose eyes twinkled as if something impeded their vision. After some little time Natty raised himself slowly from the ground, and said aloud:

"Well, well — I'm bold to say it's all right! There's something that I suppose is reading; but I can't make anything of it; though the pipe and the tomahawk, and the moccasins, be pretty well — pretty well, for a man that, I dares to say, never need 'ither of the things. Ah's me! there they lie, side by side, happy enough! Who will there be to put me in the 'arth when my time comes?"

"When that unfortunate hour arrives, Natty, friends shall not be wanting to perform the last offices for you," said Oliver, a little touched at the hunter's soliloquy.

The old man turned, without manifesting surprise, for he had got the Indian habits in this particular, and, running his hand under the bottom of his nose, seemed to wipe away his sorrow with the action.

"You've come out to see the graves, children, have ye?" he said; "well, well, they're wholesome sights to young as well as old."

"I hope they are fitted to your liking," said Effingham; "no one has a better right than yourself to be consulted in the matter."

"Why, seeing that I an't used to fine graves," returned the old man, "it is but little matter consarning my taste. Ye laid the major's head to the west, and Mohegan's to the east, did ye, lad?"

"At your request it was done."

"It,s so best," said the hunter; "they thought they had to journey different ways children; though there is One greater than all, who'll whiten the skin of a blackamoor, and place him on a footing with princes."

"There is but little reason to doubt that," said Elizabeth, whose decided tones were changed to a soft, melancholy voice; "I trust we shall all meet again, and be happy together."

"Shall we, child, shall we?" exclaimed the hunter, with unusual fervor, "there's comfort in that thought too. But before I go, I should like to know what 'tis you tell these people, that be flocking into the country like pigeons in the spring, of the old Delaware, and of the bravest white man that ever trod the hills."

Effingham and Elizabeth were surprised at the manner of the Leather-Stocking, which was unusually impressive and solemn; but, attributing it to the scene, the young man turned to the monument, and read aloud:

"'Sacred to the memory of Oliver Effingham, Esquire, formally a Major in his B. Majesty's 60th Foot; a soldier of tried valor; a subject of chivalrous loyalty; and a man of honesty. To these virtues he added the graces of a Christian. The morning of his life was spent in honor, wealth, and power; but its evening was obscured by poverty, neglect, and disease, which were alleviated only by the tender care of his old, faithful, and upright friend and attendant, Nathaniel Bumppo. His descendants rear this stone to the virtues of the master, and to the enduring gratitude of the servant.'"

The Leather-Stocking started at the sound of his own name, and a smile of joy illuminated his wrinkled features, as he said:

"And did ye say it, lad? have you then got the old man's name cut in the stone, by the side of his master's? God bless ye, children! 'twas a kind thought, and kindness goes to the heart as life shortens."

Elizabeth turned her back to the speakers. Effingham made a fruitless effort before he succeeded in saying:

"It is there cut in plain marble; but it should have been written in letters of gold!"

"Show me the name, boy," said Natty, with simple eagerness; "let me see my own name placed in such honor. 'Tis a gin'rous gift to a man who leaves none of his name and family behind him in a country where he has tarried so long."

Effingham guided his finger to the spot, and Natty followed the windings of the letters to the end with deep interest, when he raised himself from the tomb, and said:

"I suppose it's all right; and it's kindly thought, and kindly done! But what have ye put over the red-skin?"

"You shall hear:

"'This stone is raised to the memory of an Indian Chief, of the Delaware tribe, who was known by the several names of John Mohegan; Mohican ——'"

"Mo-hee-can, lad, they call theirselves! 'hecan."

"'Mohican; and Chingagook ——'"

"'Gach, boy; 'gach-gook; Chingachgook, which interpreted, means Big-sarpent. The name should be set down right for an Indian's name has always some meaning in it."

"I will see it altered. 'He was the last of his people who continued to inhabit this country; and it may be said of him that his faults were those of an Indian, and his virtues those of a man.'"

"You never said truer word, Mr. Oliver; ah's me! if you had know'd him as I did, in his prime, in that very battle where the old gentleman, who sleeps by his side, saved his life, when them thieves, the Iroquois, had him at the stake, you'd have said all that, and more too. I cut the thongs with this very hand, and gave him my own tomahawk and knife, seeing that the rifle was always my fav'rite weapon. He did lay about him like a man! I met him as I was coming home from the trail, with eleven Mingo scalps on his pole. You needn't shudder, Madam Effingham, for they was all from shaved heads and warriors. When I look about me, at these hills, where I used to could count sometimes twenty smokes, curling over the tree-tops, from the Delaware camps, it raises mournful thoughts, to think that not a red-skin is left of them all; unless it be a drunken vagabond from the Oneidas, or them Yankee Indians, who, they say, be moving up from the seashore; and who belong to none of God's creatures, to my seeming, being, as it were, neither fish nor flesh — neither white man nor savage. Well, well! the time has come at last, and I must go ——"

"Go!" echoed Edwards, "whither do you go?"

The Leather-Stocking, who had imbibed, unconsciously, many of the Indian qualities, though he always thought of himself as of a civilized being, compared with even the Delawares, averted his face to conceal the workings of his muscles, as he stooped to lift a large pack from behind the tomb, which he placed deliberately on his shoulders.

"Go!" exclaimed Elizabeth, approaching him with a hurried step; "you should not venture so far in the woods alone, at your time of life, Natty; indeed, it is imprudent. He is bent, Effingham, on some distant hunting."

"What Mrs. Effingham tells you is true, Leather-Stocking," said Edwards; "there can be no necessity for your submitting to such hardships now. So throw aside your pack, and confine your hunt to the mountaing near us, if you will go."

"Hardship! 'tis a pleasure, children, and the greatest that is left me on this side the grave."

"No, no; you shall not go to such a distance," cried Elizabeth, laying her white hand on his deerskin pack — "I am right! I feel his camp-kettle, and a canister of powder! He must not be suffered to wander so far from us, Oliver; remember how suddenly Mohegan dropped away."

"I know'd the parting would come hard, children — I know'd it would!" said Natty "and so I got aside to look at the graves by myself, and thought if I left ye the keepsake which the major gave me, when we first parted in the woods, ye wouldn't take it unkind, but would know that, let the old man's body go where it might, his feelings stayed behind him."

"This means something more than common," exclaimed the youth. "Where is it Natty, that you purpose going?"

The hunter drew nigh him with a confident, reasoning airy, as if what he had to say would silence all objections, and replied:

"Why, lad, they tell me that on the Big-lakes there's the best of hunting, and a great range, without a white man on it, unless it may be one like myself. I'm weary of living in clearings, and where the hammer is sounding in my ears from sunrise to sundown. And though I'm much bound to ye both, children — I wouldn't say it if it was not true — I crave to go into the woods ag'in — I do."

"Woods!" echoed Elizabeth, trembling with her feelings; "do you not call these endless forest woods?"

"Ah! child, these be nothing to a man that's used to the wilderness. I have took but little comfort sin' your father come on with his settlers; but I wouldn't go far, while the life was in the body that lies under the sod there. But now he's gone, and Chingachgook is gone; and you be both young and happy. Yes! the big house has rung with merriment this month past! And now, I thought, was the time to get a little comfort in the close of my days. Woods! indeed! I doesn't call these woods, Madam Effingham, where I lose myself every day of my life in the clearings."

"If there be anything wanting to your comfort, name it, Leather-Stocking; if it be attainable it is yours."

"You mean all for the best, lad, I know; and so does madam, too; but your ways isn't my ways. 'Tis like the dead there, who thought, when the breath was in them, that one went east, and one west, to find their heavens; but they'll meet at last, and so shall we, children. Yes, indeed as you've begun, and we shall meet in the land of the just at last."

"This is so new! so unexpected!" said Elizabeth, in almost breathless excitement; "I had thought you meant to live with us and die with us,, Natty."

"Words are of no avail," exclaimed her husband; "the habits of forty years are not to be dispossessed by the ties of a day. I know you too well to urge you further, Natty; unless you will let me build you a hut on one of the distant hills where we can sometimes see you, and know that you are comfortable."

"Don't fear for the Leather-Stocking children; God will see that his days be provided for, and his ind happy. I know you mean all for the best, but our ways doesn't agree. I love the wood, and ye relish the face of man; I eat when hungry and drink when a-dry; and ye keep stated hours and rules; nay, nay, you even overfeed the dogs, lad, from pure kindness, and hounds should be gaunty to run well; The meanest of God's creatures be made for some use, and I'm formed for the wilderness. If ye love me, let me go where my soul craves to be ag'in!"

The appeal was decisive; and not another word of entreaty for him to remain was then uttered; but Elizabeth bent her head to her bosom and wept, while her husband dashed away the tears from his eyes; and, with hands that almost refused to perform their office, he produced his pocket-book, and extended a parcel of bank-notes to the hunter.

"Take these" he said, "at least take these; secure them about your person, and in the hour of need they will do you good service."

The old man took the notes, and examined them with a curious eye.

"This, then, is some of the new-fashioned money they've been making at Albany, out of paper! it can't be worth much to they that hasn't larning! No, no, lad — take back the stuff; it will do me no sarvice. I took kear to get all the Frenchman's powder afore he broke up, and they say lead grows where I'm going. It isn't even fit for wads, seeing that I use none but leather! — Madam Effingham, let an old man kiss your hand, and wish God's choicest blessings on you and your'n."

"Once more let me beseech you, stay!" cried Elizabeth. "Do not, Leather-Stocking leave me to grieve for the man who has twice rescued me from death, and who has served those I love so faithfully. For my sake, if not for your own, stay. I shall see you in those frightful dreams that still haunt my nights, dying in poverty and age, by the side of those terrific beasts you slew. There will be no evil, that sickness, want, and solitude can inflict, that my fancy will not conjure as your fate. Stay with us, old man, if not for your own sake, at least for ours."

"Such thoughts and bitter dreams, Madam Effingham," returned the hunter, solemnly, "will never haunt an innocent person long. They'll pass away with God's pleasure. And if the cat-a-mounts be yet brought to your eyes in sleep, 'tis not for my sake, but to show you the power of Him that led me there to save you. Trust in God, madam, and your honorable husband, and the thoughts for an old man like me can never be long nor bitter. I pray that the Lord will keep you in mind — the Lord that lives in clearings as well as in the wilderness — and bless you, and all that belong to you, from this time till the great day when the whites shall meet the red-skins in judgment, and justice shall be the law, and not the power."

Elizabeth raised her head, and offered her colorless cheek to his salute, when he lifted his cap and touched it respectfully. His hand was grasped with convulsive fervor by the youth, who continued silent. The hunter prepared himself for his journey, drawing his belt tighter, and wasting his moments in the little reluctant movements of a sorrowful departure Once or twice he assayed to speak but a rising in his throat prevented it. At length he shouldered his rifle, and cried with a clear huntsman's call that echoed through the woods:

"He-e-e-re, he-e-e-re, pups — away, dogs away! — ye'll be footsore afore ye see the end of the journey!"

The hounds leaped from the earth at this cry, and scented around the grave and silent pair, as if conscious of their own destination, they followed humbly at the heels of their master A short pause succeeded, during which even the youth concealed his face on his grandfather's tomb. When the pride of manhood, however, had suppressed the feelings of nature, he turned to renew his entreaties, but saw that the cemetery was occupied only by himself and his wife.

"He is gone!" cried Effingham.

Elizabeth raised her face, and saw the old hunter standing looking back for a moment, on the verge of the wood. As he caught their glances, he drew his hand hastily across his eyes again, waved it on, high for an adieu, and, uttering a forced cry to his dogs, who were crouching at his feet, he entered the forest.

This was the last they ever saw of the Leather-Stocking, whose rapid movements preceded the pursuit which Judge Temple both ordered and conducted. He had gone far toward the setting sun — the foremost in that band of pioneers who are opening the way for the march of the nation across the continent.

THE END.

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Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

TRADE MARK

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,

CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.

Man'f'r of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

M'MURRAY & CO.

Employs no Agents, but gives the Large Commission to the Buyer, and by so doing, can sell you an

—ORGAN—

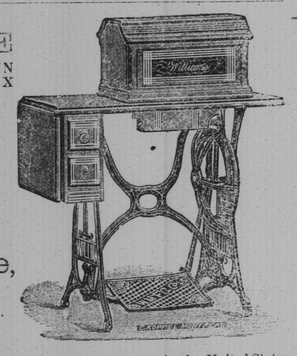
AT VERY LOW PRICES,

and on as easy terms as any other company on the

INSTALMENT PLAN.

Call and See our ORGANS and PRICES.

WE SELL THIS SEWING MACHINE for $18, AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN CANADA FOR $27.50. AFTER USING THEM SIX MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.



CALL AND SEE THEM.

—WE ALSO SELL THE—

Celebrated "White" Sewing Machine,

which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.

ROOM PAPER— We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States, before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, Blacks, Gilts, Granites, Engrain and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at rices never known in this City.

BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS;
GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS.

Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

McMURRAY & CO

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

R. BLACKMER,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,

HAS IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF

WALTHAM WATCHES

in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases.

Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc.

and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.

A FULL LINE OF

CLOCKS

Of the best makes.

SILVERWARE

In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality.

ENGRAVING

On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly executed.

The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.

One Door Below the People's Bank

Carriage Bolts.

JUST RECEIVED:

5 CASES containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 9,000 Tire Bolts.

For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

S. L. MORRISON,

Dealer in

FLOUR, MEAL,

TEA,

COFFEE,

SUGAR,

MOLASSES,

TOBACCO,

CANNED GOODS

—AND—

General Groceries.

QUEEN STREET,

OPP. CITY HALL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

"Greatest Thing In The World!"

—AT—

Hall's - Book - Store.

This Celebrated Book by DRUMMOND - - - -

Can be Procured of M. S. HALL.

"Greatest Thing In The World!"

By DRUMMOND.

HALL'S BOOK STORE

NOTICE.

ALWAYS IN STOCK:

HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS, MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN, COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL, LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER.

Hard and Soft House Coal.

Best Old Mine Sydney and Grand Lake Blacksmith Coal.

SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT,
" OATS, " PEAS,
" BARLEY, " CORN.

ALSO,

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,

all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST.

Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall

JAS. TIBBITS.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent.

Per S. S. Nova Scotian.

1 1-2 TONS assorted sizes of CABLE CHAIN, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received at

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the season of 1890 in sorted direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction last season.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the resident in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF

Beans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions,

and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.

My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.

Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND,

GEO. H. DAVIS,

Druggist and Seedsman,

CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.

FREDERICTON.

AT THE

TINSMITHS, - GASFITTERS,

—AND—

PLUMBERS

ESTABLISHMENT OF

LIMERICK & DUNCAN,

YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

THEY would inform the public in general that they will sell their Goods Cheaper than the Cheapest, and they carry a full line of

KITCHEN FURNISHING AND LUMBERMEN SUPPLIES.

And guarantee all goods made by them to be thorough in Quality and Workmanship.

HOT AIR FURNACES fitted up in the most approved style.

REPAIRING done in all branches with neatness and despatch.

Telephone 166.

FOR SALE — A fine MOCKING BIRD. Splendid Singer. Apply at HALL'S BOOK STORE, Fredericton, N.B

SKATES.

JUST RECEIVED:

300 PAIRS 12 Do. Acme Club Skates; Long Reach "

For sale low, wholesale and retail, at

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

WANTED

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice nursery stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G CLYNE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.

FROM NEW YORK.

10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.