The Celebrated

MOLL PITCHER'S

PROPHECIES

AND

World Renowned Pythoness

of Lynn.


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MOLL PITCHER'S

PROPHECIES

OR

The American Sibyl.

Mrs. ELLEN M. GRIFFIN.

1895:
THE EASTBURN PRESS,
165 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

MOLL PITCHER

BY THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

MOLL PITCHER'S prophecies as gleaned from many sources we lay before our readers. Their publication for the first time we feel assured will be a pleasure to all who have heard of this celebrated woman. Elderly people repeat with seriousness the predictions of this Sibyl heroine as related to them by friends and parents contemporary with her.

Her grandfather, old Captain Dimond, was called the "Wizzard of Marblehead," and it was said: "Used to pace the cemetry at night conversing with ghosts and witches and his voice could be heard miles out at sea directing the course of vessels."

Those were superstitious times, not far removed from the hypnotic influence of Parris over the fair maids of Salem, whose disordered vision made them see the flying witches on broom sticks, instead of bicycles.

Captain Dimond claimed to have descended from a race of famous astrologers. He boasted his grandparent could cast as good a horoscope as any Arabian, Greek or Egyptian of the 13th century.

So, if he chanced to be out conversing with his starry friends, his earthly ones said it was with "Ghosts and Witches." And if presaging a storm, should turn out and use his stentorian voice in sailor fashion, to prevent ships entering the Cove from being dashed upon the innumerable rocks there. He was all, and more than here ascribed.

The gift of second sight, so highly prized by Sir Walter Scott in his Highland writings, was a possession of the Wizzard Captain, who claimed it as an heirloom in his family for ages. Coming of such people and religiously believing in their traditions, it is probable she first used the knowledge her double vision had given her, to prognosticate coming events in a friendly way; the prestige gained from her truthful forecasts bringing her fame and renown.

As she grew older she became more sibyllistic, her power of vision increased, the shaded phantoms of the past rose before her and revealed their connection with the present and the future. She required not darkened rooms, cabinets or half-lit temples, in the clear open day or shades of evening; as she sat gazing into futurity they appeared before her, and those who sought her predictions might see or hear if they choose. This led to various reports, even to her having been seen on different elevations around the city conversing with beings in the clouds.

The question is do we understand the cause of her power? Did she herself? the writer must leave it to the more learned to answer.

In Judge Newhall's history of Lynn she has found a place, as she found it in the hearts of all who came in contact with her during the sanguinary days of the revolution. To the people, her words and actions were phenominal; to herself, simple duty, impelled by the philanthrophy of her nature to do good for friend or foe.

Pharisaical Acts She Disdained.

Pharisaical words she never uttered; she believed the mantle of prophecy had descended to her lineally from some remote period, perhaps an Elisha or Daniel. To the writer and others it looks as if her purity of heart and simple primitive faith found favor with some good angel friend of the colonists who impelled her to deeds of daring, kindness, love and charity, and like to the holy woman of old gave her the spirit of revelation, so that in those soul-trying revolutionary times, she might encourage the faltering hero, warn the wicked and reckless, and bring hope and comfort to the stricken family of the patriot who died that his country might live.

Standing on High Rock on the Eve of the Battle of Lexington, with calm, sad, pensive face, soft dreamy eyes lady-like in form, Quaker-like in dress, in appearance over 50 although much younger looking toward the scene of the coming battle as if trying to pierce the haze, zephyrs playing about her, the moon dancing on the blue ocean at her feet, her head bowed in her left hand, lost in contemplation, thus we present Moll Pitcher the Prophetess of Lynn.

To our readers who have not heard the folk lore relating to this very famous woman and might think her a creation of fiction, we here publish verbatim the Honorable Judge Newhall's account of her in his much valued history of Lynn.

From Judge Newhall.

"The celebrated Mary Pitcher, a professed fortune-teller, died April 9th, 1813, aged 75 years. Her grandfather lived at Marblehead and for many years exercised the same pretensions. Her father, Captain John Dimond, was master

of a vessel from that place and was living in 1770. Mary Dimond was born 1738, she was connected with some of the best families in Essex County and with the exception of her pretensions their was nothing disreputable in her life or character, she was medium height and size for a woman, with good form, affable and agreeable manners. Her head, phrenologically considered, was somewhat capacious, her forehead broad and full, her hair dark brown, her nose straight and long and her face pale and thin. There was nothing gross or sensual in her appearance, her countenance was intellectual, she had that contour of face and expression, which if not positively beautiful, was decidedly intereresting, a thoughtful, pensive and sometimes a downcast or far-off expression, almost melancholy—an eye, when it looked at you, of calm and keen penetration, an expression of intelligent discernment, half mingled with a glance of shrewdness."

"She married a poor man and then adopted the harmless employment of fortune-telling in order to support her children; in this she became more fortunate than she ever anticipated and she became celebrated, not only throughout America but throughout the world, for her skill. There was no port on either continent where floated the flag of an American ship that had not heard of the fame of Moll Pitcher. To her came the rich and poor, the wise and ignorant, the accomplished and vulgar, the timid and brave. The ignorant sailor who believed in omens and dreams of superstition, and the intelligent merchant whose ships were freighted for distant lands alike sought her dwelling, and many a vessel bas been deserted by its crew and waited idly at the wharves for weeks in consequence of her unlucky predictions. Many persons came from places far remote to consult her about affairs of the heart—love, loss of property or vicissitudes of the future being found to be some of her

most faithful predictions. Every youth who was not assured of the reciprocal affections of his fair one and every maid desirious of anticipating the hour of her highest felicity repaired at evening to her humble dwelling which stood on what was then a very lonely road, near the foot of High Rock, with the single dwelling of Dr. Henry Burchsteal nearly opposite, over whose gateway were the two bones of a great whale disposed in the form of a gothic arch. There, in her unpretending mansion, for more than fifty years did she answer the inquiries of the simple rustic from the wilds of New Hampshire and the wealthy noble from Europe, and doubtless her predictions have had an influence in shaping the fortunes of thousands."

"Mrs. Pitcher was indeed one of the most wonderful women of any age, and had she lived in the days of alleged witchcraft would doubtless have been the first to suffer. That she acquired her intelligence from intercourse with evil spirits it would now be preposterous to assert, and it would require a great stretch of the imagination or credulity to believe that she arrived at so many correct conclusions merely by guess-work. That she made no pretensions to the supernatural is well known, several of the best authenticated anecdotes which are related of her seem to imply that she possessed in some degree the faculty now called clairvoyance, indeed there seems no other conclusion unless we suppose persons of general veracity have told us absolute falsehoods. The possession of this faculty, with her keen perception and shrewd judgment, in connection with the ordinary art, which she often used to detect character and business of her visitors, will, perhaps, account for all that is extraordinary in her intelligence."

"She married Robert Pitcher, a shoemaker, on the 2nd of October, 1760; had she married differently, as she might

have done, she would have adorned a brighter and happier station in life. The period in which she lived was one in which the education of females was little regarded, yet, it is evident, she possessed an excellent education. A fac-simile of her signature is here given, it was engrossed with great care from a deed, dated 1770, conveying a piece of land near her habitation. She had one son and three daughters: John, Rebecca, Ruth and Lydia, who married respectably and some of descendants are among the prettiest young ladies of Lynn to-day, nor is there any reason they should blush at the mention of their ancestress, for she had virtues, aside from her profession, many might be glad to imitate; she supported her family by her skill and was known to rise before sunrise and walk two miles to a mill, purchase a quantity of meal and carry it to the poor who would otherwise have no breakfast. Her whole life was one of charitable benevolence."

"The cottage in which this remarkable woman lived so long can still be seen, it stands on the north side of Essex, opposite Pearl. Population has so increased that it is now far from being in a lonely place, large and pretentious dwellings now surround it, within a short time it has undergone repairs, its essential features remain unchanged and the following is a faithful representation of it as it was."

Moll on High Rock, Patriot's Eve, 1775, in sorrowful contemplation of the coming Battle of Lexington and Concord.

MOLL PITCHER'S PROPHECIES.

BY ELLEN GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

There was great excitement among the people of Lynn on the ever memorable 19th of April, 1775. Through the night word had been received from Chelsea that a lantern was waving from the tower of the North Church in Boston and each ray of light was regarded by the people of neighboring towns as a prayer for help and a warning of the onslaught of the British.

At the Old Tunnel Meeting House on the Common stood a large number of men, their faces wore a look of anxious expectancy, and, although the rosey dawn had broken with a sunburst of splendor that rippled in joyous smiles across the horizon, and robins were caroling their sweetest songs. The men waiting there heeded not. Suddenly into their midst dashed a courier on horse back, he was a minute-man sent by Paul Revere, the words he uttered as he bent hastily forward caused every eye to flash and every cheek to blanch.

THE FIRST SHOT FOR FREEDOM HAS BEEN FIRED.

"The Sons of Liberty are now fighting in Lexington, the village green there is crimson with the blood of our people, to horse," he cried "and call out the people of the neighboring towns." Then turning his steed reeking with foam, he dashed off to Danvers, Salem and Marblehead. Patriotism lent wings, and soon the men of Lynn were doing their part for the emancipation of millions yet unborn.

"Our secrets fly away," exclaimed the Commander in Chief of the British garrison, when he saw the lantern signal on the spire of the church.

The incident recorded here may throw some light on the way very many of them did.

About five o'clock on the evening of the 17th of April, Major Pitcairn of the First Marines, stationed in Boston, rode up the then lonely road now Essex Street, on which stood the cottage of Moll Pitcher, the world renowned prophetess of Lynn.

Dismounting and entering he was received by that lady as if she expected him.

"Moll" he said, "all the officers have been down to see you so I thought I would come and see what the fates had in store for me. General Gage says you predicted a dark fortune for him."

"I told all of you before I was not a fortune-teller; if I see anything in the atmosphere surrounding the persons I am speaking to, I know it is a revelation intended for me to reveal to them for some purpose, people's lives pass before me to the end, and I speak as I see, while for others I cannot see or penetrate the darkness around them."

"Pardon me for the word, we know you are an Oracle, it is only a way we have of describing your forecasts, its handy you know."

While he was speaking Moll was in a reverie as it seemed to him.

"Major Pitcairn; you're ambitious, very; you'll make a name."

"I hope so."

"That name will be famous."

"Bravo."

"You will strike fire that will light a sacred fire, from its flames shall deathless heroes spring, each one with a torch that will light down the ages with enthusiasm, kindling in the hearts of mankind the eternal fire of liberty."

"That's great, why I'll get away over 'Tommy Gage' and the whole of them."

"How will I strike this fire, with flint Eh?"

"By a shot."

"At the Sons of Liberty?"

"Yes."

"By jove, you're a Witch. We are going to set fire to the stores and supplies at Concord, and I told General Gage at the consultation, I would shoot down as rebels all who dared to defend them. If they don't surrender at once, I will do it. These Yankees shall pay for their Indian capers and seaside tea parties; this very week it shall be fire and sword and I shall conquer."

"Yes, yes; that's what will create the outburst of enthusiasm. Old England will rejoice over the conquering of New England. That will crown my ambition, who knows but my son shall wear the proud title of Earl of Concord or Lexington, inherited from a father who knows how to fight."

"And die to." Interjected Moll.

"If necessary, for glory—yes—Good bye. When next we meet I shall be General Pitcairn, the hero of—do you hear?"

"I hear, but do not see."

"Well, Mollie; you have seen enough for this time, I must fly and I will see you soon again."

A few moments later Mrs. Pitcher entered the house of Mr. Mansfield on Boston Street, there she met Elbridge Gerry of Marblehead and others, who were in consultation. She took Mr. Geary and Mr. Mansfield one side and told them what Major Pitcairn was ordered to do, adding—"Now, make the most of it." "That we will," they both answered and started for Boston.

The above may explain the way many British plans came into the possession of the Sons of Liberty. And on this occasion how General Gage's secret intention of marching on Lexington and taking the Patriots by surprise was frustrated by Moll Pitcher.

Mrs. Ramsdell.

"I thought I would come and see Mrs. Ramsdell," said old Goody Hart to Moll Pitcher, as she met her on the lonely road near her house. "I am going there too," answered that lady looking very sad. "I heard Ramsdell went flying off to Lexington," said Mrs. Hart. True enough, said the seeress of the past, present and future, and I have a forecast he'll never return; I met him going this morning and told him not to cross fate. He answered, I'll take down a few Red Coats before I cross it, and was off. "Goodness! don't tell her," said Mrs. Hart as they entered and found poor Mrs. Ramsdell in tears.

"Crying! why you must stop that," said Mrs. Hart. "Let her cry," answered Moll Pitcher, "she can't help it," and looking upward she said, as if to herself, "The teardrops shed for the loved ones lost to-day, will rise to

heaven and return as stars, that will flaunt proudly before the nations of the earth, throwing a lustre over the manhood of our time that kings will envy, and ages never efface." Then going over to Mrs. Ramsdell, she touched her, saying "Thou art good, be brave."

"See the vista of coming years
Reveals, to you through misty tears
Countless the thousands, do you see?
The men who die to-day make free
Thy life with his would you not give
To see the Flag of Freedom live."

Then stooping and kissing the seemingly transfixed woman, she glided silently away, sending a neighbor to comfort Mrs. Townsend, and her five orphan children, whose husband was then slain.

"Well," said Mrs. Hart, "you looked like a ghost while she was talking to you." "Dear me! I felt like one and thought I was dreaming, or something, but Oh! I felt so happy. I thought I saw my husband and others, they seemed to pass in millions before me, everything was joyful, music filled the air, and the crowds seemed going along a green pretty road, and up a steep hill, why, how could I dream so much in so short a time, Do you think I slept?"

"Yes, and I think she made you, and is preparing you for sad news."

"I think so too, and I have a presentiment he'll never return."

And he never did. He was one of the first martyrs who offered his life for freedom that day.

A few days afterwards, Mrs. Ramsdell gave birth to a son.

He was called Abednego, and with her new found joy we leave her now for a while and follow Moll Pitcher.

Captain Mugford.

Many going to her cottage to seek a prognostication of the events transpiring at Concord and Lexington, found her not, she had gone off in great haste to Marblehead, and down to where some fishermen were leisurely mending nets. She told them the news, and that men were now from Lynn calling out the Sons of Liberty.

The nets were cast to the wind, and as the men were starting off, she asked, "where is Bill Maverick, Joe Hart and Peter Stacy?"

"Yonder, going out in the smack with Captain Mugford."

"I want to go on board at once.

"Have you got the Curlew, you always have when you come down?"

"Yes." and she handed him a whistle.

"Get out that boat, Sam. Doliber, and you and Dick Curtice row Mary out."

As he gave the order, Peter Knight ran a short distance on the headland and soon the plaintive notes of the curlew could be distinctly heard over the water. The vessel heaved too and Mary Pitcher was soon on board. Captain Mugford greeted her warmly.

"Mollie," said he, "your grandfather's call made me feel a boy again."

"Your country calls you now," she answered.

"They are not at it, are they?"

"Yes. The British went to Lexington and Concord last night, they are fighting and burning all before them."

"You hear that boys," said the Captain casting his eye over every man on board.

"Yes," answered Frank Nicholson, the first mate. "Run up the Raven flag boys, from this moment we are the Bucaniers of the American Navy."

Cheer after cheer rang over the waters of the Bay.

"Never mind the Raven. The boys know how to man the privateers of the Sons of Liberty," said Captain Mugford, unfurling a flag which he instantly sent aloft, with the motto of—"Who dares to tread on Marblehead." Again the wildest of joyful cheers rent the breeze.

"Now that you are going to work in earnest, I advise you, store nothing in the Pirate's Glen, they will watch that place and the whole surroundings of Saugus."

"Well, Mollie, you know where you keep the tea that pays no taxes, and that the League of the Daughters of Patriots enjoy so well."

"Yes, and if the British company knew we had such a supply, they would burn us out. I deliver it around as required. It's in a safe place."

"Then all other consignments I will send to your keeping."

"They shall be safe. The patriots of Lynn are true blue and Lynn Woods pretty large. I must be off now."

"No," said the Captain, we are for Boston, the wind is with us and you're with us too."

She assented, saying, "I may be able to do some good by going there."

Entering Boston, she pointed toward Bunker Hill in a seeming trance. "Cruel England! yonder slopes will receive the life blood of many a loving mother's boy, that you may illustrate in tyrrany."

"Pay attention to everything she says Nicholson," said the skipper: "It will come true she's got the second sight now." And, touching her gently, he asked, "will we beat the Red Coats?"

"I see heaps of slain on that hill, it's Breed's. The sight makes me sick. I—I see Governor Gage with a halter, he follows a young girl, she's with an old lady. They are now dressing the wounded. Ah! see the dead, they go now — spies follow. A young man comes to meet her, they are sweethearts. The gallows waits him."

"Do you know them Moll?"

"I know every one."

"Who are they?"

"Dorothy Quincy and John Hancock."

"Does he escape, Moll?"

"Yes," she answered, "and his name lives forever."

"I am sick! That hill! I see it again!"

She was tenderly cared for by the wife of one of the crew and slept for hours.

"What's the matter?" Moll said, as she saw a boat lowered and proceed up Saugus River.

"We declared war on a Britisher when the crew were all gone to see the fight, we battened down the few they left behind and made a big haul. Shiver me but it was fun, and Peter Stacy is happy. The amunition is going with the tea chests and the Captain says no one knows but you, Moll."

"Return with us Mary! the wind favors again," said Captain Mugford.

"I would rather go and see the things stored away and get the Newhall boys to help," answered Mary.

"We need two places of concealment and a log cabin, the two men who are with them now shall remain, and await your orders to-morrow night, when you can point out a place near enough to your tea chests to have them delivered as desired."

"I knew you would find out something for us when you got to Boston. That prognostication of yours has set the

lads agoing. It will be a boom among us Marbleheaders."

"There may be Marble Heads, but not one among you have Marble Hearts."

"Good! Good! and we'll prove it," said Captain Mugford.

"The world shall see you will," answered Moll, going below.

Arriving, the first thing Moll demanded, was her grandfather's whistle. She stayed with some relatives that day.

The house was crowded, and as Moll Pitcher foretold the coming joys and sorrows the people were to go through, she was listened to with respect, and her words did much to rouse the spirit of a people who proved themselves the bravest of the brave.

Their business was neglected. Every man was for his country. Privateers were fitted up and manned with the most daring of the revolutionary war. Supplies and ammunition were brought from all parts and concealed until the moment most needed.

They sent a regiment officered and manned that Britons could not conquer. John Glover became Brigadier-General and had the command of the brave officers and men who formed the advance part of the army, crossed the Delaware with the revered Washington on that ever memorable Christmas night. They had there Hon. Elbridge Gerry who was out with Adams, Hancock, Warren and Revere the night before Lexington and whom the boldest red coat could not handle. when caught, John was on the same mission as Paul Revere and fighting his way, he rejoined the rebel committee with valuable information as to the doings of the British. He afterwards signed the Declaration of Independence.

Proudly hold your Marble Head on high to only the storm tossed waves of the Atlantic that would dare encroach, and thy country's foes have you shown the Marble Heart.

About nine o'clock that same night Moll Pitcher had re-

turned to Lynn and called at the homes of the Wood's and Ingall's boys, after a few minute's conversation a team was hitched upand driven with greatspeed to Saugus, here another whispering was heard when the Newhall boys took the horse and team to their barn.

CHAPTER II.

LYNN WOODS.

On entering Lynn Woods Moll told them they would be required to assist in an exploring expedition through the forest.

"Going to make pirates of us, Mary?" "Well, you would not be the first on this ranch."

"Make us the first to find the treasure chest," said James.

"We are not going as far as the rock to-night, besides the old pirate keeps guard pretty well, but the day will come when the rock bound secrets of his cave will be revealed and the world will be astounded at the priceless gems discovered."

"They say you told Hutchinson the crown jewels of Spain and the lost crown of Scotland were there, that the most valuable diamonds of Europe were in the pirate's cave, and their royal owners wearing paste to deceive their subjects, the gold coins of all nations in boxes that, when opened, would contain ransom and riches enough to purchase an empire. Now, Moll, did you tell him all that?"

"If it was shown to me at the time, I did."

"And do you believe it?"

"James Newhall, why put such questions? As I see I believe."

"Can you see how we'll get at them?"

"I am not looking that way now but for the Marble-headers that have been sent to await my coming, and are guarding some things that are more precious in my eyes than glittering gems and when you are older, will be in yours."

There they are sitting beside that large boulder and about to kindle a fire," said Bob Ingalls.

"You're on time Mrs Pitcher; sit down all; we have news."

And the fire of pine wood was welcome as it blazed, while Dick Knight told that between ten and eleven o'clock last night while in the glen, they saw lights glimmering through the trees, and then heard voices, Jack was doubled up with fear, I was not much better."

"It's Harrison," said he, "and Veal the pirates; see the tall black fellow, that's the chief and that hump fellow is Veal as sure as—hush! (I whispered, they're dead long ago.")

"I know it," he chattered "Its their ghosts and they're going to look up their plunder at the rocky cave." (The cave referred to is now known as the Celebrated Dungeon Rock, made famous by the Marbles and other seekers of the treasures just described, and said to be entombed beneath.)

"I tell you, we were more than paralyzed."

"Paralyzed with rum," said George, at which there was a laugh.

"I wish you were here."

"We are here now."

"Then be sailing at once for we found out they were neither ghosts or pirates, but tars from the man-of-war."

"This is the Pirates Glen I was telling you of," said one of them, as they halted close to where we lay crouched. "I have gone over their trail several times, I have lain by the

cave at twelve at night to see by what crevice in the rock Veal, the pirate ghost, came and went."

"And you seen," said one of the fellows as wears epaulettes, a Middie, they calls em, with a pin mouth grin.

"I saw enough to make my blood run cold, and I am none of your superstitious salts."

"You don't look scared now to lead us this chase and into this uncanny looking place."

"It was not here I got the fright, and I thought we might fall across the smack's crew on a drunk. You know we got information a boat put in here."

"I know; but what about your fright?"

"It was at the cave," I was saying.

"What did you see?"

"A lovely girl sitting on the rock: I must have slept awhile: I was looking at the same spot, a moment before my mate had fallen fast asleep, he took an overdose of Jamaica. Talk about your high born dames, but she was the purtiest I ever laid eyes on; she was sitting on the crag, her long golden hair floating just like a mermaids. I quaked with fear and tried to wake the bloke was with me. Presently a dark foreign looking fellow ascended the hill with a paper in his hand and looked around, only my mate awoke then I would be more than frightened, the spot is so unearthly. Then she rose, and taking the fellow's hand, glided down the rock. Neither of us could move. They stood near a boulder. I heard him say 'The pirate chief who frequented this place to hide illgotton wealth received from the banditties of Europe, made this wild, haunted looking spot their headquarters. They were located by the English as three of their craft were about to put in here and transfer their booty to Wales.

"'One of them was blown up on the coast, the other in mid-ocean, and the brigand chief overtaken on the coast of Wales, and the crew executed.

" 'The chief on the day of his death, drew a plan of this place and gave it to my grandfather. He never bothered about it and I discovered it among his papers. This is it,' " and he points all around.

" 'The cave has been closed by an earthquake since then, and the chests of gold lie buried under the rock here.'

" 'Come away and leave the horrid place, the abode of pirates, earthquakes, snakes and everything fearful.'

" 'You wanted to come the last three weeks, I left you in the town and pretended to be prospecting. Night is my best time here. I told you, dear, you would be frightened.'

" 'They're very chatty ghosts," said my mate.'

" Thats so," I answered, " we're two to one and the beauty! lets get that chart!'

" We made a dash, and as we did, out came the most unearthly noise from the cave. The earth seemed to shake, we heard peals of laughter; we tried to run and fell over each other. Where the two dissappeared to I don't know, may be they were ghosts. We sat under a big boulder quaking with fear, listening to arguments among the trees but could not make out one word. Then there was the most beautiful singing. We took out our flasks and never moved a peg till morning."

" Take out your flasks now boys, we won't find them rebel cusses to night. If Smith was not too drunk to know his bearings we will return in a night or two and find the haunted rock," said the Middie, then they took the right way to their boats and returned to the frigate.

" It must have been the phantom lady he saw," said James Newhall, " lots believe she is seen there."

" Lucky for us we made no fire and had pulled the chests into the underbrush further on. The refreshments, we took with us were all cooked. Let us have some now." A nice

lunch was partaken of and some good wine passed round to the boys, for as Knight said, "it was sailor fashion."

"Let us be off," said Moll Pitcher, "The glen is suspected and they may be here any moment. It will not do to go to the rock, we shall go to the knoll where the wolf pits are, I have delivered the tea and the place is empty now."

"Then start," said Knight. "We have a heavy load to bring."

Three chests were pulled out of the matted underbrush and the trail followed that leads from the glen to the dungeon, crossing the place now known as Lynnhurst and the O'Brion farm, they entered a piece of woods near where a stone wall runs down to the water of the pond, which was a swamp in those days, but now a beautiful lake garland by oaks and pines which make this valley so romantic looking.

Moll, showed them the pretty wooded knoll in the swamp which is now the picturesque island in Breed's Pond. It was much larger then, the flooding of the marsh washing it away since, and in fine weather could be reached on foot. It was as now closely studded with trees and underbrush. In the early spring it was surrounded by water, and, on this particular night, the moon danced on a very pretty looking lake.

A boat was pulled out from a place indicated by Moll Pitcher and the chests sent across. There were three of them and heavily laden. The boys said they were glad to be through with the load. Into the wolf pit, which was eight feet deep, the chests were lowered and covered up without opening. From another pit near by, where Moll kept the tea, a large box was taken.

This was opened at her request, to see if anything in it would be of use for supplies. There were blankets, linen sheets, two swords, four pistols, which the boys examined and

rimed at once, a gentleman's court suit, two powdered wigs, a lady's white dress, trimmed with costly lace, a medicine chest and various articles of toilet use. Everything pulled out was hailed with merriment. Ingalls wound the blanket around him, Woods the sheet, James Newhall who was tall and slim insisted on Moll helping him on with the dress. Knight put on the courtier's suit and wig and began playing lord over them. James Newhall with his antics, taking off the lady, created roars of laughter. George Newhall, who had been sent to the look out, which is a very high ledge of rocks near Walnut Street and Belmont Avenue commanding a fine view of sea and land, came running up the natural road, now known as Dungeon Avenue. Bursting through the bushes he told them to keep silence and come to where he was at once.

The empty chest was lowered and hastily covered, and all were beside George in no time, he led them to the place now used as a clay pit.

"They're coming! The British tars are back of the woods with torches and lanterns. There are a dozen or more of them."

Then for the first time noticing how we were rigged out, he laughed long and loud.

"Keep still, you'll give us away."

"No, indeed; you would scare the life out of them."

DUNGEON ROCK.

"Then let us to the cave and see what we can do."

No sooner suggested, than they were on their way.

"Let James play off the phantom lady," said George, "and you Knight, with sword and courtly suit, play Harriss the pirate chief, you're dark enough to look like a brigand; Smith can double up and do Veal; Ingalls and Woods play shrouded ghost."

"That's fine!" said Moll. "but let me have these pistols, you might play pranks. If they are needed in self-defence you shall have them."

Arriving at the rock, Knight was stationed at what is now the opening to the dungeon, with drawn sword, Veal, a perfectly humped dwarf, above him in winding sheet. Ingalls and Wood stationed one at the grave of the Princess, the other at the foot of the cave; Moll standing near with the pistols, ready in case of fight, and James Newhall was to spring on the top of the rock at a groan from the grave. They were only ready, when the sailors advanced cautiously. They seemed timid.

"The moon is gone down," said one.

"The torches will do," answered the fellow who told the yarn the night before, advancing boldly.

The Epaulettes cheered the men on but kept back himself. A gust of wind blew out some of the torches, others stumbled and dropped theirs. The guide now seen Harriss, he gave a yell and started back. Veal moaned. there was a fluttering of sheets, an unearthly groan from the grave, the phantom was fluttering on the rock with outstretched arms. The sailors stood a moment. They looked petrified. The middie was the first to recover himself; he made a dash; there was a yell of fear and the British sailors were breaking their necks down the vale.

"You behaved nobly boys! I was afraid you would laugh. I had hard work to keep from doing so myself," said Moll Pitcher.

"It was a miracle we all did not burst out, the squirming of the lad that told the yarn in the glen last night as he caught sight of me, and heard Smith's unearthly groan, nearly killed me to keep in," said Knight.

"'Tis the best night's fun I ever had and it did not tire me

The Island in Breed's Pond, Lynn, on which are two large pits in which revolutionary supplies were concealed.

one bit to lug them heavy chests when I thought what was in them. Now Mrs. Pitcher that we have scared the British Navy, give us the pistols, we'll ambush the next visitors from a British brig."

"I will, if you promise only to use them in defence of your country."

"We promise, and will only shoot red coats when we get near enough."

"That's right," she said, "if they're going to shoot you," and she handed each a weapon.

They now proceeded to the island, where everything was placed as found, and a hurried run was made for Boston Street, where Moll stayed with a friend while the others went to Saugus after the team.

At the tavern the British sailors were having a great time. It would make one's hair stand straight to hear their relations of the dungeon ghosts.

"It must have been a chart of the foreign pirates that fellow had, you speak about," said Newhall, the tavern proprietor. It is well known that some of Captain Kidd's plunder, is up there too. Hearing of Lynn's pirate cave from the buccaneers, he picked up, when he first started out under the patronage of the nobility of England. He paid the glen here a visit, just to see where the other fellows put their stuff. He was pleased with the wildness of the place, and, after he was out-lawed, he came to the glen with two large chests, which he carried up to the cave and buried some where, rolling a large boulder over it. It is some place, no doubt in the vicinity of the mysterious rock, where lies buried the gold of them foreigners by the earthquake.

"The other chest he buried on Gardener's Island; and went and gave himself up to Lord Belmont, Governor of Boston, offering the treasure on the Island, which was

$350,000 for a pardon. They 'picked the Kid' out of him, which accounts for that slang word, dug up the pile and then transported the poor wretch to England, where he was never tried for piracy. Oh no! that would give away his noble friends in the business, but hung for murder of a sailor. They had the money and wanted to be rid of the man. The way they want to get rid of us now that we have built up an empire. And landlord Newport smiled at the good natured way the English sailors took his words. Seeing that they were still interested in the pirates, he sung the following for them, which he said was often blown off at the tavern by the boys."

"Oh my name is Captain Kidd.
And When! And When!
Through Lynn's Pirate Glen! The Glen! The Glen!
We carried chests of gold!
Like robbers brave and bold
Up to the Rock of Old! Oh Then! Oh Then!
Near lonely pirate's grave,
Whose ghost is there to save,
We did our treasure leave by the cave, the cave.
We did our treasure leave by the cave.
Then a boulder we rolled o'er
Will I ne'er see it more.
Or dear New England's shore, by the cave, the cave.
Or dear New England's shore, by the cave.

They say Kidd used to sing it in prison, but the English paid no attention, thinking they got all the pillage, but we on this side know they did not.

A whistle from the sloop called the sailors off, all promising to come again.

To the collecting of stores, clothing and cotton cloth for the sick and wounded, Moll bent her energies, as well as to the concealment of supplies that reached her from the privateers. About a week before the battle of Bunker Hill a privateer man came to the house accompanied by two ladies; one of them looked fat, fair and forty, the other a young lady of a pretty English type of beauty, about seventeen, dressed in the latest style of travelling suit. Moll recognized the man but said nothing. He handed her a note and was gone. Excusing herself to the ladies, and hastily opening it she read: "We captured the *Royal Rose* with a large quantity of supplies this evening about 9 o'clock. Found these two ladies aboard. Confide them to your care." Mugford.

Mrs. Pitcher observing them looking frightened, bid them welcome, assuring them that everything would be all right.

On their declining to partake of refreshments, she showed them to a pretty bedroom in the west side of the house, as it was far into the night.

Next morning the ladies felt pleased with the nice attention they received, and after breakfast told Moll about the capture of the sloop. "Our sailors took to the boats and others called for quarter. They were battened down, and we were found and placed on board a little fishing vessel that went like the wind. After landing it took us about one hour to reach here. We are relations of Lord Bingley's and closely related to General Burgoyne, who has as officers under him my two sons. I trust what I have heard is not true, that one of them deserted and joined the colonists. It is to reclaim him and obtain his pardon I have crossed the raging sea."

"It is frightful to think a son of mine should so far degrade himself. Why, he is regarded among his father's noble friends as a half-crazed Indian by this time."

"Well would it be for him and his noble friends also, to be as NATURALLY noble as some Indians," answered Moll.

"There are some Indian's—savage's, and we regard those rebel Colonists as not much better. To think my son has forgotten himself and joined them. What will Lord Bingley's family think of their relation?"

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Pitcher. "You are not any relation of the Bingley's, you are a blood relation of General Burgoyne, and the connection you claim through him with Lord Bingley the savage Colonists would scorn; and your two sons have the same claim to a titled father that Burgoyne has to his," said Mrs. Pitcher.

"Woman, woman, who are you?" and the visitor rushed over close to where she sat as though she would annihilate her.

"Who are you, is it not time you announced your name?"

"Smith, Brown, Jones or Robinson, if you like," she answered tartly.

"Then I shall compound it, to make sure. Mrs. Brown-Jones, I am Mrs. Mary Pitcher, and as you wish to proceed to Boston at once, it will be a pleasure to me to take you up on the Rock and let you have a look at our little town. I know you will regard it as a scattered village, but the foundation is laid of one of the most prosperous cities in our coming empire."

"Thanks, I don't care to look for fabled cities, and your 'coming empire' shall be a dependancy on Great Britain after the Colonists have kissed the hand that chastened."

"You shall live to see that sentence reversed, and when England bows and offers kisses I hope my country will think of Judas."

"Come Helena, my dear, this is the strangest woman I ever met."

"Then I go also. I shall see you safely into Boston and leave you in charge of your friend, Burgoyne."

"General, if you please. I perceive you are a rebel."

"That gives me the privilege of according that title only to my country's defenders, not to the natural sons of traitors."

"I declare, I shall have you complained of when I get to the castle."

"You will change your mind, madam. Here's the conveyance to take us." Then the now mortified woman got into the best carriage in Lynn at the time, for Moll had just sent to borrow it.

Early in the day on the 15th of June, Moll Pitcher presented Mrs. Brown-Jones to General Burgoyne.

She immediately commenced deploring the sad fate of her son. The General smiled, saying, "You have no regrets for the loss of our Brig or no thanks for our friend here taking such good care of you or for the rascals who treated you so honorably I must admit, when you might be—well, I dread to think of it."

"Don't, please; only think of that wretched wretch of mine among the wild barbarians I see around here. My! my! the country looks nice but the people look and dress shockingly."

"You're nervous, Annie," and turning to Moll, he asked jestingly, "Will my wife wear a coronet? Shall I decorate her with strawberry leaves?"

"Not for conquering the Colonists shall you win the right to do so."

"Molly, you're a rebel."

"She's worse," chimed Mrs. Brown-Jones as she went about asking each one to sign a request for a pardon for her rebel boy.

"I'll sign," said Major Pitcairn. "If he does not return within forty eight hours, he'll be a dead duck."

"So my son George says."

After some further conversation with the major, Mrs. Brown-Jones went in search of her truant son, and Moll with a very serious look in her face, went to seek the committee of safety with news that resulted in a great measure, to create the unanimous vote of that committee to fortify Bunker Hill at once.

CHAPTER III.

BUNKER HILL.

The night of the sixteenth a large supply of useful articles were sent from the reservation in Lynn woods, and boats passed under the bow of the *Lively* with some of the implements used in throwing up the breastworks from Prescott's Ditch on Breed's Hill.

About ten o'clock on the same evening, Moll was seen on High Rock anxiously scanning the horizon. "Consulting the stars," it was said. Be that as it may, said Mr. Mansfield, she was at the battle in the early part of the day of the 17th, and seen rowing about the Mystic in a little boat owned by a friend who lived near.

Charlestown was on fire! The blood of martyrs was crimsoning the virgin heights above. Silent tears coursed

down the cheeks of the people. Angels wafted heartfelt prayers on high, then returned to escort the departing spirits of the Sons of Liberty into the presence of their God, who greeted them with the words, "Well done! thou good and faithful. Thou hast proved true to the spirit of Freedom imparted to thee. I will bless thy followers and *they* shall possess the land."

As the wild cheers rent the air at each repulse of the British, Moll Pitcher got as near to the scene as she possibly could, even she was surprised to see Mrs Brown-Jones coming up to her in a state of terror. "Dear Mrs. Pitcher, what shall I do? I obtained that boy's pardon and he refused it with contempt. He is now in the redoubt under Generals Warren and Prescott. His brother, George, is now charging with Clinton in command, and is sworn to kill his rebel brother."

"He won't kill him."

There was a rush. The ammunition had given out. The Americans were retreating.

"Thank Heaven," said Mrs. Brown-Jones, "we win the day. See, Mrs. Pitcher, your people are retreating. Who is that brave man that's trying to rally them? Why, there's one of my friends snatching a gun."

Moll looked over in time to see him raise it and fire at the brave General Warren, who fell as he was waving and cheering on his men. Just then a young British soldier snatched the weapon from the hand of the officer who killed General Warren and with the butt end of it, struck him to the earth.

There was a cry and a rush, then the young soldier disappeared through the smoke of the burning town.

A colonist named Moore, who lived in Charlestown, and had descended from Bunker Hill on the retreat, met the young soldier flying.

He said, "Keep to your right, enter the first house you meet. There are few houses or homes left now." The young fellow did so.

As soon as Moore got to the house he told the young soldier to change his clothes and get into a clothes closet in the garret. A moment later the house was surrounded.

"Deliver the traitor you dare shelter here!"

"Find him if you can!"

"Enter, Lieutenant Thompson," said Colonel Blakely, who was himself wounded, to the officer who was wounded also.

The young officer with his men, searched down stairs, then went up to the garret. Lieutenant Thompson opened the closet, and seeing the soldiers, he ordered the men out to look on the roof. One of them advanced to the closet. "I have searched there," he said, running his sword through the clothes. Then calling the men from the roof, departed and went further on.

When they went out Moore flew to the loft. "They did not see you?"

"The lieutenant did, and saved me."

"God save him," said Moll Pitcher, "standing at the foot of the stairs, "I saw your act, and followed. I waited outside while they searched. Put on your regimentals and go out, they don't know who did it; they followed because you ran."

"I will never wear a red coat again."

"Go back to your place then. They'll return soon. Come, Mr. Moore, I am going to look for Colonel Mansfield and his gallant corps from Lynn."

Just as they went out they met two wounded Britons in a helpless condition begging piteously for help.

"Bring them in, Mr. Moore. They're some poor mother's boys."

They were dressing the wounds when the Colonel returned to search again. Two Hessians insisted on going in to ransack the house.

"That's what you're at, Moll," said Colonel Blakely, "you do a good turn for both sides. Call off the men Thompson, he's not there."

Moll and Moore threw a look of gratitude to the young lieutenant.

They left the soldiers comfortable, and taking wine and a large can of spring water, went up to the colonist entrenchments. Moll and Moore met many poor British soldiers begging for water, and the wine was freely given as well. Moore had to return for more.

In the redoubt they found poor Mrs. Brown-Jones with the head of her dying rebel in her lap, crying mournfully. Moll put the wine to his lips; it revived him.

"Mother," he said, "forgive me. I am dying happy. Would that I had a thousand lives to give for such a cause."

Moll gave him a little more wine and water, and with tears in her eyes bathed his face. In a few moments his soul had flown.

"His name deserves to live. Please tells us," asked Moll?"

"Any name you choose, to you or any other rebel against my country. My boy was insane, and it shall never be known, for it was under an assumed name he joined the Colonists and his friends will never satisfy you. I have one pleasure and that is to know it was one of my relations took down your great general today."

"Who took down Pitcairn?" asked Moore, but she was gone.

When she returned with friends to remove the body she found it covered with the flag of the Colonists.

"Remove it," she said, stamping her foot.

"Never!" said Moll Pitcher, with a look that silenced her. "He died fighting for its supremacy. It shall be his shroud."

The British soldiers who were used to Moll's comings and goings, and regarded her as an oracle, respectfully obeyed her. The whole evening was spent by her and Moore among the wounded, also searching for Lynn or Marblehead friends, no notice being taken of her movements by the English.

That night a boat rowed under the guns of the *Falcon* and *Lively*. The gruff voice of the watch calling—"who comes there," was answered by the sweet musical one of Moll Pitcher.

Landing in Cambridge, Fitzgerald's exploit was told, and ever after the rebel deserter was beloved by Washington and his men. Later that night, chests of choice dainties, wines, etc., were brought up from Lynn.

"Tell Mrs. Pitcher, when you see her," said James Newhall to Lieutenant Wells; "her island is magical, the more we take out the more we find in."

CHAPTER IV.

After the Battle.

Sunday Morning, 18th of June, 1775, day of mourning, day of sorrow. People were bringing home their dead and dying from that hill crusted with blood of brothers, friends and relatives who fought hand to hand in that unnatural battle. Proud Boston was in sack-cloth, beautiful romantic

Charlestown in ashes, and seems in sorrow to this day. People from the surrounding towns and villages were in helping the stricken people in their dark hour. Let us pray never to have another like it.

"There's Moll Pitcher in great sorrow standing by the rebel's redoubt; let's go and speak to her," said General Clinton to Colonel Smith.

"I will not," answered Smith. "Just before the Lexington affair, I went to Lynn to see her, like the rest, more for pastime than anything else. As I entered she stamped her foot at me and shook the house. 'Fire! By God, Fire!' I heard the words in my own voice resound through the room. I looked about me, she stood staring at me, I fell over as I made for the door, as I got out I heard her say in a prayerful voice—'And with God's help they shall return your fire and conquer too. That colony shot will rise with comet-like brilliancy, leaving a trail of light spanning the horizon, that shall remain suspended between heaven and earth a pleading prayer, until the last vestige of British tyranny has been driven from the land forever.' And would you believe it? I used the same words, 'Fire! By God, Fire!' and in the same tone of voice at Lexington, just after Major Pitcairn fired. It came to my recollection on the spot and so unnerved me, I believe that's how I got my horse wounded under me. No! No! I don't want to go near her again.

"There's Sir William Howe talking to her. I must go," said General Clinton, "and hear what she is saying. He takes great fun out of it and loves to tease her."

"Moll," General Howe was saying, "that was a great run the Colony made yesterday. Where's your sevens now?"

"You will find them soon enough."

"They will meet you, and run you like a March hare," she said, very much annoyed at his *sang froid* in the presence of that gory scene.

"The cocks will crow and flap!
The crowds will cheer and clap!
The Sevens indeed!
The Furies will hold high carnival with the noble
bloods of England on the Seventh."

"The shrouded canvas set to sail
Shall to and fro in sorrow wail.
Never; No more! Never; No more!
Shall we return to Boston's shore—on the 17th."

"Never, no more!" quoted the general smiling. "If you keep croaking like that Mollie, we shall have to hoist you on his Majesty's *Viper* for a figurehead. How would you like to be dipping your nose in the foam?"

"I would splash it over the British squadron and sink it to the gates of perdition, blow them open so you and the garrison yonder could enter with all the honors of war."

"Oh, Mollie, we would have to take you along so we could send you up on a volcano once in a while to see how were the girls we left behind." Then seeing Moll angry as she looked over the scene, he took Clinton's arm and went off saying, "We shall meet again, Mollie dear."

CHAPTER V.

General Burgoyne.

Moll remained a week comforting the stricken people, and giving what aid she could.

A few days after her return home, General Burgoyne entered her cottage. Moll never was surprised to see such people come.

"Mollie," he said, "My cousin, the lady you call Mrs. Brown-Jones, has been telling me some strange comments of yours."

"She took the name herself, and I told her what come to me to say."

"Come now, Mollie, I don't believe in such power."

"Who asked you?"

"Why, the whole British garrison, for that matter."

"Then you don't believe what every one says is true?"

"I don't believe you're half the witch they would make you out."

"You're right; if one is commonly intelligent they say they're a production of the Evil One now."

"That's what brought me here today; not believing in your power to speak of my family *affairs* as Mrs. Jones—I mean Brown-Jones, as you call her, has asserted, without hearing it from others. Now, Mollie, did you not hear them cad's of Lord Percy's throwing out squibs about my relationship to Lord Bingley?"

"Never."

"Or speak derogatory of me?"

"Never."

General Burgoyne felt relieved. "Then I must believe in your power of divination after all?"

"Believe what you like. I only told her what I saw at the time in the shadows around her, and felt impelled to speak accordingly."

"'Tis wonderful, and I am glad I came. Do you know I had to almost as good as run the gauntlet to get out here? First, I had to keep my handkerchief tied to my riding whip as a flag of truce; next, I spied an awfully pretty girl on horseback. I cantered up to her, enquiring for Lynn, by the way, thinking to have a lark with her."

"What a beauteous rose," she said, pointing to my buttonhole.

"Yes," I said, tenderly looking down at it, "the flower of my country!" 'Tis the sweet rose of England—had the bush it grew on brought from the banks of the Thames. Catch me placing a Yankee rose next to my heart," and I looked at her proudly.

"Sir," she said reining in her horse, "Do you know you are speaking to the daughter of an American patriot?"

"Beautiful, even if you are," I replied.

She turned her horse so that its head directly faced mine, aye, touched it. Her eyes flashed fire. "Redcoated insolence, thy rose is like the coat you dare not wear today."

I was mad, and answered, "I wear civilians dress when I please, and have seen as proud and lovely a Yankee as you in love with the redcoat too."

"They were never true daughters of the Colonists. They were what you call loyalists, or royalists, if you like it better, and you can take them with you when we drive you out."

By this time several had gathered around us, as we were pretty near Chelsea.

"Well, it would be delightful to be driven out by you," I said, endeavoring to pass on with a smile.

"Stop!" she said, "and give me that rose. Its petals shall be scattered to the winds."

Raising my hat to her, I attempted to ride on. In a twinkling there were a dozen of guns levelled at my breast.

"Deliver that rose to her," said a tall, oldish-looking man, with big, calm, blue eyes, 'neath which smouldered a volcano.

"Never!" I answered. "He might as well die defending the flower of his country as the flag," he said turning to the crowd.

"Let him die," they all said at once. "Fire at the rose boys and send him to the banks of the Thames for another," said the beautiful young demon mockingly. "Unhorse him; put him on his knees, where himself and the posey will make a better target."

"The way they are doing with any straggling rebels they find," said another.

"Surrender the rose?" said a voice from the crowd, "and we'll spare you."

"Never!" I again answered defiantly.

"Fire!" said the old man.

"Wait!" said the fair young horsewoman, as riding close up and bending over to me as if to speak, she snatched the rose, and holding it aloft, said, "See, he surrenders!"

Cheers went up; I tried to expostulate; there was no attention paid to me; all were watching the beauty, as she stooped and took from the hands of a little girl a basket of nasturtiums. Presenting a cluster to each of the men who had guns she said, "Those are the emblems of patriotism." Then she twined some around the rose, saying as she finished:

"Hail to the land whereon we tread!
Our fondest boast:
There is no other land like thee
No dearer shore.

Thou art the shelter of the free,—
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been, and shall ever be
Till time is o'er."

Cheer after cheer went up as she held out the flowers, saying, "After all 'tis only a June rose, and they grow as fragrant in New England as in Old England." Then she gracefully presented them to me.

I bowed defferentially and placed them in my coat, and heaven knows I would have died to defend the nasturtiums at that moment, and they knew it, as well as the rose, which I know they were clapping and cheering for as much as their own flower of patriotism.

"You can now go your way," said the old fellow that called on them to fire. "The men, who a moment ago would riddle you, would now die for you and all for a flower."

I stood still. They put the nasturtiums in the muzzle of their guns, and marched after the young queen.

"Who is she," I asked.

"The daughter of a rebel. They call her the 'Rose of Chelsea.'"

"Here name," I said eagerly.

"Too sacred for a Briton. Ride on, sir," and I did.

"Moll, the beauty and the rose scrape shall never leave my heart."

"If the incident has changed you any, leave the country forever before the shadows that surround you darken your fame."

"Now, Moll, you are too severe on me. I fought hard on the heights of Charlestown, and am going to win renown."

"Aye, renown that will send the shivers through one world and thrills of joy through another."

"Good, Mollie! That's good!"

Mollie smiled.

"My lady love shall wear a coronet outshining the Bingley's. Nothing else would please Mrs. Brown-Jones, you know," and he laughed pleasantly.

"Squaw feathers would look more appropriate on her brow."

"Moll, you're satirical; and you're a dead letter or rather a dead number. The sevens are fatal to you, from seven up to seventeen; you're in haze of shadows."

"On the 17th of the tenth month in the year of the three sevens, you'll take up your bed and walk, not by Faith but by Fate."

"You're getting religiously sibylistic, Moll."

"And you're getting ready to go North, and return with Hessians, cowboys and Indians whom you will turn lose on innocent women and children, then play Judas when they scalp some of your own kith and kin."

"I don't see where Judas comes in there."

The perfidy is there, and through it you shall never become the British eagle you intend. Why, the chieftains of the Indians will blush when they find the atrocious crimes their followers will be guilty of."

"Moll Pitcher, let me tell you, if the Indians had been made friends of and conciliated by kindness and other innocent amusements instituted by Morton of Merry Mount fame, and others, they would still be your friends. Friends that wampum could not buy. The Maypole was cut down and the Merry Mount king sent to England for punishment, but Merry England laughed and sent him back. He was accused of crimes, and again sent, and England returned the happy-go-lucky Indians' friend back the second time. Then he was banished to the wilderness by a lot of hypocritic idiots.

"Next the cross was cut from the flag, and young Quaker women publicly flogged and hung from your historic elm, that I will have cut down when I return to Boston. The purest and best blood in the state put to death by a set of craw-thumping lunatics. Where would you be with your God-given gifts if you lived then? The knaves would make a sky rocket of you, and then cant bible lore over the death of a daughter of Beelzebub."

"General, your allusions to the cruel treatment of your *now* loved Indian, and your regret at the breaking up of the fascinating Maypole dance, cross, and Quakerism are Belgravian indeed.

"What a sympathetic audience you would have in the drawing rooms there. No doubt they would forget that not long before the witch cranks started out here, witch finders were paid from the English treasury, and I do not see that the witch-finder general of England perpetrated any more atrocities than you will with the ignorant forest savage. To be victorious and win a name is at the bottom of it all. Your birthmark haunts you, when you go now, return not. The Fates do not compel you, and I see a bright vision before you, a way you can take but you won't, and what I have told you I fear will come to pass."

"I suppose the way out you would advise, is to desert, as Brown-Jones did. Poor fellow, he is keeping company with your ghost general on Bunker Hill, now."

"Well, they won't be lonesome. There is Major Pitcairn Captain Harriss, a few sons of noble sires like yourself, and a thousand or more of the flower of the British army. My! with the war of the roses you have fought and won today, if you only had Queen Margaret and the brigand with the baby prince in his arms, and *give them a place* in the play

you are writing of the 'Blockade of Boston,' what a startling effect it would have."

"Pon' my honor, Moll, you're a terror. I am writing a farce just to show up to our lady friends the ragged poltroons that would dare besiege Boston."

This was just the language that made her despise him. He always spoke of the Colonists with contempt and ridicule, which aroused her proud nature, and she lost no opportunity of letting him know that she considered the poorest of them with stainless birth his superior.

"General Burgoyne, I shall not say any more than this: If you return the Furies return with you, and you will go back to England the talk of two worlds."

"They'll give me elbow room over there, anyway," he said, smiling at the pet name the Bostonians had for him.

"We'll give it to you in Charlestown after your surrender."

"Moll, I have put down five guineas to hear you play Job's comforter. I suppose if I make it seven you will change all the unlucky sevens for me, and the Fates and Furies also. That's Yankee, and you're a true blue one."

"Take your money, Sir; I use what is given me in the cause of my country. Could the dying patriot see the horrors you will be the means of perpetrating, he would rather bleed to death than have his wounds staunched or bound with linen or lint purchased by your gold."

Burgoyne took the money and went out, muttering. "your forecasts don't scare me one bit—*Surrender*, bah!"

CHAPTER VI.

Historic Cambridge.

Reining in his prancing, white charger under the shade of the proud old elm in Cambridge, July 3, 1775, we behold the man ordained by heaven to lead a chosen people from bondage to prosperity and freedom.

Dressed in blue and buff uniform, his sword dangling in its silver scabbard, he reviews the thousands, amid wild huzzas, and looks every inch one of God's created noblemen.

The vast concourse of people seems to see him already crowned with victory, as cheer after cheer rings out the name of General Washington.

The calm, haughty dignity of the commander-in-chief tells of the spirit within, and inspires confidence in the manly hearts that have mustered to drive out the oppressor.

Moll Pitcher is among the joyful crowd, and is gladly welcomed by her soldier-sailor friends of the intrepid Marblehead regiment. Every man knows her, and there are men among them who knew her father and grandfather, and speak of many of their prophecy's that have come to pass as revealed to them in moments of their double vision or "second sight."

The gallant Grover who, just an hour before the review, had presented her to General Washington as "The Daughter of their Regiment," now escorts her to a spot, in company with other friends, where she can have a full view of the proceedings, and instructs those with her to report every word, should she become prophetic.

The Man on Horseback.

Mrs. Monroe of Lynn, is standing close by her, prepared to note every syllable.

The martial music and stirring scene may bring on the inspiration or double vision, is whispered around as every one waits anxiously for her to speak.

It is said a prophet hath no respect in his own country, but certainly Moll Pitcher had in hers, if the religious belief in her forecasts and the high estimation she was held in by all who knew her, is to be taken as a test.

"What if she should predict the defeat of all our long-cherished hopes, and tell us the British will slash us," said a timid looking man.

"Hush! hush, she speaks," and in a moment all was breathless attention.

"Man of ages!" she says softly, as if to herself. "A stream of brightness comes to him from far beyond the clouds. There I see a world of beings, some of which are descending and hovering about and behind him. There are two Godlike faces a short distance, I can't see only the heads through the clouds. They are looking earnestly backward, but yet, as though they can see all around. They are nearer the earth. He looks to me as if he was straining very hard to hold in a horse. The animal is very noble. He is trying to move a body away from beneath his right leg, as if he would not wish to walk on it. Some one stands on the body with folded arms. He is speaking. The sky is clear above him. A slim person, bent almost in two, glides away and whispers to a very lanky-looking being. He seems to blow something like smoke. The smoke goes up and down: now it crosses water.

"My! what a scene. A man stands with one foot in a boat, another on land; he turns hastily around. He has, I think,

a Scotch plaid about his shoulders. Men, as it were, spring out of their bodies. Oh! what a sight. See the postures! Consternation reigns. Some spring for their guns; some bend as if to observe. There is a man on almost the top of a hill with a tall hat or helmet. He looks as if bent in three parts. His legs seem to die under him. There is a man higher up with a white helmet. He is looking this way and blowing a bugle. Men are rushing, striding and leaping several feet at a time. Between the two men on top of the hill hangs a sword. 'Tis suspended in the air. Higher up is a figure short and stout, resting on a projecting piece of cloudland all alone, and covered as if with a cloak, kneeling in prayer and facing the man on horseback. The face in the cloud comes nearer; the cloud is the perfect shape of the capital letter A. The face rests in the curve of the letter peacefully. The man on horseback holds the reins in one hand, the other hand rests on a globe. It is not a globe. It is sextangular. It is clear, and in the centre are letters; lower down is the form of a beautiful young girl. There are the indistinct forms of a few beings at some distance. They now appear as an arch around her; she is clear and defined. The form of a man as if rushing is inside the globe, as I shall call it. He has a wand in his hand which he places against the interior and pushes, Oh! pushes so hard as if trying to make it move. The hair of the horse is now bristling like the feathers of a bird.

"Now, all is bustle, the clouds touch the water, boats are flitting to and fro, ships are moving. There is one thing left as they glide away, it is or looks like a cannon on a rock, the figure of a man stoops low and is intently watching, with hand on the touch hole, to fire it off. The mouth of it points to the hill, that hill stands out, while all else pass away. There stands a man on it, proud and resolute, with

one foot before the other. He is tall, very tall—looks as if he grew up through that hill. His head and shoulders are above it. He watches that submerged cannon, and keeps watching it, too. I see an eagle float from beneath the figure kneeling on the cloud, with outstretched wings! It rests directly over the sword. The sword remains suspended over the man on the hill, who still stands looking out over the water, as if watching the man and cannon hiding beneath the waves."

A rush of people, pushing their way through, disturbed Moll, who now looked very pale and tired. She, while speaking, was standing behind the general, and looked, as if in a dream, towards the head of his horse. He could not see or even hear her. She spoke slowly but seemed happy, and looked nicely dressed. Her head, however, was too large for the pretty, white, slender throat, which was becomingly enveloped in black lace, that fell in festoons down the front of a long-waisted, pretty, black dress. A nice bonnet of dark blue, kind of Normandy toque, and a lace scarf, drooping gracefully over the shoulders, completed her costume.

Washington was still under the Elm as Moll's friends conducted her to headquarters, where she rested until evening, when she returned to Lynn.

The new commander merely smiled when told of the "vision," as Glover called it, of the Daughter of his Regiment, and paid no attention to it.

Not so with the ladies. They coaxed and pleaded with the officers from Lynn to induce their friend to make them a visit, which she did, after helping the Lynn boys to stow away a good many chests of valuable supplies, confided to her care by the privateersman, Captain Manley, after his gallant capture of the British ship. The ammunition, cannon and other

implements of war, were received in Cambridge with great joy. There was also great pleasure felt by the soldier colonists at the judicious concealment of merchandise in various places until the time of need, as an attack might be made by the British at any moment.

Moll Pitcher's island was in a fair way to be packed with war supplies As she sent the rigmaroles, as she called them, worn by the Newhall boys and the rest, the night of the escapade at the cave, to the province house, disdaining to keep or use any wearables intended for the ladies of the English garrison.

She did the same now, and was ably assisted by ladies, both of Lynn and Marblehead, in sorting out clothing, laces, jewelry, and other articles of value which were consigned to the parties in the besieged town they were addressed to.

A few weeks later there was a pleasant party entertained by Lady Washington, as she was now called, Moll Pitcher being invited.

Her presence made every one happy, especially the ladies, whom she had to make predictions for whether she had visions or not, and as she was smart enough to see which way the wind blew and nothing serious was required, made amusement enough with her prognostications.

Adjutant Gibbs, of the Marblehead regiment, was full of mischievous fun, and his comic songs were a wonder. After one, which created much laughter, he asked Moll to "count the dead redcoats" the next time she was in dreamland.

"'Tis dead Yanks she'll have to count" chimed in Major-General Lee.

"I shall not have to count you, anyway, for you have eaten oo much English beef to die a Yank."

Lee was off like a shot, with his dog, Spada, and ever after evaded the "saucy puss." as he called her.

Colonel Church attempted to jest at some of her forecasts,

saying, "he would like to see any of them come to pass."

"Perhaps," she answered, "the result of your accomplishment at cipher may be the first.

Shortly after, a short, stout woman was brought in a prisoner, bearing cipher dispatches from him to General Howe. The quick retort and consummation of it, made every one laugh, even the skeptical general-in-chief.

Mrs. Washington tried very often to get Mrs. Pitcher predict something more for her husband.

"I want to hear you myself."

"It is no use for me to try," that lady would say, "I cannot see or speak unless it comes to me, and I cannot make it come. The power of vision and prediction works very strange sometimes, I cannot understand it."

A few evenings before the march for Dorchester Heights, Moll Pitcher came; she had been away for some time, during which she had mourned, with many others, the death of the brave Captain Mugford, who was slain the same day he captured a British ship entering the port of Boston. His last words being, "Fight the enemy as though I still lived;" and they did, bringing the privateer and their dead commander safely into Marblehead that day.

"We are as busy as bees," she said, "packing and unpacking for our celebrated navy."

Then she sat down and talked with Mrs. Washington who seemed sad, while the general paced up and down as if in serious contemplation of some coming event.

Suddenly she clapped her hands, "I hear the heartbeats of Paul Revere! They go throbbing around the world. They are the drumbeats of a nation. The hearts of men are re-echoing that flying cry, and have responded warm and true

"To arms! To arms! a nation flew. And thou, too have flown, and from the eve of seven to the seventeenth thy star

shall arise. The nineteenth crowns the zenith of thy fame, and leaves thee with noble, honored name."

If General Washington heard, he heeded not. Once or twice he looked pleased to see his wife had some one to amuse her.

Then, after a pause, Moll said, "The star of freedom is risen, America's seven is lighted in heaven. The torch-bearing flame was kindled from the inspiring rays of the lantern swinging from the tower of Boston's house of prayer."

She then arose, as the general paused and stood near her. She looked pale and unlike herself, and seemed to sway as she walked close up to the general's tall, commanding figure.

Mrs. Washington stood behind her, dressed in light, rich garments; two others had entered and stood behind the general, listening intently.

"Yes, yes! from the eve of the seventh to the seventeenth joy and gladness will be thine, which will be crowned on the nineteenth by the quenching of the British seven forever. Heaven and the forest have prepared thee for the coming ordeal. Thy country entrusted thee with its sword while the comrades of the men who now form thy guard lay dying on Bunker Hill.—Another seventeen.—And now, son of the lucky sevens, get ready to celebrate the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day, and no doubt that good saint, who drove the reptiles from his island home into the sea with a wand, will take great pleasure in seeing you drive with the sword, the reptiles of the English garrison. I see another great seventeenth, another, and another. Even the fogs and clouds combine to protect thee. Thou wilt have much joy; but between them shall come many sorrows. The barb of malice shall pierce thy heart; the sluggard and coward shall envy thee, try to down thee. Thy brave comrades stand by thee, but thou shalt sorrow for their sufferings."

"Oft' wilt thou kneel on frozen snow,
Oft' shall thy tears for country flow,
Grief-stricken soldier pleading there—
See the angel bare thy prayer:
And plant like seed, around the throne,
Tending with care, till flowers are grown,
Then offer right the fragrant blossoms rare,
With thee unto a father's care.

"Who Michael calls with conquering band
The noblest in that heavenly land.
'Take these blossoms! Lay at the feet
Of Washington at each retreat;
Perfume the patriots as they fly,
And crown them,' ere they reach the sky!
'Countries, Father! That name enscrole:—
With thine, on heaven's patriot role.'"

There was a lustrous brightness in her eyes as she was speaking. Taking the hands of the general and Mrs. Washington she kissed them saying, "God bless you both. Long after you are dust you shall reign king and queen in the hearts of your country's people."

She ceased speaking, but not seeming to come to herself was led tenderly away by Mrs. Washington.

"What say you now, general, to our daughter?" asked the brave and gallant Glover, who was one of the bystanders during the scene.

"That you have adopted both a sibyl and a saint."

"You don't know half her goodness," and the delighted Glover proceeded to relate the many wonderful predictions and good works of his townswoman, as he called her, adding, "All she tells me is: 'I will lead a march through the tail of a comet,' "stop Glover." "I mean" laughed Glover, 'the trail of a comet. No, that isn't it either. It's about a comet any-

way, that's going to get squashed, and I'm to fire it into the Atlantic."

"Where are you going to get your comet?" asked General Heath, who had entered.

"I am just going to get its address," said the commander of Marblehead's finest, as he pleasantly left the room.

A few days have passed, and Moll with her friends are very busy concealing chests of choice delicacies on Noddle Island. They have a fine place, where the Briton never dreams of, although it would not take him long if he only knew what choice wines were so near, and yet so far.

The privateers were making great runs along the coast of Ireland, and in spite of the loyal Protestant boys of Ulster, who banded together, calling themselves the "Irish Volunteers," and "Faithful Protectors of England's interest," large supplies were shipped to the colonies, considering the state of that country at the time.

CHAPTER VII.

Sir William Howe.

General Howe met Moll Pitcher on Boston Common, just two days before the Colonists moved on Dorchester Heights.

"What, you here?"

"Yes."

"I suppose an oracle can go anywhere, but if Brown-Jones had her way, where would Lady Mary Pitcher be?"

"You know, I can come and go as I please, even 'General Howe,' commander-in-chief of the 'besieged' would not dare prevent that."

"And wouldn't if I could. Do you suppose I want the curse of the crows on me? 'Tis only Cotton Mather could handle you, and I wish he would take a week's vacation from Copp's, and send a few of the 'Sons' over in Cambridge to Gallows Hill."

"Would not the Liberty Tree do?"

"No, no. If you should turn crow this evening you can't roost there, or caw amid its branches any more," he sung the last words with a swagger of his head.

"Burgoyne's doings," said Moll.

"Perhaps."

"What a sacrilege?"

"A sacrifice we offered. It went in a flame of fire just like your witch-folks who used to go around here some time ago."

"The first one sent up to cut its branches fell dead; that was a sacrifice to liberty."

"Oh, Mollie, I'll have to whistle 'Yankee Doodle;' but who told you of the tree?"

"Oh, I knew. And there is a sad romance attached to it."

"Do you know that Brown-Jones' beautiful Helena is in love, and with whom, do you guess, Mrs. Yankee?"

"With yourself, Mr. Howe."

"Not this time, 'pon my honor. 'Tis a barebacked rebel cut me out. The fellow was comradic with her brother, and mamma Jones often sent the fair Helena to try win him to desert your cause; and—it was—love—at first sight."

"So the rebel won her."

"Lots of punishment; Brown-Jones has her under sur-

veillance, and tried hard to have him take a header from the Liberty tree. He was among the missing when they went after him with a rope."

"And you were responsible for his absence?"

"Oh, once and a while we have to play traitor to king and country."

"Where is Mrs. Brown-Jones now?"

"In Burgoyne's quarters, a few doors from the Province House. Poor woman, her soul's on fire with rage. We call the rebel 'Tattered Jack.' Paint him the scourge of the loyalists; never cease cursing him for his daredevil acts. Just been telling her he cut the English flag down, shot the sentry, and spiked the cannon. Gipsy! how she fumed to think her Helena should speak to such a wretch."

"I must go and see her."

"Do, and if you don't get her into hysterics, I shall call up Mather and Paris to swear you're a black cat, and promised the 'King of Hell to be Queen of his Majesty's Burning Mountains.'"

"Sir William, the seige has not improved you much."

"The seige of hearts, you mean? Why, I went to Lynn to see if you could fish anything for me from the skies."

"You'll have lots of time to fish, yourself, down Boston Harbor. This town don't need you, and you need a vacation."

"You're kind, Mrs. Yankee."

"Thanks, Mr. Howe."

"I wish I was out of this hateful hole, anyway."

"You will be. St. Patrick will drive you the way he drove the snakes from Ireland."

"Well, if he does, we can drown our shamrocks, and that's what we can't do here with your infernal pirates."

"Yes, dear, the harbor will be large enough to do so."

"That's more Yankee ignorance. All nobles of England are Knights of St. Patrick, and I assure you, it is the fashion to duck their shamrocks in something more pleasing than salt water."

"Are you a knight?"

"Not yet."

"You will find out very soon why you never will."

"Lady Mary, you're out of tune today, and I must go and have a lark with the schoolmaster's pair of cherubs."

"You wish to sustain your reputation as a lady-killer, even with the girls whose flirtations with the officers, particularly one old dolt, was the cause of having balls, twice too large, sent over to you on the 17th of June."

"The beauties were not to blame for his neglect of orders; and when we have nothing else to feast on, we must thank heaven for the bright eyes of the Boston girls."

Mary Pitcher went at once to see Mrs. Brown-Jones, and to her surprise, that lady received her very kindly.

"I did not know you were a fortune teller," she said. "I thought your intimations came from the gossip of the garrison. Now, I understand; they were the result of your visionary power. And you call that fortune telling? Please excuse me, Mrs. Pitcher, but do tell me something about my Helena, and that terrible rebel she has become infatuated with?"

"I cannot tell you anything now. I have not the power at all times, but General Howe tells me he is a terrible foe of the British."

"Yes, a 'will-'o-the-wisp.' Only think, I had him watched one evening. I saw Helena stealing a march to meet him. After they parted under the shade of the Liberty Tree, I had him dragged off, and the harvest moon shone on Helena's lover for the last time, as I thought.

"My Cousin John, you know, I mean General Burgoyne,

was death on that tree. He said he would have it down. So I went to General Gage and told him of the rebel that had been shooting the sentinels off our chimney tops, carrying away the cannon and war supplies, who had the power of making himself invisible conferred on him by you.'"

"Me?"

"Oh, don't deny it. General, Sir William Howe told me so, and he is a very dear friend of mine, telling me everything about the wretch that dares to speak to my daughter. So General Gage said he would have him hung the next morning from the Liberty Tree, and then cut the cursed thing down. Of course I felt happy, and everyone turned out. Dear Sir William himself, had a new rope picked out, and sent four orderlies to convey him to the tree. There was great exultation. You would think it was a circus. The soldiers were going to make a cock shot of his body, after he was hung. I was there. My heart palpitating with anxiety, fearing Helena would come and make a scene. I had told her they were going to cut down the tree, and she must not go out among the roughs who would be there, and do you believe it, she commenced to cry; the renegade has the child poisoned against her country's cause already.

"Well, dear Sir William came over to where I was to console me. Just then there was a great rush, the governor was coming. 'Cheer up now,' said General Howe, 'you shall soon have your revenge on 'Tattered Jack.'"

"He was not tattered when I saw him last night under the Liberty Tree with Helena. He was as well dressed as yourself."

"'Is that so?' he asked with surprise. 'Then that's what's the cause of the delay. He wants to rig up so as to cut a dash on the swing.' With that the orderlies came running up. They were so excited they forgot their military salute.

"'General, he's gone. No sign of him. We havesearched high and low. The ground's opened and swallowed him.'

"I got faint, and dear, kind, General Sir William conveyed me to a seat, then rushed over to the tree, 'neath which stood Governor Gage. He was raging when he heard it, and said, 'There are traitors in the camp.' Then he sent a soldier up the tree to cut down the limbs. He got to the top and commenced to cut, when down he come a corpse. Talk about frights! everyone was spellbound for a moment. He went up the tree as light as a cat, cursing liberty, and liberty's sons, mockery on his lips a minute before, and there he lay now; no one seemed to want to touch him. Suddenly the cry went up, General Burgoyne says, 'the thing is cursed, that while it stands the rebel colonists believe they will win, and kill all before them.'

"With a rush, they went at it with curses and blows. If there was any who felt sorry for its fate, they did not dare show it.

"As it fell over, there was a darkness, a sudden gust of wind; in fact a shudder ran through me. Some said they heard groans, moans, and voices; others, sighs and cries, among the branches. I know there was a strange silence, and that I got away as fast as I could. I heard they made fourteen cords of wood out of it; and everywhere there was a stick of it burned, there were cries around the house.

"Others say a beautiful fragrance came from the wood.

"Some, I know, that have pieces of it for keepsakes, say they can hear a noise from it like a seashell. My landlady says it sounds like the music of victory. 'Heaven save them rebels from victory,' say I, 'what would become of the poor silly things, if left to govern themselves.'"

"Did you find out what happened that Robin Hood of yours?"

"Never heard how he got away, but know that he is still around Helena and Boston, and is accused by General Howe and the officers for every depredation.

"Think of my answering you, when General Howe says you know everything, can do anything, and bets it was you who let him out that night, and transformed him into the new suit of clothes. General Howe likes to banter. He talks so to myself."

"Indeed, so he is more condescending than I thought."

"And will, I am proud to say, be more so."

"Indeed," she slowly said, looking all over Moll.

Then, as if recollecting herself, asked, "What shall I do about Helena; can you not foretell me anything?"

"Not at present."

"I was thinking of going to Albany, and there await events. I wish my only son to resign or obtain leave of absence. If I leave the country, I may not see him for years."

"I think that's a good idea, and I would advise you doing so at once."

"Does that advice come from a spirit of prophecy?"

"It may."

"Then I will take it."

A few days after, Mrs. Brown-Jones and Helena left. No one knew her destination.

Moll, who had not been in the town since the week of the 17th of June, took a walk through it.

It was a sad scene. Desolation everywhere, houses and churches torn down, the Old South a stable, and its pews broken up for pig stys by the orders of General Burgoyne.

In sorrow, Moll procured a limb of the Liberty Tree from Mrs. Brown-Jones' landlady, and returned to Lynn.

CHAPTER VIII.

Siege of Boston.

History relates the different incidents preceding the Siege of Boston.

From the 17th of June there was some skirmishing, but nothing of consequence. The dreadful carnage of the Battle of Bunker Hill had so astonished the proud Britons, that it might be said without dispute, when the garrison awoke on the morning of the 5th of March and looked upon the fortifications, that had like the mushroom, sprung up in one night, they were paralyzed with astonishment.

There stood the people, the blessed of God, on the Heights of Dorchester, cheering and clapping their hands in anticipation of a battle with the Britons.

"Clapping their hands" at the thought of a fight with the 'fire eaters' of England's twenty regiments in the town, and the men-of-war of the proud mistress of the seas in the harbor at their feet.

A people who could clap their hands at such a moment! What made them do it so spontaneously? Heaven that was going to give them a bloodless victory. The sacrifice of the lambs on one hill caused angels to weep. They did not want another scene like it on the virgin heights of Boston.

So it may be said that the proud city was taken and the British took to flight, with fright of a people who could cheer and clap at the prospect of a second Bunker Hill.

The Evacuation.

The evening before the 17th of March, Moll Pitcher stood looking at the boats moving back and forth with heavy loads. The day was stormy.

"Here is Mother Cary," said Lord Percy. "Wind or weather won't keep her in."

"Moll," he said, "we may have to part, and you never cast a horoscope for me."

"Yours was cast when the chieftains of your noble race fought Douglass on the Borders. I was expecting at Bunker Hill to see a second 'Hotspur' among the Percy's. You are pretty good for an Englishman, with a true blue claim to nobility. Everyone likes you, and you have reason to like yourself."

"Farewell, and many thanks," he said, saluting her as he observed General Howe coming up from the boats.

Sir William was always very pleasant with Moll, and said, "I think we'll have to 'steer our barks' in the morning even if it is Sunday. That brings your country's lucky seven up for the third time. Curse the business, that Dorchester Heights affair is the last straw. Burgoyne calls the colonists 'half-breeds!' If they're not, they can warwhoop like blazes."

"General Howe, I am surprised."

"So am I; and mad clean through. Its a hole anyway, Get 'Wash.' vaccinated. If he's not riddled with shot, he will be with pock. No strawberry leaves, Moll?"

"Only for Lord Rawdon, lordship for Harris and I sat for a good many. Have not time to tell you."

"Moll, don't stay here tonight. They'll burn the town."

"Let them dare. They can't escape by sea or land. Our privateers are in the harbor."

"And his excellency is impatient to measure swords."

"Two can play that game."

"Yes, but go, or there will be destruction."

"Do you prophecy that?"

"Yes."

"Very well, we may meet again, my good 'Joan of Arc,' and I swear there will be one sword to defend you, should they ever with canting hypocricy attempt to injure you."

They did not burn Boston, but they did Castle Island, as they said "to take the chill off the harbor."

Moll sent all particulars to the Heights, then went to the Province House, to try and fix things up for the general and his staff. It was in terrible condition.

The Julius Cæsars of modern times, entered the city with drums beating, colors flying, music and cheering, just as conquerors ought.

The British, as they sailed down the harbor, were chagrined to hear the music of Patrick's Day played by Jerry O'Brien's men on board the sloop *Liberty*, which had just come in with a prize. A boatload of marines, who had been scuttling some ships, put out, and recognizing O'Brien, who at Machias, on the 11th of May, fought the 'Lexington of the seas,' fired. They soon had to heave-to and deliver a lot of blankets and other useful articles. After being let go, they commenced singing "Yankee Doodle." When "Patrick's Day" again drowned their voices and the flying Britons' last slur.

"Now, General, what do you think of my predictions?" Moll asked, as she joined in welcoming the second Moses.

"Must say you can guess."

She smiled, and presented him with two handsome pitchers, "saying one will remind you of my prophecies; the other of the Indian's spirit maid of Lynn's fairy glen, who they say, is going to pour victory in your pathway."

Then she handed him a paper with dates of his days of success, saying, "Angels shall sing Hosannas, and the Star of

Bethlehem shall guide thee and thy wise men on the night of thy next great victory; and thou shalt conquer, for thy name is written in stars, clouds can never shade, while lives an American, to breathe the name of Washington."

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Brown--Jones.

It is now 1777. The "triple sevens" as Moll used to call them, and does still. She is as busy and kind as ever, buying and making with the help of other ladies, and packing off to the brave men who are still fighting for freedom.

Early one morning she was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Brown-Jones, who came in gushing all over. It was November, and the weather was chilly, so they both sat by the open fire for an old time chat.

"My dear Mrs. Pitcher, it's a wonder you ever saw me again. I was tomahawked by Mohawks, and tied to a tree, waiting my turn to be scalped. Seen over twenty women and children scalped before my eyes, but they were shut. I could not look, I could not look. The Indians got fighting over them, and just then some Hessians came along.

"I pleaded with them in their own language; told them I was an English lady, a true royalist. They only smirked at me, and sat down among the Indians, advising them to bring us further into the forest before doing any more scalping.

They gave the Indians rum, and they soon acted crazy. They threw the scalps over my poor Helena and another

young lady, who was lying unconscious from fright. I thought my poor lamb was dead, and was glad of it, after hearing what the Hessians were plotting. I told the other woman, and we all begged the Hessians kill us.

"A party of skirmishing Englishmen came along. I thought we were saved. I called out to them, saying I was a loyal Englishwoman. They looked us all over. We had hardly any clothes on, being stripped in a wigwam, and given just what the squaws liked, and that was not much; in truth we looked worse than squaws; we were bedraggled and dirty after travelling all day.

"The British laughed at us, talked with the Indians and Hessians, shared liquor with them, and went off. Soon the Indians fell asleep. Then the Hessians untied us and bound us all together with a strong rope.

"Helena and the other girl, the daughter of a Revolutionist, they threw down, and proceeded to make two litters of boughs to put them on, when seven men came along. I had the most courage to talk, but when I saw they were rebels my heart failed me.

"They stood and looked at us, then at the sleeping Indians and Hessians. One of them observed the scalps. He was young, tall and handsome. He asked 'whose work is that? They pointed to the Indians. He came over and took out a knife to cut the rope that bound us. There was a flash. He turned, and himself and comrades fought desperately.

"There were fifteen Hessians. They tried to awake the Indians, but it was no use. Ten Hessians lay bleeding, the rest ran away. The young fellow cut us loose.

"'Come from this awful spot,' he said, pointing to the scalps.

"'My poor girl lies there,' I said, bursting into tears, 'and some other poor mother's girl, too.'

"I tried to pull away the scalps, and got faint.

"Horrified, they took them off. The girls were a sight.

"They brought water, and washed their blood-stained faces and brushed back their hair, then mixed something from a flask in water, and poured it down their throats."

"The strange girl opened her eyes, then closed them again. There was no sign of life in Helena.

"'That girl belongs to you,' I said, 'myself and daughter are royalists, and cannot expect from you what our own have refused. In God's name, don't ask to bring my child to.'

"'You are defenceless women; even men we should defend from such brutalities were they our bitterest foes.'

"They finished the stretchers the Hessians had begun, and lifted the girls upon them. We all walked slowly until we came to a clear, open sward with a spring, and well sheltered on one side by a grove.

"They made beds of branches and told us to lie down, after sharing what refreshments they had with us, saying that they would protect us while we slept, and went a short distance, where they sat down to smoke.

"The stars were out and the moon beaming through the trees when I awoke. They had a fire made, and had caught game and fish. I made the others get up, and we had the best meal we ever had in our lives. The girls still slept calmly, so we did not disturb them.

"I had not much to say; I felt ashamed; over twenty of us were loyalists. During supper, they told us the Indians went by, quarreling over the scalps. They were very near the grove, but took no notice as the fire had not been started.

"They offered to convey us to the homes we were ruthlessly torn from.

"I told them I was a visitor at the house of friends near Fort Edward. That myself and daughter went to spend the

afternoon with neighbors about a mile away. The other girl had just made a call, and we were chatting pleasantly when the servant girl came in with stricken face saying, 'Burgoyne's Indians are coming.'

"They all ran wildly, but I only smiled. The lady we were stopping with was a cousin of a British general, and so was I. There was no danger, and I told the girl, who said they would surely 'injure her, as her people were all out fighting for the cause of American Freedom.' I told her I would protect her, but she should promise me to renounce the 'traitors to the country.'

"She looked at me with scorn. 'It is you and your invaders who are the traitors. If my father and brother will die, so can I.'

"At that moment a dozen of the red Mohawks rushed in.

"There were no men about. Some dragged us out; the rest pillaged the house.

"In vain I told them I was a royalist, and a loyalist. The drove us on. The next house was invaded and the inmates torn from their homes, and so on, until we got to the place where you found us.

"I asked them if it was possible to get to where General Burgoyne was? They answered yes, and they would procure teams from the farmers to bring us as near as possible, and would see us safe to our destination.

"Helena and the girl looked much better after their rest; we all tended them like babies.

"After partaking of refreshments, they laughed merrily at their Indian costumes, as they rested under a large elm, lit up by a very beautiful, happy-looking moon.

"After a while, I asked Helena to come over with me and thank the young fellow, who seemed the leader, for saving us from an ignominious death. He was standing under a tree

at some distance, intently listening, his gun in his hand, when she came.

"'Helena,' I said, 'this is our life preserver; a gentleman we owe more than life to. Thank him, dear, and ask him always to be our friend. I shall have you made a captain of when we get to Burgoyne's camp. You are far too handsome and noble looking to be a despised American.'

"He looked at me with an amused smile, then at Helena, who I thought had just seen a ghost, so white was her face.

"'Speak, Helena; take his hand and bless him.'

"She gave a little cry and fell on my breast.

"'Mamma. It is he whom you have forbidden me to ever speak to. To ever think of.'

"'What! that frightful rebel, 'Tattered Jack?' Sir William Howe's daredevil. I won't believe it. Why, he cut the flag off the Province House. He is a perfect fiend. I tried to have him hung from the Liberty Tree. You are not? say you're not,' I said, shaking all over.

"'I am,' he answered now, as if he had seen a ghost. He had not recognized Helena in her Indian costume, and of course did not know me at all.

"'You are?'

"'Yes.'

"'Who are you, and what's your name.'

"'I am the son of an Irish rebel. My name is Fitzgerald. One, of my name, I blush to say, is among the British, who are here trying to subjugate the Colonies to slavery.'

"'Lord Edward?'

"'The same.'

"'How came you here?'

"'I deserted.'

"'So did my son.'

"'He left before me, and was in the redoubt. I, with a few

more, deserted when they were landing the troops, and got to the redoubt. Your son received me with joy. We belonged to the same company; so did my comrades here,' he said, nodding in the direction of two young Englishmen, Hastings and Chase.

"'They also deserted?'

"'Yes, and fought bravely ever since. About 25 of us had made up to do it all the time. We are now sharpshooters in Morgan's Rifles.'

"'My goodness! and you saw my poor boy fall?'

"' Yes, just before the retreat, and was looking at the noble Prescott fence his way out with the air of a monarch. The same look on his face, the same gesture and majestic stride as when he stood on the parapet, under the hissing shot and shell of the *Falcon* and *Lively*, and the other men-of-war.'

"'His spirit was infectious; every man in that redoubt looked just like him.'

"'General Putnam, brave fellow, was everywhere, his soul on fire. If the other fellows came when he wanted them there would be another story to tell. His look, as he galloped by, shall live in my memory forever.'

"'The sight of the cool and valiant Stark, with his heroes marching to reinforce the Roman warriors of the redoubt under the shot and shell of men-of-war, transports and batteries, was enough to take your breath away. Also, Seth Pomroy getting off his horse so he would save it, and walking through the fiery furnace, was enough to make cowards wilt. Was I not the proud deserter, if I only had the rest of my comrades whose hearts were with us on that hill!'

"'Poor boy, you're a born rebel; you can't help yourself.

"Seeing I spoke spoke softly, Helena said, 'May I speak to him, Mamma?'

"'Yes, child, you owe him thanks.'

"She gave him both her hands, and the way they looked at each other nearly broke my heart.

"I could see that they adored one another.

"Thinking to make a conquest of him for my country through his love for Helena, I said, 'You will will let me introduce you to my cousin and obtain a pardon. You can have honor and position at once.'

"'And Helena, too,' he said?'

"'Yes, if you return to your allegiance, and one of the finest estates in Old England besides.'

"'Thanks, I shall have to decline all but Helena.'

"'And what, pray, would you do with a girl brought up like that child?'

"'Win name and fame for her.'

"'Helena, silly goose, I know what you will say, 'Love in a cottage for me'; but this is love in a log cabin.'

"'I am dressed to suit one now, Mamma.'

"'And you never looked so lovely before, darling. You are true,' he said, drawing her close to his heart.

"There I was, with a pair of turtle doves, cooing in the wilderness, so I said you may consider yourselves engaged if General Burgoyne gives consent. Let things stand as they are until then.' I would not let them thank me even.

We all started early next morning, the others having procured teams, and all parted, promising to meet again. I took the young girl with me, intending to see her safely home myself.

"My nephew was going to be married to a lovely girl, and it was to be present at it, I came from Albany. She was a sweet creature, and I was delighted because they were to come to England with me after the ceremony, as he had obtained leave of absence. We left her beautifully dressed, expecting him, when we went out to make the visit. Now,

after what happened, I fully expected wedding and all was over, but would find out at the camp.

"As we neared it, young Fitzgerald and his comrades held back, saying Burgoyne would give them a 'rope of chain hightening.'

"I promised to meet him with Helena, at a trysting place a few hours later, and went right for my cousin's tent.

"As we neared it, there was a great commotion. The soldiers looked angry. My nephew was sitting with his head bent into his hands; I could not see his face.

"'Another battle and defeat,' said I, stirring him up?' He did not mind. 'Is it here you are?' I said, getting angry, and that lovely girl left all dressed, waiting for you, yesterday morning, when we went out to make a call.'

"'All dressed,' he sobbed. 'All dressed and awaiting me, but I never came. I was coming—I was coming, but did not get leave in time. Did not get there; could not get there.'

"'Get there now,' I said, thinking he was worried about having to disappoint her, 'Helena and I will go on and make it all right.'

"'Yes, it's all right.'

"'What's the matter?' I said, stamping my foot at him.

"He made no reply.

"'Come,' I said to Helena, 'and find the general.' 'He will go crazy if he's not let off.'

"We went over to where some Indians were fussing, and saw the general was all upset about something. The Indians were demanding money, saying they did not get the price agreed upon for white scalps.

"Just then my nephew stood behind me. 'Burgoyne,' he said, 'I suppose they have to fight for the price of this too,' and he shook out the beautiful hair of Jane McCrea, his intended bride.

"The whole thing flashed on me. 'My God,' I said, 'tis hers.'

"'Poor Jane, poor Jane,' he said, tenderly putting the scalp in his handkerchief and walking away. Helena and myself had to be taken away from the sickening sight.

"In a short time the general came in, and I related what happened to us.

"Then he told us Mrs. McNeal, whom Jane was stopping with, escaped in about the same way we did, and had just been telling about the dreadful affair, when the Indians came in with great pomp and threw the scalps at his feet, saying, 'that's for you; squaw got shot.'

"'The fact is, said my son, after he returned from burying Poor Jane and the rest, tenderly, 'she is a sacrifice, offered up in her bridal robes, that will call the attention of the civilized world, to the atrocities perpetrated on the people of this country.'

"'Hundreds of women and children have been victims to the inhuman savages, hired by British gold, but Jane McCrea was one of our own. So were the twenty or thirty captured with you. Think of your escape, and my little sister's, and that reminded me of telling him of Helena's love for the 'rebel deserter.'

"'I know him well. His uncle is a captain, and he ran away from home, like many others, and joined the army. He was well liked in our company. That young Hastings and he were boon companions. Say nothing to Burgoyne. There's treachery everywhere. I have conveyed your protegee to her friends, and believe I have found my fate. If so I will resign, and become a Colonist; yes, and a rebel too.'

"There is all my children gone from me, me the daughter of an earl."

"I thought so."

"Yes, but I am the wife of Major Jones, am very wealthy through my father that never deserted us."

"I knew it in some way; it was there all the time."

"I can't help it."

"No."

"That afternoon I told Mr. Fitzgerald he could have Helena and her fortune also. They got married in a few weeks after, but still he is fighting the cause of your people.

"I am disenchanted after that Indian scene; no one will ever hear me say I am a loyalist and a royalist, again."

"What are you?"

"A Revolutionist!"

Moll Pitcher tenderly embraced her, saying, "The blood of your noble son has not been shed in vain. And Helena's husband is the young fellow who struck down with the butt end of his gun the assassin that deprived America, by the death of Joseph Warren, of a son! Her Hope! Her Joy and Pride!"

"Glory to him," said Mrs. Brown-Jones.

CHAPTER X.

Thirteen years have passed, the most eventful in the pages of history.

Mrs. Ramsdell we find still a sad and lonely woman. Her handsome boy is her only pleasure.

The sad circumstances of the little fellow's birth made him

the pet of every one. No welcomer guest, full of pranks and mischief, ever entered the homes of the people of Lynn. In fact he was the autocrat of the town. Wood ranging, and hunting through the wildest part of the forest with the neighboring farmers, or out sailing with the fishermen of Swampscott, was his sole delight.

He was a first class truant. School for Nēgo—'Oh, no!' and now, in his thirteenth year, we find him not much of a scholar, and a rambling wayward boy.

Nēgo was a great favorite with the Burrills of Swampscott. He would come sauntering along in boy fashion, and Nellie Burrill, a little sprite of six years, with golden curls, peach-bloom cheeks, and laughing eyes, would run to meet him, jump on his back and making a pony of him, compel him to trot her around and obey her slightest whim.

Many noticed the control the little tot had over him, and he often gave up a fishing trip to remain and play with her.

It was an Indian summer's day in October, 1788, a great day for the people of Lynn; their beloved General Washington was coming, so they flocked along the old Boston road to meet him. He halted at the old Anchor tavern to greet the people assembled there.

Among them was Moll Pitcher.

"My friend," he said, "and our good angel, how often have I thought of you as I looked upon the seven pieces of chinaware you so kindly gave us, saying they would be miraculous at the proper time."

"Were they?"

"Either by chance or good luck, I must say they were. We had only to break three. Your numerical predictions I also found to be true. I know your prayers followed us through the revolution from the time, like Deborah of old, you promised us 'Victory.'

"Thank Heaven, for showing to me that the Lord had made you a 'Captain over Israel.' The next seven crowns you in heaven. Your life sets like the sun, leaving golden streaks in the firmament that perpetuates your memory forever."

That evening there were festivities held in the town, and every one seemed to forget Nēgo but his mother. However, she was persuaded he was all right at the Burrill farm. Not returning the next day, however, a search was instituted, and every one agreed the last place he was seen was among the people who welcomed General Washington.

"I seed him, I guess, and every one else seed him. The little cuss, a trian to prod the general's horse," said old Nat Sargent. "Fust I heerd a man holler to him, then I seed him. I was thar when the general was a pattin' his head, then he ketched his dirty hand and shucked it, and put it in one other fellow's hand, an' he shucked it an' shucked it, an' tuk Nēgo on ter tha road to Boston."

Many corroborated Nat as to seeing him.

"Skeer the general's horse, and then follow the man up the road."

Several men went to Boston, knowing his propensities. They soon discovered he left on a ship that sailed from Griffins' wharf the same evening General Washington passed through Lynn.

Many shook their heads, saying they knew that would be the end of Nēgo. The ones who helped to spoil him most, now left the whole blame on his poor, sorrowful mother for giving him his own way.

Sage ones said it was the best thing that could happen to him, "A little roughness would take him down."

However, there was great rejoicement when a letter came from Nēgo, saying he enjoyed being a sailor, and had found a good friend in the captain of the *May Queen*.

He prayed his mother to forgive him for running away. "Some day," he said, "I will come back, when I am a captain, and take all the folks out for a sail in my big ship."

The disconsolate mother was comforted by the kind townspeople, and in the end, she too, thought it was perhaps the best thing could happen her wayward boy.

CHAPTER XI.

Time rolls on, and we behold the sprightly, little Nellie Burrill grown into womanhood.

She is tall and graceful, and much of the vivacity of her rosebud days remain.

A little hauteur has crept in, but it is tempered by the sweetest amiability of disposition,

Walter Breed, a handsome, gentlemanly resident of Lynn, has been paying attention to her for some time. She is engaged to him, and the coming Thanksgiving is to be her wedding day.

A cousin, who is expected to arrive from England in the fall, is commissioned to bring the handsomest wedding trousseau ever seen in Lynn. No one is let into the wedding secret but Lily Moulton, who is to be bridesmaid. But Grandma Burrill makes Walter her confidant, and elaborates with pride over the silks and laces that are coming from far-off England to make Nellie look the handsomest bride in the "wide, wide, world."

The Bassetts are an old aristocratic family, highly respected and well known in Lynn. One May evening Mrs. Bassett gave her daughter, Carrie, an evening party. The young representatives of all the old families were invited. After tea a ramble was proposed, and the merry makers set out in the direction of High Rock.

As they reached Essex Street, some one of the party, in a spirit of fun, proposed a visit to Moll Pitcher. The proposal was hailed with delight, but when they reached the cottage of the sybil, they commenced comparing who should enter first.

Their peals of silvery laughter brought the aged lady to the door.

"Well, dears, what is it?" she said, in a voice tinged with sadness. The young generation were almost strangers to her.

"We want our fortunes told," they all answered in chorus.

"I am not a fortune teller," Mrs. Pitcher answered. "I am a prophetess; the spirit of prophecy descended to me from generations." [This fact she always impressed on visitors.]

"Two of you are all I can see for tonight; I don't feel well."

She stood a moment, gazing in an abstracted manner, then pointing to Nellie Burrill and Carrie Bassett, she said, "come you two girls."

Their companions, with much enjoyment, pushed them in the door, promising to wait for them on High Rock. Nellie knew the Lynn pythoness well, so she did not feel in the least fluttered, as she sat down in the chair indicated by the clairvoyant.

The yet beautiful, dreamy eyes had the same sad expression, seeming to indicate sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings her second sight, or whatever else it was, revealed to her, inter-linked with the lives of those who sought her predictions.

The world called her a fortune teller. The world did not pause to find that in this poor woman, in her little cottage, the angels had found a pure, brave spirit, ready to obey their inspirations during the direful days of the Revolution. From her faith in the traditions of her race that the spring of the prophets of old was still running in her veins, she gathered courage, and work assigned to her was performed with faith. She spoke, believing if she saw anything, that it was given to her to communicate, and did so until her death. She now gazed at Nellie intently, for some time, her eyes not closed, but staring into the unknown world, as it were.

She seemed lost in reverie, and unconscious of the presence of any one. It was some time before she spoke.

"I have been a long distance," she said with a sigh. I have to travel far for some people, for others, it comes right here. Yes, yes, ever so far," and she shook her head, and looked as if the task was too much for her now failing strength.

Moll often told her predictions in rhyme. She did so on this occasion. Placing her hand on Nellie's head, she proceeded in the following style:

MOLL PITCHER'S PROPHECY.

A girl more fair, with eyes of blue,
Wins thy lover away from you;
She weds him not; like broken reed
Shall be the life of Walter Breed.

The one you'll wed rides on the sea,
O'er crested wave he comes to thee,
And brings you wealth in shining gold,
A sailor's love will thee enfold.

Nellie was in tears as Mrs. Pitcher showed her into the room fronting on Essex street, where Carrie was waiting.

"Oh, I have a terrible fortune," she said. "I do hope yours will be better, dear Carrie."

"My child," said the pythoness, "thy tears will flow often before the year is out, but Christmas stars shall bring you joy."

She beckoned Carrie into the room. Moll sat down and Carrie sat near her. She looked at the girl for a minute.

"I can't seem to get you; some it is hard to catch." Suddenly she stood up. "Yes, yes, I have you now. A butterfly."

> Eyes of blue, electric thy shock,
> Shall shatter hearts as hard as rock;
> Make tears from gentle fair ones flow,
> And mischief play where'er you go.

"Oh, my! How nice a forecast, Mrs. Pitcher, I suppose, at that rate, I shall never be married?"

Carrie asked this question with a roguish smile, looking at the seeress, who seemed to be lost in thought. Then Mrs. Pitcher looking up said:

> 'A bride!' Oh, yes, you'll surely be,
> The one you love, shall wed not thee;
> A fairer one will win his heart,
> But you will act a noble part.

"Well, well, that's comforting. If I can't marry my own love, no one else shall. Noble act! Give him up, I suppose to some one else, and make myself unhappy?"

"You will bring unhappiness to others, and enjoy it too."

"Thank you, Mrs. Pitcher, I shall not trouble you again."

"Do not forget your promise dear," said the old lady, bowing her out the door with haughty dignity.

"The old thing is not a propheteſs," Carrie said, as she rejoined Nellie. "I don't believe one word she said," and Carrie scolded until she got a glimpse of her friends.

They were received with delight by their companions.

"Tell us every word she said," they all cried.

"I am to marry a sailor," said Nellie, tears gathering in her eyes.

Merry laughter greeted this announcement.

"I will tell you the whole of it, girls," and Nellie repeated the rhyme.

This caused great fun, but the passage about Walter Breed was received very unfavorably, as Walter was a "great favorite" with the young ladies. So, Mrs. Pitcher stood in danger of losing her reputation as a seeress for daring to speak disparagingly of their pet.

"Now, let us have Carrie's?" was the next question.

"You shall have it," responded that young lady, and she repeated the verse with conscious pride. The last one she seemed to pout about.

"Pretty good, pretty good. So you are going to crush us poor, plain ones, 'neath thy sparkling orbs of *ciel* blue," said Lily Moulton, sarcastically.

"Moll was not much astray in you, Miss Carrie, and you know it, too," chimed in Minnie Tarbox, a very nice girl, only a little too pious.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you are a consummate flirt, and have scalped more hearts than any sachem warrior who ever reigned on Sagamore Hill, scalped heads."

"Minnie Tarbox, how can you talk so to poor me?"

"I can talk so. Don't I know you put between Millie Baker and Harry Wood, and then made fun of them. Dear, dear."

"Was it my fault? Could I prevent him, poor simpleton, chasing me around?"

"Yes, if you did not play the coquette he never would have done so, and you know you kept on until you got them parted, yes, parted forever. Then you made fun, and boasted you 'fired' him for Johnnie Allen."

"One thing, Miss Tarbox, I won't get the chance to steal any of your admirers," said Carrie, as she walked off.

Next day Mrs. Ramsdell called on the Burrills. Nellie told her of the "fair one" that was going to mar her future. "I have been trying to think if I knew her all day."

"None of your acquaintances, can out-vie you, Nellie."

"I do not think I have any that would want to play such a part."

"Then pay no attention to it, dear. She came to me the day my poor husband was shot. I was in too much fright to know what she said."

"Did you ever visit her since?"

"Yes, I went once, and it looks now as if she spoke the truth."

"What did she tell you?"

"Spoke in rhyme as she did to you."

"She was always very friendly to me. It was after my little Nego disappeared. She refused my money, but said in murmuring tones, 'twelve summers' suns will come and go, ere you greet him 'neath the beautious snow.'"

"Poor Nego," said Nellie.

"You can't remember him, dear."

"Yes I do, and I think I would know him if I saw him now."

"You will never see him, dear. I heard the ship was lost five years ago. I have given up all hope, and I think the prophecy meant that I will die in winter and be buried in a

great snowstorm, or she meant, as my spirit departed it would be snowing, and I would greet my boy, who will come to meet me."

"What an idea," replied Nellie, "Moll meant no such thing. There is hope from the sea, but none from the grave. You are not feeling well lately, and that is what makes you feel so sad. I admit the words are mystical, but you know she always talks so, and you have always told us girls to put no faith in what Mrs. Pitcher told us except for the fun and pastime of it."

"I know I did, but lately I have found and heard so many of her prognostications come true."

"If I said that," said Nellie, "you would be chiding me."

Walter Breed was as assidious in his attentions to Nellie as ever, although it was reported that he was sweet on Carrie Bassett.

"She can't be the girl Moll referred to?" said Nellie when she heard them. "She is fair, too fair, her hair is almost white, her eyes tourquoise blue, but she has such a way of using them, such fun in them. Her figure's fine; her manners are fascinating, so the gentlemen say. Why, I think her only a romp, with no intentional harm in her. I cannot think she would deliberately make trouble for any one.

Gipsy Party.

The next outing was a Gipsy Party in the woods now known as Newhall Heights. Walter Breed accompanied Miss Burrill. Miss Bassett did not show up until the afternoon, then she looked radiant in baby blue muslin and white lace. Carrie knew how to dress for every occasion. The large leghorn, prettily trimmed with soft cream lace and beautiful blue cornflowers, looked bewitching on the saucy beauty, as she scampered over Sadlers Rock looking for the print of oxen feet, which are said to be impressed on the very top of the crag.

Arriving at what is now known as Reservoir Hill, they stood contemplating the glorious scenery that lay beneath. On the same spot is now to be erected a water force or pumping station; if only a tower springs from it, what an observatory Lynn will have.

Soon she had a crowd of admirers around her, and Walter Breed joined the circle. He seemed to find most favor, for she led him off on a tour of investigation.

"Hot love," said a peeked-nose old maid, with a sunshade in her hand made before the flood, an antediluvian cousin of Carrie's, who acted the part of maid and monitor. "See, there's no one for him but my Carrie, he adores her." No one replied to her.

They made their way through a bye path which is now Reservoir Road, and rambled along the road to the cave, until they came to the knoll called Moll Pitcher's Island. Now it was dry, the July heat absorbing all the moisture around it. They examined the wolf-pits, and located the hiding places which there was no secret about at this time. They explored it all over; old people say it was then about six

acres in extent. Looking at it now, as it floats in the beautiful lake, one would not think so. It is just large enough for the abode of some happy water fairy.

Walter and Carrie were still together.

"He's popping the question," again the old maid said, as she observed Nellie looking in their direction.

"Let them pop," said Minnie, "Nellie don't care."

"Walter is acting outrageously," said Lily Moulton, coming up. "He has made you the cynosure of all eyes."

"Try not to mind him, dear?"

"I really do not," said Nellie.

"Well, I should think you would not," said the old maid, "for he has not looked once at you since she came this afternoon."

"Here they are; do not notice them;" and May Chase tried to pull Nellie out of their way.

The sympathy offered added fuel to the fire now commencing to kindle in Nellie's breast. To be an object of pity was too much for her sensitive nature, so she turned away with a haughty smile.

"I must live this day down she thought, and when Walter approached her, she received him with a smile. Then inwardly chided herself for acting a deceitful part.

"What am I coming to?" she said, as the candor of her noble nature revolted again dissimulation. "Well, I must act for today. Deception is good enough for the man who has so humiliated me."

Just then Carrie came running up and said breathlessly, "Did you ask her, Mr. Breed?"

"Not yet."

"The idea," and she turned to Nellie and said, "I have persuaded him to take me across the swamp to see 'Lantern Rock.' I am dying to see where the pirates hung the light.

that guided them from the Glen to the Dungeon Cave, and he consents, only on condition that your ladyship comes too. Now, if you say no, I can't go."

"What if I say yes?"

"You're a darling," and taking Nellie's hand, she drew her down to the edge of what was then like a swamp, which they crossed, Carrie making many missteps, and always looking to Walter for assistance, while Nellie sprang over every obstacle, refusing aid from Bob Ingalls, who accompanied them. Carrie was very interested in locating the exact spot where rested the beacon that led the nocturnal visitors with their stolen treasures, to the now famous Dungeon Rock. She had to clamber to the top, and Walter had to go with her.

Returning, they found their friends had crossed over, and were enjoying a lunch on the western side in a grove of oaks and pines, which still can be seen sloping down to the magnificent pond, known as Breed's, and which supplies the famed city of Lynn with water.

They now appeared as excellent friends, Carrie sharing every dainty her friend's maid had carried to the picnic with Nellie.

After a pleasant afternoon, they started to return homeward, and emerged from the woods on a ledge of porphyry and granite, the perfect shape of a turtle. Springing from it, they found themselves in a genuine fairy forest on top of the plateau. The next moment, all were on a high, slanting, craggy cliff, that commanded a view of unsurpassed beauty, and ornaments this romantic entrance to Lynn woods.

Here the forest and ocean zephyr meet, and joyfully caroling around, woo health and strength to all who seek its sylvan shade.

A little way down the cragged rock, with an outburst of pleasure, they beheld Moll Pitcher. She, with a few more

ladies, were seated in rocky indentations. At their feet was a green, grassy sward. On the girls remarking it, she smilingly said, "perhaps it grows for me, as I frequent this spot often. Here I sit at evenings and see things, many things. I can't see elsewhere. Here, when the postrider brings me letters, or there are questions asked I cannot answer at the time, I repair, and here, on this grass-grown spot I sit down and dream, and in some way everything comes plain to me. On these three rocks dwelt the spirit maids of the Indians. They called them the three wishes. In that sylvan dell between, they rested at evening, while the spirit chieftains mounted guard. Here Euterpean muses gladdened their hearts, and on this evergreen spot—

"The spirit maiden of the vale drew water from the clouds through a crystal pipe, and transformed that swamp into a magnificent lake of living water, over which the Indians danced in their canoes to the happy hunting grounds in the forest. They called it their 'sleeping beauty,' and let us hope that the maiden will again fill it up, so it may be a resort of pleasure for our people as it was for the Sagamores of days gone by.

"The Northern Indians firmly believe in spirit maidens, and held what we call 'Fairy Mount' *sacred*, as their abode. Here, underneath this rock, they said, was a golden vein. I have seen it at times in nuggets, as if growing on a shrub in two places. And there, outlined against that perpendicular rock, I have seen the beautiful form of a woman, with long, trailing garment seemingly twisted around her, from the waist down. Over her head, in listening attitude, was a large bird, the tips of the wings reaching the top of the cliff, small crosses were like silver, on the the inside of the wings. Her arms were outstretched, giving the posture the form of a cross. She seemed to be looking earnestly and pointing to-

ward the south. I tell you the time will come when a glass shall reveal the pictorial language of crags, cliffs and rocks of ages.

"What puzzles me most is the phantom ocean I often see here beneath my feet. One evening, suddenly looking down, I saw it, and before my eyes were seals climbing up the cliff. As I rushed down with fright, I thought that fissure there opened and gave me footing; when I looked again the ocean had disappeared. I cannot make out whether it has been or will be. Sitting on that little green spot, you will find me evenings, enjoying the verdant beauty of the scene as it stretches far out into the arms of the sparkling blue sea, and the best of friends with the woodland nymphs."

Descending and crossing what is now the dam of Breed's Pond, she pointed out a rock, between that place and Walnut street, under which numberless squirrels made their home, that she said the Indians held sacred, believing their dead pappooses turned into squirrels. This rock is on the Hoey estate, and is still the abode of the little beauties, who play and prank, and bury quantities of nuts under it. Higher up on the hill, on the same estate, she showed where stood the log cabin and dwelt the men awaiting the signals from the lookouts on Walnut street and Saugus to take charge of the precious war supplies from the privateers.

After pointing out places of Indian tradition, she parted from them at Sadler's Rock.

Carrie and Nellie were all this time arm and arm and the best of friends.

Many were the whispers, "I told you so."

"See what friends they are."

"Why, Carrie is to be one of the bridesmaids."

"Walter and Carrie were only acting and cutting shines to see if they could plague her, and she knew it all the time."

"What fools we made of ourselves, offering sympathy."

"It was that Sue Gordon that started it. The old maid; she got us all mad with poor Carrie. She even set Miss Moulton and Miss Tarbox going. The old thing. What makes May Chase take her around with her at all?"

This conversation took place while they were crossing the pasture to Boston street.

All kinds of vehicles were at hand to convey the party home.

"I would like to go to supper with you," said Carrie.

"Come, and welcome," answered Nellie.

They had a pleasant time. Mr. Breed was there.

Carrie sang sweetly, while Nellie felt too much depressed to do so, but played some pretty airs on the harp.

The time for departure arrived. Nellie said good night, with a smile, for of course Walter had to see Carrie home, However, she had gained a point over the gossips. So had Carrie, for she invited herself to supper, knowing Walter would see her home.

Next evening, Nellie told Mrs. Ramsdell everything.

"I would have parted with him last night, if I got the opportunity," she said.

"You must do no such thing. Walter is only toying with the girl to arouse your jealousy, and she is doing the same."

"Nonsense. He is heartless to humiliate me before others, and I would feel happy if he knew my mind."

"Promise me to wait a while, dear."

"Well, I suppose I must."

CHAPTER XIII.

Everything went well for a time. Walter called often, and Nellie told Mrs. Ramsdell, "He was the same dear old Walter she had known for the past three years."

Miss Bassett at Home.

"I am going to call on Carrie Bassett," Nellie said to Lily Moulton, one fine evening. "I feel I have wronged her in thought at least. Will you come?"

"Yes; but I think you are too generous toward Carrie."

"If you knew all."

"I know I have been too hasty in my judgment of her. She has not taken Walter's heart from me."

"'Tis not her fault, you may rest assured."

"Oh, Lily!"

"It is so; but, as you are in such a forgiving mood, let us go."

They found the door of the Bassett house open, and thinking Carrie was in the garden, went there.

Sitting under a grape arbor, they beheld Walter Breed with Carrie, and her hand clasped in his.

"Let us return," said Lily, seeing they had not been observed by the pair.

"By no means," said Nellie, advancing straight to the arbor.

"I suppose," she said, "congratulations are in order."

They both started. Then Carrie smiled and blushed. Walter's face was of an ashen hue. He tried to stammer out something but failed.

Nellie's voice was musical, as she said, "We have disturbed a charming *tete-a-tete*. Please excuse our intrusion?"

"Come, Lily," and she was turning away when Walter cried out her name.

"What is it?" she asked coldly.

He was beside her in an instant, his face pale and haggard.

"Nellie," he said again.

She paid no attention to him, but stooped to pull some pansies.

"I cannot see what Nellie means by intrusion, and *tete-a-tete*. It was something confidential Walter was telling me," Carrie said to Lily. "Why, he was just saying——"

"Never mind what he was saying. See him now," and looking in the direction indicated, she saw Walter snatch the pansies from Nellie and kiss them reverently.

"What a flirt he is," said Carrie. Come, let's go into the house."

"No, thank you. Nellie and I have a few more calls to make."

"I trust you'll find them more to your liking than this."

"I think not; this was a treat."

"A treat to what?"

"To catch a girl trying to steal another's lover."

"Oh, 'tis still greater to catch the lover stealing to see another girl."

Ignoring Walter, Nellie said to Lily, "We will make no calls this evening. Let us go to the beach."

"May I go?" asked Walter, with an appealing look at Lily.

"Yes," said Lily.

"And I'll go too," said Carrie.

It was the same old story on the beach.

Carrie would go out among the rocks seeking shells. She would slip, entangle herself with seaweed, get herself into some predicament, so Walter would have to go and extricate her. In vain he tried to keep by Nellie's side. She lured him away, and when she got tired carried him off in triumph, pretending to have hurt her foot. He gave her his arm to assist her home, leaving Nellie and Lily without as much as an *au revoir*.

In vain Walter Breed pleaded when Nellie returned his engagement ring. And the strangest of all, was the happiness that seemed to come over her as she did so.

"I must never have loved him," she said to Mrs. Ramsdell. And that lady answered the old saying with—

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

When Carrie heard the engagement was broken off, she poutingly said, "Now, they'll all say its my fault. That I have put another feather in my cap, another scalp in my belt. Won't I hear lots of talk. Well, when she gets over her temper, I shall tell her what Walter was saying in the arbor, and how I taunted him to dare see me home from the beach. I knew he only did it for bravado. I know he loves her, and when I see him, I am going to tell him what a gander he's made of himself."

CHAPTER XIV.

'Tis Christmas Eve, and all the preparations for the natal day of the world's Savior, are completed at the Burrill farm house.

Mrs. Ramsdell is there. Through all her sorrows she still retains a very youthful appearance. Although forty-five years old, she is as slight and girlish as ever. Her manner is lively and pleasant. Her sorrows she obtrudes on no one. They are sacred to herself.

A stranger, looking at the sweet, sad face, so fair beneath the coils of beautiful auburn hair, would not think she passed thirty years. The inmates of the Burrill house tell her she must marry again; and Nellie insists that she has a lover somewhere on the sly.

"Stop your jesting, and show me your trousseau."

"Why, Mrs. Ramsdell, I have never opened it. The case is in Auntie's room."

"Open it, now, dear."

"I feel as if I never want to look at them."

"Well, I do, Nellie; so come along. It's time they were looked over, at all events."

So off they went, and opened the case containing the wedding outfit.

The first they removed was the wreath and bridal veil, then the white satin dress, draped with lace and pearls.

"I declare, you must try it on."

"I might as well, and go down and show it to Aunt Tab, for the pearls on it are a present from her."

She put it on, and as Mrs. Ramsdell was lacing the bodice, she said, "You do not seem to feel disappointed that I am not dressing you up to marry Walter Breed?"

"For some reason or other, I do not," answer Nellie.

The dressing was completed, with the exception of the wreath and veil, which she refused to try on. When she entered the sitting room, all declared they never thought she could look so beautiful.

"There is a knock at the door," said Aunt Tab.

"It's Uncle Eben," said Nellie. "I'll open it, and see if he will know me, dressed up in this finery."

"Is Mrs. Ramsdell here?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I see her?"

"Yes, indeed. Walk in, please."

"Mrs. Ramsdell, I have shown a gentleman into the parlor, who wishes to see you."

"Do you know him, Nellie?"

"No; and well for you I don't. Why, he is the handsomest——, has the most beautiful violet eyes—— My! how they flashed. "Is she not the sly puss," she said, turning to her aunt, "to have a lover. Well, I always told her she had."

While Nellie was speaking, Mrs. Ramsdell was knotting a fancy bow at her throat. "I neglected myself, fixing you," she said.

"That's so; but do not keep him waiting, for the man is like Santa Claus, all covered with snow."

"Why did you not have him shake it off in the hall?"

"And spatter my dress; besides it is frozen on him. He must have come a long distance."

"Hurry up, will you? I am dead in love with him. Oh, my! the flash of his beautiful eyes. If you don't go at once, I will, and play Carrie Bassett with you, too."

"Hear that girl, how she talks," said Mrs. Ramsdell, as she tripped away to meet the stranger.

"You are fooling, Nellie. I suppose it is some of the farm hands you have put in the parlor?"

No, indeed, aunt, he is a gentleman. One could see that at a glance; and he is a stranger, too, with bushy, dark whiskers with—with such starry eyes, beaming with love. I tell you auntie, whoever he is, I am in"——

"What's that? Mrs. Ramsdell has screamed.—It's a tramp you have let in, you naughty girl," said Aunt Tab, as they both rushed to the parlor, and found Mrs. Ramsdell in the arms of the tall stranger, in an unconscious condition.

Tears were in the eyes of the man, as he placed her on the lounge, and bent sobbing over her.

"She has fainted," he said, in a voice and manner that reassured them.

Restoratives were applied and she opened her eyes.

"Bless you, Nellie," she said, "'tis joy, 'tis joy."

Then she put up her arms and entwined them around the neck of the man, kissing him again and again.

"He is some friend, and she is all right now. Let us retire," whispered Aunt Tab.

When they reached the sitting room, Nellie said, "auntie, have you any idea who he is?"

"Not the slightest, dear. He must be a lover, and she has not seen him for some time, I should think, by her actions."

"I am delighted. My wedding trousseau will come in all right, after all," and Nellie smiled at the thought.

"You don't mean to say Mrs. Ramsdell would wear that toggery you have on?"

"Yes, of course; and my things just fit her. I shall be glad to put them to some use."

"Then you don't intend to marry when you did not marry Mr. Breed?"

"I mean no such thing; but having been disappointed, I do not care for them now."

"Nonsense, child. You have known for months you would not be married at Thanksgiving. You broke off the match yourself, and by all accounts, Breed feels terrible over it. I say, put them things away. Some day you will be glad to have them."

"They will be pretty old-fashioned when that day comes."

"We'll see," said Aunt Tab.

CHAPTER XV.

Another knock at the door. This time it was Uncle Eben.

He fondly kissed Nellie, and looking her all over, said there was not a man in the country good enough for her.

"Perhaps there's one just come to the country you might think 'good enough,'" said Mrs. Ramsdell, as she entered, with a look of radiant happiness on the fair, sweet face.

"Look out," said Nellie; "I might win him from you."

"I think you have done so already, my dear."

Nellie's silvery laughter rang through the house.

"Where is he?"

"I have taken him to my room to change his clothes. He had a valise with him. He says it's been a blinding snow storm since he left Boston, and you know what a road that is to come over in such weather. His overcoat is crystallized with frozen snow. Here he comes;" and Mrs. Ramsdell flew to the door.

Taking him by the hand, she presented him with the words, "My son."

Surprised astonishment took the speech from all.

Uncle Eben was the first to break the spell. Going over to where the handsome stranger stood, he took hold of the hand still held by Mrs. Ramsdell. He led him to the light and looked at him. He took a lighted candle from the mantelpiece and peered into his face. Then deliberately putting back the candlestick in its place, he returned, and grasping both hands, said, "Right! yer every inch a Ramsdell. Yer Nēgo, Nēgo, my boy."

Aunt Tab was the next to give him a motherly embrace, covering his face with kisses, "So, my little plague has returned?" she said, as she moved away to hide the bursting tears.

"Miss Burrill," said his mother, as Nellie advanced timidly and placed her hand in his.

"Where's my little Nellie?" and he looked around as if he expected to see her jump up on his back, as usual.

"When you asked me, darling, who the 'fairy queen' was that let you in, I thought I had a surprise for you, for the little Nellie you left behind, is the 'fairy queen' you so much admired."

For one moment he gazed on the beautiful form that looked so charming in the clinging robe of pure white satin and fleecy lace.

Nellie stood with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, thinking of what she had just been saying to his mother.

"'Tis Nellie! It is," and he looked earnestly at his mother. Then with warm-hearted impulsiveness, he cast formality to the winds, and Nellie found herself clasped to the manly breast of the bronzed-face sailor.

In a moment Nellie released herself, and fell sobbing into the arms of his mother. And why was she so overcome by an embrace from the friend of her childhood?

Because, that one moment she had lain on his breast, the indefinable something we all feel but cannot understand, indicated her heart had found its resting place.

After partaking of refreshments, they all went to the parlor, which was brilliantly lighted with wax candles.

"Tell us, my son, how did you happen to go away?"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Mother, it is easily told. Of course I went with the crowd that was going to meet General Washington.

"He stopped near the 'Anchor Tavern,' in Saugus. There were ever so many people there.

"I cut my way through, and went right up to the horse's head and patted him."

"Now," said his mother smiling, "did you not prod him?"

"No, mother. Who told you that?"

"Never mind, dear; tell us all yourself?"

"Well, every one was shaking hands with the general, and I wished to do the same, but there was no show for a boy like me, and I was thrust back.

"One thing, I must admit. It was by 'prodin, skerin, and monkey tricks,' as they called it, I made my way through the crowd again, and got right beside the greatest man in the world.

"I gazed rapturously up in his face. He noticed me. 'Well, little man,' he said, 'What's your name?'

"'Nĕgo Ramsdell,' I replied.

"He repeated the name.

"'My father was a 'minute man,' I said, 'and was killed at the Battle of Lexington.'

"'Son of a noble father,' he answered, patting me on the head.

"'I never saw my father, sir. He died before I was born.' And mother, for the first time I realized what it was to be an orphan.

"The tears started to my eyes. I could not force them back. They were the first I ever shed in memory of my father.

"As I wiped them away with the sleeve of my torn jacket, General Washington reined in his horse; but I could see it was only a pretense to hide his emotion in the presence of the tears of a boy.

"When the horse ceased prancing, he reached out his hand, and I grasped it.

"'Boy,' he said, 'never forget that your father died for liberty.'

"'If that coon dies for anything, it won't be on land,' said a bystander.

"'Land, at the bottom of the sea,' said another, 'for he ca n't be kept from it.'

"The general, smiling, turned to a gentleman standing near and said, 'Here is something in your line, and a namesake, too.'

"Placing my hand in his, the general said, 'Be a father to him, Ramsdell.'

"He then moved on, leaving my hand still clasped in that of the man he had bequeathed me to, and whom I soon found was a sea captain, and true friend of General Washington.

"'So your name is Ramsdell,' the man inquired.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied.

"'What was your mother's name?'

"'Mansfield.'

"'The names of the people I am hunting up,' he said, as if to himself.

"Just then two men came rushing up.

"'Here, Captain,' said one of them, 'is a letter we were ordered to deliver in all haste.'

"He walked away a little distance and opened the letter. There was only one page of writing on it, I noticed.

"'Important! Very! Come on boys, not one minute to spare.'

"They walked rapidly away, then, as if recollecting himself, he turned around. I was still standing where he left me. He beckoned me to come to him.

"I did so.

"'Boy,' he said, 'is your mother still a widow?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Is she poor?'

"'Not rich,' I answered.

"'What do you do?'

"'Nothing.'

"'Only tear your clothes,' he said, looking me all over.'

"'I tore them climbing trees,' I stammered.

"'Climbing trees is your forte. How would you like to climb up the masts of a vessel?'

"My heart bounded. 'I would ask no better fun,' I said.

"'You won't find it fun. Have you any friends that care for you besides your mother?'

"'Not one.'

"'Would you like to go to sea?'

"'I shall never do anything else when I'm a man.'

"'You're man enough now.'

"'Good,' I said.

"'I am seeking friends, and will return in six months and see your mother. If she consents to let you come on the next trip, I will gladly take you.'

"'Take me now.'

"'I can't, and won't without your mother's consent,' and he walked away.

"I walked after him. He got on a team the two men had waiting for him. I cut behind it, and kept there until they got off at Griffin's wharf, in Boston.

"He must have told the men, for when they spied me on the wharf, they spoke kindly to me, and advised me to go home.

"I told them if I did not go on that ship, I would go on some other.

"'Better tell the captain,' said one.

"'He won't allow him to sail,' was the reply.

"'His only chance is to go on board and hide, until we are out to sea.'

"'If he is determined to ship, he might as well come with us.'

"They smuggled me in, treated me well, and next day pulled me before the captain.

CHAPTER XVII.

"'A stowaway!' one of the sailors cried, as he yanked me forward.

"'What! the Ramsdell boy. How dare you, sir?'

"I was frightened at his manner.

"'Have you no feeling? Do you know what sorrow this act of yours will cause your mother?'

"For the first time I felt I had done wrong, and began to blubber. The captain paced the deck.

"'I shall put him on the first Boston-bound vessel we meet.'

"'You will, will you?' And I shinned to the top of the mast in no time.

"The sailors laughed heartily. The captain and his two friends went forward and held a consultation. One of the sailors gave me a sign to come down. I did so.

"The captain on looking around, saw me, and called me to him.

"'I have no right to be angry with you. I did the same at your age. It is your poor mother I am considering.'

"'Let him write to her and mail it at the next port,' said one of the men.

"'I suppose it's all can be done now,' said the captain.

"I did so; and wrote you twice after, and you say you never received them."

"Only the first," replied his mother.

"Our chief trade was on the African coast. We carried more diamonds in the rough to Europe than any other craft that sailed the seas.

"The captain had his agents procuring diamonds from the mines of Raolconda and Coulour, in the province of Golconda and Soumelpour in Bengal. We brought emeralds from Persia, tourquoise from Nashabour in the same place, and pearls from Ceylon.

"I went down with the divers, in the Persian Gulf, and had a narrow escape from being cut in two by a sawfish. I saw two divers fighting a terrible battle, while I was making my escape with a pair of pearls that rivaled Cleopatra's. The two barely escaped from the fish, dying soon after they reached the surface.

"We brought attar of roses from the Ganges, musk, perfumes, and balms, from Arabia and skins and furs of all kinds. I tell you, if it was not for the captain's open-hearted generosity, he would have been as rich as old King Crœsus.

"The crew of the vessel were kind and good to me from the very first.

"At twenty-two I was owner of a magnificent sailer. I wanted to take command but he would not allow me to leave him. He placed her in good hands, and we christened her the '*Minute Man*,' and the crew say she is the luckiest gal that's out. The captain would laugh when he heard them, and say, 'Boys, why, don't you know this ship is a male? This one any way,' and the next minute he would say, 'Jove! she's a beauty,' and I was as bad myself, but happy in the thought that 'Minute Man' was on her prow.

"We started from the West Indies with a valuable cargo. We were not long out when the poor old captain began to droop and keep to his cabin. We had a splendid passage and a quick voyage. We cast anchor in the Thames. When I

informed him he seemed listless. We carried him ashore and placed him in the best hotel. Had medical advice at once, nursing and attendance, but it was no use. The crew hovered around his bedside with bated breath, and some of them who never bent a knee in the fiercest storm, bent now in prayer for the restoration of their beloved captain.

"One day he called me to his side and placed a draft in my hand. It was for £5,000. 'This is for your mother,' he said, 'I always felt if I had not met you that day, you might be with her still.' Then he lay back and seemed faint. I threw open the window and beckoned to the ship's crew, for they were always hovering around the hotel with anxious faces, waiting for news from the sick chamber.

"As they entered, he seemed to revive, and fondly shook the hand of each, some of whom were his shipmates from boyhood.

"I raised him up, and supported him in my arms. He laid his head on my breast, and looking up, with a pleased expression on his handsome, old face, said, 'When General Washington gave you to me with the command to be a father, he also found for me a son—a beloved son. God bless you, Nēgo! See—we are nearing—port. Look—see—that beautiful country, Nēgo—You and I have been in many lands, but none like—this—What luxuriant loveliness—yes—boy—let us cast anchor here.'

"I stroked his cold cheek and kissed his lips, and soon he lay back in my arms, dead."

His mother, embracing her son, wept.

"The poor old captain," said Aunt Tab with sobs, while Nellie, with tearful eyes, murmured, "So good, so good!"

"He was," answered Nēgo, with a far-off expression on his handsome face. "'He was a FATHER, bequeathed to me by the 'Father of my Country.'"

"We buried him beside his mother in a village cemetery, overlooking the splashing waves, on the coast of Lincolnshire, and erected a costly monument on the spot.

"When his will was opened, we found many charitable bequests. A large fortune awaits a sister's daughter, who must be looked up, as she is supposed to be in this country. I have a letter relating to her here with me, which I shall read at some future time. £5,000 to each of the crew, myself included. He also left me the ship we sailed so long together in, with the proviso, that I must at once set sail for 'home and mother,' and here I am."

The news soon spread of the return of Nēgo, and it is safe to say the Burrill house never before had such an assembly enter its portals. It was a continuous stream of people all day and far into the night, too. In fact it was a happy Christmas all around. But that was not enough. It was proposed to give a royal welcome to Nēgo in honor of his return. Cards were sent out for a large gathering at the Burrill mansion on New Year's eve.

In the meantime, Nēgo asked the hand of Nellie from farmer Burrill, who was absent from home when Nēgo made his appearance, but who, on his return, received him with great joy.

"With pleasure, my boy, if the girl is willing." That young lady received the proposal with a roguish smile, advising Nēgo to wait until 'he had found the heiress, which might be a great beauty, or a lady of high rank in Merrie England, or better still, he might be smitten with some of the Lynn angels at the coming party," and she said, turning to Mrs. Ramsdell, "I want him to see Carrie Bassett. She will be here. You know she broke up one love affair on me, and may be able to break up two."

"Have you told him of it, dear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ramsdell."

"What did he say?"

"Said she was a darling."

"My goodness! I think you ought to have left that to me to do."

"You would prejudice him against her before he would see her; and as he asked me to be his wife, I was in honor bound to do so."

"Well, you have aroused his curiosity in regard to her and she is such a consummate flirt."

"Then let her flirt."

"And make trouble again, dear?"

"If she can."

"Nellie, how naughty you speak."

"I feel just the same."

"And I feel that that girl will make trouble."

"Let her do so."

"If she can."

"But she can't," said Nēgo, returning to the room and hearing the last sentence.

"Why can't she?" asked Nellie.

"Because your lovely self stands at the helm."

"Wait until you see her. I tell you, she is very pretty."

"Bewitching and handsome," interposed Nēgo.

"Do not get up a controversy over her," chimed in Mrs. Ramsdell.

"I must confess to a very warm regard for the young lady, and Nellie has so interested me in her, that I am going to give her a New Year's present."

"Then give it to her now, for here she comes."

Carrie was ushered into the parlor and introduced to Nēgo by Nellie. He clasped her hand, exclaiming pleasantly, "You are my dearest friend."

Nellie, as she looked on, thought, "If she can win him let her. The man I'll marry must let no other, although he see a million pretty faces, stand betwixt himself and me."

Carrie, addressing Mrs. Ramsdell, who was looking over a book, said, "I heard your son was looking for an heiress, and you see," she said with a winning smile, "I thought I might be the one." Then turning to Nēgo with a bewitching glance, said, "You see, Mr. Ramsdell, I am an heiress all ready. Now, if you make me the inheritress of the dear, old captain all Lynn is speaking about, what—a bargain I will be, and—perhaps—who knows," and the beautiful eyes beamed, "but—but—you might fall in love with me yourself." Then casting a deprecating look at Nellie, she slid down beside him on the sofa, taking his bronzed hand in hers, commenced sleeking it down.

This was too much for Nēgo. He laughed outright, and was joined by Nellie, who could not help admiring the clever piece of acting by which Carrie, who she knew was only jesting, yet was still hoping to make her feel jealous. Mrs. Ramsdell, who had also joined in the mirth, as she looked toward Nēgo, turned hastily away with a very pale face, for there he was, taking a magnificent diamond ring from his pocketbook and presenting it to Carrie, saying, "I intended this for a New Year's present for you, as one of Miss Burrill's dearest friends, and now, I know you as mine."

Carrie made no hesitation about accepting the token joyfully. She glanced at its sparkling gleams as she placed it on the fourth finger of her pretty hand. Just then, Walter Breed was announced, and a smile of relief flitted over his gentlemanly face as he perceived Carrie and Nēgo, *tete-a-tete*, in animated conversation.

After warmly greeting Nēgo and speaking a few pleasant words to Carrie, who, showing him the diamond circle, asked

for his congratulations, he turned to Nellie, who, for some reason, received him more pleasantly than usual, and if that young lady's manner and reception of Walter was for the purpose of making Nēgo feel anxious, she failed, for that gentleman was enjoying himself with Carrie, and seemingly oblivious to everything going on around him.

Poor Mrs. Ramsdell really felt unhappy. All the return she got for her looks of admonition to Nēgo, was a sweet smile and loving look, while Carrie would playfully, now and then, call her attention to something the "naughty Nēgo" would say, as he bandied compliments, for which he seemed an adept in spite of his life on Old Ocean.

Walter and Nellie were seated in a distant part of the room, and to Mrs. Ramsdell, who was closely observing them, it seemed a very earnest conversation they were engaged in. They two, apparently, forgot the presence of others. Nellie's pale face and pained expression was making poor Mrs. Ramsdell feel very nervous. Distracted, as it were, and caring not who was looking on, Walter Breed seized her hand, pleading for the love he had so thoughtlessly thrown away.

"Forgive me," he said, going on his knees. "Life will be worthless without you." Then he buried his face in his hands.

Mrs. Ramsdell could control herself no longer. Going over to Nēgo, she said, "See him! He may win her. You know she has not given you a decided answer. Go! will you, dear, and claim her?" But Nēgo never moved.

Walter was seen to raise his face, pale and haggard. Snatching his hat he gave one long, despairing look at Nellie who was pale and sorrowful. That glance told him there was no hope. He turned away and went out, and the pale moonlight revealed the face of a stricken man.

Carrie Basset, with an exultant laugh, rushed to the door, and her sweet, clear voice, as she sung, "Too late! Too late! I now adore her. She—does—not love—me, now," was re-echoed by the silvery sea.

As Walter Breed heard the closing of the door, when she ceased her song, what must have been his thoughts. While Carrie was singing the song that made poor Walter miserable, Nellie had gone to her room, and Mrs. Ramsdell had followed.

"I do not know what I said, fearing he might win you from Nēgo," she said.

"He could not."

"Bless you, dear. May I tell him you said so?"

"No! No! Tell him nothing I do or say, please, until after the party."

"What has the party to do with love affairs, my dear?"

"Nēgo may see some one he could love better."

"Hush! Nellie. You know different."

"I know he is going home with Carrie Basset now, and as you must have observed, seems smitten with her."

"Do not talk so darling," said Mrs. Ramsdell, smothering her with kisses.

Next day, Nēgo's mother asked him to read the letter left by the dear old captain. While he was searching among his papers, Mrs. Ramsdell spoke of going to consult Moll Pitcher regarding the heiress.

"No need," said Nellie, "she is found. Nēgo discovered her last night."

"I discovered a secret. Miss Bassett made a confidant of me. You know, I went home with her, and while doing so, chided her for her operatic performance with poor Breed. When she realized her thoughtlessness she burst into tears. There is really no harm in her. She loves mischievous fun, is vain, and as playful as a kitten."

"Well, my boy, as you played the mentor with her, what next?"

"Oh, I proposed."

Mrs, Ramsdell gave him a startled look. Nēgo smiled.

"And was accepted," said Nellie.

"Yes, with delight."

"Then accept my congratulations," and advancing with haughty but courteous dignity, extended her hand which Nēgo seized and, raising to his lips, kissed reverently.

"Are you not going to congratulate me, too, Mother?"

"Never."

Then Nellie went to her, and twining her arms about her neck, kissed her, saying "Do not spoil his happiness."

"He has spoiled mine," she answered, sobbing.

"Mother, dear, what do you mean?"

"You know; what you have just told us about Carrie Bassett."

"Oh, that's it. Well, I just asked her to my wedding. I told her Nellie had been putting me off until after the New Year assembly at the house. She begged me hurry things up. Told me of a love affair with a Boston gentleman; made me her confidant," and, he said, smiling, "I advised her like a father. And now, little mother, I want you to take that girl in tow. She's a diamond in the rough; and do we not owe her a debt of gratitude? Only for her pranks, I could never claim this darling as my bride."

"God bless you, my boy," and joining their hands, she tenderly embraced them and left the room.

At supper, Nellie appeared with a magnificent diamond ring on her finger. Nēgo asked that they double up the New Year's festivities into a wedding reception, in keeping with the royal family of Lynn.

That evening he read the letter of the kind old captain, which was dated, June, 1798.

May Queen, CORK HARBOR.

My best beloved son:

Do not regard this letter as from the dead, but as from one who is still with you, a guardian friend.

I know heaven will permit me to take the helm in every storm and guide you safely to port. Time is flying, and I am not as well as you think. I had a little sister that displeased us all by a marriage with a worthless scamp. I wanted her for a mate of mine, that would make a lady of her, if wealth could do it; but in his eyes she was an equal for a lord; in my eyes she was an obstinate little puss, who wanted her own way in everything; but then we spoiled her, and I was eighteen years older. Two years after her marriage, a little girl was born. She called her Helen, after my first and only love. I was away for years and, on my return, found she had gone to America, her husband dying shortly after they landed. I searched for years without a clew, and was on that mission to Lynn when I met General Washington. (That I don't mind telling now.) I carried many a load of ammunition and quantities of arms, from old England, too.

I had heard of a great fortune teller in Lynn, and was going to consult her; you know we old salts are superstitious. You remember two men handing me a letter: well, George, himself, was the instigator of it. He had information that I was betrayed and an English cruiser laying for me. Well, they did not catch us, Nĕgo, and I will die happy in the thought that I did the best I could to help a noble people throw off the tyrannical yoke of England. You are aware they kept after me for years, and the amount of money I had to pay to quash the affair. But, for all that, if you find my sister, or her daughter who would be eighteen or twenty now,

you can draw on the bank of England £50,000, to be divided between them; if they are dead use the money to build a home for old *salts*, wherever you like. My sister's name was Louisa Ramsdell, married in Lincolnshire to William Henry Mansfield. I enclose copy of certificate of marriage and birth of child. Tell her I forgave her long ago. Ask her to forgive me. I last located her in Boston.

Always with you, Nēgo,

CHARLES RAMSDELL.

To Captain of *May Queen*.

The eulogies on the patriot captain, were loud and long.

Nēgo said, "Captain Ramsdell never liked the way England treated her dependencies for he had done business with them in all parts of the world. From the first to the last shot he was the friend of the Colonists. The true and tried adviser of General Washington on many occasions. I found a chart among his papers of the various places he left supplies. By accident I found out his good deeds."

"It would be a good idea to read the letter at the wedding reception," suggested Farmer Burrill. "It may give a clew."

"It shall be done," answered Nēgo.

"And,"said Mrs. Ramsdell, "I will continue the journey to Moll Pitcher for his sake."

CHAPTER XVII.

Next morning she started off. The sibyl opened the door.

"Your errand is town talk by this time. I can't help you."

"Who will, if you won't?"

"A flip of a girl will do more than I can."

"How so?"

"She'll find the heiress."

"You know what brought me here, then?"

"Yes."

"Shall we have long to wait?"

"No."

"Do I know the girl who will find her

"Yes."

"Shall I see her at the wedding?"

"Yes."

"Will the heiress be there?"

"I do not seem to see her." Then, as if she had seen some one who gave her information, "She will."

"Shall we recognize her?"

"I can't say."

"Mrs. Pitcher, you used to tell us everything that was going to happen. You foretold my marriage, the revolution, the Indian Tea Party in Boston Harbor, etc."

"Yes," she said smiling, "and I helped the women of Water Hill to take the tea from Bowler's store and dump it into the Milldam."

"Well, you forecast it all, before the Boston Massacre, in 1770."

"I could not help it. I used to see it pass before me."

"They say you are just as good now as when you used to stand upon the rock, predicting for the people the various victorious events. You were always kind; you came to me Lexington day; and Nēgo returned just as you said."

"I am almost as far-seeing as ever. The great excitement is not here, now; I do not need to go out of myself to see you and yours enjoying happiness."

"Thank you, Mrs. Pitcher."

"They say I made many predictions that came to pass, and many that did not. Will you remind me of some of them? I have so much to say, I cannot remember half of it."

"There is one thing that has not come true, and we all wish it would. The day the British left Boston, you said there would be another evacuation. A prince would sheathe the sword, like Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown; the redcoats would take to their ships; that England would not own one *sod* of land in North America."

"The 'Sons of Liberty' are rocking the cradle yet, my dear. The dawn of the second century will have hardly passed, ere the train of Columbia shall cross Canadian prairies and plant the flag of freedom through the tattered shreds of the union-jack."

"Do you think of anything else?"

"You said: 'Thousands would come and go, behind a curl of smoke; that carriages of glass would go at lightning speed, and no one see what propelled them; that people would swing through the air on a line or cord that would shoot various colored lights; that they would travel in a large, fancy basket, suspended to the cord; that flashing lights would carry them across the Atlantic in forty hours; and magnificent music, conducted on wires hundreds of miles, would play at the instigation of man; that rain would be commanded, clouds dispersed; that sun conductors would heat the earth in winter; that messages would be transmitted on the breeze; that men would ascend and descend Jacob's ladder, just like the angels.'"

"But you have told so many good things that have come to pass, we do not mind if yon miscalculate sometimes."

"I say these things will come to pass, although changes and wonders shall step in between; and you know a prophet hath no respect in his own country."

"You have in yours, and I trust you will do us the honor of attending our wedding festivities."

"I shall be very happy to do so; and when all is over, come up here for an afternoon, and I will tell you of many things that will not happen in our day."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CARRIE IN LOVE AT LAST.

Great preparations were going on at the Burrill house. The young folks were all invited. There was lots of gossip; Carrie Bassett's Boston lover was criticized; match-making mammas did it.

The Vernons were poor, the Bassetts rich; just the thing. Carrie was dead in love at last, and did not deny it. Harry Vernon was handsome, poor and proud, and his mother found out, just after she sent her seamstress down to Lynn, to work for Mrs. Bassett, that Harry was in love with the daughter of the sewing woman. She wrote to Mrs. Bassett, and told her on no account let Harry see the girl when he went down to the reception.

Carrie, in the meantime, had brought the girl over to the Burrills to help Mrs. Ramsdell, who thought her very nice, and invited her to be present at the ceremony so much talked about.

In the meantime, Mrs. Bassett finds out every thing about the antecedents of the dressmaker, and warns Carrie.

"She is a nice girl, but how can he pass me by that's so rich and beautiful? Oh! dear. I do love him so," she said. "However, I shall put him to the test at the wedding, Mamma."

"And I know you, dear, better than you know yourself, you were spoiled and pampered in everything, but it is not in you to be dishonorable."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Wedding Day.

New Year's Day, 1799, was warm. The glad sunshine danced on the glistening snow. The trees, proud of their green-spreading pine branches, waved gracefully in the southern breeze as if wishing each other a happy New Year. In fact, all nature seemed to vie in making this day one to be remembered for sunny smiles and happy greetings.

Nellie's presents were costly and beautiful. The diamonds presented by her husband outshone anything ever seen in this country.

Her wedding dress, for Nĕgo would have no other but the one he first saw her in as she opened the door, was exquisite, with veil, orange blossoms, pearls and costly lace. She looked radiantly beautiful. Every one was happy, because every one received a costly souvenir in diamonds or precious stones from the groom.

"Carrie," said Nĕgo, "why do you look so pale? Vernon is here."

"Yes; but not with me. See him there among the foliage at the end of the room, with our seamstress. You know I told you how I loved him. I must talk with her. See, he goes away," and she bounded to where Harry Vernon had just left the girl for a few moments.

"How long have you known Harry?"

"Three years."

"Has he always been as attentive to you as today?"

"Oh, yes. He wants me to marry him but I have refused. I cannot drag him down."

"Do you love him?"

"Love him! I can never love another."

"Poor girl! So do I."

She looked up. "Does Harry know?" she asked, trying to stifle a sob.

"Yes."

"He does not love you?"

"No."

"Poor girl! He shall. You are rich and beautiful. He will learn to love you. With me, it would be poverty, and he could not bear it. No! No! I will go away and he will forget. Promise me, also, that you will forget that he ever loved me."

Carrie looked down at the simple, white muslin dress; a spray of lilies of the valley at her throat, and a small cluster peeping out beneath the coils of rich, golden-brown hair; tears were in the calm, blue orbs.

"Promise me," she said again.

"I will promise, if you will let me be your friend."

"God will be my friend. Take him and be happy," and she disappeared.

Nellie stood dressed in a handsome travelling lavender suit beneath a pair of white, floral doves. Nēgo stood by her side with the old captain's letter in his hand. All crowded around. Harry Vernon encountered the pretty seamstress as she was flying from the room. Seeing her looking pale and agitated, he demanded an explanation. She refused. He was getting angry, as Nēgo commenced to read the letter. When he finished, he asked all present to co-operate with him in the search for the missing heiress. "On my return

from southern seas," he said, "I shall dedicate my life to this mission."

While the guests were around Nēgo, questioning him, Mrs. Ramsdell, who had been observing every one, thought to herself, "Moll Pitcher is out this time." Nēgo handed Mrs. Burrill a cheque to continue the search while he was away on his wedding tour.

Meantime, Mrs. Bassett was standing one side with Carrie. She was telling her something very serious, and she spoke earnestly, saying, "My dear, I shall leave you to yourself. The act shall be your own. I have no fear."

"I hope you are not going to let the child break her heart," said a sycophant friend. "The girl is poor; can be bought off; will be happier with her own equal." This advice was given by one who did not know what Mrs. Bassett had just told Carrie.

"She's only a poor nobody. 'Tis shocking to have Mr. Vernon throw himself away so."

"Only a poor nobody," repeated Carrie. "Poor nobody, that I may be happy. Never!" Then she went over to where Harry Vernon was holding the girl prisoner, she still pretending to be angry with him, and determined to give no explanation.

"It is I who am the cause of her unhappiness. Please let her come with me;" and taking Helen's hand, she led her into the presence of Nēgo.

"Captain Ramsdell, it gives me pleasure and happiness to present to you the lost heiress and niece of your beloved friend. Mamma can give you particulars. Her mamma is a visitor at our house."

Astonishment and genuine rejoicement was indulged in. Petrified looked Harry Vernon, as Carrie placed Helen's hand in his, saying, "Dearest, tell him all."

Then, while Mrs. Bassett was speaking to Nēgo, she ran to her own house. Putting one of her mother's richest dresses, cloak and bonnet on poor Mrs. Mansfield, she led her hastily away and into the presence of all the company.

"This is the dear old captain's sister," she said breathlessly. "Let every one kiss her," and every one did.

Mrs. Bassett embraced her daughter, blessing God for the noble heart of her darling Carrie.

Harry Vernon was willing to marry Helen Mansfield, the daughter of his mother's seamstress, although brought up to aristocratic notions. He knew he had no inheritance, and his mother wished him to make a bride of the girl whose parents could open to him brilliant prospects. She begged of him, as he left for the wedding that morning, to return as the affianced husband of Carrie Bassett, and he had retorted by announcing his intention to marry Miss Mansfied at once, and work for riches. Now, as the heiress of a large sum of money, and as Nēgo just stated, gold and diamond mines in Africa, he declined.

"What has the girl to say about it?" And they all looked for Helen's reply, who was just recovering from her surprise, as Uncle Eb. walked over and led her by the hand to the centre of the room.

"Just this," said Moll Pitcher, striking the floor twice with a cane she sometimes used. "The Fates have decreed these two to be united." That settled it. And under the doves they were both married amid great rejoicement, Carrie Bassett acting as bridesmaid. After giving the bride away, Nego turned to his mother, "Did I not tell you Carrie was a 'diamond in the rough?' What do you think of her now?"

"That she's of the purest water."

Harry Vernon and Helen seem to think so, too, for Helen, now, with grateful looks toward Carrie, was just saying,

"Mamma and I were going back to Boston and we might never be found out. And I was determined that you should not find me, and if you did, to refuse to marry you. To leave you to Carrie, who loved you, too."

"So it is to her I owe the completeness of my happiness?"

"Yes. Had she not spoken, who knows what might have happened."

Just at this moment, Nēgo came over to them with a happy look on his handsome face, and said, "Your bridal tour shall be on the *May Queen*."

"I must return and acquaint mother with my change of life," said Harry, smiling at the thought."

"She is already acquainted, and I thought she would faint.

She had hardly entered the house, when Lily Moulton, May Tarbox and Sarah Newhall, and a host of the girls who are claiming they were your bridesmaids as well as Nellie's," he said bowing to Helen, "congratulated her on Harry's marriage to Helen Mansfield. You out to have seen her; every one was amused. She began to comfort Carrie Bassett, declaring she wanted no one else for a daughter; and it was fun to look at her when Carrie, poutingly, said to her, 'Mr. Vernon turned his back on me when he found Helen Mansfield was the heiress of, perhaps, millions.'

"'It is not so,' Mrs. Vernon replied.

"'He would marry her anyway. He loved her and I knew it.'

"'Foolish boy! Foolish boy! And he has married that poor girl?'

"'He has married one of the richest heiresses in America today, and of good family, too,' I said."

"See how she beams now," said Carrie, coming into the room. "Your fond mother, Mr. Vernon, desires to be presented," and that lady was on her son's neck in a moment,

and the next, clasping the daughter of the poor seamstress to her heart.

"You'll come now on the cruise, Vernon?"

"I will," answered Harry.

Sleighs soon took as happy a party as ever went up to Boston, leaving Lynn amid showers of rice, old shoes, flowers, and everything known that would omen happiness.

The *May Queen* was illuminated with various colored lights, something new in Boston at that time. Rockets sent high in the air the names of the bridal parties in rainbow hues. Luxuriant grottoes of green foliage, and the flowers of all climes were over all parts of the ship. There was joy and revelry, music and dancing, until morning. Then the *May Queen* sailed down the harbor under the most propitious of skies, waved away with fond farewells and ringing cheers.

Nellie, before leaving, put a few small pieces of wedding cake through the sibyl's ring, and asked Moll, as a favor, to interpret the girls' dreams, if they had any.

She kindly consented, saying she would cast a special horoscope for Carrie Bassett, even if she had to go to her throne in the western woods to do so.

DREAMS.

One evening, a week after the happy wedding, Moll found her cottage invaded by a group of merry young people, who came to tell her their dreams, and others to hear them told.

"Lily Moulton, you shall be first. Now tell me, dear."

"I have had a beautiful dream. At least it was a very pleasant one. I thought I was at the seaside alone, looking out over a harbor. There were two yachts near the place I was standing. I had my choice to sail on either of them. One was very large, like a big ship; on the masts were no sails, not a particle, and it was high up out of the water. The other was small and dainty, with white sails flowing and fluttering in the breeze. I stepped on board the white-sailed yacht, and it glided away over the moonlit waters, and looking around, I felt, Oh, so happy."

"Who sailed your yacht?" asked one of the girls.

"I do not know. I thought I was standing in the centre of the deck all alone."

"The sailor will come in due time," answered Moll Pitcher. "The two boats are two lovers you have your choice of, and will soon have to take it, if you have not done so already."

"My goodness! that's true, I have. See here, girls," and pulling off her glove she displayed a handsome diamond ring. There were many exclamations of pleasure and delight at the prospect of another wedding.

"Mine next," said Minnie Tarbox.

"Well, dear, proceed. Some dreams are heaven-sent, and only those shall I try to interpret, just to please my young friends."

"I thought I was walking with some one I knew along a lonely road. Suddenly a cloud came between us and I could not see him. I looked around for a time, and then went on until I came to a stream of pure running water. I tried to cross over it by stepping from stone to stone. When I came to the last, I had to leap so far to get on the bank, I knew I could not do it, and was about to return, when I saw a white horse and carriage drive right to the spot; the driver got out, saw me, and invited me into the carriage. I refused and walked on. He came up to me again, and feeling tired, I got into the carriage and rode home, feeling very happy."

"Married twice, Minnie. Second offer of marriage, by letter, extricates you from difficulties. You will be happier with the second than with the first."

"The cross-patch. I am sorry she is going to be married at all. I will more than get lectured then; but to think she is going at it twice. Why, she'll double up on me for missionary practice."

"Carrie, that's the way you congratulate me."

"Yes. Seeing you are getting two and I can't get one."

"That's too bad for sweet seventeen," answered Minnie.

"Keep still, Carrie, and let me tell yours?"

"I do not care to tell it now; some other time I shall, Mrs. Pitcher; thank you."

"She had not flirtation enough in it," put in her Aunt Mag, who had just entered. She was put out with Carrie for calling her Aunt Mag, and not near as careful of her as the day in the woods. She had a cloak and shawl on her arm, a bag containing a lot of mat rags, that she had been around collecting for, a large variety of sampler work and crochet patterns, but

what she took most delight in, were two setting hens she had at home. Why, she would have chickens out in February and "See!" she said, showing two clutches of eggs, "there will not be such a fancy breed in the state. I went around all the farms and had my pick, taking only one or two here and there. Carrie and you girls ought to be doing the same, and this kind of work, also," and she spread a lot of nice lace work and other fancy articles on the table, saying, "No, you would rather be romping and giggling than doing so."

"Mamma never talks that way to me."

"Your mother spoiled you long ago. Just think, her mother gave her a large sum of money to buy a dress of some gauzy importation she saw in Boston, so *she* could out-vie every one, and after all of you gave to my collection for the sick girl, she refused, saying she had to have her spangled dress."

"Never mind, girls. You would be delighted to have the money to buy such a dress, and not give it away if you loved the very thought of it as I do. I cannot do anything but dream of it."

"And of fascinating all the male coquettes in the room," chimed in Minnie Tarbox.

"There's two again one, now," said Carrie, "and I don't know how many more, but I am going to have fun anyway, so now."

"Never mind them, Carrie," said Bella Hastings, "tell your dream, dear."

"Some time I will, but not now. Go and have yours told."

"I was going," said Bella, "up a rocky road and places I never saw before, when I came to a beautiful valley. I sat down, and corn and oats began to grow up around me. I fell asleep, and awoke in bed."

Merry laughter greeted Bella's dream.

"Trouble at first, peace and plenty afterwards," interpreted Moll.

Anna Shepard came forward.

"I forgot my dream," she said.

"I will let you write your wish before you go, then, and only a good one can be written, and I promise its fulfilment inside of a year."

"Thanks, Mrs. Pitcher."

"Susie Jenkins, yours next."

Susie, with eyes sparkling with fun, said she dreamed she was asleep in a snowbank, and in some way got out of it and commenced eating squash pie."

"You'll be married right off, Susie."

"Did you make the pie yourself?" asked Aunt Mag. "I'll warrant you did not. You're near as bad as Carrie. Do a little housekeeping and needlework, like me, first. See here—and see there,"—and the work came out of the bag again, then she tenderly put it back and laid it quietly beside her.

Lena Munroe, impatient at Aunt Mag's interruptions, told hers at once. She was out coasting, having a fine time, then went swinging in the air.

"You'll die a rich old maid, my dear," said Moll.

"I will not. Do you suppose I want to be like Aunt Mag?" answered Lena.

That lady jumped, shook out her starched dress, rustled her stiff petticoats, and exclaimed, "What did you say?"

"You heard what I said."

"Then hear what I say—Could you do this?—Can you do that?"—and all the lace and fancy work was shaken out, shown off and then placed carefully in the bag with the eggs, and deposited with care under the table.

"Now hear me," she said, placing her hands on her hips, "You are an impudent, curley corkscrew thing."

The look of Aunt Mag and her anger, made every one in room laugh, and more so, as Carrie had crawled under the table, and taking the bag, placed it gently behind her on the floor without ever being noticed by the now very indignant woman.

"You can't corkscrew *your* curls, anyway, for you have no hair?" answered Lena.

"Did you ever hear such sauce? and you shall apologize," she said, instinctively running her hand up under her curls, which got fastened in some way to the old sun bonnet which she wore, winter and summer, revealing a large massive forehead and closely shaven head.

The look of poor Aunt Mag created peals of laughter, especially when, with a terrible look on her face, she stepped backward, and plunged her foot directly into the bag of fancy work, lace and eggs. With horror she stooped and turned the contents on the floor which was carpetless. Angrily, she shook out the dripping eggs, not seeing that when she stooped to turn the bag inside out, her wig and sunbonnet had fallen off her and joined the mess on the floor. And there she was standing, baldheaded, in her excitement shaking her closed hand at the girls, who could not stop their laughter at the sight of the bag which she held in the other, and the broken eggs still running from it all over the corkscrew curls. Looking down at the heap on the floor which Moll Pitcher had called her attention to, she perceived the wig and bonnet. Without a word she piled them all into the bag, and putting her shawl over her head, went out. Carrie calling after her to know if she had any birds out yet.

Moll followed her. "You're clever, Marjory," she said. "I think you can get the work and lace all right again, and the folks will give you more eggs."

Marjory made no reply until she got down the steps, then turning, she asked wistfully, "Is there anything for me, Moll?"

"Yes, my dear, a great deal. What would the world do without such as you?"

"The world can't, but men can. Flip-e-de-flops like them chitloons in there they want."

"I know one who wants you now."

"Well! you know I wont take every dickey comes along. I could be married long ago, if I did."

"He's a good man. And as you say you don't want to be nurse or what-not to your friends, you had better take him."

"How old is he?"

"Sixty-five."

"Hush him away, hush him away. If I can't have a young man, I'll have none. Catch me letting that old corncracker slobber me all over with kisses. No; I would rather go hatching, and hoeing my potato patch," Then, pulling the shawl around her, she went off without saying good-night.

Moll, returning to the room, found the girls having a pleasant time, talking over the prospective weddings and the fun with Aunt Mag.

"Girls," she said, "you rarely look behind the scene in regard to matrimony. The romance, the glamor, the invitations, the wedding and the trousseau are all you think of."

"Please tell us something, Mrs. Pitcher; more dreams, you know."

"You shall have to come again, girls."

"Carrie has not told her dream."

"And Carrie wont to night," answered that young lady.

"You did not make conquests enough in it," said one of the girls.

"Never mind," answered Carrie, "you'll be a wallflower at the ball. I will have your Eldie on my arm, and your love-bird," she said to Lily, "and your two sweethearts," she said to Minnie, "and yours, and yours," she said, hopping around. "They can't stand my imported spangles."

"Vanity never was enshrined in a fairer flower, and as the petals open it evaporates," said Moll, looking down at her.

"Mischief will come before the vanity evaporates," said Minnie Tarbox.

"Heartless, you should call it. Minnie," said one of her friends.

"Am I?" asked Carrie, poutingly, of Mrs. Pitcher.

"To show you're not, dear, I will let you write your wish on my star of hearts. See," she said, "one heart communicates with the other. 'Tis Fate,' love at first sight, and star of fate you may call it if you choose. Now, if you want to be loved, write you wish from one heart to the other, and the name. For happiness, prosperity, health, or wealth write on the lines of the sevens, and be sure to write the *wish* on the inside of the figure seven."

"What's in a name?" she said. "Look! The mystical seven letters are in mine."

"Pick them out, and you will find you will be rich and richer, and marry, etc. I can form the letters into many words, but cannot find love among them, even if I substitute Moll for Mary."

She stamped the "star heart," as she called it, on paper. "Here is a *fac-simile* of it," and she told Carrie to write her wishes. "I promised to cast a horoscope for you. Cast them here yourself. Let no one see it, and you will get the wish that is best for you to have within the seven degrees of seven; but you must not write a wish that is not good, and for your welfare and the welfare of others. A wish written

in the star of hearts must be just as good as a prayer, or else it will not be granted."

The girls now all clamored to be allowed to do the same thing as Carrie. They all wanted a chance to get their wish.

"I suppose we must come seven evenings from tonight, and she will have the star stamped all ready for us," said Bella Hastings.

While they were speaking, Carrie had many of the letters placed into words and syllables.

"You say there is no love in your name, Mrs. Pitcher. Why, I have found it."

"Let us see it."

"*Chere J'amie*—Dear love. Now," said Carrie, as Lily read it, "what do you think?"

"You have to go to beautiful France for it."

"I don't intend to go. France shall come to me."

"Or send a deputy," said Mrs. Pitcher, "and he's here now, right at the back of your chair; a tall, handsome man, with dark eyes, elegantly dressed—look behind you." But Carrie would not look. She made a dash for the door, followed by the rest of the girls, who laughed immoderately at Carrie's fright.

"There was nothing there," said Minnie. "She only wanted to frighten us out, we were staying so long."

"That's just it," said the rest, as they went home, after promising to come again on the seventh night.

Next morning, ladies went around collecting for the sick girl. Her mother, a poor widow, had to be out working, and no one to take care of the dying consumptive.

Mr. and Mrs. Bassett gave generously. They then went to Carrie, saying, "All the young ladies are more than kind, as she is a very young girl whom we all know."

"Shall you subscribe?"

"Indeed, I will not," answered Carrie. "I am going to Boston in an hour or so with papa, and I am going to have everything just splendid for the ball. I have set my heart on that spangled dress. There are only one or two of them worn at present. I know only the wealthiest can have a dress so fashionable. Besides, I want some pearls and flowers, and I have only just got enough of money to buy what I want, and I always heard Aunt Mag say, 'Charity begins at home.'"

"Your Aunt Mag is going around collecting."

"I know. She is getting pious lately, and mad at me because I do not call her 'Cousin Marjory.' I know she is my father's cousin, but I always call her Aunt Mag. She told me I should call her Cousin Marjory at the Ramsdell wedding, and when she did not get an invitation, she blamed Mamma and I for it."

"So you won't help, Carrie?"

"No! I am going in to dress to go with Papa to Boston."

As Carrie entered, her mother called her, and asked her to take some dainties to the washwoman's poor, sick daughter adding, "You will be back in time to go with your father."

Carrie consented, and when she got to the home of the woman, she found her very poor indeed, and the girl very ill.

Carrie gave her what her mother had sent; then she sat down, looking at the girl's pale, wan face and the cold, cheerless room. Carrie had never been brought face to face with destitution before, so she asked a few questions and commenced to think.

The mother came into the room, leaving by the bedside some of the things Carrie had brought. She stooped and kissed the pale face, asking her not to be lonely, saying, "I shall have three hours' work, and you know that's a good thing, my darling."

"Work three hours for a pittance," thought Carrie, who knew what her mother paid and others also, "and leave the poor sick girl without one to give her a drink. If she must go, I will stay and do what I can." Then she went over to where the poor woman was sitting, near the bedside, and poured the contents of her purse into her lap. She caught Carrie by the dress, trying to make her take it back.

Carrie, with an imperious wave of the hand, silenced her, and asked her not to go away until her return, then went off to meet her father, whom she informed she had changed her mind about going to Boston.

She then returned to the home of the poor woman, bringing a nice white counterpane, pillow cases, towels, and other useful articles that she thought were needed. She sent the girl's mother for a doctor, who coming, ordered her everything she could eat or would ask for, telling the heartbroken mother that the girl had only a few days to live.

From that time out the poor woman could only sit down and weep, Carrie coming and going as noiseless as the best of trained nurses, and the sorrowful Mrs. Caldwell left everything to the care of the 'sweet child,' as she called her.

Flowers and other arrangements soon changed the appearance of the sick room, and Carrie's movements were not noticed by her mother.

The Ball.

The long anticipated ball came off, and all the young people were expectantly awaiting the entrance of Carrie with her escort, who was a devoted brother, a few years older than his only sister.

While they watch for Carrie and her pink, spangled dress, she watched tenderly by the bedside of the now dying girl, and spoke words of comfort to the lonely widow.

That night, kneeling in prayer and clasping the hand of poor Mamie, she spoke of angels, and the happy home they would conduct her to, where she would rejoice forever.

"I shall meet my father; wont I, Carrie?" asked Mamie.

"Yes, dear. He is with the angels now, awaiting you."

"I will await you, too, Carrie, when you are coming. I feel I shall be with them. You have prayed for me so much and read so many good and heavenly promises from the bible. I will come, Carrie, you are so kind! I will come to meet you!" and with a smile on her mother, she joined the angels, who, no doubt, were waiting to conduct the long-fering girl to her place among the blessed.

The next day the body of the dead girl was shrouded in a pure white muslin dress, trimmed with white ribbons and lace. The family were poor, and the poor have no friends; and any of the kind neighbors who called, knew not of Carrie's good work, for she charged Mrs. Caldwell not to mention her name, and although being questioned by many as to the donor of the beautiful dress that made poor Mamie look so lovely,

even in death, she refused to speak, saying with a sad shake of the head, "I dare not."

Carrie, Mrs. Bassett and Amos, her brother, went to the funeral, and then took the poor mother back to their home, where every attention was paid to her, and a week passed over before she was allowed to return to her lonely house, and then an old lady was induced by Carrie to reside with the sorrowful mother.

"Who would ever imagine that thoughtless child could be so kind and thoughtful, and act as she has done?" said Mr. Bassett to his wife the day after the funeral.

"I knew," answered Mrs. Bassett, "that Carrie had only to be brought face to face with that poor woman's sorrow and her noble nature would assert itself. That's why I asked her, the morning she was going to Boston with you to buy the dress she was dreaming of night and day, to take the beef tea and chicken to Mrs. Caldwell."

"Well, I must say you can read nature."

"If I could not, I would not have married you. That young one is your second self. When Aunt Mag and others found fault with her—playfulness, I call it—pertness, they call it—I knew that, underneath, there lay dormant a beautiful disposition that would assert itself when the occasion arose. She has proved it twice now, not counting the many times I have observed it when no one else did, and I must say, I am proud of her."

"And I am proud of you and her," Mr. Bassett said, tenderly embracing his wife.

Shortly after breakfast that morning, Aunt Mag came to make a call. She had collected all the gossip of the town, and the events of the ball were town talk.

"What is the matter with Carrie? she enquired. She disappointed a good many of her friends by not appearing at the ball."

"She has a cold." [Aunt Mag interpreted the answer as though Carrie had a cold, and was prevented going to the ball by it.]

"I am sorry. Can I see her?"

"Yes. You will find her in her room. I would not allow her to get up as early as usual."

Aunt Mag went up stairs, kissed Carrie, tucked the bed-clothes warmly about her, sat down and proceeded to tell all the news she thought would be disagreeable to Carrie: what every one wore, and how they looked and acted. Dear Mrs. Silsby had taken her, and she had a splendid time. Then she mentioned many gentlemen's names that were always dancing attendance upon Carrie, whom she said they never seemed to give her absence one thought. "It's the way with men, anyway, although I am sorry you were not with us, because there were many so very pleased you and your imported spangles staid at home. Now, I hope you will see a dispensation of Providence in it. You caught cold and could not go and show off the dress you boasted so much of. If you had given a small part of its price to the collectors of the fund in aid of the poor Carnes girl, you might have escaped the cold and been there to pursue your conquests. God punishes us in many ways. Do you see?"

Carrie was smiling. She had seen that Aunt Mag knew nothing about her having been at the house of the poor washerwoman, and if it had been known at all, Aunt Mag would have it, so when that lady rose to leave, she felt she had done her duty in taking the opportunity to point out to Carrie her selfishness, and made a good impression on her.

Carrie told her mother, when she came into the room, that she felt very pleased her little act of kindness was unknown.

"I told Mrs. Caldwell she must not speak or mention my name when people coming in asked who presented the beauti-

ful dress and greenhouse flowers. She answered to some, a young lady friend; to others I could not hear what she replied from the place I concealed myself when they entered."

"It will not get out, dear. We have always seen to her since the death of her husband. She was one of those sensitive beings who would not let her poverty be known. Why, I had no idea her home was so poor, as I had not time to visit her. It was my blessed darling that found it out, after all, and with the hand of an angel transformed it," and the fond mother embraced the girl tenderly.

"Mamma, I am always going to do such things, I feel so happy; but I shall be the same Carrie to the outside world, and it shall never know."

"That my Carrie is such an angel," said Mrs. Bassett, as she smilingly left the room.

A few days after the girls had been to the cottage of Moll Pitcher, Mrs. Brown-Jones came on a visit to Lynn. She had been in England a long time in consequence of a law suit. It was now settled in her favor and she felt happy. She said that Helena and her husband resided in New York, but while they were in England with her, prosecuting her claims, one of her daughters had married Sir Sydney Herbertson, a gentleman with very large estates in Ireland. The other had been tempted to break her engagement to Mr. Hamilton of New York, by an offer of marriage from the Marquis of Clauricard, but had declined, and is now Mrs. Gerald Hamilton, one of New York's proudest beauties.

She made inquiries for her nephew, who was still wandering in harmless lunacy about the country, searching for his intended bride.

Mrs. Pitcher informed her he had been in Lynn a few weeks ago, and had spent a day with her folks at the cottage.

He was, she said, respectfully received everywhere he went, and in sickness tenderly cared for. He always seemed well supplied with money.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown-Jones, "he has a guardian, appointed by his friends, with orders to watch over him, at a distance, and see all his wants supplied. He has sense enough to draw his income, and in his simple way, take care of it, with the exception of what he spends on children for toys and other foolish things. Doing this seems to be his only pleasure, and the children, I am told, know him everywhere. And then, again, he has days that he will go about with a sorrowful face, asking every one 'Where is Jane?'"

"Poor fellow. He had one of them spells when he was here last," said Mrs. Pitcher.

Mrs. Ramsdell called that evening. She was looking radiantly happy, and Mrs. Pitcher introduced her to Mrs. Brown-Jones. They seemed like old friends at once, having heard so much of each other from their mutual friend.

These three women, who had passed through the stormy days of the revolution, still looked youthful for their age, twenty-five years having passed since the people of the surrounding towns sent their martyrs to the defense of the heroes at Lexington and Concord and reinforced them and the noble sons of Acton in their defense of the bridge, and the charge of 800 of the picked warriors of the British army.

REMINISCENCE.

Mrs. Ramsdell took great pleasure in hearing her two friends "talking over old times" as they said. She helped Mrs. Pitcher remember many incidents in her remarkable experience in days gone by.

"Do you recollect," asked Mrs. Brown-Jones, "the day I met you in Boston after the surrender of General Burgoyne, and who was billeted on Winter Hill with his 7,000 dejected men?"

"Yes," said Moll. "He looked forlorn on the pile of baggage, as he sat with his legs crossed and his head bowed down."

"I remember," said Mrs. Brown-Jones. "He raised it pretty quick when you asked him how he liked the '*battle* of the *sevens*,' and if he wanted his fortune told?' How sarcastically he answered, 'You told me once I was a 'nobody's child.' I find it true today. I am much, too much, like one now; so spoiled and petted by the proud Bostonian's who come to look at and admire a fallen hero,' and how bitterly he said, 'Kitty you're in 'good company,' and have changed your skin like the reptile on the flag you once tried to wipe your feet in on yonder hill. The motto on it was 'Join or die.' You joined, did you not, Kitty? You are one of the many with blue blood in your veins, who preach 'death before dishonor.' Is it not so, Kitty?' Then I said, 'It was your dishonorable acts that pointed out to me the path to honor;

and one thing I can tell you, *you* did not prefer death to *dishonor* and the world knows it.' How angry he looked as he turned away from me only to be recommended by you to put the THREE SEVENS on his crest when he became Lord Saratoga."

"'Can you predict what, or who, will be here the next *three sevens*?' he said to you with flashing eyes. 'Yes,' you answered, 'strife will have ended, the universal world will have found the way to peace by the way of the cross.' 'The millennium will have arrived,' he said with a sneer. 'And will remain,' you answered, 'cementing and uniting heaven and earth which shall be as one. The dead will have risen.'"

"'Shall I rise?' he asked, mockingly."

"'Yes.' You said."

"'There will be no room for me in a free country like this,' he said, with a curve of scorn."

"'Yes, there will,' said you. 'Your soul will have atoned for your bodily weakness. It is the soul that is the image of Christ, and long before that time it will have found favor with its Creator.' Then he seemed to soften, and said, 'I feel downtrodden enough this minute for any atonement, and let me say it is not from wounded pride or lost ambition I suffer most.' He said, 'Farewell, Kitty. Pardon me for what I said. I shall make a great report of you when I get back. Helena's marriage to the Irish deserter will be a little romance. I will leave the boys out. I am ashamed of them.'"

"I was just going to defend my sons when he turned to you with such a good-natured expression that I desisted.

"'Good bye, Mrs. Pitcher,' he said, taking your hand, 'If we don't meet here again before I leave, I will have no objection to meet you the next time the *three sevens* come along to Boston.'"

The Battle of the Sevens.

"I must say you have excellent memory, Mrs. Brown-Jones, and when the history of the past comes to be written up particularly the revolutionary part, the sevens and the nines will prove themselves very, very patriotic numbers in their country's cause.

"Let me go over a few of the *sevenly* incidents I have observed, as I regard it a predestined number.

"First, it takes seven letters to spell our country's name, and the same to spell England.

"The 'Star of Fate' had cast her lot with America from the landing of the pilgrims on the rock that was, and is, and will be forever the foundation stone of a new creation. The first pilgrim that struck his foot on that rock *struck* the life-spring of a nation, and as he bounded onward, the life-giving soil beneath his feet welcomed him with a mother's joy for her first-born.

"In 1770, the seven guiding stars held a conclave over Boston, and from that time, many incidental factors favorable to the colonies germinated on the sevens or their eve's. The Boston Tea Party, for instance, was held on the eve of the 17th of December, and if they think I do not know the names of the Indian chiefs who passed round the tea so gracefully, they are mistaken. They might know I would try to fish out the names from seven to seventeen. Anyway, I was after them all the time.

"I watch everything faithfully until my sevens come out."

"You must have enjoyed that scene."

"Every one did, when they saw the tea floating on the water; but still there was a solemn silence. Everyone standing there felt they were consecrating themselves sponsors at the baptism of Freedom, and as they returned in

marching order, there was a sublime look on the faces of all.

"As I stood and watched the little catspaws of the harbor turning into phosphorescent tea cups, and using the blue Atlantic for a waiter, there was a commotion in the bay.

Old ocean lying pulseless, soon swept its foam on high;
The moon threw out fond kisses as the billows tipped the sky;
The waters of Columbia in surging anger roar,
"Take back your *tea and taxes*," as they cast it on the shore.
The English waters panted, and maddened grew the sea,
As our prancing little wavelets blacked its foam with tea;
Then bore upon its bosom the man who was to be
The ruler of proud Boston, and spanked her 'cross his knee.

"Yes, my dear, it was the 7th of March when all England heard of how the Yankees made tea, and on the 17th of May, 7,000 English soldiers and seven of the men-of-war of the ocean Briton landed in Boston, to show *us* how to make it, and take it without sweetening, too.

"Well, then, our sevens commenced to work in real earnest. Dissolving court in Boston, buying no English goods, and calling for a Continental Congress, at a meeting in the 'Cradle of Liberty,' where lay the new-born babe of Freedom, the proud offspring of 7,000 inhabitants. The 7th of October, the Sons of Liberty held court in Salem; the 17th, General Gage told them they were naughty. The '*sevens*' smile on meetings under trees on the common, taking cannon from the gun house and sending stores here and there. I tell you the *sevens* kept shooting all the time; some one will enumerate them. The 17th of April spies were sent to Concord, a name with the blessed seven letters; the 19th, first shot fired in defense of home and country. It was *seven* to *seven* that day. The seven stars, called the seven arch-

angels, blew seven trumpets to call out the patriots, and that evening, as the Britons were beaten from the bridge at Concord and the mossy, green slopes of Lexington, the seven harps played rejoicements over the moonlit world."

"The sevens were in it," said Mrs. Brown-Jones.

"And there were others," answered Mrs. Pitcher.

"What were they?"

"The prophetic sevens of the prophets; and you ought to remember the 17th of June, when we spoiled our beautiful orchard-clad hill to pick down the scarlet coats of England, who thought they would have nothing else to do, after we begged their pardon, but pick Mayflowers, and flirt with the half-breed Colonists."

"I do, indeed, remember it. It haunts me. I can see my poor boy now, as he lay that Bunker Hill day," and she wept softly.

After a pause, Moll continued:—

"The next great day of colonial joy, was the 17th of March, Evacuation Day. I feel so happy that those days that will live forever, fell on the *sevens*, and I predict there will and shall be five great national days, on which the coming empire will turn out and rejoice with the posterity of the Sons of Liberty, into whose keeping we may, with faith, place the sacred flag of Freedom, and go to our well earned rest, knowing that no invader shall ever stand upon the soil baptized with the life blood of their *Fathers*."

"Were there any more, Mrs. Pitcher?"

"There were indeed. The preparation to evacuate Philadelphia on the 17th, Battle of Bennington on the 17th, Battle of Cowpens on the 17th, surrender of Burgoyne, after seven and more battles, and his 7,000 men, several other minor battles. Then the great surrender of Lord Cornwallis, when he sent his flag of truce on the 17th, and surrendered

the sword of the proud Briton, on the 19th of October, 1781, to the nation's and heaven's chosen general."

"Were not battles fought and won on any days but seven, seventeen and nineteen?"

"Of course there were, I am proud to say, but they were not my battle days. Here is my diary. You can read it at leisure. You will find there the doings of patriot heroes, and my predictions in regard to them, which I have not time to relate. Also, many little affairs that history will have no record of, such as we have been going over tonight, and so on."

"A thousand thanks, Mrs Pitcher. I know there will be many who will gladly read it, and I shall guard it carefully. Wont my son-in-law, who owes his life to you, perhaps, be delighted to have a look at it; and who knows but some one may write about what's in it and yourself, as well?"

Snow Scene in Lynn Woods.

Three or four afternoons in succession, Mrs. Ramsdell took Mrs. Brown-Jones around among her friends, with the English visitors, who had come down from Boston, to call on Mrs. Pitcher. They were in Lynn the summer before, and were shown all over the town and country parts, where are to be found many nooks and dells that some landscape artist, descending from the clouds in the long ages past, must have laid out as Edens of rest.

May orchards are beautiful and natural, but the parting midwinter scene they had been taken to see from the sloping heights overlooking the charming valley scenes of West Lynn, at the entrance to the lakes, by way of the Dungeon Rock road, was enchanting.

Nature's scenic artist knows where to throw his kaleidoscopes of beauty, knows when we are tired of looking on the snow-crested earth, so then he lifts our eyes up to the white, soft glistening flakes in full bloom, clinging to trees, shrubs and rocky headlands, with an uncovered patch here and there for variation's sake, and shows us the tall, dark pine, proud and grim, that will not be embraced by angels' fancy work, yet without knowing it, adds beauty to its sister, which holds out its branching arms, with a come-to-me-look on its evergreen face.

In the background to the west, are streaks of blue, shading off from pale to imperial, as clouds of cream, tinted with a speckled smoke color, are tripping over bright golden ones, as if chasing each other to look down at us poor mortals through the snow-blossomed trees.

Mrs. Ramsdell's guests were in ecstacies over this alluringly enchanting scene, as the sun, in sleepy splendor, dropped to rest in his western shrine.

PROPHECIES.

Mrs. Ramsdell and Mrs. Brown-Jones were sitting near the open fireplace with Mrs. Pitcher the same evening the foreign guests had gone back to Boston, and after a social chat, Mrs. Ramsdell asked Mrs. Pitcher to relate a few of her visions, and to prophesy something in regard to the future, as a special favor for them.

"My dear," she said, "I have heard of prophecies myself, and looking through the future, know they will come to pass. I have heard of the 'Merlin of Wales,' the 'Highland Seers' of Scotland and of England, and the visions of Erigenus, which are guarded jealously in Oxford College, the St. Columbkill of Ireland, the Thorwalds, and the ten Roman sibyls. They call me the 'eleventh.' I must say I am truly American in vision, and my chief prophetic forecasts came to me in revolutionary times. Once in a while I have had clear insights to things happening on the other side.

"About carriages going without horses, and ships by the smoke of a pipe. That's not come to pass yet. I heard my grandfather talk about it, and, if I remember right, he said he had heard his, and had heard many things that I know have happened since he was a boy. Some of the prophets must have had a very clear insight, for many of the things I have heard they foretold, will very soon be here."

"Do you see anything lately, Mrs. Pitcher?"

"Yes. I see a large building near Loversleap, or that location, on which the sun shines brightly. It is three or four

stories high, and like white marble. I know it shines when the sun is on it. It is about three hundred feet long and the same in width. It might be larger. It is a public place, I think, or a charitable institution. *It will be there.*"

"Mrs. Ramsdell, you will have lots of time to hear about Lynn. I may have to go away, and I want to hear something of the country," said Mrs Brown-Jones.

"I am willing," answered Mrs. Ramsdell.

"About this country—the time will come when every foot of land on the continent of America, north and south, will be under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. The isthmus that connects the north and south was placed there to point that out."

"Does that include British America?"

"There will not be a British America" 'the year of one,' or a while before it. A man like Washington, and men like the patriots, will join the Canadian Sons of Liberty, for they shall arise. Another 'Cornwallis' scene and it's over. England is going down. Yes, Mrs. Brown-Jones, she is breeding a generation of jackdaws; a few of them will turn her upside down."

"What do you mean?"

"They will reverse the fatal seven so as to make a hook of it to catch on to more possessions. This country and others resent and, with the consent of Europe, takes the island with the seven letters that adjoins her, for depositing its exportations to foreign countries. Forty-eight hours, or less, will bring people from this country to that, they will just skim the water or cleave the air.

"I must get what I have to say over before the girls come. You know I put them on probation, and this evening their time is up, and there will be no serious talk after they get here."

"That is true," answered Mrs. Ramsdell. "I know what they are. All they come for is fun, anyway."

"I know it. I have to tell them things to please them, and while doing so, I have had, very often, good reason to warn them. Some have thanked me for doing so; others have got indignant, and went away, saying unkind things enough to hang me, if their were any witch finders around.

"One pretty girl came here one evening to consult with me. She had the soft brown eyes of a gazelle. She had two or three lovers, but only liked one, and that one, as is usually the way, did not care for her. She thought he did, and fairly worshipped him. He had gone away and did not write to her, and she was heartbroken. She told me all about the love-making. It was plain the love was on her side. I told her he was a mean, unprincipled man, in no way worthy of her, that he never cared for her and never would.

"My! you ought to see how mad she got. She went away, and it was two years before she believed the truth. She married one of the lovers, and died, in less than a year, of a broken heart."

"Poor girl! The lover she married knew of her infatuation all the time, cared only to get her and make her his wife, and she looked upon him as some one to idolize, in the end, but it was too late."

"Did he ever marry again?"

"After a few years, he did; and married the girl that, strange to say, had been in love with him while he loved the first one."

"Did he know it?"

"He did. But he was a man, and did all in his power to check the affection she had for him. I heard her vow never to marry another. After his wife's death, she avoided him as much as he did before he married, and he had thought she

had ceased to care for him. Accidentally, he found out that she had not; and he went to see her. They were soon married, and are prospering here in business, and will prosper, for he has the dying blessing of that young broken-hearted creature."

"You must know a great many love secrets?"

"Indeed I do. I could write the largest book in the country on them. This house is a regular confessional. They will keep coming, and if I see nothing to predict, I give them good advice. Many of my predictions are advices, which, when taken, saves a deal of trouble."

"Have men come here very often?"

"Yes; but most during revolutionary times, to seek advice and find out, if possible, how things were going to come out."

"Do they come for love affairs?"

"Very often; but more for business ventures. Sea captains I have all the time. I think the ocean makes them superstitious. The lonely sea at night gives them cause for reflection. Everything is noticed and commented on. A sea captain was here a short while ago. He said his ship was lost down in South America. He had his wife and child on board. He put them in a boat with the nurse and stewardess, in charge of four of the crew, intending to follow in another boat when he had to give up the ship. Land was in sight, and he instructed the crew to make for it. He, with the rest, worked hard at the pumps, thinking to save the vessel. Coming on evening, they found her sinking. Seeing a fire burning on the land, he ordered the crew to make for it. He thought the boat containing his wife and child had made a landing and were signalling to them. So they put out, after taking all they possibly could from the ship.

"'We had just put into a little cove, he said, 'when we saw several take to a boat a short distance from us. We

knew at once they were pirates. They were making for my ship. That put us on our guard, and the life almost out of me, fearing the boat containing all I cared for in this world had put in there, for we now surmised the smoke we had seen came from a 'pirate fire.' We concealed the boat and went to reconnoitre. It was just as we thought. We searched the island but found no trace of any one. Before they returned, well laden, we were concealed, and in the darkness watched their movements, in hopes to find out if they had any one of our crew among them. The men, tiring, went back to their boat, but I kept up the search, and while so doing, observed where they kept their gold mine. Disheartened, I returned and slept for an hour. Then we got ready and rowed toward an island further west. There was no trace, and in the morning the ship had left no trace upon the placid water.

"'After a week's search we observed a sail in the distance. We rowed out and signalled them, were taken on board and landed in New York. I made inquiries and hunted for years. Twice I anchored at the island, and the last time remembered to have a look where I saw them put the gold. Something must have happened to them for it was there undisturbed. I need not tell you I took it; am as rich as a Turk or any other heathen.'"

"'So you never had a trace of them?'"

"'Never. And I have left no stone unturned.'"

"The word stone awoke a recollection of long years past."

"'Your name is Stone,' I said."

"He started, looked at me and said, 'Yes.'

"'All this happened about seventeen years ago.'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Your wife and child are safe.'"

"He looked at me in such a way. He was really frightened at what he thought was my power of divination, when it was simply my good luck to remember a poor woman coming to me one wet evening to see if I could give her any tidings of her husband. I told her to cheer up, that I would find him. I meant it in kindness, to give her 'hope.' To lose hope in her case was life, and she had a lovely little girl by the hand. When I said that I would find him, I never thought it possible. It came to my mind and I expressed it. She came at intervals with the same wistful face, and would say. 'Did you find him?' And I would talk with her, and try to cheer her up with the answer, 'He's coming.'

"Now he had come, and my heart beat for joy as I gave him her address.

"He said, 'No wonder you are world-famed.'"

"What happened that he lost her?"

"The crew observed the fire and suspected something. Two of them went on shore and found their suspicions correct. They made for the other island. It became foggy, and they kept on rowing and bailing out the water, as the sea was rough. The daylight found them far out at sea. In the evening they hailed a brig bound for New South Wales. They were taken on board and conveyed there. It was five years before Mrs. Stone found means to return and when she did, all trace was lost with the exception of a few clews, and I found them by enquiring from sailors and others that came here, but she was too poor to follow them up."

"There must have been joy at that reunion."

"Indeed there was. The girl was taken to Europe and placed in a school. She turned out to be a lovely girl, and here it ends, for a broken down English lord won her. It was the title of 'My lady,' won the pirate's gold. I heard his friends, after they got her money, treated her shamefully.

What else could she expect? She married him for a title. He married her for her money, not caring how it came."

"Now, I could keep relating incidents like what I have just told you for months; some of them very pathetic indeed. "Come, I must cease, for the girls will be here."

"They won't be here until tomorrow evening," said Mrs. Ramsdell. "You put them off for seven clear evenings from the night they were here, I have just been counting."

"If that is so, we will have the evening to ourselves, and I feel pleased."

"So do I," said Mrs. Brown-Jones. "I could sit and listen to you forever."

"I shall go on with my prophetic visions, as you asked me."

"I do not know which I like best to hear, but know my son-in-law will like the prophecies."

"Have you seen anything about Boston?"

"Yes. She will have palaces, and ruins, also. A baby earthquake will have something to do with it. It is the making of a commercial city. Only the poorer class will reside there after a time. They will partly escape a shock by living outside. People will be transferred in small numbers through the air by the pressure of a foot. They will be suspended between two threads. I have seen them travel mostly in ones, twos and fours, in something like a basket. There will be boots made that will roll. One foot will be placed before the other; looks like sliding on wire. The wire emits, sometimes, three shades of flame. The hand will reach up and clutch something as fine as silk, seems small, cobweb-like. They will go like the wind."

"The wind reveals to me people going with it, or on it. They travel in the air, soaring, as it were, not very high, reclining on something white. Nothing will be thought of it.

They will also travel in chairs, and go like a shot. People, if I have seen right, will ascend to the sky, go up and down as easy as the angels on Jacob's ladder. I have seen it in vision, and sat many evenings on High Rock and Fairy Mount, looking at them. Often I thought the moon a beautiful moonlit ocean, lighted up by some other moon or a great light some distance away from it. It seemed as if there was land on the other side of it, and shone only when the water side was toward us.

"Boston shall have joined hands with Newburyport before the second century of Independence and by that time all Essex County wont hold the capital of New England. The hills of the state will be crowded with palace homes. There will be no need to walk to them. Horses will be kept for ornament, and nothing more.

"Marblehead shall be the finest harbor in the country. A port for the entrance of the travelers of two worlds. The Neck will be an ornamental jetty. Men shall arise who will command the storms, turning and directing them at pleasure. Great heat will be prevented by the use of clouds, which can be turned on or off at will, and water shall be pumped from them when drouth is on the earth. They can be brought from afar. The frozen earth in winter will be thawed by glorious sunbeams, led by sun conductors, and several other wonderful inventions.

"New York is, Marblehead will be. New York and Boston will be freight harbors for the most of the world. Tidal waves in a few instances will cause trouble. A tidal wave is a tiny tilt in the motion of the earth this way or that. I have seen a tilt of the earth leave a continent behind it as the waters were transferred. It may have been our own. Many things! Many! Many! have I seen! but I shall keep them to myself. It is best, because everything comes right at last!

"I suppose you wont believe that the earth is a living, breathing thing?"

"Oh! do not frighten us."

"Well, if it did not live and breathe, we would not; now remember that. Oh! you don't want to hear the scarey part of it. Well! I shall tell you America is going to be the wonder of the world. The seven wonders were nothing to it. Marble palaces or some shiny substance shall be built all over Lynn. Blocks of big houses or business places as high as one can look without getting light in the head.

"Lynn shall be pinched for room. The forest, in a few years, shall be a thing of the past. The birds will have vanished. To talk of robins will be like talking of fairies, considered a myth.

"The revolutionary lookouts will be regarded as something sacred; churches, monasteries, and large charitable homes shall find place here. There shall be temples on the hills. The cross and pastor shall reign. The cross is the unity through which shall flow peace and love. The pioneer of the cross is now in the woods. The cross shall have stretched all over the universe before the living ascends and descends the invisible ladder. I see it everywhere; and the day comes when all shall see it.

"There should be no blood shed for religion's sake. The blood of Christ was shed for that! It flows over all mankind and will, until the end of what people call time. There is a little cell in the heart of all. It contains one precious drop, and blessed are they who can return it undefiled. It is a thousand crimes to shed blood unjustly. It must be left in circulation until God calls for it, and when He does, it is purified often by perseverance, charity, good works and repentance.

"Men will become Christlike, and walk with him on earth as well as heaven, and the way there, is the way of the cross. Our daughters shall, in time, be queens of chastity, and royal in works of mercy and charity. I have seen their crowns. They are not of this world, although some are. I have seen angels hold a beautiful, entrancing light over many that have passed away, both men and women. I was entranced and had to shut my eyes, but I felt the joy.

"Europe shall bow before the womanhood of America! And their good works shall be mirrored in heaven!

"This country shall give birth to heroes! in the battle of life as well as strife! In our empire 'No Cowards!' Our eagle rests on a cloud of glory! Within all there shall be many tribulations! How humble shall be the proud! A stranger comes! Keep him out! He belongs to no sect, race or religion! He's a persecutor, and claims he is a racial persecutor! He follows with a vengeance! and is a firebrand! God keep him out! I so pray because I fear he shall be permitted to come among our people for a chastisement! He may and may not be the other one I have seen and described, but I see him often! Very often!

"Here," she said, are the names of futurity, and also the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of revolutionary heroes who shall possess the land and know how to defend it. There will be more than one threatened invasion by England, and she will be the instigator of others. Our country takes down her pride. She will not be always mistress of the seas! I speak of England much because we had so much of her, and have been so persecuted by (not the people) but the avaricious props of a foreign-breed monarchy, who will bring that country to the pauper level from whence they have sprung.

"The time will come when honor, titles and dignity shall be conferred on the descendants of the Fathers of the Revolution. 'Tis read in the stars on the flag of the free.

"People think I keep saying that too often. Can I help it, when I see it coming, and glory in the sight of it?"

The old lady stopped suddenly and rested a while, then said, "I am tired. I shall not say any more tonight."

"I have heard you predict a great deal more than you told us this evening," said Mrs. Ramsdell.

"I know I have, and you will find a good many you never heard in that little book I have given Mrs. Brown-Jones."

"And wont you tell me something about your visions before you stop? You know I may not get a chance to come to Lynn again for a long time. Something you have seen."

"I am always seeing, I told you so before, but not so many sanguinary scenes as I used. I am tired; do not ask me tonight."

Just then the postrider brought a letter to Mrs. Brown-Jones from Helena, asking her to come home, everyone was so lonesome.

"I will have to go in a day or two," that lady said to Mrs. Ramsdell. When she gets through reading that foreign letter I will ask her about the visions."

Scene at Breed's Pond from the Dungeon Rock Road near the junction of Walnut and Myrtle Streets, with Moll Pitcher sitting on the wishing rock at Fairy Mount

VISIONS.

"I shall relate one or two of them tonight," she said, when importuned by Mrs. Ramsdell.

"Come up with the youngsters tomorrow evening, and I may spin off a few more.

"I was wandering around for a little walk for myself. It was down at Fairy Mount. I believe it was myself christened it that. At all events, all of a sudden I looked up at the cliff, the one I call the Turtle, the very same cliff on which I saw the other visions. There I thought I saw the form of a most beautiful being, standing as it were in a half-moon of foliage and flowers, holding the hand of a tall, handsome and noble looking young warrior. I could tell he was that by the great sword that dangled by his side. He had on some kind of a tunic, and it was variegated all over with some embroidered design. He was looking down at her tenderly, while she seemed enraptured. One of his arms was about her waist. I imagined I could hear them speaking.

"A majestic-looking woman was sitting in a leaning-over posture, as if in great sorrow. Her dress was long and flowing, and apparently of very rich brocaded or embroidered material. She wore either a crown or wreath.

"For a while I thought they were squaw feathers. I know they were feathers, but so nicely arranged, I think it could not be a squaw crown. I could not define her face as it was buried in the foliage of the half-moon, down near the bottom where

she leaned. A large man with a garment girded at the waist, wearing long flowing sleeves, was standing in a way that looked to me as if he was very angry with the weeping woman. He pointed to the lovers, and then to her. The look and expression on his face was something terrible, and I thought that he looked at me just as wickedly.

"Back of the young warrior was a dark shadow. I could not see the face or any part of it. It seemed enveloped in some dark, loose, flowing garment. It would go up to him very close, as if whispering, and then move away. It kept going on that way for some time, then I thought I saw it wave its arms as if calling in great distress, when another shadow came. It supported the first one, and had a halo of light over the head. The shadow that was going back and forth wanted, I think, to draw the warrior away from the young girl, but she clung to him so fondly, and would not give him up, would not let him move away from her; and I thought I saw him try to do so. Then the man like a Turk, or some other foreign personage, advanced and raised his sword as if to strike the girl, who held out the most beautifully shaped arms to him, as if in supplication. I closed my eyes and got away. This vision, so sad, yet enchantingly beautiful, I can never forget."

"My dear Mrs. Pitcher, it was a strange scene and a wonderful vision. Have you any idea what it could mean or portend?"

"No, my dear. I have not. I imagine it might be a scene enacted in some other country; but how it got pictured there I cannot understand. It was as if the whole thing was reflected there from some other land, for certainly there are no such people in ours."

"It might be a scene from Mars," said Mrs. Brown-Jones, smiling. I have not seen anything like that depicted in English life, however, it might be continental, for all I know."

"Or theatrical," said Mrs. Ramsdell, "and I would like to know if the horrid old Bluebeard did strike the girl."

"I wish you waited to see it all, Mrs. Pitcher."

"But the young warrior was there to defend her."

"I waited long enough to see a fog come up suddenly, just as I opened my eyes, and shut out everything in a moment. Why, I could hardly find my way to Boston street."

A Vision in the Clouds.

"The next afternoon I was on High Rock, thinking about something, when I observed a cloud coming toward me. I took no notice of it, thinking it was going to rain. Seeing it coming right down on me, I looked at it but was not in the least surprised, for I have had many revelations from the clouds. A beautiful woman was reclining on it, as if carried by it for pleasure. She never died I think, she was the perfection of a living, rosy-faced being. She looked earnestly at me and I at her, but as the cloud moved to where she could touch me, I got quickly out of the way, and the cloud passed on, still low enough to almost touch the rock. I looked after it, and felt sorry I did not speak. Then it slowly rose and glided over the tops of the trees in the direction of Salem. I sat there musing and wondering what it meant, for I knew something was going to happen, and that it was intended I should know all about it.

"Pretty soon I saw the cloud coming back again, and I watched it very earnestly to see if I could see the beautiful vision again. It soared right over my head, not so low as the first time, still it was open, and I could see the arm of my lovely vision supporting the form of a woman with a babe clasped in her arms. She slept, as I thought, very content-

edly on the cloud, supported by the womanly-looking—angel, I suppose I must call her. The cloud passed on, and I kept thinking, and remained there until it was very late. Then I went around the hill for a little walk. As I got to my house I saw a carriage stop, and two men get out. One was a doctor, the other asked me if he was going to be the father of an heir, as he had great expectations in Scotland.

"'How do you suppose I know?' said I. 'That's your lookout.

"'I thought you knew every one's business,' said he.

"With that, I thought of the strange vision going and coming his way in the cloud, so I answered him tartly, saying, 'If you knew your business you would be at home when your wife and babe went soaring in yonder clouds.' I said it I don't know why.

"He merely smiled. 'Come on,' he said to the doctor you might be needed our way. Moll is put out tonight and I don't believe she knows anything more than myself.'

"'I know more this time,' I replied, 'and you will soon find it out.'

"They jumped in and went off. On arriving in Salem, he found that his wife and babe had been about three hours dead.

"Of course, both himself and the doctor spread wonderful reports about me, and all because I could see a simple vision in the clouds, that any one else might have seen if they knew how to look right.

"I have seen the form of a beautiful girl pleading on bended knees to two ruffianly looking fellows. One of them held a dagger in his hand, and was in the act of striking, when the other let go the girl and struck him, and then wrenched the fearful looking weapon from him. He then stooped to look at the girl. He started back in fear and

I could tell, looking on from the earth, that the girl was dead —died from fright. Well for her, poor thing, for I saw the lovely cloud angel bear away the spirit until it was lost to my gaze among many others.

"I heard next day that a young girl was missing, and that large searching parties were in the woods. A great snow-storm had fallen the night before and a heavy frost followed, and still the search was kept up by the townspeople.

"I went as near as I could send a message to them in the forest, and told the errand boy to have them give up the search, as the girl was dead, having died with fright, and if they searched in the spring, they would find her body in the woods, as it would be an impossibility to find it now.

"Some were for paying no heed to what I said; others would insist I was right. After a while they abandoned the search, and patiently awaited the coming spring.

"True enough, when the snow melted the body of the girl was found. She had lost her way, while going to make a call, and was met by two fellows, and by them decoyed, under pretense of showing her the way, to the place where they could in safety make her mistress of their den. They quarrelled over her and her death was the result.

"These visions in the clouds any one can read and understand who wants to study the subject, while some think, and want to always make out, I get my information from the evil one. I have predicted many things that have come to pass from this simple means."

"I have often imagined that I saw figures in the clouds, also," said Mrs. Ramsdell, and "often imagined I saw a ship in full sail, when Nēgo was a boy."

"Of course I did not get all my predictions from cloud-land, yet I got a great many; and as I said before, any one of you could, as well as me, Now, do you not think I have

done very well for one evening, Mrs. Brown-Jones?"

"I never spent a more serious one in my life," answered that lady. "Yet I feel very happy, and shall always remember it with pleasure. The predictions and the visions have set me thinking and wondering, and I might say has made me feel religiously inclined."

"Well! that is very good news, I call it. What do you think, Mrs. Ramsdell?"

"That I have the same impression and always have, after an interview with you; and I have heard many others say the same thing."

"That makes me really happy; and if I can succeed in leaving that kindly impression on the world after I am gone, I shall feel amply rewarded. And let me tell you, my friends, there is a beautiful hereafter for us all.

A Vision.

"One evening, as I was coming along by the beach at Swampscott, walking close by the water, I saw a figure, clad in soft, airy garments, coming towards me. I did not mind, as it was a beautiful evening in May. When the figure came up to me I could see a wan, pale face. I was just going to speak, when it turned suddenly around, with a strange sound, and was at the other end of the shore, near Lynn, in an instant. 'What can it mean?' I asked myself. "Is it intended as a vision for me?' and I sat down to watch and wait.

"The figure returned again, very slowly, with clasped hands, and came to the very spot it had flown from before. After its first fly over the beach I knew it was not human and made up my mind to question the poor thing; so I went

right up to it, when it turned, as before, and flew as far as ever, returning again with the same measured tread on the stony shore.

"This time it passed me and went farther on, out to the Point, and I followed. It sat upon the rocks for some time, and then arose and gazed out over the water, which was a full and placid tide, the bright moonlight playing over it. I looked in the same direction and saw a small-sized brig coming towards the place where I stood, which was as near to the phantom as I cared to get. Then the little ship disappeared, and still the figure stood there.

"Then I suddenly heard a cry. It rang right out over the water, and there was the form of the woman, floating on the water. Then it arose right straight out of the water and clapped its hands, and then threw itself down, with a weird cry. It rose three times, each time farther away, and the same cry came over the water until, I think, it must have been miles away. By degrees the voice died away, also, and all was still."

"Have you any idea what that meant, or if it was a rea happening?" asked Mrs. Brown-Jones.

"A real happening—why, it was as real as you are now only the apparition was not in the flesh. One thing I know —human aid could not help it—because it must have known I wanted to speak and question."

"Could it have been a mermaid?" suggested Mrs. Ramsdell.

"No, dear, I think the ship and its loss had some connection with it, and I may yet hear the solution of it."

"Strange! How very strange and sad! Some poor one, waiting for that ship's return, may have ended her days in despair," said Mrs. Brown-Jones.

"I had two still stranger visions but can't tell them now.'

"I know I must have found favor in an especial manner to have been permitted to see so much of the beautiful that heaven has in store for us. I could tell you a good deal more that would be surprising to you about the soul. My soul and your soul, and the souls of all created beings, I at times can see. The soul of every one I come in contact with appears to me, even the soul of the passerby. But as there are many among us of a spiritual religion or something tending that way, I wait and watch for what they have to say on the subject, and I am sorry to say, the imaginations of many of those people, and their expressions on the subject are not anything but baby lore, as far as my experience in the matter goes. And as I can see that many will rise who shall use the names of dear departed ones to further their own ends, I shall not speak, and then can rest satisfied they will not use my angelic glimpses into the hereafter, and here present also, to make money. I was in a position and am to make it, if I wanted to, and make it honestly also, but I would scorn to make money on the revelations I know I received for the good of others."

"Indeed, we know that," answered Mrs. Ramsdell. "We can testify to all the money you could have made in the days of the revolution, as the British had the greatest faith in you, and when you did accept it, you made use of it for the good of others. Had you taken it for yourself, it is not in this humble dwelling you would have to reside; and it is an incontestable proof, that you, who might have rolled in wealth, disdained to acquire it through the use of your God-given gifts, and this humble home proves it:"

The Cottage Home in Lynn of Moll Pitcher the American Sibyl.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Ramsdell, if I can find anyone who can see the soul as I can, I will be more than happy to then speak and let the thoughtless know many things that, no doubt, they will be pleased to hear, and yet astonished. I know that many people have admonitions from the unseen soul and many revelations made to them. I would like to say here, they are 'chosen ones,' and will prosper if they take heed. We all have guardian spirits, 'holy ones,' to combat the influence of 'evil ones,' and if we hearken to their whisperings, the battle is won on the side of heaven; and I will go one step further and tell you what I have seen, and that is—when we stand before our God to be judged, we shall have to *judge ourselves*. Yes; stand there, in the presence of a just God, looking on us with a calm, benign and fatherly face, and judge ourselves—*justly*—too. Yes; as justly as *He*, the All-knowing Judge, would. And why is this? Because, in the spirit, we are the counterpart of our Creator, and cannot err; and I would like to tell you why we cannot err in our judgment of ourselves—if—I—dare; but I really do not think it right to do so, for many reasons."

"I wish you would tell us, dear Mrs. Pitcher," said Mrs. Ramsdell. I think if heaven revealed it to you, it was that you might reveal to others."

"That may be; but, through the revelation, I have been enabled to read the lives of many, and sometimes all, and when that was not shown to me as plain as day, I knew there were secrets in the past of the man or woman's life that heaven did not want revealed, so I questioned them and gave advice, and I also understood they were not in need of warning, because not in immediate danger; and I could easily detect the visitor who came to see me just to gratify a curiosity; so you see, Mrs. Ramsdell, it may have been only

given to me for my own special benefit and the benefit of those inspired to seek me for a laudable purpose."

"I do see; and I think it is best to abide by your decision, although I am dying to know it."

"So am I," chimed in Mrs. Brown-Jones. "You have fairly taken my breath away—to think you could read the secrets of a life as plain as that."

"My dear, they are not *secrets*, and that is the *secret* I think I am not allowed to reveal."

"Did you ever read any of my life-secrets?"

"My dear Mrs. Brown-Jones, you ought to remember."

"I do, now. At our first interview you shocked me."

"Yes, perhaps; but I did not see your secret past very plainly; a cloud seemed to shade you, and I knew you were going to be all right, at some future time, in the sight of heaven."

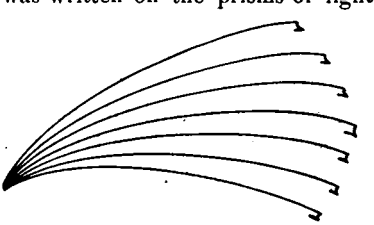
"That is good news, Mrs. Pitcher, and God bless you for it," and, impulsively, Mrs. Brown-Jones rose and kissed her, with a very loving embrace."

"And Mrs. Ramsdell, here, I see her an open book," said Mrs. Pitcher. "She shall live with the memory of her martyred husband forever.

"And now, before we part, I want to tell you something, and show you, also. I do not want to bother with the girls about it, they ask so many questions.

"You have heard of 'well wishers.' We all have kind friends, more or less, who are our 'well wishers.' Well, a 'well wisher' is a born angel, as evil wishers are born demons, offsprings of Satan; and I say with heartfelt joy, those demons of Satan have always kept away from me, and all can keep them off if they only try to cultivate themselves to it, and choose the pathway of the just, which is very easily found and there is an inspiring spirit always around to point the way to those who seek.

"There are angels who carry the well wisher's wish to where it can be granted, if for our good, and refused, because the wish, if granted, would not, though wished for us with the best of hearts, be for our benefit to receive. I have seen these wishes in the hands of angels. They are regarded as well-meant prayers, and I have seen them blazoned through different shades of light that shot in rays of sevens, in prismatic form, through the atmosphere, and always the wish seemed to be glittering in star-like letters, and sometimes through double and treble stars, each star having lights of various hues and dazzling brightness, something indescribable indeed. I have looked through them, and while entranced, read the wish prayers on the sparkling beams, and the angels would take them up in sevens and wave them through the various shades of light and color. The more beautiful the wish, the more starry the light and color that enshrined it; and, if the wish was granted, I could see the angel break it off the prism, sometimes one, two and three, the rest they would leave as if still pleading; they would then return to earth with the joyful faces of glad children, and in a twinkling return with the heartfelt prayer of thanks, which they would present to a beautiful spirit, all beaming with light and colors, and that angel would place them on one of the rays of light, and I could see them shine, according to the thankfulness of the heart. The wishes not granted, after being held a moment in the hand of the angel, would seem to burn out very slowly. Now I will show you how the wish was written on the prisms of light, here it is."



"You see here there are seven sevens; now write your wish on the seven, *not outside* of the figure, on the inside, under the head [that's the way]. You can write the seven wishes at once, if you like, and I promise, if they are good, prayerful wishes, you will get them within the seven degrees, and the first degree commences in seventy seconds after the wish is written.

"Only one person must or can write a wish on the well wisher, and the one in possession of it must use the seven, if not at once, from time to time.

"Here is one for you, Mrs. Ramsdell, write!"

And, Mrs. Ramsdell wrote and was about to show it to her, when Moll exclaimed:—

"Do not! You must put it away in a secret place, where no eye can see it but your own, and when you obtain the wish blot it out. I think if we mortals obtain seven good wishes we shall be very lucky, beside there is the 'star of hearts,' which I have given the girls, and through it they have, no doubt, obtained some of their wishes already."

On the fac-simile of the well wisher, engraved in this book, let us write our wishes according to the directions of Moll Pitcher, and if they will bring us joy, hope and pleasure and the same to the friends we wish for, let us pray we may speedily obtain them, as we close this book and put it quietly away to await results.

The Star of Hearts and Carrie Bassett.

Next evening the girls were promptly on time. Mrs. Ramsdell and Mrs. Harwood, with her beautiful daughter, accompanied Mrs. Brown-Jones to the cottage of the Sibyl as it was to be her farewell visit.

Mrs. Pitcher made many prophecies that evening, and as she said, "Many I tell you now have been told before me; I merely repeat them to you and say they are written and will come to pass, while others that are written are not written in heaven." As many of the prophecies of Moll Pitcher and others have come to pass, we will let them pass also, and have sorted out from the many before us the ones that, as far as we know, have to be fulfilled.

Many prophecies attributed to Moll Pitcher we have traced to others, and while so doing have found many piracies from the visions of that most learned of men, Erigenus, whose manuscript of recorded visions was deposited in Oxford College in the year 1681. Also, of St. Columbkille and others who had prophetic visions of what is still coming to pass as far back as the fifth century, from which "Mother Shipton's" and others have, do doubt, been taken. Moll Pitcher was very careful to impress upon her listeners that she was not the authoress of many of the predictions floating around, which from a sense of honor she did not wish to be accredited with, and we regret we have no space to record here many that we know would prove very interesting.

The girls had their 'star of hearts,' and many of them claimed to have been made happy by the granting of their wishes.

"We can tell them, can't we, if we get them, Mrs Pitcher?"

"Yes, indeed, dears, always; and let me know, when you get them, if they are worth while."

So the fun and talk went on until Lily Moulton asked if they knew what was keeping Carrie Bassett.

"Putting on imported toggery" said Aunt Mag. I have not been down there for a week, then they were pampering her up for a cold."

"Well, she is the only girl they have got," answered Minnie Tarbox, "and they can afford to do it. Besides, Carrie has some pretty little ways, if one only studies her up, and I am commencing to think I have made an impression on her and that she is not half so full of mischief as she was.

"You ought to commence to preach charity to her, then, and see what impression you'll make.

"It is my idea she would not give a thought to anyone but herself. We all know she had a good deal of money, about two weeks ago, and what she did with it, going to Boston for importations, and would not give any to the collectors. I am glad she did not get a chance to wear the 'spangled beauty' she used to rave about so much. Are you not, girls?" queried Aunt Mag, with a toss of the corkscrew curls.

Some assented, by a nod of the head, and Aunt Mag, as she glanced around, saw that all were not of her opinion.

"Carrie and I are very good friends" said Louise Harwood.

"You won't be so for long," then, said Aunt, Mag with a bob of the curls, which she seemed very proud of this evening.

There was a hasty knock at the door of the cottage and Moll herself went to open the door.

"Is Marjory Bassett here?"

"Yes."

"Won't you please tell her, if she wants to see Carrie, she had better come. We all think her a very sick girl."

Hearing this, Marjory went to the door.

"Amos, the young one is only shamming; it is petting she wants, and she will get none of it from me. I made a pet of her once and did my share in humoring her whims; yes, and in teaching her how to taunt others, too. What thanks have I for it now? Why! she never would know anything about cutting the girls out, and then letting the silly dolts of fellows know what fools they were, only for me.

I tell you, Amos, I know how to do it. You have heard your father often tell of all the beaus I had, and all of them bewitched about me, too. You know I was a great beauty and sparked one fellow twenty-five years. My nose was not peaked then as it is now, although the girls used to call me 'Hooknose Mag; but that was all spite, you know, because I could outvie them all and get kissed, even if I had a big mouth.

"Don't laugh, girls. That's what they used to say, and I, one of the prettiest girls—'Mouldy Face' your father used to call me, just because I would not have him, but that pink-faced chit, your mother, got inside of me and nearly broke my heart; and now, that saucy Carrie has the same pinky complexion and lovely, animated ways of your mother, and I am just beginning to hate her and I do not care a row of pins whether she is sick or not."

"Very well! Cousin Marjory; I have been all around the town, looking for you, as mother thought you might wish to see Carrie. If you do not wish to come, all right," and he turned away.

"See! how nice he calls me by my name, not 'Aunt Mag,' like his kitten of a sister. Everyone calls me 'Aunt Mag' now, and I can thank her for it. The idea! It makes me look old in people's eyes to think I am her aunt, she is so tall and lady-looking, even if she is only 'sweet seventeen.'"

"Are you not going, Marjory?" asked Moll Pitcher.

"No; I think not. She'll get pampering enough without me."

"Then you must excuse me, for I am going right off to see her. What do you say, friends?"

"That we are all going with you," and, in a twinkling, all were on their way to the Bassett homestead.

On entering, they were received with tears by Mrs. Bassett, and all observed an expression of mute anguish on the

face of Mr. Bassett as he sat by the head of the bed, holding Carrie's hand, who, although very weak, smiled delightedly when she saw all her young companions enter the room.

She shook hands with each one, with a lingering look.

Moll Pitcher tried to cheer her up by saying, "The girls have all got their wishes on the 'star of hearts.' Have you, dear?"

"I do not know, Mrs. Pitcher, I really forgot, I have been so sick, but I hope," and, brightening up, she pointed out a little drawer, when Moll asked to let her see the "star of hearts," saying she could tell whether she would get her wishes or not.

While Mrs. Pitcher was hunting for the wishing star each one of the girls tenderly bent over Carrie and prayed for her speedy recovery. Their kind words brought smiles and even a rosy glow to the sick girl's cheeks.

Aunt Mag had followed because she saw everyone who heard of Carrie's illness going to the house. In those days there was a united friendship among the people that is sadly lacking in our time. They were as one with each other in joy or in sorrow, so Marjory felt compelled to join some of the neighbors she met on her way, and as she entered, Amos whispered something to her which seemed to sadden her very much.

In the meantime Moll had found the star and, after reading what was finely and closely written thereon, passed it around to the girls, who were now all standing around the bedside of poor Carrie.

As each one read tears rolled down, for they read their own names, with a prayerful, loving wish, either on the sevens or around the margin of the star.

As it was passed to Aunt Mag she found a beautiful wish for her, written in the heart; then, looking in the other

heart, she read the words—"Take me, Jesus," with Carrie's name finely written under the prayer, and the date the last evening she was plaguing her up at Moll Pitcher's. She looked toward the invalid from where she stood at the foot of the bed, and observed her growing weaker. Then, making her way to the opposite side from where sat Mr. Bassett, bowed in sorrow and holding his only daughter's hand, she caught the other and, throwing herself on her knees, burst into sobbing grief while she covered the soft, pretty little hand with kisses.

All in the room knelt in tears and prayer, and before they raised their heads, Carrie, while feebly whispering "Mamma, do not be lonesome; see, there is Mamie Caldwell waiting for me, and we two shall wait for you and Papa," had, with her mother's last kiss sealing her lips, flown among the angels.

Poor Mrs. Caldwell, on hearing Carrie breathe her dead Mamie's name, got up and rushed to the door, then turning around exclaimed, in the wildest grief: "Mrs. Bassett, you have lost your child through her kindness to mine! Yes, you have, and I will keep silent no longer. My poor dying girl was nursed and nurtured by her! Little Carrie, they talked about you, and you on your sick bed; that 'spangled dress' you so loved and longed to wear was town talk; and you compelled me to listen and not say one word, although the money you had to buy it went to buy the beautiful dress for my poor girl that made her look so lovely even in death, and the price of your pearls bought her flowers and every comfort, and paid my little debts, lifting a heavy burthen from my sorrowful heart! You waited and watched by her bedside through the long, weary hours and gave me rest! You sympathized with me and led me to look with calmness on the death of my only child! You caught cold waiting on my Mamie!—You did!—You caught your death, my

poor child! Mrs. Bassett! Dear, kind Mrs. Bassett, through me this terrible sorrow has come to you!" and, breaking down completely, the poor woman was led from the room.

The kind hearts of our readers can easily imagine the thoughts and feelings of all present better than we can here describe.

After awhile, Lily Moulton, who was weeping bitterly, spoke to Moll Pitcher, saying: "Do you not remember, in that little verse, you said Carrie would be a bride?"

"Yes," that lady replied, "had she lived she would have been a bride of earth, and a very unhappy one. Her noble acts won her the right to be a bride of *heaven*."

[THE END.]