

## Party.

IF I MEET YOU,  
If I meet you and I know you,  
In the bright, immortal Land,  
Shall I bend my spirit to you,  
And extend my eager hand?  
Shall the vision now denied us  
Show my passion—O how deep?  
And the walls that here divide us  
Shall my spirit overleap?

Shall you know how here I meet you  
And was coldly kept asunder,  
But how yet my life beset you  
With its aching passion under?  
And O, will your eyes discover  
How my heart's secret control  
And, like mountain boiling over,  
Poured its lava in my soul?

I will wait if you will tell me  
I may touch your glowing hand,  
That your looks will not repel me  
In the brighter, better Land;  
I will school my heart to shun you  
All my life long here below,  
And will only "dream" I've won you  
Till the moment comes to go.

If my soul comes out the whiter  
From its fiery despair,  
If you find me all the brighter  
For the load of sin I bear,  
If my love have purified me  
And hath made my spirit sweet,  
Will you spurn me and deride me  
When you find me at your feet?

Ah! my soul's love cannot perish  
With its famine in the Night;  
In the Morning you will cherish  
The endearments which you slight;  
And when I shall be immortal  
I will watch you and will wait,  
And will meet you at the portal  
Ere I enter at the gate.

## Select Story.

## The Crusoe of the Snowy Desert.

Late in the autumn of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Mr. Baldwin Mollhausen, a Prussian traveller, pursuing his investigations in Northern America, had occasion to make a return journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. He started with one companion only, and with three horses and a male, for riding and for carrying the baggage.

Scanty fodder, Indian treachery, and the fearful cold of those snowy regions, produced the first disasters of the travellers, by depriving them of the services of all four animals. Their last horse was killed by exposure to an icy gale, at a spot in the miserable wilderness called Sandy Hill Creek. Here, now that his last means of getting forward had failed them, they were compelled to stop, at a period of the year when every succeeding day might be expected to increase the horrors of the cold and the chances of death by starvation on the prairie wastes.

They had a little Indian tent with them, and they sat it up for shelter. They had also a small supply of bad buffalo meat, rice, and Indian corn. On this they existed miserably for a few days, until the Post from Fort Kearney to Flat River happened to pass them.

With all the will to rescue both the travellers, the Post did not possess the power. It was barely possible for the persons in charge of it—their own lives depending on their getting on rapidly, and husbanding their provisions—to make room for one man in their little vehicle drawn by six mules. The other man would have no help for it but to remain behind with the goods, alone in the wilderness and to keep himself alive, if it was possible, in that dreadful position until the Post could send horses back for him from the Catholic Mission, eighty or a hundred miles off.

In this emergency—an emergency of life or death if ever there was one yet—the travellers agreed on drawing lots to decide which man was to be rescued, and which man was to remain. The lot to remain fell on Mr. Mollhausen.

The post resumed its journey at once, with the rescued traveller squeezed into the little carriage. Mr. Mollhausen watched the departure of the vehicle till it was out of sight, till he was left alone, the only living being in the white waste—the Crusoe of the Snowy Desert. He had three chances, not of life, but of death. Death by cold; death by the murderous treachery of savages; death by the teeth of the wolves which prowled the wilderness by night. But he was a brave man, and he

faced his imminent perils and his awful loneliness with a stout heart.

He was well supplied with arms and ammunition; and the first thing he did when the Post left him was to look to these. His next proceeding was to make use of the snow on the earth to keep out the snow from the heavens by raising a white wall, firmly stamped, all round his little tent. He then dragged up a supply of wood from the river near at hand, and piled it before his door. His fire-place was a hollow in the ground, in front of his bed of blankets and buffalo hides. The food he possessed to cook consisted of buffalo meat and rice. He had also some coffee. These provisions, on which his feeble chance of life depended, he carefully divided into fourteen days' rations, having first calculated that, in fourteen days at the furthest, he might look for help from the Mission. The sum of his preparations was now complete. He fed his fire, set on his food to cook, and crept into his blankets to wait for the coming of night—the first night alone in the desert.

After a time, the silence and solitude weighed upon him so heavily, that he sought some kind of comfort and companionship in trying to talk to himself; but, in that forlorn situation, even the sound of his own voice made him shudder. The sun sank to rest behind snow clouds; its last rays were trembling redly over the wilderness of white ground, when the howl of the wolves came down upon him on the icy wind. They were assembled in a ravine where the travellers' last horse had fallen dead, some days before. Nothing was left of the animal but his polished bones and the rings of his harness; and over these bare relics of their feast the ravenous creatures wrangled and yelled all night long. The deserted man, listening to them in his tent, tried to while away the unpeppable oppression of the dark hours by calculating their varying numbers to the greater or lesser volume of the howling sounds that reached him. Exhaustion overpowered his faculties, while he was still at his melancholy work. He slept, till hunger woke him next day, when the sun was high again in the heavens.

He cut a notch in the pole of his tent to mark that one day was passed. It was then the sixteenth or eighteenth of November; and by Christmas he vainly believed that he would be safe at the Mission. The second day was very weary, and his strength was failing him already. When he dragged up his wood and water to the tent his feet were lame, and he staggered like a drunken man.

Hopeless and hungry, he sat down on his bed, filled his pipe with willow leaves, the best substitute that he possessed for tobacco, and smoked in the warmth of the fire, with his eyes on the boiling kettle, into which he had thrown a little maize. He was still thus occupied, when the dreary view through the opening of the tent was suddenly changed by the appearance of living beings. Some horsemen were approaching him, driving laden horses before them. His weapons were at hand, and with these he awaited their advance. As they came nearer, he saw that they were Indians of a friendly tribe, returning from a beaver hunt. Within gunshot they stopped; and one of them addressed him in English. They accepted his invitation to enter the tent; and, sitting there by his side, the entreated him, long and earnestly, to abandon the goods, to give up the vain hope of help from the Mission, and to save his life by casting his lot with theirs.

"The wolves," said the man who had spoken first—a Delaware Indian—"will give you no rest night or day, and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find you out, you will be robbed, murdered and scalped. You have no hope of rescue. Bad horses could not live to get to you; and the whites of the mission will not risk good horses and their own lives to save one man whom they will give up for lost. Come with us."

But Mr. Mollhausen put faith in the mission. He was, moreover, bravely and honorably anxious to preserve the goods, only the smaller share of which happened to be his own property. Firmly persuaded that his fellow white men would not desert him, and that they would bring him easier means of travelling than those which

the Delaware could offer, he still held fast to his first resolution and said "No."

The Indian rose to leave him. "The word of a white is more to you than the will and deed of a Red Skin. You have had your choice—may you not deceive yourself?"

With these words he shook Mr. Mollhausen by the hand, and he and his companions departed. They never once looked back at the traveller or his tent; but kept on their way towards the South, and left him a doomed man.

For the next eight days snow storms raged incessantly, and threatened to bury him alive in his tent. Although he was, as yet, spared the pangs of hunger, his sufferings of other kinds were indescribable. He was so lame that he had to crawl on his hands and knees when he fetched his supply of water; his memory failed him; and he dared not close his eyes by night for fear of the wolves. Maddened by hunger they came nearer and nearer to him. One night he heard the snow outside crackling under their feet; the next, he saw the teeth of one of them appear through the leather side of his tent. He could only scare them away by firing at them in the darkness; but they returned to the attack in a few hours; and they left him no chance of sleep till the daylight drove them back to their lairs.

He was just strong enough on the ninth day to make the ninth notch in the pole of the tent. On the tenth he was powerless. His courage gave way and he despaired of rescue. He had a medicine chest with him, containing a small bottle of laudanum. Without well knowing what he did he put the bottle to his lips and almost emptied it. A deep swoon followed the draught; he remembered taking it, and nothing more.

When he came to again, it was pitch dark, and his tent poles were rocking in a gale of wind. Thirst and hunger were his awakening sensations. He satisfied the first with half melted snow, the second with raw buffalo meat. When his fire was relighted, he roasted the meat and recklessly devoured three days' rations at a meal. By the morning he was so much better that the preservation of his life became once more a matter of interest to him. He tottered out, leaning on his rifle, to get a little exercise. In a few days he contrived to walk as far as the top of a low hill, from which he could look forth, all round, over the lonesome prospect.

By this time his provisions were at an end, and the last faint hope of rescue from the Mission had died out of his mind. It was a question now whether the man should devour the wolves, or the wolves the man. The man had his rifle, his ammunition, and his steady resolution to fight it out with solitude, cold and starvation to the very last—and the wolves dropped under his bullets, and fed him with their dry, sinewy flesh. He took the best part of the meat only, and left the rest. Every morning the carcasses abandoned over night were missing. The wolves that were living devoured to the last morsel those that were dead.

He grew accustomed to this wretched and revolting food, and to every other hardship of his forlorn situation—except the solitude of it. The unutterable oppression of his own loneliness hung upon his mind, a heavier and heavier weight with each succeeding day. A savagery came to him, and he began to feel that the idea of meeting with any living human creatures began to take possession of him. These were moments when he underwent the most fearful of all mortal trials—the conscious struggle to keep the control of his own senses. At such times he sang and whistled, and extended his walks to the utmost limits that his strength would allow, and so, by main force, as it were, heid his own tottering reason still in its place.

Thus the woe of time—the lonely, hopeless hours—were on till he had cut his sixteenth notch in the tent pole. This was a memorable day in the history of the Crusoe of the Snowy Desert.

He had walked out to the top of the little hill to watch the sun's way downward in the wintry western heaven, and he was wearily looking about him, as usual, when he saw two human figures, specks as yet in the distance, approaching from the far north. The warning the Delaware Indian came back to his memory,

and reminded him that those two men were approaching from the district of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to wait, the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his tent. If they were Pawnees, he knew the time had come when they or him must die.

He went back to the tent, armed himself with as many weapons as he could, took the percussion caps off the rest, and hid them under his bed. Then he put wood on the fire so as to let the smoke rise freely through the opening at the top of the tent, and thereby strengthen any suspicion that a man was inside of it; and he next fastened the second opening, which served as a door, and tying it on the inner side, as if he had shut himself up for the night. This done, he withdrew to the frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a hundred and fifty paces off, walking backwards, so as to make his footprints in the snow appear to be leading to the tent, instead of away from it. Arrived on the ice, off which the wind had drifted the snow upon the banks, he took off his shoes for fear the nails in them might betray him by scratches in the smoothly frozen surface, and then followed the stream over the ice, till he reached the winding which brought its course nearest to his tent. Here he climbed up the bank between two snow drifts, and hid himself among some withered bushes, where the twigs and stalks gave him a sight of the tent, and just room enough for the use of his weapons.

In this situation he watched and listened. Although the frost was so intense that his breath froze to his beard, and his left hand felt glued to the barrel of his levelled rifle, the fever of expectation in his mind prevented his feeling the cold. He watched for what seemed to be an interminable time; and, at last the heads of the two men rose in sight over the brow of a neighboring hill. Their figures followed in another minute. All doubt was ended now—the last day had dawned in this world for him or for them—the men were Pawnees.

After holding council together on the hill, the savages threw back their Buffalo skins, drew their full quivers before them, and strung their bows. They then separated. One walked to the top of the hill from which the deserted traveller had first caught sight of them, to trace the direction of his footprints; the other examined the track between the water and the tent. Both appeared to be satisfied with their investigations; both met again before the tent, and communicated with one another by gestures, which expressed their conviction that the victim was asleep inside. In another moment they drew their bowstrings, placing themselves so that their double fire of arrows should meet at right angles in the tent.

The man whose life they were now seeking never felt that life so dear to him as at the moment when he saw them shoot five arrows into the place where he slept. Still they watched and waited, for his existence now depended on his cunning and patience. He saw the savages pause and listen before he ventured into the tent. One of them dropped his bow, grasped his tomahawk, and knelt to creep under the opening, while the other stood over him with his arrow in the string ready to shoot. In this position the skull of the kneeling Indian was brought within the white man's line of sight, and he cocked his rifle. Faint as the click was he saw that it had caught their quick ears—for they both started and turned round. Observing that this movement made the kneeling man less likely to escape his eye in the tent, he shifted his aim, and fired at the naked breast of the man with the bow. The sharp eye of the savage discovered his hidden enemy, and he sprang aside; but it was too late—he was hit; and he fell with a scream. The other savage jumped to his feet; but the white man's weapon was the quicker of the two, and a discharge of buckshot hit him full in the face and neck. He dropped dead on the spot, by the side of the other who was still groaning.

The savage lay writhing and bleeding, with his teeth clenched, with his eyes glaring in deadly hatred through the long black hair that almost covered his face. But after a while, the merciful white man saw that his gestures were understood, and reminded him that those two men were approaching from the district of the murderous Pawnees.

The wounded man signed him to come near, and pointed with his left hand to his right hand and arm, which lay twisted under him. Without the slightest suspicion Mr. Mollhausen knelt over him to place his arm in an easier position. At the same moment, the wretch, armed with a knife, struck twice at the unprotected breast of the man who was trying to save him. Mr. Mollhausen parried the blow with his right arm, drew his knife, and inflicted on the savage the death he had twice deserved. The rattle sounded in the throat, and the muscles stretched themselves in the last convulsion. The lost traveller was alone again; alone in the frozen wilderness with the bodies of two dead men.

The night was at hand—the night came—a night never to be forgotten, never in any mortal language to be described. Down with the gathering darkness came the gathering wolves; and round and round the two corpses in front of the tent they circled and howled. All through that awful night the lost man lay listening to them in the pitch darkness, now cooling his wounded arm with snow, now firing his pistol to scare the wolves from their human prey.

With the first gleam of daylight he rose to rid himself of the horrible companionship of the dead bodies, and of all that betrayed their fate, before the next wandering Indians came near the spot, and before the wolves gathered again with the darkness. Hunger drove him to begin by taking their provision of dried buffalo meat from under the dead men's leathern girdles. He then rolled up their remains, with whatever lay about them, in their buffalo robes, tied them round, dragged them one after the other, to the hole in the ice where he got his water, and pushed them through it, to be carried away by the current of the river.

Even yet, the number of his necessary precautions was not complete. He had a large fire to make next, on the spot where the two savages had dropped, with the double object of effacing all traces of their fall, and of destroying the faintest scent of blood before the wolves collected again. When the fire had dwindled to a heap of ashes, a new snow-storm smoothed out all marks of it. By the next morning not a sign was left to betray the deaths of the Indians—the smooth ground was as empty and as white as ever—and of all that had happened on that memorable day of the traveller's sojourn in the wilderness, nothing now remained but the terrible recollections of it.

The time wore on from that date, without an event to break the woful monotony of it, until Christmas came. He was still alone in his solitude on Christmas day. A stolid apathy towards the future had begun to get possession of him; his sense of the horror of his situation grew numbed and dull; the long solitude and the ceaseless cold seemed to be slowly freezing his mind, and making a new wilderness there dreary and empty as the waste that encompassed him. His thoughts wandered with a certain sadness to the Christmas trees and the children's festivals, at that blessed season, in his native Germany; but he was too far gone for any deep grief, or any bitter pangs of despair. He kept Christmas day with the only indulgence he could afford himself, a pipeful of the dry willow leaves; and, as night fell, he lay on his back by the fire, looking up through the hole in his tent at the frosty heavens, and fancying dimly that the kind stars looked down on him, as they had often looked, in bygone days, at home.

The old year ended, and the new year came. His hold on life was slackening—and the end was not far off. It was January, early in the month of January. He was resting under his blankets—not asleep, not awake. Suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps reached him on the still air. It was no dream—a salutation, in the Indian language, sounded in his ears a moment afterwards. He roused himself, and caught up his rifle. More words were spoken before he could get out of the tent. It was the English language this time. "You are badly off here friend," said a cheerful voice. Had the white man of the Post and the Mission remembered him at last? No. When the tent covering was raised, an Indian entered and pushed his five-foot rifle before him. A savage looking man, with five savage companions.

traveller advanced to meet them a rifle ready. Happily, he was this time. The savage wanderers—these charitable heathens, the pitiless Christians at the Mission—were established to convert—had do the good work which his white men had, to their eternal disgrace, neglected; they had come to save him. He had, he had spoken in English half-bred—a voluntary renegade civilization. His companions belonged himself, to a friendly tribe of Ottos. They had gone out with their on a hunting expedition; and they on the smoke of the lost traveller's miles off. "You are hungry," they him, producing their own food—"You are ready to perish—come with you are sick—we will take care of and clothe you." These were the of the Red Skins; and the friendly as they implied were performed to

the next day every member of the party, including the woman and boys, assembled at the tent to remove the white man, and all that belonged to him to their own camp. The for the preservation of which he asked his life, were packed up; the abandoned by his fellow traveller, and himself, at the beginning of their journey, when their last horse died, was of snow and made fit for use again; even the tent was not left behind. It was firmly frozen to the ground to be taken up; so it was cut off just above the snow, and was thrown over the rest of the baggage. When the Indians had packed the wagon, their wives and their boys pressed themselves to it, and dragged it cheerfully to their camp. Mr. Mollhausen, and the elder warriors followed. The Prussian traveller stopped, but he left the place forever, to take a look at the lonely scene of all his sufferings and perils. The spot where his had stood was still marked in the snow waste by the ashes of his expiring fire. His eyes rested long on that last, touching trace of himself and his companions—then wandering away to the hills from which he used to look out his solitude—to the bank of the river where he had lain in ambush for the Pawnees—to the hole in the ice through which he had thrust their bodies. He shuddered, as well he might, at the dreadful memories which the familiar objects around him called up. A moment more, and he descended the hill, from the summit of which he had looked back, to follow the trail of his Indian friends—a moment more and he had left his home in the desert forever.

In less than five weeks from that time, he and his wagon-load of goods were safe, thanks to the Ottos Indians, at a forwarding station on the Missouri river; and he was eating good bread again, and drinking whiskey-punch in the society of white men.

"Man wants but Little."—A young sparrow quotes Goldsmith to the effect that "man wants but little here below." In proof, we give his list of daily wants. A bottle of soda-water the first thing in the morning. A clean shirt and breakfast—tea, tons and a broiled ham—served up with the newspaper. A cigar and cold brandy and water. The loan of five pounds. Lunch, with sherry. Dinner, with champagne. Tea, served up with a ticket for the opera (with the manager's compliments) invitation to supper. Last, though not least, a cab or a policeman, which brings round to the soda water again.

A traveller "out West" records the following anecdote:—"I had a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on December 1st. I was enquiring if the Hudson was frozen over or not during winter? This led to conversation as to the severity of the winter when one man, by way of proving he could it, was said, 'Why I had snow up my lot on the river, and last winter I got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again.' The consequence has been that he has milked nothing but ice cream since."

A gentleman coming to an inn near Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and full of table about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman was. "I'm Yorkshire," said the fellow, "I've lived 16 years here." "I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that in so long a time I never saw you get to be, have come to be master of the inn yourself." "Ay," answered the ostler, "but master of the inn I'm not."