

the other with a gentle, placid countenance, half hidden behind the snowy cap-frills and the grey Quaker bonnet that shaded it. They were accompanied by sundry large packages of groceries and other household necessities, which they had been laying in at the nearest village, and the gentle voice of the old woman was occasionally employed in quieting the restlessness of a pair of fowls of an improved breed which she was carrying home to her own poultry yard.

On the last seat of all sat a quiet, commercial-looking man, a Newark "store-keeper," who had been travelling on business; and beside him, shrinking shyly into the farthest corner of the seat, a squaw, her dark eyes gleaming, half-frightened, out of her blanket, or bent down in maternal tenderness over the swaddled papoose that lay in its primitive wooden cradle on her knee. Notwithstanding the occasional friendly overtures of the good woman in front of her, who was drawn towards her by feminine and maternal sympathies, she looked solitary and sad, like a bird of strange feather among an alien race.

Among so heterogeneous a party, so placed, there could be but little general conversation, and the talk limited itself chiefly to an interchange of inquiries and laconic replies between the keen-visaged American and his Scotch fellow-traveller, and to the desultory remarks that passed between the English officer and the driver, who still spoke