

leaves a comfortable home, for the dense wilderness—following with patient endurance and bright-eyed hope and unflinching constancy the husband of her love—through evil and good report, cheers him when the hard hand of poverty presses him to the earth, and forsakes him not in the solemn hour of death—ties holy and sacred are rent asunder, and unions are severed in the far off land of the stranger, which cannot be reunited on the tear-worn shores of time. These thoughts were forcibly impressed upon my mind by an incident that occurred during a journey through Vermont in the autumn of 1845.

The stage left Burlington at three o'clock on a clear frosty morning, for Montpelier the capital of the State of Vermont. We were hurrying into the coach, for the transition from a warm bed to the keen biting air was anything but pleasant; when the attention of our party was arrested by a low plaintive voice from the back seat of the vehicle—"Mother let me lie here—I am cold and my head aches so." The waiter held up his lamp and a single glance revealed a picture which I shall not soon forget. A pale sick boy five or six years old lay upon the seat, his head resting upon the lap of his mother, a noble-looking woman, but whose eyes wet with tears and sorrowful countenance, told in language not to be misunderstood that adversity with heavy and unrelenting hand had crushed her to the earth. A little girl older than the boy sat at his feet and her eyes filled with tears of thankfulness when my fellow-traveller wrapped the suffering child in his cloak. The mother spoke not, but by her tears

acknowledged the courtesy of the stranger. At Montpelier the stage stopped for two or three hours when the woman related her history. It was a tale of sorrow.

"My father's name is Edmund Allen;—He fought under general Stark the leader of the 'Queen Mountain Boys,' at the battle of Bennington, and he was present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He subsequently settled a few miles from this place, the stage will pass his door and if he yet lives I will, I trust, receive his blessing. Ten years ago I married, much against my father's will, a young man from a neighboring state to whom I had been long attached. My father was a man of strong feelings, and his pride was wounded by what he termed the undutiful conduct of his youngest and best beloved child. We emigrated to the West—My father's parting was solemn and impressive. He spoke not of my disobeying his commands, but, he spoke of the trials and hardships of our intended western home, for he had been a pioneer of the wilderness, and he remembered the privations and the toil.

"The months and years of want and pain,
And all the long attendant train,
Of warring hopes, of vivid fear,
That must attend the pioneer."

With tears in his eyes he bid me adieu, and we soon beheld, as we supposed, for the last time, the green mountains of Vermont. Our journey was safe and prosperous and we settled on the verge of one of the vast prairies of the West.

Time fruitful in events rolled onward with unabated diligence. Our first efforts were crowned with success; and