

a friendly Oneida Indian. In June she was sent to Montreal, Canada, where she recovered her lost child, a boy seven years old, whom she had not seen since the day after the massacre of Cherry Valley. He had been with a branch of the Mohawk tribe and had forgotten his mother tongue, though he remembered his mother, whom in the joy of seeing her he addressed in the Indian language. In the fall she and her children reached Albany, escorted into that city by a detachment of troops under the command of Colonel Ethan Allen. Here Col. Campbell awaited their arrival, and the trials of a two years' captivity were almost forgotten in the joy of restoration. They remained there until peace was proclaimed, and the British driven out of the country, when they returned to Cherry Valley and literally began the world anew. Their land had gone to waste, and was covered with underbrush; all besides was destroyed, and with no shelter save a small log cabin, hastily put up, they felt for a time that their lot had been a hard one. But the consciousness of having performed their duty as patriots sustained them under misfortune. By the close of the following Summer a more comfortable log-house was erected on the ruins of their former residence, and the farm began to assume the aspect of cultivation. It was in this house that General Washington was received and entertained on his visit to Cherry Valley, accompanied by General George Clinton and other distinguished officers. It was on this occasion that Mrs Campbell presented her sons to Washington, and told him she would train them up to the service of their country, should that country ever need their service.

Once settled on the old homestead, Mrs. Campbell's trials and sufferings were at an end, and she was eminently blessed in all things temporal, being permitted in old age to see around her a large and prosperous family. Her oldest son was the Hon. William Campbell, Surveyor General of New York. Her second son James S. Campbell, was for many years a magistrate, and one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in Otsego, whilst the youngest son, Robert Campbell of Cooperstown, an able and em-

inent lawyer, enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of the people of that county. Col. Campbell after an active life, died in 1824, at the age of eighty-six. His wife lived in the enjoyment of health, to the age of ninety-three, and died in 1836—the last survivor of the Revolutionary women in the region of the headquarters of the Susquehanna.

Reader this is but a brief episode in the history of an Irish heroine, one of the pioneer mothers of the West. It is culled from American history, and is true in every particular. There are many such. In the local histories of the thirteen States scores of Irish names appear previous to the war of Independence; names which, in after days, shed honor upon two lands, the land of their birth and the land of their adoption—Ireland and America.

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WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE?—Would you have wealth? Go to work then like a man and get it; go to work bravely and you will succeed. Would you have fame? Go to work and win it. With a stout heart and untiring perseverance, you cannot fail to win the prize. Don't say "I can't;" if you do you will certainly fail. Remember that true courage never stops to talk with fear. Would you be wise? Begin to-day and get wisdom. Don't put it off till to-morrow; it never has existed and never will exist; it is but a phantom, an imaginary pleasure that will still be a day ahead of you if you follow it till you die; if you would be truly great, learn to be truly good; and if you would be truly good, begin now. Remember that time is our master if we sleep, our servant if awake and at our post faithful, and true. If thou hast aught to do, if thou wouldst win thyself a name, be great, or good, or wise, or powerful—then seize the golden moments as they pass. The living moments of to-day are thine, nor thou nor angels know what lies beyond.

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An elevated genius, employed in little things appears (to use the simile of Longinus,) like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less.