

of Captain Waldron's, and more than half a mile from any habitation. This distance was not considered much, but then it was through the thick old woods, and the road was only cut and freed from the obstruction of trees. No carriage could have rolled over the rugged road, but that was no matter, as not a wheel vehicle of any kind, excepting great lumber carts, had ever been seen in Dover. So the gentlemen mounted their goodly steeds, and each gallantly taking a lady behind him, set off, with the bridegroom and bride at the head of the cavalcade in great style, followed by the smiles and good wishes of those who could not join for the lack of steeds. Their progress was joyous and rapid till they entered the winding path through the forest, when a more sober pace became necessary; but Robert's horse being accustomed to the way, still pressed on at a rate which soon carried him several rods in advance of the party. The path just before entering the clearing surrounding his house, approached very near the river, the curve being made to avoid a large rock that rose like a wall on the north side of the road, confining its width to a space barely sufficient for a passage. As Robert was turning this rock, Mary, uttering a wild shriek, was either torn or fell from her seat, the horse bounding forward at the same instant, and while Robert, calling on his wife, was endeavouring to rein his steed, a gun was discharged by an Indian from behind the rock. The ball struck the horse as he was rearing from the effect of the rein on his breast, and he fell backwards upon his rider.

The report of the gun was followed by a loud shout from the wedding party, not that they suspected the cause of the firing—they supposed Robert had reached his home, and that some of the attendants there had fired the gun as a signal for them to hasten.

Their shots intimidated the savages, who precipitately fled with their prisoner, without attempting to scalp her unfortunate husband.

The party rode joyously up; but who can describe their consternation and horror, on finding Robert stretched, apparently lifeless, on the ground, covered with the blood of his horse, which they mistook for his own, while the bride was no where to be found. Calamities never fall with such an overwhelming force as when they surprise us in the midst of security and happiness. From that party, lately so joyous, was now heard nothing but exclamations of fear, or lamentations over the fate of the youthful pair, or execrations against the enemy. The men were, all of them, unarmed; they could not, therefore, pursue the Indians with any hope of rescuing Mary; but having ascertained that Robert was still living, they bore him back to the dwelling of Captain Waldron, from whence he had so lately gone forth in all the flush of youth and joy.

There was no sleep that night in Dover. The inhabitants seemed panic struck. They crowded to the fortified houses—mothers pressing their children closer to their bosoms, as they listened in breathless terror, often fancying that they heard the stealthy tread of the savages; and trembling in agony as they thought of their horrible yells. But the night passed away without alarm, and a bright morning sun soon dissipated their imaginary terrors. Robert had nearly recovered from the effects of his fall; and though his cheek was pale, there was a starness in his dark eye that told his spirit was unquelled. It was his determination to seek his wife; and several young men, after they found that his resolution could not be altered volunteered to accompany him. They went first to the rock: from thence they followed the Indians nearly a mile into the woods; but for a long time no farther traces could be found.

After searching many hours they were joined by a praying Indian, as he was called. Mendowit, learned the English language and became a convert to christianity, soon after the colonists settled in Boston. He had received many favours from the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and had loved Robert from his infancy. He had lately wandered to Dover and spent the summer hunting and fishing around Robert's farm.

Mendowit soon discovered the trail of the hostile In-

dians. They had returned on their own steps, after the departure of the wedding party, and kept the narrow path till it joined the more open one; and then they struck off through the wilderness. After following about three miles their encampment was discovered. Mendowit examined it attentively, and also the direction the savages had taken.

"How many are there?" asked Robert.

"Two, besides the captive;" replied Mendowit.

Robert's cheek became paler, as he endeavoured to pluck from a bush a fragment of lace and gauze which he knew had belonged to Mary's bridal dress. Finding the fragments in his bosom, he enquired where Mendowit thought the hostile Indians were retreating.

"They are Mohawks," returned the other; "I know by the track of their moccasins; and they will go to their tribe on the great river or the lakes."

"They shall not!" exclaimed Robert, stamping with fury, "I will pursue them; I will rescue Mary, or die with her. Mendowit, you know the paths of the woods—will you go with me?" And here he enumerated several articles he would give him, a gun, powder, etc. etc.

"They will go through the hidden paths of the Agiocochook,"\* remarked the Indian, thoughtfully.

"We can overtake them before they reach the White Mountains!" said Robert, eagerly, "You shall have the best gun I can purchase in Boston Mendowit, and my horn full of powder, and a new knife."

These were powerful temptations to the Indian; but a more powerful one was the ancient and inveterate hatred he bore the Mohawks. Revenge is an indextinguishable passion in a red man's breast. Mendowit was a christian, so far as he could be, without ceasing to be an Indian; but his new principles could never eradicate his early prejudices nor subdue his ruling passion. Now, these Mohawks had injured a christian friend, and the indulgence of his hatred towards them assumed, in his view, a christian virtue. But there was one obstacle to his accompanying Robert. Mendowit concluded that these Indians would retreat through what is now called the "Notch," of the White Mountains; and of that pass he had a superstitious dread. But Robert urged him with so many persuasions, offered him so many rewards, and suggested also the certainty of overtaking the Mohawks long before they reached Agiocochook, that Mendowit finally consented.

The sun was just setting when this arrangement was concluded. To follow the Indian trail during the night was impracticable; and Robert, now that there seemed a possibility of recovering Mary, became reasonable enough to listen to the advice of his friend, and consent to stay till the ensuing morning. The night was mostly spent in preparations for his adventure, or in listening to the advice of Captain Waldron, who thought himself especially qualified to judge of the best method of proceeding in the attack of Indians.—*To be continued.*

#### GAMING.

From an article entitled "The Anatomy of Gaming," by Nimrod, in the last number of Fraser's Magazine, we extract the following racy anecdotes and remarks:

"In the reign of George III., and especially between the year 1771 and the beginning of the American war, there were desperate doings in the gambling world; and among the principal performers at the hazard-table and at faro were several of the most talented men of those days. On the authority of Lord Lauderdale, the immense sum of five thousand pounds was staked on a single card at faro; and, on authority equally credible, we find the appalling fact of Mr. Fox having played at hazard for twenty two consecutive hours, losing at the rate of five hundred pounds in each hour! So infatuated, indeed, was this justly celebrated, though too often ill-judging man with the passion for deep play, that he was once heard to declare, the greatest pleasure in life was to play and win; the next, to play and lose. The desperate doings of the

Duke of Bedford have already been alluded to; but the Coryphæus of his day, at the gaming-table, of this age at least, was the once noted Major Aubrey, no less distinguished for his love for, than for his skill in, almost every game that was in vogue; and who, in the circle in which he moved, might with much truth have been styled, *'Omnium qui sunt, fuerunt, erunt facile, princeps,'* there being reason to believe his equal has never yet been seen, neither are we likely to see him. Indeed, it is related of him that, on his first hearing the rattling of the dice-box, he exclaimed, as Charles XII. of Sweden did when he first heard the whistling of bullets, *'This henceforward shall be my music.'* Here, however, the simile between the amateurs ceases; for the king was killed by his music, and Aubrey lived for many years in great splendour by his. He won and spent three fortunes by gaming; ending his adventurous life, however, in nearly the same condition as when he commenced it, with a small annuity which he had had the prudence to place out of the reach of fortune. But it would appear that Aubrey was born to become the sport of the fickle goddess. On his passage to India, when a very young man, and during which he first became infatuated with the love of play, the ship in which he sailed took fire, when he jumped overboard, and saved his life by floating on a hencoop till picked up by a boat—surrounded by sharks, as he afterwards was in life! We find in his character, however, a strikingly practical illustration of that position of Mr. Fox, which we have already quoted touching the pleasures of the gaming-table not being confined to the object of gain. *'Will any one play at any thing!'* he has often been heard to exclaim, on the lighting up of the card rooms at Newmarket; and he once absolutely lost twenty-five thousand pounds at billiards, a game at which he was a mere mazzette. In fact, in his more advanced years, he declared that the excitement of play was essential to his existence, his favourite toast being, *'Play; like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die.'* Still, no imputation of unfair play ever attached to the character of this extraordinary man, even in those extraordinary days, which were those of the first Lord Barrymore, Sir John Lade, and others, whose splendid patrimonies were absolutely devoured by the sharks of the times—that of the first named nobleman, I believe, in a little more than three years.

"Although the love of excitement is strongly implanted in our nature, and, when under proper restraint, is a most estimable and useful quality, it becomes a frightful tyrant if suffered to get the mastery of the mind, as it too commonly does when greatly stimulated by play; it then becomes a passion which takes possession of the whole mind, and, with an Eastern jealousy, allows no kindred passion near its throne. So terrible, indeed, is it in its tyranny, that, in many cases, the wretched victim has no refuge from its fury unless it be in a mad-house or the grave.

"It has been forcibly said, that we might as well expect to see grass growing out of a flint-stone, or honey from the scarabæus, as one spark of virtue in the breast of a thorough gamester; and I am almost ready myself to subscribe to the reality of this sad portrait of human nature. At all events, I am assured of this: Gaming is the nursery of covetousness and dissimulation, inducing to fraud, quarrels, forgery, disgrace, and death; and by what other passion, either natural or acquired, can so much be said in dispraise? There surely must be some enchantment in it to give it such a power over the human mind, which, we are well aware, even in its highest form, has not been able to make a stand against it. In fact, the devoted gamester may apply to the object of his pursuit the words which Cowley applies to his mistress, and with still more truth:

"Thou robb'st my days of business and delights;

Of sleep thou robb'st my nights:

Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?

What! rob me of heaven too!

And e'en my prayers dost from me steal,

That I, with wild idolatry,

Begin to God and end them still in thee."

"It is to this wreck of character, this destruction of all claim to sympathy in distress, that the number of suicides,

\* Agiocochook—the Indian name of the White Mountains.