

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 43.]

WEDNESDAY, 29TH MAY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Portra.

THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

"There was a time when I could sigh
At woman's foot, and strive to win her—
Swear heaven was pictured in her eye,
And she a saint, and I a sinner—

"Then would soft music's dying fall
Melt a fond heart like mine to sadness—
While the loud trumpet's battle call
Roused my hot blood almost to madness.

"I found the coyest maid will yield—
But love possessed was ever cloying—
And the red trophies of a field
Some orphan's tears were still alloying.

"I tried them all—and all were vain—
Glory a name—and love untrue—
"Say, shall I risk my peace again,
For counsel, Sage, I come to you."

The Sage gazed on the downcast boy,
And sadly shook his silver head—
"Yes, sorrow follows fast on joy,
And love is but a dream," he said.

"No more by woman's wiles be caught,
And by from sickening scenes of slaughter—
In winter—TAKS A FRODY NOT,
In summer—STICK TO GUN AND WATER!"

THE FORGED PATENT.

BY A WESTERN RECLUSE.

Remember you no case like this? Or if
our memory none records, is such a one
so much at odds with probability
your fancy cannot image it!

The changes which the last twenty years
wrought in Illinois, would be incredible
to any one who had not witnessed them. At
the period our settlements were few, and the
character of enterprise that now pervades every
corner of the State, had not then been awak-
ened. The bluff of our own beautiful river
never sent back the echo of the steam
engine. Without a market for their produce,
the farmers confined their labours to the
needs of their own families. Corn was nearly
all they raised, and from the time it was
planted in November, was a holiday, and the
evening period was passed in idleness, ex-
cept the Saturdays. On that day, July as it
is called, the settlers, far and near, collected at
the distillery, and amused themselves with
drinking at a mark, trading bags, and too of-
ten when the tin cup had passed freely around,
fighting.

But, sir, by no means is a picture of all the
elements of that early period, but that it is
generally true of many, none of our oldest
settlers will deny. But to my narrative.

On a Saturday afternoon, in the year 1819, a
young man was seen approaching with slow
weary steps, the house, or rather the dis-
tillery of Squire Crosby, of Brent's Prairie, an
early settlement on the Military Tract. As
soon that day, a large collection of people
amusing themselves at Crosby's, who
was the only distillery in that region—was
assembled, and regarded by the settlers as a
great event. The youth who now came up to the group
apparently about twenty-one years of age,
under form, fair and delicate complexion,
the air of one accustomed to good society,
was evident at a glance that he was not in-
to the hardships of a frontier life, or labor
of any kind. But his dress bore a strange con-
trast with his appearance and manners. He
wore a hunting shirt of the coarsest linsey-
woolsey, a common straw hat, and a pair of
kin moccasins. A large pack completed
his equipment.

Every one gazed with curiosity upon the
stranger. In their eagerness to learn who
he was, whence he came, and what was his
business, the horse sways were left un-
attended, and the wife was laid aside, and even the busy
shop had a temporary respite.

The young man approached Squire Cros-
by, whom even a stranger could distinguish as
principal personage among them, and an-
nounced himself as a stranger who had been
inquired for a house where he could
be accommodated; saying that he was ex-
tremely ill and felt all the symptoms of an ap-
proaching fever.

Squire Crosby eyed him keenly and suspiciously for
a moment, without uttering a word. Knaves

and swindlers had been recently abroad, and
the language of the youth betrayed that he
was a 'Yankee,' a name at that time associ-
ated in the minds of the 'inorant,' with every
thing that is base. Mistaking the silence and
hesitation of Crosby, for a fear of his inability
to pay, the stranger smiled and said, 'I am
not without mon'ny,' and putting his hand to
his pocket to give ocular proof of the asser-
tion, he was horror struck to find that his
pocket book was gone. It contained every
cent of his money, besides papers of great value
to him.

Without a farthing—without even a single
letter or paper to attest that his character was
honorable—in a strange land and sickness rap-
idly coming upon him—these feelings nearly
drove him to despair. The 'Squire,' who prided
himself on his sagacity in detecting villians,
now found the use of his tongue. With
a loud and sneering laugh he said, 'Stranger,
you are barking up the wrong tree if you
think for to catch me with that are Yankee
trick of yours.' He proceeded in that inhu-
man strain, seconded by nearly every one
present, for the 'Squire' was powerful, and
few dared displease him.—The youth felt
keenly his situation, and casting his eye
around anxiously, inquired, 'Is there some-
one who will receive me?' 'Yes, I will,' cried a
man among the crowd; 'yes, poor sick stranger,
I will shelter you.' Then in a lower tone he
added, 'I know not whether you are deserv-
ing, but I know that you are a fellow being,
and in sickness and want, and for the sake of
Him who died for the guilty, if not for your
own sake, will I be kind to you, poor young
stranger.'

The man who stepped forth and proffered a
home to the youth in the hour of suffering,
was Simon Davis, an elderly man who resided
near Crosby, and to whom the latter was a
dearly enemy. Uncle Simon, as he was cal-
led, never retaliated, and bore the many per-
secutions of his vindictive neighbour, without
complaint.—His family consisted of himself
and daughter, his only child, an affectionate
girl of seventeen.

The youth heard the offer of Mr. Davis,
but heard no more, for overcome by his feel-
ings and extreme illness, he fell insensible to
the earth.—He was conveyed to the house of
his benefactor and a physician called. Long
was the struggle between life and death.
Though unconscious, he called upon his moth-
er and sister, almost incessantly, to aid him.
When the youth was laid upon the bed and
she heard him calling for his sister, Lucy
Davis wept and said to him, 'poor sick young
man your sister is far distant and cannot hear
you, but I will be to you a sister.' Well did
this dark-eyed maiden keep her promise.
Day and night did she watch over him except
during the short intervals when she yielded
her post at his bed side to her father.

At length the crisis of his disorder arrived
—the day that was to decide the question of
life or death. Lucy bent over him with in-
tense anxiety, watching every expression of
his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fear-
ful was she of waking him from the only sound
sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and
nights. At length he awoke and gazed up into
the face of Lucy Davis and faintly inquired,
'where am I?' There was intelligence in
that look. Youth and good constitution had
obtained the mastery. Lucy felt that he was
spared, and bursting into a flood of irrespres-
sible, grateful tears, rushed out of the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit
up, even for a short time. He had already
acquainted them with his name and residence,
but they had no curiosity to learn any thing
further, and forbid his giving his story till
he became stronger. His name was Charles Wil-
son and his paternal home, Boston.

A few days afterwards when Mr. Davis
was absent from the house, and Lucy engaged
about her household affairs, Wilson saw, at
the head of the bed, his pack, and recollect-
ing something that he wanted, opened it.
The first thing he saw was the identical pocket
book whose loss had excited so many bitter
regrets. He recollected having placed it,

there the morning before he reached Brent's
Prairie, but in the moment that circumstance
was forgotten.—He examined and found every
thing as he left it.

This discovery nearly restored him to
health, but he resolved at present to confine
the secret to his own bosom. It was gratify-
ing to him to witness the entire confidence
they reposed in the honor and integrity of a
stranger, and the pleasure with which they
bestowed favors upon one whom they supposed
could make no return but thanks.

Night came and Mr. Davis did not return,
—Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the
morning she watched hour after hour for
his coming, and when sunset approached he
was absent. Terrified at his long and un-
usual stay, she was setting out to procure
a neighbour to go in search of him, when her
parent appeared in sight. She ran to
meet him, and was bestowing upon him a
thousand endearing expressions of affection,
when his haggard countenance startled her.

He uttered not a word, but went into his
house and seated himself in silence. It was
in vain that Lucy attempted to cheer him.—
After a long pause, during which a powerful
struggle was going on in his feelings, he arose,
took his daughter by the hand and led her into
the room where Wilson was seated. 'You
shall know all,' said he. 'I am ruined—I am
a beggar.—In a few days I must quit this house
—this farm which I have so highly improved
and thought my own.' He proceeded to state
that a few days before, Crosby, in a moment
of ungovernable malice, taunted him with
being a beggar, and told him that he was now in
his power, and he could crush him under his
feet. When Mr. Davis smiled at what he
regarded only as an impudent threat, Crosby,
to convince him, told him that the patent of his
farm was a 'forged' one, and that he Crosby,
knew the real owner of the land—had written
to purchase it—and expected a deed in a few
days. Davis immediately went home for his
patent, and during his long absence had visited
the Land Office. Crosby was right.—The pa-
tent beyond all dispute was a forged one, and
the claim of Davis to the farm not worth a
farthing.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting
soldiers patents was a regular business in
some of the eastern cities, and hundreds have
been duped.

It is not for myself, said the old man, that I
grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in
life and it matters not how or where I pass the
few remaining days of my existence. I have
a home beyond the stars where your mother has
gone before me, and where I would have long
since joined her, had I not lived to protect her
child, my own, my affectionate Lucy. The
weeping girl flung her arms around the neck of
her father; and poured her tears upon his bos-
om. We can be happy still, said she, for I
am young, and can easily support us both.

A new scene followed, in which another in-
dividual was a principal actor. I shall leave the
reader to form his own opinion of it, and will
barely remark, that at the close, the old man
took the hand of Lucy and young Wilson, and
joining them, said, my children I cheerfully
consent to your union. Though poor, with a
good conscience you can be happy. I know
Charles, that you will be kind to my daughter
for a few nights ago, when you thought no
human ear could hear you, I heard you fervently
implore the blessings of heaven upon my
gray hairs, and that God would reward my
child for all her kindness to you.—Taking
down his family bible the venerable old man
added, 'it is a season of affliction, but we are
not forsaken, let us look for help to Him who
has promised to support us.' He opened the
book and read, 'Although the figtree shall not
blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines;
the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields
shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off
from the folds and there shall be no herd in
the stall, yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will
joy in the God of my salvation.

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the vena-
ble old man, and while he prayed, they wept
tears of grateful emotion.

It was a sleepless, but not an unhappy night

to the three inhabitants of the neat and cheer-
ful dwelling they were about to leave and go
they knew not where. It was then that young
Wilson learnt the real value of money. By
means of it he could give a shelter to those
who had kindly received him when every other
door was closed upon him.

All night long he thought of the forged pa-
tent. There were a few words dropped by
Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from
his mind.—At Crosby had written to the real
owner of the land, and obtained the promise
of a deed.

It is now time for the reader to become
more fully acquainted with the history of the
young stranger.

His father, Charles Wilson, Senior, was a
merchant of Boston, who had acquired an im-
mense fortune. At the close of the late war,
when the soldiers received from the govern-
ment their bounty of 160 acres of land, many
of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson
for sale. Finding that they were resolved to
sell them, he concluded to save them from sac-
rificing their hard earnings, and purchased at
a fair price all that were offered. In three
years, no small portion of the Military Tract
came into his possession.

On the day that Charles became of age, he
gave him a deed of a principal part of his land
in Illinois, and insisted that he should go out
to see it, and if he liked the country, settle
there. Wishing him to become identified with
the people, he recommended his son on his
arrival in the State to lay aside his broad cloth
and dress like a backwoodsman.

On the morning of his son's departure, Mr.
Wilson received a letter from a man in Illinois
who had frequently written. He wished to
purchase a certain quarter section at Govern-
ment price, which Mr. Wilson promised he
should have on these terms, provided he for-
warded a certificate from the Circuit Court
that the land was worth no more. The letter
just received enclosed the certificate in ques-
tion. Mr. Wilson had given this tract to
Charles, and putting the letter and certificate
into his hand, enjoined upon him to deed it to
the writer agreeable to promise on his arrival
in Illinois.

The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly remind-
ed young Wilson of this incident, and on the
next morning after he became acquainted with
the design of Crosby, with a trembling hand,
examined the letter and certificate. It was
written by Crosby, and the land he wished to
purchase the identical farm of Davis.

Astonished that his friend the judge, should
certify that the land was worth no more, Mr.
Davis asked to see the certificate, and after a
moment's examination unhesitatingly pronoun-
ced the signature a 'forgery.'

An explanation from the young man now
became necessary, and calling Lucy into the
room, he told them his history, and laid before
them a pile of patents and bank notes, one
after another, till the amount reached thou-
sands.

It was a day of thankful happiness to Old
Simon Davis and his daughter, and not less so
to young Wilson.

Not long after this scene Crosby entered.—
His air was like that of a man who has an
enemy in his power and intends to trample
upon him. He scarcely noticed Wilson except
with an air of contempt. After pointing out all
his maledictions upon the family he advised
them to leave immediately. The old man in-
quired if he would give him nothing for the
improvements he had made? The answer
was, 'not a cent.' 'You certainly would not,'
said Wilson, 'drive out this old man and his
daughter penniless into the world?'

'What is that to you,' replied Crosby, with
a look of malice and contempt. 'I will an-
swer you that question,' said Wilson, and ac-
quainted him with what the reader already has
learnt. Crosby, at first, was stupefied with as-
tonishment, but when he saw that all his
schemes of villany were defeated, and proof
of his having committed forsook could be es-
tablished, his assurance forsook him, and he
threw himself upon his knees, and begged first
the old man, then Lucy and Wilson, to forgive
him.