

GLEN'S CREEK.

CHAPTER I.

REMINISCENCES.

O'er Lake Erie's dark, deep waters,—across Ohio's broad, rich lands, and still onward, among the graceful forest trees, gushing springs, and fertile plains of Kentucky, rests in quiet beauty, the shady hillside, bright green valley, and dancing waterbrook, known as Glen's Creek. No stately spire or glittering dome point out the spot to the passing traveller, but under the shadow of the lofty trees stands a large brick edifice, which has been consecrated to the worship of God. There, each Sabbath, together congregate the old and young, the lofty and the lowly, bond and free, and the incense which from that altar ascends to heaven is not the less pure because in that secluded spot the tones of the Sabbath bell never yet were heard. Not far from the old brick church are numerous time-stained grave-stones, speaking to the living of the pale dead ones, who side by side lie sleeping, unmindful of the wintry storm or summer's fervid heat.

A little farther down the hill, and near the apple tree, whose apples *never* get ripe, stands a low white building,—the school house of Glen's Creek. There, for several years, "Yankee schoolmasters," one after another, have tried by turns the effect of moral suasion, hickory sticks and leathern straps on the girls and boys who there assemble, some intent upon mastering the mysteries of the Latin Reader, and others thinking wistfully of the miniature mill-dam and fish-pond in the brook at the foot of the hill, or of the play-house under the maple tree, where the earthenware are each day washed in the little "tin bucket" which serves the treble purpose of dinner-pail, wash-bowl, and drinking-cup.

But not with Glen's Creek as it now is has our story ought to do, although few have been the changes since, in the times long gone, the Indian warrior sought shelter from the sultry August sun 'neath the eaves of the shady buckeye or towering honey locust, which so thickly stud the hillside of Glen's Creek. Then, as now, the first spring violet blossomed there, and the earliest crocus grew near the stream whose waters sang as

mournfully to the dusky maiden of the forest, as they since have to the fair daughter of the pale-face.

The incidents about to be narrated are believed to have taken place near the commencement of the nineteenth century, when the country of Kentucky, from Lexington to Louisville, was one entire forest, and when, instead of the planter's handsome dwelling, now so common, there was only the rude log hut surrounded, perhaps, by a few acres of half-cleared land. Brave, indeed, must have been the heart of the hardy yeoman, who, forsaking the home of his fathers, went forth into the wilds of Kentucky, and there, amid dangers innumerable, laid the foundation of the many handsome towns which now dot the surface of that fair State. A woman, too, timid, shrinking woman, was there, and in moments of the most appalling danger the daring courage she displayed equalled that shown by her husband, father and brother. Often on the still midnight air rang out the fearful war-cry, speaking of torture and death to the inmates of the rude dwelling whose flames, rising high over the tree tops, warned some other lonely settler that the enemy was upon his track.

But spite of all dangers and difficulties, the tide of emigration poured steadily in upon Kentucky, until where once the Indian hunter and wild beast held undisputed sway, there may now be seen fertile gardens and cultivated fields, handsome towns and flourishing cities.

CHAPTER II.

DEACON WILDER.

Brightly looked forth the stars on one February night, while the pale moon, yet in its first quarter, hung in the western sky, illuminating as far as was possible the little settlement of P—, Virginia. In a large square building, the house of Deacon Wilder, there was a prayer meeting, consisting mostly of members from "the first families in Virginia."

In this meeting Deacon Wilder took a prominent part, although there was an unusually mournful cadence in the tones of his voice; and twice during the reading of the