

with whom Mr. Lossley had been a competitor. An answer came—but not from Mrs. Lossley, but apparently from her father, with whom he left her during his absence. Oh, horrid letter, never shall I forget its language!

“DEAR SON,—Your wife took sick about a week after your departure. At first we did not entertain any fears concerning her. After some days her brain became affected, and she lost her reason, and while in this situation she called every person who was in attendance on her, and came to see her, ‘Henry!’ A short time before her death she came to herself, and seemed to have but one desire to live, which was to see you! and her last sentence was, ‘Oh, my dear Henry! and shall I see him no more in this life!’ and breathed her last.”

On the reception of this letter, Mr. Lossley became almost desperate. His whole amount of earthly good seemed to be cut off at one stroke. He made several attempts to answer the letter, but found it impossible to write on such a painful subject. He became a solitary man—being in a land of strangers—and had no person to whom he could unbosom himself; and though grief is fond of company, yet he had to share his alone. The thought of returning to the place where he had so often beheld the fair face and lovely form of his now lost Mary, without being able to see her, he could not bear; and having left but little behind, save his companion, that was of any consequence to him, he gave up the idea of returning. Neither had he any disposition to settle himself, and finding that he could sustain his grief better when travelling than in any other way, he wandered off without any settled point of destination. At length he found himself at the Lead Mines in Missouri. But he yet beheld objects that reminded him of his loss, which induced him to sink still deeper into the bosom of the great forest—so he joined himself to a company of fur traders, and shaped his course to the Rocky Mountains.

It was the custom of the company to post a watch at night, which was agreed to be taken by turns; yet, for some time Lossley volun-

teered his services every night, so that when his companions were asleep he would look on the moon and stars which once shone on him, when he, with his fair one hanging on his arm, used to take their little evening excursions. The scream of panthers did not interrupt him, while for the lamentations of the owl he had a particular fondness, and rarely for months did he take his departure from a camping place without leaving the letters ‘M. L.’ on some one of the hitherto undisturbed trees of the forest.

He passed nearly two years among the North Western Indians. The hardships he endured—the dangers through which he passed—all had a tendency to call off his mind from former sorrows; and the females that he sometimes looked upon were so unlike his Mary, that by the time he returned to Missouri he had in some degree obtained his former cheerfulness. But no sooner did he enter the settlements, where again he beheld the fair faces and graceful forms, than a recollection of his departed Mary returned. But the roll of years at length wore away his grief; and finding at last an object on which he could place his affections, he again entered into a married connection. From the time that he left his companion in Georgia till he married his second wife, it was about five years.

But what shall we say about Mrs. Lossley—for, strange to tell, she yet lived! Weeks, months and years passed by; but had brought her no tidings of her absent husband. Post offices were examined—but no letter came. His name was looked for in the public prints—but could not be found. Travellers were inquired of—but to no avail! Not a word could she hear of him. At length she gave him up as dead, and conceived of his death in many ways: at one time she would fancy she could see his bones at the bottom of some stream, in which he had been drowned by attempting to cross; again she could see him in some lonely spot—murdered by robbers, or destroyed by Indian violence; and at other times she would fancy she saw him languish on some