

thing could be too costly or too elegant for her. It was a real annoyance when she quietly refused to have this and that, because it was not fitting for the wife of a man whose fortune was yet to make. But she had always had her own way—she did still. Her quiet, persistent mildness was all-powerful.

In respect to style of living and expenses I could see there would be perfect harmony between her and her betrothed. Both were independent and entirely above vanity. I went into the parlor one day, and found papa fussing and fretting in a manner quite unusual for him.

"What is the matter?" I asked, as I went up to him.

"Matter enough! One likes to see a very young man Quixotic, and heroic, and all that; but Ignatius Thorndike is old enough to take a common-sense view of life. I have been telling him I was going to buy Margaret a house and furnish it, and transfer some stock to her name; and instead of thanking me, behold he will have Margaret and nothing else! He is not willing I should do any thing for her. If he were rich, he says, he should not mind; but as he is not, he would prefer beginning his married life as suits his altered fortunes. It's absurd—absolutely ridiculous!"

"And what does Margaret say?"

"Oh, agrees with Ignatius, of course. She understands him so well that I suppose she thinks it would make him unhappy to owe too much, even to her."

It was possible too, I thought, that Margaret preferred to be dependent on her husband. I had begun to understand her nature now.

She and Ignatius—the two firm, quiet ones—had their way. Papa only gave them their furniture, their silver, and linen. Mr. Thorndike rented a small, pleasant house in town, and it was all fitted up ready for them to go into before they were married.

It was the first of October when they went away from us. They had a very quiet wedding. Margaret wore white muslin, in lieu of the satin and point lace I would fain have selected; but with all her simplicity of attire she could not help looking like a queen. Nature had stamped her *regina*. There was an unutterable content and peace in Ignatius Thorndike's face when he came from church with his wife—his young, true, fair wife; and Margaret looked as if the ducal strawberries would have elevated her less than the unadorned honor of being Mrs. Thorndike.

They had no bridal tour. It was not only that the new-made husband had no superfluity of time or means—in any circumstances neither of them would have fancied it. Their happiness was not of a kind to require change of air and scene. They needed no company besides each other. We knew this—papa and I—and did not intrude upon them much at first. After a while, however, we fell into the habit of spending with them some portion of every day. In fact we can not stay away, it is such a pleasant home to visit. A neat little house, simple in furniture

and adornments, but with a few sunny pictures, plenty of choice books, and always fresh flowers in the crystal vase on Margaret's table. I do not know how the one tidy maid contrives to keep every thing so neat and bright and smiling. I half suspect Margaret of assisting her; but her hands are as white and ladylike as ever, her dress as faultlessly neat and elegant. She never talks about her domestic affairs. She is content to love us dearly and welcome us heartily, without presenting constant drafts on our sympathy in household grievances.

Her husband is all Margaret's husband ought to be—loving, proud, honest, and fearless. I think he forgets that he is just beginning the struggle for fortune at an age when he hoped to be able to leave it off. Cheer'd by her brave, hopeful love, he knows no regrets. He puts mind and brain into his business during many hours of each day; but he comes home to rest and refreshment, and his heart has a sure anchor. Already he is successful. When patience and industry join hands with tact and skill the reward is sure. I should not be surprised if Ignatius Thorndike were one day to be numbered again among the rich men of Boston. But can he ever be a richer man than now?

WILD CATTLE HUNTING ON GREEN ISLAND.

ALL along the coast of Georgia the ocean sets into the land by numerous estuaries, creeks, and inlets, which, intersecting, form an extensive chain of fertile islands of great diversity in size and shape—some, whose large areas are monopolized by flourishing plantations; others densely wooded, with outlines sweeping gracefully into all conceivable curves, girt by the waters that float dreamily by. These are Edenal retreats, tenanted by lithe-limbed deer with large, loving eyes, and gaudy birds that flutter noisily amidst the interwoven foliage. Here the orange and palmetto grow in full luxuriance, the fragrant magnolia and huge live-oaks draped to their summits with long pendent moss; and along the shadowy shores overhanging bushes, festooned with trailing plants, droop to the water's surface. Other islands are but isolated hummocks away out in the ocean, where the surf never ceases to thunder, covered at all times with uncouth wild-fowl waddling over the rocks, woodles, and screaming gulls, while the air above is filled with myriads constantly hovering.

This is the famous Sea Island cotton district, where planters grow wealthy by the cultivation of a staple whose market price is 33 cents per pound; and here are aristocratic estates whose proprietors are "native and to the manor born" of the real old Georgian stock, living in simple but most substantial style, the owners of many negroes and of imported cattle of the purest blood. Here the climate is delightful, and always tempered by the cool breezes wafted from the ocean. The atmosphere has a purplish hazy hue that gives to the eye an uncertain horizon,

and the sun shines through with a softened light, such as reposes in the quiet vale of Cashmere, or in

"——— that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balmy!"

a dreamy clime such as would indite impassioned lyrics for harps long since hung on willows.

Of these numerous islands that known as Green Island is the property of an eminent citizen of Georgia. Its whole large area was once a thriving plantation; but of late years it has been suffered to run to waste by its owner, who abandoned it either because he had accumulated sufficient wealth, or that he might devote his time and energies to other pursuits more lucrative or more congenial to his taste, or more for the public good. The single negro family left behind as curators of the estate have not prevented the encroachments of that rank vegetation which always springs from the fallow field, or of the decay that follows neglect. The idle children saunter lazily among the rickety out-buildings and falling fences, or fish in the sluggish creek for mullet, while the old blacks sun themselves in the door-ways in lieu of more arduous duties. There is a luxurious growth of young palmettos where the fields were once white with cotton blooms, and squads of Berkshire shotes, wild as the boars of Bohemia, roam *ad libitum*, and charge desperately into the cassena copes with a quick, sharp grunt when suddenly disturbed. Then there are herds of Devon cattle of aristocratic blood, splendid animals, as wild as the lordly buffaloes of the Western prairies, but far more fierce and dangerous—the multiplied progeny of half a score of their noble kin imported twelve years since, and *thes* cognizant of their master's crib, but which were granted the freedom of the island when the estate was abandoned, and now own no liege in man. These have grown wilder and wilder with each successive generation, until their natural fire has flamed into a restless passion, swelling the full veins that traverse their delicate skins, lighting their dark eyes with a malicious brightness, and imparting a nervous quickness to their well-turned limbs. The haughty brutes are at all times ready to charge at whatever may excite their anger, or to dispute territorial possession with every living thing that crosses their path, and in open list would defy the expertest matadors of Spain.

Some time since the herd numbered about one hundred and fifty; but such dainty and precious flesh could not long be permitted to run to grass when the few whitlathered sirloins exposed in the shambles were but slanders upon the name of beef. Hence repeated incursions into their domain, and sanguinary assaults by organized bands of hunters, have biennially furnished many rare and juicy tid-bits to titillate epicurean palates, and thereby reduced the number of the cattle to some thirty head.

There is no gentleman's "preserve" in all Georgia so redundant in sport so exciting and deliciously dangerous, as is this hunting-ground

of Green Island; and they are deemed fortunate who chance to be the recipients of an invitation from its proprietor, or members of his family, to participate in it. What a thrill of pleasurable anticipation tingles every vein when the shrill horn calls "to horse!" How the mettled steeds themselves seem to catch the subtle inspiration, champing their impatience, and springing with nervous bound and fluttering pulse; and the whole crew of gathering dogs, of all degrees—bull-dog, bound, and mastiff—darting hither and thither in wild excitement, uttering eager whines and yelps! Then the scurry and scrabble that brings the huntsmen within sight of the old, dilapidated "quarter," serves to warm the blood the more, and begets a glorious intoxication of animal spirit that nerves them for the dangers of the thickest fray. Once more a blast from the horn winds long and full in the direction of the silent and apparently deserted hamlet; but before its echo has time to answer, a black woolly head peers suddenly up from a stubble patch that had seemed tenantless, gives two or three spasmodic jerks from right to left, then displays for an instant a chasm lined with ivory, and quickly disappears under the heels of its owner, who turns a nimble summersault, and darts away toward the "quarter" with a succession of tremendous bounds and strange contortions of body and limbs.

"Oh keigh! whoop! golly! dar dey come! Come out dat, yo niggers! Yeah, Mass' Sam—ole bull tail—de whole of 'em—run cow—golly sakes forber—dere dey is!"

"Oh, go 'way, yo irridisable soot-bag! What yo want come luff foolin' round heah for, makin' sich a noise? Afeard de cattle, does ye? Tink yo must be prediwicicated. Keah!"

"Who yo call pediwicicated, ole Sambo nigger? You jest come 'long, de whole pack ob yo chicken-gizzards! If dar ain't all de—"

Again comes a piercing shriek from the horn, near at hand, and followed by a simultaneous yell from all the dogs. This double summons is instantly answered by a levy of negroes, old and young, who tumble helter-skelter through the door-way and from behind adjacent buildings, while a rabble of leaping curs join chorus with the voices of the new-comers, and run to meet them.

"Oh, *dar* Massa Sam, for sartain; Kernal George, and young Mass' Dave too, and heap ob gemmen! Mornin', gemmen! Yah! yah! de bulls is about dis mornin', and dar's heap ob tracks all 'bout de sink-hole, and plenty ob calf-meat too, Mass' Sam, sence you was down to de island lass fall."

"Yes, massa; and de big bull is more savagous dan he eber was. Golly! what mighty fine boss! Oats neber kill dat boss, I spec."

"Shut yer mouf, impudence, Josh, and keep dem ivories close. Tink corn-bread break dem teef?"

"Oh, go 'way, 'possum, and don't be so confusion just 'cause you's in gemmen's selyety! Mass' Sam, I tell you dem dogs is anxious for de

stwife; an' heah's my pup Sanch—*le de dog!* De big bull gub him toes last fall, but he hold on wid he teef like a curl-tail 'possum to a 'simmon-tree."

"Ki! yah! jist heah dat low-priced nigger talk! Dat ain't no pup! Here, Pomp! dat my pup!"

"Dis my Snap—catch um bull."

"An' dis Hannibal—*le a pup!*"

"An' dis—"

"There, now! George, did you ever hear such a chattering flock of lunatic crows in all your life? Silence, the whole of you, lazy hounds! You ought to be at work in a sugar-mill instead of idling here. Brother William always was very easy with his servants, and these good-for-nothing boys here have had it all their own way until they have become as wild as the very cattle themselves. Away with you! don't stand there bowing and grinning. Ah! I understand now what you want. One might suppose you hadn't seen a dime in ten years. There! Now clear out, the whole of you, if you don't want to feel the snapper of this whip; and put out the dogs, and see if you can't start out those cattle. Here, Sambo!"

"Yes, massa!"

"You take Tom and the best of the dogs and go down to the bayou, and if the cattle are there, drive them up to the more open ground where we can get a fair crack at them. Do you hear?"

"Yes, massa. Trust ole Sambo to dat. Science shall prevail ober all obstaculums."

"And you, Picaninny Joe, run and tell old marn Sallie to have a lunch ready for us when we come back; and tell her to prepare it in her best style, for we shall be hungry as wolves."

"Yes, Sah, I've goin' straight."

Old Sambo the patriarch of a numerous family, as the dog Sanch was of all the mongrels on the premises. Sam was the prototype of Sanch. More than sixty years had laid him siege, and with the wrinkles that seamed his skinny face, and the gray that mottled his fleece of wool, had also added a dignity and self-complacency which were manifested by a benignant rolling of the whites of his eyes, and occasional broad grins, more of condescension than of mirth. And if there were aught of meaning in the formal wag of Sanch's tail, or the indifferent manner in which he received the ostentatious fawnings of the young dogs, or startled them into propriety by a stately snarl, it was easy of interpretation. Hence the twain are officially recognized as law and gospel on all occasions, especially in matters appertaining to the hunting of beasts, the catching of fish, or the entrapping of birds.

Thus Sambo, being duly commissioned, undertook the performance of the duties allotted to him, while the horsemen clattered away to take their stand in waiting for the expected herd. No leather-clad hunter of the Far West was ever more properly equipped and armed than they; for each carried a pair of six-shooting revolvers and a heavy knife, and one or two had long barreled rifles; but these were intended more for

certain contingencies than for active and general use. The pistols were the weapons to do the work, for the encounter was to be hand to hand, and the streaks to be won were large. The horses were apparently trained hunters, mettlesome, and fully imbued with the spirit of the occasion, while their riders would have done credit to a centaur lineage. That "Massa Sam" was as reckless and daring a fellow as ever bestrode a saddle, as agile as a cat, a fine marksman, and as expert a horseman as any Comanche. Many a hair-breadth escape had he already had from the infuriated bulls on this same island, and all the negroes paid due reverence to his prowess. His companions were kindred spirits, and all impatient for the sport of the coming fray.

The sluggish moments are endured with becoming patience, until at last the hunters begin to grow restless under the suspense, when all at once the sharp toot-toot of old Sambo's cow-horn rings out lustily, and the distant deep-mouthed bay of Sanch's well-known voice announces that the noble game is afoot. Then in one short instant more the exhilarating sounds are succeeded by an opening chorus from the whole pack. A momentary pause, broken only by the monotonous baying of a single dog, and another simultaneous roar of fitful yells comes nearer and clearer than before, and with increasing cadence. The sound is electrifying: the horses shiver with eagerness, and with ready alacrity bound away to advantageous points, the better to intercept the chase. Yet another long full blast from the cow-horn, and another chorus of yells and cries from the dogs.

"Hurrah, boys, hurrah! There they come! Now look well to bit and spur! Hurrah for cross-ribs and tender-joins!"

Now the chase bursts into full view through an opening in the trees—the bellowing cattle, some twenty in all, leading the van, and plunging desperately forward in headlong terror; the dogs following closely with deafening clamor, and after them all the darkeys, big and little, afoot and mounted, rushing forward with ear-splitting yells and in tumbling confusion.

"Steady now, steady! Look out for yourselves. Give no quarter."

"That's the word. Give none; but take all the quarters we can."

"Hurrah! now's our time."

The first onslaught has now commenced in real earnest, and the hunters, reckless of danger, dash in together amidst the surging tumult of horns and bells. The cattle, hitherto flying affrighted from an undefined danger, now charge savagely at their foes, since they have assumed a tangible shape ("present fears are less than horrible imaginings"); but the well-trained steeds skillfully elude the desperate brutes by a quick side motion, and, wheeling, follow on in swift pursuit. Crack after crack of pistol-shots is heard in quick succession, and the herd, now scattered, drive crashing through the young palmetoes in all directions, each followed by a rabble of curs, biting and snapping at his heels and

flanks, now pausing for an instant in his flight to charge upon his tormentors with stiffened neck, full front, and glaring eyes, tossing them like shuttlecocks from right to left, and then dashing away in the vain attempt to escape them. All is now one general melée—hunters, negroes, cattle, dogs, all mingled in wild confusion—each for himself, and "*sauve qui peut*," if worst comes to the worst. One huge bull has already measured his length upon the earth, and the gallant Sam comes flying back just opportunely to rescue the "irridiscible" Josh from the fan-like top of a short palmetto, into which he had scrambled for refuge from an infuriated animal, and where he now clung for dear life, the big brute meanwhile butting the quivering tree with such sturdy and determin'd blows as would soon have shaken the trembling darkey from his perch, in spite of the persistent attacks of sundry small dogs upon his exposed flanks. A couple of well-directed shots brought the bull to his knees, when Josh immediately took his revenge by cutting his hamstrings with his knife.

And now a horse comes careering wildly over the ground, riderless, with great clots of blood flecking his side. The battle has raged fiercely in some quarter. Ha! it's the Colonel's horse, and yonder is the Colonel himself, measuring the ground with colossal strides, and a horn of a most unpleasant dilemma in dangerous proximity to his coat-skirts. There is apparently little chance of escape with a whole skin, for there is no friendly hand near to aid him, and this bovine demonstration is evidently no feint. With head bowed low, tail in air, eyes flashing with rage, and bellowing with vengeful ire, he pushes his victim to the death. The dogs, however, are doing their best; for old Sanchez has him by the muzzle, and there is a sturdy bull-terrier hanging from each ear, like huge car-drops from the arched of a South Sea Islander; others with their fangs fixed in his pasterus; and another still with firm clutch upon the tuft of his tail, spinning like a teetotum and yelping frantically as he is jerked forward with each convulsive bound of the desperate animal. That bull, with his parasites, would make a spirited sketch for a ready artist, should he desire to give him "a brush."

Darkey Josh regarded the horse with orbs fixed in amazement as he bounded past; but the instant his eye caught sight of the distant struggle his inky face changed suddenly to the color of chocolate and milk, and he threw up his arms with frantic gesture.

"Oh, Mass' Sam, Mass' Sam! dat *de big bull!* Golly sakes for eber! *de bery debbil* in dat bull. *De bullet neber hart us*, and he neber care slunks for all de dogs in Georgy. *Bress de Lor'*, he be winched wid de spook as I've a libin nigger! Oh, Massa George, Massa George, dat *de big bull* should hab you so!"

But "Mass' Sam" didn't pause to listen to this peroration, but, putting spurs to his horse, dashed away in the hope of rescuing his friend from his imminent danger, and Josh instinctively

followed after, as quickly as his shuffling feet could carry him. The bull had so lessened the little distance between himself and the object of his pursuit that the unfortunate hunter now felt his hot breath full upon his bare neck behind; indeed, the brute was in the very act of lowering his huge head to give the requisite pitch to the quaver that was to toss his victim high in air, when the Colonel, with remarkable presence of mind, took advantage of the proximity of a stout palmetto, and threw himself headlong behind the friendly refuge, while the foiled bull, with a howl of baffled rage, swept furiously by. To Sam and Josh this act seemed far from voluntary, and as the prostrate man still lay panting and breathless upon the ground they dared not hope that he had escaped scathless. As they reached the spot the negro's face changed to a hue more pallid than before, and throwing himself upon the body of his master, he gave way to a paroxysm of grief.

"Oh, *bress de Lor'*, *bress de Lor'*! Massa George is done gone dead for sartin'! Oh, *Lor'*, take dis mizable nigger to hesself! Oh, Massa George! *de Lord's* will be done! dis misery in my bosom almos' brokes my heart. I can scarcely perspire. I see *de heabens* open. Oh, *Lor'*, dis anguished nigger is ready to go!"

These ludicrous appeals and unfeigned tokens of affection were too much for the naturally jovial Colonel, who had a full appreciation for good jokes; and now, partially recovered from his exhaustion, with one desperate effort he threw the wailing negro from him, and, springing to his feet, cried, with a well-affected tone of austerity,

"Off from me, with your big lubberly carcass! Do you want to crush me to death? I'll teach you manners, boy. I'll make you perspire to your heart's content. Away with you!"

Then, observing the negro's blended look of horror and astonishment, he fell helplessly upon the grass, and gave way to an uncontrollable and prolonged fit of laughter. At these evidences of reanimation Josh's ashy face began to assume its natural hue, and the color gradually came back in streaks, like the wave-marks upon the sandy sea-shore. Still he gazed for a moment half-incredulously; and soon penetrating the other's duplicity, and half-vexed at his own ill-timed display of feeling, said, quietly, in a serio-comic style,

"Pshaw! I *knowed* you was only foolin', Massa George! Dem 'possum tricks don't go down wid dis chile. Yah! yah! Dat big bull *de very debbil!*"

Then, as if uncertain that he had not exceeded the bounds of propriety, he gave one or two spasmodic leaps, and darted from the place. But a kindly summons called him back, and directly, with a silver coin glittering in his palm, he started off for the delinquent horse. The Colonel was not hurt in the least, though he confessed himself badly scared. His steed fared worse, though he was found not dangerously

hurt; and the big bull was discovered among those that had "bit the dust," when the noble quarry was counted at the close of the hunt, with more bulls in him than ever he had "specks." He had succumbed at last, to the infinite delight of all the negroes, who had ever regarded him with mingled terror and superstition.

And now, with renewed energy, the whole party, content with blood, essayed to capture alive other members of the numerous family. There was a large pen, or cow-yard, near the farm-house, which had formerly been used for herding the cattle, and which was still amply strong for present use. Into this it was proposed to drive some half a dozen of the full-grown animals for future disposal. As for the yearling calves, of which there were several, these were to be taken with the lasso; and the sport thus afforded would be sufficiently exciting, and far less dangerous than that which they had just enjoyed. It was the *chide cou carne*—the dessert after the more substantial meal. Oh, that was the *ne plus ultra* of wild hunts—the chasing of those lithe-limbed calves, as agile as the springbok, through the palmetto copses; in the oft-foiled endeavor to throw the lasso over their knotty, stubborn heads; and in parrying or eluding the brunt of their incipient ferocity, which they had imbibed into their nature with the maternal milk! And after the long and exciting race, in which the third of these bovine bantlings had baffled every attempt at capture—when, at length, the redoubtable Sam, vexed and chagrined, seized the contumacious brute by the extremity of its caudal appendage, and threw himself bodily from his horse over the back of the running calf, thus bearing it to the ground by his own heavy weight, and thereby enabling his comrade to pass the rope over its neck—that was the crowning glory of that day's success!

—“Come wad, come woe,
To perish or overcome the foe!”

The record of that hunt should be bound in calf, and perpetuated for succeeding generations.

Neither was the "surround" and the driving of the unruly cattle into the pen a pastime of any ordinary character; for in this all participated to their heart's content. The cordon of hunters, negroes, dogs, and horses was gradually contracted until within the small space encircled the entangled herd ran, bellowing, swaying, and crushing upon each other, amidst the dust-clouds of their own collision; then made one desperate charge to break the lines of their captors, and in spite of every effort to prevent—in spite of the unearthly din of whoops, cries, yells, the barking of dogs, and firing of guns—succeeded in making good their escape, all but five unfortunates. These were urged within the precincts of the pen, and Sam, the hero of many battles, hastened to lift the bars to their places. One, the topmost, was raised to its socket; and he was in the act of stooping to lift another, when one of the impounded bulls, chancing to

catch a glimpse of this unwonted attitude, charged upon him with downward head, passed under the bar and over his prostrate body, and would have escaped scot-free had not Sam, with intuitive quickness, grasped him by the tail. The hinderance was slight, and the delay of short duration; but from some defect in the animal's anatomy, or owing to a vulgar pedigree from the stump-tail breed, the hirsute ornament slipped from its natural fastenings and remained in the victor's hand! And thereby "hangs a tail." This was a becoming finish to the wild cattle hunt on Green Island.

As regards the feast prepared by old Marm Sallie's skill—the corn bread, broiled chickens, fruit, and small beer—the digestive organs duly performed their functions in all matters thereto pertaining.

A TALE OF THE CONNECTICUT COLONY.

I.

THE year 1719 was one of unusual severity throughout New England. Scant and small was the summer harvest, and the early winter brought dismal apprehensions to the abodes of the poor. Before mid-winter the worst fears were realized. Disease trod in the footsteps of poverty, and the grave-yards amidst the lonely hills were thickly dotted with new graves. There was one thriving young town in the Connecticut Colony long exempt from the general calamity; but toward the close of winter it was sadly rannored that a poor widow, living in a retired locality a mile or two from the village, was dying of small-pox. Consternation seized upon the stoutest hearts; for the disease was not then, as now, mitigated by the wonderful art which has stripped it of its worst terrors.

A sanitary meeting was warned, and the selectmen ordered to take the customary precautions against the spread of the malady. The road leading to the widow's house was speedily barred across, the red flag suspended, and notices posted in various places cautioning any and every person against the dangerous locality. An elderly maiden, pitted with the dreadful disease from childhood, volunteered to go and nurse the sick woman, and her offer was gratefully accepted by the Committee of Health.

"But what can Aunt Ruth do there with nobody to help her?" John Williams inquired of his mother, as they sat discoursing together by their cheerful hearthside. "They say the widow's two boys are both taken sick, and there's no wood cut, and almost nothing at all in the house to eat. I should think we might spare our Jack as well as not to go and help her. I can do the chores at home while he's away."

"All the money in the colony would not tempt the fellow to go near the house," replied his mother. "I spoke to him about it this morning, and his teeth fell to chattering immediately. The negroes seem to have even greater fear of the disease than the whites."