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Translated from the French.

The Quaker and the Robber.

BY R. E. A. ATLEE.

The most honest of all Quakers, Toby Simpton, lived in London in a pleasant little dwelling, graced by the presence of his daughter Mary. She was not quite seventeen years of age; was charmingly fair; had blue eyes, and possessed as much modesty as beauty. All the young men of her father's acquaintance were her suitors; all those of the neighborhood sought to gain her notice. Vain efforts! Mary was no coquette; and, instead of enjoying the effect produced by her charms, she was vexed on account of the manners of all her admirers, except one, Edward Weresford, a young artist admitted to the intimacy of the family.

A very simple event had caused this friendship. A premature death had carried off the Quakers wife. She was young and beautiful;—and desiring to perpetuate the image of her who was so dear to him he had caused the artist to come to the bed of death. It was there that Edward saw the disconsolate damsel; it was there a serious love first took place, and the tears of one and the pious work of the other. The year which elapsed after this epoch, had but strengthened the bond formed under these auspices, and the man had avowed to the father both his desires and hope.

The excellent Toby had no reason whatever for opposing the mutual inclinations of the two young persons. Without being rich, Edward earned, by means of his pencil, what sufficed to support a family honorably. His father, Mr. Weresford, an old merchant of the city, had retired from business with a fortune increased more than tenfold. This was a rare example of rapid success in speculations, so rapid, indeed, that few were able to follow its progress.

Yet Weresford of so blunt and stern disposition, lived alone in a suburb of London, and without caring what his son was doing, left him entirely at liberty. He was one of those accommodating egotists who trouble no one, provided they trouble not him—persons of perfect complaisance, if you ask nothing of them.

Edward, therefore, could, without hinderance, court his pretty Quakeress well assured that his father would never think of opposing his marriage. The situation of the loving couple was, to all appearance very prosperous; and honest Toby did not put off the day of their marriage longer than to collect the arrearages of his rent; he destined this money for the extraordinary expenses of the ceremony. For this purpose he went to his country seat, some miles from London in order to regulate his affairs. He had passed but one night from home, and as he was about to put up his horse for the night he perceived at some distance a horseman, who had barred the road. He stopped, uncertain whether to go on or to turn back.—Meanwhile the horseman advanced towards him. The Quaker could not even think of escaping; he, therefore, put on a good face, and brought his horse to a walk. In approaching the man who had been the cause of his uneasiness, he perceived he was masked, a grievous augury, which was soon confirmed. The unknown showed a pistol and directed the muzzle to the traveller, demanding his purse. The Quaker did not want courage but calm by character, inoffensive by religion, and even unable, without arms to resist an armed man, he pulled from his pocket very coolly a purse containing twelve guineas. The robber took it, counted the pieces, and left the poor devil whom he had stopped, to pass on, while he put his horse on the trot. But the robber seeing the slight resistance he had opposed, and allured by the hope of a second booty, immediately rejoined honest Toby, placed himself anew in his way, and presented his pistol as before, cried out to him,

"Your watch!"

The Quaker surprised, was nevertheless unmoved. He coolly took his watch from the fob, looked at the hour, and put the costly article in the hand of the robber, saying,

"Now, I beseech thee, permit me to go to my dwelling—my daughter will be uneasy at my absence."

"A moment more," replied the masked cavalier, the mere hardened by this docility; swear to me that you have no other sum—"

"I never swear," said the Quaker.

"Very well. Affirm that you have no other money and on the faith of an honest robber, incapable of taking by violence from a man who yields with so good a grace, I will let you continue your journey."

Toby reflected a moment and shook his head.

"What thinkest thou," said he gravely "thou hast discovered that I am a Quaker, and that I will not betray the truth, though at the peril of my life. Thus I declare to thee that I have under my saddle cloth a sum of two hundred pounds sterling."

"Two hundred pounds sterling," cried the robber, while his eyes sparkled through his mask.

"But thou art good as thou art kind," replied the poor Quaker "thou wilt leave me this money. I wish to establish my daughter, and this sum is necessary; for a long time I have not had a similar sum at my disposal. The dear child loveth her intended, and it will be cruel to delay this union. Thou hast a heart—thou hast loved peradventure, and thou would'st not commit this wicked act."

"What care I for your daughter and her lover, and their marriage? Less talk, and more promptitude of execution! I must have the money."

Toby, with a sigh, lifted the cloth, took a bag heavy enough, and passed it slowly to the masked man. His intention was then to gallop off.

"Stop again, friend Quaker," said the other, laying his hand upon the bridle, as soon as you arrive you will denounce me to the magistrates. This is according to order. I have nothing to say; but I must have advance of the process to-night at least. My mare is feeble, and is, besides, fatigued; your horse, on the contrary, appears vigorous, for the weight of this bag does not incommode him. Alight and give me your beast; you may take mine if you will."

He was very slow in beginning to comply, because these cross exigencies were of a nature to raise the choler of the most patient man. The good Toby, however, descended and resignedly took the sorry jade that was left him in exchange. "If I had known," he contented himself in thinking, "I would have fled at the first encounter with this rogue, and certainly it is not with this course that he would have gained in the race."

During this time the masked man ironically thanked him for his complaisance, applied both spurs and disappeared.

Before he reached London Toby had time to reflect on his misfortune, on the chagrin of the two young persons who loved and whose happiness would be put off. The sum taken from him was irrecoverably lost. Not the least of it could be regained, nor could the audacious robber be recognized. Meanwhile as a sudden idea struck him, he stopped.

"Yes," said he, "this means may succeed. If this man lives in London, I may peradventure meet him again. Heaven no doubt, hath willed that he should have been so imprudent."

Somewhat consoled by I know not what hope, Toby went home without showing any trouble or saying aught of his adventure. He did not go the magistrate, but, embraced his daughter, who suspected nothing, and lay down and slept. His faith was in God.

Next day he secretly thought of co operating with Providence in making researches. He let the mare out of the stable where she had passed the night, and threw the bridle over her neck, in hope that the animal led by habit would naturally go to the house of her master. He therefore sent off the poor beast, which had been resting, to wander at large through the streets of London, and followed her. It is to be supposed her to have more insight than she had; for a long time she went right and left, making a thousand turns and returns, without aim, without direction, sometimes at a stand, then taking a contrary course. Toby despaired. "My faith!" thought he, "doth not dwell in London. What folly in me! instead of going to the magistrate when I had the time, to have suffered myself to be led astray by that wretched animal!"

"Stop! stop!" was the cry on all hands.

"Detain me not!" cried the Quaker; I entreat thee, detain me not!"

And as closely following with his eye the course of the animal, he saw her rapidly entering the gate of a dwelling in the suburb.

"'Tis here!" thought the Quaker, raising his eyes toward heaven, in thanks to Providence.

In reality, in passing by the house, he perceived in the court a domestic who patted the poor beast, and conducted her to the stable.

He demanded at once the name of the proprietor of the house.

"What! have you never been in these parts?" was the answer, "that you don't know that this is the dwelling of the rich merchant, Weresford?"

The Quaker stood petrified!

"Weresford," repeated the neighbor, who believed that he did not understand him, "the man who made so rapid a fortune."

"Excuse me, my friend, excuse me," replied Toby.

He could not recover from his stupor. "Weresford, the father of Edward, a man of note, he my robber!"

He believed he was dreaming, and desired to come to himself. Meanwhile many examples occurred to his memory, of very respectable persons who were in league with banditti. Toby resolved to investigate this mystery.

He entered boldly into the court, and demanded to speak with the proprietor, who had just gone to bed, though it was near midday—a new indication of a night of fatigue! The Quaker insisted on being introduced, and soon found himself in Weresford's bed chamber. He not being used to be disturbed, rubbed his eyes, and demanded, with some impatience

"Who are you, sir? What do you want with me?"

The sound of the voice was recognized by Toby, and thoroughly convinced him. He tranquilly took a chair and seated himself at the bedside, his hat on his head.

"Do you remain covered?" cried the merchant in surprise.

"I am a Quaker," answered the other, with much calmness, "and thou knowest such is our usage."

At the words of the Quaker, Weresford sat up in the bed and eyed the stranger. He doubtless recognized him, for he turned pale.

"Well," demanded he, stammering. "What is it—if you please—thy business, that thou comest thus early?"

"I ask thy allowance for appearing so pressing," said Toby, "but between friends it matereth not much, and I come without ceremony to ask for the watch that you borrowedest of me yesterday."

"The—watch!"

"I value it much; it belonged to my poor wife, and I cannot do without it. My excellent friend the alderman, would not forgive me were I to fail for one day to return the jewel to his sister."

The name of the alderman appeared to make some impression upon Weresford. Without waiting for an answer, Toby continued:—

"Thou wilt do me the pleasure to return also the ten guineas which I lent thee at the same time. Nevertheless, if thou art in need of them, I consent to let thee have them for some time, on condition that thou give me receipt."

The scheme of the Quaker so disconcerted the old merchant, that he could not deny the possession of the articles stolen, but, not liking to acknowledge his crime, he hesitated to answer, when Toby said,

"I wish thee to participate at the approaching marriage of my daughter Mary. I had reserved the sum of two hundred pounds sterling for the expenses of the bridal, but an accident happened to me last night on the road to London—I was completely robbed; and so I have come to pray thee to give thy son a portion, which otherwise I would not have asked thee."

"My *Son*!"

"Yes. Dost thou not know that he is Mary's lover, and that 'tis he that is going to marry her?"

"Edward!" exclaimed the merchant throwing himself out of bed.

"Edward Weresford," mildly replied the Quaker, while quietly taking a pinch of snuff. "Come do this thing for him. I would not, verily, that he should know aught of what passed last night, and if thou'd'st not furnish him with the sum that I promised, it will be well for me to tell how I lost it."

Weresford ran to a bureau, and drew out a casket with a triple lock, opened it, and returned successively to Toby, his purse, his watch, and his bag of money.

"Very well," said the Quaker as he received them, "I see that I had reason to count upon thee."

"Is this all that you see?" demanded the merchant, with one of his blunt airs.

"Nay, I yet need something of thy friendship."

"Speak."

"Thou wilt disinherit thy son?"

"How?"

"Thou wilt disinherit him. I seek not, but some will say that I have speculated on thy fortune."

In finishing these words the Quaker left the chamber.

"N.," murmured he when he found himself alone, "the children are not answerable for the faults of their parents. Mary shall marry the son of this man, but the stolen money she shall never touch."

When he reached the court, he cried out to Weresford, who had come to the window.

"Ho! my dear friend, I brought back your mare, return my horse."

Some minutes afterwards, Toby, well mounted, carrying by the top his bag of money, furnished with his watch and purse, reached home at a moderate trot.

"I made a visit this evening to thy father," said he to Edward, whom he perceived entering with him; "I believe we shall now agree."

Two hours afterwards Weresford arrived at the house of Toby, and taking him apart, said,

"Honest Quaker, your proceedings have deeply affected my very soul! You might have dishonored me—dishonored my son; ruined me in his estimation, and caused the misfortune of refusing him your daughter. You have shown yourself a man in hand and heart. I shall not again blush in your presence. Take these papers.—Farewell! you will never see me again." And he departed.

The Quaker, left alone, opened the papers.—They showed obligations of considerable value on the first bankers of London, with a long list of names, and opposite each name, in figures the sum greater or less in amount. A billet was added, wherein the Quaker read as follows:

"These are the names of persons who were robbed; the figures are the sums which ought to be restored; as to the money with the bankers, in my name, let it go to the strangers, but make the restitution secretly yourself. What remains will be my legitimate fortune, and your daughter will some day possess my estate."

The next day Weresford left London, and every body was certain that he had gone to spend his fortune in France.

On the day of the marriage, the Quaker brought together a company of merry friends, among whom were noticed a number of persons enchanted with the conduct of the robbers of London, who, through the interposition of Toby, had made restitution of their last capital, with interest.

THE MAIDEN OF THE MOON.

A CHIPPEWAY LEGEND.

The following legend is said to be obtained from the lips of a Chippeway woman, named Penqua, or the Female Pheasant, and I hardly know which to admire most, the simple beauty of the plot or the graphic and unique manner of the narative, of which, I regret to say, I can hardly give a faithful translation:

Among the rivers of the North, none can boast of more numerous charms than the St. Louis, and the fairest spot of earth which its waters is that where now stands the trading post of Fond du Lac. Upon this spot, many summers ago, there lived a Chippeway chief and his wife, who were the parents of an only daughter. Her name was Weesh-Ko-da-o-mint, or the Sweet Strawberry, and she was acknowledged to be the most beautiful maiden of her nation. Her voice was like that of a turtle dove, and the red deer was not more graceful in its form. The young men of every nation had striven to win her heart, but she smiled upon none.—Curious presents were sent to her from the four quarters of the world, but she received them not. Seldom did she deign to reply to many stations who entered her father's lodge and when she did, it was only to assure them that while upon earth she would never change her condition. Her strange conduct alarmed them, but did not subdue their affection.—Many and noble were the deeds they performed, not only in winning the white plumes of the eagle, but in hunting the elk and black bear. But all their exploits availed them nothing, for the heart of the beautiful girl was still untouched.

The snows of the winter were all gone, and the pleasant winds of spring were blowing over the land. The time for making sugar had arrived, though the men had not yet returned from the remote hunting grounds and in the maple forests' bright fires were burning, and the fragrance of the sweet sap filled all the air. The ringing laugh of childhood and the mirthful song of women were heard in the valley; but in no part of the wilderness could be found more happiness than on the banks of the St. Louis.—But the Sweet Strawberry mingled with the young men and maidens of her tribe in a thoughtful mood and with downcast eyes. She was evidently bowed down with some mysterious grief, but she neglected not her duties; and though she spent much of her time alone, her buchere bucket was as frequently filled with the sugar juice as any of her companions.

Such was the condition of affairs when a party of young warriors from the far North came upon a frolic to the St Louis river.—Having seen the many handsome maidens of this region, the strangers became enamored of their charms, and each one succeded in obtaining the love of a maiden, who was to become his bride during the marrying season of the summer.

The warriors had heard of the Sweet Strawberry, but neglected by all of them, she was still doomed to remain alone. She witnessed the happiness of her old playmates and wondering at her own strange fate, spent much of her time in solitude. She even became so unhappy and bewildered that she heeded not the tender words of her mother, and from that time the music of her voice was never heard.

The sugar making season was now rapidly passing away, but the brow of the Sweet Strawberry was still overshadowed with grief. Everything was done to restore her to her wonted cheerfulness, but she remained unchanged. Wild ducks innumerable numbers arrived with every southern wind and settled upon the surrounding waters and proceeded to build their nests in pairs, and the Indian maiden sighed over her mysterious doom. On one occasion she espied a cluster of early spring flowers peeping above the dry leaves of the forest, and strange to say, even these were separated into pairs, and seemed to be wooing each other in love. All things whispered to her of love—the happiness of her companions, the birds of the air and the flowers. She looked into her heart, and inwardly praying for a companion she might love, the Master of Life took pity upon her lot, and answered her prayer.

It was now the twilight hour, and in the woods the Indian boys were watching their fires, and the women were bringing in the sap from the surrounding trees. The time for making sugar was almost gone, and the well filled mokuks, which might be seen in all the wigwams, testified that the yield had been abundant. The hearts of the old women beat in thankfulness, and the young men and maidens were already beginning to anticipate the pleasures of wedded life, and those associated with the sweet summer time. But the brow of the Sweet Strawberry continued to droop, and her friends looked upon her as the victim of a settled melancholy. Her duties, however, were performed without a murmur, and so continued to be performed until the trees refused to fill her buchere bucket with sap, when she stole away from the sugar camp and wandered to a retired place to muse upon her sorrows. Her unaccountable grief was very bitter but did not long endure; for, as she stood gazing upon the sky, the moon ascended above the hills and filled her soul with a joy she had never felt before. The longer she looked upon the brilliant object, the more deeply in love did she become with its celestial charms, and she burst forth into a song—a loud, wild, and joyous song. Her musical voice echoed through the woods, and her friends hastened to ascertain the cause. They gathered around her in crowds, but she heeded them not. They wondered at the wildness of her words, and the airy-like appearance of her form. They were spell-bound by the scene before them, but their astonishment knew no limits when they saw her gradually ascend from the earth into the air, where she disappeared as if borne upward by the evening wind. And then it was that they discovered her clasped in the embraces of the moon, for they knew that the spots which they saw within the circle of that planet were those of her robe which she had made from the skins of the spotted fawn.

Many summers have passed away since this Sweet Strawberry became the Maiden of the Moon, yet among all the people of her nation is she ever remembered for her beauty and the mystery of her being.

A country clergyman being opposed to the use of the violin in the church service, was, however, overruled by his congregation, who determined upon having one. On the following Sunday the parson commenced the service by exclaiming, in long drawn accents, 'You may fiddle in and sing the 49th psalm.'

A ragged journeyman printer lately entered an editor's room in Broadway, and thus saluted him: 'Are you the individual that's to furnish copy for to-morrow's paper?' The editor bowed. 'Then fork out; for I'm one of the gentlemen that's ready to retire up'

ONLY HEAR.—The Knickerbocker tells of a place "down East" where the gold fever rages with remarkable fury. A young lawyer there, remarkable for veracity and disinterestedness, gives out that he is often receiving letters from the gold region, and he entertains his neighbors by reading them gratis. The following is his latest:—

"We arrived at San Francisco three weeks ago yesterday, and after stopping there four days to recruit and make preparations, we set out for the gold country. The country on the banks of the Sacramento is exceedingly fine, and the soil the most fertile in the world. We passed several wheat fields which had just been reaped, and would yield over two hundred bushels to the acre. There is, however, one drawback, the neighborhood is much infested with noxious serpents, and more than as likely as not, in picking up a bundle of wheat, you will take a huge rattlesnake in your arms! We passed along up the river without making much stop, and soon we came to the gold region. We found the gold in small grains or particles. My companions all stopped to gather it, but I thought I would keep on and go to the head quarters, if I could find them. I soon came to where I found the precious metal in lumps as large as a walnut. Penetrating the country farther, I found it became more plenty, and I frequently picked pieces of gold the size of a common tea kettle. In fact, the appearance of the country in many places, reminded me of one of our New England cornfields after the corn had been removed, and before the pumpkins are gathered. Still I did not stop there, but kept on towards the source of the river. Here the country was broken and mountainous, and large boulders of gold, of the size of a five gal kettle, were quite common. I came at length to a mountain, in which I supposed the river takes its rise. On the one side of my approach it was very rough and precipitous. At the base of a high cliff I looked up and saw, about one one hundred and fifty feet above me, and almost over my head, a mass of solid shining gold, large as a church of a crooked hay! It seemed to be sustained by a single root, or vine. I had nothing with me but my gun; it was loaded with ball, and my first thought was to fire and cut off the cord by which the glittering mass was hung! but as I was on the point of firing, it occurred to me that if I did, the gold would infallibly fall on me and crush me; so I ——"

Here the reader was interrupted by a fellow with a largely developed organ of credulity, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and tobacco juice running down each corner of his mouth, who broke out with,—"By thunder, *I'd a fired!*"

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.—Our Yankee traveller who saw the live hoosier, has again written to his mother: "Western people go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper!' Says he, 'Lay there stranger!' And in a twinkling of an eye I found myself laying in the ditch a perfect quadruped, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That, isn't a specimen of your western women, is it?' Says he 'You are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, isn't you?' 'Very much,' says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and it is her that's sick.' In two minutes by the clock of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hand) shall cure you of that disorder entirely—so don't fear, stranger!" So I knelt down and politely apologised. I admire this western country much; but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me unawares"—*Chicago Democrat.*

JOHN RANDOLPH AND THE MERCHANTS' BANK.—In New York, many years ago, during a suspension of specie payments, John Randolph, of Roanoke, went there on business. Having a check on the Merchants' Bank for a large sum, he called for cash, and would take nothing but specie, which the tellers obstinately refused to pay. Randolph disdained to handy words with their clerks or principals; believing himself swindled, he withdrew and had a handbill printed and circulated all over the city, which set forth that "John Randolph of Roanoke, being on a visit to New York would address his fellow citizens that evening on the Banking System, from the steps of the Merchants' Bank." Long before the hour, a crowd began to gather, when the officers of the bank taking the alarm, sent Mr. Randolph his money in gold, who received it with sarcastic smile and not pointed Chesterfield intercourse dancing forward. He left N. York next morning in a stage, before day; and his being unknown in the city, the handbill passed off for a hoax on the public.—*Massachusetts State Register.*

ORIGIN OF LIFE CONTRARY TO THAN DESTINY!—When Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated Commentator, sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mr Matthews, in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger, and "they did not know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going and I should like to go with him," and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

How honored would that reluctant father have been, could he have foreseen that his daughter would be the mother of Matthew Henry. And how different would be the world's estimate of men, if they were judged less by their origin, and more by their destiny. There is one pride of family highly commendable—there is another pride of family diffusible and contemptible.

OBITUARY.

Died, March 17, in North Russell, St Lawrence county, N. Y., Deac GILBERT RAY, in the 88th year of his age, formerly of Tinmouth, Vt.

Deacon Ray was a patriot of the Revolution, one of the last survivors of that 'heroic band,' who, in the hour of our country's darkness and danger, periled life and limb in the cause of American freedom. The following is an extract from his biography written by himself.

"I was born in Wrentham, Mass. I remember of hearing the morning and evening guns fired by the British, previous to the affair at Lexington, and when the news came of their depredations there, how the blood boiled in the veins of every American. The country was called to arms. Plows were left in the furrows, old rusty guns were snatched from their hooks; powder horns and bullet pouches were hastily replenished, and away went the warrior to avenge the blood of his slain brethren. Soon, the enemy were surprised, (to use their own words,) to find a Yankee springing from under every stump and road-shed in the country. At the age of fifteen, I shouldered my musket and went to Providence; was kept there for a time on duty, and then sent to the Island to watch the movements of the British. There I remained until regularly dismissed.

'I had but just returned to my father's house, when orders came to raise a company of three-years men. All over 15 were liable to do duty; I was among the number drafted, and thus got no rest from previous toil, but was obliged to swing pack again. We went to Boston, passed muster, and 12 of us were sent on board a guard ship lying in the Bay, to take charge of a hundred prisoners. We took four days' provisions, expecting to be relieved at the end of that time. We had no boat in which to go on shore and were obliged to remain on board 12 days without relief. Our sufferings from hunger during the last 6 days were intolerable. We relieved ourselves in a measure from its cutting pains, by girting tighter, each day, the belts around our bodies. We might have perished, but for a boat which came that way with bread to sell.

'We were soon ordered on shore, paraded with our regiment in the main street, where we found, lying upon the pavement, heaps of pork and hard bisccuit, which we gathered up from the dirt and put in our knapsacks, and then marched to West Point. When first enlisted, the poor boy knew not what was before him. Extreme hunger, poor clothing, the cold ground for a bed, hard marches by day and night, perils by water and land were our constant attendants. But "Liberty" was our motto, and for that we were willing to endure all hardships; and, thanks to a merciful Providence, I was protected, while many of my fellow soldiers fell by sickness and carnage.

'When the news of peace arrived, what joy was ours. The drums beat the glad tidings and a general shout rent the sky, proclaiming that the day was ours and we were free.

'I staid in the regiment until Dec 23, 1783—helped take up the great chain placed across the Hudson, to prevent the enemy's ship from sailing up, and then was honorably discharged from the service, without money and poorly clad. I was obliged to give an order on the Paymaster, for which I got three shillings on the pound, that I might buy a few articles to carry home. I was entitled to a suit of clothes each year, but got only one during three years, and received no compensation for such failure. Many went home without a shirt to their backs; these were obliged to put on false collars, just before being called out to receive their dismissal.

'I then returned to my father's house, near the place where the first blood was shed in the war. The hands of father, mother, brothers and sisters and neighbors, were stretched out to welcome my return, while joy and gladness filled the hearts of my friends.—But how many parents, brothers and sisters had to mourn the loss of friends that could return to them no more. Alas! they had fallen in battle and were sleeping unnoticed on the fields of their fame.

'But to a returned soldier and his friends this was a happy day. They could sit down together and converse of the tempests and dangers each had suffered, and rejoice that they were over and our cause successful.—The implements of war were exchanged for the implements of husbandry and the mechanic arts. No more were heard the tattoo, the reveille, or the roll-call drum, to which our ears had been so long accustomed. Good clothing and a soft bed took the place of the coarse blanket and the cold ground.

'But the young soldier's trials were not yet over. A fit of sickness and broken constitution followed. I was called upon for taxes to pay the expenses of the war. I had received nothing for my three years services except small sums in Final Settlement Notes and as these would not be accepted for taxes, I disposed of them at the rate of 50 cents per pound sterling. They were little better than Continental bills, of which I paid sixty dollars in Boston, for a bowl of milk, and the rest went on my back. After recovering from my sickness, I removed to Wilmington, Vt., where I was then in wilderness; and when I had fell trees and cleared the land I had purchased, my title failed and I lost all.

'Truly we can say, "trials and afflictions awaitest us in this life," and the Lord has taught us by His Providential dealings, that we should not place our trust on things of this world, but on things above."

For upwards of twenty years Dea. Ray resided in Tinmouth, Vt., and thence removed to this county, 22 years ago. He leaves an aged widow, with whom he had lived 63 years and reared a family of eleven children. His descendents, grand and great grand children, number upwards of one hundred.

For nearly 50 years he has been a member of the Presbyterian church, and a Deacon in the same for nearly forty years; and, from the time of his conversion to his death, was most observant of the ordinances of the Christian Faith, a devoted friend of missions, sabbath schools, and other religious and benevolent objects. At the age of 40, he had the misfortune to lose the use of his right hand, which rendered him incapable of manual labor ever after. By the fruits of perseverance industry and good management after which, he has never enjoyed a competency of