THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,
AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

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THE AGRICULTURALIST.

"Venerate the plough,
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his richest treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded."

Memorial of Charles L. Fleischmann, in Relation to the Manufacture of Beet Sugar.

Continued from our last.

To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

The memorial of Charles Lewis Fleischmann, a naturalized citizen of the United States.

RESPECTFULLY REPRESENTS:

The opinion and judgment of a nation, jealous of every discovery or improvement made in other countries, and especially in this branch of industry, in which it has sacrificed millions of francs for its perfection, will serve as a proof of the importance of the new improvement. These new discoveries are detailed in an article which appeared in the *Journal des Defats Politiques et Literaires*, in Paris, dated the 16th July, 1838, by Michel Chevalier, viz:

"It would seem that the spirit which was manifested in the days of the revolution, has been transferred from the political arena, and is exerting itself in that of industry. At this time the manufacture of sugar from beets is on the point of undergoing a metamorphosis which, as it appears will change all the condition of its existence, and extend its influence, not only to the consumption, but also to the production of that article.

"Until now, a series of operations has been applied to the extracting of sugar from the beet, which, though simple enough in appearance, are in reality complicated and delicate; which demand not only a great number of intelligent and skilful workmen, but also require considerable material to be operated upon; and which, again, consume costly articles, such as milk, blood, animal charcoal, &c.

"In the former process the sugar-beet was scraped; the puly pressed by means of an hydraulic press. The juice so obtained underwent defecation, or the separation of the albuminous and mucilaginous elements, and then the clarification and evaporation. Once concentrated, the sirup underwent crystallization, which furnished the raw sugar; and this then had to be refined before it could be admitted on our tables.

"Since its origin, the process of extracting the sugar has always benn the main point, but it has been modified and improved in the details; so much so, that our manufacturers, who were ruining themselves when the sugar was at six francs the pound, are becoming rich at the low price of twenty sous per pound. At this time the scraping, pressing, defecation, clarifying, and evaporating were attended with difficulties, which it required a great length of time to subdue. The loss in manufacturing was enormous, as only from three to five parts of sugar were obtained from a hundred pounds of beets, instead of ten pounds, which are contained in the root.

"With the assistance of chemical analysis, it was ascertained that this evil proceeded from the presence of a certain quantity of acid, of divers coloring, mucilaginous, and gelatinous matters, suspended in the juice. The presence of these mischievous substances injures the sugar, prevents it from chrystallizing, sometimes destroys it, and causes it to yield only poor molasses. To prevent these injurious effects, different agents have been used, which were found more or less efficacious. Apparatus was constructed, which accelerated the manufacture, and diminished the time during which the sugar is in contact with these injurious substances; but the inquiry was never made whether it were possible to separate the sugar from those foreign bodies, or at least to neutralize or paralyze their destructive power, before the juice is extracted.

"The new process, first alluded to, was discovered in the Grand Duchy of Baden, by Mr. Schuetzenbach, of Carlsruhe. The experiments introduced a method of manufacturing the sugar which was adopted by several manufacturers on the right bank of the Rhine, and which is already vigorous operation.

"Like all ideas which are destined to accomplish revolutions in manufactures, as well as in politics, that which serves as basis to the new process is simple. The operation of drying the beets immediately after they are taken from the field, is now the first step in the process. By this operation, the mucilaginous matter, which is an integral part of the beet, loses the property of dissolving in water; this drying stops also the fermentation which takes place during the preservation of the beets in cellars or in the heap, and likewise prevents the formation of acids, which were created at the expense of the sugar, and which embarrassed the manufacture of beet sugar.

"When the beets are once dried the sugar is easily obtained by mixing them with a small quantity of water, which produces a solution of sugar and a very small proportion of other bodies, and which, by the process of evaporation, gives at once a good product, which can be easily refined.

"In a word, the elementary operation of the desiccation acts with the power of exorcism; it drives from the juice all injurious substances which were the former causes of evil in this manufacture.

"This fact being once understood, and duly verified by experiments on a large scale, it was then important to bring it to perfection by an easy practical manipulation. This is what the '*Societe d' Encouragement*' is about to undertake, and that with every chance of complete success. This is already much more than mere expectation, because the problems which it has proposed are already more than half solved, and the entire solution of them is scarcely a matter of doubt: so that the manufacture of the sugar from beets is about to be built on a new basis.

(To be continued)

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

PRESENTIMENT.

A WINTER EVENING TALE.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away."

It is in vain that we turn to the pages of the moralists or metaphysicians who have investigated what is called the philosophy of mind, for a solution of that strangest of all its operations—presentiment; a mystery of our nature too subtle to be analyzed, and resting on no fixed principle, it of necessity baffles research, and eludes scrutiny, however deep may be the one, or however strict the other. I have presumed that no one will deny its existence, but if it need d to be established, it could be done even to the satisfaction of the most sceptical, easily and conclusively. To cite a peculiar instance:—Admiral Lord Nelson, who possessed an active and energetic mind, united with a warm and enthusiastic temperament, had not only the avowed presentiment of death, as strong as that of victory, on the 21st October, the battle day of Trafalgar, but after having kept the same station watching the French fleet for many months, and very closely for weeks and days, he entertained the firm persuasion that this very day, the anniversary of a festival in his family for a victory obtained over the French, was to be the day of action. The combined fleet of France and Spain moved at last from Cadiz, and formed in order of battle, and on the very day he foresaw, Nelson fought, conquered, and fell, as his prophetic feelings had predicted. So also with Cardinal Welsey, who predicted his own death at eight o'clock of a particular day—he died as the chime struck. Descending into an humbler sphere of life, hundreds of well authenticated instances might be adduced besides the one I am going to relate, the truth of which I feel at liberty to vouch for, as, although I was not an eye witness of the transaction, I received the particulars direct from the parties concerned. My readers may, at their pleasure, believe in the gift of presentiment, or lay it to the account of superstitious fear or of mental hallucination, but I defy them to controvert ocular proof, or to reason away stubborn fact. Call it superstition?—then has superstition overcome men of the sternest intellect, the sceptic and the christian, the hero and the poet; it has been felt by persons of the most dissimilar character, by Bacon and by Johnson, and by him too the most energetic of modern men, the highest genius of modern time—the man of destiny, Napoleon. His belief in his particular star, was, although a vague, a permanent and influential feeling. But stepping down from these transcendant names, we find the same feelings exerting their mysterious influence in the lowly walks of life, strange and unaccountable, but no less true than wonderful; and in no case on record more strange, unaccountable, wonderful, yet true, than in the story of

MARGARET NEILSON.

"The sad and inborn sense of coming ill,
That sometimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low sighing tone, which nought can still,
Mid feasts and melodies a secret guest;—
Whence doth that murmur come, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus?"

We beg leave to introduce the reader into a cottage or rather cabin of old Matthew Neilson. Many a one precisely like it you may now see in all parts of Northern Pennsylvania, but at the time of which I write they were dotted down, hereabouts at least, few and far between. To those who are "native, and to the manner born," it would be superfluous and uninteresting to describe either the house or household of an early settler; but as these pages may possibly come beneath the eyes of some who have never studied the *multum in parvo* of a woodman's cottage, I will even try to describe it, just as it looked upon the very evening the occurrence happened, which I am about to relate. It was a long, low building of logs, closely chinked in with clay, standing in the middle of a new clearing of some thirty or forty acres. A huge fireplace and chimney divided it into two rooms, while a door on either side opened right against the chimney, forming a bit of an entry, and giving room for a ladder on one side and an oven on the other. The dark outline of woods closed around like an artificial horizon, and the snow, which was still coming slowly down, covering up what little show of cultivation there was, rendered the prospect sufficiently dull and gloomy without doors. But let us take a look inside—what a contrast. A noble fire is cracking on the hearth, mingling its thousand sparkles with the snow flakes; in the middle of the room stands a table loaded with wholesome fare, coarse, but plentiful and clean, and there in the corner is a bed, snugly curtained all round, and for a marvel the only one in that room, while on the walls, so thick and close as completely to hide them, hang heterogenous articles of clothing; a clock with a long pendulum, and no case; a shelf with three or four most venerable looking books; a pair of sickles & other articles "half hid in dim obscurity;" while strung in neat festoons from joist to joist, strips of pumpkin dangle to dry, almost hiding the trusty rifle, with its horn and wallet suspended in hooks from a beam. A rough, but well scoured dresser on which are ranged in gaudy array, all the tea pots, cups, saucers, mugs, platters, plates and tumblers the house can boast of, claims a conspicuous place, while the big wheel in one corner, with its pile of snow white rolls, stands quietly resting from its busy hum. Old Mr. Neilson, was sitting in his straight high backed arm chair, a large bible resting on his knees, its ample leaf turned towards the fire, with his gray head bent closely over it, reading aloud a chapter to his attentive family. His wife, a kindly looking matron of fifty, sat near him busily knitting, and Margaret, a neat, cheerful, nay a lovely maiden of about twenty, plied her pretty fingers in the same noiseless and dreamy occupation. Three fine looking boys in sequence of ages, sat on the opposite side, the youngest, slyly running at times a small pole into the fire, to rouse up the sparks, and increase the flickering light. The portion of scripture which Mr. Neilson read was the sixty fifth psalm, and situated as they were, the concluding verses breathed comfort, and ardent hope looked forward to the prophetic fulfilment of their promise.

"*Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy clouds drop fatness.*

"*They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness, and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.*

"*The folds shall be full of sheep; the vallies also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh & sing.*"

As he closed the book, they all rose and drew their chairs to the table, the smoking cakes and potatoes were handed up from the fire and after a short but fervent thanksgiving, they indubitably proved that hard work, cold weather, and contentment, go far to produce a marvellous appetite. When supper was over, the old man employed himself in neatly weaving a splint bottom into a venerable looking rocking chair; the two oldest boys were busy, one in fitting an axe helve, the other repairing an old rabbit trap, while the smallest, who at first paid undivided attention to the trap lay fast asleep, with a log for a pillow. The matron and her pretty daughter, after setting the house in order, and causing it to assume a remarkably neat appearance, considering the diversity and abundance of its contents, resumed their knitting, and round after round, added slowly but surely to the completion of the comfortable stocking.

"Come, Tommy, don't lay sleeping there, you'll roll into the fire presently," said the old lady. "Yes" said William, the oldest boy, a fine stout boy of sixteen "come along. I doubt whether James will be here to night," and he cast a sly look at Margaret, "you'll have to go to bed without your apples this time."—Tommy was too sleepy to contend about the matter, farther than to insist that Robert and Bill should go too, and in a few minutes they all bundled "up chamber." Old Matthew got up slowly from his arm chair, and turning over the firestick with his toe, said somewhat between a command and a question, "I guess it ain't best to set up for James, for he won't come in such a tedious time, will he?" and away he paddled into the adjoining room. Mother gave the hearth another sweeping, pinned on her night-cap, and following the example of her worthy partner, requested Margaret to take care of the fire and not sit up too long, for it was not likely that James *would* come; and she retired also. But who was this *James*, you will very naturally inquire, to whom these repeated allusions were made. A story without its hero, is very like a hero without his story—a very uninteresting affair; and I own that I have been uncivil in not sooner introducing so worthy a fellow; however as the part he played on that eventful night was any thing save—but let me not anticipate. To continue then, James Bainard was the son of a very respectable man who had migrated into this then new and wild country at the same time with Mr. Nelson. They had been near neighbors in Connecticut, and although the situations they pitched on here, were two or two and a half miles asunder, their originally friendly feelings, knit into a brotherly compact, when they found themselves the only dwellers in the wilderness for miles around, and dependent on each other for assistance, society, and sympathy.

Being of the masculine gender myself, and somewhat conversant with this kind of life, I will take it upon me to say, nothing in the world was, or is more natural, than that a young man of two or three and twenty, like Jimmy Bainard, under such circumstances, should look with eyes of more than brotherly affection upon such a maiden as Margaret Neilson. In my younger years I have been desperately enamored upon much slighter provocation. Whether or no the same feelings animate "God's last, best work"—is a matter I must leave to wiser heads than mine, although circumstantial evidence goes strongly to prove that they do but I never yet could get one of the "dear delightful creatures," to own any thing of the sort to me, (although I have asked twenty,) in proof whereof I sit here, a disconsolate miserable bachelor.

All now was still in the cottage of the Neilsons, & as the hoarse murmur of the wind which seemed retreating into the depths of the woods, died away, the purring of the old black and white cat, which Margaret had taken into her lap, (that was a sign of a good heart) became audible throughout the room. The clock struck ten. Margaret had really given up all thoughts of seeing her lover that night, still she sat over the fire, busily knitting away, and yet she could no help wondering that James had disappointed her, (I mean himself) it was so unlike him. To night she had promised to name the day for their union, & she properly thought it was no trifling matter that should absent a wooer at such a time. Yet the way from his to her father's house was two dreary miles, the snow deep and untrodden, the night dark and threatening, and combining all these circumstances as a very reasonable excuse for James' absence, she felt perfectly willing to grant, without even a frown, the pardon which she knew would be pleaded the next day at farthest; a most uncommon thing in a woman, but Margaret was a very sensible person, which, if I have not said before, I say now.

The clock struck eleven. There is something peculiarly solemn and imposing to a winter's night in the deep woods. Shut out from all communication with mankind, knowing that with the blessing of God your own arm must provide, not only all your comforts, but for existence itself, feeling alone in the drifting snows and piercing cold, yet full of life and confidence, and hope in happier and more prosperous times, the heart swells with sensations, impossible for one to realize who has never shared the privations and dangers engendered there. Such a situation, too, gives a powerful impulse to religious feelings, & I doubt much whether the votary, kneeling even in the grandest and most solemn temples raised by man, can so deeply feel his dependence upon a high and inscrutable power, as one who in nature's awful solitudes, turns in deep humility of heart to that Being who planted the dark forest, and whose hand is seen and felt in the wilderness. Hark! the wind is lifting up its voice; the snow is whirled in fury from the earth to sky, then piled wreath upon wreath, shifting its position with every gust, at last forming deep and heavy drifts throughout the clearing. Now again it is moaning afar off, and the mournful shriek of the owl sounds like its requiem. Still Margaret hung over the dying fire. Her hands were now idle, but memory was busy. It was an hour to recall the scenes of her earlier life, to commune with her youthful friends, to remember *home*, as she still fondly called the distant place of her birth; that home in the midst of flowers and cultivated fields, the little village with its gay stores, and the plain sober meeting house, with the pretty yet sadly pretty enclosure, where under the drooping willows, and lasches, and half hid in blossoming clover, many kind and dear friends "had pitched their camp of death." And there was *one* among that silent company, whose familiar form and face, remembrance painted with a truth beyond the artist's touch. A sister, whose young heart had withered in the blight of deep and undeserved suffering. Yet she had passed from her trials with a firm and holy hope, and Margaret felt that it was not right to grieve for one to whom emphatically "death was gain." Although her fancy was thus busy in

"——giving back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore."

it conjured up likewise, images of mirth and gladness, the laughing circle round the evening hearth, the jest, the song, the tale—then came suddenly and uncalled for, the darker reality—the interminable woods, the isolated cabin, the drifting snow, the dreary winter, with its toils and privations, the hardships which those dear to her were compelled to endure, and which seemed likely to be entailed upon them for many long years; and the contrast filled her mind with sadness and painful anticipation.

How deadly still it is. Hush, what's that? 'Tis only a mouse knawing and scratching under the door of the oven; see the cat "with her eye of burning coal," how intensely she watches. Tic, tic, tic, tic, still unceasingly the pendulum of the old clock swings to and fro;

"We take no note of time, but from its loss,
And it is wise in men to give it thus a tongue."

It strikes twelve. Margaret mechanically counted the bell, and as the last beat rung out, a faint low voice seemed ringing with it "*Help*, Margaret—help!" Her heart bounded as if it would burst from her bosom, she started from her chair, the words still hummed in her ears; "Did I dream," cried she, "or was that *his* voice!" She opened the door and listened long and anxiously, but she could distinguish nothing save the fitful changes of the wind. Once she thought to call her father, but the dread of being ridiculd and laughed at for sitting up so long, besides the vague uncertain nature of her alarm deterred her; so, cold and chilled through, she betook herself to bed. Margaret was not in the least superstitious; her mind had received a severe shock, yet by degrees she reasoned herself into the belief that her excited imagination had played her sense, false, but sleep seemed utterly banished from her pillow. Fancy was still upon the wing—she turned and gazed upon the dial of the clock; some times a fait ray from the fire lighted its figures, then they grew dimmer and dimmer until the pained eye ceased to distinguish; still the eternal pendulum beat on, a ceaseless monotony, wearying the ear beyond endurance. Margaret could bear it no longer she determined to stop the clock and for this purpose was just about to leave her bed when it pealed—*one*—merciful God! imagine her feelings, when she heard the same tone and works mingle with it, she heard before plaintive, low, but articulate and not to be mistaken. The terrified girl shrieked, would have fled to her parents, but her nerves failed, and she fell back panting and nearly breathless Gradually reason resumed its sway, but her feelings no longer ran in their former channel; strange as it may seem, she no longer endeavored to combat the idea of supernatural interference, but yielded at once fully and implicitly, in spite of all her preconceived notions, to the overwhelming conviction. Firm and decided of mind, and strong of body, she soon recovered from her terror, and rising and dressing herself with singular composure, she went to her parents' room and awoke them. She then related distinctly what had occurred. Her father treated the matter lightly. "Well, well, girl," said he, "go to bed and get some sleep, to morrow we'll see all about it. Its one o'clock, aint it?" "Father," returned Margaret, "you must get up *now*, and go forth, for sure as there is a God above us, James Bainard is in deadly peril." There must have been something peculiarly affecting in the tone and manner of Margaret, for it was not a trifle that could stir the old man; suddenly raising himself, he said, "Eh. what! James!—what would you have me do? yes, yes, I will get up directly. Rouse up the fire." She did as she was directed, and in a few moments her father and mother came into the room. A little light wood thrown upon the fire was blazing brightly, and shone full upon Margaret's countenance as she sat feeding the flame.

The old man looked at her for a moment and started. *He* laid his hands upon her shoulder:—"Daughter," said he, "what is the matter with you." Her face which generally wore the hue of youth and health, was of a livid paleness, and her eyes, usually so mild and gentle, were dilated and flashing, her words and voice too, always so bland and sweet, were peremptory, and discordant. She was evidently laboring under emotion, new, powerful, and uncontrollable, equally beyond the ken of her understanding or the sway of her reason. "Margaret," repeated her mother, "what ails you?" "Nothing, nothing now," said the daughter in tones which wofully believed her assertion, "but wake up William. O! father if you love me, if ever you loved me or *him* go down to Mr. Bainard's and see what has happened." "Happened," said the old man, "Its a plaguy way there and the path not beat." "Then," said Margaret rising "I will go myself; William?"—"Don't be in such a hurry," continued the old man, "Come, come, if some one *must* go, *I* must be the one, William, and if it should be for nothing after all, then"—but a look at his strangely altered child checked him, and told him it must be something that could thus move her placid and even temper.

In a few moments William came shuffling down the ladder, thinking it rather early to be roused from his slumbers, but when he gathered what was going forward, with all the love of the marvelous, characteristic of his age, he prepared with alacrity to accompany his father. Their obvious course was to proceed immediately to Mr. Bainard's, where their doubts could be solved, for it followed; if James had left his father's roof, he must be in the woods; that and Mr. Neilson's being the only houses within several miles. Accordingly old Matthew and his son speedily equipped themselves, and the former, furnished with a huge torch of pine splinters, resolutely led the way. Margaret watched their departure in silence; she stood at the open door, regardless and unconscious of the cold, long gazing fixedly in the direction in which the light her father carried slowly disappeared in the gloom of the forest. At length her mother succeeded in persuading her to come in, and for the purpose of diverting her mind, began to rally her upon the probability of the father finding James snug in bed; then the matron descanted on the cruelty of driving the old man out in the snow in such a night, yet warming as she proceeded, and noticing the seeming abstractedness of her daughter, she blamed herself for letting him go, and finally called the whole a ridiculous and foolish business. Margaret rose, went to the little window, paused a moment or two while convulsive sobs seemed choaking her, then suddenly going to her mother she rested her head upon her shoulder, and wept bitterly. This completely changed the lady's feelings, she reasoned with her daughter, tried to soothe her, and begged her to speak and explain the whole matter over again calmly and soberly. By degrees Margaret recovered a portion of her serenity, but trembling and wondering at her own extraordinary conduct, and alarmed at the new and terrible excitement of her mind, she essayed to do as her mother bade her, but she could only repeat the same simple words she had already uttered. She had twice heard, or thought she heard, a voice in tones she well knew, calling upon her name. The first time she had driven away the phantasy by a powerful effort, but the second time it awakened dreadful and indescribable apprehension. A presentiment of ill, a consciousness of some terrible event hanging over her, a warning, vague and dim and undefined, pointing to no particular event, indicating no certain calamity, yet all too palpable to be driven away by any efforts of reason. "Perhaps," suggested her mother, "James may have been hunting, and got lost in the woods, and it was really him you heard calling for assistance." "No," said Margaret, "James is accustomed to the woods; that could hardly be. Besides it was not a shout, mother; it was not like the voice of one calling that others might hear and answer; no, no,—it came faintly and softly, like the touch of the summer wind upon the leaves, and it died away like the last note of a plaintive song. And see," continued she starting, "the clock has stopped at one." "It has run down," said her mother. "No, the weights are up." "The the cold has done it—sometimes you know it will." "True, but it is singular, it should stop just then." "It is; but come Margaret, let us lay down and say our prayers. God is above us—he will watch over and protect us."

As old Matthew proceeded slowly on his toilsome journey, he paused once or twice, and hesitated to proceed, persuading himself that he was going on a fool's errand, and had better return.—But as often, the remembrance of his daughter's vehement bearing, checked him, and he turned again to his task and marched on. After near an hour's walk, they arrived at his friend's door.—They stopped a moment to shake the snow from their garments, and then, without the ceremony of knocking, entered. The smouldering brands on the hearth caused light enough for Bainard, whom the noise of their entrance awoke, to recognize them. "Neilson" cried he, "what is the matter? what has happened?" "First let me ask you one question," said Mr. Neilson, "Is James in the house?" "No," answered the father "is he not at yours? *He* left here at sunset to go there." Mr. Neilson said not a word, but sinking in a chair, covered his face with his hands. Bainard was in a moment on his feet. "Tell me all you know," cried he, as he laid his heavy hand convulsively on the shoulder of his old friend, "tell me *all*, for God's sake, at once—is James dead?"—Neilson sprang up; "Neighbor," said he, "dress yourself. If James is not here he must be found—we can track him yet in the woods where the snow has not drifted; and the power, yea William Bainard, the very *voice* of a holy Providence has sent me forth to-night, and will not desert us." The terrified mother, who had listened in speechless attention, now informed them that James had taken his rifle, and that she had seen him enter the woods on the road to Mr. Neilson's. Mr. Bainard called his son, next in age to James, and all being soon ready, preparing themselves as they best might with all they could think necessary in the worst emergency, and each of the old men having a huge torch in his hand, they started on their anxious search; Mrs. Bainard alternately weeping and praying fervently for help from heaven. The two fathers led the way; followed by the boys, at first in the most hurried manner, but when they reached the edge of the woods, and could discern his track faintly in the snow, they proceeded more cautiously, seeking closely for the spot where he had left the road. Neilson's first progress had nearly obliterated James's track in the path, but in less than half a mile they came to where he had turned off. It was on the track of a deer. As they left the road and got into the closer wood, the track became more distinct, and was easily followed by the broad glare of the pine torches. The scene was wild in the extreme. The waving and lurid light, glanced far over the snow, defining boldly the massive trunks of the tall trees, and reflected back from the close canopy of branches, loaded with glittering ice. The countenances of the hard toiling but silent group,—in the elders, anxious, fixed, almost desperate; in the boys, surprised, fearful, wondering, would have made a study for a Salvator. "Let us shout," said Neilson, as he stopped for a moment to take breath, "perhaps he may hear us." They did so, together and repeatedly. The deep echoes of the forest alone replied, and the owl whooped in mockery. "On, on," cried Bainard, and they resumed their task. They had gone nearly a mile and a half, and in a direction forming the apex of a triangle, taking the two houses and the road for its base. They were ascending a steep hill, winding along a ledge, of high rocks, when suddenly turning an acute angle, they came close upon a ghastly and horrid spectacle. Partially reclined against the rock, and half hid in the snow, the unfortunate object of their search, lay stark and apparently lifeless. His head was uncovered, and close beneath the curls of his dark hair, a deep wound, extending downward upon his cheek, had covered his face, hands and clothes with gore. Close beside him lay a few half burned splinters and his rifle, with its