EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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From the Phil. Saturday Courier.

THE FLOWERS OF YOUTH.

Still Time the sacred memory yields
When Fancy, with her glowing hand,
Dispensed her seed along the fields
Of childhood's new, unbroken land;
And left it for the sun and showers
To nurture into future flowers.

Days came and went with many hours
Of sun and rain, and gentle air,
Until the seedlings into flowers.
Were fanned and nurtured unaware;
And still they larger, brighter grew,
Till plucked—and then they lost their hue!

And now the fields are sere and brown—
The frost is in those floweret bosoms—
The air is full of thistle-down,
Like ghosts of those departed blossoms;
And, oh, those floating phantoms say
How thick the thorns on life's bleak way!

But wherefore of the thorns complain,
Since I have plucked what grew between?
No, rather I will climb and gain
You heavenward summit, where the green
And the bright, eternal olive cleaves
And sit beneath its sheltering leaves.

A MINER.

Hazel Dell, Pa.

From the Odd Fellows' Offering.

THE IRISH DAUGHTER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"And so you won't go with us Jamie?"

"Hush, darling—you know I cannot leave my ould mother, lone widow that she is, even for love and you Mary; but if you'll not forget me, in that far country you're going to, when God wills, I'll follow you!"

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, this parting is quite breaking my heart—but don't ask me to stay again—God bless you, and keep you true."

James Burke was the only child of a poor widow living in the northern part of Ireland. Mary Conway was the youngest daughter of an intelligent and respectable family, neighbors of the Burkes. James and Mary had been lovers from childhood, and at the time when they are introduced to our readers all who knew them were smiling approvingly upon their fitting betrothal.

James was just one's ideal of a warm hearted high spirited, frank, and handsome Irishman. Mary was a fair, blue-eyed girl of eighteen, with much more of delicate fragility of figure than often belongs to her country-women.

Some four years previous to the period of the parting scene, with which we commenced this sketch, Mary's only brother Willie Conway, went out to America, to "seek his fortune," where he succeeded so well in business that he became anxious to be joined by his family. This consisted only of his parents, Mary, and the orphan-boy of an elder sister, a fine little fellow of eight or nine years. The noble young man sent home nearly all his earnings to defray the expenses of the voyage, and promised his friends a snug and happy home, on their arrival in the stranger-land. From their age and many infirmities, his parents were long averse to going, but finally yielded to his earnest solicitations.

Poor Mary! the same sense of filial duty which bade her go with her parents, forbade her urging her lover to accompany her, for old Mrs. Burke could not risk the voyage, having been an invalid for many years; and so they parted, and the emigrants took ship for Quebec.

For the first week of the voyage all was fair above and calm below; but then came on squally and tempestuous weather, and the mad waves tossed about the stout ship like a toy, and the fierce winds drove her wildly on her way. Our poor emigrants had much to endure; Mary, ill herself, was yet unceasing in her attendance on her aged parents, who became so wasted and enfeebled by sea sickness, as at last hardly able to rise from their berths.—One night, when they had been about four weeks at sea, Mary, after watching till her dear ones slept, laid her aching head on its uneasy pillow, for a brief rest. The tempest which had raged throughout the day had somewhat abated, but a heavy fog lay on the deep, like a milk white robe on the stormy bosom of a Medea.—The ship still rolled, and plunged, and groaned, like some huge monster in the death agony, and for once, in her life of simple piety, sweet Mary knelt not in her orisons. But to use the expression of one of her countrywomen, she went on the knees of her *heart*," and from the berth where she lay, fervently arose the prayer of a subdued and trusting spirit. She fell asleep with a tear on her cheek, and her heart with love and old Ireland.

She was awakened by a rush of feet on deck, and the cry of "Let go the anchors!" succeeded by the rattle of chains—a heavy plunge—another—a silence as of death, and and then a joyful shout, "She holds! she holds!"—then a wild cry of "She *drifts*!" and then the ship seemed lifted out of the water, with a fearful crash, and a shock like that of an earthquake! *She had struck!* Then followed shoutings, and hurrying to and fro, the cries of terror, the clear, quick, tones of command, and the sharp crack of breaking timbers. The vessel had been driven upon a large rock, and was parting in the middle, the stern being highest out of the water. Word was given for all to seek that part of the ship, as the only hope of safety; but before this object could be accomplished, many poor creatures prished, from missing their way in the darkness, or from that sudden insanity which danger often engenders. But Mary Conway, with matchless coolness and courage, conducted her parents and nephew, bewildered age and terrified childhood safely up to the crowded stern, and saw them, one by one, let down by ropes to the rock beneath. Morning was just breaking as she herself descended, and she lifted her blue eyes to heaven, with an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulness. Alas! she had seen but the beginning of sorrow. It was intensely cold, and she found her feeble parents shivering and trembling in their thin garments. Morning advanced, but the weather grew no milder, and the sea-winds yet blew bitter chill. "I am dying with cold," said the poor old father, as he sat, shrinking and bending under the keen gust, his long white locks saturated with spray. Mary turned suddenly towards the rocking ship.

"Where are you going?" said the mother faintly."

"*Back*, to get some covering for father and you."

"Young woman," said a seaman standing by, "it may be death to do that—the ship may part any minute."

But she gave no heed to remonstrances, though they came fast and clamorous; she seized on the rope, which still hung from that ship, and by a superhuman effort, climbed to the deck and went forward to the steerage. In a few moments she reappeared, threw over on to the rocks a bundle of clothing, and again slid swiftly down the rope. She had brought her father's cloak from the berth where he had left it, and a blanket, which she wrapped around her mother, saying:—

"You see I have come safely back, for God was with me, mother dear."

Before half an hour had passed, a loud crash was heard, and a mountain wave swept away the whole of the forward part of the vessel!

As the day wore on, and the fog lifted, the ship-wrecked beheld despairingly the hopelessness of their situation. They were cast upon a perfectly barren rock, separated from the land by many rods of foaming surf, in which no boat could live an instant: at sea, no sail was in sight, and on the shore no signs of human life. They were on the coast of Newfoundland.

But the mother and the daughter were absorbed in a fearful affliction which was coming fast upon them.

On that desolate spot, the husband and father was dying. He bade them good-by, with a failing voice—he gazed on them with the thrilling tenderness of the last, last look—the breath ceased on his lips—his white face grew rigid, and his spirit dwelt where "there is no more sea," nor hunger, nor cold, nor death.

When the first wild burst of grief was o'er, Mary left the lifeless form with her mother, and searched around until she found a wide fissure in the rock, somewhat sheltered by an overhanging ledge.—She then gently took the body from her mother's convulsive embraces, & with the assistance of a kind sailor, bore it and laid it there. She kissed once again her father's lips, chilled more with the tempest than the recent touch of death; smoothed the thin hair upon his brow, and wrapping his cloak more closely around him, turned and left him forever: She herself was trembling with cold, but she thought not once of robbing her poor dead father of his winding sheet.

Rest thou, old saint, with thy cross upon thy breast! Though thou liest not deep in the dear bosom of thy native land, but where billows dash around, and the wet sands drift over thee—though thy loved ones may not come to weep above thee, though no living thing be near thee but the wild sea-bird, dipping her white wing in the surf—God's angel has marked the spot and when earth's graves are opening, and the sea gives up its dead, thou shalt arise from thy cold, hard couch, on the wave lashed rock.

Soon after Mary returned to her mother, a shout from their companions told them that the despaired of help was at hand. On looking to the shore, she beheld four or five men, pointing three huge Newfoundland dogs to the rock. As soon as the noble creatures caught sight of the sufferers, they sprang eagerly into the surf. How sturdily they breasted the waves—how gloriously they leaped forward to the rescue!

One after another, the shipwrecked were lashed to these gallant deliverers & carried safely to the shore. To the kind inquiries of an aged sailor, who at each return of the noble dogs, had said, "Now, daughter," Mary simply answered, "Not yet," and remained holding on her lap the almost inanimate form of her mother. At length the mother seemed to rouse herself and opening her faded blue eyes, those eyes into which Mary had so often looked for hope and encouragement, she said: I will *thry*, darling—for my child's sake, the good God may give me strength to pass through the troubled waters."

Mary assisted to lash her carefully to one of those mute deliverers, and with arms clasped about and partly supporting her; she accompanied her far out into the surf, and committed her to the angry deep. And there stood Mary Conway—around her the wild sea—her black hair on the wind, her lips parted, and her clasped hands outstretched before her—yet all unheeding sea and wind, for her heart was with her eye and her eye was with her mother. She saw those aged limbs float out on the wave, and that gray hair tossing like sea-weed in the surf. She saw the cruel wave pass over her—she saw for a moment her white calm face, as she was born up on the succeeding billow, turned full upon her—she saw her dimmed eyes open, and oh, God! amid the sea and the storm, the daughter caught the last look of affectionate recognition from a dying mother! But Mary knew it not; still stood she, statue-like, watching with wild intensity the receding form of her last parent; the only change of attitude and expression was the swelling and falling of the chest, and the gleaming and fading of the eye, as her mother's form appeared and disappeared in the tumbling waters. Nearer, still nearer the firm earth—the white surf covers her—a rush of stalwart men; they are bearing her up the beach! "She is safe!—she is safe!" and with eyes thrown heaven-ward Mary falls, fainting. But the old sailor was by her side—she felt not the rushing of the waters as she to was borne to the shore, and when she next awoke to consciousness, she was stretched beneath a sheltering cliff, and beside, oh, joy, her *mother!*—oh, despair, her *dead* mother!

Not a wail, not a tear, not a sigh, betrayed the agony of that broken-hearted girl, as vainly and still hopelessly she strove to recall that departed spirit. They came around her, the kind-hearted strangers, yet she saw them not; and the mute saviours, yet she heeded not their caressings; but with her mother's head against her breast; she sat amid the sands, buried in her deep, deep woe.

At length, when with tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks, those friendly strangers would take her from her lifeless mother, Mary seemed to arouse. They told her she must go with them many miles, to find a shelter—that night and a fiercer tempest were coming on and that she must leave her dead *unburied*. She pressed her hands around her throbbing brow, and while her sad blue eyes rested for a moment in gratitude upon them, she gently waved them to depart, saying, calmly, "I will follow." And they left her—a kind fisherman bearing her little nephew in his arms—and she was alone, alone with her dead.

Impressing one long kiss upon that icy brow, Mary Conway rose up quietly, and going yet further from the sea, dug, with her own hands, a grave for her mother in the sand. She then bore thither, in her arms, as though it were a sleeping infant, the emaciated form, and laid it down to its last slumber, took the kerchief from her own breast, spread it over the beloved face, and then carefully replaced the sand. She knelt above that shallow grave, and with her crucifix pressed to her lips, murmured a brief prayer for the soul of the departed—there, on the wild desert shore, with the ocean's voice for a dirge, and the tempest for a requiem. Then in that utter desolation of spirit which has no outward manifestation—that great agony, fearful in its tearless stillness—she turned, and meekly followed the foot-prints in the sand, which told her where her shipwrecked companions had gone before her.

Oh, pale young mourner, sitting in thy darkened chamber, giving way to thy sorrow with passionate abandonment, listen. The angels have called hence thy mother, and thou hast indeed known the grief of griefs; but if still unreconciled to Him who willed thy bereavment, bethink thee of one whose own hands laid to rest her best beloved ones, shroudless and coffinless—one who literally buried father and mother, and *had no time for weeping*.

The unfortunates met sympathy and kindness in the fisherman's house, which they reached at last, and the next day Mary Conway and her nephew proceeded to the nearest town, where she sought and found employment for them both, intending to seek her brother, as soon as she had earned sufficient to defray her travelling expenses. All her money and papers had been lost at the time of the wreck, and most unfortunately, the shock of that disaster, and her succeeding afflictions, had driven from her mind all recollection of her brother's place of residence. She but remembered that it was somewhere in the state of New York, and she finally resolved to go at once to the *city* of New York, where she hoped to hear of the place she wished to find. At last she reached that great metropolis, still accompanied by her young nephew, for her widowed sister, when dying, had given him to her, and she was ever faithful to the holy trust. She soon procured a situation for herself and little charge, in a boarding house, where she remained about a month, still unable to recall the name of the village to which her brother had directed her. But one day, a stranger arrived, and on his trunk being brought into the hall, upon the card affixed to it, she recognised with a cry of delight, that lost, that blessed word!

The next morning saw her and little Alick on the deck of one of the Hudson steamers, waving adieu to the few friends who had followed them to the wharf. At Albany, Mary took passage on a canal-boat, and travelled many hundred miles westward; and always and everywhere, though attractive in appearance and so unskilled in the ways of the world, and utterly defenceless, she met but kindness and friendliness. There was about her the sacredness of sorrow—the impress of suffering on her brow, and the tearfulness of her downcast eye, were eloquent though mute appeals to the generous American heart.

She reached S—— at last, and was clasped, half fainting, in her brother's arms.—Oh, who could measure his joy! He had heard of the wreck of the vessel, and supposed that *all* he held dear on earth had gone down with her.

Mary found a neat and comfortable home awaiting her, and soon life seemed not so cold around her—a few sunbeams fell upon her path, and the crushed flower, happiness, took root in her heart again.

She wrote to, and heard from her lover in Ireland; his mother was still living, but very feeble, requiring his constant care.

'Twas on her second summer in America, that sorrow came once again to poor Mary Conway; came at the season when mourning and sadness seem most unnatural—in georgeous June, the Festal month of all the year—came before the first flush of rose-time was past! Her pride, her dependence, her noble, devoted brother, came home, one noon, from his work, with a heavy eye, and the fevered blood rushing through his veins like lava, flung himself upon his bed, and never rose again.

One evening, as Mary sat by his side, watching him earnestly, for he knew that "the hour was at hand," he said, faintly, "Pray, my sister;" and the stricken girl knelt, and lifting up her voice clearly and calmly, in a prayer all faith and fervency and submission, commended the passing spirit to its Creator. When she rose up, she looked upon the face of the dead.

On the day of the burial, little Alick was taken ill, with a milder form of the same disease, and there was none of kindred save his broken-hearted sister, to follow Willie Conway to the grave. She saw him laid to his rest, with an intense yearning to lie down beside him, and share his cold pillow, and she turned toward her desolate home, with a depth of anguish in her soul, which only God could sound.

But the strength which had been hers at the death bed scene, and at that awful moment when the first earth fell upon the coffin, now that all was over, forsook her utterly. She grew faint, reeled painfully, and would have fallen, but that one, who at that moment entered the graveyard, sprang forward and supported her. "Mary, dear Mary!" said a familiar voice, "oh, don't you know me? and is it so we meet at last!"

She looked up—it was Jamie, her Jamie from over the sea.

My dear reader, I have not been playing upon your sympathies by fables. I have not been beguiling you with a fiction. I myself have heard the simple story which I have related, from the lips of Mary *Burke*. And would to heaven a life so exalted by the grandeur of woman's love-prompted heroism, and made so serenely beautiful by filial piety and Christian resignation, might have some better chronicler; some more enduring memorial.

HANGING UP THE STOCKING.

Major Jones, of the Western Continent, says, in reference to the good old custom for children, of hanging up the stocking on Christmas eve:

"But ther's more hangin' up of stockings in this world than goes by the name. Older people who larfs at the children's innocent superstition, don't forget to hang up their stockins, though they don't always go to bed with as quiet trustin harts nor as *clean* hands and faces—and of course don't always git their stockins as well filled.

The *Politician* hangs up his stockins for Buncomb, and waits to see 'em swell with popularity. There's four or five pairs of stockins hung up now for the next Presidency. Sum bran new ones, and sum that's been darn'd up for the occasion before; and there'll be more old stockins hung up this winter at Washington, than would hold all the offices of the Government for half a century to cum. I'd just like to be old Uncle Sam instead of old Santa Claus for a little while—sum of 'em would find empty stockins, I'll be bound.

The *Lawyer* and the *Doctor* hangs up their stockins when they stick up their shingles. Sometimes they're a long time gettin 'em full of clients and patients, but if they do succeed they're very apt to keep up the *practice*.

The *Merchant* hangs up his stockins over his door, and sometimes you'll see 'em hangin in the winder and all around the door. So if they don't always git fortin enough in 'em it aint because they don't have a fair showin in the world.

Editors hang up their stockins, and if any people deserves to have em well filled, its them. But poor fellers, most of 'em is no strangers to hope deferred. They know what it is to give their lives to a labor of love, and are contented to see the stockins of others filled with the good things of this world, though their own swings empty in the chill winds of adversity.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THE following remarks were written by Mrs. Lee of Boston, very soon after the death of the distinguished artist; to preserve the reminiscences of a visit to his studio:

There are no recollections more useful than those connected with departed worth. The memory of the good operates as a talisman against evil spirits; they come not near the place hallowed by the recollection of the pure on earth, who are now the blessed in Heaven.

It is refreshing to the mind and heart to quit this every-day working world, and dwell on genius and excellence, as we knew them embodied, with the certainty that no blight can come over them, and that they are safe from the vicissitudes of human change.

A visit to the studio of Washington Allston was always deeply interesting; but now he is no more, the recollection of it is like one of his own pictures, softened and blended by an aerial atmosphere.

On the morning of a cold autumnal day, I was invited by him to visit his painting-room. As we proceeded to it, at a short distance from his house, the leaves were falling around, and the foliage had assumed the variety of tints so striking in our American scenery. His residence was a few miles from the city of Boston, and not far distant from the classic halls of Cambridge University; it was one which happily combined retirement, with opportunities for society.

When we arrived at the large, unornamented building, he requested me to wait in a little porch or ante-room, while he made a few preparations. In a short time I was summoned. The room was large and unfurnished, lighted by a sky-light, and windows near the ceiling. Before one of his beautiful pictures, yet unfinished, was placed an arm-chair. To this he conducted me, saying, with a smile: "I have been sweeping a place for you; I seldom pay my guests such a compliment."

On the easel before me was the picture of King John, nearly completed. "I intend," said he, "to devote the next six months, to this, and when it is finished I shall give myself a little time for visiting my friends in Boston." It was a noble picture, and seemed to me hardly to require six months of labor.

Against the wall hung a curtain, extending nearly across the building. Behind this was his "Belshazzar," already the work of many years. Would that a *hand-writing on the wall* had warned him to hasten the completion.*

A finished picture stood on an easal, which he called the sisters; one of the heads was the rich glowing coloring of Titian. It was singularly calculated to call forth the imagination; a historiette seemed at once to present itself to the mind.

He took a number of unfinished sketches from a closet; among them was one representing the fairies dispersing at the dawn of day; some were ascending, others hovering in midair; two yet lingered on the sea-shore; they were lovers, and too deeply absorded in each other to heed the orient tinge of morning. This was one of his happy touches of nature.

He also exhibited a number of sea-sketches, but little more than outlined, yet all full of life and meaning. The gathering storm was perfectly delineated; the heavy and threatening cloud, the rushing wind, and mountain wave; and there, too, was the traveler of the deep, a noble vessel, struggling with the elements.

One sketch he exhibited in a more finished state. It was the Una of his favorite Spenser, sleeping in a wood. The wood, the waterfall, and the whole of the landscape were before you, and on one side the recumbent form of the graceful Una, the representative of *truth*.

"I was satisfied with my sketch of the landscape and the figure," said the master, "but, after all, it was only a girl sleeping in a wood; suddenly the idea arose to my mind of making all the light of the picture proceed from the figure, and I found my desire at once accomplished."

What a noble effect of his pencil, to produce such an illustration of the light of truth! It was a beautiful sketch. I could not turn my eyes from it; as we both stood looking at it, he repeated, in his clear, low voice, the following lines, from the third canto of Spenser's "Fairie Queene:"

"From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And lay'd her state aside: her angel face,
As the great eye of Heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace."

He had but one more step to take, to complete the originality of his design, and that was, to exclude all other rays of light from the picture; making Una the Sun.

I urged him most earnestly to finish the picture. "I think," said he, "of taking the same design, and making Una as large as life."

"But why not complete this first?" I said.

"I cannot do both," he replied; "it would take too much time."

I had a presentiment that Una's fate was sealed, and that the light of truth, as there represented, would never irradiate our lower world. I was right; the sketch alone remains.

* It is well known this was never finished, but it has been exhibited since his death, and perhaps affords the mightiest evidence of his genius.

He related the little anecdote of Spenser, when Poet Laureate to Elizabeth, which has been recorded elsewhere. She thought his salary of fifty pounds unequal to his merits, and requested Burleigh to make him a present of one hundred pounds. The minister replied that it was "too much for a song." "Give him, then," said the maiden Queen, "as much as you ought in reason." Burleigh, not exactly appreciating the genius of song, did nothing. At length, Elizabeth received from her Poet Laureate, this impromptu:

"I was promised at a time,
To have a reason for my rhyme;
From that time until this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason."

The hundred pounds was immediately sent to him.

I had often visited the studio of Allston, in company with others. He was fond of exhibiting his finished pictures to a few friends, before they were separated from him; but I had never been alone with him there.

The large, unfurnished building; with its peculiar light, brought to my imagination the studios of the old painters; of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the Caraccis, who, I thought, would choose just such a place for their sublime labors.

His "Monaldi" is a novel, written in a pure, classic style, with all the delicate touches of a painter and a poet. It was composed twenty years since, and the fashion of fiction changes. An Othello tale of jealousy has now little chance of coping with modern productions of every-day life, which are brought home to the heart by daily incidents. It lies before me, inscribed by his honored hand; and as I look over the pages, it seems to me to have rather the grace of a poem, than the machinery of a novel, and might be classed with Tasso's beautiful episodes. He proved that he was master of the lyre, by a little volume of poems published many years since, and which I believe is now extant. One poem, entitled "The Paint King," has been generally circulated, and demonstrates the sportive power of his imagination. His friends are earnestly looking for a memoir of him, which they understand is to include his literary works.

I have seen him, many years ago, in a select evening party, waxing brighter and brighter, till, becoming the hero of the scene, he enacted the chivalrous knight, and knelt to a "lady fayre" temporarily selected for the object of his fanciful homage; yet his very gaiety was in keeping, and preserved a character of classic taste.

My pen has dwelt longer on this subject than I intended; and having begun it is difficult to arrest its course. Difficult! Alas—no. He who partook so largely of the art divine—who, when he laid aside the magic wand of his pencil, could be the life and solace, and joy of the domestic circle; who, by his inimitable "ghost stories," could transport us to the shadowy land of departed spirits, has himself gone there, and his remains are deposited in the silent grave. Difficult to stay my pen?—Alas! no; it falls powerless from my hand.

REAL DEL MONTE.

It has pleased the powers that rule, to order General Scott to disperse his army in detachments, for the purpose of occupying the chief mining districts. These lie principally north of Mexico, in the vicinity of Guanajuato, San Louis Potosi, and Zacatecas; against which, it appears, Generals Butler and Patterson are to be, or have been, sent. There is another cluster of mines nearer to Mexico, on the Tampico road, at Real del Monte, to which had been sent a regiment under Colonel Withers, of whom was mentioned the improbable rumor in Mexico, that his command had been cut to pieces on the march. The following extract from the journal of "a friend," kept on the ride from Tampico to Mexico, printed in the appendix to Mr. Poinsett's "Notes on Mexico" gives a bird's-eye view of the intended head-quarters of Withers' regiment, and proves how attractive it has been to other military parties before it.

"On the eleventh day," says the traveller, "we left Mittan Chiquito at 7 o'clock in the morning, and in a short time were on the paved road of the Real del Monte. We passed the celebrated silver mines, the largest of which is now filled with water, and, of course, cannot be worked. Some of the smaller mines are still worked, though not with the same vigor as formerly. We had hoped to visit them, but as it was Sunday, we were disappointed. An hour and a half brought us to the town of Real del Monte—or rather to the remains of the town. The principal part of it has been destroyed, in the various conflicts for the possession of the mines. There still remains a rich and handsome church, in which gold and silver, and images, were placed in profusion. A striking contrast was exhibited between the glitter and wealth of the church, and the squalid, naked poverty of the congregation, who in a body seemed not able to purchase one of the silver candlesticks that adorned the altar. In the tower of this church are eight fine-toned, rolling bells, the effect of which was very good among the mountains, by which the town is approached. In an hour from the time we left the town of Real del Monte, we had descended into the Table Land of Mexico, with the town of Pachuca (from which the mines before mentioned take their name,) on our right, distant about six miles."

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