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THE

JONAS STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE ROLLO BOOKS.

NEW YORK,
CLARK, AUSTIN & SMITH:
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JONAS

ON A FARM

IN

SUMMER.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

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PREFACE.

This little work, with its companion, Jonas on a Farm in Winter, is intended as the continuation of a series, the first two volumes of which, Jonas's Stories and Jonas a Judge, have already been published. They are all designed, not merely to interest and amuse the juvenile reader, but to give him instruction, by exemplifying the principles of honest integrity, and plain practical good sense, in their application to the ordinary circumstances of childhood.

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JONAS ON A FARM IN SUMMER.

CHAPTER I.

PLANNING.

When Jonas was about sixteen years of age, Rollo's father sent for him, one evening, to come into his study; for he said that he wanted to have some conversation with him. This study was a little room, where Rollo's father kept his books and papers, and where he used sometimes to read and write. There was a table, with one side inclined like a desk, and a chair behind it, where Mr. Holiday used to sit; and there was other furniture, particularly book-shelves, about the room, and maps and pictures against the wall.

When Jonas came in, Mr. Holiday asked him to sit down. So Jonas sat down in a chair which was not very far from the door.

nearly opposite to the table where Mr. Holiday was sitting.

When Jonas was seated, Rollo's father commenced the conversation as follows: —

"I have often heard you say, Jonas, that you intended to be a farmer."

"Yes, sir," replied Jonas.

"If that is your serious and settled plan, it is time to do something towards carrying it into effect."

Jonas made no reply to this remark, but his countenance assumed a very thoughtful expression.

"You are now," continued Rollo's father, "about sixteen years of age, — are you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Jonas, "I think it probable."

"O, we don't know, I believe, exactly how old you are."

"No, sir," said Jonas. "You remember that, when you found me sitting on a log, by the side of the road, I scarcely knew any thing at all."

"Except how to catch butterflies," said Rollo's father.

A faint smile spread itself over Jonas's face at this allusion. But it was very faint,

and it soon disappeared. His mind was too full of serious thoughts respecting his past history, and the possibility that the time would soon come when he would have to leave Mr. Holiday's family, to admit of his being amused.

"You must be about sixteen or seventeen," continued Mr. Holiday; "and whatever your future occupation is going to be, it is time for you to begin to pay some attention to it. The art of farming, like all other arts, has to be learned."

"I thought," replied Jonas, "that I should learn something of farming here."

"Yes," replied Mr. Holiday, "you raise me some corn, and grain, and clover; and you do it very well. But cultivating a few acres with your own hands, is a very different thing from managing a large farm, with a great stock of cattle, and hired men. If you are a farmer at all, I want you to be a successful one, and to be qualified to conduct your business on an extended scale, if circumstances should hereafter open the way for it. Now, in order to do this, you ought to spend some years upon a large and well-

managed farm, in order to acquire a practical experience of the details."

Jonas could not deny that this was perfectly correct; but he was unwilling to think of leaving his home, to go among strangers, and to begin the world anew. He was therefore silent.

"And now," continued Mr. Holiday, "I should like to have you think of this subject, and let me know as soon as you decide Whatever business you conclude to follow, I will do what I can to help you to prepare for it."

"I *have* thought of the subject, a great deal," said Jonas.

"And have you fully made up your mind?" asked Mr. Holiday.

"Yes, sir," replied Jonas. "It seems to me that it will be best for me to be a farmer."

"Well," replied Mr. Holiday, "you have sufficient age and discretion to decide for yourself; but why is it that you prefer farming to all other pursuits?"

"Why, in the first place," said Jonas, "I like a farm. I should rather have one for my own, than to have any thing else. And

then, besides, a farmer doesn't have so much to do with other people."

"Not so much to do with other people?" replied Mr. Holiday. He didn't exactly understand what Jonas meant.

"No, sir; he manages his farm his own way, and nobody has any thing to do with him. I don't want to have a great many dealings with other people."

"Why not?" said Mr. Holiday.

"I don't know, sir, exactly why," replied Jonas. "People seem to be always finding fault with lawyers, and physicians, and shoemakers, and other such persons as work for every body; and so I think I had rather work for myself."

Mr. Holiday smiled.

"Besides," continued Jonas, "I like animals, and I should have some if I had a farm."

Here there was another short pause, after which Mr. Holiday added, —

"Well, Jonas, you must decide for yourself; and I am by no means certain that your philosophy is not correct about it. And if your mind is really made up, why, we

had better begin to consider what steps to take."

"I believe it is, sir," said Jonas, "only I don't know how I shall ever get a farm."

"O, I think you can manage that. You will not want one until you are one or two and twenty; and by that time, if you are industrious and economical, you will have some money."

"Not enough to buy a farm," said Jonas.

"No, not enough to pay for it wholly," said Mr. Holiday; "but you can pay a part. A farm may always be bought by paying a part."

"How much?" asked Jonas.

"Why, one third, perhaps, of the purchase money. If a farm was worth fifteen hundred dollars, you would have to pay at first, perhaps, five hundred."

"I don't think I could get so much as that," said Jonas, "by the time I am twenty-one."

"Yes," replied Mr. Holiday. "I think you might, perhaps, even if you were to begin now. You might have, probably, fourteen dollars a month, at a farmer's. Out of

this, you will have to pay for your clotnes, which might, perhaps, be fifty dollars a year. So that you might lay up one hundred a year, which will be five hundred in the five years which will intervene before you are twenty-one, not including interest."

"Would there be any interest?" said Jonas.

"Yes," replied Mr. Holiday. "The interest on one hundred dollars for one year, is six dollars; so that the one hundred dollars you should receive for the first year's wages, would be on interest four years, and that would make twenty-four dollars. The second would have three years' interest, and so on. Thus the interest would be a considerable addition, perhaps nearly fifty dollars.

"Then, besides," continued Mr. Holiday, "you have accumulated a considerable amount already."

Here Jonas looked up towards Mr. Holiday, with an expression of surprise upon his countenance. He did not understand what he meant.

"The first year that you lived with me," continued Mr. Holiday, "I considered that you did not earn more than your support.

But, after that time, you made yourself so useful, that I thought you earned more than your support, and, at the end of the year, I gave you credit upon my books for what I thought you had earned, over and above your food and clothing."

"How much was it, sir?" said Jonas.

Here Mr. Holiday rose from his chair, and opened a mahogany case, which stood by the side of the fireplace, and took out a book pretty large and thick, and curiously bound. He opened to a place in this book, which he found after a little turning over of the leaves, and said, as if talking to himself, —

"Jonas: — creditor; wages at two dollars a month, twenty-four dollars."

Then, looking up, and addressing Jonas, he added, "It was twenty-four dollars the second year. The third year," he continued, again referring to his leger, "I have credited you with two dollars and fifty cents a month, making thirty; and also with interest on what was due the year before, one dollar forty-four cents; total, thirty-one, forty-four. And so it goes on, increasing gradually, till the present time; and the whole amount is ——"

Here Mr. Holiday took up a small piece of paper from his table, and laid it upon the page of his leger, which contained Jonas's account, and footed up the column.

"It amounts," said he, when he had finished the addition, "to a little over two hundred and fifty dollars."

Jonas was astonished. He had never had the remotest idea that he was going to receive any compensation for his services, other than the food and clothing, and comfortable home, which he had enjoyed. He sat still, however, and did not say a word.

"I have never explained this to you before," continued Mr. Holiday, "because the knowledge of it would have been of no service to you; and, besides, you have not been old enough to appreciate, very fully, the business aspect of the relation subsisting between you and me. And now, as to this money, you understand that you do not come into possession of it until you are twenty-one. That is the age, fixed by the laws of the land, when every young man comes into possession of his liberty and property; before that time, he is under the command, and his

property is in the keeping, of his father; or, if he has no father, of his guardian.

"Very soon after you came into my family," said Mr. Holiday, "I took measures to be appointed your legal guardian, so that, by the law of the land, I am the trustee of all that you possess, or that you will earn until you are twenty-one; and then it will become my duty to surrender it to you. Before that time, I cannot do it without a breach of trust.

"But, although I did not tell you that I was intending to pay you wages, I yet regularly entered it in my books to your credit, so that it has been as well secured to you, by this means, as it could have been. For, in case of my death, my executors would have found the estate charged with this amount, and when you should become of age, they would have paid you the money."

Jonas didn't understand, very well, precisely what Mr. Holiday meant by his *executors*, and by his *estate being charged;* but the general idea intended, namely, that Mr. Holiday had taken effectual precaution to secure to him the payment of his wages in any event, he comprehended fully.

"And it will be my duty also," resumed Mr. Holiday, "to receive, and to take charge of, all the remaining wages you may make, from this time until you are twenty-one. If you were to continue with me, I should go on charging myself every year, as I have done. If you go to a farmer's, I shall contract with him for your wages, and receive the money. Then, when you are twenty-one, the whole amount will be at your disposal. It will probably be more than five hundred dollars."

"I didn't know, sir," said Jonas, after a moment's pause, "that it was possible for a boy to earn so much money, before he is twenty-one."

"They do not, commonly," replied Mr. Holiday. "A very frequent arrangement made by farmers in this country, is to take a boy at the age when you came into my house, and take care of him; let him work for them until he is twenty-one, and agree to give him, then, a freedom suit and a hundred dollars."

"A freedom suit?" repeated Jonas.

"Yes; a suit of clothes, given when he is

of age, and acquires his freedom, — which is called a freedom suit."

"And a hundred dollars besides?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Holiday.

"Why, then," rejoined Jonas, "should I have any more?"

"There are several reasons which combine to produce a different result in your case," said Rollo's father. "When a farmer takes a boy to bring up, in agreeing to pay him one hundred dollars when he becomes of age, he takes into the account certain risks and dangers which you have escaped. He must consider, for example, that the boy may be sick, and so become a burden of expense and care to his master. Or he may prove idle or vicious. Then, again, boys are commonly taken, in such cases, when they are younger than you were, and for several years they are able to earn little or nothing. But you began to make yourself very useful almost immediately. At any rate, I have kept a careful account, and I have not given you credit for any more earnings yearly, than I have supposed that you fairly made. So that there is a great probability, that by the

time you are twenty-two or three, you will have funds sufficient to enable you to pay down the advance of purchase money necessary to buy you a moderate farm.

"And now," continued Mr. Holiday, "this being the state of the case, I think that if you really intend to become a farmer, it is time for you to begin to acquire some knowledge of farming; and the best way to do that will be to go and live with some practical farmer, who carries on the business successfully, and on an extensive scale."

"I shall be very sorry to go away from here," said Jonas.

"We shall all be very sorry to lose you," replied Mr. Holiday; "but that we cannot help without sacrificing your future welfare. I have no doubt but that the change will be, in many respects, a painful one to you; but, when it is once made, you will find, in a new situation, as great a variety of pleasant duties, and of enjoyments, as in this. If, therefore, you wish to have me do it, I will immediately begin to make some inquiry for you. The first of April, which comes now in about a month, will be a very good time for you to commence your engagement upon a farm."

Jonas did not reply to this, but looked down, turning his face a little away. Mr. Holiday observed a rapid motion of the eyelid which was nearest to him, and other indications, which signified to him, that the idea of leaving the home where he had been so long and so kindly entertained, was making a very deep impression upon Jonas's mind. So he closed the conversation by saying, —

"Well, Jonas, I will make some inquiries for you; but, at any rate, we will not decide upon any thing positively, until I talk with you again about it."

"Yes, sir," said Jonas; and he rose and took his hat, turning, with averted face, towards the door.

"And, Jonas," continued Mr. Holiday, "I should like to have you give the white horse some oats, early to-morrow morning, for I am going to send you and Rollo away with him in the sleigh, soon after breakfast."

"Yes, sir," said Jonas, hastily; and then, without turning around again, to look towards Mr. Holiday, he left the room.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD BY, ROLLO.

In consequence of this conversation, Mr. Holiday found a place for Jonas upon a farm, situated about fifty miles from the place where Mr. Holiday resided; but he didn't make the arrangement quite so soon as he had expected, so that it was the last part of April before Jonas was ready to go. Rollo asked his father how Jonas was going.

"I am afraid that he will have to walk," said his father.

"Why not let him ride in your wagon?" asked Rollo.

"Then how should we get the wagon back?" replied his father.

Rollo did not answer. This was a difficulty which he had not thought of.

"I don't know," he said, at length, "unless I go and drive it back."

"You might go part of the way," said his father. "I didn't think of that plan. I

might let you go as far as you can go in one day, and then you come back the next day, while Jonas goes on."

"Well, sir," said Rollo, "but why can't I go the whole way? We can go fifty miles in a day."

"That is rather too far, — to go fifty miles one day, and back the next; but you might go forty miles."

This arrangement was made. Jonas put his clothes, his books, and papers, and some other items of property, which he had gradually acquired, into a chest, and placed this in the back part of the wagon, on the evening before he was to leave. Then he went with Rollo, to take a walk about the garden, and into the field behind it, and thence down to the brook. He wanted to take a last look at the scenes which he had been familiar with so long.

He stopped upon the bank of the brook, near the fording-place, which he had made, and where he had so often crossed the stream with his cart; and, taking his jackknife out of his pocket, he began to look around among the young trees and bushes, which were growing thick there upon each side of the stream.

"What are you looking for?" said Rollo.

"A cane," said Jonas.

"A cane!" said Rollo; "what do you want of a cane?"

"Why, I have got to walk ten miles day after to-morrow, and don't you think it will be a good plan for me to have a cane?"

Rollo began to look about, to help Jonas find a suitable stick for a cane; but for some time without success. Rollo found several, which he thought would do, — as they appeared very straight while they were growing; but when he had cut them off, he found that they were crooked.

"Jonas," said Rollo, at length, "I'll tell you what will be a better plan. We can find a cane for you to-morrow, when we are riding, somewhere on our journey."

"No," said Jonas, "I want one which grew here."

Rollo did not see why a cane was any better for growing in one place, rather than another; however, as Jonas seemed to prefer to find one there, he thought that he would help him. So he continued to look around. At length he called out, —

"O Jonas, Jonas, come here! Here is a capital one, I believe. It is very straight."

"Well," said Jonas, in an indifferent tone, — "presently."

"Come *now*," said Rollo; "I know you will like this."

Jonas came slowly along, looking carefully upon each side of him as he advanced; for, as Rollo had been mistaken so frequently before, he had little expectation that he had found any thing extraordinary. However, when he came to where Rollo was standing, and looked at the tall and slender little tree, which Rollo pointed at, he said, —

"That is a splendid little tree indeed, — straight as an arrow. And it is an oak, too."

"Oak!" repeated Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas, "and *white* oak; which is the very best wood of all for a cane. Jonas cut it off near the root, and then made it of the proper length, by trimming off the top. He said it was just such a stick as he wanted, and that he should prize it so much the more, because Rollo found it.

"I mean to keep it a great many years," said he, "and call it my Rollo cane."

"Well," said Rollo.

"When I go after the cows, on the farm where I am going, I shall take it with me."

"Yes," said Rollo, "so you can."

"And always when I am travelling on foot from place to place; so that your cane will help me along in the world a great deal, perhaps."

Jonas took his cane up to the shop-room, in the barn, and there, in a box of old iron remnants, he found a small, flat ring, just big enough to go round the foot of his cane for a ferule, to preserve the end from being bruised and battered. He also smoothed the upper end with files and sand-paper, and then stained it a jet black, by means of a dye which he had. He then varnished it all over carefully from top to bottom. The varnish gave a handsome color to the bark, and it made the upper end, which had been dyed, of a fine, glossy black, like polished ebony, — so that it was really quite a handsome cane. When it was finished, he wedged it in, at the front part of the wagon, in such a way that it would not shake about, and where nothing would touch it; and

there he said it might dry, while they were riding the next day.

They set out early in the morning, and rode all day. The country was quite green, and Rollo found the ride very pleasant. Jonas was a little sad and sorrowful, the first part of the way; but he gradually recovered his spirits. In fact, his thoughts were divided between sad recollections of his past life, and of occupations and enjoyments, now gone never to return, on the one hand, and, on the other, anticipations of the future, and curious interest, as to what sort of scenes, and what sort of employments, awaited him in his new home. About eight o'clock in the evening, they reached the tavern where they were to spend the night.

Here Jonas left his chest, intending to ask the farmer to let him come for it some day in his wagon. He and Rollo spent the night here, and the next morning, Rollo set out early, alone, on his return. Jonas, with a bundle containing some of his clothes, and one or two books in one hand, and his cane in the other, stood by the side of the road, and said, "Good-by, Rollo," as Rollo rode

away. He continued standing there, watching the wagon, until it was out of sight, and then he turned his face and his steps towards his new home.

Jonas reached the town where the farmer lived, about noon. There was a little village by a waterfall, where he stopped to inquire the way to the farmer's house. They told him that he must go across the bridge, near the mill, and that then he must keep the right-hand road all the way; and that, when he had gone about half a mile, he would see the buildings of the farmer's off at a distance on a great swell of land not far from a pond. He would know the house, they said, by the large barns, and by three or four great elm-trees, which overhung the buildings.

Jonas accordingly walked along over the bridge, and then kept the right-hand road. It led through woods, the land rising steep upon one side, and descending on the other to the mill stream, which here flowed swiftly over a rocky bed, down into a deep ravine. Jonas followed this road about a mile, and then he came out of the woods upon rising ground, where he had an extensive prospect

of the surrounding country, with high mountains in the distance.

At some distance before him, he recognized at once the group of buildings, which had been described to him. It appeared to Jonas to be a very pleasant farm indeed. The fields were quite green all around it, and the leaves were coming out upon the trees. The situation of the farm was elevated, and yet it was sheltered by higher land upon the north of it, which was partly covered with groves of trees. There was a large, but very irregular-shaped pond beyond it.

While Jonas was looking at this scene, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a neatly-dressed boy, appearing about ten years of age, who was sitting upon a stone by the side of the road. The boy arose from the stone, and came towards Jonas, and addressed him, saying, —

"Can you tell me which of these roads leads to the farm over there?"

Jonas looked, and saw that the road here divided into two branches, one of which appeared to lead off to the right, and the other to the left of the farm, so that a stranger

would not know which would be most likely to conduct him to it.

"They told me at the village," said Jonas, "that I must keep the right-hand road all the way."

"Then are you going to that farm?" said the boy.

"Yes," said Jonas, "I am going to live there."

"So am I," said the boy.

"Are you going to work on the farm?"

"No," said the boy, "I am going to make a visit."

"Ah," said Jonas; "where do you live?"

"I live in a town about forty miles from here," replied the boy, "and I am coming to make a visit at my uncle's."

"Did you walk forty miles?" said Jonas.

"No, indeed," said the boy; "do you think I would walk? I came in the stage-coach."

"O, then you only walked from the village," said Jonas.

"Yes," said the boy, "that's all. I had a great mind to ride in a chaise from the village. I have got money enough. My father gives me as much money as I want."

While this conversation had been going on, the boys had been walking along in the right-hand road. They soon lost sight of the farm, for the road descended into a sort of valley. In a short time, however, they found the farm coming into view again, as they drew near to it.

There was a pleasant front yard before the house, enclosed with a neat, white fence; and there was a large yard by the side of the house, with a great gate in front, which was wide open. Jonas and his companion went in at the great gate, and walked through the yard.

They went in at a door at the end of the house, which had a large, flat stone before it, for a step. This door opened at once into a spacious family room, which had a very large fireplace in one side of it, and many doors and windows upon the other sides. The table was set in the middle of the room for dinner, and the farmer's wife and one of her girls were busy preparing the dinner at the fire. Another girl was spinning at a great spinning-wheel, at a window in the back corner of the room.

The farmer's wife seemed to know the

boy immediately, when he and Jonas came in. She and both the girls seemed very glad to see him. They called him Josey. They did not know Jonas until he told them who he was. They gave Jonas a seat, and he sat down to rest himself; for he was tired after so long a walk.

CHAPTER III.

JOSEY.

"Aunt," said Josey, very soon after the boys had taken their seats, "is there any chance to go a-fishing on your farm?"

"Yes," said his aunt, "the boys fish in the pond; and in the brook, I believe, sometimes."

"Well," said Josey, "I mean to go a-fishing this afternoon. Where can I find a fishing-line? Where's uncle?"

"He is out in the barn-yard, mending his cart, I believe," said Josey's aunt. "No; here he comes, now."

Just as she said this, the farmer came in, with a boy behind him just about as big as Josey. The farmer shook hands with Josey, and seemed very glad to see him. His wife told him that the other boy was Jonas. Then he came and shook hands with Jonas, and Jonas gave him a letter, which he had brought from Mr. Holiday. The farmer took

the letter, and sat down in the corner by the side of the fire, and began to read it.

"Uncle," said Josey, "have you got a fishing-line for me?"

But the farmer, being busily occupied with his letter, did not reply.

"Uncle," said Josey again, pulling his uncle by the arm, "haven't you got a fishing-line? for I want to go a-fishing this afternoon."

"Be quiet, Josey," said his uncle, without looking up, "for I'm busy now."

"But, uncle," persisted Josey, "I wish you would just tell me that. It won't take you but a minute to tell me whether you have got a fishing-line."

But the farmer went on reading his letter, without paying any further attention to Josey. So Josey turned around, and went away pouting. He walked to the place where the boy, who had come in with the farmer, was sitting, and said to him, —

"Cousin Oliver, have you got a fishing-line?"

"No," said Oliver, "I believe not; I had one once, but I don't know where it is. Perhaps Amos can find it."

"Amos? who is Amos?" said Josey.

"Amos — he lives here; don't you know Amos?"

"No," said Josey. "Where is he?"

"Out in the yard," said Oliver.

So Josey went out in the yard to find Amos; but, in a moment after he went out by one door, Amos came in at another. He was quite a tall and sober-looking young man, stooping a little in his form, as if accustomed to hard labor. At the same time that Amos came in, the dinner was ready, and they all sat down to table. Josey came back again soon, and sat down with them.

At the table, the farmer asked Jonas how far he had walked; and he told him ten miles, and that he had left his chest at the tavern there. "And at some time when it is convenient," said he, "I should like to have you let me take a horse and wagon, and go and get it."

"Very well," said the farmer, "this very afternoon. The best time to do any thing is the first time you get. You may take the wagon, and go this afternoon, and then begin your work to-morrow."

Immediately after dinner, Josey began

again inquiring of every body for a fishing-line. At last, the farmer's wife said, in a somewhat impatient tone, —

"Do, Amos, go and hunt up a piece of twine, and rig that child up something for a fishing-line. I'm tired of hearing about it."

Accordingly, while the others went their several ways to their employments, Amos got a piece of twine, and cut it off of the proper length for a fishing-line. Then he went to a small drawer in a desk, which stood in a corner of the room, which drawer he brought and laid upon the table. Josey came and began pulling the things about, which were in it. There were screws, brass balls, and fish-hooks, and blades of broken knives, and other similar treasures. Amos took it away from Josey, and selected a fish-hook, and also a piece of lead for a sinker. With these he soon prepared a line, which he wound upon a stick, and gave to Josey, telling him that he must cut himself a pole, when he went down to the water.

As Josey sallied forth, with his fish-line in his hand, he found Jonas just going out of the yard, in the wagon.

"Jonas," said he, "I've a great mind to

go with you, after all. I don't care much about fishing. Stop, Jonas! stop for me."

So saying, he advanced towards the wagon, and was going to get in.

"You must ask your uncle," said Jonas.

Josey then ran off towards his uncle, who was standing near the cart, explaining to Amos how he wanted the tongue to be secured. Josey broke in suddenly upon his conversation, saying, —

"Uncle, uncle, may I go with Jonas?"

"Yes," said his uncle, "any where, — away with you."

So Josey ran, and climbed up into the wagon; and the two boys rode away together.

They rode on at a moderate pace for a short distance, when Josey said, —

"Poh! Jonas, I hope you ain't going to drive at that rate. He jogs along like an old cart horse. Give me the reins and the whip, and I'll show you how to make a horse go."

He was going to take the reins, but Jonas held them out of his reach, saying, —

"No, I'm the driver."

"Let me have the reins," said Josey, in a commanding tone.

"No," said Jonas, firmly.

Josey made some further effort to get possession of the reins, but, finding that Jonas was firm, he gradually ceased to contend for them. After riding for some miles, however, they came to the foot of a long hill, and Josey proposed that Jonas should let him get out and walk up. Jonas consented to this; and, in fact, he got out and walked himself too. As soon as Josey was out, he went into the bushes by the side of the way, and began cutting a long stick, which he brought into the road, and trimmed the branches off, as he slowly walked along up the hill. When they had reached the top of the hill, Josey had finished his work, and held in his hand the long, slender switch which he had made.

"What are you going to do with that switch?" said Jonas.

"I am going to make the horse go," said Josey.

"No," said Jonas.

"Yes," said Josey.

"You are not quite so well acquainted with me," said Jonas, "as you will be, by and by."

"And you are not so well acquainted with me. I've as good a right to drive the horse as you have."

"No," said Jonas.

"Yes, I have," said Josey. "It isn't your horse. It is my uncle's horse."

"It is intrusted to my charge," said Jonas. "I'm captain of this wagon; you are only a passenger."

So they took their seats in the wagon, and Josey began to brandish his long switch over the horse.

"If you strike the horse," said Jonas, "I shall have to take the switch away from you."

Josey made no reply, but he gently struck the horse with the end of his switch. The horse, which was a very spirited animal, sprang forward, and would have gone on with more speed, if Jonas had not restrained him.

"Now, Josey," said Jonas, "it will be a great deal better for you to keep on good terms with me. You and I are going to be together here for a long time, perhaps, and I can help you very often in your plans, and shall be very glad to do so; but then you

must do your duty, and allow me to do mine."

"And what is your duty?" said Josey.

"My duty now," replied Jonas, "is to drive this horse where we are going and back, in a proper way, and not to allow you to interfere with it."

Josey made no reply, but gently touched the horse again.

Jonas then said nothing more, but went on quietly a short distance, until they began to ascend a hill. Then he placed the reins down upon the floor of the wagon, and put his foot upon them. Then he very deliberately passed one arm around Josey, so as to grasp both of Josey's arms, just above the elbows, and thus hold them with a strong gripe. With the other hand he wrested the stick away from him in an instant, and threw it away out to the side of the road. The whole was done in a moment, and yet in a very calm and deliberate manner. Josey was taken by surprise, and did not know what to do or say. Jonas had planned and executed the movement so coolly, and yet so decidedly, that he had no opportunity to make any resistance.

Josey complained bitterly after it was done, and he remained sullen during all the rest of the ride. He declared that when he got to the tavern, he would get another stick, while Jonas was getting his chest. Jonas tried to make him forget his design, and, by talking good-humoredly and pleasantly to him, to bring him to a different temper of mind. But all was in vain.

And when Jonas brought out his chest from the tavern, to put it into the wagon, he found Josey standing by the horse, with another long stick. Jonas did not want to have any altercation with him in the presence of others, and accordingly he said nothing; but they both got into the wagon, and then they turned out into the road, and began to return. They had not gone far, before Josey commenced whipping the horse again.

Jonas warned him to desist, but in vain. He accordingly took the stick away from him, as he had done before. Josey thought that, being now on his guard, he should be able to resist; but Jonas was very strong, and he found that his resistance was of no avail at all. Jonas wrested it from his gripe with the

utmost ease, notwithstanding his struggles, and threw it away, as before.

This made Josey more angry and ill-tempered than ever. He declared that he *would* make the horse go faster. He wished he had a good stick to prick him. Then he thought of his knife, and, taking it out, he crept forward, and, putting his feet over in front of the wagon, he opened his knife, and was going to prick the horse with the point of it, — looking round, at the same time, towards Jonas, as if to see what he would do in the case.

Jonas did nothing, but coolly drew in the reins, as if he was stopping the horse.

The horse stopped, and Josey suspended his design, in order to see what Jonas was going to do.

"What's the matter now, Jonas?" said Josey.

Jonas did not answer, but got out of the wagon, folded up the long reins, and laid them across the horse's back. Then he began to unbuckle a strap, which passed under the horse from the shaft on one side, to that on the other.

When he had unbuckled both ends of this

strap, he tossed it out upon the ground at the side of the road; and then he began to unbuckle the check rein, as it is called, which goes from the bit on each side, and is hooked at the middle, in a hook upon the saddle, called the water-hook.

"Are you going to unharness the horse?" said Josey.

"No," replied Jonas.

"What are you going to do then?" said Josey.

"You'll see pretty soon," replied Jonas.

So saying, he laid the check rein down upon the grass by the side of the strap, and then he came to the wagon again, to the side where Josey was sitting.

"Come, Josey," said he, "I want you to get out."

"What for?" said Josey.

"I can't tell you what for, but you must get out, or else I shall take you out. You had better get out voluntarily, for I am strong enough to master you, you know very well; and I shall certainly take you out, unless you get out peaceably, and that may hurt you."

But Josey refused. He moved over to the other side of the wagon, and put himself in

an attitude of defence. Jonas stepped up upon the shaft of the wagon, and, taking Josey by the arms, he drew him out of the wagon. He was as gentle as he could be; but Josey's heels fell upon the wheel, as Jonas could only support his head and shoulders, and the blow gave him considerable pain. Josey began to cry, and to struggle and kick furiously.

Jonas paid no attention to his struggles, but drew him out upon the ground, the horse standing quietly all the time. When he had brought him to the ground, he extended him upon it, face downward, and drew his hands behind him. He did it as gently as possible; but Josey felt that the gripe upon them was prodigiously strong, and that it would be of little service for him to resist. Jonas placed Josey's fore-arms side by side, so that each hand was at the elbow of the other arm. Then he took up the check rein, and, passing it round and round, he bound his arms together securely, and tied the ends.

Josey pulled a little upon them, but he found that it was useless. Jonas had done his work thoroughly, so that all Josey's at-

tempts to get his arms free only gave him pain, without loosening the binding at all. He tried to kick; but he was extended upon the ground in such a posture that his kicking did no harm.

"Now, Josey," said Jonas, "will you ride peaceably so, if I will let you get into the wagon?"

"No," said Josey. "I'll kick you all the way, just as quick as I get up, and the horse too, if I can. And I'll tell my uncle of you, and you'll get a good whipping."

"Then," said Jonas, "if that is your temper of mind, I shall have to tie your feet too; that is all."

Accordingly, without letting him get up, Jonas tied his feet with the other strap, and then he let go of him, and allowed him to sit up upon the ground.

Jonas then said, —

"Now, Josey, I am very sorry to be obliged to treat you in this manner; but this horse is intrusted to my charge. It is my duty to prevent your doing him any injury, even pricking him with the point of your knife. I should have been glad if you could have been persuaded to act right; but,

as you couldn't, I have had to use force; but now, if you'll promise me that you will sit quietly in your place, and make me no more trouble, I will take off the straps, and we will have a good ride home; and I will not say any thing about what you have done."

But Josey would not promise. He was sullen and obstinate. He said that he had as good a right to drive the horse as Jonas had, and that he would certainly tell his uncle, as soon as he got home, how Jonas had abused him.

Jonas, therefore, did not release him, but lifted him into the wagon, and put him upon his seat.

"I'm afraid that you can't ride very comfortably," said Jonas, "and I'm very sorry for it."

"Then why don't you untie me?" said Josey.

"I will, if you'll give me your parole of honor."

"Parole of honor?" said Josey; "what's that?"

"Why, when a man is taken a prisoner of war, if he gives his parole of honor, — that is, his *word* of honor, for *parole* means *word*, —

that he will not try to escape, they give him a great deal of liberty, — more than they otherwise would."

"And then doesn't he try to get away?"

"No," said Jonas, "not if he is an honorable man. It is considered very disgraceful for a man to break his parole of honor."

"*I* would," said Josey.

"Would you?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Josey, "I'd get away if I could."

"Then, if you were to give me your parole of honor, not to make me any more trouble, and I were to untie you, I suppose you'd break it."

"No," said Josey.

"I could try it, at any rate," said Jonas; "and then, if you broke your parole, I should learn not to trust you next time. Only," he added, "I should have all the trouble of tying you again."

They rode on in this way several miles. Jonas's first plan was to carry Josey home so, and deliver him bound hand and foot to his uncle; but then he reflected that it would necessarily give his uncle some anxiety and trouble, to have to attend to the case, and

that he had better settle it himself with Josey, if he could. Accordingly, when they had got within about a mile of the farmer's house, Jonas turned aside from the main road into a kind of by-road, which, he saw, from the nature of the country, led by a circuitous route to the farmer's, so as to avoid the village.

"What are you going this way for?" said Josey.

"Because," said Jonas, "I don't want to have you go through the village in disgrace. don't want to hurt your character."

Josey did not reply.

"You see," continued Jonas, "that, in a very short time, you will learn to behave much better than you do now. You'll grow wiser; and I don't want to have your character spoiled by these pranks. I can save your character in the village, but I can't save it at your uncle's, unless you'll give your parole of honor, so that I can release you."

But Josey was still sullen and obstinate. He would not give his parole of honor. On the contrary, he said that he meant to tell

his uncle, and have Jonas whipped as soon as he got home. Jonas had, therefore, no alternative but to drive directly into the yard, with Josey remaining bound. He drove the wagon up to a post near the barn, and then began to unfasten the straps, by which Josey was confined.

At that instant, however, the farmer came to the great barn door, and, seeing what Jonas was doing, he came out to the wagon, and asked how Josey came to be tied.

"If you please, sir," said Jonas, "I should like to have him give an account of it."

"Well, sir," said Josey, in a gruff, sullen voice, and holding down his head. "He tied me. He pulled me out of the wagon, and hurt my heels, and then he tied me."

"What for?" said his uncle.

"Nothing," said Josey, — "nothing at all, — only I wanted the horse to go faster."

"First, he got long sticks to whip the horse with," said Jonas, "and I had to take them away from him. He would not give them up peaceably. Then he got down in front of the wagon, and was going to prick the horse with the point of his knife, and I

had to tie him to prevent his doing mischief. I did not know whether the horse would bear it."

"Bear it!" said the farmer; "if the horse had felt the least touch of the knife, his heels would have been through the front of the wagon a dozen times within a minute. Stop; don't untie him, Jonas. Here, Amos!" he continued, calling Amos from the barn.

Amos came.

"Amos," said the farmer, "take this boy just as he is, and carry him up into the back garret, and put him on the straw bed. Perhaps he'll come to his senses by to-morrow morning."

Josey began to cry; but whether his tears were the expression of vexation or chagrin, Amos paid no attention to them. He took him in his arms, and carried him off towards a door in the back part of the house. He entered in at that door, and disappeared, and Jonas saw him no more for several hours.

CHAPTER IV.

CLEARING LAND.

After Jonas had been at the farm about a week, he went out one morning with Oliver to break up a piece of ground. The ground was new, having never been ploughed, and it was rather too much for Jonas and Oliver to undertake alone. The farmer had intended to send Amos with them, but he wanted Amos, and another hired man whom he employed, to be engaged about some other work; and, as he had observed that Jonas was a very steady and capable boy, he concluded to let him try it.

"Clear the ground first, Jonas, thoroughly," said the farmer, "if it takes you all day. Get off all the logs, brush, and loose stones; and, when you strike any thing in ploughing, bring it up to the surface if you can, so that we can get it off out of the way, before we plough again. And think of all the tools that you want before you go, so as not to

have to come back again. Oliver will tell you where the field is."

"Yes," said Oliver, "it is beyond the brook — between the brook and the pond."

"Then it is a good place for me to go a-fishing," said Josey, who stood by them with his hands in his pockets, not knowing what to do with himself that day.

The boys did not answer; but Jonas went into the barn, and began to yoke up the cattle. He took two yoke of oxen; one pair he attached to the cart, the other pair he left standing by themselves in the yard. Then he and Oliver lifted the plough into the cart. Oliver also put in three or four spare chains. Jonas got an axe and an iron bar, — also a spade and a hoe.

"What do you want a spade for?" said Josey; "you are not going to spade up the field, are you?"

"Open the gate for us, Josey, and then we will give you a ride to your fishing-ground," said Jonas.

So Josey opened the gate, and held it open, while Oliver and Jonas drove the teams through. Then Josey climbed up into the cart behind, and took his seat with

Oliver, upon a board, which had been placed across, from side to side, for a seat.

"Oliver," said Josey, "don't you wish that you could go a-fishing with me to-day, instead of going to work?"

"No," said Oliver, "not I."

"You *do*," said Josey, "I know you do; —only your father won't let you."

"No," said Oliver, "I'd rather plough. I like to plough very much."

"I don't believe you like to plough," replied Josey. "You do it because you are obliged to. Don't he, Jonas?"

Jonas, who was walking before, by the side of the oxen, which he was driving, fell back a little, so as to answer him.

"I don't know," said Jonas, "whether he is obliged to work or not; but I know that there is a great deal more pleasure in clearing and ploughing a field, than in going a-fishing all day."

"Why, what fun is there," said Josey, "in driving oxen about a field all day?"

"I didn't say there was fun; I said there was pleasure," replied Jonas.

"Well," said Josey, "that's what I mean by fun — pleasure."

"Then you don't understand the English language very well," replied Jonas, "if you think those two words mean the same thing I think a boy is very much to be pitied, who does not know any other pleasure than *fun*. That's the poorest of all kinds."

"I like fun sometimes," said Oliver.

"Yes," said Jonas, "you are right. Fun is a good kind of pleasure, sometimes; but it doesn't do to live upon."

"Well," said Josey, "fun is good enough for me, at any rate; and I'd rather go a-fishing than work all day."

"I'm glad you're contented with your lot," said Jonas. "We are contented with ours; so we are all suited. You will have the fun of fishing, and we shall have the satisfaction of making half an acre of land look smooth and handsome before night."

While they were conversing in this way, they were moving along a cart road, which passed through some fields, not far from the shore of the pond, which was here fringed with trees. After a time, they came to a brook. The water was deep and still; for they were near the mouth of the brook, where it entered into the pond. They went

up the brook a short distance, and then they crossed it by fording. Jonas got into the cart, when it went into the water, so that they were all carried over dry.

Then Josey began to look along the shores of the brook and the pond, for a good place to fish, while Jonas and Oliver began upon their work; for they had now entered upon the field, which they were to clear and plough.

On taking a survey of the field, Jonas saw that there were many logs and stumps, nearly decayed, scattered over the surface, — and also two or three stones of pretty large size; though the land was, in general, very free from stones.

"Now, Oliver," said Jonas, "you may take one pair of oxen, and see what you can do with the stumps and logs, and I will take the other pair, and try the stones."

"Well," said Oliver, "and where would you make the piles?"

Jonas looked about the field, and selected places for piles of logs, choosing central points, near the largest and most numerous logs; and then he let Oliver go to work drawing them in. The way that Oliver did

it was this: He would fasten a spare chain around the end of a log, and then hook to it the end of the chain which was attached to the yoke; and then, starting the oxen along, he would draw the log out to the pile. If any log was partly imbedded in the ground, so that he could not get the chain under it very well, he would leave it until Jonas could come with his iron bar.

As he was working in this way in various places, wherever the logs and stumps chanced to lie, he happened, in a short time, to come to a place where Jonas was at work upon a stone. He was digging all around it.

"What are you doing?" said Oliver.

"I am digging around this stone," said Jonas, "so as to get a chain under it; and I want you to help me in a moment."

So Jonas, who had by this time finished his digging, laid down the spade, and took the iron bar, and pried up the end of the stone. "Now," said he, "I want you, Oliver, to get the chain under it, if you can."

Oliver took the chain, and was just going to run it under the stone with his hand; but Jonas stopped him.

"I can run it right under, said Oliver.

"No," said Jonas, "that will not be safe. Never put your hand under a stone held up only by an iron bar. Bring me a small log of wood."

So Oliver looked around, and found a small stump of a tree, the roots of which were so much decayed, that he easily tore it up, and brought it to the stone. Then, while Jonas pried up the stone, he crowded this under it. Then Jonas let the stone down upon it, and drew out his bar. The billet of wood kept the stone from settling back again into the hole.

Just at this moment, the boys heard a loud shouting, at a distance from them across the field. They both looked up, and saw Josey coming towards them, running, and holding up something in his hand.

"He has caught a fish," said Oliver.

"Yes," said Jonas, "I really believe he has."

Josey came bounding along over the roughnesses of the field, and, when he came up to the other boys, he showed them his fish, with an air of great exultation.

"What is it?" said Jonas.

"A trout," said Oliver.

"Yes," said Josey, "a real trout."

"He has got a trout, I believe," said Jonas, quietly. "Where did you catch him, Josey?"

"Right down under the bank there," said Josey, talking very fast and very eagerly. "I thought that it was a good place, and I had a magnificent bite, directly after I put my line in, but I did not catch him that time. But I waited patiently, and presently he came again, and, when he got a good hold. I yanked him right out."

"Yanked?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Josey, "quicker than a flash. Come down here, and I'll show you the very place."

"No," said Jonas, "we have got to *yank* out this great stone. There is more pleasure in that, than there is in getting a trout out of water."

"Poh!" exclaimed Josey.

"Don't you think so?" asked Jonas.

"No," replied Josey; "there's no *skill* in doing that; but it requires some skill to hook up a fine trout like this."

And here Josey held up his trout for Jonas and Oliver to look at once more.

"Well, now," replied Jonas, "suppose you get this stone out for us, and show how easily it is done."

"Why, you've got nothing to do, but to hook the chain around it, and then hitch on with the oxen, and pull it out. I can do it easily enough."

"Well," replied Jonas, "try. Suppose you try to put the chain round." Josey laid down his fish, and took the chain, with a very prompt and pompous air, and attempted to pass it under the stone, where Jonas and Oliver had raised it up from its bed. He pushed the hook in under the stone, as far as he could reach, with his hand, and then went round to the other side; but the hook was not in sight, and he could not reach it.

"I can't reach far enough," said Josey.

"No," said Jonas. "I'll tell you how they do it. They push it through with the iron bar. If you draw the chain back again, and put the hook just in under the stone, you can set the end of the iron bar against the inside of the hook, and so push it through."

"Let me try," said Josey.

So he took the iron bar, and followed

Jonas's directions. He found, to his great satisfaction, that he could push the chain very far under the stone, and, going round to the other side, he found that the hook and several links had come out through, so that it was very easy to draw up the end. Josey took up this end of the chain, and, drawing it and the other end also around the stone, he was going to catch the hook into one of the links, about the middle of the chain, where the hook met the chain, when drawn tight around the stone.

"Not into the link, Josey," said Jonas; "hook around the whole chain."

"Why?" asked Josey.

"If you hook into a link," said Jonas, "the hook must remain at that link, and cannot draw any tighter round the stone. But, if the hook takes in the whole chain, then, when we come to pull it, it will draw up the chain tighter around the stone, and so it will be less in danger of slipping off."

If Jonas had ridiculed or taunted Josey for his ignorance, he would only have given him pain, and driven him off to his fishing again, less inclined to attempt any useful work than ever. But this Jonas was very unwilling to

do. He wanted very much to interest Josey in farming; and so he kindly explained to him what he did not know, and let him perform the process himself. It resulted just as Jonas had expected. Josey became quite interested in getting out the stone. He stood by when Jonas hooked the cattle on; and, when all was ready, Jonas said, —

"Now, Josey, as you have done so much towards it, you may as well finish. Suppose you take the goad-stick, and make the oxen drag it out."

"Well," said Josey, "let's have it."

He took the goad-stick from Jonas's hands, and started the cattle along, and the stone, after being slowly heaved up from its bed, tumbled over out upon the ground.

"That's right," said Jonas; "now keep on, and drag it out to the brook, where we came across."

Josey tried to drive the oxen along; but he made very crooked work of it. He made the air ring with his loud vociferations; but the oxen either did not understand, or were not disposed to obey; and Jonas had to run forward, and take the goad-stick from his hands, so as to direct them right.

"'See, Jonas,' said Josey; 'I've caught another fish.'" — Page 67

"Let me come, Josey," said he. "You do very well for a beginning; but some day I'll teach you how to drive."

"What do you want the stone away out here for?" said Josey.

"Why, it must be out of the field somewhere," replied Jonas, "and I thought that, perhaps, some day or other, we might like to build a bridge across the brook there, and then these stones would help make the abutment. However, I'll finish the work now, and you may go back to your fishing."

So Josey went back to his fishing, though with less appearance of interest than he had manifested at first. Jonas and Oliver returned to their work.

In little less than half an hour, the attention of Jonas and Oliver was again arrested by a call from Josey. They looked around, and saw him standing near the shore, where he had been fishing, looking towards them, and holding up another fish, which he had caught.

"See, Jonas," said he; "I've caught another fish."

"Yes," said Jonas, "I'm glad of it."

Josey, after holding up his second fish a moment longer in silence, disappeared again

behind the bank, and Jonas and Oliver went on with their work as before.

In about an hour after this, Josey appeared again, slowly walking along towards that part of the field where the boys were at work, winding up his fishing-line as he came. He observed that a great change had taken place in the appearance of the field, since he had left it. The scattered logs and stumps had been gathered in three large piles, in different parts of the field; and in one place a smaller heap was burning. Josey walked up towards the fire.

"What's this fire for?" said he.

"To crack that stone," replied Jonas

Josey looked, and saw that the fire was built upon a large stone, which lay half imbedded in the ground, and was too large to be moved by the oxen.

Jonas had dug a sort of trench all around it, by which means it was more exposed to the action of the fire, and had then built a solid fire of logs upon it. This fire was now just beginning to burn.

"Where did you get your fire?" asked Josey.

"In my pocket," said Jonas.

"Your pocket!" exclaimed Josey; "do you carry fire in your pocket?"

"Not exactly," said Jonas, "but I always carry a tinder-box, when I go out to clear land. But, Josey," continued he, "how comes it that you leave your fishing? Can't you catch any more?"

"Yes," said Josey, "I have caught five; but I'm tired of fishing now."

"What have you done with your fishes?" said Oliver.

"O, I left them down under the bank in the shade. I thought I'd come and see what you are doing. You don't expect to crack up that great rock by building a fire on it, do you?"

"I hope to," said Jonas, "if it is the right kind."

"What kind?" asked Josey.

"Why, the kind that will crack by having fires built upon them. There is a kind of bluish, close-grained stone, that will crack if we build a good, hot, and steady fire on them."

"And then pour on cold water?"

"No," said Jonas, "without any cold water."

During this conversation, Jonas had continued to heap on the largest fragments of stumps and logs that he could find in the vicinity of his fire. Josey stood looking on a few minutes in silence, and then he said again, —

"How long before you expect that the rock will break?"

"O, in two or three hours," said Jonas. "Perhaps, if we get a good fire upon it now, we may find some of the seams opened when we come down after dinner."

"Well," said Josey, "and I'll help build the fire."

He accordingly went to work very diligently, heaping up wood upon the fire. Jonas and Oliver occupied themselves with drawing the remaining logs to the great heaps, which they had begun to make. After a time, Josey went to help Oliver. He found him rooting out stumps with the oxen. The stumps were almost entirely decayed below, for the field had long been cleared of its wood, and used as pasture-ground. Josey soon became very much interested in his work. Oliver would let him fasten a chain around a stump or a log,

and then he would attach the oxen to it, and draw it out of its bed, and away to the nearest heap. In fact, he began to think that there was full as much pleasure in seeing the old roots come tearing up out of the turf, as in seeing the trout drawn up by his line from the waters of the pond.

A little after the middle of the forenoon, the boys had cleared off nearly all the large logs and stumps, and then they put one yoke of oxen to the cart, and went all over the field to gather up the smaller pieces. While Jonas was doing this, Josey carried brands from the fire upon the rock, and set the great heaps on fire, and Jonas brought cart-loads after cart-loads and threw them upon them. Then they put both pairs of oxen to the plough, and Jonas said that he might drive one team, while Oliver drove the other. Josey was much pleased with this plan, and so they commenced their work, Josey and Oliver for teamsters, and Jonas to hold the plough.

"Keep about ten feet from the edge of the field all around," said Jonas to his teamsters.

"Why?" said Josey; "why don't you plough close to the edge?"

"We shall get to the edge presently," said Jonas. "We shall go nearer and nearer every time we go round."

So the boys set the teams in motion, and Jonas followed, guiding the plough. They went round in such a direction as to turn the furrow slice *in*, towards the middle of the field, and not towards the outside. Josey was very much interested in seeing the plough cut in, with so much power, into the turf; sometimes it had to run through a little hillock, tearing out great brake roots, or half-decayed stumps, which had not appeared much above the surface of the ground. Then it would go down into a deep hollow, and run over the bottom of it without breaking up the sod, plunging in, up to the beam again, in the bank upon the opposite side.

So it went on through bushes, brakes, and briers, until, at length, they had gone once round the field, and had returned to the place from whence they had set out. Here Jonas stopped to let the cattle breathe.

"Jonas," said Josey, "I wish you'd let me hold the plough."

"No," said Jonas; "it takes a man to hold the plough."

"A man," said Josey; "are you a man?"

"Why, not quite," replied Jonas; "but I seem to be all the man we can have here."

"Why don't you plough in the bottoms of the hollows?" said Josey.

"We can't," said Jonas; "the plough will not go in at the bottom of a hole."

"Why not?" asked Josey.

"Because," replied Jonas, "you see, when the plough is down at the bottom, the cattle are up upon the high ground, out of the hole, and so the chain draws the end of the beam upward, and keeps the point of the share from going down."

"That's a pity," said Josey, "because we want to plough up the whole field."

"No," said Jonas; "the hollows will all get filled up with the loose earth, which will get harrowed in, from around them; and then the ground will be loose alike all over the field. The plough sets in deepest where it is high, and not so deep where it is low; and so, you see, it ploughs off the high places, and leaves the low ones to be filled up, so that the plough is a great leveller. But come, we'll go on again. Keep the off ox

just in the furrow, which we made the first time."

The boys did this, and they found that they went round the second time much more easily and regularly than they had done the first. The plough cut its way better by the side of a furrow already opened, than it had done before, when it had to break into turf that was continuous and firm on each side. They passed round and round the field in this way, until they had ploughed out to the edge, and then they found it was time to go home to dinner. They turned the cattle loose to graze upon the middle of the field, replenished the fire upon the great stone, and then, getting across the brook by a log, a little up the stream, they walked along towards the house.

When they had reached a little rising ground, just beyond the brook, Josey called upon the other boys to look round and see how handsomely their ploughing looked.

They accordingly looked round. The whole of the middle of the field was cleared of its stumps, and looked quite smooth, compared with its appearance in the morning.

The belt of ploughed land around the piece looked smoother still. From the distance at which they saw it, the furrows had a very even and handsome appearance, which pleased Josey very much.

"I like to plough," said he. "I'm going to plough all this afternoon."

Just then a great butterfly flew by, and off he ran, cap in hand, to catch it. When he had gone, Jonas and Oliver followed, walking slowly.

"Josey has really done some work," said Oliver.

"Yes," said Jonas, "he has made quite a beginning."

"I think now that he has learned to like work, he will be steady, and help us all the time."

"No," said Jonas.

"Why not?" said Oliver.

"He has been forming his habits for ten years," said Jonas, "and they won't be broken up in half a day."

CHAPTER V

JOSEY'S PROMISES

After dinner that day, Josey was very eager to go back to the field. He had talked a great deal at dinner time about the work, telling the farmer how much he had done.

"I ploughed," said he, "a wide strip, all around the field."

"Did you?" said the farmer; "that's pretty well for such a boy as you — to manage a double team of oxen and the plough, in breaking up such a piece of ground as that."

"I didn't say alone," replied Josey. "Jonas and Oliver helped."

"O, they helped, then?" said the farmer.

"Yes," said Josey; "but I caught five fishes besides."

But none of the company seemed to pay much attention to his fishes.

"Only," continued Josey, "I came away

and forgot them. I left them under the bushes. I must go right down after dinner and get them. Besides, I want to see if the stone is cracked."

So he was in great haste to go back after dinner. He ran along, leaping over the stones, now on this side of the road, and now on that, until at length Jonas said, —

"Josey, that isn't the way to go back to your work."

"Why not?" said Josey.

"Because," replied Jonas, "we want all our strength for our work, when we expect to continue at it all the afternoon. All your leaping and running is so much taken off from your strength for the field."

"Why, I'm not tired," said Josey, "at all."

"Perhaps you don't feel tired now; but you will become tired so much the sooner this afternoon, the more you throw away exertion now."

"No," said Josey; and away he went to a beech-tree, which stood by the road-side, and began to make desperate exertions to climb it. He said that he believed there was a bird's nest there.

Jonas and Oliver paid no attention to him, but went along towards the field.

"Now," said Oliver, "the first thing is to replenish our fires."

"No," said Jonas; "let us go and see first whether the rock is cracked."

The boys accordingly went along to examine the rock. They found that the fire had burned down a great deal, and that the remains of it had fallen down on every side, leaving the rock, in a great measure, bare.

"No," said Josey, as he came up to it, "it isn't cracked — I knew it wouldn't crack."

"We'll examine it," said Jonas.

Josey looked around, and saw that Jonas had the iron bar in his hand. Jonas advanced to the rock, and began striking it with the point of his bar.

"Is it cracked, Jonas?" said Oliver.

"Yes," said Jonas, "I believe it is."

"How do you know?" said Josey; "I don't see any crack."

"I judge by the sound," said Jonas.

Jonas continued striking the stone with his bar, for a few minutes.

Presently the boys began to see a small crack running along through the point where

Jonas was striking. By repeating the blows some time longer, he at length opened a large seam, which ran down through the rock somewhat on one side of the centre, so as to separate quite a large fragment from the rest of the mass.

"There," said Jonas, "we have got one piece off. We'll yoke up the oxen, and haul that away the first thing."

So Oliver went and yoked up one pair of the oxen, while Jonas and Josey pried up the fragment of the rock, and fastened a chain around it. Then they drew it out of the hole, and Oliver drove the oxen along with it to the place where the others had been put, near the bank of the brook. While he was gone, Jonas replenished the fire, piling up the brands and half-burned logs that remained upon the rest of the rock, which was yet too large to draw away. He also brought some fuel from the other piles, which were near, so as to make a large and hot fire. Then they went around the field, and laid up the other fires, so as to have all the brands and fragments of wood entirely consumed; and after that they resumed their ploughing.

They began now on the inside of the belt

of ploughed land, which they had made before dinner, and they went around the field in the contrary direction, so as to turn the furrow out towards the furrows ploughed before. Oliver drove the forward oxen, and Josey those next the plough. The business went on very smoothly and pleasantly, until they had gone about three times around the field, when Josey wanted to exchange with Oliver, and drive the forward team.

"Well," said Oliver, "I'm willing."

"No," replied Jonas, "it won't do for you to drive the leading team, for that requires more skill. You're learning, Josey, but you must practise more, before you can drive the leaders in breaking up."

"I can drive them now," said Josey, "just as well as Oliver." And so saying, he advanced towards where Oliver was standing, and began to give orders to his oxen.

"No, Josey," said Jonas, "you mustn't do that."

"Why, I've a right to drive which team I please," said he.

"No," said Jonas.

"Why not?" asked Josey.

"Because," said Jonas, "this work is under my charge, and you must do what I direct."

Josey had learned by his adventure in the wagon, on the day when they went for the trunk, that Jonas was a boy of great firmness and decision, and he was convinced that it would do no good for him to attempt to drive the oxen, contrary to his commands. Had it not been for this adventure, he would now probably have pushed Oliver away, and taken the command of his oxen without any ceremony. As it was, he hesitated;—and in a moment said,—

"Well, I don't see why you can't let me drive the head team, as well as Oliver."

"Because you can't drive them so well. You see," continued Jonas, "we are at work now, not at play. If we were at play, perhaps I ought to let you take turns with Oliver, so as to divide the pleasure equally between you. But we are at *work;* and the work is committed to my charge, and it is my duty to manage to the best advantage for your uncle; and the best management is for Oliver to drive the forward team. So take your own place, Josey."

"No," said Josey, "if you won't let m

drive the head team, then I won't drive at all."

"Well," said Jonas, "I am sorry, but we must do the best we can without you."

Josey fell back out of the way, and Oliver started both pairs of oxen along.

"I am sorry you can't help us any more, Josey," said Jonas, as they moved slowly onward.

"I don't want to work any more," said Josey; "I've worked enough."

"You said you were going to work all the afternoon," said Oliver.

"Well, I was going to," said Josey, walking along by the side of the plough, "but I'm tired of it; besides, I don't have to work as you and Jonas do, to earn money. I've got money enough without."

"How much have you got?" said Oliver.

"O, I've got several dollars, that my father gave me. He gave me more money than I needed to pay my expenses, and all the rest is my own."

By this time, they had come to a part of the farm which was near the mouth of the brook, and he accordingly left the boys, and said that he was going a-fishing again. He

walked over the belt of ploughed ground, and disappeared among the bushes.

"Should you have thought," said Oliver, "that his father would have given him so much money?"

"I don't know that he did," said Jonas.

"Why, he says he did," said Oliver.

"Yes," said Jonas.

"And don't you think he did?"

"I don't know any thing about it. He may have given it to him; but Josey's word isn't proof."

"I shouldn't think he would tell a lie," said Oliver.

"I shouldn't think that he *ought* to tell a lie; but such boys as he very often do."

About an hour after this, Oliver heard a loud crack, and he asked Jonas what it was.

"Our rock, I rather think," said Jonas; "let us go and see."

They ploughed on, until they came opposite to the rock, and then went to examine it. Jonas tried it with his iron bar, and very soon opened two or three more seams, which divided the mass into fragments so small, that he thought that they could draw them away. He accordingly cleared off the fire, laying

the brands together in a heap near by, in order that they might be consumed; and then, prying up the fragments of the stone, they dragged them all away.

Just as they had completed this work, and were about resuming their ploughing, they saw Josey coming up from the bank, in a lounging, listless manner, as if he was tired of his fishing. Oliver called out to him, in a loud voice, —

"Can't you catch any fish, Josey?"

"Yes," said Josey, "I've caught some more; but I'm tired of fishing now. I believe I shall go home."

Josey lounged about among the bushes a few minutes, and then he came to Jonas, and wanted to know if he would lend him an axe a little while.

"What for?" asked Jonas.

"I want to cut me a fishing-pole. I have found an excellent one, and I shall want it the next time I go a-fishing."

"Well," said Jonas, "it is a good plan to look out for the future. Only you must bring the axe back, and put it in the cart again."

"Yes," said Josey, "I will."

So Josey took the axe out of the cart, and went to the bank with it. In about a quarter of an hour after, the boys saw him walking along towards home. Oliver called out to him, —

"Josey!"

"What?" said Josey.

"Where's the axe?"

"It's down there by the bank. You'll find it under the bushes."

"But you promised to bring it back," said Jonas.

"Well — but I can't go back now for it. I'm tired."

"But you promised," said Jonas.

"No," said Josey. "You told me I must bring it back, but I didn't promise that I would."

Josey stood still a moment, listening, after he had said this, but he could only hear that Jonas and Oliver were talking together in their ordinary voice; he couldn't hear what they said.

Presently, however, Jonas called out again,

"Josey!"

"What?" said Josey.

"Where is your fishing-pole?"

'O, it wasn't good for any thing," replied Josey. "I found, when I had cut it down, that it was crooked, and so I threw it into the pond."

"You ought to bring back the axe," said Jonas.

"No," said Josey. "It didn't do me any good, because the pole was crooked, and so I am not going to bring it back."

So Josey walked away.

"Well, Oliver," said Jonas, "you may go and get the axe *now;* or else it may be forgotten."

So Oliver went and got the axe, and put it into the cart, and then the boys went on with their ploughing.

CHAPTER VI.

SURGERY

About a week after this, the farmer sent Jonas and Oliver to *plant* the field which they had ploughed. It was to be planted with potatoes. They took the potatoes in a cart. Josey wanted to go with them. Jonas was always glad to have Josey go with him, although he was a very troublesome boy.

There were two reasons why Jonas wished to have Josey go with him when he went to work; one was, because it took him away from the house, where he usually made more trouble than he did with Jonas in the field. The other reason was, that Jonas wanted him to correct his faults, and improve in character; and he thought that he could, by kind treatment, united with firmness and decision, gradually gain an influence over him, and make him a better boy.

Jonas took a great interest in subduing the wild and rough piece of ground, which the

farmer had committed to his charge; but he took a still greater interest in softening the roughnesses and asperities in Josey's character. He said to himself, "If I can bring the field into a good state of cultivation, and at the same time soften and subdue Josey's character, it will be a double gain." So he was always glad to have Josey go with him to the field.

And, in fact, Josey always liked to go with Jonas. His uncle and aunt were more indulgent to him, but they were sometimes hasty. Jonas, though he never yielded to him when he was wrong, was always just. Even bad boys like to be under a steady and just government, rather than an indulgent and unsteady one.

Josey had improved considerably in his habits of industry in the course of the week which had passed; and he worked very perseveringly with Oliver, dropping the potatoes while Jonas covered them, for two hours. He then began to be tired, and said that he could not work any longer.

"Well," said Jonas, "we are much obliged to you for helping us so long."

"And now," said Josey, "will you lend

me your knife, Jonas? I am going down by the brook, to get some willows to make a whistle."

Jonas had a large knife with two blades. The small blade was for mending pens. The large one was for cutting wood. Both blades were always kept very sharp.

"Haven't you got a knife?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Josey, "but it won't cut. I can't make a good whistle, unless the knife is sharp."

"Let me see," said Jonas, in a thoughtful tone, as if considering; "I wonder whether you can find my knife easily, under the bushes, Oliver, when Josey has done with it."

"Under the bushes?" repeated Josey.

"Yes," said Jonas, "I suppose you'll lay it down under the bushes, and leave me to go and get it."

"O no," said Josey, "I'll bring it back to you safe."

"That's just what you said about the axe, the other day," said Jonas, "and then I had to send Oliver for it. So it won't do for me to lend you any thing, unless it will be convenient for me to go for it, or to send for it, —

and unless it is such a thing as can be easily found."

"But, Jonas," said Josey, "I certainly will bring it back to you. I won't lay it down at all."

"Haven't you got some other evidence to give me that you'll bring it back, besides your promise? — because, you know, I tried that the other day, and found it wasn't good."

"No," said Josey, "I haven't got any other evidence, of course; but I certainly will bring it back."

"But I can't lend you my knife on your promise; for, you see, I tried that, and found it couldn't be relied upon. And unless you have some other security to offer me, I can't let you have it. I must be sure that it will be safely returned. I should be in trouble if I should lose my knife."

So Jonas went on, covering his potatoes, while Josey stood by in silence. At length he said, —

"Why, Jonas, what other security can there be?"

"Sometimes," said Jonas, "when men

whose promises are good for nothing, want to borrow any thing, they leave the worth of it in money in the hands of those they borrow it of, with the condition that, if they don't return it, the owner of the thing may keep the money. That is called giving security. Now, if you can give me as much money as the knife is worth, I will keep it until you return the knife, and then I will give it back to you."

"But I havn't got any money," said Josey.

Here Oliver looked up, and Jonas smiled, but he did not say any thing.

"Then," said Jonas, continuing the conversation, "I think you were a very foolish boy to destroy the credit of your promises. People that have no security to give, ought to be very careful indeed of the credit of their promises; for that is all they have to offer for other people to trust to, when they lend them any thing. You were not so cunning as Mr. Check, the merchant, was."

"Why?" said Josey; "what did he do?"

"He wanted to borrow some money one day, just after he had commenced business, and one of his neighbors lent it to him. He

promised to pay him in a week. When the time came, it was very inconvenient for him to get the money; but he said, "I had better sell the most valuable merchandise I have got, at almost any price, and get the money, and so that will establish the credit of my promises; and then people will lend to me again, when I want to borrow. I'll let them know that when I promise they may depend upon it, and then they won't want any other security."

"And did he?" asked Josey.

"Yes," said Jonas; "he got the money, and, by always doing so, he got the credit of his promise up so high, that he could borrow any sum that he needed, upon his promise alone. But a neighbor of his, who did not keep his promises, whenever he wanted to borrow any thing, was always obliged to give the man he borrowed of, some security.

"And now," continued Jonas, "if you have got nothing but your word to give to people, when you want to borrow any thing, I think you were very foolish to spoil the credit of it, just to save yourself the trouble of going a few steps after an axe."

Josey paused a few moments, following

Jonas, as he advanced with his work, from hill to hill, and then said, —

"Come, Jonas, I wish you would lend it to me, and see if I won't bring it back. Just try me."

"I have tried you," said Jonas.

"But try me once more," said Josey.

"Suppose that you had tried a piece of twine for a fishing-line, and it broke the first time you got a fish hooked; would you try another length of the same line again, with a good hook and sinker at the end of it?"

"Why, no," said Josey.

"But, then," he continued, in a very positive tone, "I *certainly will* bring it back, if you will lend it to me."

"There's one thing I wish you would do," said Jonas.

"What?" said Josey.

"It would save me some trouble," said Jonas.

"What is it?" said Josey.

"Why, just make up your mind how many times you are going to ask me for my knife, and then ask away as fast as you can, so that I can answer all the requests together."

Jonas smiled good-naturedly, as he said

this, and Josey perceived that importunity was altogether lost upon him. So he turned away, and walked off towards the brook, to see if he couldn't find some other amusement besides making whistles.

In about an hour after this, the attention of both Jonas and Oliver was arrested, by hearing a loud outcry in the direction where Josey had gone.

"Run, and see what's the matter, Oliver," said Jonas. "He has hurt himself."

Oliver put down the basket of potatoes from which he was planting, and ran off to the bank, while Jonas went on with his work. Presently, however, Jonas heard Oliver calling him. He looked up, and saw Oliver standing upon the bank, and beckoning to him.

Jonas laid down his hoe, and went to the place.

"He has hurt his foot," said Oliver, as Jonas approached.

Jonas saw that Josey was sitting upon the bank, with his feet bare, and his pantaloons turned up nearly to his knees. He had been wading in the brook, and had run a small

sharp piece of wood into his foot. Jonas stooped down to examine it.

"There is a piece of wood or something in it, and you must let me take it out."

So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and took out his knife, and opened the small blade.

"No," said Josey, crying, and drawing away his foot, — "no; you must not touch it; it aches; O! how it aches!"

"I know it does; but let me take out the thorn, and then it will get well."

But Josey absolutely refused to have it touched. He seemed to be in great pain, and Jonas, after endeavoring to persuade him to consent to have the cause of the pain extracted, said, "Then we must get you home."

"But I can't walk," said Josey.

"Then I'll carry you. You may get upon my back, and I'll carry you."

Josey accordingly, after some difficulty and delay, mounted upon his back, and was carried towards home. He was very much afraid that he should fall off into the water, as they were crossing the brook upon the logs; but Jonas said that he would be very careful. Jonas had to stop once or twice to

rest; and then, when he had got about half way home, the farmer himself overtook him, in a wagon. He was coming from another field, where he had been to carry some oats to be sown.

The farmer inquired what was the matter, and Jonas explained the case. Then the farmer took Josey into his wagon, saying that he would carry him the rest of the way, and that Jonas might go back to his work. Jonas accordingly went back, and he saw no more of Josey until he went home to dinner.

When he and Oliver came in at dinner-time, he found Josey sitting in one chair, and with his foot up in another; and his uncle and aunt over him, trying to persuade him to have the thorn, or whatever it was that was in his foot, pulled out.

"It won't hurt you at all," said his aunt; "will it, Jonas?" said she, appealing to Jonas, when she saw him come in.

Jonas did not answer this question directly, but he and Oliver advanced to Josey's chair, and asked him if his foot felt any better.

"Yes," said Josey, "it feels a little better; but it aches most dreadfully yet."

"And he won't have the thorn taken out,"

said his uncle. "It will only grow worse, ill he has it out."

"O dear!" said Josey, groaning.

"Come, Josey," said his uncle, "let us take the thorn out: it won't hurt you; will it, Jonas?"

Jonas hesitated. At length he said, "Not more than he can bear, I should think."

"No," said Josey, "it will hurt me a great deal. I know it will. I can't have it out."

"What *shall* we do with the boy?" said his uncle, turning round to Jonas.

"I think, sir," said Jonas, "if you would hold him by the shoulders, and let Amos hold his foot, I could take the stub right out."

So saying, Jonas took out his knife, and opened the little blade, by way of showing that he was all ready.

Josey eyed the knife with a look of some alarm. He knew very well that the point of it was as sharp as a lancet.

"Well," said Josey's uncle, "that's good advice. Amos, come here."

Amos, who was seated at the other side of the room, with his chair leaning back against the wall, here rose and came forward.

"Won't you just hold the boy's foot?"

Amos grasped the wounded limb at the ankle, with a gripe like that of a vice, while the farmer himself held Josey firmly by the shoulders. Josey, finding himself so pinioned, began to scream with vexation and terror, struggling to release himself from the grasp, and kicking with the foot which had been left free.

"Oliver," said the farmer, "come and see if you can't hold his other foot."

Oliver came up at once, and seized the other foot, although he was hardly strong enough to hold it. Josey writhed and struggled to get free, and cried louder and louder.

"Now, Josey," said Jonas, "if you hold still, it will not hurt you so much."

Jonas said this just as he was bringing the knife up to begin the operation. He did not think that there was probability enough, that such an argument would have any effect, to make it worth while to delay his work to present it. The stub, as Jonas called it, was taken out in a moment.

Josey struggled incessantly during the whole operation, being determined not to submit. His struggles had no effect, excep-

that poor Oliver was almost kicked over by them.

"There," said Jonas, "it is out."

Then the farmer, and Amos, and Oliver, all let go of Josey, and his cries gradually ceased.

"Did it hurt you much?" said his aunt.

"Yes," said Josey, in a tone of great displeasure, "it almost killed me."

"I'm sorry," said Jonas; "but it will feel better now, I think, pretty soon."

"I don't believe it will," said Josey. "It aches worse than it did before."

Josey's saying this, however, was only the result of ill-humor. It did *not* ache worse than it did before; and in a few days it was entirely well.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOUNTAINS.

One evening, when Jonas had got through with his work, he was sitting upon the step of the door, looking towards the garden. The garden was behind the house. The seeds had been planted in it a few days before. There was a little gate which led into the garden.

While he was sitting here, the garden gate opened, and a little girl came out. She was the farmer's daughter. She was about six years old. She had been planting beans in a small bed in a corner, which Jonas had given her for her garden. Her name was Amelia.

Amelia came running up to Jonas, and said, —

"Jonas! Jonas! come out here in the garden, and see what I have got."

Jonas was tired after his day's work, and he did not move very readily.

"What is it that you have got?" said he; "have your beans come up?"

"O no," said Amelia, "that isn't it. It is something alive."

So she took hold of Jonas's hand, and began to pull him along.

"Come, Jonas," said she; "you don't know how beautiful he is."

So Jonas arose, and walked slowly along, Amelia pulling him, to make him go faster.

"If it is any thing alive," said Jonas, "I'm afraid he'll be gone away before we get there."

'No," said Amelia, "he can't get away, possibly."

So Amelia opened the garden gate, and led Jonas through. They walked along towards Amelia's garden; and, when they reached it, Amelia looked down very steadily upon the ground, in silence.

"No," said she, "he is not here; he's gone away."

"What was it?" asked Jonas.

"O, a beautiful bug," said Amelia. "I put him on his back, so that he could not

walk; but I suppose he has got over on his legs, and crawled away."

Jonas smiled, and then turned around, and began to walk back towards the house. He heard voices over the fence, and, walking up to the place, he saw Oliver and Josey in the wood-yard. Oliver was trying to split a log of wood with beetle and wedges, and Josey was sitting upon another log very near.

"I don't believe that he will let you go," said Oliver.

"Yes he will," said Josey, "if Jonas asks him."

"I don't believe that Jonas will ask him." said Oliver.

"Ask whom?" said Jonas. "What is it?"

The boys looked up, and saw Jonas standing near them.

"Jonas," said Oliver, "what do you think we've got to do to-morrow?"

"What is it?" said Jonas.

"Why, we've got to drive the cattle to pasture," replied Oliver.

"They're in pasture now," replied Jonas.

"Yes," said Oliver, "but I mean the mountain pasture."

"The mountain pasture," repeated Jonas; "I never heard of the mountain pasture."

Oliver then explained to Jonas what he meant by the mountain pasture. It was a pasture away up the sides of the mountains, eight or ten miles distant; and that his father always sent a part of his stock, every spring, up to this pasture, and then had them driven home again in the fall.

"And father has just told me," said Oliver, "that he is going to send you and me to drive the cattle there to-morrow."

"I like that," said Jonas.

"Why?" said Josey.

"Why, there are two reasons," said Jonas. "One is, that I make it a rule to like any thing that comes along."

"What is the other?" said Josey.

"Why, I like to go up mountains, especially," said Jonas.

Oliver said that he was very glad that they were going, and Josey said that he wanted to go too.

"But Oliver," he added, "says that you won't let me. *Have* you any objection to let me go, Jonas?"

"No," said Jonas, "I haven't any."

"I said," rejoined Oliver, "that he would not *ask my father* to let you go."

"Well, won't you, Jonas?"

"No," said Jonas, "I can't ask him. He must do just as he thinks best; only I will not make any objection."

Josey went in and asked his uncle, but his uncle said no. He was afraid that Josey would make some difficulty or trouble.

"Do let me go, uncle," said Josey. "I never went up any mountains."

"No," replied his uncle. "They will have care and trouble enough from the cattle, without you."

"But, uncle," said Josey, "I won't be any care and trouble."

His uncle did not answer, but walked away; and so Josey had to give up all hope of going.

The next morning, Jonas and Oliver set out on their expedition. There were a yoke of oxen, and four heifers and calves. There were also three colts of different ages. Jonas rode upon the oldest colt, and led the other two. Oliver rode in a wagon. The oxen, heifers, and calves, walked on before. They had put into the wagon a stock of oats in

"There was a good place for the cattle and horses to drink, by the side of the bridge." — Page 107

bags, to feed the animals with on the way and also some provision for themselves. Thus prepared, they set forth about half an hour before sunrise, while Josey was still fast asleep.

For some miles, the drove gave the boys a great deal of trouble. The calves and heifers rambled on this side of the road, and on that, trying to escape at every opportunity; and the young horses, which Jonas was leading, pulled off in all directions. Jonas, however, told Oliver that they must proceed very slowly, and that, after a time, their drove would get accustomed to the road, and would move on more steadily. This proved to be the fact. It took them a long time to go the first mile; but the second mile they accomplished much more easily, and after that they had no more trouble.

They had no trouble excepting that they were obliged to go very slow. When they had gone about five miles, they stopped to let the animals graze a little while by the roadside, and drink. At the place where they stopped, there was a brook with a bridge across it, and a good place for the cattle and horses to drink, by the side of the bridge.

Here the young horses, as well as the oxen, heifers, and calves, ate some grass, drank water from the brook, and then lay down to rest, while Jonas and Oliver rested, too. After about half an hour, they resumed their journey, and went about five miles farther. The road became more and more wild as they advanced. The boys found that they were gradually ascending into a mountainous region of country. The road became hilly, sometimes mounting a steep ascent, and at others skirting along under a rocky precipice.

The farm-houses and the fences became more and more rude, too, as well as the country. Oliver saw one covered only with rough boards, with four or five white-headed little children playing before the door. One — a little girl — was trying to cut a great log of wood with an axe, which her father had left there. Oliver was very much afraid that she would cut her feet, which were bare, and browned with the sun. At the next house, Oliver saw a large pig going in at the front door.

At length, they came to a place where the farmer had told them that they would be

obliged to leave their wagon, because there was not a good road for wheels any farther It was, in fact, at the end of the public road. They left their horse and wagon at a farm-house here, giving the horse some hay, which the farmer allowed Jonas to get out of his barn.

Here the boys let their drove rest a short time, and then they took down a pair of bars, near the barn, belonging to this farm-house, and drove the cattle through. Here they found a rough road, leading farther up among the mountains. The fields on each side were not fenced off from the road, and so there were gates and bars directly across the road, at various places, which caused the boys some trouble. The land was hilly, and partly covered with forests; and beyond and above them they could see the rocky summits of the mountains.

"What a rough road this is!" said Oliver.

"Yes," said Jonas, "it is very rough."

In fact, the road was almost filled with great stones, of all shapes and sizes. There were a great many more stones in the road, than there were upon the ground on each side.

"I don't see," said Oliver, "how there came to be so many stones in the road."

"Why, you see," said Jonas, "that the water from the melting snows and rains pours down in the road way, and washes out the earth; but out at the sides, the grass protects it. It can't wash away."

"And do you suppose," said Oliver, "that there are as many stones in under the grass, all around the fields here, as there are in the road?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "I have no doubt of it. In all these mountains, there is always a vast quantity of loose, broken stones and rocks under the soil. So the grass grows well over them, but it is hard to plough. That is one reason why the sides of the mountains make such good pastures."

"And what other reason is there?" asked Oliver.

"Why, the ground is more moist, and the grass grows greener in the dry summer months."

"I should think the mountains would be drier," said Oliver. "The water will all run off."

"No," said Jonas, "mountains are always

wet. There are more mists and rains about the summits of them, and the water soaks down, and then oozes out among the stones, and so forms springs and brooks, and makes the grass grow green. See! there is one now."

So saying, Jonas pointed to a very beautiful brook, which came down from a thicket of trees, upon one side of the road. It was quite broad, and the bed of it was filled with large tufts of rich green moss, around and among which the water glided beautifully.

"How many tufts of moss!" said Oliver.

"Yes," said Jonas, "under every one there is a stone."

Oliver ran down, and pulled up one of the tufts of moss. It was true, as Jonas had said. There was a stone under it; and Oliver found that the whole bed of the brook was filled with rocks, all of which were completely covered and concealed by this verdant moss. It made the bed of the brook look beautifully.

Oliver, however, could not stop longer to look at this brook, because the drove had gone on, and Jonas was going; and he did not wish to be left behind.

Before long, they came to a gate across the road. Oliver opened the gate, and Jonas drove the cattle and horses through. Then the road turned, ascending slowly by the side of a great hill, with woods on one side, and a magnificent view of the country on the other. They were up so high, that they could see a great distance. After a time, the road became level again, though there were high hills and mountains all around. Here was one more farm-house, the last one ; and the fields behind it extended back a little way, to the foot of the steep and rocky declivity of the mountains.

Opposite this farm-house was a fence, made of trees and bushes, which had been cut down and laid along, one upon the other, in such a way that the cattle could not get over them. In one place were a pair of bars, where the cattle were to be turned in. Oliver took them down, and Jonas drove the herd through, as before. On the other side of the bars, the land descended a little, and there was a path which led to a small brook, which passed across this corner of the pasture. The animals all went down to this brook to drink, and then they began to crop

the short, green grass, which grew abundantly all around.

Beyond the brook, the land rose rapidly to a high elevation, which was, in fact, the end of a lofty ridge of land, jutting out from the still higher mountains behind. The cattle path led up this elevation, and disappeared at the top of it. Jonas proposed to Oliver that they should go up a little way, and see what the prospect was. Oliver liked the proposal very much.

They accordingly went over the brook, and began ascending the path. It was steep and rocky, with tall weeds and bushes, and sometimes the stumps and trunks of old, decayed trees on each side. The path in one place turned into the forest a little way; and both Jonas and Oliver were impressed with the stillness and solemnity of the scene. The great stems of the trees, rough and gnarled, ascended to a vast height, and their tops formed a great, shady canopy, which produced a sombre sort of twilight below. Here and there, there was a bird on some lofty branches of a tree, singing in notes very clear, but yet of so mournful and lonely an expression, that

the woods seemed only the more solitary for her music. Enormous trees, too, which had fallen a quarter of a century before, lay upon the ground, their branches decayed and gone, and their trunks covered with moss and lichens. Others, of vast size, were still growing, — pines which, Jonas said, were fit for mainmasts, and hemlocks, and firs; and there was one great birch-tree, towering over their heads like a lofty column, with its trunk completely covered with peels of thin, paper-like bark, hanging in great patches away up as high as Oliver could see. Jonas said that if he had a little fire to light it at the bottom, the tree would become enveloped with flames, which would blaze in a few minutes from the root away up to the topmost branches.

In a very few minutes, the path led the boys out of the woods again; and, as they came out, they found themselves near the summit of the eminence, which Jonas had observed when he was at. the bars. The boys found the prospect from this place far more magnificent than they had expected. Behind them were vast swells of land covered with forests, and rising one above

another to a great height, and crowned at last by the rocky summits of the mountains.

On the other side, the boys looked over a vast extent of country. There were hills and forests far below them, and rivers and ponds, glittering in the sun. They could look down upon the farmer's fields, some green, where the grass was growing, some brown, having just been planted or sown; and upon the openings, extending up into the forests, on the sides of the hills, and with a perpendicular wall of trees all around them. There was one great field, dotted with small, dark-green spots, which Oliver thought must be a cornfield; but Jonas told him it was an orchard; — and another square patch upon a hill side, of an uncomonly bright and florid green. Jonas said it was a piece of winter rye. And here and there, around the horizon, a great smoke curled up from behind the trees, and drifted away slowly to the northward. It was where the people were burning the fallen trees, in the new clearings. Jonas saw a pond, too, which he thought was the one where they lived, but he was not quite sure.

"We could tell, if we had a spyglass," said he.

"Yes," said Oliver, "and perhaps we should see Josey on the bank, fishing."

After a short time, the boys returned. When they came back to the bars, they found that their drove were all busily feeding, except two young calves, and they had lain down to rest. As they were climbing over the bars, Jonas paused, sitting upon the uppermost bar, and looked back towards them.

"Well, Star," said he, "good-by, — and Line, and Cherry, fare ye well. Good-by, Chestnut, and May Day, and Prince Le Boo. I wish you all a happy summer. You'll see us no more for several months; — but here is plenty of green grass for you, and cool springs and brooks for you to drink from. When the sun is hot, go into the shady woods, and lie down on the leaves; and when it rains, you must get under the thickest fir-trees you can find. When you observe that the nights become frosty, and the snow-squalls begin to drift down from the mountains, then you may know that it is almost time for us to come and bring you home."

Oliver listened to this parting address with great attention; but the oxen and calves

seemed to pay no regard to it whatever. One of the colts raised his head from the ground, and turned it towards the boys for a few minutes, while Jonas was speaking, as if he was listening; but, as he put his head down again, and began to crop the grass before Jonas had finished, Oliver thought that he did not seem to care much for what Jonas was saying; so the boys got down from the bars, and began to walk towards home.

After walking about a mile, they stopped at a farm-house to get a drink of water, for Oliver was thirsty. They knocked at the door, and a little girl came out. They asked her if she would be kind enough to give them some water. She said yes, and went in to get a mug. While she was gone, a little child, just old enough to talk, came to see who was there.

"Well, my little girl," said Jonas, "what is your name?"

"Mary," said the child. And she stood holding the inner door open a little way, so that she could see them. Oliver looked at Jonas, and smiled, and then began to look about the yard. There was a great pile of wood before the door, and a cart; and

stumps, and rocks, and logs, were scattered all around. The house was small, and very rough in appearance, and the garden was rougher still. It was a small patch of beans and other vegetables, in a corner by two log fences.

"I have got a little brother," said the child, leaning against the edge of the door, and swinging it back and forth a little.

"Have you?" said Jonas. "What is his name?"

"He hasn't got any name," said the child.

"Is he a good boy?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said the child, "only he doubles up his fist at me, sometimes."

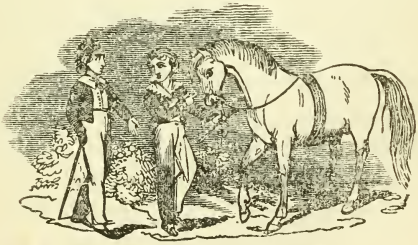
"Ah!" said Jonas, smiling. "I hope he won't quarrel with you when he grows bigger."

"I take care of him," said the child. "I keep him from stifling himself. He pulled the blanket all up over his face, but I took it away."

Just at this moment, Oliver, who had begun to wonder why the girl did not bring them the water, happened to turn around, and he saw her coming along a little path, which led down among some bushes by the

side of the house. She was bringing the mug full of water very carefully. She went in at a back door, and presently came through to the front door, and gave both Jonas and Oliver some drink. They thanked her, and then walked on.

In a short time, they came to the place where they had left the horse and wagon. The horse neighed when he saw them coming. He had finished eating his hay. Jonas harnessed him into the wagon again, and then they set out, and, having now no drove before them, the horse trotted on rapidly, and they reached home safely about sun down.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHASE.

Oliver's father had a field not very far from his house, which bordered on the pond; and at one side of it was a little cove, where there was a landing. The cove was surrounded by maple and elm-trees, and it had a beautiful sandy beach. It was a very pleasant place. There was a cart road leading from this cove up to the house. The farmer had a boat. It was of the kind called a canoe. It was made of the trunk of a large tree, formed into the shape of a boat, and hollowed out. It was large and well shaped, and it had three seats. One would not have supposed that so good a boat could have been made of a single log.

This boat was new and strong; but there was another one, old and worn out, which had been some time since condemned, and was drawn up under the bushes at the cove,

where it had been lying for a long time bottom upwards.

One day, when Jonas was at work in this field, he had a singular adventure with Josey and these two boats. It was as follows: —

They were hoeing corn in the field. The corn was about three inches high. Jonas took four rows, Oliver two, and Josey one, and they worked along together so, for a time; and at last Josey said that he was tired. There was a good fresh breeze blowing off towards the pond, which made the water look dark and rough; and this breeze made it very cool and pleasant for their work; and yet Josey complained that he was tired, and said he was going down to the cove to rest a few minutes, and then he would come back.

"Do you think he will come back again?" said Oliver.

"No," said Jonas, "I don't think he will."

In a short time, however, Oliver looked up from his work, and saw Josey coming out of the bushes, by the shore of the pond.

"He is coming," said Oliver.

But Josey, instead of coming back to his work, walked along towards a cart, which

stood by the bars, that led into the field. The cart had some tools in it. Josey went to it, and took out an axe.

"Jonas," said he, "I'm going to take this axe a minute or two."

"But your uncle said," answered Jonas, "that you must not have the axe."

"No," said Josey, "he only said you must not lend it to me."

"Well," said Jonas.

"You are not lending it to me. I'm taking it without."

So Josey walked off towards the pond with the axe, and Jonas and Oliver resumed their work.

"You'd better go and take it away from him," said Oliver.

"I don't certainly know whether I ought to take it away or not," said Jonas. "Your father told me not to lend it to him; but he did not say that I must take it away, if he got it himself, without leave. I don't know whether I ought to go and take it away, or only report him to your father when I go home."

"*I* think you ought to go and take it away," said Oliver.

On further reflection, Jonas concluded that he ought to consider the farmer's direction as an intrusting the axe to his charge, and that he ought to go and get the axe, — at least try to see if he could get it peaceably. So he left his hoe, and went down to the cove.

He found that Josey had just cut down a small fir-tree, about as high as a man's head, and having branches very thick and bushy. He was just trimming off some of the lowermost branches.

"Josey," said Jonas, "you must give me back that axe."

"Well," said Josey, "I've done with it."

So Josey tossed the axe over towards Jonas.

"What are you going to do with that bush?"

"I am going to hoist it up in the boat for a sail," answered Josey.

"But you must not go off in the boat," said Jonas.

"No, I'm not going off. I am going to let it be tied to the shore; only I'm going to sail out as far as the rope will reach."

Jonas advised him to be very careful, and then he went back to his work.

Now there was a round hole bored in the forward seat of the boat, and beneath it a little socket, in the bottom of it. This was for the purpose of supporting such a bush, in an upright position, so that the wind might blow the boat along. Amos used sometimes to go out upon the pond on fishing excursions, and he had made the hole so that he could put in a bush, and be driven along a little by the wind, when it was fair. Josey dragged his bush into the boat, and then, by great labor, he succeeded in hoisting it up, so as to insert the lower end into the hole in the seat; and then he let the stem slide down, until the end came down to the bottom of the boat, when he entered it into the socket, and that kept it firmly in its place.

He then attempted to sail about a little; but he found that the rope, by which the boat was confined, was so short that he could not move but very little. So he went up to the house, and got a long line, which he found in the shed. It was an old clothes line, with ragged ends, and many knots along its length. He thought, however, that it was strong enough, and he carried it down to the cove. He tied one end of this to the stake

on the shore, to which the boat had been fastened, and the other end he tied around the seat, which was nearest the stern of the boat. Then he untied the painter from the stake, and threw it into the boat. The painter is a short rope, with the end secured to a ring in the bows of the boat, and is used to fasten the boat to the shore.

The boat now, instead of having its bows fastened to the shore by the painter, was attached by its stern, and by means of the old line. And as this line was much longer, it would allow Josey to sail out a considerable distance into the cove, bows foremost. Josey would sit still in the middle of the boat, while the wind blew him out as far as the line would allow him to go, — and then he would work back with his paddle to the shore again, when he was ready for a new sail.

Things went on safely in this way for some time, when, at length, Jonas and Oliver, who were, during the interval, occupied with their work, heard an outcry.

"What is that?" said Oliver.

"It must be that Josey has got into some difficulty," said Jonas.

Here they heard another cry, loud and long — "Jo — nas! Jo — nas!" It sounded like a cry of distress and terror.

Jonas dropped his hoe, and ran diagonally across the rows of corn, leaping over the hills in long strides, until he reached the cove. Oliver followed him as fast as he could.

Jonas scrambled through the bushes, and came out upon the beach. Here he at once saw what was the difficulty. Josey was adrift. His line had broken, when his boat was out at the end of it, and the wind, pressing hard upon the bush, had forced him out of the cove. He had tried hard to get back by means of his paddle, before calling for help; but the wind was too strong for him, and, as he worked out from under the lee of the cove, the force of it became more and more evident. In fact, he found himself drifting fast out from the shore, with the broad and angry-looking pond all before him.

When Jonas reached the beach, he was crying, and calling "Jonas" in great terror.

"O dear!" said Josey, "O dear! what shall I do? I'm blown away; I'm blown away."

"Josey," said Jonas, "don't be afraid; there's no danger. If you get blown away

across the pond, I'll come round and get you with the wagon."

"O, stop me, stop me!" cried Josey, not paying any heed to what Jonas said; "do come and stop me."

Jonas looked on a moment in silence, thinking that it was utterly impossible to do any thing to rescue Josey. Oliver stood by his side, with a countenance expressive of great anxiety and concern. He presently said, —

"There's that old boat, Jonas."

And, as he said this, he pointed to the old boat, which was lying bottom upwards, under the bushes.

Jonas instantly ran to the boat, and turned it over.

"Yes," said he, "this will do."

"It is very leaky," said Oliver.

"I can bail it," replied Jonas. "Run, Oliver, to the cart, and bring me the axe."

Oliver ran off after the axe.

"Bring the shovel too," said Jonas, calling out to him as he was running across the field.

While he was gone, Jonas continued to drag the old boat to the edge of the water.

Then he called out to Josey. "Jo — sey," said he, in a loud voice, for Josey had now drifted out to a considerable distance, so that it was with difficulty that he could hear him.

"What?" answered Josey.

"Don't be afraid, Josey. I am coming after you."

The next moment, he called out again, "Jo — sey?"

"*What?*" said Josey again.

"Tie the end of the painter to your bush, just above the lowest branch."

"What for?" cried out Josey.

"O — bey!" vociferated Jonas. — "Don't stop to ask questions."

Josey then appeared busy for a time with the rope; and then he stood up in the boat. and called out, —

"I have done it, Jonas."

"Now lift the bush up out of the socket, and heave it overboard."

So Josey, by dint of great effort, succeeded in hoisting up the heavy bush, and tumbling it over the side. He very soon perceived what was Jonas's object in these orders; for the boat, which had been drawn rapidly

through the water, bows foremost, by the force of the wind upon the bush, which was near the bows, was now checked, when the bush was in the water. It now held the boat back, instead of impelling it; for, dragging in the water, it checked the motion of the boat, being fastened to the bows by means of the painter; and the stern, accordingly, being free, and acted upon by the wind, drifted round; and so the boat was driven, now, stern foremost, and much more slowly.

In the mean time, Jonas cut down another large bush, for *his* boat, and secured it in a perpendicular position, by means of such a hole and socket as there were in the other boat He then pushed the boat off into the water.

Jonas found that it was indeed quite leaky, and there was a large piece stove in, near the bows. Jonas got in cautiously, taking the shovel in his hand. He found that he had to sit back pretty well towards the stern of the boat, to keep the damaged part, at the bows, out of water. He paddled with his shovel, and very soon got out, when the bush began to take the wind. This drove the boat faster,

but at the same time it pressed the bows down, so as to let the water in at the gap forward. Jonas had to sit back farther; and at last he found it was necessary for him to keep close into the stern, in order to keep the bows up sufficiently. As it was, a good deal of water came in, and Jonas had to stop his paddling from time to time, and bail it out with his shovel.

All this, however, did not discourage him; for he found that he was gaining upon Josey. He called out to him, —

"Josey! never fear; I shall soon get up to you."

Josey, in fact, had become quite composed, and sat in the inside of his boat, watching Jonas's progress, as he came nearer and nearer. Never was a boy pursued so desirous of being caught.

Jonas could direct the course of his boat considerably by paddling with his shovel. He had no other paddle. Josey had the only one in his boat. As he drew nearer and nearer, he perceived an expression of great satisfaction and pleasure upon Josey's face, as he sat watching his approach. At length, he

brought his boat fairly up alongside of the one which Josey was in, and, reaching out his shovel, he drew them together.

Jonas then first raised his bush out of its place, and threw it overboard. Then he stepped over into Josey's boat, keeping hold of his own. Then he drew Josey's bush up to the boat, and, loosening the rope from it, he cast the bush adrift.

"Now," said he, "we are free; and we will see if we can get back again."

"How are you going to get back?" said Josey.

"I'm going to paddle," said Jonas; and he took his seat in the stern of the boat, and took the paddle in his hands.

"You, Josey," he continued, "must keep hold of the old boat, so that we may tow that back with us."

"O no," said Josey; "the old boat isn't good for any thing. Let it go."

"Not good for any thing!" repeated Jonas; "and here you are, saved from being blown nobody knows where by it. Besides, it is your uncle's property, and we must take good care of it, and put it back where we found it."

Josey accordingly held on by the boat while Jonas sat in the stern, and paddled. He found it difficult to make much headway, for the wind blew fresh and strong against them, and the little waves dashed with no little force against the bows. However, by hard pulling, he at length began to draw near to the cove again. They had to stop once or twice, to bail out the water from the old boat, to keep it from filling.

"If it should fill," said Josey, "it would sink, I suppose."

"No," said Jonas, "only to the water's edge."

"But I should think," said Josey, "that, if it should get full of water, it would sink."

"No," replied Jonas, "wood is lighter than water, whatever the shape of it is; and a boat made of wood can't sink."

"I have heard of vessels sinking, at any rate," said Josey.

"Then they must have had heavy lading, or ballast; for if a wooden ship were to be filled entirely full of water, and sunk to the bottom of the ocean, it would come up again immediately."

When the boys got to the shore, Jonas said.

"Now, Josey, you have taken some of your uncle's property, and I think you ought to make him compensation."

"Why, it is brought back again," said Josey. He thought that Jonas meant the boat.

"I don't mean the boat," said Jonas.

"What then?" asked Josey.

"I mean my time."

"Your time?" repeated Josey.

"Yes, my time. Your uncle is paying me high wages, and all my time is his property. Now, that has been consumed in going after you; and I think that, in justice to him, you ought to work with us long enough to do as much as I should have done, in the time that I have had to take to go and bring you back. Don't you think so yourself?"

"Why, yes," said Josey; "but then ——"

"But then, what?" said Jonas.

"Why, I feel pretty tired."

"Well," said Jonas, "you can do just as you think best. If you wish to be just, you'll do all you can to repay your uncle for the loss of my time."

"Well," said Josey, "I will; — but shall you tell uncle about it?"

"Certainly," said Jonas.

"Why?" asked Josey.

"Because,' said Jonas, "I ought not to let such a thing as this take place among us boys, without his knowing it."

In fact, however, Oliver went home just before Jonas did, and he told his father and mother all about the affair. When Jonas came in, the farmer said, —

"You did well, Jonas; but it seems to me that you ran a great risk."

"No, sir," said Jonas, "I am used to the water."

"But suppose the boat had filled, and sunk under you."

"Then," said Jonas, "I should have swum back to the shore."

"But suppose you had been too far from the shore."

"Then," said Jonas, "I should have swum to Josey's boat."

"But suppose," continued the farmer, "that you had been too far from the boat, too."

"I took care of that," said Jonas. "I watched the distances, and I found that I

was coming near the boat, before I had got too far from the shore. If I had not, I should have gone back again."

"Well," said the farmer, "you have a long head. I think we may trust you wherever you conclude to go."

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOLIDAY.

It was the custom of Oliver's father to allow all his men and boys one day, for holiday, after haying. Jonas told Josey, that, if he expected to have a good time on this holiday, he must work well during hay-time.

Josey took this advice. He worked well, three or four hours every day, spreading the swaths and opening the haycocks in the mornings, and raking after the cart, when the hay was ready to be got in. He found that the effect of this his industry was just what Jonas had predicted. It very much heightened the enjoyment of the holiday, when the holiday came.

The evening before the holiday, the farmer's wife said that she had been out of meal several days, and that she had been waiting till after haying, to ask her husband to send to mill.

"Well," replied the farmer, "day after to-

morrow the boys shall go. We can't let any thing interfere with the holiday."

"I should like to go to-morrow," said Jonas, "if you think it would do to go in the boat."

"In the boat?" said the farmer.

"Yes," replied Jonas. "It is not more than a mile and a half round, by water, I should think."

The farmer had never gone to mill in his boat; although, when he reflected upon it, he perceived that there was a communication by water all the way. The stream on which the mill was situated, issued from the pond, and the mill was only about a quarter of a mile from the pond. Then, as there was a dam across the brook at the mill, the water was deep and still back to the pond, so that it was good navigation for the boat all the way.

"But it will be very hard work, and take you a great while," said the farmer, "to paddle the boat three miles, — and loaded too."

"I didn't intend to paddle," said Jonas; "if there was a little wind, I thought we could sail."

"Well, at any rate," said the farmer "you can't sail but one way: even if the wind is fair to go, you would have to head against it coming back."

"Yes, sir," said Jonas, "with a bush. But I thought that, if you had no objection, I could rig on a sail, so that we could do better."

"How?" said the farmer; "how would a sail do better than the bush? A good-sized spruce or fir will take a great deal of wind."

"Yes, sir," said Jonas, "but you can't do any thing with a bush, unless the wind is dead aft; but I think that I could rig a sail, so that we could lay our course with the wind on the beam."

The farmer, who was not much accustomed to nautical phrases, did not know what Jonas meant by his "dead aft," and his "laying a course," and his "wind on the beam." Still he knew enough of Jonas's character to feel confident, that whatever he should undertake, he would probably be able to do. After a short pause, he asked him, —

"Well, Jonas, how long will it take you to rig the sail?"

"I think, sir," said Jonas, "we could get

ready by nine o'clock, if Amos and Oliver would help."

"And I too," said Josey.

"You!" said the farmer.

"He can help some, perhaps," said Jonas.

"I'll help," said Amos.

"We shall have," said Jonas, "to go into the woods to get our spars."

"Spars?" said the farmer. "What spars?" He did not know what the word *spars* meant.

"Why, we shall want a gaff and a boom, besides the mast," said Jonas.

The farmer laughed outright. He found that he made no progress whatever, in understanding Jonas's explanations. So he asked no more questions, but said only, —

"Well, I don't know what you mean by your gaffs and your booms; but I don't believe you'll find any of them growing in *my* woods. However, you may try."

Jonas, having thus obtained the farmer's permission, rose early the next morning; and he, and Amos, and Oliver, met, soon after sunrise, in a sort of workshop, in a shed where the farmer used to mend his carts, and make his sleds and tool-handles. Jonas said that he would be looking up something for a sail,

and get it ready, if Amos and Oliver would go into the woods and get the mast and spars.

"No," said Amos, "not I. If you want me to get you out some hoe-handles, or an axletree, — very well. But I don't know any thing about your masts and spars."

"Why, for a mast," said Jonas, "I only want a good, straight, handsome maple stick, ten feet long, and say three inches through at the bottom."

"That I can do," said Amos.

"Then we shall want a boom and gaff; a crotch will do instead of cheeks; — get two or three, or say half a dozen, straight maple sticks, say six feet long, with a crotch in one end. That is, find some little maples dividing into two branches, say six or eight feet from the ground."

"That we can do," said Oliver.

"Well," said Jonas, "that's all we shall want."

So Amos and Oliver took their axe, and went off after the spars, while Jonas began to look about, in the sheds and lofts, for something which would do for a sail.

About half an hour after this, Josey came out, and he found Jonas looking over an old

coarse-looking blanket, which appeared to have been a horse blanket. It was tattered and torn about the edges; but Jonas said he could get a piece out of it which would do for a sail.

"It won't be big enough," said Josey.

"I want it very small," said Jonas.

"Why?" said Josey; "then your boat won't sail so fast."

"Nor upset so easily," said Jonas.

"Will it upset," said Josey, "if the sail is large?"

"There is more danger of it. And you see, as the boys about here are not used to manage boats, I am going to make the sail so small, that the boat cannot be upset by it, let what will happen. I'd rather go slow, than have the boat upset by and by, and somebody get drowned, and then have the people charge it to me."

"*I'd* have a bigger sail than that, at any rate," said Josey.

"No," said Jonas; "and there is another thing I am going to do for security. I don't mean to have any belaying pin aft."

"What is a belaying pin aft?" said Josey.

"Why, a belaying pin, to belay the main

sheet to. Then, if there comes a squall, whoever is in the boat will let go the main sheet, by instinct, and so shake the wind right out the sail."

Josey did not understand this explanation at all. He perceived, however, that Jonas intended to go to the extreme of caution, to prevent any accident happening to the boat, in consequence of his instrumentality in fitting a sail to it.

"At any rate," said Josey, "I would have a handsomer sail than that. I'd go and make my aunt give me something better — some good white cloth."

"Yes," replied Jonas, as he was trimming the edge of his sail with a large pair of shears, "I think it likely that that is the way you would manage. But I am a little more cunning than that."

"Why?" said Josey.

"Why, you see," replied Jonas, "people would let us boys have our own plans a great deal oftener, if we did not trouble them in carrying them into execution. For instance, if you want to make a dove-house, and should go and ask your uncle to let you do it, — ten to one he'd say no, just because

he would expect, that you would come right to him to get this thing and that, to make it with, and so make him a great deal of trouble."

"I wish he would let me have a dove-house," said Josey.

"Now," continued Jonas, "I am going to make a sail out of this old blanket; and then I shall tell him that, if he should ever want a better one, I can shift it very easily."

About this time, Amos and Oliver returned from the woods with their mast and spars.

Jonas said that they would do very well. He trimmed and smoothed the mast, and fitted it to its place. Then he selected one of the largest of the other poles, which had crotches at one end, and said that that would make the best boom.

"What is a boom?" asked Amos.

"Why, a boom is to go along the lower end of the sail, to keep it stretched out, so as to take the wind."

"What is the crotch for?" said Amos.

"Why, the crotch is to fit to the mast. One branch goes on one side, and the other on the other. So the boom can swing around the mast, and run off in any direction.

"And now, Amos, will you trim and smooth the boom, while I select a gaff?"

"A gaff," repeated Josey; "what is a gaff?"

"Why, the gaff," said Jonas, "runs along the *upper* edge of the sail, and is to keep that part stretched out too. It is not so long as the boom."

"Why not?" asked Oliver.

"Because," said Jonas, "the upper part of the sail is not so broad as the lower part."

"And what are all the rest of the poles for?" said Oliver.

"We shall not want the rest," replied Jonas. "I told you to get half a dozen, in order that I might have enough to choose from, though we'll put away the rest, because one of these may get broken."

While Jonas was rigging his sail to the mast, he sent Amos down to the cove, to measure the length of the boat, for he said that he must have a keel. He then marked out a piece of plank of the right length and breadth for a keel, and, when Amos returned, he asked him to saw it out and plane it.

When all was ready, the whole party went down to the cove. Jonas carried the mast and sail rolled up together, and Amos and

Oliver carried the keel. Josey, who was desirous of rendering some aid, took an auger and an axe, and some wooden pins which Jonas had made. They were for the purpose of pinning the keel on to the bottom of the boat.

When they reached the cove, they drew up the boat, and turned it bottom upwards. Then Jonas pinned on the keel; he made it very firm. They asked him what the keel was for; and he said that, without a keel, no boat could be kept to the wind, though he did not know what the reason was. The other boys did not know what he meant by keeping a boat to the wind; but, as Jonas was just ready to turn the boat over again, they did not ask him.

When the boat was in its proper position, they launched her into the water, leaving the bows resting slightly upon the sand. Then Jonas raised the mast, having previously unfurled the sail. He said he had not the proper rigging for unfurling the sail, when the mast was up. He asked Amos and the other boys to get in first, while he kept hold of the boat by the bows.

"We'll try her a little way first," said he,

"to see if she will sail, before we go and get the grain to take to mill."

The boat sailed very well indeed. Amos was astonished to see it going out and coming back, by means of the same wind. Jonas steered with his paddle, which he held out behind. There was a fresh breeze blowing upon the pond, and Jonas said that, if they had the cargo on board, he had no doubt but that they should be able to make their way to the mill, without any difficulty at all.

They all, accordingly, went up to the corn barn to get the grain. They measured it out, and put it into bags. They put some of the bags upon a wheelbarrow, and Jonas wheeled them down to the cove. Amos took one upon his back.

Oliver went into the house to get some provisions in a basket, for Jonas said that they could not get back until after dinner-time, and so they would take their dinner with them, and stop and eat it upon some island.

CHAPTER X.

THE SAIL.

The boys put in their cargo of grain, and then embarked themselves. The farmer, and his wife, and little Amelia, came down to the cove to see them set sail. Jonas seated Oliver in the bows to look over into the water, and give warning in case they should be in danger, as Jonas said, of *running foul* of any thing. Amos and Josey took their places near the middle of the boat, and Jonas sat in the stern. "Now I'm ready to shove off," said Jonas. "You must all sit still, and keep a good lookout, Oliver; for there are several rocks about the mouth of the cove."

"Let *me* go and look out," said Josey, starting up from his place.

"No," said Jonas; "sit still."

"Why mayn't I go?" said Josey.

"You don't get any reasons at sea," said Jonas — "nothing but orders."

"A great rock!" said Oliver; "go that way, go that way."

As he said this, he pointed very eagerly, with his hand, off in the direction away from the great rock.

Jonas turned the boat in the direction which Oliver indicated, and so escaped the rock.

"You ought not to say, 'Go that way,'" said Jonas.

"What must I say?" asked Oliver.

"You must say, '*Bear up*,' or '*Bear away*,' according as you want me to go towards the wind, or away from it. *Up* is towards the windy side of the boat; *away* is the opposite direction."

"Well, then," said he, "bear up; for here is a great log lying upon the bottom. It is a tree; now I see the branches."

"Let me see," said Josey; and he half rose, and would have gone forward, but he perceived that he could now see the tree by looking over the side. It was an old tree, which had once been growing upon the shore, but had long since fallen into the water, and, after drifting about for some time, had sunk. A few decayed branches remained upon it,

"'Now I can see the bottom' said Oliver 'It is sandy.'" — Page 151.

and the boat came very near striking one of them.

Very soon, however, the boat got out of the cove, and into deep water ; and here the wind took the sail more powerfully, and they went on though the water with considerable speed. Jonas steered across a deep bay, towards a point of land which made out from the shore. There was a very pretty island at a little distance from the point, and Jonas said he meant to sail between this island and the point. Both the point and the island were covered with woods, only the extremity of the point was rocky.

As they gradually approached the narrow passage of water, through which Jonas was intending to pass, Oliver began to say, —

"Now I can see the bottom. It is sandy. Now it is gravelly. Shoal water coming, Jonas — shoal water. Bear up, Jonas ; — no, *away ;* away, bear away. There, I see a great stump, but it's on one side. We sha'n't run against it. Shoal water, shoal water, — but its deeper on farther ; we shall get by."

In fact, the boat was now in a line between the point and the island, and about equally distant from them. The island

looked larger than it had done before. It extended along for some distance, with a white sandy beach at the water's edge. As they were slowly gliding along here, Josey said, —

"Now, Jonas, you ought to let me be the lookout man. Oliver has been lookout man his share."

"We don't go by shares at sea," said Jonas.

"But I want to look out now," he continued, in a complaining tone, "and I mean to."

Here Josey rose from his seat, and began to move towards the bows of the boat.

"No," said Jonas; "you must obey me. I'm captain. There's no getting along at sea without obeying the commander."

"No," said Josey; "you are not captain any more than I. It's more my boat than it is yours, because it belongs to my uncle."

"Your uncle put it under my charge, and you must do as I say; so sit down."

"No," replied Josey; "I mean to go and be the lookout man."

So Josey attempted to step over the seat; but, just at that moment, he observed that Jonas made a new motion with his paddle,

and the boat began to move slowly round away from the island, and towards the main land. At the same time, the sail, which had before hung off upon one side of the boat, began to swing back towards the middle of it, and the boom, which was at the lower edge of it, came thumping against Josey's head and shoulders. At the same moment, the sail began to flap and flutter in the wind, with a loud noise, shaking the boom about over Josey's head. Josey sank down into the bottom of the boat, to get out of the way.

"What's the matter?" said Amos, looking frightened.

"Nothing," said Jonas, coolly. "Just take hold of the boom, and pass it over to the other side."

Amos did so. The boat turned round more and more, and the sail swung off over the water, so as to be out of their way again, only it was now on the opposite side.

"What was that?" said Josey, after the manœuvre was over.

"Nothing, only our going about."

"Going about?" repeated Josey; "what for?"

"I am going to put you ashore."

"Me ashore!" repeated Josey, more and more surprised. He looked forward, and saw that the boat was now pointed towards the shore, at a place on the back side of the point of land which they had just passed.

"Yes," said Jonas, "the only way, when we have an unmanageable passenger on board, is to put him ashore upon the nearest land."

A momentary thought passed across Josey's mind, that he would not be put ashore; he would resist. But, then, in a moment he reflected, that all his attempts at resistance, in respect to any of Jonas's decisions, had been utterly fruitless and vain. He therefore, after a moment's pause, said, —

"No, Jonas, you mustn't put me ashore. I'll sit still."

"It's very hazardous trusting to promises at sea," said Jonas.

"Why?" asked Josey.

"Why, suppose a passenger, or one of the crew, was mutinous or ungovernable, and the captain should conclude to put him ashore, and he should beg and promise, and so the captain should conclude to try him, — and then they sail away from the land out to sea

again. Now, if the mutineer was to begin to behave badly again, the captain might have to keep him on board all the time, for perhaps they would not have any opportunity to touch at any land again, until they arrived home, and he might do a great deal of mischief."

By this time the boat had got very near to the beach. Josey, seeing that Jonas was in earnest, began to be quite alarmed.

"But what shall I do," said he, "if you put me ashore?"

"You can either walk home, or wait there till we come back from the mill. I'll call for you when I come back."

"But I can't find my way home," said Josey.

"O yes," said Jonas. "If you walk up the bank, and through the trees up on the hill beyond, you'll see the road a short distance across the fields. It is only about a mile and a half home. I'm sorry to have you obliged to take such a long walk. It would have been a great deal pleasanter for us all to have had you obeyed orders."

So saying, Jonas changed the position of his paddle in such a way, that the head of

the boat was brought up to the wind, and the sail swung around to the middle of the boat, and, after shaking a little, but not violently, it hung becalmed. There was not much wind here, for the place was sheltered by the land. The boat floated nearly at rest upon the water, close to the sand.

"I wish you'd try him once more, Jonas," said Oliver.

"Yes," said Amos, "I wish you would, if you can. I don't think he'll make any more trouble."

Jonas had begun to push his boat up to the beach with the paddle, so that Josey could get out; but he stopped at hearing these words from Amos and Oliver, and said, —

"Well, if the other passengers intercede for him, that makes it a little different case, I admit."

So saying, Jonas paused, holding his paddle motionless in the water, as if at a loss what to do. In the mean time, the boat slowly glided inward from the effect of the impulse which Jonas had given it before, and at length it struck gently upon the sand.

"Yes, Jonas," said Amos, "try him once more."

"Well," said Jonas, "out of respect to my other passengers, I will; but I warn you all that it is a dangerous experiment to take *mutiny* out to sea, — even if the sea is a pond, and the mutineer only a boy; he may upset us."

Jonas immediately pushed the boat off, and headed her away from the shore. The boom swung over again; Amos and Josey bowed their heads to let it pass. They moved very slowly at first, where the water under the lee of the land was smooth and still. They soon, however, came out where the breeze took them, and then they glided along quite rapidly towards the outlet of the pond, which led to the mill. A stream running from a pond is called an *outlet.*

"I don't know how we shall find the entrance to the outlet," said Jonas.

That part of the pond was so indented with bays, and there were so many little islands, that Jonas did not know exactly whereabouts to look for the proper passage.

"*I* know," said Amos; "steer directly for

that large pine-tree, with the rocks on the shore below it."

"Yes," said Jonas, "I see it."

"We go between that and the little green island east of it."

"Yes," said Jonas, "I see."

In a short time, they were running along between the little green island and the rocky shore. Josey looked up at the tall pine, which towered above their heads to a vast height. He was almost afraid that it might fall over upon them. But Amos said he need not fear.

"It would be a good half hour's work to get it down," he said, "with the best axe that ever fell a tree."

"It isn't the axe that falls a tree," said Josey; "it is the man that uses it."

Amos made no reply to this criticism, but pointed out the top of the mill, which was just visible before them, over the tops of the trees. The boat glided along very smoothly over the surface of the mill pond, which they had now fairly entered; and they soon reached a little landing, where they were going to draw up their boat, close in the rear of the mill.

They carried the bags into the mill, and then, while they were waiting for it to be ground, the three boys rambled along the bank of the pond. Amos went up into the village to buy something at a store. When they got tired, they sat down upon some rocks near the water.

"See the fishes, swimming in the water," said Josey; "I wish I had my fishing-line here."

"I wish I could swim as well as a fish can," said Oliver.

It was a very warm day, and the appearance of the fishes, gliding along and bathing their sides in the clear and cool water, was a very refreshing sight.

Here Josey, who had strayed along the bank a step or two, uttered a loud and long exclamation, and called upon the boys to come and see a monstrous long fish.

"See!" said Josey; "there he is, right there, in that little cove under the rock; he is as still, — O, how still he is!"

"Yes," said Oliver, "it is a pickerel."

Jonas looked, and he saw a long and elegant-shaped fish, lying motionless in a still

place in the water, made so by the shelter of the rock. He was still as a statue, excepting that two of his fins were gently moving to and fro in the water, without, however, appearing to give any impulse whatever to his body.

"What a beautiful pickerel!" said Josey. "O, how I wish I could float in the water like that!"

"Why?" said Jonas. "Do you think it would be pleasanter lying down there, than being up here on the bank?"

"Yes, indeed," said Josey.

"I'll ask him," said Jonas, "and see what he says." Then, looking down into the water, and pretending to address the pickerel, he said, "Fish, what is your name?"

After a moment's pause, he repeated his question; and then, in a little different voice, gave the answer, as if it were spoken by the fish; and so he proceeded, carrying on a pretended conversation with the fish for some time, as follows: —

"What is your name, fish? — My name is John Pickerel. — How do you like living down under the water? — Pretty well. — I

suppose you can swim very fast. — Yes, sir, very fast; all over the brook and pond.—Well, it must be very pleasant. Here is a boy by me who wishes he could swim about under the water, instead of walking on the shore. — Then he's a very foolish boy; for its very gloomy down here: there's nothing to see but sand, and gravel, and rocks, wherever I go; no grass, no houses, no trees, nothing but sand, and gravel, and rocks, every where; always the same. I wish I could live out of the water, and walk on the bank in the pleasant sun. — Then, it seems, this boy is mistaken. — Yes, very much mistaken. The surface of the water is very pretty to look upon when the sun is shining on it in a pleasant summer's day, but it is a very gloomy place to live in. The next time that boy goes in to bathe, let him hold his head under water, and open his eyes, and he will see that it is a very dreary and lonesome place indeed."

"I mean to try it," said Josey.

"Well, good-by, John Pickerel," said Jonas. "Much obliged to you for the information you have given us."

Just at this time, the pickerel began very slowly to glide off towards the deep water. Josey got a stick to stop him; but the moment the stick touched the water, the fish darted off like an arrow, and disappeared. When the boys returned to the mill, they found their grist ready; and the boat soon conveyed both the company and the cargo safely home.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GRAY SQUIRREL

In the place where the farmer lived, going to church was commonly called going to meeting; and the church itself was called the meeting-house. This meeting-house was in the village, a mile or two distant from the house where the farmer lived.

The farmer's family generally went in a large, covered wagon, drawn by two horses. Jonas, and Josey, and Oliver, frequently walked, taking a cross path which led through the fields, which shortened the distance considerably. Josey always liked to go this way.

One pleasant Sabbath morning in the autumn, they set out together as usual. They walked along through the orchard. They all stopped a moment under an apple-tree, which bore large, juicy apples, and picked up one or two apiece, to eat as they walked along. Beyond the orchard was a cornfield. There

was a stone wall between the cornfield and the orchard, with a sort of gap, where the boys used to get over.

The corn was nearly ripe. The tops had been cut off, to admit the sun more fully to the ears, whose golden tips appeared bursting out from among the husks, all over the field. In some of the largest and ripest ears, the husks had turned back entirely, leaving the long rows of ripe and yellow corn fully exposed. On one such ear as this, Oliver saw, a short distance before him, a large gray squirrel. He was clinging to the top of the ear, which was bent down by his weight.

"Stop!" said Oliver, in a suppressed voice.

As he said this, he stopped suddenly himself, and extended his hands before Josey and Jonas, to prevent their going forward. He then pointed to the squirrel.

"I see him," said Josey, "I see him. Wait; — let me get a stone."

"No," rejoined Jonas, "don't stone him; — let us wait, and see what he will do."

The squirrel filled his cheeks with the kernels of corn, and then leaped down to the ground. He paused a moment, eyeing the

boys suspiciously, and then he glided along towards the path, with his long, bushy tail extended behind him, just lightly touching the ground.

Josey was so much excited, that he leaped up involuntarily, and clapped his hands. The squirrel stopped, turned suddenly towards the boys, and remained motionless, in a sitting posture, with his tail laid along his back, its tip curved like a plume.

"Hush!" said Jonas, in a low voice; — "stand perfectly still."

The boys stood still; and presently Bunny began to move forward again. He went on in the path, the boys following him with very cautious steps. He advanced rapidly, sometimes leaping over the inequalities of the path, and sometimes gliding smoothly along like a bird.

The boys followed him eagerly, but with great caution. At the end of the cornfield he passed under a fence, and the path entered a wood. The squirrel ran under the fence by a hole near a post; but the boys climbed over a stile, taking great care not to lose sight of him. The path led down a gentle descent, with trees on each side; and the squir-

rel went on, until, at length, he came to a place where there was a large and half-decayed trunk of a tree, lying upon the ground, half enveloped in bushes and leaves. One end of this trunk was towards the road, and under it was a small hole. The squirrel darted into this hole, and disappeared. The boys gathered around the hole, and stood looking at it.

"Come," said Jonas, "let us go along."

"I wouldn't go yet," said Josey; "we will wait a little while, and perhaps he will come out."

"No," replied Jonas, "we mustn't stop any longer; we must go to meeting."

"But I want to see him again," said Josey. "Besides, I can catch him, when he comes out again."

"It isn't right for us to stop on the Sabbath, when we are going to meeting, and catch squirrels," rejoined Jonas. "Come, we will go along."

So Jonas walked on, and Josey and Oliver followed, though Josey was very reluctant to go.

"I don't see what harm there is in stopping to look at a squirrel," said he.

Jonas did not answer.

"And I don't see any difference between stopping to look at him and running along after him in the path; and that you did, Jonas."

"Well," said Jonas, "if we have done wrong once, in running along after him, we won't do wrong again by stopping to look at him, and so make ourselves late at meeting. It is best to keep ourselves under pretty strict rules, on the Sabbath day."

So the boys walked on. About half a mile farther they came out upon the main road again, but it was not so pleasant walking along the main road, as it was in the pathway through the fields; because wagons, and chaises, and persons on horseback, were continually coming along, and the boys had to be careful to keep out of their way However, the boys got safely to meeting They remained at the meeting-house during the intermission at noon. For their dinner, they ate some bread and cheese, which they had brought in their pockets. They sat, while eating it, in a shady corner, at the end of a long shed with many divisions, which had been built behind the meeting-house, for

the horses to stand under, in the cold storms in winter.

In the afternoon, the boys returned home by the same way they came. They came along very cautiously when they approached the great log, in hopes of seeing the squirrel about his hole again; but he was not there. Josey said that he meant to set a trap for him, the next day.

When they got home, they found the horses and the wagon fastened in the yard, waiting for the boys to take care of them. Jonas unharnessed the horses, and then Josey led one, and Oliver the other, to the bars which opened into the pasture. It was then two hours before supper-time, and so Jonas went into the house, and got a book to read. He brought his book out, and sat down upon a bench, in a shady corner of the back yard, and began to read.

"Jonas," said Josey, "I am going to set a trap for that squirrel, and catch him."

"I wouldn't do any thing about it *to-day*," said Jonas.

"No, I am not going to *do* any thing about it; I am only just going to see if that old steel trap in the barn is in good order."

"I wouldn't," said Jonas. "I wouldn't see any thing about it to-day. Come and sit here with me and read."

"Why, I don't think there's any harm," said Josey, "in just going to see if the trap is there."

"But I *know* there's no harm in sitting here and reading about old King David. Let's do what we're sure of."

"Are you reading about old King David?" asked Josey.

"Yes," said Jonas, "how he got Goliath's sword."

"O, I know," said Josey; "he jumped right on to him, and pulled the sword out of his scabbard, and then cut his head off."

"I don't mean that time. He got his sword another time, — after that, — in a very singular way. If you'll go and get Oliver and Amelia, and come here, I'll read and explain it to you."

Josey liked this proposal very much. He went and found Oliver and Amelia, and they came and sat down near Jonas's bench. Amelia sat upon a wooden block, which she used for a cricket, and Josey and Oliver upon the grass. Then Jonas read and explained to

them the account of David's going to the priest in the temple, and getting some bread, and also the sword of Goliath, which was kept there as a curiosity.

"Did he do right or wrong?" said Jonas, when he had finished the story.

"Right," said Josey. "He got that sword away from Goliath, and he had a right to go and take it at any time."

"Wrong," said Oliver, "for he told a falsehood."

Jonas was going to talk with the boys more about this case; but just then, Isabella, Amelia's older sister, came out and called them to supper. After supper, they all went up into the pasture after the cows, walking along quietly together.

After they had found the cows, and were slowly returning behind them, Jonas said that he read a remarkable verse in the Bible that day.

"What was it?" said Josey.

"Why, it was this," replied Jonas — "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge."

"I don't see any thing very remarkable in that," said Josey.

"Only," replied Jonas, "I did not know, if he watches all the sparrows, whether he would like to have you break and mangle that poor squirrel's legs in the steel trap."

"But I hav'n't got any *box* trap," said Josey, "and so I *have to* use the steel one. If you'll make me a box trap, I'll catch him in that."

"What are you going to do with him when you catch him?"

"O, I'm going to tame him," said Josey.

"Well," said Jonas, "I know a way to catch him better than to set a box trap."

"What is it?" said Josey.

"I'll help you about it, if you'll let me direct the whole plan."

"Well," said Josey.

"It will take some time," said Jonas.

"Well," said Josey; "when will you do it?"

"We will begin to-morrow morning," said Jonas.

Josey was very eager, the next morning, to know what was the first thing to do to catch the squirrel. Jonas told him to go and get

some crumbs of bread, and carry them down to the squirrel's hole.

"If you happen to see the squirrel," said he, "toss down some of the little crumbs of bread before him as gently as possible."

Josey went according to these directions. He did not, however, see the squirrel. He remained there watching for some time; at last, he left the crumbs of bread near the mouth of his hole, and sauntered along slowly home.

That day Jonas and Oliver went to work in the cornfield, to get in the corn, which had become ripe enough to be gathered. Josey found them at work when he went back from the squirrel's hole. He remained and worked with them for a time, and, after about two hours, he went down again to see if his crumbs of bread were gone. He found that they had disappeared entirely.

He went back greatly delighted, and asked Jonas what he should do next.

"After dinner," said Jonas, "bring down some more, and put in the same place."

Josey did so. The next morning, too, he went again. He climbed over the stile, and was walking, with a careless air, down the

pathway; but when he drew near to the great log, his attention was suddenly arrested at hearing a loud and long-continued chirup. He looked up, and saw the squirrel, seated upon the end of his log, singing him a song.

Josey approached very carefully. The squirrel leaped off the log, and ran to the mouth of his hole, and then turned round, and began to look back at Josey.

Josey broke off some little pieces from the crust of bread, which he was holding in his hand, and gently tossed them down towards the squirrel. Bunny was very timid and suspicious; but presently he crept up near to one of them, and picked it up.

"Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," said Josey, throwing down some more pieces of bread.

The squirrel picked up one or two more of the crumbs, and then ran suddenly down into the hole, and disappeared.

"Bunny, Bunny, Bunny," said Josey; "come out again, Bunny, and get some more bread."

But Bunny would not come. Josey watched his hole for some time, and then he went away and reported the facts to Jonas.

Jonas said that the plan was working very well. And he told Josey to go again every day, and feed him just as before. "By and by," said Jonas, "you'll get him so that you can call him out of his hole."

"Yes," said Josey, with a look of great pleasure; "and then, you see, I'll stand all ready, and when he comes out, I'll grab him."

"No, indeed," said Jonas, "no grabbing him. Do you be sure and not make the least effort to catch him, till I give you leave."

Josey promised that he would not. So he went, day after day, to feed his squirrel. He got so, at last, that, whenever the squirrel was in his hole, he would always come out when Josey called, and come up quite close to Josey's hands to feed, as he stooped down to drop the small pieces of bread upon the ground. At last, Josey got him so that he would feed out of his hand; and he told Jonas that he could catch him just as well as not.

"No," said Jonas, "you must not catch him; but you may put your hand on his head a little, and stroke it down."

Josey tried to do this, but it frightened the squirrel away. He seemed to be willing to

feed out of Josey's hand, but he did not want to be touched.

Josey was very strongly tempted to seize him suddenly; but he remembered Jonas's prohibition, and so he refrained, and only attempted gently to put his hand upon his head. When he found, however, that the squirrel darted away, he was almost sorry that he had not seized him.

"I could have caught him," he said to Jonas, when he returned, "just as well as not."

"I am very glad you didn't," said Jonas.

"Why?" said Josey.

"Why, perhaps he would have bitten you, and struggled to get free; and then perhaps you would have torn off half of his tail. Besides, he would have been so frightened, that probably you couldn't have got him near you again. But now I suppose that, the next time you go down, he will come out just as usual."

Josey went on several days more, feeding the squirrel in the same way. At last, he got him so tame, that he could pat him on his head, and move his hand gently along his back, while he would remain quietly eating the crumbs of bread from his hand. Still

Jonas would not allow him to attempt to catch him until he could go down himself to see.

One evening, about sundown, Jonas went down with Josey, in order to see for himself how tame the squirrel had become. Josey called him out, gave him some bread, and patted him, saying, —

"See, Jonas, I can take him up just as well as not. Mayn't I?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "take him up gently, a very little way, and then put him directly down again."

Josey did so. The squirrel, alarmed at this new movement, struggled a little to get free; and, as soon as his feet touched the ground again, he wheeled around, and ran away to his hole.

"There," said Josey, "now, if you had only let me have kept him, I could have carried him home as well as not."

"No," said Jonas; "the time hasn't come yet."

The next time that Josey was going down to feed his squirrel, he said to Jonas, "Now may I bring him home?"

"No," said Jonas; "you mustn't attempt

to bring him away, until you have accustomed him to be quiet in your hands there. Then you may bring him off a little way, and put him down, and let him run home. The next day, you may bring him a little farther, — and so, by degrees, until you get him up to the house; and then you may carry him in, and show him to Isabella."

All this was accomplished in about a fortnight afterwards. Josey brought the squirrel home one frosty morning, and showed him to Isabella. Bunny looked about him a little wildly, at finding himself in the kitchen, and then he slipped between Josey's fingers, and ran up, and mounted on his shoulder. Josey walked off with him to show him to Jonas and Oliver; and he said, —

"I acknowledge, Jonas, that this is a better way to catch a squirrel, than it would be to gripe him in a steel trap."

Josey then went and put the squirrel down gently in the pathway, and let him run away home, — while he himself went down to the pond, to throw some stones out upon the ice, which had formed upon it during the night, to see if it was strong enough to bear him He found that it was not. The first

stone that he threw on, went directly through; and the wave which it made, spreading in every direction, hove up and cracked the thin sheet of ice for a considerable distance around.

THE END.