

**LOCKE AMSDEN, OR,
THE SCHOOLMASTER:
A TALE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649389865

Locke Amsden, or, The schoolmaster: a tale by Daniel P. Thompson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

DANIEL P. THOMPSON

**LOCKE AMSDEN, OR,
THE SCHOOLMASTER:
A TALE**

LOCKE AMSDEN,

OR

THE SCHOOLMASTER:

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAY MARTIN,"
"THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS," &c.

David Bruce Thompson

"In every scene some moral let us teach;
And, if we can, at once both please and preach."
POPE'S EPITAPH.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY BAZIN & ELLSWORTH,
13 WASHINGTON STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867,

By D. P. THOMPSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

PRINTED BY
GEORGE C. RAND & AVERY.

TO THE
FRIENDS OF POPULAR EDUCATION
AND SELF-INTELLECTUAL CULTURE,
IN THE UNITED STATES,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES,
WRITTEN LESS WITH THE HOPE OF GAINING LITERARY FAME, THAN
OF AWAKENING AN INTEREST, AND IMPARTING USEFUL HINTS
ON AN IMPORTANT, AND, WITH ALL OUR ROASTS, A
STILL SADLY NEGLECTED SUBJECT,
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAPTER I.

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art."

GOLDSMITH.

OUR story, contrary perhaps to fashionable precedent, opens at a common farm-house, situated on one of the principal roads leading through the interior of the northerly portion of the Union. It was near the middle of the day, in that part of the spring season when the rough and chill features of winter are becoming so equally blended with the soft and mild ones of summer upon the face of nature, that we feel at loss in deciding whether the characteristics of the one or the other most prevail. The hills were mostly bare, but their appearance was not that of summer; and the tempted eye turned away unsatisfied from the cheerless prospect which their dreary and frost-blackened sides presented. The levels, on the other hand, were still covered with snow; and yet their aspect was not that of winter. Clumps of willows, scattered along the hedges, or around the waste-places of the meadows, were white with the starting buds or blossoms of spring. The old white mantle of the frost-king was also becoming sadly dingy and tattered. Each stump and stone was enclosed by a widening circle of bare ground; while the tops of the furrows, peering through the dissolving snows, were

beginning to streak, with long, faint, dotted lines, the self-disclosing plough-fields. The cattle were lazily ruminating in the barn-yard, occasionally lowing and casting a wistful glance at the bare hills around, but without offering to move towards them, as if they thought that the prospects there were hardly sufficient to induce them yet to leave their winter quarters. The earth-loving sheep, however, had broken from their fold, and, having reached the borders of the hills by some partially trod path, were busily nibbling at the roots of the shriveled herbage, unheeding of the bleating cries of their feebler companions, that they had left stuck in the treacherous snow-drifts, encountered in their migrations from one bare patch to another.

The owner of the farming establishment, in reference to which we have been speaking, was in the door-yard, engaged in splitting and piling up his yearly stock of fire-wood. He was a man of about forty, not of a very intellectual countenance, indeed, but of a stout, hardy, and well-made frame, which showed to advantage in the handsome and appropriate long, striped, woollen frock, in which he was plying himself with the moderate and easy motions which are, perhaps, peculiar to men of great physical power. A rugged and resolute-looking boy, of perhaps a dozen years of age, having thrown himself upon one knee before a small pile of prepared wood, lying near the kitchen door for immediate use, and having heaped the clefts into one arm till they reached to his chin, as if in whim to see how much he could carry in, was now engaged in trying, with a capricious, bravado-like air, to balance an additional stick on his head, by way of increasing his already enormous load.

In another part of the yard, and as near his master as he could remain undisturbed, lay the well-fed house-dog, reclining upon his belly, with his muzzle, which was pointed in a direction most favorable for a look-out, resting on a clean,

broad chip, with ears attent, and eyes keenly following the slow, creeping motions of a small carriage, that was now seen in the distance winding along the road from the south, of whose approach he, from time to time, as he considered himself in duty bound, gave notice by a low growl, which, as the vehicle at length emerged from some partially screening bushes into plain and near view, was raised to a lazy *wow!* The carriage in question proved to be a light, open wagon, drawn by one horse, and containing a middle-aged man, of a fine, gentlemanly appearance, and by his side a small female figure, closely muffled in hood and cloak. Carefully guiding his horse, and turning him from one side to the other of the still icy road, to avoid the most sidling and dangerous-looking places, the traveller at length came abreast of the house; when the animal lost his footing, and after two or three violent but fruitless flounders to regain it, by which the carriage was nearly overset, finally landed flat on his side, and lay as if dead.

"My stars!" exclaimed the farmer, pausing with uplifted axe to see the mishap, "if that was 'nt a narrow escape from capsizing, it 's no matter!"

A second thought now seeming to occur to him, he suddenly dropped his axe, darted forward to the spot, and, seizing the prostrate horse by the bits, held him down.

"Clear the wagon," he said, hastily motioning with his head to the traveller, "the horse will be as likely to overturn you in rising as he was in falling. Jump down, and lift out the girl, and I will then let him up."

This advice was instantly complied with; when the horse, being spurred to an effort, soon safely regained his feet.

"Your beast has lost a shoe, sir," said the farmer, approaching the panting animal, and lifting a suspected foot; "yes, here is the foot, as bare as your hand. But you must have another put on before you drive him another rod in