

**THE BEAUFORTS: A
STORY OF THE
ALLEGHANIES**

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The Beauforts: A Story of the Alleghanies by Cora Berkley

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CORA BERKLEY

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ALLEGHANIES**

THE BEAUFORTS;

A STORY OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

BY

CORA BERKLEY.

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ROY VAN
SLIP
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P R E F A C E .

IT has been my lot to see and hear much of Infidelity, not only as the great sin of the age, but as the peculiar source of deep sorrow in households, which but for that would be happy. I have seen misery following the footsteps of children far in the paths of life, because of the traitorships of parents to their faith; and it was this first gave me the idea of writing this little book. With what success I have embodied my thoughts, I leave those to judge who so kindly received my first attempts at story telling.

CORA BERKLEY.

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THE BEAUFORTS:

A TALE OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

IN one of the narrow eastern passes of the Alleghany mountains is situated an estate which for ages belonged to the Beau-forts, and which for wild, picturesque beauty can scarcely be rivaled. When Reginald Beau-fort came from England with Lord Baltimore's Catholic colony, he had little thought of making in the depths of an American forest, a home that would be called his long after he slept in the grave, little thought of leaving descendants who

would tarnish the proud name of Beaufort by apostacy, yet so it happened.

Reginald left the colony with some Indian hunters who lived westward, and remained long enough with them to become deeply attached to the wild, roving life they led. There was fascination for him in the dark solemnity of the primeval forest, in the lofty mountains, and the rushing streams, and it seemed to him he could lead a purer, truer life with the simple sons of the soil, than amid the busy intrigue of a more civilized race, and so, when he stood, one summer evening on a broad plateau, which broke the steep ascent of one of the mountains, he said to himself, "It is well to be here." Far down below him in the narrow gorge, he could see the Indian village, fast growing indistinct in the gathering shadows of the evening, whilst above him the lofty brow of the mountain was crowned with the sunset's light. No monarch was ever more regally decked. The beauty of the place sank deep into his heart. There was no lordly mansion, as in the old English domain which had been taken from