

relations with his dingy connexions, who would have been very ready to take umbrage if their friendly advances had been repelled, or their contributions spurned. Accordingly, there were more or less frequent visitations to the Eyrie of delegates from the various tribes, who brought with them gifts of venison, furs, belts of wampum, porcupine quills, and other commodities which are precious in the eyes of the untutored aborigines. The delegates were always entertained with a lavish hospitality, and the most kindly feelings were maintained between the Six Nations and the father of their future chief.

So far as such a thing was possible, the quondam loungee of Bond Street seems to have preserved, in his solitary fastness, the state and habits of a gentleman. He had a house full of Indian servants who were initiated by him into the more easily-acquired mysteries of culinary and domestic economy. He reduced several acres of land to a state of cultivation, and raised his own vegetables; but the bulk of his territorial possessions were allowed to remain in the condition in which he had found them. He had brought with him many of the accompaniments of civilization, including a tolerably comprehensive library, and did what in him lay to make a gentleman of his son. As to how far he succeeded in his endeavour the reader will shortly be in a position to judge for himself. It is certain that by the time the boy had completed his fifteenth year, he was, for his age, a prodigy of learning. He knew everything that his father could teach him, and had read and digested a great many books into which his father had never even so much as dipped. He was usually fond of study, and when in the humour, no amount of severe intellectual effort seemed to daunt him. For such a state of things he was doubtless in a great measure indebted to a more judicious system of training than might have been expected, added to the fact of his having inherited a magnificent constitution. His father took care that the physical progress of his son should keep pace with his mental advancement. To secure such a result, the prime requisites were fresh air and exercise; commodities not difficult of attainment in that wild region. It would have been strange, however, if, with Indian blood coursing through his veins he had not had in his composition a tinge of the *genus vagabond*. He was at times wayward, capricious and self-willed. His nomadic ancestry would now and then reveal itself in the shape of an apparently uncontrollable longing to escape from the trammels of everything connected with civilized life. During these periods his sire's influence and teachings were utterly disregarded. He would not unfrequently absent himself without leave for weeks together. He was adored by his barbarous kindred, not less for his mother's sake than for his own, and was as much at home in their wigwams as in his father's library. He learned to paddle a canoe in the face of the most treacherous undercurrent; to dance the Indian waltz; to bring down a fat buck at an amazing distance; to track the wild beast to its lair, and cleave its skull with his brain-biting tomahawk at the precise moment when miscalculation would have been failure, and failure would have been death; and generally to comport himself in a manner which promised well for the popularity of his future administration of the affairs of the Six Nations who were to acknowledge his sway.

Fortunately, these periodical fits of insubordination were not of long duration, and spent themselves in a few weeks; at the expiration of which he would return to his home, and resume his studies with unwearied perseverance. Such occasional excursions had one good effect: they developed in him an early and lusty manhood. At sixteen years of age his height was not much less than six feet, and it was evident that he had not nearly reached his full stature. He had the thews of an athlete, and, thanks to his father's lessons, could spar like a prize-fighter. His stern old maternal grandfather, on those rare occasions when he honoured the Eyrie with his presence, contemplated the stalwart proportions of the young Hercules with grim admiration, and prophesied that the latter would give a good account of himself when the time came for him to go out on his first war-path.

That time proved to be near at hand. In the year 1812, war broke out between the United States and Great Britain, and the forces of the republic made their ill-starred descent upon Canadian territory. The Kings, father and son, took the field as vol-

unteers, and bore themselves gallantly, side by side, at the battle of Queenston Heights, where the former received a mortal wound from a musket-ball, and breathed his last a few hours afterwards in the arms of his son. This calamity aroused all the inherent fierceness of the youth's nature, and transformed him, for a time, to something very much like a wild beast. From that moment until the close of the war, his one object was to avenge his father's death. Denuding himself of his ordinary habiliments, he donned the native garb of the Mohawks, smeared his face with the pigments familiar to his tribe, and led his fellow-savages to the charge in several closely-contested fields. Wherever bullets were thickest, the glittering tomahawk of the Young Weasel might be seen descending upon the skulls of the invaders, while his terrific war-whoop was heard above the din of strife. During the two years which succeeded the day of Queenston Heights he fought in nearly every engagement which took place along the Niagara frontier; and if the traditions of his tribe are to be credited, no fewer than forty-two of his foes fell by his hand before peace was proclaimed. When the struggle was over, he returned to the Eyrie, to find that his Indian mother had died in his absence, and that he was

“Lord of himself, that heritage of woe.”

His grandsire, old Winnisimmit, had also fallen in the conflict; so that the Young Weasel was now chief in *presenti* of all the tribes of the Six Nations.

He was at this time eighteen years of age. One of his first acts, after the close of hostilities, was to seek the spot where the body of his father had been hastily interred, and convey the bones to the Eyrie, where he buried them in a little plot of ground near the house, which had long before been set apart by his father for a place of burial, and where his mother's body had already been interred. His next proceeding was to abdicate his sovereignty in favour of a son of one of his maternal uncles. The wise men of the Six Nations, before accepting his abdication, used every effort to dissuade him from this step, but without effect. He continued to live upon the most friendly terms with his kindred, but took no active part in the councils of the tribes, and for several years led a very secluded life at the Eyrie, where his only attendant was an old Indian woman who had formerly waited upon his mother.

The surrounding country gradually began to give evidences of settlement. The Eyrie property, which embraced about a thousand acres of land, was left uncleared and uncultivated, but the clearings and dwellings of the pale-faces began to spring up in every direction, and considerable numbers of emigrants were continually arriving. Great changes were meanwhile taking place among the native tribes. They had undergone great demoralization from the effects of the war, and still more from the effects of strong drink. The administration of the new successor to the sovereignty proved to be a very feeble one, and was not of long duration. The children of the Six Nations rapidly deteriorated under his rule, and finally cast off all allegiance to him. Many of them abandoned the district, and removed to the far-west, where they allied themselves to other tribes. Those who remained seemed to have entirely lost the energy and vigour for which their ancestors had always been conspicuous. They became more and more scattered every year. The race seemed insensibly to dwindle away, and before many years had elapsed few except the most abject representatives remained, to gain a hand-to-mouth subsistence in the manner indicated in a previous chapter.

Shortly after attaining his majority, Lionel Wentworth King the Second betook himself to Montreal, where he studied medicine, and took a regular medical degree. Returning to his home, which he had left in charge of the old Indian woman, he found that colonization had made still further progress in his absence, and that the nucleus of a village had formed at Johnson's Ford. He had had no definite object in view in studying medicine, except to beguile his thoughts from the sad memories which oppressed him; but he soon began to find that he would by no means be permitted to hide his acquirements under a bushel, and that he might relieve the tedium of his existence by frequent exercises of his professional skill. There was no medical practitioner nearer than Ancaster, a village fifteen miles distant; and