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A TALE  
OF  
THE WAR OF 1757.

BY AUGUSTUS HEWARD.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER many days at forest marching, at almost unvaried monotony, the little band at length reached Fort Edward, where for some days General Webb had expected them; they therefore found comfortable quarters ready, which to the tired soldiers was a great relief after their long and toilsome march. The Fort was strongly garrisoned, and the troops were eager for an opportunity of testing their courage on the field of battle. A month elapsed, however, before it seemed probable that such an opportunity would occur, and Herbert was becoming heartily tired of the sameness of the life he was leading. Thus weary of inaction he stood at the gate of the fort in deep reverie, when he was suddenly startled by the challenge of the sentry: the next moment an Indian runner entered the fort, and asked to be conducted to Gen. Webb. His arrival was the occasion of busy conjectures, and many a gallant heart hoped that at last they would be led against the French. They had not long to wait, before the real character of the news transpired.

Col. Munro, the Commander at Fort William Henry, had sent for a powerful reinforcement, as he had received intelligence to the effect that Montcalm, the French General, was marching with a numerous army to invest Fort William. This news caused the greatest commotion in the fort. Orderlies hurried to and fro, and that strange noise which always precedes any event of importance was heard to float in the air above Fort Edward. Fifteen hundred men had received orders to be ready to march by morning, and among these were Capt. Herbert and his company.

Edwin therefore passed a sleepless night in making preparations for the morning's march. Added to this was the excitement natural to a young and spirited man, now for the first time about to enter the field of war. The day had scarcely dawned when all was activity and preparation in the fort.

Adieux were hastily exchanged; and at last all was ready, and amidst the rattle of the drum, and the scream of the fife, the column commenced its march; the morning was very fine and the foliage on the trees at the height of its summer beauty. The road which the soldiers took was not a very difficult one, as it had been improved by art, with the view of enabling large bodies of troops, or convoys of provisions to pass with ease between the two forts. The distance between the forts was about fifteen leagues; the troops therefore managed to reach Fort William late that night. Here they found all excitement and bustle, for Col. Munro was prudently endeavouring to strengthen his earthen bastions. At the present time, when the art of war has reached such perfection, Fort William would not have been considered tenable for three hours, as it was completely commanded from several adjacent hills, but at that time, cannon did not send their iron messengers such an immense distance as they do now; the fort therefore, if properly defended, would take some time to reduce. Not long after Edwin's arrival the fort was invested by Montcalm. Before commencing siege operations, however, the French General demanded its surrender. But Munro, relying upon General Webb for assistance, returned a defiant answer to this proposal. The French General therefore at once invested the fort, and day and night did his cannon belch forth fire at the besieged works. He was greatly assisted by a large body of the Six Nation Indians; these warriors (concealed by trees), would from their cover pick off any of the garrison who incautiously exposed themselves. On the other hand Munro's men were becoming daily more proficient with the musket, and many a redman fell beneath their unerring aim. Of those who were specially noted for their marksmanship, was the scout Lightfoot, who dealt death to numbers of the foe. Among other peculiarities noticeable about him, was that whenever his shot was seen to take effect, he would, with his knife, make a notch on the stock of his musket. Wondering at this strange proceeding, Edwin one day ventured to ask him the reason of it. "Well, you see, Captain, it's a record of vengeance, every notch here means a life taken, a terrible vengeance has been mine, but it is not yet full, nor will it be until I have slain Redhand, whose bloody deeds drove me to my present wandering life; when his blood shall have been spilt, then will the vengeance of Lightfoot be complete;" pressing his enquiries still further, Edwin at length managed to obtain the following account of the scout's early life.

CHAPTER V.

"You must know, Captain, that once I was not the kind of being I am at present; all I live for now is vengeance on the authors of my misery, all I now care for is the lonely forest and the sighing of the wind in trees of a stormy night, with the exception of being the means of saving life from the deadly knife of the Indian, this is my only pleasure. My first experience of life was in the woods; my father was one of the early settlers who had left their native land, to find a new home in unexplored and almost unknown wilds. For a long time our prospects of happiness and plenty in our new home seemed favorable, but this was not destined to last, for one night one, who for some reason was an enemy of my father, set fire to his barns, into which the freshly cut grain had been but lately stored, and left him almost a beggar. Under these circumstances my parents thought it better to remove further into the wilderness, and try their fortunes upon a newer soil; they therefore, with another family, whom they had persuaded to join them, determined to move northwards, where report said lands of extraordinary fertility were to be found. At the time of their removal I was about seventeen years of age and had two elder brothers—fine stalwart fellows. But of all my family the one most loved was my only sister, about a year younger than myself. She was the angel of our home, never did a more loving or gentle being walk this earth, and now that she is gone her sweet eyes seem sometimes in my dreams to be looking down upon me in love and sorrow.

But I must go on with my story, Captain. Well! we had hardly been settled six months when a rumour reached us that the savages to the north of us were on the war path. My mother thought it best for us to return to the more secure settlements until the danger had passed, but being of a daring disposition and but little inclined to leave his newly-formed home, my father determined to trust to his blockhouse, and his sons' stout arms to keep back the foe. The family who were settled near us came to the same decision, and it was determined that the two families should occupy the same blockhouse until the danger had passed. We then laid in a good stock of provisions and water and did all in our power to make our position as secure as possible. In all we numbered seven men and two boys—my father and his three sons, and our neighbour and his sons. There was also a boy employed by the other family. All hands were good with the musket, and one of our neighbor's sons was a prodigy in strength. He could lift as much as any three of us and to see him felling a tree did one good. From the time of the alarm it was our custom to appoint a guard every night, but for a long time all went on as usual and we were all beginning to feel more light hearted. The fatal hour, however, was surely coming. One morning the boy went out to see after some strayed cattle; he had not been gone an hour, when we saw him running towards the blockhouse with alarm depicted upon his countenance. As soon as he was near enough to be heard he exclaimed "the Indians, the Indians are upon us, master. Prepare to defend yourselves or we are lost." In an instant the women and children were huddled in the blockhouse for safety, while the men took their stations around the rude palisades which we had constructed. The duty of apprising the defenders below when the enemy should appear devolved upon the boy and myself. No warning, however, was needed, for before long the dreadful war-whoop was heard resounding from all parts of the forest. Now I do not dread its sound, then the blood seemed to curdle in my veins, as it broke on the still air. I could hear my father in the midst of the horrible din telling his little garrison not to waste their fire but to make sure at every shot. In the meantime my poor mother had not been idle, but had been loading a second set of rifles for the defenders' use and trying to soothe my poor sister's alarm. And now a scene which is burnt into my brain as with fire occurred. My mother, seizing a pistol, gave it to my sister, saying, "Should our brave defenders be beaten, remember, my daughter, that there is a fate which to one of your purity would be worse than death itself; therefore if it must be so, my sweet child, die by your own hand rather than live to be degraded." My sister took the weapon and promised to obey, and now all hands were engaged trying to repulse the enemy, and it seemed to me as though every one of our small number fought with the energy of ten men. After the first assault, the savages retired for a while, as though discouraged, but it was only for a while, and then the attack commenced again. Already two of us had fallen, and another was so badly wounded that he could not remain at his post. My father therefore saw that it would be useless any longer to continue the defence of the outer palisades, he accordingly gave orders, as the savages advanced, to give them one more volley, and then retire to our blockhouse. Again the savage crew advanced, and when they were within sixty yards of the works, several shots were heard, and six more warriors fell. On they came, however, confident in their numbers, and in despair we sought the shelter of the blockhouse. The Indians soon commenced scaling the palisades. As they did so many of their warriors fell, but they were few among so many, and I saw by my father's look

of anguish, that he now knew that our death was only a question of time. I also saw by his face that he was determined to fight to the last, and boy as I was, the same spirit possessed me. The savages had at length managed to enter our enclosure: some of them remained outside of the stockade so as to fire upon us if we attempted to sally out. In the meantime others got beneath the fire from our portholes and commenced setting fire to the basement of the building. Another gang had seized the trunk of a large tree, and advanced to batter down the door. We all saw then that escape was impossible, and my father, after kissing my mother and sister, prepared for the last struggle. My mother, brave woman that she was, had seized a rifle, and stood ready to do her part in that desperate hour. Ben Freeman, for that was the name of the man of whose gigantic strength I have already told you, shot down one more savage, and then seizing an axe prepared to fight like a tiger for her cubs. I also noticed that he had loosened a large hunting knife in its sheath; in fact it was evident that before the Indians had finished their deadly work, their victory would be bought at a terribly dear price. And now the door, strong though it was, commenced to give way. To add to our horror, night was now coming on and under its cover the savages had become more bold; at last the door gave way and then a tremendous rush took place. For a while the doorway was choked up by dead bodies, but at length two warriors managed to obtain an entrance: more followed until each of our gallant little band is struggling with two or three of the fiends. One by one they fell until there is only Ben, my sister and self left. Ben has been fighting like a lion, and now placing himself before us he endeavours with his last strength to defend us. Seven or eight of the Indians are trying to get at him, but without success; all at once a gigantic warrior enters the room, he laughs derisively and says, are you women that it takes so many of you to slay one man. See how soon Bigknife will take this man's scalp. Saying this he advanced towards Ben, who was now covered with wounds; as he did so I caught a glimpse of the hero's eye, and from what I read there, I knew that he was about to make his last effort, and that this would be to kill the giant Indian. Hurling the axe away, for the first time he seized hold of his trusty hunting knife, and bounding through the ring which his enemies had formed around him, with one fierce thrust stabbed the Indian to the heart. So terrible was the blow, that the hilt of the knife actually followed the blade into the Indian's body. Before the blow was well spent, however, poor Ben was a corpse. As he fell I heard the report of a pistol behind me, and looking round beheld my sister falling covered by her own blood. The hand that caused her death was her own. The next moment I was knocked senseless to the ground. I cannot say how long I remained unconscious, but I was brought to my senses by something hot which seemed to be fanning my cheeks. Recollection now returned, and well it was that it did so, for in a few moments more I should have perished in the flames which were devouring the blockhouse. With great difficulty I managed to escape from the burning ruins. When at last I did so and found that I was free, I knew that to stay where I was until morning would be madness, as the Indians would discover and kill me. I also knew that by taking to the woods I might walk into their midst, but I resolved to take the chance. Creeping along slowly, and with pain, for my head felt as though on fire, I at length reached the woods, I was fortunate enough to find a spring of water and the cool liquid in a great measure revived me. I need not tell you, Captain, how I made my escape, but on that terrible night I made a vow to revenge my murdered family, and especially my sweet sister, and though my whole life since then has been occupied in fulfilling my vow, yet have I never in anything but fair combat slain a redskin. Revenge upon Redhand, who was the leader of the band who deprived me of all I loved best on earth, is what I now live for."

The scout's conversation was here interrupted by a bullet, which whizzed in unpleasant proximity to his head.

"That was near, and the hand that directed it is behind that stump. Take a shot at it, Captain, no doubt for a moment the brave will shew himself and I will see what I can do for him in that moment."

Captain Herbert took aim and fired, hitting the stump in the centre. The report from his musket had scarcely died away, before the warrior shewed his head and gave vent to a cry of derision. The end of that cry, however, was swallowed up in his death-scriek, for the scout with terrible quickness had taken advantage of his incautiousness and with unerring aim given him a pass to the other world.

To be continued.

THE DOPPELGÄNGER.

ALBERT LACHNER was my particular friend and fellow-student. We studied together at Heidelberg; we lived together; we had no secrets from each other; we called each other by the endearing name of brother. On leaving the university, Albert decided on following

the profession of medicine. I was possessed of a moderate competence and a little estate at Ems, on the Lahn; so I devoted myself to the tranquil life of a *propriétaire* and a book-dreamer. Albert went to reside with a physician, as pupil and assistant, at the little town of Cassel; I established myself in my inheritance.

I was delighted with my home; with my garden, sloping down to the rushy margin of the river; with the view of Ems, the turreted old Kurhaus, the suspension-bridge, and, further away, the bridge of boats, and the dark wooded hills, closing in the little colony on every side. I planted my garden in the English style; fitted up my library and smoking-room; and furnished one bed-chamber especially for my friend. This room overlooked the water, and clematis grew up round the window. I placed there a book case, and filled it with his favourite books; hung the walls with engravings which I knew he admired, and chose draperies of his favourite colour. When all was complete I wrote to him, and bade him come and spend his summer-holiday with me at Ems.

He came; but I found him greatly altered. He was a dark pale man; always somewhat taciturn and sickly, he was now paler, more silent, more delicate than ever. He seemed subject to fits of melancholy abstraction, and appeared as if some all-absorbing subject weighed upon his mind—some haunting care, from which even I was excluded.

After he had been with me about a week, I chanced one day to allude to the rapid progress that was making everywhere in favour of mesmerism, and added some light words of incredulity as I spoke. To my surprise, he expressed his absolute faith in every department of the science, and defended all its phenomena, even to clairvoyance and mesmeric revelation, with the fervour of a determined believer.

I found his views on the subject more extended than any I had previously heard. To mesmeric influences, he attributed all those spectral appearances, such as ghosts, wraiths, and doppelgangers; all those noises and troubled spirits; all those banshees or family apparitions; all those hauntings and miscellaneous phenomena, which have from the earliest ages occupied the fears, the thoughts, and the inquiries of the human race.

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel, promising to visit me in the autumn, when the grape-harvest should be in progress. His parting words were earnest and remarkable: "Farewell, Heinrich, *mein Bruder*, farewell till the gathering-season. In thought, I shall be often with you."

He was holding my hands in both his own as he said this, and a peculiar expression flitted across his countenance; the next moment, he had stepped into the diligence, and was gone. Feeling disturbed, yet without knowing why, I made my way slowly back to my cottage. This visit of Albert's had strangely unsettled me, and I found that for some days after his departure, I could not return to the old quiet round of studies which had been my delight; Albert's views occupied my mind, and induced a nervous sensation of which I felt ashamed. I had no wish to believe; I struggled against conviction, and the very struggle caused me to think of it the more. At last the effect wore away; and when my friend had been gone about a fortnight, I returned almost insensibly to my former routine of thought and occupation. Thus the season slowly advanced. Ems became crowded with tourists, attracted thither by the fame of our medicinal springs; and what with frequenting concerts, promenades, and gardens, reading, receiving a few friends, occasionally taking part in the music-meetings which are so much the fashion here, and entering altogether into a little more society than had hitherto been my habit, I succeeded in banishing entirely from my mind the doubts and reflections which had so much disturbed me.

One evening, as I was returning homeward from the house of a friend in the town, I experienced a delusion, which, to say the least of it, caused me a very disagreeable sensation. I have stated that my cottage was situated on the banks of the river, and was surrounded by a garden. The entrance lay at the other side, by the high road; but I am fond of boating, and I had constructed, therefore, a little wicket, with a flight of wooden steps leading down to the water's edge, near which my small rowing-boat lay moored. This evening, I came along by the meadows which skirt the stream; these meadows are here and there intercepted by villas and private enclosures. Now, mine was the first; and I could walk from the town to my own garden-fence without once diverging from the river path. I was musing, and humming to myself some bars of a popular melody, when, all at once, I began thinking of Albert and his theories. This was, I asseverate, the first time he had even entered my mind for at least two days. Thus going along, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, I reached the boundaries of my little domain before I knew that I had traversed half the distance. Smiling at my own abstraction, I paused to go round by the entrance, when suddenly, and to my great surprise, I saw my friend standing by