

rude hearth of the log cabin, they were told and retold to eager listeners, who knew not but that next moment they too might hear the war-whoop ringing about them, and have to seize axe and rifle to defend themselves from death or captivity. So the thrilling tales of frontier life soon passed into wide circulation, and came to be handed down as not the least proud and picturesque features of American history.

It is almost startling to consider how near to this romance are the sober facts of our own day. Just a century separates us from the most stirring times of the backwoods. When travelling over a country which now seems so prosaically prosperous, we find it hard to realize to ourselves how lately these peaceful streams have been stained with blood; that such busy and famous cities have sprung up so soon upon the wilds where the bloodthirsty savage made his ambush; that these very trees, sleeping so still in the moonlight among snug homesteads and rich fields, have echoed with shots and shrieks, and served as scenery for the darkest dramas, to which here and there bullets embedded in their hoary trunks may yet bear witness. The generation has not long died out that saw the Delaware and the Wyandot in his war-paint. It may well be that men are still living in Ohio or Kentucky with such a tale to tell as Judge Rowan, who died in 1843, could not but remember all his life—how when ten years old he came with his family to settle in the woods; how, as their boat drifted down the Ohio by night, they saw the fires of the Indians, and heard a fiendish uproar which made them think with a shudder that another party of emigrants had fallen into these pitiless hands; how the little crew of seven people prepared to sell their lives dearly; and how, in his own words, ‘we entertained a faint hope that we might slip by unperceived. But they discovered us when we had got about midway of their fires, and commanded us to come to. We