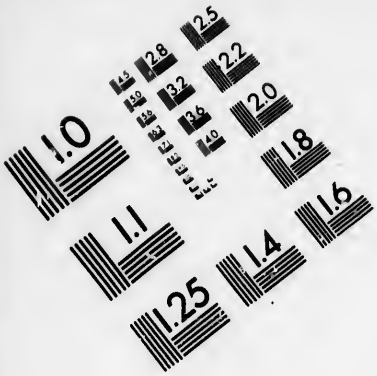

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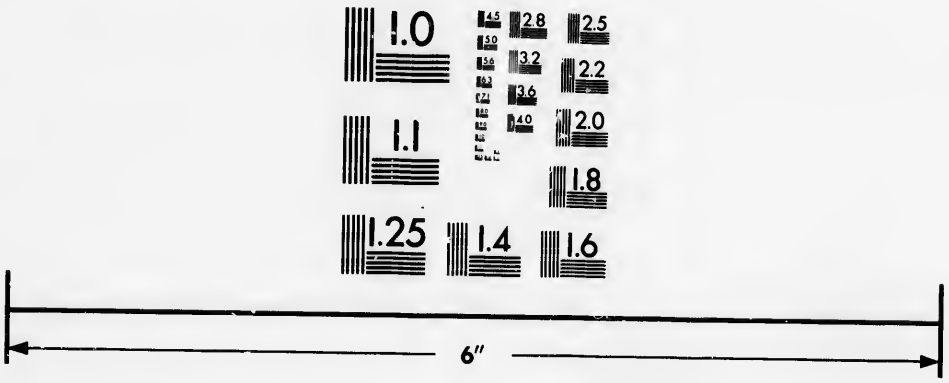

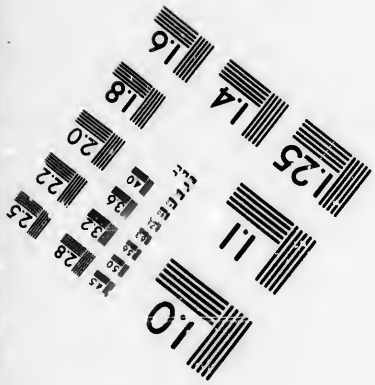

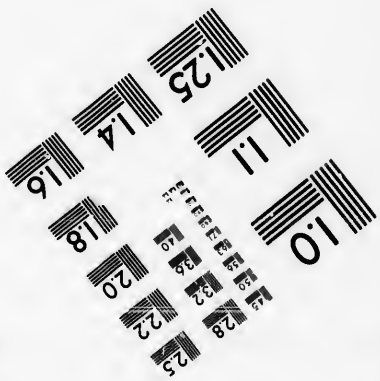

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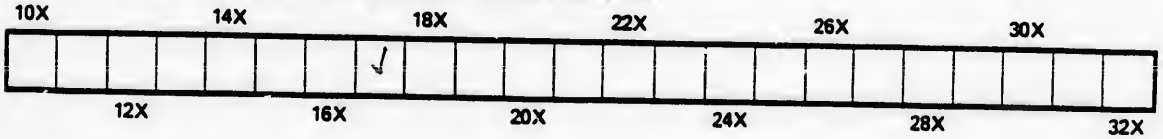

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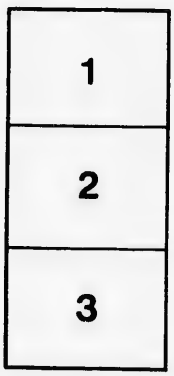

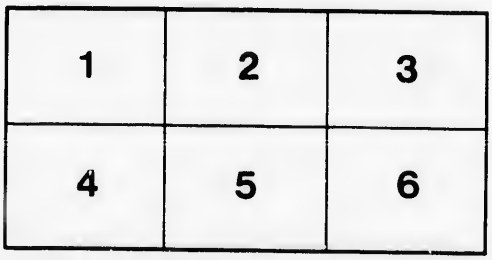

Wilfred John Robinson

A birthday present from

his well wishing friend

Emma Waters

October 26th 1867

TALES

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

NOTICE.

NORWICH:
Printed by JARROLD & SONS,
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The Rifleman of Chippewa.

The Rifleman of Chippewa.

TALES

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS,

AND

ADVENTURES

OF

THE EARLY SETTLERS IN AMERICA.

BY BARBARA HAWES.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
JARROLD AND SONS, 47, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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THESE tales are intended to give a description of the mode of life and character of the North American Indians. They contain anecdotes of those amongst them who have been remarkable for their superior talents, courage, or vices; or, who by their exploits are in any manner connected with the history of the colonization of America. Amongst them will also be found many anecdotes relative to the sufferings, perseverance, and ultimate success of the Anglo-American colonists, from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in the year 1620, to the time of the Declaration of Independence.

For historic facts the Author has chiefly depended on G. S. Drake, the accurate and laborious author of a valuable Indian chronicle; she has also consulted Bancroft, Dwight, and Schoolcraft, authors of high reputation; and has drawn from various other sources, such as, "Jackson's Civilization of the Indians," the "American Magazine," the "Illinois Register," and from some authors to whom she would have acknowledged her obligations had she known with any certainty who they were.

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INTRODUCTION.

When America was discovered by the Europeans about three hundred years ago, it was peopled by very numerous tribes of Indians who called themselves Red men. They lived by hunting and fishing, their mode of life varying according to their situation; those who resided where game was plentiful lived entirely on the produce of the chase; whilst others in the neighbourhood of lakes and rivers, derived their support principally from fishing; many tribes raised small quantities of Indian corn * and tobacco.

The use of metals was unknown to them, so that their huts or wigwams, as they are called, were of very rude construction, being generally made with poles covered with skins, bark, or earth. They also made canoes out of the trunks of trees, which with vast labour they hollowed with fire, and by the aid of sharp flints. They made pottery and dried it in the sun; and fashioned tobacco pipes out of clay or stone; they dressed the skins of animals in a manner quite peculiar to themselves, so that they remained pliable; and with these skins they made pouches, leggins, and mocassins, which they ornamented very ingeniously with the small flexible quills of the American porcupine, dyed with several brilliant colours.

From the introduction of intoxicating spirits, and from the ravages of the small-pox, neither of which was known in North America till the Europeans carried them there, many tribes of Red men have been entirely

* In Europe called maize.

destroyed, and those which remain are very small in comparison with what they once were.

Their mode of life is the same now as it was three hundred years ago, and their character, where they have lived far from the haunts of the white men, is unaltered. The Indians believe in one great and good God, whom they call the "Great Spirit;" they pray to him, and thank him for his mercies, and they all seem to have an idea of a future state. Many tribes have some notion of rewards and punishments in a future life, and no tribe has ever been found to worship any kind of idol. Yet their ideas of religion are very imperfect, for they not only believe in bad spirits, but worship them from fear, as fervently as they adore the Great Spirit from love and respect.

They have many superstitions too about dreams and omens; but perhaps not more than many ignorant English people have.

Revenge with an Indian is considered a duty. Christ has forbidden us to revenge injuries, therefore revenge with us is a crime, whether in small matters or in great—but the Indians know not of Christ. Their gratitude likewise is great, and they pride themselves on never forgetting either an injury or a benefit.

Having given a short account of the mode of life and character of the North American Indians, I shall now relate a number of entertaining stories which I have heard and read about them. If my young readers are desirous of learning more of their history, they must endeavour to procure the book lately published by Mr. Catlin, which is full of the most interesting descriptions of Indian life, and is adorned with some hundred beautiful drawings, representing their dresses, their sports, their hunting parties, and the magnificent scenery which surrounds them.

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TALES

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

A Legend of the Saline River.

MANY years since—long before the habitations of the white men had reached the banks of the Mississippi, a tribe of Indians resided upon the Platte, near its junction with the Saline or Salt River. Amongst these was one, the chief warrior of his nation, celebrated throughout the neighbouring country for his fierce and unsparing disposition. For ever engaged either in plotting the destruction of his enemies or in leading his warriors from village to village, carrying death to their inhabitants, and desolation to their homes; his name was a terror to both young and old. Not a hostile settlement within many miles but mourned for a son or brother who had fallen beneath his relentless arm; not a brook but had run red with the blood of his victims.

Fearful as he was to the hostile tribes he was no less dreaded by his own people, who, though they gloried in him as their leader, shrunk from all fellowship with him. His lodge was deserted, and even in the midst of his own nation he was alone; yet one there was who never shunned him, never feared his violence, but who loved him and clung to him in spite of his rugged nature. Beautiful and graceful as one of the fawns of the prairie, she had many admirers; but when the Black Wolf, for so

was the fierce chief named, declared his intention of asking her to become his wife, none were hardy enough to dispute with so formidable a rival.

Ge-won-ga, or the swift-winged, became his wife, and he loved her with all the passion that was in his nature and with a tenderness which he had never before indulged in. Love was a new feeling to him, he was a tiger tamed, and Ge-won-ga's sway over him was almost unbounded.

For many months his lodge was cheered by the sound of her gentle voice, and his rough nature was softened by her constant and loving cares. But a change came over the bright countenance of Ge-won-ga, she grew paler and weaker from day to day, and at last, after a rapid decline, she died in the arms of her sorrowing chief.

He was alone! Did he utter any cry of grief? did he shed any tear? We know not, for his proud nature would have thought itself degraded by betraying the best feelings of humanity.

Her death was announced through the village by women appointed for that purpose, who went from lodge to lodge, crying, "*She is no more! She is no more!*" The next day she was buried. Black Wolf stood by in silence, and when the noisy lamentations of the mourners who surrounded the remains of all that he loved were at an end, he returned to his dreary home and forbade all entrance to it. The next morning at sun-rise he was seen to leave the lodge: he was armed and painted as if prepared for some warlike expedition. He took no notice of those around him, but walked firmly to the place where his wife lay buried: not a muscle of his face moved, his fiery eye was unchanged, he paused for some moments by the side of the grave, and then turning away from the village, crossed the prairie.

The autumn and winter were passed, and the short bright spring was rapidly giving way to summer, when Black Wolf was again seen to return, bringing with him the hairy scalps of two warriors which he duly hung in the smoke of his lodge, and a large lump of pure white

salt. He had travelled many miles over the prairie, he had seen the sun set in the Great waters, he had journied to the end of the earth. He was weary, and threw himself on the grass; he slept heavily and long, but at length was awakened by the low wailing voice of a woman. He started up, the moon shone clear, and by its light he beheld an aged and ghastly hag who was brandishing a glittering knife over the head of a beautiful young woman who seemed to implore her mercy.

Black Wolf was amazed. Who could these women be? how could they have come to this lone spot, and at this hour of the night? There was no village within twenty miles of the place: there could be no hunting party near, or he would have discovered it. He drew nearer to them, but they seemed unconscious of his presence. Were they human beings, or were they the spirits of light and darkness, of whom Black Wolf had often heard? He had not yet caught even a glimpse of the features of the younger woman, her back was turned towards him. She had sprung on her feet, and was making desperate efforts to get possession of the knife. A furious struggle ensued, but in a few moments it was over, the old hag was victorious; twisting her withered hand in the long glossy hair of her victim, she raised the other and prepared to strike, but as the screaming woman turned away, the light fell on her face and the warrior beheld with horror the features of his departed wife. In an instant he sprung forward, seized his tomahawk and struck the fiendish woman to the ground. But when he turned to clasp the form of his beloved Ge-won-ga to his bosom, she was gone! the frightful hag too had disappeared, their wild shrieks were silenced, and he heard nothing but the ripple of the waves of the Great waters as they beat upon the shore. He looked around, the full moon gilded the waving grass of the prairie; but as far as his eye could reach, he could see no other object—nothing but a large rock of pure white salt, and the piece which in his rage he had split from it with his tomahawk. He now brought it

home to his tribe as a convincing proof of what he had seen; and the tradition is still current among the Indians who frequent that part of the country. They believe that the rock is still in custody of the old squaw, and that the only means of obtaining any portion of it, is to frighten away her spirit by repeated blows with their war clubs and other weapons. For this reason, before they attempt to collect salt they beat the ground with their tomahawks, and every blow is considered to be inflicted upon the person of the invisible guardian of the rock. The ceremony is continued until they imagine she has been sufficiently belaboured, and will resign her treasure without opposition; and this superstition, though privately ridiculed by some of their chiefs, is devoutly believed in by the more ignorant members of the Indian tribes.

Habits of Observation, and Knowledge of Nature.

An early acquired habit of constant attention to every scene and accident that occurs in the woods must necessarily make the Indians pretty good naturalists. They are in general much more familiar with the objects of nature than the white men. Their senses of hearing, sight, and smell, are perfectly astonishing. In their lonely wanderings they have made themselves familiar with the habits of birds, beasts, and reptiles; they have learnt their names and can describe their peculiar characteristics with great accuracy. Listen to a hunter just returned from the chase and you will hear him describe all the arts and wiles which he used in approaching his game with a clearness which would almost make you feel as if you had been with him. Every little incident that occurred such as the rustling of a leaf or the snapping of a dry twig in his cautious approach, is mentioned so naturally, and with so much simplicity in the progress of the story, that although no sportsman, it cannot fail to rivet your attention. You seem to see the deer as he does, to examine the localities, to steal on him step by step till you are within rifle shot of him, you become identified with the narrator—in short you enjoy some of the pleasures of the chase without any of the fatigue.

The geographical knowledge too of the Indians is very great; not the knowledge of maps, for they have nothing of the kind to aid them, but their practical acquaintance with the country that they inhabit. They can steer directly through the woods in cloudy weather as well as in sunshine to the place they wish to go to though at the distance of two or three hundred miles; and when white men express their astonishment, or enquire how they can find the shortest path to a distant point with so

much ease and exactness, they smile and reply, "How can we go wrong when we know where it is we want to go?"

Their knowledge of astronomy is very limited, they have names for a few of the stars, and take notice of their movements. They distinguish the phases of the moon by particular names, signifying new moon, round moon, and half round.

The Indians are often surprised at the ignorance which white men betray on subjects with which they themselves are well acquainted. A white man had at his camp one dark night, shot an Indian dog, mistaking it for a wolf which had the night before entered the encampment and eaten up all the meat. The dog, though mortally wounded having crawled back to his master's lodge at the distance of a mile, caused much grief to the owner, and the more so as he suspected that the act had been committed out of malice towards the Indians. Being a man of some importance, and the offender only a poor hunter and trapper, he sent a party of Indians to enquire into the matter, upon which the man candidly confessed that he had killed the dog believing him to be a wolf. The Indians asked him whether he could not hear the difference between the steps or trampling of a wolf and that of a dog, let the night be ever so dark? The white man answered that he could not, and added that he believed no man alive could do so: on which the whole party of Indians burst out into laughter at the ignorance of the whites, and their want of skill in so plain and common a matter, and the offence was freely forgiven.

Courage, art, and circumspection, are the indispensable qualifications of either a warrior or a hunter. On drawing near to an enemy's country, the Indians endeavour as much as possible to conceal their tracks. Sometimes they scatter themselves at considerable distances from each other for several days, meeting however at night when they keep watch. At other times they march in *Indian file*, that is, one man behind the other, treading carefully in each other's footsteps so that their

number cannot be known by the prints of their feet. As they get nearer to the enemy, the more attentive they are in choosing hard, stony ground on which human footsteps leave no impression; soft earth, and even dry grass is studiously avoided, for the appearance of the grass having been trodden on might lead to detection; the sharpness and quickness of the Indian's sight being so great that any signs of this sort never escape their observation.

It is certain that the Indians, by foot-prints and by other marks perceptible to themselves alone can discover not only that men have passed through a particular path in the wood, but they can discriminate to what nation those men belong, and whether they be their friends or their enemies. The following anecdote is one of many instances of their extraordinary sagacity in this respect.

In the beginning of the summer of 1755, a shocking murder was committed by a party of Indians on fourteen white settlers, within a few miles of Shamokin. The surviving whites, in their rage, were determined to take revenge on a Deleware Indian whom they happened to meet near the spot, but who had always been considered a friend. He denied having had any knowledge of the wicked deed, and maintained that his nation was incapable of committing so foul a murder in a time of peace; adding, that he believed it was the act of some wicked Mingoes, or Iroquois, whose custom it was to involve other nations in wars by their treacherous actions; and he offered, if they would give him a party to accompany him, to go in quest of the murderers whom he was sure he could discover by the prints of their feet and other marks well known to him.

His proposal was accepted, and he led a party of whites towards a rocky mountain where not one of those who accompanied him was able to discover a single track; nor did they believe that man had ever trodden upon this ground, when they frequently had to leap over crevices or crawl along the edges of a precipice. They began to think that the Indian had led them across this rugged mountain in order to give the enemy time to

escape, and threatened him with death the instant they should be fully convinced of the fraud. But the Indian made them perceive that the lichen on the rock had been trodden down by the weight of a human foot, that pebbles had been removed from the soil on which they lay, that an insect had been crushed, and that in one particular place an Indian's blanket had trailed in the dust so as to sweep it away; all this he saw as he walked along without even stopping for a moment.

At length arriving at a place where the earth was soft, he found from the tracks that the enemy was eight in number, and from the freshness of the footmarks he concluded that they must be encamped at no great distance. This proved to be true, for the following day the Indians were seen encamped, some lying down asleep, and others cooking by a little fire.

"See!" said the suspected man to his astonished companions, "there is the enemy! not of *my* nation, but dastardly Mingoes, as I told you; they are in our power, we need not fire a gun, in two hours more they will all lie down to sleep, and we will go up and tomahawk them." But the white men were overcome with fear, and did not choose to follow this advice, but urged him to lead them back by the nearest way. This he did with much reluctance, and he was not a little surprised on his return, to hear them assert that the number of the enemy so far exceeded that of their own party that they did not venture to discover themselves.

Parties of Europeans or Americans who sometimes travel into the least frequented parts of the vast continent of North America, would be in little safety without the assistance of Indian guides. All that can render travelling wearisome and perplexing has to be encountered; swamps, mud, bog, water that cannot be drunk, and sodden wood that cannot be burnt; but whilst toiling through dreary morasses or pathless forests in which civilized men can distinguish no signs of their having ever been crossed before, the guide steadily follows an Indian *trail* with as much apparent facility and confidence as an English gentleman would a turnpike road.

Trials of the Early Settlers.

Mrs. Heard.—Frances Noble.

About two hundred years ago a few lonely farm-houses scattered over a most unpromising surface of rough rocks on the bleak wild shores of New Hampshire, called themselves a village and were incorporated under the Indian name of Cocheco; which name, however, was soon after changed for that of Dover. From its settlement till the year 1675, its industrious inhabitants appear to have lived generally in peace with the savages who wandered in the neighborhood. But the treacherous character of the Indians was too well known to allow any village to be without its little stockade and some well garrisoned houses; or perhaps the goodly men of Dover had a secret misgiving that the Indians had suffered some wrong at their hands; that they had a little over-reached their red brethren in their bargains, as their worthy neighbours of Springfield did, when they purchased nine square miles for a wheelbarrow. But a history of wrongs and sufferings which could only be read by those who committed them must be an unwelcome record, so no such journal was kept.

Who were the first aggressors, or what the provocations on either side were, cannot now be decided; but at about the time we have mentioned the Indians became more troublesome than usual, now and then entering an undefended house and helping themselves very freely to whatever they could lay their hands on; nor did they

content themselves with plunder only, for several houses were burnt to the ground, and the mill shared the same fate.

In 1689, Major Waldron, then eighty years of age, lived in a garrisoned house in Dover. The Indians professed to be at peace with the English, and frequently visited in the Major's house. With every appearance of good faith, a Sachem, or chief named Mesandowit, and two Indian women applied to Major Waldron for permission to lodge in his house which was fortified, giving for a reason that they feared the resentment of some hostile Mohawks whom they had offended. Two squaws had also obtained admittance to the garrisoned house of Mrs. Heard, a widow lady, who was absent on a visit with some of her children to Portsmouth; and under the artful pretence of trading, one or two squaws had contrived to get into every garrisoned house in the village except one whose more cautious inmates would not admit such suspicious guests late in the evening. The Indians were hospitably entertained by Major Waldron, and whilst at supper together, Mesandowit said to him, with an air of familiarity, "Brother Waldron, what would you do if strange Indians were to come and attack you?" to which he replied, laughing, "That he would hold up his little finger and assemble a hundred armed men." And in this security he was about to retire to rest, when one of the squaws stealthily opened the gates, and a body of warriors, as had been preconcerted, immediately rushed in and forced open the door of the room in which the venerable old man lay. He seized his sword and defended himself with great resolution, driving the Indians before him from room to room; but their numbers increased, and one wretch getting behind the poor old soldier knocked him down with his hatchet. Several now fell upon him at once, and before midnight he was cruelly murdered with the rest of the family, and the house set on fire.

Just at this time, Mrs. Heard, with her three sons and a daughter and several other persons in the party, was

returning from Portsmouth. When they came near Dover they were alarmed by the noise of firing and the warwhoop, howling, shouting, and roaring, according to the Indian manner of making an assault. The party landed at about a furlong from Major Waldron's garrison, and hastening up the hill they soon came in sight of Mrs. Heard's house, where they saw a great many lights at the windows, which they imagined the English had set up for the purpose of directing those who might seek a refuge there. Coming to the gate, they knocked and called, but no answer was given. They then cried out still louder, reproaching those within with their unkindness. Still no answer was returned, and they began to fear that all was not well. One of Mrs. Heard's sons now climbed the wall, and looking over it, discovered an Indian with a pistol in his hand in the entry. Great consternation now seized on the unfortunate lady, and sinking down on the earth she desired her children to shift for themselves in the best manner they could, for they were young and strong, while she determined to remain where she was and meet death on the spot.

Her children finding it impossible to carry her with them, and being earnestly desired by her to flee, with heavy hearts obeyed her command. In a very short time, however, she began to recover her strength and spirit, and betook herself to the garden where there were a great many large and thick spreading berberry bushes, amongst which she hid herself. She had not lain there long before she was discovered by the same Indian whom her son had seen; he came up to her, looked steadfastly at her, but did not speak. Expecting nothing less than instant death, she bid him fire the pistol that he held in his hand; but he told her he was come to save her life, and showed her a deep scar on his arm, by which she instantly recognized him for a young Indian whom she had, thirteen years before, secreted in her house and thereby saved his life. He advised her if possible to cross the river; but after many unsuccessful attempts she was obliged to give it up, and returned

again to her hiding place amongst the berberry bushes, where she remained till the savages decamped.

Having thus wonderfully escaped from destruction, she had the happiness to find that her sons and daughter had found a safe retreat, and that even her house had been preserved. This she always attributed to the influence of the grateful Indian whom she had once sheltered.

Though often and strongly solicited to place herself in security among her friends at Portsmouth, she determined to remain in her own house, saying that it was her duty to do so, for if she abandoned it, her good neighbours in Dover would be in still greater danger from the attacks of the Indians. Few men perhaps would have shown more real courage than this lady, who for ten whole years succeeding that in which Dover was surprised and Major Waldron murdered, ably and heroically defended her little fortress against the almost incessant harassing attacks of a crafty enemy.

There is not perhaps a single family in New England descended from its early settlers, who does not possess some faithful records of the cruel sufferings and horrible privations endured by their ancestors, and of the daring courage and heroic fortitude with which they were borne. New England ladies may now "live at home at ease," with no more fear of an incursion of Red Indians than the ladies in Regent's Park; but it was not so a hundred years ago, and even at a much less distant period, families living in thinly peopled districts have been attacked, robbed, and even murdered by wandering parties of Indians.

In the year 1755, there lived on Swan Island in the river Kennebec, a Captain Whidden, with his wife and family. One of his daughters was married to a Mr. Noble of Portsmouth in New Hampshire, and she with her husband and seven children lived with her father. There were also in the house a son of Captain Whidden's, a young lady named Mary Holmes and a man-servant. The house was pretty well fortified in order to secure the inhabitants from the attacks of Indians, who, neverthe-

less were accustomed to visit Captain Whidden for purposes of trade.

One morning a little after daybreak two of Mr. Noble's little boys went out of the garrison and left the gate open. The Indians who had been on the watch for a favourable opportunity for several days, now rushed in in a large body, and the inhabitants discovered that the enemy was upon them and there was no escape. It may be asked what it was that provoked this assault in a time of peace; but the question cannot be satisfactorily answered. It often happened that the people who were surprised knew no reason why they were so dealt with —the injury for which they suffered might have been committed by their ancestors long before they existed; or, as it probably was in the present instance, the hope of making money by selling their captives as slaves or by getting a good ransom for them, induced them to commit these atrocities.

Mr. Noble and his man-servant met the Indians at the head of the stairs and fired at them, wounding one in the arm. The Indians did not return the fire, but seized Mr. Noble, his wife and five children, young Whidden and Mary Holmes; the servant and two boys escaped. The captives were immediately carried to the water side, bound, and left in charge of a party whilst the others returned to the garrison, and after they had plundered it of all the silver and gold they could find, and as much provision as they chose, set fire to the barn and went back to their companions and the prisoners. All this was done in little more than an hour, and during that time Captain Whidden, who was aged and infirm, had with his wife concealed himself in a closet in the cellar. Having collected their captives and plunder, they immediately left the island and journeyed towards Canada. On their march they were tolerably kind, after their rough fashion, to the children; but one of them who was ill when she was torn from her father's house, died on the road. The rest after a most wearisome journey on foot, arrived safely in Canada, and were variously disposed of.

Mr. Noble was sold to a baker in Quebec, and his wife to a lady in the same place as a house servant; they were allowed to see each other, which was a great consolation, and they had at least the comfort of knowing that their children were alive and would be taken care of. One boy, Joseph, was retained by the Indians and brought up in the same manner as their own children; two others with young Whidden and Mary Holmes were sold as slaves to different families in Quebec. All these captives excepting Joseph were ransomed and returned to their homes in little more than a year.

Frances Noble, the youngest child, was at the time she was brought from Maine into Canada, only fifteen months old. She was carried by a party of Indian women to Montreal. In their attempts to dispose of her they took her one day to the house of Monsieur de Sainte Auge, a wealthy merchant of that city. His wife was called into the kitchen to see a poor little infant in rags and dirt crawling on the tile floor. This lady had very recently lost a child of the same age by death, and perhaps for this reason was more disposed to love, and to feel for the sufferings of children than she would otherwise have been. She noticed the child kindly and took it in her arms. The Indians offered to sell the little captive, but she declined buying, not choosing to make such a purchase in the absence of her husband. The women left the house, but not without having observed the tender fondness with which the French lady had looked on the child; they slept on the pavement on the outside of the door, but poor Frances who had again heard the voice of kindness could not be quieted by her rough nurse, and her incessant cries disturbed the sleep of Madame de Sainte Auge. The next day, on Monsieur de Sainte Auge's return, the Indians were called into the house and Frances was purchased; for what sum she could never learn, as her *French mother*, as she was called, always refused to answer questions on that subject.

Frances was treated with the greatest kindness by this worthy couple, and soon learned to consider them as her

parents; and when her own father and mother were about to return home, having as it has been stated been ransomed, and came to bid her farewell, no instinct taught her to return their embraces, but she ran for protection to her French mother.

Fanny was educated in the Roman Catholic religion and baptized by the name of Eleonore; and though this was another source of vexation to Mr. and Mrs. Noble, they had the satisfaction of knowing that their child was in the hands of conscientious and kind people.

It was by no means an uncommon thing at this time for the government of the different New England States to employ persons to seek for captives in Canada, and when Fanny was between four and five years of age, a man named Wheelwright, seeing her playing near Monsieur de Sainte Auge's house, enticed her to get on his sleigh and carried her off to the Three Rivers. He then told her that a relation of her father's would come for her in a few days and take her back to Montreal, but the next day the same old squaw who had taken money for her from Madame de Sainte Auge came in a sleigh and carried her away to St. François. The poor child was now old enough to be aware of her miserable situation, and she wept bitterly at her separation from her French parents. She entreated the Indians to take her back, and this is what they always intended to do, but expecting again to be paid for their wickedness, they acted with great cunning. To amuse and pacify her for a while, they gave her Indian toys, curious drawings of deer, and bears and wolves on birch bark; and wrapping her in warm furs, took her out with them on the snow. When she had been with them a fortnight they let her run into the house of a French priest; and, just as they expected, he asked her a great many questions. She told him that her name was Eleonore de Sainte Auge, and that her papa and mamma lived at Montreal, and that she wished very much to go back to them. Whilst she was at St. François, she saw her brother Joseph Noble, who had not been sold in Canada but who still lived

with the Indians. He was several years older than his little sister, and having lived four years with savages, had become almost as disagreeable in manners and appearance as they were. Little Frances would not call him brother nor go near him, for she felt a great aversion towards the Indians.

Not long after Frances had seen and talked to the French priest, a trusty servant arrived who had been sent by Monsieur de Sainte Auge with a sum of money to redeem his little adopted daughter; and to her great delight she was once more restored to her happy home in Montreal. She was now watched with very great care, for Madame de Sainte Auge was in constant dread either that the Indians should kidnap the child and sell her for a slave where she would never again hear of her, or that her own parents would take effectual means of reclaiming their lost child. She was rarely out of her mamma's sight by day, and at night slept so near to her that she could hear if any thing disturbed her.

One morning when Monsieur de Sainte Auge, his wife, and several of the servants were at mass, little Frances, or rather Eleonore, as she was then called, was sent to a large room at the top of the house to play with another little girl, and the nurse who attended them was strictly charged on no account to allow them to show themselves at the lower windows. The children, however, became weary of the confinement to one room, and the servant out of foolish indulgence allowed them to run all over the house. Little Eleonore had placed herself at the drawing-room window, and was eagerly watching the sleighs as they flew past, and listening with delight to the merry gingle of the brass bells with which the curly-coated Canadian horses were decked. But on a sudden she jumped off the chair on which she stood, ran to the top of the house as fast as she could, regained her great empty room, and locked herself in. Here she remained till the voice of her mother assured her that she was in safety. When questioned as to the cause of this sudden fright, she told Madame de Sainte Auge, that she had recognised

the features of the dreadful old squaw who had kept her at St. François, amongst a party of Indians who passed the windows; and dreading that she was coming to take her away, she fled and locked herself up.

A short time after this Eleonore was sent to a boarding school attached to a nunnery in Montreal; here she was very happy, she frequently saw her French parents, as we must call them, and she had several companions of her own age to whom she became attached. Her brother Joseph who still lived with the St. François tribe of Indians, came one day to visit her; he was dressed with a strange mixture of finery and discomfort, his hair was long and ragged, his arms and legs were bare and dirty, but he had necklaces and brooches in abundance. He brought Eleonore a present of a beautiful young fawn, an Indian grass basket filled with cranberries, and a great cake of maple sugar. Eleonore was delighted with the fawn and much pleased with poor Joseph's other gifts, but she did not like speaking to him, and did not feel comfortable till he was gone—in fact she had a great horror of the Indians and would have liked much better that neither they nor Joseph should know where she was.

At this school Eleonore lived very happily till she was fourteen. The teachers were what are called half nuns, who were allowed to go out and in at pleasure, and she had quite as much liberty as she wished. But now a new trial awaited her; one day, when she was sewing in the large parlour of the nunnery with several of the nuns and her young companions, she was equally surprised and terrified by the entrance of a strange man, who with a loud distinct voice, said "that he was come from Maine with authority from the governor to take back to her parents in Swan Island, the captive Frances Noble."

Poor Eleonore! she knew no parents than Monsieur and Madame de Sainte Auge! She knew no other language than French, which she had learned from them when they taught her to call them papa and mamma;

but she did know that she was not really their daughter, and that her real name was Noble.

Frances was too timid to speak for herself; but the ladies in the nunnery remonstrated, and with civility entreated the man not to molest Mademoiselle, and to leave the house. But Arnold was not to be diverted from his purpose. He had frequently been employed on similar missions, and had shown himself well calculated for the employment. He was secret, persevering, and resolute; he had already been some days in Montreal without exciting any suspicion of his business. He had ascertained where the captive was to be found, he had procured the necessary powers to secure her, and he had now made his approach to the nunnery with a sergeant and a file of soldiers.

The nuns were very unwilling to give up their pupil; they were attached to her, they were afraid of offending Monsieur de Sainte Auge, and they were quite uncertain as to the truth of Arnold's story; they therefore prolonged the time as much as possible, and sent word to Monsieur de Sainte Auge what had occurred, hoping that he would be able to detain his adopted daughter. But Arnold did not choose to wait for his arrival; he again claimed Frances Noble in the Governor's name, adding that if she were not immediately given up to him, he must order his soldiers to take her from the nunnery by force. The nuns dared not refuse, and Frances was delivered up to him. She accompanied Arnold to the gate, but as she parted with her companions and the nuns who had been so kind to her, and felt herself in the power of a strange man and a party of soldiers, she was overwhelmed with fear and sorrow, and she sunk on the ground.

The unusual sight of soldiers at the gates of the nunnery had already caused a crowd to collect, and now the cries and lamentations which the unfortunate girl uttered, attracted several well-dressed people to the place, and amongst them an English officer, who as soon as he understood the cause of the disturbance, in a kind

and respectful manner told her that he would walk with her to Monsieur de Sainte Auge's house, that the soldiers should be dismissed, and that no injury should befal her.

Her French parents well knew that they could no longer detain her. The grief that they felt at parting with her was quite equal to hers, but they knew it must be, and they tried to soothe and calm her. Captain M'Clure, the English officer, engaged to accompany her with his wife as far as Swan Island, and promised they would not leave her till they saw her safe in the hands of her own parents. She was allowed to stay till the next day with Madame de Sainte Auge.

That next day was one of great sorrow to the father, mother, and adopted child. Frances was loaded with parting gifts, and many were the assurances that they should never forget each other.

With a sorrowful heart Frances now went down the river to Quebec with Captain and Mrs. M'Clure, and after staying there a few days she sailed with them for Boston. Here she found her father who had come to meet her; and bidding farewell to the kind friends who had so benevolently protected her, she set out for her native little island in the Kennebec. It was some time before she could accustom herself to the great change which she experienced; but after a few years she became as much a New Englander as if she had never been out of Maine. She retained an affectionate and grateful recollection of her *French father and mother*, as she liked to call them, as long as she lived. After the death of her own parents, which took place when she was still very young, she honourably maintained herself by teaching, for which she was well qualified by the excellent education she had received in Canada. When she was about twenty-two years of age, she became acquainted with a respectable gentleman of good property, named Shute, whom she married, and with whom, after so many troubles and trials, she lived happily at Newfields in Maine till her death, which took place in September, 1819.

Confidence in an Indian.

That part of the country round the thriving town of Utica, in the state of New York, and through which a rail-road now runs, was formerly called Whitesborough, and there is now a small town joining Utica so called. The first settler in that part of the country was a Mr. White, after whom the place was named. At the time we speak of, there were numerous Indians living in the neighbourhood; with them he had several interviews, and mutual promises of friendship were exchanged. He also smoked the pipe of peace with them, to confirm the contract more solemnly.

Still the Indians were suspicious. "The white men," said they, "are deceitful, and we must have some proof of his sincerity."

Accordingly, one evening, during Mr. White's absence from home, three Indians went to his house. At first, Mrs. White and her children were much alarmed, but on perceiving one of the Indians to be Shen-an-do-ah, whom they knew to be a mild, humane man, their fear was in some degree quieted. On entering the house, they addressed Mrs. White, saying, "We are come to ask you for your little daughter Jane, that we may take her home with us to-night."

Such a request might well startle the good woman; she knew not what answer to give. To refuse might, she feared, excite their anger; to grant their request might hazard the liberty or even the life of her child.

Luckily at this moment, whilst the Indians were waiting for a reply, Mr. White, the father of the child, came in. The request was repeated to him, and he had sufficient presence of mind to grant it, instantly and cheerfully.

The mother was overwhelmed with surprise, and felt all the horror that can be conceived; but she was silent, for she knew it would be vain to resist. The little girl was fetched, and delivered to the Indians, who lived about ten or twelve miles off.

Shen-an-do-ah took the child by the hand, and led her away through the woods, having first said to her father, "To-morrow, when the sun is high in the heavens, we will bring her back."

Mrs. White had often heard that the Indians were treacherous, and she well knew they were cruel; she therefore looked upon her little daughter as lost, and considered that she was given as a kind of sacrifice to save the family.

Mr. White endeavoured to comfort her, for he felt assured that his child would be brought safely back the following morning. To the poor mother the night was long and sleepless; her anxiety became greater as the promised time approached. Already she imagined that the Indians would keep their word, and indeed bring back the child, but she fully believed that they would not bring her back alive. She watched the sun with a beating heart, and just when it seemed at the highest point of the heavens, she cried out to her husband, "there they are!"

Shen-an-do-ah and his companions were faithful to their promise; they now came back with the little Jane, who, smiling with delight, was decked out in all the finery that an Indian wigwam could furnish—necklaces of shells, dyed feathers, and moccassins beautifully worked with porcupine quills. She was delighted with her visit and with her presents.

The effect of Mr. White's confidence was just what might be expected. From this time the Indians were his friends; had he acted with timidity, and refused to let his child visit them, they would have had no confidence in him.

Shen-an-do-ah was an Oneida chief of some celebrity, having fought on the side of the Americans, in the

Revolutionary war. He lived to be a hundred years old, and though in his youth he was very wild, and addicted to drunkenness, yet by the force of his own good sense, and the benevolent exhortations of a Christian missionary, he lived a reformed man for more than sixty years.* He was intrepid in war, but mild and friendly in the time of peace. His vigilance once preserved the infant settlements of the German flats (on the Mohawk) from being cruelly massacred by a tribe of hostile Indians; his influence brought his own tribe to assist the Americans, and his many friendly actions in their behalf gained for him, among the Indian tribes, the appellation of the "White man's friend."

To one who went to see him a short time before his death, he thus expressed himself: "I am an aged hemlock—the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches—I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have passed away and left me. Why *I* still live, the Great Spirit alone knows! But I pray to him that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

* In 1775, Shen-an-do-ah was present at a treaty made in Albany. At night he was excessively drunk, and in the morning found himself in the street, stripped of all his ornaments, and every article of clothing. His pride revolted at his self-degradation, and he resolved never more to deliver himself over to the power of "strong water."

Penn's Bargain.

WILLIAM PENN, the benevolent English quaker, went from this country to America in the year 1682. The state of Pensylvania is named after him, being a tract of land that was granted to him by King Charles II. of England. By his kindness and honest dealings with the Indians, he won their love and respect; having no word in their language which signified Pen, they called him "Father Onas," which means *quill.*

Although Penn had received the grant of land from the King of England, his love of justice would not permit him to lay claim to any portion of it, without the consent of the Indian tribes to whom it really belonged, nor until he had given them what they considered an equivalent.

He once made a curious bargain with an Indian chief, named Teedyuscuing, for a tract of land to be taken from a parallel of latitude through a given point, as far as the best of three men could walk in a day, between sun-rise and sun-set, from a certain sweet chesnut tree, near Bristol (in Pensylvania) in a north-west direction.

Great care was taken to select the men most capable of such a walk. The choice fell on Solomon Jennings, a *Yankee*, which means a person born in New England, or the Eastern States, as they are likewise called. He was a remarkably strong-built man.

The second was James Yates, a native of Buckenham county, Pensylvania, a tall, slim man of great agility, and speed of foot; and the third was Edward Marshall, also a native of Buckenham county, a noted hunter; he was a large, thick-set, powerful man.

The day being appointed, at sun-rise many people were collected at about twenty miles distance from the

starting-place, on the Durham road, in order to see the champions pass. First came Yates, stepping along as light as a feather, accompanied by William Penn and his attendants on horseback; after him, but out of sight, came Jennings, with a strong steady step; and not far behind, Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging an axe in his hand, and eating a dry biscuit. Bets were greatly in favour of Yates.

Marshall took biscuits to support his stomach, and carried an axe to swing in either hand alternately, having a notion that the action of his arms should somewhat correspond with that of his legs; he was fully resolved to beat the other men, or to die in the attempt.

In relating this feat some years after, he gave the following account. He said that he gained upon Yates in descending towards the Durham creek, where Yates complained of being very much tired, sat down on a log to rest himself, and soon after gave up the walk; he walked nearly eighty miles, but hurried too much at first. Marshall kept on, and before he reached the Lehigh, overtook and passed Jennings, waded the river Bethlehem, and walked on, faster and faster, past the place where Nazareth, now stands, to the place called the Wind Gap.

This was as far as the path had been marked out for them, and there was a large collection of people waiting to see if any of the three men would reach it by sun-set. Marshall halted only while the surveyor furnished him with a pocket compass, and then started forward again. Three Indian runners were sent after him, to see that he walked it fairly, and to ascertain how far he went. He then passed to the west of the Pokono mountain, (the Indians finding it difficult to keep up with him,) till he reached Long Pond, and he would have proceeded farther, had it not been for this water. Here he marked a tree, as was witnessed by the three Indians.

The distance he walked between sun-rise and sun-set, none of it being on a good road, and thirty miles of it being through woods, was measured, and found to be one hundred and fifteen miles.

Thus he won the great prize of five hundred dollars * in money, and five hundred acres of land for himself, to be taken out of "William Penn's purchase."

James Yates, who led the way at first, was so much injured by his exertion, that he died a few days afterwards. Solomon Jennings survived many years. Edward Marshall lived to be ninety years old, and died on Marshall's Island on the Delaware river. He was a great hunter, yet an industrious, thriving man. He and his family were rich, and people said he had discovered a silver mine; but as he never disclosed where it was, and as mines cannot be worked in secret, that story is very improbable.

A most striking *tribute to worth* was paid a few years ago, by a party of poor Indians who came from the back country to visit Philadelphia.

When the statue in the hospital yard was pointed out to them as the figure of "Father Onas," or Penn, they all with one accord fell down on their knees before it; thus testifying, in the strongest manner in their power, their reverence for the character of one of the few white men who have treated their race with humanity.

It was not an exhibition got up for effect; it was the spontaneous result of feeling—of a deeply implanted feeling, which neither time nor distance had been able to destroy. It had descended from father to son; it had been cherished in the Western wilds; and it broke forth in the midst of civilized society, and was evinced by the strongest of natural signs—*reverence on the knee!*

William Penn was born 1644, died 1718.

* Five hundred dollars are equal to about one hundred guineas, English money

Indian Gratitude.

As a poor Indian was straying through a village on the banks of the Kennebec, a river in Maine, he saw a man who was standing at the door of his *store*, or, as we should say in this country, at his shop door, and he asked him for a piece of tobacco. The man stepped back into his store, fetched a large piece which he gave the Indian, and receiving a gruff "*tank you*," for it, thought no more about the matter.

Three or four months afterwards, he was surprised at seeing the same Indian walk into his store, and on asking what he wanted this time, he replied,—"Indian no forget; you give me tobacco; me make this for you." And with these few words he presented to him a beautiful miniature birch-bark canoe, painted and furnished with paddles.

This poor fellow's feeling of gratitude for a trifling favour had induced him to bestow more labour on this present, than would have purchased many pounds of his favourite tobacco; but I will relate a more interesting anecdote of Indian gratitude than this.

Not long after the county of Litchfield in Connecticut began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day to a tavern in the town of Litchfield in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to supply him with something to eat and drink, at the same time he honestly told her that he could not pay for either, as he had had no success in hunting for several days: but that he would return payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune.

The hostess, who was a very ill-tempered woman, not only flatly refused to relieve him, but added abuse to her unkindness, calling him a lazy, drunken fellow, and told

him that she did not work so hard herself, to throw away her earnings upon such vagabonds as he was.

There was a man sitting in the same room of the tavern, who, on hearing the conversation, looked up, and observed the Indian's countenance, which plainly showed that he was suffering severely from want and fatigue, and being of a humane disposition, he told the woman to give the poor wanderer some supper, and he would pay for it.

She did so: and when the Indian had finished his meal, he turned towards his benefactor, thanked him, and told him that he should not forget his kindness. "As for the woman," he added, "all I can give her is a story —if she likes to hear it." The woman being now in a rather better temper, and having some curiosity to hear what he had to tell, readily consented, and the Indian addressed her as follows:—

"I suppose you read the Bible?" The woman assented. "Well," continued the Indian, "the Bible say, God made the world, and then he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made light, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made dry land, and water, and sun, and moon, and grass, and trees, and took him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made man, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' And last of all he made *woman*, and took him, and looked on him, *and he no dare say one such word*." The Indian, having told his story, departed.

Some years after, the man who had befriended the Indian, had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, which is now a populous city, but then contained only a few houses. Here he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried off into Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of their tribe, which was on the banks of the great river St. Laurence, some of the Indians proposed that he should be put to death, in revenge for

the wrongs that they had suffered from the white men; and this probably would have been his fate, had not an old Indian woman or Squaw, as they are called, demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in place of her son, whom she had lately lost in war. He was accordingly given to her, and, as it is customary under such circumstances, was thenceforth treated in the same manner as her own son.

In the following summer, as he was one day at work in the forest by himself, felling trees, an Indian, who was unknown to him, came up and asked him to meet him the following day at a certain spot which he described. The white man agreed to do so, but not without some apprehension that mischief was intended. During the night these fears increased to so great a degree, as effectually to prevent his keeping his appointment.

However, a few days after, the same Indian finding him again at work, gravely reproved him for not keeping his promise. The man made the best excuses he could, but the Indian was not satisfied until he had again promised to meet him the next morning at the place already agreed on.

Accordingly, when he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian already there, provided with two muskets and powder, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and to follow him. The direction of their march was southward. The man followed without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going, but he concluded that if the Indian intended to do him harm, he would have despatched him at the first meeting, and certainly would not have provided him with a musket and powder for defence. His fears, therefore, gradually subsided, although the Indian maintained an obstinate silence when he questioned him concerning the object of their expedition.

In the day time they shot and cooked as much game as they required, and at night kindled a fire by which they slept. After a fatiguing journey through the forest for many days, they came one morning to the top of a hill

from which there was a prospect of a cultivated country, interspersed with several snug farm houses.

"Now," said the Indian to his joyful companion, "do you know where you are?" "Yes," replied he, "we are not ten miles from Litchfield." "And do not you recollect a poor Indian at the tavern?—you feed him—you speak kind to him—I am that poor Indian;—now go home." Having said this, he bade him farewell, and the man joyfully returned to his own home.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that the Indians are never afraid of being lost in a forest; in traversing the country, while they make use of the beaten roads as long as they suit their purpose, they retain a knowledge of its natural geography, and often cross the country, as was the primitive practice, from one stream to another, at the best fording places; and are still acquainted with all the rivers and lakes, and the most probable places for finding game.

Some Account of the Grizzly Bear.

THERE are three kinds of bears in North America; namely, the Black bear, the Polar bear, and the Grizzly bear: but excepting the last mentioned, none of them will attack men, though, if provoked, they will defend themselves most courageously.

The grizzly bear is justly considered as the most dreadful and dangerous of all the North American quadrupeds. Gigantic in size, and terrific in aspect, he unites to a ferocious disposition a surpassing strength of limb, which gives him undisputed supremacy over every other quadruped of the wilderness, and causes man himself to tremble at his approach. To the Indians, the very name of the grizzly bear is dreadful, and the killing one is esteemed equal to a great victory; the white hunters, however well armed, are always willing to avoid an encounter with so powerful an enemy, and seldom or never wantonly provoke his fury.

It is well known that this formidable creature pursues and attacks men or animals when excited by hunger, and slaughters every creature whose speed or art is not sufficient to place them beyond his reach. Even the bison, whose size and great strength might seem sufficient protection, does not always escape his grasp; for the grizzly bear is strong enough not only to overpower this animal, but to drag its body to some convenient place to be devoured at leisure.

It is by no means surprising that hunters and travellers should suppose the grizzly bear to be wholly carnivorous, as he displays such great ferocity of disposition, and such eagerness to destroy the life of any animal that falls within his power; yet, singular as it may appear, the grizzly bear, like all other bears, is capable of subsisting

exclusively on roots and fruits. Some attempts have been made to tame this beast, but without much success.

Some years ago two cubs were kept in the menagerie of the Philadelphia museum, but though they were quite small when taken, they soon gave signs of that ferocity for which this species is so remarkable. As they increased in size, they became dangerous, seizing and tearing to pieces every thing they could lay hold of, and grasping the iron bars of their cage and shaking them violently, to the great terror of the spectators, who hardly felt themselves safe while witnessing such displays of their strength.

When they were little more than half grown, their ferocity became so alarming, and the apprehension that they might escape so great, that it was thought necessary to kill them to prevent such an event.

The claws on the fore feet of the grizzly bear are more than four inches long, and those on the hind feet about three inches. These are occasionally strung as necklaces, and worn by the Indian chiefs as trophies of victory.

A gentleman who had lived many years among different tribes of Indians, far distant from civilized men, once told me a strange story concerning a chief's necklace. This gentleman was a painter, and made excellent portraits of many of the chiefs, who took much pride in being painted in their most splendid dresses, and most warlike ornaments. One chief, after spending some hours in oiling his hair, painting his face and breast, and arranging his beautiful plumes of black eagle's feathers for his head dress, presented himself before the artist with a most frightful necklace, which was actually made of the fingers of those enemies he had killed in battle, dried and strung for this extraordinary purpose. The painter remonstrated, but in vain; he would be painted with this necklace, and no other.

When the portrait was nearly finished, the chief, whose name I am sorry to say I have forgotten, came one morning to the painter, and with a troubled look, begged

him to take off the necklace from the picture, "for," said he, "I have had a bad dream about it."

The painter was curious to know what it was that had made him so suddenly change his mind, and he inquired what he had dreamt.

Upon this, the Indian told him that whilst he slept he dreamed that the necklace was still upon him, and that the fingers, coming to life again, clasped tighter and tighter round his throat, till he could hardly breathe; and he was quite sure if they were removed from the picture before he slept again, they would strangle him the next night.

They were accordingly obliterated, and in their place was substituted a *magnificent* necklace of grizzly bear's claws, which had also been obtained by the courage and dexterity of this warlike chief.

Silouee.

THERE cannot be a more unprincipled and vicious set of men than the whites who dwell on the boundaries between civilized men and the Indians: they rob, murder, and betray them; and in return, taking a dreadful revenge for many unprovoked attacks, the Indians frequently destroy, not only their persecutors, but their whole families with them.

Virginia, so named in honour of Queen Elizabeth, was first settled by English colonists about two hundred and fifty years ago. On one particular occasion, Colonel Bird was employed by the English government to transact some business with a tribe of Cherokee Indians. It unfortunately happened that a short time before he went amongst them, some white people had seized two Indians who had given them some trifling offence, and had most unjustly put them to death, and the Indians, naturally made angry at such an outrage, determined upon taking revenge, whenever an opportunity should offer.

The wished for opportunity was now presented by the appearance of Colonel Bird among them, and private consultation was held by their aged men, as to the most effectual means of getting him into their power, and making him the sacrifice.

Their unfriendly intentions were soon perceived by Colonel Bird, who, although he was by no means deficient in courage, felt that he had just cause of alarm: for he knew he was in their power, without means either of escape or defence. On retiring to rest he could not help reflecting that before morning he might be scalped, or what was worse, retained a prisoner to be tortured for their savage amusement. Several nights were passed in

sleepless anxiety, and in vain endeavours to contrive some plan of escape.

Among the neighbouring Cherokees was one named Silouée. Besides being a chief, he was also a celebrated *Pow-wow*, or as we should say, a wizard, or a conjuror. This man had known Colonel Bird for a considerable time, and had even eaten with him at his table. Silouée therefore felt a friendship for the colonel, and almost every night came to his tent, and appeared anxious to relieve him. He told him not to be alarmed, and even assured him that the Indians should not injure him This assurance comforted Colonel Bird in some degree, but as Silouée was only one amongst many chiefs, he feared that his influence could not be sufficient to protect him from the violence of the revengeful savages.

At length a general council of the chiefs and old men of the tribe was held, and contrary to Silouée's expectation, it was determined that Colonel Bird should be put to death in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. It was in vain that Silouée earnestly pleaded for his friend, urging that he had no hand in the murder of their two countrymen—the unanimous decision was against him.

Two warriors were now despatched to Colonel Bird's tent, to execute the cruel sentence that had been pronounced against him. Silouée insisted on accompanying them. On reaching the tent, Silouée rushed in before them, threw himself on the bosom of his friend, and as soon as the two warriors approached, he exclaimed, "This man is my friend—before you take him, you must kill me."

Overawed by the magnanimous determination of Silouée, the warriors returned to the council, and related to their brethren what they had seen. Indians entertain the greatest respect for a *faithful friend.* The consultation was renewed. The noble conduct of Silouée touched their better feelings and altered their purpose. They could not put to death a white man who was the friend of Silouée; they therefore released Colonel Bird,

and bid him go to his home in peace. Silouée was his guide and protector, and not till they came in sight of Colonel Bird's tent did he leave him. As they parted, Silouée's last words to his friend were, "When you see poor Indian in fear of death from cruel white men, remember Silouée."

The strong tendency to superstition in the Indian mind furnishes a powerful inducement to the more bold and crafty amongst them, to assume the character of pow-wows, medicine-men, and even prophets.

Every thing amongst the Indians of great efficacy and power, in short, every thing that is inexplicable, is a "medicine," and "medicine men" are held in almost as great respect as the warriors and braves. "Medicine men" are a sort of jugglers, and they affect much mystery in preparing and administering their nostrums. Incredible stories are related of their powers and performances, many of which we presume never took place, except in the imaginations of the ignorant hunters and trappers who were imposed on by the dexterity of these audacious quacks.

A *medicine* is also a charm which every Indian who has arrived at the age of manhood carries about him. It is usually the dried skin of some animal, such as a beaver, an otter, a fox, weasel, raven, or some other bird; but whatever it may be, it is preserved by them with the most superstitious care; in no instance have they been tempted to sell a "medicine" to the white man, however great the price offered; and at their death it is invariably buried with its owner.

Some years after Colonel Bird's life had been saved by Silouée, he became a Virginian planter, and took up his residence near the James river, where he cultivated tobacco. Silouée, we have already stated, was a *pow-wow;* he retained his friendship for Colonel Bird, of whom he was now a near neighbour. Like many of his nation, he had, by his intercourse with white men, acquired a great taste for "strong waters," as they call

intoxicating spirits, and the dignity of the chief was often clouded over by drunkenness. On one occasion, Colonel Bird had gone to another part of the country, forty or fifty miles distant, on business, and had left the care of his plantation to an overseer. The tobacco had attained some size, and a long drought coming on, there was a prospect of the crop being much injured. One day when Silouée came to the plantation, the overseer expressed great regret that the tobacco was taking so much harm; "Indeed," continued he, "it will be entirely lost, if we have not rain soon."

"Well," said the Indian, "what will you give me if I bring you rain?"

"*You* bring rain!" said the overseer, laughing.

"Me can," said the Indian. "Give me two bottles rum,—only two, and me bring rain enough."

The overseer cast his eyes towards the heavens, but could discern no appearance that foretold rain. To gratify the Indian, he promised to give him the two bottles of rum when Colonel Bird arrived, in case the rain should come speedily, and save the crop of tobacco.

Silouée now fell to pow-wowing with all his might, making grimaces, contorting his body, and uttering strange, unintelligible ejaculations.

It was a hot, close day, and it so happened that towards evening, the sky, which had been clear for some weeks, clouded over, and the appearance of the heavens was strongly in favour of rain. Before midnight thunder was heard, and heavy showers of rain watered the Colonel's plantation thoroughly; whilst it was remarked that the showers were so partial, that the neighbouring plantations were left almost as dry as they were before. The Indian waited quietly till the rain was over, and then walked away: a few days after the Colonel returned to the plantation, and when Silouée heard of his arrival, he went immediately to visit him.

"Master Bird," said he, "me come for my two bottles rum."

"Your two bottles of rum," exclaimed the Colonel, pretending not to know anything of the matter,—"pray do I owe you two bottles of rum?"

"You do," replied the Indian.

"How so?" inquired the Colonel.

"Me bring you rain—me save your crop," said the Indian.

"You bring rain," said the Colonel, "no such thing."

"Me did," persisted the Indian—"me loved you—me tell overseer, give two bottles rum, and then me bring rain. Overseer say he would—me bring cloud, then rain—now me want rum."

"You saw the cloud," said Colonel Bird—"you are a sad cheat."

"Me no cheat," said the Indian, "me *saw* no cloud, me *bring* cloud."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, "you are an old friend, and you shall have the rum, since you beg so hard for it. But mind you, it is not for the *rain*. The Great Spirit sent the rain, not you."

"Well," said the Indian, "*your* tobacco had rain upon it—why others have *none?* answer *that*, Colonel, if you can."

Although the North American Indians have never been found idolaters, yet like all ignorant people, they are exceedingly superstitious. Some of their superstitions connected with religious beliefs are very curious, as they bear so much resemblance to the Mosaic account of the Creation and the Deluge, as to leave hardly a doubt of their having some tradition of those events; but from the art of writing being totally unknown amongst them, the wonder is that any similarity in the account should have been preserved through so many ages.

As might be expected, different tribes have their own peculiar superstitions; but all agree in the belief in one All-wise, supreme Being, whom they call the Great Spirit, or Master of Life; that he created the world and all good things, and that he rewards good actions, both in this world and in a future life.

Their heaven, or place of reward, they imagine to be a delightfully warm country, where game of all kinds is very abundant, and where corn and fruits grow without the trouble of cultivation.

Their imagined place of punishment is a climate of extreme cold; barren, and covered with eternal snows. The torments of this freezing place they describe as the most excruciating; but they also believe that those who go there will suffer for a time proportioned to their transgressions, and that they will then be admitted into the land of happiness.

Some of the Indian tribes observe an annual religious ceremony, for which great preparations are made beforehand. On the appointed morning there appears at a distance a man whom they recognize by the name of *Nu-mock-muck-a-nah*, which means, The first, or only man; he slowly and with great gravity enters the village, telling the assembled people that he is just arrived from the West. His body is painted red, he is dressed in the skins of white wolves, his head-dress is made of ravens' feathers, and in his hand he carries an enormous pipe. At his approach, the Medicine lodge, which till then had been most scrupulously kept shut, is thrown open, and the floor is seen strewn with green willow branches, and the most fragrant herbs that can be collected; it is likewise whimsically ornamented with buffalo and human skulls.

The first man. now proceeds to enter every lodge or wigwam that compose the village, and demands from each a knife, an axe, or some such tool; and these are readily given to be sacrificed; "for, with these things," say they, "the *great canoe* was built."

These articles are then deposited in the Medicine lodge with profound veneration, until the ceremonies are all over, and they are then sacrificed, by being thrown into the water.

At sun-rise, on the following morning, *Nu-mock-muck-a-nah* opens and enters the Medicine lodge; a number of

young men follow him, who, after lying on the floor in perfect silence, and fasting till their strength is almost exhausted, voluntarily submit to the most cruel tortures, during which several annually perish, but those who survive are recompensed by having acquired the honourable title of "Braves," and the hope of this distinction enables them to endure the most agonizing pain without flinching.

The *conductor of the ceremonies* now enters the lodge; he is painted yellow, and wears a cap of buffalo skin: he receives the great pipe from the *first man*, who immediately leaves the lodge and returns to the West, not to make his appearance again till the next annual celebration.

During the first three days, there is a great variety of dances and curious songs and ceremonies performed in front of the Medicine lodge, by persons fantastically dressed and painted for the occasion. They are performed round an elevated mound of earth, about six feet in diameter, and as many in height, on the top of which is placed with the greatest veneration, a model of "*the great canoe.*"

The principal actors in this scene are *eight persons*,* variously painted, and nearly naked, but all carrying wreaths of willow in their hands; the season when this interesting ceremony takes place, being uniformly as soon as this tree is in full leaf; for the Indians say, that "*the twig which the dove brought to the great canoe had leaves upon it.*" They consider this bird as sacred, and never attempt to destroy it.

On the third day in the midst of all this dancing and festivity, the village appears to be suddenly thrown into the utmost confusion, by the approach of a man who is seen running about apparently in great trouble. He is naked, and painted black, with the exception of his face, which is frightfully daubed with red and white. He is called by the Indians the "*Evil Spirit.*" He runs from

* The number of persons who went into the Ark.

lodge to lodge, and behaves with the greatest rudeness to all whom he meets; but he is constantly frustrated in his evil designs by the *conductor*, who thrusts his great pipe between him and those whom he assails. At length he is fairly driven out, and the village is again restored to tranquillity.

Indian Notions of Justice.

ALTHOUGH cold-blooded, deliberate murder is hardly ever committed by the Indians, yet manslaughter, perpetrated either in drunken quarrels, or from the influence of sudden and violent passion, is by no means uncommon. In most cases the offender is delivered over to the family of the deceased, that they may deal with him according to their pleasure; and revenge being, as was before stated, a prominent trait in the Indian character, it is rarely that the guilty man escapes with life.

But notwithstanding this unchristian-like thirst for revenge, homicide and even murders are sometimes atoned for by a sum of money, or the equivalent, which is paid in a sort of shells called *wampum*,* an article that forms the standard by which the price of all commodities is measured.

Sometimes too, the murderer is even adopted by the parents of him whom he destroyed, and in every respect takes his place.

An instance of this kind occurred some years ago at an Indian village not far distant from Montreal, in Upper Canada.

Two young men of the same tribe, who were remarkable, the one for his great height, and the other for his strength and activity, met together one day on the plain with a number of their companions. After a good deal of boasting on both sides, they began to abuse each other, and finally to quarrel with considerable violence of voice and gesture.

The contest which had begun in sport, had the most fatal consequences; the standers-by encouraged, some

* See a note at the end of this tale.

one, and some the other combatant; shouting and betting (for the Indians are great gamblers), till the young men, forgetting that they had no real cause of enmity, fought with the greatest fury. After a short conflict, the taller Indian, seizing the knife which hung by his side, ran it through the body of his opponent, so that he fell, and in a moment after breathed his last gasp.

The alarm was instantly spread through the village, and a crowd of Indians of all ages assembled; whilst the unfortunate murderer, seating himself on the ground by the side of the body of his late companion, coolly awaited his fate; and this he expected to be nothing else than immediate death, for such was the custom of the tribe.

But although he offered no resistance to the stroke of the tomahawk, no one attempted to lay violent hands on him, but on the contrary, after removing the dead body from whence it lay, they left him entirely alone.

Not meeting here with the fate he expected and almost desired, he arose and went into the village, and there in the midst of the surrounding wigwams, he laid himself down on the ground in hopes of being the sooner despatched: but again the spectators retired without appearing inclined to injure him. Probably they considered that he was scarcely more to blame than the youth whose life he had taken—or that they themselves were more guilty than either, in having urged them on to such fatal violence. Be that as it might, the state of suspense he was in, was intolerable to his mind, and he resolved at once to go to the mother of the deceased, an aged widow. He entered her cabin, and presenting himself before her, addressed her in these words—

"Woman—I have killed thy son; his life was thy happiness—I come to give myself up to thee; say what thou wilt have done, and relieve me speedily from my misery!"

To this the poor widow mildly answered—"Thou hast indeed been so unhappy as to kill my son—thou hast taken him away who was most dear to me, and was the only support I had in my old age. His life is already

gone, but to take thine would not bring him back, nor would thy death make me more happy. Thou hast a young son, and if thou wilt give him to me in the place of my son whom thou hast slain, all shall be wiped away." The Indian thus replied: "Mother, my son is still but a child, he has seen but ten winters, and he has not strength or knowledge to be of service to thee, but would rather be a trouble and a burden; but here I stand before thee, strong and able to bring thee game to eat, and wood to burn; I am able to maintain and comfort thee; if thou wilt receive me, I will never fail in being a dutiful son to thee whilst thou livest."

The poor widow accepted the offer, and forthwith adopted him as her son; receiving also his wife and child into her dwelling, and treating them with the same kindness as if they had been her own children.

Such an example of entire forgiveness, and of a crime of such magnitude, I fear could hardly be equalled even in a Christian country; but to give a fair representation of the Indian character, I must also, though it is not so agreeable, relate some traits of an opposite kind.

In a quarrel which took place over the carcase of a bison, each disputant warmly declaring that the animal belonged to himself and to no other, an Omawhaw chief was most barbarously murdered by a warrior of the same nation. The deceased left a young son, who some years afterwards became a hunter.

Up to this time the murderer had remained unpunished, but the son was now old enough to indulge in his long-cherished revenge; and according to the barbarous feelings of these people, he would have been considered a cowardly and unworthy son, had he not wreaked vengeance on him, as soon as his strength would permit.

In the midst of a large party of buffalo hunters, the young man espied his hated enemy—the youth's bow was in his hand, and his quiver full of sharp arrows hung at his side. He seized one, and, without another moment's consideration, sent it through the heart of him who had so inhumanly deprived him of his father.

The people saw nothing criminal in the young man's conduct, for they sympathized in his feelings of revenge, and rejoiced at the death of one who regarded neither justice nor humanity; and no one was found who wished to revenge his death.

Note.—The *Venus Mercenaria* is the shell from which all the Wampum or Peak is cut. As it *has been* an article of so much importance throughout all the Indian tribes, it will not be uninteresting to give a more particular account of the manner in which it is made, and the purposes to which it is applied.

Speaking of the Indians, in his "Account of Two Voyages to New England," John Josselyn says,—"Their beads are their money; and of these there are two sorts, blue beads, and white beads; the first is their gold, and the last their silver. These they work out of certain shells so cunningly that no Jew can counterfeit. They drill, and string them, and make many curious works with them to adorn the persons of their Sagamores and principal young men and women. Prince Philip, a little while before I came to England (in 1671), coming to Boston, had on a coat and buskins set thick with these beads, in pleasant wild works, and a broad belt of the same; his accoutrements were valued at twenty pounds sterling. The English merchant giveth ten shillings for a fathom of the white, and nearly double as much for the blue wampum."

An-na-won, a chief and faithful friend of King Philip's, after that extraordinary man's death, presented Captain Church with a beautifully wrought belt, which belonged to King Philip. It was nine inches in breadth, and of such length, that when put about the shoulders of Captain Church, it reached his ankles. This was considered, at that time, of great value, being embroidered all over with wampum of various colours, curiously wrought into figures of birds, beasts, and flowers. A second belt, of no less exquisite workmanship, was next presented, which also belonged to Philip. This had been used to ornament his head. A third, which was smaller, had a beautiful star attached to it, and this he wore upon his breast. All three were curiously worked at the edges with red hair, probably dyed, which An-na-won said was got in the country of the Mohawks. These, with a few other insignificant things, were all that remained of the effects of "Philip of Pokanoket;" his faithful friend told Captain Church they were *Philip's Royalties*, which he was wont to adorn himself with, when he sat in state, and he thought himself happy in being able to present them to him.

Having quoted Mr. Josselyn's account of the Indian Wampum-money, I will now relate the more circumstantial and particular

description, given by the unfortunate *John Lawson*, in his History of Carolina.

"Their money," he says, "is of different sorts, but all made of shells, which are found on the coast of Carolina, being very large and hard, and difficult to cut. Some English people have tried to drill this sort of shell-money, and thereby thought to get an advantage, but it proved so hard, that nothing could be gained;" and Morton, in his "New England Canaan,"* says, that, "although some of the English in New England have tried by example to make the like, yet none hath ever attayned to any perfection in the composure of them, so but the salvages have found a great difference to be in the one and the other; and have known the counterfeit beades from those of their own making, and have, and doe slight them." Hence the conclusion of Mr. Josselyn, that not even a Jew can counterfeit the money of the Indians.

Mr. Lawson continues thus; "The Indians often make a sort of gorget with the same kind of shells; this hangs from their collar, and on it is worked a cross, or some strange figure that comes next in their fancy. Some of these gorgets will sell for a doeskin, and others will readily fetch as much as three or four buckskins ready dressed. The general current specie all over the Continent, as far as the Bay of Mexico, is what in Carolina is called *Peak*, and in New York, and to the West, is called *Wampum*. To make this *peak*, it cost the English almost ten times as much as they could get for it, whereas it costs the Indians nothing, because they set no value upon their time, and therefore have no competition to fear, or that others will take it out of their hands.

"It is made by grinding pieces of shell upon stone, and it is smaller than the small end of a tobacco pipe, or large wheat straw. Four or five of these make an inch, and every one is drilled through, and made as smooth as glass, and then strung as beads are. The drilling is by far the most difficult and tedious part of the manufacture. It is done by sticking a sharp nail in a cane or red, which they roll upon their thighs with the right hand, while with the left they apply the bit of shell to the iron point.

"Such is the money of the Indians, with which you may buy all that they have. It is their mammon, (as our money is to us) that entices and persuades them to do any thing—to part with their captives, or even with their wives and daughters. With it, murderers may be bought off, and whatever ill a man may do, this wampum will quit him of it, and make him, in their opinion, good and virtuous, though never so black before."

* Printed at Amsterdam in 1637.

M'Dougal and the Indian.

Several years ago, a Scotchman and his wife, named M'Dougal, emigrated to America. Having but very little money, he purchased land where it was then sold for almost nothing, in a country thinly peopled, and on the extreme verge of civilization.

His first care was to construct a house, and clear away some of the trees around it. This done, he spent his whole time, early and late, in making a garden and cultivating a few fields. By unwearied industry, and with the occasional help of older settlers, he by degrees acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and was, in a rough way, possessed of a comfortable independence.

His greatest discomforts were, distance from his neighbours, the church, market, and even the mill; but above all, the complete separation from his friends; and this he would have felt still more, had he been an idle man.

One day, Farmer M'Dougal having a quantity of corn to grind, knowing that the distance was considerable, and the road none of the smoothest, set out in the morning at sunrise, hoping he should reach home again before dark.

When the farmer was at home, he always drove up the cows for his wife to milk, morning and evening; but now this care devolved on her, and the careful woman went in quest of them. Not accustomed to go far from the house, she soon found herself in an unknown country, and with neither pocket compass nor notched trees to guide, it is not to be wondered that she wandered long and wearily to very little purpose. Tall trees seemed to encompass her on every side, or where the view was more open, she beheld the distant blue hills rising one behind

another; but no village spire or cottage chimney was there to cheer her on her way; and fatigued with the search, and despairing of finding the cattle, she resolved while it was yet light, to retrace her steps homeward.

But this resolution was more easily formed than executed—she became completely bewildered, she knew not in which direction to turn, and at length, with tears in her eyes, and her mind agitated almost to distraction, she sunk on the ground. But she had not rested there many minutes before she was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and on looking up, she beheld before her an Indian hunter.

Although Mrs. M'Dougal knew that there were Indians living in the neighbourhood, she had never yet seen one, and her terror was very great. The Indian, however, knew her, he had seen her before; he knew where she lived, and he instantly guessed the cause of her distress. He could speak but a few words of English, but he made signs for her to follow him. She did so, and after a few minutes' walk, they arrived at the door of an Indian wigwam. He invited her to enter, but not being able to persuade her to do so, he darted into the wigwam, and spoke a few words to his wife, who instantly appeared, and by the kindness of her manner induced the stranger to enter their humble abode. Venison was prepared for supper, and Mrs. M'Dougal, though still alarmed at the novelty of her situation, could not refuse to partake of the savoury meal.

Seeing that their guest was weary, the Indians removed from their place near the roof, two beautiful deer skins, and by stretching and fixing them across, divided the wigwam into two apartments. Mats were then spread in both, and the stranger was then made to understand that one division was for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing entreaties she replied that she would sit and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzle the Indian and his squaw sadly; they looked at one another, and conversed softly in their own language; and at

length, the squaw taking her guest by the hand, led her to her couch and became her bedfellow.

In the morning she awoke greatly refreshed, and anxious to depart without further delay, but this her new friends would not permit, until she had eaten of their corn cakes and venison; then the Indian accompanied his guest, and soon conducted her to the spot where the cattle were grazing. These he drove from the wood, on the edge of which Mrs. M'Dougal descried her husband, who was equally delighted at seeing her, as her absence from home all night had caused him great uneasiness. They invited their Indian benefactor to their house, and on his departure presented him with a suit of clothes.

Three days after. he returned, and endeavoured, partly by signs, and partly in broken English, to induce Farmer M'Dougal to follow him into the forest. But he refused: time was precious to him who had to work hard for every thing he possessed, and the Indian repeated his entreaties in vain. The poor fellow looked grieved and disappointed, but a moment after a sudden thought struck him—he hit on an expedient which none but an Indian hunter would have thought of.

Mrs. M'Dougal had a young child, which the Indian's quick eye had not failed to notice; and finding that his eloquence was completely thrown away upon the parents, he approached the cradle, seized the child, and darted out of the house with the speed of an antelope. The father and mother instantly followed, loudly calling on him to return, but he had no such intention; he led them on, now slower, now faster, and occasionally turning towards them, laughing, and holding up the child to their view.

It is needless to go into all the details of this singular journey, further than to say that the Indian, instead of enticing them to his own wigwam as they expected, halted at length on the margin of a most beautiful prairie, covered with the richest vegetation, and extending over several thousand acres. In a moment the child was restored to its parents, who wondering what so

strange a proceeding could mean, stood awhile panting for breath, and looking at one another with silent astonishment.

The Indian, on the other hand, seemed overjoyed at the success of his manœuvre, and never did a human being frisk about, and gesticulate with greater animation. We have heard of a professor of signs, and if such a person were wanted, the selection would not be a matter of difficulty, so long as any remnant exists of the Aborigines of North America. All travellers agree in describing their gestures as highly dignified, and their countenances intelligent; and we have Mr. M'Dougal's authority for stating that the hero of this tale proved himself a perfect master of the art of eloquence. His broken English was nearly in these words.

"You think Indian treacherous, you think him wish steal the child; no, no; Indian has child of his own. Indian knew you long ago; saw you when you not see him; saw you hard working man; some white men bad, and hurt poor Indian; you not bad, you work hard for your wife and child; but you choose bad place; you never make rich there. Indian see your cattle far in forest; think you come and catch them; you not come, your wife come; Indian find her faint and weary, take her home; wife fear go in; think Indian kill her! No, no; Indian lead her back; meet you very sad; then very glad to see her; you kind to Indian; give him meat and drink, and better clothes than your own. Indian grateful; wish you come here; not come; Indian very sorry; take the child; know you follow child. If Indian farm, Indian farm here; good ground; not many trees; make road in less than half a moon; Indians help you. Indians your friends;—come, live here."

M'Dougal immediately saw the advantage that such a change would be to him, and taking the Indian's advice, the day was soon fixed for the removal of his log-house, along with the rest of his goods and chattels; and the Indian, true to his word, brought a party of his Red

brethren to assist in one of the most romantic removals that ever took place, either in the Old World or the New.

In a few days a roomy log-house was raised, and a garden marked out in the most fertile and beautiful part of the prairie. The Indians continued friendly and faithful, and the good understanding between them and the white settlers was a source of great comfort to both parties.

The Adventures of a Ranger.

The first emigrants to North America settled in the New England states, where they persevered through difficulties in a manner which seems hardly credible to us who are accustomed to "live at home at ease." The climate of New England is exceedingly severe in winter; the soil is rocky, and at that time great tracts of the country were covered with thick forests.

Some perished under hardships which were greater than their strength could endure, whilst others, inured by privations and fatigue to all kinds of difficulties, became well fitted for the toilsome life they had chosen. Born and brought up amongst such scenes, the children and grandchildren of these emigrants were still more hardy and venturous than their parents; by degrees they moved westward, to the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, and others, where the winter was shorter, and the soil more productive.

Theirs was not a life of idleness! To clear the forest, to protect themselves from wild beasts, or from the constant warfare of the Indians whom the white men had so often deceived and cheated that many amongst them had become their enemies, these were their daily occupations and cares.

Amongst a party of young men who formed themselves into a little corps called Rangers, expressly for the protection of the western frontier, was one named Tom Higgins. He was a native of Kentucky, and a capital specimen of the genuine backwoodsman. In the month of August he was one of a party of twelve men who were posted at a small stockade between Greenville and Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence,

and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. On the 30th of the month, Indians were observed in the neighbourhood, and at night they were discovered prowling around the fort, but no alarm was given.

Early on the following morning the Lieutenant moved out with his little party mounted on horseback, to reconnoitre the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn field adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel thicket, in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, who rose suddenly around them to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was the Lieutenant; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was a sultry morning, the day was just dawning, a heavy dew had fallen during the night, the air was still and damp, and the smoke from the guns hung in a cloud over the spot. Under cover of this cloud, Higgins's companions had escaped, supposing all who were left to be dead. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, and fell on its knees, but rose again. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle, for he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat. Yet before he did this, he wished, as he said, "to have one pull at the enemy."

For this purpose he looked round for a tree, from behind which he might fire in safety. There was but one, and that was a small elm; but before he could reach it, the cloud of smoke, partially rising, disclosed to his view a number of Indians, none of whom however discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces of him, loading his gun, at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, fired, and the Indian fell. Still concealed by the smoke, Higgins reloaded his gun, mounted his horse, and

turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with, "Tom, you won't leave me?"

On looking round, he discovered one of his comrades, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he instantly replied, "No, I'll not leave you, come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprang from his saddle, and taking his companion in his arms, proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly for his life, and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess gently down, he told him, "Now my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, to keep them off,"—instructing him, at the same time, to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed.

History does not record a more disinterested act of heroism than this of Tom Higgins, who having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded companion; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke, which had partially opened before him as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him; and as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and hazel thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring, unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable, that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might have easily effected his escape. But Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins foresaw, that if he pursued the same

tract, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore resolved to deviate from his course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved warily along through the smoke and bushes, hoping when he emerged, to retreat at full speed. But just as he left the thicket, he beheld a large Indian near him, and two more on the other side, in the direction of the fort.

Confident in his own courage and activity, Tom felt undismayed, but like a good general, he determined to separate the foe and fight them singly. Making for a ravine not far off, he bounded away, but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire, which until now, he had hardly noticed.

The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins several times turned to fire, but the Indian would halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim, and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were closing on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, and resolved to receive a fire. The Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly turned his side towards him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which otherwise would have pierced his body.

Tom fell but rose again, and ran; the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others, pursued. Higgins had again fallen, and as he rose, they all three fired, *and he received all their balls!*

He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their rifles, advanced on him with spears and knives. They repeatedly charged upon him, but upon his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back, till at last the largest of them, thinking probably from Tom's reserving his fire so long that his gun was empty, attacked him boldly, when Higgins, taking

a steady aim, shot him dead. With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, with two Indians before him and a whole tribe a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion! He had slain the most dangerous of his foes, and he felt but little fear of the others. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him.

"They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded," said he, "but when they knew it was empty, they were better soldiers."

A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately for Tom, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, which had been hastily prepared for the occasion, and which bent whenever the points struck a rib, or encountered one of his tough muscles. From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hands in warding off their thrusts, the wounds they made were not deep. His whole front, however, was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain in proof of his valour.

One of them now drew his tomahawk. The edge sunk deep into Higgins' cheek—passed through his ear—laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The two Indians rushed on, but Tom, instantly recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands. At length, he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian endeavoured to pull it from him, helped him to rise. Now, holding his rifle like a club, he rushed on the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out, in doing which he broke the stock to pieces, and retained only the barrel in his hand.

The remaining Indian, though wounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but though our hero's strength was rapidly failing, his courage was not exhausted, and the savage began to retreat towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom in the meanwhile searched

for the gun of the other Indian. Thus both, though bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the combat.

By this time the smoke which hung between the combatants and the main body of Indians had passed away, and a number of the latter having crossed the hazel thicket were in full view. It seemed therefore that nothing could save our valiant ranger; but relief was at hand.

The little garrison at the fort had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat. They were only six in number, and amongst them was one heroic woman—a Mrs. Pursley. When she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, she urged the men to go to his rescue, but the rangers objected, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. Mrs. Pursley declared that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for the want of help, and snatching a rifle out of her husband's hand, she jumped on a horse, and sallied out; while the men, ashamed to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop towards the place of combat.

A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were advancing towards him with savage yells; his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first; Higgins, exhausted from loss of blood, had fallen and fainted; his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe anything else, was looking for his rifle.

The rangers reached the battle-ground first. Mrs. Pursley rode up to Tom and offered him her gun, but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their escape, and the Indians retired to the woods.

After being carried into the fort, Tom remained insensible for some days. His life was preserved only by extreme and continued care. His friends extracted all the balls except two which remained in his thigh. One of these gave him great pain at times for several years,

although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a skilful physician had settled within a day's ride of him, and Tom determined to go and see if he could help him.

The physician willingly undertook to extract the bullet, but on condition that he should receive the exorbitant sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. When he reached home, he found that the exercise of riding had so much chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could now be plainly felt.

He requested his wife to hand him a razor. With her assistance he deliberately laid open his thigh until the edge of the razor touched the bullet. Then inserting both his thumbs into the cut, he "*flirted it out*" as he said, "*without costing a cent.*"

The other ball remains in his limb yet, but gives him no trouble except when he uses violent exercise. He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still takes the *best kind of a man* to handle him.

Adventures of an Indian Woman.

THE life of an Indian woman, even though she may be the favourite wife of a great chief, is always fraught with toil and drudgery. The men will go through great fatigue in war or in hunting, but any thing like regular work they scorn. Scooping out canoes, building their huts, dressing the skins of animals, and cultivating the earth, are labours which fall to the lot of the squaw; but what is still worse, they are obliged to carry all the heavy burdens without any assistance from their husbands. An Indian hunter, setting out in the morning before sunrise, traverses the country for many miles in search of deer, and as he goes along he once in a while breaks down a bush to serve as a mark for his wife, whose business it is to find the game he has killed and carry it home; and as the animals sometimes lie at a great distance from each other, and she can carry but one at a time, the toil she then encounters is truly grievous.

In fishing and snaring birds the women are very successful, and uniting much art with insurmountable patience, they catch great numbers of geese and ducks which migrate to the lakes at certain seasons of the year. To snare these birds in their nests requires a considerable degree of art, and as the natives say, a great deal of cleanliness; for they have observed that when the snares have been set by those whose hands are not clean, the birds would not go into the nest.

Even the goose, though so simple a bird, is notoriously known to forsake her eggs, if they have been breathed on by the Indians.

The smaller species of birds which make their nests on the ground, are by no means so delicate, and of course

less care is necessary in snaring them. It has been observed that all birds which build on the ground, go into their nest on one particular side, and out of it on the opposite. The Indians being accurate observers of nature are well aware of this fact, and always set their snares on the side on which the bird enters the nest; and if care be taken in setting them, seldom fail of seizing their object. For small birds, such as larks, and many others of equal size, the Indians generally use two or three of the long hairs out of their own head; but for larger birds, particularly swans, geese, and ducks, they make snares of deer sinews, twisted like packthread, and occasionally of a small thong cut from a dressed deer-skin.

We may believe that women so trained are not very delicate, or easily daunted by any difficulties that may befall them; and in proof of this, I will relate an anecdote as it was told by an English gentleman, who travelled amongst the Northern Indians many years ago.

"On the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they observed the track of a strange snow shoe,* which they followed, and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found she understood their language, they brought her with them to our tents. On examination she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians two summers ago, and last summer when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she escaped from them, with the intention of returning to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the

* Snow shoes are from three to four feet in length, and more than a foot wide in the middle; they are sharp-pointed at both ends, the frames are made of birch-bark and they are netted cross and cross with thongs of deer-skin, leaving a hole just big enough to admit the foot. These shoes, being large and light, enable the Indians to travel over the snow with great facility.

hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided ever since the beginning of autumn.

From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been nearly seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beavers and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered; she was also in good health and condition, and was certainly by far the finest looking Indian woman that I have ever seen in any part of America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, proving indeed the truth of the old proverb, that "necessity is the mother of invention." When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits' legs and feet; these she twisted together with great dexterity and success. The rabbits and squirrels which she caught in her snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter.

It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much further, as all her clothing, beside being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to give the whole of her garb a very pleasing, though rather romantic, appearance.

Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines,

like netting-twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing-nets; and they are greatly preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.*

Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an iron arrow-head, which served her as an awl, was all the metal this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphureous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touchwood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and other uncivilized nations: because if she had, the above-mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

When the Athapuscow Indians took this woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every one in the tent except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they destroyed were her father, mother, and husband. Her young child, between four and five months old, she concealed in a bundle of clothing, and took with her undiscovered in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives, (which was not far distant,) they began to examine her bundle, and finding

* The Northern Indians make their fishing-nets with small thongs cut from raw deer-skins; which, when dry, appear very good, but after being soaked in water some time, grow so soft and slippery, that when large fish strike the net, the meshes are very apt to slip, and let them escape. Beside this inconvenience, they are very liable to rot, unless they be frequently taken out of the water and dried.

the child, one of the women took it from her, and immediately killed it.

This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust towards those Indians, that, notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as well as he did his wife, and was, as she said, remarkably kind to her, so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want, than live in ease and abundance among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant.

In a conversation with this woman soon afterwards, she told us that her country lies so far to the westward that he had never seen iron, or any other kind of metal, till she was taken prisoner. All of her tribe, she observed, made their hatchets and ice-chisels of deers'-horns, and their knives of stones and bones; she told us that their arrows were shod with a kind of slate, bones, or deers'-horns; and the instruments which they employed to make their wooden utensils were nothing but beavers' teeth. Though they had frequently heard of the useful materials which the tribes to the east of them were supplied with from the white men, so unwilling were they to draw nearer for the sake of trading in iron, that on the contrary, they retreated further back, to avoid the Athapuscow Indians, who made terrible slaughter among them both in winter and summer.

Story of To-ta-pia and Hoc-tan-lub-lee,

CHOCTAW INDIANS; KNOWN BY THEIR WHITE NEIGHBOURS BY THE NAME OF "JENNY AND HER SON TOM."

"*Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.*"—Mark chap. xvi. ver. 15.

FROM the time of the earliest English settlers in America, there have been pious men, who, giving up all worldly advantages, have endeavoured, by teaching the truths of Christianity, to draw the Indians from their frightful superstitions and cruelties. In many places they have established schools, and it is a singular fact, that although the Indians who have attained the age of twenty-five years, constantly refused instruction for themselves, yet they are generally anxious to have their children taught the arts of civilized life. They also observe with much interest our fine gardens, our abundant crops, and our numerous comforts and conveniences.

"I admire your manner of living," said a very sensible Osage chief who had been twice to Washington, "I admire your fields of corn, your cattle, and your wonderful machines. I see that you are able to clothe yourselves, even from weeds and grass; you can subdue every animal to your use; you are masters of all; every thing about you is in chains; you are surrounded by slaves—and you are slaves yourselves. If I were to change my way of life for yours, I too should become a slave. Talk to my sons, perhaps they may adopt your fashions; but for myself, I was born free, I was brought up free, and I will die free."

All who have had opportunities of knowing the Indian character, agree that the affection between parents and children is exceedingly strong, and instances of their sacrificing their lives for one another are numerous and well attested. The following story, related to me by a lady of great respectability, who was an eye-witness to a part of what she relates, strikingly illustrates the Indian character and customs, and shows the high importance of giving to these natives of the wilderness the benefits of our religion and laws.

To-ta-pia, or as the white people called her, *Jenny*, was the widow of a Choctaw, who having murdered an Indian of his own tribe, fled over the Mississippi into Louisiana, where he was overtaken and put to death by his pursuers. Jenny, with four or five small children, of whom Tom was the eldest, afterwards settled in the neighbourhood of St. Francisville in Louisiana, where there lived a widow lady of much benevolence, who took compassion on Jenny, and acted towards her the part of a kind friend.

When Tom was about twenty-five years of age, he murdered an old Indian; for which, according to the unalterable law of his nation, his life was forfeited, and he was sentenced to die. The day fixed for his execution was arrived, and a mingled throng of the relations and friends, both of the murdered and the murderer, were assembled after their usual manner, and all things were ready for the execution of the culprit.

At this moment of great excitement, Jenny pressed through the crowd to the spot where her son was standing, and in a clear strong voice, addressed the chiefs and company in these words. "Tom is young; he has a wife and children, brothers, and sisters, all looking to him for support and counsel. I am old; I have only a few years to live; I can do no more for my family. It is not just either, *to take a new shirt for an old one**; let me therefore die, who am old, and suffer him to live."

* Jenny's homely way of expressing that the Indian murdered by her son was *old*, and that he was *young*.

Jenny's magnanimous offer was accepted, and a few hours allowed her to prepare for death. In this interval she hurried to the house of her kind friend, Mrs. Thompson, whose residence was near this scene, for the purpose of giving her a last look, and bidding her farewell. This lady was ignorant of what had passed in the Indian village near her, and of Jenny's offer and determination; nor did Jenny now divulge them to Mrs. Thompson. She came, she said, to beg a coffin, and a winding sheet for her son; adding, "When the sun has reached its height, (pointing upwards,) Tom dies." Not suspecting the arrangement Jenny had made to preserve her son's life, Mrs. Thompson, with many comforting words, promised to give her all she requested.

Soon after Jenny had left Mrs. Thompson's house and returned to the village, where all things were ready for her execution, a messenger in great haste arrived, and informed that lady of what was passing, and that Jenny was immediately to die. She instantly set off with the intention of rescuing the poor creature; but the moment Jenny saw her carriage coming, she doubtless imagined what the intention was, and resolved that no interference should take place, for she caught the muzzle of the gun, and pointing it to her heart, bid the executioner do his duty. He obeyed, and she fell dead.

During five years after this, Tom was treated with contempt and sneers by the family of the old man whom he had murdered. "You are a *coward;* you let your *mother* die for you; you afraid to die—*coward!*" Tom could no longer endure this, and one day, meeting a son of the old man on the bank of the Mississippi, ten miles from his home, they began as usual to quarrel, and in the end Tom plunged his knife into his breast and left him dead on the spot.

So far from thinking that he had committed a horrible crime, he returned home in a triumphant manner, brandishing his bloody knife; and without waiting for

enquiry, boasted of what he had done. "I have been called a *coward*," said he, "I have been told I was afraid to die; now you shall see that I can die like a man." This was on the Sunday, and Monday, at twelve o'clock, was the time he appointed for his death.

Here a scene was presented which baffles all description. Tom walked backward and forward, still holding in his hand the bloody knife, which he seemed to consider an honourable badge. But in spite of all his efforts to conceal it, he discovered marks of an agitated mind. The sad group present consisted of about ten men and as many women; the latter with sorrowful countenances were employed in making an over-shirt for Tom's burial. All the men present, except Tom's two brothers, were smoking their pipes with apparent unconcern. Tom remained silent; he examined his gun, then he laid himself down in his grave, which had been dug the day before, as if to see whether it suited as to length and breadth.

When the shirt was completed and handed to him, he drew it over his other garments, tied two black silk handkerchiefs over his shoulders, and crossed them on his breast. His long hair was tied with a blue riband and tastefully arranged upon his back. The pipe of peace went round three times: the old chief's wife then arose, retired among the bushes, and sung the *death-song* of the Choctaw Indians, which begins with these words, "*Time is done, Death approaches.*"

This being ended, Tom went round and shook hands with every person present. While he held the hand of one of his neighbours, a white man, he said to him, "Farewell; you see me no more in this world. When you die, you see me." His neighbour said, "Tom, where are you going?" "I am going to mother," said Tom. "Where is your mother?" "In a good place." "But, Tom, will you not wait? Perhaps the friends of the young man you killed will accept a ransom; we will do what we can to save you." Tom replied, "No, I will die."

No one had demanded his death, for all those who would have considered it their duty to do so, lived at the distance of fifty or sixty miles on the other side of the Mississippi. The death-song was repeated, and the shaking of hands. Both were again repeated for the third and last time. Immediately after, Tom stepped up to his wife, a fine-looking young woman of about twenty years of age, with an infant in her arms, and another little child two or three years old standing by her side, and presented to her the bloody knife, which till now he had kept in his hand. She turned away her face to conceal her tears, but recovering herself, looked at him with a faint smile, and took it. His sister was sitting by the side of his wife, wholly absorbed in grief, and apparently insensible to what was passing; her eyes were fixed with a vacant stare on some distant object. Such a perfect picture of woe I never beheld. His pipe he gave to his youngest brother, who struggled hard to conceal his emotion. He then drank a little water, threw the gourd shell on the ground, sung a few words in the Choctaw language, and with a firm step, hastened towards his grave. His gun was so fixed as to enable him to take his own life. No one, he had declared, should take it from him. The ceremonies being completed, he touched the gun, it discharged, and the contents passed through his heart. He instantly fell dead on the earth. The women sprang towards the lifeless body; some held his head, others his hands and feet, and others knelt at his side. He had charged them to show no signs of grief while he lived, lest it should shake his resolution.

As far as possible, they had obeyed. Their grief was restrained till he was dead. It now burst forth in a torrent, and their groans and lamentations were loud and undissembled. From this melancholy scene I retired, leaving the poor distressed sufferers to bury their dead.

What heart is there, enlightened by *one ray* of the gospel, that would not in such a scene feel deep anguish and compassion for these children of the forest, who are

perishing by thousands for lack of knowledge! And who would not, in such circumstances, endeavour, not coldly nor inactively, but with all their soul, and all their might, to send the blessings of Christianity amongst them?

A Brief Account of the Arts cultivated by the North American Indians.

In the introduction it was mentioned that some few arts were cultivated by the Indians, and as these are carried to a considerable degree of perfection without the help of such tools as civilized man possesses, perhaps it will be worth while to give a fuller description of them.

Beginning then with the most useful of all their works, we will endeavour to give our young readers some idea of an Indian canoe; its slender and elegant form, its rapid movement, its capacity to bear burdens and to resist the rage of billows and torrents, must excite no small degree of admiration for the skill with which it is constructed.

The difference however, both as to form and material between the canoes used by different tribes is very great, some being merely the trunks of trees which have been hollowed by the aid of fire and sharp stones; whilst those of the North-western tribes are most laboriously constructed of the bark peeled from the white birch in large sheets, and bent over a slender frame of cedar ribs, to which it is sewed with the long flexible roots of the hemlock spruce. The joinings are rendered water-tight by a coat of pitch which has been thickened by boiling. The native Indians do not use oars, but a cedar paddle, with a light and slender blade. The largest of these canoes are commonly thirty-five feet long, and six feet wide in the widest part, tapering gradually towards the ends, which are brought to a wedge-like point, and turned over from the extremities towards the centre, so as to resemble, in some degree, the head of

a violin. Such a canoe, being paddled by eight men, frequently carries between three and four tons burden; every night it is unloaded, and with the baggage, carried on shore, four men being sufficient for this purpose.

Such are the vessels in which Europeans, adopting the customs of the savages, first entered the great chain of American lakes, and in which they have successively discovered, the Mississippi, the Columbia, and the Arctic Sea; in short, they have been employed by every traveller in that region from the time of the first Catholic missionaries to the present day.

The fishing-nets of the Indians have already been mentioned in the "Adventures of an Indian Woman;" some of them are as regular and beautiful in their structure as the netting of an English lady. The Indians also make baskets of several kinds; some large and coarse, some very delicate and pretty; these last are woven with the dried leaves of the silk grass. They make a variety of fans, for cooling themselves and driving away the mosquitoes in hot weather. Some of these are made of the tail-feathers of the wild turkey, or other large bird, spread out in the natural manner, the quills being gathered together to a point and inserted in a handle. Others are made of large pieces of white birch bark, worked in a variety of patterns with stained porcupine quills. This work is sometimes as tastefully formed, and delicately shaded, as any embroidery of fine wool.

Their manner of dressing the skins of the buffalo, deer, mountain-goat, and many others, is very admirable, for they retain their suppleness, however thick, even after they have been repeatedly wetted. A robe of the mountain goat, or, as it is commonly called, the mountain *sheep*-skin, is a dress fit for a chief's wife. The wool, which is exceedingly fine and soft, is worn outwards in summer, but in winter inwards.

Mocassins are usually made of deer-skin; they are a kind of high shoe, turned down round the top. They are as supple as a pair of thick leather gloves, so that the wearer enjoys the full use of his foot, which with our stiff

shoes we are in great measure deprived of. The elaborate embroidery which is bestowed upon some of the mocassins, shot-bags, and powder and tobacco pouches, is quite surprising, and well worth a particular description; though the patience and ingenuity displayed by the Indian women in ornamenting these and many other articles, can scarcely be appreciated by those who have never seen specimens of their skill.

The quills of the American porcupine rarely exceed two inches and a half in length, and are not larger in circumference than a small wheat straw; yet we have seen large surfaces worked or embroidered in the neatest and most beautiful manner with these quills, which are dyed of various rich and permanent colours. In making this embroidery they have not the advantage of a needle, but use a straight awl. Some of their work is done by passing the sinew of a deer or other animal through a hole made with the awl, and at every stitch wrapping this thread with one or more turns of a porcupine quill. When the quill is wound nearly to the end, the extremity is turned into the skin, or is concealed by the succeeding turn, so as to appear, when the whole is completed, as if it had been one very long quill that was used. On some articles of dress, the figures of animals are ingeniously formed with these quills; in others the strong contrast of colours in an extremely beautiful pattern is all that is aimed at.

Feathers are worn as ornaments in the head by the men only, and some of the head-dresses composed of them are truly magnificent. It should be observed, that both men and women suffer their hair to grow to a great length; many of the Southern tribes of North American Indians who are full six feet high, preserve a single lock that when they let it down, trails on the ground as they walk. It is impossible to enumerate the different articles manufactured by the Indians, though so few compared with those of civilized nations—their bows, their arrows and spears, their quivers, children's cradles, rattles, &c., &c., are often highly ornamented and display considerable taste. Their tobacco-pipes, too, are of great importance

in their estimation; so much so, that although different nations of Indians make the most cruel wars against one another, yet there are places where their hostilities are suspended while they are in search of a species of red stone, which they stand in need of for making their pipes. Such, for example, is a certain spot on the Missouri, where the bitterest enemies may be seen working quietly near one another, cutting this stone, which they all alike want. There are many other such places, equally sacred, and no instance has ever occurred of these places becoming the scenes of contention.

The common pipes are made of clay, the tubes are all made of wood, which has a small pith easily thrust out; but those for the use of their chiefs, and for the pipe of peace, are made of the above-mentioned red stone. It is soft when first dug, but becomes harder on exposure to the air. The pipes made of this material are always much carved, and the stems ornamented in a fantastic manner.

Often as we hear wampum mentioned as an article of traffic with the Indian tribes, yet I believe many people are not at all aware what is meant by the term.

When America was discovered by the Europeans, this wampum was the only current money amongst the natives. It was made with great labour out of a thick shell, in shape somewhat like the oyster, but smooth, and of a beautiful purple near the hinge. It was cut in small oblong pieces, and after being drilled through and polished, was strung close together in long bands varying from about two to nine inches in width. The purple wampum was considered much more valuable than the white, a very small part of the shell being of that colour. Beside being used as a medium of exchange, it served as an ornament for both men and women when they intended to appear in full dress.

There is a great variety of gourds grown now in North America by the white people, as the climate is particularly well suited to this tribe of plants. Those chiefly used as food for cattle are generally called pumpkins; there are also several kinds of squashes, which are excel-

lent eating when cooked in the same manner as we cook turnips, which they resemble in taste more than any thing else that I can compare them with. Some too are grown merely as ornamental plants in gardens, such as the little orange-gourd, and others. But the Indians cultivate them not only for food, but for the use of their *shells* as they are called, though, in fact, it is only the hard rind of the gourd, which being perfectly ripened, becomes so hard that, when the inside is taken out, it may be used for spoons, ladles, bowls, and dishes; rattles too are made of them, not only for their children, but for playing certain games, in which men as well as youths frequently join.

The Murderer's Creek.

THERE is a little stream which runs into that most beautiful of all rivers, the noble Hudson, that still bears the name of the *Murderer's Creek*, though few perhaps can tell why it was so called. About a century ago the beautiful region watered by this stream was possessed by a small tribe of Indians which has long since become extinct or incorporated with some more powerful nation of the West. Three or four hundred yards from the mouth of this little river, a white family of the name of Stacey had established itself in a log-house, by tacit permission of the tribe to whom Stacey had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian, called Naoman, who often came to his house, and partook of his hospitality. The family consisted of Stacey, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl, the former five and the latter three years old.

The Indians never forgive injuries nor forget benefits.

One day Naoman came to Stacey's log-house in his absence, lighted his pipe, and sat down. He looked unusually serious, sometimes sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacey's wife asked him what was the matter—if he were ill? He shook his head, but said nothing, and soon went away. The next day he came and behaved in the same manner. Stacey's wife began to think there was something strange in all this, and acquainted her husband with the matter as soon as he came home. He advised her to urge the old man to explain his conduct, in case he should come again, which he did the following day. After much importunity the old Indian at last replied to her questions in this manner. "I am a red man, and the pale faces* are our enemies: why should I

* The Indians call all white people the *pale faces*.

speak?" "But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten bread with us a hundred times, and my children have sat on your knees as often. If you have any thing on your mind, tell it me now." "It will cost me my life if it is known, and you white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied Naoman. "Try me, and you will find that I can," said she. "Will you swear by the Great Spirit that you will tell none but your husband?" "I have no one else to tell." "But will you swear?" "I do swear by our Great Spirit that I will tell none but my husband." "Not if my tribe should kill you for not telling?" "No, not though your tribe should kill me for not telling?" Naoman then proceeded to tell her, that owing to the frequent encroachments of the white people on their land at the foot of the mountains, his tribe had become exceedingly angry, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach; that she must send for her husband, and inform him of the danger, and as secretly and speedily as possible, take their canoe, and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick and cause no suspicion," said Naoman as he departed.

The good wife instantly sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out; and meanwhile Stacey recollected his gun, which he had left behind. He went to his house, and returned with it. All this took a considerable time, and precious time it proved to this poor family.

The daily visits of Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of his tribe, who therefore now paid particular attention to the movements of Stacey. One of the young Indians who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take the boat, ran to the little Indian village about a mile off, and gave the alarm.

Five stout Indians immediately collected and ran down to the river where their canoes were moored,

jumped in, and paddled after Stacey who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained upon him so fast, that twice he dropped his paddle and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him that if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet with no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards from the opposite shore, and carried back with shouts and yells of triumph.

The first thing the Indians did when they got ashore, was to set fire to Stacey's house. They then dragged him, his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among them, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief men of the council expressed their opinion that some of the tribe had been guilty of treason, in apprizing Stacey, the white man, of their designs, whereby they took alarm and had well nigh escaped. They proposed that the prisoners should be examined in order to discover who was the traitor. The old men assented to this, and one of them who spoke English began by interrogating Stacey, and interpreted what was said to the others. Stacey refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while two Indians stood threatening the children with their tomahawks, in case she did not confess.

She attempted to evade the truth, by pretending that she had a dream the night before, which had warned her to fly, and that she had persuaded her husband to do so. "The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to the white faces," said one of the old Indians; "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces; speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them ready to execute their cruel orders.

"Wilt thou name that red man," said the old Indian, "who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times." The mother made no answer. "Wilt thou name the

traitor? This is the second time." The poor woman looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? I ask you for the third and last time." The agony of the mother was more and more intense: again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A moment's delay was made for her reply. She was silent. The tomahawks were raised over the heads of her children who besought their mother to release them.

"Stop," cried Naoman. All eyes were instantly turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he, in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. Chiefs, I am the traitor. I have eaten the bread, warmed myself at the fire, and shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I who told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will: I am ready to fall."

A yell of indignation resounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank of earth on which he sat, shrouded his dark countenance in his buffalo robe, and calmly awaited his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman, by the blow of the tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman, and the heroic firmness of the Christian white woman, did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished—how, it is needless to say; but the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the beautiful little stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called the *Murderer's Creek*.

The Conscientious Indian.

One day a poor Indian begged a white man to give him a little tobacco to fill his pipe with. Having some loose in his pocket, the white man gave him a handful.

The following day the Indian returned in search of the man who had given him the tobacco.

"Me wish to see him," said the Indian.

"What for?" inquired some one.

"Me find *money* with the tobacco he gave me."

"Well, what of that? keep it; it was given to you."

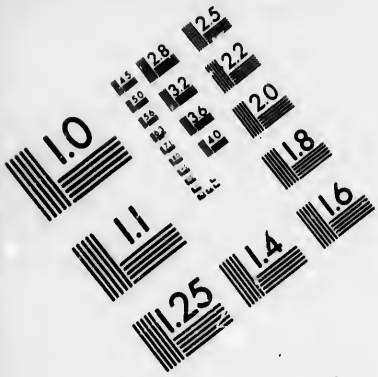
"Ah," said the Indian, shaking his head, "me got good man and bad man *here*," pointing to his breast. "Good man say, 'Money not yours; you must return it:' bad man say, 'It is yours; it was given to you:' good man say, 'That not right; *tobacco* yours, *money* not yours:' bad man say, 'Never mind, nobody know it, go buy rum:' good man say, 'Oh no! no such thing.' So poor Indian know not what to do; me lie down to sleep, but no sleep—good man and bad man talk all night, and trouble me; so now I bring money back; now me feel happy."

Pontiac.

NOTHING has so much caused the destruction of the Indian tribes as their entire want of unity amongst themselves. They are perpetually at war with one another, and though two or three tribes may happen to join for a while, their friendship seldom lasts long. Almost the only exceptions to this assertion are to be found in the histories of Pontiac, and of Tecumseh, two extraordinary men, of whose exploits at different periods, I intend to give some account.

The town of Detroit, which is beautifully situated on the western side of Lake Erie, is one of the most ancient European settlements in the new world, having been resorted to by the Jesuit missionaries as early as the year 1620.

In the year 1763 it contained a garrison of three hundred men under Major Gladwyn, when it was besieged by a confederacy of Indian tribes headed by Pontiac, an Ottaway chief, who displayed such boldness in his designs, such skill in negociation, and such personal courage in war, that he may justly be considered one of the greatest men that has ever appeared amongst the North American tribes. He was the decided and constant enemy of the British government, and excelled all his contemporaries in both mental and bodily vigour. His conspiracy for taking possession of the town of Detroit, and destroying the garrison, although frustrated, is a masterpiece among Indian stratagems; and his victory over the British troops at the battle of Bloody Bridge, stands unparalleled in the history of Indian wars, for the decision and steady courage by which in an open fight it was achieved.



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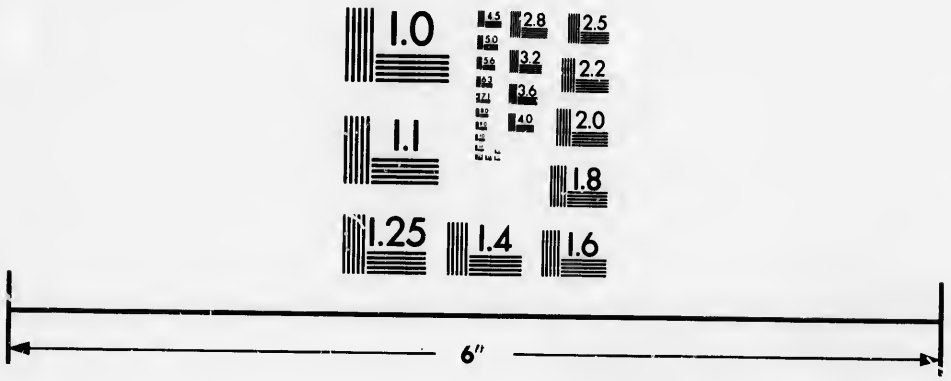

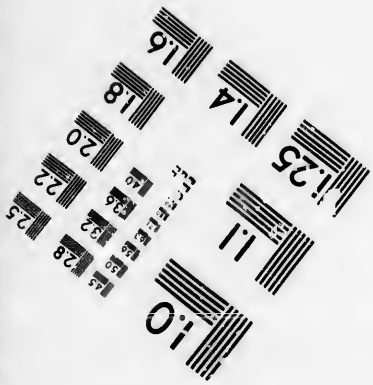

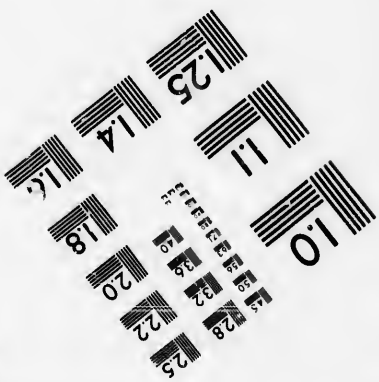

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At the time when Pontiac formed his plan, every appearance of war was at an end, and the Indians being on a friendly footing, he approached the fort without exciting any suspicions either in the governor or the inhabitants. He encamped at a little distance from it, and sent to let the commander know that he was come to trade; and *wishing to brighten the chain of peace** between the English and his nation, desired that he and his chiefs might be admitted to hold council with him. The governor, still unsuspicious, and not in the least doubting the sincerity of the Indians, granted Pontiac's request, and fixed on the next morning for their reception.

The evening of that day, an Indian woman, who had been employed by Major Gladwyn to make him a curious pair of mocassins, or Indian shoes, out of an elk-skin, brought them home. The Major was so much pleased with them that, intending these as a present for a friend, he ordered her to take the remainder of the skin back, and make it into others for himself. He then directed his servant to pay her for those she had made, and dismissed her. The woman went to the outer door but no further, there she loitered about as if she had not finished the business on which she came. A servant at length observing her, asked her why she stayed there; however she returned no answer.

Shortly after this the Major himself saw her, and enquired of his servant what occasioned her to stay; but not being able to get a satisfactory answer, he desired the woman to be called in. When she came into his presence he desired to know the reason of her loitering about, instead of hastening home before the gates were shut for the night. She told him with much hesitation, that as he had always behaved with great goodness towards her, she was unwilling to take away the remainder of the skin, because he set so high a value on it; and yet had not before had the courage to tell him so. He then asked her why she should scruple to take it now, more than when she made the first pair. With

* This is one of the figurative expressions often used by the Indians.

increased reluctance, she at length answered that it was because she should never be able to bring it back.

His curiosity being now excited, he insisted on her disclosing to him the secret that seemed to be struggling in her bosom for utterance. At last after having received a promise that the intelligence she was about to give should not be turned to her disadvantage, she informed him, that at the council to be held with the Indians the following day, Pontiac and his chiefs intended to murder him; and after having murdered the garrison and inhabitants, to plunder the town. For this purpose all the chiefs who were to be admitted into the council room had cut their guns short, so that they could conceal them under their robes, and at a signal given by their general on his delivering the belt, they were all to rise up, and instantly fire on him and his companions. Having effected this, they were next to rush into the town, where they would find themselves supported by a great number of their warriors, that were to come into it during the sitting of the council, under pretence of trading, but privately armed in the same manner as the rest. Having gained from the woman all necessary information relating to the plot, and also the means by which she had acquired knowledge of it, the governor dismissed her with injunctions of secrecy, and a renewed promise of fulfilling his part of the engagement towards her.

The intelligence the governor had just received gave him great uneasiness; and he immediately consulted the officer who was next him in command on the subject. But that gentleman, considering the information as a story invented for some artful purpose, advised him to pay no attention to it. This advice, however, happily had no weight with him. He thought it only prudent to act as if it were true, till he should be convinced that it was not so; and therefore, without mentioning his suspicions to any other person, he took every needful precaution that the time would admit of. He walked round the fort during the whole night, and saw that

every sentinel was on duty, and every weapon of defence in right order.

As he crossed the ramparts which lay nearest to the Indian camp, he heard them unusually merry and noisy; —little imagining that their plot was discovered, they were probably rejoicing in their anticipated success. As soon as morning dawned, he ordered all the garrison under arms, and then imparting his apprehension to the principal officers, gave them such directions as he thought necessary. At the same time he sent messengers privately to all the traders in the town, to inform them, that as it was expected a great number of Indians would enter the town that day, who might be inclined to plunder, he desired that they would have their arms ready to repel any attempt of the kind.

At about ten o'clock, Pontiac and his chiefs arrived; they were conducted to the council chamber, where the Major and the other officers, each with a loaded pistol in his belt, awaited his arrival. As the Indians passed on, they could not help observing that a greater number of troops than usual were drawn up on the parade, or marching about. No sooner were they entered, and seated on the mats prepared for them, than Pontiac asked the governor for what purpose *his young men*, meaning the soldiers, were thus drawn up and parading about the fort. The Major answered that it was only intended to keep them perfect in their exercise.

The Indian chief now began his speech, which contained the strongest professions of friendship and good-will towards the English; but when he came to the delivery of the belt of wampum, the particular manner of which, according to the woman's information, was to be the signal for his chiefs to fire, the governor and all the other officers drew their swords half way out of their scabbards; and the soldiers at the same instant made a clattering with their arms before the door, which had been purposely left open. Pontiac, though one of the boldest of men, was troubled, and changed countenance; and instead of delivering the belt in the manner agreed

upon, he gave it in the usual way. His chiefs, who had impatiently expected the signal, looked at each other with astonishment, but remained silent, waiting the result.

The Major then made his speech; but instead of thanking the chief for the professions of friendship he had just uttered, he plainly accused him of being a traitor. He told him that the English who knew every thing, were convinced of his treachery and villainous designs; and as a proof that they were well acquainted with his most secret thoughts and intentions, he stepped towards the chief who sat nearest to him, and suddenly drawing aside his robe, discovered the shortened firelock. This entirely disconcerted the Indians, and frustrated their designs.

He then continued to tell them, that as he had given his word at the time they desired an audience that their persons should be safe, he would hold his promise inviolable, though they so little deserved it, but he advised them to make the best of their way out of the fort, lest his young men, on being acquainted with their abominable treachery, should fall on them and cut them all to pieces.

Pontiac endeavoured to clear himself from the accusation, and to make excuses for his suspicious conduct, but the governor was too well assured of the falseness of his protestations to listen to him. The Indians immediately left the fort, but instead of being sensible of the governor's generous conduct, they now threw off the mask, and the next day made a regular attack upon the English.

Major Gladwyn has been much censured for this mistaken lenity; for probably, had he kept a few of the principal chiefs prisoners whilst he had them in his power, he might have been able to bring the confederated nations to his own terms, and thus prevented a war; but he atoned for this oversight, by the gallant defence he made for more than a year, amidst every variety of discouragement. The siege of Detroit was all this time

continued by Pontiac, and the garrison, though gallantly defended by the British commander, suffered severely, and the confederate Indians were frequently on the point of carrying the town by assault. At length the approach of General Bradstreet with 3000 men, struck the Indians with consternation, and they met him with offers of peace at Miami Bay. Shortly after, Pontiac fled to Illinois, where in the year 1767 he was murdered by an Indian who was friendly to the British.

The Maiden's Rock.

JUST below the Falls of St. Anthony, (which you will find in about 44° North latitude and 95° West longitude) the channel of the Mississippi, by becoming deeper and wider than ordinary, assumes the appearance and character of a lake, to which the French have given the name of lake Pepin. This lake is twenty-one miles long, and about two and a half broad, and in most places nearly fills the valley between the majestic heights which extend along the shores in a more regular manner than the hills which are found on the banks of the river. Here, too, instead of the rapid current of the Mississippi winding around numerous islands, with surfaces sometimes covered with wood, and sometimes mere barren tracts of sand, the lake presents an unbroken expanse of water, which the traveller will often find still and smooth as a mirror. The Indians will not cross the lake when the wind is strong, for though small, it is deep, and easily agitated, so much as to make it dangerous for a man to expose himself to its waves in a frail canoe.

About half way up the lake its eastern bank rises to the height of five hundred feet. The lower three hundred feet consist of a very abrupt and precipitous slope, extending from the water's edge to the base of a naked rock, which rises perpendicularly two hundred higher.

The wildness of the scenery is such that the traveller, who has already gazed with delight on the high bluffs on either side of the Mississippi, is struck with admiration on beholding this beautiful spot. Here he will see the steep craggy rock, whose base is washed by a wide expanse of water, generally with a calm unruffled surface,

contrasting strongly with the savage features of the surrounding landscape. Cold must the heart of that man be, who can contemplate unmoved and uninterested the stupendous cliffs that enclose this lake!

Father Hennepin, the first white man who ever saw it, calls it the *Lake of Tears*, because his party having been taken prisoners by the Indians, a consultation respecting their fate was held at the base of these precipices, when it was resolved that he and his companions should be put to death the following day; from which fate they were however delivered. The deeds of cruelty, of danger, and of daring, which have here been perpetrated, will never be unfolded; but there is a tale, told indeed by a savage, yet of so much interest that many a heart has been made sad by its recital. We cannot recommend it as an example, but it shows, notwithstanding the apathy and indifference to fate which is usually imputed to the red men of America, that they do possess the feelings of our common nature.

Twenty years ago there was in the nation of the Dacotas an aged and celebrated chief, whose name was Wapasha. It was in the time of his father, who was also a chief, that one of the most melancholy transactions that ever occurred among the Indians, took place at the spot we have described above.

There was at that time in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, a young woman, whose name was Winona, which signifies *the first born*. She was dear to her parents, and a favourite with the whole tribe. She had promised to spend her life with a young hunter of the same nation, who was strongly attached to her. He applied to her parents for leave to marry her, but was greatly surprised when they refused him, and told him that their daughter was already promised to a warrior of distinction. The latter had acquired a name by the services he had rendered to his village when it was attacked by the Chippewas, and encouraged by Winona's parents and brothers, he urged his claim with great assiduity, but

she still refused him, and persisted in her preference for the hunter.

To the recommendation of her friends in favour of the warrior, she replied, that she had chosen a hunter who would spend his life with her, but if she accepted the warrior, he would be constantly absent from her on some exploit, exposing himself to danger and his family to hardship: Winona's expostulations were of no avail with her parents, and after they had succeeded in driving away her lover, they used harsh means to induce her to marry the man they had chosen. Till now Winona had always been the delight of her parents, and had been more indulged than is usual with women amongst the Indians.

About this time a party was formed in the village to go to lake Pepin, to procure a supply of the blue clay which is found upon its shores, and which is used by the Indians for the purpose of painting. The parents and brothers of Winona were of the party, and she also was with them. On the day of their visit to the lake, her brothers made presents to the warrior, and encouraged by this, he again addressed her, and was again rejected. Her father, who was not accustomed to be contradicted, became more and more angry, and declared that the marriage should take place that very day.

"You leave me no hope," said Winona; "I told you I did not love him, and I would not live with him. I wished to remain unmarried since you have driven the hunter away from me, but you would not permit it. Is this the love you have for me! Yes, you have driven him that loves me away from our village, and now he wanders alone in the forest; he has no one to build his lodge, no one to spread his blanket, and wait on him when he returns home, weary and hungry from the chase. But even this is not enough; you would have me rejoice when he is far away, and unite myself with another." Casting a melancholy look on her father and mother, as she finished these words she slowly withdrew herself from the assembly.

Preparations for the marriage feast were still going on when Winona silently wound her way up to the top of the cliff, and having gained the summit of the rock, from the very verge of the precipice she called out to her friends below. A light breeze bore her voice along the surface of the water, and her parents heard her last words. "Farewell! you were cruel to me and my lover; you dared to threaten me, but you did not know me. Look now whether you can force me to marry one whom I do not love."

Her distracted brothers ran towards the top of the cliff in order to prevent her design; whilst many hastened to the foot of the rock in hopes of receiving her in their arms. Her aged parents, with tears in their eyes, endeavoured by signs to make her abandon her purpose. But all was in vain; as the sound of her last words floated towards them on the calm lake, they saw her dash herself from the summit of the rock!..... Whenever one of the Dacota Indians passes by the place in his light canoe, he raises his eye for a moment to gaze on the giddy height, still called The Maiden's Rock; and the recollection of Winona's dreadful fate makes his heart sorrowful; but he hopes she is gone to the Great Master of Life, and that a better portion is now appointed for her where no sorrows will ever come to trouble her.

Such is the story as it was related by Wazecota, an aged Indian chief, who being very young at the time, saw what he related. While telling the story, the stiffness of age forsook his limbs, and the momentary restoration of his youth manifested the deep impression made upon his mind.

Winona was an uncivilized Indian; she had never been taught the word of the Master of Life, "thou shalt not kill"—she had never heard that "the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit."

But let those who can read the Word of God remember, that they who attempt to escape the evils of this life by self destruction, are far worse than the rudest savages of the wilderness.

The Capture of Mrs. Duston.

LIVING as we do in a country in which we are secure from all violence, we can hardly form an idea of the personal courage that may be called forth, even in women, who are constantly exposed to danger. But we could fill a volume with the *Records of Women* during the early settlement of the Eastern states, in the Revolutionary war, and in the peopling of the Western country, which should exhibit a series of bold and heroic actions, not to be surpassed in the history of any age or nation. And who will deny that it required more courage and fortitude to stay in the forest, unprotected by moat or stockade, in the ill-built cabin, listening to every step, anxious for the coming in of those who had gone in search of the foe, than it did to fight that foe when he was met? Yet we have only to look back on the period when the first emigrants to Kentucky and Ohio fearlessly planted themselves in a wilderness, teeming with savages and ferocious animals, and we shall find women, accustomed to the comforts and refinements of life, placed in rough log-huts with their infant children, whilst their husbands were labouring in their half-cleared corn-fields; and, night after night, compelled to listen to the Indian yells, and to assist in defending the little block-house, into which, for common safety, they were driven for protection from the merciless enemy.

It is nearly a hundred and fifty years since Goodman Duston and his wife were dwelling at Haverhill, a little village on the Merrimack river, in Massachusetts. They had already added seven children to the king's liege subjects in America; and Mrs. Duston about a week before the period of our narrative, had blessed her husband with an eighth. One day in March, 1698, when Mr.

Duston had gone forth about his ordinary business, there fell out an event which had nearly left him a childless man and a widower besides. A party of Indians, arrayed in all the terrors of their war dress, after traversing the trackless forest all the way from Canada, broke in upon their defenceless village. Goodman Duston heard their war-whoop and alarm, and, being on horseback, immediately set off full speed to look after the safety of his family. As he dashed along, he beheld dark wreaths of smoke eddying from the roofs of several dwellings near the road side; while the groans of dying men, the shrieks of affrighted women, and the screams of children, pierced his ears, all mingled with the horrid yell of the raging savages. The poor man trembled, yet spurred on so much the faster, dreading that he should find his own cottage in a blaze, his wife murdered in her bed, and his little ones tossed into the flames. But drawing near the door, he saw his seven elder children, of all ages between two years and seventeen, issuing out together, and running down the road to meet him. The father only bade them make the best of their way to the nearest garrison, and without a moment's pause, flung himself from his horse, and rushed into Mrs. Duston's chamber.

There the good woman lay with the infant in her arms, and her nurse, the widow Mary Neff, watching by her bedside. Such was Mrs. Duston's helpless state, when her pale and breathless husband burst into the chamber, bidding her instantly rise and flee for her life. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the Indian yell was heard: and looking wildly out of the window, Goodman Duston saw that the blood-thirsty foe was close at hand. At this terrible moment, it appears that the thought of his children's danger rushed so powerfully upon his mind, that he quite forgot the still more perilous situation of his wife; or, it is not improbable he had such knowledge of the good lady's character, as afforded him a comfortable hope that she would hold her own, even in a contest with a whole tribe of Indians.

However that might be, he seized his gun and hurried out of doors again, meaning to gallop after his seven children, and snatch up one of them in his flight, lest his whole race and generation should be blotted from the earth in that fatal hour. With this idea, he rode up behind them, swift as the wind. They had by this time got about forty rods from the house, all pressing forward in a group; and though the younger children tripped and stumbled, yet the elder ones were not prevailed upon by the fear of death to take to their heels and leave these poor little souls to perish. Hearing the sound of hoofs behind them, they looked round, and espying Goodman Duston, all suddenly stopped. The little ones stretched out their arms; while the elder boys and girls, as it were, resigned their charge into his hands, and all the seven children seemed to say,—"Here is our father, now we are safe!"

But if ever a poor mortal was in trouble, and perplexity, and anguish of spirit, that man was Mr. Duston! He felt his heart yearn towards these seven poor helpless children, as if each were singly possessed of his whole affections; for not one among them all but had some peculiar claim to his dear father's love. There was his first-born; there, too, the little one who, till within a week past, had been the baby; there was a girl with her mother's features, and a boy the picture of himself, and another in whom the features of both parents were mingled; there was one child, whom he loved for his mild, quiet, and holy disposition, and destined him to be a minister; and another, whom he loved not less for his rough and fearless spirit; and who, could he live to be a man, would do a man's part against these bloody Indians. Goodman Duston looked at the poor things one by one, and with increasing fondness he looked at them all together; then he gazed up to heaven for a moment, and finally waved his hand to his seven beloved ones. "Go on, my children," said he calmly, "we will live or die together."

He reined in his horse, and made him walk behind the children, who, hand in hand, went onward, hushing their sobs and wailings, lest these sounds should bring the savages upon them. Nor was it long before the fugitives had proof that the red demons had found their track. There was a curl of smoke from behind the huge trunk of a tree—a sudden and sharp report echoed through the woods—and a bullet hissed over Goodman Duston's shoulder, and passed above the children's heads. The father, turning half round on his horse, took aim and fired at the skulking foe, with such effect as to cause a momentary delay of the pursuit. Another shot—and another—whistled from the covert of the forest; but still the little band pressed on, unharmed: the stealthy nature of the Indians forbade them to rush boldly forward, in face of so firm an enemy as Goodman Duston. Thus he and his seven children continued their retreat, creeping along at the pace of a child of five years old, till the stockades of a little frontier fortress appeared in view, and the savages gave up the chase.

We must not forget Mrs. Duston in her distress. Scarcely had her husband fled from the house ere the chamber was thronged with the horrible visages of the wild Indians, bedaubed with paint, and besmeared with blood, brandishing their tomahawks in her face, and threatening to add her scalp to those that were already hanging at their girdles. It was, however, their interest to save her alive, if the thing might be, in order to exact a ransom. Our great-great grandmothers, when taken captive in the old times of Indian warfare, appear, in nine cases out of ten, to have been in pretty much the same situation as Mrs. Duston; notwithstanding which, they were wonderfully sustained through long, rough, and hurried marches, amid toil, weariness, and starvation, such as the Indians themselves could hardly endure. Seeing that there was no help for it, Mrs. Duston rose, and she and the widow Neff, with the infant in her arms, followed their captors out of doors. As they crossed the threshold, the poor babe set up a feeble wail; it was its

last cry. In an instant, an Indian seized it by the feet, swung it in the air, dashed its head against the trunk of the nearest tree, and threw the little corpse at its mother's feet. Perhaps it was the remembrance of that moment that hardened Hannah Duston's heart when her time of vengeance came. But now nothing could be done, but to stifle grief and rage within her bosom, and follow the Indians into the dark gloom of the forest, hardly venturing to throw a parting glance at the blazing cottage, where so many years she had lived happily with her husband, and had borne him eight children—the seven, of whose fate she knew nothing, and the infant, whom she had just seen murdered. The first day's march was fifteen miles; and during that, and many succeeding days, Mrs. Duston kept pace with her captors, for had she lagged behind, a tomahawk would at once have cleft her skull. More than one terrible warning was given her; more than one of her fellow-captives—of whom there were many—after tottering feebly, at length sunk upon the ground; the next moment and a groan was heard, and the scalp was hanging at an Indian's girdle. The unburied corpse was left in the forest till the rites of sepulture should be performed by the autumnal gales, strewing the withered leaves on the whitened bones.

When out of danger of immediate pursuit, the prisoners, according to Indian custom, were divided among the different parties of the savages. Mrs. Duston, the widow Neff, and an English lad, fell to the lot of a family consisting of two stout warriors, three squaws, and seven children. These Indians, like most with whom the French had held intercourse, were Roman Catholics; and Cotton Mather, the historian of New England, affirms, on Mrs. Duston's authority, that they prayed at morning, noon, and night, and never partook of food without a prayer; nor did they suffer their children to sleep till they had prayed to the Christian's God. Mather, like an old hard-hearted, pedantic bigot as he was, seems trebly to exult in the destruction of these

poor wretches, on account of their Popish superstitions. Yet what can be more touching than to think of these wild Indians, in their loneliness and their wanderings, wherever they went among the dark mysterious woods, still keeping up domestic worship, with all the regularity of a household at its peaceful fireside.

They were travelling to a rendezvous of the savages somewhere in the north-east. One night, being now above a hundred miles from Haverhill, the red men and women, and the little red children, and the three pale faces, Mrs. Duston, the widow Neff, and the English lad, made their encampment, and kindled a fire beneath the gloomy old trees, on a small island in Contocook river. The barbarians sat down to what scanty food Providence had sent them, and shared it with their prisoners, as if they had all been the children of one wigwam, and had grown up together on the margin of the same river within the shadow of the forest. Then the Indians said their prayers—prayers that the Romish priests had taught them—and made the sign of the cross upon their dusky breasts, and composed themselves to rest. But the three prisoners prayed apart; and when their petitions were ended, they likewise lay down, with their feet to the fire. The night wore on; and the light and watchful slumbers of the red men were often broken by the rush and ripple of the stream, or by the groaning and moaning of the forest, as if Nature were wailing over her wild children; and sometimes, too, the little red skins cried in their sleep, and the Indian mothers awoke to hush them. But a little before daybreak, a deep, dead slumber fell upon the Indians.

Up rose Mrs. Duston, holding her own breath, to listen to the long, deep breathing of her captors. Then she stirred the widow Neff, whose place was by her own, and likewise the English lad; and all three stood up, with the doubtful gleam of the decaying fire hovering upon their ghastly visages, as they stared round at the fated slumberers. The next instant, each of the three captives held a tomahawk. Hark! that low moan, as of

one in a troubled dream—it told a warrior's death-pang; Another!—another!—and the third half-uttered groan was from a woman's lips. But, oh, the children! Their skins are red; yet spare them, Hannah Duston, spare those seven little ones, for the sake of the seven that you yourself have cherished! "Seven," quoth Mrs. Duston to herself. "Eight have I borne—and where are the seven, and where is the eighth?" The thought nerved her arm; and the copper-coloured babes slept the same dead sleep with their Indian mothers. Of all that family only one woman escaped, dreadfully wounded, and fled shrieking into the wilderness, and a boy, whom it is said Mrs. Duston had meant to save alive; but he did well to flee from the raging tigress! There was little safety for a red skin when Hannah Duston's blood was up.

The work being finished, Mrs. Duston laid hold of the long black hair of the warriors, and the women, and the children, and took all their ten scalps, and left the island, which bears her name to this very day. According to our notion it should be held unholy for her sake. Had the merciless vixen been drowned in crossing the Contocook river, or had she sunk over her head and ears in a swamp, we could not have found it in our heart to pity her; but it was otherwise ordained, and she and her companions came safe home, and received a bounty on the dead Indians, besides large presents from private gentlemen, and fifty pounds from the Governor of Maryland. Furthermore, in her old age, being sunk into decayed circumstances, she claimed and received a pension as the price of blood.

This awful woman, and that tender-hearted, yet valiant man, her husband, will be remembered as long as the deeds of old times are told round a New England fireside. But how different is her renown to his!

Their descendants, in a right line, and of the same name, are now living in the same village in which Mrs. Duston was captured.

The Prophet of the Alleghany.

About fifty years ago, one of the missionaries to the Indians was on his way from Tuscarora* settlement to the Senecas. As he was journeying along in pious meditation through the forest, a majestic Indian darted from its recesses and stopped his progress. His hair was somewhat changed with age, and his face marked with the deep furrows of time; but his eye expressed all the fiery vivacity of youthful passion, and his step was that of a warrior in the vigour of manhood.

"White man of the ocean †, whither wanderest thou?" said the Indian.

"I am travelling," replied the meek disciple of peace, "towards the dwellings of thy brethren, to teach them the knowledge of the only true God, and to lead them to happiness and peace."

"To happiness and peace!" exclaimed the tall chief, while his eyes flashed fire. Behold the blessings that follow the footsteps of the white man! Wherever he comes, the red men of the forest fade away like the mists of morning. Our people once roamed in freedom through the woods, and hunted, unmolested, the beaver, the elk, and the bear. From the further side of the great water came the white man, armed with thunder and lightning. In war he hunted us like wild beasts; in peace he destroyed us by deadly liquors. Depart,

* Tuscarora is an Indian village in New York state, not far from Niagara Falls. The Seneca Indians were once a powerful tribe: a small remnant will still be found on Buffalo Creek, close by Lake Erie.

† The Indians, when they first saw the white men, imagined that they sprang from the sea, and that they invaded their country because they had none of their own. In their songs they called them "The Froth, or White Foam of the Ocean;" and this name is still often applied to them in contempt by the savages of the north-west.

dangerous man, and may the Great Spirit protect you on your journey homeward; but I warn you to depart!" The tall chief darted into the wood, and the good missionary pursued his way with pious resolution.

He preached the word of God, he taught them the name of our Saviour; and many of the poor Indians heard and believed. In the course of eighteen months, their devotion became rational, regular, and, as the missionary hoped, permanent.

But, alas! all at once, the little church in which the good man used to teach his flock, became deserted. No one came to listen with reverence to the pure doctrines which they once delighted to hear, and only a few idlers were seen on a Sunday morning lounging about, and casting a wistful, yet fearful look, at their peaceful, but now silent mansion.

The missionary sought them out, and explained to them the sinfulness of those, who, having once known, abandoned the religion of the only true God. The poor Indians shook their heads, and told him that the Great Spirit was angry with them, and had sent a prophet to warn them against listening to new teachers; that he would soon come amongst them, when there would be a great meeting of the old men, and he would then deliver to the people the message the Great Spirit had entrusted him with. The zealous missionary, determined to confront the imposter, whom he had heard spoken of as the "Prophet of the Alleghany," asked and obtained permission to appear at the council, when it was to be determined whether they should follow the religion of their fathers, or that of the white men.

The council-house not being large enough to contain so vast an assemblage of people, they met in a valley west of Seneca lake. This valley is embowered under lofty trees. On every side it is surrounded with high, rugged hills, and a little stream winds through it. It was a scene that no one could look on with indifference. On a smooth level, near the bank of the stream, and under the shade of a wide-spreading elm, sat the chief men of

the tribe. Around the circle which they formed was gathered a crowd of wondering savages, with eager looks seeming to demand the true God at the hands of their wise men. In the middle of the circle sat the aged and way-worn missionary. A few grey hairs were scattered over his forehead; his hands were crossed on his breast; and as he turned his hope-beaming eyes towards heaven, he seemed to be calling with pious fervour upon the God of truth, to vindicate his own eternal word by the mouth of his servant.

For several minutes there was deep silence in the valley, save the whispering of the wind in the trees, and the gentle murmuring of the stream. Then all at once the hum of many voices was heard through the crowd, for the Prophet of the Alleghany was seen descending one of the hills. With hurried steps and furious looks he entered the circle; and the missionary saw with surprise the same tall chief who two years before had crossed him in the Tuscarora forest. The same deer-skin hung over his shoulders, the same tomahawk glittered in his hand, and the same fiery and turbulent spirit shot from his eyes. He addressed the awe-struck savages, and the whole valley rung with the sound of his iron voice.

"*Red men of the woods!* hear what the Great Spirit says to his children who have forsaken him!

"There was a time when our fathers owned this island.* Their lands extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit made it for their use. He made the buffalo and the deer for their food; the beaver and the bear too he made, and their skins served us for clothing. He sent rain upon the earth, and it produced corn. All this he did for his Red children, because he loved them. But *an evil day* came upon us. The White men crossed the water and landed on this island—their numbers were small; they found friends, not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country, because of wicked men, and had come here

* The Indians of North America invariably call their country an "Island."

to enjoy their own religion. We took pity on them, and they sat down amongst us. Their numbers increased; they wanted more land—they wanted our country. They wanted to force their religion upon us, and to make us their slaves!

"*Red men of the woods!* have ye not heard at evening, and sometimes in the dead of night, those mournful sounds that steal through the deep valleys, and along the mountain sides? These are the wailings of those spirits whose bones have been turned up by the plough of the White man, and left to the mercy of the rain and wind. They call upon you to avenge them, that they may enjoy their blissful paradise far beyond the blue hills!

"Hear me, O deluded people, for the last time!—This wide region was once your inheritance—but now the cry of revelry or war is no more heard on the shores of the majestic Hudson, or on the sweet banks of the silver Mohawk. The eastern tribes have long since disappeared—even the forests that sheltered them are laid low; and scarcely a trace of our nation remains, except here and there the Indian name of a stream, or a village. And such, sooner or later, will be the fate of the other tribes: in a little while they will go the way that their brethren have gone. They will vanish like a vapour from the face of the earth: their very history will be lost in forgetfulness, and the places that now know them will know them no more. We are driven back until we can retreat no farther:—our hatchets are broken—our bows are snapped—our fires are extinguished—*a little longer and the White man will cease to persecute us—for we shall cease to exist!*" The Prophet ended his speech, which was delivered with all the wild eloquence of real or fancied inspiration, and, all at once, the crowd seemed to be agitated with a savage feeling of indignation against the good missionary.

When this emotion had somewhat subsided, the mild apostle obtained permission to speak in behalf of Him who had sent him. Surely there never was a more touching and beautiful figure than that of this good man.

He seemed to have already exceeded the term of years allotted to man by the Psalmist; and though his voice was clear, and his action vigorous, yet there was that in his looks which seemed to forbode that his pilgrimage was soon to close for ever.

With pious fervour he described to his audience the power and beneficence of the Creator of the universe. He told them of Christ's promise of eternal happiness to those who hear his word and do his will; and, when he thought that he had duly impressed their minds with this important part of his subject, he proceeded to set before his attentive audience the numerous advantages of civilization. He contrasted the wild Indian roaming through the desert in savage independence, now revelling in the blood of his enemy, and in his turn the victim of his cruel vengeance, with the peaceful husbandman, enjoying in the bosom of his family, all the comforts of a cultivated life in this happy land; and he finished by a solemn appeal to Heaven, that his sole motive for coming amongst them was the love of his Creator and of his fellow-creatures.

As the benevolent missionary closed his address, Sagouaha (*the Keeper awake*), or as he is usually called, Red Jacket, a Seneca chief of great authority, and one of the most eloquent of his nation, rose, and enforced the exhortations of the venerable preacher. He pleaded the cause of religion and humanity, and concluded his speech with these remarkable words:—

"Friends and brothers! It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, so that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, so that we can hear the good words that have been spoken. For all these favours we thank the Great Spirit."

The council then deliberated for nearly two hours; at the end of which time the oldest man arose, and solemnly pronounced the result of their conference:—"That for

the future they would worship the God of the Christians, and that the missionary who had taught them his laws ought to be cherished as their greatest benefactor."

When this decision was pronounced by the venerable elder, the rage of the Prophet of the Alleghany became terrible. He started from the ground, seized his tomahawk, and, denouncing the vengeance of the Great Spirit upon the whole assembly, darted from the circle with wild impetuosity, and disappeared amongst the shadows of the forest.

Mrs. Livermore.

I HAVE already given my young readers some idea of the dangers to which the early emigrants to America were exposed, but I have said nothing about their privations; and little do citizens, wealthy farmers, or even the most indigent in that country, *now* know, to what extremity a lack of food has occasionally driven some of the first settlers, in order to sustain life. I cannot illustrate this fact better than by giving an account of the sufferings of Mrs. Livermore.

This woman had accompanied her husband in the woods to a place in what is now called Broome County, New York, having fixed on that spot for a home. But it so happened, that the stock of food which they had provided for the winter was, by the end of February, nearly exhausted. A fresh supply therefore must be had, or they must perish, as nearly two months were yet to come before the herbage of spring could afford any relief. A journey to Schoharie through the wilderness in order to purchase food, was the only alternative; and the road thither could hardly be traced, as it was covered with deep snow, and obstructed in many places by the fallen trees which lay across it; and this was more especially the case from Livermore's house as far as Chenango on the Susquehannah; for the road at that time was rarely passed by a team of any kind during the winter months. Binghampton, which is now a populous and beautiful town, then contained only two log-houses; provision at that place therefore could not be had.

Mr. Livermore left his home with a sorrowful heart; for he knew that if any misfortune should prevent his return, his wife and three children must fall a sacrifice to

famine. At length he arrived at Schoharie with his team, but in such a state that he was incapable of telling whence he came, or what his business was; for he had been taken violently ill by the way, and having no medical aid, his fever had increased to delirium, from which he did not recover for nearly three weeks. As soon as he was able to leave his bed, he obtained the necessary supply of provision, and hastened back to his family, well knowing that unless some interference had taken place in their favour, they must before this time be all dead.

As he drew near his house the tinkling of the bells on his horses' necks gave notice of his approach; and who can say whether the joy he felt at seeing his wife and children coming out to meet him, or their joy at his unhoped-for return, was the greater! After he had explained to them the unfortunate cause of his delay, he begged his wife to tell him by what miracle, for he thought it could be no less, she had been able to keep herself and children alive during his absence. The account she gave was as follows:—

"After we had consumed all the provision we had in the house, which was very little, and you did not come back as we expected, I felt almost driven to despair; it was a folly to think of going even to Chenango point, twenty-five miles off, with the three children, all barefooted through the snow; and it was impossible to think of leaving them alone till I could go and return; for besides that I was much too weak from hunger to perform such a journey, I knew not what might happen to them either from fire, or wild animals which their crying would probably have attracted. But waiving all this, there was one thing quite certain, that they could not, in addition to the hunger they now suffered, sustain so long a fast as two days and one night, the shortest time I could have taken to walk such a distance at any time of the year. In this dreadful perplexity, full many a time I went to the cupboard where the loaf used to be: the bag that contained the last handful of meal I turned inside out; the barrel where the last morsel of pork had been salted

was empty: not one potatoe, or pumpkin, or vegetable of any kind was left in the little cellar: all was gone. Oh God! must we perish? I cried aloud in my agony, and I called upon Him to assist me in my utmost need. And surely He heard me, for my mind became more calm, and I recollected the old tub into which we used to throw the bran from the pounded Indian corn, and I thought there was still some remaining that had not been given to the horse.

"I ran to the shed where the old tub stood, and lo! there I found nearly half a bushel of bran: we rejoiced over it as if it had been the most delicious food in the world. I immediately mixed some of this with water, and set it over the fire to boil, seasoning it with some of the brine which still remained in the meat barrel.

"Whilst this was boiling, it came into my mind that possibly the *Bass-wood* buds* might be good to boil with it; so I went out and gathered some handfuls and threw in: we found the taste by no means unpleasant; and with this addition we have been able to make our store hold out till your return, and I thank God we are now all together once more!"

The want of grist mills was a privation of no small magnitude to which the first settlers in America were compelled to submit. One story of the hardship arising out of this circumstance will perhaps illustrate hundreds of the like nature. Some years after the occurrence which I have just related took place, when Richard, the eldest son, was about fifteen years old, Mr. Livermore heard that a mill had been newly built on the Susquehannah, about seven or eight miles from his log-house, and having for a long time eaten no other bread than that made from corn pounded in a mortar, the family greatly coveted meal of a better quality. Accordingly Richard undertook to carry on his back three pecks of corn to this mill. There was no road to the place, except the "Indian's path," which for ages had been the highway of warriors

* American Lime, or Bass-wood, *Tilia Americana*. The buds of this tree are very mucilaginous.

and hunters, the tales of whose valour and origin had sunk into the earth with their actors, unwritten in any page.

The way was a gloomy one, being entirely through the woods; and there was one circumstance respecting it, which in the boy's imagination greatly increased the terrors of the journey: it was this. The path led directly past a certain tree, called the *White Man's Tree*, where, it was said, about eight years ago the Indians had burnt a prisoner whom they had taken in war. It was an elm; and for many years after the country was settled, it was preserved as a memorial of the tragical event. It stood at the lower end of what is called the *Dug Way*, immediately above the bridge which crosses the Susquehannah near the village of Unadilla. The ignorant and superstitious declared that the spirit of the white man often appeared to passers by; and if he were questioned, would declare who he was, whence he came, and when and for what the Indians burnt him. Richard was not such a fool as to believe all this, yet when he came within sight of the tree he certainly did look at it more particularly than he had done at any other in the forest. But as he drew nearer still, he fancied he saw something large close by its roots. Richard was not a coward, but he felt his heart beat—he stood still—his heart beat faster and faster, for the something, whatever it was, appeared to move. The more he looked at it the more it seemed to him like a man.

Poor Richard thought for one moment of turning back, and getting home as fast as he could; but, as I said before, he was no coward; besides, he could not bear the thoughts of giving up his expedition to the mill, so, after a short deliberation, he ventured slowly and cautiously a little nearer; but with all his caution he trod on a dry stick, which snapped under his foot, and at the sound a man started from his sleep at the foot of the tree, rose quickly, and looked at him full in the face. Now, though Richard had often heard about spirits, yet, like most other people, he had never seen one, and what he now beheld looked to him very much like an old Indian.

The Indian perceiving the boy was frightened, spoke to him in English, in a good-natured voice, and told him to come to him, for he would not hurt him. Being a stout-hearted boy, Richard now went boldly up to him. "Sit down," said he to the boy, "and me tell you something. You see this tree"—here he pointed to the smooth spot where the bark had been removed long since by the hatchet of the Indians—"*me* cut that, *me* paint him too. A hundred moons ago (about eight years) me with twenty more Indians come from Esopus on North river—have five prisoner—tied hands behind them. When all sleep, one man get away—he stole gun—five Indian follow him. We hear gun shoot—one Indian fall dead—very soon another gun shoot, another Indian fall dead. Me see white man—then me shoot and kill him. Then me carry him and burn him body close by this tree. Me come next day, cut his picture, and paint him. His name Coons, Dutchman. We then go on to Canada. Me go to Canada, for ever, pretty soon."

Here they parted, the lone Indian to his fellows, and Richard to the mill. As he had started early in the morning, the greater part of the day was still before him; but it was autumn, and there was already some snow on the ground, so that the poor boy, clothed in miserable rags, and with only a pair of old mocassins on his feet, felt no inclination to loiter on the road. He shouldered his bag, and trudging on again, arrived safely about twelve o'clock at the mill.

But what was his disappointment on perceiving it to be a mere temporary thing, placed over a small rivulet, and incapable of turning a wheel larger than a common grind-stone. In fact, it had been erected, not for the purpose of customers, but for the exclusive use of the owner, who, like his neighbours, had been obliged, hitherto, to pound his corn in a mortar. On Richard's application to the proprietor to know if he would grind his corn, he received for answer; "No, it is impossible; you see the stone is a very poor and small one, which I, in the most miserable manner, cut out of the rock: it would

take all the day to grind your grist: no, I cannot do it." This answer so grieved the poor lad, that he felt almost ready to cry with vexation, still he did not give up, but earnestly begged the man to grind it for him; saying, that it was *too hard* to be obliged to carry it back again in the same state he brought it, and disappoint his mother and the children, who had not tasted a bit of good bread for so long.

At length the man was moved with pity, and told Richard he would try and oblige him. The mill was set in motion, and the grain poured into the hopper; but the mill was such a wretched machine, that it was dark evening before the three pecks were ground; and as it was now snowing fast, Richard dared not attempt to return that night. Next morning, as soon as it was light enough to see his way, he set off homewards with his precious burden on his back. But the path, which was never very easily found through the woods, was now so entirely covered with snow that he frequently strayed out of the right way, and had to retrace his steps till he found some tree which he could recognize; but with the help of a stout heart and plenty of perseverance he at last got safe home: it was not till dusk, however, that his mother heard his welcome voice, calling "Halloo!" on the opposite bank of the river—the signal for the little canoe to be paddled over for him. One of his feet was entirely naked, having worn out the mocassin on the way; and he was nearly exhausted, having tasted nothing from the time he left home till his return, which was two days and a night; for the miller, either from neglect or hardness of heart, or perhaps from poverty, had offered him nothing, and Richard was too high-minded to ask for any thing.

Indian Hieroglyphics.

In the last tale, allusion was made to the hieroglyphic drawings practised by the Indians of North America: perhaps some further account of them may be acceptable to my readers, particularly as almost all travellers in this region are silent on the subject.

It is a common custom with the Indians on quitting their encampment in the morning to leave a memorial of their journey inscribed on the bark, for the information of such of their tribe as should happen to fall into their track. But I should first state that Indian *camps*, as they are called, are places where parties of Indians, who were either hunting or travelling, have passed the night; and where, in cold weather, these ancient possessors of the forest cut down and burnt the trees. It will be remembered that in the story of Mrs. Duston, mention was made of the Indians "making their encampment and kindling a fire beneath the trees."

The manner in which these rude drawings are made is as follows:—Upon the bark of the Birch *(betula papyracea)* they trace, either with their knives or some pointed instrument, a number of figures and hieroglyphics which are understood by their nation. If an opportunity offers, these figures are afterwards painted. The sheet of bark is then inserted in the end of a cleft pole, which is driven into the ground with an inclination towards the course which the party is travelling.

In many instances the whole party is represented in a manner that is perfectly intelligible, each individual being characterised by something emblematic of his situation or employment. They distinguish the Indian from the white man, by the particular manner of draw-

ing the figure, and also from the former being without a hat. Many distinctive symbols are employed; for example, a party that was travelling towards Sandy Lake, in the north-west territory, with two Chippeway guides and an interpreter, was thus depicted:—One English gentleman was represented with a sword to signify that he was an officer—another gentleman with a book, the Indians having understood that he was a preacher—a third, who was a mineralogist, was drawn with a hammer, in allusion to the hammer he carried in his belt. The figures of a tortoise and a prairie hen denoted that these had been killed—three smokes showed that the encampment consisted of three fires—eight muskets, that this was the number of armed men—three notches cut on the pole on the north-west side, showed that they were going three days' journey in that direction—the figure of a white man with a tongue near his mouth (like the Azteck hieroglyphics), meant that he was an interpreter.

Should any Indian hereafter visit this spot, he would therefore read upon this memorial of bark, that eleven white men and three Indians encamped at this place; that there was an interpreter in the party: that there were eight common soldiers besides an officer; that they were travelling in the direction of Sandy Lake, &c. Here then was a record of passing events, not so permanent as our written histories, but full as intelligible to those for whom it was intended.

There was nothing perhaps, that astonished and puzzled the Indians so much when white men first appeared amongst them, as their reading and writing; and even now it is a prevalent idea amongst them, that when white men are reading they are holding converse with the Deity. Writing they consider as much the same thing with *witchcraft;* in which art, like a great number of superstitious people in England, they have a firm belief.

A few years ago an English gentleman and his friend were travelling through the woods in Ohio in search of

plants, and had taken an Indian lad with them as a guide. On one occasion the gentlemen separated in the course of the day, though to no great distance. One of them, finding some curious looking berries which were quite unknown to him, sent them by the lad to his companion, with a note, written on a leaf torn from his pocket book, with a lead pencil, specifying the number he had sent.

The lad, tasting them and finding them good, ate them all except two, which, with the note, he delivered; but the gentleman missing the berries, reprimanded him for eating or losing them, and sent him back for more. A second parcel was now forwarded, with the number of berries again marked on a slip of paper, as the gentleman wished to see how much the boy might be trusted; however he played the same trick with these, eating the greater part of them, and again giving up two only. This behaviour procured him a good scolding; upon which the lad fell down on his knees, and in superstitious amazement kissed the paper. "I have found out," exclaimed he, "this paper is a great conjurer: it is a spirit, for it can tell you even what it did not see; for when I ate the last berries, I took care to hide the note under a stone, where it could not see any thing; but even there it found out what I was doing—it is greater than a pow-wow!"

I have heard an anecdote of an Indian who was more shrewd, but not more honest, than this boy. Having lived long in the neighbourhood of white people, he knew their language, and had some idea of what reading and writing were. He was an idle vagabond, and once when he had been sauntering about all the morning, looking at some masons who were building a house for Colonel Dudley, who was then Governor of Massachusetts, the Colonel called out to him, "Why don't *you* work too, and earn something to buy yourself decent clothes with?"

"And why do you no work, if you please, Mr. Governor?" asked the Indian very coolly.

"I no work! I do work," answered the Governor.

"I'm sure you no work," said the Indian; "you see others work, that's all."

"But I work with my *head*," said the Governor, at the same time touching his forehead with his finger.

"Well, me work too, if any one employ me."

The Governor then set him a job, promising that if he did it well, he should have a shilling. The Indian seemed well pleased, and when he had finished his task, came and demanded his pay. The next day he came again and earned another shilling; but work was not at all to his taste, and his perseverance could hold out no longer. His money was soon all spent at a neighbouring tavern for rum: he then came back and told Colonel Dudley, that one of the shillings which he had given him was bad, and that "the man no take it." The Governor knew very well that this was false, however, he gave the Indian another shilling, and he departed; but after he was gone, he wrote a letter to the keeper of the Bridewell at Boston, requesting him to give the bearer of it a sound whipping.

Just as was expected, the next day the Indian came again, begging for money, and interrupting the masons in their work. "Here," said the Governor, drawing the letter out of his pocket, "take this letter for me, and I will give you a shilling; will you carry it?"

"Me will," said the Indian quite pleased, and at the same time holding out his hand for the letter and the money.

Pretty soon after starting, he met a man who lived with the Governor as groom. "Here," said he to the servant, "here a letter."

"Well, what of that?" asked the man.

"Why," said the cunning rogue, "Governor say me meet you—give you letter—you take it to Boston."

Taking the letter as it was directed, the groom delivered it to the keeper of the Bridewell, and to his great surprise and indignation received a smart flogging.

On his return he complained most bitterly to the Colonel, who was much vexed at the failure of his scheme,

and determined some day to have the lazy fellow punished. But the Indian took good care to keep out of his way. At length, however, happening to meet with him, the Colonel asked him what business he had to give the letter to any other person?

"Oh!" said the Indian, looking at him full in the face, and significantly touching his own forehead, "Governor say *me* no work, but *he* work—he work with the *head*—me think *me work with the head too*."

That an Indian hieroglyphic sketch is sometimes very expressive, will be seen by the following incident.

A gentleman living in the Missouri territory, met a Shawnee riding a horse which he recognized as one that had been stolen from him a few days before, and he immediately claimed it as his own property. "To-morrow noon," answered the Shawnee, "I will come to your house, and then we will talk the matter over."

The following day the Indian came, as he had appointed, to the white man's house; but when he insisted on having the horse restored to him, the other impudently replied that the horse which he claimed had belonged to his father, who was just dead, and that according to the Indian custom, he had now become possessor of all his property.

The white man was exceedingly angry at this audacious falsehood, and began, rather incautiously, to threaten the Indian: upon this the latter snatched up a bit of charcoal from the hearth, and drew two very striking figures on the door of the house; the one representing a white man taking a horse, the other an Indian in the act of scalping the white man: when he had finished this performance, he turned round and coolly asked his trembling host, "whether he could read Indian writing?" and not waiting for any reply, jumped on the back of the disputed horse and rode off in triumph.

A Legend of the Choctaws.*

It is an old custom amongst the Choctaw Indians to assemble together in the summer evenings, and tell stories in rotation. These stories being frequently repeated, the young people learn them by heart, and in their turn transmit them to the next generation. It was at one of these social meetings that the following curious legend was recited by a Choctaw chief.

No people have been more noted for their courage and superior skill in every manly exercise than the Choctaws. They are brave warriors, successful hunters, and in the ball-play they have no rivals. Young men are not now what their fathers were. Old men tell us, that in their day no one could presume to speak with authority in council who had not faced an enemy. None could obtain the smiles of a woman who had not proved his skill in the ball-play; and if he were unsuccessful in hunting, it was vain for him to think of a wife. He became the butt of general ridicule, and the subject of many a jest; even the women would join in teazing him, and jeeringly invite him to stay at home and mind the pots.

In those days (it was when our fathers were young) lived *Ko-way-hoo-mah*. He was called the Red Tiger—for he had the strength and agility of that dreadful animal, and his skill and cunning were equal to his strength. Had he seen battle? The scalp locks of six Osages which formed the ornaments of his bow attested it. Had he been a dexterous hunter? The women held up their children to gaze at him as he passed, and the

* A numerous tribe of Indians whose territories lie in Mississippi and Arkansas. They have several schools and churches among them, and have made considerable progress in the arts of civilized life.

young girls hung down their heads and blushed, as he approached them. In the ball-play, he had long been the champion of the district. Ko-way-hoo-mah walked the earth fearless of man or beast. He even derided the power of the spirits. He questioned the existence of *It-tay-bo-lays** and *Nan-ish-ta-hoo-los*; and as to *Shil-loops*, he said he had never seen them—then why should he fear them? Dangerous thus to trifle with beings who walk unseen amongst us!

Once upon a time Ko-way-hoo-mah started out on a hunting expedition. He had an excellent rifle, and he carried with him a little meal and some jerked venison. His only companion was a large white dog, which attended him in all his rambles. This dog was a particular favourite, and shared in all his master's privations and success. He was the social companion of the hunter by day, and his watchful guard by night.

The hunter had travelled far during the day, and as night approached he encamped in a spot that had every indication of being an excellent hunting-ground. Deer tracks were seen in abundance, and turkeys were heard clucking in various directions, as they retired to their roasting-places. Ko-way-hoo-mah kindled a fire, and having shared a portion of his provision with his dog, he spread his deer-skin and his blanket by the crackling fire, and mused on the adventures of the day already past, and on the probable success of the ensuing one. The air was calm, and a slight frost, which was coming on, rendered the fire comfortable and cheering. His dog lay crouched and slumbering at his feet, and from his stifled cries, seemed to be dreaming of the chase. Every thing tended to soothe the feelings of the hunter, and to prolong that pleasing train of associations which the beauty of the night and the anticipations of the morrow were calculated to inspire.

At length—just when his musings were assuming that indefinite and dreamy state which precedes a sound

* For the convenience of those who do not understand Choctaw mythology, an account of these worthies will be given at the end of the tale.

slumber—he was startled by a distant cry, which thrilled on his ear, and roused him into instant watchfulness. He listened with breathless attention, and in a few minutes he again heard the cry—keen, long, and piercing, like that which the *Tik-ba-hay-kah* gives in the dance preceding the ball-play. The dog gave a long, plaintive, and ominous howl. Ko-way-hoo-mah felt uneasy.

"Can it be a lost hunter?" was the inquiry that darted through his mind. Surely not; for a hunter, with his rifle, his flint and steel, feels lost nowhere. What can it be? Making these reflections, our hunter stepped forth, gathered more fuel, and again replenished his fire. Again came the cry—keen, long, and painfully shrill as before. The voice was evidently approaching, and again the dog raised a low and mournful howl. Ko-way-hoo-mah felt the blood curdling in his veins; and folding his blanket around him, he seated himself by the fire, and fixed his eyes intently in the direction from which he expected the approach of his startling visitor. In a few minutes he heard the approach of footsteps; in another minute, a ghastly shape made its appearance, and advanced towards the fire. It seemed to be the figure of a hunter, like himself. Its form was tall and gaunt—its features livid and unearthly. A tattered blanket was girded round his waist, and covered his shoulders, and he bore in his bony hand what seemed to have been a rifle—the barrel corroded with rust, the stock decayed and rotten, and covered here and there with mushrooms.

The figure advanced to the fire, and seemed to shiver with cold. He stretched forth first one hand, then the other to the fire; and as he did so, he fixed his hollow and glaring eyes on Ko-way-hoo-mah, and a faint smile seemed to light up his death-like countenance—but no word did he utter. Ko-way-hoo-mah's situation may be imagined. He felt his flesh creep, and his hair stand on end, and his blood freeze in his heart; yet with instinctive Indian courtesy, he presented his deer-skin, and invited his grim visitor to be seated. The spectre

waved his hand, and shook his head in refusal. He stepped aside, picked up a parcel of briars from the thick underwood, spread them by the fire, and on this thorny couch he stretched himself, and seemed to court repose.

Our hunter was almost petrified with mingled fear and astonishment. His eyes long continued rivetted on the strange and ghastly being stretched before him, and he was only awakened from his trance of horror by the voice of his faithful dog, which to his terrified imagination seemed to express these words: "Arise, and flee for your life! The spectre now slumbers; should you slumber, you are lost. Arise and flee, while I stay and watch." Ko-way-hoo-mah arose, and stole softly from the fire. Having advanced a few hundred paces, he stopped to listen: all was silent, and with a beating heart, he continued his stealthy and rapid flight. Again he listened, and again with renewed confidence he pursued his rapid course, until he had gained several miles on his route homeward. Feeling at length a sense of safety, he paused to recover breath, on the brow of a lofty hill. The night was still, calm, and clear; the stars shone above him with steady lustre; and as Ko-way-hoo-mah gazed upwards, he breathed freely, and felt every apprehension vanish.

But, alas! another minute had hardly passed, when the distant baying of his faithful dog struck on his ear. With a thrill of renewed apprehension, he bent his ear to listen, and the appalling cry of his dog, now more distinctly heard, convinced him that the spectre must be in full pursuit. Again he fled with accelerated speed, over hill, over plain, through swamps and through thickets, till once more he paused by the side of a deep and rapid river. The loud baying of his dog told him but too truly that his fearful pursuer was close at hand.

He stopped but one moment to take breath, and then plunged into the stream. But scarcely had he reached the middle, when the spectre appeared on the bank, and plunged in after him, closely followed by the panting

dog. Ko-way-hoo-mah's fear now amounted to agony. He fancied he saw the fiery eyeballs of his pursuer glaring above the water, and that his skeleton hand was already outstretched to grapple with him. With a cry of horror, he was about to give up the struggle for life, and sink beneath the waves; when his faithful dog, with a fierce yell seized upon his master's enemy. After a short and furious struggle, they both sunk—the waters settled over them, and the exhausted hunter reached the shore in safety.

Ko-way-hoo-mah became an altered man. He shunned the dance and the ball-play, and his former gaiety gave place to a settled melancholy. In about a year after this strange adventure, he joined a war party against a distant enemy, and never was heard of more.

Such was the tale told by the Choctaw chief; and many, equally wonderful, were related in turn by the assembly.

It-ta-bo-lays are little sprights of very diminutive stature, being not more than fifteen inches high: but they have great power, for from them conjurors, or *powwows*, as the Indians call them, derive their influence. They take their rides by moonlight on deers, carrying wands in their hands, and singing magic songs. *Elik-shi*, or doctors, receive gifts from them. They are invisible except to their favourites.

Nan-ish-ta-hoo-los are demons that wander about the earth.

Shil-loops are wandering spirits, empowered to speak—visible, but not tangible.

The Last of the Pequots.

A TALE OF TIMES LONG PAST.

Where hath the true-born child of Nature gone,
Who once was seen on every hill and glade;
Who fleetly bounded o'er the verdant lawn,
Or through the thick-set forest's lonely shade?
Tradition, and the voice of truth reply—
"The white man forc'd him far from home to die."

—"It is well, sons of the Salt Lake, that we should depart to the north of our white neighbours; for the Great Spirit, who has left the print of his foot on the rocks of the Narrhaganset, has frowned upon our race. Let us go—I have spoken," said the chief warrior of the Pequot tribe, as he raised from the ground his hunting pack and rifle. His example was immediately followed, without a murmur, by the remnant of that mighty tribe, who were once the most powerful in that part of America now known by the name of New England. As the sun sunk slowly behind the dark trees of the forest, they reached the last burying place of their fathers. Here they sat down and offered up prayers to the Great Spirit; and left, as they supposed, a plentiful supply of parched corn and gunpowder for their departed brothers in the fair hunting grounds of paradise.

The hour of separation from almost all that they held dear arrived:—they looked at the silvery mountain stream as it fell from crag to crag, till it was lost in the valley below; and the chief sighed—for the recollections of many years came over his mind.

"There—yes, there," said he, "did I find a white man many moons ago, faint and ready to die. I gave him food, and took him to my wigwam: in return, he gave

me the fire-water. I drank, and I became a fool. Hunting ground after hunting ground passed from me; still I satisfied myself saying, my white brothers are few: they want land: there is more than my people want; let them have it. But, lo! they increased like a swarm of bees on the boughs of the wild cherry tree. From the mountain to the valley by the river's brink the land teemed with them: the graves of the great Segamores have been turned up by their ploughshares; and the Great Spirit is displeased with his red children for suffering the pale faces, when they were few and weak, to become strong and numerous as the leaves of the forest. They are mighty; my people are few; yet few as they are, our white brothers cannot spare them a corner of their broad possessions. Our homes must be in the land of strangers: let us be gone. I have spoken."

But not a follower moved: the little brook was seen, where they had often fished for the speckled trout and the leaping salmon; the wind sounded mournfully through the dark forest, where so often the deer and the partridge had fallen by their unerring aim. The bosoms of the Pequots swelled with rage and grief, as they looked once more at those familiar objects, whilst the fading twilight rendered them visible; and then, with half-smothered imprecations, they began their march, in single file, towards the northern lakes. In the course of a fortnight they reached the shores of the Huron, and soon after joined five other tribes; thus forming the far-famed confederacy of "the Six Indian Nations."……

Twenty years had now passed away, when a white man, journeying from Old Plymouth to a fort on a high hill, was struck on the head by an Indian, who scalped him, and left him for dead. A party of English settlers, fortunately passing by the same day, found him, and carried him to the fort, where, after great attention, he recovered. On being asked to what tribe the Indian belonged, he answered positively that he was a Pequot chief. The colonists could not believe it, for they had

long considered that race to be extinct. They could not, however, account for the injury he had received, and were for some time in great perplexity about it. As no traces of the savage could be discovered, they at length concluded that he was a straggler from some war party, whose nation was at variance with the whites, and that he had, immediately after committing the deed, escaped and joined his comrades.

——It was a lovely morning in the beginning of the Indian summer *—the blackbirds sung sweetly from the verdant lawns, whilst the melodious notes of the meadow lark came up from the neighbouring marshes; the sky was clear, and the rays of the sun gave to the tops of the green pines on which the dew drops stood, a silvery hue. The fog that had enveloped the Five-Mile River began slowly to disappear, while the faint roar of its fall assured the surrounding inhabitants of a fine day. All seemed peaceful.

But at this moment there arose a horrid yell from the woods—the Indian war-whoop was heard, and a band of Pequots led on by an aged chief, poured forth and fell upon the astonished inhabitants. One half of the white population was killed, whilst the remainder, with their wives and children, retreated in safety to the block-house in which the ammunition and provisions were kept. Here they prepared to make a desperate defence; whilst one of their number stole secretly through the woods to the nearest settlement in order to communicate the melancholy tidings to their friends. In the course of the day he returned, accompanied by a band of well-armed men. But what was their consternation and horror, upon ascending the hill, to find, instead of the fort and block-house, a mass of smoking ruins, mingled with the half-burnt bodies of their friends! The bodies of several Indians also were seen lying near the spot, and upon

* This takes place in about October, after the heat of the American summer is over. There is, for perhaps a fortnight or three weeks, a peculiar red and smoky appearance in the horizon, and the weather is very still and fine; but there is nothing in this climate to which I can compare that state of the atmosphere which in America is called the *Indian summer*.

moving one whose dress denoted that he was a chief, he slowly opened his eyes, and glancing them round on the white men, he thus addressed them :—

"Pale faces! ye have brought this upon yourselves! The Great Spirit has smiled upon his red children, and given them subtilty to set fire to the fort, when the eyes of the young men were turned towards the east; and now the Pequots are avenged. Begone! you embitter my last hours with your false looks: begone! for the wild cat of the forest has more compassion than you. Look now at yonder burning mass; it is the last remains of your friends, and of my tribe. The Great Spirit called them, and they are now on their way to the home of the blessed. Bear me to yonder shady tree, and when their flesh is turned to ashes the Pequot chief will die."

The white men placed him as he requested at the foot of the spreading tree; and when the shades of evening began to fall upon hill and vale, the soul of the last of the Pequots had flown to its Creator. His body was buried where he died, by the white men.

The trunk of the aged tree has long since been decayed, but the grave of the chief is to be seen at this day.

Some Account of the Moose Deer, and the Laughable Adventures of a Hunter.

THE Moose* *(Cervus alces)* inhabits the northern parts of the continents of Europe and America. On the American it has been found as far north as that country has been fully explored; its southern range once extended to the shores of the great lakes, and throughout the New England states. At present it is not heard of south of the state of Maine, where it is becoming rare.

The male moose often exceeds the largest horse in size; the females are considerably smaller, and differently coloured. The hair of the male is long and soft; it is black at the tip, within it is of an ash colour, and at the base pure white. The hair of the female is of a sandy-brown colour, and in some places, particularly under the throat and belly, it is nearly white at the tip, and altogether so at the base.

Dense forests and closely shaded swamps are the favourite resorts of these animals, as there the most abundant supply of food is to be obtained with the least inconvenience. The length of limb, and shortness of neck, which in an open pasture appear so disadvantageous, are here of essential importance, in enabling the moose to crop the buds and young twigs of the birch, maple, or poplar; or should he prefer the aquatic plants which grow most luxuriantly where the soil is unfit to support other animals, the same length of limb enables him to feed with security and ease. When obliged to feed on level ground, the animal must either kneel or separate his fore legs very widely: in feeding on the sides of

* It is in Europe frequently called the Elk: but the elk *(Cervus Canadensis)*, red deer, wapiti, or stag, is distinguished from the moose by the most striking characters.

acclivities, the moose does so with less inconvenience by grazing from below upwards, and the steeper the ground the easier it is for him to pasture. Yet whenever food can be procured from trees and shrubs, it is preferred to that which is only to be obtained by grazing.

In the summer the moose frequents swampy or low grounds near the margins of lakes and rivers, through which they delight to swim, as it frees them for the time from the annoyance of insects. They are also seen wading out from the shores, for the purpose of feeding on the aquatic plants that rise to the surface of the water. At this season they regularly frequent the same place in order to drink; of which circumstance the Indian hunter takes advantage to lie in ambush, and secure the destruction of the deer. At such drinking places as many as eight or ten pairs of moose horns have been picked up. During the winter, the moose in families of fifteen or twenty, seek the depths of the forest for shelter and food. Such a herd will range throughout an extent of about five hundred acres, subsisting upon the lichens attached to the trees, or browsing the tender branches of saplings, especially of the tree called Moose Wood.* The Indians call the parts of the forest thus occupied *Moose Yards.*

The moose is generally hunted in the month of March, when the snow is deep, and sufficiently crusted with ice to bear the weight of a dog, but not of a moose. Five or six men, provided with knapsacks, containing food for about a week, and all necessary implements for making their "camp" at night, set out in search of a moose yard. When they have discovered one, they collect their

* The Striped Maple, (*Acer striatum*) In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and in some of the New England States, this maple is known by the name of *Moose Wood.* In many of the forests of Maine and New Hampshire, the striped maple constitutes a great part of the undergrowth; for its ordinary height is less than ten feet, though it sometimes exceeds twenty. The trunk and branches are covered with a smooth green bark, longitudinally marked with black stripes, by which it is easily distinguishable at all seasons of the year and whence it derives its name. It is one of the earliest trees whose vegetation announces the approach of spring, and its principal use consists in furnishing to the inhabitants, at the close of winter, a resource for their cattle when their winter forage is exhausted. As soon as the buds begin to swell, the famished horses and cattle are turned loose into the woods to browse on the young shoots, which they do with avidity.

dogs and encamp for the night, in order to be ready to commence the chase at an early hour, before the sun softens the crust upon the snow, which would retard the dogs, and facilitate the escape of the deer. At day-break the dogs are laid on, and the hunters, wearing large snow shoes, follow as closely as possible. As soon as the dogs approach a moose, they assail him on all sides, and force him to attempt his escape by flight. The deer, however, does not run far before the crust on the snow, through which he breaks at every step, cuts his legs so severely, that the poor animal stands at bay and endeavours to defend himself against the dogs by striking at them with his fore-feet. The arrival of the hunter within a convenient distance soon terminates the combat, as a ball from his rifle rarely fails to bring the moose down.

When chased, the moose throws his horns back towards his neck, raises his nose, and dashes swiftly into the thickest of the forest; occasionally his horns prove the means of his destruction, by being entangled among vines, or caught between small trees. When the moose runs over a plain, he moves with greater celerity, although his gait has the appearance of a long shambling trot; this, however, is very efficient, from the great length of his legs. While running in this manner the divisions of his hoofs, which are very long, separate as they press the ground, and close again as they are raised with a clattering sound, which may be heard at some distance; this circumstance has also been remarked in the rein-deer.

The acuteness of their sense of hearing, together with the keenness of their smell, renders it very difficult to approach them. The Indians attempt it by creeping among the trees and bushes, always keeping to the leeward of the deer. In summer, when they resort to the borders of lakes and rivers, the Indians kill them while crossing the streams, or when swimming from the shore to the islands. When pursued in this manner, they are the most inoffensive of all animals, never making any

resistance; and the young ones are so simple, that they will let an Indian paddle his canoe up to them and take them by the head without the least opposition, the poor harmless animal seeming at the time as contented alongside the canoe, as if swimming by the side of its dam.

The moose is easily tamed, although of a wild and timid disposition, and when taken very young they are domesticated to a remarkable degree. Some years ago an Indian had two young moose so tame, that when on his passage up or down the river near which he dwelt, in his canoe, they always followed him on the bank; and at night, or on any other occasion when he landed, they would come and fondle upon him in the same manner as the most domestic animal would have done, and never offered to stray away. Unfortunately, in crossing a deep bay in one of the lakes the Indian paddled from point to point, instead of going close to the shore by which route the two moose were following: at night the young favourites did not arrive, and as the howling of wolves was heard repeatedly, it was supposed they were devoured by them, as they were never afterwards seen.

The horns of the moose spread out almost immediately from their base: in old animals they increase to a great size, and have been known to weigh fifty-six pounds, each horn being thirty-two inches long. The horns are cast yearly, in the month of November; the Indians employ them for various purposes, cutting them into spoons, scoops, &c. The skin of the moose is of great value to the Indians, as it is used for tent covers, beds, and various articles of clothing.

I will now close the account of the moose with an anecdote I once heard of a hunter.

The hounds had been put into the woods for the purpose of scenting a deer—a business with which they were well acquainted, whilst the hunter placed himself in a convenient spot, suitably near the deer's *run-way*, so as to be able to bring it down at a shot, as it fled at the noise of the dogs from the mountain to the river. The spot he selected to wait in ambush was on a certain

flat, very near the foot of the steep hill. This flat was about three-quarters of a mile in length; at one end was the hill by which our hunter stood, at the other a steep bank along the edge of the river. The hunter had chosen his position well; he had narrowly examined the contents of his rifle, and made sure that the priming was in good order; he had rubbed the edge of the flint on his hat to make it brighter—all was in readiness, and he stood in a listening attitude, with his ear turned towards the hill, and his mouth slightly open to assist his hearing.

He had not waited in his hiding place long, when the distant cry of the hounds struck his ear. He now knew that but a few minutes would pass before a deer would be seen bounding along in the path of their *run-way*, for his dogs had given tokens of the chase by their yells. He was not deceived; he heard plainly the rapid, but heavy bounds of a deer, which in an instant after he perceived, as it broke over the brow of the hill, with its majestic antlers thrown back over its neck. Now comes the decisive moment; one leap more and his noble breast is exposed to death, within a few yards of the fatal gun which has already been brought to the hunter's cheek, whilst his eye looked steadily along the smooth barrel. The trigger was touched—a blaze, and the death-ring struck sharp and shrill on the still air; the fugitive, a noble buck, fell; and the hunter in a moment, to secure his victim, having dropt his gun, and drawn his knife, sprung across his back in order to cut his throat.

But, behold! the ball had struck one of his horns only, near the root, which stunned the animal and caused it to fall: he recovered his feet again before the hunter had time to wound him with his knife, and finding his enemy on his back, he rose and sprung off with the speed of an arrow; whilst the hunter, having full occupation for his hands in holding fast by the horns, found no time to invade his throat; so clinging with his feet under the belly of the deer, he was borne away at a fearful rate the whole length of the flat, till he came to the steep bank of the river, at which place he had no

sooner arrived, than, with his rider, the deer plunged with a tremendous leap into the deep water.

Here a scuffle ensued between the hunter and the deer; the deer endeavouring to push him under water with his fore feet, while the hunter was striving to hold its head, and at the same time cut its throat; this he soon accomplished, and swimming ashore, drew his prize after him, declaring to his companions who had witnessed the sport, and were now assembled on the river's bank, that he had had "a most glorious ride."

This man's name was John M'Mullen; and he is well remembered even now by many of the old inhabitants along the Susquehannah.

Tecumseh.

TECUMSEH (the Shooting Star) was the son of Blackfish, and brother of the Prophet of the Alleghany. This noted warrior was first made known to the public as the leader of the Indians at the battle of Tippacanoe* (November 1811). He burst suddenly into notice, but from that time until his death the attention of the American people was constantly turned towards him. He possessed all the courage, sagacity, and fortitude, for which the most distinguished Indian chiefs have been celebrated, and more than this, he was always disinterested and true to his word. He was an orator as well as a soldier, and by the persuasive power of his eloquence, formed one of the most powerful confederacies amongst the Indians. His watchful mind was ever on the alert, his enmity never slumbered, and he was a stranger to personal fatigue. He was of an independent spirit, remarkably graceful in his address, and reserved in his manner. He held the commission of Brigadier-General under King George III.

It is said that at the last conference which General Harrison held at Vincennes† with the Indians, Tecúmseh, at the end of a long and animated speech, found himself unprovided with a seat. Observing the neglect, General Harrison ordered a chair to be placed for him, and requested him to accept it. "Your father," said the interpreter, "requests you to take a chair." "My father!" replied the proud chief; "the Sun is my father,

* A branch of the Wabash, in Indiana. In 1811, the English, with the Indians who fought in the British service, were defeated by the United States' troops on the banks of this river.

† A town in Indiana, on the Wabash.

and the Earth is my mother; I will repose upon her bosom;" and saying this, he sat himself on the ground, in the Indian manner.

Such was Tecúmseh, who fell towards the close of the battle of the Thames*, in a personal combat with Colonel Johnson of Kentucky. He was a Shawnee.

Towards the close of the last century, Captain Thomas Brian of Kentucky was employed by the British government to survey certain lands in the central part of Ohio. Not being so fortunate as to find game for several successive days, his provisions became scant, and at length were entirely exhausted. He directed his hunter to make another attempt to procure subsistence, and to meet him and his party at a particular spot; at which, after the labours of the day were over, he proposed to encamp for the night. Towards evening the men became exhausted with hunger: they were in the midst of an uninhabited wilderness, and every circumstance conspired to cause the greatest dejection of spirits. After making painful exertions to reach the place appointed for their encampment, they had the mortification of learning from the hunter that he had again been unsuccessful. He declared that he had made every possible exertion, but all his attempts were of no avail, for the whole forest appeared to him entirely destitute both of birds and beasts! At this moment starvation seemed to await them; but Captain Brian, feeling his spirits roused by the thoughts of their desperate situation, thrust his staff into the earth, and ordered his men to prepare their camp and make a good fire, whilst he took the gun of the unsuccessful hunter and went forth in pursuit of game.

He had not left his party more than half an hour, when he was cheered by the sight of three deer, two of which he shot; and before he returned to the camp he had the good fortune to kill a bear. He immediately called for his men to assist him in carrying the game to

* The Thames is a river that falls into lake St. Clair, between lakes Huron and Erie.

the camp; and no one, except those who have been in a like situation, can conceive what the feelings are on such an occasion!

But miserable as the plight of the surveyor and his party had been, there were others not far off who were suffering still greater distress. Five Indians, who had been out on a hunting excursion, hearing the report of Captain Brian's gun, made immediately in that direction and arrived at the camp at the same moment that he did. They soon explained their wretched situation, telling Brian that for the last two days their whole party had subsisted on one skunk! They described the absence of game, in the language of the hunter, "as if the whole forest was entirely destitute both of birds and beasts."

Captain Brian told them that he had now plenty for them and his own party too, and kindly welcomed them to his fire. He bid them help his men in flaying the bear and deer, which were now brought into the camp, and then to cook, cut, and carve for themselves. Their looks were expressive of the joy they felt for so unexpected a deliverance; nor did they spare the provision. Their hunger was such that as soon as one round was served, another and another were quickly devoured.

After all were satisfied, a fine, tall, and graceful young Indian, stepped up to Captain Brian (who was now reposing on account of great fatigue and severe rheumatism), and informed him that the old man present was a chief; that he felt very grateful to the Great and Good Spirit for so signal an interposition in their favour; that he was about to make a prayer, and address the Great Spirit, and thank him: that it was the custom on such occasions for the Indians to stand up in their camp; and that his chief requested the captain and his men to conform, in like manner, by standing up in *their* camp. Brian replied, that his men should all conform, and order should be preserved; but as for himself, he felt too ill to rise any more that night; but he begged that this might not be considered out of any disrespect.

The old chief then rose as did all around him; and

lifting up his hands, commenced his prayer and thanksgiving in an audible voice. And a more beautiful address to the Deity, on such an occasion, surely never flowed from mortal lips! The tone, the modulation of his voice, the gestures, all combined to make a deep impression on his hearers. In the course of his thanksgivings he recapitulated the fearful situation in which they so recently had been; the horrors of starvation with which they were threatened, the vain attempts they had made to procure food, until He, the Great, the Good Spirit, had sent the white man forth and crowned his exertions with success, and so directed him and them to meet, and to find plenty. But who can describe the abundant overflowings of a grateful heart? He continued in this strain for about half an hour; when Brian's men, reflecting on their own recent situation, and beholding the pious gratitude of this "child of the forest," felt the same sensations, and were melted into tenderness—if not into tears.

The young Indian who so gracefully addressed Captain Brian in behalf of his chief, was Tecúmseh.

ON THE FALL OF TECUMSEH,

THE SHAWNEE CHIEF WHO WAS KILLED AT MORAVIAN TOWN, ON THE THAMES, 1815.

What heavy-hoofed coursers the wilderness roam,
To the war blast indignantly tramping?
Their mouths are all white as if frosted with foam,
The steel bit impatiently champing.

One moment, and nought but the bugle was heard,
And the war-whoop the Indians had given;
The next, and the air seemed convulsively stirred,
As if by a storm it were riven.

In the mist that hung over the field of blood,
The chief of the horsemen contended;
His rowels were bathed in the purple flood,
That fast from his charger descended.

The steed reeled and fell, in the van of the fight,
But the rider repressed not his daring,
Till met by a savage whose rank and might
Were shown by the plume he was wearing.

The moment was fearful; a deadlier foe
Had ne'er swung a tomahawk o'er him;
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecúmseh fell prostrate before him.

Gloom, silence, and solitude rest on that spot
Where the hopes of the red man perished;
But the fame of the hero who fell shall not
By the virtuous cease to be cherished.

The lightning of genius flashed from his eye;
In his arm was the force of the thunder;
But his bolt passed the suppliant harmlessly by,
And left the freed captive in wonder.

Above, near the path of the pilgrim, he sleeps,
With a rudely-built tumulus o'er him;
And the bright-bosomed Thames, in its majesty, sweep
By the mound where his followers bore him.

Tecúmseh, before his untimely death, had conceived a plan for collecting all the Indians of North America on some portion of the continent, not inhabited by white people, there to dwell under their own government, and to enjoy their own religion, inherited from their ancestors; to cultivate peace with the white people; to wage none but *defensive* wars; to divide their territory into farms, and to live by agriculture instead of by hunting. In this way, he believed the Indians might rise into importance, and assume their rank amongst the nations of the earth. The plan was a noble one, and worthy the patriotic mind of its author.

Indian Children.

The Indians have been frequently represented as almost devoid of natural affection, or indeed of feeling altogether; but this is a mistake which probably arises from the great command over their feelings which they are in the habit of exercising, particularly when in the presence of strangers. Those persons who have had the best opportunities of knowing the real character of the Indians, have remarked, amongst many other good traits the great affection that they have for their children, and the respect which young people pay, not only to their own parents, but to all elderly people.

The children, both boys and girls, appear to be particularly under the care of their mother: she teaches them how to make leggins, mocassins, and many other things that have already been described; and if she be a good mother, as many of these poor squaws are, she is particular in keeping her daughters continually employed, so that they may have the reputation of being industrious girls, which is a recommendation to the young men to marry them.

Corporal punishment is very seldom resorted to for the correction of children; but if they commit any fault, it is common for the mother to blacken their faces and send them out of the lodge: when this is done, they are not allowed to eat till it is washed off, and sometimes they are kept a whole day in this situation, as a punishment for their misconduct.

There is a considerable difference in the manners and characters of different tribes, some being brave, honourable, and generous, while others are noted for their treacherous disposition and filthy habits. In many tribes their families appear to be well regulated, and great pains are taken by the chiefs and principal men to

impress upon the minds of the younger part of their respective nations what they conceive to be their duty.

When the boys are six or seven years of age, a small bow and arrows are put into their hands, and they are sent out to shoot birds around the lodge or village: this they continue to do five or six years, and then their father procures for them short guns, and they begin to hunt ducks, geese, and small game. In the winter evenings their father will relate to them the manner of approaching a deer, elk, or buffalo, and describe the manner of setting traps for different animals: when he is able, he will take them a hunting with him, and show them the tracks of wild beasts. To all these instructions the boys pay the most earnest attention.

The Indians generally appear to be more afflicted at the loss of an infant, or young child, than of a person who has arrived at mature years; the latter, they think, can provide for himself in the country whither he has gone, but the former is too young to provide for himself.

The men appear ashamed to show any signs of grief at the loss of any relation, however dear he might have been to them; but the women do not attempt to conceal their feelings; and on the loss of either husband or child, they cut off their hair, disfigure their faces and limbs with black paint, and even with cuts, and burn all their clothes excepting a few miserable rags.

A striking display of the strong affection that an Indian feels for his child, occurred some years since in a town in Maine. One of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, had received a grant of land from the State, and settled himself in a part of the country where several families were already settled. Though by no means ill-treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him; and he felt this keenly, when, at the death of his only child, none of his neighbours came near him, to attend the funeral.

A few months afterwards he announced his intention of leaving the village: he called on some of the inhabi-

tants, and expressed himself in the following manner:—"When white man's child die," said he, "Indian man be sorry; he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave alone—I can no live here." He gave up his farm, *dug up the body of his child*, and carried it with him two hundred miles, through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians.

Not long after the first English settlers had established themselves in Pennsylvania, during the winter a white man's child strayed away from his parent's house; and after having in vain been sought in every direction by the parents for a whole day and night, the father resolved to apply for assistance to one of his Indian neighbours, with whom he had always lived on friendly terms. He knew the superior facility with which the Indians, who are in the habit of constantly roaming the woods, can detect and distinguish objects of sight and sound.

Osamee, for that was the name of the friendly Indian, immediately went to the house of the parents, and looking attentively round it, soon discovered the little footsteps of a child and the direction which they had taken; and although the child's father could hardly discover the marks and signs by which he was guided, he followed the track with as much apparent ease and confidence as an English traveller would a turnpike road, and after tracing it for about three miles into the forest, he found the poor child lying under a tree, crying bitterly, and almost perishing with cold.

This little incident was the means of reconciling some of the white people to the near settlement of the Indians, of whom they had been in dread; but they now rather rejoiced in having such good neighbours; and it would have been well for both parties, if the good feelings shown by the Indians to the first settlers in some hundreds of instances had met with such a return as men calling themselves Christians were bound to make; but, alas! it was far otherwise.

An anecdote which has been preserved, concerning an old Mohegan Indian named Wa-nou, affords a striking

example of the strong affection of a father towards his only son.

During the frequent wars which took place between the Indians and the white men, the former had defeated a party of English soldiers, and put them to flight. The retreat being without order, a young English officer, in attempting to escape, was pursued by two of the savages, and finding an escape impracticable, he determined to sell his life as dear as possible. He turned round to face his enemies, and a violent conflict commenced in which he must have soon fallen; but just as one of his assailants was about to raise the fatal tomahawk over his head, an old Indian threw himself between the combatants, and the red men instantly retired with respect.

The old man took the young officer by the hand, dispelled his fears, and led him through the forest to his wigwam, where he treated him with the greatest kindness. He seemed to take pleasure in the youth's company; he was his constant companion; he taught him his language, and made the rude arts of his countrymen familiar to him. They lived happily together, though the thoughts of home would occasionally disturb the Englishman's tranquillity, and for a while his countenance appeared sorrowful. At these times Wa-nou would survey his young friend attentively, and while he fixed his eyes upon him, the tears would start into them.

On the return of spring, hostilities were re-commenced, and every warrior appeared in arms. Wa-nou, whose strength was still sufficient to support the toils of war, set out with the rest, accompanied by his prisoner. The Indians having marched above two hundred miles, at length arrived within sight of the English camp. Wa-nou observed the young man's countenance whilst he showed him the camp of his countrymen. "There are thy brethren," said he, "waiting to fight us. Listen to me. I have saved thy life. I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow and arrows; to hunt the bear and the buffalo; to bring down the deer at full speed, and to

out-wit even the cunning fox. What wast thou when I first led thee to my wigwam? Thy hands were like those of a child; they served neither to support nor to defend thee; thou wert ignorant, but from me thou hast learnt every thing. Wilt thou be ungrateful, and raise up thine arm against the red men?

The young Englishman declared with much warmth, that he would rather lose his own life than shed the blood of one of his Indian friends. The old warrior seemed to be overcome by some painful recollection; he covered his face with his hands, bowed down his head, and remained in that posture for some time; then, making as it were a strong effort, he again looked at the young man, and said to him in a tone mixed with tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?"

"He was living," said the young man, "when I left my country."

"Oh, how fortunate he is still to have a son!" cried the Indian; and then, after a minute's silence, he added, "Knowest thou that I have been a father, but I am no longer so? I saw my son fall in battle; he fought bravely by my side; my son fell covered with wounds, and he died like a man! but I revenged his death; yes, I *revenged* it."

Wa-nou pronounced these words with great vehemence; his whole frame seemed agitated; his eyes lost their usual serenity, and his chest heaved with deep sighs. By degrees he became more calm, and turning towards the east where the sun had just risen, he said,—

"Young man, thou seest that glorious light—does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it?"

"Yes," replied the Englishman, "I never look upon the rising sun without pleasure or without feeling thankful to our great Father who created it."

"I am glad that thou art happy, but there is no more pleasure for me," said Wa-nou. A moment after, he shewed the young man a shrub that was in full bloom.

"Knowest thou that beautiful plant?" said he. "Hast thou any pleasure in beholding it?"

"Yes, great pleasure," replied the young man.

"To me it can no longer give pleasure," said the old man: and then, after embracing the young Englishman with great affection, he concluded with these words: "*Begone, hasten to thine own country, that thy father may still have pleasure in beholding the rising sun and the flowers of spring.*"

Paugus and Chamberlain.

In old times, whenever war commenced between the English and French in Europe, their colonies in America were involved in its calamities to an unknown and fearful extent, and wars were constantly going on in America in which the Indians fought sometimes on the side of the English against the French, and sometimes with the French against the English. Some chiefs and tribes were noted for being the firm and faithful friends of the white men, and others were known as their implacable foes. In the month of May, 1725, a memorable battle was fought between the English, commanded by Captain Lovewell, and the Pequakets, a tribe of Indians who then inhabited the state of New Hampshire. Amongst Lovewell's men was a New Hampshire settler, named John Chamberlain. He was one of those rugged spirits who at that time moved from the thickly settled country near the coast, and penetrated into the wilderness. On his scouting expeditions to surprise the frontier settlers, the Indian passed his rude log-house, buried amongst trees and mountains—around it were the haunts of the wild beasts of the forest. The smoky rafters of his hut were hung with gammons of the bear that had tumbled from the white pine at the sound of his unerring rifle; and at night he lay on the soft fur of the dun catamount.

He was tall—tall as the stateliest Indian;—strong? two of them were hardly a match for him with their tomahawks against his heavy hatchet;—was he swift of foot? he could outrun the mouse in full trot: sagacious and eagle-eyed, he entrapped the Indian in his ambush, and surpassed him in that instinct which guides alike the savage and the wild beast through the wide and pathless forest.

The red men passed cautiously by the dwelling of John Chamberlain: as they watched in ambush for game, they would lie still and suffer him to go on unmolested, even if there were half a score of them; for they feared lest their rifles should miss what they deemed his charmed body, and bring down his vengeance upon them.

There is a beautiful lake in New Hampshire which is still called by the Indian name, Winnipisiogee: it is twenty-eight miles long and ten wide; the country around is hilly, and clothed with thick woods. On the shores of this lake there dwelt a powerful tribe of Indians called Pequakets; Paugus was their chief. He was a savage of great strength and stature; swift, cunning, and deadly with his rifle and his tomahawk; cruel and vengeful beyond the wonted vengeance of savages; the terror of man, woman, and child along the frontiers, and even of the towns that were further removed from the scenes of his violence.

Parties of armed men had penetrated through the woods to the shores of the Winnipisiogee, to discover the retreat of this terrible savage, and if possible to take him prisoner. But he was too sagacious, and always eluded their search; once, indeed, when they had set his wigwam on fire, he was hidden so near the spot, that he felt the heat of the flames, and saw the smoke curling over the tops of the trees under which he lay concealed.

In the skirmishes with the Indians in which Chamberlain was often engaged, he had constantly endeavoured to single out Paugus as the foe most worthy of his rifle; nor was Paugus less willing to encounter the far-famed settler, but they had never chanced to meet: the time however was now at hand, when one of these mighty men must yield to the superior power or craft of his rival. The English, under Captain Lovewell, had marched out with the expectation of meeting Paugus and his men; they had already penetrated the woods to a considerable distance, and arrived at the place where they expected to find Indians. Early on the morning of the 7th of May, whilst at prayers, they heard a gun, and starting up, they

prepared for an encounter; but no Indians were in sight except a hunter, whom Ensign Wyman discovered carrying two black ducks in one hand, and a gun in the other. There can be no probability that he thought of meeting an enemy, but no sooner was he seen by the English, than several guns were fired at him, but missed him. Seeing that certain death was his lot, the Indian resolved to defend himself as long as he could; he levelled his gun at the English, and Captain Lovewell was mortally wounded, whilst almost at the same moment, Ensign Wyman, taking deliberate aim, killed the poor hunter.

The remainder of this day passed without further adventure, though the English were in constant apprehension of falling into some snare prepared by the wily Paugus. On the morning of the 8th, Mr. Frye, the chaplain, having assembled the men as usual before they resumed their day's march, commenced his prayer with these words, "We came out to meet the enemy; we have all along prayed God that we might find them; we had rather give up our lives to Providence, yea, and die for our country, than return home without seeing them, and be called cowards for our pains." The chaplain did not pray in vain; for about noon the English troops encountered an almost overwhelming body of Indians, who rose from their coverts and nearly encircled them, but seemed loth to begin the fight; for they were, no doubt, in hopes that the English, seeing their numbers, would yield without a battle: they therefore made towards them with their guns presented. They then held up ropes which they had provided for securing their captives, and asked them if they would have quarter. This only encouraged the English, who answered, "only at the muzzles of our guns;" and they rushed towards the Indians, firing as they pressed on, and killing many, drove them back several rods. But they soon rallied and fired vigorously in their turn, and obliged the English to retreat, leaving several dead and others badly wounded. Lovewell, though mortally wounded the preceding day, had led his men until this time, but now fell to rise no more.

The fight continued very furious and obstinate till towards night, the Indians roaring and howling like wolves, barking like dogs, and making all sorts of hideous noises, as is their custom whilst engaged in battle; but before night they were completely defeated, whilst the loss of the English was very great, and, among others, the worthy chaplain, Jonathan Frye, was slain.

After the thickest and most desperate of the conflict was over, Chamberlain, weary with fighting, thirsty and faint with heat, retired to the edge of a lake (since known by the name of Lovewell's pond) to drink and to wash out his gun, which had grown so foul with frequent firing; that at last he could not make it go off. He pushed his way through a copse of willows to a little beach by the pond, when lo! from the thicket, at a short distance from him, appeared the stately figure of Paugus, covered with dust and blood, and making his way likewise to the water.

The warriors knew each other at a glance. Chamberlain's gun was useless, and he thought of rushing upon Paugus with his hatchet before he could level his rifle; but the Indian's gun was in the same condition with his own, and he too had come to the edge of the pond to quench his thirst, and hastily scour out his foul rifle. The condition of the rifles was instantly seen by the enemies, and they agreed to a truce while they washed them out for the encounter. Slowly and with equal movements they cleaned their guns, and took their stations on the beach. "Now Paugus," cried Chamberlain, "I'll have you;" and with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter, he loaded his rifle. "Na, na, me have you," replied Paugus, and he handled his gun with a dexterity that made the bold heart of Chamberlain beat faster whilst he involuntarily raised his eyes to take a last look of the sun. They rammed their cartridges, and each at the same instant cast his ramrod upon the sand. "I'll have you Paugus," shouted Chamberlain again, as in his desperation he almost resolved to fall upon the savage with the butt end of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullets before he could load. Paugus trembled as he applied his powder

horn to the priming. Chamberlain's quick ear heard the grains of his powder rattle lightly on the leaves which lay at his feet. Chamberlain struck his gun breech violently upon the ground, the rifle *primed itself;* he aimed, and the bullets whistled through the heart of Paugus. He fell—and as he went down, the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle whizzed through Chamberlain's hair, and passed off, without avenging the death of its master, into the bordering wilderness.

The hunter, after he recovered the shock of this sudden and fearful encounter, cast a look upon the fallen savage. The paleness of death had come over his copper-coloured forehead. He seized the rifle, the bullet pouch, and powder horn, and leaving him on the sand, sought again the lessened ranks of the white men, as they wearily defended themselves against the savages. He shouted to them of the fall of Paugus. The Indians looked around them; the tall figure of their chief was no where to be seen. In grief and despair they ceased their fire, and fell back into the woods, leaving Wyman with Chamberlain, and the small remains of the band of white men, to retrace their way to the distant settlement.

The spot on which this fight took place was fifty miles from any white inhabitants, and it was almost miraculous that any should have escaped death at the hands of Paugus and his courageous warriors. Those who survived did not leave the battle ground till near midnight, and only fourteen lived to return to their friends. One man, named Solomon Keyes, having received three wounds, said he would hide himself, and die in a secret place, where the Indians could not find him to get his scalp. As he crawled upon the shore of Lovewell's pond, at some distance from the scene of action, he found a canoe, into which he rolled himself, and was drifted away by the wind. To his great joy and astonishment, he was cast ashore at no great distance from the fort at which Wyman's men shortly after arrived, and gaining strength, was soon able to return home.

Fifty men from New Hampshire were immediately or-

dered to march to the scene of action, where they found and buried the dead. They found the bodies of only three Indians: the rest had undoubtedly been taken away by their comrades.

Thus terminated the expedition against the Pequakets; and although the whites could scarcely claim the victory, yet the Northern Indians received a blow from which they hardly recovered. Several songs were written upon the subject, but it must be confessed that they were much more circumstantial than poetical; and it can hardly be expected that any English reader should take sufficient interest in the subject to make him wish for even a specimen.

The Island of Yellow Sands.

Lake Superior in North America is the largest body of fresh water in the world, being 400 miles in length, and varying from 50 to 150 in breadth. It forms part of the boundary between the United States and Canada. The shores are bold and steep, rising on the northern coast to the height of one thousand five hundred feet above the level of the water. There are several islands in this lake, the largest of which is "Isle Royal," one hundred miles long and forty broad, and there is one called the "Island of Yellow Sands," about which strange tales are told. But before I begin the fabulous part of my story, I will mention that many parts of the rocky shores and islands of Lake Superior abound in copper ore, and brilliant iron pyrites, in granite, crystal, cornelian, and greenstone. In some places are large veins of transparent spar, and masses of rock which appear to be composed of iron ore. The "Island of Yellow Sands" derives its chief interest from the traditions and fanciful legends which the Indians preserve concerning its mineral treasures, and their supernatural guardians. They maintain that its shores are covered with a heavy, shining, yellow sand, which they would persuade us is gold, but that the guardian spirit of the island will not permit any of it to be carried away. To enforce his commands he has drawn together myriads of eagles, hawks, and other birds of prey, which, by their cries warn him of any unlawful intrusion on his domain, and assist with their claws and beaks to drive away the enemy. He has also called up from the depths of the lake, large serpents of the most hideous

forms, that lie thickly coiled upon the golden sands, and hiss defiance to the steps of every invader.

Overcoming all these obstacles however, some Indians have been so fortunate as to obtain and bring away lumps of *native copper*, as it is called; and bringing such proofs in their hands, who can refuse to believe their assertions however marvellous? A brilliant specimen, of not less than ten or twelve pounds' weight, was brought away by a Winnebago Indian, who gave the following account of his adventures:—

"One beautiful afternoon of a summer's day, whilst I was paddling my canoe along the borders of the Great Lake, of which the calm waters were gilded by the red rays of the setting sun, I saw before me the form of an angelic being, standing on the water. Her eyes were so dazzling that I could not look at them; in one hand she held out a lump of pure gold, and with the other she beckoned me to follow her. I immediately paddled my boat in the direction in which the sweet figure stood, but the faster I advanced, the faster she glided on before me, till at length she approached the shore of the 'Island of Yellow Sands;' she then moved slower, and as I drew nearer I could perceive that the figure was gradually altering in shape and colour. Her eyes lost their dazzling brightness, her cheeks were no longer the colour of the rose, and the form of the beautiful woman imperceptibly faded away, and in its stead I beheld a being with a human face, with the fins and tail of a fish, and the rainbow colours of a Dolphin.

I sat awhile in silent amazement, fearful either to go forward and touch the wondrous being, who still seemed to make signs that I should take the precious metal which lay on the sand beside it; and alike fearful to incur its wrath by disobediently turning away and leaving it. At length I thought to make an offering of K'nick-k'neck* of which I had a roll in my canoe. I

* K'nick-k'neck, is the Indian name for tobacco; this they frequently throw into the fire, into lakes or rapids, or into the crevices of rocks, to propitiate the genius, or unknown spirit of the place: for the evil there is in the world they ascribe to the influence of spirits.

did so, and then ventured to lay my hand on the shining lump of metal. It was so heavy that I could hardly lift it, but finally I succeeded in bearing it away, and when I had placed it safely at one end of my canoe, I took my seat at the other, and paddled gently away towards the shore. But great was my astonishment on looking back to see the Guardian Spirit of the island, gradually melting away into a thin and many-coloured mist.

'Strange birds appeared on high with sparkling wings,
And yet, their gilded forms, seen by the beam
Aslant of setting sun, seemed not like birds.'

With much pains I carried my treasure home with me; but when I went to show it to my friends, I found that it was no longer the rich lump of gold which the deceitful being had first offered me, but merely a huge mass of copper! Upon this I became angry, and began to abuse the treacherous spirit for having tempted me to land on that dangerous island, and then cheated me. But my friends consoled me, and reminded me, that

'She had cheated others like myself.
Long ere the white man's hatchet struck among
The forests; when the sea-fowl scream'd
Unscared. For when the bounding deer and roe,
With the red desert-sons joint tenants were,
On came the awe-struck wanderers to float
Their frail canoes for treasure o'er the lake.
No feather'd arrow o'er its bosom sped,
To tinge, with sea-fowl's blood, the sacred wave.
Nor line, nor spear disturb'd the finny tribes,
But wondering they view'd the sandy isle.
Illusive visions mocked them, as me;
And fancy saw a paradise around, and worlds
More fair than brightest dream of mortal man.
Then sighing, thought they of that happier home,
Compar'd with theirs! They tented on the shore
At eve, and through the trembling moon-beams saw
Descend a thousand tiny forms, more fair
Than aught of earth, to bathe in the pure lake.
The ardent eye of fancy then beheld
Them, sometimes sporting in the balmy air—
Or sailing on the waves—or diving down,

For frolic, in the crystal element,
To deck their feather-cinctur'd vests
With brightest rainbow plumage, stol'n from birds
That haunt the streams, the forests, fields, and floods.
Their sports, caresses, and ethereal joys,
Were limited to twilight's musing hour:—
For, as its misty light gave way to gloom,
Amidst them—tall, gigantic, stern and fierce,
In bark of pumice-stone, a warrior sat:
With copper oars he moved it through the wave.
Round his red brawny breast, a copper bow
Was hung; and copper arrows, tipp'd with plumes
Of jetty black his ample quiver fill'd;
And as the birds fly screaming, scar'd before
The gunner's bark, the fairy army fled:
Some, shrieking, plung'd beneath; some rose
And faded, like a shooting star; and soon
The sullen warrior cross'd the waves alone.'

"I was pacified; for I knew what my friends said was quite true, and that I ought rather to be thankful that my canoe was not drawn under water by the copper-armed warrior, and that I had not been strangled by the great hissing serpents that conceal themselves under the yellow sands, than angry at having carried away copper instead of gold. I recollected how many Indians had gone, but never returned from that island; and how others, who had returned, were so much frightened that they would never venture there again; and I well knew that many years ago, some people of my own nation, being driven by stress of weather to take shelter upon the 'Island of Yellow Sands,' had been tempted by the beautiful and glittering appearance of the treasure, to put a large quantity of it in their canoes in order to carry it off; but a frightful and gigantic figure strode into the water after them, and, in a voice like the roaring of a buffaloe, commanded them to bring it back. Terrified at his amazing size and thundering voice, they instantly obeyed, and were afterwards suffered to depart without further molestation, but they have never since attempted to land there—nor will I.

'Listen, Red man—go not there,
Unseen spirits walk the air;
Ravenous birds their influence lend,
Snakes defy—and kites defend.
There the star-ey'd panther howls,
And the wolf with hunger growls;
There the speckled adder breeds,
And the famish'd eagle feeds;
Spirits keep them—fiends incite;
They are eager for the fight,
And are thirsting night and day
On the Indian's blood to prey:
Touch not then the guarded lands
Of the 'Isle of Yellow Sands!' "

Such are the traditions still current among the various tribes of Indians frequenting this portion of the country; and absurd as they are, so superstitious are these poor creatures, that the greater part of them believe the tales most devoutly.

Civilization.

The insurmountable obstacle to the civilization of the North American Indians has always been their aversion to regular industry. Nowise inferior in natural understanding to any nation, they have, with few exceptions, remained stationary, or advanced but a few steps in the scale of civilization since they first became acquainted with white men. The Jesuits were the first who attempted the great work of converting them to Christianity, and even as early as the year 1633 the number of Jesuit priests in Canada was fifteen, and every record bears testimony to their worth. They had the faults of superstition, but the horrors of a Canadian life in the wilderness were overcome by an invincible passive courage, and a deep sense of duty. Many suffered violent death, and the few who lived to grow old were bowed down by the toils of a long and painful mission. The history of their labours is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in French America, and not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way.

The Jesuits Brebeuf and Daniel were soon followed by Lallemand and many others of the same order, who joined a party of Huron Indians returning from Quebec to their own country. The journey was more than nine hundred miles long, and great part of it through a region of dense forests. Often the missionaries had to wade, dragging their canoe through shallows and rapids, over sharp stones: often it was carried on their shoulders for miles through thick and tangled woods. At night there was no other food for them than a little Indian corn mixed with water, and the hard earth was their only couch. Yet thus, with torn garments and wounded feet, they cheerfully advanced to meet death, if it were

necessary, in honour of him whose cross they bore, and made their way from Quebec to the heart of the Huron wilderness. Here, in the year 1634, by the help of the axe, they raised a little chapel, and consecrated it to St. Joseph. Here the Indian hunter was first taught to hope for eternal rest; the *braves* as they returned from war, were warned of the wrath which kindles against sinners, and the idlers of the Indian village were told of the Saviour's death for their redemption. The dormant sentiment of veneration was awakened in many breasts, and earnest vows and prayers to the true God were now for the first time uttered in the Huron tongue.

Within thirteen years, this remote wilderness was visited by forty-two missionaries, members of the society of Jesus, besides other pious men of the Romish persuasion, who were chosen ministers of the Gospel, ready to shed their blood for their faith. Thus did the zeal of the French bear the cross to the confines of Lake Superior, and towards the homes of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi; five years before the admirable John Eliot had addressed the Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston. I would willingly trace the progress of their missions as they gradually spread the Gospel amongst the red men; but my plan does not admit of any thing more than a brief sketch, intended rather to excite than to satisfy the curiosity of my young readers. In the eastern states, a sincere attempt was made to convert the natives to Christianity, and win them to the regular industry of civilized life. Foremost among these early missionaries was John Eliot*, whose

* John Eliot, commonly called the "Apostle of the Indians," was born in England, 1604, and went to New England in 1631. He began his ministerial labours amongst the Indians in 1646, and continued them as long as his life permitted. He died in 1690, aged eighty-six. In his own parish of Roxburgh, in Massachusetts, he was much beloved; and as an example of his charitable disposition, the following story is related:—The parish treasurer, having paid him his salary, put it into a handkerchief, and tied it into as many hard knots as he could make, to prevent him, as he jokingly said, from giving it all away before he reached his own house. On his way home he called upon a poor family, and told them he had brought them some relief. He then began to untie the knots; but finding it a work of great difficulty, gave the handkerchief to the mistress of the house; saying "Here, my dear, take it, I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

benevolence has never been surpassed, and whose thoughts and actions were inspired by the most disinterested love for his fellow-creatures. He mixed with the Indians. He spoke to them of God and the immortality of the soul. Groups of Indians used to gather round him as a father, and now that their minds were awakened to reflection, often perplexed him with their questions. He spared no pains to teach them to read and write, and with infinite labour made and published a translation of the whole Bible into the Massachusetts dialect.

And here it will be proper to notice a Nipmuk Indian of no small note in his time, who by the English was called "James-the-Printer." When a child, he had been instructed in the Indian school, at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and in 1659 was put apprentice to a printer, in order to learn that business. In 1685, the second edition of the famous Indian Bible was completed, and from the following testimony of Mr. Eliot, it will be seen how much the success of that undertaking was considered to depend on James-the-Printer. In writing to the Hon. Robert Boyle in London, Mr. Eliot says:— "I desire to see it done before I die, but I am so deep in years, that I cannot expect to live long; besides, we have but *one man*, namely, the *Indian printer*, that is able to compose the sheets, and correct the press with understanding."

The patience of Eliot was never tired with the importunity of his savage disciples, nor was his zeal wearied by the hereditary idleness of the Indian race; the simplicity of his life and manners, and the evangelical sweetness of his temper, won him all hearts, whether in the more comfortable dwellings of the emigrant settlers, or in the smoky cells of the natives. Yet, notwithstanding his zeal, Mr. Eliot seems to have well understood that something beside preaching was necessary to reform the lives of the Indians, and one of his favourite maxims was, "*The Indians must be civilized in order to their being Christianized.*" Convenient places were fixed on, and regular settlements made; families of "praying Indians" were drawn together

into villages, and churches were gathered amongst the heathen. Of these Mr. Eliot visited as many and as often as he was able, and from the following passage in a letter which he wrote to Mr. Winslow of Plymouth, some idea may be formed of the hardships he underwent in his pious labours. "I have not been dry night or day," says he, "from the third day of the week unto the sixth, but so travelled, and at night pulled off my boots, wrung my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps." Nor was Eliot alone. In the islands round Massachusetts, and in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, missionary zeal and charity were active, yet Christianity hardly spread beyond the Indians of that vicinity; and the Narragansetts, a powerful tribe containing at least a thousand warriors, hemmed in between Connecticut and Plymouth, retained their old belief, and Philip of Pokanoket at the head of seven hundred warriors, professed with pride the faith of his fathers. The aged Massasoit—he who had welcomed the Pilgrims to the soil of New England, and had opened his cabin to shelter the founder of Rhode Island*—was now dead; and his son, Philip of Pokanoket, had succeeded him as chief over many allied tribes.

That the Pokanokets should have always rejected the Christian faith and Christian manners, is not to be wondered at, for as Neal, the ancient historian of New England, observes, "If it be difficult to civilize barbarous nations, 'tis much more so to make them Christians; for all men have naturally a veneration for the religion of their ancestors, and the prejudices of education are insuperable without the extraordinary grace of God." †

* This state was first settled by Roger Williams in 1636.

† At the time that Mr. Eliot began his labours, a little community of "praying Indians" was established at Natick, and Wauban, a Nipmuk Indian, was made a ruler of fifty, and subsequently a justice of the peace. On one occasion he issued a warrant against an offender, in his own hand-writing, of which the following is a copy. "You, you big constable, quick you catch Jeremiah Offscow, strong you hold um, safe you bring um, afore me, WAUBAN, Justice peace." And at another time being asked what he would do when Indians got drunk and quarrelled, he replied, "Tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff, and whip um fendant, and whip um witness."

No tribe of Indians has advanced so far towards civilization as the Cherokees; they are a noble, and were once a powerful tribe, who may with propriety be called the mountaineers of America. They originally occupied the highlands of Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, the most beautiful and healthy region east of the Mississippi. Their homes were bounded by hills rising above hills, the lofty peaks of which are gilded by the early sun, or sometimes lost in the dark clouds. There the rocky cliffs rise in naked grandeur and defy the thunder storm; there the fertile slope was covered with luxurious herbage, or with stately chesnut and hickory, while profusion of magnolias and flowering forest trees decorate the plains.

Through this lovely region were once scattered the little villages of the Cherokees, more than fifty in number, each consisting of a few wigwams, erected where a bend in the mountain stream afforded at once a defence, and a rich soil for culture. They loved their native land, and above all they loved its rivers. Who can say for how many centuries, safe in their undisovered fastnesses, they had decked their war-chiefs with the feathers of the black eagle, and listened to the counsels of their aged men?

The Cherokee settlements on the north side of the Arkansas, now contain plantations of cotton, corn, sweet potatoes, beans, pumpkins, and other vegetables, in a state of good cultivation. They have decent log houses, like those of the white people, and there are schools in which the children and youth learn to read and write English. All the missionaries declare, that the Indian children in their schools are more modest and affectionate, and more easily managed than is commonly the case in schools; also that they make much greater progress; probably for this reason—they go to school on purpose to learn, and not as a matter of course. They know too that many children apply for admission into the schools with the most pressing entreaties, but are rejected, because the missionaries have not sufficient means to

support them; and they fear that if they do not make good use of their privileges, they may be dismissed to make room for more worthy scholars.

The Cherokees have magistrates and a regular police in some of their settlements, and Cherokee newspapers have been published weekly for some years. Next to them in civilization come the Choctaws, many of whom can read and write. They are also decently clothed in manufactured articles, and not as of old, dressed in the skins of beasts. Thanks to the indefatigable perseverance of the missionaries, Christianity is making its way gradually in every tribe amongst whom these worthy men have dwelt. Eliot's Bible remains a monument of the patient industry and piety of this "apostle of the Indian," but it is no longer used. Instead of employing themselves in translating the Scriptures into the various Indian dialects, or to any great extent in learning these barbarous languages, the missionaries now make use of the more rational method of teaching the people, especially the children, the English language; and in that language make them acquainted with the arts and improvements of civilized life, and with the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Pocahontas and Captain Smith.

Up to the year 1607, every attempt to settle a colony in Virginia had failed; and, at this time it would have failed also, but for the unexampled perseverance of one man. John Smith, an adventurer of rare genius and undying fame, together with Robert Hunt, a gentleman of great fortitude and modest worth, Edward Wingfield, a merchant, Captain Newport and others, had for more than a year projected a colony in Virginia. The brave Gosnold had already witnessed the fertility of the western soil, and had long solicited the concurrence of his friends for the establishment of a colony; they were now resolved to risk their own lives and their hopes of fortune in an expedition to the New World, and waited only till James I. should give his royal consent to their emigration. This was granted, and with it the first written charter of an American colony—giving nothing but a desert, and the right of peopling and defending it; all legislative authority, the control of all appointments, and the hope of ultimate revenue, the monarch reserved to himself.

On the 19th day of December, 1606, one hundred and nine years after the discovery of the American continent by Sebastian Cabot, the little squadron of three vessels commanded by Captain Newport, bearing one hundred and five men, set sail for a harbour in Virginia. The voyage was not begun under very auspicious omens. Of the hundred and five emigrants, there were only twelve labourers, and very few mechanics. They were going to a wilderness in which there was not a house standing, and there were forty-eight gentlemen and but four carpenters.

It was not till the end of April that they entered the magnificent bay of the Chesapeake, and a few days after, sailed up a noble river, which was named after the English monarch; the peninsula of Jamestown, about fifty miles above the mouth of the stream, was chosen for the site of the colony. While the men were employed in felling timber, Smith, Newport, and some others ascended the James River to the great falls. They visited the native chieftan Powhatan, who has been called the "Emperor of his country," at his seat in Were-wocomoco, just below the falls at Richmond. The imperial residence was a village of twelve wigwams! The savages murmured at the intrusion of white men into their country, but Powhatan endeavoured to disguise his fears, and would only say, "they hurt you not, they only take a little waste land."

Of all the chiefs of his age Powhatan was the most famous in the region of Virginia; he is described as tall and well proportioned, bearing an aspect of sadness—exceedingly vigorous, and possessing a body capable of enduring great hardships. He was about sixty years of age when Captain Smith first saw him; his hair was grey, and he had a majestic appearance. At his principal residence at Were-wocomoco he had a wooden form to sit on, his ornamental robe was of racoon skins, and his head-dress was composed of many feathers wrought into a sort of crown. He usually kept a guard of forty or fifty of the most resolute of his men about him, especially when he slept; but after the English came into his country he increased their number to two hundred. Like the New England chiefs, he had many places of residence at which he passed certain seasons of the year: at some of these he had very spacious wigwams, thirty or forty yards square, and against his coming food was always provided.

About the middle of June, Newport set sail for England. A more pitiable condition can hardly be imagined than that of the English whom he left in Virginia. Wingfield, who had been made governor, was already de-

posed, having been guilty of engrossing the choicest stores for his own use; and Ratcliffe, the new president, possessed neither judgment nor industry; so that the management of the affairs fell into the hands of Smith, whose wisdom and courage were equal to all emergencies.

The hopes which the great beauty of the country had raised, now vanished; the heat of the summer was intolerable to men used to a northern climate, and the fertility of the soil, covered with rank luxurious plants, increased the toil of cultivation. Small in numbers, and weakened by disease brought on by heat and bad provisions, despair of mind ensued, so that in less than a fortnight after the departure of the ships, "hardly ten of them were able to stand."* Their rude fortifications were left unfinished for want of labourers, and no regular crops were planted. Before the autumn fifty men, one half of the colony had perished; amongst them was Bartholomew Gosnold, the original projector of the settlement, a man of great worth and influence amongst them.

The hostility and distrust of the natives had already been excited, and they had been unwilling throughout the summer to bring any provisions for sale; but as autumn approached they came and made a voluntary offering of Indian corn; supplies were also collected by expeditions into the interior, and as the winter drew near the fear of famine was removed by the abundance of game and wild fowl in the forests and on the waters. Leaving the colonists to enjoy the plenty which winter had brought, Smith proceeded to discover the source of the Chickahominy, a stream which flows into the James River. When he had passed up as far as it was navigable for his barge, he left it in a wide place, at a safe distance from the shore, and ordered his men not to go on shore on any consideration. Taking with him some of his own men, and two Indians as guides, he proceeded to complete his discovery. He had scarcely left the boat an hour, when his men, regardless of his orders, followed him;

* Purchas. iv. 1689.

they were met in the woods by a party of Indians, who attacked them and killed one of their number, whilst the rest escaped with difficulty.

Ope-can-ca-now, the brother of the chief, or sachem Pow-ha-tan, having learned from the men who had killed one of Smith's party, that he was still in the neighbourhood, immediately went out with a large body of Indians: finding two Englishmen asleep, they killed them, and then continued their pursuit of Smith, who had gone to some distance from them to shoot game for provision. As soon as he was aware of their approach, he endeavoured to retreat to his boat, which was not far distant, but being very hard pressed, he fought upon the retreat, and killed three, and wounded several of his pursuers. Being obliged to give all his attention to the enemy, he accidentally fell backwards into a creek, where the mud was so deep that he could not extricate himself. But now it seemed that none dared lay hands on him, and he observed that those, whom their own numbers forced nearest to him, trembled with fear.

When he could no longer stand in the mire without perishing with cold, he threw away his arms and suffered them to come and take him. After pulling him out of the creek, they led him towards a fire which had been kindled in the woods, and seemed willing to show him kindness, drying his clothes, rubbing his benumbed limbs, and warming him by the fire. Smith now asked for their chief, and Ope-can-ca-now appeared, to whom he presented a small mariner's compass. This amused them greatly. "Much they marvelled of the playing of the fly and needle, which they could see so plainly, and yet not touch it, because of the glass that covered them. But when he demonstrated, by that globe-like iewell, the roundnesse of the earth, and skies, the spheare of the sunne, and moone, and starres, and how the sunne did chase the night round about the world continually—the greatnesse of the land and sea, the diversitie of nations, varietie of complexions, and how we are to them antipo-

des, and many other such like matters, they all stood amazed with admiration!"*

Yet, notwithstanding his success in explaining to them his knowledge of geography, and astronomy, (how much of it they understood, we will not undertake to say,) within an hour after, these capricious savages bound him to a tree, and a number of them seemed prepared to shoot him. But when they took their bows and arrows in their hands, Ope-can-ca-now held up his compass, and they all laid down their weapons.

The decision of his fate was referred to Powhatan, and he was led in triumph to Orapakas, a temporary seat of that chief. Here they feasted him and kept him so well that he thought they were fatting him to kill and eat. Having a high opinion of his power, they took him to visit a sick man whom they desired him to eure; but he told them he could not, unless they would let him go to Jamestown, and get something with whieh he could do it. This they would by no means consent to, but he prevailed upon some of them to go thither, with the idea of bringing back something very eurious. The journey was eheerfully undertaken in the most severe frost, the country being every where thickly eovered with snow at the time.

Smith had eharged his messengers with a letter to the fort at Jamestown—a leaf torn from his pocket-book, on which besides writing for a few articles to be sent, he gave them to understand what his situation was, and that the savages were concerting a plan for surrounding and destroying their settlement.

Nothing could exeeed their astonishment when they found on their return that the pareels which they brought to Captain Smith from the fort, contained the very articles he had promised them. That he could talk to his friends at so great a distanee, was utterly incomprehensible to them. The curiosity of all the tribes of the neighbourhood was awakened by their extraordinary

* Smith's History of Virginia.

prisoner, and he was conducted from village to village, and from tribe to tribe, through several nations; and then, by a circuitous course, back to the royal residence of Powhatan.

Here their *pow-wows* practised conjurations on him for three successive days, to ascertain, as they said, whether he intended them good or evil. They then came to the conclusion that he was a being of a superior order; and as they admired his calm self-possession, which never forsook him, their minds became the more bewildered.

Having gone through all the manœuvres that their principal pow-wows could devise, they took him before Powhatan. "Here* more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as if he had been a monster, till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. He was seated before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, having a robe of racoon skins, and all the tayles hanging by." On each side of him sat a young woman; and upon each side of the apartment were two rows of men, with as many women behind them. These last had their faces and shoulders painted red; some of them wore white downy feathers in their hair, and strings of white beads on their necks. On Smith's being brought into the presence of Powhatan, all present joined in a loud shout.

"The queen of Apamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them. Then having feasted him again, after their best barbarous manner, a long consultation was held, and the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could lay hands on him dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beat out his braines, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreatie could prevayle, got his head in her armes, and laid her own upon his, to save him from death."

* These are Captain Smith's own words.

Smith had already won the confiding fondness of the Indian maiden, a girl of "tenne or twelve years old," who is said, not only in features and expression of countenance, but in gentleness and humanity, to have far exceeded the rest of the people; and Powhatan, unable to resist the extraordinary entreaties of his beloved little daughter, set aside the sentence of death, and thus was saved the life of Captain Smith, a man who, before this romantic deliverance, was sufficiently renowned for escapes and adventures

The old sachem now resolved to employ Smith as an artisan, to make for him robes, shoes, bows, arrows, and earthen pots; and for Pocahontas, bells, beads, and copper trinkets. But he appears soon to have changed his mind; for according to Smith's own account, "Two days after, Powhatan, having disguised himself in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there, upon a mat by the fire, to be left alone. Not long after, from behinde the mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse ever heard; then Powhatan, more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more, as black as himself, came unto him, and told him, *now they were friends*, and presently he should go to Jamestowne, to send him two great gunnes and a gryndstone, for which he would give him the country of Capahowsick, and for ever esteem him his sonne. So to Jamestowne, with twelve guides, Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or another."

The next day they arrived at the fort at Jamestown: here he treated his guides with the greatest kindness and attention, and "for the sake of a little sporte," he offered one of them a huge millstone, and two demi-culverins, or nine-pound cannons, to take to Powhatan his master.

"They found them somewhat too heavie: but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree covered with isicles,

the yce and branches came so tumbling down, that the poore salvages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some confidence with them, and gave them such toyes, and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children, such presents, as gave them in generall full content."

The captivity of Smith eventually proved a great benefit to the colony; for he had not only observed with care the country between James and Potomac rivers, but he had gained a considerable knowledge of the language and manners of the natives, and had now established a friendly communication between the English and the tribes of Powhatan. The benevolent Pocahontas, with her youthful companions, came every few days to the fort, with baskets of corn for the garrison, and for a little time the affairs of the colony seemed to promise well.

Captain Smith having told Powhatan that he expected a great chief to come from England in a ship, bringing many men with him, and Newport arriving with a hundred and twenty emigrants just at the time, the Indian chief's admiration for the wisdom of the English was greatly increased, and he was ready to do as they desired in every thing; and but for the vanity and ostentation of Newport, matters would have gone on well. But he lavished so many presents upon Powhatan, that he was no longer inclined to trade, and soon began to show his contempt for whatever was offered him, and demanded five times their value for the provisions he had to sell.

He told Captain Newport that it was not agreeable to his greatness to trade for trifles as his men did, and that he esteemed him also "*a great weroance**," therefore if he would lay down all his commodities, he would take what he liked, and give in return as much as he thought their value. Accordingly, Newport gave him all his goods, and received in return about three bushels of corn; whereas they expected to have obtained thirty hogsheads. Thus what had cost Smith so much toil and

* A great sachem or chief.

pains to achieve was thrown away by the folly of Newport's conduct.

Nevertheless Smith's great mind, continually exercised in difficult matters, enabled him to bring the subtle chief again to his own terms, though not without many disputes; Powhatan endeavouring by every artifice in his power to persuade Smith and his men to visit him unarmed, and the other constantly refusing to comply. "Why will you not come," said he, "in a friendly manner, rather than with swords and guns, as if to invade an enemy? We wish for peace; we know it is better to eat good meat, and sleep quietly, and laugh and be merry with the English, and being their friends have hatchets, and copper, and what else we want, than fly from all, and live upon roots and acorns in the woods, and be so hunted that we could neither rest nor sleep. In such case, my men must watch, and if a twig should break, all would cry out '*Here comes Captain Smith!*' and in this miserable manner I should end my life. I therefore pray you let us be at peace, and above all, let the guns and swords which cause my people so much uneasiness be sent away."

But Smith was quite as wily as the Indian chief; and interpreting this speech in a manner very different to the import of the words, his former suspicions were rather confirmed than lessened; whilst Powhatan, finding all artifices in vain, and urged on by the importunities of his chiefs, resolved to fall upon the English in their cabins in the night and destroy them. But here again the heroic Pocahontas interfered. Alone, in the middle of the most dismal dark night, she came through the woods which were knee deep with snow, and boldly insisted on seeing Captain Smith. Being admitted into his cabin, she told him with tears in her eyes of her father's design against his life, and of all the mischief that was plotted against the English. After expressing his gratitude to her in the warmest manner, Captain Smith offered to give her such articles as he thought would please her most; but she would accept nothing,

saying that she came out of love to Captain Smith and the English, and not for the sake of getting presents. After fully informing Smith of the plan of attack intended by the Indians, this noble and disinterested girl returned alone through the woods, as she came.

Powhatan was so exasperated at the failure of his plot, that he threatened death to his men if they did not kill Smith in some manner or other. But fortunately for the English, an accident happened soon after which gave him security for the remainder of the time that he was in the country. One of Powhatan's men having by some means got possession of a quantity of gunpowder, pretended that he could manage it in the same way that the English did. Several of his companions came round him to witness his exploits, when a spark falling amongst it, it all blew up, and three or four of the unfortunate men were killed on the spot. This struck dread into the Indians, and so amazed and frightened Powhatan, that his people came from all directions to desire peace.

The joy that was felt by the Virginian colonists at the arrival of fresh emigrants was of short duration; for the new comers were chiefly vagabond gentlemen and goldsmiths, who believed that they had discovered grains of gold in a glittering earth which abounded near Jamestown, "so that there was now no talk, no hope, no work, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold;" and the foolish Newport, believing himself immeasurably rich, embarked again for England with a freight of worthless earth.

Vexed at the folly which he had in vain opposed, Smith left the colony, and spent about three of the summer months in the perilous undertaking of exploring the vast bay of the Chesapeake, and the numerous rivers which are its tributaries. With a few companions, in an open boat he performed a navigation of nearly three thousand miles. The slenderness of his means forms a strong contrast with the utility of his discoveries; and his name still holds the highest rank among those distinguished men who have enlarged the bounds of geographical

knowledge. The majestic Potómac, which at its mouth is seven miles broad, especially invited his curiosity; nor did he merely explore the rivers and creeks, for he penetrated into the country, and established a friendly feeling with the natives, which laid the foundation for a future beneficial intercourse.

On the 10th of September, 1608, only three days after his return from his exploring voyage, Smith was unanimously chosen president of the council. By his energetic administration, order and industry began to prevail. Six hours in the day were spent in work, the rest might be given to pastime. The gentlemen had learnt the use of the axe, and were become accomplished woodcutters. "He who would not work, might not eat;" and Jamestown assumed the appearance of a civilized place of abode. Unfortunately, experience had not yet taught the company in England to send out suitable emigrants to Virginia; and Newport now again entered the river, with seventy more settlers (amongst whom were two women), so ill-fitted for their new situation, that Smith was obliged to write, "When you send again, I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand of such as we have."

The following year, Captain Smith having been dreadfully burnt by his powder bags accidentally taking fire, was, for want of surgical aid, obliged to leave the country and go to England, whence he never returned.* He may be justly called the father of Virginia, the man who first planted the Saxon race within the borders of the United States. Fruitful in expedient, and prompt in execution, he was accustomed to lead, not to send his men into danger. He had nothing counterfeit in his nature, but was honest, open, and sincere. As the reward for his services, he received—not one foot of land, not the fields his own hands had planted, not the house he himself had

* He died in London in 1631, in the fifty-second year of his age.

built, but—the applause of his own conscience, and of the world.

After Smith left the country, such was the wretched state to which the colony of Virginia was reduced, that scarce a parallel in history can be found. Officers spent their time in rioting and dissipation, while the men took no means for preservation or defence; so that the Indians plundered their domestic animals, and whatever else had been provided for their support, insomuch that when Captain Smith had been gone six months, the colony was reduced from five hundred to about sixty persons. Herbs and roots were eaten to sustain life in the early part of their distresses, but, as the famine increased, horses were eagerly devoured; and when this resource failed, so feeble and dejected were the miserable colonists, that had it not been for the unexpected arrival of Sir Thomas Gates, they must have utterly perished.

The supplies derived from the Indians, which had always been uncertain and insufficient, were, after Smith's departure, almost entirely cut off: and in order to extort a ransom from Powhatan, and bring him completely to their own terms, a party of English, headed by Captain Argall, contrived to entice Pocahontas on board his vessel, which was then lying in the river: this was easily done; and the next day messengers were sent to inform Powhatan that his daughter was a prisoner, and to demand from him the guns, tools, &c., which he and his people from time to time had stolen.

This unexpected news threw the stern, calculating old chief into great perplexity; and it was three months before he returned any answer. We will not attribute this to indifference, but rather suppose that he could not believe it possible for the English to be so ungrateful as to treat his daughter ill, after the repeated good offices she had conferred on them, and that he therefore felt little or no anxiety on her account.

At length, by the advice of his council, he sent back seven guns, that had been spoiled, and this answer: that when they should return his daughter, he would make

full satisfaction, and send them five hundred bushels of corn, but as to guns, he had no more, for the rest were lost! To this message the English paid no attention, and they heard no more of him for a long time.

During the two years that Pocahontas lived in captivity at Jamestown, a particular friendship had existed between her and a worthy young Englishman named John Rolfe. With sincere zeal he laboured to convert her to Christianity; for much as he loved her, he could not think of marrying her till she had renounced the superstitions of her tribe. Quick of apprehension, the youthful princess received his instructions with docility; and in the spring of 1613, in the little church of Jamestown, which was built of rough logs just as they were hewn in the forest, "she stood before the font which had been hollowed out of the trunk of a tree like a canoe, and professed the faith of Jesus Christ, and was baptized."

The baptism of Pocahontas was soon followed by her marriage with John Rolfe; and in April, 1613, with the approbation of her father and friends, the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Church of England, the Indian bride being given away by her uncle Ope-can-ca-now.

The immediate consequence of this marriage was a confirmed peace, not with Powhatan alone, but with the powerful tribe of Chickahominies, who sought the friendship of the English, and desired to be called *Englishmen*.

In 1616, Pocahontas, accompanied by her husband and several young people of her own nation, set sail for England. Tomocomac, one of Powhatan's counsellors, who attended on her, was instructed by that chief to find out Captain Smith, and make him show him the God of the English, and the king and queen; he also ordered him to learn the state of the country, *and the number of people in it*.

When he arrived at Plymouth, he took a long stick, and began to perform this part of his mission by cutting

a notch for every person he saw. But he soon gave up that business; and when, on his return to his own country, his chief desired him among other things to give an account of the number of the inhabitants of England, his answer was as follows:—"Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sand upon the sea-shore—for such is the number of the people of England."

Pocahontas was received with much kindness in England, and even people of high rank paid her great attention. She was taken to court by the Lord and Lady de la War, and was much astonished at the novelty and splendour of what she saw. But nothing affected her so much as the meeting with Captain Smith. It had been told her that she must not call Smith "Father," the endearing title by which she always addressed him in her own country; for, owing to the barbarous nonsense of the times, the King of England would have thought himself offended by any person's assuming to be the father of a king's daughter!

At their first interview, after remaining silent some time, she said to him, "When you came a stranger to our country, you called Powhatan *father;* and I, for the same reason, will call you so now. You were not afraid to come into my father's country, and strike terror into every body but myself; yet here you are afraid to let me call you Father! I tell you then, I will call you *father*, and you shall call me *child.* After you were gone, they always told us you were dead, and I did not know otherwise till I came to Plymouth: but Powhatan commanded Tomocomac to seek you out, and learn the truth, *because your countrymen are much given to lying.*"

After remaining a year in England, Pocahontas and her husband were about to embark at Gravesend for her own native country; but here this amiable "child of the forest" fell ill, and shortly after died, to the great grief of her husband, with whom she had lived very happily during four years. She was twenty-two years of age, and left one little boy, named Thomas Rolfe. This

child was taken to London and educated by his uncle, Mr. Henry Rolfe. He afterwards went to Virginia, where he lived a wealthy and distinguished man. He left one daughter, from whom were descended the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke, and those bearing that name in Virginia, at this day.

Courage and Generosity.

THE battle of Monmouth (in New Jersey) was fought on the 28th June, 1778. The Americans were commanded by General Washington, and the English by Sir Henry Clinton. The day was intensely hot. A woman, named Molly Pritchard, the wife of a soldier in the American army, who was employed in loading and firing a cannon, occupied herself in carrying water from a spring to the battery where her husband was stationed. He was shot dead, and she saw him fall. An officer on the spot immediately ordered another man to the gun. But Molly Pritchard stepped up, offered her services, and to the astonishment of the soldiers, took her husband's place. She fought so *manfully*, that half pay was granted to her for life by congress. She wore a soldier's epaulette, and was known by the name of "Captain Molly" ever after.

A few years after Boston and its neighbourhood were settled by the English, a party of Narrhagansett Indians who were out hunting, stopped at the house of Mr. Minot, in Dorchester, and rudely demanded food. On being refused, they went away with evident marks of displeasure, and Oquamehud their chief, threatened to be revenged. For this purpose, he left in the bushes near the house, an Indian named Osamee, who had long been known in the neighbourhood for his uncommon ferocity.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Minot went to Boston, a distance of only three miles; the Indian saw them from his hiding-place, and prepared himself for an

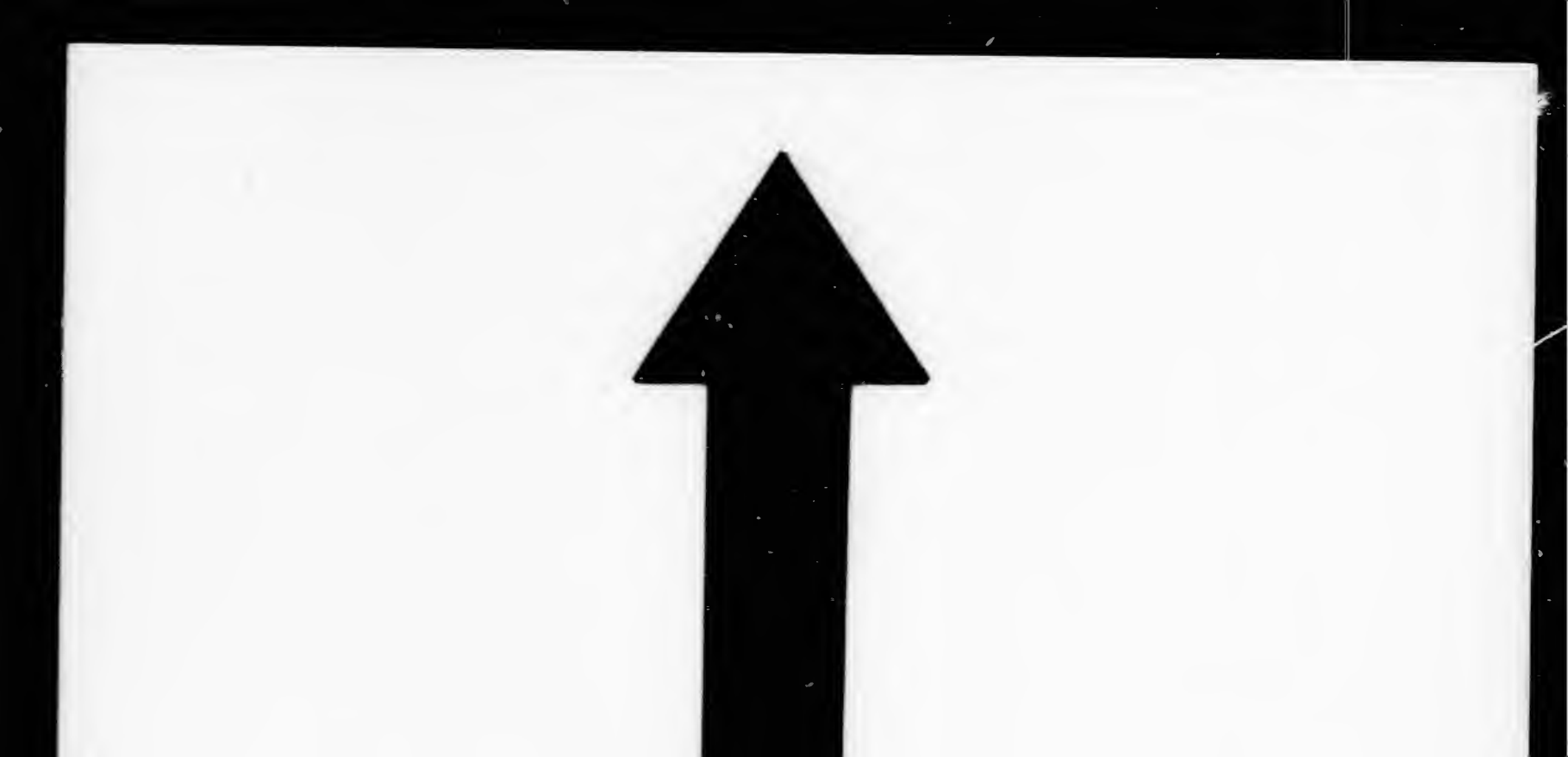
assault on the house, which he supposed was left without any defence. However, although Mr. Minot had no apprehension of an attack of this kind, he had taken the precaution to give strict charge to the maid-servant to confine herself with his two little children to the house, and to open the door to no person until his return.

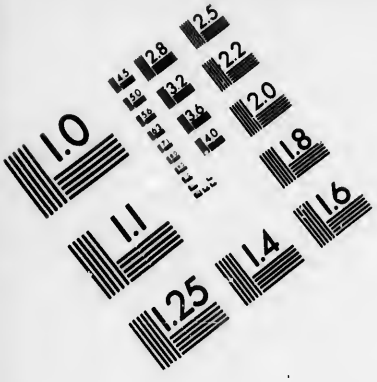
The girl was trusty and watchful, and she soon espied the Indian drawing cautiously towards the house. After looking about, apparently to make sure that there was nobody near, he rushed furiously against the door, but it was so securely bolted that it withstood his force, and he next attempted to get in through the window. The young woman had hidden her master's children under two brass kettles, charging them not to stir, nor make the least noise: she then loaded a musket belonging to the house, and bravely stood upon her defence.

The Indian, probably guessing her design, fired at her, but he missed his mark. The girl then fired, and the bullet entered his shoulder. Still he persisted in his attempt, and had succeeded in getting half through the window, when, with great presence of mind, she seized a pan full of red-hot cinders from the stove, and threw them in his face. They lodged in his blanket, and the pain they created was too much even for Osamee. He fled, and his dead body was found next day in a wood on the borders of the town.

The circumstances being made known to the government of Massachusetts Bay, this courageous young woman was by their order presented with a silver bracelet, on which her name was engraved, with this motto, "She slew the Narrhagansett hunter."

We do not see much to admire in the unfeminine conduct of "Captain Molly," and have related the story, merely that the little readers of these tales, if such there be, may compare her with the trustworthy servant girl, who saved the lives of two children as well as her own, by her presence of mind and courage. Assuredly the silver bracelet was better deserved than the epaulette of Molly Pritchard.





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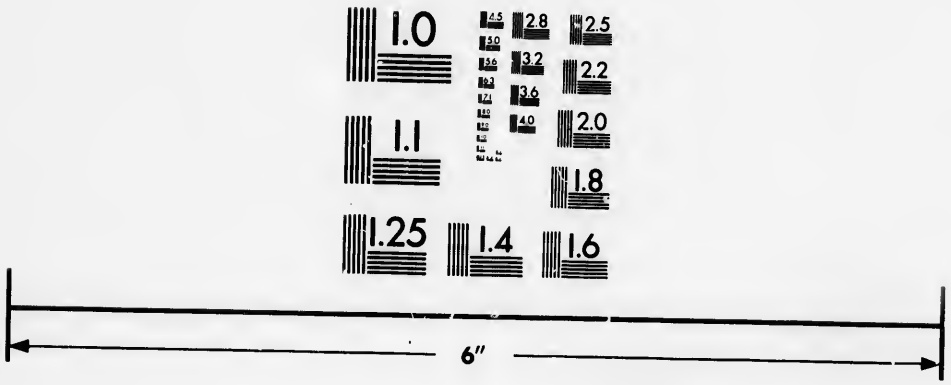

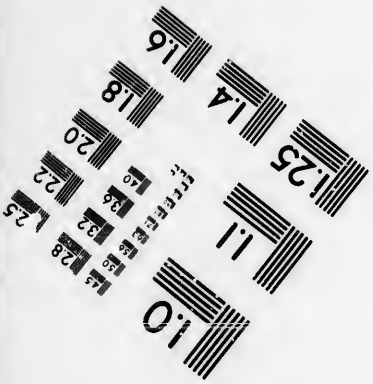

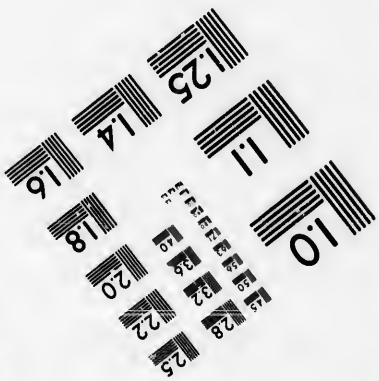

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But a still more honourable badge was awarded to a Pawni brave for his courage, generosity, and humanity.

Pe-ta-la-sha-roo was the son of La-te-le-sha, or Old Knife, a Pawni chief; Pe-ta-la-sha-roo was a *brave*, that is, one who has greatly distinguished himself in battle, and is next in importance to a chief. At the early age of twenty-one, this young man had, by his heroic deeds, acquired for himself the rank of "the bravest of the braves."

The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this tribe. The humane La-te-le-sha had long endeavoured to put a stop to this cruel custom, but in vain. In a warlike expedition against the Iteans, a woman was taken prisoner, who on their return was doomed to suffer according to their barbarous usage.

The unfortunate victim was bound to the stake, and a vast crowd was assembled on the plains to witness the shocking scene. Pe-ta-la-sha-roo, unobserved, had stationed two fleet horses at a little distance from the spot, and was now seated amongst the crowd, a silent spectator. All were now anxiously waiting for the commencement of the frightful tragedy, and the torch was already borne towards the funeral pile, when suddenly springing from his seat, a youthful "brave" rushed forward, and cutting the cords asunder which bound the captive, with the swiftness of thought he bore her in his arms beyond the amazed multitude; then placing her upon one horse, and mounting the other himself, he bore her safely off to her friends and country.

This act would have endangered the life of an ordinary chief, but such was the popularity of both father and son, that on the return of the "bravest of the braves" to his village, no one presumed to censure his conduct; and such was the influence of his good example, that since that time no human sacrifice has ever been offered in this, or any of the Pawni tribes.

The account of this transaction being circulated at Washington, during the young chief's stay there whilst on a deputation from his nation to the American government in 1821, the young ladies of Miss White's boarding school in that city, in a manner highly creditable to themselves, resolved to give him some demonstration of the esteem in which they held him on account of his brave and *humane* conduct; they therefore presented him with an elegant silver medal, engraved with an appropriate inscription, and accompanied by the following short but affectionate address.

"*Brother*,—Accept this token of our esteem—always wear it for our sakes; and whenever again you have the power to save a poor woman from death or torture—think of this, and of us, and fly to her relief and rescue."

The Pawni's reply was as follows:—

"*Sisters and Friends*,—This (meaning the medal) will give me more ease than I ever had; and I will listen more than ever I did to white men.

"I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act that I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance, but I now know what I have done. I did it in ignorance, and did not know that it was good; but by giving me this medal I know it."

There is much pleasure in meeting with such instances of heroic conduct among the untaught savages of the West, and as it has often been our lot to recount the deeds of violence which are committed by the red men, it would be most unjust to suppress any traits of an opposite nature.

The Sioux are one of the most warlike and independent nations of Indians within the boundaries of the United States, and with them every passion seems subservient to that of war. They had long been at variance with the Sauteurs, or Fall Indians*, as they are also called, from their lands being near the Falls of St. Mary.

* The St. Mary is a Strait, or river, about eighty miles long, which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron. Near the head of this lake is the fall, or Sault de Ste. Marie, where the river descends about twenty-three feet in half a mile. Canoes, and even barges, are towed up these rapids.

Cha-ta-wa-con-a-mee, chief of a small band of Sioux situated on the banks of the Mississippi, going out one morning at sunrise to examine his beaver trap, descried a Sauteur in the act of stealing it. He approached so silently that he was not perceived, and while the Sauteur was engaged in taking the trap from the water, he stood deliberately surveying him with a loaded rifle in his hand.

As the two nations were at war, and as the offence was in itself considered of the most heinous nature, he would have been thought perfectly justified in killing him on the spot; and the thief, on finding himself detected, looked for nothing else than immediate death.

But the Sioux chief, with a nobleness of disposition which would have done honour to the most enlightened men, calmly walked up to him, and thus addressed the astonished Sauteur:—"Be not alarmed at my approach; I only come to present you with the trap of which I see you stand in need. You are entirely welcome to it. Take my rifle also, for I see you are poor and have none of your own; and now depart with it to the land of your countrymen, and linger not here, lest some of my young men who are panting for the blood of their enemies, should discover your footsteps in our hunting grounds, and should fall upon you and kill you."

So saying, he delivered his rifle into the hands of the poor Sauteur, and returned unarmed to the village of which he was so deservedly the chief.

The Rifleman of Chippewa.

THE Chippewas are a numerous people inhabiting the country north of Lake Superior, and about the sources of the Mississippi. They are divided into several tribes, and are distinguished by the number of blue or black lines tattooed on their cheeks and foreheads.

Travellers have always described them as "the most peaceable tribes of Indians known in North America." They are not remarkable for their activity as hunters, and this no doubt is owing to the ease with which they can procure both game and fish.

In their pursuit of deer, they sometimes drive them into the small lakes and then spear them from their canoes: or shoot them with the bow and arrow, after having driven them into enclosures constructed for the purpose. Snares made of deer sinews too, are frequently used for catching both large and small game: and as these occupations are not beyond the strength of the old men and boys, they take a share in these toils, which amongst most of the tribes are left exclusively to the squaws.

In person, the Chippewas are not remarkable; they are generally robust, their complexion swarthy, their features broad, and their hair straight and black, which is the case in most of the Indian tribes. But they have not that piercing eye, which so generally animates the Indian countenance.

The aspect of the women is more agreeable than that of the men; they wear their hair a great length, and pay much attention to its arrangement, greazing it with bear's oil, and plaiting it with considerable taste.

They appear to be more attentive to the comforts of dress, and less anxious about its exterior, than some of their red brethren. Deer and fawn skins, dressed with the hair on so skilfully, that they are perfectly supple, compose their shirt or coat, which is girt round the waist with a belt, and reaches half way down the thigh. Their moccasins and leggins are generally sewn together, and the latter meet the belt to which they are fastened. A ruff or tippet surrounds the neck, and the skin of the deer's head is formed into a curious sort of cap.

A robe made of several deer skins sewn together is thrown over the whole; this dress is sometimes worn single, but in winter it is always made double, the hair forming both the lining and the outside.

Thus attired, a Chippewa will lay himself down on the snow and repose in comfort, and if in his wanderings across the numerous lakes with which his country abounds, he should fall short of provision, he has only to cut a hole in the ice, when he seldom fails of taking a black-fish, or a bass, which he broils over his little wood fire with as much skill as a French cook.

At the time of the French and Indian wars the American army was encamped on the Plains of Chippewa. Colonel St. Clair, the commander, was a brave and meritorious officer, but his bravery sometimes amounted to rashness, and his enemies have accused him of indiscretion. In the present instance perhaps he may have merited the accusation, for the plain on which he had encamped was bordered by a dense forest, from which the Indian scouts could easily pick off his sentinels without in the least exposing themselves to danger.

Five nights had passed, and every night the sentinel who stood at a lonely out-post in the vicinity of the forest had been shot; and these repeated disasters struck such dread amongst the remaining soldiers, that no one would come forward to offer to take the post, and the commander, knowing it was only throwing away men's lives, let it stand for a few nights unoccupied.

At length a rifleman of the Virginian corps volunteered

his services for this dangerous duty; he laughed at the fears of his companions, and told them he meant to return safe and drink his commander's health in the morning. The guard marched up soon after, and he shouldered his rifle and fell in. He arrived at the place which had been so fatal to his comrades, and bidding his fellow soldiers 'good night,' assumed the duties of his post. The night was dark, thick clouds overspread the firmament, and hardly a star could be seen by the sentinel as he paced his lonely walk. All was silent except the gradually retreating footseps of the guard: he marched onwards, then stopped and listened till he thought he heard the joyful sound of 'all's well'—then all was still, and he sat down on a fallen tree and began to muse. Presently a low rustling among the bushes caught his ear; he gazed intently towards the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, but he could see nothing save the impenetrable gloom of the forest. The sound drew nearer, and a well-known grunt informed him of the approach of a bear. The animal passed the soldier slowly, and then quietly sought the thicket to the left. At this moment the moon shone out bright through the parting clouds, and the wary soldier perceived the ornamented moccasin of a savage on what an instant before he believed to be a bear! He could have shot him in a moment, but he knew not how many other such animals might be at hand: he therefore refrained, and having perfect knowledge of Indian subtilty, he quickly took off his hat and coat, hung them on a branch of the fallen tree, grasped his rifle, and silently crept towards the thicket. He had barely reached it, when an arrow, whizzing past his head, told him of the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

He looked carefully round him, and on a little spot of cleared land he counted twelve Indians, some sitting, some lying full length on the thickly strewn leaves of the forest. Believing that they had already shot the sentinel, and little thinking there was any one within hearing, they were quite off their guard, and conversed aloud about their plans for the morrow.

It appeared that a council of twelve chiefs was now held, in which they gravely deliberated on the most effectual means of annoying the enemy. It was decided that the next evening forty of their warriors should be in readiness at the hour when the sentinel should be left by his comrades, and that when they had retired a few paces, an arrow should silence him for ever, and they would then rush on and massacre the guard.

This being concluded, they rose, and drawing the numerous folds of their ample robes closer round them, they marched off in Indian* file through the gloomy forest, seeking some more distant spot, where the smoke of their nightly fire would not be observed by the white men.

The sentinel rose from his hiding-place and returned to his post, and taking down his hat, found that an arrow had passed clean through it. He then wrapt himself in his watch-coat, and returned immediately to the camp; and without any delay demanded to speak to the commander, saying that he had something important to communicate.

He was admitted, and when he had told all that he had seen and heard, the Colonel bestowed on him the commission of lieutenant of the Virginia corps, which had been made vacant by the death of one of his unfortunate comrades a few nights back, and ordered him to be ready with a piquet guard, to march an hour earlier than usual to the fatal out-post, there to place a hat and coat on the branches, and then lie in ambush for the intruders.

The following evening, according to the orders given by Colonel St. Clair, a detachment of forty riflemen, with Lieutenant Morgan at their head, marched from the camp at half-past seven in the evening towards the appointed spot, and having arranged the hat and coat so as to have the appearance of a soldier standing on guard,

* One behind the other, and every man in succession setting his foot *exactly* in the track of the leader, so that whether there are fifty men, or only one, cannot be discovered by their footsteps.

they stole silently away and hid themselves among the bushes.

Here they lay for almost an hour before any signs of approaching Indians were heard. The night was cold and still, and the rising moon shone forth in all her beauty. The men were becoming impatient of their uncomfortable situation, for their clothes were not so well adapted to a bed of snow as the deer-skin robes of the hardy Chippewas.

"Silence!" whispered Lieutenant Morgan—"I hear the rustling of the leaves."

Presently a bear of the same description as had been seen the night before, passed near the ambush; it crept to the edge of the plain—reconnoitred—saw the sentinel at his post—retired towards the forest a few paces, and then, suddenly rising on his feet, let fly an arrow which brought the sham sentinel to the ground. So impatient were the Virginians to avenge the death of their comrades, that they could scarcely wait till the lieutenant gave the word of command to fire—then they rose in a body, and before the Chippewas had time to draw their arrows or seize their tomahawks, more than half their number lay dead upon the plain. The rest fled to the forest, but the riflemen fired again, and killed or wounded several more of the enemy. They then returned in triumph to relate their exploits in the camp.

Ten chiefs fell that night, and their fall was undoubtedly one principal cause of the French and Indian wars with the English.

Lieutenant Morgan rose to be a captain, and at the termination of the war returned home, and lived on his own farm till the breaking out of the American war. And then, at the head of a corps of Virginia riflemen appeared our hero, the brave and gallant Colonel Morgan.

The Pilgrim Fathers, and Hardships of the Early Settlers.

THE continent of North America was first discovered, June 24th, 1497, by John Cabot, a Venetian merchant who resided at Bristol, and his son Sebastian, who was a native of that town. They were bold, enterprising, and successful men, and their achievements in the new world were second only to those of Columbus.

In April 1614, Captain John Smith, who had already acquired so much distinction in Virginia, obtained permission from James I. to explore the coast and country north of the lands granted by the Virginia patent. The expedition, which was a private adventure of four London merchants and himself, was very successful. Whilst the sailors were busy fishing, Captain Smith examined the shores from Penobscot to Cape Cod, prepared a map of the coast, and named the country New England.

On Saturday, the 11th of November 1620, a party of English men and women, called Puritans, landed on the bleak and barren shores of Cape Cod. The very day that they landed an armed party was sent to make discoveries. They returned at night, having found nothing but woods, water, and dreary rocks. The next day was the Sabbath, and they all rested.

They were one hundred persons in number, consisting of nineteen families. Wearied and suffering from a rough passage of two months, badly supplied with provisions, these English fugitives now found themselves, at the beginning of winter, on the rocky coast, in a severe climate, with the ocean on one side and the wilderness on the other. There was no one to bid them welcome—

no house, not even a shed to shelter them—winter was fast approaching, and the spot for their settlement was not yet chosen. When the boat was unshipped, it was found that it needed repairs, and sixteen or seventeen days elapsed before the carpenter had made it ready for service. At length John Carver, who had been unanimously chosen their governor for the year, accompanied by some others and eight or ten seamen, coasted along the bay in hopes of finding some inviting spot for a settlement. The cold was severe, it snowed all day and night, and the spray of the sea froze as it fell on them, and made their clothes as stiff as armour. On the 6th of December they landed, and tired themselves with marching up and down the steep hills and deep vallies, which lay covered half a foot thick with snow. A heap of maize was found, and further search led to a burial place of the Indians; but they found no more corn, nor any thing else but graves. On the following morning, when the company had divided, one of the party found a burial place, graves, and four or five deserted wigwams, but no people.

The next day, just as their morning prayers were finished, and as the day dawned, a war-whoop and a flight of arrows announced the neighbourhood of Indians. They were of the Nashua tribe, who knew the English only as kidnappers; for after Captain Smith had departed for England, Thomas Hunt, one of the four London merchants already mentioned, who was master of the second ship, kidnapped a party of Indians, and sailing for Spain, sold the poor creatures into slavery in that country.

Nothing serious resulted from this encounter; the boat's crew gave thanks to God, and again steered their bark along the coast. The pilot, who knew something of these regions, having been of Smith's party six years before, assured them that there was a good harbour about fifteen leagues distant, which they might reach before night, and they followed his guidance; but after some hours' sailing, a storm of snow and wind arose;

the sea was heavy, and the rudder broke, so that they were obliged to steer with oars; the storm increased in violence and night was at hand; in order to reach the harbour before dark, as much sail as possible was set, when in a few minutes the mast was broken into three pieces and the sails fell overboard, but fortunately the tide was favourable. The pilot, in dismay, would have run the boat on shore, in a cove full of breakers. "About with her," cried a sailor, "or we are cast away." They put her about immediately, and passing over the surf, they entered a fair sound, and sheltered themselves under the lee of the rising land. It was dark and the rain beat furiously; the men were wet, cold, and weary; yet, regardless of the danger to be apprehended from the savages, they went on shore, and with great difficulty succeeded in kindling a fire.

When morning broke they found themselves on a small island in the entrance of a harbour. The weather still continued stormy, and the men required rest after the fatigue they had endured the foregoing day. But time was precious, the winter season was advancing, and their companions were left in suspense. The next day was the Christian Sabbath, and nothing marks the character of the Pilgrims more fully, than that they kept it sacredly, though every consideration demanded haste.

On Monday, the 11th day of December, the little exploring party of the forefathers landed at Plymouth; for so was the first New England colony named, in memory of the hospitality which the company had received at the last English port from which they sailed. In a few days the MAYFLOWER, with the rest of the party was safely moored in Plymouth harbour. They now began to build; but who can describe the difficulties that surrounded these conscientious men? Intense cold, miserable diet, and want of shelter had already caused fevers and consumption. The living were hardly able to bury the dead, and not till summer advanced did the mortality cease.

When sickness no longer afflicted them, they still had great privations to endure. In the autumn the arrival of new emigrants, who came almost unprovided with food, compelled the whole colony to subsist on half allowance only. Nor did their miseries soon terminate; for it was not till after the harvest of the third year that there was no general want, and cattle were not introduced into New England until the fourth year of its colonization. Yet, during all this season of self-denial and suffering, the cheerful confidence of the Pilgrims in the mercy of Providence remained unshaken. New accessions of colonists continued to arrive yearly, and Weymouth, Salem, Charlestown, Boston, and many other places which are now flourishing towns, were then marked out by a few rude and comfortless dwellings.

After the Plymouth colonists had been long enough in their new home to learn the state of the neighbouring country, they found that it had been absolutely depopulated for a considerable extent, by an epidemic disease. This event was so far favourable to the new comers as it opened to them a place for settlement, not only without any jealousy, but even with the good wishes of their Indian neighbours. The name of the tribe that had been destroyed was the Wampanoags, and Massasoit was their sachem, or chief. By a singular accident this man had already acquired some knowledge of the English language from one of his own people, named Squanto, who with some others had been carried off, and sold to the Spaniards by Hunt, but afterwards conveyed to London, and "dwelt on Cornhill with one *Master John Slaine*, a merchant." From London he returned in an emigrant ship to America, and now proved himself a most useful person as interpreter between his own countrymen and the English.

As long as Massasoit lived he was friendly to the English, notwithstanding they committed repeated encroachments on his lands; for although it would be impossible for any set of people to be more just, honest, and upright than the first colonists in New England, yet

in the course of time there were many amongst them of a very different character. Many worthless adventurers, tempted by the great profits made on the valuable skins which were supplied by the Indians in exchange for knives, muskets, or blankets, were now to be found in every infant settlement. These men would not work, and as they could only dispose of their rich furs by sending them to Europe, they had a long time to wait before they could receive payment for them. In the mean while, many of them fell into the most miserable and wretched condition, and some, to procure their daily food, became servants to the Indians: others abandoned themselves to riot and dissipation, and their conduct affected the well-being of the whole community. Some did not scruple to cheat and deceive the Indians whenever it lay in their power, and great offence had been frequently given by the white men's disturbing the tombs of their ancestors. This in the first instance, was done out of curiosity, and afterwards from mere wanton disregard to the feelings of those poor savages, whose veneration for the dead was mixed with many superstitions. They believed, amongst other absurdities, that if a grave were rudely disturbed, the spirit of its inhabitant would return from the pleasant hunting grounds of Indian paradise, and cry on earth for revenge.

Thomas Morton, in his book called "New English Canaan,"* relates the following incident in these words:—"In the first settling of Plymouth some of the company, in wandering about upon discovery, came to an Indian grave, which was that of the mother of Chicataubut. Over the body a stake was set in the ground, and two bear-skins, sewed together, spread over it; these the English took away. When this came to the knowledge of Chicataubut, who was a chief, or in their language, a *sachem* of the Massachusett Indians, he complained to his people, and demanded immediate vengeance. When they were assembled round him, he thus harangued them: "When last the glorious light of all the sky was

* Published at Amsterdam in 1637.

underneath this globe, and the birds were silent on the dark branches of the forest, I lay down, as my custom is, to take my repose. But before mine eyes were fast closed in sleep, methought I saw a vision, at which my spirit was much troubled, for I knew it was the form of my aged mother. She stood before me, and in a doleful voice demanded, 'Have I not fed thee, did I not cherish thee and keep thee warm whilst thou wert yet too young to take thought for thyself; and canst thou now forget to take revenge on those wild people who have dishonoured my grave? Thy mother doth complain, and implores thy aid against this thievish people who are newly come hither, for if this be suffered, I shall not rest in happiness within the everlasting habitations.'"

In consequence of this the English were watched and followed about from place to place, till on some favourable occasion, the Indians fell upon them and wounded several of their party. This of course was retaliated, and the flames of war once lighted were never again totally extinguished.

It does not come within our limits to relate all the various causes of the enmity which in time grew up between the original possessors and the white usurpers of the American soil. If on one hand it is allowed that some of the most virtuous and exemplary men voluntarily abandoned all the comforts of home, and spent their lives among the Indians whom they earnestly endeavoured to instruct in the Christian faith; on the other, it must be confessed that the poor Indians in their intercourse with Europeans had daily proofs of their falseness, their dishonesty, and even of their cruelty.

Forty years after the "Mayflower" had landed the Pilgrim Fathers on the rocky shores of Massachusetts, towns had sprung up in various parts of the neighbouring states of Connecticut and Rhode Island. No township was without its stockade, or fortified house, into which the inhabitants retreated in case of any serious attack of the Indians; for after the first hostilities commenced, the colonists were kept in almost perpetual terror and

alarm. The first annunciation of an Indian war is its actual commencement. In the hour of security and sleep, when your enemies are supposed to be friends, quietly employed in hunting or fishing, when they are believed to be at the distance of several hundred miles, and perfectly thoughtless of you and yours; when thus unsuspecting, thus at ease, slumbering on your pillow, your sleep is broken by the sound of the war-whoop; your house and village are set on fire; your family and friends are murdered, or hurried into captivity to undergo more protracted misery.

With these enemies the colonists had to contend from the year 1675, when the first general war, called *Philip's War*, commenced, to the year 1783. Within this period there were other wars also, some excited by Philip (who was the younger son of Massasoit, and sachem in his stead) and others, stimulated by the French colonists, in which tribes of Indians fought sometimes with, and somes against the English. The war, on the part of the Indians, was one of ambushes and surprises; they seldom met the enemy in open field, but always, even if tenfold in number, fled timorously before infantry. But they were as wary as beasts of prey, skilful marksmen, and in part provided with fire-arms, fleet of foot, conversant with all the paths of the forest, patient of fatigue, and mad with a passion for vengeance and destruction; retreating into swamps and fastnesses, or hiding in the green-wood thickets, where the leaves obstructed the view of their pursuers. By the rapidity of their motions they seemed omnipresent among the scattered villages, which they scathed like a passing storm. In short, from the beginning of Philip's war until the year 1783, a period of more than a hundred years, there never was an hour in which the inhabitants of the frontier settlements could travel in the forest, work in their fields, or lie down in their beds, without some danger of the tomahawk or the scalping knife.

To revenge the wrongs done to their own people, who had been either detained prisoners, or sold into slavery

in Europe; or for the sake of the liberal ransom they hoped to gain from the friends of their captives, the Indians frequently carried away men, women, and children through the pathless forest, some hundreds of miles from their homes. Of these unfortunate people, some were killed by the stroke of the tomahawk; some were tortured in a manner too horrible to relate; and some died from starvation, cold, fatigue, and anguish of mind: whilst others, more fortunate, having been supported through their trials by a firm reliance on Providence, and an unconquerable spirit, lived to return in safety to their families, and give an account of their adventures and sufferings.

The town of Lancaster in Massachusetts, which stands upon the Nashua river, amongst the most beautiful hills and valleys, was incorporated by an act of legislature in 1653. For the first twenty-two years the inhabitants lived in peace and safety; but in 1676, Pometacom, or, as the English called him, King Philip,* engaged the Nashua Indians in his scheme of extirpating the English, and on the 10th of February of that year he marched against Lancaster with about fifteen hundred Indians of different tribes. At that time there were in the town about sixty families. The savages burnt most of the houses, and amongst them, several that were garrisoned.

One of these was the house of the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, the minister, who was absent. Forty-two persons had sought shelter under its roof, and for two hours they defended themselves against the furious assault of the enemy; but at length the Indians succeeded in setting the house on fire; twelve of its inmates they killed, and the rest, along with some other inhabitants of the town, making in all, forty men, women, and children, they took prisoners. The men they killed, but the women and children they spared, hoping to obtain a ransom for them.

Amongst the captives were Mrs. Rowlandson, her children, and her sister, who also had her children

* Washington Irving in his "Sketch Book," gives some account of "Philip of Pokanoket."

with her. In relating the frightful events of the day Mrs. Rowlandson wrote thus:—"It was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. Some in our house were fighting for their lives; others were covered with blood; the house was on fire over our heads, and the cruel heathen were standing ready to kill us if we stirred out. I took my children to go forth, but the Indians shot so thick, that the bullets rattled against the house."

The bullets flying thick, one went through the hand and body of the poor infant that she carried in her arms. The slain were stript of their clothes, and left naked in the streets; and the work of destruction being completed, the Indians retired to a hill in the neighbourhood of the town, where they held a great feast in consequence of their victory, triumphing with all the excess of savage exultation.

The next day they began their march, taking with them their prisoners and their spoil. Mrs. Rowlandson, though wounded, was obliged to walk and carry her poor child who was still more severely wounded than herself. At length, when she fell from complete exhaustion, she was permitted to ride, but there was no saddle on the horse, and she soon fell from its back. On the approach of night a snow-storm set in, and as she had no covering for herself or children except the clothes they usually wore in the house, they must have perished, had she not been allowed to make a fire. The Indians *encamped* for the night; and Mrs. Rowlandson gathered a few sticks, kindled a fire, and sat by it, with one babe on her lap, and the other little ones around her, till the next morning, when her children were taken from her, as she then believed to be killed. But her own words are best:—

"There remained nothing to me but one poor wounded babe. Down I must sit in the snow, with my sick child, the picture of death, in my lap. Not a crumb of refreshing came within our mouths from Wednesday night till Saturday night, except only a little cold water.....One Indian, and then a second, and then

a third, would come and tell me, '*Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.*' This was the comfort I had from them: miserable comforters were they all."

For nine days Mrs. Rowlandson held her suffering child in her arms, or in her lap, and during this time it had received nothing but cold water: at the close of the ninth day, death put an end to its sufferings, and it was buried by the Indians.

Until this time she had been the property of the Indian who had seized her when she came out of the garrison at Lancaster; but he now sold her to Quinnopin, a noble Narrhagansett, and one of the chiefs who under King Philip had directed the attack on the town.

This chief had three wives, one of whom, named Weetamoo, was sister to King Philip's wife. With this woman poor Mrs. Rowlandson was now doomed to live as a slave, and the following is the description she gives of her in the narrative of her adventures among the Indians:—

"A severe and proud dame she was, bestowing every day in dressing herself as much time as any of the gentry of the land—powdering her hair, and painting her face, going with her necklaces, and with jewels in her ears, and bracelets upon her hands. Then when she had dressed herself, her work was to make girdles of wampum with beads."

During the time that Mrs. Rowlandson lived with this "proud dame," a party of the Indians went upon some warlike expedition against the settlers, and on their return one of them gave her a Bible which had been taken amongst the plunder. This she says was her greatest consolation and support during her captivity.

The Indians having been informed that a strong body of English was in pursuit of them, decamped suddenly, and marched with the greatest expedition into the county of Hampshire, and thence to the Connecticut river.

During this part of her pilgrimage, Mrs. Rowlandson went through almost every suffering except death. She was beaten, kicked, insulted, and almost starved. Nothing short of experience can enable us to conceive what must be the hunger of a person, by whom the discovery of six acorns and two chestnuts, was considered a rich prize.

To aggravate her distress, the Indians would sometimes tell her that her husband and children were dead, and it was not until the time of her release, that she was assured of their being in existence.

On crossing the Connecticut river they found King Philip, and this sachem treated her with much civility, inviting her to his royal wigwam, and offering her all the kindness in his power. There was indeed amongst the savages a great difference of character; and although she had experienced such wanton barbarity from some, there were others, both men and women, who had uniformly treated her with humanity.

Such was Philip of Pokanoket; and doubtless his example had considerable weight with the other Indians, for none durst offer her any violence in his presence; and some writers of that period say that "she behaved herself amongst them with so much courage and dignity, that after she had been with them a few weeks they, in their rude manner, showed her great respect."

Great interest was felt in behalf of the unfortunate captives, and many overtures were made to the Indians for their release; but for a long while they held back, and refused to take any ransom, thinking probably, that if they waited long enough, they might make their own terms.

The governor of Boston sent to demand the price of every prisoner, either in goods, wampum, or money, and promised that all reasonable demands should be paid. After twelve days the messenger returned, bringing back the following curious letter, which is still in existence:—

"*Mr.* Rowlandson, *your wife and all your child is well, but one dye. Your sister is well and her three child. Mr.*

Kittell, *your wife and all your child is well; and all them prisoners taken at Nashua is all well. This writing by your enemies,* Uskattugun *and* Gunrashit, *two Sagamores.*"

When this letter was taken to Boston, Mr. Leverett, the governor, immediately despatched the messengers again to the sachems, and desired them to give a plain and direct answer to his first demand. "When this letter was come," says Mrs. Rowlandson, "the chiefs met to consult about the captives, and called me to them, to inquire how much my husband would give to redeem me. When I came and sat down among them, as I was wont to do, then they bid me stand up, and said *they were the general court.* They bid me speak what I thought he would give. Now knowing that all we had was destroyed by the Indians, I was in a great strait; but I ventured however to say *twenty pounds,* and *Tom* and *Peter,* the Indian messengers, bore the offer to Boston."

The negotiation ended by the sachems' desiring that Mr. Rowlandson, and good man Kettel should send for their wives and children, promising they should return home in safety. The anxiety with which Mrs. Rowlandson expected the arrival of the convoy that was to take her back to her husband and friends may easily be imagined: but before that happy time came she met with another disappointment, which she thus describes:—

"About two days after the departure of the Indian messengers to Boston, came a company of Indians to us, nearly thirty, all on horseback. My heart skipt within me, thinking they had been Englishmen, at the first sight of them: for they were dressed in English apparel, with hats, white neckcloths, and sashes about their waists, and ribbons upon their shoulders. But when they came near, there was a vast difference between the lovely faces of Christians, and the foul looks of those heathen, which much damped my spirits again." The regimentals in which these men were dressed were taken from the English soldiers whom they had slain. At length, 'On a Sabbath-day, the sun being about an hour

high in the afternoon, came Mr. Hoare, (the council permitting him, and his own forward spirit inclining him,) together with the fore-mentioned Indians, Tom and Peter. When they came near I was abroad, but they presently called me in, and bid me sit down, and not stir. Then they catched up their guns, and ran as if an enemy had been at hand, and the guns went off apace. I manifested great trouble, and told them I thought they had killed an Englishman (for they had in the mean time told me that an Englishman was come); they said, '*No; they shot over his horse, and under, and before his horse, and pushed him this way and that at their pleasure,* SHOWING HIM WHAT THEY COULD DO.'"

This was a short time after a victory had been gained by the Indians over the white people; and when Mr. Hoare arrived at King Philip's quarters for the redemption of Mrs. Rowlandson, he found them preparing to commemorate their success by a great dance, which, as Mrs. Rowlandson relates, "was carried on by eight of them, four men and four squaws, my master and mistress, Quinnopin and Weetamo, being two of the party. He was dressed in his holland shirt, with great stockings, his garters hung round with shillings, and he had girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders. She had a kersey coat, almost covered with wampum. Her arms, from her elbows to her hands, were covered with bracelets: there were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings and white shoes; her hair was powdered, and her face painted red, that was always before black, and all the dancers were after the same manner. There were two others singing and knocking on a kettle for music.

"At night I asked them again if I should go home; they all said, '*No, unless my husband came for me.*'"

The next day the chiefs held a council or general court, at which the giving up Mrs. Rowlandson was debated. All seemed to consent to her departure, and even those who at first opposed her going, now rather rejoiced at it. They shook her by the hand, and asked her to send them some tobacco, and other things which they valued.

Mrs. Rowlandson's captivity and sufferings terminated on the 3rd of May, 1676, three months after she had been carried away from her home. At her return she found her husband well, and heard the joyful intelligence that her children and her sister's son were also redeemed. The kindness which this family now received from their countrymen was such as Christians would always show to their fellow-Christians in such an extreme case.

These truly were times of danger and suffering; but there existed a spirit of endurance amongst the early British settlers in America, which rendered them equal to the severe trials through which they had to pass, and none manifested a greater degree of patience and fortitude than the women of those times.

Six weeks after Mr. Rowlandson's and other families were carried away, another warlike incursion was made into Lancaster by the Indians, but fortunately the inhabitants had timely intimation of their design, and, not being able to fortify themselves against so powerful an enemy, they all fled from the town.

The Indians entered and burnt every house excepting two to the ground, and it was not until the year 1680 that the place was rebuilt and again inhabited. The blessings of peace however were enjoyed only twelve years, for in 1692 the savages renewed their assaults upon this unfortunate town. In this and the five succeeding years the inhabitants were constantly harassed by the incursions of the Indians: many of them were killed, and their church was burnt down.

In 1704 Mr. Sawyer and his whole family, except his youngest son, were taken prisoners and carried away into Canada. The chiefs held a great council, and it was determined that their captives should be burnt to death.

The dreadful preparations were instantly made, the unfortunate victims were bound to the stakes, and faggots of pine branches heaped in readiness to blaze around them; when a French priest, suddenly coming up, held out a large key, and proclaimed in a loud voice that this key would unlock the gate of purgatory, and that unless

they instantly released their prisoners, he would open that terrible place and consign the whole of their tribe to its torments!

Terrified by this awful denunciation, the Indians gave up their prisoners and allowed them to return in safety to New England: it cannot therefore be denied that the belief in purgatory has, in one instance, been beneficial to men!

Such were the adventures and difficulties of the early settlers in North America. If these imperfect descriptions of them have afforded any amusement to my youthful readers, I shall be well satisfied; and if I have reason to believe that they wish for more information on the subject, I shall endeavour, to the best of my ability, to supply it.

THE END.

JARROLD AND SONS, PRINTERS, NORWICH.

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