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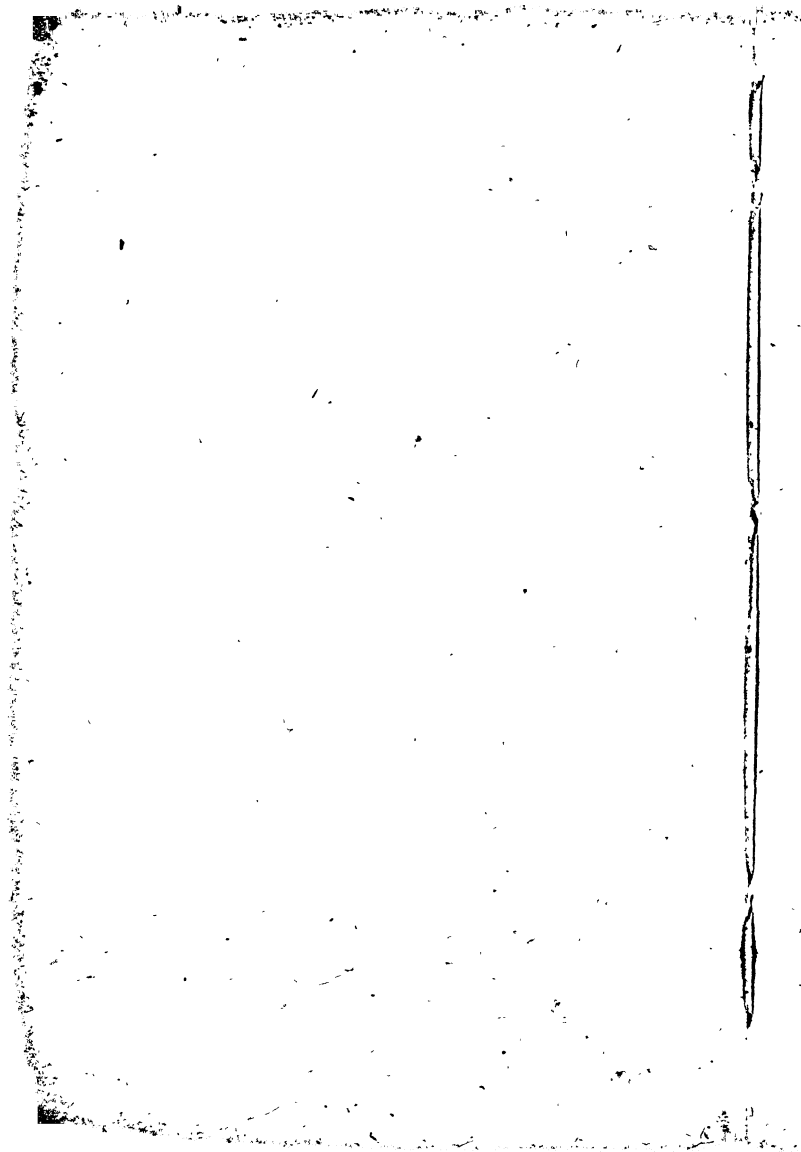
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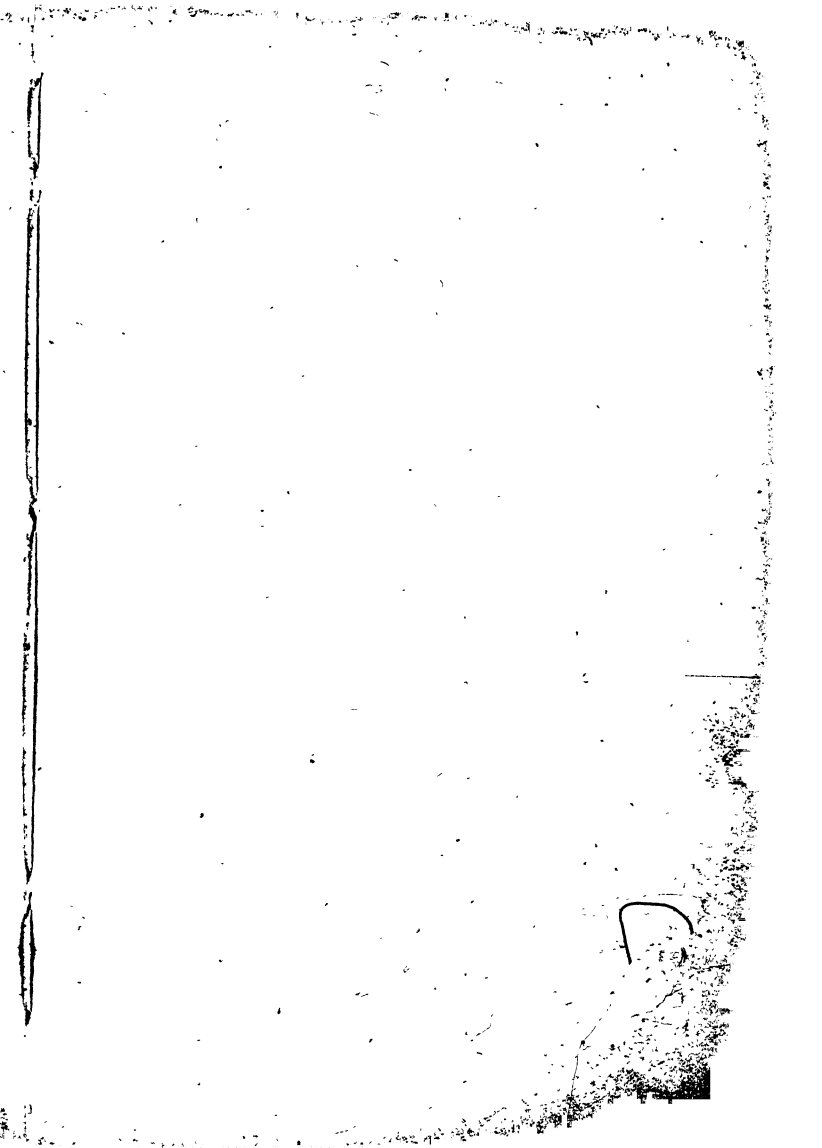
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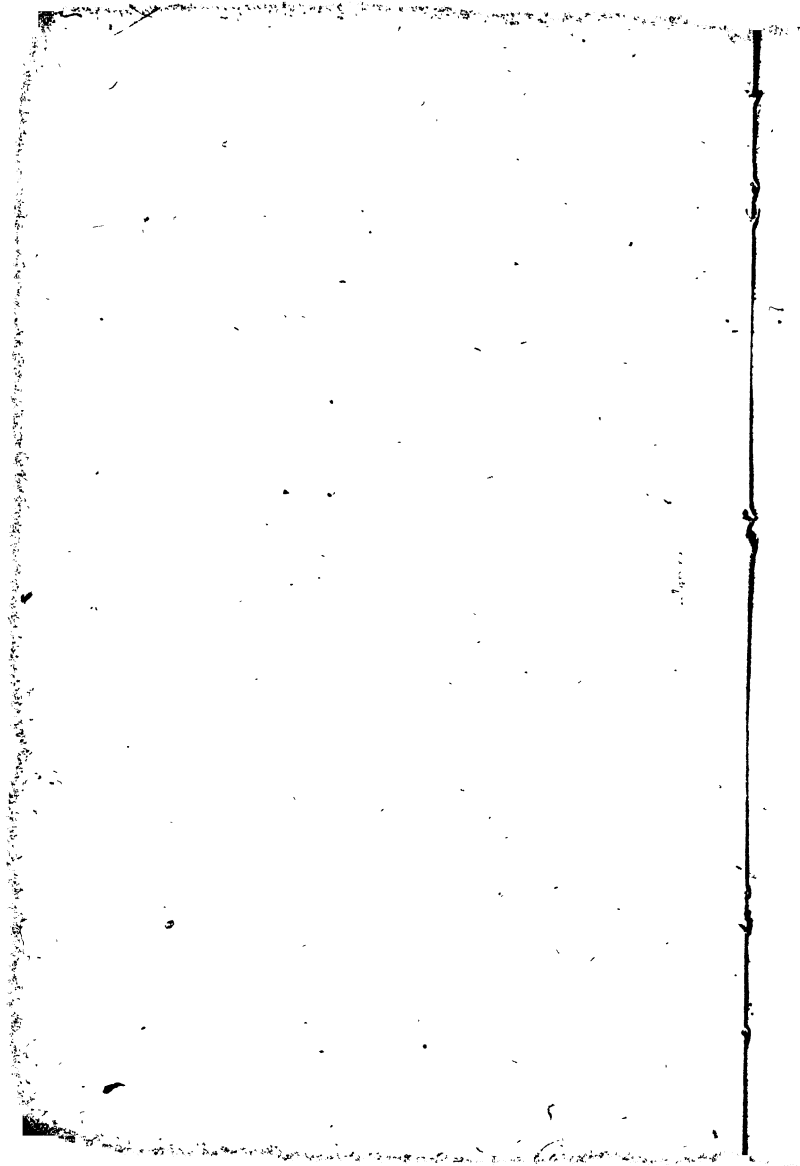
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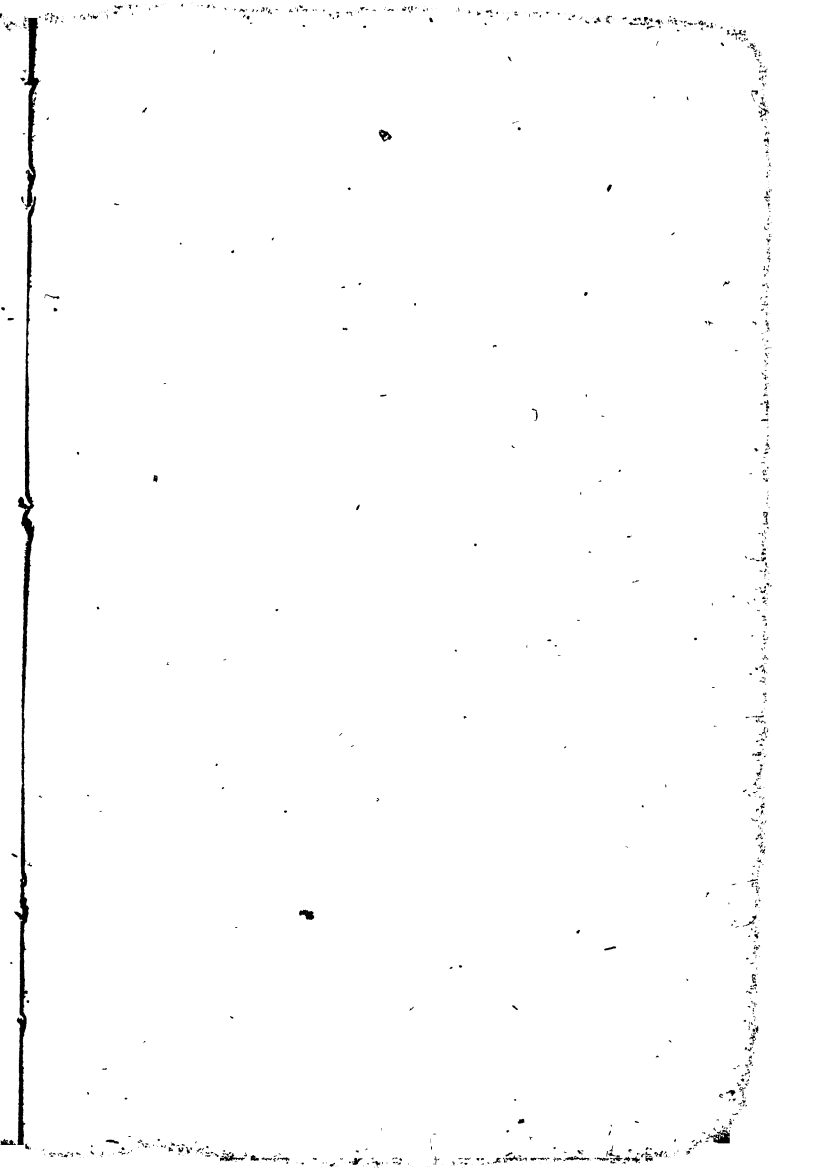
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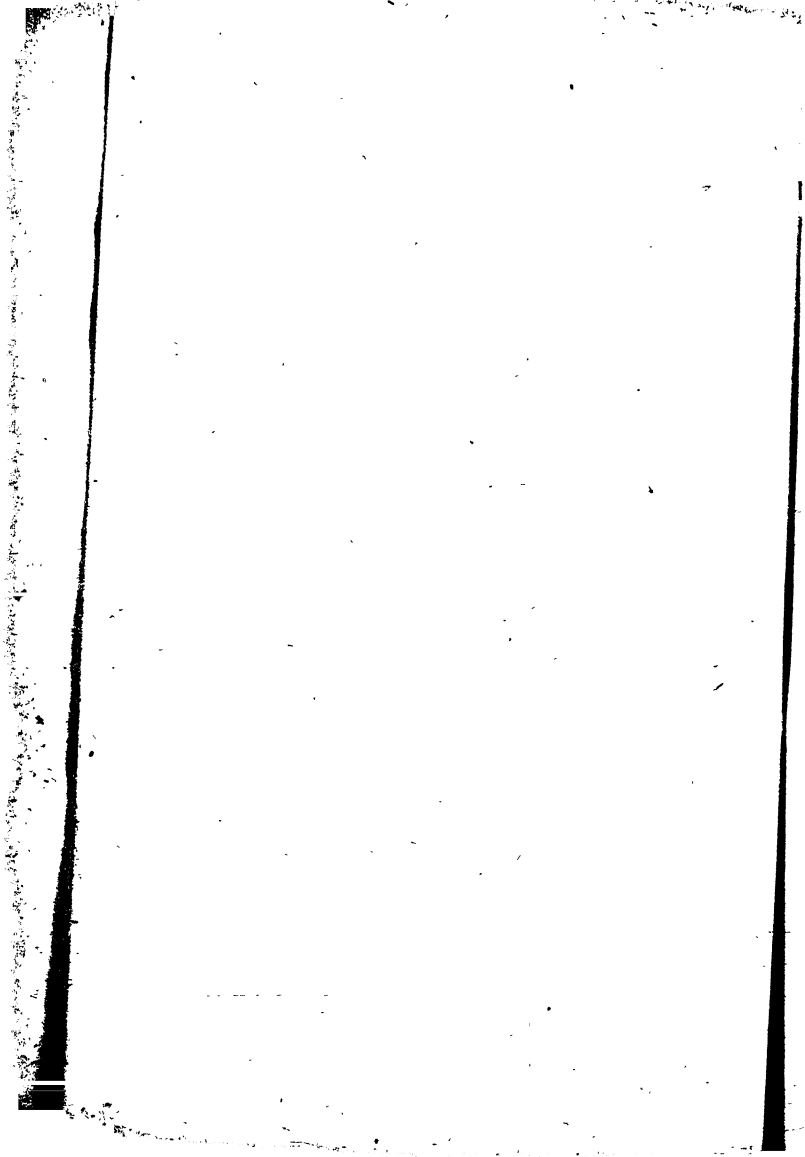


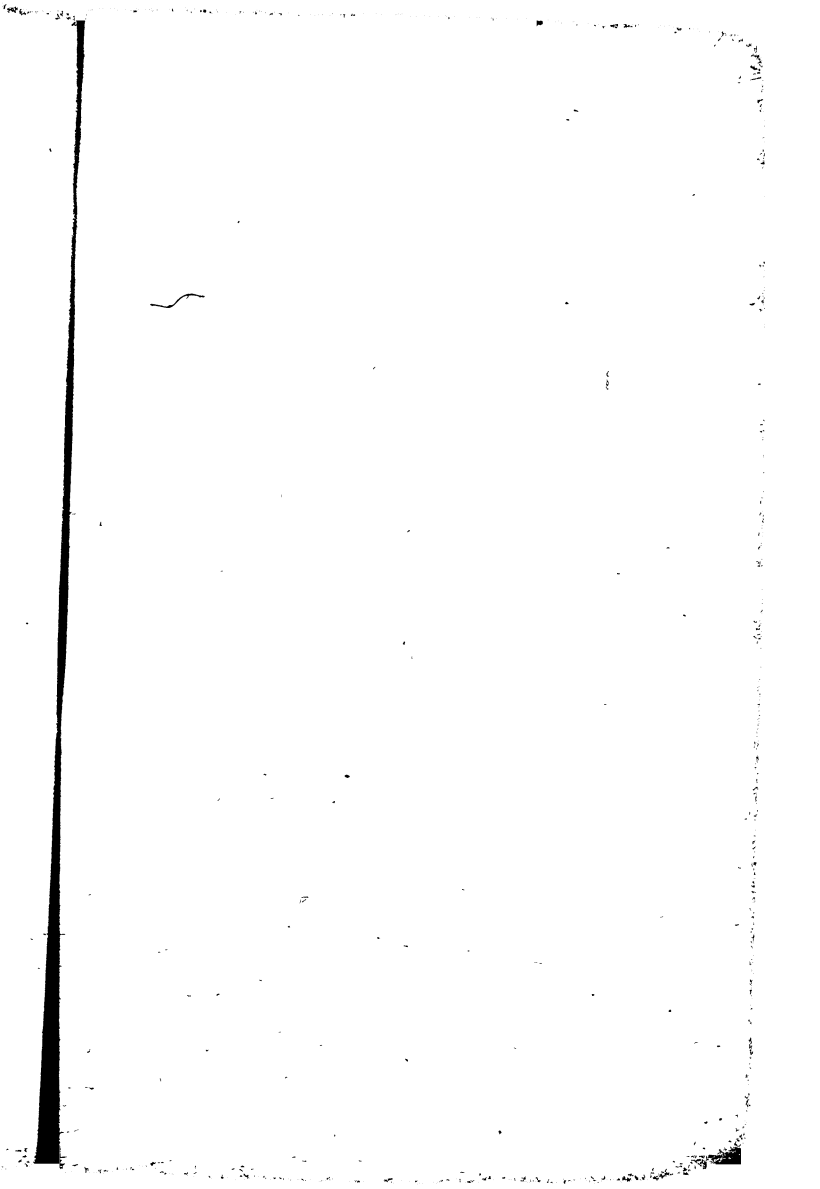


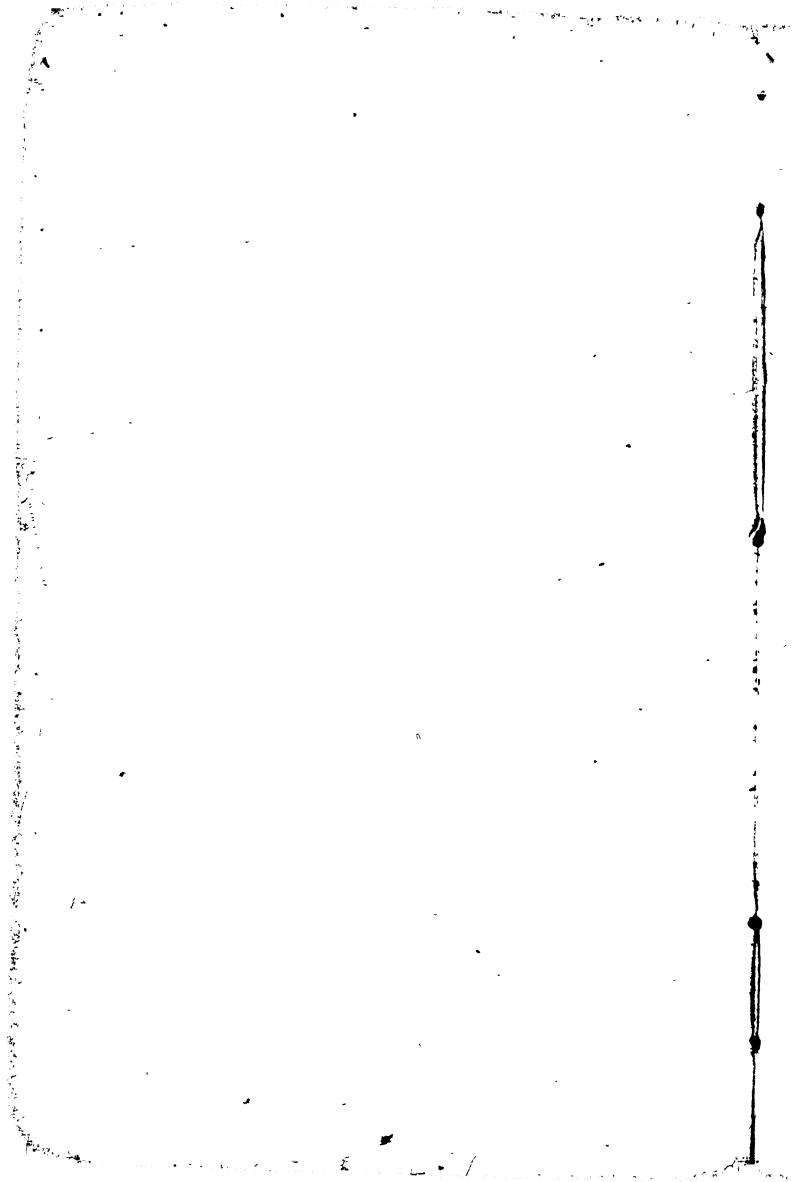












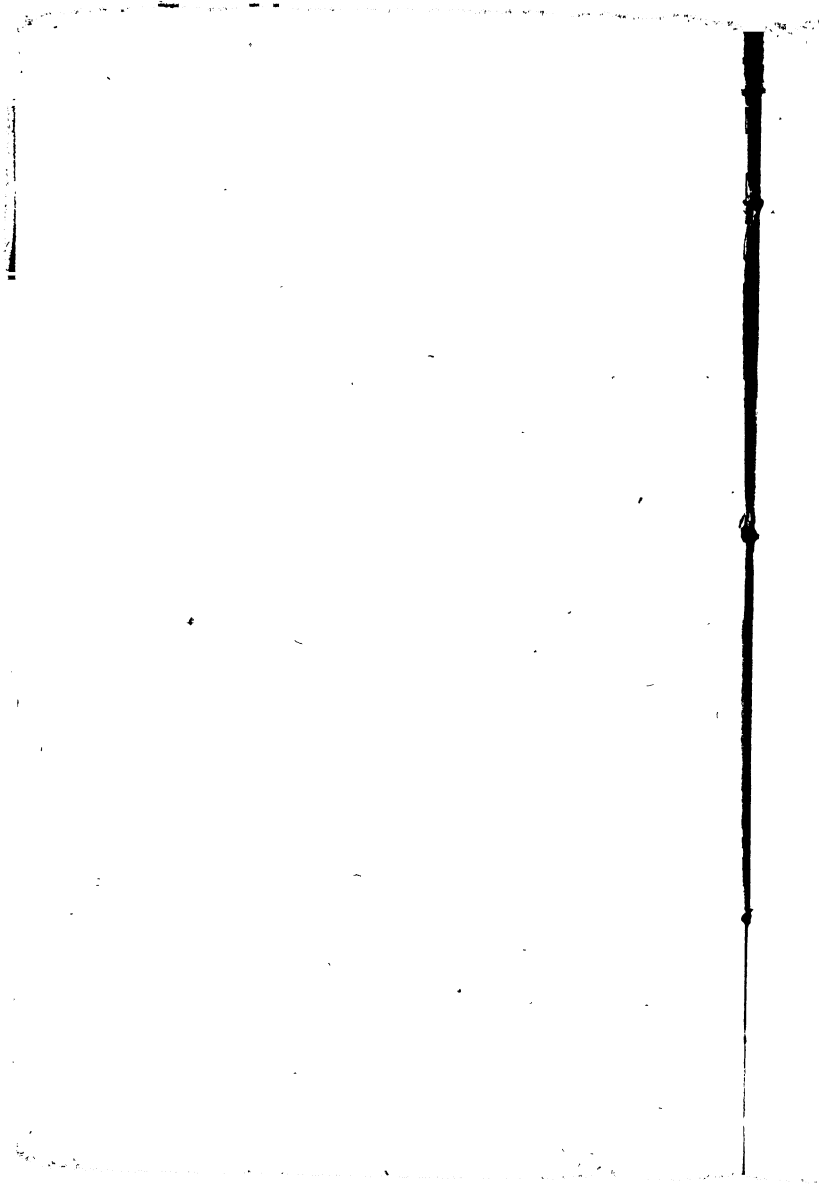
TIMOEÉ
AND
SAMACHET.

A CANADIAN STORY.

Worcester:

PRINTED BY T. EATON, COLLEGE-STREET.

1822.



TIMOEE AND SAMACHET.

A Canadian Story.

“**W**HOSE were this arrow-head and broken paddle, and why do you so carefully preserve them?” said a youth to an aged Indian Chief.—

The old man sighed ; and, after a considerable pause, in which he motioned for the youth to sit, thus commenced the following narrative :—“ Listen, then, stranger, while I relate to thee events which the corroding power of time can never obliterate from my memory ; all else there is fading fast, and keeps an even pace with the rapid progress of this once vigorous body, to the grave—there it would long since have been but for the generous Samachet ! ’Ere I had attained thine age, we had fought the battles of our tribe, and bled together.

In one dreadful conflict with the Powtawatimis,⁽¹⁾ I was rash enough to quit our ambush in my ardor to oppose the enemy. The valiant Samachet saw me engaged with and nearly overpowered by three of the Pous* Chiefs, and came to my rescue;—with a never-vering shaft he shot the fiercest through the head,—the other two were vanquished in a short but desperate combat.

From this time forth, in traffick with the stranger, in war and in the chase, we were never separated. Would that it had pleased dark Coughwaw⁽²⁾ still to have left us so!—alas, the noble Samachet hath long since passed the Western Mountains⁽³⁾ to our fathers; while I, his miserable friend, am left like a solitary blasted pine!”

The old man's voice faltered; but he soon recovered and resumed:—“The beauty and the valour of my friend all our tribe admired, save *one*, and him

* Abbreviation for Potowatamis.

they made an *enemy*; the cruel Onwaroo loved the fair Timoeë, but she disdained him. Samachet was the hero of her choice, he sought and obtained her hand. Oh, what a pair! oft have I stood unseen to contemplate them; *he*, the master-piece of Nature! *she*, created but for him!

Samachet was the bravest warrior and the most expert of all our hunters, yet as tender in his nature as the soft and blooming Timoeë: no wonder that her beauty and her love were his reward! After the seven-days' feast⁽⁴⁾ I was the last to take my leave, and saw her leaning, with down-cast eye and crimson cheek, upon his manly breast; while, with a fond embrace, his graceful arms incircled the loveliest daughter of our tribe.

Twelve moons had waned, and Samachet deemed her still fairer than before, while she lived but in his presence. The lamp of day seemed to withdraw his

cheering light when he was absent; and, as a drooping flower, she declined till his return.

My friend had been called to check an incursion of the Hurons.⁽⁵⁾ The well-known war-whoop of the valiant band, raised always on their return from successful enterprise, reached the fair Timoeë, while, pensively, she sat listening to the white-bird,⁽⁶⁾ whose soothing melody accorded with the sadness of her heart; like a fawn suddenly awakened by the rustling blast, she started from her seat, and flew in the direction whence the welcome sound proceeded.

The warriors, just emerging from a deep dark wood, presented a pleasing though a dreadful aspect to the beholder! Their leader was in front; a garb of skins gracefully adjusted, unconsciously displayed the symmetry and vigour of his form; a countenance of majesty and kindness, elated with the pride of victory, was surmounted and adorned by a

cap of eagle's feathers mingled with the heron's plume, which nodded in cadence to their step and song.

In an instant Timoeë was locked in her hero's arms ;—the tears that fell on her snowy and fast-heaving bosom to which she closely pressed his hand, alone could speak the transport of her heart,—the welcome of his safe return ! The spoils of a chief he had slain, a number of silver plates connected by slender threads of wampum,⁽⁷⁾ were placed round her beauteous neck, whose loveliness they served rather to conceal than to adorn.

Never were there two beings more blessed than Samachet and Timoeë; but their noon of joy was suddenly darkened. A storm, long collecting in the bosom of the revengeful Onwaroo, was soon to burst upon their happiness in all its fury. Oh, that I had known what the monster's gloomy silence had been brooding, my knife had found a passage to that den

of cruelty and drained it of its venom. The evil god veiled the villain's purpose by giving him a countenance of sulky resignation.

Not long after the excursion against the Hurons, we heard that an immense red-bear⁽⁸⁾ was prowling a few leagues to the eastward of our habitation, and a short distance from the mighty cataract. The weather being exceedingly sultry and the creature likely to be very fierce, it was agreed that a party of our chiefs should proceed in search of him; and, as the journey would be made during the coolness of night, the females who chose to endure the fatigues rather than remain alone, were permitted to bear their husbands company. Some debate ensued in consequence of Onwaroo's objecting to submit to the command of Samachet, for general consent had made him our leader; but this difficulty was obviated by an immediate proposal of the latter to divide our band, giving to Onwaroo the choice of six warriors.

The remaining six were led by Samachet. At the close of the day of preparation, our march commenced along the banks of the Erie ; and long before dawn, the increasing thunder of the Niagara announced its termination. We raised some wigwams with the boughs of trees and covered them with rushes ; and having seen that the implements of the chase, together with a canoe and some fishing tackle were safely deposited, lay down and reposed till sun-rise.

Samachet was up when I awoke, and had walked with Timoeë to take a nearer view of the falls :—thither I followed them. The astounding bellow with which the river, (9) half a mile in width, fell from a ledge twice the height of our tallest pines, and dashed with dreadful force upon a bed of rocks beneath, whence arose a pillar of foam often displaying the most brilliant colours, at once alarmed and gratified the tender female, who instinctively grasped the arm of Samachet as he approached the

fearful precipice. While I advanced to tell him we were ready for the chase, I saw, or thought I saw, a sadness cloud his admiration though he smiled; a *tear* too was trickling down the cheek of Timoe. What they had said to each other I knew not, for the loud din of the roaring Niagara was deafening; but imagined that she cautioned him to avoid the furious current in his next day's fishing, for I observed that she addressed him beseechingly.

We hastened to rejoin our band, and on arriving learnt that a scout had tracked a bear to within a short distance of the water; and as the impressions left in the soil by his huge paws were fresh, we deemed him seeking shelter from the sun in a swampy ground, not far off, much overgrown with reedy grass and briars. Thither we marched; and, when arrived at the spot where the impressions terminated, spread into a line and cautiously advanced. The object of our search soon met our notice, slowly stealing

from his lurking-place, and casting, as he retreated, a sidelong glance at his pursuers. An arrow from the bow of Samachet, glancing along the back under the tough skin, and coming out above the shoulder, instantly changed the monster's course ; he gave a furious growl, which we answered with a shout, and were rushing on him with ourspears, when another opponent interposed whom we had not seen or expected. Roused by the noise, a large male bear, till now asleep, leaped on its feet erect, and stood to receive our band, each of us striving who should inflict a first and deadly wound. Onwaroo's spear aimed at the throat was turned aside; in making a second and more violent thrust, he overreached himself and, in falling, was struck with such vigour by the animal's paw, that we all thought him slain.

Onwaroo's chiefs quickly surrounded the bear, warding his blows and attempts to grapple with their stout targets, and striking with their tomahawks,⁽¹⁰⁾ when-

ever the animal's position or their own eagerness prevented the use of spears.

Samachet, in the mean while, had attacked the other. He threw his spear with so good an aim that the beast's vigilance was baffled, and she stood transfixed foaming with pain and rage ; in an instant the lance was snapt, and many wounds were given and received in the fierce struggle which ensued. Her long sharp teeth and claws drew blood at every stroke ; but our spears and tomahawks gave us ample vengeance.

Two of our chiefs had fallen and more would have been disabled had not the powerful Samachet stunned the wild monster with his tomahawk ; and, as it fell, our lances fixed the savage to the earth ! A war-whoop announced our success ; but we soon perceived that victory was incomplete. The male bear had just struck a chieftain to the ground, and, in spite of wounds and weapons, was forcing himself a passage to the

river. Samachet, whose eagle glance instantly perceived the animal's purpose, darted like an arrow from his own good bow to intercept him, and reached the bank just in time to place himself in a firm attitude. We pursued, but did not get there time enough to yield him any aid. The bear, now more inflamed than ever, rose on his hind legs appeared as tall as a well-grown man, displaying his long white teeth and claws, reeking with blood and foam.

Samachet with shield boldly opposed, waited with steady eye and firm hand till the animal should come within his reach, determined to slay the savage or be slain. A blow from his heavy tomahawk now falls with resistless force,—the monster's jaw is crushed, but the weapon shivers to pieces in the warrior's hand! In an instant he grasps his long knife, and pushing the target in the bear's face, thrusts the gleamy iron several times up to the handle in its shaggy body. A struggle of death ensued, in which

both fell and rolled into the lake beneath! When I came up, Samachet was holding the bear's head under water, where it vainly strained and splashed to elude the hero's gripe. The animal's speedy suffocation soon enabled him to quit his prey, and to ascend the bank, unhurt save from a few deep scratches! We now raised the huge carcasses of the bears and placing them on long poles provided for the purpose, proceeded to our habitations, mingling the praises of brave Samachet with our songs of victory, and loud shouts of triumph.

A feast ensued, and the night was far spent in dance and song. The wounded, and now still gloomier Onwaroo was present; in vain his former deeds in chase and war were chaunted to raise the warrior's fallen pride. He oft scowled at the successful Samachet, his rival in love and arms, and quaffed the cup in silence.

Timoe had retired early, and was

soon followed by her adored and adoring chief, who marked the charming woman's altered form with transport. The hope of a son like to her Samachet was Timoeë's only solace in her too frequent hours of solitude; and now that hope would, 'ere many moons, be gratified,—his increasing tenderness greatly enhanced this object of her fondest wish.

One morning I came early to their hut, and found Timoeë alone employed in making a cap of plumes, the one Samachet had worn at the chase having been lost by his fall into the lake. I asked her for my friend, and learnt that he was fishing on the borders of the Niagara, and that he had promised her that he would not venture his canoe into the stream so near the falls. She offered me some fruit and honey just shaken from the cotton tree⁽¹¹⁾ of which I ate. In the conversation which ensued my friend was often mentioned. I soon proposed that we should rise and seek him. She willingly complied; say-

ing that he had pointed out the place where he should deposit the fish, if he had much success; and where, also, he intended to fasten the canoe to take repose should the day prove sultry. Thither we proceeded; and well I remember that *never* had I seen the tender Timoeë look lovelier or more happy;—no, not even when our king's consent enabled them to exchange the mutual token* of each other's love!" The venerable speaker paused, and, wiping his brow, resumed.—"We reached the place of which she spake, and found under some rushes a large pile of fish of various kinds, and among them a chaourason.⁽¹²⁾ I thought so! said I; this scaly robber of the flood and air, defies our spears and daggers; but, look! the arrow of my friend has passed quite through and through.

I had just replaced the huge fish, and looking up perceived a chief before me in an attitude of the most intent obser-

* See note 4.

vation; apparently watching some object concealed from our view by the intervening trees whose long branches touched the water;—I was going to speak, but the chief's singular attitude and eagerness rivetted us both to the spot. His body was much inclined forwards;—one hand raised, as if to aid his sight—the other, stretched behind him, held a *long knife*. His position changed, but still he observed us not, and seeming satisfied he hastily moved away and with a light step gained the wood ere we could see his face. I know not how it was, but I felt agitated; and my hurried pace betrayed my feelings. Why do you walk so fast? said Timoe. To meet my friend, I answered, and added, was it not *Onwaroo* the chief we saw? The trees were now passed, and the first object on the water that met our notice was a small canoe; the thong by which it had been fastened to the bank had evidently just been *severed*. A thought combining *Onwaroo* with *treachery* instantly flashed across my mind! The

canoe was gliding slowly; but now began to feel the current and increased its motion. A figure was either dead or sleeping there; to shout therefore was the immediate impulse. Both strained our voices in agony; but two bow-shots further drift, and all efforts would be vain! Our shouts started the figure from his dangerous sleep,—'twas Samachet!—Haste! haste! my friend, ply with your utmost speed! In an instant he was naked to the waist,—a paddle strongly grasped,—and now the little bark impelled by his good arms began to check the frightful current! Timoeë spake not,—her hands clasped,—her eyes strained as if they would start from their sockets,—she held her breath with terror! Shouting, encouraging, I ran to and fro; tempted at every turn to plunge into the lake, and share the dreadful fate I thought inevitable! For some time the canoe neither gained on nor yielded to the torrent; but at length the determined spirit and vigour of the chieftain triumphed he now perceptibly advanced! With

regular and rapid strokes he plunged the paddle in the boiling tide which foamed above the prow!—Every nerve and sinew on the stretch while the hero's visage shewed those nerves unwearied and unshaken! Still faster now he stemmed the opposing stream, his strength increasing with the mighty exercise, till the whole body glowed with warmth and light! Our hearts beat audibly,—a smile of hope now dawned in the looks of Timoeë,—in *ten* strokes more and he is *safe*!—O death! the paddle breaks;—a fiendish *laugh* burst on my ear!—Samachet is on his feet,—his bow bent, an arrow drawn to the head,—it sped! I hear him shout!—Another paddle lay on the bank, I threw it to him, he attempts to reach it with his bow but fails!—Timoeë shrieked aloud,—and both ran in the direction of the canoe, now hurrying down the stream. Sickening with horror, she sank upon her knees and grasped the earth; still watching with a swimming, tearless eye, her noble Samachet. He still remained e-

rect, and gazed on both, but last on *her* with tenderness; and with a placid smile, one hand placed upon his gallant heart, the other pointing to the western sky,—“I can no more!”—

The old man now seemed choaked with grief, the tears streamed through his fingers, while he strove to subdue and hide these tokens of affliction. After a long silence he thus continued his melancholy story:—

“In the wildness and the weakness of my unavailing sorrow and despair I clasped an elm! The dire Niagara seemed still! I neither saw nor felt! It was dark when I came to myself, excepting when the moon shot a faint glimmer through the murky clouds. My limbs were stiff, and with difficulty I groped my way to something white upon the ground—poor Timoee,—thou wert as I am now, alone in this drear world! I brought her to the cabin, where her senses gradually returned. She raised herself slowly and

looked full in my face, but knew me not. The unfinished cap of plumes caught her eye—oh, what a dreadful shriek!—For some days I sat watching the body, which soon grew cold and stiff, scarcely less inanimate myself, till aroused by maddening thirst and hunger. Timoe—the faithful Timoe!—I laid her gently in the earth, nor removed a single ornament;—as she last plaited her flowing hair and mingled it with beads—as the noble warrior, (now no more) placed the necklace of silver on her milk-white bosom—so she slept, inclosed in the shaggy trophy of his late brave triumph!—

Peace to thee—peace!—O Timoe, farewell!—From the cold earth now wet with drops of sorrow, shall spring flowers as frail, but not so fair as thee! They shall grow and wither—but thou wilt bloom once more, and then *for ever*!—

I wandered forth to pay the last sad

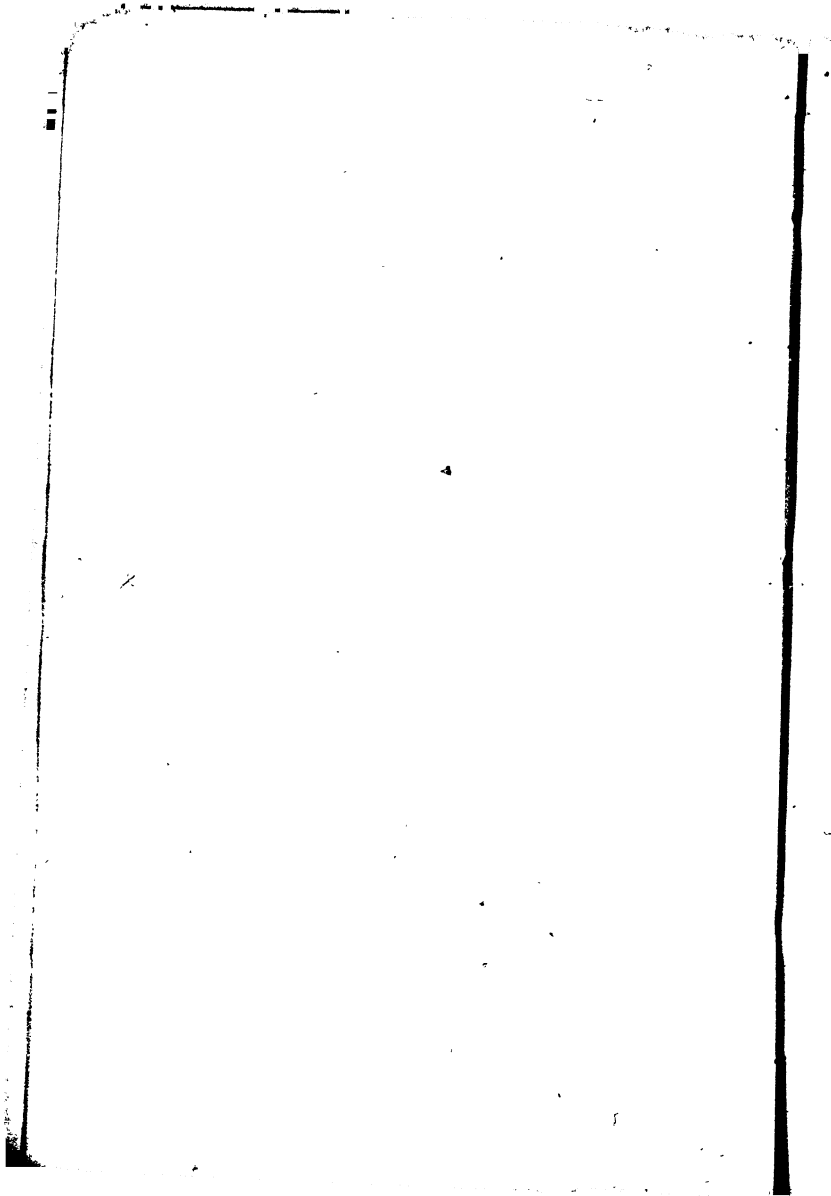
tribute to my friend. On retracing the path I trod so lately, each object awakened the most heart-rending grief—each spot where we had paused was now obscured by scalding tears—I dared not look upon the *fatal stream*! An eagle rose so near me that it dispelled for an instant my trance of misery, and on approaching the place discovered the body of the fiend-like Onwaroo!—An arrow had pierced it till the point came through on the opposite side—'twas *he* that gave the horrid laugh! this was his recompense—but oh, too merciful.—The barbed head of the shaft was broken off; but on examining the carcase nearer I discovered it stiffly grasped in the still bloody hand—with difficulty I disengaged the avenging weapon—there it is!—With disgust I turned from the vile corse and left its burial to the wolves and ravens.

My search was vain for the loved Samachet. This broken paddle, in my wanderings was all I found—a *faithless*

instrument, indeed!—but yet 'twas *his*—
my Samachet—my friend—my friend!—

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NOTES.



NOTES.

Note 1, page 4, line 2. The Potowatomis are a powerful tribe on the borders of the lake Erie.

Note 2, page 4, line 14. Coughawaw, is a name given by the North Americans to the being they considered the author of human calamities. They frequently endeavour to conciliate this deity by the torture and death of one of their tribe.

Note 3, page 4, line 17. The Indians on the borders of the lakes believed in the existence of a Paradise situated beyond their Western Mountains. Thither the body resorted on its decease and resumed the pleasures and pursuits to which it had been attached during life. Consistently with this persuasion, implements of the chase and war together with articles of household furniture and dress were usually interred with the dead.

Note 4, page 5, line 14. Marriage, among the North Americans, was deemed particularly honourable, and always contracted at an early period. The parties desiring to be united presented themselves before the head of their tribe whose sanction could only be obtained by the assurance of the sincerity of their mutual attachment. The young couple were then permitted to live three days together, and, if still satisfied with each other, at the expiration of this period the nuptials were consummated by an exchange of belts composed of wampum. Seven days feasting followed; the guests then departed, each presenting the happy couple with a gift in aid of their domestic establishment.

Note 5, page 6, line 5. The Hurons, situated on the borders of the lake Huron. They were one of the tribes composing the "Five Nations,"—their territory had belonged to them by conquest and possession, for the space of 150 years.

Note 6, page 6, line 10. The White-bird is peculiar to Canada, and remarkable for the brightness of its plumage and sweetness of its note, especially at the approach of spring.—The White-bird is a kind of ortolan.

Note 7, page 7, line 12. Wampum is formed by threads of cotton strung with beads, pebbles, shells, &c.

Note 8, page 8, line 7. There are two kinds of bears in North America,—the brown and the red. The latter is considered the most fierce. The Indian who slays more than one bear in a day is held in such estimation that his acquaintance is more desired than that of the most renowned warrior. The bear, from its supplying the natives with food and raiment, is of great value; this circumstance is a justification of the distinction conferred on the skilful hunter.

Note 9, page 9, line 17. The magnitude of the falls of the river Niagara, which connects the lakes Erie and Ontario, renders them truly worthy of admiration. They are divided into two large cataracts by an island; the largest of them is three hundred and fifty yards wide, and one hundred and sixty feet deep! Such is the violence of the stream, that Indians endeavouring to cross it in their canoes, are frequently precipitated into the terrible abyss beneath. Of course this results only from carelessness or intoxication. An immense number

of birds of prey hover in the neighbourhood of the falls in search of the carcasses of the animals that have perished in their vain attempts to reach the opposite shore.

Note 10, page 11, bottom line. - A Tomahawk is a kind of hatchet with the addition of a hook on the side opposed to the edge,. The Indians use them with great dexterity, and throw them with considerable force and precision. This instrument generally serves to give the *coup de grace* after the horrid operation of scalping an enemy.

Note 11, page 15, line 21. The Cotton-tree produces on its summit a bunch of flowers which when shaken early in the morning, yields honey which can be boiled into sugar.

Note 12, page 16, line 16. The Chaourason is a fish of prey, armed with scales of great hardness, and a long horny weapon. It destroys birds by concealing itself among reeds and allowing this weapon to rise above the water; birds perching upon it, as it has the appearance of a withered reed, are by a sudden jerk instantly devoured. This fish is five feet long and about eighteen inches in circumference.

It is worthy of observation here, that the Indians were many of them such good archers, that they could kill fish in motion, animals at their speed, and birds on the wing.

FINIS.

