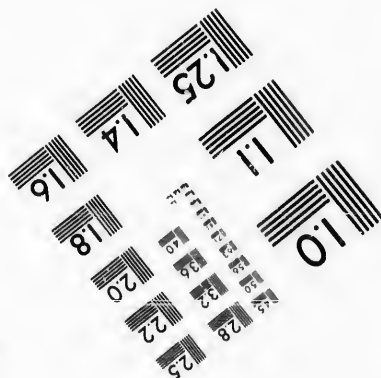
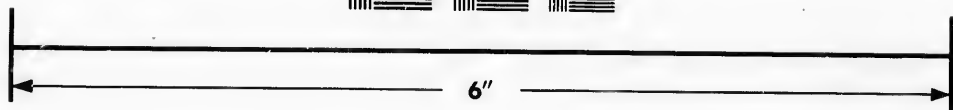
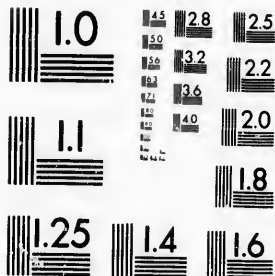


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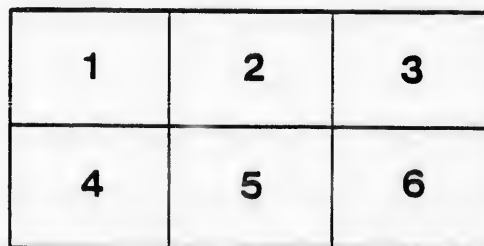
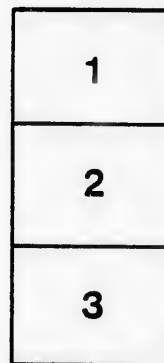
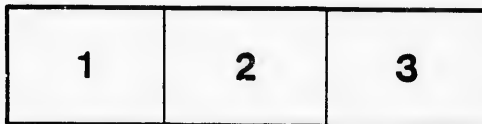
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# WILD SCENES

IN THE

## FOREST AND PRAIRIE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN THE FAR WEST."

IN TWO VOLUMES,

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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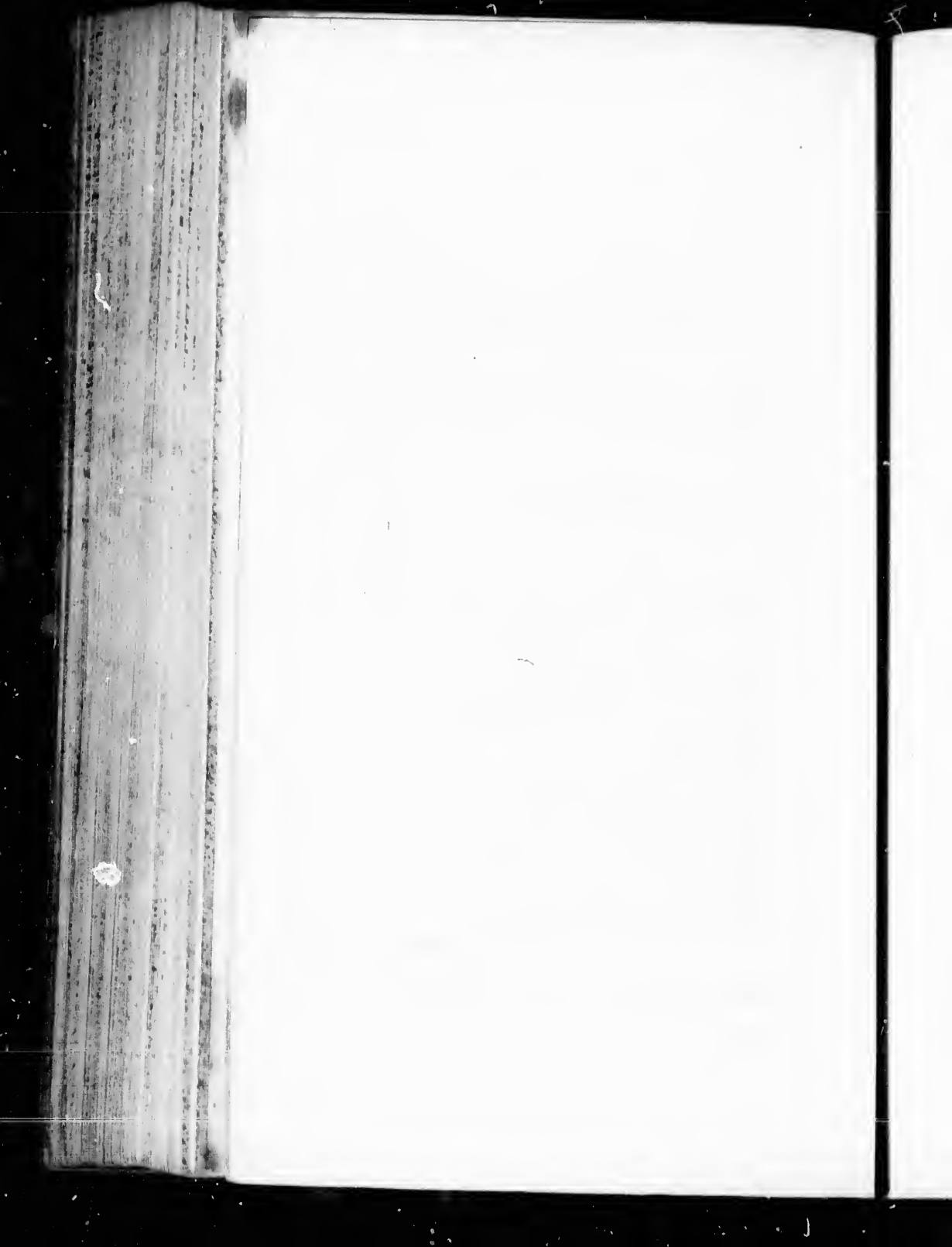
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WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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WILD SCENES  
ON  
THE WISCONSAN.

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CHAPTER X.

THE DEAD CLEARING.

“ Unapprehensive thus, at night  
The wild deer looking from the brake  
To where there gleams a fitful light  
Dotted upon the rippling lake,  
Sees not the silver spray-drop dripping  
From the lithe oar, which, softly dipping,  
Impels the wily hunter's boat ;  
But on his ruddy torch's rays,  
As nearer, clearer now they float,  
The fated quarry stands to gaze ;  
And, dreaming not of cruel sport,  
Withdraws not thence his gentle eyes,  
Until the rifle's sharp report  
The simple creature hears, and dies.”

*The Indian Ambuscade.*

SCHROON LAKE is the largest, and perhaps

the finest, body of water among the myriad lakes which form the sources of the Hudson. "The Schroon," as it is called by the country people, has, indeed, been likened by travellers to the celebrated lake of Como, which it is said to resemble in the configuration of its shores. It is about ten miles in length, broad, deep, and girt with mountains, which, though not so lofty as many in the northern part of the state of New York, are still picturesque in form, while they enclose a thousand pastoral vallies and sequestered dells among their richly-wooded defiles.

In one of the loveliest of these glens, near a fine spring, well known to the deer-stalker, there flourished a few years since, a weeping willow, which, for aught I know, may be still gracing the spot. The existence of such an exotic in the midst of our primitive forest would excite the curiosity of the most casual observer

of nature, even if other objects adjacent did not arrest his attention, as he emerged from the deep woods around, to the sunny glade where it grew. On the side of a steep bank, opposite to the willow, the remains of an old fireplace were to be seen; and blackened timbers, with indications of rough masonry, could be discovered by turning aside the wild raspberry-bushes that had overgrown the farther side the knoll. These ruins betokened something more than the remains of a hunting-camp; and the forester who should traverse an extensive thicket of young beeches and wild cherry-trees, within a few hundred yards of this spot, would be at no loss to determine that he had lighted upon the deserted home of some settler of perhaps forty years back;—a scene where the toil, the privation, and the dangers of a pioneer's life had been once endured, but where the hand of improvement had wrought in vain, for the



forest had already closed over the little domain that had been briefly rescued from its embrace; and the place was now what in the language of the country is called a "dead clearing."

The story of this ruined homestead is a very common one in the private family annals of the state of New York, which has always been exposed to the perils of frontier warfare, and which, for twenty years, at the close of the seventeenth century, and throughout the whole of that which followed it, was the battle-field of the most formidable Indian confederacy that ever arrayed itself against the Christian powers on the shores of this continent. The broken remains of that confederacy still possess large tracts of valuable land in the centre of our most populous districts; while their brethren of the same colour, but of a feebler lineage, have been driven westward a thousand miles from our borders. And when this remnant of the Iro-

quois shall have dwindled from among us, their names will still live in the majestic lakes and noble rivers that embalm the memory of their language. They will live, too, unhappily, in many a dark legend of ruthless violence, like that which I have to relate.

It was in the same year when Sullivan's army gave the finishing blow to the military power of the Six Nations, that a settler, who had come in from the New Hampshire grants to this part of Tryon County (as the northern and western region of New York was at that time called), was sitting with his wife, who held an infant to her bosom, enjoying his evening pipe beside his hearth. The blaze of the large maple-wood fire spread warmly upon the unpainted beams above, and lighted up the timbers of the shanty with a mellow glow that gave an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the rudely-furnished apartment. From the gray hairs and weather-

beaten features of the settler, he appeared to be a man considerably on the wrong side of forty, while the young bright-haired mother by his side had not yet passed the sunny season of early youth. The disparity of their years, however, had evidently not prevented the growth of the strongest affection between them. There was a soft and happy look of content about the girl, as she surveyed the brown woodsman, now watching the smoke-wreaths from his pipe as they curled over his head, now taking his axe upon his lap, and feeling its edge with a sort of caressing gesture, as if the inanimate thing could be conscious of the silent compliment he paid to its temper, when thinking over the enlargement of the clearing he had wrought by its aid during the day. Nor did the eye of the young mother kindle less affectionately when the brawny pioneer, carefully depositing the simple instrument, which is the pride of an

American woodsman, behind the chimney turned to take the hand of the infant, which she pressed to her bosom, and shared at the same time with her the caresses which he bestowed on the child.

“That boy’s a raal credit to you, Bet. But I think, if he cries to-night, as he has for the last week, I must make a papoose-cradle for him to-morrow, and swing him somewhere outside of the shanty, where his squalling can’t keep us awake. Your face is growing as white as a silver birch, from loss of sleep o’nights.”

“Why, John, how you talk! I’m sure Yorpy never cries ;---never, I mean, worth talking of.”

As the mother spoke, she pressed the unhappy little youngster somewhat too closely to her bosom, and he awoke with one of those discordant outbreaks of infant passion with which the hopeful scions of humanity sometimes test the comforts of married life.

“Baby—why, baby—there—there now! what will it have?—does it want to see brother Ben? Hush—hush—he’s coming with something for baby! Hush, now, darling!—Will it have this?”

“Why, Bet, my dear,” said the father, “don’t give the brat Ben’s powder-horn to play with; for thof he does like you as much as he did my first missus, his own mother and flesh and blood, the lad doesn’t love to have his hunting-tools discomboborated. God’s weather! where can the tormented chap be staying?—he ought to be home by this time.” With these words he walked to the door, and stood for a moment commenting upon the mildness of the night, and wondering why Ben did not return. But the mother was too much engaged in soothing the infant, by rocking him to and fro in her arms, to reply.

“Now don’t, don’t, gal,” continued the kind-

hearted woodsman, turning from the door, which he left open; "you'll tire yourself to death. Let me take him—there, now—there," said he, as she relinquished the child to his arms; and, addressing the last words to the poor, perverse little thing, he walked up and down the room with it, vainly trying to lull its gust of passion or peevishness.

"Hush! you little varmint, you!" said the father at last, growing impatient; "hush! or I'll call in the Indians to carry you off—I will."

The settler was just turning in his walk, near the open threshold, as he uttered the ill-omened words, when a swarthy hand reaching over his shoulder, clutched the child from his arms, and brained it against the doorpost, in the same moment that the tomahawk of another savage struck him to the floor. A dozen painted demons sprang over his prostrate body into the centre of the room. The simple scene of domestic joy, but a moment before so sheltered

and homelike, was changed on the instant. The mummied nursling was flung upon the embers near the feet of its frantic mother, who slipped and fell in the blood of her husband, as she plucked her child from the coals, and sprang towards the door. It was a blow of mercy, though not meant as such, which dismissed her spirit, as she struggled to rise with her lifeless burden. The embers of the fire soon strewed the apartment, while the savages danced among them with the mad glee of the devil's own children, until the smoke and blaze, ascending to the roof-tree, drove them from the scene of their infernal orgies.

The next day's sun shone upon that mouldering ruin as brightly as if unconscious of the horrors which his light revealed. So complete had been the devastation of the flames, that little but ashes now remained; and the blue smoke curled up among the embowering trees as gently as if it rose only from a cottager's

hospitable fire. The oriole, perched upon a cedar-top, whistled as usual to his mate, swinging in his nest upon the pendent branches of a willow which had been planted by the ill-fated settler near a spring not far from his door; while the cat-bird from the brier-thicket replied in mocking notes blither and clearer than those he aimed to imitate. The swallow only, driven from her nest in the eaves, and whirling in disordered flight around the place, seemed in sharp cries to sympathize with the desolation which had come over it.

There was one human mourner, however, amid the scene. A youth of sixteen sat with his head buried in his hands upon a fallen tree hard by. So still and motionless he seemed, that his form might almost be thought to have been carved out of the gray wood, with which his faded garments assimilated in colour. It would not be difficult to surmise what



passed in the bosom of the young forester, as at last, after rising with an effort, he advanced to the funeral pyre of his household, and, turning over the dry embers, disengaged a half-burned cloven skull from among them. He threw himself upon the grass, and bit the ground with a fierce agony that showed some self-reproach must be mingled with his sorrow.

“ My father ! my father ! ” he cried, writhing in anguish ; “ why—why did I not come home at once, when I heard that the Black Wolf had gone north with his band ! ” A burst of tears seemed to relieve him for a moment ; and then, with greater bitterness than ever, he resumed, “ Fool — thrice accursed fool that I was !—I might have known that he would strike for these mountains, instead of taking the Sacondaga route, where the palatine yægars were out and on the watch for him. To die so like a brute in the hands of a butcher—without one

word of warning—to be burned like a wood-chuck in his hole—stricken to death without a chance of dealing one blow for his defence! My father! my poor father! Oh, God! I cannot bear it!”

But the youth knew not the self-renovating spirit of life's springtime, when he thought that his first sorrow, bitter as it was, would blast his manhood for ever. A first grief never blights the heart of man. The sapling hickory may be bowed—may be shattered by the storm, but it has an elasticity and toughness of fibre that keep it from perishing. It is only long exposure to a succession of harsh and biting winds that steals away its vigour, drinks up its sap of life, and sends a chill at last to the roots which nourished its vitality.

That day of cruel woe, like all others, had an end for the young forester; and, when the waning moon rose upon the scene of his

ruined home, her yellow light disclosed the boy kneeling upon the sod wherewith he had covered up the bones of his only earthly relatives. She, too, was sole witness to the vow of undying vengeance which he swore upon the spot against the whole race of red men.

There are but too many traditions surviving in this region to prove the fulfilment of this fearful vow. But I leave the dire feats of "Bloody Ben," by which name only is the avenger now remembered, to some annalist who finds greater pleasure than I do in such horrible details. My business, here, is only to describe the first deed by which he requited the murderous act of the Indians.

The seasons had twice gone their round since destruction had come over the house of the settler, and his son had never yet revisited the spot, which, with the exuberant growth of an American soil, had partly relapsed into its

native wildness, from the tangled vines and thickets which had overgrown the clearing. The strong arm of the government had for a while driven the Indians beyond the reach of private vengeance; but now they were again returning to their favourite hunting-ground north of the Mohawk, and around the sources of the Hudson. Some even had ventured into Albany to dispose of their packs and skins, and carry back a supply of powder and other necessaries of the hunter of the wilderness. It was two of these that the orphan youth dogged from the settlements, on their way through the northern forests, to the spot where his oath of vengeance had been recorded. The sequel may best be told in the words of an old hunter under whose guidance I made my first and only visit to the Dead Clearing.

“ It was about two o’clock of a hot August afternoon, that Ben, after thus following up their

trail for three days, came upon the two Injuns jist where the moose-runway makes an opening in the forest, and lets the light down upon yon willow that still flourishes beside the old hemlock. The Injuns were sitting beneath the willow, thinking themselves sheltered by the rocky bank opposite, and a mass of underwood which had shot up round the top of an oak, which had been twisted off in a tornado in some former day, and then lay imbedded in weeds beneath the knoll. But, a few yards from this bank, in that thicket round the roots of yon mossy old beech, Ben found a shelter, from which, at any moment, he could creep up and cover either with his fire from behind the knoll. But, as he had only a one-barrel piece, it required full as cool a hand as his to wait and take both the creeturs at one shot. Bloody Ben, though, was jist the chap to do it. Like enough he waited there or manœuvred round

for an hour to get his chance, which did come at last, howsumdever. The Injuns, who, in their own way, are mighty talkers, you must know,—that is, when they have really something to talk about,—got into some argerment, wherein figures, about which they know mighty little, were concerned. One took out his scalping-knife to make marks upon the earth to help him: while the other trying to make matters clearer with the aid of his fingers, their heads came near each other jist as you may have seen those of white people when they get parroiching right in earnest. So they argufied and they counted, getting nearer and nearer as they became more eager, till their skulls, almost touching, came within the exact range of Ben's rifle: and then Ben, he ups and sends the ball so clean through both, that it buried itself in a sapling behind them. And that, I think, was pretty well for the first shot of a lad

of eighteen; and Bloody Ben himself never confessed to making a better one afterwards."

The tourist, who should now seek the scene of this adventure, would, perhaps, look in vain for the graceful exotic that once marked the spot. The weeping willow, which was only a thrifty sapling when the Indians met their death beneath its fatal shade, was changed into an old decayed trunk, with but one living branch when I beheld it; and a ponderous vine was rapidly strangling the life from this decrepit limb. The hardy growth of the native forest had nearly obliterated the improvements of the pioneer. The wild animals, in drinking from the spring hard by, had dislodged the flat stones from its brink; tall weeds waved amid the spreading pool; and the fox had made his den in the rocky knoll upon whose side once stood the settler's cabin of THE DEAD CLEARING.

WILD SCENES  
ON  
THE SACONDAGA.

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CHAPTER I.

THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE MOHAWKS.

I HAVE wandered about "considerably" in my time—some five or six thousand miles perhaps—over the northern parts of the Union on either side of the mountains, and all for the sake of seeing Nature in what poets call "her wild retreats:" of beholding her in those unmolested fastnesses where, like a decorous female as she is, she may freak it about in dishabille without being subjected to that abashing scrutiny which always awaits her when



architects and landscape-gardeners assist at her toilet in those places where wealth compels her sometimes to hold her court. Like all the rest of her sex, she is capricious enough in her choice of what she likes, and leads her admirers many an idle dance with but slight reward; while her choicest favours often await him who stumbles upon her at her retiring moments, in spots where he would least expect such good fortune. Certes, I have never found her more propitious than within a day's journey of Saratoga, among lakes, mountains, and forests; where, notwithstanding the vicinity of one of the gayest haunts of dissipation, my only rivals for her favours were a sportsman or two who had stumbled upon these retreats as I did.

It was many years since when in early youth I went upon my first hunting excursion in that unsettled region, about the sources of the Sa-

condaga river, generally known as "Totten and Crossfield's Purchase," never in very great repute at land-offices, and selling at that time for sixpence an acre. The deer were then so abundant that they were often destroyed by the few settlers for their skins alone; and wolves; and bears, and panthers, prowled the thick forest unmolested, save by a few Indians who once or twice throughout the year would straggle in from the Iroquois reservation on the Canadian frontier. This district was in old times a favourite hunting-ground of the Mohawks, and the salmon-trout that abound in the head waters of the Hudson would still sometimes tempt them at the spearing season in July; the moose, which is still occasionally shot in this district, used generally to lure them thither in the winter season.

There was one old Mohawk, yclept Captain Gill, who alone kept there all the year round,

and was a sort of sylvan sultan of the whole region about. His daughter, Molly Gill, who led a kind of oyster life (though no one would have mistaken her for a peri) in their wigwam on the outlet of Lake Pleasant, used to make his moccasins, gum the seams, sew up the rips of his birchen canoe, and dress his venison for him, while the captain roved far and near in search of whatever might cheer the home enlivened by these two only inmates—a tender fawn cutlet, a trinket sent by some goodnatured settler to Molly, or a stoup of vile whiskey secreted in the captain's hunting-pouch for his especial refreshment and delight.

Gill, notwithstanding this unhallowed league with bad spirits, was a capital guide upon sporting excursions whenever the larger kinds of game were the object; and a college chum whom we called "The Barrister," from his having just entered on the study of the law,

took as much pleasure as myself in wandering about among the mountains, or cruising from lake to lake, and camping out on their banks with the old Mohawk for our *decus et tutamen*.

A hunting-party of Iroquois Indians from St. Regis was at that time in the country; and uniting with these we turned out a pretty stout band upon our greater excursions; our company being often strengthened by a queer original, hight Major Jake Peabody, and several other white hunters that may still be living somewhere along that border.

As I took no notes of our different "tramps," it is impossible now to trace their various routes through rocky glens and over sagging morasses, amid the labyrinth of lakes that are linked together by innumerable streams and waterfalls among these mountains; and I may be sufficiently inaccurate while trying to recall some of the tales and anecdotes with which our party

used to while away the evenings between the hours of making our camp-fire and the moment of retiring to repose: but neither shall prevent me from attempting to sketch some of these scenes from recollection, and relating the legends connected with them as I now remember  
th m.

Embarking one morning on a small lake called Konjimuc by the Indians, we entered its outlet, and floated many hours down a stream scarcely a pistol-shot in breadth, where, from the rapidity of the current, the steering-paddle alone was necessary to keep our canoes on their course. The brook wound generally through a wooded morass, where the dense overhanging foliage excluded even a glimpse of the neighbouring mountains; at times, however, it would sweep near enough to their bank to wash a wall of granite, from which the hanging birch and hemlock would fling their branches far over the

limpid tide; and then again it would expand into a broad, deep pool, circled with water-lilies, and animated by large flocks of wild-fowl, that would rise screaming from the black tarn as we glided out from the shadow of the forest and skimmed over its smooth surface. Innumerable streams, the inlets and outlets of other lakes, mingled their waters in these frequently-occurring ponds, and about sunset we struck one so broad that we determined to change our course, and, heading our shallops now against the current, we soon found ourselves upon the outlet of a considerable lake. The water gradually became deeper and more sluggish, and then a pull of a few hundred yards with a sudden turn in the forest, shot us out upon one of the most beautiful sheets of water I ever beheld.

It was about four miles in length, with perhaps half that breadth; the shores curved with

the most picturesque irregularity, and swelled high, but gradually, from the water; while their graceful slopes were held in strong contrast by a single islet which shot up in one bold cliff from the centre, and nodded with a crown of pines, around which an eagle was at that moment wheeling. There were then, I believe, but two farms upon the banks of Lake Pleasant, a couple of small "clearings" on the brows of opposite promontories, each covered with grain-fields, whose brown stubble smiled in the light of the setting sun—the only cultivated spots in an unbroken wilderness. Every where else the untamed forest threw its dusky shadow over the lake, while beneath the pendant branches, which in some instances swept the wave, a beach as white as the snowy strand of the ocean glistened around the clear blue water.

The sun was setting in heavy, though gorgeous clouds, which at each moment lost some of

their brightness in a volume of vapour that rolled along the mountains; and by the time we reached the upper end of the lake, the broad drops that began to descend warned us to hurry on our course and gain a shelter from the coming storm. We had reached the inlet of the lake, which was only a narrow, crooked strait, a few hundred rods in length, connecting it with another sheet of water that covered about the same surface as that over which we had passed, the promontory between affording, as I afterwards experienced, a commanding view of both the sister lakes. Our destination was the farthest side of the upper lake, and the management of a canoe was no boy's play when we left the sheltered strait and launched out upon the stormy water. The shores were bold and rocky, and as the wind had now risen to a tempest, the waves beat furiously upon them. The rain blew in blinding sheets against us, and it was almost



impossible, while urging our way in its teeth, to keep our canoes from falling off into the trough of the sea; in which case they would inevitably have been swamped. Our flotilla was soon separated and dispersed in the darkness. A pack of hounds had been distributed among the different boats, and some of the younger dogs, alarmed by the shouting and confusion, would raise a piteous howl at parting company with the rest. We called long to each other as the lightning from time to time revealed a boat still in hail; but our voices were at last only echoed by the dismal wailing of the loon, whose shriek always rises above the storm, and may be heard for miles amidst its wildest raging.

The night was far spent before we all again united at our place of destination; the different boats straggling in one by one so slowly, that those who first arrived passed an hour in great

anxiety for the fate of the last that made a harbour.

Sacondaga, the lake we were on, the fountain-head of the river of that name, is shaped, as an Indian hunter phrased it, "like a bear's paw spread out with an island between the ball of each toe;"\* and the different bays and islets, resembling each other to an unpractised eye, might, on a dark night, mislead even the skilful voyageur in making any given point on the shore: more than one of our canoes must have coasted the greater part of it before they were all successively drawn up on the beach at the place we had fixed on for our rendezvous.

"God's weather! but this is quite a night," quoth Major Jake, peering out upon the storm which was still raging an hour afterward.

"Yes! I may say that the Flying Head is

\* It is called "Round Lake" by the land-surveyors, probably *quasi lucus*, &c.

abroad to-night," replied the old Mohawk, in good round English, as he lighted his pipe and looked contentedly around the bark shantee, wherein each of our company, having cheered himself with a hearty supper of dried venison, was lounging about the fire in every variety of attitude. The remark seemed to attract the attention of no one but myself; but when I asked the speaker to explain its meaning, my mongrel companions eagerly united in a request that "the captain would tell them all about the varmint of which he spoke, be it *painter* (panther) or devil." Gill did not long hesitate to comply; but the particulars, not to mention the phraseology of his narrative, in the years that have since elapsed, have almost escaped me; and I may fail, therefore, in preserving the Indian character of the story while trying to recall it here.

AWKS.

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## CHAPTER II.

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KO-REA-RAN-NEH-NEH, OR THE FLYING HEAD.

[*A Legend of Sacondaga Lake.*]

“ It hath tell-tale tongues ;—this casing air  
That walls us in—and their wandering breath  
Will whisper the horror every where,  
That clings to that ruthless deed of death,  
And a vengeful eye from the gory tide  
Will open, to blast the parricide.”

*The Yankee Rhymers.*

THE country about the head waters of the great Mohegan (as the Hudson is sometimes called), though abounding in game and fish, was never, in the recollection of the oldest

Indians living, nor in that of their fathers' fathers, the permanent residence of any one tribe. From the black mountain tarns, where the eastern fork takes its rise, to the silver strand of Lake Pleasant, through which the western branch makes its way after rising in Sacondaga Lake, the wilderness that intervenes, and all the mountains round about the fountain-heads of the great river, have from time immemorial been infested by a class of beings with whom no good man would ever wish to come in contact.

The young men of the Mohawk have indeed often traversed it, when, in years gone by, they went on the war-path after the hostile tribes of the north; and the scattered and wandering remnants of their people, with an occasional hunting-party from the degenerate bands that survive at St. Regis, will yet occasionally be tempted over these haunted grounds in quest

of the game that still finds a refuge in that mountain region. The evil shapes that were formerly so troublesome to the red hunter, seem in these later days to have become less restless at his presence; and, whether it be that the day of their power has gone by, or that their vindictiveness has relented at witnessing the fate which seems to be universally overtaking the people whom they once delighted to persecute—certain it is that the few Indians who now find their way to this part of the country are never molested except by the white settlers who are slowly extending their clearings among the wild hills of the north.

The "FLYING HEAD," which is supposed to have first driven the original possessors of these hunting-grounds, whosoever they were, from their homes, and which, as long as tradition runneth back, in the old day before the whites came hither, guarded them from the oc-

cupancy of every neighbouring tribe, has not been seen for many years by any credible witness, though there are those who insist that it has more than once appeared to them hovering, as their fathers used to describe it, over the lake in which it first had its birth. The existence of this fearful monster, however, has never been disputed. Rude representations of it are still occasionally met with in the crude designs of those degenerate aborigines who earn a scant subsistence by making birchen-baskets and ornamented pouches for such travellers as are curious in their manufacture of wampum and porcupine quills; and the origin and history of the Flying Head survives, while even the name of the tribe whose crimes first called it into existence has passed away for ever.

It was a season of great severity with that forgotten people whose council-fires were lighted on the mountain promontory that divides Sa-

condaga from the sister lake into which it discharges itself.\*

A long and severe winter, with but little snow, had killed the herbage at its roots, and the moose and deer had trooped off to the more luxuriant pastures along the Mohawk, whither the hunters of the hills dared not follow them. The fishing, too, failed; and the famine became so devouring among the mountains, that whole families, who had no hunters to provide for them, perished outright. The young men would no longer throw the slender product of the chase into the common stock, and the women and children had to maintain life as well as they could upon the roots and berries the woods afforded them.

\* A hamlet is now growing up on this beautiful mountain-slope, and the scenery in the vicinity is likely to be soon better known from the late establishment of a line of post-coaches between Sacondaga Lake and Saratoga Springs.



The sufferings of the tribe became at length so galling, that the young and enterprising began to talk of migrating from the ancient seat of their people ; and as it was impossible, surrounded as they were by hostile tribes, merely to shift their hunting-grounds for a season and return to them at some more auspicious period, it was proposed that if they could effect a secret march to the great lake off to the west of them, they should launch their canoes upon Ontario, and all move away to a new home beyond its broad waters. The wild rice, of which some had been brought into their country by a runner from a distant nation, would, they thought, support them in their perilous voyage along the shores of the great water, where it grows in such profusion ; and they believed that, once safely beyond the lake, it would be easy enough to find a new home abounding in game upon those flowery plains

which, as they had heard, lay like one immense garden beyond the chain of inland seas.

The old men of the tribe were indignant at the bare suggestion of leaving the bright streams and sheltered vallies, amid which their spring-time of life had passed so happily. They doubted the existence of the garden-regions of which their children spoke; and they thought that if there were indeed such a country, it was madness to attempt to reach it in the way proposed. They said, too, that the famine was a scourge which the master of life inflicted upon his people for their crimes—that if its pains were endured with the constancy and firmness that became warriors, the visitation would soon pass away; but that those who fled from it would only war with their destiny and that chastisement would follow them, in some shape, wheresoever they might flee. Finally, they added, that they would rather

perish by inches on their native hills—they would rather die that moment, than leave them for ever, to revel in plenty upon stranger plains.

“ Be it so—they have spoken ! ” exclaimed a fierce and insolent youth, springing to his feet and casting a furious glance around the council as the aged chief, who had thus addressed it, resumed his seat. “ Be the dotard’s words their own, my brothers—let them die for the crimes they have even now acknowledged. We know of none ; our unsullied summers have nothing to blush for. It is they that have drawn this curse upon our people—it is for them that our vitals are consuming with anguish, while our strength wastes away in the search of sustenance we cannot find—or which, when found, we are compelled to share with those for whose misdeeds the Great Spirit hath placed it far from us. They have spoken—let them die.

Let them die, if we are to remain, to appease the angry Spirit ; and the food that now keeps life lingering in their shrivelled and useless carcasses may then nerve the limbs of our young hunters, or keep our children from perishing. Let them die, if we are to move hence, for their presence will but bring a curse upon our path—their worn-out frames will give way upon the march, and the raven that hovers over their corses, will guide our enemies to the spot, and scent them like wolves upon our trail. Let them die, my brothers, and because they are still our tribesmen, let us give them the death of warriors—and that before we leave this ground.”

And with these words the young barbarian, peeling forth a ferocious whoop, buried his tomahawk in the head of the old man nearest to him. The infernal yell was echoed on every side—a dozen flint hatchets were instantly raised

by as many remorseless arms, and the massacre was wrought before one of those thus horribly sacrificed could interpose a plea of mercy. But for mercy they would not have pleaded, had opportunity been afforded them. For even in the moment that intervened between the cruel sentence and its execution, they managed to show that stern resignation to the decrees of fate which an Indian warrior ever exhibits when death is near; and each of the seven old men that perished thus barbarously, drew his wolf-skin mantle around his shoulders and nodded his head as if inviting the deathblow that followed.

The parricidal deed was done; and it now became a question, how to dispose of the remains of those whose lamp of life, while twinkling in the socket, had been thus fearfully quenched for ever. The act, though said to have been of not unfrequent occurrence among

certain Indian tribes at similar exigencies, was one utterly abhorrent to the nature of most of our aborigines; who, from their earliest years, are taught the deepest veneration for the aged. In the present instance, likewise, it had been so outrageous a perversion of their customary views of duty among this simple people, that it was thought but proper to dispense with their wonted mode of sepulture, and dispose of the victims of famine and fanaticism in some peculiar manner. They wished in some way to sanctify the deed, by offering up the bodies of the slaughtered to the Master of Life, and that without dishonouring the dead. It was therefore agreed to decapitate the bodies and burn them; and as the nobler part could not, when thus dissevered, be buried with the usual forms, it was determined to sink the heads together in the bottom of the lake.

The soul-less trunks were accordingly consumed and the ashes scattered to the winds. The heads were then deposited singly, in separate canocs, which were pulled off in a kind of proccession from the shore. The young chief who had suggested the bloody scene of the sacrifice, rowed in advance, in order to designate the spot where they were to disburden themselves of their gory frcight. Resting then upon his oars, he received each head in succession from his companions, and proceeded to tie them together by their scalp-locks, in order to sink the whole, with a huge stone, to the bottom. But the vengeance of the Master of Life overtook the wretch before his horrid office was accomplished; for no sooner did he receive the last head into his canoe than it began to sink—his feet became entangled in the hideous chain he had been knotting together, and before his

horror-stricken companions could come to his rescue, he was dragged shrieking to the bottom. The others waited not to see the water settle over him, but pulled with their whole strength for the shore.

The morning dawned calmly upon that unhallowed water, which seemed at first to show no traces of the deed it had witnessed the night before. But gradually as the sun rose up higher, a few gory bubbles appeared to float over one smooth and turbid spot, which the breeze never crisped into a ripple. The parri- cides sat on the bank watching it all the day; but sluggish, as at first, that sullen blot upon the fresh blue surface still remained. Another day passed over their heads, and the thick stain was yet there. On the third day the floating slime took a greener hue, as if coloured by the festering mass beneath; but coarse fibres of darker dye marbled its surface: and



on the fourth day these began to tremble along the water like weeds growing from the bottom, or the long tresses of a woman's scalp floating in a pool when no wind disturbs it. The fifth morning came, and the conscience-stricken watchers thought that the spreading-scalp—for such now all agreed it was—had raised itself from the water, and become rounded at the top as if there were a head beneath it. Some thought, too, that they could discover a pair of hideous eyes glaring beneath the dripping locks. They looked on the sixth, and there indeed was a monstrous head floating upon the surface, as if anchored to the spot, around which the water—notwithstanding a blast which swept the lake—was calm and motionless as ever.

Those bad Indians then wished to fly, but the doomed parricides had not now the courage to encounter the warlike bands through which they must make their way in flying from their

native valley. They thought, too, that as nothing about the head, except the eyes, had motion, it could not harm them, resting quietly as it did upon the bosom of the waters. And though it was dreadful to have that hideous gaze fixed for ever upon their dwellings, yet they thought that if the Master of Life meant this as an expiation for their frenzied deed, they would strive to live on beneath those unearthly glances without shrinking or complaint.

But a strange alteration had taken place in the floating head on the morning of the seventh day. A pair of broad wings, ribbed, like those of a bat, and with claws appended to each tendon, had grown out during the night; and, buoyed up by these, it seemed to be now resting on the water. The water itself appeared to ripple more briskly near it, as if joyous that it was about to be relieved of its

unnatural burden; but still for hours the head maintained its first position. At last the wind began to rise, and, driving through the trough of the sea, beneath their expanded membrane, raised the wings from the surface, and seemed for the first time to endow them with vitality. They flapped harshly once or twice upon the waves, and the head rose slowly and heavily from the lake.

An agony of fear seized upon the gazing parricides, but the supernatural creation made no movement to injure them. It only remained balancing itself over the lake, and casting a shadow from its wings that wrapped the valley in gloom. But dreadful was it beneath their withering shade to watch that terrific monster, hovering like a falcon for the stoop, and know not upon what victim it might descend. It was then that they who had sown the gory seed from which it sprung to life, with one impulse

sought to escape its presence by flight. Herding together like a troop of deer when the panther is prowling by, they rushed in a body from the scene. But the flapping of the demon pinions was soon heard behind them, and the winged head was henceforth on their track wheresoever it led.

In vain did they cross one mountain barrier after another—plunge into the rocky gorge or thread the mazy swamp to escape their fiendish watcher. The Flying Head would rise on tireless wings over the loftiest summit, or dart in arrowy flight through the narrowest passages without furling its pinions: while their sullen threshing would be heard even in those vine-webbed thickets, where the little ground bird can scarcely make its way. The very caverns of the earth were no protection to the parricides from its presence; for scarcely would they think they had found a refuge in some sparry

cell, when, poised midway between the ceiling and the floor, they would behold the Flying Head glaring upon them. Sleeping or waking, the monster was ever near; they paused to rest, but the rushing of its wings, as it swept around their resting-place in never-ending circles, prevented them from finding forgetfulness in repose; or, if in spite of those blighting pinions that ever fanned them, fatigue did at moments plunge them in uneasy slumbers, the glances of the Flying Head would pierce their very eyelids, and steep their dreams in horror.

What was the ultimate fate of that band of parricides, no one has ever known. Some say that the Master of Life kept them always young, in order that their capability of suffering might never wear out; and these insist that the Flying Head is still pursuing them over the great prairies of the Far West. Others aver

that the glances of the Flying Head turned each of them gradually into stone, and these say, that their forms, though altered by the wearing of the rains in the lapse of long years, may still be recognised in those upright rocks which stand like human figures along the shores of some of the neighbouring lakes; though most Indians have another way of accounting for these figures. Certain it is, however, that the Flying Head always comes back to this part of the country about the times of the equinox; and some say even, that you may always hear the flapping of its wings whenever such a storm as that we have just weathered is brewing.

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The old hunter had finished his story; but my companions were still anxious that he should protract the narrative, and give us the

account of the grotesque forms to which he had alluded as being found among these hills. These, however, he told us more properly belonged to another legend, which he subsequently related, and which I may hereafter endeavour to recall.

The storm of the last night had not subsided on the morrow, and Major Peabody proclaimed authoritatively that it was folly to leave our comfortable quarters in such weather. The Major presented a singular appearance as I first viewed him engaged in taking an observation, when I awakened in the morning. Being in his stocking-feet he had avoided the disagreeableness of stepping upon the wet ground without the Shantie to study the elements, by raising his tall body erect upon the place where he had slept, and thrusting his head through the bark roof much after the fashion of a man in the pillory. Hearing his voice on the outside of the wigwam, I had stepped through the

doorway without observing his lean and Quixotic figure within: and when this lantern-jawed countenance, reposing as it were upon the roof, first met my eyes, I rubbed them in doubt whether the Flying Head of which I had heard the night before, was not yet bewildering my senses.

Our party generally was disposed to abide by the counsels of Major Jake, and remain within doors amusing themselves by putting their various hunting accoutrements in order for the morrow. One or two, however, went off to catch some lake-trout for our dinner; and as the Indians philosophically got rid of a rainy day by sleeping like hounds before the fire, the Major had but a small audience, when, after calling in vain for another Iroquois legend to amuse us, my friend and I prevailed upon him to relate the principal adventures of his own life, which he did in nearly the following words.



### CHAPTER III.

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#### THE MAJOR'S STORY.

“For earthly goods he cared not, more because

He went to work to carve his proper share

From out the common stock, as coolly as

You would a morsel from a pippin pare.

A shrewd, but wild and wayward chap he was,

Cautious—but danger ready still to dare

(If by it he could rise or win), on field or flood;

A pedlar even of his heart's best blood!”

*The Yankee Rhymist.*

“You mustn't think because you're hearn  
me called Major by all the folks round the  
country, that I'm much stuck up by the title,  
for it's only a militia one, which, you know, is

not of much account to a man who has once been a breveted captain in the regular service. This, however, is neither here nor there; for though I had worn Uncle Sam's livery for some years, and smelt gunpowder upon more than one occasion—ay, and killed my man too, in a duel, yet natur never meant me for an officer. I never took to the thing in the best of times, and I never now can account for my luck in getting an epaulet on my shoulder, and being thought the fire-eater, which some of my old comrades will describe to you when you ask them about Jake Peabody. But this again is neither here nor there; let me begin with the commencement of my story, which, when it tires you, you will please to interrupt just as you please.

“ I was born in Albany, in Old York state, in a small house, which is, perhaps, still standing at the north end, down by Fox Creek. My

father was a Connecticut horse-doctor, or, as he more politely styled himself in latter years, a veterinary surgeon. My mother was born of Yankee parents, in Rensselaer county ; but she was the widow of an old Dutchman up in the colony, when my father took her to wife, and stepped into Mynheer's property along the creek.

“ Being the youngest son, I came into the world after my father had got his head pretty well above water, and had, therefore, greater advantages of education than the rest of my family. The old gentleman, who took particular delight in being addressed as Doctor Peabody, hoped that the son who bore his name, might some day turn out a real M. D.; and, as the first step towards such a consummation, I was taken from the academy, when a boy of eleven, and placed in a druggist's shop.

“ The person to whom I was apprenticed,

kept his office upon the water-side, near the skirts of the town, where, what with keel-boatmen from the Mohawk, Schenectady teamsters, Sacondaga raftsmen, and an occasional North river skipper for customers, he contrived to drive a pretty brisk trade in certain medicines, and initiate his pupil in a branch of practice, which had a wonderful tendency to give me an insight into what, in larger cities, is called 'life.' You will not wonder, therefore, that, in exchange for the vegetable and mineral nostrums, which it was my duty to vend to our customers, I readily imbibed a moral poison, hardly less pernicious; nor that I was sent a packing by my bos before I was fifteen, because he had discovered that I was too old to continue longer the playmate of his daughter Nantie, and he knew not how, otherwise, to break off an intercourse which had ripened into too great familiarity.

“ I was in no want of friends, however. My father, indeed, was dead ; and my mother having taken unto herself a third helpmate, my brothers troubled themselves but little about such a scapegrace as they considered me. But among raftsmen and skippers, I was favourably known ; and one of the latter readily took me on board of a coasting schooner, until something better should offer.

“ Our first voyage from Albany was to a port in Long Island Sound, whither the skipper was bound with a cargo of shingles. Here I met with a Connecticut medicine pedler, who was about starting to Georgia with a large supply of a patent carminative, of which he attempted to force some sales among our crew. This fellow conceived a fancy for me from the moment I exposed his quackery, and was very solicitous to employ so cute a lad, as he called me, in the manufacture of an article which I seemed to

understand so well. But I declined his overtures from having higher things in view. The truth is, upon our first landing at the place, I had seen a newspaper in the bar-room of an inn, which set my ambition all on fire. It was an advertisement, which ran as follows :

“To young Gentlemen wishing to Travel.

“A middle-aged gentleman, engaged in an agreeable and lucrative business, which leads him to take extensive tours over various parts of the Union, is desirous of a young and intelligent companion, whose duties would be merely nominal, and who, in forming a most improving connexion, would have an opportunity of visiting the most interesting cities and towns of the United States, without incurring a particle of expense. Applicants for the situation will address *Viator*, at this office; and none but

young gentlemen of the first respectability need apply.'

"You may think me presumptuous in preferring a claim to such a place; but, nevertheless, I immediately answered the advertisement by asking an interview with Viator at such time and place as he should choose to designate. I confess I thought that I was attempting a pretty high flight, and therefore kept my hopes and schemes to myself. Indeed, it required all the ingenuity of the pedler, who thought I must have some prospect in view, from so peremptorily declining his offer—it required all his skill, I say, to worm my real purpose out of me. I did, however, communicate it to him, and you may judge of my surprise, when, upon my telling him that I hourly expected an answer to my note, he produced it from his pocket, and

quietly announcing himself as the 'middle-aged gentleman' with whom I had been treating anonymously, added, that there was now no difficulty in at once arranging matters. The first castle in the air I had ever built was thus demolished in a moment. But I suppressed the mortification of my feelings; and having now made up my mind to see the world in some way or other, I closed at once with the overtures of the pedler. The connexion, it is true, did not elevate me in the world, but it might open the means of rising.

“I passed two or three years in travelling with this man through the south-western states; he was frugal, kind, and considerate, and of the most scrupulous honesty in every respect, save where the disposal of his patent medicine was concerned; and I verily believe that he would have sold a bottle of this to his best friend, though the use of it might destroy the purchaser



in an hour afterwards. With regard to me, he exhibited ever the care of a father, until his stock in trade becoming one day exhausted while at a thriving village in East Tennessee, I became exceedingly ill shortly afterwards, and had good reason to believe that my worthy master had induced the sickness by experiments upon me with some simples, from which he hoped to prepare a new compound that might enable him to supply his customers. I kept the suspicion to myself, however; and after seeing some fifty persons in the neighbourhood hurried off by what in that country is called the milk-sickness—whose worst symptoms, by-the-by, were always aggravated by the vegetable remedies which my associate exhibited—we decamped one night, and took our way along the mountain-ridge which enters Virginia not far north of this point. But here I and my master were doomed to part company, in a way

that makes us unlikely to meet again in the United States.

“A disbanded regulator of the Georgia guard, with a Lynch-ing corn-cracker from that state, accompanied by a couple of enterprising counterfeiteers lately thrown out of employ in Kentucky, had scented the contents of my master's saddle-bags, and dogged our steps to the wild mountain-passes about the Cumberland Gap. Here, in a woody ravine, to which we had withdrawn to take our noonday meal, apart from the dust of the highway and the heat of the sun, these worthies joined our society in a way which, to say the least of it, was exceedingly abrupt. The first intimation of their presence was a couple of shots, which killed the pedler's fine Kentucky horse, and wounded my Indian tackey. The latter was a tough and spirited little animal, for which I had exchanged a broken-down nag while passing through the

Creek nation. He was not wounded so badly, however, but that he bore me quickly out of danger, when I leaped upon his back as the robbers rushed from the bushes upon the unarmed pedler.

“ I have often since believed that my patron might have escaped the dreadful fate which overtook him a few moments afterward, if he had kept a quiet tongue between his teeth ; but his Connecticut notions of justice impelled him to mutter something about the law of highway robbery, when he saw the plump saddle-bags which his legs had so often caressed in the possession of the freebooters. There was then but a brief parley, the words of which I could not make out, though I still hovered near, having secured my pony in a thicket: its purport, though, was soon apparent. They seized the pedler, and, reckless of his cries, dragged him up a rocky hill, thick-set with bushes, to the

mouth of one of those limestone caverns with which this part of the country abounds. Here they paused for a moment, but not to listen to the passionate pleadings for liberty which were redoubled by the victim; who, however, seemed to anticipate nothing more than confinement in so dreary a place.

“‘Strike a light, Jim,’ cried one, who appeared to be the leader.

“‘You don’t want no light,’ said the other; ‘it’s not far from the mouth, and Angus, who has been in a dozen times, can take your hand and guide you.’

“At the word, a carroty-headed fellow stepped forward, and, taking the hand of the leader, moved in advance as his pioneer, while the two assisted him in dragging the pedler within the cave. The mouth was thick-grown with tall weeds, and much obscured with fallen

boughs and brush of one kind or another, which had from time to time accumulated over it. Supple and active, I did not hesitate to worm my way through this screen, and penetrate into the dark region beyond, which once gained, I knew I must be safe. The struggles and outcry of the pedler prevented the robbers from observing any rustling I might make in moving through the thicket beside them, and I gained the cover of the cavern before their forms had wholly darkened the entrance. The pedler did not struggle much as they pushed and dragged him through the passage; indeed, he seemed rather to catch at their garments, lest they should suddenly retrace their steps and close up the entrance; and he besought them, in the most piteous terms, not to imprison him in the vault without a chance of escape.

“‘I shall starve—I shall certainly starve in

this cavern! For God's sake, if you would murder me by inches, gentlemen, let me be tied to a tree, and die in the light of day.'

"He spoke; but his pleadings did not for an instant defer a fate more appalling than any he yet anticipated: a fate which Providence alone prevented me from sharing, as the nearness of the ruffians now was all that hindered me from penetrating farther into the cavern, when my instant doom would have been that which was intended only for my poor patron. But, fearful of my footfalls being heard, I remained still; placing my body in a cleft of the rock, while the whole party groped their way along the wall, so near to me that, while by a miracle they failed to touch me, it seemed as if the beatings of my heart must have been audible. They paused within two yards in advance of where I stood.

“‘Are we near it, Angus?’ cried the captain.

“‘Hand me a stone, and I’ll try; or do you chuck one before me from where you stand.’

“The stone was thrown. It seemed long in coming to the earth, but at last, after one or two rebounds, which sounded hollowly against the sides of a deep pit, it reached its destination, and the last faint echo seemed to rise from beneath the very spot where we were standing.

“‘By G——!’ cried the ruffian pioneer, ‘I am on the brink of the precipice myself; one step more, and I should have pulled you all to h—l along with me! Stand exactly where you are, captain; and you and Humphrey take the Yankee nigger by his shoulders. Jim, do you move this way—step carefully though, G——d——n you—and seize the other leg.’

“‘Ah, I take the idea.’

“‘Are you all ready?’ said the captain, when the victim was secured in the manner indicated, and swung like a pendulum between the four; ‘have you got a fair hold, Jim?’

“‘Yes—but we’d better yet have a light—my place here in front is cursed pokerish.’

“The suggestion awakened the hope of a moment’s respite in the pedler’s bosom.

“‘Yes, a light—a light in the name of Jesus the merciful, gentlemen!—let me look on my death—let me see your faces! Ye are changed into fiends, are ye—since we came into this horrible place—I cannot—I will not—I—’ Here his struggles became so violent that I lost the rest that he said. A burst of merriment, that rung like the laughter of demons through the vault, told that this last effort for liberty was fruitless; and, overcome with exhaustion, he lay panting upon the floor of the cavern.

“‘Now for a game of Alligator, Jim.’



“‘As quick as you please, captain; he'll launch easily, now, if you'll give the word at once.’

“‘Lift,’ said the captain.

“‘All up,’ was the answer.

“‘Now then, together, boys.’

“‘One to make ready.’

“‘Two to show.’

“‘Three to make ready.’

“‘And four to g—o!’

“A hideous yell of more than mortal agony drowned the last word. To give force to the heave, they had swung the pedler's body so far back the fourth time, that the hair of his head actually grazed my body. The cry of his parting soul seemed to spring at first from my own bosom—it swelled to its highest pitch in the moment that he was launched over the brink of the abyss—and it died away in a hissing moan a thousand feet below me. A dull reverberation

from the falling body followed, and then all was still.

“ ‘ Well, Yankee, you’ll tell no tales,’ said the ruffian called Humphrey, who had not before spoken, and who seemed more of a novice at such business than the others. The party then left the cavern in silence, as if the affair, once despatched, was not worth an afterthought. I stood for some time transfixed with horror. The whole scene had passed amid total darkness, the dropping vault of the cavern near the entrance not allowing the light of day to penetrate thus far into these now accursed chambers ; and I felt like one who had intruded upon some doings of the damned, deep within the bowels of the earth. At last, moved by better feelings, reckless whether or not any of the gang might hear me, if still loitering about the place, I shouted to my ill-fated friend as the idea flashed across me that life might possibly yet linger in

his mutilated form. I screamed to him at the top of my voice, and a dismal howl seemed to answer from the gulf; I shrieked again, but heard only as before the same fearful echo to my own voice. The place had been turned into a grave, and *that* gives no reply. A superstitious terror seized upon me; I felt as if something were dragging me backward to that horrid chasm, and groping anxiously till I met a ray of light from the entrance of the cavern, I rushed from it in an agony of fear, the bitterest I have ever known.

“The land pirates had disappeared, without molesting my tackey, who soon carried me to a safer region farther east. Abingdon, in Washington county, Virginia, was the first place where I ventured to stop and seek employment. The valley used to be a beautiful green basin among the hills in those days; and here the principal hotel being in want of a barkeeper, I

was glad to fill a station, among people who knew nothing about me, which, at the same time that it was comfortable in itself, gave me an opportunity of mixing, after a fashion, with all the young bucks and politicians. There were too, at that time, many of your real old-fashioned Virginny gentlemen in Abingdon; good fellows, who wouldn't disdain to hold a chat with a white man while mixing a julep, though he did stand behind a bar. Well, during all the two years I was there, I never let out where I came from nor where I was going to. Jacobs was the name I bore, and under this name I used to mingle with all sorts of people during court-week, and pick up something about books and manners, which has served my turn ever since. For you may depend, that a man can never play gentleman well, unless he has served some sort of apprenticeship to it; and that, I take it, is the reason

why in our northern cities, where fortunes are made so quick, you so often see servants better bred than their masters. Well, after I had laid up a little money, and learnt how your quality folks conduct themselves toward each other, I left Abingdon, and made my way to Charleston, on the Kenhawa, where I fitted myself out with some new clothes, and took my passage in a salt-boat to Cincinnati. Here I provided myself with a pair of saddle-bags, and a stock of medicines to fill them, crossed over into Kentucky, and bought a good horse at Georgetown, and then returning to Ohio, took up my line of march for the interior.

“ Now, it chanced that about this time the breaking out of the war had brought some levies of Western volunteers and drafted militia, on their way to the frontier, to the village of Urbanna, where I had put up, announcing myself as Dr. Peabody. Well, most of the officers

were real harem-scarem fellows; they seemed to be marching in loose detachments, loitering from day to day for the baggage to come up, and drinking confusion every night to those in authority, who had as yet, not even made any medical provision for so large a body of men. In fact, disease had already broken out among them, from robbing the orchards as they came along; and during a halt of three days, I made myself so useful and agreeable, in prescribing for the sick and frolicking with the well, that by the time the general and his staff came up with the fourth regiment of infantry, who joined us at this point, every officer had signed a paper, which I soon set afloat, recommending me as an army surgeon. And, in fact, soon after I received a demi-official appointment as assistant-surgeon of the drafted forces. I was already mounted, and my blue coat was soon

converted into a uniform, by clapping a collar of black velvet on it, and sticking a button on either side. I appropriated the sword of a dead drummer as my fee for easing him off handsomely, during an attack of cholera morbus, which compelled him to beat his last tattoo: and now Surgeon Peabody, who was already a favourite with the officers, could ruffle it with the best of them. My tavern experience had given me a knowledge of the kitchen, which made my services highly valued by some of the old cocks in catering for the mess; and I had a sort of knowledge of life, which took mightily with the youngers.

“The presence of so large a body of regulars, infused something like discipline into our ranks, and our men reached the Miami of the lakes in such good condition, that I began to have quite an opinion of my medical skill; when my

talents as a surgeon were put to their first proof, in a way that took the conceit out of me a little.

“ I was one day holding a pleasant talk with a militia colonel, who rode at the head of his division, when I was suddenly called to the rear, to look after a man that had been accidentally shot through the arm by a fellow volunteer, who, to exhibit at once his soldierly discipline and skill as a marksman, had discharged his rifle across the face of the platoon in which he was marching, at a squirrel that was skipping along a log by the roadside. The wounded man was sitting upon the log when I reached the spot, and all so covered with blood, that I could hardly find the place of his hurt. Not knowing exactly how to treat a gunshot wound, I still thought common sense dictated that the first thing to be done, was to plug up the hole which the bullet had made,



and I therefore tried very hard to fill it with a pledget of tow ; but all my squeeze and pushing, only made the blood flow the faster ; the tow was forced out as fast as I stuck it in, and at last I saw that nothing could be done until I had got this effusion of blood under. I had more than once assisted my old masters at ordinary bleedings, and had sometimes helped to tie the bandages afterwards : and these, I remembered, always stopped the flow of blood from the veins, by being tied below the venesection ; and, God forgive me, but I never dreamt of there being such a thing as an artery, much less did I know any thing of the circulation of the blood when I clapped a tourniquet below the wound, upon that poor fellow's arm. He bled like an ox ; and seeing that I could do nothing to stop it, I told his friends, who had left the ranks to gather round him, that he was mortally wounded, and beyond the reach of

surgery. I helped to place him upon a smooth stump, that he might go off with some comfort, and felt mightily relieved at the kind manner in which he welcomed his fate; especially when I used to think afterward of the tomahawking upon the river Raisin, which he thus escaped. The last thing I heard him say, before I left him to his friends, and resumed my place in the line, was addressed to the man that shot him, in these terms: 'Well, Evert, don't be cast down now, because you've done for me; I'll allow it was a nation bad shot at the squirrel, and that's enough to make you feel ugly; but as for your hitting me, why that was all along of my bad luck; only tell the old man that I died game. Kiss Nan for me, and take good care of my mare, poor cretur, she'll break her legs between some of these cursed logs, afore the campaign's ove—r.' The last word was uttered with a sort of hiccough, and the backwoodsman

fainted, never to revive again, as they told me afterwards.

“My next case was rather more fortunate, being taken off my hands before I could enter fairly upon its treatment. I had been left in the rear with some sick men, who, as soon as convalescent, joined a company of Ohio volunteers, who, under the command of Captain Brush, had arrived at the river Raisin with supplies for the army. Major Van Horn, you may remember, was sent with a detachment from Detroit to escort Brush's company to head-quarters, but was used up by Tecumseh, near Brownstown, before he could join us. A larger force was therefore sent to perform this duty; and when I learned from a scout that Colonel Miller, with three hundred regulars of the gallant 4th, the old Tippecanoe regiment, was marching towards us, I volunteered to push through the woods, and warn him that

Major Muir of the Britishers, was waiting for him at Magagua, with a large force of Indians and regulars. Making a circuit through the woods, I reached Muir's position, just as Captain Snelling, who commanded the American advance, had entered the ambuscade, and the Indians broke their cover. The red-skins had a cool chap to deal with in Snelling. The painted devils came yelling upon him as if they had their fingers already twisted in the scalps of his men. But—Lord, it's pleasant to see regulars fight—why, Snelling did not even think it worth while to fall back on the main body. His little corps there kept its ground until Miller came up, and made the British regulars, who had moved to the support of the Indians, give way before his solid charge; 'faith, it was Greek meeting Greek. There are no troops better with the bayonet than the British, but Miller is just the fellow to lead

*Incomplete*

men of blood as good as theirs. The battle though was not yet over. Tecumseh drew off his Indians to the woods on each side of our people, and fought from tree to tree, and bush to bush, as if he meant to make each inch of ground his last halting-place. The British regulars rallied with desperate rivalry of their Indian allies; and then came a sight I have never seen but that once, though they tell me the same thing happened at Bridgewater — bayonet crossed bayonet, and the opposing columns met and waved to and fro for a moment in one reeling line of bristling steel; while near them the painted Indians, who yelled like demons as they rushed from the forest to aid in turning the fortunes of the day, were fighting hand to hand with the grim backwoodsmen. It was strange, when the crisis of the instant was over, to see the order that came out of such confusion, when the British, though borne

down by the furious charge of Baker, Sarabie, and Peters, kept closing up their ranks, and retreated to their boats as coolly as if upon field-parade. The stars and stripes never had a braver sword to guard them than that wielded by Ensign Whistler on that day; but old England's banner waved hardly less proudly even in defeat.

“Ah! it's a pretty sight to see real soldiers cut each other's throats in a business-like way, and I was peskily worried when they called me off as I sat upon the breastwork from which the reserve of the enemy had been driven, to look after the poor devils whose business had been only half done for them. The first wounded man they brought me had been bored through the thigh by a British bayonet. It was but a boy, and I did not wonder that he howled like a wild Indian, when I applied the probe to his hurt as he lay upon the rampart.

Not knowing what next to do, I told a couple of fellows to move him, when, just as one had raised his head, a ball took him right through the throat, and freed me at the same time from patient and assistant. The man that was helping him, threw a kind o' back somerset from the breastwork. He seemed to think at first that nothing but the shock of the fall disabled him so suddenly. He floundered about so curiously in trying to regain his feet, striking out the while, for all the world like an awkward swimmer, or a chicken that beats his wings when the cook wrings his head off, that I could not forbear from laughing; though I tell you it made me feel all over, when, with a wriggle of his neck, he suddenly came to a stand-still, with eyes broad open, and so set in death upon my own face, that they appeared to look me through and through. I have often heard soldiers laugh in battle when a gunshot wound

makes a comrade cut these antics in dying, and you know we do become kind o' heathens about such matters; but, seeing that I was not then a soldier, I never could forgive myself for laughing at that poor fellow's expiring agonies.

“The regular surgeon, who accompanied Miller's detachment took the worst cases off my hands that day, and my next opportunities of practice were in the fever-hospital of Detroit, where I had not been many days, before the vacillating movements of Hull upon the opposite side of the river, began to dispirit the whole army, which, as is always the case, soon swelled the sick list, and I was superseded in my duty by an older and more capable surgeon. My patients were spread out upon the floor in their blankets when this officer came to relieve me of their charge, and examine me as to the course of treatment I had pursued. ‘Well, to business, to business, doctor,’ said he, turning



up his nose, and filling it with a huge pinch of snuff, as he first scented the apartment upon entering it; "you get along with these poor fellows, eh—eh? Not lose many of them I hope, eh, doctor, eh?"

" "Why, sir, when the river is at as low a stage as it is now, with no wind from the lower lakes to prevent the water from running out and exposing the decomposing matter upon the banks, they tell me that this country-fever is incurable. My Creole assistant, the other day told me that a man who had just died, introduced him to a New Orleans acquaintance in going off; and since then we have had ten other cases of black vomit."

" "Eh—indeed—hum—hah—we—eh—we must be mum about all that sort o' thing—bad, very bad—plenty of calomel in the medicine chest though, I suppose?"

" "Yes, sir, some; also some salts. In ex-

hibiting my remedies, I administer both medicines in equal quantities, in order that one shall not become exhausted before the other. This I call the saline side of the room, and the row of patients opposite are all under the influence of calomel.'

" 'Ah—eh—indeed—strange mode of treatment, but military, eh? Doctor you draw your men up in regular lines for their last march. Good! ha! ha! ha! hum! But from which platoon do you count off the most convalescent?'

" 'The average of cures is about the same, sir, upon either side; is it not, Alphonse?' said I, turning to my Creole assistant, who at that moment approached us.

" 'Oui, monsieur—certainement—we buries about de same from both rows every day.'

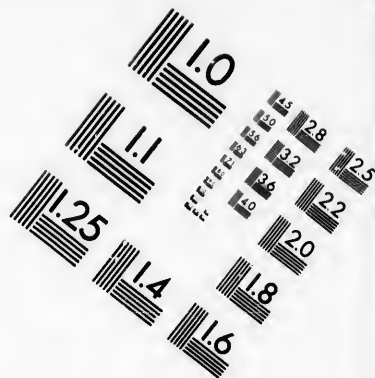
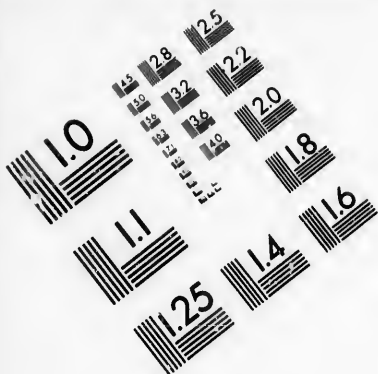
" 'But confound those hospital days, it always makes me gloomy to talk them over. I had

been making interest for a commission long before I was relieved from my disagreeable duty in this place; a friendly representation of one or two little things which I had done in the way of knocking down an Indian or so, while mingling as an amateur in the affair of Magagua, procured me an ensign's commission, which I received just in time to include me among the regulars as a prisoner of war, in Hull's capitulation; but as the militia were allowed to return to their homes after the fall of Detroit, I thought it better to pocket my unseasonable honours and march off as plain Dr. Peabody. The circumstance afterwards gave rise to a dispute as to the actual date of commission, and my consequent place in the line of my promotion; but the only officer whose rank thus jostled with mine was fool enough to force a hostile meeting upon me two years afterward, when, you know, a proper regard to the situa-

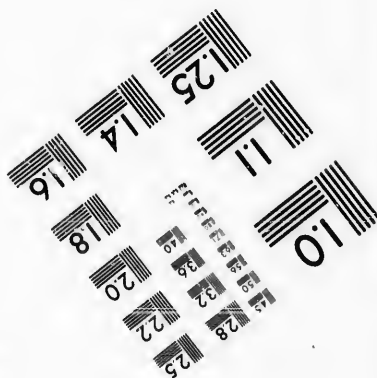
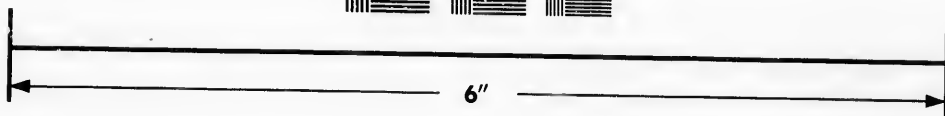
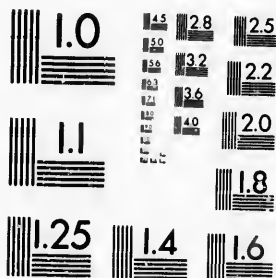
tion of my name upon the army-list, compelled me to shoot him.

“ Poor Raffles, we were at one time more intimate than any two men in the mess. We both of us played the flute, and were in the habit of practising duets together ; and though our fight was all arranged six weeks before it took place, yet we kept up our music as usual till the last. The thing happened pretty much in this way : You see, one night, out of sheer kindness, I had volunteered to carry a challenge for a poor devil, whom his brother officers had put in Coventry, because he was seen taking a scalp, like a wild Indian, upon the field of battle. He came and told me of having been grievously insulted, without ever letting off that my friend Raffles was the man who had put upon him ; and knowing that no officer in the regiment would stand by the forlorn creature, I, out of sheer kindness, offered to carry his





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message. The paper was written right off hand; several other officers were standing by at the time, and, though it made me feel a little ridiculous when I saw my principal coolly put the name of my most intimate friend upon the back of the note, you know it was too late to withdraw from my pledge.

“ Poor Harry, how he stared when I gave him the note.

“ ‘ Why, Jake,’ he cried, ‘ d—n it, what’s the meaning of this? you don’t mean to stand in that fellow’s shoes, do you?’

“ ‘ In his shoes? why, God’s weather! Harry, you will meet the man, won’t you?’

“ ‘ My dear Jake, can you expect me to put myself upon a level with a scoundrel who has actually scalped a British officer? What the devil possessed you to thrust yourself into such a business as this?’

“ ‘ That is neither here nor there, Mr.



Raffles; the person of whom you speak stands in the relation of my friend at present, and I cannot hear you talk in that style about him.'

" 'Mr. Raffles! your friend? Well, sir, you know best how to play your own game, and for my part I shall use the privilege which the laws of honour allow in these matters. I will meet the representative of your friend, sir. I will—but stay—d—n it, Jake, let the thing lie over till to-morrow morning, and I'll try and make up my mind to meet your principal.'

" 'It is for your pleasure to determine that matter, Raffles. My friend, you know, is no shot, and I—'

" 'And you are the best in the regiment. I see the inference that may be drawn. I thank you for the hint. Mr. Peabody, I will send a friend to you in the morning. I wish you a good night, sir.'

" Now blister my blistering tongue; I never

meant my friend to give such a turn to this last suggestion; I merely intended to hint that he might meet my scalping friend, and tap him gently in the shoulder without exposing himself to any inconvenience, and so the affair might pass up to the satisfaction of all parties; but Raffles, when his honour was concerned, was just one of those fiery fellows that will go off upon a half-cock in the hands of the friends who try to guide him.

“Well, the morning came, but the affair was still in abeyance. My principal had been ordered off, with a detachment for supplies, in the course of the night. He was not expected to return for a month, and all the officers agreed that Raffles ought not to make public any decision in regard to his choice of an antagonist, until Scalpy, as he was generally called, should return among us. In the meantime, when the first sensation of this affair had

blown over, our winter-quarters were as dull as ever, and for want of something else to amuse us, Raffles and I resumed our flute practising. Occasionally, too, when the weather would permit, we took our fowling-pieces and went out together after wild-ducks. I don't think, however, that we were exactly the same to each other as formerly; neither of us would, of course, show any concern as to what might happen, before the other officers; but we had mighty little to say to each other when alone. We became, somehow, cooler and cooler, until it was no longer 'Jake' and 'Harry,' but 'Mr. Raffles,' and 'Mr. Peabody.' Still, however, we kept up our fluting until the source of all this mischief came back to camp. And sorry enough were both of us, I guess, to see him. He had been on a long tramp, through woods alive with out-lying Indians, and the chances were ten to one that some of Tecumseh's people would have made dogsmeat of him. But your

bad penny, somehow, always comes back to hand. The fellow did return safe and sound, and we had to make the best of it. He had been living all the while hand and glove with the vilest of his rangers, and returned more coarse and vulgar than ever. Raffles could not bring himself to acknowledge such a chap as his equal; and I, though I wished the varmint to the devil, was obliged to fight his battles for him. We met—poor Harry and I. His pistol snapped, and I threw away my first fire; but I did it so unskilfully, that he saw I meant to let him off, and became furious for another exchange of shots. The truth is, the man was mad. The doom of bad luck had gone out against him, and his eyes were sot' upon hurrying to his fate. I shot my friend through the heart, sir, and rose one on the army-list."

The major here gave a dry cough, while a slight trembling of his eyelids betrayed that he

was not the wholly emotionless being that he would paint himself.

“ It was soon after this that General Winchester had orders to break up his cantonment near the mouth of the Au Glaize, and push forward to the Rapids, which we reached through the deep snows of mid-winter, with about one thousand effective men. Here we received those expresses from the inhabitants of Frenchtown, urging us to march upon the enemy near that point. The appeal fired the souls of our officers, who burned for action. The gallant Colonel Allen, who took a conspicuous part in Winchester's military council, advocated an immediate movement. A corps, composed of regulars and Kentucky volunteers was organized, and the command given to Colonel Lewis. We reached the river Raisin, which was covered by thick and strong ice. The British and Indians were posted among the straggling

houses along the banks. They were apprized of our approach, and we displayed and marched forward under the fire of musketry and howitzers. The battalions of Graves and Maddison, preceded by Ballard's light infantry, charged across the river, and dislodged the enemy from the houses and pickets. The Indians fought like fiends incarnate, and Reynolds twice rallied his Englishmen to the charge; but Allen, with the Kentucky brigade, dashed amid a shower of bullets upon his left, and the fortune of the day was soon ours.

“But never was a victory attended with such disastrous consequences. Infatuated with our success, we determined to maintain our position, though no provision had been made by our commander-in-chief, to strengthen us in a proper manner. We had not a single piece of artillery; and though General Winchester himself joined us with two hundred and fifty men,

yet the most ordinary precautions to keep our troops together were neglected; nor did he even place a picket guard upon the only road by which our position could be conveniently approached. Our force consisted altogether of only seven hundred and fifty men, and many of those lay encamped in open field, when, on the morning of the fatal twenty-second, Proctor came down upon us with a combined force of fifteen hundred British and Indians, and six pieces of artillery. The body of men belonging to the encampment were instantly overpowered, and my company and another, which sallied out to their rescue were at once cut off; I, only, with a couple of privates, making good my retreat within the line of our picketing defences. The artillery, in the mean time, opened upon this slight breastwork of pickets, while the British forty-first charged under cover of the fire; no soldiers could come on more

coolly and steadily, but the British bayonet was no match then for the Kentucky rifle. They made three successive assaults, but at each time were driven back with heavy loss. The terrible slaughter in his ranks now made Proctor pause. The general, and half of our little force, were already in his hands; and though he had the means of crushing the rest of us, it could only be done with immense loss to himself. He sent a flag proposing a surrender, but we rejected his terms.

“Our volunteers consisted chiefly of gentlemen; young lawyers, physicians, Kentucky planters, and other people of condition, each of whom, though serving as a private, had an individual character as well as his country's honour, to sustain; and all of us were well armed, and elated with the repulse we had already given the enemy. We had yet thirty-five officers and four hundred and fifty men,



after fighting six hours against artillery and five hundred British troops, backed by a thousand savages.

“Proctor sent another flag, with better terms ; but his message hinted something about the fate we were likely to meet at the hands of his red allies in case he was compelled to carry the place by assault ; while the Indians yelled, during the brief conference, like wolves ravening for their prey. This, however, instead of scaring us into compliance, only served to rally our men. It was, in fact, only a roundabout way of bullying, to say the best of it. We again rejected his terms, and resolved to make a die of it.

“But Proctor was too many for us ; it was in his power to use us up, and he was determined to do it, only after his own fashion. He now sent a third flag, with a communication from our general, that he, General Winchester, had

surrendered us as prisoners of war, under an explicit engagement that we were to be protected in our persons and private property, and have our side-arms returned to us. And now came the first dissensions among our little force. Some were wearied out with the toil of the day, and ready at once to adopt the terms of capitulation; others were more full of fight than ever, and eager to go ahead; some argued that it was mutinous not to come into the terms which our commanding-officer had made for us; and others, again, insisted that, being a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, he had no right to make terms for us. But Winchester, though wanting in conduct as a general, was as benevolent as he was brave, and had still the love and confidence of most of us: his advice, rather than his order, prevailed, and we surrendered. Never did men do a weaker thing than surrender themselves, with arms in their

hands, to such an enemy as Proctor, with the hope that a fellow, whom Tecumseh afterwards rowed up Salt river, as well for his want of faith as his inefficiency in using injuns, could protect them against a horde of infuriated savages.\* I

\* When General Proctor began to prepare for retreating from Malden, Tecumseh, having learned his intention, demanded an interview, and, in the name of all the Indians, remonstrated in these terms :

“ Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and took up the hatchet for my British father, you told us to bring our women and children to this place, and we did so ; you also promised to take care of them—they should want for nothing, while the men would go and fight the Americans. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your own garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

“ Father, listen !—Our fleet has gone out—we know they have fought—we have heard the great guns—but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm.\* Our ships have gone one way, and we are

\* Commodore Barclay, of the British flotilla on Lake Erie.

don't know whether or not the man quailed before the ferocious demands of his allies, but notwithstanding the humane remonstrance of his own officers, he did not leave a guard of British soldiers for his prisoners, as he had

much astonished to see our father tying up every thing and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are: You always told us to remain here, and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground. But now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog, that carries its tail upon its back, but, when affrighted, it drops it between his legs and runs off.

“Father!—You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands; and, if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them.”—*Thatcher's Indian Biography.*

pledged himself. The Indians were set on drinking blood, and he marched off with his regulars, leaving them to revel in it. Contrary to express stipulations, the swords were taken from the sides of our officers, and then, unarmed, and stripped almost naked, our prisoners were left to be driven by the Indians in the rear of the English forces upon their retrograde march to Malden. Few, however, ever reached that British garrison. Many were slaughtered upon the spot. Some were carried off to be roasted at the stake by the bands of savages, that from time to time dropped off from the main body, and stole home to make merry with their captives at a feast of blood. But the most gallant and distinguished of our officers perished upon the spot. I saw Colonel Allen, with four kinsmen of the same name, the youngest a boy of seventeen, butchered within

a hundred yards of the Raisin. Simpson, the member of congress, with Majors Madison and Ballard, and Captains Bledsoe, Hickman, Mason, Woolfolk, Kelly, M'Cracken, Williams, and Hamilton, with many a private who had the best blood of Kentucky in his veins, all perished in that field of slaughter. Young Hart, the kinsman of Harry Clay, who claimed the protection of an old college chum that he met in the British ranks, was dragged, wounded, from his horse, and tomahawked and scalped like the rest. It made my flesh crawl to hear the shrieks of those dying men as they howled curses upon the unheeding Proctor, mingled with bitter imprecations upon their own folly in trusting to the mercy of such a foe. But this was not the worst scene which that day presented.

“There were about sixty of our people, who,

being wounded or ill, had sought shelter from the cold in the house of a Canadian on the banks of the Raisin. Some had crawled thither amid the confusion of the fight, others had been conveyed there by friends immediately after the surrender, and a few, like myself, had sought the place to look after a wounded comrade. The rear-guard of the British regulars had scarce taken up their line of march before this house was beset by the savages and fired in a dozen places. I was kneeling on the floor in an upper story beside a poor fellow, who, fevered with his wounds, was swallowing eagerly a handful of snow which I had just reached to him from the window-sill, when I heard the Indians whooping beneath the window, and smelt the smoke coming up the passage-way. Almost at the same moment there was a simultaneous cry among the wounded in the room below us, followed by a rush toward the door,

and yells and groans of agony, as the savages, rushing into the entry, brained those who attempted to escape with their tomanawks. A heavy burst of smoke, which seemed to come up from the cellar, succeeded ; and looking out, I saw the Indians springing by dozens from the window below me. But while these thus hastened to escape from being stifled, as many more were pouring into the house to snatch their scalps from the inmates before the fire could consume them. The fire had as yet only burst into flame in the cellar, and the wet clapboards on the outside of the house smoked like a pile of green timber with live coals beneath it. The Indians as yet had not come up to where we were, and when we heard the live flames roaring below, some prayed for the fate of their friends who had but now perished with the tomahawk ; others, though half stifled with smoke, seemed only to dread the Indians, who



yelled like wild devils as they glanced in and out from the building. But now came a grand crash, which seemed to tell that their fate, whatever it might be, was at hand. The floor in the room below gave way, and the sharp yells of sudden agony which mingled with the moans of the dying prisoners, told that some of the savages must have gone down with it. I could hear some of them, too, exhorting each other as they clung to the steep staircase above them, and tried to mount to the place of momentary safety where we were. But two succeeded; and the shaven crowns and begrimed faces of these emerged through the well of the staircase along with a burst of flame, which seemed, as it were, to hoist them into our room like demons lifted upon their native element. God's weather! had you seen those horrible faces glowering upon you from out the fire, you would have cowered in a corner as I did.

“The devils! instead of making at once for the window, and escaping from the house, as I thought they would, they began at once to pay about them with their scalping-knives. They never stopped to tomahawk men who were too feeble to resist, but peeled their heads as readily as you would strip the skin from a ripe peach. Accident, or the eddying smoke-wreaths which came thicker and thicker into the apartment, prevented their seeing me until one of them had engaged in a death-grapple with a stout sergeant, who, being only wounded in his knee-pan, could make good fight with the fellow who threw himself upon his body to take his scalp.

“The first sound of resistance put new life into my limbs, and I braced myself for a tussle with the other savage, in the same moment that a puff of wind, wrapping the combatants from view, revealed me to the Indian who was springing to the assistance of his comrade. He turned

upon me so abruptly that he stumbled over a dead body by my side, and I flung myself upon him, and plucked his scalping-knife from the floor, as it stood quivering where his hand had drove it in falling. He was a stout and heavy savage; and though not slow myself at wrestling, he turned me under him at the first grapple and planted his fingers at my throat with a grip like an armourer's vice. The knife was still in my hand, but it was bent nearly double; and if I had lifted my arm he would have wrenched it from me to a certainty. I pretended, therefore, to be quite spent while straightening the knife by pressing the blade beneath my wrist against the floor. The next moment I made another struggle—the Indian raised himself a little to get a better hold, and then, as he came down with his full weight upon my body, I slipped aside so adroitly, that the knife, which I had raised on the butt-end, entered his bosom clean

up to the haft, and the warm blood, spouting over my face, made it as red as his own.

“All this, as you may conceive, passed in less time than I take in telling it. Yet even in that space of time the fire had gained upon us fearfully, and put an end to the fight of the sergeant and his Indian in the same moment that I despatched mine. The rafters on the opposite side of the room gave way; and the white and red man, with hands clutched in each other's hair, were plunged amid the roaring flames below.

“Now the sight of those flames was just what saved my life after all. I seized my Indian's blanket, to shield me from the fire until I could reach the window, and sprang with it wrapped around me among the crowd of devils who were howling for blood below. I fell into a deep snow-bank, which covered my boots and trousers as did the blanket my body. My hair

was burnt off, and my face, red with blood, and begrimed with smoke, made me look so much like a real Indian, that, having plenty to do on their own account, the others let one of their comrades, as they thought me, lie there like an old log. The roof fell in soon afterwards; the flames shot high into the air, and the smoke and embers rolled far and wide, as the sides of the house came crashing down in the midst of the flames. The savages gave an exulting yell, as if contented that they had done their worst, and then trooped like a pack of ravening wolves after the detachment of prisoners which followed in Proctor's rear. Few of them, as we know, ever reached Malden; and for a fact, I thought at the time when I crawled half-frozen from that snow-bank, that my chance was probably the luckiest in all the army that was captivated on the river Raisin.

"The wolves had succeeded their Indian

brothers, and were already busy upon the dead when I crept from my hiding-place. The night was raw and gusty, and the snappish growl of the creturs, as they quarrelled over the food, when there was enough for all of them, the varmints! sounded on the fitful blast like the wrangling of Christian men. There was no need of making a circuit to avoid them, for though by the light of the snow we could see each other as plain as day, they did not even stop to look at me as I crossed the clearings to get to the woods in the rear of Frenchtown. This I didn't do though without meeting with a sort o' interruption which was queer, to say the least of it. There was a little knoll near the banks of the Raisin which I rather chose to go round than to cross over the top, thinking that it was not best to bring my body clean against the sky as a mark for any loitering drunken Indian that might still by possibility be out-

lying near the scene of his hellish orgies. Well, as I wound round the hillock and got within a hundred yards of the forest, which was close upon it, what should I meet upon the other side but a great buck bear, who had just dragged a body around the opposite side of the knoll, and was under full sail for the woods in the very direction that I was steering for them. The brute might have been a few paces in advance of me when I stumbled upon him, and he seemed considerably taken aback, though he had no idea of dropping his prize. A half-starved, half-frozen man has not much active courage to spare, but if he has gone through scenes such as I witnessed that day, he feels pretty indifferent as to what next may turn up on his hands. It seemed to warm my nature, too, within me, to have something upon which I could pour the vengeful feelings that I felt just then ag'inst all creation ; and though armed

with nothing but my dead Indian's scalping-knife, I made a spring toward the bear and planted my foot upon the body he was dragging. The cretur let go the other end, and sat right up on his hinderparts, looking first at me and then at the dead body, but never offering to harm me. The moon at that moment broke through a cloud, and, for the first time, I saw that it was only an Indian that my opposite neighbour was carrying off for his supper, and I thought there was such a sort of gravity about his appeal in looking from me to the Indian, and from the Indian to me, as if the dumb brute know'd that I had only made a mistake and didn't mean to molest him wantonly, that I took off my foot, stepped backward a pace or two, and let him pass on. But bears have their hour of fate as well as men; for this one had not gone twenty steps farther when I heard the crack of a rifle, and he tumbled over in the snow,



scratching his head with his fore-paws in a way that showed a bullet must have gone through it. In a moment afterward, leaving time only to reload, a white hunter stepped from the edge of the forest, and levelling his rifle upon me beckoned with his forefinger for me to come into him, addressing me at the same time in the half-French, half-Indian lingo at that time prevailing in this district—'Venez ici needji.'

"'Throw up your shooting-iron, and don't call me *needji*, old gumbo, unless you mean friend and not Indian by it. I'm a half-starved white man, and should like a bit of your bear that you knocked over so handsomely.'

"'Nesheshin—chemocomow! ah! c'est bon, Monsieur c'est un Americain,' he rejoined, advancing from the edge of the wood, and giving me his hand. I saw at once that it was an old gumbo hunter, and knowing what a guileless

set they are I felt instantly at ease, for one of his class was the only man who could now help me out of those infernal woods, and guide me to the nearest United States' post.

“I helped him to drag the wounded bear within the forest so soon as he had despatched him with his tomahawk. A few moments sufficed to flay him, and then, after cutting some tender bits from the carcass, we retired deeper into the woods to sup upon bruin, who, half an hour before, might have made a supper of me. The wood we were in was only a narrow belt dividing the Frenchtown settlement from a large wet prairie, which we were obliged to circuit for some miles before taking up a direct route for the Rapids, whither I prevailed upon the Frenchman to guide me. In summer time the tall reeds of this prairie would have afforded ample shelter in traversing it, if indeed it be possible, but it was now only a frozen snowy

waste, where the figure of a man might have been descried for miles, and I felt considerably relieved when we had safely navigated along the borders and got in the deep forest to the south. I needn't tell of all I suffered in struggling through the heavy snows until I reached Carrying River, to which Harrison, after hearing of the disaster of Frenchtown, had retreated, for the purpose of forming a junction with the troops in his rear. I arrived here in such a condition that I was placed at once upon the sick list.

“ After that I was pretty much useless to myself and to all others till after the war ; when, at the reduction of the army I was dropped like many a more deserving fellow who like myself lacked the education to do his country credit upon her peace establishment. Uncle Sam gave me some broad lands in the far west, however, but though one of his territorial governors

promised to commission me in a corps of rangers, in case I settled upon them, I somehow could never go to them flat western prairies. I longed for the woods and mountains of Old York State. I swapped my bounty-lands for one thing and another that I could turn into ready money, until I was able to buy me a farm down among the hills of Montgomery county; from which I can easily take a run up among these mountains whenever it jumps with my humour; and that's all I've got to tell you about Old Major Jake Peabody. He's not so old though neither except from his experience in studying human natur."

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Though sometimes losing the phraseology of the worthy Major in repeating the history he gave of his adventures, the conclusion being precisely in his own words, will give the reader some idea of the conceit that was blended with

a character at once shrewd and simple, and often recklessly, if not gamesomely bold amid much habitual and inborn selfishness. There were many such men who raised themselves from the ranks in our quickly-created army of 1812-13, and being like the major, suddenly dropped from the list of its reduction, or gradually weeded out from the service by a more accomplished and high-minded race of officers, fell into penury and intemperance and finished their lives so deplorably that the gallantry of their early career has been too often forgotten in the debasement that sullied its close.

When the hour of dinner arrived, and pipes and cigars were laid aside for more substantial refreshment, the introduction of some parched corn among the condiments of our repast raised a discussion between "the barrister" and myself, as to the Asiatic, or American origin of this

great staple of our farmers; and upon asking the opinion of Captain Gill, as to how the maze was first obtained, the old chief nodded to one of his dusky satellites, who straightway set the question at rest for ever by giving an explanation, of which the following is the purport.

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## CHAPTER IV.

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### THE ORIGIN OF INDIAN CORN.

“ THERE is a place on the banks of the softly-flowing Unadilla, not far from its confluence with the Susquehannah, which in former years was an extensive beaver-meadow. The short turf sloped down almost to the brink of the stream, whose banks in this place nourish not a single tree to shadow its waters. Here, where they flow over pebbles so smooth and shiny that the Indian maid who wandered along the margin, would pause to count over her strings of wampum, and think the beads had slipped

away, there came one day some girls to bathe; and one, the most beautiful of all, lingered behind her companions to gather these bright pebbles from the bed of the river.

“A water-spirit who had assumed the form of a musquosh, sat long watching her from the shore. He looked at her shining shoulders—at her dripping locks, and the gently swelling bosom over which they fell; and when the maid lifted her rounded limbs from the water, and stepped lightly upon the green sod, he too raised himself from the mossy nook where he had been hidden, and recovering his own shape, ran to embrace her.

“The maiden shrieked and fled, but the enamoured spirit pressed closely in pursuit, and the meadow affording no shrub nor covert to screen her from her eager pursuer, she turned again towards the stream she had left, and made for a spot where the wild flowers grew tall and



rankly by the moist margin. The spirit still followed her; and, frightened and fatigued, the girl would have sunk upon the ground as he approached, had she not been supported by a tuft of flags while hastily seizing and twining them around her person to hide her shame.

“In that moment her slender form grew thinner and more rounded; her delicate feet became indurated in the loose soil that opened to receive them; the blades of the flag broadened around her fingers, and enclosed her hand; while the pearly pebbles that she held resolved themselves into milky grains, which were kept together by the plaited husk.

“The baffled water-spirit sprang to seize her by the long hair that yet floated in the breeze, but the silken tassels of the rustling maze was all that met his grasp.”

## CHAPTER V.

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### THE HUES OF AUTUMN.

A GLORIOUS sunset succeeded the day of storms, and all our arrangements being completed for a grand hunt on the morrow, I sallied out to observe the effect of the golden light upon the rainbow foliage of autumn still dripping with the shower. Accompanied by Major Jake, and guided by one of the Indians, we made our way to an elevation some distance from the lake, commanding an extensive view of the unbroken forest that rose in billowy masses on every side.

The hillock where we paused was surmounted by the slight remains of one of those singular mounds which, though not unfrequently found in the state of New York, are beheld in so much greater variety and perfection upon the prairies of the Far West; where their enormous size, not less than their profusion of numbers, astounds and bewilders the speculations of the antiquary. In ascending to the top of this one, I chanced to trip over some bones projecting from the side of the mound, where some wild animal had removed the turf while making his burrow, and I paused to ask the Indian guide if he knew any thing about them.

“Those old bones!” cried Major Jake, turning round, “why, that ignorant varmint can tell you nothing about them, squire—they were the framework of men who kicked their shins against these knobs a million of years before

his people came here to scare game and scalp white folks."

The Iroquois evidently understood the words of the rough hunter, though he did not vouchsafe a reply to the slur upon his race. He did not seem, however, to take offence at the rude and officious answer to a question addressed to himself, but waiting patiently until the other had finished speaking, he drew his blanket around him, and turning with his face westward as he planted his last steps upon the summit, stood erect upon the mound. The light of the setting sun was thrown full upon his attenuated features, and lit them up with almost as ruddy a glow as that which bathed the autumnal foliage around him. He was mute for some moments, and then spoke to this effect:

"Yes! they were here before my people,

but they could not stay when we came, no more than the red man can now bide before the presence of the Long Knife. The Master of Life willed it, and our fathers swept them from the land. The Master of Life now wishes to call back his red people to the blessed gardens whence they first started, and he sends the pale-faces to drive them from the countries which they have learned to love so well as to be unwilling to leave them.

“It is good. Men were meant to grow from the earth like the oak which springs in the pine barren, or the evergreen that shoots from the ground when the tree with a falling leaf has been cut down.

“But listen, brother!—Mark you the hue that dyes every leaf upon that sumach? It is born of the red water with which its roots were nourished a thousand years ago. It is

the blood of a murdered race which flushes every autumn over the land when yearly the moon comes round that saw it perish from this ground."

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## CHAPTER VI.

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### A SACONDAGA DEER-HUNT.

Up, comrades, up! the morn's awake  
    Upon the mountain side,  
The wild-drake's wing hath swept the lake,  
And the deer has left the tangled brake,  
    To drink from the rippling tide.

Up, comrades, up! the mead-lark's note,  
And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float,  
The squirrel he springs from his covert now  
To prank it away on the chestnut bough,  
Where the oriole's pendant nest high up,  
    Is rocked on the swaying trees,  
While the humbird sips from the harebell's cup  
    As it bends to the morning breeze.

Up, comrades, up! our shallops grate  
    Upon the pebbly strand,  
And our stalwart hounds impatient wait  
    To spring from the huntsman's hand.

THE September dawn broke brilliantly upon

Sacandaga Lake. The morning did not slowly awake with a yellow light that gradually warmed into the flush of day ; but, ruddy and abrupt, the bold streaks shot from behind the mountains high into the heavens, spreading themselves on their path like the fires of the aurora borealis, and dyeing the lake, in which they were reflected, with hues as vivid as those of the pointed forests that walled its waters. We had left our camp, however, long before the stars grew dim.

The hunt was divided into three parties, each with different duties assigned to them by one who took the direction.

The first, who were the drivers, had the hounds in charge ; they were to take three different routes, and slip their leashes, after a certain time had elapsed, wherever they might find themselves. They had light guns, and from knowing every creek and swamp in the

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country, could follow the dogs to advantage, even when on a fresh track. The second party, who were all armed with long rifles, were to go on the stations; these were old foresters, who knew every run-way for miles about, and each of whom might be relied upon as staunch at his post should the chase last for hours. The third party took the skiffs and canoes; a number of the latter being easily shifted to the adjacent waters, so that every lake within several miles of our rendezvous had two or more boats upon it. Lastly, upon a hill overlooking the cluster of lakes, was placed a keen-eyed lad, furnished with a horn, whose duty it was to blow a signal, the moment he saw the deer take the water.

My friend and myself were attached to the boat party; a skiff with light sculls fell to my lot alone, but my companion, more fortunate,

was assigned to a bark canoe with one of the Indians. These arrangements having been made the night before, were put in action in a very few moments. The strand seemed alive with figures, for a minute only, as we emerged from the thicket wherein our wigwam was secreted, and then, while some plunged into the forest, and others glided in their gray shallows around the dusky headlands, the scene of our last night's revels became as silent as if nothing but the chirp of the squirrel or the scream of the jay had ever awakened its echoes. So still indeed was it at that early hour in the morning, when the birds had hardly begun to rouse themselves, that I was almost startled by the click of my own oars in the rowlocks as they broke the glassy surface of the lake, while I pulled with an easy stroke for a little islet, which I had ample leisure to gain before the

dogs would be let slip. Here the drooping boughs of a tall hemlock, which seemed to flourish not less luxuriantly because the towering stem above them was scathed and blasted, screened my boat from view as I ran her under the rocky bank. Having deposited my gun in the bow, with the breech still so near me that I could reach it from midships in so small a craft, I arranged the wooder-yoke, or halter, with the pole at my feet and the noose hanging over the stern; so that I was prepared for action in any way that it might offer itself. This yoke is nothing more nor less than a forked sapling with a noose of rope or grape-vine at the end, to throw over a wounded deer's horns when your shot does not stop his swimming. If unskillfully managed, the animal is likely to upset your boat in the effort to take him thus; but there are men upon these lakes so adroit in the use of this rude weapon, that they prefer it to

fire-arms when a hunting-knife is at hand to give the game the *coup de grace*.\*

There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting-station, with every sense upon the alert to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such "creeping murmurs" from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals, making themselves heard above the rustling of his own footsteps. But watching thus for young quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you at any moment, interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport makes the hearing as nice as when fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses.

Myriads of unseen insects appear to be

\* See vol. i., chap. xix.

grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the "piled leaves," too damp to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that the first bay of a hound at such a moment breaks almost like thunder upon the ear. So, at least, did it come now upon mine, as a long, deep-mouthed yell, was pealed from a valley opposite, and echoed back from hill to hill around me. The sharp crack of a rifle followed, and then cry after cry, as some fresh dog opened, the stirring chorus came swelling on the breeze. Each second I expected to hear the signal-horn, or see the chase emerging from the forest wherever the indented shore indicated the mouth of a brook along its margin.

Not a bush, however, moved near the water,

the mountains were alive around, but the lake was as untroubled as ever, save when a flock of ducks feeding near me flapped their wings once or twice at the first outcry, and then resumed their unmolested employment. The sudden burst had died away in the distance, the chase had probably been turned by the single piece that was discharged; and now, leading over the farther hills, its sounds became fainter and fainter, until, at last, they died away entirely.

An hour had elapsed, and, damp, chilly, and somewhat dispirited, I still maintained my motionless position. A slight breeze had arisen upon the lake, and the little waves rippling against my boat made a monotonous flapping sound that almost lulled me asleep. I was, indeed, I believe, fairly verging upon a most inglorious nap upon my post, when a sharp

eager yell started me from my doze, and made me seize my oars in a moment. It came from a broad deep bay locked in by two headlands on my right. The farther side of the bay was a marsh, and there, bounding through the tall sedge, I beheld a noble buck, with a single hound about a gunshot behind him. Strangely enough, he seemed to have no disposition to take the water, but leaping with prodigious strides over the long grass, he kept the margin for a few moments, and then struck into a tamarack swamp that fringed the opening. It was but an instant that he was lost, however; a simultaneous cry from half-a-dozen hounds told that he was turned in that direction. He appeared again upon a rocky ledge where some lofty pines, with no underwood, were the only cover to screen him. But now his route carried him unavoidably out of the line of my station. I knew that there were those beyond who would

care for him, but in the vexation of my heart at losing my own shot, I could hardly help cursing the poor animal as I saw him hurry to destruction. The height of the cliffs seemed alone to prevent him from taking the water; and I could almost fancy that he looked hurriedly around, while bounding from crag to crag, for a spot where he might best make his plunge. The dogs were now silent—they had not yet issued from the covert—but the moment they emerged from the wood and caught sight of the game, they opened with a yell which made the deer spring from the high bank as if he were leaping from the very jaws of his pursuers. Now came my first moment of action; I might even yet, I thought, be not too late: I seized my oars, and the tough ash quivered in my hands as I sent the skiff flying over the water.

The buck was swimming from me, but he had a broad bay to cross before he could gain the



opposite side of the lake. In this bay, and between me and his direct track, was a wooded islet, and by taking an oblique direction I tried, as well as possible, to keep it between myself and the hard-pressed animal, in order that, not seeing me, he might still keep on the same course. I must have been nearly abreast of the islet. The route of the deer was only a few hundred yards in advance, and directly at right angles to that which I was steering—I might yet cut him off the opposite shore—the dogs would prevent him returning from that he had left, and I would certainly overtake him should he attempt to make for the bottom of the bay, which was still distant. The moisture started thick upon my brow from exertion, and the knees of my frail shallop cracked as I impelled her through the water.

But there were other players in the game beside myself—cooler, more experienced, equally

alert, and better situated for winning. The canoe, in which was my friend, "The Barrister," with the Indian, was concealed on the opposite side of the islet, and having watched the whole progress of the chase, waited only for the buck to come in a line with it before launching in a pursuit sure to be successful. The moment for striking arrived just as I passed the islet, and then, swift as a falcon on the stoop, the arrowy bark shot from its covert and darted across the water. The effect was more like a vision than any scene I can recall. My friend was nearly concealed from view as he lay on his breast, with his piece levelled directly over the prow of the canoe waiting for the Indian to give the word to fire; but the person of the latter was fully exposed and with the most striking effect, as he stood erect in the stern, stripped to the waist, and with every muscle in his swarthy frame brought into action as he plied his flash-

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ing paddle. His long hair streamed on the wind, and, with the piercing eyes and features strained with eager and intense excitement, gave an almost unearthly aspect to his countenance. The dogged and listless look which characterized him a few hours before, seemed to have been thrown off with the tattered garb that disguised without covering his person; and the keen-eyed, clean-limbed hunter now revealed to view, bore no more resemblance to the sullen and shabby vagrant of yesterday, than does a thorough-bred and mettlesome racer, spurning the green turf with glowing hoof, to the rickety and broken-down hackney that steals through the dirty suburbs of a city. The ludicrous cries, however, that broke from him at every moment, afforded a most whimsical contrast to his picturesque appearance. "Yarh! whiteman!"—"San Marie! no fire!"—"Howh! diable

Poagun!"\*—" Dame de Lorette ! Corlaer, † be ready—Sacre—Weenuc!" and a dozen other epithets and exclamations, Catholic and heathen, Indian, English, and Canadian, burst in a torrent from his lips. Suddenly, however, discovering he had gained sufficiently upon the buck, he stopped paddling, and, in good calm English, gave his directions to his companion as coolly as if now certain of the prize.

The other then covered the deer's head with his rifle as he swam directly from him, but still he waited for the proper moment. It came just as the buck touched the ground with his fore feet; a projecting rock received him, and he reared his antlers high above the water, while his hinder parts were yet submerged in

\* Poagun, or Tmewawgun, "Pipe," was a name he gave my friend, "The Barrister."

† New-Yorker.

making good his landing. "Fire!" cried the hunter, and at that instant the ball struck him in the spine, a few inches behind the ears. The animal bent forward beneath the blow, and then endeavouring to raise his head, he toppled over backwards, and slipped off the rock into the lake, an unresisting carcass.

My skiff shot alongside the canoe at that instant; but though within hearing of all that passed, I was, of course, too late for a shot. The buck, which proved a noble fellow, was soon lifted into the boat, while together we pulled leisurely for the rendezvous on the opposite side of the lake. There the different members of the hunt came gradually dropping in, one after another. A yearling, with its horns yet in the velvet, and a doe in tolerable condition, were the only other fruits of the hunt. But all were loud in praising the buck as the

finest and fattest that had been taken near the lake during the season. For several hours the woods rung with merriment, as, kindling our fire upon a broad rock, we feasted upon the spoils of the chase; and our revel was only brought to an end by the close of the day, when, embarking leisurely to steer for our camp, the echoing halloo of the last loiterer faded over the hills as his boat rounded the nearest headland and finally left the shore to solitude and silence.

The hunt is up—

The merry woodland shout  
That rung these echoing glades about  
    An hour agone  
Hath swept beyond the eastern hills;  
    Where pale and lone,  
The moon her mystic circle fills.

And now from thicket dark,  
When by the mist-wreathed river  
The firefly's spark  
Will fitful quiver,  
And bubbles round the lilies cup,  
From lurking trout come coursing up,—  
The doe hath led her fawn to drink,  
While scared by step so near,  
Uprising from the sedgy brink,  
The lonely bittern's cry will sink  
Upon the hunter's ear ;  
Who, startled from his early sleep,  
Lists for some sounds approaching nigher—  
Half-dreaming lists—then turns to heap  
Another fagot on his fire,  
And then again in dreams once more,  
Pursues his quarry by the shore.

The next day's hunt I took no share in,  
owing to an indisposition incurred while lying  
at my station, in a wet boat inactive for hours.  
I therefore amused myself in writing out a  
narrative which forcibly struck my fancy as told  
by one of the party during our row homewards  
the evening before, and which, upon my visiting

the scene of its chief incident some year afterward,\* assumed in my portfolio the shape of the following story.

\* Vide "A Winter in the Far West," vol. i.

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## CHAPTER VII.

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### THE TWIN-DOOMED.

“Twin-born they live, twin-born they die ; in grief and  
joy twin-hearted ;  
Like buds upon one parent bough, twin-doom'd, in death  
not parted.”

THE superstition imbodyed in the above distich is very common in those parts of New York and New Jersey, which were originally settled by a Dutch population. It had its influence with Dominie Dewitt from the moment that his good woman presented him with the twin-brothers, whose fortunes are the subject of

our story. He regarded them from the first as children of fate—as boons that were but lent to their parents to be reclaimed so soon, that it was a waste of feeling, if not an impious intermeddling with Providence, to allow parental affection to devolve in its full strength upon them.

They were waifs, he thought, upon the waters of life, which it hardly concerned his heart to claim.

The death of the mother, which soon followed the birth of the twins, confirmed this superstitious feeling, and their forms were henceforth ever associated with images of gloom in the breast of their only surviving parent. Old Dewitt, however, though a selfish and contracted man, was not wanting in the ideas of duty which became his station as a Christian pastor. He imparted all the slender advantages of education which were shared by his

other children to the two youngest; and though they had not an equal interest in his affections, with the rest, he still left them unvisited by any harshness whatsoever. The indifference of their father was, in fact, all of which the twins had to complain.

The consequence was natural; the boys being left so much to themselves, became all-in-all to each other. Their pursuits were in every respect the same. At school, or in any quarrel or scene of boyish faction, the two Dewitt's were always named as one individual; and as they shot up toward manhood, they were equally inseparable. If Ernest went out to drive a deer, Rupert always must accompany him to shoot partridges by the way; and if Rupert borrowed his brother's rifle for the larger game, Ernest in turn would shoulder the smooth-bore of the other, to bring home some birds at the

same time. Together, though, they always went.

The "Forest of Deane," which has kept its name and dimensions almost until the moment when I write, was the scene of their early sports. The wild deer at that time still frequented the Highlands of the Hudson; and the rocky passes which led down from this romantic forest to the river, were often scoured by these active youths in pursuit of a hunted buck which would here take the water. Many a time then have the cliffs of Dundenberg echoed their woodland shout, when the blood of their quarry dyed the waves which wash its base. Their names, as dead shots and keen hunters were well known in the country below, and there are those yet living in the opposite village of Peekskill, who have feasted upon bear's meat, which the twin-huntsmen carried thither from the forest of Deane.

Our story, however, has but little to do with the early career of the Rockland hunters, and I have merely glanced at the years of their life which were passed in that romantic region of a state whose scenic beauties are, perhaps, unmatched in variety by any district of the same size, in order to show how the dispositions of the twins were fused and moulded together in early life. It was on the banks of the Ohio (Oh-ey-o, or Beautiful River, as it is called in the mellifluous dialect of the Senecas), that the two foresters of Deane first began to play a part in the world's drama. As the larger game became scarce on the Hudson, they had emigrated to this, then, remote region; and here they became as famous for their boldness and address in tracing the Indian marauder to his lair, as they were previously noted for their skill in striking a less dangerous quarry.

The courage and enterprise of the two bro-

thers made them great favourites in the community of hunters, of which they were now members. A frontier settler always depends more upon his rifle than on his farm for subsistence, during the infancy of his "improvements;" and this habit of taking so often to the woods, brings him continually into collision with the Indians. It has ever, indeed, been the main source of all our border difficulties. The two Dewitts had their full share of these wild adventures. They were both distinguished for their feats of daring; but upon one occasion, Rupert, in particular, gave such signal proofs of conduct and bravery, that upon the fall of the chief man in the settlement, in a skirmish wherein young Dewitt amply revenged his death, Rupert was unanimously elected captain of the station, and all the cabins within the stockade were placed under his especial guardianship. Ernest witnessed the prefer-

ment of his brother with emotions of pride as full as if it had been conferred upon himself; and so much did the twins seem actuated by one soul, that in all measures that were taken by the band of pioneers, they insensibly followed the lead of either brother. The superstition which had given a fated character to their lives at home, followed, in a certain degree, even here, and their characters were supposed to be so thoroughly identified, their fortunes so completely bound up in each other, that, feeling no harm could overtake the one which was not shared by the other, their followers had equal confidence in both, and volunteered, with the same alacrity, upon any border expedition, when either of the brothers chanced to lead.

It was about this time that General Wayne, who had been sent by government to crush the allied forces of the North-western Indians,

established his camp upon the Ohio, with the intention of passing the winter in disciplining his raw levies, and in preparing for the winter campaign, which was afterward so brilliantly decided near the Miami of the Lakes. The mail route from Pittsburg to Beaver now passes the field where these troops were marshalled, and the traveller may still see the rude fireplaces of the soldiery, blackening the rich pastures through which he rides. He may see, too—but I must not anticipate the character of my story, whose truth is indicated by more than one silent memento.

The western militia, large bodies of which had been drafted into Wayne's army, were never remarkable for military subordination, of which, not to mention the Black Hawk war of 1832, the more notable campaigns with the British, afforded many an instance. They are a gallant set of men; but they have an invincible



propensity, each man to "fight on his own hook;" and not merely that, but when not employed upon immediate active service, it is almost impossible to keep them together. They become disgusted with the monotony of military duties; revolt at their exacting precision, and though full of fight, when fight is to be had, are eager to disperse upon the least intermission of active service, and come and go as individual caprice may lead them. General Wayne's camp, indeed, was for a while a complete caravanserai, where not merely one or two, but whole troops of volunteers could be seen arriving and departing at any hour. This, to the spirit of an old soldier, who had been bred in the armies of Washington, was unendurable. But as these flitting gentry constituted the sharpshooters, upon whom he chiefly depended, the veteran officer bore with them as

long as possible, in the hope that by humouring the volunteers, he might best attach them to the service for which this species of force was all-important.

At length, however, matters reached such a pass, that the army was in danger of complete disorganization, and a new system must necessarily be adopted. "Mad Anthony," as Wayne's men called him (who when he really took a thing in hand, never did it by halves), established martial law in its most rigid form, and proclaimed that every man on his muster-roll, of whatsoever rank, who should pass beyond the lines without a special permit from himself, should be tried as a deserter, and suffer accordingly. The threatened severity seemed only to multiply the desertions; but so keen were the backwoods militiamen in making their escape, from what they now considered an outrageous

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tyranny, that, with all the vigilance of the regular officers, it was impossible to seize any, to make a military example of them.

Fresh volunteers, however, occasionally supplied the place of those who thus absented themselves without leave; and one morning in particular, a great sensation was created throughout the camp by the arrival of a new body of levies, which, though numerically small, struck every one as the finest company that had yet been mustered beneath the standard of Wayne. The troop consisted of mounted riflemen, thoroughly armed and equipped after the border fashion, and clad in the belted hunting-frock, which is the most graceful of modern costumes. Both horses and men seemed picked for special service, and their make and movement exhibited that union of strength and agility, which, alike in man and beast, constitutes the perfection of that am-

phibious force—the *dragoon*; whose original character, perhaps, is only represented in modern armies, by the mounted rangers of our Western prairies.

The commandant of this corps seemed worthy to be the leader of so gallant a band. His martial figure, the horse he rode, and all his personal equipments, were in every respect complete, and suited to each other. The eagle feather in his wolf-skin cap, told of a keen eye and a long shot; the quilled pouch, torn with the wampum belt, which sustained his hatchet and pistols, from the body of some swarthy foeman—spoke of the daring spirit and iron arm; while the panther-skin which formed the housings of his sable roan betrayed that the rider had vanquished a foe, more terrible than the red savage himself. His horse, a cross of the heavy Conestoga, with a mettlesome Virginia racer, bore himself as if proud of so gal-

lant a master ; and as the fringed leggin pressed his flank, while the young officer faced the general in passing in salute before him, he executed his passages with all the graceful precision of a charger trained in the *manège*.

A murmur of admiration ran along the ranks as this gallant cavalier paced slowly in front of the soldiery, and reined up his champing steed before the line of his tall followers, as they were at length marshalled upon the parade. But the sensation which his air and figure excited was almost equally shared by another individual, who had hitherto ridden beside him in the van, but who now drew up his rough Indian pony apart from the rest, as if claiming no share in the lot of the new comers.

It was a sunburnt youth, whose handsome features afforded so exact a counterpart of those of the leader of the band, that were it not for the difference of their equipments, either of the

two might at first be taken for the other; and even upon a narrower inspection, the dark locks and more thoughtful countenance of Ernest, would alone have been distinguished from the brown curls and animated features of his sanguine and high-spirited brother. The former, as we have mentioned, had drawn off from the corps the moment it halted and formed for inspection. He now stood leaning upon his rifle, his plain leather hunting-shirt, contrasting not less with the gay-coloured frocks of his companions, than did the shaggy coat of his stunted pony, with the sleek hides of their clean-limbed coursers. His look, too, was widely different from the blithe and buoyant one which lighted their features; and his eye and lip betrayed a mingled expression of sorrow and scorn, as he glanced from the lithe and noble figure of his brother to the buckram regulars, whose platoons were marshalled near.

The new levies were duly mustered, and after the rules and articles of war had been read aloud to them, several camp regulations were promulgated; and among the rest the recent order of the commander-in-chief, whereby a breach of discipline, in going beyond the chain of sentinels, incurred the penalty of desertion.

“No, by heaven!” shouted Ernest, when this was read, “Rupert, Rupert, my brother, you shall never bear such slavery! Away—away, from this roofless prison, and if your life is what they want, let them have it in the woods—in your own way. But bind not yourself to these written laws, that bear chains and death in every letter. Away, Rupert, away from this accursed thralldom!” And leaping into his saddle before half these words were uttered, he seized the bridle rein of his brother and nearly urged him from the spot while pouring out his passionate appeal.

“By the soul of Washington!” roared old Wayne, “what mad youngster is this? Nay, seize him not,” added he, goodhumouredly, seeing that Rupert did not yield to his brother’s violence, and that the other checked himself and withdrew abashed from the parade, as a coarse laugh, excited by his Quixotism, stung his ear. “By the soul of Washington,” cried the general, repeating his favourite oath, “but ye’re a fine brace of fellows; and Uncle Sam has so much need of both of you, that he has no idea of letting more than one go.” And calling Rupert to his side, he spoke with a kindness to the young officer, that was probably meant to secure a new recruit in his brother; who had, however, disappeared from the scene.

The parade was now dismissed, and so soon as Rupert had taken possession of his quarters, and seen that his men and horses were all properly taken care of, he parted from his comrades

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to take a farewell of Ernest, who awaited him in a clump of trees upon the bank of the river, a short distance from the camp. Ernest seemed to have fully recovered his equanimity; but though, youth-like, ashamed of the fit of heroics which had placed his brother in a somewhat ridiculous position a few hours before, he had not altered the views which he had entertained from the first, about Rupert's taking service under General Wayne.

"You will not start homeward to-night?" cried Rupert, at length changing a subject it was useless to discuss.

"Yes, to-night I must be off, and that soon, too, Rupert. Little Needji must pace his thirty miles before midnight. I don't know that I have done wisely in coming so far with you; but, in truth, I wanted to see how our hunters would look among the continentals Mad Anthony has brought with him."

“Wait till we come to the fighting, Ernest, and the old general will soon find out who’s who. His regulars may do in civilized war, but a man must live in the woods to know how to fight in them.”

“Ay, ay, that’s it; a hound may do for a deer that isn’t worth a powder-horn stopper upon a panther track. But you must remember,” continued his brother, fixing his eyes sadly upon Rupert, “that you will have to fight just in the way that the general tells you—which means, I take it, that real manhood must go for nothing. Why, there’s not a drummer in the ranks that will not know his duty better than you; ay, and for aught I see, be able to do it, too, as well.”

A flush of pride—perhaps of pain—crossed the countenance of the young officer as his brother thus spoke; and, laying his hand upon his arm, added, with the indignant tone of a

caged hunter, "Why, Rupert, you must not dare even, soldier that you now are, to take the bush, and keep your hand in by killing a buck occasionally."

"Believe it not, Ernest. My men will never stand that, for all the Mad Anthony's or mad devils in the universe."

"You must, you must, my brother," answered Ernest, shaking his head, "and now you begin to see why I would not volunteer upon this service. I am quieter than you, and therefore saw further into matters than you did, when you chose to come hither rather than give up the command of your company. But where's the use of looking back upon a cold trail? You are now one of Uncle Sam's men, and Heaven knows when he will let go his grip upon you."

Conversing thus, the brothers had walked some distance. The moon was shining brightly

above them, and a silver coil of light trailing along the rippling Ohio, seemed to lure them onward with the river's course. At length, however, the more considerate Ernest deemed it prudent that they should part, and catching the pony, which had followed them like a dog, he mounted and prepared to move off. But Rupert would not yet leave his brother and retrace his steps to camp. It might be long before they should meet again—they who had never before thus parted—who had been always inseparable, alike in counsel and in action, and who were now about for the first time to be severed, when stout hearts and strong hands might best be mutually serviceable.

“ I don't think I will leave you just yet, Ernest. I may as well walk with you as far as the branch ; and we are hardly without shot of the soldier who is standing sentry yonder.

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What a mark the fellow's cap would be from that clump of pawpaws !”

“Yes,” said Ernest, lifting his rifle from his lap as the musket gleamed in the moonlight. “I am almost tempted to pick that shining smooth-bore out of his fingers, just to show how ridiculous it is to carry such shooting-irons as that into the woods. But come; the time has gone by for such jokes; if you will go farther with me, let us push on.” They reached the “branch,” or brook, and crossed it; and still they continued increasing the distance between themselves and the camp.

“Well, I suppose we must now really bid good-bye,” exclaimed Rupert at last, seizing the hand of his brother. “But here, Ernest, I wish you would carry home my Indian belt, and these other fixings; they will remind you of old times if I'm kept away long, and the

sutler will give me something to wear more in camp fashion." As he spoke thus, he tied the wampum sash around the waist of his brother, and while throwing the Indian pouch over his shoulder, their arms met in the fold of brotherhood, and the twins parted with that silent embrace. Rupert, rapidly retracing his steps toward the camp, soon reached the brook, and a half-hour's walk might yet have enabled him to regain his quarters in safety; but the finger of Fate was upon him, and he, who had already been led away from duty by the strong lure of affection, was still further induced to violate it by an instinct not less impulsive in the bosom of a borderer.

Pausing to drink at the rivulet, Rupert, in stooping over the bank, thought that he discovered a fresh moccassin-print, and bending down the branches which embowered the spot,

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so as to bring the rays of the moon full upon it, a more thorough examination fully satisfied him that an Indian had lately passed that way. A regular soldier, upon thus discovering traces of a spy in the neighbourhood of the camp, would at once have reported it to the officer of the day, and allowed his superior to take measures accordingly. But such an idea never occurred to the backwood ranger. He had discovered an Indian trail, and there were but two things, in his opinion, to be done: first to find out its direction, and then to follow it to the death. A sleuth-hound upon the scent of blood could not be impelled by a more irresistible instinct than that which urged the fiery Rupert on that fatal chase.

It boots not to tell the various chances of his hunt; how here he missed the trail upon rocky ground, where the moccassin had left no print; how there he was obliged to feel for it in some

tangled copse, where no betraying moonbeam fell; and how, at last, when the stars grew dim, and the gray dawn had warmed into ruddy day, he for the first time rested his wearied limbs upon the banks of a stream, where the trail disappeared entirely.

Let us now follow the fortunes of the doomed Ernest, who, like the hero of classic story, bore about his person the fatal gifts that were to work his destruction. Not a half-hour elapsed from the time that he had parted from his brother, before he found himself the prisoner of a sergeant's guard, which had been despatched to "take or slay the deserter, Rupert Dewitt."

Apprehending no ill, Ernest allowed himself to be seized; the equipments he had just received from Rupert, not less than the similitude of likeness to his twin-brother, in the opinion of the party that captured him, fully established his identity; and the horror



which he felt at discovering how Rupert had forfeited his life, was almost counterbalanced by a thrill of joy, as it suggested itself to the high-souled Ernest that he might so far keep up the counterfeit as to become a sacrifice in place of the brother on whom he doted. The comrades of Rupert, who might have detected the imposition, chanced to be off on fatigue parties in different directions; and this, together with the summary mode of proceeding that was adopted upon his reaching camp, favoured his design.

A drum-head court-martial was instantly called to decide upon the fate of a prisoner, to whose guilt there seemed to be, alas! too many witnesses. The road that he had taken, the distance from camp, the time of night he had chosen to wander so far from the lines,—nay, the fact of his leaving his blood-horse at the stable, as if fearing detection through him,

and stealing off upon an Indian pony,—all seemed to make out a flagrant case of desertion. But why dwell upon these painful details of an affair which was so amply canvassed in all its bearings, throughout the western country, long afterwards? Let the reader be content with the bare historical fact, that the ill-starred militiaman was condemned to be shot to death as a deserter, under the circumstances as I have stated them. It seemed a terrible proceeding when these attending circumstances were afterwards reviewed; but though at the time General Wayne was much censured for signing that young man's death-warrant, yet both military men and civilians, who knew the condition of his army, have agreed that it was this one example alone which prevented that army from falling to pieces.

The heart of Ernest was so thoroughly made up to meet the fate which was intended for his

brother, that his pulses did not change in a single throb when he was told that he had but an hour to prepare himself for death. "The sooner that it be over the better for Rupert," exclaimed he, mentally. And then, man as he was, his eyes filled with tears when he thought of the anguish which that darling brother would suffer at learning the fate which had overtaken him.

"Oh, God!" he cried aloud, clasping his hands above his head as he paced the narrow guard-room in which he was now immured, "God of Heaven! that they would but place us together with our rifles in the forest, and send this whole army to hunt us down." And the features of the wild bushfighter lighted up with a grim smile as he thought of keeping a battalion at bay in the green wood, and crippling it with his single arm. The proud thought seemed to bear with it a new train of views. "If Rupert knew,"

said he, pausing in his walk—"if he but dreamed how matters were going, he would soon collect a score of rifles to strike with, and take me from beneath their very bayonets. But this is madness——"

"Ay! that it is, my fine fellow," answered the sentinel, who guarded his door, and who now, hearing the last words uttered while the steps of those who were to have the final charge of the prisoner were heard upon the stair, thought it incumbent upon him to remind the youth where he was. Ernest compressed his lip, and drawing himself to his full height, as he wheeled and faced his escort, motioned to them to lead on. He was at once conducted to the esplanade in front of the camp, upon the river's bluff.

The morning was gusty and drizzling, as if nature shuddered in tears at the sacrifice of one who from his infancy had worshipped her so

faithfully. The young hunter scarcely cast a glance at the military array as he stepped forward to take the fatal position from which he was never to move more. Pride alone seemed to prompt the haughty mien and averted but unblenching eye, that were, in fact, governed by a nobler impulse—the fear of a personal recognition by some of the soldiery before his substitution as a victim to martial law was completed; but of the many in his brother's band who had so often echoed his own shout upon the joyous hunt, or caught up his charging cheer in the Indian onslaught, there was now not one to look upon the dying youth. Considerations of feeling, or the fear, perhaps, of exciting a mutinous spirit among those hotheaded levies, had induced the general to keep the comrades of the twin-brothers at a distance from the fatal scene. As already stated, they had originally been

detained upon some fatigue duty, which took them to a distance from the camp, and measures had been since adopted to prolong their absence until the catastrophe was over. Once, and once only, did Ernest trust himself to run his eye along the formal files of stranger faces; and then—while the scenes of his early days by the bright river of the north flashed athwart his memory—he felt a momentary sinking of the heart to think there was no home-loved friend who could witness the manner of his death; and yet, when he remembered that one such witness might, by identifying him, prevent his sacrifice and endanger the life of Rupert, he was content that it should be thus.

A platoon of regulars was now drawn up in front of him, and waited but the word of their officer—when suddenly a murmur ran along the column, which was displayed upon the

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ground in order to give solemnity to the scene. It was mistaken for a symptom of mutiny, and precipitated the fatal moment.

“FIRE!” cried the officer; and, even as he spoke, a haggard figure, in a torn hunting-shirt— with ghastly look, and tangled hair that floated on the breeze—leaped before the line of deadly muzzles! He uttered one piercing shriek—whether of joy or agony it were impossible to tell—and then fell staggering with one arm across the bosom of Ernest, who breathed out his life while springing forward to meet the embrace of his brother!

They were buried in one grave; and the voyager upon the Ohio, whose boat may near the north-western shore, where the traces of Wayne’s encampment are yet visible, still sees the shadowy buckeye, beneath which repose

THE TWIN-DOOMED FORESTERS OF DEANE ! 7

Upon the return of the party, the close of evening found us seated around the fire discussing the day's sport, while the older hunters enlightened those less versed in woodcraft with the detail of various feats and adventures, of which, in bygone days, the forests around us had been the scene and themselves the heroes. Moose, panther, and bear hunting were their favourite themes; and I took an opportunity, when the latter was mentioned, to ask the old Indian, who was the most intelligent of the party, if any grizzly bears had ever been found in this region, as some naturalists have asserted. His reply indicated that there was a tradition of that ferocious animal being known to his ancestors, by whom its race was said to have been extirpated. The information was, however, so mixed up with what was evidently fable, that it was impossible to tell how much of his account



was true; and not the least extravagant portion of it was imbodyed in a story, the strange tissue of which I can by no means recall to my own satisfaction.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OTNE-YAR-HEH, OR THE STONE GIANTS.

A LEGEND OF TSEKA LAKE.\*

“Alas! when he told of the flinty heel,  
That trampled his tribesmen down in wrath;  
To the hearts of flint would he make appeal,  
That saw them swept from the white man's path!”

THEY who have hunted over the wild lands  
that lie between the sources of Moose river on

\* A large and beautiful sheet of water, lying a few miles to the south-west of Lake Pleasant and Sacondaga Lake in Hamilton county, New York. Its name is sometimes written Pseka, and more often *Pisaka*.

the west, and the Talking Water,\* where it falls into the northern branch of the great Mohegan on the east, tell of certain strange forms, resembling men, that appear to be carved out of the solid rock, as they stand like sentinels along the shores of some of the lakes which are so numerous in this region. The stunted hemlocks which are occasionally rifted among their fissures, and the wild vines that here and there are tangled among their groups, prevents a close examination of their shape; and some white people insist that these upright rocks bear little or no resemblance to the human figure. But it is probable that they who undertake to speak thus positively upon the subject, have never seen the particular cliffs with which the Indian hunter is familiar; and which,

\* Commonly called "Jessup's River," a famous trout-ing brook that forms one of the tributaries of the Hudson.

though with the lapse of every year assuming more and more the aspect of the common rocks around them, still preserve so much of their original appearance as to be easily identified. Few, however, would suspect that these mute forms were once animated, and gifted with powers of destruction proportionate to their huge size; and yet, if tradition can be believed, such was formerly the case. The wars with Otne-yar-heh lasted for many generations before they were utterly subdued and reduced to their present harmless condition; and the century of continual conflicts with Ononthio (the French) was not half so destructive to the warriors of the Aganuschion,\* as a single battle with these monsters.

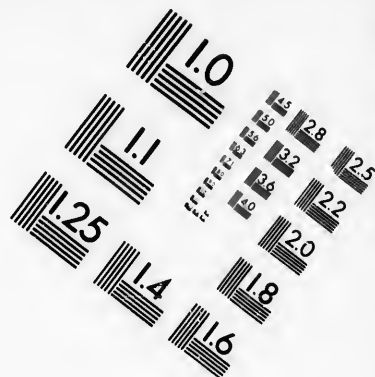
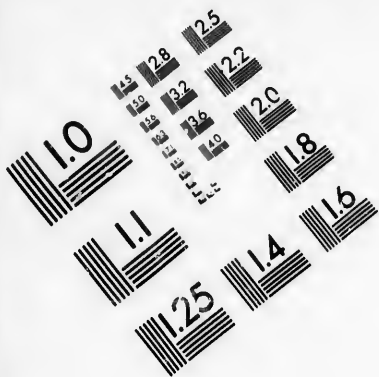
It was on the shores of the Tseka Lake that

\* Thus the confederated Five Nations called themselves.—*Clinton's Discourse before the New York Historical Society.*

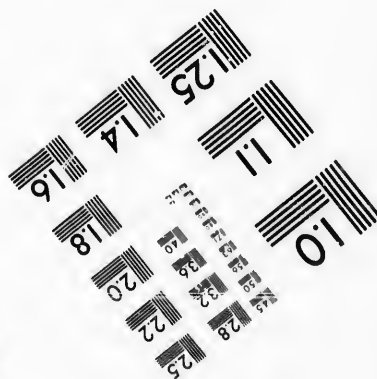
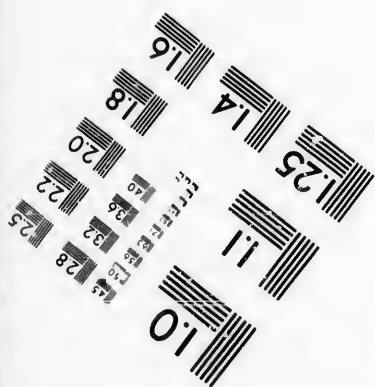
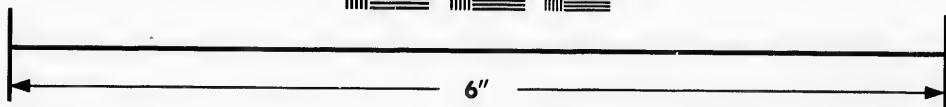
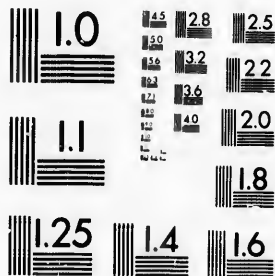
they were first discovered, though some say that they came originally from the gulf water, and had cut their way through the Mahikanders and other river tribes up to this point. But they who talk thus confound these giants with a band of strangers that were destroyed upon this lake the year before and whose bodies afterwards became, as it were, the shells in which these monsters were hatched.

These wanderers had encamped upon the sand-beach of Tseka, about a gunshot from the cove where the inlet of Oxbow Lake flows from it into the swamp that lies between them: being discovered, they were set upon by a war-party of the Aganuschion on its way to strike a blow at the Abenakis. The warriors of the confederacy mistaking them for Hurons or some other hostile band of the north, attacked them with such fury, that every one of their number





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was either killed or wounded before the head-long assailants could be brought to a parley. It was then discovered, when too late, that they had never been among the foes of the Five Nations, and were, in fact, strangers, of whom no one could give an account. The assailing party were overcome with confusion; but the victims of their rashness were so completely cut up, that sympathy was of no avail, and they were wholly at a loss what to do with the wounded survivors. They had not a single "medicine-man" in their own party to assist them on the spot, and, if they undertook to carry the strangers back to their own towns, they must have perished on the way; while the delay would be fatal to the enterprise upon which these fierce warriors had left their homes.

Some proposed to tomahawk those of the strangers who were most badly wounded to put

them out of their pain, and to carry forward the others upon the expedition. This, however, was strenuously opposed by the hotheaded young men upon whom the task of carrying the disabled would have fallen: and, after several other propositions had been made with the same effect, it was determined to leave the victims to their fate upon the spot where their calamity had overtaken them.

The vengeance of the Master of Life was as summary as it was enduring. That war-party marched on its way, and reached the Cadaraqui, but not one of their number ever after returned to the lodges of the Aganuschion; while for many a long year their tribesmen suffered for the judgment they had brought upon their people, and the butchered strangers were made the instruments of the punishment.

The bleeding band, left with their raw wounds upon the open beach, would crawl to the wa-

ter's edge to quench the thirst that consumed them; and then, as they suffered new anguish in reviving for a moment, they would roll and twist upon the sand, until, adhering to the gore that covered them, the flinty particles covered the whole surface of their bodies; and, as their limbs stiffened in death, congealed almost like solid rock around them. But their cruel thirst remained to the last. And they drank and drank until each one expired where he lay; while their bodies and limbs became swollen into frightful bulk before they gasped out their last breath.

The winter, which soon set in, preserved these crusted remains from decay; and when the snows, which are very deep and lasting in this mountain region, had subsided, each stark and grim corpse had gained still more in size; while the waves of the lake, in washing its shells and pebbles over them, appeared, in the

lapse of a few months, to have turned the giant sleepers into solid masses of stone. This was not the case, however, as the grizzly bears knew full well when the last troop of these monsters, driven from the low country by the hunters of the Iroquois, scented them for prey upon that shore.

At first, however, their prize availed them nothing; for the bodies were so protected by their shell of stone that it seemed impossible to get at them. But the grizzly bear is the keenest hunter of his kind, and when half famished as now, his cunning is equal to his strength. These animals then commenced at the soles of the feet, where the hard casing was thinnest, and being of a supple nature, they eat their way forward until the body and limbs of each were completely enclosed within those gigantic moulds.

The bears at first wished to withdraw from

their strange dwellings, thinking after all they might be nothing but some new kind of traps which their enemies had been setting for them: but in struggling to turn round, they found that the flinty casing upon their limbs yielded so to each motion, that, provided they only stood erect, they could walk as formerly. And then it was that, for the first time, he who looked upon that shore would have seen those unearthly monsters raising themselves one by one from the ground, until, tall as a thrifty pine, with frames proportioned to their height, and cased from head to heel in shining flint, the terrible band of the Otne-yar-heh was marshalled by their leader.

“My brothers,” said the chief in a voice that sounded like the wind rushing through a mighty cavern, “we are not tortoises, though we have shells; nor need we wait here until our enemies set the swamp on fire and smoke us out like

musk-rats ! Let us move to the lodges of the Aganuschion, and see how they will receive us."

The woods cracked as if a tornado had been let loose among them as the hard-heeled giants strode from mountain to mountain crushing the stoutest saplings like rushes beneath their feet. Their trail was as broad as that of a gang of moose, but the trampled and twisted trees lay so thick upon it, that man with mortal limbs could never have followed upon their path. Straight as the flight of a pigeon was the road they took. The swollen torrent or dizzy precipice was no obstacle to their footsteps; they stepped from the tall crag or stalked through the raging stream with equal ease. The trees which their leader trampled beneath him, afforded a firm passage for his followers over the deep morass, and they waded the lakes in storm and tempest, while the waves that lashed their

sides as they advanced, broke into foam against their rocky ribs as if it were the very mountain cliffs that opposed them.

What could the warriors of the Five Nations do against such an enemy? They were not then, indeed, though they hunted and fought together, a united people; and the wars with the Stone Giants, devastating as they were, were at least the cause of one happy event, in giving rise to the League that was formed against them, and producing in the Aganuschion a race of men that surpasses all others.\* But hundreds of brave men were destroyed before this grand end was accomplished, and the Mohawks and Oneidas, who met the first descent of the Otne-yar-heh were vanquished again and again in battle. Their weapons seemed to pro-

\* *Onwe-honwe*, or "the men that surpass all others," was a title arrogated by the Five Nations.—*Colden's History*.

duce no effect upon their terrible opponents. They tried first to cut off the chief of the band, but their arrows would rattle like hail against his marble hide; and when a score of hatchets at a time were aimed at his head, though they made the fire shower from its flinty hood as if a flame-stone from the moon\* were bursting near, yet it seemed to produce no effect upon the giant.

At length it was determined that all the chief men of the Five Nations should meet at Onondaga, in order to take measures for acting in concert against the common enemy; and then that famous league was formed, whose power, for centuries afterward, was acknowledged alike by the white and red man, wherever its name was known.

Tradition has preserved no exact record of the mode of warfare it was then determined to

\* An aereolite is thus called by some tribes.



employ against the Stone Giants ; but it is generally believed that the Master of Life himself looked so benignantly upon the councils of this band of brothers, that he interposed his arm to shelter so heroic a people from destruction. It is said that he sent his lightnings among the Otne-yar-heh, which drove them back to the glens from which they first emerged, and drawing there a circle of thunderbolts around the unhallowed region, so that no game ever traversed it, the Stone Giants perished in the fastnesses where they had sought a refuge. Their only traces are now the uncouth forms of rock that are scattered here and there among these hills ; nor since that time has a grizzly bear been seen within a hundred miles of these lakes, and the last of the race is supposed to have animated the forms, and perished with the band of the OTNE-YAR-HEH.

“ God’s weather !” cried the Major, when the

story was ended, "but I have never seen those sculptured rocks of which the old fellow tells us, and I know every stone of the size of a flint in the country."

Captain Gill replied to the discredit that was thus thrown upon his narrative only with a look of scorn at the party who thus sought to disparage it; but a young Iroquois hunter took up the matter more feelingly, by observing that the white man never saw with the same eyes as the Indian, and that the traces of "The Spirit," alike in trees, and stones, and running streams, were never discovered by him, who only studied how he could best turn these objects to purposes the very reverse of those for which Owaneyo intended them.

"Well, well," said the Major, goodnaturedly "you are more than half right, young un; for what with mining among the mountains, dam-

ming the rivers, and turning the timber into shingles, they will soon play the mischief with all the trout and deer in the country. But we've had enough of Injun matters now, I want a story with a gal in it. By your leave, sir," added he, turning to my friend the barrister, "we've not had a word from you yet, though being a lawyer you ought to be as slick with your tongue as you are with your rifle. Here's the last night we are to be together—the very last, perhaps, you will ever spend in the woods with old Jake Peabody; so do turn us out something nice in the way of a story, something that has plenty of women in it, for tho'f we never see the creturs in these parts we like to hear about 'em sometimes."

Thus eloquently besought, my friend could not but comply, and promising that he would take the Major at his word, and make the story

entirely about women, he related the particulars of a remarkable law-case, which are imbodyed in the following version of "The Barrister's Story."

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## CHAPTER IX.

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ROSALIE CLARE.

“ Men have died, and worms have eaten them,  
But not for love.”

So saith the poet! meaning by his speech not men in a numeric sense—not mankind at large, but only the males of the *genus homo*. Shakspeare, perhaps, was right in regard to men, but had he spoken of women, he would have told a different story. Love, indeed, is “the worm i’ the bud,” which hath devoured

the life-germ in many a female bosom, leaving only a frail and hollow shell for death to crush between his iron fingers. Truly hath Byron said, that "woman's love is a fearful and dangerous thing;" for it is both mystical in its birth and perilous in its being. It maketh realities out of a shadow. It linketh things unsubstantial with things real, until they become part of woman's very being, making a tangible substance of that which is in its nature "an essence incorporeal"—rooting its fibres in the heart, and interweaving them with the very filament and texture of the brain.

The personal memoirs of former times, not less than the periodical of our own day, are rife with records proving this. But one of the most extraordinary instances of misplaced affection, clinging to its object until reason was extinct, is one which, though often repeated in

society, has never yet, to our knowledge, found its way into print.

I allude to the singular story of Miss \*\*\*\*\* (the Rosalie Clare of our tale), the niece of that eccentric old tory, Mrs. C\*\*\*\*, of Nova Scotia; who, after emigrating to New Brunswick during the revolution, made herself so conspicuous in our courts of law, when she returned hither to recover some forfeited estates, about the year 179—. The family is, I believe, now extinct; and I have therefore less hesitation in speaking here of events, which must already be familiar to many of my readers.

The estates, to recover which Mrs. C. embarked in such expensive litigation, were claimed only in behalf of her son, to whom they had been devised by the will of his maternal grandfather. With regard to the identity of this son, there were strange surmises abroad, from the

moment he landed with his supposed mother in New York. It seems that Mrs. C., when she retired to Nova Scotia, at the breaking out of the revolution, had carried her two orphan children with her from their native city. These were a little girl, and a boy still in petticoats, and one of them never reached their destination. The child was lost overboard at sea; and when the vessel landed, the provincial papers announced the melancholy loss which Mrs. C. had met with in the untimely fate of her only daughter. Such a misfortune, one would think, were enough to gratify the vindictiveness of the old lady's enemies, at least for a season; yet there were many who had the malice to whisper doubts as to which of the two children had actually perished. "It was easy amid the confusion of the times," said they, "for one leading so unsettled a life as Mrs. C., to find, in her various journeyings, some male infant of



similar age, which she might readily substitute for the lost heir. She had then only to keep the daughter out of the way, and his fortune was made." This gossip, however, was soon swallowed up by more exciting themes; and when, years afterward, Mrs. C. appeared in New York with a handsome youth of eighteen, whom she called her son, there were a few who hinted that the boy was hers only by adoption, and that Mrs. C. had done what history proves has often been attempted in the assertion of higher claims than hers—namely, to pass off the son of another as her own.

Young Ludlow C., so was the youth called, was not the less popular, however, on account of such surmises, if they did exist. He was a young man of exceeding beauty and accomplished manners, with a voice gentle and soft as a woman's, and an eye brilliant with all the fire of opening manhood. His, indeed, was just the

union of qualities that most readily captivate the female fancy. He had that high flow of spirits which is often mistaken for talent in youth, and which is generally so attractive to those who are thrown much in the society of the fortunate possessor. This constitutional blessing gave him an agreeableness, which those who know more of the subject than we affect to know, aver as all-important in pleasing the sex. But agreeableness, however it may entertain, is not the quality to interest a woman, and young C. had another arrow in his sheaf, which, perhaps, flew the farther from being seldom shot. There was at times a shade of sadness about him—a melancholy so deep and absorbing, that it made the subject of this altered mood differ for a season not less from himself than he did at other times from all around him. This, as the cause of the depression was wholly unknown, threw a veil of mystery over his cha-

acter, and completed the list of lover-like qualities which are the source of so much bewilderment to girls of nineteen; and nineteen was just the age of Rosalie Clare, when for the first time she became acquainted with her all-conquering cousin.

Some female writer has said that none of her sex reach the age of sixteen without having had at least one affair of the heart. If there were ever an exception to the rule it was in the case of Rosalie Clare. Love, like wonder, is half the time the child of ignorance. It is an exhalation that springs from young hearts, and settles upon the nearest object, however unsuited by character or "imperfect sympathies," as Coleridge expresses it, to inspire or to reciprocate true affection. Perhaps there is no greater protection against these idle fancies, than the placing those who may become the subject of them early in the world of reality.

Rosalie, as the only female of her father's family, had been thrown into society so early that she could hardly remember the time when she had not been surrounded by admirers. A petted and half-spoiled child of six or seven; she had often taken her mother's place, and sat in mock dignity at the head of her father's table; while, as a girl of twelve, she had habitually done the honours of his house during the time that New York was occupied by the British troops. Living thus in the very vortex of gay society, and surrounded by the handsome cavaliers, who are only known in the day-dreams of girls of her age, imagination had never a chance to act. She became habituated to the compliments and attentions of the other sex before the feelings of womanhood began to assert themselves in her bosom; and the flatteries which had always been received as a matter of course by the forward child of

twelve, made no impression on the blooming girl of seventeen. Some dispositions would have been entirely ruined by such an education, whose tendency would seem to make the whole character artificial. It was not thus, however, with Rosalie Clare, whose candid and happy temperament resembled one of those easily-raised plants that seem to flourish equally well in the conservatory or the parterre, adapting themselves alike to the free exposure of the atmosphere, or the measured heat of the forcing-house; and exhibiting all their characteristic properties in either situation. Such natures must be either very superior to, or below, the general standard. They are either so elevated as to be independent of circumstances, or so common that no training can much alter or improve them; and so far as mind is concerned, it must be confessed that Rosalie did not soar above the latter class.

Yet, while the ill-natured observer might have confounded her with those of her sex whom Pope tells us "have no character at all," her fond and most unchanging affectionateness of disposition would, not less than her rare beauty, have entitled her to sit for the original of any of Byron's heroines but Gulnare.

It was this affectionateness, this disposition to cling to, and rely upon, whatever seemed loveable and reliable, that made Rosalie become attached to her cousin almost from the moment she knew him. The nearness of their relationship, united to the frank, winning manners of Ludlow, was an immediate passport to her confidence. The idea of regarding him as a lover she did not dream of, but they were friends from the moment they met. There would, indeed, be occasionally some little interchange of lively sensibilities between them, but it could

hardly be otherwise with two young persons of different sexes, who were thrown so continually together. If Rosalie ever thought of the tendency of such an intercourse when she was rallied about it by others, she always had an answer which fully satisfied herself. Ludlow was scarcely a year older than herself, and was, therefore, "a boy," with whom it was no harm to be upon the easiest terms of familiar acquaintance. Besides, was he not her cousin?—a first cousin!—and where's the harm of a good-humoured flirtation with a cousin?—if flirtation it might indeed be called. Yet it was strange that Rosalie Clare did not like cousin Ludlow to flirt with any one else but her!

"What! cousin, you are not going to dance again with that horrid Laura T. to-night?" said she pettishly, laying her hand upon our hero's arm, as he passed her in a crowded ball-room.

“And why not, Rosalie? I am engaged to walk a minuet with Miss T., and you know it is *impossible* now to withdraw.”

“Why, you have hardly spoken to me yet to-night, Ludlow!”

The youth answered only by taking a single flower from the *bouquet* which the beaux of that day wore in their buttonholes, and gracefully placing it in the high head-dress of the *pretty* pleader. The next moment he took the hand of his partner, the band struck up the inspiring *gavotte*, and he stepped off in the featly minuet with an air that would have done honour to a courtier of Versailles; while, half-pleased and half-provoked, his deserted cousin looked on with the admiring crowd.

This was but one of a thousand little passages between the cousins that marked the progress of a flirtation which soon assumed the appear



ance of a serious entanglement. And now one would have thought that some coolness had arisen between them, they met, comparatively, so seldom. The air of Ludlow, too, when they did meet, was absent and dejected, as he walked by the side of the radiant girl, who rattled away with all the thoughtless vivacity of a triumphant belle who has the preferred admirer of her train for a listener. Rosalie, however, had also her hours of listlessness, if not of dejection; and while her cousin lost his wonted flow of spirits when with her, she, on the contrary, seemed happy only in his society.

Nor did Rosalie want for other lovers; as that little ballad which goes by her name, and which may not inaptly be introduced here, to show how her beauty fired the gallants of the day, is a genuine record of the otherwise forgotten belle.

## SONG.—ROSALIE CLARE.

Who owns she's not peerless? who calls her not fair?  
 Who questions the beauty of Rosalie Clare?  
 Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,  
 And, though harnessed in proof, he must perish or yield;  
 For no gallant can splinter—no charger can dare  
 The lance that is couched for young Rosalie Clare.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board  
 Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is poured,  
 And fond wishes for fair ones around offered up  
 From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup—  
 What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,  
 Or is whispered more warmly, than Rosalie Clare?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine—  
 Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;—  
 Of the Houris that gladden the east with their smiles,  
 Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;  
 But what flower of far-away clime can compare  
 With the blossom of ours—bright Rosalie Clare?

Who owns not she's peerless? who calls her not fair?  
 Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!  
 Let him list to her voice—let him gaze on her form—  
 And if, hearing and seeing, his soul do not warm,  
 Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air  
 Than that which is blessed by sweet Rosalie Clare!

It was to her, too, during some desponding moment, that a forgotten provincial poet addressed that lively impromptu, that we have more than once seen copied in the albums of our fair acquaintance by some admirer who would rally their pettishness in the language of another.

TO A BELLE WHO TALKED OF GIVING UP THE  
WORLD.

You give up the world? Why, as well might the sun,  
When tired of drinking the dew from the flowers,  
While his rays, like young hopes, stealing off one by one,  
Die away with the Muezzin's last note from the towers,  
Declare that he never would gladden again,  
With one rosy smile, the young morn in its birth;  
But leave weeping Day, with her sorrowful train  
Of hours, to grope o'er a pall-covered earth.

The light of that soul, once so brilliant and steady,  
So far can the incense of flattery smother,  
That at thought of the world of hearts conquered already,  
Like Macedon's madman, you weep for another!

Oh! if, sated with this, you would seek worlds untried,  
 And fresh as was ours, when first we began it,  
 Let me know but the spot where you next will abide,  
 And, that instant, for one, I am off for that planet.

But all this idolatry of the gay world was un-  
 heeded by her who cared for one only worship-  
 per, and a careless little song of her cousin's,  
 which we have seen as copied out in the faded  
 characters of Rosalie's own fair hand, was dearer  
 to her than all the more elaborate compliments  
 of others; for she, fond girl, imagined that none  
 other than herself had inspired Ludlow's muse  
 when he ventured upon so confident a strain as  
 that which prompts the conceits of the follow-  
 ing

## CHANSONETTE.

I know thou dost love me—ay! frown as thou wilt,  
 And curl that beautiful lip,  
 Which I never can gaze on without the guilt  
 Of burning its dew to sip :  
 I know that my heart is reflected in thine,  
 And like flowers that over a brook incline,  
 They toward each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,  
'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,  
I will steal like a thief in thy heart at night,  
And pilfer its thoughts away.  
I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,  
And thy soul in secret shall own the power  
It dares to mock by day.

Such an affair seldom proceeds far in any circle without there being many who discover its existence, and watch its progress with as lively an interest as if their own welfare were identified with that of the parties chiefly concerned. The two cousins, as time wore on, were not exempted from this disinterested surveillance, and manifold were the speculations about the termination of their loves. There was that in the conduct of Ludlow which puzzled the most acute of these gossips. In the first place, they were certain that he must be conscious of possessing the affections of the guileless Rosalie, whose heart was reflected too

faithfully in her speaking countenance to admit of the concealment of its feelings. Ludlow, in the course of six months, must certainly have found out what, in the first six weeks of their acquaintance, was apparent to every one except the lovely and unconscious betrayer of her own gentle emotions. Why, then, did he not claim the hand when the heart was beyond all question his own? True, he was very young, and his precarious fortunes, with the fact of his never having been brought up to any profession, might make his youth an objection when thinking seriously of matrimony. But yet, when other circumstances seemed to remove every real obstacle, why should such fancied impediments be allowed to prevail? They might become engaged at least; and supposing even that they waited until the family lawsuit was decided, they had still some years of youth to spare, and his cousin's means were sufficiently ample if

the cause were decided against Ludlow and his mother. But then, again, did Ludlow love Rosalie? Did he seriously return her attachment; or, if requiting it, did he give up the whole tide of his heart, in all its warmth and fulness, to this one only object? It seemed impossible to tell how far his feelings actually did go. If he thus loved her, there was something unaccountably irresolute, not to say inconsistent, in his conduct. The capricious youth certainly preferred the society of his cousin to that of all other women. Though not apparently enjoying it, he always courted it, or rather, almost without any act of volition on his part, he seemed to find himself constantly near her. He had been seen to watch Rosalie with more than a lover's solicitude, when some of the gay and dissipated young men of his acquaintance hovered round her in society. He listened when they engaged her in conversation,

and her slightest tone of kindness filled him with strange agitation. Still, on the other hand, he allowed the most trivial engagement to take him from her company; and it was observable, that, though often, of his own accord, addressing Rosalie in terms of affection, he never returned any of those little endearments—attentions, perhaps, we should rather call them—which a guileless girl cannot help showing toward the man of her choice, when deeming herself secure of his affection.

It was remarked, too, that none of the reports which were occasionally circulated about Rosalie and her other admirers—for she was still a belle—seemed to awaken any jealousy in her eccentric cousin. He scrutinized every one who approached her in the guise of a lover—yet his watchfulness was more like the discreet care of an affectionate and considerate brother, than the anxiety of an earnest and passionate admirer.



But if he were not such an admirer, what became of Ludlow's honour as a gentleman, what of his principles as a man, when he allowed a dreaming and fond-hearted girl to yield up her whole soul to him, in the delusive belief that he was all hers in return? True, he had never told Rosalie that he loved her. True, he had not even passed those trifling compliments—the light currency of fancy—so often mistaken for the sterling coinage of the heart: yet Rosalie treasured up a thousand little proofs of tenderness—expressions which told, from day to day, how often he thought of her when absent—'loo' ; which spoke how much he felt for her when near. How often had she caught herself smiling in her heart, at what she believed to be the jealous mood of her lover as he watched her, while talking with others, with that expression of sadness in his eyes, which often betokens the overflow of a heart filled up with feeling! He

watched her when he spoke not; and when he did speak, his voice took ever a softer tone that surely was reserved for her alone!

There had, then, been no moment when Rosalie had said to herself, "Now, surely, he loves me," for she believed in Ludlow's affection before she ever *dreamed* the question. Her trust grew from her own heart—it was not founded upon his actions. She loved too sincerely to reason about her own feelings—too devotedly to scan those of her lover. It seemed as if they had been always meant for each other, and must of necessity be united; and so little could the dotting girl conceive the void in her heart, which bereaved affection might create, that she looked upon the love of her cousin as something belonging to her from the first, and of right exclusively her own.

But the day was now at hand when all that

was enigmatical about the character of young Ludlow C., was to be fully solved in the eyes of the world.

Mrs. C.'s long-protracted civil suit was at length brought into court. The trial involved a large amount of property, and the celebrity of counsel on both sides, had drawn together an unusual assemblage of spectators. It was said that HAMILTON would speak; and the name of that great man, already becoming as distinguished at the bar as he had been in the cabinet, had attracted a great many ladies to the court-room in the old City-hall. Among the most beautiful of these—yet peerless in her own loveliness—might be seen the happy and blooming features of Rosalie Clare.

The court was opened, and the trial proceeded, exhibiting but little in its progress to gratify the expectations of the larger part of the

audience, who became wearied with the dry and technical details which were minutely entered into by the old-fashioned lawyers, most of whom had studied their profession under the English regime. An incident soon occurred, however, which effectually dispelled the insipidity of this scene, and which can never be forgotten by those who were so situated as fairly to witness the whole circumstance. An exclamation of General Hamilton was the first thing that called general attention to what was going forward. Hamilton had as yet taken but little part in the conduct of the cause—leaving the drudgery, perhaps, to some less distinguished member of the profession—while he reserved himself for the cross-examinations and the summing up. At a particular point of the testimony for the C.'s, however, he interrupted the witness upon the stand, by exclaiming, "That is only hearsay evidence: may it please

your honour (rising and bowing to the judge), this evidence is inadmissible; let the young gentleman alluded to by the witness be himself produced in court." The remark created instant confusion upon the opposite side of the table, at which the counsel were sitting. Old Mrs. C. bustled forward and whispered to her lawyer, who instantly rose and stated to the court, that "The son of the plaintiff—the young gentleman alluded to—had left town the evening before, and as the point in question was quite unimportant, he was willing to wave it in behalf of his client, rather than have the cause delayed until the averment of the person on the stand could be substantiated by what he, the counsel, admitted was the only proper evidence."

Mrs. C., in the mean time, seemed much agitated, and forthwith despatched a note to Ludlow, who, notwithstanding the statement which

had just been made in his name, she believed to be at the moment reading quietly at home. But her message was never doomed to reach that unconscious victim of parental tyranny and all-grasping avarice; for, even while the case in point was still under the advisement of the court, the name of young C. was pronounced by one of the marshals, who, with officious politeness, ushered him to a seat near his mother, within the bar. The announcement of the name caught the quick ear of Hamilton in a moment.

“Let that young gentleman take his place on the stand,” cried he, with great presence of mind, before his antagonist could recover from the infectious embarrassment into which the confusion of his client, at this untoward appearance, had thrown him.

“Swear him, Mr. Clerk.” The oath was administered. It probably was the first time

that Ludlow had gone through this solemnity, which might account for his seeming perturbed. His eye roamed uneasily around the court, as if in quest of something to rest upon.

“Young gentleman, you will please to look me steadily in the face,” said the experienced barrister. “Now, sir, the question I am about to ask you, affects only a simple act of recollection; and you can therefore use what deliberation you please in your reply, provided it be explicit. The witness who has just left that stand, stated that yourself and another person—the name is immaterial—were present when your mother delivered the paper which I hold in my hand to the gentleman who sits opposite to you. Now, without stopping here to identify this third individual, I ask you, whether it be true that yourself and another man—” The features of the youth became much agitated, and the examiner, pausing an instant, resumed,

as he fixed his eye keenly upon him, "I say, another person and yourself—" Ludlow was again reassured, but only to be more completely overwhelmed the next moment; as the deliberate lawyer, interrupting himself again to remind the witness of the solemnity of his oath, at last brought the question out in a shape that admitted of no prevarication—"Answer me, in a monosyllable, Ay! or No! Were you, or were you not, present upon the occasion alluded to—with *another MAN*?"

The last words were pronounced with a significant whisper, that was heard in every part of the crowded court-room. The witness hesitated for a moment, and turned deadly pale. His lips were slightly convulsed, as if unable to syllable the words his tongue would fain record. His mother leaned forward with clasped hands and an appealing, agonized expression,



that was wholly indescribable. The youth caught her eager and anxious eye, uttered an indistinct cry, and fainted upon the spot.

“Stand back!—stand back!” cried the agitated mother; “my child!—my child!—let me take care of my own child!” And she struggled through the crowd to get near the insensible object of her anxiety.

“One moment, madam,” exclaimed the lawyer, feelingly, but with firmness, as he stretched across the table and held her back with an air that was not the less decided from being perfectly respectful.—“Dr. Hosack already has his hand upon the pulse of the youth, and the swoon will be over the moment his lungs have play.” And even as he spoke, the physician had thrown open the frilled bosom of poor Rosalie’s lover, while a cry of astonishment filled the court, as the fair

and feminine proportions of a beautiful Woman were disclosed!

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It has never been known exactly what became of the accomplished female who so long figured in the society of New York under the name of Ludlow C. Few thought it strange, however, knowing the eccentric and unprincipled character of old Mrs. C., that she should thus have trained her only daughter to play an unconsciously dishonest part in her legal intrigues. As for the mere fact of a girl thus acting in male character upon the theatre of life, the example of the celebrated Chevalier D'Eon had found too many imitators, both among ladies of the best families in Europe, and among the enthusiastically patriotic of her

sex in our own country, to make this feature of the case at all remarkable.\*

And what became of poor Rosalie Clare?—she, whose kind and gentle heart had withstood so many assaults from the other sex, only to be yielded up at last to the delicate arts of a spoiler of her own. The false lover, who doted upon her like a sister, is said to have had all the painful emotions which her career might well have excited, swallowed up in contrition for the ruin she had so unintentionally wrought upon the happiness of the confiding Rosalie; but the

\* One of these amazons, who had for fifty years drawn the pay of a revolutionary pensioner, died at an advanced age lately in New England. The new work of the Duchess d'Abrantes—"The Lives and Portraits of Celebrated Women"—records many remarkable instances of women thus unsexing themselves; and Mr. Henry Bulwer, in his work on France, avers, that among the slaughtered conscripts of Napoleon's fields, the bodies of females were found after almost every battle.

heart of that unfortunate had been too completely thrown away ever to be recalled, or again to beat aright. Her brain was either blasted by the sudden blow, or else it became so perverted that she could never fully comprehend the circumstances by which she was overwhelmed, so as to reconcile them to each other, and think rationally upon the subject. In a word, her mind, which had never been a strong one, was broken completely. The presence of her cousin, who, for some weeks, was not withdrawn by her mother from the scene of her disgrace, seemed only to increase the malady. She shrank from her nursing and feminine endearments as if they were the caresses of a monster; yet she was observed to listen to her masculine step upon the stair, and hail her approach with eagerness; while her colour would come and go when she heard her voice in another room, as if its tones awakened her softer sensibilities. But when

“Ludlow,” as she still called her cousin, was forbidden by the physicians to see her more, and Rosalie was told that she had embarked with her mother for another land, the spirit of the faded and pining girl sank completely, and her mind lost its last gleams of intelligence.

Happy would it have been for her then, if death had intervened to close the scene! But no! the resources of an excellent constitution did not yet give way, and Rosalie Clare, for many a long year, still lived on. But how? Reader, were you ever at the Bloomingdale asylum? Did you ever look down into the enclosure, where the unhappy inmates may be seen at a certain hour, amusing themselves as each one listeth? Did you ever look in vain among that motley crew for that piteous, yet picturesque air of distraction, with which poets and painters have so often gifted the maniac? You have gazed there in vain, if you hoped to

find the romantic madness of a Hamlet, or an Ophelia! And yet, among those common-looking creatures—for all human creatures do look *common* when the spirit of the mind that once ennobled their forms hath departed, and left them animated only by the instincts of sense—among those common-looking creatures, are many who have once been the loveliest of the land. Ay! among those who are at this moment gathered in that very yard, is one who— But mark her as she sits crouched in yon sunny corner! Those livid and sunken eyes have once matched heaven's own blue in colour, as they beamed with heavenly purity and feeling! The fresh-blooming rose, in fullness, and softness, and colour, was once rivalled by that sallow and shrivelled cheek! Freely did the eloquent blood—though disease hath now

“Starved the roses on that cheek,  
And pinched the lily tincture of her skin,”

freely did it once course through the blue veins  
of those shrunken temples! Those leaden lips  
—fevered—withered as they are—they—

But why dwell upon this appalling picture?  
The original was but now before us, in all the  
light of youth and loveliness. Alas! that the  
copy, so strangely disfigured, should still be  
true to all that remains of poor Rosalie Clare!  
Reader, if thou knowest what woman's love is,  
thou wilt not wonder that one who had thus  
wooded a cloud, could not be released from its  
embrace, without being scathed by its light-  
ning.

“Well,” said Major Jake, when the Barrister  
had ended the narration (which he gave in lan-  
guage, relishing still more of “the intensive  
school,” than that which I have ventured to

adopt), "that is indeed a real gal story. It's nothing but gal—as the fellow said down in Hoskimar, when his wife brought him a twentieth daughter! And now, let's take a cup all round, swear eternal friendship, and bid good bye, in case we separate to take an early start to home in the morning."

And thus end my early reminiscences of the Sacondaga country. I have frequently been there since, upon a trouting excursion, but the gay idlers of Saratoga springs have broken in upon those mountain fastnesses. The speculators have got hold of the sixpenny acres; old Captain Gill has been many years dead, and none of the new people remember "Major Jake," who is likewise no more: nor should I, perhaps, have attempted to recall their memory, if my recent visit to the Sources of the Hudson, which rises among the same group of mountains as the Sacondaga, had not awakened a



vivid recollection of scenes which, enjoyed in early youth, possess far more interest for me in association, than I can hope they will inspire in the reader.

joyed in  
or me in  
inspire

WILD SCENES  
AMONG  
THE APPALACHIANS.

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CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT ON THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAINS.

It haunts me yet ! that early dream  
Of first fond love ;—  
Like the ice that floats on a summer stream  
From some frozen fount above :  
Through my river of years 'twill drifting gleam,  
Where'er their waves may rove !  
It flashes athwart each sunny hour  
With a strangely bright but chilling power,  
Ever and ever to mock their tide  
With its delusive glow ;  
A fragment of hopes that were petrified  
Long, long ago !

*The Yankee Rhymer.*

THERE are few parts of the United States which, for beauty of scenery, amenity of climate, and, I might add, the primitive character of the inhabitants, possess more peculiar attraction than the mountainous region of eastern Tennessee.

It is a wild and romantic district, composed of rocks and broken hills, where the primeval forests overhang valleys watered by limpid streams, whose meadowy banks are grazed by innumerable herds of cattle. The various mountain ridges, which at one point traverse the country almost in parallel lines, while at another they sweep off in vast curves, and describe a majestic amphitheatre, are all, more or less, connected with the Appalachian chain, and share the peculiarities which elsewhere characterize those mountains. In some places the transition from valley to highland is so gradual, that you are hardly aware of the undu-

lations of surface when passing over it. In others, the frowning heights rise in precipitous walls from the plains, while again their wooded and dome-like summits will heave upward from the broad meadows, like enormous tumuli heaped upon their bosom.

The hills also are frequently seamed with deep and dark ravines, whose sheer sides and dimly-described bottom will make the eye swim as it tries to fathom them, while they are often pierced with cavernous galleries, which lead miles under ground, and branch off into grottos so spacious, that an army might be marshalled within their yawning chambers.\*

Here, too, those remarkable conical cavities which are generally known by the name of

\* The great limestone cavern of Kentucky, which has been explored twelve miles in one direction, is said, in the current phrase of the country, to extend under a *whole county*.

“sink-holes” in the western country, are thickly scattered over the surface; and so perfect in shape are many of them, that it is difficult to persuade the ruder residents that they are not the work of art, nor fashioned out as drinking-bowls for the extinct monsters whose fossil remains are so abundant in this region. Indeed the singular formation of the earth’s surface, with the entire seclusion in which they live amid their pastoral valleys, must account for and excuse many a less reasonable belief and superstition prevailing among those hospitable mountaineers. “The Enchanted Mountains,” as one of the ranges I have been attempting to describe is called, are especially distinguished by the number of incredible traditions and wild superstitions connected with them. Those uncouth paintings along their cliffs, and the footprints of men and horses stamped in the solid rock upon the highest summits, as mentioned

by Mr. Flint in his Geography of the Western Country, constitute but a small part of the material which they offer to an uneducated and imaginative people for the creation of strange fantasies. The singular echoes which tremble through these lonely glens, and the shifting forms which, as the morning mist rises from the upland, may be seen stealing over the tops of the crags, and hiding themselves within the crevices, are alike accounted for by supernatural causes.

Having always been imbued with a certain love of the marvellous, and being one of the pious few, who, in this enlightened age of reality, nurse up a lingering superstition or two, I found myself, while loitering through this romantic district, and associating upon the most easy terms with its rural population, irresistibly imbibing a portion of the feeling and

spirit which prevailed around me. The cavernous ravines and sounding aisles of the tall forests had "airy tongues" for me, as well as for those who are more familiar with their whisperings. But as for the freakish beings who were supposed to give them utterance as they pranked it away in the dim retreats around, I somehow or other could never obtain a fair sight of one of them. The forms that sometimes rose between my eyes and the mist-breathing cascade, or flitted across the shadowy glade at some sudden turn of my forest-path, always managed to disappear behind some jutting rock, or make good their escape into some convenient thicket, before I could make out their lineaments, or even swear to their existence at all. My repeated disappointments in this way had begun to put me quite out of conceit with my quickness and accuracy of

vision, when a new opportunity was given me of testing them, in the manner I am about to relate.

I happened one day to dine at a little inn situated at the mouth of a wooded gorge, where it lay tucked away so closely beneath the ponderous limbs of a huge tulip-tree, that the blue smoke from the kitchen fire alone betrayed its locality. Mine host proved to be one of those talkative worthies who, being supplied with but little information whereon to exercise his tongue, make amends for the defects of education and circumstance by dwelling with exaggeration upon every trivial incident around him. Such people in polished society become the scandal-mongers of the circle in which they move, while in more simple communities they are only the chroniclers of every thing marvellous that has occurred in the neighbourhood "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." I had hardly



placed myself at the dinner-table, before my garrulous entertainer began to display his retentive faculties by giving me the exact year and day upon which every chicken with two heads, or calf with five legs, had been born throughout the whole country round. Then followed the most minute particulars of a murder or two which had been perpetrated within the last twenty years ; and after this I was drilled into the exact situation and bearings of a haunted house which I should probably see the next day, by pursuing the road I was then travelling ; finally, I was inducted into all the arcana of a remarkable cavern in the vicinity, where an " ouphe, gnome, moon-elf, or water-sprite," had taken up its residence, to the great annoyance of every one except my landlord's buxom daughter, who was said to be upon the most enviable terms with the freakish spirit of the grotto.

The animated and almost eloquent description which mine host gave of this cavern, made me readily overlook the puerile credulity with which he wound up his account of its peculiarities. It interested me so much, indeed, that I determined to stable my horse for the night, and proceed at once to explore the place. A fresh and blooming girl, with the laughing eye and free step of a mountaineer, volunteered to be my guide on the occasion, hinting, at the same time, while she gave a mischievous look at her father, that I should find it difficult to procure a cicerone other than herself in the neighbourhood. She then directed me how to find the principal entrance to the cave, where she promised to join me soon after.

A rough scramble in the hills soon brought me to the place of meeting, and entering the first chamber of the cavern, which was large, and well lighted from without, I stretched

myself upon a rocky ledge which leaned over a brook that meandered through the place, and, lulled by the dash of a distant waterfall, surrendered myself to a thousand musing fancies.

Fatigue from an early and long morning ride, or possibly too liberal a devotion to the good things which had been placed before me at table, caused me soon to be overtaken by sleep. My slumbers, however, were broken and uneasy; and after repeatedly opening my eyes to look with some impatience at my watch, as I tossed upon my stony couch, I abandoned the idea of a nap entirely, momentarily expecting that my guide would make her appearance, and contented myself with gazing listlessly upon the streamlet which rippled over its pebbled bed beneath me. I must have remained for some time in this vacant mood, when my idle musings were interrupted by a new source of interest presenting itself.

A slight rustling near at hand disturbed me, and, turning round as I opened my eyes, a female figure, in a drapery of snowy whiteness, appeared to flit before them, and retire behind a tall cascade immediately in front of me. The uncertain light of the place, with the spray of the waterfall, which partially impeded my view of the farther part of the cavern, made me at first doubt the evidence of my senses ; but gradually a distinct form was perceptible amid the mist, apparently moving slowly from me, and beckoning the while to follow. The height of the figure struck me immediately as being about the same as that of the buxom daughter of my landlord ; and, though the proportions seemed more slender, I had no doubt, upon recalling her arch expression of countenance while her father was relating to me the wild superstitions of the cavern, that a ready solution of one of its mysteries, at least, was at hand. Some woman's

whim, I had no doubt, prompted the girl to get up a little diversion at my expense, and sent her thither to put the freak in execution. I had been told that there were a dozen outlets to the cavern, and presumed that I was now to be involved in its labyrinths for the purpose of seeing in what part of the mountain I might subsequently make my exit. He is no true lover of a pair of bright eyes who will mar the jest of a pretty woman. The lady beckoned, and I followed.

I had some difficulty in scaling the precipice, over which tumbled the waterfall; but after slipping once or twice upon the wet ledges of rock, which supplied a treacherous foothold, I at last gained the summit, and stood within a few yards of my whimsical conductor. She had paused upon the farthest side of the chamber into which the cavern here expanded. It was a vast and noble apartment. The lofty ceiling

swelled almost into a perfect dome, save where a ragged aperture at the top admitted the noon-day sun, whose rays, as they fell through the vines and wild flowers that embowered the orifice, were glinted back from a thousand sparry points and pillars around. The walls, indeed, were completely fretted with stalactites. In some places small, and apparently freshly formed, they hung in fringed rows from the ceiling; in others they drooped so heavily as to knit the glistening roof to the marble floor beneath it, or rose in slender pyramids from the floor itself until they appeared to sustain the vault above.

The motion of the air created by the cascade gave a delightful coolness to this apartment, while the murmur of the falling water was echoed back from the vibrating columns with tones as rich and melodious as those which sweep from an Æolian harp. Never, me-

thought, had I seen a spot so alluring. And yet, when I surveyed each charm of the grotto, I knew not whether I could be contented in any one part of it. Nothing, indeed, could be more inviting to tranquil enjoyment than the place where I then stood; but the clustering columns, with their interlacing screen-work of woven spar, allured my eye into a hundred romantic aisles which I longed to explore; while the pendent wild flowers which luxuriated in the sunlight around the opening above, prompted me to scale the dangerous height, and try what pinnacle of the mountain I might gain by emerging from the cavern through the lofty aperture.

These reflections were abruptly terminated by an impatient gesture from my guide, and for the first time I caught a glimpse of her countenance as she glided by a deep pool in which it was reflected.

That glance had a singular, almost a preternatural effect upon me; the features were different from those I had expected to behold. They were not those of the new acquaintance whom I thought I was following, but the expression they wore was one so familiar to me in bygone years, that I started as if I had seen an apparition.

It was the look of one who had been long since dead—of one around whose name, when life was new, the whole tissue of my hopes and fears was woven—for whom all my aspirations after worldly honours had been breathed—in whom all my dreams of earthly happiness had been wound up. She had mingled in purer hours with all the fond and home-loving fancies of boyhood; she had been the queen of each romantic vision of my youth; and, amid the worldly cares and selfish struggles of maturer life, the thought of her had lived separate and



apart in my bosom, with no companion in its hallowed chamber save the religion learned at a mother's knee—save that hope of better things which, once implanted by a mother's love, survives amid the storms and conflicts of the world—a beacon to warn us more often, alas! how far we have wandered from her teachings than to guide us to the haven whither they were meant to lead.

I had loved her, and I had lost her: how, it matters not. Perchance disease had reft her from me by some sudden blow at the moment when possession made her dearest. Perchance I saw her fade in the arms of another, while I was banned and barred from ministering to a spirit that stole away to the grave with all I prized on earth. It boots not how I lost her; but he who has centred every thought and feeling in one only object, whose morning hopes have for years gone forth to the same goal,

whose evening reflections have for years come back to the same bourne, whose waking visions and whose midnight dreams have for years been haunted by the same image, whose schemes of toil and advancement have all tended to the same end—*he* knows what it is to have the pivot upon which every wheel of his heart hath turned wrenched from its centre—to have the sun, round which revolved every joy that lighted his bosom, plucked from its system.

Well, it was her face; as I live, it was the soul-breathing features of Linda that now beamed before me, fresh as when in dawning womanhood they first caught my youthful fancy—resistless as when in their noontide blaze of beauty I poured out my whole adoring soul before them. There was that same appealing look of the large lustrous eyes, the same sunny and soul-melting smile which, playing over a countenance thoughtful even to sadness, touched it with a

beauty so radiant, that the charm seemed borrowed from heaven itself.

I could not but think it strange that such an image should be presented to my view in such a place ; and yet, if I now rightly recollect my emotions, surprise was the least active among them. I cared not why or whence the apparition came ; I thought not whether it were reality or mocking semblance, the fantasy of my own brain, or the shadowy creation of some supernatural power around me. I knew only that it was there ; I knew only that the eyes in whose perilous light my soul had bathed herself to madness, beamed anew before me ; that the lips whose lightest smile had often wrapt me in elysium ; that the brow whose holy light——  
But why should I thus attempt to paint what pencil never yet hath reached ?—why essay a portrait whose colours I have nowhere found, save in the heart where they are laid so deeply

that death alone can dim them? Enough that the only human being to whom my spirit ever bowed in inferiority—enough that the idol to which it had knelt in adoration, now stood palpably before it. An hour ago, and I would have crossed the threshold of the grave itself to stand one moment in that presence—to gaze, if but for an instant, upon those features. What recked I now, then, how or whence they were conjured up? Had the FIEND himself stood nigh, I would have pressed nearer, and gazed and followed as I did. The figure beckoned, and I went on.

The vaulted pathway was at first smooth, and easily followed; but, after passing through several of the cavernous chambers into which it ever and anon expanded, the route became more and more difficult; loose masses of rock encumbering the floor, or drooping in pendent crags from the roof, rendered the defiles between them

both toilsome and hazardous. The light which fell through the opening behind us soon disappeared entirely, and it gave me a singular sinking of the spirits, as we passed into deeper and deeper gloom, to hear the musical sounds, which I have already noted in the grotto from which we first passed, dying away in the distance, and leaving the place at last in total silence. Long, indeed, after they had ceased to reach my ear with any distinctness, they would seem at times to swell along the winding vault, and break anew upon me at some turn in our devious route. So strangely, too, do the innumerable subtle echoes metamorphose each noise in these caverns, that I continually found myself mistaking the muttered reverberations for the sounds of a human voice. At one moment it seemed in gay tones to be calling me back to the sparry grotto and bright sunshine behind me, while the very next it appeared with sud-

den and harsh intonation to warn me against proceeding further. Anon it would die away with a mournful cadence, a melancholy wailing, like the requiem of one who was beyond the reach of all earthly counsel or assistance.

Again and again did I pause in my career to listen to this wild chanting, while my feelings would for the moment take their hue and complexion from the sources which thus bewildered my senses. I thought of my early dreams of fame and honour, of the singing hopes that lured me on my path, when one fatal image stepped between my soul and all its high endeavour. I thought of that buoyancy of spirit, once so irrepressible in its elasticity, that it seemed proof alike against time and sorrow, now sapped, wasted, and destroyed by the frenzied pursuit of one object. I thought of the home which had so much to embellish and en-

dear it, and which yet, with all its heart-cheering joys, had been neglected and left, like the sunlit grotto, to follow a shifting phantom through a heartless world. I thought of the reproachful voices around me, and the ceaseless upbraider in my own bosom, which told of time and talents wasted, of opportunities thrown away, of mental energies squandered, of heart, brain, and soul consumed in a devotion deeper and more absorbing than Heaven itself exacts from its votaries. I thought, and I looked at the object for which I had lavished them all. I thought that my life must have been some hideous dream, some damned vision in which my fated soul was bound by imaginary ties to a being doomed to be its bane upon earth, and shut it out at last from heaven; and I laughed in scornful glee as I twisted my bodily frame in the hope that at length I might wake from that

long-enduring sleep. I caught a smile from the lips: I saw a beckon from the hand of the phantom, and I wished still to dream, and to follow for ever. I plunged into the abyss of darkness to which it pointed; and, reckless of every thing I might leave behind, followed wheresoever it might marshal me.

A damp and chilling atmosphere now pervaded the place, and the clammy moisture stood thick upon my brow as I groped my way through a labyrinth of winding galleries, which intersected each other so often both obliquely and transversely, that the whole mountain seemed honeycombed. At one moment the steep and broken pathway led up acclivities almost impossible to scale; at another the black edge of a precipice indicated our hazardous route along the brink of some unfathomed gulf; while again a savage torrent, roaring



through the sinuous vault, left scarcely room enough for a foothold between the base of the wall and its furious tide.

And still my guide kept on, and still I followed. Returning, indeed, had the thought occurred to me, was now impossible; for the pale light which seemed to hang around her person, emanating, as it were, from her white raiment, was all that guided me through these shadowy realms. But not for a moment did I now think of retracing my steps, or pausing in that wild pursuit. Onward, and still onward it led, while my spirit, once set upon its purpose, seemed to gather sterner determination from every difficulty it encountered, and to kindle again with that indomitable buoyancy which was once the chief attribute of my nature.

At length the chase seemed ended, as we ap-

proached one of those abrupt and startling turns common in these caverns, where the passage, suddenly veering to the right or left, leads you, as if by design, to the sheer edge of some gulf that is impassable. My strange companion seemed pausing for a moment upon the brink of the abyss. It was a moment to me of delirious joy, mingled with more than mortal agony; the object of my wild pursuit seemed at length within my grasp. A single bound, and my outstretched arms would have encircled her person; a single bound—nay, the least movement towards her—might only have precipitated the destruction upon whose brink she hovered. Her form seemed to flutter upon the very edge of that horrid precipice, as, gazing like one fascinated over it, she stretched her hand backward toward me. It was like inviting me to perdition. And yet, forgive me,

Heaven! to perish with her was my proudest hope, as I sprang to grasp it. But, oh God! what held I in that withering clasp? The ice of death seemed curdling in my veins as I touched those clammy and pulseless fingers. A strange and unhallowed light shot upward from the black abyss; and the features, from which I *could* not take my eyes away, were changed to those of a DEMON in that hideous glare. And now the hand that I had so longed to clasp closed with remorseless pressure round my own, and drew me toward the yawning gulf,—it tightened in its grasp, and I hovered still nearer to my horrid doom,—it clenched yet more closely, and the frenzied shriek I gave—  
AWOKE ME.

A soft palm was gently pressed against my own; a pair of laughing blue eyes were bent archly upon me; and the fair locks which

floated over her blooming cheeks revealed the joyous and romping damsel who had promised to act as my guide through the cavern. She had been prevented by some household cares from keeping her appointment until the approach of evening made it too late, and had taken it for granted that I had then returned to my lodgings at the inn. My absence from the breakfast-table in the morning, however, had awakened some concern in the family, and induced her to seek me where we then met. The pressure of her hand in trying to awaken me will partially account for the latter part of my hideous dream ; the general tenour of it is easily traceable to the impression made upon my mind by the prevalent superstition connected with the cavern ; but no metaphysical ingenuity of which I am master can explain how one whose daily thoughts flow in so careless, if not

gay, a current as mine, could, even in a dream, have conjured up such a train of wild and bitter fancies; much less how the fearful tissue should have been so interwoven with the memory of an idle caprice of boyhood as to give new shape and reality to a phantom long—long since faded. And I could not but think, that had a vision so strange and vivid swept athwart my brain at an earlier period of life, I should have regarded it as something more than an unmeaning fantasy. That mystical romance, which is the religion of life's spring-time, would have interpreted my dream as a dark foreboding of the future, prophetic of hopes misplaced, of opportunities misapplied, of a joyless and barren youth, and a manhood whose best endeavour would be only a restless effort to lose in action the memory of dreary past.

If half be true, however, that is told concern-

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ing them, still more extravagant sallies of the  
imagination overtake persons of quite as easy  
and indolent a disposition as my own, when  
venturing to pass a night upon the Enchanted  
Mountains.

## CHAPTER II.

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### THE LAST ARROW.

“ And who be ye who rashly dare  
To chase in woods the forest child?  
To hunt the panther to his lair—  
The Indian in his native wild?”

THE American reader, if at all curious about the early history of his country, has probably heard of that famous expedition, undertaken by the vicegerent of Louis XIV., the governor-general of New France, against the confederated Six Nations of New York; an expedition which, though it carried with it all the pomp and cir-

cumstances of European warfare into their wild wood haunts, was attended with no adequate results, and had but a momentary effect in quelling the spirit of the tameless Iroquois.

It was on the 4th of July, 1796, that the commander-in-chief, the veteran Count de Frontenac, marshalled the forces at La Chine, with which he intended to crush for ever the powers of the Aganushion confederacy. His regulars were divided into four battalions of two hundred men each, commanded respectively by three veteran leaders, and the young Chevalier De Grais. He formed also four battalions of Canadian volunteers, efficiently officered, and organized as regular troops. The Indian allies were divided into three bands, each of which was placed under the command of a nobleman of rank, who had gained distinction in the European warfare of France. One was composed of the Sault and St. Louis bands and of



friendly Abenakis; another consisted of the Hurons of Lorette and the mountaineers of the north; the third band was smaller, and composed indiscriminately of warriors of different tribes, whom a spirit of adventure led to embark upon the expedition. They were chiefly Ottawas, Saukies, and Algonquins, and these the Baron de Bekancourt charged himself to conduct. This formidable armament was amply provisioned, and provided with all the munitions of war. Besides pikes, arquebusses, and other small arms then in use, they were furnished with grenades, a mortar to throw them, and a couple of field-pieces, which, with the tents and other camp equipage, were transported in large batteaux built for the purpose. Nor was the energy of their movements unworthy of this brilliant preparation. Ascending the St. Lawrence, and coasting the shores of Lake Ontario, they entered the Oswego river,

cut a military road around the falls, and carrying their transports over the portage, launched them anew, and finally debauched with their whole flotilla upon the waters of Onondago Lake.

It must have been a gallant sight to behold the warlike pageant floating beneath the primitive forest which then crowned the hills around that lovely water. To see the veterans who had served under Turenne, Vauban, and the great Condé, marshalled with pike and cuirass beside the half-naked Huron and Abenakis; while the young cavaliers, in the less warlike garb of the court of the magnificent Louis, moved with plume and mantle amid the dusky files of wampum-decked Ottawas and Algonquins. Banners were there which had flown at Steenkirk and Landen; or rustled above the troopers that Luxemburgh's trumpets had guided to glory, when Prince Waldeck's batta-

lions were borne down beneath his furious charge. Not the enemy that this gallant host were seeing unworthy of those whose swords had been tried in some of the most celebrated fields of Europe. "The Romans of America," as the Six Nations have been called by more than one writer, had proved themselves soldiers, not only by carrying their arms among the native tribes a thousand miles away, and striking their enemies alike upon the lakes of Maine, the mountains and morasses of Carolina, and the prairies of the Missouri; but they had already bearded one European army beneath the walls of Quebec, and shut up another for weeks within the defences of Montreal, with the same courage that, half a century later, vanquished the battalions of Dieskau upon the banks of Lake George.

Our business, however, is not with the main movements of this army, which we have already

mentioned were wholly unimportant in their results. The aged Chevalier de Frontenac was said to have other objects in view besides the political motives for the expedition, which he set forth to his master, the Grand Monarque.

Many years previously, when the Six Nations had invested the capital of New France and threatened the extermination of that thriving colony, a beautiful half-blood girl, whose education had been commenced under the immediate auspices of the governor-general, and in whom, indeed, M. de Frontenac was said to have a paternal interest, was carried off, with other prisoners, by the retiring foe. Every effort had been made in vain during the occasional cessation of hostilities between the French and the Iroquois, to recover this child; and though, in the years that intervened, some wandering Jesuit from time to time averred that he had seen the Christian captive living as the con-

tented wife of a young Mohawk warrior, yet the old nobleman seems never to have despaired of reclaiming his "nut-brown daughter." Indeed, the chevalier must have been impelled by some such hope when, at the age of seventy, and so feeble, that he was half the time carried in a litter, he ventured to encounter the perils of an American wilderness, and place himself at the head of the heterogeneous bands which now invaded the country of the Six Nations under his conduct.

Among the half-breed spies, border scouts, and mongrel adventurers that followed in the train of the invading army, was a renegade Fleming, of the name of Hanyost. This man, in early youth, had been made a sergeant-major, when he deserted to the French ranks in Flanders. He had subsequently taken up a military grant in Canada, sold it after emigrating, and then, making his way down to the Dutch set-

tlements on the Hudson, had become domiciliated, as it were, among their allies, the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Hanyost, hearing that his old friends, the French, were making such a formidable descent, did not now hesitate to desert his more recent acquaintances; but offered his services as a guide to Count de Frontenac the moment he entered the hostile country. It was not, however, mere cupidity, or the habitual love of treachery, which actuated the base Fleming in this instance. Hanyost, in a difficulty with an Indian trapper, which had been referred for arbitrament to the young Mohawk chief, Kiodago (a settler of disputes), whose cool courage and firmness fully entitled him to so distinguished a name, conceived himself aggrieved by the award which had been given against him. The scorn with which the arbitrator met his charge of unfairness, stung him to the soul, and fearing the

arm of the powerful savage, he had nursed the revenge in secret, whose accomplishment seemed now at hand.

Kiodago, ignorant of the hostile force which had entered his country, was off with his band at a fishing-station, or summer-camp, among the wild hills about Konnedieyu;\* and, when Hanyost informed the commander of the French forces, that, by surprising this party, his long-lost daughter, the wife of Kiodago, might be once more given to his arms, a small, but efficient force, was instantly detached from the main body of the army to strike the blow. A dozen musketeers, with twenty-five pikemen, led severally by the Baron de Bekancourt and the Chevalier de Grais, the former having the chief command of the expedition,

\* Since corrupted into "Canada creek,"—Beautiful water; probably so called from its amber colour—now Trenton Falls.

were sent upon this duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Kiodago. Many hours were consumed upon the march, as the soldiers were not yet habituated to the wilderness; but just before dawn on the second day, the party found themselves in the neighbourhood of the Indian village.

The place was wrapped in repose, and the two cavaliers trusted that the surprise would be so complete, that their commandant's daughter must certainly be taken. The baron, after a careful examination of the hilly passes, determined to head the onslaught, while his companion in arms, with Hanyost, to mark out his prey, should pounce upon the chieftain's wife. This being arranged, their followers were warned not to injure the female captives while cutting their defenders to pieces; and then a moment being allowed for each man to take a last look



at the condition of his arms, they were led to the attack.

The inhabitants of the fated village, secure in their isolated situation, aloof from the war parties of that wild district, had neglected all precaution against surprise, and were buried in sleep, when the whizzing of a grenade, that terrible but now superseded engine of destruction, roused them from their slumbers. The missile to which a direction had been given, that carried it in a direct line through the main row of wigwams which formed the little street, went crashing among their frail frames of basket-work, and kindled the dry mats stretched over them into instant flames. And then, as the startled warriors leaped all naked and unarmed from their blazing lodges, the French pikemen, waiting only for a volley from the musketeers, followed it up with a charge still more fatal.

The wretched savages were slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. Some, overwhelmed with dismay, sank unresisting upon the ground, and, covering up their heads after the Indian fashion when resigned to death, awaited the fatal stroke without a murmur; others, seized with a less benumbing panic, sought safety in flight, and rushed upon the pikes that lined the forest's paths around them. Many there were, however, who, schooled to scenes as dreadful, acquitted themselves like warriors. Snatching their weapons from the greedy flames, they sprang with irresistible fury upon the bristling files of pikemen. Their heavy war-clubs beat down and splintered the fragile spears of the Europeans, whose corslets, ruddy with the reflected fires mid which they fought, glistened back still brighter sparks from the hatchets of flint which crushed against them. The fierce veterans pealed the charging cry of many a

well-fought field in other climes; but wild and high the Indian whoop rose shrill above the din of conflict, until the hovering raven in mid air, caught up and answered that discordant shriek.

De Grais, in the mean time, surveyed the scene of action with eager intentness, expecting each moment to see the paler features of the Christian captive among the dusky females who ever and anon sprang shrieking from the blazing lodges, and were instantly hurled backward into the flames by fathers and brothers, who even thus would save them from the hands that vainly essayed to grasp their distracted forms. The Mohawks began now to wage a more successful resistance; and just when the fight was raging hottest, and the high-spirited Frenchman, beginning to despair of his prey, was about launching into the midst of it, he saw a tall warrior who had hitherto

been forward in the conflict, disengage himself from the *melée*, and wheeling suddenly upon a soldier, who had likewise separated from his party, brain him with a tomahawk, before he could make a movement in his defence.

The quick eye of the young chevalier, too, caught a glance of another figure, in pursuit of whom as she emerged, with an infant in her arms, from a lodge on the farther side of the village, the luckless Frenchman had met his doom. It was the Christian captive, the wife of Kiodago, beneath whose hand he had fallen. That chieftain now stood over the body of his victim, brandishing a war-club which he had snatched from a dying Indian near. Quick as thought, De Grais levelled a pistol at his head, when the track of the flying girl brought her directly in his line of sight, and he withheld his fire. Kiodago, in the mean time, had been cut off from the rest of his people by the soldiers,

who closed in upon the space which his terrible arm had a moment before kept open. A cry of agony escaped the high-souled savage, as he saw how thus the last hope was lost. He made a gesture, as if about to rush again into the fray, and sacrifice his life with his tribesmen; and then perceiving how futile must be the act, he turned on his heel, and bounded after his retreating wife with arms outstretched, to shield her from the dropping shots of the enemy.

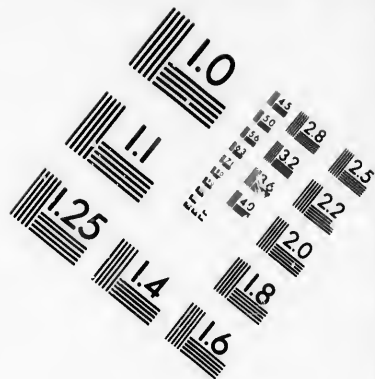
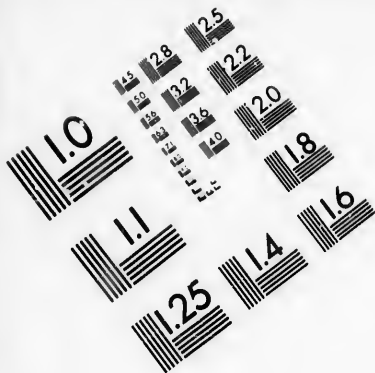
The uprising sun had now lighted up the scene; but all this passed so instantaneously, that it was impossible for De Grais to keep his eye on the fugitives, amid the shifting forms that glanced continually before him; and when, accompanied by Hanyost and seven others, he had got fairly in pursuit, Kiodago, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the chevalier and his party.

Her forest training had made the Christian

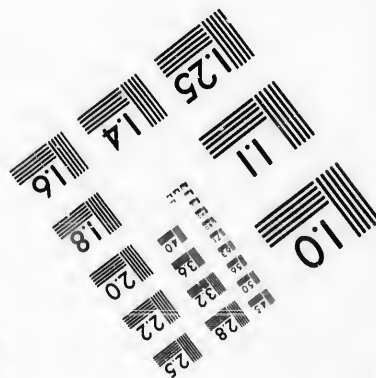
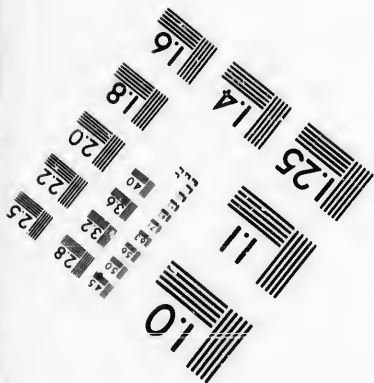
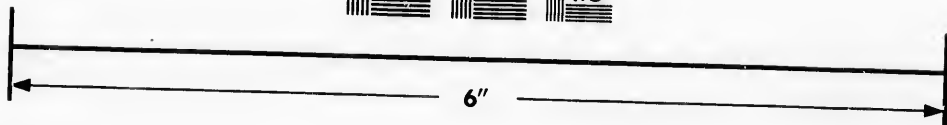
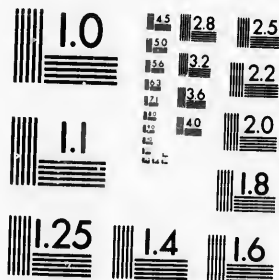
cap, ive as fleet of foot as an Indian maiden. She heard, too, the cheering voice of her loved warrior behind her, and pressing her infant in her arms, she urged her flight over crag and fell, and soon reached the head of a rocky pass, which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to scale. But the indefatigable Frenchmen are urging their way up the steep; the cry of pursuit grows nearer as they catch a sight of her husband through the thickets, and the agonized wife finds her onward progress prevented by a ledge of rock that impends above her. But now again Kiodago is by her side; he has lifted his wife to the cliff above, and placed her infant in her arms; and already, with renewed activity, the Indian mother is speeding on to a cavern among the hills, well known as a fastness of safety.

Kiodago looked a moment after her retreat-





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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ing figure, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. He might now easily have escaped his pursuers; but as he stepped back from the edge of the cliff, and looked down the narrow ravine, the vengeful spirit of the red man was too strong within him to allow such an opportunity of striking a blow to escape. His tomahawk and war-club had both been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back a more efficient weapon in the hands of so keen a hunter. There were but three arrows in his quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy for each of them. His bow was strung quickly, but with as much coolness as if there were no exigency to require haste. Yet he had scarcely time to throw himself upon his breast, a few yards from the brink of the declivity, before one of his pursuers, more active than the rest,

exposed himself to the unerring archer. He came leaping from rock to rock, and had nearly reached the head of the glen, when, pierced through and through by one of Kiodago's arrows, he toppled from the crags, and rolled, clutching the leaves in his death-agony, among the tangled furze below. A second met a similar fate, and a third victim would probably have been added, if a shot from the fusil of Hanyost, who sprang forward and caught sight of the Indian just as the first man fell, had not disabled the thumb-joint of the bold archer, even as he fixed his last arrow in the string. Resistance seemed now at an end, and Kiodago again betook himself to flight. Yet anxious to divert the pursuit from his wife, the young chieftain pealed a yell of defiance, as he retreated in a different direction from that which she had taken. The whoop was answered by a

simultaneous shout and rush on the part of the whites; but the Indian had not advanced far before he perceived that the pursuing party, now reduced to six, had divided, and that three only followed him. He had recognised the scout, Hanyost, among his enemies, and it was now apparent that the wily traitor, instead of being misled by his *ruse*, had guided the other three upon the direct trail to the cavern which the Christian captive had taken. Quick as thought, the Mohawk acted upon the impression. Making a few steps within a thicket, still to mislead his present pursuers, he bounded across a mountain torrent, and then, leaving his foot-marks dashed in the yielding bank, he turned shortly on a rock beyond, recrossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a fallen tree, while his pursuers passed within a few paces of his covert.

A broken hillock now only divided the chief from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which the remaining party, consisting of De Grais, Han-yost, and a French musketeer, were hotly urging their way. The hunted warrior ground his teeth with rage when he heard the voice of the treacherous Fleming in the glen below him; and, springing from crag to crag, he circled the rocky knoll, and planted his foot by the roots of a blasted oak that shot its limbs above the cavern, just as his wife had reached the spot, and, pressing her babe to her bosom, sank exhausted among the flowers that waved in the moist breath of the cave. It chanced that, at that very instant, De Grais and his followers had paused beneath the opposite side of the knoll, from whose broken surface the foot of the flying Indian had disengaged

stone, which, crackling among the branches, found its way through a slight ravine into the glen below. The two Frenchmen stood in doubt for a moment. The musketeer, pointing in the direction whence the stone had rolled, turned to receive the order of his officer. The chevalier, who had made one step in advance of a broad rock between them, leaned upon it, pistol in hand, half turning towards his follower; while the scout, who stood farthest out from the steep bank, bending forward to discover the mouth of the cave, must have caught a glimpse of the sinking female, just as the shadowy form of her husband was displayed above her. God help thee now, bold archer! thy quiver is empty; thy game of life is nearly up; the sleuth-hound is upon thee; and thy scalp-lock, whose plumes now flutter in the breeze, will soon be twined

in the fingers of the vengeful renegade! Thy wife—— But hold! the noble savage has still one arrow left!

Disabled, as he thought himself, the Mohawk had not dropped his bow in his flight. His last arrow was still griped in his bleeding fingers; and though his stiffened thumb forbore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodago had not yet lost its power.\* The crisis which it takes so long to describe, had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the Frenchmen, inexperienced in woodcraft, were at fault; he saw, too, that the keen eye of Hanyost had caught sight of the object of their pursuit, and that further flight was hopeless; while the scene of his burning village in the distance, inflamed him with hate

\* The European mode of holding the arrow is not common among our aborigines, who use the thumb for a purchase.

and fury towards the instrument of his misfortunes. Bracing one knee upon the flinty rock, while the muscles of the other swelled as if the whole energies of his body were collected in that single effort, Kiodago aims at the treacherous scout, and the twanging bow-string dismisses his last arrow upon its errand. The hand of **THE SPIRIT** could alone have guided that shaft. It misses its mark! But **WANEYO** smiles upon the brave warrior, and the arrow, while it rattles harmless against the cuirass of the French officer, glances toward the victim for whom it was intended, and quivers in the heart of Hanyost! The dying wretch grasped the sword-chain of the chevalier, whose corslet clanged among the rocks as the two went rolling down the glen together; and De Grais was not unwilling to abandon the pursuit, when the musketeer, coming to his assistance, had disengaged him, bruised and



bloody, from the embrace of the stiffening corpse!

The rest is soon told. The bewildered Europeans rejoined their comrades, who were soon after on their march from the scene they had desolated; while Kiodago descended from his eyrie to collect the fugitive survivors of his band, and, after burying the slain, to wreak a terrible vengeance upon their murderers; the most of whom were cut off by him before they joined the main body of the French army. The Count de Frontenac, returning to Canada, died soon afterwards, and the existence of his half-blood daughter was forgotten. And—though among the score of old families in the state of New York who have Indian blood in their veins, many trace their descent from the offspring of the noble Kiodago and his Christian wife, yet the hand of genius, as displayed

in the admirable picture of Chapman, has alone rescued from oblivion the thrilling scene of the Mohawk's **LAST ARROW!**

**THE END.**

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WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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