



EX LIBRIS

955
F875
e

CASE ***
B

Y11

2

Alfred

PS1719
F44E5
1836
v.1





ELKS WATAWA;

OR,

THE PROPHET OF THE WEST.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

by
James C. French

“ A noble race ! but they are gone,
With their old forests wilde and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.”

BRYANT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF STREET.

1836.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836,
by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern
District of New-York.]

TO WILLIAM H. M'FARLAND, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

By inscribing to you these volumes,—in which I have endeavoured to enlarge upon an interesting portion of our National History, and to set forth in a connected view, the main incidents in the lives of two of the most celebrated Aborigines of our continent,—I offer a tribute not less agreeable to myself, than due to your personal worth.

To an accomplished scholar like yourself, this work may appear crude and defective; if so, let the intentions of the writer compensate for the faults of his production. The recollection of the many kind offices received at your hands, and of your amiable and dignified character, renders it a pleasure to dedicate to you this first attempt to describe events, which may hereafter be pourtrayed by an abler pen.

With my best wishes for your prosperity and welfare,

Believe me, Sir,

Yours, truly,

THE AUTHOR.

939863

P R E F A C E.

DURING the intervals of leisure in a profession which has hitherto employed but a small portion of my time, I traced out for my own amusement the following story. It having fallen to my lot to reside for some time in the western part of the Union, and to have visited personally many of the Indian tribes along the frontier, I was naturally led to observe with much attention, their customs and habits of life. The more I saw of their peculiarities and traits of character, the more I found my feelings aroused, and my sympathies enlisted in their behalf; and from the contemplation of what they now are, I was carried back, by a natural train of thought, to reflect upon what they once had been. The names and deeds of those celebrated individuals, who have from time to time, arisen among them, and with a foresight and patriotism worthy of happier results, endeavoured to regain for the red man his original power and possessions, became familiar to me as household words, and I felt myself able to appreciate more justly the talents and policy of those unfortunate champions

of Indian liberty, whose conduct and characters, owing to the animosity excited in the minds of the frontier settlers by a series of harassing hostilities, have been generally misrepresented, and painted by the hand of prejudice, in the darkest and most odious colours. One of the effects of the sojourn above referred to, was the entire removal of many unfounded causes of dislike, and false impressions, which had their origin in these and similar sources, and the conviction that were the Indian, like the lion in the fable, to draw the picture himself of the contest which has with but few intermissions, been carried on between the whites and the aborigines, since the period of the earliest settlements, we should behold many startling and indisputable facts, many unprovoked aggressions, and many sins unatoned for on the part of our countrymen, amply sufficient to turn the milk of human kindness into the bitterest gall, and kindle the most unextinguishable hate in the breasts of the most civilized people.

To these many apologetic circumstances, tending to excuse their natural animosity toward the whites, was added in my mind an admiration of those peculiar traits of character which they possess in common with no nation of modern times, but in which they approach nearly the Greeks and Romans in their best estate, before luxury had paved the way for despotism, and licentiousness had fused down all individuality and national differences into one common mass of dulness and depravity. The short, pointed, and antithetical say-

ings of many an Indian chieftain, partake of the old Laconic character, and the discipline both of mind and body, common among the tribes, is equally severe with that inculcated by the Legislator of Sparta, in her palmiest days. The answer of Tecumseh to Gen. Harrison, when offered a seat by him at the council, will compare with any reply in ancient or modern history; and the apophthegms of King Philip, recorded in the annals of the times, are marked with the same spirit of moral fearlessness and independence.

But the Indian, like his more civilized neighbour, however much he may strive for effect, and put on his best mental attire upon occasions which call for such preparation, has an every day manner, so to term it, or a style of familiar conversation, when not labouring under any particular excitement, which differs but little from that of the rest of the world, and offers a striking contrast to his more exalted moods, when art and passion combine to swell the stream of his eloquence. Indeed, as in the well known lines of Horace :

“ Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,”

so the Indian, unless warmed by the expectant gaze of the multitude, or influenced by the most violent passions, confines himself to the more homely and necessary common places of the language. I have travelled among them, hunted with them, conversed with them, and watched them when employed in domestic avocations, and never, as far as

my personal experience enabled me to judge, did I hear any expressions more highly wrought or figurative, than such as would be used in ordinary conversation among ourselves. Impressed with this fact, I have accordingly, in many instances, represented the Indians as conversing without much of that mannerism which has by almost common consent, been held to characterise their speech, while at other times, when the place seemed to demand it, I have given the most figurative and antithetical turn to their language; and in so doing, I have rather deferred to the commonly received opinion, than acted in accordance with my own judgment. This course may be contrary to the notions entertained by many; but conceiving it, for the reasons above stated, to be a correct one, I leave my Indians to vary their modes of expression according to the circumstances in which they are placed.

The above remarks will apply with equal propriety to the language of the Kentucky hunter, described in the following pages. He uses slang as a matter of habit, when speaking of certain things, but this does not prevent him from being more choice of his words when the subject requires it. It may be observed, in this connexion, that although a great proportion of our western population may often, partly from fancy and partly from carelessness, interlard their language with strange and far-fetched expressions, they nevertheless can be, and are, when occasion demands it, as select of their phrases, and as simple in their arrangement as any

class of persons on our continent. In fact, the many burlesques of western manners, which have given so much amusement to our eastern and transatlantic brethren, were as much of a novelty to the supposed actors in them, upon their first appearance, as to their neighbours in the adjoining states.

The main incidents detailed in this work are strictly historical, and drawn from authentic sources. So great, indeed, is that portion devoted to the narrative of well known events, that the author has his fears, lest by their too frequent occurrence, the purely fictitious part may be weakened, and the whole assume a dry and uninteresting appearance. But when he reflects upon the nature of his materials, and the striking incidents in the history of the Prophet, which make truth appear stranger than the wildest fiction, he is inclined to think that the reader will wish he had curbed his fancy still more, and detailed yet more at length, the actual occurrences of that interesting period. The speeches attributed to Tecumseh and his brother, as well as those of Gen. Harrison, are extracted verbatim from the records of the times, since nothing which the writer could himself compose would approach them in native eloquence and felicity of expression. Much as they must suffer in the translation from the Indian tongue, there still remains sufficient of the sacred fire, the "divinus afflatus," to show the character of their eloquence, and vindicate for their author the title of Prince of Indian orators as well as of warriors.

Feeling it a duty due myself, to assign the reasons why I had ventured to set forth opinions counter to the generally received impressions of Indian and western character, I have been led to express myself more at length than I intended. With this as my apology, I subscribe myself,

THE AUTHOR.

Jerusalem, Southampton Co. Va.

January 27, 1836.

ELKSWATAWA;

OR,

THE PROPHET OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

“ And many a gloomy tale tradition yet
Saves from oblivion of their struggles vain,
Their prowess and their wrongs, for rhymers meet,
To people scenes, where still their names remain.”

SANDS.

THE 20th of August, 1794, was the commencement of an era, ever to be remembered in the annals of the West; for it marks the close of those sanguinary battles which had so long desolated our northwestern frontier with all the horrors of savage warfare.

Previous to this date, the Indians, emboldened by repeated successes, and instigated by hireling agents, had swept like a tornado along the whole range of our western settlements, marking their route with the direst destruction. But it was not in predatory excursions alone that their power had been felt; they had been victorious in several regular engagements. Led on by the most noted chieftains of

their tribes, they had defeated Generals Harmar and St. Clair, nearly annihilating the army of the latter, and creating so great a sensation throughout the land, that it caused the Father of his country, like Augustus, when he heard of the destruction of Varus and his legions, to weep for the men he had trained to arms, and pass a sleepless night, pacing his apartment, and repeating aloud, "St. Clair! St. Clair! restore me my troops!"

This calamity, however, aroused the nation from its apathy; and the appointment of General Wayne to the command of the western army induced the country to anticipate the happiest results. No man was more popular, and no selection could have inspired more confidence. Bold, daring, indefatigable, and skilled in habits of Indian warfare, he was withal so reckless of life, that he received, and ever after bore in the West, the appellation of "*Mad Anthony*." We should exceed the limits which we have here assigned ourselves, were we to trace minutely the progress of events from the time of his appointment to the period with which we commence; nearly a year had elapsed, and nothing definite had been accomplished, when, on the 8th of August, 1794, we find him encamped at the confluence of the Au-Glaize and Maumee Rivers, having under his command more than three thousand men, most of whom were regulars. The Indians, comprising the tribes of the Miamies, Pottawatamies, Delawares, Shawanees, Chippewas, Ottawas, and Senecas, amounting in all to about two thousand, were commanded by Little Turtle, chief of the Miamies,

and the most noted warrior of his day; Blue Jacket, chief of the Shawanees; and Buckongahelas, chief of the Delawares.

The morning of the 20th found the Indians advantageously posted in the forest of Presque Isle, awaiting the advance of General Wayne. With his army divided into two columns, he moved on to the attack; the action became general about 10 o'clock, and for sometime was maintained with the greatest obstinacy. A movement on the part of the American General to out-flank their right wing, threw them into disorder, and wanting unanimity among themselves, for dissensions had already crept into their ranks, a flight ensued, and victory declared in favour of the Americans. The loss on either side was not great, yet the victory was complete, and attended with more important consequences than any battle which had ever been fought in the "far west." The Indians were dispersed, and their property destroyed, and being no longer able to contend with any hope of success, many chiefs sent in their submission. Hostilities were now suspended, and in the following year Commissioners were appointed on the part of the United States for the purpose of concluding a general peace.

Greenville, in Ohio, was appointed for the conference, and thither in August, 1795, repaired the Commissioners, together with the chiefs of all the northwestern tribes, accompanied by crowds of red men. Never had a more imposing council been held in the "far west." Of the Representatives who

were present, each one was conspicuous in the tribe to which he belonged, all were famed as warriors, and noted for the part they had acted in the deadly struggle which they had so long, and so hopelessly been waging.

The crowd which had assembled, both of red men and whites, gave it somewhat the appearance of a jubilee, but, on the part of the Indians, it was a sad occasion which had called them together. They had long been contending for wild lands, and still wilder liberty, with a perseverance and determined zeal which won the admiration even of their enemies. There was nothing selfish, or ambitious in their purpose; they fought to retain that which the God of nature had given them, and thousands had fallen and died satisfied, that they fell in defence of their hunting grounds, and in preserving sacred the graves of their fathers. They yielded to the superiority which a civilized has over a savage foe, and they yielded, when their tribes were so thinned of warriors that but few were left to battle in their country's cause.

After so fruitless and protracted a struggle, it might truly be deemed a sad occasion which had called them together, to transfer for ever, those lands, for the possession of which they had so long contended. But they were now forced to sue for peace, and the cession of a large portion of their territory was the sole condition upon which it was to be obtained—the powerful dictating to the powerless—and we may well conceive the reluctance with which they acceded to the demand, when we

reflect, that the tract of country then surrendered, now comprises several of the most flourishing states in the Union. The terms, however, after a long and ineffectual opposition, were accepted, and the treaty being ratified, each party pledged itself to preserve the peace concluded. The Indians then expressed themselves contented with its provisions, and the council adjourned. Peace being now restored, all seemed anxious to preserve it, and Indians and whites mingling promiscuously together, forgot at once former differences, in expressions of mutual courtesy and friendship.

With this state of things came a change in the affairs of the West. The instruments of war were exchanged for the implements of agriculture, and crowds of emigrants were found flocking to that lovely region of country, where but a short time before, marched regiments of fearless and intrepid soldiery; or where, in lawless bands, with vengeance dire, there roamed the savage wild. Beautiful and bright was the prospect now, as when a cloud which has for some time shrouded the horizon in gloom, carrying terror and dismay to the breasts of all, spends its force, and suddenly breaking away, leaves the glad sun dancing upon the earth. So was it here. Gloom and darkness had hung over the land—the midnight torch, and merciless scalping-knife were the visions of the past, and the future now shone forth so clear and inviting that it promised to realize even the wildest dreams of the imagination.

Looking through the vista of futurity, it required

no seer to foretell, that the Valley of the Mississippi, which, from its physical appearance, may well be regarded as the cradle of our continent, was soon destined to become the chosen home of the exile from every clime, and to contain a population, brave, hardy, and industrious; not one to whom ignoble thoughts were boon companions, but a people elevated in sentiment by the immunities received under a Republican government, and stimulated to acts of noble daring and enterprise, by the reflection, that their fortunes were cast in a land where nature had been more lavish of her bounties, than in any other part of the world—yes, in a region of country, bounded on the north by lakes, in which, so vast is their extent, all the vessels, that in every part of the world now plough the briny deep, might be placed, and still hold their onward course—in a region of country, where rivers run by almost every door, and throughout the whole of which flows one great stream, the grand receptacle of a thousand tributaries—a wonder within itself—the great aorta of our continent, which courses every clime, from the far frozen regions of the North, to warm and sunny lands, “where the orange and citron are fairest of fruit,” and flowers burst into beauty, regardless of the seasons of the year.

Indeed it required no seer to tell, that here, in a few years, cities would spring up as if called into existence by the wand of the magician, that those streams, over which now skimmed the light canoe, would soon be covered with boats, bearing to other markets the surplus produce of a mighty people.—

These were the expectations which filled the minds of all, when peace spread her wings over the wilds of the West, and when with them were connected the descriptions of hardy adventurers, who not only pourtrayed it as possessing all the advantages here depicted, but likewise painted its beauties in such glowing colours, that reason was merged in visions of fancy, thousands of our enterprising citizens tore themselves from their comfortable homes in our older states to become settlers of the West.

With the commencement of this onward movement, forests began to disappear, and fields of grain waved in rich luxuriance, where, but a few years before, the Indian hunter pursued his wily game.—As time rolled on, the woodman's axe was often heard in the forest, and every road was thronged with emigrants wending their way to some new and distant home—while the Ohio was dotted with countless small flat-roofed buildings, filled with families, who were floating on to points still more remote.

When the tide of emigration first began to flow, the wigwams of the Indians served as a barrier, and for a time stayed its progress ; but, as the flood increased, they were forced to desert their homes, and recede from its influence. Having smoked the pipe of peace with the stranger, they spoke not a word, but with feelings of deep sorrow, left the graves of their fathers, and retiring farther into the forest, selected another spot whereon to fix their cabins. But scarcely were they settled in their new abodes, before the axe of the pioneer again re-

sounded in their ears, and the lodge of a squatter was seen rising in the distance. With the approach of the whites, retreated the game which was the sole support of the Indians, and again they plunged yet deeper into the recesses of the forest, and murmured not.

But when they began to find that one encroachment was but the prelude to another, and that patient endurance availed them nothing, suppressed murmurs were at first heard, then hoarser remonstrances, and finally out they spoke, talked of right and wrong, and denounced the whites as grasping and unjust, till the sparks of vengeance which were to kindle up a flame among the tribes, were then first blown abroad.

But setting aside the encroachments of the whites, there were other causes for their discontent; causes, which deeply agitated them, and stirred up in each one feelings of revenge. The treaty of Greenville, though seemingly just in its provisions, had been wrung from their necessities, and although at its conclusion, all the chiefs expressed themselves satisfied, and an opinion pervaded the country that a firm peace had been established, still there were many of the Indians in whose bosoms hatred against the whites was not extinguished, but continued to glow with a burning desire of vengeance. To them the treaty was but the smothering of a fire to keep it alive, and their sense of unavenged wrongs was like a secret volcano, consuming itself with its own fires, and accumulating the power to burst forth.—
The warriors who entertained these feelings be-

longed to the tribe of the Shawanees, decidedly the most warlike on our continent, and had often fought first among the foremost, in many of the numerous conflicts in which their tribe had been engaged.— Those to whom we particularly allude, were present at the treaty of Greenville, and though too young to be allowed a voice in council, left it with disgust, and from that moment to the period of which we are writing, had been constantly brooding over the wrongs of their country. But now, when they viewed the continual encroachments of the whites, and saw, daily, their dominions invaded, and their hunting grounds lessened, they began to awaken to a sense of their danger, to breathe abroad a spirit of revenge, and urge their countrymen on to acts of violence.

To the causes of irritation which we have before enumerated as stimulating them to these measures must be added the breach of the treaty of Greenville, which had been so solemnly ratified, and which on the part of the Indians had been preserved inviolate. One of the stipulations of that humiliating compact, by which they had ceded so vast a territory, provided that all murderers should be surrendered to the party aggrieved, to be punished according to their respective laws or customs. In accordance with this provision, Indians were repeatedly given over to the United States' authorities, tried, convicted, and executed according to the judgment of their courts. But though many Indians had been shot in the most wanton and unprovoked manner by Americans, and a demand for the

murderers often made, still they were never given over for punishment, nor was there even an instance in the courts, of a conviction for so atrocious a crime. This was the power of prejudice, and to such an extent was it carried, that the killing of an Indian by an American was scarcely regarded as indictable offence. Can it then be a matter of surprise, that in this state of things, they, with their ardent feelings and simple notions of justice, should be sometimes tempted to take the law into their own hands, and seek by bloody retaliation that redress, denied them by our courts, and the hostility of our people. Is it at all strange that murders were committed which began to increase to an alarming extent, and that the Indians, adopting our own tactics, should have endeavoured to screen the murderers?

But we have still to add for the Indians, another cause of exasperation. Many attempts had been made on the part of the whites, to purchase other portions of their land, from all the tribes assembled in general council. In this they had failed, and yet, several treaties had been concluded, and large districts of land conveyed to the United States, by a *single* tribe, while the Indians generally regarded it as the common property, only to be alienated by all the tribes collectively. To annul these treaties, repeated applications had been made, but without success. These, with the long and unprovoked aggressions before mentioned, would have stirred up the deadliest hate of the most civilized people; then how could they otherwise than powerfully

operate upon savages, marked by ferocity of disposition, and stubborn independence of character.

While this state of feeling was spreading rapidly among the Indians, emigration was in a great measure suspended, and fear was felt by all the border settlers. Nor were their apprehensions groundless, for it often happened that some adventurer, more daring than his companions, suddenly disappeared from his family, and was never again heard of. And scarcely would the excitement consequent upon these things subside, before acts still more alarming in their character were perpetrated, tending to unveil the mystery which hung over the fate of those who were lost; for the hunter would at times discover the mangled body of some emigrant who had been wantonly murdered, and left a prey to the beasts of the forest. When these things were told, terror and dismay filled the breasts of all, mothers pressed sleepless pillows, drew their infants still closer to their bosoms, and saw in troubled slumbers the blaze of their dwellings, while the war whoop of the savage would ring shrill in their ears. Yet it was but a dream.

At this time a great change was observable in the habits of the Indians; they no longer indulged in intoxicating liquors; gewgaws, which before possessed so many attractions in their eyes, were now disregarded; all intercourse with the whites was suddenly broken off, and rumour began to tell of secret councils, and midnight meetings in the depths of the forest. And then were heard dark hints, and enigmatical sayings, implying that they were

invulnerable to the bullets of the whites, and were soon to repossess the lands of their fathers. Then came the tidings that a Prophet had arisen, who held daily converse with the Great Spirit, and ruled the tribes with an absolute sway. With this annunciation, the clouds of discontent, which had so long lain scattered in the horizon, began to unite, and settle in darkness over the west. At this period we commence our narrative.

CHAPTER II.

“ Then he hears

How the fierce Indian scalped the helpless child,
And bore its shrieking mother to the wild,
Butch’ring the father, hastening to his home,
Who sought his cottage, but to find his tomb.

BRAINARD.

THE 10th of August, 1809 ! At the mention of that date, how the past sweeps by me, and with it come the yells of the savage, the dying groans of infancy and of age ; and by the light of lurid flames, I behold their bleeding bodies, and hear the last gurgling cry of a youth, as he sinks beneath the closing waves. It was a sad night, and fearfully wild is the tale which it tells.

The Ohio, than which no lovelier river flows beneath the sun, was bearing on its surface, a rude boat, containing an emigrant family destined for some point in the “ far west.” Carried along by the current, its motion was so gentle, that not a ripple indicated its passage. The hour was midnight, there was no moon, yet the stars emitted a soft light sufficient to show the dim outline of the lofty hills, which skirted the river on either side, serving as landmarks to the adventurer, by which to keep near the middle of the stream. The country was here entirely unsettled, and the dense forests which

rose up high into the heavens, threw over the scene a sombre hue, calculated to suggest to an excited imagination a thousand dangers.

Thus situated was the family of John Foreman, consisting of himself, his wife, and several children; among them a sweet girl, who, like an opening flower, was just expanding into beauty, and a son who had already arrived at the age of manhood. Mr. Foreman was a native of lower Virginia, whom misfortunes had reduced to poverty, and who, with a hope of bettering his condition, had torn himself from his friends, to become a settler of the "far off West." Having embarked at Pittsburg, he had already floated far upon his journey, when the incident occurred upon which depends the interest of the following pages.

The boat having swept a distance hard upon a thousand miles, through a country where the vision was bounded by lofty hills, rising before them in perpetual beauty, had now arrived at a point where the scenery ceases to be beautiful, and at once becomes grand and sublime. This point, the most remarkable on the Ohio River, is known to travellers, by the name of the "Battery Rock," being a mural precipice of limestone, rising perpendicularly several hundred feet from the river which laves its base, and stretching for some distance along its northern bank. It lies within the state of Illinois, some ten or twelve miles below Shawneetown, and a few miles above the village of Golconda.

The hour, as we have stated, was midnight, and

being such as to invite repose, the family were all asleep, save Mr. Foreman and his son Hugh, who were reclining upon the roof* of the boat, and directing its course by a long pole, which projected from it, and served the purpose of a rudder. An unbroken silence had for some time reigned, when the following dialogue ensued:

“Do not bear so much to the left, Hugh; you will get out of the current; see, it sets in to the bank.”

“Yes, father; but the more distant we are from the bank, the safer I feel.”

“Afraid of the Indians, Hugh?”

“No, sir; I cannot say I am afraid.”

“I am pleased to hear you say so, my son; you should not fear, for although they tell so many bloody tales of them, I think we shall have no cause to add another to the number. We have now floated a long distance, been upon the water more than twenty days and nights, and yet no mishap has befallen us; a few days more, and, God willing, we shall reach our place of destination.”

“I wish it were so, father; I have no fears, yet my heart has some strange misgivings. Gay dreamed last night, we were taken captive by the Indians. I have no faith in dreams, and I know not why it is, but I feel sad and gloomy.”

“Hugh, this is not a time to indulge in superstitious fears, when we are about to form a frontier settlement. Such things must be abandoned, or

* See note A.

you will become a laughing stock for your companions ; moreover, your sister must cease to tell her dreams, since they unman her brother."

At this speech, Hugh's countenance slightly coloured with indignation, but it quickly passed away, and he said : " Father, I feel your reproaches, yet I have not the spirit to answer them ; for a presentiment of danger has come over me, and though vague and indefinite, I feel that there is no opposing it ; indistinct and gloomy visions flit across my mind, conveying no definite idea. To ensure our safety, I would this hour willingly meet Tecumseh, single handed, terrible as he is."

At the name of Tecumseh a shade passed over the face of Mr. Foreman, while he recollected the many daring outrages which were said to have been committed by him ; but, quickly dispelling it, he said, " Come, come, my son, let us drop this subject ; it is idle to anticipate dangers ; bad enough to meet them when they come.

" Then let it be so. But I wish we had not ventured so far down, it has now been nearly a week, and we have seen no living soul. Father, do not the woods seem to you darker than usual ? the hills rise higher here than we have yet seen them ; I never saw a scene so wild and lonely—father, father, did you not see a light moving ?"

" Where, where, my son ?"

" On the top of that lofty bluff to our right. There, there, I see it again."

This annunciation acted like magic upon Mr. Foreman, who grasped his rifle, and nerving himself

to meet whatever danger might present itself, gazed long and searchingly at the place pointed out. Still nothing was visible—the banks wore a dark and gloomy aspect, yet they were as quiet as the unrippled surface on which they were floating—no sign indicated the presence of a human being, no signal told that the wild woods were tenanted. Observing this, he drew a long breath or two, relieving himself from the high state of excitement under which he had been labouring, then turning to his son, said, “Hugh, you must have been mistaken.”

“I see nothing now, father,” was the reply, “but I thought I saw a light glimmer on those cliffs for a moment and then disappear.”

The scene, desolate as it was, was so quiet and lonely that its repose seemed a guarantee for security, and both again sunk into a dreamy reverie. Some time elapsed, when Mr. Foreman complained of being sleepy, and turning to his son, said, “I believe I will turn in, call me when your watch is over, and take care to keep near the middle of the stream.” So saying, he went below, leaving to Hugh the sole management of the boat.

When left alone to himself, Hugh forgot danger in the deep stillness around him, for it was of that nature, which by its sublimity hushes up the harsher feelings, and creates a vague pleasure which cannot be defined, and which we feel most generally, only when we look abroad from the mountain tops, or stand above the roar of dashing torrents. There are moments in life in which we cannot control our

thoughts, yes, there are very many, and Hugh began to ponder over scenes from which he had been torn, to dwell upon the bright recollections of boyhood, and to feed his heart with the called up image of one, dear to him above all other things.

But while these things were passing in his mind, and by their power destroying all consciousness of the present, there might have been seen a dark and indistinct object on the surface of the water, stealing onward with the noiseless glide of the serpent, when it draws its doubling form along the dewy grass. No apparent motion, not a ripple of the wave announced its passage; yet it was approaching the boat, near, still nearer. Another moment, and it was along side. Then, like tigers crouching for their prey, a band of Indian warriors sprung forth, while the neighbouring hills re-echoed their savage screams. Then were heard cries for mercy, and shrieks of horror;—then might be seen their dark forms glancing in every part of the boat, while from right to left, with deadly sweep, they plied the greedy tomahawk. A moment more, and the splash of falling bodies was heard, then the bubbling groan of the dying,—and all was quiet. Not a sound broke upon the ear, all nature seemed asleep, and the boat still glided along as smoothly as it did an hour before. Another moment, and there rolled forth a volume of dense smoke, followed by lurid flames, which bursting out, wrapped the boat in a blaze of living light, and showed a mass of mangled bodies in its bottom. How ghastly pale are the counte-

nances of the slain, when seen by that bright light. See how that mangled mother hugs her murdered babe !”

At the same moment, in the back ground, yet near at hand, might be seen a light bark canoe, filled with Indian warriors, painted and equipped in war-like dresses, who with bright exulting faces were gazing on the scene before them, their hatchets red with slaughter, their hands clammy with the blood of the slain. And that nothing should be wanting to render the scene impressive in the extreme, stretched in one end of the boat, lay the almost lifeless form of Gay Foreman, the sole survivor of her family, with her hands pinioned ; and her mouth gagged to silence her cries, while her head lay near a pile of bleeding scalps which had been torn from her butchered family, and from which, the warm blood was still trickling down into the bottom of the boat.

The Indians remained silent spectators, until the fire began to decline, when by its dying light they plied their paddles, and their light canoe darted off, skimming the waves like a living thing.

The incident above described occupied but a short time ; the boat, covered with thin, dry pine boards, having burned to the water's edge, soon sank, and the Indians having left the scene, all was again quiet.

And was an act so daring to be perpetrated, and yet remain secret ? no—on the opposite shore, within the state of Kentucky, and far in the forest, were

reposing by the embers of a dying fire, two hunters of the "far west." One was enured to fatigue, had often skirmished with the Indians, and ever surrounded by danger, was as wily as the savage, as daring, and as bold. The other had had less experience, yet they could both look upon death and not grow pale. They were asleep. But habit had rendered them so watchful, that the lightest step would arouse them from the deepest slumber, and scarcely had echo ceased repeating the first war-whoop which rang through the forest, before they stood erect, mute as statues, with rifles ready cocked, gazing deep into the woods. Another moment, and yet no cry—another, and another, and still all was quiet.

"I say, Earth, that cry must have come from some boat on the Ohio; the Indians are murdering some emigrant family."

"It must be so, Rolfe; where else could it have come from? Gather up our *plunder*, and let's be moving; there's no more sleep for us."

"Not an inch, unless it be in search of those Indians," said Rolfe.

"You must be a blockhead," answered his companion; "where do you 'spose I am going? If what we suspect be true, I must make a hole through one of 'em—yes, I am obliged to do it. Now did you ever hear of my backing out from a fight, when there was the least chance of getting into it decently?"

"Come, then," said Rolfe, "haste, haste, we may

yet save the life of a fellow-creature. Oh God! will there never be an end to this cold-blooded butchering?"

"No—no end till we use 'em all up—but it's no use to hurry after Ingens; to beat 'em we must fight as they do. Rolfe, you are always too eager—an eel does not move through the water with less noise than we should through the forest, if we wish to do any thing." So saying, and repressing the ardour of his companion, they began to move silently along to the bank of the river, groping their way as stealthily as the wild tenants of the woods.

"Earth, is it not strange that we hear no more of them?"

"No; they do their work very silently; you will not hear any more of 'em, until they think themselves safe; then, if they have had much luck, they will kick up the very devil. Rolfe, you can fight as well as any body when you see an Ingen, but you know mighty little about their ways."

"Earth, I am rather a novice at the business you know, and confess I have much to learn; tell me why they whooped only once, and then ceased."

"As a signal for attack, and in order to frighten,—they ceased, because they fear discovery—but hush, we'll come upon them, may be, 'fore we know it."

"Earth, come this way, come, come, it is the nearest to the river."

"Now, Rolfe, there it is again; does a 'coon, when he wishes to avoid the dogs, run a straight course, or take the nearest way to his hollow?—"

You, I suppose, would like to meet some dozen of 'em on the bank. Now take my advice ; I am an older hunter than you are, and if hereafter you should meet an Ingen who knows me, just ask him if ever he fooled Earthquake."

Then turning off a little from the river, he proceeded a short distance parallel to it, when he began to climb a hill, the top of which having with some difficulty reached, he motioned his companion to be seated ; and in silence searched on every side for the spot where the tragedy had been acted. Yet no clue remained—no noise broke upon the ear—there was no light, the burning boat having sunk.

"Well, Earth, what do you think of this ?"

"Why, that the Ingens are somewhere under the bank, perhaps in Cave-Inn Rock ; the only thing we can do, is to remain here ; if they have taken any prisoners, we shall hear them when they set off on their journey."

"Where is Cave-Inn Rock ; I do not think I have ever seen it ?"

"It is so dark now that I cannot point it out to you, nor do I exactly know its situation ; it is either in the ledge before us, or, if we are opposite the Battery Rocks, I believe it is lower down ; but if that cave could speak it would tell many a bloody story."

"How, for what is it remarkable ?"

"Why, for years it has been, and now is, a place of concealment for those red devils from which to make their attacks on emigrant families. The entrance is scarcely larger than a door, although the

cave, I am told, runs far into the rocks, and is situated so near to the river, that, if there be a smart rise, you can paddle a canoe into it. So, you see, no place could better suit their purpose."

"There is a smart rise in the river at this time, and they may have gone into it; now, Earth, if the entrance be no larger than you say, can we not keep them in, and starve them into our own terms?"

"No; that is impossible, the rock rises straight up from the river, and there is no chance to get a foothold, besides there are some stories told of the Shawanees and that cave, which I don't even like to think of. But come, another time we will talk of this, for the present be quiet;" and they mutually sunk into a meditative silence which was first interrupted by a glare of light, accompanied with the wild revelry of savage triumph. Jumping up, they gazed around them on every side, yet nothing could they see; still the revelry continued. Again, and again they searched, but without effect, until Earthquake looking far above him on the opposite bank, beheld the cause, and calling the attention of Rolfe, he merely pointed his finger; not a word was spoken, but in silence they gazed with eyes riveted on the spot.

Nothing could be more striking than the scene before them. Lighted up by the glare of torches, which gave to the surrounding objects a darker hue, stood forth in bold relief a bare ledge of lofty rocks, upon whose summit were seen carousing a band of Indian warriors warm with slaughter, while several

hundred feet beneath them, swept along the most beautiful and gentle river in the world.

Although separated by the stream, the fire threw abroad so bright a light, that to the hunters every object was distinctly visible. As the revelry continued, wild with ecstasy, the Indians were seen to pass round the scalps and examine each with many a jest. They then rose, and forming themselves into a line, commenced a war dance, merely following each other with measured steps in a slow trot within a circle, while at the same time they sang a wild melody narrating the events of the evening, which translated might run as follows :—

“ Red, red, is my hatchet,
 The long knives have gone home ;
 Red men, yes red men,
 The pale face is laid low.
 Then pass round the scalps,
 And loud let us yell
 The cry which will tell our friends
 We are avenged.

They come across the big lake,
 They say we are friends,
 They get strong, they rise up,
 They take away our lands.
 Then pass round the scalps,
 And loud let us yell
 The cry which will tell our friends
 We are avenged.

And never while sun shines,
 Or river runs here,

Will we bury the hatchet,
Till the long knives are gone.
Then pass round the scalps,
And loud let us yell
The cry which will tell our friends
We are avenged.

By the bones of our fathers,
We swear to this oath ;
And die at the stake,
Let him who recants.

Chorus—Then pass round the scalps,
And loud let us yell
The cry which will tell our friends
We are avenged.

While this was acting, Rolfe and Earthquake had remained passive spectators, yet so vivid was the scene, that they had already become perfectly acquainted with the extent of the massacre, for the wild dance, the bleeding scalps, and even the condition of Gay Foreman were but too visible. Still pinioned, and gagged, and bruised by being dragged up the rocks, with her hair dishevelled, and eyes streaming with scalding tears, she lay spectatress of the scene before her, unable to speak or move.

Is there a human bosom callous to the appeals of pity? Yes, even in civilized life we meet them every day, then do not wonder that Gay Foreman, though a child whose every thought was innocence, and whose beauty was as variable, yet striking, as the ever changing hues of our own summer sunsets, should in the breasts of the savages, have awakened no feelings of compassion.

Her agony was so intense, that she was nearly insensible, and it seemed that her sufferings were about to be ended, for one of the Indians, tall, thin, and of gaunt visage, excited above his companions, stepped from the ring and tangled his fingers in her long dark hair. She shuddered, and looked imploringly in his face.

At this sight, Rolfe forgetting himself, distance, and every thing else, threw up his rifle, cocked it, and was in the act of firing, when Earthquake rudely caught his arm, crying, "hold, are you mad?"

The fiend now shone in the face of the savage, the tomahawk was raised, but, ere it fell, another warrior rushed to her rescue, and Gay was preserved, whether for a better or worse fate, will be learned in the sequel.

Having witnessed the escape of the captive from immediate death, Earth observed, "now, Rolfe, had you fired, your ball would never have reached those cliffs, and its report would have been a signal for their flight, and her certain destruction."

"But, my dear Earth," said Rolfe, how could I look on unmoved."

"My good fellow, the best intentions often produce the worst effects, when acted upon in the heat of zeal. Remember, keep cool if you can, and let your judgment act in the hour of danger." He then pressed his head with his hands, as if suffering under intensity of thought, and continued "it is not an entirely hopeless case; we must go in pursuit of them; so fair and young a creature must not writhe at the stake."

“With all my heart,” said Rolfe, “let us go; quick, how?”

“It matters not how, we must go,—poor girl, were I to leave her alone in her present situation”—here he could say no more, for the tears flowed in a stream, down his rugged and weather-beaten face. It was a lovely sight to see a rough hunter of the west, whose appearance indicated him a stranger to feeling, thus overcome by sympathy for the distressed.

Rolfe, who had hitherto looked on his companion simply as a hunter, bold, frank, and daring, when he saw him thus affected, knew not what to think; and was about to inquire the cause of his emotion, when Earthquake requested him to be silent. His grief was of too holy a nature to be disturbed. Oh! what a flood of recollections must have called forth that gush of feeling.

Descending the hill, they pursued their way to the river, still keeping an eye upon the Indians. Earthquake wiping the tears from his eyes with the cuff of his jacket, observed, “my conduct must seem strange to you, Rolfe. I have been in these woods a long time, and I have seen more than I ever tell of—I once had a father, and a mother, and sis”—but the tears again started, and he added, “let us drop it; perhaps another time,” and in silence they threaded the woods until they stood on the river bank.

Earthquake was now himself again, and he said, “come, Rolfe, their frolic is nearly over; see, they are loosing their captive, and will soon be moving.

We must intercept them when they come down from the cliffs, and follow on, watching our chance. Will you venture?"

"How, swim it?"

"Yes, we can do nothing else; we can lash together a couple of logs to lay our rifles and clothes on; they will keep dry, and we must swim along, resting upon them. This is the only hope, for we might search for a week, and not find a boat."

"Then let us go to work; I willingly risk my life in such a cause."

A short time sufficed to prepare the rude raft, and the hunters having stripped, and placed upon it their rifles and clothes, it was seen gliding noiselessly forward to the opposite bank.

CHAPTER III.

“The western borders were with crimson spread,
The sun descending looked all flaming red ;
He thought good manners bound him to invite
The stranger youth to be his guest that night.
'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
He said, were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unused to fast :—
But what plain fare his cabin could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely his ; and, to supply the rest,
An honest meaning, and an open breast.”

DRYDEN.

RICHARD Rolfe was a high-toned and chivalrous Virginian, born and reared in Petersburg, a beautiful town lying within the county of Dinwiddie, and stretching along for a mile or more on the southern bank of the river Appomattox. An orphan in early life, he was educated under the guidance of an uncle, and completed a course of studies at William and Mary college, at that time, and, I dare say at the present, the best institution within our country for the sons of Virginia.

The law, as a matter of course, was selected as his future pursuit, for parents thought then, as they do now, that every child who is educated, must be bred to that profession. Scarcely had he commenced this pursuit before his uncle died, leaving

him penniless and alone in the world. Yet, destitute as he seemed, he was of great promise, and his friends, looking far into the future, predicted his advancement to the highest honours of his native state.

There is one requisite, without which, no man in the practice of the law can arrive at any degree of eminence, and this is untiring perseverance. I care not what his talents may be ; there is no exception. We sometimes, though rarely, meet with instances which seem to be exceptions, and they indeed are beautifully bright. They dazzle, and we are delighted ; yet, like *ignes fatui*, which charm the beholder, they last not. No—they endure not unto the end, and however brilliant their efforts, they are distanced in the long race of life, by far inferior, yet more laborious competitors.

Yet Rolfe reckoned not on this important, though common-place truth, but endowed with many estimable qualities, commenced his profession, flushed with hope, and sanguine of success. The world said of him that he was good-looking ; yet his particular appearance, his mode of dress, the colour of his hair or eyes, with other minutiae generally deemed all-important by novelists, I never knew ; so, let them pass ; he was of good family, and had received the best education the country could afford. Generous to a fault, ardent in temperament, and glowing with youth, there would at times burst forth feelings and opinions which characterized him as a being of a high order. Yet he was too sensitive, with opinions of principle too refined, for the practical sphere in which he was destined to act ; so that he often deemed the world selfish and dis-

honest, because its views did not coincide with his own; imagined a friend cold and unfeeling, because he was less ardent than himself, and often conceived himself slighted when no offence was intended; with all this, frank in his manner, and ever ready to forgive, he was endowed with many elements of true greatness, but what is a rare occurrence, he possessed them in too great a quantity, for he wanted that power which would enable him to control and regulate them.

Such was Richard Rolfe, when he commenced the practice of the law, and such was he, when fate threw him in the company of a gentle being, who, unwittingly to herself, initiated him into the mysteries of that delicious passion, which, Burns says, "in spite of bookworm philosophy, and acid disappointment, I pronounce to be nature's dearest gift, our greatest blessing here below." He loved, and what southerner, who has arrived at the age of twenty, has not?

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But his was like the lava flood,
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame."

He loved—the expression seems cold when used to characterize a passion deep, ardent, and intense, as was that of Rolfe—and still she was neither a sylph, nor a fairy, nor an angel, but merely flesh and blood, cast in nature's prettiest mould—"a sweet, sonsie, bonnie lass." Her eyes were hazel, and she was a gentle, quiet little creature, well cal-

culated to rob you of your peace, without your ever dreaming even for a moment that she intended it. Her hair—a poet would have called it auburn—was rich, and glossy, and fell curling and clustering beautifully down her shoulders, forming a rich drapery for the loveliest face my eyes ever beheld. A face, not brilliant, nor splendid, nor even pretty; no, these are not the epithets which would have characterized it; but it was lovely, and gentleness and purity held dominion there, and cheerfulness often came, and still had it been wanting, she would not have been melancholy.

As I said before, she was a quiet, gentle creature, and seemed unfit for the cold and selfish world in which she was destined to play her part. With these qualities, she was intellectual, without being too much book learned, kind without seeming to intend it, and artless without affectation. Not a dog but read her countenance aright, and would follow her until he obtained his dinner; not a servant, but loved her more than any member of her family.

She was not a showy girl, and yet a stranger would have admired her without knowing why, and though placed in a room graced by beauty and fashion alone, and in the most retired part of it, a place she always sought, he could scarcely have passed without inquiring who she was.

Perhaps the charm lay in her retiring and timid manner. Her entrance into the world was like the mountain daisy, “scarce glinting forth amid the storm,” or it was like the first rose of spring, half

blown, which comes out blushing at its own appearance, and nestling for concealment among the leaves which surround it. She was sweet fifteen—the spirit of love—whom to see, was to love, and who could not live without loving; playful as a child, with a disposition warm and confiding; and Rolfe loved her; she was, indeed, “the ocean to the river of his thoughts.” And did she love him? “She never told her love.”

Yet they had often walked together upon the rocky bank, which, on either side, bounds the river at the western extremity of the town, and had during their excursions, inhaled the fragrance of the woodbine, wooing with its petals the summer breeze, and beheld it wreathed in festoons, locking its tendrils one within another, and forming for the little islets a rich drapery. Often had they seen the mysterious love-vine ereeping over the tops of the shrubs which rose along their path, or weaving itself among their tender twigs; often had they gathered the golden vine, and from it demanded their future fortunes. They had stood upon the towering rocks, which upon either side curbed the rushing river, and listening to the dashing torrent, had remained, charmed by its music, until the last rays of the setting sun warned them of the hour for departure. These, to young hearts, are dangerous things. Now, did she love him? Really, I know not; yet think you she could do otherwise, often meeting with Rolfe, gifted above his fellow men, and aware how much his happiness depended upon herself? He was poor, and on that account she was required not to love him, and that she might not encourage,

she affected reserve. Formality now presided over all their meetings, which were less frequent than when first he knew her; yet Rolfe loved deeply, and would sometimes brook her reserve, and the cold glances of her parents, by repeating his visits. Although no smile of welcome greeted his entrance, a gleam of joy sometimes shone for an instant from the dark eyes of her he loved, and then again, it was *yes, sir*, and *no, sir*, to every question; and rigid ceremony prevailed during their meetings. Yet there were moments, when, overcome by the urbanity of his manner, or fascinated by the glowing powers of his conversation, formality made her exit, and sunshine gleamed over the little party. Then sparkled the glad thoughts of youth, then burst forth the untrammelled opinions of his refined nature, bright and dazzling as the gleam of rockets; or, if his thoughts soared from this world into the regions of speculation, they shone forth as beautiful and startling as the forked lightning which sports of a dark night 'mid summer clouds. Or, if he rather chose to tell a tale of tenderness, or of suffering, and thereby touch the chords of the human heart, spell-bound, his hearers followed whither he led, and only ceased to follow when he released them. Although such was his power, and such may have been the impression left, yet it was an equal chance, that at his next visit to the family, he would find them all icy cold.

It may well be conceived that Rolfe's present frame of mind was but ill suited to the study of the law; moreover, he was too restless and impatient to serve that regular apprenticeship through which

all must pass who come forward relying for success solely on their own resources; which consists in unceasing attention and apparent devotion to business, when one has nothing to do; which implies incessant labour, without present benefit, for future and contingent good.

Time rolled on, and Rolfe became still poorer; unsuccessful in his profession, and apparently slighted by her he loved, he became gloomy and unhappy. The glow of early life was fast departing; his feelings were withering under the blight of mortification, and the world for him had no joys. To alleviate his sufferings, he courted dissipation, and neglected his studies; became reserved in his manner towards his friends, and consequently conceived them cold and unfeeling; when, being alone in the world, he resolved to leave the scene of his unhappiness, and seek a home in the western wilds.

This resolution was scarcely taken, before he communicated it to many of his companions. They laughed at it as the whim of a man in love, yet he was fixed in his determination, and a few days sufficing to make his little preparations, he set off, having been absent for several weeks, to gaze for the last time, on her he loved. Slowly, and with a full heart, he moved forward, and approaching the house of her father, discovered her in the porch, nursing her flowers, and twining into wreaths the woodbine, which, full blown, hung clustering in rich luxuriance above her. The last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on her form, which was partly concealed by the sweet foliage which surrounded her; and Rolfe thought he had never

seen her so beautiful. Then there passed over his mind the reflection that the hues of the dolphin are brightest when it dies, and he added, "she too is loveliest when I leave her;" and, moving on, he was soon at her side. Upon discovering him, she turned, and with great gentleness, though in a slightly upbraiding tone, said, "Oh, Richard! why so long absent? You know not how much I have missed you."

"A thousand thanks for those kind words," said Rolfe, pressing her hand affectionately, "tell me truly, have you wished to see me?"

"Certainly," said she, "for I have been lonely and wanted some body to talk with me."

"Somebody," repeated Rolfe, "then you cared not who?"

"No; we have had company enough, and, could numbers interest, I should never be lonely; but it is not every one whose conversation pleases."

"Come, dearest," said Rolfe, "you are grave this evening; why so?"

"No," replied she, "I am not, and if you think so, it is your long absence which has caused it."

"Pardon me, my love," said Rolfe, "for though absent, my heart and thoughts have both been with you; not an hour passes but I in thought give half to you, and I would be oftener with you, but that I fear to trust myself."

"Fear,—what?" said she.

"Why, that I shall love you more than I wish."

"Then you do not wish to love me?" said she, inquiringly.

"I did not say that," replied Rolfe, "although I

think I should be happier if I had never known you."

"And would you forget our acquaintance?" said she; "forget that which has been to me the happiest circumstance of my life? Richard, I have never given you cause to be unhappy."

"My love, I mean not to chide," said Rolfe, "but you know our attachment is an unfortunate one. Your parents always regard me as an unwelcome visitor."

"Come, let us walk into the parlour," said she, "there is no one there;" and in a few moments they were seated on the sofa, when raising her handkerchief, she pressed it to her eyes in silence.

"Come," said Rolfe, "taking her hand, tell me, why so grave this evening, has any thing farther occurred to make you unhappy?"

"No," said she, "but you know there are moments in which sadness sometimes steals over us without a cause—it comes like twilight, following the close of a summer day."

"It is a beautiful comparison, love," replied Rolfe, "but twilight is always succeeded by night. Do I read aright our fate?" "The present is dark," said she, sighing, "and we cannot read the future."

"And is the present dark to thee, love," said Rolfe, "to thee, embodying within thyself all that is pure and bright, in human nature?"

"Hush, Richard," said she, "could I be, you would make me vain, for you love me, and therefore think me better than I am. It is that which makes you speak so extravagantly."

“Never mind that,” said Rolfe—“come, tell me, is there any hope that your parents will consent to our wishes?”

She blushed, and casting her eyes on the floor, was silent.

“So much for being poor,” said Rolfe, as a shade passed over his features, and he pressed his eyes with his hand, as if suffering with thought.

“Come, Richard,” said she, aroused by the attitude he had assumed, “please, don’t do so; all may yet be well.”

“Will you marry me without their consent, at some future day?” inquired he.

“No,” said she, “I cannot do that, I should never forgive myself if I did, for they love me, and if they err, it is in doing what they think will advance my happiness.”—

“Then you will not run away with me?”

“No:—and never mention that again unless you wish me to like you less.”

“Then our dreams of happiness are over,” said Rolfe, “and this is our last meeting.”

At this speech, she turned her eyes full upon Rolfe, and gazed searchingly in his face, and when she read in his countenance that his resolution was taken, she became agitated, and said, “please don’t say so; why not love me, and visit me as you have always done; I will never love another.”

“My purpose is taken,” he replied, “I shall ever love you dearly as I now do, and, should fortune smile, will at some future day return to claim you as my first, and only love. But in a day or two I shall leave for the west.”

At the mention of that word, a shudder passed over her frame, for in her mind it was associated with many stories of Indian massacre, and she said, "O! something is ever occurring to make me wretched. I had almost as lieve hear of your being tomahawked, as of your going to the west." When she had made the remark, she turned her eyes on Rolfe, and on meeting his, her countenance was instantly changed, and she eagerly cried, "Oh, pardon me, pardon me, I did not mean it," then laying her hands caressingly upon his, and looking imploringly in his face, she said, "forgive me that speech; will you, will you forget it? I am ever doing something wrong, though I do not intend it, now promise me, will you forget it?"

"Yes, most certainly," said Rolfe, who had remained silent, charmed by her mode of atoning for a thoughtless speech. And that speech he had promised to forget. Yet the exaction of that promise had stamped it on his mind never to be effaced. No, never can he forget the slight and girlish form which prayed his forgiveness, never forget that countenance so full of tenderness and regret; no, never forget the thrill which ran over him when her light fingers touched his; never forget how each auburn lock seemed to woo his pardon; never forget how her dark eyes, full of affection, by their every glance expressed her penitence. Thou hast promised to forget, yet often in future years shall that scene rise before thee, whether thou mayest be standing above the roar of some cataract, gazing on some beautiful landscape, behold-

ing the ever varying tints of a golden sunset, or reposing after the fatigues of battle. Yes, often, in the darkest hours of night, whether on the prairie, in the forest, or in a cabin, shall it rise before thee, and in all its loveliness shalt thou hug it to thy soul. Yes, it shall be to thee like an oasis in the desert, like a sail to the wrecked mariner, like hope to the criminal. Yes, time after time in future years shall it rise before thee, as green, as fresh; and as vivid, as though it were but the date of yesterday.

The above scene was little calculated to strengthen Rolfe in his determination, and a continuance of it might effectually have changed his purpose; but a step was heard, and her father, upon entering, found her cold and reserved, and apparently uninterested by the company of Rolfe.

After the common salutations of the day were over, she said, "father, Mr. Rolfe says he is going to move to the West, but I cannot believe it—do you?"

"I think not, my daughter," was the reply, "for surely no one would venture there, in its present new and unsettled condition."

"I shall leave in a few days," said Rolfe. His remark was unnoticed, save by her he loved; she gazed at him for some time with searching eyes; the conversation then took another turn, and soon after he arose, wished them a good evening, and retired. Though struggling to conceal his emotion, his embarrassment was plainly visible, so much so, as to be the subject of remark after his departure.

"Father, I fear Mr. Rolfe is going, he seems so unhappy."

“I hope not, my daughter, for, with perseverance, he will become an ornament to his profession, and although at present I should not like him as a son-in-law, yet I had rather he would not leave us.”

At the word, “son-in-law,” his daughter’s cheeks were suffused with blushes, and running away, she was soon engaged in some household occupation; yet her heart was sad, and often did she detail to her mother Mr. Rolfe’s remarks, and wonder if he was going to the West.

Having retired to his lodgings, he threw himself on a bed, where he remained for some time absorbed in thought, when suddenly assuming an energy of character, he arose, strode several times across the room, laughed wildly, and then suddenly curbing himself, his face grew dark as he said, “even she believes it the whim of a boy.” A shudder ran over him, his soul seemed wrung with anguish, and he added, “it is a sad duty to say farewell to friends we love, when we think we shall meet them, O! never.” Then pausing a moment, he continued, “O! poverty! poverty!—how often hast thou been sketched in some humble sphere, as fascinating in the extreme—and lovely art thou in the abstract;—but oh! let him tell who has felt thy gripe, how thy fangs creep into the soul, torturing it, and destroying its powers of action; or how, with thy cold, icy hands, thou freezest up the feelings, making this earth a hell!”

“Educated in a style unsuitable to my fortune; called into a class of society, whose expenses I cannot afford; brought up to a profession, whose

profits, for some years at least, will not buy me bread, starvation, with her thin, lean, devouring look, sits gazing at me. My happiness, too, dependent on a girl whose parents slight me because I am *poor*! O! mine uncle! why did you not give me a profession suitable to my fortune? Had you but made me a mechanic, though never so humble, my thoughts would not have been exalted, and I should have been happy. But to be tacked on to the fag end of a profession, to spend my days lounging about the doors of a county court, wrangling over petty strifes, while my soul sickens with disgust, these, O! most noble profession, are thy duties. But I will away—I will leave my native land, and become a wanderer in the wide world,—yes, my resolution is taken.”

It is easy to conceive the state of mind, and the bitterness of feeling which gave rise to the above soliloquy, and I deem it not exaggerated, under the circumstances just described. Intense suffering often produces delirium, and that of the wildest kind; and while the mind labours under it, no language can be too strong for the expression of feeling.

Early on the following morning, a servant was holding at Rolfe's door a fine horse; a light pair of saddle-bags were thrown over the saddle, and the master appeared equipped for a journey. So easy and dignified was his deportment, so manly his carriage, that you would never have suspected that he was about to leave the home of his fathers. For there was no wavering of purpose, no flow of feel-

ing to announce his departure ; calm and unmoved, he was about to place his foot in the stirrup, when his dog Carlo, running and yelping playfully, jumped up against him, and commenced licking his hands, as if asking permission to go. This silent tribute of affection could not be withstood, patting him on the head, Rolfe wept like a child. - "No, Carlo, I will not make thee a partaker of my misfortunes, the fate of an exile shall not be thine ;" then shaking his weeping servant by the hand, "take this dog," said he, "when I am gone, to my former friend Lucerne, and tell him to keep him, as a gift from me, and also tell him that, should all the world prove false, Carlo will remain true to his master." Then spurring his horse he cantered off, threading street after street, until he found himself on the western highway, where we must leave him to pursue his journey.

His departure created quite a sensation, and for a time shed a gloom over the circle of his acquaintances. All his good qualities were called up and enumerated over and over again ; his foibles forgotten. He was frank, manly, and generous. Then came speculations as to the cause of his leaving, and all recollected that he was poor, and that his profession yielded him nothing ; and then all regretted his departure, and, were he now here, all would have assisted him.

But of all the crowd which entertained for him so many kind feelings, she who felt most, said least. Not a syllable in reference to him she loved was ever uttered ; an indifferent spectator would never

have imagined that she knew him. Yet to those who knew her, although she appeared gay and cheerful, her gaiety seemed forced. For so silently did she listen when Rolfe's good qualities were mentioned, that her soul seemed to drink in his praises, and her guitar, which once emitted sounds as light and playful as her own buoyant feelings, was now as sad as the heart of its mistress, for when she touched it, so plaintive were its strains, that they seemed to sound the knell of departing joys.

Several months elapsed, and no tidings were heard of Rolfe, when, at the close of a beautiful summer's day, a solitary and jaded traveller might be seen in the wilds of Kentucky, urging his weary horse along a wide path, which led on to the little village of Bowling Green. He was distant from it several miles, and night was shedding abroad her sombre hues, when, approaching him by the same path, walked a hunter of the west. He was strong and athletic in figure, and on his shoulder, supported by his left arm, was carelessly thrown a heavy rifle. A rough hunting shirt, fastened around his middle by a cincture or girth, from which gleamed forth a large and well sharpened Spanish knife, formed his upper garment, while his lower limbs were encased in leggins, which fitted with great neatness and regularity. His beard was the growth of many moons, and served to impart to him a ferocity of aspect, which accorded but little with his character.

But since this encounter, casual as it may seem, was destined to exert a great influence on Rolfe's

after life, it is proper that we should detail the circumstances which accompanied it. The meeting between a traveller and a hunter, on the frontiers, has so much in it characteristic of that peculiar class of persons, who, from the time of earliest settlements, have been the pioneers of our western wilderness, that one who has once witnessed, can never forget it. In manner there is so much apparent familiarity, that you are apt to be displeased. But when you reflect that it is the offspring of the kindest feelings, and springs most generally from the purest fountains of the heart, you are gratified; for myself, of all welcomes, give me the hearty shake of a western hunter; for if you measure his good will towards you by the strength of his gripe, he never leaves you dissatisfied on that point.

The hunter wound his way along the path until he came directly up to Rolfe, when he eyed him for a moment from head to foot, and thus addressed him:—"Stranger, give us your hand, I'm glad to see you; don't see a man every day in these parts."

Rolfe was at first disconcerted, and disposed to recoil from the rude familiarity of the hunter, but there was so much frankness in his manner, that he extended his hand, and thanked him for his kindness.

"You seem a stranger in these *capes*?" continued the hunter.

"Yes, sir," replied Rolfe, "but I hope I shall not remain so, inasmuch as I came out with an intention of settling."

"Give us your hand again for that," and he grappled it like a vice; "we want men here awful bad;

we have seen hard times, but I fear worse are coming. There was a whole family murdered just down here, a few nights ago."

Rolfe started at the tidings; the scenes in which he seemed destined to act, flitted before him, but suppressing his feelings, he asked, "by whom?" "And who should it be but the Ingens?—I got upon their track right soon, and made a light through one of 'em."

"Shot him?"

"Yes, look at the bore of that gun," passing it to him. "Don't you think 'twould make a light through him? And he don't know to this day who it was that did it, but come, it's getting late, where are you going to camp to night?"

"That is more than I can tell," replied Rolfe, "I did hope to get on as far as Bowling Green."

"Oh! that will never do! 'tis too far; come, draw in your horns, and take the back track. The trail from here to Bowling Green is a bad one, and I do not think you can follow it; moreover, I have a friend a short mile from here, and what little he has, you are as welcome to as a brother. It is right rough living, but with a hearty welcome, and a good appetite, I should think you might get along, come, you can tell us the news from the old settlements."

Rolfe, who was fatigued and weary, accepted the stranger's invitation with as much frankness as it was given; and proceeded with him to the cabin of his friend, where he met with much hospitality, and passed the night in telling them of "their *kin

* See note B.

in the old country," or else listening to hunting stories, with the more exciting details of frontier warfare. Several days passed, and still Rolfe remained, charmed by the bold daring, the manly frankness, and lofty independence of his companion. Time wore on, they became inseparable, and the accomplished and talented Rolfe became a hunter of the West.

That he should have become strongly attached to hunting, an occupation so little in unison with his former habits, seems at the first view a strange annunciation, yet such he became, and such, from the nature of his situation, was the pursuit most likely to be followed. Having left home sick at heart, with blighted hopes, and feelings mortified, he arrived in Kentucky at a time when a frontier war was daily apprehended. A hunter's life was the life of a warrior, for he knew not where he might meet an enemy. Rolfe had no plan sketched out for the future, and his sole object was to forget the past.

In this situation, the first person with whom he forms an acquaintance, possesses in an eminent degree some of the nobler virtues of our nature; charms him with tales of border warfare, of lofty daring and bold conception, describes to him as a hunter only can, the high, yet pleasing excitement produced by being alone in the wild woods, where danger is known to be abroad. The effect of these things upon the mind of Rolfe may be conceived, when, rather more than a year after this time, the two hunters who are crossing the Ohio, may be identified with the persons we have been describing.

Rolfe and Earthquake, for so I shall designate the latter, having succeeded in passing the river, hurried on their clothes, and were soon ready for a march. Landing at the base of the limestone cliffs, upon which the Indians were encamped, they lost sight of them, and being unable to ascend the bank at that point, proceeded down the river until a more favourable ascent presented itself. Then seeking the woods, they cautiously crept along until they reached a large tree situated on the edge of a ravine, which commanded a tolerable view of the ledge of rocks, and there they resolved to await the approach of the Indians. They were led to do this chiefly because the tree, being hollow, offered them a hiding place in case it should become necessary.

Scarcely had they taken their position, when a light was seen moving about on the rocks, and soon after, an Indian, bearing aloft a torch, descended, apparently lighting the way to his companions.— Then came another, forcing along, and at the same time assisting, his beautiful and unfortunate captive, and then came the remainder of the gang, each following on in Indian file. Arriving at the base of the rocks, and gathering together, they consulted for a moment as to their route, then starting off, led the way directly towards the hunters.

When this plan was adopted, Rolfe and Earthquake, who had expected them to take a different direction, found themselves so near to the party, that retreat was impossible, and adopting the only alternative which presented itself, they concealed

themselves in the cavity of the tree, and there awaited the issue.

As the light shot upwards with a vivid glare, "by heaven, Earth," said Rolfe, "how the past springs to life at seeing that face; the girl of whom you have heard me so often speak, was very much like her."

"Hush," said Earth, "or you will have a tomahawk about you, afore you know it; hush, don't breathe, they are coming."

The torch which they bore shed abroad a flickering light, showing at one moment every object with distinctness, the next, veiling them in darkness; and their heavy steps as they dragged their feet through the leaves, were heard approaching. The sobs of the captive, with the harsh language of the captors, as they urged her along, caused a shudder to thrill through the frames of the hunters, and Rolfe wrung his hands in agony, saying, "O! Earth! let us try them."

"Hush," said Earth, "we are gone if they come to the left of this tree; they come; we are gone! we are gone!"

The Indian who bore the torch was now within a few feet of them—another step, and the light must have shone in the cavity of the tree—another step, and discovery would have been inevitable. His foot was raised, his body advanced, but before the step was taken, the deadly rattle of a snake was heard, proceeding directly from the root of the tree. At the sound of the rattle, Rolfe started and drew up his feet; Earth pinched him into silence, and the

Indian, recoiling at the well known sound, jumped back, pronouncing the word "achgook! achgook!" meaning, "snake! snake!" then filing off, he made a circuit to the right. It was a moment of wild and fearful excitement, as the Indians each approached the tree, and filed off. Death seemed already to have encircled the hunters in his icy fetters, yet the last of the band passed on, and all was safe.— "Thank God," said Earth, "we are still alive."

"I don't know that," said Rolfe, shuddering; "where is that snake?"

"There is no snake here."

"I certainly heard one."

"No;—don't you recollect my killing a snake yesterday, and cutting off the rattles?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was the snake just now, I made the noise. There are many of the Ingen tribes who will not disturb a rattle-snake; they say it is as harmless as a lamb, for that it never attacks, and even when about to strike in its own defence, always gives warning that you may get out of its way. On this account, they avoid it, and when found, turn from its path. This was all that saved us just now."

"My thanks to you, Earth, it was a bright thought. Is there not something noble about the rattle snake. I like the motto, 'don't tread on me.'"

"Come," said Earth, stepping out of the tree, and peeping round, "there they go, eight in number; see those hindmost how they are loaded with plunder. Rolfe, I fear we can do nothing."

“But we must do something, Earth; let us follow on and wait a chance.”

“Recollect,” said Earth, “we are in their country, and must be cautious:—we may follow them through the night, for their torch will be of more service to us, than to them; yet, when morning comes, if we have done nothing, we must return.”

“To spread the tidings?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“But, Earth,” said Rolfe, “they profess to be at peace, and surely would not add another crime to the one just committed.”

“Yes, they will do any thing,” said Earth, “never put any trust in one if you can help it.”

“Well, Earth, tell me where do you think they are going?”

“That is more than I can tell,” said Earth, “you know that large numbers are constantly gathering upon the Wabash to see their new made prophet, and these may be hurrying on there, like a parcel of 'coon dogs on a warm trail. But this looks mightily like some of Tecumseh's work.”

“How? What do you mean by Tecumseh's work?”

“Why, I mean I never knowed any one of his band to leave any thing unfinished. I've known 'Cumseh a long time; I knowed him when he was a mere boy, in the old 'Black Snake's' time. I have set for him many a night on his paths, and watched for him like I would for a deer at a lick. That was a good while ago, Rolfe, but he used to make his mark then mightily like this one we've seen to night.”

“Whom do you mean by the old ‘Black Snake?’” inquired Rolfe.

“Who? Mad Anthony to be sure; why, Rolfe, you don’t know any thing. The Ingens called him the ‘Black Snake,’ because, although they kept a sharp look out, he would crawl upon their lands before they knowed it.”

“Well, where is Tecumseh?” said Rolfe, “tell me that, for I think it probable they are going to his camp.”

“There is no knowing,” said Earth, “I hear he is always moving about in spots;—but what say you, shall we go or not?”

“Go on certainly,” said Rolfe, “we must follow them, at least for a time.”

“Be it so,” said Earth, at the same time following on. “The way I’ll use up one or more of them will be quite alarming.”

“Come, Earth, do not follow their example;—let us have no more cold blooded butchery. If there is the least hope of rescuing the prisoner, I will help you to cut them into mincemeat; but to kill only one, when no possible good can result from it, I will not agree.”

“I used to hate this business, Rolfe, as much as you do, but they would make me git used to it. I’ve got a grudge agin ’em of mighty long standing. I once had a mother.” There was something in the pronunciation of the last word which precluded reply, not another syllable was uttered, but, darting from tree to tree, they began to move on in pursuit of the Indians.

For some time the pursuit was a silent one. The excitement which had been produced on the Indians in the early part of the evening, had died away, and sullenly they were moving forward to their camp. No sound was heard but the stifled sobs of the captive, and the rustling of the leaves as they marched along.

Rolfe had filed off to some distance, in order to get a side view of their movements, while Earthquake followed immediately on their trail. For some time this was the order of pursuit; then the Indians began to move more lazily, and one of their band, tall and rawboned, fatigued with the weight he was carrying, lagged behind, until he was separated by a considerable interval from his companions. Earthquake was not unmindful of this circumstance, nor of another, that he was the same who had tangled his fingers in the hair of the captive; and he was soon creeping after him, as a setter does, when he is winding birds. The torch gave an irregular light, yet by its dim glare, as it shot upward, Rolfe beheld Earthquake, but a few feet behind his intended victim, who stooping forward to support his burden, was lazily drawing himself along. He saw Earthquake cautiously draw from the cincture which confined his hunting shirt a knife, which glittered as the light fell upon it. Shuddering with emotion he turned his head from the scene. Yet a moment and no noise, still another, and all was quiet; turning to see what had happened, he beheld the Indian moving along at his accustomed gait, while Earthquake was no where to be seen. He

searched the woods in every direction, yet nothing could he discover; several minutes elapsed, when looking far ahead of the Indian, between him and his gang, yet directly in his path, he saw a head peep round from a large tree, then quickly draw back. The Indian approached, the light seemed for a moment fainter, Rolfe heard the ripping of a knife, and as the light again glanced forth, he beheld Earthquake with the quivering body of the Indian in his arms, easing it gently to the ground to prevent the noise of a fall. The legs contracted, and kicked several times with the spasms of death, and then not a muscle moved. Earthquake withdrawing his knife, wiped it several times on his hunting shirt, examined its edge, and returned it to its sheath; then taking the bundle which the Indian had been carrying, he secreted it at a short distance, and continued the pursuit.

Though the execution of this plan was as quick as its conception, yet Rolfe, without Earthquake's being aware of it, had been a silent looker on. Paralyzed by the scene, he was for a moment at a loss how to act; it had been so cool, so silent, so effectual, and perpetrated withal in a boundless forest, at the dark hour of night. There was no sudden burst of passion, not a muscle had been distorted, but with the same quiet ease that he would have butchered a bear, did he go through the ceremony. Rolfe was lost in thought while considering how he should act, for his soul revolted at what he had seen, and he continued almost mechanically the pursuit, while Earthquake gliding along, bent his

steps towards him, and upon coming up, playfully shook the rattle before mentioned. At the sound, Rolfe started from his reverie.

“What!” said Earthquake, “still afraid of the rattle snake?—You know it always gives warning.”

Rolfe turned upon him with eyes plainly showing his dissatisfaction; for the speech, as he thought, was bitterly sarcastic, while Earthquake, believing him ignorant of what he had done, intended nothing by it. The darkness of the hour prevented Earthquake from seeing the change which had come over Rolfe’s countenance, and Rolfe was about to go a step farther and vent his detestation of such an act, when Earth calling his attention, pointed to a gathering of the Indians. “See, Rolfe,” said he, “they are consulting as to where they shall halt, for they believe themselves far enough from the settlements now, to rest in safety for a few hours.”

This luckily changed the direction of Rolfe’s thoughts, and he asked, “what can be the hour of the night?” “Hard upon day-break,” said Earth, “you see it is darker than it has been, and you know it is always darkest just before the day dawns.” Leaving the hunters to hover about the temporary camp of the Indians, we must bring forward other parts of our story.

CHAPTER IV.

“ These are the gardens of the desert,—these
The boundless, unshorn fields, where lingers yet
The beauty of the earth, ere man had sinned,—
The Prairies.”

BRYANT.

ON the side of a green sloping hill, along whose base murmured a little rivulet, lay the temporary camp of a roving band of Indian warriors. It was situated within that region of country which now forms the state of Illinois, but over which, at that time, they roamed with all the freedom of undisputed sovereignty. Peace had reigned for many years, and apprehending no danger, they had selected their situation, a regard being had more to comfort than security. Somewhat elevated, it commanded a fine view of the surrounding scenery, and surely eyes never beheld a prospect more beautiful.

In the rear of their camp, and at a short distance, lay a boundless forest, wild, grand, and imposing from the deep stillness which reigned throughout it. There was no undergrowth, the Indians having regularly burned it every spring, and in its place, there sprung up a soft velvet grass, so green and luxuriant, that to the weary it seemed to invite repose; and upon this, far from the wigwams of the

red men, fed herds of buffalo, deer, and elk.— Before it lay in all its silent beauty, a prairie, of whose extent the human eye could take no note. While you gazed searching for its boundary, the eye would sweep the greater segment of a circle, still there it lay illimitable ; there, spread out before you, it undulated with the heavy swellings of the sea ; yet it was not monotonous, for from its bosom arose many little islands as green and fresh as foliage could make them. The whole prairie was covered with grass of luxuriant growth, and adorned with every flower to which the climate gave birth, and when set in motion by the winds as they swept over it, it assumed the appearance of a gently heaving ocean, while the odour from the flowers, borne on the passing breeze, shed abroad so many sweets, that a stranger would have looked upon it as the land of promise.

And if there was a moment in which the prospect was more beautiful than at another, it was when the sun, near the western horizon, seemed pilloved on clouds of fire, or else sinking beneath it, grew large, and round, and red, shedding abroad a softer light, as if sorrowing that even for a time he was compelled to leave a scene so lovely.

Overlooking this, lay the Indian camp. A large buck which swung against a tree, and a buffalo from which several Indians were stripping the hide, indicated that they had just returned from a successful hunt. Yet you soon saw that hunting was not regarded as their sole occupation, for upon glancing round, you beheld stacked up in various piles, rifles,

unstrung bows, and all the implements of Indian warfare; while the military dresses of the red men told plainly, that they were holding themselves in readiness for some warlike excursion.

The camp presented many scenes, several of which were strikingly impressive from their contrast. Scattered about in every direction, lay groups of warriors, some sleeping, others telling of battles, or cleaning their arms; while hard by, leaning over a log, might be seen several feathering their arrows, and decorating them with hieroglyphical characters. On the outside of the camp, burned a bright fire, over which several squaws were preparing their morning meal, and still farther without, rose up a bower, formed by the weaving of oaken boughs.— In this were reclining two female Indians, evidently of some distinction, from the manner in which they were treated. They were Netnokwa, and her daughter, Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa.

Netnokwa was by birth an Ottawa, and notwithstanding her sex, was recognized as chief of her tribe. She possessed great energy of character, blended with ambition; bold, ardent, and indefatigable in her exertions, she had obtained an authority over her tribe which few of the opposite sex could have wielded. Conspicuous for her savage virtues, she also possessed those which would have shed lustre over any character; several times had she in former days led her warriors on to mingle in the exterminating war which then raged on the upper branches of the Wabash, and as often had she been successful. In the defeats of Generals Harmar

and St. Clair, her warriors had been conspicuous, and she had also in person led them on to the decisive battle of Presque Isle, which marked its termination. From that time to the present, peace had reigned; but now clouds of war were again gathering, and Netnokwa, incited by the martial recollections of the past, had repaired from her distant home in the north-west to the scene of former conflicts, to learn the truth of flying rumours, gaze upon the far-famed Prophet, and acquaint herself with the situation of the tribes along the frontier.— In this journey she had been accompanied by her daughter, Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, whom she brought with her to bestow in marriage on a Shawanee, whose growing reputation had already spread far abroad.

Having arrived in his country, she had ascertained the location of his encampment, and had with her daughter come to seek him. Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, or, “the Red Sky of the morning,” which her name implies, was as pretty as a dusky maid can be; beautiful in proportion, timid in appearance, and as easily startled as the fawn; with eyes so expressive, that they seemed to say a thousand things, while her hair, darker than the raven’s wing, fell without a curl in rich luxuriance far below her shoulders.— She sate within her bower neatly dressed, and decorated with wild flowers, the snow-white petals of which, interwoven with her hair, wore the appearance of spotless gems.

She was embroidering with her needle a deer-skin slipper, or rather tracing thereon with beads, some

fanciful figure, when ever and anon she would let it drop, and gaze upon the deep blue heavens, as if endeavouring to read therein her fate ; and then her whole frame would tremble, and in her agitation she would again resume her needle.

“ Mother, I fear I shall be left alone.”

“ The ‘ Red Sky of the morning ’ is the fairest maid of the forest ; where is the chieftain who dares refuse her ? ”

“ Mother, I have seen chieftains decorate themselves with large and gaudy flowers, when the sweet-briar was opening its buds to the morning.”

“ And is Netnokwa nothing ? Proud may be the chief who calls me mother. Rest, my daughter, the fawn is troubled at its own image.”

“ Mother, I know not the chief. Some Shawanee maiden will enter his wigwam. Your name is great among the red men, but I have seen a warrior strike with his hatchet the old oak tree which shades our wigwam, and it bled. Is not Netnokwa to her tribe, what the oak is to the forest ? ”

“ Then be it,” said the mother, “ as the Great Spirit wills it ; we must await the hour.”

It is easy for us to conceive the feelings which agitated the breast of the Indian maiden. Young and diffident, she was frightened at the ceremony she was about to go through ; and moreover feared a repulse with its attendant mortifications. She had never seen the man to whom, if it pleased his fancy, she was about to be united ; nor had even a rumour reached her ears from which she might form any conjecture as to his decision. The hour for

the ceremony had not yet been announced, although it was known that it must take place before the close of the day. Leaving Netnokwa and her daughter for a few moments, let us return to the camp.

Directing our attention from that part of it which we have been describing to another, the eye reposed upon a group of warriors, most of whom were earnestly engaged in conversation. There was one, however, of a dark and ferocious countenance, who spoke not, but sat apart, brooding on the visions of his own fancy. He was clothed with power, and not a glance that rested on him, but was quickly averted, as if from some dread object. This mysterious being was the Prophet of the Shawanees.

Next in rank was a character of a different order, whose dress bespoke him chief among his tribe.—His wrists were decorated with gold and silver bands, while rich ornaments of the same metals hung suspended from his neck and ears. Beside him on the grass lay a beaver skin, fancifully gathered up, somewhat after the fashion of a Turkish turban, and from it waved over with much grace, a large plume of white ostrich feathers. His tomahawk was keen and bright, its handle inlaid with silver, and with it his hands were playing for the want of some other amusement; his lower limbs were encased in leggins, on which were traced many grotesque figures, and which fitted him so closely, as to show the beautiful symmetry of his figure.—He was of fine stature, and his face, but for its dusky hue, would have been thought handsome, even by the pale faces. There was nothing dark or

lowering in his aspect, but an ease of manner, and a grace which marked him one of nature's nobles. In gazing on him, the surprise was, that one possessing so few of what civilized man deems advantages, should by the power of genius alone, have already connected his name with a system of policy, which could only have originated in the deepest wisdom, and the most profound sagacity; a system, by which nearly all the tribes in the great valley of the Mississippi were made subservient to his purposes, and their power centred for one great design.

Yet who was there, who had not heard of Tecumseh, the Shawanee warrior, who so often had foiled the whites, and like an eagle stooping from his eyrie, so often struck, and was gone, no one knew whither. Even when a boy in years, he had associated his name with so many tales of frontier massacre, that in the settlements it would blanch the cheek of a maiden, or hush a crying child into silence.

When the war which terminated with the humiliating peace of Greenville, was still raging, Tecumseh was the leader of a roving band which often swept down upon the settlements, and marked its path with the most desolating ravages. Nor, in the long interval of peace which succeeded, did his restless mind continue inactive, but was constantly engaged in meditating schemes of vengeance, and devising plans for concentrating the scattered energies of his countrymen, weakened as they were by petty jealousies, and by divisions among their tribes;—the particulars of which shall be shortly unfolded.

It is said that even when a child he gave marks

of the prowess which was to distinguish his riper years. Oft time had he listened to the chiefs of his tribe, while they detailed the proud descent of the Shawanees, and described their once princely dominions, and had wept upon hearing their change of situation attributed to the perfidy and aggression of the whites. Like Hannibal in his infant years, who swore eternal enmity to Rome, Tecumseh vowed that all his energies should be directed to resist the encroachments of the whites; that never would he move from the lands which his tribe now held; but that there, on the graves of his fathers, would he make the last stand for the rights of his countrymen. It seemed as if all the wrongs his race had suffered were glowing in him alone:—he felt them, and had been in part avenged; for in early life, his path was like a tornado sweeping through the forest, plainly visible from the destruction that marked its course; and how faithfully he carried into effect the resolves of his early years, let the sequel tell.

Still, great as he was, Tecumseh was not alone, but was one of three brothers at a birth; and a more remarkable one, the annals of history never recorded. Tecumseh, Elkswatawa, and Kumshaka, were born near Chilicothe, on the banks of the Scioto, in the year 1772. Their father fell in assisting the unfortunate Logan in the battle of Point Pleasant, which was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in 1774, and for instruction they became entirely dependent upon their mother, who was by birth a Cherokee. She early made them acquainted

with all warlike sports ; instilled into their minds a deadly enmity against the whites ; narrated the sad catastrophe which led to the battle of Kanawha ; and breathed into them that spirit of vengeance which had led their father on to the battle in which he fell.

Every thing surrounding them tended to make them warriors of the first class. They belonged to the tribe of the Shawanees, decidedly the most warlike, and, at one time, the most powerful on our continent. For fifty years previous to the date of which I am now speaking, they had, with scarcely any intermission, been engaged in hostilities. They had fought every tribe of any note, residing in that extensive district of country which reaches from the Floridas on the south, to the great lakes of the north, among which may be enumerated the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, Yemassees, and Delawares. Leaguings themselves with the French, they had fought as their allies from 1755, to the termination of the war in 1763. Recruiting for a few years, they allied themselves with Logan to revenge upon the people of Virginia the wrongs he had suffered in the murder of his family. Defeated in this attempt, and the war of the Revolution breaking out, they became the steadfast allies of the English, their former foes ; remained so throughout the war, and continued up to the treaty of Greenville to wage an unrelenting warfare along our entire frontiers, notwithstanding the peace of '83. They never sued for peace, but time after time, to stay the wave of advancing population, had they swept over the frontier settlements. They alone had preserved

unadulterated the Indian spirit of indomitable savagery; forming the forlorn hope of the numerous bands which had been continually driven westward, they had within their own minds marked out the boundary beyond which they would never retreat.

This was the tribe from which descended Tecumseh and his brothers, and where could they have found a better school for the exercise of all warlike propensities? where have found a situation better calculated to arouse them to action, and to make them the distinguished men they afterward became?

Nothing could be more different than the dispositions of the brothers. Tecumseh was noble in appearance, firm in purpose, gifted in speech, daring in design, burning with the love of glory, and reckless of personal aggrandizement. He was frank, open and manly with his friends, kind, just and humane to his enemies. Elkswatawa was tall, too slender to be finely proportioned, with sharp piercing eyes, and a thin, lowering visage. He was dark, crafty and subtle; wavering, nor in a stranger to mercy; and in purpose not less undaring less bold than his brother. Kumshaka had not the qualities of either; he was a good warrior, but wanted that comprehensiveness of mind, and fixedness of purpose, which characterized his brothers. With regard to him it is needless to enter more into detail, for his early death prevented him from playing any conspicuous part. Let us now return to our story.

The camp which we have been describing, was

that of the Shawanees, and Tecumseh was its chief. Collected around him, his warriors seemed to be discussing some subject of great interest.

“The clouds are gathering,” said Tecumseh—“the red torch must shortly be kindled; the whites will not let us live in peace.”

“No,” said a warrior, “they kill our people and take away our lands; we must fight or starve.”

“Fight,” cried another, “and the whites shall be scattered like leaves by the wind.”

“Know you the number of the pale faces?” inquired the first warrior who had spoken—“they are like grains of sand on the shore of the big Lake:—they are like leaves on the trees.”

“Yes,” said his companion, “but the leaves on the trees sometimes fall.”

“They do”—chimed in Tecumseh. “But when the old leaves fall, new ones come; so is it with the pale faces. This country cannot hold us both, and when we battle again, it must be until they, or we, no longer struggle for dominion.”

“Before the treaty,” said the warrior who last spoke, “the red men went to battle, and the ground was covered with the whites;—will it not be so again?”

“It shall be so:”—said Tecumseh, “but the time has not yet come. When we again gather our warriors, the pale faces shall fly—we shall trample them down—and the wild beasts shall feed upon them. Did not the Great Spirit give these hunting grounds to his red children?”

While thus conversing, they were interrupted by

a messenger from Netnokwa, who bore a bundle of presents, and said to Tecumseh, "the Red Sky of the morning wishes to make her appearance."

"Let the messenger retire, while I hold converse with my warriors," said Tecumseh; then calling them more closely around him, "Tecumseh would hold a talk with his brothers," said he. "The pale faces are cleaning their guns and sharpening their knives. They wish to drive us from the hunting grounds of our fathers. Tecumseh never will go;—his thoughts are for his country; he has no time for a wife, and would have his brothers tell him the best way to refuse Netnokwa's daughter."

"Netnokwa," said a warrior, "is chief of the Ottawas; you had better tear a cub from a bear in its den, than refuse the offered hand of her daughter."

"Netnokwa is great;" said Tecumseh. "She is a woman, and I fear her. Her tongue is like a knife. But before another moon we may go to battle. What would Tecumseh do with a wife?"

"Red Sky of the morning hath travelled far;" said a warrior, "her step is like that of the bounding roe; her moccasin leaves no print on the grass; her voice is sweet as the singing of birds. There is nothing like her in the forest. A maiden likes not to be turned away."

"I have not seen her," said Tecumseh, "and though she be beautiful as the sun when first he rises up from the prairie, and walks out to make every thing glad, yet, I want not a wife."

"Shall she be laughed at by the chieftains of her

own tribe," said a warrior, "for having been refused by a Shawanee brave? She is young; her heart will bleed."

"Tecumseh is sorry," was the reply, "but he has spoken. The maiden must return to her own lodge."

"Stay," said a warrior, whose years entitled him to great respect, "will Tecumseh listen? My eyes have seen many snows, and my ears have drunk in many sounds:—something whispers me put it off."

"Tecumseh would be glad if he could do so," was the reply. "If the tomahawk were deep buried, and the pale faces would let it stay there, the daughter of Netnokwa should live in his wigwam. But it cannot be, and it is better to refuse at once, than to delay until the long shadows fall and then refuse. The maiden would dream she was a chieftain's bride. No."—Then, turning to a warrior, he said, "get ready the presents, let them be rich, and such as should belong to a chieftain's daughter. Tomorrow the maiden returns to her own country."

The preparations were soon made, and "Red Sky of the morning" was seen coming towards Tecumseh's tent, leaning for support on the arm of her mother. As they approached, they were met by Tecumseh, who treated them with great courtesy; nothing indicated his purpose, no marked dislike, or even coldness of manner told that the maiden was to be refused. Never was a girl of the forest more fair, and never did so much delicacy and timidity encircle a dusky form. Shrinking from the ardent

gaze of the chieftain, she caused her hair to fall over her face, serving as a veil behind which her virgin modesty retreated, while she awaited his advances. Tecumseh had never seen any thing so beautiful, and for a moment faltered in his determination; yet, with a recollection of the situation of his country, he was himself again, and taking the maiden by the hand he led her towards his tent, that he might accompany his refusal with a sufficient number of presents.

Netnokwa, during this time, calm, dignified, and majestic, had been supporting her daughter, without ever for a moment dreaming, that she was to be refused; and when Tecumseh, taking hold of her hand, led her on to his tent, she observed, “‘Red Sky of the morning’ will be the bride of the greatest brave.”

Tecumseh heard the remark, and felt deeply; for besides the passions of the mother which were now to be aroused, there was the daughter so retiring, modest, and gentle, that he was pained to give a pang to one so good. How sadly would she be mortified, not because she loved him, for until the present moment her eyes had never beheld him, but because of the ridicule which would be cast on her by the chieftains of her own tribe, for having been refused by the Shawanee. Without her consent, her mother had projected this match, in order to secure a strong ally; she was likewise apprised of the growing reputation of the Shawanee chief, and doting upon her daughter, had been

anxious to connect her with one, whom fame had already exalted far above his companions.

Tecumseh, accompanied by Netnokwa and her daughter, had now nearly reached his tent ; another moment and the costly pile of presents would have told his determination, when suddenly there arose a cry, that a runner was coming. The camp was instantly in motion, and all minor things forgotten in a general desire to hear tidings, whose import none could conjecture. Great was the relief to Tecumseh ; it enabled him for a time to postpone the ceremony, and flattered him with the hope, that its purport would compel him to defer it until some more opportune occasion.

“What tidings are these borne on the breeze ?” asked Netnokwa, “Shawanee brave, think not now of a maiden, but gather your men, and receive the runner.”

“I will,” said Tecumseh, as he hurried off, “return to thy bower ;—I will tell thee the tidings.” A moment passed, the warriors were assembled in council, and the runner introduced. Addressing himself to Tecumseh, he stated that he left a band of Indians assembled on the Wabash, who were so excited against the whites on account of a murder recently committed, that he feared they would make a sudden irruption upon the settlements, and call down the force of the whites before the Indians were ready to oppose them. That being apprised of this, he had stolen away to tell it to the chiefs of the Shawanees, and see what they in their wisdom would do.

At the close of this speech the air resounded with yells of vengeance. When they had died away, and silence was again restored,—“where gather our brothers” said Tecumseh, “and what are their number.”

“They are assembling on the forks of the Wabash,” “said the runner,” “and warriors are gathering like pigeons at a roost.”

“This must be stopped,” said Tecumseh, “our fathers who have gone to the world of spirits, shall have more white men to wait upon them. But the time has not yet come; a little while longer, and the war whoop shall ring.”

Again the yell of savage delight broke forth; each warrior rose upon his feet, brandished aloft his glittering tomahawk; and made it whistle as rapidly he moved his arm through the air.

“Silence!”—cried a voice which had something in it of an unearthly sound; they were hushed as still as the grave, and the Prophet rose.

“Warriors, listen; it is the chosen of the Great Spirit who speaks to you. We are not ready for battle. When we strike, all the red men must know it. We must move like a great flood over the land. We are now but a small stream. Our brothers on the Wabash must be calm. They must suffer a little longer if they wish to see our rivers run red with the blood of the whites. Tecumseh, hurry away, and tell them the time has not yet come. They must disperse. It is the Prophet of the Great Spirit who commands it.”

He then seated himself, and Tecumseh, making

no reply, for the words of the Prophet were by his followers deemed as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; the council then adjourned.

“But stay,” said Tecumseh, addressing his warriors, “what will become of Netnokwa and her daughter?”

“We will away to our own country,” said Netnokwa, who, with her daughter, was standing a little apart from the crowd, “‘Red Sky of the morning’ would not detain her chief from duty:—when the sky is clear, the Shawanee brave can find our wigwam.”

“Yes,” said Tecumseh, “if I live, I will find it; but does Netnokwa look for a clear sky? Clouds are thickening; there may be peace between the red men and white, but, I fear, it will only be, when the white man’s plough runs over our graves; never before. The pale face, like a lean dog, is always hungry.”

“The red man is strong in battle,” said Netnokwa, “let him go forth; when roused to vengeance who can withstand him; the Great Spirit is with him.”

“We are strong,” said Tecumseh, “and were all united, we could sweep over the settlements like a fire over the prairie. But we are divided, and must not strike till all are one. Then the earth shall tremble under the tramp of our feet, as we march along. We must stop our brothers on the Wabash. The Prophet orders it. I must away. You will return. Some of my warriors must conduct to her lodge ‘Red Sky of the morning.’”

“Let your warriors stay,” said Netnokwa, “the clouds are darkening. The pale faces may come down upon our lands. You may need them. I, and my daughter can thread the forest.”

“But my Ottawa maiden will want for food,” said Tecumseh.

“Red Sky of the morning’ is fleetier than the doe,” said Netnokwa, “her arrow never misses it’s mark.”

Pleased by this compliment from her mother, she gracefully bent a bow which was near her, “will the Shawanee chieftain bring me that bird?” said the maiden, pointing to one which was sitting on a tree hard by.

“The distance is great ; before I approach, it will fly :—” said the warrior.

“No,” said the maiden.

“I may not hit it,” said the warrior.

“I will,” said the maiden.

The warrior became confused, and hesitated.

“Will you bring me the bird?” said the maiden.

Still more confused, he bent his bow, and started forward.

“You need not shoot,” said the maiden, and drawing her bow, she let fly an arrow. The bird dropped beneath the tree ; then, awaiting the return of Tecumseh, she said, “thinkest thou the Ottawa maiden will want for food?”

“Thou art the daughter of Netnokwa,” said Tecumseh, gently taking her hand ; “when the pale-face is no more, we will together hunt the deer and buffalo far from our wigwam.”

With Tecumseh, this at the time was his deter-

mination ; for never had he seen a maiden more lovely, or one more worthy than Miskwa to become a warrior's bride. Yet, dark as his forebodings were with regard to his country, he saw not how great and deadly was to be the coming struggle, nor how sad its issue, after having worn out in its defence the energies of his own great spirit, and covered its plains with the bones of his warriors.

But the time having arrived for him to set out, as ordered by the prophet, Netnokwa said, " hast thou heard of Pontiac, Tecumseh ? His blood flows in my veins ; at his name the settlements would tremble, not one, nor two, but all ; his voice in battle was like rolling thunder ; his path on the frontiers like the whirlwind's sweep ; make him thy light, thy guide, thy north-star."

" It is well," replied the warrior ; " but let Tecumseh live, and his country shall be respected and at peace, or the red torch of war shall blaze from the big lakes to the far south ; and the red men from the setting sun shall hurry on to feast in the wigwams of the pale faces ; farewell."

" May the Great Spirit bless thee," said Netnokwa. " Tell me, when will the Ottawa maiden see the Shawanee chieftain ?"

" When there are no clouds in the horizon," said Tecumseh, " and the war-whoop ceases to ring through the forest ;" then disappearing for a few moments he returned equipped for a journey, and bidding his warriors a hurried farewell, was soon hid with the runner in the recesses of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

“Where is the stony eye that hath not shed
Compassion’s heart drops o’er the sweet McUrea ?
Through midnight’s wilds by savage bandits led,
Her heart is sad, her lover far away.”

DRAKE.

THE leader of the party which Rolfe and Earth were following, was named Yanatah, who only halted for a few moments, that he might consult with his followers as to where they should rest; when again setting off, they soon emerged from the woods into an open prairie, and seeking a small elevation, which was no other than an ancient mound, they prepared to pass the remainder of the night. The spot which they selected commanded a view for some distance in every direction, and as the grass was too short for concealment, the hunters were obliged to content themselves with lying on the edge of the prairie under cover of the woods.

Each one of the Indians as they left the forest, picked up some wood, and in a few moments they had a large fire blazing, around which they gathered.

“We are not all here,” said Yanatah; “where is Begwa?”

“He had a heavy pack,” said a warrior, “and stays behind; he is tired.”

“Give the pale face a blanket,” continued the chieftain, “and let her sleep; she wants rest; she must travel to the Prophet’s camp.”

This was done; but her heart seemed breaking, and death for her had no terrors. From the first moment of her capture until the present, she had been hurried along without time for reflection; and now, at rest, began to doubt whether she was dreaming, or whether her situation was really what it appeared to be; and when consciousness came with its sad reality, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

Some time elapsed, and yet Begwa had not arrived. His absence occasioned much anxiety, until some one hinted that he had gone off in order to secure to himself the plunder with which he was loaded. There being no other rational way to account for his sudden disappearance, the suggestion was agreed to, and vowing vengeance, they were silent.

After a few moments, Yanatah said, “while we sleep, let two warriors keep watch; I fear the pale faces are on our steps; I doubt if Begwa would have left us for the sake of plunder. Begwa was a good warrior.”

“Begwa,” replied one of the party, “would not have fallen without a struggle. If the pale faces were on our steps we should have heard them.”

“Can you hear an eel,” asked Yanatah, “when it moves through the water? say no more, but let the watch be kept.”

Soon after this, they were all reposing by the fire,

save the two warriors on duty, who were perfuming the air with kinny kaneek, and inhaling its odour through the handles of their tomahawks, the heads of which were fashioned into pipes. The captive maiden soon sank into a troubled slumber, for although she slept, her frame was often violently agitated, and there were moments, when her limbs quivered as in the agonies of death; with this exception, the Indian camp was quiet.

The prairie, as we have before observed, was too naked to allow the hunters to approach nearer to the Indian camp, than the outer edge of the woods; and nothing remained for them, but to rest where they were as mere spectators; for although at some distance, they had it entirely within their view.

Having seated themselves with their backs against a tree, whose widely spreading branches kept off the dew, they gathered themselves up and adjusted their garments that they might be as comfortable as possible.

"There is as yet no chance to benefit the captive," said Rolfe.

"No," said Earth, "see! those two devils are wide awake; but let them fall asleep if they dare, and we will not have crossed the river for nothing."

The feelings, like every thing else, require relaxation, and Rolfe and Earthquake forgot in a few minutes the excitement under which they had been labouring.

"Earth," said Rolfe, "the dews are very heavy, I feel a little chilly."

"That is, you would like a little back-warmer,"

said Earth, "come out like a man, and don't be so mealy-mouthed."

"I thought it was all gone."

"No," said Earth, drawing from his pocket a small, flat, *stone tickler*, and shaking it, he smiled as he heard it wash up against its sides. "I'll try it first, to convince you 'tan't poison," and throwing his head back, he emptied a part of its contents into his throat, and smacking his lips, passed the tickler to Rolfe.

Rolfe went through the same ceremony, and as gurgling out, it pronounced the words, *good, good*, "there's no lie in that," said Earth, "it speaks the truth every word *on it*."

"It's all *lie*, I believe," replied Rolfe, "for it has taken the skin from my tongue, why did you not put some water with it?"

"What! wade through water in order to get at the liquor! no, no, Rolfe, never do that when you have any respect for the spirit."

"Earth," said Rolfe, changing the subject, "how little do the people in the States know of the life of a Western hunter; here are we sleeping night after night without a bed, often without food, and now lying in an enemy's country, watching a party of Indians four times our number."

"Not quite four times, I think," said Earth; and so saying, he looked archly at Rolfe.

"I understand you, Earth; I saw it all, but did not like the deed; there were eight."

"I could not help it, Rolfe, 'twas so good a chance. Moreover, I thought I might as well put

him out of the way, that there would be one less, in case we have to take a brush."

"I have no objection if any good is to result from it," said Rolfe, "they are now seven to two, and I don't think we have gained much; I can't say that I liked it."

"But, Rolfe, tell me, did you not think the operation was performed very neatly?"

"Yes, I must give you credit for that, Earth, it was certainly a very cool murder."

"Oh! no, no, don't call it a murder, Rolfe, I only killed an Indian; it was over so quick with him, I didn't hurt him; he only said 'humph!'"

"What did you do with the bundle he was carrying?"

"I hid it, thinking we would examine it on our return."

"You did well, for from it we may learn the name of the family murdered. Earth, ever since I caught a glimpse of that poor girl's face to night, I have thought of nothing else; she is so much like her I loved, that if I could divine a reason for her father's having emigrated, I should think her the same. But her father was rich and happy; and surely he would never have left a quiet and peaceful home, for the wild woods of the west."

"God only knows who she may be," said Earth, "I pity her from the bottom of my soul, for she has suffered a thousand deaths to-night. You know she is a stranger to me, Rolfe, but if there be any such thing as truth, I would, to restore her to her friends, willingly take her place."

“Poor girl!” said Rolfe, “she will never see her home again; doomed, perhaps, to the torture, or else to fill the office of some Indian squaw.”

“It is hard, hard, Rolfe! yet such is their savage nature; no one escapes. But if they carry her to Tecumseh, and all things be true which they tell of him, she will not suffer. 'Cumseh and I have seen some hard times.”

“What do they say of him?” inquired Rolfe.

“Why, that he respects the treaty, is famed for his humanity, and has never refused to surrender a murderer; moreover, he is the only Ingen whom I have heard of as being perfectly disinterested. He is very different from his brother.”

“And do you know his brother?”

“I have never seen him, but know him to be cruel in the extreme. He is the man who has lately become a Prophet, and you know he has been burning his own people until he is tired of it. Now I think it more than probable that he is at the bottom of this murder.”

“Then God forbid,” said Rolfe, “that she should fall into his hands, her fate will be bad enough without.”

“You may say that,” said Earth.

“But from your statement with regard to Tecumseh, Earth, I should think he was a noble fellow, and if they carry her to him, he will restore her to her friends.”

“Yes, he is as noble as a red skin can be, and that's not much; I don't trust any of 'em. I suspect he is our worst enemy, and every thing that his name implies.”

“What is that?”

“Why, Tecumseh, in the Shawanee tongue, means ‘tiger crouching for his prey.’”

“Look, Earth,” said Rolfe, pointing to the fire, “what are those Indians at?—making baskets?”

“No,” said Earth, “they are twisting those twigs in order to make small hoops to dry their scalps upon. Do you not see between that fellow’s legs something that looks like small hoe-cakes? Well, they are scalps stretched upon a hoop and placed there to dry.”

“Tell me, does the maiden see them?” inquired Rolfe.

“No, I think not,” said Earth, “see, she lies covered up, and, I hope, is asleep.”

Much desultory conversation occurred, which whiled away the time till day began to dawn. The hunters were now getting drowsy, and yet the Indians showed no disposition to move. But when the eastern sky began to grow red, and the sun rose up, the Indian camp was in motion, and soon after the red men with their captive were treading their way across a prairie, boundless in extent, and beautiful as the imagination can conceive.

For the hunters to follow on, was now a perilous undertaking. The country was so open, that they could not keep near enough to watch the movements of the Indians, without detection; and the only plan was, to allow them to get out of sight, and to follow on to their trail, hoping for some fortuitous occurrence.

To this plan Earthquake was opposed, and he

urged the great risk that must be run without the probability of doing any good. But Rolfe had become so much interested in the fate of the captive, that he begged his companion to continue the pursuit, if only for that day; and if no opportunity should offer for assisting her, that he would then return.

"Were we in the forest," said Earth, "I would willingly follow for a week, but in an open prairie there is risk and no benefit; however, since you so much desire it, follow on."

"Earth, you talk of risk; you know war is not declared, and that the Indians still profess peace. Now suppose we show ourselves and demand the maiden; they will perhaps surrender her."

"I thought of that," said Earth;—"there is peace, 'tis true; but, Rolfe, you see what sort of a peace 'tis. Were we to show ourselves, instead of getting the maiden, we should have our scalps taken off. They have done this to pay for some murder committed on 'em, and it must lead to war, and sooner than we wish, if we are to remain long on this side of the river; but if they carry her to 'Cumseh's camp, we may venture, and if he be present, perhaps we may succeed."

"Then," said Rolfe, "let us follow for a time, and see where they are going."

"Agreed," said Earth.

Suffering the Indians to advance for some distance, the hunters crawled up to the fire which they had left, and there remained until the party dwindled down to a few dark spots on the surface

of the prairie ; when, rising up, they followed fearlessly on their trail.

“How beautiful are these plains,” said Rolfe, “Earth, do you blame the Indians for not surrendering them?”

“No, I cannot say that I do : nor do I blame the whites for endeavouring to take them away.”

“Why ? are not the Indians the rightful owners, and have not their fathers owned them time out of mind?”

“Rolfe, it will not do to argue this matter : we have treated the Ingens so badly, that we cannot now live in peace, but are obliged to add insult to injury. You know I’ve a great many grudges agin ’em, and use them up on all occasions, for I well know they would have killed me long before this, if they had had a good chance.”

“And because you have treated them badly, you think you ought to kill them ? Is that your argument ?”

“No, I never argue about it ; if one comes near me, and he gives me a cause, I’m very apt to kill him. Somehow or other it is bred in me, and I hate them ; for you see they are always straggling along the frontiers, and committing murders.”

“Yes, and you see our frontiers are always extending, so that the Indians are compelled either to move or else to be continually at war.”

“The fact is,” said Earth, “I believe I think as most of the whites do, and that is, that these lands are too good for them ; they should be cultivated instead of lying waste for them to prowl over.”

“From present appearances,” said Rolfe, “it will be a long time before they are cultivated; the Indians, I think, are preparing for a general war.”

“They are,” said Earth; “and it would still be a hard fight if they were all united; but their dissensions and our enmity, will root them out at last.”

“I have often thought of this,” said Rolfe, “and also of Pontiac, the Ottawa chieftain. He was a great man, and would have been great, even among the whites. Had he lived on the sea-board when this country was first discovered, a settlement would never have been formed by the whites in his day.”

Nothing occurred worthy of note during the progress of the hunters across the prairie. Not being able to mark particularly the movements of the Indians, they merely followed on at a distance. It was now evening, and a dark line was seen on the horizon in the direction the Indians were travelling, which, increasing as they journeyed along, proved to be a forest bounding the prairie.

“They must be near their journey’s end,” said Earth. “See the smoke how it hangs over yon wood; it is there they are encamped.”

But before we introduce the predatory party, let us again return to the camp of Tecumseh. That chief having left some few hours before, all was quiet, and his warriors now lay lounging idly about. The sun was fast sinking in the west, the trees were casting their longest shadows, and birds were hurrying by to roost, when from the depths of the prairie came a scalp yell floating on the breeze.— All were silent, for none knew its exact import, and

in an instant the camp was again in motion, and then again as still as if no living soul moved in it. Anxiety was visible in every countenance. With heads inclined to the prairie, and listening ears, they might have been mistaken for the finest specimens of sculpture; so breathless, so mute, so intent were they upon catching the wished for sound. Then arose another yell;—still breathless they stood. Then another, and another, until the eighth came passing by, drawn out much longer than the first; when from the camp arose one universal shout, each person having found a tongue; and then were seen bright faces, and happy hearts, and congratulations that eight pale faces had gone to their long homes, and then were bursts of joy, and many ran bounding forward to meet the returning party.

While this was acting, the Prophet sat alone in his tent, for he never mingled with the common herd, lest by so doing they should become too much familiarized with his person. The cause of the scalp yell which agitated the camp was also entirely unknown to him, but a smile played over his countenance when the glad sound first reached his ears, and he rubbed his hands and said, “mischief,—good!”—and after a few moments summoned one of his attendants that he might learn its cause. The messenger having retired, soon ascertained the particulars which we have detailed, and returning, told them to the Prophet, who was evidently pleased at the narration; but a moment’s reflection told him, that the affair, if not already known, must be hushed up, and not a trace left which might lead to its

discovery. "Eight gone," said he again, rubbing his hands; "it would bring war quick." He also recollected that his camp was generally believed by the whites to be a place of rendezvous for all the murderers in the country, and he also knew that it had often served them as a safe place of concealment from the most diligent search. The present affair had been one of greater magnitude than had occurred for a long time, and its publication would lead at once to hostilities, for which he was not yet ripe. To prevent this was the first object, knowing that, were the perpetrators of so great a crime found in his camp, it would call down the unmitigated vengeance of the whites, and involve in one common ruin the innocent with the guilty. Furthermore, it was requisite that he should censure their conduct, lest a further commission of such crimes should render it impossible longer to preserve a show of peace, and yet in doing so, policy required that he should cherish the hatred which they felt against the whites. This was a delicate part to play; but throwing a few skins around him, and assuming rather a more mysterious appearance than usual, he adjusted himself in a seat, and ordered before him the party who had just arrived from the Ohio. He was now nearly in the plenitude of his power, and his words were law and none dared to disobey them.

When Yanatah and his party were informed of the Prophet's commands, clouds of fear passed over them, for they knew that they had acted counter to his expressed orders, and committed an act which

might involve their tribe in war, and lead to its total extirpation. Hurried away by revenge, these thoughts had not before suggested themselves; but now that they were about to stand in the dread presence of the Prophet, they all swept past, and they saw before them only the ruin into which their rashness had plunged them, and trembled, not with personal fear, but at that intangible something, which gave character to the Prophet, and rendered him the dreaded object of their hopes as well as fears. With downcast countenances, and in dogged silence, they moved forward to his tent, and making humble obeisance stood uncovered before him. He seemed not to regard their entrance, but remained for a time muttering with his lips, and rolling his eyes towards heaven, as if repeating some prayer, then turning on them a savage gaze, he looked as though he would have looked them through. When his scrutiny was over, he said, "why the scalp yell, Yanatah? Has the Great Spirit sent red war upon our lands, or does the Prophet, his agent, preach peace unto the tribes?"

Yanatah cast his eyes upon the ground, and was silent. "Speak," said the Prophet, "whence these cries of murder in the air? Who dares lift the tomahawk? Shall battle rage, and I not know it; I, the chosen of the Great Spirit? Speak!"

Yanatah paused for an instant, then nerving himself for the effort, looked the Prophet in his mighty face, and spoke: "Chosen of the Great Spirit, listen! A brother, dear to my heart, was slain by the whites. I sought their wigwams, and demand-

ed his murderer. They gave me promises. I went again; they laughed me to scorn. His blood cried for vengeance, and I sought it." He was then silent, and the Prophet's visage assumed rather a gentler aspect, and he said: "Thou hast done wrong, Yanatah; the hatchet is buried; the Prophet of the Great Spirit will tell the red men when to strike;" then, pausing for a moment, he continued: "Did no pale face escape?"

"Not one," answered Yanatah, "darkness was over the land; yet a captive lives, and is here, a slave for my mother, who weeps for her son."

"It is well," said the Prophet; then pausing again, and rolling his eyes toward heaven, and muttering with his lips that those before him might see he held converse with the Great Spirit, he continued with renewed energy, "Yanatah, take thy band and away, far, far from our camp. Blood red are thy steps, and the whites follow on, like hounds on the track. Be seen no more, till a runner from the Prophet calls thee to battle. Away!—"

At this speech, surprise sat upon the countenances of Yanatah and his band. The Prophet had told them that they were pursued; though merely a random assertion, the truth of which he feared, and uttered only to serve his own purpose. They believed it, and were unable to account for the manner in which he had received his information; in silence they gazed at each other for a moment, when Yanatah, desirous to know what was to become of the prisoner, pronounced the words "the captive?" in an inquiring tone, for he durst not directly ask

the question. "Remains with me," said the Prophet sternly. "Let her be brought before me. Away. An hour hence, Yanatah must be without our camp."

There was no reply, and bowing humbly, they left his presence.

In the great excitement of the moment, the prisoner had been in a measure forgotten, and when she first arrested public attention, "Red Sky of the morning" was seen leaning over her, arranging her dress, and doing many little offices of kindness. So resigned was she, so worn with fatigue and suffering, that even the savages, upon beholding her, manifested some slight feelings of sympathy, and the desire which many cherished when she first entered the camp, of seeing her brought to the stake, passed away.

When the order was given that she should be brought before the Prophet to be disposed of by him, Miskwa, who felt assured that, as he had always inculcated peace, he would not adjudge her to death, started to his tent to entreat him to give her the prisoner for a slave. But upon approaching near enough to catch a glimpse of his dark and lowering countenance, she abandoned the idea, and returning, sought her mother and begged her to prefer the request.

No one in the camp possessed more power than Netnokwa, and no one in the camp in making a request, was more likely to succeed. Yet she saw at a glance the difficulty in which the Prophet was placed. He could not order the captive to death;

it would not be in accordance with the doctrines he now preached. He could not send her to the settlements; she would tell her story, and excite the whites to immediate war; all trace of the massacre must be concealed, and she knew not that under these circumstances the Prophet would be willing to trust the prisoner out of his own immediate sight. With a knowledge of these things, she accompanied the maiden and stood with her alone in the presence of the Prophet. The captive now, weeping bitterly, neither looked up nor spoke; the world for her had no joys; her life was in the past. She sobbed as if her heart would burst; yet the Prophet regarded her not, but in his own tongue carried on a hurried dialogue with Netnokwa. Not knowing the object of her visit, aware of the influence she wielded, and also of her connexion with Tecumseh, he began to explain to her the difficulty in which he was situated, the necessity there was for concealment, and his fears that the captive would be searched for by the whites; founding them on the sudden disappearance of Begwa, a thing almost inexplicable on any other supposition than that the whites were now on their steps. Saying this, he paid a compliment to the wisdom and experience of Netnokwa, and asked her what was best to be done. She stated the wishes of her daughter, and added, that should the captive be given to her, they would set out with the first light of day, and in the distant regions to which they were journeying there would be no probability of her being discovered. At this piece of intelligence,

a feeling of pleasure was manifest in the countenance of the Prophet, and again turning to Netnokwa, he hinted the ease with which the maiden, when far away, might meet with a secret death. Netnokwa seemed not to understand, and suppressed her feelings, whatever they were. The death of the captive the Prophet could have required of Yanatah, and his request would willingly have been complied with; but he feared that the act, if intrusted to him, would be viewed as a license for the commission of any other crime his passions might suggest.

Being foiled in the attempt he had made to make Netnokwa connive at the death of the prisoner, he yielded her up without annexing thereto any condition; for it saved him the trouble of devising some other mode to get rid of her, and he was also satisfied that, provided Netnokwa and her daughter set out sufficiently early, it was the best plan that could possibly be adopted.

Netnokwa having now succeeded in her request, took the hand of the weeping girl, and was leaving the Prophet, when, in an authoritative manner, he again urged her to set out early, and on no account to leave any clue by which the maiden might be traced. Bowing, she departed, and returned with the captive to her bower, and, though in common with most of the Indians, she felt a fear of the Prophet, yet her opinions of his character had been materially changed by the interview.

With the first gray light of morning, Netnokwa and Miskwa rose and began to prepare to set out

upon their journey. Waking a warrior, Netnokwa ordered him to bring their horses, and she began to get ready her bundles, while Miskwa was sent to arouse the captive, to whom she had extended all the little comforts of which she was possessed, and whom she now found overpowered by fatigue, and sleeping away as sweetly as innocence could do. But the hour having arrived at which they were to set out, she bent close over her, and hesitated, as if fearing to break a slumber so soft and quiet; when after a moment, she said in her own beautiful language, "Great Spirit! can a pale face who looks as she does, delight in hunting us as dogs, taking away our lands, and driving us far from the graves of our fathers? it cannot be." Then, recollecting how lonely and unprotected was her situation, she was still more softened in her manner, and laying her hands gently on the captive, she continued, "Sweet Flower, arise, arise, we must be moving." Her mother, who saw how much her feelings were interested, stood apart in silence waiting for her; when the maiden awoke she gazed about her with a vacant stare, and rubbed her eyes and looked again, and when the recollection of her situation crossed her mind, she called upon her father and mother, and began to weep.

Miskwa was now all tenderness, and throwing her arms around the maiden, she spoke as though each word was understood, saying, "Sweet Flower, weep not, I will love thee, I will take care of thee, thou shalt dwell with me." Even Netnokwa was affected by the scene, but she was anxious to be off,

for the rosy light of morn was now just peering forth, and she ordered her horses to her tent. Mis-kwa expressed a wish that "Sweet Flower," for so she continued to call the maiden, should ride with her; in accordance with it, both were mounted on one horse, while Netnokwa on another leading the way, plunged at once into the forest.

She had continued her journey for nearly an hour, when, counter to the expectations of the Prophet, and also to the intention with which she sat out, she resolved not to proceed directly to her place of destination, but first to visit some friends on the Wabash, whom she had not seen for many years; where her wish was to stay only a few weeks, and then proceed on her journey. In adopting this resolution, she saw the difficulty she would have in carrying along the captive, and that she would increase the probability of her being discovered. But then the point to which she was bound was far from the borders, and she trusted to her own wisdom for the power of concealing the captive. This incident, though seemingly trifling within itself, was a matter of much moment, since it was unknown to the Prophet, and his chief object in giving the captive to Netnokwa, was, that in her being carried at once to a distant region, she might the more effectually be concealed.

CHAPTER VI.

— “But now he kneels,
 And, like a scout when listening to the tramp
 Of horse or foot, lays his experienced ear
 Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
 Then kneels again, and, his short rifle gun
 Against his cheek, waits patiently.”

ROGERS.

THE hunters, whom we left pursuing the Indians, remained so far behind as to lose sight of them in the open prairie, and following on until appearances indicated their near approach to the camp, took it for granted that thither they were bound. They were afraid to enter along with a party so much excited, lest they, to conceal all traces of their crime, should also put them to death, and crouching down in the grass, resolved not to venture nearer, until darkness should allow them to approach it in safety.

“Earth,” said Rolfe, “how is this thing likely to end?”

“Rather squally,” said Earth; “most probably with the loss of our hair.”

“You don’t think so; they surely will not dare do it, they must know it will lead to war.”

“You did not think they would dare do what they did on the Ohio,”

“No, I did not; if I had heard it, as I hear other rumors of families disappearing and never being heard of, I should have regarded it as an idle story.”

“Now the truth is,” said Earth, “they’ll dare do any thing. They’ll give you one hand in friendship, while with the other, they put a knife between your ribs. We are in a ticklish situation, Rolfe, and I’m not so sure we shan’t be used up.”

“How? what?”—said Rolfe, quickly.

“Why, these devils must conceal this thing; you see they’ve been hurrying along, that they might keep dark; now, were we to go up and demand the girl, and tell ’em of the murder, we should be butchered or roasted before you could take a chew of red-streak. They would’nt wish prettier fun, and instead of lying upon this soft grass, we should be dancing round a pole, with a parcel of lightwood splinters in us.”

“Earth, this is rather too serious a matter to joke about; but, if what you say of Tecumseh be true, he will not suffer it.”

“I told you,” said Earth, “what people say, not what I know of ’Cumseh; for myself, I have no confidence in any of ’em, I never knowed one that could be trusted; its just as natural for them to lie, and do every thing that is bad, as ’tis for a gourd to have a bitter taste.”

“Then it may be as bad in the morning,” said Rolfe, “as it is now.”

“No, they’ll have time to cool a little,” said Earth, “but I’ll slip round after a while, as soon as

I think it safe to do so, and see what I can make of 'em."

"Well, be cautious, Earth, for I should hate for them to get hold of you."

"You let an 'old coon' alone," said Earth, "for I reckon that perhaps, I should hate it a little worser than you."

"Earth, I'll tell you a notion that strikes me."

"What is it?"

"Why, that this party has not gone to the camp."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, if Tecumseh is there, they would be afraid to go, for people generally say that he sticks to the treaty, and discountenances these things; and what every body says, you know, is right apt to have some truth in it. Another reason. If the Prophet is there, they would not go, because he preaches peace, and you know what a disturbance we have already had, about his refusing to give up a murderer."

"There is something in what you say, Rolfe, but these Ingens are sly dogs; they are mighty tricky. If they are not here, where could they have gone?"

"They may have avoided the camp," said Rolfe, "and have gone up the Wabash, where they are always assembling, or else have turned off, and gone to the west."

"We'll see presently," said Earth, "and stretching themselves out they awaited the approach of night."

Several hours had now passed, when Earth rous-

ing himself from a troubled sleep, left Rolfe, and proceeded cautiously to reconnoitre the camp. Cutting an armful of long prairie grass, and wrapping it about his body, so as to conceal, in some measure, the outlines of his person, he approached fearlessly until the fires of the Indians showed their exact position; when, crouching down, he gently stretched himself out, and began to pull his body slowly along. Feeling before him, he carefully removed every stick or reed which, if broken, would make the least noise, and crawling cautiously, continued his perilous task. Stopping every moment, he listened with suspended breath, to discover if his approach was heard, and proceeded in this way until he reached the southern edge of the encampment, where, by drawing his head down beneath his shoulders, and by a proper arrangement of the grass, a species of tact only known to a genuine hunter, he almost imperceptibly rose up, and appeared darkly shadowed forth as an old stump. At a few yards, and just before him were reposing a group of Indians half dosing, and whiffing in silence, their fumes of smoke to the midnight air. Earth gazed upon them for a short time and soon saw that from them, nothing was to be learned. Then, although not even the gentle waving of the grass disturbed the scene, he disappeared as though he had sunk into the ground.

Then escaping to some distance, he rose, and forming an extensive circuit, began in the same cautious manner to approach the camp on its northern boundary, where was situated the bower of Net-

nokwa. Having arrived as near as he wished, he stretched himself out and lay, to all appearance, a log upon the ground. Here, that old dame was croning a low ditty; Earth listened with the utmost attention, and endeavoured to catch some of her words, hoping by their import to find out who she was, when suddenly rising up, she left her bower, and as chance would have it, directed her steps towards him. At her approach, Earth involuntary pressed himself closer to the ground, but as Net-nokwa had come out to learn the hour of the night, she saw him not. Stopping for a moment, within a few feet of him, she gazed at the stars, read the hour, plain as on the face of a dial, and returned. Soon after this, Earth slipped away, and proceeded with equal caution toward a cabin or hut, which he saw rising up in another direction on the outer border of the camp. Upon coming near this, he personated the body of a blasted tree; stooping low enough to avoid the dark shadows of the forest, you might have seen the outline of its bare limbs in relief on the horizon. These he had picked up as he moved along, and with the addition of the prairie grass which surrounded him, his figure was so much changed as to be scarcely distinguishable. The hut which he had now approached was that of the Prophet, who was chaunting in a wild melody, though in a low and suppressed voice, songs of vengeance.

Here Earth remained a short time, and as bending forward, he listened more eagerly, to catch the Prophet's words; the motion of the tree which he personated was the same as if there had swept over

it a gentle breeze. A few moments passed and he disappeared.

There was now a rustling of the prairie grass, and Earthquake, gliding along, seated himself near Rolfe.

"What tidings, Earth?" said Rolfe, in a hurried tone.

"No news of the captive," said Earth, "and moreover, the camp is quiet."

"Whose camp is it?"

"The Prophet's."

"How do you know?"

"From the humbug which hangs over his tent," said Earth, "and a noise that I heard, which I suppose he intended for a prayer, but it sounded to my ears, very much like the whining of my old bitch Jupiter."

"What do you mean by humbug over his tent, Earth?"

"Why, I could'nt make it out exactly, but it seemed to me that there were rags and skins strung together in curious shapes, hanging all about it."

"Did none see you?"

"No, not one; there was an old squaw who came out star gazing; she mistook me for a log, and had like to have stumbled over me, but all went well."

"And you did not see the captive," continued Rolfe.

"No; and every thing seems so quiet, that I begin to doubt if these devils from the river went there. If they had, they would have been talking that thing over one half the night, and showing their scalps the other half."

"Then, if they have not," said Rolfe, "the Prophet will aid us in our search, and even lend assistance to rescue the maiden."

"It will be to his interest to do so," said Earth, "and if he gives us any real help, it may serve to cover over that ugly trick of his, in refusing to give up that fellow who killed the storekeeper. But, Rolfe, I don't believe in Ingens strong as I do in the Bible. I hate 'em; Ingens and 'possums are very deceitful."

"Is there no danger, however, in entering the camp in the morning, Earth?"

"No; none, I reckon; we will try it all events:—come now, hush, Rolfe, let's go to sleep."

"I can't help thinking of that girl," said Rolfe, "some how or other she seems to haunt me. I keep fancying I have seen her before."

"Seen her, indeed," said Earth, "where did you see her?"

"It seems to me," answered Rolfe, "that she is like a girl I used to know in Petersburg. But then," said he, pausing, "her father was rich and happy."

"And because you left him rich and happy," said Earth, "you think she must have floated down the Ohio in a flat boat."

"No, it is that which perplexes me," said Rolfe.

"Well, it ought to bother you," said Earth, "now I feel for that gal just as much as you do, and if she can be found, I mean to find her and take care of her. I don't care who she is. I expect she is some poor girl whose daddy couldn't live in the old states, and thought he would float out here and squat

in a cane brake. You know corn is mighty scarce there on light land. But nothing will satisfy you, Rolfe, but you must make her the real grit, one you used to love; and with plenty of money, make her float all about here, looking for you, I suppose. Come, let's go to sleep."

Rolfe, who felt the force of Earth's ridicule, was silent, and a few moments found them slumbering quietly.

Morning was far advanced, when the hunters leaving their cover proceeded fearlessly to the camp. They had nearly reached it, and were not yet discovered; but as soon as observed, there was passing to and fro with quickened pace, and several Indians entered the tent of the Prophet.

"See, Rolfe," said Earth, "there is the tent of their mighty Prophet, that back hut which rises up, covered with skins."

"I see it," said Rolfe, and they walked into the camp.

The Indians were either sitting or lounging about, and paying no particular attention to their entrance, maintained the most perfect silence. Earth dropped the butt of his rifle on the ground, and leaning on its band coolly surveyed the group before him; but they spoke not, and believing that they were waiting for him to speak, he addressed in the Shawanee tongue the oldest before him, and demanded to be led into the presence of the Prophet. The Indian addressed, seemed not to comprehend the question, but upon Earth's repeating it, he said "umph!" and spoke in an under tone to a companion near him,

who instantly rose, disappeared for a short time, and returning, motioned the hunters to follow. They obeyed in silence, and accompanying the messenger, soon stood in the presence of the Prophet. He was sitting on a buffalo skin, which served as a floor for his tent, which was unfurnished, if furniture consists in the comforts of life. A bowl of dry peas, which, from his appearance, formed his only sustenance, for his countenance was lean and haggard, together with several little bags well stuffed and closely tied, were all that at first view met the sight. But upon closer observation, a wicker basket of tolerable size was seen peeping forth from a bundle of skins which had evidently been placed there to conceal it, and in this no doubt was contained the medicine bag with which he worked his incantations. His person was wrapped in a blanket, and muffled up as closely as though it had been the dead of winter, for his sacred person was not to be gazed at by vulgar eyes. Still one might judge that an amulet was worn on his neck, from seeing the tooth of an alligator in the claws of an eagle. Eyeing the hunters for a time, he turned to address them, while they, disturbed by a slightly rustling noise, found to their surprise, that they were surrounded by a numerous band of Indian warriors, armed with rifles, tomahawks, and war clubs.

“Stand it like a man,” whispered Earth to Rolfe, “there must be no back out now.” And as he said so, the Prophet began.

“We are glad to see our brothers, the long rifles, in the camp of the red men. It tells us there is peace in the land; we always preach

peace. Why come our brothers? are they hungry, let them speak, they shall have food." He was silent, and Earth addressing him in his own language, said, "I speak to the prophet, and grieve to tell him that bad men are abroad. Many years ago we buried the tomahawk, but the Ingens have dug it up. They have burned a big canoe, and the river is red with the blood of the pale faces, and their spirits cry for vengeance. They sprung upon them like panthers upon deer. They gave them no notice, they killed all but one, a young woman; she is left alone and they dragged her to this camp; we followed on her tracks, and come to demand her and carry her back. The Prophet is great, he preaches peace, he is more wise than the red men, and tells them what is good for them. He will have the bad Ingens tried, and send them to the whites, and he will give up the maiden to the long rifles who wait for her, and make strong again the bands of peace. The hunter has spoken."

Earth had no sooner commenced his reply, than the Prophet started wildly, as if receiving the most unexpected tidings, and increasing surprise continued to gather in his countenance, until Earth's remarks were finished, when answering quickly, he said, "My voice is almost silent, and my eyes are turned to tears with what our brother, the long rifle, tells me. The Great Spirit bids me preach peace to the red men; and I beg them in his name not to go to war. But there are bad red men, as there are bad white men. They will not take our advice. The Prophet must say, our brother, the long rifle,

speaks false, when he says that bad men are in our camp. The Indians who did wrong, would be afraid of the Prophet, and they would not bring the young woman here. They know we would tie them, and send them to the settlements, as we have always done, and would send along the young woman too. We wish our brothers, the whites, would always follow our example. If an Indian kill a white man, we give him up; he is hung. If a white man kill an Indian we never hear of him."

So soon as the prophet ceased, Earth turned to Rolfe, and repeated to him what had been said. Deep and inexpressible disappointment settled over his features; but after a moment, he said, "Earth, does he not know where it is probable they have gone, and can he not tell the tribe to which they belong?"

"I will see," said Earth, and turning to the Prophet, he said, "Father, thou art great in wisdom, and the Manito tells thee the secrets of the world. Wilt thou make glad our hearts, by showing us the path along which the bad Ingens have travelled? The long rifle will thank thee, and say, the Prophet is the friend of white men."

Pleased by these remarks, the Prophet with more gentleness in his manner than he had before manifested, said, "We are sorry our brother said that bad Indians were in our camp. It made our heart heavy to hear it. We have nothing to do with bad men. We are very sorry for what has happened, we are grieved for the young woman, and would show her to our brothers if we could. Our eyes are

opened by what our brother has told us, and we will tell him what we think. It was last evening that the Prophet was alone in his tent, praying to the Great Spirit to tell him what to do, that he might make his red children happy, when afar off he saw red men crossing the prairie. He thought they were hunting, and was surprised that they did not come to see him. The Prophet thinks they were the bad men, and they feared to come."

"The Prophet is good, he will show their path to the hunters," said Earth.

"The long rifle," answered the Prophet, "follows the game in the woods. He can find the tracks of the bad men. A runner from the Wabash came yesterday to see the Prophet. He said that bad red men were gathering together, and that the pale faces were trembling. We like not these things, and sent our brother Tecumseh to make them hunt the deer far away from the border. The Prophet thinks the bad men have gone there."

"The Prophet is good," said Earth, "he is the friend of the long rifles;" then turning to Rolfe, he told him of all he had learned.

"Then let us leave," said Rolfe, "I shall breathe more freely, and we can resolve what to do, when we get out of sight of these grim and statue-like faces." Earth then turning to the Prophet, said, "The long rifles wish peace to the Prophet, and will return to their wigwams."

"They will go," he replied, "after they have broken our bread, and smoked with us the pipe of peace." He then motioned his hand, and with its

wave the warriors disappeared, and a few moments after, an Indian girl approached with a rude breakfast, though composed of the choicest game of the prairie; and the hunters having partaken of it, since to have refused would have been regarded as an insult, smoked with the Prophet, and bidding him adieu, received many kind wishes. They were then conducted without his tent, and left to shape their course as inclination might suggest.

Having gotten clear of his camp, Rolfe said, "well, Earth, come, tell us what is best to be done."

"Why, make tracks for the settlements as fast as we can."

"And leave the poor girl to her fate?"

"Yes; what else can we do? If what the Prophet says be true, they have carried her up the Wabash, and I don't know that we could find her. Moreover, the Ingens are constantly skirmishing in that quarter, and they might jirk it into us." "I think there's a storm brewing, and have my doubts if this Prophet don't know more of this thing than he has told us. So I think we had better return, and tell all we know, and the governor can then do about it as he chooses."

"We will of course tell," said Rolfe, "and unless these Indians are given up, I have no doubt it will lead to war, but I do not believe that the Prophet knows any thing about them or the captive, other than what he has told us. If he had, he would not have made us smoke and eat with him."

"Come along, Rolfe," said Earth, "when you live in these woods as long as I have, you wont be-

lieve every thing an Ingen tells you. You'll find out, as I said before, that they are mighty like 'possums ;" and bending their way they began to tramp back in the direction they had come.

The sun was fast sinking below the horizon when leaving the path they were travelling, they turned off into the tall grass of the prairie, and using the same precautions as though they were followed by a warlike party, passed the night. With the light of morn they again resumed their journey.

The day had now several hours advanced, when in passing through the forest and amusing themselves with idle dialogue, their attention was arrested by an unusual number of carrion birds.

"Ah!" said Earth, "I wish every red devil was in the same fix. I suppose you know, Rolfe, why those birds are collected?"

"Yes," answered he, "I well recollect, it reminds me again of that poor girl. I wish I could forget her."

"Well," said Earth, "I will go and bring the pack he was carrying; who knows but from it we may learn who she is."

"Well, do," said Rolfe, eagerly, "I had forgotten it, but now I am all anxiety to see it, come, make haste, Earth, I will walk on, you get it, and overtake me."

"Very well," said Earth, who leaving him, soon found the secreted bundle, and bore it along to his friend. Seeking the first spot which presented an agreeable shade and a seat, they stopped and proceeded at once to examine its contents. It was

made up chiefly of blankets and articles of clothing, among which were some belonging to a female wardrobe, which were carefully drawn out, and laid aside. Rolfe's anxiety increased as he inspected each article, for they served to confirm somewhat the vague suspicion his mind had already adopted. The search continued, yet his fears were not diminished, nor was his suspicion much strengthened, when drawing out a cambric handkerchief, he saw traced on it, in his own hand writing, the words, "R. Rolfe." Had a ball entered his heart, the pang would not have been greater than upon the recognition of those words. He grew pale and almost livid, and said, in a scarcely articulate voice, "Earth, it is she, we exchanged handkerchiefs the day I left her;" and with an agonized face, he gazed fixedly on the words "R. Rolfe." Not a tear came to his relief. Earth kindly endeavoured to console him, by combating his suspicions with such reasons as his mind suggested, and then examined again every article of the bundle. There was not one but would as well have belonged to any other person. The handkerchief, however, had already carried conviction to Rolfe's mind. But with Earth's arguments against the probability that one rich and happy as Rolfe represented the lady of his love, should have emigrated, hope began to dawn in the shape of uncertainty. "Yes," cried Rolfe, "I left her rich and contented, surrounded with all the comforts of civilized life, and aware of the unsettled state of the west. Her father even ridiculed the idea of my emigrating."

“Then, rest sure, there is some mistake, it cannot be her,” said Earth, and the thought that the captive maiden was not his first and only love took possession of his mind. But it was only for a moment, for when he recollected the face and figure of her, of whom he had only caught a passing glance; and then when he gazed upon the wardrobe spread out before him, and saw the handkerchief with his own name, which he himself had traced, and believed, from the manner in which it had come into her possession, that she would never have parted with it, conviction forced itself upon him and his only relief was tears.

Then sprung up her light form before him, then crowded thick upon his memory associations of former days, and he saw her only in those moments in which she had been kind to him, or else when touching her guitar, with so much feeling and tenderness in her countenance, so much *naiveté* in her manner, that all those graces which give power to females, seemed to settle upon her without any effort of her own. And when these recollections swept over his mind, and then, when her present situation with all its startling horrors followed on, his heart grew deadly sick, and nature seemed almost to yield to the struggle. It was like the whirlwind which lasts for a moment, but during that moment, threatens to annihilate every thing which opposes its progress. So was it with Rolfe, the storm of passion and grief had vented itself, threatening for a time to unthrone reason, yet it had passed, and he now remained comparatively calm and unmoved, and was

again capable of action. To an uninterested spectator this scene would have afforded some amusement. For Earthquake could not exactly comprehend the cause of Rolfe's grief, yet sympathized so deeply, that when he beheld the struggles of his friend, and saw tears burst forth; involuntarily they rushed from his own eyes like a spring flood. A few moments and they ceased to flow; yet another struggle from Rolfe, a flow of feeling, and Earthquake's floodgates were again opened.

"Come, Rolfe," said he, blubbering, "no more of this, let us be moving, for my eyes leak like a cracked gourd, but the way I'll pay some of 'em for this, will be a caution for the future."

"Where do you propose going, Earth?"

"Any where you please."

"Shall we return to the camp, and follow on after the maiden?"

"No, I think we can fall on some better plan."

"Then give it to us."

"The only hope I see," said Earth, "of finding the maiden, is to go up the Wabash, and learn where the gathering is, of which the Prophet spoke. The party he said were probably going there, and I think so too. If we can hear any thing of them, we will get some help and rescue her. This is the best plan that I know of, and if you say so, we will go along at once."

"Thank you, Earth," said Rolfe, "I will trust every thing to you, you know best what to do. But think you they will kill her?"

"No," answered Earth, "if they intended to kill

her, why didn't they do it at the river? it would have saved them a good deal of trouble. No, they will give her to some old squaw, who will perhaps take her in the place of a child she has lost."

"Then, Earth, let's go, for I am almost dead to know something more about her."

"Agreed," said he, "but I think you are scaring yourself before you are hurt. I don't believe it's the same gal you think it is. But it makes no difference, Rolfe, who she is, if we can help her, we ought to do it; and I am determined to go on."

"Earth, the more I think of it, the more sure am I, that she is the same, for in no other way can I account for finding my handkerchief."

"Well, now there are forty ways in which I can account for it," said Earth, "she might have lost it, or some other gal might have stole it, or some servant might have wiped it up, or she might have give it away, or,"—

"Stop, Earth," said Rolfe, shaking his head sorrowfully, "I don't believe she would have done that."

"Then come along," replied Earth, "we shall see, and a few moments after they were already on their march, bending their course North-east."

The following morning the air was mild and soft, and the sun shining out, sparkled in the dew drops. The hunters felt its cheering influence; their spirits became buoyant as the dewy grass which rebounded from beneath their footsteps, and they continued their journey amusing themselves with border stories. They had not ceased to feel for the maiden,

nor were they at all unmindful of the errand upon which they were going, but, as it often happens, the mind, when long and painfully depressed, breaks through the thralldom which confines it, and assumes suddenly a degree of cheerfulness sometimes mistaken for levity, and which, when contrasted with its previous melancholy, seems an enigma in its character. I do not know that this idea is clearly expressed, nor do I know how to account for the fact, yet often have I seen persons suffering under intense grief, without any apparent cause become wild with joy.

“Rolfe,” said Earth, “we might just as well laugh as cry; ’twill do as much good.”

“That is very true, Earth, but at what shall we laugh?”

“Oh! I don’t know; you spin us a yarn.”

“No! Earth, you are the man for yarns; give us one of your hunting stories.”

“A ’coon hunt?”

“Yes.”

“No, I won’t give you a ’coon hunt. I’ll give you a bear fight.”

“Well, give us a bear fight.”

“I know so many, I hardly know which one to tell. Did I ever tell you how near a panther was using me up.”

“No, give us that.”

“Then you shall hear it. It happened while I was living down by the big swamp. I was sitting in my cabin one night alone, thinking of a heap of things, and not thinking of much neither, when a

notion struck me, that I should like some 'possum and hominy for supper. Well, I wa'nt hungry much, but the coals,—they were these large oak coals, you know; they looked so hot and clean that I thought it was a pity to let them burn out, as they were so nice for roasting. So I gits up. Says I, if there's a possum in these capes I'll have him, and calling along my old bitch Jupiter, I started out."

"But," said Rolfe, "Jupiter is of the masculine gender."

"Do what!" said Earth.

"Jupiter," said Rolfe, "must be the name of a dog, and not of a bitch."

"Well, now I wan't speaking as to that; but if I don't know the name of my dog, who does? I tell you she was named Jupiter, and if you dont want to hear the story, I'll drop it."

"Oh! by no means, Earth, go on."

"Well, as I was saying, I called up old Jupiter and started;—the thing seemed to know directly I got out, what it was I wanted, for the way that she began to poke her nose in among the bushes was to the 'possum family quite curious. You see I had left my gun and took 'long with me an axe, and old Jupe seeing that, would no more have noticed a bear or a deer, than she would have done a horse. Well, I had'nt been out long before she opened. The trail was right warm, and she streaked it: I could'nt see her, but she fairly whistled as she came by me, and the first thing I know'd, she treed, from a mile and a half to two miles off. I started to go to her, but I soon found out from the vig'rous manner in

which she barked, that it was no 'possum, but an old 'coon; and as old Jupe was never known to leave a tree, I concluded to go back."

"Well," said Rolfe, laughing; "that is the way the panther used you up, is it?"

"Now, Rolfe, that's no way to interrupt a man; if you want to hear the story, you must let me tell it in my own way."

"I beg pardon, Earth, I did not at the moment recollect, that a hunter must tell all the particulars of a story, or he will tell none of them."

"Well, that is a fact; if there are three or four out after a bear, and they kill him, when they get around a fire, they must all tell how it happened; each in his own way."

"Well, as I was saying, I concluded to go back, and started off. It was some distance to my cabin, and after getting on a piece, the night was so very moony and pleasant, that I thought I had just as well sleep out; and, upon looking around, I discovered a piece of oak bark, about seven or eight feet long, which came off a large tree, and which, if shut up at each end, would make something like a trough, and, if turned over, would make a safe cover, so I wheeled it over and crawled under."

"Why did you take such precaution?"

"Because the panthers were mighty bad, and if you were out by yourself, and did not have a fire, they would crawl over you to a certainty. Did I never tell you how one lit upon me while I was stooping down drinking out of my spring. You know where my spring is?"

“Yes, I know where your spring is; but go on with your first story.”

“Oh, yes; where did I leave off? Old Jupe had treed”——

“No, you told that,” said Rolfe, “you had just crawled under a trough.”

“Ah! I recollect; but, Rolfe, I wish you would’nt call it a trough, for I told you plainly that it was a piece of bark,—oak bark too,—seven or eight feet long;—came off a right smart tree.”

“I am all attention, Earth.”

“Well, I had crawled under,—every thing was very quiet,—there was no noise, except every now and then Old Jupe would give a short yelp, as if she was tired waiting; and I had fallen into a sort of doze, when I was waked up by something scratching at the bark; my waking up made some noise, and it went off a little distance, and then I could hear a low restless whine, and hear it moving its tail. I knew by the noise, ’twas a panther. Said I, there will be tough work to night, and just as I said so to myself, the thing lit all in a heap, right over my breast, on the bark; the bark creened up a little, but I soon gathered it down and gave a whoop; the panther squalled, and cut dirt, and which was the worst scared, I never knowed. Well, I hugged the bark down agin, and thought all was quiet, and was getting into another doze, when what should I hear, but that same low whine, and with the whine came the panther, right upon the top of the bark agin. I pulled it down, and whooped like thunder, and the panther went off a little way, and screamed.

I heard another one answer it, and, shortly after, I could hear them both walking round me. I now whooped agin and agin, and made a big noise; but they didn't mind me, and if they did, it was only for a few moments; and then they would come back and scratch around the bark. All I could do was to keep them from turning it over, and hard work it was. I never slept a wink more that night; but worked hard until day, when they went away, and I got out;—and wa'nt I mad? Yes, I was swelled up like one of these high land moccasins. I do believe I could have poisoned any thing by biting it. Old Jupe was still at the tree, and I made right for her; and did'nt I make that old 'coon pay for all I suffered that night."

"Well, now," Rolfe, "give us a story, you have heard mine."

"Thank you," Earth, "I can't tell stories; but I would have let that 'coon off."

Thus whiling away their time, they journeyed along through a country as beautiful and wild as boundless forests and extensive prairies could make it, and to all appearance untenanted, save by deer and buffalo, together with the hungry howling tenants of the waste. Avoiding the high bluffs and rivers, where the Indian villages were most likely to be situated, they travelled through the wildest portion of the country, and continued their journey in safety, governing their direction by the sun when it shone, and at other times by the moss, which indicated to them the north, as plainly as it could have been marked out by the magnet.

For subsistence, they had many wild fruits, and choice of all the game the country afforded. Herds of deer and buffalo, would browse along before them, seemingly fearless of the hunters, in the universal stillness of the scene around them. Yet when the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, and some selected victim fell prostrate to the earth, the remainder, both deer and buffalo, looking about them, and snorting wildly, bounded forward until they were lost to the view. Game was so abundant, that they rarely shot it, except at meal times, when a hasty fire was kindled, and a repast served up from the yet reeking carcass.

In a march through a country so wild and unsettled, there must have occurred many incidents sufficiently striking to impart an interest to our narrative; the sleeping out, night after night, in an enemy's country, surrounded only by wild beasts, or the still wilder savages; their long journey, and the loneliness of their situation, all conspired to create sensations, which are never felt under other circumstances.

On an evening, after a long day's march, the hunters selected a spot, whereon to pass the night, and while Earthquake prepared a fire, Rolfe was sent out to get a supper from a few buffalo which were seen feeding at no great distance. Moving along cautiously, he was enabled to approach sufficiently near, and having selected as his victim one which was separated from the herd, he fired; the ball entered, yet the animal seemed to regard it not, and

Rolfe proceeded to load again. But no sooner, in order to do so, did he stand out from the tree behind which he was concealed, than the buffalo made at him; for security, he again retreated behind it, and the bark flew off, as the enraged animal dashing by, grazed its side. Turning as quickly as possible, it again bounded towards him, and for some minutes, the struggle was kept up with the most determined spirit, Rolfe only saving himself from destruction by means of the tree. The animal, after many fruitless attempts, became tired, and Rolfe seizing the opportunity, retreated to some distance, from which, still within rifle shot, he kept up a regular fire. The buffalo received it with great sullenness, only twitching his muscles as the balls plumped him, or else shaking them from his matted forehead, as he would have done a buzzing fly.

Earthquake attracted by the constant firing, had set out in search of Rolfe, whom he found posted at a safe distance from the buffalo, and each eyeing the other, with the most marked ferocity. He had shot until he began to think his rifle had lost all virtue; and upon Earth's coming up, detailed to him the narrow escape he had made, and also his inability to bring him down.

"I am surprised at you," said Earth, "you have thrown away balls enough to kill half a dozen Ingens, and I had much rather go without any supper, than that you should have made so great a waste."

"Waste or not," said Rolfe, "I have never had

a harder battle than I have had with that buffalo, and if it takes every ball I have, I will not leave here until he drops."

"Then pass me your rifle, for I am tired waiting, and if we have not a steak soon broiling on the coals, from any part of him that you please, my name is not Earthquake."

Rolfe did as desired, and Earthquake, having thrown up the rifle, before its report was heard, the buffalo had sunk upon the ground, and already lay quivering in the agonies of death.

"Earth, where did you shoot him?"

"In the heart, to be sure."

"Well, if in the buffalo, that lies in the same place that it does in other animals, I have shot into it half a dozen times."

"Ah! there is where you have missed it, the heart of a buffalo lies at least six inches lower than it does in any other animal;—you should have shot it just under the fore legs. Now mind this, Rolfe, and it will save you many a ball, which you can stick into an Ingen to much greater advantage."

Having stripped up the hide, and cut therefrom as much as they wanted; they repaired to their fire, where they supped, and slept away the night.

CHAPTER VII.

"Why art thou thus in beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower!
Where the sound of song hath never passed,
From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb,
O lonely, loneliest flower!"

MRS. HEMANS.

NEARLY a month had passed away, and the hunters might be seen on the lands of the Wabash, where they searched every avenue for information, which promised the least hope. Telling their story to the border settlers, they readily obtained assistance, and ranged the country for miles in every direction, yet nothing could they learn tending either to allay their fears, or remove their suspicions. The greatest excitement prevailed in consequence of several murders having been committed a short time before, by either party, and nothing was heard but threats of vengeance. To quiet this disturbance, and keep the Indians from breaking out, Tecumseh had been sent, and in accordance with that deep policy which enabled him so long to conceal his intentions, he had succeeded in persuading them to

accompany him, and had gone, no one knew whither. With the departure of this party, went from the hunters all hope of finding the maiden. They would have gone to the residence of the Prophet, which was still higher up on the Wabash, but they had left him encamped with a roving band afar off in the prairies; and thither he in his wisdom had gone, to avoid the storm of excitement raging immediately on the frontier, which he himself had raised, and which, by means of his brother, he was now endeavouring to quell.

The hunters possessing now no clue whatever by which they could hope to find the maiden; and the unsettled state of the frontier rendering it dangerous as well as unpleasant to remain longer where they were, determined to return at once to Kentucky. The suspicion of Rolfe, that the lost maiden was she whom he had known in former days; and she whom alone he had ever loved, preyed upon his mind, until, what was before doubt, now almost became certainty. Earth did all in his power to cheer him, but his exertions produced scarcely any effect; worn with fatigue, and disappointed in the hope which had so long sustained him, that of finding her he loved, he became gloomy, and spent his time, brooding over visions of the past. This state of mind brought on a burning fever, and Earth, with a hope of recruiting him, rested on the bank of a streamlet which murmuring along, wound its way through the forest, and finally contributed its quota to the waters of the Wabash.

The intense anguish which Rolfe suffered, added to the fever, produced delirium, and while labouring under its effects, he gave vent to the smothered feelings of his bosom. Earth watched over him, not with the care of a friend, but with affection deep as that of a mother; bathed his heated temples, supplied all his wants, and still held out the hope of recovering her, who was the cause of all his sufferings. It was the second day, and Earth was still watching over his friend, when, approaching him from the direction in which his own journey lay, walked with hurried steps, one whose garb proclaimed him a border settler. He approached the hunters, and after the first civilities were over, addressing himself to Earth, said, in an audible whisper, "I've got him," and turning, as he said so, peeped over his shoulder.

"Who?" said Earth.

"An Ingen," was the brief reply, in a still lower whisper, "and he looked back again."

"What do you keep looking back for," said Earth, "afraid of a dead Ingen?"—

"No," whispered the stranger, "I'm in a hurry, good morning;" and he hurried away.

"There, Earth," said Rolfe, who had been roused by his presence, "you see the cause of the hostilities of the Indians; that fellow, most probably without the least cause, has shot one whom he caught out hunting."

"Then, there's a devil less;" said Earth, "But I don't believe I would have cared much if the In-

gen had killed him, for he is good for nothing; you see he is scared now."

Soothing Rolfe, Earth gradually drew him into conversation, and finding that his fever was leaving him, obtained his consent to recommence their journey on the following day. Making short stages, his health began to improve, and they wound their way along the banks of the rivulet on which they had rested. The close of evening found them at a point, where the lands sinking, became flat, and the little stream, unconfined by its banks, spread over their surface, and lingering, coursed slowly away in many rills, which parted but to meet again at a place not far remote. The marshy ground over which the hunters would have to travel in pursuing the direct line of their journey, was, with Rolfe, as he was just recovering, an objection to proceeding farther; and he proposed to Earth to stay where they were until morning should enable them to compass the difficulty. Earth readily consented, and selecting a dry and agreeable spot, they seated themselves, and after a few moments, unloosing his wallet, he emptied out the remains of his breakfast, which served them for supper.

Night had advanced an hour or two, and the hunters were still awake, when a flickering flame shooting up, threw abroad its glare, and often changed its position. It was soon observed, and at once gave rise to excitement and to speculation.

"What can it be," said Earth, "is it a spirit?"

He had scarcely spoken when another light be-

gan to dance in the air, then a third, and a fourth, flitting about, and changing position with the rapidity of thought.

“A four handed reel, by the powers above! Rolfe, Rolfe, it is all over,” and Earth, crouching upon the ground, sank overpowered with fear.

“What dost thou fear,” said Rolfe?

“Those spirits,” said Earth. “Hush, Rolfe; hush, or let us fly.”

“Nonsense,” said Rolfe, “they are merely ‘*ignes fatui*.’”

“Fat what, Rolfe?”

“Fat nothing;—they are what are termed grave lights, or *jacks with their lanterns*, produced in some measure by the decomposition of the dead animal matter.”

“No,” Rolfe, “it cannot be, see how they cross over, and leap up, and dart across, and then fly away;—they must be troubled spirits.”

“Earth, you are mistaken; I have seen them often before, and I assure you I have given the correct solution.”

“Now,” Rolfe, “tell me, is it true? You know I can face the living, but I cannot bear to meet the dead.”

“It is, I assure you. Have you never, while hunting, seen a *jack-a-lantern*?”

“A *jack-a-lantern*! yes, often; although I don’t even like *them* much.”

“Well, these are the same.”

"Oh, no."

"Indeed they are."

"Well, now, Rolfe, if you have any respect for me, hereafter call things by their proper names; if you had said they were *jack-a-lanterns*, I would have known at once what they were; but you said something about *knees fat*, and I took it for granted at once that they were spirits; although I might have known, if I had thought, that *jack-a-lanterns* were *greasy*."

Rolfe, amused at the idea of their being greasy, laughed outright, asking, "In the name of heaven, Earth, how did you find out they possessed that property?"

"Because I once caught one," said Earth, "and laid it out upon an old stump, as cold as a wedge."

Still more amused by this conceit, Rolfe replied, "you are the first man I ever heard of, Earth, who could catch one. Do tell us all about it, and rise up; I believe you are still frightened."

"No, I am not now;" then rising up, he said, "Rolfe, give me your hand," and Earthquake seizing it, drew it across his forehead. Rolfe again burst into a fit of laughter; for the perspiration stood in large cold drops.

Even Earth was now amused at the groundlessness of his fears, and together they proceeded to inspect more narrowly the moving lights.

"Suppose I put them out," said Earth?

"Well, do," said Rolfe.

"Then, hold my gun," said Earth, and he pass-

ed it to him, and began to make preparation for stripping.

Rolfe was convulsed with laughter, and Earthquake had already taken off his hunting accoutrements, before he was able to inquire into the nature of the attack he proposed to make on them. Having at length found a tongue, "Earth," said he, "do tell us how you mean to proceed."

"I know two ways to catch 'em," said Earth. "Now suppose you let me tell you how I *laid out* that one we were talking about."

"Do, I should like of all things to hear it."

"Well, one night, in the early part of the spring before we met, I was going through a part of that green swamp you have heard me speak of, when I *seed* a jack-a-lantern just ahead of me, dodging about in the swamp. So it turned out to be, but what sort of an animal it was, at that time I had not the least idea. I *trapesed* on after it, wondering what it was, and expecting every minute to catch it, for pretty near a mile and a half, when I found myself just about as near it as when I started. 'Twas a thing that old Jupe was afraid of, for she kept gitting between my legs and tripping me up, until I was so mad that I took a stick and beat her up into a big lump."

"Earth, what sort of a time had you?"

"Hush," Rolfe, "I did'nt want to say any thing about that, for the meanest thing I ever did was to follow a jack-a-lantern through a cane-brake. You may guess what sort of a place it was, when

I tell you I was obliged to give over hunting, and lay by for two days, to darn my breeches. It bothered me mightily; and I was sticking fast, up to my hips in mud, wondering what the devil it could be, when a notion struck me, that it must be a jack-a-lantern. All at once, I recollected how they used to tell me to ketch 'em; so I got out, and followed on a bit farther, and, thinking I should like to see what it was made of, I determined to put the *thing* out. Well, I stopped,—the jäck-a-lantern kept dancing before me,—I took off my jacket,—the jack-a-lantern got scared, and looked sorry,—I turned the inside towards him,—he grew fainter,—I began to pull the sleeves through, and by the time the whole jacket was wrong side out, he settled down and went out upon an old stump. Well, now you may laugh, but it is every word true."

Rolfe was scarcely able to speak:—"how do you know," said he, "that it did not merely go out for a little time, and then fly away to another place as these are now doing."

"What! that jack-a-lantern fly away,—the one that I put out;—I tell you, it has never troubled any body from that day to this; if it has, I don't know when a thing is dead."

"What proof have you of it?"

"Why, I saw it the next morning, *laid out* as I told you before, as cold as a wedge."

"Then, do tell us all about it, Earth."

"Well, when the thing fell upon the stump, as I knowed it would, when I took off my jacket,—for turning a jacket wrong side out never fails to kill

'em,—I took my hatchet and marked the place, that I might find it the next morning. So, soon after breakfast, I walked down there, merely that I might satisfy myself; and I had hardly got to the stump, before I seed the jack-a-lantern lying upon it, as I said before, cold as a wedge."

"How was it shaped," said Rolfe, "and what was its appearance?"

"I don't exactly know how it was shaped," said Earth, "but it looked all in a heap, as if you had emptied your two hands full of jelly upon the top of the stump."

Rolfe had been convulsed with laughter throughout Earth's narrative, and now sunk down overpowered at the finale.

"Earth," said he, "you are mistaken; what you saw was merely the gum which had exuded from the stump."

"Gum!"—said Earth, with a contemptuous sneer, "you must think I am a damn——" then stopping, and looking in another direction, "look there, Rolfe,—look, look."

He obeyed, and beheld a torch, borne by a human being.

"Can'st thou move?" said Earth.

"I can," said Rolfe.

"Then nerve yourself for a contest, if necessary, and let us see who venture here at this hour of the night. Who knows but this may furnish some clue to the lost maiden."

The above sentence infused strength into Rolfe; for it brought hope, and excitement, and but little

time elapsed before he announced to his friend, that he was ready ; and, moving forward, they began at once to reconnoitre the ground.

“There may be danger here,” said Rolfe, “we must be cautious, or we shall be offered as a sacrifice to the spirits of those who have been lately murdered.”

Then crouching down, they remained for some time silent, gazing at the light.

“It is borne by a woman,” said Earth; “an Ingen woman.”

“It is,” said Rolfe, “and she is alone.”

“I think so, for as yet I can see no one with her.”

“There may be,” said Earth, “but what can they have come for,—what can they be after? Rolfe, I tell you what, I feel right ticklish.”

“Hush, Earth, the torch is approaching; let us conceal ourselves, that we may examine more closely.”

“Agreed.”

“See, she stoops, and searches;—what can it be for?”

“I know not. Let us approach, and obtain her history.”

And leaving their cover, they soon stood before an Indian woman, who, at the moment of their approach, was stooping down, and examining an indentation, apparently made by a human foot. Having scrutinized it for a time, she shook her head, gathered up her torch, and moved on.

“Come, speak to her, Earth,” said Rolfe, “and find out what she is after.”

Whereupon, addressing her in the language common among the Indians residing near the frontiers, and which was a compound of the languages of several tribes, Earth said: “Our mother seeks for something lost,—does she mark the steps of the pale face, to find out the path to his wigwam, or does she seek for a red man, whose blood is crying from the ground.”

At this speech she turned whence the voice came, and gazed on the hunters, without discovering the least emotion or even surprise, and seeing the mark of another foot-print, she approached, caused the light to fall on it, closely examined its proportions, and again moved on.

“The white man’s heart is sorry,” said Earth, “he will help our mother.—Will she tell him for what she searches?”

Raising herself, and gazing for a moment on the speaker, she said, with a faltering voice, “I call, and he comes not; the vine has lost the tree which supported it.”

There was something so touching in her manner that even Earthquake was affected, and turning to Rolfe, he interpreted her words.

“Earth, she is the mother of that Indian whom that fellow killed.”

“Yes,” said Earth, “I’ll lay any thing she is;” and the only feeling of sorrow which ever crossed his breast for the death of an Indian, then passed over it. The hunters remained for some moments

silent, not knowing what to do, while the old woman continued her sad yet holy purpose.

“Come, Earth,” said Rolfe, “speak to her again; speak gently, and try and make her tell you her story, for there is something about her which very much affects me.” And following on, Earth again sought to draw her into conversation.

“Has thy husband gone to the settlements, and returned not,” continued he, “or dost thou seek in a son, the hope of thy evening hours?”

“He is gone,” said the mother, “he is gone. The tree was just beginning to cast its shade, the fountain would soon have become a running stream; but, alas! it is now dry. He is gone, he is gone, I call, and he comes not.”

There was something beautiful and touching in the mother's grief, and there was something startling, yet thrilling in her occupation. Alone, and in the dark hour of night, searching the forest that she might again behold the face of the dead. Her affection was so pure and deep, that even the hunters felt awed by the holy feeling which influenced her; and forgetting their own situations, sank for a time into silence, overcome by the emotions of the moment. Never was there a scene more striking, never was there one better calculated to make an impression lasting as memory itself.

“Earth,” said Rolfe, “how often have I thought of a battle-field, the scene of glory and of triumphs. While the contest rages, and victory having hovered doubtful of the issue, at last perches on some favoured standard, Oh! what a moment of thrilling

interest, of wild delight. Yet view the same field, the day after the battle, how sad the contrast! When the loud thunders of war have given place to deep silence; when the unburied dead still sleep upon the surface, and the helpless dying are seen writhing on the cold ground. So is it here; the border settler who caused the distress we see, was proud of his victory, and perhaps, at this moment, is telling its details; yet, think you, he could look upon the scene before us, and feel happy, in what he deems his hard won laurels?"

"I think not," said Earth, "I have never seen a sadder sight."

"And, yet," said Rolfe, "it is to gaze on a scene like this, that we peril our lives, and our fortunes. I have never felt satisfied, Earth, of the justice of the war we have waged, and perhaps ere a month passes may wage again; and there are moments, when I cannot but think, Heaven will pay us off with a just retribution at last."

"I know not how it will be," said Earth, "when I am in open warfare with them, I am clean without conscience, and I haint got much no how, where an Ingen is. Rolfe, I'll tell you some of these days how they sarved me. But in old mad Anthony's time, that was long before you ever heard of an Ingen, we use to use 'em up till I was right sick and tired of the business; and then, when I was so very tired, I use to think it wrong. But what are the opinions of Heaven upon the subject, I don't know, for the Ingens have done some shocking deeds?"

"Nor do I," said Rolfe, "but we were the aggres-

sors, we have forced them into hostilities, and the time will come, I fear, when they will live only in story."

"And do you seriously think, Rolfe, that Heaven will hold us accountable for merely killing Ingens?"

"Perhaps not us, Earth, but when we shall sleep with our fathers, and our little republic become the first power upon earth, their fate may then rise up in judgment against it."

"How; what is to happen?" said Earth, then stopping abruptly, "hush,—hush,—what noise is that?" and the next moment there galloped by a gang of wolves, frightened from their anticipated prey by the torch of the Indian mother, and having fled but a short distance within the forest, their dismal howls broke upon the stillness of night.

"See," said Rolfe, "those howling beasts have been feeding upon the dead, or else, perhaps, watching for the death of the dying; let us again seek the mother and aid her in her search; her son may yet live."

"With all my heart," said Earth, "for we cannot sleep while she continues it."

"Earth, is it not strange, that, entertaining so much hatred for the whites, and knowing that if her son be dead, a white man must have killed him, she did not vent either abuses or curses upon us."

"Yes, it is;—if she had, I should have felt less sorry than I do, and can only account for her conduct, by her whole soul being taken up with the object of her search."

"Is she not unusually devoted for an Indian mo-

ther? I always thought their feelings were less ardent than ours."

"That is a mistake;—the way they are brought up causes them to suppress their feelings, and to seem indifferent towards each other. Yet, there is no race under heaven who will suffer more privations for their children than will the Ingens."

Thus conversing, they again sought the mother, sympathized with her, and assisted in the search; and Earth, drawing her into conversation, learned the following particulars of her history:—

She resided several miles within the forest, and was seeking a son, her only child, who, a day or two before, had left her wigwam in search of game. Circumstances had induced her to believe that he had been murdered by the whites, and to confirm or remove her suspicions was now her object. Owing to the deadly enmity which existed between the two races, she feared to venture far from her wigwam during the day, and had prosecuted her search chiefly at night. One entire night she had passed in this way, and she had now commenced the second in the same fruitless manner.

Earth, with a view of consoling her, said, "Mother, thy son may think the long knives seek his death; he is swift of foot as the deer on the prairie; the deer, to avoid the dogs, flies."

"Stop," said the mother, "tell me not he fled:—could I believe that he, in whom my blood flows, would flee from a pale face, I would seek him, but it would be, to bury my knife in his heart. Oloompa fled!" and she burst into a flood of tears;—

“No, no, my son, thou didst not know how to flee. Thy blood lies clotted on this cold ground. Leave me, leave me,” she continued, “my son would rise from the dead, didst thou tell him he would flee from a pale face.”

Rolfe and Earthquake perceiving her distress, and appreciating her feelings, again endeavoured to soothe and console her.

“Earth,” said Rolfe, “talk to her; try, and persuade her to quit, she can do no good by remaining here.”

“I wish she would,” answered Earth, “for I am tired of it;” and again approaching her, he said, “Mother, thou hadst better give over thy search, and return to thy wigwam.”

“And wherefore shall I do that?” she replied; “Is it that my lodge shall tell of past joys no more to be enjoyed. Is it that I may listen to the voice of the lost, in every whispering breeze that passes? or is it to watch and see pass away the last tint from a drooping flower?”

“Thou hast spoken of a drooping flower, lives she still in thy wigwam, mother?”

“The sun gilds the morning and we are here,” said the mother, “evening comes, and we are gone.” And forgetting the question of Earth, she cried, “Oloompa!—Oloompa!—why wilt thou not answer me, my son?”

“Is the drooping flower thou spokest of a plant of the prairie,” said Earth, “or grew it far off on the lands of the white men?”

“It may have come from the clouds;” said the

mother:—"I sat in my wigwam, and cried for Oloompa, a vision appeared, and a maiden remained."

"And is she a pale face? mother, tell, we too seek the lost."

"Yes; as pale as the moon-beams which sleep on the snow."

"And lives she still?"

"The sun gilds the morning, and we are here," said the mother, "evening comes, and we are gone."

Earth, turning to Rolfe, quickly communicated the information obtained, and a vague impression was made on the minds of both that the maiden alluded to was she whom they sought. Rolfe was all anxiety, and repeated question after question in rapid succession for Earth to ask the mother, but he himself was now deeply interested, and addressing himself to her, continued; "Mother, if thou knowest any thing of the maiden, tell us, and make our hearts glad. She is dear to us; we seek to protect her. She had friends, they were many, they were happy, but the red men came among them, and she alone is left. Make glad our aching hearts, and accept our blessings."

"And what shall I tell thee?" said the mother. Then forgetting the hunters, again she cried, "Oloompa! Oloompa! Oh! answer thy mother," and she continued searching the forest.

Rolfe was now excited to the highest degree, and continued begging Earth to elicit quickly some particulars which would either dispel or confirm their suspicions.

"Let me alone, Rolfe," said Earth, "I'm doing

all I can; don't be in sich a swivet; if the gal is there, we'll git her;" then turning to the mother, he said, "Remains the maiden thou didst mention in thy wigwam still? If she does, mother! wilt thou tell us her condition?"

"Hast thou seen a deer," said the mother, "when after a long chase it escapes the dogs? It is fatigued,—it pants,—it lies down and sleeps,—so does the maiden."

"Rolfe," said Earth, "the old woman says the gal is there, and that she is tired and asleep."

"Then, oh! Earth, ask her if she is very beautiful, if her hair is light, and if she is very timid,—come, quick!"

"Earth put the questions desired, and the mother replied: "Hast thou gathered the loveliest flower which blossoms on the prairies,—cast it away, and a short time after seen it again? It is still beautiful, but withered,—the maiden reminds me of that. Knowest thou the golden colour of the sands on the Wabash? The same is the colour of the hair of the pale face. Hast thou caught a bird, and felt it tremble, and its little heart beat, when thy fingers pressed it? It is timid,—even so is the maiden."

"Rolfe," said Earth, "I have asked the old woman."

"Oh! tell me what she says, Earth?"

"She says, the gal is like a flower, that her hair is like yaller sand, and that she trimbles like you were to squeeze a bird in your hand."

"She is the same!" cried Rolfe.

Believing that he recognized her even in Earth's unpoetical description, tears of joy gushed from his eyes, and falling upon his knees, he poured out in fervent prayer, a thousand thanks to the God of heaven, for having so conducted his footsteps as to create a full hope of finding her who was the object of his search. Earth and the mother listened to it, as to the voice of inspiration. It was beautiful as an act of devotion, and, regarding the time and circumstances, nothing could be more impressive.

While Rolfe was speaking, Earth several times drew his sleeve across his eyes; but scarcely, however, had the last words of the prayer died away, and silence again resumed her reign, when a voice as if of anguish seemed to rise up from the ground. It was startling, and a feeling of horror thrilled through the frames of the hunters. But it touched a kindred chord in the ear of the Indian mother; and, moving forward, again she cried, "Oloompa!" and a voice answered, "Mother, art thou here?" Then burst forth a woman's shriek, and a shriek so loud, that the feeding beasts fled, galloping away,—owls flapped their wings, and hooted,—and the startling scream seemed to leap from tree to tree, as it entered the depths of the forest.—There was silence, and the Indian mother lay bending over the sinking frame of her son.

"Heard you that scream, Earth?"

"Do you see that Ingen, just behind you, Rolfe?"

"Where?" said Rolfe, starting, and at the same moment throwing up his gun, he looked about him.

“I don’t see him now,” said Earth, “but I thought I saw one when that woman screamed.”

“You are mistaken, Earth, it was mere fancy.”

“Nancy who, Rolfe? I wish we were well clear of her; if I was, I’d bind myself to quit chewing tobacco; that is, except a piece of red streak, now and then, if ever she laid eyes on me agin:—I don’t like her any how.”

The entire misconception of Rolfe’s speech, by Earth, caused a smile, sad as the moment was; but he suppressed it, having no time for explanation.

“Come, Earth, we must assist the mother.”

“I don’t wish to do it, Rolfe; for since she screamed, I have my doubts.”

“Then you must lay them aside, Earth, for you know the maiden whom we seek is at her lodge; moreover, humanity requires that we should render all assistance in our power.”

This remark brought Earth quickly to his duty, and approaching the mother, he began to make a light, and tenderly to inquire into the situation of her son. He proved to be an Indian youth, who had been shot down two days before, as was expected, by the border settler, and who with the constancy of a hero, had suffered until the present time, without either nourishment or assistance. The call of his mother, had for a moment aroused him; but the first flow of excitement having subsided, he again sunk into a stupor, and life seemed fast ebbing away.

The mother was still bending over her son, and

moistening his cheeks with the tears of affection, —when, “ Rolfe,” said Earth, “ do you make a large fire, and assist her, while I run to the stream we left, and bring some water.” It was soon done, and Rolfe returned with his hunting cup filled, moistened the lips of the Indian boy, and gave him drink ; and with it, came returning animation, and with returning animation, came hope ; and with hope, came cheerfulness to the heart of the mother.

Raising the boy, they discovered that both legs had been shot through, and yet no murmur escaped him. Even Earth, touched by his fortitude, now became more gentle and attentive, and lent his assistance to make him comfortable. A few moments sufficed to determine, that the only hope of recovery lay in his being carried to his mother’s lodge, where he might receive such attentions as were absolutely necessary. Although this proposition was made in a spirit of humanity, still the hunters had another inducement, namely, the desire of proceeding at once to the lodge of the mother, for the purpose of finding the maiden. It was agreed to, and Earth at once began to prepare a litter. Every moment now seemed to give renewed strength to the Indian boy, and he was soon able to converse a little. As Earth trimmed the sticks for the litter near the fire, the light fell on his features, and the boy observing this, asked, “ Mother, is not that a pale face ?”

“ It is, my son, but he is kind to the red men.”

She had scarcely spoken, before her son stretched

out his arm, as if to strike. It fell feebly, and only gave intimation of what he would do, if he had the power. He then said in the Shawanee tongue, "go away."

"Do you see that, Rolfe?" said Earth, "that fellow is all pluck; 'tis a pity he is a red skin. I am sorry for him, and I will try and set him up, if it is only to have a fair crack at him some future day, when he gets well." Then turning to the boy, he said, "when Earth shoots you, my good fellow, he will not leave you to lie suffering for two days; he won't be so barbarous."

The boy turned his eyes towards Earth, but said nothing. Rolfe, who understood Earth's character, who knew how much kindness and gentleness there was under his rough exterior, gave in to his humour, and said, "you have a queer way of giving consolation, Earth."

"Did you not hear the mother say I was kind to the red men? you know I am, Rolfe. I never let 'em suffer long, I do the thing genteely. Now, I should like to meet this lad when he gets well, just to show him how much difference there is between being killed, that is, as I would kill him, and that is genteely, and being mangled up and left to die for two days."

"I don't imagine, Earth, he feels much curiosity on the subject; if he gets over this, he will no doubt be satisfied."

"Get over it, indeed!—surely he will, the Ingens know the use of so many yerbs, that, with them, I believe they can make a leg, much more cure one

that is only shot ; they are proper nice hands with yerbs, I tell you."

While thus conversing, Earth was diligently at work, preparing the litter for the removal of the boy ; and having finished it, the hunters approached, and with as much tenderness as if they had been about to remove a brother, lent their assistance. The boy, though evidently very weak, still manifested some displeasure against Earth, and having discovered that Rolfe was likewise a pale face, he grew still more agitated. The mother said many soothing things, and endeavoured to appease him ;—the boy spoke not, but pointed to his mangled limbs. The mother then requested the hunters to assist her in placing her son upon the litter ; they did so, and though every possible kindness was used, their acts were as wormwood to the Indian boy.

Every thing being now prepared, and the party ready to set out upon their journey, the mother took up one end of the litter, while Earth held the other, and with Rolfe carrying a torch, and leading the way, which the mother pointed out, they moved forward. Repeatedly, however, had Earth to check the ardour of his companion, and cause him to walk more slowly. The excitement, under which he had been labouring for several hours, had imparted strength to his weakened frame, and the hope of soon seeing her, who, for so long a time, had been the theme of so many waking dreams, urged him on ;—"Yes," he communed with himself, "but a few hours more, and I shall embrace her, who has

been the guiding star of my earlier days ; her, whose recovery is to me the goal of all my earthly hopes." And then, when he reflected upon the surprise he would create, the pleasure it would give him to restore her to her friends, he grew wild with joy, and could scarcely restrain himself. And then the fate of her family would pass before him, the loss of her friends, and her desolate condition, and seeing her wretched, dejected, and heart-broken, he was plunged in the deepest sorrow. Then these thoughts would fade away, and there would rush by the first moment of recognition, with its wild delight, its joy, its heavenly bliss ;—and then would follow on the thought, that she must at once be restored to her friends in Virginia, that his lot was cast in a different land, and then, that she might have forgotten him, and that some one more fortunate might possess her affections. Then again he grew sad. Thus alternating between different passions, he gave full play to the suggestions of his fancy.

While these thoughts occupied the mind of Rolfe, Earth and the mother had been slowly wending their way along with the litter, having stopped several times from fatigue. Rolfe attended them closely, but with them he seemed to have no communion of feeling ; his thoughts were of other things, and he heeded not the conversation which was passing between Earth and the Indian mother.

“ Rolfe, heard you that story ? ”

Rolfe was silent.

“ Rolfe ! ”

He started from his reverie :—" What will you have, Earth ?"

" Why, I have been talking to you for several minutes, and you hav'nt heard a word."

" Indeed, Earth, my thoughts have been pretty constantly in the wigwam of the mother."

" Your thoughts had better rest elsewhere, for from what I have gleaned from the mother, I now have a doubt, if the maiden lives, and if she does, she may not be the same we seek."

This was perfectly startling to Rolfe, for the suggestion had not before entered his brain.

" How ! what ! what is the matter," cried he ;— and he made Earth again detail every circumstance of the conversation he had held with the mother.

Here were two additional sources of trouble, and harrowing were they to the soul of Rolfe. But his spirit was a sanguine one, and the examination only served more fully to confirm him in his opinion.

" Yes !" he cried, " she is the same, and she still lives !"

" I wish it may prove so," said Earth.

Day had now dawned, the Indian boy was gently sleeping, and Earth and his mother were bearing him slowly along, when she announced that her wigwam was at hand. Rolfe, buoyed with hope, eagerly moved forward. A few moments passed, and a small cabin was seen in the forest. Rolfe darted forward,— " it is not mine," said the mother. He stopped, dispirited, and dejected. A few moments more elapsed, and another appeared,— " it is

mine," said the mother. Again Rolfe bounded forward, reached the cabin, and entered.

Earth and the Indian mother also hurried on, and having reached her lodge, they gently deposited the litter,—the mother, that she might make preparations for the reception of her son,—and Earth, that he might gaze on her who was the object of his search. Having entered her wigwam, what a startling vision met his sight! Stretched on a rude frame, over which were spread a few skins, lay a female figure, but partly covered, and over it, with eyes fixed in horror, bent Rolfe. The figure was youthful and delicate, and her hair, which was damp and cold, having fallen somewhat over her face, veiled her features; but she was pulseless, lifeless; and the cold dews of death had already settled upon her! and yet, no word escaped Rolfe. Still he gazed in the fixedness of horror. Earth, equally incapable of acting, likewise remained a silent spectator, until the mother entering, approached, and removing the hair from the face of the maiden, saw that her eyes were set, and glazed, and cried, "she is gone, she sleeps, and will wake no more."

At this annunciation, Earth turned away, with tears streaming down his face, while Rolfe, as if waked into life, bent nearer, gazed more intently, and cried, "it is not she."

The best tidings could not have given Earth more comfort; he approached, and waited with fearful anxiety, a farther examination of her features.—

“No,” said Rolfe, “it is not she whom we seek ;” and turning away, he also found relief in tears.

Earth seemed happy that things were no worse, and but little time was now allowed for sympathy with the dead ; for the mother approached, and told Earth, that the frame on which the maiden lay, she wished to spread with skins, for her son, and added, “to the ‘Drooping Flower’ it is now a matter of little moment, whether she lies high or low.” So thought Earth, for wrapping the delicate figure in the skins which partly covered it, he placed it on the floor, in a corner of the cabin, saying, “mother, let it remain here, until we shall determine what to do with it.”

“While I prepare a bed, wilt thou make a fire ?” said the mother. It was soon done, and Earth and the mother, bearing along the Indian boy, placed him on the rude couch prepared for his reception. While these little arrangements were making, Rolfe, overpowered by disappointment, and the rush of feelings which crowded upon his mind, had left the lodge, and afterward Earth having joined him, they withdrew to a short distance.

“Earth, what thinkest thou of the scene we have just witnessed ?”

“Indeed, I know not what to think. I am glad, however, she was not the maiden we seek.”

“I scarcely know whether I am or not,” said Rolfe, “if she had been the same, her sufferings would now have been ended, and I should have performed the last sad office she could have requir-

ed from man. As it is, I shall no more see her, and if she has not already writhed at the stake, pain and suffering, and a broken heart will be her fate."

"It is sad," said Earth, "think of it as you will; all hope for the present is gone, and when we leave here, my advice is that we make for the settlements, and by mingling with men, try and forget the past."

"It is well to do so; but, Earth, did you ever know so many sad events to occur in so short a time? The scene last night, I shall never forget. —Yet, what can be more startling than the one this morning?"

"I have witnessed many sad scenes, Rolfe, and so must every one who lives as long as I have in these woods. I have seen the suffering of years packed into a few short minutes, and yet I must confess, nothing has ever come over me with more icy coldness than the fate of that gal."

"She is young and beautiful," said Rolfe, "and, oh! the intense anguish she must have suffered! Did you see how her feet were torn, and bruised by travel? and it seemed to me, that in addition to her other sufferings, she died of hunger. But who is she? and where did she come from?"

"Even the mother can't tell that," said Earth. "She has been taken captive by the Ingens, and made her escape, or else wandering off from some emigrant family, was lost."

"Then she is gone," said Rolfe, "and there is no possible clue by which we can trace her history;

and I was about to say, she died, and there was no friend to see her buried ; but, though strangers to her, Earth, we are friends in misfortune, and her last sad rites shall be performed by us, as brothers would do it over an affectionate sister."

Earth's eyes filled with tears,—he spoke not.

"Come, we must perform the last duty," said Rolfe, "let us select a spot for her grave."

"I hate," said Earth, "to leave one so young alone in a wilderness, and among strangers ;—even her little spirit will be afraid to go abroad, lest it should meet a red skin."

"Her spirit, I hope, is in heaven," said Rolfe, "and though I regret the duty we are now to perform, still, since it must be done, let us begin."

The preparations were soon made, and the hunters returned to the wigwam, explained to the mother the course they were about to pursue, and demanded the body of the maiden. She gave it up, but was dissatisfied that the burial was to be a silent one, and, in her kindness, suggested the propriety of hiring some Indians to come and weep over the dead.

Earth explained to her, that to hire persons to mourn, was not customary with the whites ; "and her spirit will not rest easy," continued he, "if the Ingens sit howling and yelling over her grave."

These reasons seemed to satisfy the mother, and she left the hunters to wait upon her son.

The spot, as I before mentioned, having been selected, a grave was dug, and the hunters leaving the mother, bore along, shrouded in skins, the last

remains of the stranger maiden. She was, no one knows who;—she came, no one knows whence, and now rests in a strange land.

Yes, on a little knoll, which rose hard by, and which receives the full beams of the morning sun, broken only by the wild vines which creep over it, sleep the last remains of the stranger maiden!—No tell-tale stone is reared where she rests; yet she lives in story, and many a dusky maid has sung her fate in the following lines :

Indian maidens, come and weep
 O'er this lowly mound ;
 Let your grief within be deep,—
 Whoop not, howl not, for the sleep
 Of the pale face is not sound.
 No mother watched her parting hour,
 No sister cheered the “ Drooping Flower.”

Know ye whence the rippling stream,
 Whence the wintry blast,
 Whence the mad storm-spirit's scream,
 Whence the vivid lightning's beam,
 Or whither it has past?—
 Thus was the maiden to us borne,
 Thus from us has her spirit gone.

For as she droop'd, and ere she fell,
 She said her spirit did not love
 With her below on earth to dwell,
 And oft times has been heard to tell,
 That it would soar above.
 It claim'd no home on earth below—
 It would not stay—it long'd to go.

Great Spirit ! lend thy gracious ear,
 Tho' not for dusky maid we pray,
 Let thy protecting care be here,

Let the pale face know no fear,—
 Guide her spirit on its way.
Far beyond the Eagle's flight,
To the realms that know no night.

Indian maidens, weave the vine,
 Weave the sweetest blooms among ;
Plant the rose and eglantine,
And a shady bower we'll twine ;
 While each morn shall hear our song :—
Blow softly breezes,—gently wave
The wild flowers o'er the stranger's grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

“With various converse thus they whiled the way,
Till lengthening shadows marked the closing day.”

PARNELL.

ROLFE and Earthquake deeply sympathized with the Indian mother, and remained with her several days for the purpose of supplying her and her son with food. As their stay was prolonged, each day the aversion of the Indian boy to the hunters, seemed gradually wearing away, and the mother was sensibly moved by their kindness. She expressed great gratitude, was even assiduous in her attentions, and pressed upon them again and again the rude hospitality of her wigwam. Upon conversing with her, Earthquake ascertained that her name was Pukkwana, and that of her son, Oloompa; and observing that she seemed kind in her feelings, he narrated to her the story of the captive maiden.

Her feelings were much enlisted in favour of the hunters by the recital, and she spoke harshly of the Indians who had committed so great a crime. Earth then dwelt upon the anxiety of Rolfe, and begged her, if she could suggest any plan which would pro-

bably enable them to find the maiden, to do so, and accept their blessings.

Pukkwana, in answer, said, she could suggest nothing, but again renewed her professions of gratitude, and stated, that as soon as her son should recover, they would cheerfully use all their exertions to discover the fate of the maiden, and if she lived, forward intelligence of the fact to the hunters at their own residence. Earth hearing this, repeated it to Rolfe, who was delighted at having interested Pukkwana in the search, and he begged Earth to try and obtain the same promise from her son, and at the same time to press upon them both his conviction that only through their endeavours was there a hope of obtaining any information. Earth made the request as desired, and the Indian boy readily complied. They were grateful for the kindness of the hunters, and promised not only to extend their search through their own, but also through the neighbouring tribes. The difficulty of conveying the information in the event that the captive was found, was then adverted to. But Pukkwana stated that with not more speed, would the eagle wing its way to its nest, than, if successful, should the tidings be borne to Rolfe. With this the hunters were satisfied, and began to make preparations for their journey.

“Stay, Earth,” said Rolfe, “suppose they were to find her, and some how or other I have great hopes they will, how would she know who it is that seeks her.”

“The boy and the old woman both know your

name, and also, where you live," said Earth, "they will tell her."

"But suppose I write a line, Earth, it will not take long, and in case it ever reaches her, will explain every thing."

"Very well, then, do so."

In a moment Rolfe trimmed into a pen a quill which was lying on the ground, and gathering an oak ball, which grew near at hand, traced on the back of an old letter, the following lines:—

"With what emotions, my love, I now write, you can never know. Am I right in the supposition that your family lately left Petersburg for the west, and that you are now alone and a captive among the Indians? Oh! distracting thought!—how the bare suspicion of it maddens me. And yet, if it be true, know that I witnessed the scene on the Ohio, and have been in constant search of you since. Recollections of the past, connected only with you, are still the most pleasing reminiscences of my life; and oh! if so sad a calamity as that which I dare not mention has befallen you, name it to the bearer of this, who will tell it to me, and I will fly on the wings of love, to soothe, console, and restore you to your friends. I am now residing at Bowling Green, in Kentucky, and should these lines ever meet your eyes, believe me, dearest, I remain, what I have ever been, your most affectionate friend.

"R. ROLFE."

Then folding them up carefully, he requested Earth to give them to Pukkwana, and enjoin it upon her, that they were to be given to the maiden, in the

event of her being found. Firm relations of friendship were now established between Rolfe and the two Indians, and even Earth seemed to forget in his conduct toward them, the deep bitterness of feeling he entertained for their race. Requiring a renewal of the promise, on the part of Pukkwana, the hunters made many kind wishes for the welfare of herself and son, and again resumed their journey.

“Well, Earth,” said Rolfe, “as they proceeded along, the scene we have witnessed here has been a sad one.”

“You may say that,” replied Earth;—“it is to me like a dream. But it is now over, and I say, let us return, and trust to Providence; it is idle to attempt any thing more. If we should hereafter hear any tidings of her, we can then act according to circumstances.”

“God only knows what will or can happen,” said Rolfe. “I fear my fate is sealed. The loss of her for whom alone I lived, will embitter the remainder of my days. Poor girl, how sad must be her fate.”

Earth’s eyes filled with tears :—“Come, Rolfe,” said he, “no more of this, let us go home and go to work.”

“I have no spirit for exertion, Earth; my hopes are blighted: the future is to me a dark and dreary waste, and through it I care not what my path may be.”

“Ah! Rolfe,” said Earth, “now you go too far. In the first place, you don’t know whether she is the same girl, and you had better write to Peters-

burg, and learn that; and if she is, pity her, and talk of her as much as you please; but don't talk of giving up; no body ever made any thing by that. If you give up, you have got to live afterward, and one had better go to work, and be respected, than to poke about, and do nothing. But your country needs your services:—man! go, mingle in her councils, and make Earthquake proud of his adopted brother. Though times are rather squally, I hardly think there will be a war, and if there was, you are not overly clever with a gun; and you don't think right about killing Ingens no how; but, perhaps in a legislature or a court-house, you might make the wool fly."

"I dare say your advice is good, Earth, and we will talk of this matter another time; but it is hard to surrender the cherished hope of years. Earth, were you ever in love?"

"Ah! Rolfe, there you are too hard for me, I hardly know what to say about that."

"Surely," said Rolfe, "you must know whether you were ever in love or not."

"No, I don't," said Earth;—"I have sometimes felt queer."

"How? what do you mean by queer?"

"Why, don't you know what I mean by queer?"

"No," said Rolfe; "how should I know."

"Well, I mean that sometimes, when I have seen some of our Kentuck' gals, I've felt right funny;—felt as if somebody was drawing a briar over me. Now, if you call that love, I have been in love."

“Well, I think you have,” said Rolfe, “and that you have felt one of its strongest symptoms. Do you know any body that you would marry?”

“No, not a living soul; nor, for the matter of that, a dead one either. I marry! what for? To be always toating a wife through the woods, or across the swamps, to keep some damn'd red skin from taking her hair off? Wouldn't she see rough times? Fool who?—She'd be all sorts of a gal who catches me.”

Rolfe could not resist laughing, and observed:—
“You have queer ideas of wedlock, Earth.”

“Oh! I don't know,” said Earth, “a wife is a queer thing; and getting one is like taking a varment out of a hollow;—you don't know until you have got it into your hand, what sort of a thing it is.”

“That may be the case sometimes, Earth; but how delightful it must be to have for a companion, a lovely woman, whose every thought is virtuous and innocent; and then to have that woman so devoted to you, that her only pleasure consists in doing those things which make you happy.”

“That may be very fine, Rolfe; but I know that there ain't sich a gal in these parts, and I don't believe sich a thing ever happens.”

“Yes, Earth, it happens, when persons of congenial minds and dispositions are united, before they reach that scheming period of life in which interest sways all their actions.”

“Oh! now, Rolfe, you are talking too pretty for me; I don't know what it all means. I can only

say this, that if I was to marry, I would pick a wife as I would a horse, and be governed altogether by looks."

"And then, Earth, you might have just cause to think of wedlock as you do now."

"Oh! I don't know; its well enough in its way. I shall never marry; I don't like your small gals no how you can fix it, and if I was to choose one for myself,—and you know I wouldn't let any body choose for me,—I should have a mighty heavy team; for, besides going for good looks, I should like a very large wife."

"Then your taste is fortunate, Earth, and you will be the less apt to be plagued by rivals.—They are troublesome things."

"I don't care what my taste is," said Earth, "I will never have a rival; for, if I was to see a lady and love her, and any body else was loving her before me, I would back out. But if I was to see her first, and take notice of her, I should regard her just as I would a 'coon which I had treed:—I suppose you know, Rolfe, what I would do with a man if he was to trouble a 'coon which old Jupe had treed?"

"I think I can imagine, Earth; but come, let us be serious, and talk of something else."

"Rolfe," said Earth, "I never saw a good reason for a man being serious when he could be cheerful.—Now, if you want to be serious, I'll tell you a story:—I'll tell you one that made me serious once for a whole day."

"Then give it to us," said Rolfe.

“Very well,” said Earth, “be all attention, and you shall hear it.”

“I am,” said Rolfe.

“Well,” began Earth, “I was living, when it happened, upon that piece of land I bought of the squire, and a hard bargain it was,—I think he gouged me in that trade; but that’s neither here nor there;—as I said before, I was living on it. I had been hard at work, for several weeks, killing a parcel of trees, and trying to get ready a small clearing for my next year’s crop, when I thought I would step over to one of my neighbours, swap a lie or two, and hear what was going on. He lived about ten miles off, by the near way, but much further to go round by the swamp. So, taking the near path, I went over one evening, and, what I hardly ever did before, I forgot to take my gun along. I found the old fellow at home, and as soon as I got seated, I went hard to work and talked him full. After a while he got a chance, and come at me, and he made up for lost time;—he talked me all over and about in spots, until I was tired. Then he was just getting under way, so I turned in and the next morning, rising up very early, I started back.”

“Well, I think it ought to have made you serious,” said Rolfe.

Earth was a little confused at Rolfe’s remark, but replied:—“Come, Rolfe, don’t judge a man so hard,—you won’t hear me through,—I was just greasing a little before starting out.”

“Go on, then, Earth.”

“ Well, as I said, I had started back, and had got along some two or three miles ;—the sun was rather better than an hour high, and every thing was right still, when I saw ’long the path, where a great big bear had turned over a log,”——

“ How did you know that a large bear turned it over ?” said Rolfe.

“ Because,” said Earth, “ the log was a large one, and it was rolled over and over, to some distance—a small bear could hardly have moved it, and then you know he would only have slipped it one side.”

“ Earth, what do they turn them over for ?”

“ Rolfe, you ax too many questions. They turn them over to get the bugs and insects which are generally under them.”

“ Then go on, Earth.”

“ Well, when I saw the signs, I felt mighty bad ;—I had no gun—old Jupe wan’t with me, and I never had been known to pass a bear in that way, without taking any notice at all of him ; so, I considered :—my knife was in my belt, sharp as I could wish it :—I took it out and drew the edge across my thumb ; I felt satisfied that it would stand me good service, and I started off, determining in my own mind that I would at least take a look at him ; and, if I couldn’t do any thing, that then I would go home. Keeping a sharp look out, I got upon his tracks, and followed on ; I kept seeing where he had been feeding, and after going along for nearly a mile, in a thick place, just ahead of me, I come upon him. He didn’t notice me at first ; so I stood and looked at him, and raised up my arms

and took sight off my finger, just as if I had a gun. I could have blowed him to pieces. But 'twant nothing;—Oh! I did hate it.”—Saying so, Earth took off his hat, and rubbed his hair. “He was a peeler; it fairly made my mouth water to look at him. But there was no use in staying there: so I began to talk to him, and treating me with the utmost disgust, he buckled off, and began to let himself out, link at a time. I wan't much pleased at his conduct, and I knowed, if he would only keep out of the swamp, that I could run him to the girth; so I started after him:—he saw me coming, and the way that he and I did curl it for about half an hour, was curious. I tell you what, we made every thing clear the track as we moved along.

“We were going up a hill, and I was gaining upon him right fast, when all at once I saw him jump up, as if over something, and then change his direction; and then sich a rattling I never did hear. I thought there were at least forty snakes all up in a lump. So I forgot the bear, and stopped to look at 'em; and as long as I had been in the woods, I had never seen any thing like it before. As I stopped, they separated, and I saw that there were only two,—that they were the real rattles, taking a regular fight. A fight, Rolfe, you know I always see, if there is any chance; so I jest planted myself, determining to look on, and see that they had fair play. Both of 'em were larger than the biggest part of my arm, and as near as I could guess, about six feet long. When they first separated, they

crawled off in different directions a few yards, and then stopping, began to lick themselves, just as if they were a couple of dogs. While they were doing this, they would occasionally raise their heads, and look about 'em for a time, and then begin licking agin. They were so long at this, that I began to think that they were not the real genuine pluck, but that they were getting tired of it, and wanted to crawl off. However, I begged their pardons for thinking so hard of 'em, for after resting a while, just long enough to cool out a little, one of 'em roared; he made a noise like an ox at a distance, and I tell you what, I trimbled all over. I then noticed them agin, and saw that they were very nearly the same size,—that one was of a dark, dingy brown colour, while the other was a bright yaller, covered with dark spots. It was the yaller looking one that first roared; and as soon as he finished, he raised his head about a foot and a half high, curved his neck like a horse, and then bringing his tail over his back, jest as if he had been nicked, he began to wave it horizontally. There was a string of rattles to it, about as long as my hand, and he shook 'em occasionally. It made the chills creep over me to look at him, he seemed to do it so boldly, and I thought he merely did it, to have some music to go to war with.

“Well, when the yaller one roared, it was just like putting a shovel of hot coals on the old brown;—he fairly squalled. He was so mad, that in an instant he raised his body nearly half as high as he was long, and began to peep about him, at the same

time, raising his tail up about six inches, and rattling as if he would shake every bone out of his skin. He was proper mad, I tell you, and trembled like he had an ague.

“ But he wan’t satisfied with merely squalling and rattling; for he quit that, and opening his mouth about wide enough for me to get my fist in, began to stretch his head out, and draw it back; and then sich hissing, Rolfe, you never did hear. The yaller one stood his ground like a man:—there didn’t seem to be any back out about him, and when the old brown began to hiss, he opened his mouth until I thought he would swallow himself, and the way he did blow was nothing to nobody. I thought there was a small hurricane coming up. Well, now their dander was so high, they couldn’t stand it any longer:—so at it they went. They glided off,—their heads and tails were both up;—there wan’t more than about three feet of their bodies on the ground;—and they began to encircle each other like a couple of chickens. They had now quit hissing and squalling, and only rattled once in a while, looking each other straight in the face all the time. Every time they went round, I saw that they were getting closer and closer, and they looked to me just like two fellows of the true spunk, who had stripped and were eyeing each other, before taking a round. They were going at it so seriously, it naturally made my hair rise up. They were by themselves,—there was no other snake present, to cry hurra for one, or well done for the other, a thing you know which helps mightily sometimes;—but

they were going to try it, rough, roar, and tumble for life.

“ Well, now I was jest as much interested as if I had come across a couple of men who were going to take a brush. I clean forgot the bear, and if the snakes had fought till sunset, I meant to see ’em out, and give ’em all the fair play that I knew how. I left them, you know, circling round :—they went round, I think, as much as three times, when the first thing I knowed, they were both in a knot, and sich squeezing and swelling, and rattling, and creeping through one another, I never seed before in all my born days. They would lock their bodies together, and twist ’em just like the working of a worm into a screw, and all the time their mouths were so wide open, that I thought each one was trying to swallow the other.

“ Rolfe, I don’t care what people say, I won’t believe that snakes have bones in ’em, for you couldn’t have tied a thread into more knots than I saw them get into that day. They may be filled with small gristles.”

“ Go on with your story, Earth,” said Rolfe.

“ Well, I left ’em kinked up,—they were tangled for nearly half an hour ;—and what do you suppose I was doing, then ?”

“ Ah! God knows,” said Rolfe, “ it is more than I can tell.”

“ Why, jest looking at ’em, and straining and twisting every joint almost out of place, following them in their motions. I did this without knowing

it, and I never should have found it out, if I hadn't begun to feel sore all over.

“Well, to go back to the snakes:—I now saw that the old brown had ketched a double on the bright yaller, and was spinning his neck out, to about the size of my thumb. His body now began to unkink, his tongue come out several inches, and soon after, poor fellow, the old brown had laid him out, straight as a fishhook. However, it had been a fair fight, and a hard one, and after it was over, the old brown blowed jest like he had ris up from a pond of water, where he had been under longer than he wanted to, and crawling off to some distance, stretched out, and began to lick himself.

“Well, I was right sorry, and I looked on for some time, and hardly knowed what to do; but I saw 'twas all over, so, drawing my knife, I walked up to the bright yaller, and lifting up his tail, fetched a wipe, and took off his rattles.—I thought they belonged to me, for seeing fair play. But to my surprise, as I did so, I felt his tail slip through my fingers, and saw that the poor fellow had come to, and was moving off. But, Rolfe, in cutting them off, I made 'em rattle, and sich another squall as the old brown did set up,”——Here Earth whistled. “He hadn't been mad before:—he now doubled himself up in a hoop, and made after me. I streaked it; the faster I run, the more noise I made, and looking behind, I saw him rolling on; every time he turned over his eyes come up like two coals of fire in a dark night. He gained upon

me, so I dropped the rattles, and as I did so, he settled down upon 'em, and spun round jest like he was a top. I thought it was a good time to get clear, so I slipped off, and continued my way home."

"And that's what made you serious," said Rolfe.

"No, it ta'int," said Earth, "it might have made me serious; but since you think so lightly of it, I should like to know what would make you serious."

"You mistake me, Earth, I do not, it is a good story, and I merely asked for information, come, go on."

"Well," said Earth, "since I see you believe in what I told you, and know how to appreciate the snakes, I will."

"After I left the old brown spinning round, as I was saying, I took the nearest direction, and started off for home; I had walked along, I suppose, that is, as near as I can come at it, about two miles, when here 'twas agin."

"What?" said Rolfe.

"Why the same bear that I had gin sich a race in the morning. He was setting up in a tree eating acorns."

"How do you know 'twas the same?" inquired Rolfe.

"Do you know your horse?" said Earth.

"Yes."

"Well, then I know my bear. And as I was saying, he was setting up in a tree; I looked at him for a

while, and then he looked at me. He knowed I hadn't a gun, for he went up a little higher, and getting out upon a limb began to eat as if I want there. 'Twas a mighty trying thing to me, to see him do so, for 'twas conduct I wa'nt at all used to; so I scratched my head a while, and begun to think, and a notion struck me."

"What was it?" said Relfe.

"Why, I saw in the first place, that he was a tremendous fellow; and that the limb he was on was so far from any other, that he couldn't jump off it, without coming down upon the ground; and if he did that, he was so heavy, I was pretty sure he would break some of his joints. So I drewed my knife once or twice across my shoe, and started up; every thing went well, the higher I got up, the further out he went upon the limb; his head was from me, and the limb was so small I knowed he couldn't turn round. So I crawled right at once to where it branched off from the tree, and drawing my knife, I determined if he left that limb he should jump off. He now began to think how ticklish he was situated, and he was mightily scared; he trimbled all over, and kept squatting as if he would jump, but he couldn't git his courage up; he then tried to turn round, and would have come at me head foremost, but the limb was so small he couldn't, and he squatted down and cried like a child. He thought he could make me forgive him, but tw'ant nothing. I began to shake, and he slipped, but he caught and swung with his body under the limb; he made a

mighty pitiful cry, and scrambled up agin. He knew it wouldn't do to stay so far out, that I would shake him off, so he began to back right to where I was, thinking he could back by me. I was laying on the limb, and he run upon me so fast, that he like to have knocked me off, he pressed agin me mighty hard, and I hadn't fair play, but I got at my knife, and making over hand licks I popped it into him every time. I hadn't a good purchase, and he stood it so long, that I began to think there was no point to my knife. But after a while the metal told, and he backed out, and crawled towards the end of the limb agin. I kept seeing him turn his head towards his rump, and I knew then I had been into him. But I had done no good, for there he seemed resolved to stay, I hollowed and shook, and did every thing I could, but he would'nt budge an inch. So I resolved to crawl after him, knowing that if I could only git one more lick, he would be sure to jump off. It was a mighty ticklish business, but I stretched out, and began to pull myself along, I felt the limb bend, but I saw if I could only get one foot further, I could reach him. So I drew myself up, and stretched out:—I heard a mighty crash,—and the first thing I knowed I waked up about sunset, jist as if I had ris from a sound sleep. I did'nt know where I was, until I looked about and saw the limb which had been broke off; then it all come upon me like a dream. The bear was gone, I saw the print where he fell, and that was all he left me, so I made tracks for home, determinin' that I

would'nt get into another scrape that day. Now, Rolfe, that's the time when I was serious, when I was lying under that tree."

Thus amusing themselves, they continued their journey, to perform which, we must leave them, while we bring forward other parts of our story.

CHAPTER IX.

“But winter has yet brighter scenes, he boasts
Splendours beyond what gorgeous summer knows,
Or autumn, with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come, when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.”

BRYANT.

NETNOKWA, whom we left journeying to the lands of the Wabash, visited the friends whom she was seeking, remained there sometime, and then with her daughter and captive proceeded up far into the regions of the North-west. Several months had elapsed, and the maiden, of whom no tidings had been heard since her capture, might be seen standing in the door of a bark hut, situated on the borders of Rainy Lake, and gazing anxiously out as if expecting the arrival of some one. She was closely muffled up in furs, and with increasing anxiety in her countenance, would ever and anon step forth, and search in every direction the dreary waste. Yet she remained out but a moment, for the snow was falling fast, the earth was already covered to some depth, and the winds as they hurried eddying past, drifted it up in heaps. Forced in by

the pitiless storm, she again resumed her situation at the door.

A few months, what changes they sometimes produce! Yes, only a few months had passed, and how changed in appearance was the captive! The joyous expression of countenance which marked her happier days had fled; gone was the beauty which mantled her cheeks, and in its stead, there was melancholy stamped in every feature of her pale and delicate face. Still she was beautiful, or perhaps I should say interesting rather than beautiful. The fire of her dark eyes was undimmed, and when in her anxiety, she moved them restlessly about, they served to light up her pale and settled features, as beautifully as the moon does a fleecy cloud when it passes over its face.

Night was now fast setting in, and still the storm abated not, but rather appeared to drive on with more fury; dreary in the extreme, would have been the prospect even to an old hunter, then doubly so must it have been to our heroine; still she uttered no lament, ventured no accusation against the authors of her misfortune, but continued to search with the eyes of affection, the waste before her.

Netnokwa had not yet reached her place of destination, and being prevented from journeying farther by the intense cold of the weather, had here stopped to wait for a more auspicious season. Her conduct to the captive maiden had been marked in its kindness, and the attention of Miskwa might be regarded as sisterly, so freely, and with so much apparent pleasure did she seem to bestow it. They treated

her not as a prisoner, they required no offices of drudgery from her, but supplied all her wants, and endeavoured to make her as comfortable as possible. This disposition on their part to please, sprung up from the meek and unoffending manner of the captive, from the gentleness and timidity which encircled her, and from the uncomplaining silence with which she bore her misfortunes. She was an object of sorrow, and Netnokwa and Miskwa pitied her, and regretted that she had not been permitted to escape to the settlements, and would at that time have restored her to her friends but for the dread fear of calling down upon their head the wrath of the Prophet. Another reason was, that both Netnokwa and Miskwa from their intercourse with the traders in selling their peltries, had learned the meaning of a few English words, which enabled them to comprehend the wants of the captive, and to make themselves acquainted with many of the sad particulars of her story, which, savage as the Indians may generally be deemed, only served to awaken in their breasts feelings of the deepest sympathy.

As I have no fancy for broken dialects, I shall in the further developement of this story, give a free translation to such conversations as may occur between the captive and the two Indians who have her in charge, and if in this I err, my apology must be, that it is done with a hope, that on that account they may prove more interesting to the reader.

As the life of one who depends on the casualties of the chase for support is frequently one of great hardship and suffering, we must not imagine an

exemption in the case of Netnokwa and Miskwa, accustomed as they were to the woods, and skilled as was the latter in the use of her bow. No, far from it.

But to return to the captive, situated as we have described her. She was alone. No living thing was at that time an inmate of her lodge, and even if there had been, there were no means of sustaining life. The last particle of food had been eaten hours before, and nothing now remained but a few dried skins. About the centre of the cabin were the embers of a dying fire, which she now proceeded to rebuild. While engaged in this duty, there entered a light, graceful figure, clad in rich skins, which fitted closely, and imparted to their wearer somewhat the appearance of an Indian boy. A small rifle hung at his back, yet a single glance at the delicate formation of his features proclaimed him of a different sex. Gazing around but for an instant, "where is my mother, Sweet Flower?" she said.

"I have not seen her since the morning," replied the maiden, and a partial gleam of joy shone for an instant on her wasted countenance, upon the entrance of her friend.

"The storm hurries on, the snow is drifting fast in heaps, and mother's blood courses slowly through her veins; I will go seek her."

"Oh! do not, Miskwa, do not leave me," cried the maiden, "you can render no service this dark night, and will most probably be lost in the snows. Oh! you know not how anxiously I have watched

for you. Now will you leave me? Let us raise a large fire; Netnokwa is wise in her knowledge of the woods, and will be here presently."

Yielding to the persuasion of the captive, Miskwa laid aside her cap and rifle, and seated herself near the fire. Her dress consisted of a kirtle or short frock, of English manufacture, fitting closely to her chest, and extending down to her knees. Her feet were encased in moccasins beautifully embroidered; the embroidery, the work of her own hands, and tightly laced they displayed the proportions of a foot and ankle which many a fairer face would envy. Her hair was simply parted in front, and drawn behind her ears, it floated loosely over her shoulders. She was beautiful, and withal, she was sprightly, and playful, and seemingly unconscious of her situation.

"Did you kill any game to day, Miskwa?" inquired the captive.

"No," said Miskwa, "not a foot print have I seen to day. The game is wise, and the falling snow has driven it to its cover."

"And did you walk far, Miskwa?"

"My path was long. I told thee I saw no foot-print. I mistake; I followed a moose until the falling snow effaced its steps."

"This is a hard life you lead," said the captive, "you had better carry me to the settlements. I have friends, and you and your mother shall live with me. Several times, even since I have been with you, have we been near starving, and if this snow storm continues, it will end all our sufferings."

“Never fear,” said Miskwa. “The red people are children of the Great Spirit, and he will provide for them. The wild woods shall be our home, and I will take care of ‘Sweet Flower.’ I will love her and give her food.”

The captive needed no assurance of this, as far as it lay in the power of Miskwa; for she had already received from her the most devoted marks of affection, and if she now felt a doubt, it was because the figure before her was so slight and delicate that it seemed rather to need assistance than to be capable of affording it to others. Yet, delicate as Miskwa seemed, few were able to undergo more fatigue. In the chase she was not excelled. No one let fly a more unerring arrow, no one shot with a rifle closer to the mark, nor was the bounding roe of the forest more fleet. She owed her acquirements entirely to her mother, who, as before stated, was one of the most remarkable women of her age, and as much noted for her acquaintance with every species of skill which belonged to her race, as she was conspicuous for the clemency and humanity which adorned her character. She was likewise superstitious in a great degree, so much so, that she mingled it with all her acts, and it served to impart a mysterious colouring to her character which only tended to increase her power.

However, the night wore on apace, and still the storm continued. Even Miskwa’s apprehensions for her mother began to increase, and she, with the captive, sallied out to examine the state of the weather, and see if any thing would offer itself

as the means of relief. But all hope of rendering any assistance was cut off; the night grew darker, and the driving storm indicated that it would be madness to venture.

“Let us return,” said Miskwa, “I will pray to the Great Spirit:—he will preserve me and my mother.”

“With all my heart,” said the captive, “and I too will unite in prayer.”

Having entered the lodge, they had scarcely thrown themselves on their knees, before a noise was heard at the door, and at the same moment, Netnokwa entered, as calm and composed as though her journey had been but an every day occurrence. Shaking the snow from her clothes, she disencumbered herself of some of her garments, drew near the fire, and lit her pipe.

“My children hunger, and have no food,” said she.

“None,” said Miskwa;—“no game has crossed my path to-day:—it heard the storm in the whistling wind, and went to its hiding place.”

“And was Miskwa wise?”

“Miskwa searched for food for her mother; the path was far from her lodge, yet she returned, and reached it before the night grew dark.”

“Thou wer't more wise than thy mother, Miskwa. Her blood is now like a sluggish stream; it creeps slowly. The howling storm spent its force upon the old oak, and racked it to its roots. Had Netnokwa remained out an hour longer, she would not now want food; her spirit would be in the hap-

py hunting grounds with her warriors who have gone before her. What would have become of her children?"

Miskwa renewed the fire, and drawing closer to her mother;—"Miskwa always begs her mother that her path may not be far from her wigwam,—She has seen many years, and should rest. Her daughter will supply her with food."

"We hunger now,—when morning comes, will it bring forth food?" inquired Netnokwa.

"It will," said Miskwa;—"the Great Spirit will take care of his children. When morning comes, if Miskwa can find no game, she will break the ice, and catch the dory."

"Thou art good, my daughter. The Great Spirit will take care of his children who love him. Let us pray to him, and ask him to give us food in the morning. The pale face cannot live so long as we can without food."

"Be it as the Great Spirit wills," said the captive, "but I had rather do without it than that you should go out such weather as this to seek it."

"He that does not seek, shall never find," said Netnokwa; "the Great Spirit will not help those who do not help themselves."

She then knelt, and prayed.

Some time was spent in prayer by Netnokwa, and then spreading their pukkwi, and kindling up the fire, they lay around it, and nestling up close to each other, slept away the night.

What a contrast had a few short months exhibited in the fortunes of the captive;—one too so young, so

beautiful, and so innocent that one would have deemed her well calculated to disarm even fate of its ire.— Yes, but a few short months had elapsed since she was in the possession of parents, of friends, and the comforts of life. They have passed, and she is an orphan, dwelling in the wilderness, and suffering with want. Yet it was not hunger, nor bodily suffering which caused her melancholy, but the loneliness of her situation, and the gloom which hung over the future, brought up and educated as she had been, and yet doomed to wear out her days in an Indian wigwam.

For some time she slept not, but thought of the past. She was sad, and as the storm hurried howling around her little dwelling, she clung closer to Miskwa, and felt a sympathy in the driving blast, whose notes touched a chord in unison with her own feelings, and even made her more sad;—yet it was the joy of sorrow! for she contrasted the present with the past, and her mind separating the sweet from the bitter, dwelt only on the brighter recollections of her earlier days.

At last, day came, and with it came want, and gnawing hunger, and the prospect of starving to death; but with all this, never did a more beautiful morn greet the children of Adam. The atmosphere was pure and cloudless, and the reflection of the sun from the wide unbroken waste of snow which lay before them, created a light as bright as though it were reflected from so much burnished silver. The inmates of the lodge having ventured out, were warmed into buoyancy of spirits by its genial rays,

and bright gleams of happiness for a moment passed before them, upon beholding the dazzling splendour of the scene. Even Netnokwa's swarthy features were moved, and the flow of earlier feelings seemed struggling with the infirmities of age; but they soon departed, and her present situation, with its sad circumstances, was all she saw; calling her children to her, for she was pleased to regard the captive in that light, she said:—

“ My children, Netnokwa prayed last night to the Great Spirit. When you slept, he came in a dream to me, and said: ‘ Netnokwa, you shall feast to-morrow, and plenty shall be in your wigwam.’ And a vision passed before me, and in it I saw a stream, which found its way to the lake now before me, and near its source, I saw a slaughtered bear. Will Miskwa bring this meat to her mother ?”

“ Yes, and thank thee too,” said Miskwa;—and filled with life and animation, she entered the hut, wrapped herself in furs, and seizing her rifle, was equipped for the chase. Walking to the door, she discharged it, saying, “ Mother, the bear will be lucky which escapes me to-day,” and then commenced reloading it.

“ Thou art right, Miskwa,” said her mother;—“ thy gun should not fail thee when thou art hungry.”

“ Say when my mother is hungry,” said Miskwa, “ and ‘ Sweet Flower’ drooping in our wigwam.”

Having rammed down the powder, she thrust her little hand into her pockets, and drawing forth several

balls, held them out to the captive, "Wilt thou by choosing, give good luck to the red maiden, 'Sweet Flower?'" said she.

Her companion complied, and thought these words, though she spoke them not, "good as thou art pretty, Miskwa, may my fortune never betide thee." Miskwa being now ready, tripped out, as graceful and pretty a figure as eyes ever beheld, and though not fashionably, she was beautifully dressed. Closely muffling her neck was turned a rich fur, as pure in whiteness as the fresh fallen snow, and which formed a beautiful contrast with the jet black glossy hair which fell far below it. Her cap was formed of the richest beaver, and that so tastefully fashioned, that a maiden alone could have made it. She was a sweet creature, and many a lassie who can boast the refinements of civilization was far less interesting than the maid of the forest.

The captive went to the door, to see her labour her way through the snow; but away she ran, like the bounding roe of the forest, and as playful, and as happy, as though she were only running for pastime. With so much cheerfulness did she hurry on to fulfil a dream. Yet there was a holier purpose, it was to relieve the sufferings of a mother and a friend.

Now, if the nature of her errand seems incompatible with the gentleness of her sex, and the delicate formation of her frame, I pray you, gentle reader, be not startled, for we are the creatures of habit, and Miskwa had been trained to exercises

of this kind from her infancy ; and if any fears should arise in your bosom as to the result of the conflict, let me endeavour to allay them, as Miskwa did her own, by saying, "one who shot so well, need fear no danger." And if, still unsatisfied, you should wonder that Miskwa, with so much alacrity, would in such a season venture forth, merely to fulfil a dream, let me say, that she lived surrounded by superstition, and that her mother's dream was to her, pretty much what an authenticated statement would be to one in civilized life ; and furthermore, that Netnokwa, though she had detailed a dream, always endeavoured to produce ordinary events by supernatural means, and consequently, what she had detailed as a dream, was but knowledge gained by previous labour.

The captive having watched until Miskwa was lost to her view, entered the lodge, and with much anxiety in her manner, said, "Mother, will no harm come to Miskwa?"

"The Great Spirit will take care of his good children," said Netnokwa, "Miskwa is a good child."

"But will not the beast she is gone to seek, harm her?" said the captive.

"It will not bite so much as hunger," said Netnokwa. "Miskwa is prudent ; fear not, daughter."

I know not why, but at the close of this speech, the captive sat down and wept, while Netnokwa prepared to enlarge the fire. A few hours passed, and Miskwa returned successful from the chase, having found a bear in such a place as the one de-

scribed. Plenty was now in their wigwam, and game soon after becoming abundant, they remained until the melting of the snow enabled them to proceed on their journey to Red River, which flows into Lake Winnipeek, whither they were now bound, and where, at the period of our narrative, Netnokwa resided.*

* See note C.

CHAPTER X.

“Regions of beauty there the rovers found ;
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crowned ;
Spread o’er the vast savannas, buffalo herds
Ranged without master ; and the bright winged birds
Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turned the air to music with their song.”

MONTGOMERY.

To preserve unity, and also to explain some portions of our story, which may seem to wear a mysterious colouring, the thread of our narrative requires that we should again return to the brothers, Tecumseh and Elkswatawa. As will be recollected, at the treaty of Greenville, in '95, they were too young to be allowed a voice in council ; for, among the aborigines, wisdom and age are regarded as almost synonymous terms, and no exploit, however daring, nor reputation, however well earned, is ever regarded as a sufficient equivalent for the want of years. Previous to that date, however, Tecumseh, as the leader of a roving band, had, in the estimation of his countrymen, won for himself the reputation of a great warrior ; and when, although it was stern necessity which forced them, he saw the chieftains of his own and other tribes, about to surrender all for which they had so long contended, he would

not witness the humiliating compact, but beckoning to his brother, they left the council, that they might avoid the hated face of the white men, and plunging deeper into the forest, rove where yet they could be wild and free.

Satisfied that, under existing circumstances, they could do nothing which would materially benefit their tribe, or tend in any way to effect a restoration of their lands, they passed several years wandering far in the wilderness, and were rarely known to mingle with their countrymen. But when the tidings that a firm peace had been established were spread throughout the country, and the uninterrupted quiet of a few years proclaimed those tidings true, swarms of emigrants were seen hurrying on to the west. With their arrival, encroachments were commenced on the lands of the Indians, and with these encroachments, again appeared Tecumseh and his brother. They ranged the frontier from north to south, and viewed in silence the ravages which the great influx of strangers was making upon their lands. They then returned from south to north, that they might more fully acquaint themselves with the power and resources of the whites; but when they returned, they found that their former footsteps had been effaced by the rapidly swelling flood; and they made for themselves a new path, farther in the forest, upon lands which were as yet untouched by the inundation. And often did they pause, and in silence contemplate the tide which was sweeping along, and which they saw they had no means of opposing; and their bosoms

heaved, and they wept, when looking a few years into the future, they saw the fate of the red men.

But when the brothers beheld these things, although no star of hope shone to illumine their path, they resolved to make an effort to free their country; to unite the tribes in one desperate struggle, and at least die nobly in its defence. History assigns the summer of 1806, as the period at which Elkswatawa and Tecumseh, who had resided apart for some time, met by appointment, to discuss matters of grave import. And since their meeting at that time exerts a serious influence on the story we are telling, or rather since the incidents arising therefrom, told almost without colouring, are to form the chief subject of the following pages, we must be pardoned for going somewhat minutely into detail.

To give vent to their feelings, and arrange their plans, was the object of their present meeting. The morning was beautiful, and the place selected by the brothers, far from their wigwams, was wild and picturesque, and as quiet as it could be, surrounded by breathing nature. The gravity of the speakers, indicated that indeed no common-place theme was to be discussed, and the spot selected for their conference, seemed chosen that its associations, if necessary, might stimulate them in the execution of the plans they were about to adopt. An Indian mound, beneath which might have slept a thousand warriors, was the chosen spot; rising up some forty or fifty feet above the plain, which lay spread out before them, it presented a beautiful landscape of prairie and forest,—the former dotted with many

wild herds, browsing on its pasturage; and the whole scene untenanted by human beings, save alone the two above mentioned lords of the forest. Reclining on its top, and gazing upon the deep blue heavens, they were for some time silent, showing by that silence, the deep interest they felt in a subject, for the discussion of which they had now met.

At last, Tecumseh rising up, said :—" Brother, I have sought this meeting that we might hold a talk. I have visions of the future. Our people must wake up, or the plough of the pale face will upturn the hunting fields of the red men."

"When, obeying thy call, I left my wigwam," said Elkswatawa, "I knew not thy purpose. I knew not there was a red man who would dare speak of the wrongs of his country. But thou art of my mind, brother." Then pausing :—"Where are the fields over which in boyhood we hunted? Gone. Where rest the bones of our fathers? They whiten the fields of the stranger: they make grow the corn of the pale face."

"Yes," replied Tecumseh, "far, far, from the home of his children. But they are crying unto his sons for vengeance; I hear their voice in the running streams, I hear it borne on the winds as they sweep along."

"Then we will dig up the tomahawk," said Elkswatawa. "Onward be our battle cry, and the red torch shall blaze until no red man is left to kindle it, or until no wigwam remains to shelter a pale face."

"Thou speakest well," said Tecumseh, "we

must brighten our tomahawks, and the war whoop must ring. The pale faces like a mighty river are sweeping over our lands. We must make a dam to resist them, or we shall have not a hole to hide in, not a lap of earth whereon to lay our heads. They are always hungry. If you give them land to day, they want more to-morrow. They are never satisfied, but will drive us away into the big Salt Lake." Then, pausing for a moment, he burst forth with renewed energy. "No; it shall never be. Sooner shall our streams run red with the blood of the dying, our plains grow white with the bones of the slain. Shall the children of the sun be wronged, and not seek vengeance? Yes, brother. But it shall be when the mountains fall, and rivers cease to flow."

"Shall the red men be like the beasts of the forest," said Elkswatawa, "and seek for holes to hide in? No; let us sharpen our knives and feather our arrows, and in coming years the red men shall ask, 'lives there a pale face?'"

Tecumseh, wrapped in gloom, turned to Elkswatawa, and his face betrayed that some unwelcome thought lingered in his mind.

"Knowest thou, Elkswatawa," said he, "the numbers of the pale faces? Countless are they as the leaves of the forest."

"I know not," replied Elkswatawa. "Hast thou counted the tribes of the red men? Call on the north, the south, and the setting sun; bid them pour forth their dusky warriors, and a cloud would arise so dark, the sun would be hid; cause it to roll on

to the homes of the white men, and burst over their wigwam. Hast thou seen a whirlwind when it sweeps through the forest? It lasts but a moment, and 'tis gone; the leaves are stripped from the trees and scattered to the winds. Thou sayest the white men are like the leaves of the forest."

"Thy words are sweeter to my ears than the running of waters," said Tecumseh. "War shall rage, but not yet. When again we kindle the torch, and grasp the tomahawk, every red man who lives shall cry out for vengeance. The Great Spirit wishes it. What makes the power of the 'Father of waters?' The rills which flow from the mountain tops, and hurry to meet him, through a thousand valleys."

Elkswatawa grasped the hand of his brother. "The vision is bright," said he. "It was the same to Pontiac, and the settlements trembled at the gathering of his warriors. He was great among the tribes. So shall be Tecumseh. The mind of Elkswatawa has long been troubled. He has slept upon the graves of the red men, and their spirits have sung to him in the winds of the night. They cried for vengeance, and said they were not happy in their hunting grounds."

"They shall have it," said Tecumseh, "and the pale faces, like snow drifts, shall be gathered in heaps upon the plains."

"Then we agree," said Elkswatawa. "The red men must be united. They must be all tied strongly together. They must think alike, and one spirit must lead them on to battle."

“We must become one people,” said Tecumseh; “without it, there is no hope. But here lies a log in our path; it is this; dissensions exist among the red men. Not only is one tribe arrayed against another, but even members of the same tribe against each other. There are fathers who would raise the tomahawk against their children, and there are children who would drink the blood of their fathers. Can’st thou reconcile these differences, and unite all by one common tie?”

“I can.”

“How?”

“Are we not all children of the Great Spirit?”

“We are.”

“Then,” said Elkswatawa, “the Great Spirit must unite us, and one common wrong incite us to action. A messenger from the Manito must go among the red men, and preach the word. It must tie them together, until a wrong done one, is felt by the whole; until one mind, is the mind of all. Then let the war club be raised. Hast thou seen the torrent when it rushes from the mountains? or the wild horse of the prairie when he flies along with his countless troop?”

“Yes,” cried Tecumseh, animated by the glowing vision, “the music of coming feet seems already floating in the air. Like the heavy tread of a herd of buffalos, I hear them tramping across the plains. Yes, let the red men come on, and every leaf of the forest shall be stirred as they move along, and the war whoop shall ring, and the red torch blaze.

Then the Indian warrior shall cry out 'where is the pale face?' and there shall be none left to answer. They shall sleep, and wake no more."

"It shall be so," said Elkswatawa, "but time and toil and labour must be borne with. We must work and not tire. Nothing must drive us from our purpose. Like a steady stream we must continue our course. Our ears must not hear what people say of us. Though they laugh at us, our passions must go to sleep. Still the red men must be aroused. To the strong, we must give honey. Over the weak, we must hold the tomahawk. And to what all this is to lead to, for a time, must be buried deep in the ground. No one must know it."

"Then to our purpose;" said Tecumseh, "you have thought upon this subject; give me your plans."

"Superstition must do our work," said Elkswatawa, "and by it we must master them. We must excite their fears. We must seem to work miracles. We must see into the future, and the red men must be troubled until they say, 'behold the agents of the Great Spirit!' When we have done this, we lead them as we please."

"Then a Prophet must arise."

"Even so."

"Where shall we find a Prophet?" said Tecumseh. "Shall I turn Prophet?"

"No, brother; you are wise above most of the red men in the gift of speech. Your words flow sweet as honey from the hive. But you cannot dissemble. I can. I am the Prophet, you are my convert, and

as such, must paint to them what they were before the stranger came among them, and make their misfortunes a judgment from the Great Spirit on account of their dissensions and evil deeds. Tell them how they may wipe it away; but above all, talk to them of the glory of their fathers; tell them that their spirits are unhappy in their hunting grounds; talk to them of days that are gone; when the children of the sun were masters of the world; then change the scene, and dwell upon their present condition. Preach to them peace, aye, peace; yet make them dream of war and of vengeance, and cry for their lands which have been taken away. This must you do, and you must have no home; let your wanderings be from the big lakes to the setting sun, from where the 'Father of waters' takes its rise, even unto the far south; wherever an Indian fire burns, there must be heard the voice of 'Tecumseh.'

"And thou art the Prophet."

"I am. This very night shall the Great Spirit hold a talk with me, and to-morrow will I tell it to the red men. Then will I be troubled, and fast, and sleep in the forest; and the Great Spirit shall again appear to me, and again will I preach, and again, and again, until anxiety shall appear in every face, and wandering about each one shall ask, 'what is the matter?' Thou thyself must wonder and disbelieve; let time intervene, then be convinced; commence thy wanderings, and support as thou knowest how my doctrines. For our tribe alone, at first will we labour; having gained a mastery over

that, and bound it to us by fetters which none but the wise know how to forge, then will we commence the campaign."

"Hast thou studied thy character?" inquired Tecumseh. "The power of a Prophet is great when established, loud in its voice as the rolling thunder, fatal in its decrees, as the forked lightning; yet, in its origin, 'tis but the gush of a fountain, or the twig of a tree."

"I have. Philip and Pontiac endeavoured to do what we intend; they failed, yet the earth trembled under their operations. I have studied their histories. Many Prophets have arisen in days past and been for a time all powerful. I have considered their plans, I have learned their tricks, their deceptions, their practices; gathering something from all I will perfect my character, and form my medicine bag, and with it will I trouble the red men, and they shall know no quiet until the same spirit animates every wandering tribe."

"And to-morrow thou beginnest?"

"To night I have a vision, to-morrow I tell it."

"Shall our purpose be known to a living soul?"

"No;" said Elkswatawa, "not yet; bury it deep, deep in the ground."

"Then," said Tecumseh, "let a moon pass away, and we will again meet;" and rising, they sought their respective wigwams.

How inadequate sometimes are circumstances to their results? Is there one of us whose life has not been influenced by a circumstance deemed at the time trivial in its nature, or is there one of us

who cannot trace many of the most material events in our own lives to circumstances apparently so trifling, that at the time of their happening, we would not have changed them, if we could, by a wish. Not only have individuals felt the force of the above remark, but even empires. It is said, with how much truth I know not, that Buonaparte, when leaving the military school at Brienne, applied for employment in the Turkish army, and contemplated entering into the service of the Grand Seignor. If it be true, what a source for speculation! What a multitude of events hung suspended upon that application! How many lives were numbered upon its refusal? What if the blood which Napoleon caused to flow, had at that moment rushed by in a torrent? What a startling vision for the Mussulman, could he have seen in the future, that his employment of Napoleon would change his destiny, and reserve for a different fate the countless thousands whom his mad ambition sacrificed? What a source of speculation in the conduct of the Pasha! was he an instrument in the hands of high Heaven, settling the fate of the thousands whose destiny depended thereon, or was his refusal but the result of blind chance?

It is but comparing small things with great, to advert to the meeting of the Indian brothers in connexion with the alleged application of Napoleon. Though less in its consequences, it was not to some extent, less fatal in its results; and served to produce events darker than which none are to be found on the page of history.

How sad were the effects of that conversation ! How many, while it was going on, were in the possession of health and happiness, who afterward, on account of it were made to writhe at the stake ; and how many, both red men and white, did it hurry on to an untimely grave !

The consequences are remarkable, because the character was assumed by one aware of its weakness, not by a fanatic believing what he preached, and led on by a bigoted zeal ; but by one who knew that it must be founded in deception, and supported by trick, cunning, and treachery. Aware of this, it will be a source of interest to trace the petty devices which were used by the new made Prophet, in order to enable him to obtain a mastery over the uncultivated minds of the aborigines ; and it will be the more interesting, when we reflect, that he so far succeeded, as to establish for himself a power, which not only spread terror and dismay along our frontiers, but which enabled him to order to the stake those of his own race who opposed his schemes, even though they were the chiefs of their tribes.

CHAPTER XI.

“’Tis said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man ;
And that with evil and unheavenly spirits
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite’s.”

BYRON.

IN accordance with the resolution adopted by the brothers, as mentioned in our last chapter, Elkswatawa suddenly appeared as a Prophet among the Shawanees. Meek and humble in his manner, he was not characterized by the frivolities of dress, which, among the Indians, always distinguished those who have attempted to play similar parts, nor was there indeed any thing about his apparel at all calculated to render him conspicuous. A blanket thrown loosely over his shoulders, formed his upper garment, and when removed, disclosed a frock or kirtle, of blue cotton cloth, closely fitting his person, and extending down nearly to his knees. From his ears were suspended large silver medals. These were the only ornaments worn by him. His countenance was unpainted, and, although it was the invariable custom of his countrymen never to

move without the implements of war, or those of the chase, yet he had neither, but went forth apparently as incapable of doing mischief as when first he came into the world.

His appearance as Prophet for a time produced no excitement, and he was regarded only as one of the many impostors who often sprung up among the various tribes, and assumed the character either for the purpose of gratifying private feelings of revenge, or else for the sake of personal aggrandisement. But not at all discouraged by the manner in which he was received, he kept steadily in view the object for which he had set out. Regardless of the reproaches and taunting speeches which often met his ears, he pursued the even tenor of his way, content to tell to every circle, however small, that he was the chosen agent of the Great Spirit, sent to warn the red men of their evil deeds, and beg them to do better. An example of all that was patient and meek, he was found wandering from village to village, preaching as long as he had a hearer, and satisfied when his task was finished ;—he then seemed to have performed his duty, and again continued his journey, apparently careless whether his words were heeded or not. He asked nothing at the hands of any one, and refused to accept when any thing was offered. Conduct so singular in an Indian, gave rise to conversation, then to surprise, and finally to excitement. His words were now eagerly listened to, but to what they tended, or what was their ultimate object, no human being could

foresee. He was enigmatical in his expressions, and to all his followers, seemed shrouded in mystery. He had been playing his part for about two months, when leaving the scene of action for a time, he was again seen in secret conference with Tecumseh. They were now less gloomy than when first they met, and a gleam of satisfaction already shone in their countenances.

“Welcome, brother,” said Tecumseh. “Have the winds of night sung to you the words of the Great Spirit, and have you put them into the ears of the red men?”

“Yes,” said Elkswatawa; “night after night I slept in the woods, and dreamed as no one ever dreamed before.—Seeking the red men, I begged them to listen:—they passed me by;—they heard me not. I then told the words of the Great Spirit to the trees,—to the streams. I sung them to the winds, as they moved along. The red men wondered:—I left them, and they followed me to listen.”

“And what say they?” inquired Tecumseh.

“Their hearts are troubled,” said Elkswatawa; “their ears have heard, but their eyes cannot see; they are in the dark.”

“Then our dreams of vengeance shall yet be realized,” said Tecumseh. “The white man shall tremble when the red men are one people. But to make them so, keep thy words wound up; let nobody see their meaning. When the Prophet is great, then he will tell his wishes.”

“The Prophet is wise,” said Elkswatawa. He

is a clear spring to his brother, but he is midnight to every body else. He has already troubled the red men, and the words of the Great Spirit shall ring in their ears until they know no quiet. They shall say, 'Elkswatawa is the true Prophet, and we will do what he tells us.' The time shall come when this is to be;—I see it in the future. And when it does come, I say, Tecumseh, the plains shall be covered with warriors, as far as the eye can reach. Their tomahawks shall glitter in the sun, and with you to lead them, they shall pass like a swelling flood over the homes of the pale faces."

"Oh! brother," cried Tecumseh, "it is good,—it makes my heart glad. Let it come true, and the lightning's flash shall be dark to the fires which light our path, and the rolling thunder shall not be heard, when the war-whoop rings of countless thousands. But, brother, it will take a long time. We must work hard, and many must help us. Ah! the white man little dreams of the storm which is gathering."

"No, nor must he dream," said Elkswatawa; "the tomahawk must lie hid, and the white man must think we will never dig it up. We must preach peace to the Indians, get power over them, and make the white man say, 'the Prophet is good; he calms the troubled waters.' But we want help; we must have converts, and they must go and talk to the far tribes."

"I am already thy convert," said Tecumseh.

"And what did the red men do," asked Elkswa-

tawa, "when Tecumseh said that there was no crook in the words of the Prophet."

"They were surprised," answered Tecumseh.—
"It was like a blow they did not expect; they looked at each other, and waited for some one to speak.—I left them."

"Thou didst well," said Elkswatawa:—"at first be indifferent whether they believe or not. Let it satisfy thee that thou believest; but when once we have power, who is there that will then dare doubt? The Prophet has only preached to small numbers. He must have a large crowd;—he must tell them all together, what the Great Spirit will do for them, if they follow his words.—And listen, Tecumseh, fear must seize upon their hearts, and we must make them believe."

"Yes," said Tecumseh;—"the words of the Prophet must move their hearts, as the wind stirs the leaves on the trees. Tell them who they are;—tell them that the stranger came among us, and begged for bread,—we gave it; he asked for a wigwam,—we made him one; he wanted lands,—we told him to take them. Was he satisfied? Tell them to ask the bones of their fathers! Or, point to a son, whose father's blood was spilled by the whites! Ask, where does he sleep? Tell him the white man's house is built over his grave! And thus speak, if you wish to stir them to the bottom. It would be well that they should fear. Let the place of meeting alarm them. Canst thou do it?"

Elkswatawa was for a moment silent ; he pressed his hands to his head, then suddenly smiling as if a happy thought had struck him, replied, "I have it; hast thou forgotten the Ween-bah-sho-ke-kah?"

"What, the haunted cavern?" said Tecumseh.

"The same," replied Elkswatawa. "Fear will seize upon their hearts as soon they enter it. It will suit our purpose."

"It will," said Tecumseh, animated by the thought; "you visit it, and prepare for the coming assembly. I will spread far and wide the tidings that the Prophet of the Great Spirit will hold a talk with the red men in the haunted cavern."

"Then do so," said Elkswatawa, "name the time of meeting the twentieth day from this. The Indians are troubled and they will come, though they fear. Terror shall seize upon their hearts, for none as yet have penetrated its recesses, and they shall say, 'Elkswatawa is the true Prophet.'"

"I augur well," said Tecumseh, "the cave alone will fill them with fear; Elkswatawa knows how to make them tremble."

"Trust me," said Elkswatawa, even Tecumseh himself shall tremble. "Hast thou ventured far into the Ween-bah-sho-ke-kah?"

"No; never to its end," said Tecumseh.

"Then thou dost not know how well it suits. A word more. When we meet, Prophets must be made. Let them travel to the farthest tribes. Think of those best suited, and name them to me. I will clothe them with the prophetic spirit, and they shall wander forth believing what they preach. Say,

that Prophets will be made, and more will come to the cavern. Now, farewell, play well your part, Tecumseh, and trust to Elkswatawa for his." They then separated.

The brothers having adjourned, Elkswatawa again commenced his wanderings; the words of the Great Spirit were told to every person in whom he could find a hearer, and he now for the first time, began to affect singularity. He mingled in none of their amusements, he was reserved and mysterious in his manner, and when not preaching, would wander about and commune only with his own thoughts. He was rarely if ever seen to eat, and when he did, the most frugal fare formed his diet. He would never sleep in a wigwam, but as night came on, wrapping a blanket about his shoulders, would retire far into the forest, and appear again only with the rising sun.

His doctrines had already with the Indians become a theme of general conversation, and given rise to speculations as undefined as they were general. His opinions were seized upon with avidity, and propagated with impassioned zeal; and that they were to produce any other effect, than merely to better the condition of the Indians, no human being could foresee. Nothing could be more humble than his mode of address, nothing more pacific than the measures he recommended. He inculcated reform in the manner and habits of the Indians, begged them not to imitate the examples of the whites, but to live as their fathers did before the stranger came among them; entreated them no

more to go to war with each other, but to live united as a band of brothers; to give up the use of ardent spirits, to which mainly their misfortunes might be attributed, and to stop at the same time, all intercourse with the whites. He urged them never to lie, to steal, or to quarrel with each other; and having pressed upon them the necessity of refraining from these things, he then depicted in glowing terms, their once proud and happy condition, when their lands lay spread out so far around them, that no one knew their boundary; when their plains were covered with deer and buffalo, and their streams were filled with the otter and beaver, when peace and plenty were abroad in the land; and when gathering under their own shady trees, without a care for the morrow, they would teach their children to dance on the green, to throw the tomahawk, or draw the bow. He contrasted this with their present situation, and attributed the change to their doing those things which he now commanded them not to do; then declared to them, that he was the agent of the Great Spirit, who had revealed to him his will, and sent him to warn them of their evil deeds, to unite them as a band of brothers, and reinstate them in their former happy possessions.

These doctrines had been reiterated for some time by the Prophet, principally to individuals of his own tribe, and to the few, who having heard of the Prophet, came from a distance to look upon the agent of the Great Spirit. But as yet he had addressed individuals only, or small groups whom accident had brought together; he had never spoken to a large

crowd. Thus was he situated when, apparently without any design of his own, messengers were found going in every direction, to noise abroad his existence as a Prophet, and invite the red men to hear him preach and expound the doctrines of the Great Spirit. Rumour, no one knew whence it came, already attributed to him miracles without number, and sketched his appearance in such singular characters, that anxiety now sat on every face, and all were on tiptoe with curiosity to see him; so that when the time and place were appointed for a general exposition of his doctrines, and when also it was told that he was about to parcel out among some of his immediate followers portions of the holy and prophetic spirit which animated himself, crowds of persons, with agitated and restless countenances, were seen hurrying on in every direction to the "Haunted Cavern."

This cave, which was then well known as the "Haunted Cavern," and now equally well known by a different appellation, lies within the bosom of a range of hills, situated within the limits of the State of Indiana. On the evening preceding the day on which the Prophet was to preach, might be seen near their southern extremity, and at the base of a hill, which, shooting up several hundred feet, stretched away until it was lost to the view, hundreds of red men, with their wives and children, gathered in groups, in the beautiful grove which lay spread out far around them. They were engaged in various discussions, and, altogether, mani-

fested more excitement and animation than ever before was known to pervade an Indian camp. Within this hill, was the "Haunted Cavern," the place of rendezvous. Roving bands were still occasionally coming up, although the night was now somewhat advanced; and morning was to witness an exposition of the doctrines of the Shawanee Prophet.

The night wore on;—large vessels were simmering over the Indian fires, containing the suppers of the late gathered crowd, and a more quiet aspect seemed settling over the camp, when the blast of a horn rang through the forest. Its echo died away, a breathless silence reigned, and a voice breaking upon the stillness of the scene, was heard proclaiming, "the Prophet's throne is in the bosom of the hill;—when morning comes, let the red men seek it, and hear his words:—it is the Prophet's will."

The voice was hushed:—a low murmuring sound, like the suppressed whispers of a multitude, was heard for a time to pervade the camp;—silence then resumed her sway, and nought more was heard until morning came. At the very first dawn, a dusky line of Indians might be seen in single file, ascending the hill, a distance of about two hundred feet, to a point, where were posted two warriors, gaudily painted, and armed with heavy war-clubs. Here halting but for a moment, they disappeared, by descending through a high arched door-way, far down into the hill up which they had been climbing. The procession lasted for about an hour;—the last of its members had just entered the hill,

when the horn again sounded, and the warriors who had been standing guard, leaving their post, followed on, bringing up the rear of the crowd which had entered. It was morning, yet it availed not;—the light of day had never penetrated the dark recess of that cavern;—no lost sunbeam had ever struggled through a nearly closed fissure, to make glad with its presence that dim abode;—yet there it had existed for ages, wrapt in its own gloomy obscurity, and untenanted, save by nature, which had converted it into a chemical laboratory, and there silently and incessantly, time out of mind, had been engaged for its own wise purposes, in excavating spacious caverns,—forming an infinite variety of stalactites,—creating wreaths and festoons, by the process of crystallization,—erecting pillars, fluted and adorned with the most beautiful incrustations,—and embellishing every part of the immense area with the richest frost-work. Descending through the fissure which conducts you into the hill, you tread a gallery varying in its elevation and width for a mile and a half, and throughout its whole extent, decorated with crystallizations, cast in every shape, and of every hue. You are then introduced into a suit of spacious halls, arched over some thirty or forty feet above you, and supported by huge fluted columns of satin spar. How tame and common are the most splendid palaces, with all their decorations of art, when compared with these secret dwelling places of nature. How tasteless are the most exquisite specimens of architecture, when

compared with the rude gothic grandeur of these huge subterranean abodes.

Within the largest hall, arose the throne of the Prophet. This consisted of a scaffold, elevated some few feet, and covered over with skins;—from which also hung a rich drapery of the same material, reaching to the floor, and effectually concealing every operation which was going on within. From this throne, was the prophet to make his appearance,—here promulgate the wishes of the Great Spirit,—here tell of the numerous times he had condescended to visit him,—here divide among his chosen followers portions of his own holy nature.

Gathering close together, in small circles, in various parts of the hall, the Indians sat;—anxiety was strongly marked in their countenances,—many gazed wildly about, and some trembled, as though they were suffering with fear. A single taper burned in that dark abode, serving only to indicate the situation of the Prophet's throne, and leaving shadowy and undefined, the spacious hall in which they were assembled. Silence reigned, only interrupted by a suppressed sigh, or a single whisper, when an owl was heard to complain to the bare walls. It ceased, and Tecumseh rising, lighted a match, and set fire to several large piles of wood, which had been prepared for the purpose. The fire rapidly caught, and as its flames burst forth, a scene presented itself, of which language can convey no adequate idea. A thousand suns would not have created a more dazzling light than did those fires,

when reflected and refracted at every possible angle, from the myriads of crystals which studded the walls. They gave life to that which was before gloomy and obscure,—presented a scene as brilliant as though every crystal were a diamond, and called into play imaginations which required but little exertion to form and fashion into perfect models of huge and uncouth animals, the many wild assemblages of spar and stalactites which hung above them.

While the Indians, wild with astonishment, were gazing on the scene which had just burst forth, a low rumbling noise was heard,—the skins, which hung from the throne, were pushed aside, and a very singular figure made its appearance. An involuntary start was the effect of their first beholding it. It was, however, a man, and a tool of the Prophet. He was clad in one or more bearskins, selected on account of their being very black, and thrown over him so loosely as to enable him to assume any attitude or shape, whether it was that of the animal he personated, or of a man, which he less resembled. His face was enclosed in a bear's head, which seemed grinning with all its native ferocity, and exhibiting its long, white, keen tusks; while its eyes were somewhat enlarged, and surrounded by a deep red fiery belt, creating a savage horror. Where the animal's tail should have been, protruded one of enormous bulk, terminating in a large black snake, which had been so well stuffed and preserved, that as this object whisked about, the snake had all the appearance of life. This man had been

chosen, and thus equipped by Elkswatawa, for the purpose of guarding his sacred person, together with several other small articles, which he denominated portions of the flesh of the Great Spirit, and which he stated, were given him that his chosen followers might touch them, and thereby imbibe the prophetic spirit. Having made his appearance, he circled the throne several times on the outer edge of the scaffolding, howled, and disappeared.

A warrior, then, a chosen friend of the Prophet, stepped from the crowd, and began howling a dismal song, in a low grumbling voice, and at the same time to move in a slow trot around the throne. The multitude now rose, and joining in the song, followed on in the dance until they had circled it three times, when the Prophet rose, and stood erect upon the highest pinnacle of his throne. The song was now more loud and animated,—the multitude moved with greater activity, and nothing could be more impressive than the reverberation of their voices afar off, in the hollow windings of that huge cavern.

At a given signal, all was hushed, and the Prophet stood erect, with his bare arms stretched towards heaven. His attitude was one of prayer, and his countenance was singularly expressive. His hair, simply parted over his forehead, was drawn tightly back, and fastened; falling thence unconfined, in straight lines, far below his shoulders, and serving from its deep black, to impart to his face a redder tinge than it was wont to wear. His dress

was plain, and he wore no ornaments save the rings which were ever suspended from his ears;— but as he moved his arms about, a couchant tiger, beautifully tattooed, and representing the totem of his tribe, was seen to move with every action of his muscles. The humility of manner which marked his first announcement as a Prophet, had now left him, and with a calm and composed look, he gazed for several minutes around him, when he thus spoke :—

“Brothers,” begun the Prophet in a soft, low tone of voice, which gradually increased, until like the rushing noise of a swollen torrent, it was heard forcing its way through every winding of that spacious cavern. “Listen. It is the voice of the Great Spirit who speaks to you in the words of his Prophet. He lives in the winds, he rides on the tree tops, he walks on the rivers, he stands on the mountains. From all he has cried unto me and said, ‘Elkswatawa, go and talk to the red men.’ Tell them of their evil deeds, warn them of their danger and beg them to do better. Elkswatawa was sleeping in his wigwam, when the spirit first came. It said ‘Elkswatawa, awake, awake, go unto the red men and preach the word.’ It told me that the red men had evil ways, that their sufferings were very great, that their hunting grounds were going away far from them, and soon they would have no homes to rest in, no game whereon to feed. It told me that the bones of your fathers were now lying upturned on the fields of the stranger, who once came to you hungry

and you gave him food! who came to you naked, and you clothed him in skins—and saying this,” continued Elkswatawa, “the heart of the Great Spirit was sorry, and he said, ‘I made these hunting grounds for my red children, but on account of their evil deeds the white man has taken them away.’”

And here the animal which was concealed within gnashed his tusks and ran howling around the stage on which the throne was erected.

“But,” resumed the Prophet, “while the Great Spirit was sorry for his red children, he told me how to relieve their sufferings, and make them happy as they were before the white man came from beyond the wide waters,—make them happy as our fathers were, when nobody could say ‘this belongs to me, that belongs to you;’ but when the fruits which grew belonged to him who gathered them, and the red man built his wigwam wherever he wished it.

“Brothers, listen! give me your ears while I put his words into them. He is sorry for his red children, and wants to see them happy. He says they must not lie, they must not steal, they must not go to war with each other, nor with the white man—that the white man was bad to his red brothers, and that they ought to go away and leave him—that they ought not to trade with him, nor associate with him, nor follow his example, but above all not to drink his whiskey—that it was poisonous to the red man, and made him give away his lands—that what was good for the white man was not good for the red—that they were two people, and ought to live each after their own ways. The Spirit told me to

talk to you, to tie you together, until you were all like brothers—to tell you that though you had different tongues, yet you were one people—to tell you that what was good for one was good for another, that you should think alike, and feel alike, until a wrong done one was felt by all.

“Brothers, listen! I have now spoken to you the words of the Great Spirit; I ask you are they good? Does he ask of you a sacrifice? No. He promises all you wish. Obey his words as the Prophet has spoken, and your lands shall be given back to you, so vast, that the sun shall never go down upon them—and they shall be covered with deer and buffalo and elk, as many in number as the leaves on the trees. The tomahawk shall be buried, and peace like a large bird shall spread his wings over the land—the white men shall go over the waters, and the red men shall again be masters of the country. But, disobey him, continue in your evil ways, and the Great Spirit will sweep you away, and your hunting grounds will be given to the pale face.

“The Prophet has finished, you have heard the words of the Great Spirit, and they stand as firm as the sun in the Heavens.”

He then ceased speaking, and was silent:—the multitude seemed struck with awe and astonishment at the exposition of his doctrines; they were so plain, they were so easily followed, they required no sacrifice, yet promised so much. Each looked at the other and whispered, until the Prophet again rose;

then all were silent, when in substance he stated "that in obedience to the will of the Great Spirit, he would now empower some of his chosen servants to aid him in preaching the word, that setting out in different directions, they might spread far and wide the words of the Great Spirit, turn the red men from their evil deeds and give them peace and plenty."

He then called over a list of the chosen, about a dozen in number, each one being conspicuous in the circle to which he belonged. They approached the throne, and fell prostrate before the Prophet. After a few moments he ordered them to rise, detailed to them the course that each must pursue, the doctrines they must preach, the holy errand upon which they were about to set out, and the great good which was to result from their labours. He adverted to the many privileges to which they were entitled as agents of the Great Spirit, and dwelt upon the evil consequences to which those would be exposed who treated them amiss. Having given a detail of their various duties, enjoined upon them the mode of life they were to follow, and the habits they were to adopt; he ordered them to approach nearer, that they might touch the flesh of the Great Spirit in token of their acceptance of the holy mission. They obeyed, and foremost among the applicants for holy orders now stood Tecumseh. They having approached sufficiently near, the Prophet stepped from his throne, seized a broach which had been lying at his feet, and began to wind up the thread which had been drawn off. At this moment several of the immedi-

ate followers of the Prophet, were seen to slip unobserved from the crowd and disappear in the cavern, each one carrying a coal of fire. The Prophet continued winding the broach and seemed as if searching for the end of the thread. A few moments sufficed to show that it had found its way among the skins where the singular figure before described was now reposing, yet the Prophet continued to wind, and as the thread came more slowly and was pulled with some difficulty, the animal within, for so I must designate it, became noisy and restless, making the cavern re-echo with the most hideous yells, and contorting and twisting himself into various shapes, and lashing the staging with that part of his body which terminated in a snake. A moment more and out it burst, screaming and yelling, and rolling around the throne, with eyes like coals of living fire—at the same time was drawn out the end of the string, and to it was attached a motley mass of mouldy beans, lizards tongues, and birds' livers. At their appearance the Prophet trembled from head to foot, and knelt in the humblest attitude of prayer, while at the same time, the most vivid coruscations of lightning were seen to burst forth from various parts of the cavern, accompanied by a dull heavy sound, so violent as to bring from the walls a shower of small crystals, broken loose by the violence of the concussion, With a tremulous hand, and scarcely articulate voice, the Prophet seized the string, and bade his chosen band touch the flesh of the Great Spirit.

“This was given me,” said he, “that you might touch it, and thereby receive the Holy Spirit:—take it and draw it through your hands, and you are Prophets, and the bond of union is irrevocable between you and the Great Spirit.” Then passing it to them, each one did as he desired.

While they were doing this, the sides of the vast cavern looked like burnished silver, so thickly were the walls studded with crystals, and so incessant was the lightning’s flash. Every object was now visible;—the dull heavy sound was still heard reverberating in the windings of the cavern;—the animal still howled and rolled itself, as if in an agony of suffering; and the crystals fell like falling snow,—when the Prophet said, “Quick, quick, the flesh of the Great Spirit must not longer be exposed, or some misfortune will befall us,” and clutching it from the disciple who had last drawn it through his hands, he placed it, with the broach, beneath the skins. The animal ceased howling, and returned to its cover,—the lightning, with its accompanying dull noise, died away,—the crystals ceased falling, and all was silence.

The converts were now ordered to kneel, and the Prophet having again commanded them to wander far and wide, and preach the word;—and having in a brief manner recapitulated his doctrines, and given them his parting benediction, they, with the crowd, were dismissed.

He then descended from his throne; began to mingle familiarly with all,—to narrate his dreams,

—to sketch visions of future happiness,—and dwell upon the necessity of obeying his injunctions.

The newly made Prophets pursued the same plan, and for some time there was a general interchange of opinions, when the crowd, well satisfied with the exposition they had seen, left the cave and returned to their wigwams.

CHAPTER XII.

“Flaming piles, where'er he turned,
Cast a grim and dreadful light ;
Like funereal lamps they burned
In the sepulchre of night.”

MONTGOMERY.

SOME time had now elapsed since the exposition at the Haunted Cavern, and the disciples of Elkswatawa were still zealously engaged in disseminating his doctrines far and wide. Many converts were made, although a warm opposition had been organized, by some of the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes, who did not hesitate to denounce him as an impostor,—to declare that his prophecies would prove false,—and who exerted all their influence to destroy the ascendancy which he was fast attaining.

That Elkswatawa, who pretended to hold intercourse with the Great Spirit, and only do his bidding, should in so short a time acquire a more than ordinary ascendancy over uncultivated minds, is not much to be wondered at, when we reflect upon the peculiar situation of the persons upon whom he operated. When we reflect that superstition was

with them a part of their education, and that they were suffering under wrongs both real and imaginary, which created much excitement, and rendered them eager for any change, however wild, which promised to better their condition. When, also, we advert to the fact that his doctrines at first were propagated with much gentleness, and required the performance of duties which all were satisfied would conduce to their general good, and which, several years after their first propagation, had wrought so remarkable a change, as to create wonder and astonishment both among the red men and white. By Elkswatawa alone were the habits and manners of the Indians entirely changed, and good order and sobriety made to prevail where but a few years before, disorder, riots, and drunkenness were an every day occurrence. This fact alone, that he, chiefly by his own exertions, had established a new organization of society, and that upon principles of morality in direct opposition to long established customs, is a proof of the vast power he was enabled to wield. And the conception of the plan by the brothers which was to give them so great a mastery over all the wandering tribes;—their commencing with the propagation of doctrines to which no one could object, and the deep policy which enabled them to conceal their designs for so long a time, evince much wisdom and profound sagacity.

Having gained an ascendancy by mild measures, it was now necessary that he should move a step farther, in order to develope more fully his plans, and increase the influence he had already obtained.

A radical change as we have already observed, had been introduced among the Indians, tending to better their condition; and so gentle had been the means, and so unobjectionable the doctrines taught, that the suspicions of the whites had not as yet been aroused. It is true, that the traders, who were in the habit of selling spirit to the Indians, and thereby amassing large sums of money, had often made complaints, and stated that the intentions of the Prophet were hostile; but his doctrines conflicted directly with their interests; and consequently, their communications were disregarded. Moreover, up to this time, no single act had been committed, calculated to create the least suspicion; so far from it, the Prophet, on account of the favourable changes he had introduced, had won the regard of most of the whites along the frontier, and was looked upon by them in the most favourable light. It would have been well for him and better still for the red men, had he stopped here. But this would not have been in accordance with the plan which he had formed with his brother, and which they had prosecuted with so much untiring zeal and perseverance. So that Elkswatawa now, in order to ascertain the amount of his influence, began in the name of the Great Spirit to require sacrifices on the part of his followers.

The first edict he issued, simply required that the fire in an Indian lodge should never be permitted to go out under penalty of the declared displeasure of the Great Spirit. Secondly, he ordered that

no Indian should suffer a dog to live, together with many other things, too tedious to mention. To these which I have specified, ridiculous as it may seem, it is stated that the most implicit obedience was paid by all who ranked themselves as his followers. These sacrifices were, however, of different kinds, and in themselves, but of little moment, and were required merely that he might see whether or not obedience would be paid to his orders.

This having been done, other changes were daily introduced, all tending to increase the influence which he already wielded. Latterly he had begun to dwell more on the necessity of a perfect union among the tribes; indeed, it was now chiefly the burden of his song, and at his request was urged with much zeal by all his agents, although they themselves were ignorant of his ultimate intentions. Having now for some time endeavoured to obtain a mastery over all the tribes, and finding that the chief obstacle to the success of his plans was to be found in the opposition of some neighbouring chiefs, he determined at once to consult his brother as to the propriety of getting rid of them; and with this view sought him immediately upon his return from a wandering expedition.

“Thy moccasins are worn with travel, brother,” said Elkswatawa, “thy path has led thee to far tribes; what say they of the Shawanee Prophet?”

“I bring great joy,” said Tecumseh, “I have poured out words like a rushing river, and the hearts of the red men are bleeding. I have preached to

them peace, but they dream of war; and were Tecumseh to say, 'come on,' they would follow, though they know not whither."

"My heart is glad," said Elkswatawa. "But some of the red men grieve me, they have placed logs in our path. We must remove them."

"How?—what has happened?"—said Tecumseh.

"The chiefs of the Delawares and Wyandots have said," replied Elkswatawa, "that the words of the Prophet have no truth in them; that he deceives the red men, and cannot do what he promises."

"Ha!" said Tecumseh, "I warned you of this. You have placed the Shawanees above the Delawares and Wyandots. It was wrong. But the Prophet has spoken. His words must always seem straight, they must never be changed."

No, brother; and he who says the Prophet speaks false, must die, or the work we have begun will never be finished."

"It would be well:—if they lie in our path, they must be taken away. But how can this be?—they have friends, and are powerful."

"I have sworn in my heart, they shall die," said Elkswatawa, "I have the means. Knowest thou the virtue of witchcraft?" His sides shook with a low chuckling laugh, and he continued, "Our enemies are witches, let them die as such, the Great Spirit orders it."

"Witchcraft among the red men is like a large fire," said Tecumseh, "when once you kindle it; but how will you start it?"

“There are many red men,” replied Elkswatawa, “who say, Elkswatawa is the true Prophet. Wherever I go, they follow. Whatever I order, they do ;—so far, good. When I preach again, I will attribute the misfortune of the red men to witches or evil spirits, and the Great Spirit shall order the red men to remove them from among them. At first, evil spirits shall enter the bodies of those whom nobody cares for ; they shall die, and the Prophet will say the Great Spirit is glad. Then they shall enter the bodies of those whom many hate, they shall die, and the Great Spirit shall say he is pleased. Then will I pray and be absent many nights, and the Great Spirit shall say to me that the chiefs, our enemies, are witches. I will tell it to the red men ; they are excited, and once having tasted blood, will readily believe. I will attribute to them the loss of our lands, I will show the working of the evil spirit in all their actions. I will call them the friends of the white men and show their names to the treaties. Will not this do, Tecumseh ?”—

“Thy wits are sharp,” replied Tecumseh. “But, brother, thou speakest of the stake, as you would order a fire for a morning meal. I would have your heart sorry at what you propose. The red men, not white, are those whose deaths you seek ; remember, we have often given them our hands, we have smoked in their wigwams, and we have hunted the deer and buffalo with them far out on the prairies. If our plans require it, let your heart be sad.”

“Ha ! brother,” cried the Prophet, “art thou white

livered? Dost thou talk of freeing thy country, when like a woman, thou dost sicken at thought of the stake? If thou canst not open the veins of a sleeping child, and lap its blood like a thirsty dog, I pray thee leave me; I will kindle the torch of war, and lead our warriors on, until not a tomahawk is left, which is not rusted red with the blood of the whites."

"And thou dost call me white livered, Elkswatawa," said Tecumseh, his frame dilating, and his eyes glowing with indignation, "thou hast said so;—now did not the same current flow in our veins, and were we not travelling the same path to the same place, and to reach it requires that we should travel as friends, my tomahawk should drink thy blood, base slanderer as thou art. What! because when the sky is clear, I cannot dabble in the blood of the aged, nor derive pleasure from the scalping of children, thou shouldst brand me as a coward—thou! Elkswatawa! Thou art my brother, I must stop,—yet recollect this, when the battle rages, if thou, Elkswatawa, wilt follow Tecumseh in the fight, thy name shall be associated in future years with all that is noble and daring in Indian warfare." And saying this he began to walk hurriedly to and fro.

While Tecumseh was delivering the above, the Prophet stood cowering beneath his fierce glance, and appalled by the storm of passion he had raised; at length he answered:

"Thy anger is strong, Tecumseh; it is a mighty wind, but Elkswatawa is a blasted tree; the wind passes by, and harms him not. Elkswatawa did

not wish to touch the heart of his brother. When his brother is angry, he wants it to be with the pale faces and not with him. We have started upon a journey, and we have travelled a long way. We now find our path stopped up. Shall we turn back, or shall we clear it out, and go on? Elkswatawa says go on, clear it out; burn the red men who stop it up, and our path will then be open to our journey's end. Let us do this, brother, and then when they speak of the Prophet, they shall fear and tremble, and when he orders they will obey."

"Then be it so," said Tecumseh, "I like it not, but, since our plans require it, let it be done."

"Tecumseh is dark to his brother, he cannot see through him. He wishes to make the red men one people, and yet his heart is sorry, when a few must be burned for the good of the many. Tecumseh's heart does not pant for the blood of an enemy. Elkswatawa's heart is glad when an enemy dies, be he white or red. He would drink up his blood as the summer earth does the rain. Tecumseh likes not human blood, and the stake is dreadful in his eyes."

"Thou sayest the shedding of human blood is painful to me; thou knowest me not, Elkswatawa; let it flow when the battle rages, and let its source be the bleeding bodies of the white men. It might then rush along like a mountain torrent gurgling and leaping over its rocky bed, and in it I could bathe, or could stretch myself along its brink, and sleep by its murmuring sound. But enough; let us each to his post, and do his duty, you to practice

witchcraft, and I to wander and preach to the red men;"—then turning off, he left the Prophet to his own meditations.

But a short time had elapsed since the above conference, when witchcraft became a subject of general discussion among the red men, and the Prophet having detailed his plans and wishes to some of his immediate converts and followers, was soon after favoured with a revelation of the will of the Great Spirit, which pointed out the evil effects of witches, and attributed to them all the misfortunes of the red men. This revelation was immediately detailed to his assembled followers, who lost no time in seeking for the supposed witches, the authors of all their misfortunes. The first act in the drama, consisted in the execution of several persons of little note. By some of his emissaries a charge of witchcraft was brought against several old women who were known to have an undue quantity of roots in their wigwams, and against whom a suspicion of witchcraft had before been hinted. Witnesses were ready to prove all that was required, the stakes were prepared, and they suffered death protesting before Heaven their innocence, to the last moment. These trials, which were mere mockeries, for the victims were always doomed to death when they were marked out, generally took place in the presence of large crowds of assembled spectators, served to create excitement, and at the same time whet the native ferocity of the savages. These exhibitions were followed by continual preachings, and revelations of the Great Spirit, through the Prophet,

in which he was pleased to express his satisfaction at the executions which had already taken place.

The state of ferment and excitement had now arrived at the highest pitch, and the red men having tasted of blood, like blood hounds thirsted for more. Other persons of little note who were obnoxious to the Prophet on account of having derided his doctrines, or to his followers on account of personal differences, soon experienced the same fate. Stakes were prepared in many of the neighbouring tribes, and the awful and deadly denunciations of the Prophet against all who were even supposed to be touched with witchcraft, gave to his followers unlimited power over all whom they chose to accuse. Witnesses to prove whatever the Prophet wished, were at his call, and in the executions which had as yet taken place, it had so happened, that all had been satisfied with the proof which had been adduced. The possession of crooked pins, rusted nails, or roots were always fatal to the possessor, and no difficulty was found in clandestinely placing them about the persons of the accused. This is all literally true, and the few who may be sceptical on the subject, I would refer to a history of scenes somewhat similar, in New-England, where the actors were civilized and enlightened. Here the actors were entirely uneducated, addicted to superstition, and consequently formed of materials more fit to be operated on.

The Prophet and his band were still going on with their work of destruction, many victims, although none of them were chiefs, had already suf

ferred, and still the Great Spirit, through the Prophet, enjoined them to prosecute the work they had begun, until no evil spirit should lurk among the red men, and that then they would have future days of untold happiness. He had now operated upon the band who were with him, until a wish was law, and his emissaries had also acquired much influence among the neighbouring tribes; when at the close of an evening during the scenes we have described, he was observed to retire alone into the forest at a distance from his camp, where apparently in great trouble, he passed the night in prayer, and in howling songs of vengeance; but against whom, no one knew, for they dared not intrude upon the secrecy of his devotions. At the camp, his followers were in the highest possible state of excitement, for they knew that some matter of great interest occupied the Prophet, although what it was, no one could tell, nor could they know until he should be pleased to reveal to them the source of his sufferings. All believed that he was holding communion with the Great Spirit, and waited with anxious solicitude the coming of morn, when they believed that he would reveal to them the nature of the intercourse he had held, together with the wishes of the Great Spirit. The entire night was one of anxiety and care, dark and undefined visions troubled the red men, serving in a great measure to banish sleep, and if for a moment some one, overpowered by fatigue, sank to rest, he was startled by the restless howling of the

Prophet, and arose more feverish and excited than when he lay down.

But morning came, the voice of the Prophet was silent, and yet he appeared not. The sun rose, and a lovelier sun never shed his lustre over the wild woods—the birds sung praises to the God of day from the neighbouring tree tops, and the dew was fast disappearing, when the Prophet was seen with hurried steps striding along towards his encampment. A wild shout burst forth, and many of his band ran eagerly forward to meet him, and conducted him to his tent. His features were thin and haggard, and his appearance was that of much suffering; but he refused to take any rest or refreshment, and having called together his followers, the first words that fell from his lips were, “Teteboxti, Billy Patterson, and Leather-lips must die!” A short but deep silence followed, and a cloud passed over the features of the red men, for the two first mentioned were chiefs of the Delawares; the latter a chief of the Wyandots, and all were persons high in favor among their respective tribes. They had always supported unexceptionable characters, and each possessed the influence which always attaches to a long and well-spent life. The Prophet continued: “The evil spirit dwells in them, their knives are sharp, and they would draw them against their brothers. They are the friends of the white men,—they have sold our lands to the pale faces—see their names to the treaties—and they are now trying to take from us the few hunting grounds we

have. Should they live, the red men will have no homes to rest in. I prayed last night, as you know, to the Great Spirit, and begged him to say to his Prophet what should be good for his red children, and a voice cried, saying "let no witch live." And I slept, and had a vision, and in it I saw Teteboxti, Billy Patterson and Leather-lips gathering herbs, both deadly and poisonous, and on their persons they had many crooked pins, and ugly nails, with which they were about to exercise their infernal rights to the great injury of the red men. 'They are witches, prepare the stakes and let them suffer.'

The Prophet had no sooner finished speaking, than there burst forth a wild and savage yell, with cries of "lead us on, lead us on!" and placing himself at the head of his gang, they all ran away howling in search of the doomed. Like an unkenelled pack, fresh for the chase they coursed away through the woods, bending their way to the Delaware tribe—scouring the country for those they sought, and spreading terror and desolation, wherever they swept along.

Several days passed, and it was, evening when the Prophet was seen in the Delaware country, seated on a small grass plat, which had been swept and prepared for some purpose and surrounded by many Indians, some of whom were Delawares. They were all more grave and taciturn than usual; and upon examining more minutely into the preparations which had been made for the assembled crowd, their silence was easily accounted for. Hard by them, and at a distance of about twenty feet

from each other might be seen two freshly cut poles which had been trimmed, and inserted deep into the earth. Around them for several feet, the ground had been swept, and over them were thrown several little bunches of twisted mulberry strings. A quantity of light wood and dried sticks had been gathered, and lay near at hand, while also at a short distance, smoked a small fire, which seemed to have been kept alive merely to answer the purposes of a match.

It was now near the close of evening, when, afar off, was heard a confused noise, which seemed to approach and gradually increase, until one could identify it, as an Indian hymn of joy, proceeding from a mixed multitude of persons, hurrying on to the present encampment of the Prophet. In the rear of the approaching band, were collected a number of boys and women, with long switches, who seemed to be urging something forward. It was Teteboxti and Billy Patterson, pinioned, whom they were forcing along to the Prophet's camp. Having arrived, there burst forth a simultaneous shout of savage joy, and then for a time was wild revelry and mirth, and confusion and disorder, and all cast taunts and reproaches upon the accused.

The Prophet afterward having formed a ring, called them to order, and in the centre stood those who were already doomed to death. Then came on the mockery of a trial;—it lasted for a moment;—it was over, and the victims were ordered to the stake. Among some of the red men there now seemed a little wavering of purpose, and but for

the excitement under which they were labouring, they must have relented, when they saw dragged to the stake two of their own citizens, worn with years, and covered with honours. Teteboxti had ever supported the most exemplary life; he was even famed for his wisdom and his many virtues, and the breath of suspicion had never as yet been blown against him. In the language of one who described the scenes of that day, "his head had been bleached by more than eighty winters," and he now stood at the stake, trembling with age, and leaning on his staff for support, while they prepared to fasten the strings around him. Compassion now for a moment appeared to gleam forth, for the Prophet advancing to Teteboxti, told him if he would deliver up his medicine bag, and confess himself a witch, his life should be spared. The strength of the old man's mind had departed, and age had imbued him with the weakness of a child. He consented, and designated a spot where he said his medicine bag was concealed. He was released, and the crowd led him to the place he had mentioned;—yet his little bag, which in the eyes of the Indians, was all powerful, for it was filled, as they supposed, with roots and crooked pins, and such other substances as were necessary for a witch to work his incantations with, was no where to be found. The old man was frightened, and gasped for breath, and named another place. They led him there, and searched, yet nothing could they find. He still named another place, and begged them to

lead him thither, but it was apparent that procrastination was his only object, and they dragged him away to the stake, with tears flowing in a stream down his face as they urged him along. He was bound, and the fire kindled,—a light current of air which swept along, fanned the fire into a flame, and at the same time parting the white hair of Teteboxti, caused it to float off in the wind. At this moment, a young warrior, who was near, moved by compassion, sank his tomahawk into his head:—he fell, quivering upon the ground, and as the yet warm reeking weapon was returned to its sheath, a shudder passed over the features of Elkswatawa.

While this was acting, Billy Patterson remained pinioned to a stake, a silent spectator, at the distance of only a few feet. So calm and unmoved was he, that no one would have supposed him interested in the events which were occurring. But now the crowd gathered around him, and the Prophet stepping forth, made the same propositions to him which he had made to Teteboxti. Many begged him to accept them, and give up his medicine bag;—his life had been irreproachable and useful, and they wished it spared. He had served his apprenticeship as a gunsmith among the whites, where also he had imbibed the doctrines of Christianity, and to the Prophet's proposition, he replied:—"I am a Christian, and have no connexion with the devil;—you have intimidated one poor old man, but you cannot frighten me,—proceed, and you shall see how a Christian and a warrior can die."

His speech irritated the crowd:—they abused him as a witch, and drawing nearer to him, sat fire to the pile. The fire, at first, burnt slowly, but soon after increasing, it rolled upwards, in a sheet of dense red flame. You might now hear his skin crack and parch, and yet he uttered no murmur or complaint; but, opening a small hymn book, began to sing and pray, with a loud voice. The Indians who surrounded him, danced about with savage glee,—made jocose speeches when his muscles twitched, from the action of the fire, and taunted and reviled him. Yet he quailed not, but sung and prayed, as though he were freed from all bodily suffering. The fire still increased, and a judgment from heaven seemed suddenly to have passed over his persecutors, so silent at once became that noisy rabble. Not a sound was now heard, but the cracking of the fire, or the dropping of blood, as trickling from some fresh wound, it fell upon a burning coal, causing a frying or hissing sound. All gazed in wonder, and each one sorrowed for the part he had borne, when he beheld the firmness of the dying man. His chest still heaved, but he triumphed over nature, for no sound indicated the anguish he suffered. A few moments more elapsed and a skeleton lay doubled up at the foot of the the stake, the bones of the right hand, clutching with a strong gripe, a small black smoking substance,—it was the hymn book; and the spirit of Billy Patterson had returned to its God.

For some few moments there was silence, and contrition seemed to have entered their hearts. But

the Prophet discovering it, called them together and harangued them. He finished speaking, contrition disappeared, and all were joyous; not only joyous, but happy, and inclined to mirth and festivity. Feasting and dancing were at once resorted to, and they indulged in all the unrestrained freedom of wild-revelry:—surrounding alternately the body of Teteboxti, and the skeleton of Billy Patterson, they performed various dances, and sung hymns of joy, and ever and anon they laughed until their sides shook, at the different positions in which they placed the body and the skeleton, at one moment twining its arms around the body, at another causing it to sit erect at a short distance, and look as if it was gazing on the body of Teteboxti from sightless sockets.

The night was now wearing away, the middle watch was at hand, and the Prophet prepared to close the scene. His followers were ripe for any act, so he called them together, and harked them on in pursuit of Leather-lips. The camp was soon cleared, their baggage slung, and with the Prophet all were off in pursuit, leaving their present camp unoccupied save by the unburied body of Teteboxti, which remained sitting in an upright position, and the skeleton of Billy Patterson, which was left hanging upon the fork of a tree.

It was early the next morning when the crowd was seen coursing their way through a small field, to a cabin where resided Leather-lips, whose Indian appellation was Shateyaronrah. He was surrounded by his family, and several friends were also cas-

ually present, among whom were two white men. Leather-lips was at this time aged sixty-three, and had always supported the most exemplary life. He had often mingled in battle, and had won for himself the reputation of a brave man. But unfortunately for himself his signature was attached to the famous treaty of Greenville, and he had ever manifested a partiality for the Americans as opposed to the English. Notwithstanding this, he was conspicuous among the red men far and wide, and wielded great influence.

When Elkswatawa assumed to himself the character of a Prophet, and announced that he was commissioned by the Most High to preach the word to the red men, to change their condition, increase their possessions, and make them sole masters of the land, Leather-lips denounced him as an impostor, and urged the Indians not to place full credence in his promises. He had been silently watching the character of the Prophet while he was struggling for power, and spared no endeavour to thwart his views. He was acquainted with the executions which had already taken place on account of pretended witchcraft, and when he heard the shouts of the band which was hurrying on, and saw their numbers, he knew but too well, the pack which was unkennelled against him. But hark ! they are rushing on, and first among the foremost, comes his brother. They arrive, they seize, and prepare to bind him.

“No,” cries he, “let me be free, I know your purpose, and am ready to obey.”

“Haste then ;” cried Elkswatawa, “witch, we thirst for blood.”

“Witch !” repeated Leather-lips, and he looked him in the face, and entered his wigwam. Then returning to the door he addressed the crowd, and begged them to spare his life. His entreaty was answered with scorn, and they cried for blood. All hope was now gone, and he re-entered his wigwam, to prepare for his fate, while his executioners commenced digging his grave at the sill of his door. Having dressed himself in his best war clothes, and partaken of a hasty meal of venison, he came out from his cabin calm and dignified, and knelt upon the brink of his grave. His executioners then stepped forward, one of whom was his own brother, and kneeling before him, prayed to the Great Spirit in his behalf. The Indians were all silent, and the prayers being over, they withdrew to a short distance, and seated themselves on the ground. Leather-lips then bent over his grave, rested his face upon his hands and his hands upon his knees. The executioners stepped forward, performed their duty, and the body of Leather-lips rolled into its grave. The Indians then huddled around it, and Elkswatawa calling the attention of the two whites, pointed to the body. “See,” said he, as the chest still heaved, “see how hard he dies ; he is a witch, he is a witch.” All were satisfied, and they shovelled the fresh earth over the dying Leather-lips, and left to his last sleep, one who, an hour before, was cultivating his little field.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—Page 25.

“Roof of the boat.” This seems an awkward expression, yet there is no other word which will convey the idea. The flat boats of the west are in shape parallelograms; they have but a single story, and closely boarded over, form a flat roof upon which in good weather emigrants lounge or walk about for exercise.

NOTE B.—Page 56.

I have often been amused when travelling through the west, at the inquiries which would be made upon finding out that I was a Virginian, by persons who had emigrated years before from the same state. It seemed to them a matter of course that I must know their relations; and I have been asked after Aunt Polly, Jenny, and other members of a family of which I knew no more than if they lived in the moon. This was frequently the case in Arkansas, but lest it should seem to show a degree of ignorance unequalled by any other people, and perhaps afford nuts to crack for foreigners, I must tell an anecdote by way of set off. In the winter of '34, I started in a coach well filled from Manchester for Nottingham; the passengers were all genteel, well dressed men, and one seemed affable and talkative above his companions; he gave me much local information, and discovering that I was an American from some remark I made, the following dialogue ensued.

“You are not an American?” said he.

“Indeed I am.”

“Well, you talk just as we do.”

I told him, I thought nothing was more natural, inasmuch as we were descended from the English.

“Well, now will you tell me one thing I have long wanted to know?” continued the stranger.

“Certainly, if it be proper, and I can;”—said I.

“Well, do the blacks in your country run wild?”

I could not avoid laughing, and after composing myself, explained to him their situation, and the nature of the services performed by them; he expressed himself satisfied on that point, and after a silence of a few minutes, observed, “I have a friend in America, I reckon you have seen him.”

I told him I really did not know, and asked him to what part he had gone; he said he could not tell, but added “I can tell you, how you may know him if ever you should see him?”

“How?” said I.

“He limps a little,” said he, “and his right foot cocks up.”

“Very well,” said I, “when I meet with him, I will give him your respects.” “And” added the stranger, “I will tell you another way you may know him, he is mighty fond of swapping horses.” I could now hold in no longer, but laughed outright, and told him that the United States were many times as large as England. He believed I was quizzing him, and turned away in disgust. And these were the directions given by a well dressed Englishman, to enable me to find his friend in America. Happily for the confirmation of the above anecdote, there now lives in this state, a highly respectable and esteemed gentleman who heard the whole of it.

NOTE C.—Page 191.

Netnokwa, who, as we have stated, was at one time regarded as chief of the Ottawas, married an Ojibbeway and emigrated with him to the Red River country. He soon after their removal falling in battle, she continued to reside with his relatives.

See Tanner’s narrative.



246

151711
F44E5
1836
v.1

“
“
I
plair
forn
a

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

18 May 58 M.F.

REC'D LD

JUN 9 1958

RARE BOOKS

LD 21A-50m-8,'57
(C8481s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

939863

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

