

BY

BOY LIFE
AMONG THE
INDIANS
F. R. Goulding



THE INDIANS AND THE MICROSCOPE.

BOY LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY

REV. F. R. GOULDING,

AUTHOR OF "ROBERT AND HAROLD," "MAROONER'S ISLAND,"
ETC., ETC.

Part I. ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS.

Part II. COUSIN ALECK.



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ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS.

CHAPTER I.

Journey begun—Poor Bunny!—"The Hill of Science."

THE sound "Swt! Swrt!" issued sharply from the lips of our carriage-driver, Scipio, in that peculiar half-hiss, half-whistle addressed to horses, which is so easy to utter, and so difficult to spell. The horses leaned forward on hearing it, and the wheels of the carriage crushed through the deep sand before the door of our dear old house in Darien.

In the carriage were my father and my elder sister, with the usual conveniences for travel through a wild and poorly furnished country, while on the outrider's seat behind,

B

2 *Adventures among the Indians.*

two trunks, a large and a small, were securely strapped.

Almost rubbing his nose against these trunks, Old Gray stood in the shafts of a covered carryall, containing Lorenzo and myself, with a fair division of the general baggage. Of course, as soon as the carriage moved, Old Gray started too.

My mother and the children had left only a few minutes before, on their way to our summer residence at The Bluff, twelve miles away. She was scarcely out of sight, her face all wet with tears at having parted from us until our winter vacation, six months off, should bring us together again.

Mr. Jamieson, who was not only clerk in my father's counting-house, but also chief steward of our winter premises, stood in the doorway, keys in hand, ready to lock up for the summer. He had just waved us adieu, looking as if he would greatly prefer being himself a traveller with us.

“Whoa, Gray! Stop a minute, Johnnie!”

said Lorenzo, clutching at the reins I held, the moment after we started. He leaped from the carryall and ran into the house, nodding to Mr. Jamieson, and saying, with a merry laugh, "You did not expect me back so soon."

He soon reappeared, bearing on his shoulder a pet squirrel, which, in the many cares of the occasion, had been forgotten and left in its cage, engaged in the pleasant occupation of eating sweet acorns. The happy little thing, perfectly unconscious of the horrible loneliness and starvation and death from which it had been rescued, sat upon his shoulder, curling its tail into the shape of a letter S, and still engaged with an acorn.

I have often thought since, how like that squirrel *we* sometimes are—exposed to helpless calamity, when we least suspect it; and delivered too, it may be, by the hand of some guardian angel, of whose friendly act we shall know nothing until we shall have passed from this life of dangers to the land of the blessed.

Thus we parted from the home of my child-

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hood; and, as the event proved, parted for ever. During the following summer the house “took to itself wings” of fire “and flew away” in smoke; and from that day forth our home was fixed at a far-distant point.

Our journey was made towards the last of May, 1820. We followed the course of the Altamaha River, bound for the “up-country” of Georgia. Our destination was Athens, where, or in its vicinity, we three young people, my sister, Lorenzo, and myself, were to spend the next few years in the labours of study.

Of *school-life* I shall say little, for the reason that I have little to say. Memory represents it almost as a blank, or at best as a confused and painful drudgery, which I take no pleasure in recollecting. But let not my young readers think that this language affords them any authority for saying the same of themselves. In these days of fast and easy travelling, when even the “Hill of Science” has been striped with railroads, from base to summit, its rough rocks built up into beautiful terraces, and its

once thorny byways adorned with flowers, no one possessed of mind or industry will complain of the hardships of school—it is a paradise now, compared with what it used to be.

There is much, however, outside the school-room, and some little in it, that may prove useful or interesting; and this I propose to narrate.





CHAPTER II.

The First Evening's Rest—Singular Scene between a Hawk and a Squirrel.

WE arrived at the appointed stopping-place of our first day's journey long before sunset. The horses had been stabled and the baggage brought in, and having nothing else to do, we relieved our crampy sensations of travel by a stroll towards some pleasant-looking woods. In the course of a quarter of a mile, Scipio, who was walking just behind us listening to the conversation, gave my shoulder a grip, and pointing forward said, in a vigorous whisper: "Mas Johnnie, look yonder! Wuh dem ting duh on de fence?"

I looked in the direction indicated, and immediately called my father's attention to what appeared. On the topmost rail, about

two feet apart from each other, and twenty-five or thirty steps distant from us, sat a hawk and a squirrel, face to face, intently engaged in exchanging looks with each other.

“Stop, children,” said my father; “let us watch and see what they are about.”

We paused, then drew gradually nearer, without their seeming in the least to regard us. We came so close as to see every motion, and even to distinguish the expression (*humanly speaking*) of their countenances; still they seemed to be absorbed in each other, and unconscious of our neighbourhood. They *saw* us, no doubt, for their large protruding eyes, set in the sides of the head, enabled them to discern objects around and almost behind, without turning.

The hawk had an eager, longing, yet disappointed look, as if his heart had been set upon something which he had failed of obtaining. The squirrel's expression was that of caution and of confidence. I could not but fancy that there was also a spice of fun, or of monkey-like

mischievousness in his manner, as if conscious of having done something smart, and of being able to repeat it. But whatever fun may have been in his merry little heart, or in his twinkling black eyes, there was none in the hawk's. With him all was dead earnest, perhaps I may say, dogged resolution.

So far as we could see, neither moved a muscle, nor winked an eye, for five minutes. Then the hawk edged his way lovingly forward and lifted a claw, as if saying to the squirrel: "Dear little neighbour, will you not shake hands with me?"

But as he approached, the squirrel drew back, decidedly declining a closer acquaintance. The hawk then retreated to his former position, and to my surprise the squirrel followed, keeping up the same distance as before. To my surprise, I say, for although it was very plain why it should draw back on the approach of the hawk, I could not conceive why it should *advance* upon the other's retreat, and therefore we called upon my father for an explanation;

but he only said: "Watch, and judge for yourselves."

We remained looking on this unusual scene for at least twenty minutes, and until we had advanced within fifteen steps, when the hawk, with a sudden flap of his wings, threw himself on the other side of the fence and flew rapidly away; and as soon as he was gone the squirrel scampered from rail to rail, and leaped to a tree, which he climbed with a merry "quah-quah!" as if laughing at the fun he had enjoyed at the hawk's expense. While walking on, we asked my father to account for these manœuvres.

"So far as the hawk is concerned, it is very plain," he replied. "The hawk was hungry, and hoped to make a supper of the squirrel."

"But why was the squirrel on the fence?" we inquired.

"Most likely he was on the fence, enjoying an evening stroll, when the hawk saw him and endeavoured to pounce upon him," he answered.

“But why did he not jump off and run away?” we asked again.

“Because he was too wise,” my father replied. “His safest place was as near the hawk as he could get, to be out of reach of his talons.”

We were puzzled at this reply, and looked to him for further explanation.

“If you will reflect a moment,” said he, “you will remember that the *first motions* of a squirrel, in leaping, dodging, or changing its course, are quick, while those of a hawk are not. But in a straight-forward race a hawk’s motion becomes swift, while that of a squirrel is slow. Little Bunny has been taught, either by instinct or by experience, that his greatest superiority over the hawk is in his *first motions*. Therefore, he kept on the fence and near the hawk, where he could at any moment dodge under the rail, and laugh at his pursuer.”

“He is a smart little fellow,” said one of us, enthusiastically.

“Yes, and a brave one, too,” said another.

“ I shall always admire squirrels after this,” said my sister.

But the adventure was not yet over. We continued our walk for a quarter of a mile, or more ; but, when we were returning home, we saw the squirrel and hawk seated upon a limb of a tree thirty feet above ground and about two feet apart, eyeing each other as before. We felt a lively interest in the fate of our brave little friend, and would have remained until dark to watch the issue of the contest ; but as night was coming on, and we had all confidence in his wisdom and courage, we left him on the limb and returned to our lodgings.*

* The above scene is described just as it was witnessed.





CHAPTER III.

Thirsty Road—Bucket down the Well—Soft Iron, and Fire hammered out of it—The Tin Mirror—Accident to a Young Horse—Plato and Pythagoras—Resetting a Disjointed Bone—"I have been here before"—Key to the Mystery.

ONE day, during this journey, when the weather was warmer than usual, we had travelled many miles without meeting with water fit to drink. We were beginning to suffer from thirst, when we were informed of a well of delicious water near a blacksmith's shop at a cross-road a few miles ahead. We went on in fine spirits, regaling our fancies and cheering each other with the anticipation of one of the greatest luxuries in this life—cool water. But life is very uncertain, even in its most reasonable expectations. We found the cross-road, the blacksmith's shop, and the well, and also had the evidence of water having

been drawn not many minutes before our arrival, but there was no water for us—the bucket had broken loose from its bail, and was lying at the bottom of the well, forty feet below the surface of the earth.

The workmen of the smithy were absent, attending a funeral, and there was nobody present except the blacksmith's son, a boy about twelve years old, and a neighbour, who, having come on a pressing errand to the shop, was awaiting the return of the workmen. The man and boy had already dragged for the bucket with a three-branched hook, in use for such purposes, but the bucket having no handle, or other place on which the hook might take hold, they had failed to bring it up. When we arrived, the man was adjusting the well-rope around the boy's waist, preparatory to letting him down. He seemed rejoiced at our coming, and stopped proceedings long enough to describe what had been done, and to say, in his country dialect: "Jes' as you come up, the idee crossed my mind that I hadn't oughter

let down this ere boy untel I had tried the well by lettin' down a lighted splinter. I have heern well-cleaners say thur's a foul ar sometimes at the bottom of wells as kills folks. What you think?"

He received for answer that it was certainly safer to test the air of the well, as proposed, for that deadly vapour did sometimes collect, though seldom in wells constantly used.

"But whar'll I git any fire to light my splinter?" the man asked, looking at the boy; "thar ain't a spark in the shop."

"Daddy all'ays lights his coal, of a mornin', by hammerin' his fire outen a piece of soft iurn," the boy replied. "I kin do it too. Shill I?"

My father looked at us children with a smile, and said: "I suspect you would like to see this queer way of getting fire—hammering it out of iron. Jump out of the carriage then, and run after them."

We dashed ahead, and were soon in company.

“I want to see that ‘soft iron,’” said I.

“Yes,” answered Lorenzo; “I thought all iron was hard.”

“All iron *is* hard,” the boy said, on hearing us; “only some kinds is harder’n others. Pot-metal, now, is so hard that ef you hit it with a hammer, it’ll break into flinders; and steel is so hard that your hammer kaint dent it. But a nail-rod is soft, almost like lead. You may hammer it any way you like.”

All was soon explained to us by practical illustration. The boy took a small iron rod, such as is used for making horse-shoe nails, laid it on the anvil, struck a few rapid blows, and removed it red-hot to some coals, which ignited at its touch, and were afterwards blown into an intense heat by the bellows. As the wind was blowing hard, a large live coal with some splinters of rich pine were carried to the well to be lighted there.

The little torch, on being lowered into the well, burned brightly until within four or five

feet of the water, when it was suddenly extinguished.

“Thar now!” exclaimed the man; “I’m glad I didn’t let down this ere boy, ur I’d a had *him* to draw out, as well as the bucket. And now, what’s to be done with all that bad ar down the well?”

My father told him how to remove it by lowering a thickly-leaved bush, or an open umbrella, or by any other means that would mix the inner and outer airs. “But,” added he, “why disturb it? It will hurt nobody that does not breathe it. As for the bucket, that can be recovered without any one’s going down, by using these forge-tongs. We will fasten a cord to each handle, so that they can be opened or closed at will. Please look and see if the bucket lies fair, with its mouth to us.”

The man shaded his eyes, peered down the dark abyss, and answered: “I kin see *whar* it lies, but not *how* it lies.”

“Then we must let down another torch to

show it," said my father, who at the same time drew from his pocket his flint and steel—this was before the world knew anything of friction matches—struck a spark into his tinder-horn, and applied a match tipped with sulphur.

"You don't allow your match can live in all this ere wind, do you?" asked the man, in some surprise.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "a match can be made to defy the wind;" and with that he wrapped a fragment of newspaper round his finger into a bell shape, and held it with its mouth turned from the wind. The match, grasped in the shank of the bell before lighting, was well enough protected to defy almost a hurricane. Match and bell burned together.

The red light of the torch, however, not possessing quite illuminating power enough for the depth of water, its place was supplied by a piece of bright tin, which, for lack of a better mirror, was used to reflect a strong body of sunlight down the well. The tongs—made like

a pair of pliers or nippers, with long handles and short jaws—was let down under the guidance of this light, the bucket was seized by its lip and carefully drawn up, and the cool water that came in it was not the less delicious in consequence of the long delay.

Somewhere along that same road is another locality which, in my mind, is very curiously associated.

Our road led us to the brow of a wooded hill, from which we looked over a wide reach of fields and farms to a pleasant line of woods which bounded the view three or four miles away. Just before coming to this brow, our attention was arrested by several men on the roadside, who were engaged in trying to hoist to a strong beam a young horse that had dislocated its back. It was a beautiful creature, with small head, intelligent projecting eyes, glossy skin, and legs as trim as a deer's. Its piteous groans, or rather pants, of pain, excited our compassion, and my father halted the carriage to see if he could be of any service. A

look, however, convinced him that the case was hopeless. The back had been broken at the loins, and the parts had slipped so far from the right position as to overlap each other. The men at work, ignorant of the rules of bone-setting, were trying to force the joint to its place by hoisting the poor creature *by its tail*. Every tug at the rope brought from the sufferer such indications of pain that my father beckoned the principal personage of the company to him and said: "Friend, I am very sorry to see what has happened to that beautiful animal. It would be worth saving, if possible, but I perceive that you do not understand the art of bone-setting."

"Do you?" the man eagerly inquired.

"Enough to know that the plan you are pursuing will only make matters worse," was the reply. "When a joint has slipped from its place, the only way to get it back is *to pull the bones apart* until their heads can pass one another, and slip back to their proper position. See here," and with that he took hold of his

own middle finger and pulled it, so that its lower bone separated visibly from the knuckle-joint. "This is what I mean. Before you can set a dislocated joint, you must pull the bones apart with such force that they can slip back into place. So much about the setting of a joint. But now, for the sake of your poor suffering brute, I would ask a question. Is it possible for you, with all the force at your command, to draw those bones far enough apart to bring them into place? And supposing you can, is it possible for a horse with a broken back ever to be of use? Would it not be an act of mercy to end his sufferings at once by a bullet, or by a blow on the head?"

The man listened with absorbed attention, and with evident pleasure, to all that had been said about setting the joint, but the moment the discouraging inquiries at the close began to be made, his countenance changed, and with a surly, stubborn look, he asked: "Stranger, are you a horse-doctor?"

"Not regularly."

“ Are you a doctor of any sort ? ”

“ Not by profession. I am a merchant.”

“ Well, do you know what the *eleventh commandment* is ? ”

My father, who now suspected from the man's excited manner that he was about to utter something insolent, anticipated him by replying in a kind tone : “ *Eleventh* commandment, do you say ? That means, a commandment given after the Ten. Yes, friend, I do. For I remember that our blessed Master, who had a merciful care for all His creatures, said once, “ A NEW COMMANDMENT I give unto you, that ye *love one another.*”

This answer took the man all aback. He stood for a moment confused, then said, with a laugh, “ Well, stranger, you have got the better of me this time. I was going to say that the *eleventh* commandment is, ‘ Let every man attend to his own business.’ But your commandment is better than mine. It's as good as a sarment. I'll not forget it.”

At this moment Scipio gave a word to the

horses, and we drove away. The man stood where we left him, looking at us until we were out of sight. What became of him or his horse I never learned, for I did not revisit that spot in many years. In the mean time, another incident occurred in connection with it.

During my early manhood, I was called by business to travel a certain road once a month during a whole year. It traversed a region of country where, until that time, I had never been before. On passing it for the first time I was deeply impressed, and, in fact, somewhat troubled, by an unaccountable association. There was a certain spot, on the brow of a hill, overlooking a wide stretch of field and farm, and bounded by a distant horizon of wood, where I had no sooner looked around me than my feelings underwent a rapid and almost violent change. A feeling of pity took possession of me. The words, "Poor thing!" almost echoed in my ears. I mechanically took hold of my finger, drew it from the knuckle, thought of the mode of resetting

disjointed and broken bones, and said to myself: "What a pity that an art so simple is not known to everybody!"

The view from that hill, with its rush of thought and feeling, almost frightened me. The sensations awakened carried me back, far back, into the dim past. I said to myself: "I have been here before—at this very spot—with these same thoughts and feelings. But how is this possible? *When* could it have been? Surely not in this life!" I was perplexed.

A month afterwards, I came unexpectedly upon the same ground, and was saluted with the same resistless chain of associations. This was repeated as often as I passed the place, and I began finally to be worried at being thus almost compelled into a belief of the old pagan doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of the soul from one body to another.

About a year afterwards, however, I was called to pass over a portion of the road which we had travelled in the year 1820. I recog-

nized point after point, and was surprised to see with what vividness the old-time thoughts at the place were recalled. On reaching a certain hill-top the whole scene of the anguished horse, the ignorant operators, and the offered help, rushed through my mind. Two minutes' travel beyond this spot was *the landscape* which had become so painfully familiar to me in a distant part of the country.

Strange to say, the two scenes were not much alike, except in the impression they made upon the mind. By closely observing the facts of the case, however, I learned several things. The first is, that we remember *sensations* as well as facts; and another is, that, as a rule, there is a sensation peculiar to our recollection of each place; so that a recollection of the place will awaken the sensation, or a recurrence of the sensation will awaken a recollection of the place.

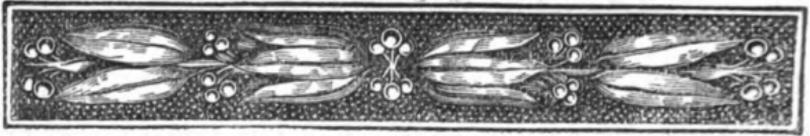
Now, it was the *sensation* produced by the roadside scene in 1820, rather than the *place*, that was recollected. The new *place* awakened

disjointed and broken bones, and said to myself: "What a pity that an art so simple is not known to everybody!"

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CHAPTER IV.

Athens, Georgia—The Grammar-School—Taking the Bull by the Horns—Almost a Fight, and its Consequences—The Armour of Proof—Banishment of the Rod from Schools.

WHEN, in the month of June, 1820, we arrived at Athens, Georgia, now known as a city, we found it a little straggling village of about thirty-five houses, and three or four hundred inhabitants.

Apart from the College and its associations, the chief attractions of the place at that time were a high and healthy location, some two hundred feet above the level of the adjoining river, and an abundance of excellent water.

The Grammar School, around and about which converge most of my associations of the time, was a preparatory department, in which pupils intending a collegiate course received all necessary instruction free of tuition charges.

This was a wise provision of the college fathers, and effectually, though slowly, did it accomplish the object intended, of building up the infant college. If I recollect aright, there were at that time nearly one hundred pupils in this department, who were distributed through two stories of the Academy, and instructed by two tutors, aided by one or two assistants.

I can never forget our first day's experience at this school, and, were our excellent old teacher alive, I think he too would join us in a laugh at the recollection. He was a man of coarse but benevolent features, and of stalwart frame, a grand advantage at that day, when the youths of our new country were like so many wild colts in need of breaking, and while our teachers, patterning after the venerated fathers across the ocean, recognized no higher incentive to study and good conduct than the rod. Everything about him was massive, and his shaggy eyebrows and his profusion of waving hair, allowed to project in unrestrained

freedom on all sides, gave to his naturally large head an appearance almost gigantic. His big hand grasped a hickory switch, straight, tough, and supple, and tapering with painful keenness to its point. This switch he wielded with great authority, and such was his skill in projecting it, javelin-like, that many a whisperer in a distant part of the room has unexpectedly felt it strike him, and heard the accompanying summons, "Bring it to me!" which was usually the precursor of his feeling the switch on his legs. Trained by a distinguished educator of youth in a neighbouring State, he believed two things indispensable to scholarship—*Latin and the hickory.*

When Lorenzo and I entered the school-room we were assigned seats near this august presence, with the words, "I will attend to you directly."

In due time we were called forward and asked the question: "Have you ever studied Latin?"

"No, sir."

He then handed each of us a Grammar, the pages of which, interspersed with notes running all the way across, were conspicuously occupied with double columns of questions and answers, being in Latin on one side of the page, and in English on the other. Running his hand broad-side over these columns, to distinguish them from the notes, he said : Get as much of this as you can, and be ready to recite in an hour ! ”

We took the books and set to work without a word, except a stifled “Whew !” from myself, after I had examined the lesson, and accompanied by the remark : “It is awful tough !”

Lorenzo, to whose ear alone this was addressed, held his book to my eye with a sign of inquiry as to what was the lesson assigned, and in answer I pointed to *the column in Latin*.

“Boys, are you ready with that lesson ?” Mr. Dobson inquired at the end of the hour.

“With part of it, sir,” we answered.

“How much ?”

“Three or four questions and answers.”

Mr. Dobson looked surprised. He could see that we had been diligent, and he evidently expected from us a long and well-prepared lesson.

“Three or four? That’s very little!” Then assuming a kind tone, he added: “Well, try it for another half hour.”

We set to work once more, and struggled desperately to master the outlandish, and, to us, unmeaning sentences which we supposed to constitute the lesson. At the end of the half hour, Mr. Dobson did not inquire whether we were ready, but called us forward and asked the question at the head of the column, in English: “How many letters are there among the Latins?”

“Oh, we did not study that, sir!” we answered.

“Then what?” he exclaimed.

“The *Latin*, sir. We thought you set us to study Latin: *Quot sunt literæ apud Latinos?*”

Mr. Dobson’s grey eyes fairly twinkled,

and his big features relaxed into a universal smile.

“That will do,” said he, his voice trembling with merriment. “You have ‘taken the *bull* by the horns,’ when I only intended you to take the *calf*. For your next lesson get these questions and answers in *English*, and let me see how much you can bring.”

From that day forth, Mr. Dobson was our friend, and he showed it on many occasions during our course.

He showed it, I say, notwithstanding the fact that his tapering switch and my legs became acquainted on one occasion rather too intimately for comfort. It happened in this way :

One morning, between breakfast and school-time, I was sitting on a low stool in the front piazza of our boarding-house, with a big Dictionary in my lap, studying a Latin lesson. George Harford, a pleasant boy, about my own age, was also in the piazza, walking to and fro, studying his Latin grammar. In one of his

passings he stumbled against my outstretched foot, which perhaps was occupying more than its rightful share of the piazza.

“Quit that, George!” I said, impatiently, and rather imperatively.

George was not accustomed to being addressed in that tone, and being rather in a teasing mood, while I was in an irritable one, he struck my foot a second time.

“George!” said I, in wrath, “if you do that again, I’ll——”

“You’ll do what?” he asked.

“Try it, and see,” I replied.

George was not a quarrelsome boy, but he did not lack spirit, and being thus dared in a threatening tone to repeat his offence, he did it, barely touching my foot, however, as much as to say: “Now let us see what you’ll do!”

This was too much for my patience. I sprang to my feet, and coming up to him as he reached the end of the piazza, struck him a blow on the head with my Dictionary that made him reel over the banister.

“Now, sir, let me alone,” I said, and just as we stood facing each other, ready for fight, the bell rang and parted us. I had not noticed that while I reached forward to strike him, he had pinched a piece out of my cheek; nor did I know it until, entering the school-room, not many steps distant, I had come under the eye of our good-natured teacher.

“Ah, Johnnie!” said he, “how comes that blood on your cheek?”

I put my hand to the place, and answered: “Only a little scuffle before school, sir; I did not know that George had scratched me.”

“Scratched, eh? pretty deep scratch that!” he said; then turning to the other, who had not heard my attempt at evasion, he said: “George, how came you to pinch that piece out of John’s cheek?”

“Because he was trying to knock me down with his big Dictionary,” George replied, wishing to defend himself against what he naturally supposed had been my charges. And thus the whole leaked out.

34 *Adventures among the Indians.*

“Take your seats, now,” said Mr. Dobson; “I will attend to you both at the close of school.”

We went to our seats rather disconsolate, for we knew that the close of school was the favoured hour for “attending” to all little extras calling for the use of the rod, and we also knew that one of the few rules of the school was that “if two boys got to fighting, two boys would have to be whipped.”

In those days, I am sorry to say, to be flogged at school was no disgrace; it was almost a matter of course; those who escaped were about as rare as white crows. Our chief anxiety was to escape, as far as possible (as in tooth-pulling), the pain of the operation, and then afterwards to avoid the displeasure of the teacher, for fear of needless repetition. I knew that the teacher was my friend, and I was confident he did not blame me more than I deserved; but I also knew that he had a very heavy hand, and that his hickory often left on the boys' legs for days the blue lines of justice.

So when the sound of the college bell announced the approach of twelve o'clock, the hour of dismissal, I borrowed several handkerchiefs from my neighbours in school, and obtained from the teacher permission for a short absence from the school-room. Hurrying into the neighbouring grove, I cut four sticks of suitable size, and, by means of the handkerchiefs, tied them to my legs in the places most liable to the switch; and under the clothing on my back I slipped a nicely folded newspaper, over which I closely buttoned my vest. Provided thus, I returned to the school-room with a feeling of defiance, and with a sort of half-curiosity to test whether my armour of defence would be found *armour of proof*.

George and I went forward on *special invitation*, and took our places before the school. The rod came down hard and heavy, according to requirement of law. Poor George winced terribly under the operation, and tears flowed from his eyes; but during my own share of

the exhibition I could scarcely avoid laughing, to perceive how perfect was the protection afforded by those sticks. The device was used then for the first and only time in my life; and, to give it no more credit than is due, I am bound to say that, after school, I overheard one of the boys say to another: "Mr. Dobson was partial. He did not whip George and Johnnie in the same way. He brought the hickory square and strong on George's legs, as though he meant to hurt, but on John's it came *slanting*, so as to glance off with a noise."

Whether this statement was according to the facts of the case, or was only the grumble of a fault-finder, I cannot say, but I do know that while George bore his *marks* for several days, I had none to bear.

There is one remark I wish to make in connection with this incident. I describe it just as it occurred, for the purpose of giving a true picture of the times; but even with this motive I would not mention it, if the system of

flogging in school was still regarded as necessary to a boy's education. It has been long since disused with *girls*. It is rapidly going out of use in the management of the rougher sex, being substituted by better influences, and by punishments quite as efficacious, and far less degrading. Modern civilization demands its disuse altogether as far as possible, and though there may be cases where no other punishment will suffice—may we not hope that ere long the operation of flogging in school will be, in proportion, as rare and disgraceful as that of *hanging* is in the State?





CHAPTER V.

The Epileptic Fit, and the Two Fits that followed—Narrow Escapes from Drowning—Efforts to Restore Life—Good Swimmers often Drowned, and a Sailor's Reason Why.

OH, how scene after scene of those Grammar-School days rushes into mind and demands a record! I must turn a deaf ear to most of them, and hurry on to the more important and more exciting part of my story. Still, there are a few which it would be unjust to neglect altogether, some for their instruction, and some for their amusement.

An incident occurred about that time which shows what absurd mistakes can be made by people when they are badly scared.

Lorenzo and I occupied a bed together in the upper half-storey of the house where we boarded, while in a small room adjoining slept

a boy who was subject to epileptic fits. One night, after we had gone to bed, we were aroused from sleep by hearing the sharp, distressed voice of this boy calling to us in piteous tones: "John! Lorenzo! Call Mr. Newsom. I am having a fit!"

We sang out at the top of our voices, as in duty bound: "Mr. Newsom! Mr. Newsom! Come here! Jim Jarvey is having a fit!"

Mr. Newsom quickly lighted a candle, threw around him a wrapper, and hurried up stairs.

Moved by resistless curiosity, and also encouraged by the hope of rendering aid, we went with him into the room of the sufferer, and there saw poor Jim lying on the floor, in most awful plight—his arms and legs tossing about, his face distorted, his eyes rolling wide, his mouth foaming, his teeth grinding, and his tongue at times rolling out and bloody from being caught between his clenched teeth. The sight was horrible, and to add to its effect upon us, while we stood holding the light for

Mr. Newsom, Jim suddenly threw himself over, as if trying to grasp us by the feet. We leaped away with a scream of terror, jostled each other, dropped the candle, and for a moment came near being left in the dark. The candle, however, was duly recovered, the appropriate remedy administered, the fit passed away, and Jimmy, who was used to these turns, and did not seem to regard them, went tranquilly to bed and to sleep. Not so, however, with us—the scene had acted too strongly upon our nervous system. We lay awake in the dark a long time, listening to Jim's hard breathing, talking over what we had just witnessed, and picturing to ourselves and to each other how dreadful it must be to be afflicted in that way. Wearied out at last, we fell into a troubled doze, each lying on his right side. Soon, Lorenzo gave a nervous start, rolled over towards me, and threw his hand in my face. I awoke, called vividly to mind the distortions and writhings of poor Jim Jarvey, and fancying that Lorenzo was taken in the

same way, I seized him, held him at arm's-length, for fear he would bite me, and hallooed lustily: "Mr. Newsom! Mr. Newsom! Come here!"

Lorenzo, awakened by my rough grasp and loud call, became equally excited, and joined in the cry for "Mr. Newsom! Mr. Newsom!"

In a very few minutes, Mr. Newsom came hurrying up stairs, with light and wrapper as before.

"What's the matter, boys?" he hastened to inquire.

"Lorenzo has a fit, sir," I answered, holding him still at arm's-length.

"No, sir, it is John that has the fit," said Lorenzo, trying to edge away from me, yet unable to break my hold.

"No, sir, it is Lorenzo; because he rolled over and hit me in the face," I persisted.

"No, sir, it is John; because he caught hold of me, and he will not let me go yet," reiterated Lorenzo.

"You foolish boys," said Mr. Newsom, now

highly amused, as well as provoked, after comprehending the case. "Neither of you has a fit, except a fit of the *frights*. Be quiet, and go to sleep."

With that he left us, and Lorenzo and I had a hearty laugh at our mutual folly.

There are some water scenes, too, that claim a record, and that may prove useful to others, as they have proved to myself.

Seaboard boys are usually good swimmers. They begin early, practise often, and, in the buoyant salt water, soon learn to rival the ducks. My cousin and I, as recorded in a preceding volume, had learned to swim soon after our return from Liverpool; and we practised so often during the late fall and early spring we spent upon the coast, and succeeded so well, that we were regarded by the up-country boys as wonderfully expert. On one occasion, however, this reputation came near costing me my life.

I had imprudently emulated some bigger boys in swimming against the current of the

river to a certain point. The bank there was too steep to allow of landing, and my only chance for rest was to grasp a swinging limb, and lie suspended in the water, after which I floated part of the way down to our swimming-ground. Before reaching it, I was very much exhausted, and began to doubt whether my strength would hold out. At that desperate moment, when yet fifteen or twenty yards from the landing, a big boy swam to me, saying he was going to duck me.

“Please don’t!” I implored, and was about to tell him of my exhausted condition, when he placed his hands upon my shoulders, and, rising high as he could, sent me deep under water. I rose to the surface, wiped the water from my eyes and mouth, gave him a wrathful look, and struck out again for shore. The boy evidently did not apprehend my perilous condition, although I told him I was nearly spent; but seeing me swim pretty strongly—for my strength was for the moment increased by anger—he came behind me just as I

reached some horribly muddy water near shore, and there shoved me down again. This time I was barely able to rise to the surface, and, ere doing so, gasped for breath and drew in a quantity of water that strangled me. Two strokes brought me to land. Had two more been necessary, I should have perished. For some moments I lay helplessly in the mud of the river bank, gasping for breath, and making a sound like that of a child dying of croup. It was criminally thoughtless in that boy to serve me so, and to this day I teach boys that, whatever may be the customs of the time or place, it is not right for one to duck another, unless certain of his ability to help himself.

Another case of *almost* drowning occurred to Lorenzo. We had gone to swim in a deep mill-pond, with an older boy, named David Yancey. We had brought from shore a small log about our own size, and had amused ourselves with diving under it and leaping over it, and lying on it, and finally left it in deep

water, near a large stump, which lifted its broad top within waist-depth of the surface. Part of our amusement had been to stand on this stump and plunge from it in various ways. While Lorenzo and I were together there, he suddenly fell backward from the stump, and rose to the surface, spurning the water from his mouth at a ridiculous rate. His motions were so comical, and, as I supposed, so oddly imitated those of a drowning person, that I laughed heartily, and called on David, who was swimming near, to look at him. As Lorenzo saw our merriment, he stretched out his hands to me, and cried: "Save me! Why don't you save me?"

I was so perfectly possessed with the idea that this was only a piece of *acting*, that I was about to laugh again, when David exclaimed: "He is drowning!"

Scarcely had these words reached my ear, before I plunged into the water to seize him, but was stopped by our more thoughtful companion, who said, peremptorily: "Don't touch

him for your life. He will drown you. Come here ; help me with *this*."

He seized the log, lying only a few feet away, and by our united efforts we brought it to Lorenzo as he was sinking for the usually fatal *third time*. He grasped it, and we towed him quickly ashore. As we went with all care, he begged us, "Please, boys, pull smoothly. Don't let the log turn."

He *thought* he was weak, and he certainly looked so ; but we could see that he held that log with the grip of a vice, and that, if we had wallopped him over in the water, we should not have broken his hold, so powerfully does a drowning person clutch whatever he grasps. It is this spasmodic strength, exerted unconsciously, and almost involuntarily, that usually makes an approach to drowning people so dangerous. It is incomparably safer to do as David made me do, or to reach out a pole, or even a switch, or a handkerchief, or, IF ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, to stretch out the hand, *yet keep the person at arm's length*.

These incidents remind me of a case of real drowning, which occurred about that time, and to which I was witness after the act. It was that of a young man, *an excellent swimmer*, who had fallen backward out of a boat. When I, with other boys, reached the place of the accident, we saw a crowd of people assembled on the river bank, and several persons in boats, or on temporary rafts, upon the water, dragging hooks attached to poles, and loaded lines, to recover the body. Several physicians also were in attendance, and when at last the cold, dripping body was brought ashore, I heard one of them say: "There is no hope of his life, for he has been under water a full quarter of an hour, and we can seldom succeed with persons who have been under more than four or five minutes. Still, we must do what we can."

The wet clothes were immediately removed, during which the body was so placed as to allow the water to drain from the mouth and throat; after which it was laid comfortably, as

in a bed, and as many persons as could get around were engaged with warm cloths (for a fire had been built), rubbing the skin from head to foot, to restore, if possible, the animal warmth, and to excite the circulation of the blood. While this was going on, the physician in charge placed his mouth inside the young man's mouth, and blew with sufficient force to raise the chest. Then he put his hand upon the breast, and pressed it downwards to expel the air, as in natural breathing. This process he repeated at least a dozen times, saying in the intervals: "If we can only start the blood, that will start the breath; or if we can start the breath, that will start the blood. Work away, all of you, with those warm cloths. Don't give up for an hour. It is a hopeless case, it is true; but let us remember that he is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow."

And work they did, faithfully, for more than an hour. Even Lorenzo and I tried our hands when the others ceased; and one of the college

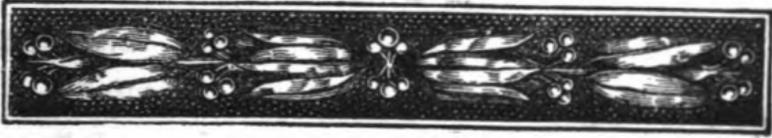
professors brought down a galvanic apparatus, and sent shocks through the heart, lungs, and limbs. But all was in vain. Life had probably been extinct before the body left the water.

Just at this point I gained another piece of information, which I have treasured ever since for my own guidance in case of need.

“I have often heard,” said some one in the crowd, “that when persons are pitched suddenly into the water, from the upsetting of a boat, or a sudden fall in any way, good swimmers, like this young man, are almost as often drowned as those who cannot swim at all.”

“That is true,” responded an old sailor, who happened to be present; “but it is because the swimmer gets confused under water, and swims in the wrong direction. When a man is under water, he is so evenly balanced that he cannot tell by his feelings whether he is head up or head down. If he would only be *quiet for a quarter of a minute*, his feet would sink, and his head would rise, and then he would naturally

come to the surface *right end up*. This is usually the case with a person who cannot swim. He kicks and paddles away to the best of his ability, but makes no headway, because he does not know how. Presently he rises to the surface, because he is naturally lighter than the water, and then he is caught by some one and saved. But when a good swimmer finds himself suddenly under water, he is apt to strike right out and keep on in the direction that his head points, when it is just as likely that his head points down as up, and, therefore, every stroke carries him nearer to death. A sailor is very liable to such accidents. I have fallen into the water a hundred times, more or less; but whenever I do, *I wait a bit*, till I am sure my head and legs have had time to settle right—it will take only a quarter of a minute—then I make a bold stroke, and come to the surface.”



CHAPTER VI.

On an Errand—A Stone-bruise—Lorenzo's First Impressions of Indians—Shooting at a Mark—Uchee Camp, Cookery, and Language—Gladdening Dinner—Effects of a Mirror and of a Portrait—Uchee History.

I BARELY heard the two words, "Hallo, Johnnie!" from Lorenzo, when a gust of wind took away the rest, all except a confused murmur, in which he beckoned earnestly to me, and pointed to something in the midst of a knot of people near whom he was standing.

It was after school and before dinner. He had gone down the street on an errand for Mrs. Newsom, while I, lame with a painful stone-bruise,* stood on the sidewalk and watched him. He had walked rapidly till he came near a little gathering of people in the street, when

* This was the name we used to give to a blue-looking blood-boil under the foot.

he stopped a moment to look, then halloed to me. The wind, however, was too high for me to hear what he said, or to reply, and I was too lame to walk that distance on an uncertainty, so I shook my head and remained still.

I could see from his motions that he was much interested, and that he would gladly remain where he was, and have me join him. But as I declined going, he passed on. For, excited though he was, and eager to see the sight there, he was on an errand, and there was a rule which he seldom, if ever, failed to obey, "*Business first, and pleasure afterwards.*"

He left the crowd, accomplished his errand in a very few minutes, then came back in a run, until he reached the scene of interest, where he did not stop, but passed in a slow walk, drinking in with his eyes and ears something which he seemed greatly to enjoy.

"Indians! Johnny, Indians!" he shouted, the moment he was within easy hail. "Real live Indians!"

There was in the street, so he reported, a whole family of red people—a man, woman, boy, and child—and the man and boy, with bows and arrows, were making sport for the people by shooting at a mark.

“I did so want to stop and see them,” he said; “but I did not care to be there without you; and, besides, I was on business. But if you wish to see them before dinner, you had better hurry down now. I will overtake you before you get half-way.”

He ran into the house, delivered his message to Mrs. Newsom, informed her of our wish to see the Indians for a few minutes before dinner, and soon overtook me limping slowly down the street.

“Here, take my arm; it will help you on a little faster,” he said. Then, as we walked along and had time for a few words, he added: “I don’t think I shall like Indians as much as I expected.”

“Why not?” I asked.

“They are too dirty,” he answered; “and,

more than that, they look so coarse and savage."

On reaching the spot and taking a survey I was not surprised at his disappointment, and, in fact, at his disgust. The Indians before us were very dark-skinned, very dirty, very ragged, and apparently very stupid. The boy, who was about our own age, with high cheek-bones, hair tangled into mats, and restless, twinkling eyes, was a perfect specimen of the savage. As for uncouthness and uncleanliness of person and of raiment, it was hard to tell which exceeded, the father, mother, boy, or baby.

The target at which the father and son were shooting was a silver six-and-a-quarter cent piece (the smallest coin in general use at that time), stuck in the cleft of a splinter, at the distance of ten steps. In the course of eight or ten shots the money or splinter was struck down, and the coin was pocketed. Most of the arrows flew so wide of the mark that Lorenzo and I, who prided ourselves on our archery,

could not help saying to each other that we could shoot better than that ourselves.

When the shooting was over, I went up to the parties, between whom not a word or sound had been exchanged, except an occasional grunt, and said to the man, in an interrogative tone: "Tsellahkee?"*

To which he, in a negative tone, replied: "Nuh."

"Muscogee?" "Nuh."

"Choctaw?" "Nuh."

"Then what?" "Uchee."

I felt relieved, for I had heard that the Uchees were a very low and degraded race; and, therefore, I turned to Lorenzo, saying: "You must not expect all other Indians to be so low down as these."

We learned, on further inquiry, that these were not the only Indians in town, but that some eighteen or twenty more were encamped in a grove of pines near the river; that they

* Tsel-lah-kee was the usual Indian pronunciation of the word Cherokee.

had left home in miserable plight in consequence of the failure of acorns and other mast, on which they mainly depended for their winter food, and that, in a state bordering on starvation, they had come among the whites to beg for bread.

That evening, after school, Lorenzo and I went to visit them in camp, carrying a few articles of clothing for the boy we had seen. We found the company lodged under the pines, and living in what some might call "a state of nature," but which seemed to us a very *unnatural* state for any beings except brutes. They had no tents, nor other shelter, more than a few poles broken by hand, leaned together, and thinly covered with bark; no beds, no bed-covers, except the pine-straw heaped together like a hog-bed; no enclosure to keep off dogs or pigs; and no stores nor possessions of any kind that we could see, but what they carried on their persons. A picture of more squalid poverty would be difficult to conceive.

When we arrived they were in great glee;

preparing their evening meal. Several fires had been made, and the corn-meal obtained that day had been made into dough, and thrust under the ashes to bake, in the shape of small loaves; while suspended on poles, near the blaze, were the half-cleansed offals of beef and pork, which had been given them by their special request.

The only language we heard among them, yet one which they seemed to understand well among themselves, were certain grunted modifications of the sounds Ahh, Ehh, Eeh, Ohh, Uh, Ugh, Ungh, Ingh.

Not a word or a grunt was addressed to us, nor even a look given that we could detect. They ignored our presence as perfectly as if we had been so many stumps. Even the boy whom we called to receive our presents took no notice of us further than to utter an Ungh of satisfaction as he appropriated the offering, when, without a word or sign, he returned to the fire to enjoy the delicious odour of the roasting entrails.

Disgusted with these evidences of almost brutal degradation, we returned to our lodgings, sadly cut down in our romance, and disposed to abandon for ever our plans of wild life among the children of the forest. We made no other visit to the Uchee camp, being fully satisfied with that one.

But though we did not repeat our visit to their camp, we met them often in the town.

On one occasion we were present when the whole company had assembled in the back yard of the principal hotel, on an invitation from the proprietor to come and enjoy some food already cooked. Their delight was unbounded at this unusual liberality, and, as we had occasion afterwards to know, their gratitude was sincere, though not expressed according to the usual modes of civilized life.

After they had eaten to their satisfaction, and each one had something over, the proprietor amused himself and his white guests by hanging from the window, for their inspection,

a large mirror and his own portrait, which was a full-sized bust, and an excellent likeness.

The mirror was first let down, and though it was not altogether a novelty, since looking-glasses are usually to be found among all people, however rude, it was the first they had ever met of size sufficient to reflect the whole person. The amusement it furnished them, and through them to ourselves, was very great. They placed themselves before it in the most grotesque attitudes, twisted their features into every variety of expression, and strutted before it as if showing themselves off to themselves.

There was one little fellow, however, who had never before seen a mirror, big or little, and whose bewilderment was laughable. He evidently mistook his own image in the glass for another boy imitating his motions; he made mouths at him, looked fierce, and finally became so enraged at the insulting and defiant looks of the person in the glass that he took up a stone to pelt him, when the glass was

saved by being quickly drawn up beyond his reach.

It was the portrait, however, that produced the greatest commotion. This was to them a perfect novelty, one not even heard of before. When the curtain before it was removed, their eyes stretched wide, and they shrank from it as if with painful apprehension. One of them said afterwards that he took it for the *ghost* of the proprietor; another said he thought that their kind friend had been cut in two and let down the wall in a kind of frame. The first impression upon them all was that of dread. But when they looked to the balcony, and saw their benefactor watching them with a smile, and beckoning their nearer approach, their fears vanished; they cautiously gathered around, and gazed at it with wonder.

One came and talked to it, evidently expecting an answer. Another made ridiculous motions before it, to draw from it a smile; and a third held out his hand, saying earnestly, "Howd'ye? howd'ye?" All of them soon

noticed the fact that wherever they went the eyes of the portrait seemed to be fixed upon them. This singular power of looking at them all individually, at the same time, was so wonderful that they never wearied of testing it. They shifted their positions—near, far, before it, beside it, below it—and shouted merrily to see the eyes follow them wherever they went. We could not understand a word they spoke, but their actions and expressions said very plainly: “He is looking at me!”

“No; he is looking at me!”

“Yes; he is looking at all of us at the same time!”

Then followed a peal of laughter.

All this happened only a few days before the final examination of our Grammar School, which was succeeded by a six weeks' vacation, extending beyond Christmas. My father came to attend this examination, and to take us home. He arrived before the Uchees left, and, after making them a visit at their camp, he said to us: “You have in these people a fair specimen

of the lower tribes of Indians everywhere, especially of those who live in the prairies of the Far West. There is in them very little to attract the white man. But you must not judge of all by these. The Uchees are one of the many tribes that compose the Creek nation. They once inhabited a large portion of what is now the State of Georgia, and, when first known, were a very warlike people, though they were so deficient in language that the Eufaulas, a neighbouring tribe, used to say, 'The Uchees cannot talk; they only grunt.' They were conquered by the Muscogees, a more powerful and more intelligent tribe, who lived formerly in Mexico, and were the allies of Montezuma, but who left their country after the Spaniards took possession, and travelled North and East, until they settled in what is now Alabama, and thence extended their conquests as far as the Savannah River, where the Uchees lived. It is said that, of all the tribes that compose the Creek nation, the Uchees are lowest in the scale of civilisation;

while, in that same scale, the Creeks, as a people, are said to be considerably below the Cherokees. So you must not judge of all other tribes by them."





CHAPTER VII.

Schoolboy Games—Wicked Prank—Necessity sometimes of
Blind Obedience—Fencing Bout—Unlooked-for Antagonist
—War-Whoop—Chola-Fixico—Proposed Ball-Play—Indian
Physique—Is it a Failure?

EITHER there were no incidents worthy of record during the summer of 1821, or Memory wrote with very poor ink—they have faded from sight.

Lorenzo and I made creditable progress in “Tityre, tu patulæ recubans,” and began to work in earnest with *Tupto, tuso, tetupha*, and kindred roots. The teachers informed our father that, if we kept on at this rate, we should be ready to enter college one or two years in advance of our required age.

Did I not suppose that the young readers of these pages are, like myself, impatient to arrive at the wilder scenes of the story, I should be

tempted to stop for a while, and describe some of our old favourite games, such as base-ball, foot-ball, sky-ball, shinny, leaping, "hop-scotch," "hop, skip, and jump;" but time would fail to tell of these and of other things of equal interest.

There is one incident, however, brought freshly to my mind by seeing recently in the public prints the name of a person who was the chief actor in it, and who has been so lost to sight these forty years that I had supposed him dead. I narrate it to show two things:—First, the evil influences to which young people away from home are oftentimes exposed; and, secondly, the importance of obeying *precisely*, and, if need be, *blindly*, the commands of those who have a right to rule.

One of the most stringent orders of our excellent guardian was that we should never enter a certain store in the place, except by special permission, and then only on condition that we should remain no longer than was necessary. No reasons were given for the

order, and we thought it very hard and arbitrary, because this was the chief store in the place for candies and other nice things; and, moreover, the clerk who waited upon us was so obliging, and so full of jokes and other pleasantries, that we liked his company. Well, one day, Lorenzo and I went to purchase some sugar-plums, and were in the act of coming out as usual, when the clerk said, with more than usual blandness: "Boys, I have other things besides candy and sugar-plums that I think you would like; for I have seen you going to old Aunt Lucy's" (a coloured woman's) "stall after cakes and beer, and I have what is better than that. Come here, and I will show you."

This offer seemed fair enough, and being, as we supposed, within rule, we went with him. He gave us each a small tumbler to carry, containing a big spoonful of sugar, then, raising a trap-door, he added: "Come on. I don't show everybody the good things I keep down here."

He took us down a ladder-like stairway, into

a dimly-lighted cellar, where, partly filling our tumblers from the stop-cock of a barrel, he said: "This is the juice of *apples*. Drink it—it won't hurt you—and tell me if old Aunt Lucy has anything half so good as this."

Juice of apples! There was certainly no harm in that. We tasted, and enjoyed it very much, for it was a cider made from highly-flavoured fruit. From this barrel he took us, with our sugared tumblers, to another, from which he partly filled them, saying: "This is the juice of *grapes*. I like it better than what you have just drunk. Taste and see which you prefer."

The grape-juice was rather stronger than the other; but it was disguised by the melting sugar, and we had no suspicion of there being any harm in it. Turning now from this barrel to another, he partly filled our glasses again, saying: "This is the juice of a different kind of grape. Perhaps you will like it better than the other. Taste, and see."

Then, going to another still, he said: "This

is the juice of *peaches*; but it is so strong I must mix it with water and nutmeg. Now you can try it. Most people like this best of all."

We were thus decoyed into tasting, little by little, quite a number of these "juices," supposing, in our simplicity, that they were only a better quality of the same kind that we felt free to use at "Aunt Lucy's" cake-stall, and having not a suspicion that the intention of this oily-tongued young man was to have his sport in making us both tipsy. This was certainly a very wicked thing in him; and the more I think of it, the more wicked it seems. I hope he has long since repented of it; but I record it now as a warning to all inexperienced people to be on their guard against seducers.

But I am not quite done with the story. Our eyes soon began to twinkle, and our tongues to chatter all sorts of nonsense. The young man tried hard to start a quarrel and a fight between Lorenzo and myself; but I am thankful to say he was disappointed, our friendship proving too strong even for his

mixed liquors. We, however, became very noisy and rough, chasing each other round the room, and upsetting things in a very careless way; so that, after having gained from us all the amusement possible, he turned us out of his store, saying he was afraid we should break his glasses.

Not knowing even then what was the matter, we boys took each other by the hand, and, with a whoop and a halloo, passed up the street to our lodgings, where, in due time, we reported the whole case, without concealment, to our astonished and mortified guardian.

The next day, after we had recovered from our unnatural excitement, and also from the horrible headache which followed, Mr. Newsom said kindly to us: "You can now understand for yourselves, boys, why I forbade your lingering in that store. I did not like to tell you in so many words that that pleasantly-spoken young man was what you have found him to be, though, if you now pronounce his treatment of you to be wicked and mean, I will not

contradict you. But there is one good rule which this will help you to learn—that when your parents or guardians give you positive instructions about anything, and especially if they do so without assigning a reason, BE SURE YOU OBEY, *blindly, if need be*, asking no questions for conscience' sake."

It was in November of that same year that Lorenzo and I were detained in a workshop, awaiting some unfinished work, when two collegians came in, and kept up an animated talk about swords and fencing. They chatted away so fast, and had so much to say about broad sword, small sword, long sword, short sword, cutlass, scimitar, rapier, cut, thrust, parry, ward, &c., that we little boys conceived grand ideas of their knowledge and accomplishments. The discussion at last ran so high, and one of them spoke so extravagantly of his powers, that the younger, who seemed to be quite as confident as the other was boastful, challenged him to a trial of skill. There were no foils to be had, and they were too impatient to wait

until wooden ones could be made ; but, learning that there were some old, rusty swords in a room near at hand, they obtained the use of them for a few minutes, and went to work, promising not to hurt each other. Cut after cut was made and warded off, and thrusts parried, too, with the awkward instruments, much to the delight and edification of us youngsters, when the circle of spectators was suddenly increased by the entrance of an Indian. He was of mixed blood, about twenty-two years of age, of handsome face ; and his well-knit, manly figure was appropriately set off by a highly-ornamented suit of buckskin. Without a word or sign to indicate his thoughts, he waited until the elder of the combatants dropped the point of his weapon in token of ceasing, when he reached out his hand to him, saying : " Give me sword ? "

Then, turning to the younger, who was evidently elated with the consciousness of victory, he said : " Come on ! "

This was a most unexpected turn of affairs.

The young man looked at the brawny frame and eagle eye of his dusky antagonist, and for a moment hesitated; but, observing that the Indian was not in an attitude of defence, and that he did not even hold the sword according to rule, he approached and made a gentle cut at him, which was barely parried; then another, more vigorous; then a feint and a blow; then others in quick succession—each being more vigorous than those before it, but all of them handsomely warded off. Then came a scene worth looking at. The Indian wholly changed his aspect. His sword was no longer held awkwardly, nor off guard, but was a familiar plaything in his hands. His eye began to flash, and his face to writhe, as if in anger at being thus ruthlessly cut at; and with that came a change in the order of attack. He dealt so heavy a blow as almost to beat down the other's guard; then another blow and another in such quick succession that it was barely possible to meet them, while his sword whizzed overhead, now threatening this point,

now that, and his eyes flashed, and his face worked more terribly than before.

Some of us began to be seriously alarmed lest the collegian should be cut down by this wild-looking man ; but he manfully stood his ground, and warded off the thickening blows, until, perceiving that he was destined to be worn out by acting on the defensive without the chance of a blow at his adversary—possibly influenced, too, by the feeling of fear that pervaded some of us—he leaped back beyond the sweep of the sword, and dropped the point of his weapon.

The moment he did so the Indian put his hand to his mouth, and gave a shrill whoop, which was broken into many parts by the motion of his fingers ; then, with a good-natured laugh, he handed back the sword to him from whom he had received it, saying : “ I fight for you ! ”

We were all in admiration of his warlike accomplishments ; and during the few moments that he remained in the room every effort was

made, but in vain, to learn his name, his nation, or his business.

The next day we saw posted in various parts of the town a notice that on Saturday, at ten o'clock, at a certain place, there would be a BALL-PLAY between eight Creek Indians, under Chola-fixico, on one side, and eight Cherokee Indians, under Kaneeka, on the other. The price of admission to the scene was fixed very low, and the people far and near were invited to attend.

Kaneeka! The name, so pleasantly associated with our visit to the Cherokees three years before, made my heart beat. I asked myself the question, whether there was probably more than one Kaneeka in the nation; and I went, with Lorenzo, at our first possible opportunity, to look for him. There was, however, no Cherokee camp to be found, nor were any Cherokees to be heard of in the town. The truth was, they had not yet arrived; they had only *agreed* with a gentleman to be there at a certain day and hour to engage in this

play, and he, knowing their punctiliousness in engagements of the kind, had made the appointment.

At the time and place specified, there was a very large and animated assemblage, not only of gay ladies and gentlemen of the place, of collegians and school-boys, of farmers and farmers' families from the neighbourhood, but intermixed with these could be recognized some of the dignitaries of the college, and even an occasional preacher of the gospel, all eager to witness this struggle for honour between the picked champions of two rival nations.

The ground selected for the game was a level street, in which the lists were accurately measured and staked out, two hundred yards in length by twenty-five or thirty in breadth.

Within these lines the champions expectant of the Creek nation, bared to the waist, and bats in hand, awaited the coming of their antagonists. They were headed by the accomplished young swordsman whom we had already met, and of whom we thus learned that he was

a Creek by nation, and that his name was Chola-fixico. The naked busts of most of these wild men were perfect models of the human form, each worthy of an Apollo, and many an observer was astonished at the unexpected delicacy of the hands and feet also, not remembering that a red man seldom labours, except as a hunter or a warrior,* and, therefore, that he is entitled to these boasted marks of gentility.

But where, in the mean time, are the Cherokees? The assembly becomes restless; the gentleman who is responsible for the appointment shows symptoms of uneasiness; the Creeks, all, except their leader, begin to utter scornful expressions: "Cherokee 'fraid to come;" "Cherokee don't dare play;" "Coosah always beat;" and the proposal is buzzed around of asking the Creeks to divide their eight players into two parties, and to play a

* It is but fair to state, in this connection, that this beautiful symmetry does not pervade both sexes. The drudgeries of life are imposed upon their women, who are, therefore, big-footed and coarse-handed in proportion.

small game for the waiting company, when Chola-fixico is seen to raise his head quickly into a listening attitude, and to point his people's attention westward.

For a time we see and hear nothing, but soon there arises, on the outskirts of our crowd, an excited hum of voices, and after that a shout from a distance: "Tsellakee! Tsellakee!"

The Cherokees have come at last. They are turning the corner of a wooded street, eight in number, bats in hand, stripped to the waist, and on the run.





CHAPTER VIII.

Arranging—Getting Ready—Resting in a Hurry—Indian Ball-Play—Rough Scenes—Riding a Man—Boy-Squirrel.

EIGHT in number they were, and stripped for the contest. But one of them was a slender stripling of about twelve years of age. All seemed jaded with long and rapid marching, and in vain did I look for Kaneeka.

After a hasty conference between the leaders of the two sides and the gentleman in charge, the announcement was made to the assembly that the Cherokees had been detained by an accident that morning, in which one of the party had been killed, their chosen chief had been temporarily disabled, and the whole party delayed some hours beyond their expected time; that they needed a few minutes' rest before they could be in condition to play, but that

they insisted on fulfilling their part of the engagement.

This evidence of pluck greatly interested the spectators, and gained from them a hearty assent to rest as long as necessary. The demand was also made by Chola-fixico, and resolutely insisted upon, that whereas a boy had been substituted in place of one of the players on the Cherokee side, a similar substitution should be made on his side. This act of native chivalry, indeed of almost heroism, when all the facts are considered, brought from the assembly shouts of applause which made the air ring.

During the time allotted to rest, the Cherokees were conducted to the College Spring, not far distant, where they bathed their weary legs, and cooled their heated feet in a temporary reservoir constructed for the purpose, and where refreshments were hastily brought them from the neighbourhood.

Feeling a natural partiality for my old acquaintances, I went with them to the spring,

accompanied by Lorenzo, where I made special inquiries after Kaneeka, and also offered our services in anything we could do.

We learned that the accident befalling Kaneeka was not serious, though disabling for the time. A tree had fallen across the encampment, striking him a stunning blow with one of its limbs, and instantly killing an old man who was coming to witness the contest.

No assistance was needed—nothing but rest, and *that* they were enjoying as freely as it could be furnished by cool water and manipulation. We were quite amused at the process by which the resting was accelerated—the legs, bared and bathed, were scratched with the sharp, comb-like teeth of the garfish, until they were streaked with blood from the thigh to the ankle. The boy who served in Kaneeka's place, and who was quite proud of the appointment, was as resolute as any of them in the use of this bloody relief to fatigue.

Half an hour sufficed for rest. The players assembled at the centre of the ground, and

gathered close around the two chiefs, who tossed up, for choice of ground, a flat stone wetted on one side, just as boys do now. The ball was then thrown perpendicularly into the air, caught on its descent, and hurried to one or the other boundary at the extremities of the lines. The only instrument in use was what was called the *ball-stick*, consisting of a handle twelve or fourteen inches long, with a strongly woven cavity at the end, shaped like the half-closed palm of one's hand, for catching and holding the ball. Of these ball-sticks (or spoon-shaped bats) each player carried a pair.

The moment the ball fell within possible reach, several of the players leaped into the air to catch it with their ball-sticks, and whoever caught it would grip it securely, either in the cavity of the bats or in his hand, and run with all speed towards his end of the ground, while the other party pursued, seized, threw him down, tripped him, did anything, in fact, to stop and wrest the ball from him; in which

case it was borne in the other direction until it was arrested and turned back.

As in the games of foot-ball, shinny, and others which consist in carrying the ball to one or the other of opposite goals, the struggle swayed back and forth over the ground by rapid and unlooked-for changes. Sometimes a party was on the point of winning, when the ball was carried in the opposite direction, and the game won by the other side.

The means used for arresting the ball and forcing it from the carrier, were in the highest degree rough and unceremonious. Tripping was usually preferred, on account of the sudden fall it produced, and of the laugh that followed; sometimes the runner fell with such force as for a few moments to lie upon the ground stunned and breathless. Seizing him as he passed, throwing him down, and wrenching the ball from his grasp, was another mode, in which oftentimes the whole strength of the two parties was concentrated at one point. In both cases it was a rule with the ball-bearers, when

tripped or seized by superior force, or in certainty of being overpowered, to pitch the ball forward as far as they could.

Some of the scenes brought from the spectators shouts of applause.

A player had been caught by the arm before he had time to throw the ball, and in the struggle which ensued he had been pitched upon by a perfect pyramid of friends and foes—the first trying to set him free, or to obtain the ball by his surrender of it to them, or by their snatching it from the hands of the others; the last covering his eyes so that he could not distinguish friend from foe, while two of them held his arm, and by main strength bent his wrist so that the ball dropped from his grasp. The moment the ball dropped, however, an adroit adversary, who had insinuated himself close to the struggling parties, snatched it up, scrambled out of the crowd, ran to his end of the line, and won the game.

On another occasion, the boy who was Kaneeke's substitute, seeing a burly Creek rushing

past him, ball in hand, endeavoured to trip him, but failing in this, and knowing that he had neither the weight nor the strength to struggle successfully with a man of such size, waited until the other passed, when, with the agility of a monkey, he leaped upon his back, hugged him tightly with both arms and legs, and choked him so effectually as to stop his course. The ridiculous sight of a boy riding a man, who in vain tried to shake him off, produced roars of laughter. Even the unfortunate man himself, who at first looked rather dark in the face (perhaps from the effect of choking), soon afterwards shook his finger at the boy in pretended threat, saying: "Holly-woggus! Hy-e-bus-chay!" (Be off, you good-for-nothing!) and then himself joined in the laugh.

Three games were played, consisting of several rounds each. The first was gained by the Creeks; the second barely gained by the Cherokees, and the third was drawn, or so nearly even that it could not be decided in favour of either party. This was exactly what

the spectators preferred. The prize-money, which was paid as entrance-fee, and which was considerably increased by donations, was equally divided between the leaders, and by them parcelled out to the individuals of their respective parties. Most of it was in coin, and though the whole amount would have appeared small in the eyes of the more moneyed whites, it was so satisfactory to the Indians that there was many an utterance of gratified surprise.

“Uhh-nus-kah!” (Yes; all right!) said one Cherokee. “Naw-ske, O-see-u!” (Yes; good!) said another. “Talla-ackwah!” (Money big!) “Ahh, ackwa-hee!” (Yes, big for true!) said another, admiring the shining heap.

The Creeks I could not understand so well; but a friend, who was present, helped me to catch the words “Tuckanoy,” (Money), “Enklis” and “Enklis-chay,” (Good, very good), “Sac-ca-sum-ky,” (To be praised).

Throughout all these games, it was universally noticed that though there was many a shout and laugh of merriment, there was not

the first word of anger or sign of impatience ; and that, however rough their usage of each other in the progress of the play, there was observed, as to the decencies of life, a strict decorum. An intelligent gentleman remarked in my hearing : “ I doubt if sixteen men from any two civilized nations could play a like game in so good a spirit, especially if those nations were rivals.”

To which a clergyman near at hand responded : “ An Indian is trained from childhood to believe that anger and impatience in play is a disgrace. Everything, therefore, is taken in good part. In this they excel our Christian children. And why ? Because *they* are trained to it, and *we* are not.”

Another fact was noticed by many : that Chola-fixico showed great consideration for the travel-worn and half-disabled condition of his competitors. This more than once caused the ladies—who are quicker than men to discern anything having the aspect of chivalry—to clap their hands in token of approval. On

his being questioned afterwards on the subject, he said there would have been no credit in winning the game against disabled men; there was more in *sharing* it with them.

Another fact attracted the attention of all, and particularly of us boys; that was, the exceeding agility and skill of the boy substituted in place of Kaneka on the Cherokee side. There was nothing in his appearance or manner specially prepossessing. He was of much lighter complexion than most others of his tribe, being evidently of mixed blood, though not a half-breed. His face indicated only ordinary intelligence, and in person he was slender, with a decided stoop in his square shoulders. In repose there was nothing to distinguish him from others; but in the ball-play he was the "observed of all observers." Every thought and power seemed to be concentrated in what was before him. He was remarkably fleet-footed, his motions were quick and springy, and his skill in catching and throwing the ball was such that he seldom

missed his aim. Not only did he leap on the man's back, as described in the game, but on two occasions, when the ball was flying past, we saw him leap into the air with the springiness of a cat, and, having caught it with his bat, run with it a considerable distance, and then throw it forward.

“Who is that boy?” a spectator asked of the Cherokee leader at the conclusion of the game.

“Kaneeka's young brother,” he replied.

“Remarkable boy!” continued the white man. “He is active as a squirrel.”

“That is his name,” returned the Indian; “at home they call him SAL-O-QUAH.”*

* A word or two about this name. First as to its *form*. It is possible that some who remember the Cherokee language, will not recognize this word as the one meaning squirrel. The truth is, that, at the date of our story, the pronunciation of Cherokee was very unsettled. For instance, the national name was by some pronounced Cher-o-kee; by others, Tsel-a-kee; and by others still, Shel-la-kee. So the word signifying Squirrel was by some pronounced Sal-o-ahor Sal-o-eh; by others, Sal-o-lah or Sal-o-leh, Sa-lo-quah or Sal-o-gwah. Next as to its *accent*. The name of our young acquaintance should be pronounced with the main stress of voice on the last syllable, Sal-o-QUAH. To accent the final syllable is the rule in Cherokee.



CHAPTER IX.

A Rough Sunday—Bell Wanted—Sacrilige—Singular Invitation
—“ Soap too Dirty ”—Solar Microscope—Hideous Elephants.

THE next day was Sunday. We assembled for worship in the only building in the place fit to accommodate an audience; and, therefore, used for public assemblies of all sorts, whether for education, politics, or religion—the College Chapel. It was a wooden building, surmounted by a small unsightly cupola, in which hung the only public bell of the place. The seats upon the main floor were, on Sundays, appropriated to the citizens, of whom, according to the custom of the time, the males sat on one side of the house and the females on the other, while the College students and the Grammar-School boys occupied the

spacious galleries above, where also at convenient distances sat our officers and tutors, for the purpose of preserving order.

I am going to relate an incident which, in justice, demands a little preparatory explanation.

In the year 1821, the whole up-country of Georgia, except a few spots, was exceedingly wild, and the people as wild as the country. From the neighbourhood of Athens the prints of moccasined feet had scarcely disappeared, and many of the inhabitants, particularly of the young and foolish, seemed disposed to prefer for their types of society the savage, rather than the civilized. Indeed, many a thing was done by them which was condemned not only by right-minded whites, but by untutored Indians. I proceed to narrate one of them: That Sabbath-day the worshippers came together more slowly and irregularly than usual—there had been no signal-bell. The families in which college students boarded had been informed that there had been no prayers in the

chapel that morning, and that no bell might be expected at the time of public service.

The retirement of the belfry had often been invaded by adventurous college boys, who, according to their style of genius, had cushioned the clapper, or tied the bell fast, or devised some other mode of stopping its voice; but this morning the prank exceeded all previous wantonness. The sexton went, as usual, to ring the sunrise bell, but on pulling the rope there was no answering peal. He ascended the belfry, to unmuzzle the clapper, but there was no clapper, and *no bell*. He then went and reported the fact to the professor that day in charge, by whom he was ordered to return to the chapel, and prepare it for religious service at the usual hour.

Back he came, but only for a moment. He was a negro, fully imbued with the superstitions of his race. On opening the chapel door, the first thing that greeted his eyes was a *large road waggon*, wheels, body, canvas top, and all, blocking up the central aisle. How that im-

mense waggon could have been made to pass through that comparatively small door, was to his mind as inexplicable as to most people is the question how a large egg, or cucumber, or a framework of wood, can be introduced into a small-mouthed vial of glass. He looked a moment, and, convinced that there was witchcraft in it, he hurried back in terror to report again to the officer of the day.

The order he now received was to obtain the help of other negroes, and remove the waggon piecemeal, as no doubt it had been introduced—then to prepare the room for service. Poor fellow! he did so, but with great misgiving, for the work was every now and then interrupted by a mysterious thump! (no one could tell from what part of the building) accompanied at times with a dismal, deep-drawn sigh. The work was hurriedly executed, and, before it was finished, the sexton came to the officer with a pale face to say that he was sick, and that he begged to be excused from duty for the rest of the day.

It was at this stage of affairs that the congregation met in the chapel. The citizens, male and female, were gradually seating themselves on the first floor, and we of the college and grammar school took our places in the gallery, having had our number of occupants considerably increased by the addition of ten or a dozen Creek Indians under Chola-fixico, on one side, and about the same number, under a new person with a bandaged head, whom I recognized as Kaneeka, on the other.

While we were assembling, the venerable president of the college came in to conduct the service. He was a low-set man, with broad shoulders, and big, bald head. He walked with solemn step along the aisle, ascended the wide rostrum, opened the pulpit door, and started back in surprise. Indeed, we started too; for no sooner had the pulpit door been opened than there issued from within the loud and distressed bleat of a calf, that lay, tied hard and fast, upon the floor.

The congregation were very indignant at

this outrage upon the sanctity of the intended place of worship; and it was observed that the Indians in attendance were as quick as any others to comprehend and to condemn it. Their faces indicated an actual horror.

After the pulpit had been relieved from its encumbrance, and the congregation composed, the preacher rose and said: "No doubt the perpetrators of this outrage are present. They would not stay away for fear of exciting suspicion. For my own part, as an individual, I can freely say, 'Father, forgive them! they know not what they do;' and I trust that every worshipper present will endeavour to say the same. Let us leave them in the hands of that God against whom chiefly they have sinned."

This was the only direct allusion made that day to the act, but the spirit of every hymn and prayer, and the whole tone of the service, must have been felt by the guilty parties as a scathing rebuke.

To conclude the history of this incident, it

may be well to say that, in the course of a few days, the actors were all discovered and punished. The ringleader never prospered, either in the things of this world or in those of a better. A few years since he died a drunkard.

The next day there appeared at a corner of the streets, often used for advertisements, a public notice of singular character. There was a man in the place of eccentric genius, who had obtained a few lenses of suitable kind, and had combined them into a solar microscope of very great power. Odd as he was, and rough, too, sometimes, there was no one more popular than he with the children; for he was fond of their society, and enjoyed a never-failing pleasure in seeing them happy. Indeed, his microscope was constructed as much for them as for himself, and he had several times treated them to a sight of the wonders it revealed. A solar microscope, as perhaps most of the readers of these pages know, is not one *through* which you look, but one by which, as in a

magic lantern, the magnified shadow is thrown upon a screen in a darkened room.

The advertisement spoken of was to this effect :

“ A HAIR AS BIG AS A CART ROPE !

AND

A FLEA AS BIG AS A HORSE !

“ To-morrow, November 6th, I will exhibit, among other things, a hair from a man’s head, as big as a cart rope, and a flea as big as a horse. All persons are invited to attend, who will come with their heads well combed and who have used plenty of soap and water.

“ *Hour*, from 12 to 1 o’clock p.m.

“ *Place*, the big room over ——’s store.

“ *Entrance Fee*, promise of good order.

“ Monday, November 6th, 1821.

“ Athens, Ga.

JOHN SMITH.”

This invitation was so oddly worded that many persons could not understand it, and some stayed away who would have been glad to come. Mr. Smith’s object was to get the *Indians* together, and to enjoy their wonder,

while he should exclude all who were dirty, as some of them seemed to be.

Lorenzo and I happened to be at the Uchee camp at the time when the invitation was announced, and we were much amused with the excitement it produced.

“Flea big as a horse!” one exclaimed.
“Suck a man dry as a bone!”

“Never can tie him,” said another. “Jump over the trees.”

“’Fraid to go!” said several.

The bearer of the invitation assured them, however, that the flea could not hurt, as it would be only a shadow, and then he explained to them the conditions—good order, heads combed, and plentiful use of soap and water. The good order was quickly and sincerely promised, but the other conditions caused no little demurring.

“Don’t like soap!” said one. “Soap dirty water too much.”

“Injun hair *straight*. Don’t *need* comb like white man,” said another.

“*Hurt* too much to comb hair,” said another still. “I comb mine once every corn-dance, (once a year,) and then it almost kills me.”

But the temptation to obtain a sight of that big flea prevailed over all difficulties. Washed and combed they came, and well rewarded they seemed to be.

Mr. Smith opened his exhibition by showing some magnified hairs from the head of a white man, an Indian, and a negro. These hairs were made to appear at first no larger than a small straw, but were gradually increased in size to the thickness of a man’s thumb. Then a fragment from the plume of a goose-quill was similarly enlarged, until it appeared to be made up of hundreds of plumes, each as long and feathery as the quill from which they came. Dust from a butterfly’s wing, thin shavings of different kinds of wood, and a fly’s head and snout, and wing and feet, were successively presented, each revealing its peculiar wonders. The eels in vinegar wriggled along the canvas a full yard in length; and the insects that

propagate in the dusty skin of dried figs, appeared on the sides of the needle by which they were gathered, like great terrapins with six legs, though they were in reality so small that each one took six steps to pass over the point of the needle.

When the promised flea was presented, it was at first shown a foot long, then four feet, then ten feet, and finally it was magnified to such size that while its feet touched the floor, its back rubbed the ceiling, fifteen feet above. It was the size of a very large elephant.

These successive scenes of wonder brought forth shouts of admiration from us youngsters, and most expressive grunts of surprise from our red neighbours. But when the flea, after being brought to its fullest size, was suddenly followed by another creature equally large but still more hideous, which Mr. Smith said he exhibited for the special benefit of those who did not love to comb their heads, the company rose up and fled from the room. There were exclamations of horror, in which I thought I distinguished

the guttural tones of the Uchees; and I am inclined to think, from their improved appearance afterwards, that some of them were persuaded to try and comb their heads oftener than once a year.





CHAPTER X.

Saloquah — Sawnee's Misfortunes—Kaneeka's Experience —
Cherokee Camp—Chescoo—Sallicoo—Another Conference.

THAT same evening, after the scenes of the microscope, we intended, as soon as dismissed from school, to make a visit to the Cherokee camp, in search of Kaneeka ; but ere the time came we were gladdened by the arrival of my father. He came to attend the public examination of our grammar school that week, and to take us home for our winter vacation.

He was highly amused with the account we gave of the microscope and its effect on the Indians. As for the ball-play, he expressed great regret at having missed it, and said he would gladly have added another day to his visit, and even to have travelled out of his way to witness it.

“I must see Kaneeka,” he said, soon after hearing the name mentioned, and, calling for a

servant, he despatched him without delay to the Cherokee camp, with a request that both he and his brother should come to see him at his room. They arrived the next morning while we were at breakfast, and we had thus the opportunity of meeting the distinguished young ball-player, as well as our old-time friend.

Saloquah was very modest, almost diffident. Indian-like, his eyes at first were kept persistently cast down, except at moments when he furtively raised them and took a hasty survey first of one part of the room, then of another, and quickly cast them down again; and all his responses to our offers of acquaintance and our inquiries were slowly and cautiously made. His command of the English language was very good—somewhat broken, it is true, from the habit of speaking with others whose acquaintance with it was imperfect, but we found after a while that he was able not only to read, but to write it.

Kaneeka's English was still imperfect, but far more fluent than it was three years before.

He kept up with my father an animated conversation, of which we heard a large portion during the pauses of our talk with Saloquah. Among other things, he reported much distress prevailing among his people in consequence of the severe drought the preceding summer, which had not only destroyed their little crops of corn and beans, but had also cut short the usual product of the woods. He said that our old friend Sawnee had been especially unfortunate. His ten-acre field had scarcely yielded a bushel of corn to the acre; his colts had died of distemper; one half his horses had been carried off by marauders, and he had lost his two youngest wives, though he had in the course of a few weeks supplied their places with others.

As for himself, Kaneeka said he had been trying, ever since our visit to his country, to live in a white man's way; that he had planted largely and worked hard, and been rewarded with plenty. For the past two years he had not only been growing rich, but he had been able to send his little brother Saloquah to the

Mission School at Coosa-nun-o-huh, where there were now more than two hundred pupils, and where he seemed to be making rapid progress in learning, and in everything else that is good.

Then turning to my father, he said, with evident emotion: "I never forget what you tell me about the good Lord. I try hard to know Him. Think I know Him now. Think He know me too. And my wife heart like my heart; we both pray, both love God, both try to do right."

Just at this point, Lorenzo and I persuaded Saloquah to go with us into the yard, where we remained until school-time, amusing ourselves and him with our games of marbles and tops. The first of these he seemed to hold in light esteem.

"Don't move about enough," he said; by which I understood him to mean that the game did not call for sufficient exercise. With all his disesteem of it, he nevertheless shot a good marble, and he could, no doubt, have played a fair game with most white boys. In throwing

the top he was very expert, holding a better hand than either Lorenzo or myself. He said he had never *owned* one, though there had been several brought to the school at Coosa-nun-ohuh by boys who freely lent them, and who taught the others the art of spinning them. I therefore gave him mine, which was an uncommonly good one, made of *lignum vitæ*; and from that moment our friendship commenced. Not many minutes passed, after he began to feel at ease in our company, before he gave evidence that he had no less aptitude for our sport than for the arts and games of wilder life. And I may here say, that in all my dealings with the Indians, I never met with one who so fully combined in himself the peculiarities both of the white man and the red. We took a few turns with tops, then sat down and talked over our several experiences in school-life. Our interest in him steadily increased. He had a good natural mind, was rapidly increasing in book knowledge, and was evidently far from being a heathen, either in faith or practice.

This must suffice for the present concerning Saloquah. The conversation between Kaneeka and my father, on serious subjects, was continued, as we had reason to know, long after we boys went into the yard. The following account, in Kaneeka's own words, as repeated by my father many years afterwards, is so oddly conceived and so peculiarly worded, that I give it at the risk of appearing grave, confident that the story of a sincere conversion from heathenism to Christianity can do no harm, and that it may instruct while it amuses.

“ One day, after I work in my field,” said Kaneeka, in his artless, broken English, “ I go on my way home. Something make me look up into the sky. All bright, all blue there; no cloud, no smoke. Sky look so happy I remember what I hear people say, ‘ Good Lord live up there.’

“ Then I ask myself why I no love Him; why I no serve Him; why I no pray to Him. Can't answer. Begin to feel bad. Think I ought to pray. Come to where bush thick,

kneel down and say, 'O Lord, hear me!' Nobody answer. I get up; walk a little farther; kneel down at another bush, and say: 'O Lord, hear me pray! I not bad man—don't lie, don't steal, don't get drunk, don't quarrel. I good man. Hear me pray, O Lord!'

"But nobody answer yet. Then I say: 'Lord, I never ask anything before. I never going to ask much. Don't ask much now. I good man. I want to be *much* good. Want to serve Lord much. Hear me, O Lord!'

"But nobody answer. So I get up, and walk about, and think, 'Is anybody here?' And I say to myself, 'Can't *see* anybody, can't *hear* anybody, can't *feel* anybody. Then *nobody here*. I fool to pray. I no more try.'

"I get up from kneel. I no more pray for long time—no more try. But heart never easy.

"After long time, go to Coosa-nun-o-huh. Big meeting there, plenty people; plenty preach. Hear preacher talk about sinners. Say to myself, 'I don't care for that. I no sinner. I good.' Hear preacher talk about

Jesus Christ. Say to myself, 'Don't care for Jesus Christ. Only care to pray.'

"Preacher read the Commandments—one, two, three, four, five—and I say to each one, 'Good, very good; Injin never curse, Injin have no other God, Injin always honour father and mother. I not guilty; I good.' Then preacher read the commandment, 'Shall not kill,' and I say to myself, 'Good, too; I never kill anybody.' But preacher say, 'Hand may do right when heart do wrong. God a Spirit; God look right at your heart. You, Injin, look at your *hand* and say 'I never kill.' But God say, 'Look at your *heart* and see. Never kill anybody *there*? Never *hate* anybody? Never *wish anybody dead*?'

"Preacher talk much, many words, but I never hear any more. My heart trouble. I think how many people I hate, how many I wish dead—how many I kill in here," putting his hand on his breast, "I feel so bad, I think *I kill TEN men before breakfast.*

"My heart trouble now—no rest, no sleep,

feel guilty all the time—can't help feel guilty. Don't dare come to Lord any more to say, 'I good;' only dare come say, 'Have mercy on poor sinner!'

"One day I hear teacher read in the Bible about Jesus Christ. I hear the words, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, the chief.' I beg him read that again; beg him tell me what it mean. Then I say to myself, 'That mean me—me, Kaneeka, that kill so many people in my heart.' I begin to be happy. I think *all the people I ever kill come to life again*, and all the sin I ever do, dead and buried in the ground."

While this conversation between my father and Kaneeka was going on in the house, and while we boys were enjoying ourselves in the yard, the bell rang for school. We and our red friends separated with the understanding that neither party should leave the place till we had seen one another again.

That evening, after school, my father, Lorenzo, and I went to the camp. It was in a

pretty little grove of mixed oak, hickory, and pine. There were four lodges, of which one was a tent of deerskins stretched on poles—this was Kaneeka's; the others were made of bark, stripped in long pieces from the trees, flattened, and bound together on suitable frames, so as to exclude both rain and wind.

Kaneeka's wife was a respectable and very intelligent-looking woman, rather lighter in complexion than himself, and modestly attired in the ordinary garb of civilized life. Within and around their tent everything had an air of neatness and comfort, and (what was by no means universal, even among the most highly improved of the nation) of cleanliness, too. The few articles about her were all tidy and in place. Even the dirt floor, perfectly levelled, made smooth, and covered with a carpet of deerskins lying hair-side up, produced a pleasant impression; and so did a bright-eyed, chubby child that was creeping on the floor, tastefully dressed, partly in fringed deerskin and partly in calico.

“This my wife,” said he, introducing us to his pleasant-faced companion. “Her name Chescoo (bird), Chescoo-teleneh (yellow bird).”

“And what is the name of this bright little one on the floor?” asked my father, as he shook hands with the mother.

“Her name Cona-teela,”* she answered; “but Kaneeka call her Sallicoo† now, because she creep on floor like a turtle.”

“You must feel proud of this fine little girl,” said my father, really admiring the child, and noticing the pleasure with which they observed his looks. “Is she your only child?”

“Two more at home,” she replied. “My boy so high”—holding her hand so as to measure the height of a child six years old.

As she spoke, the little one on the floor raised its head to her, and said: “Ma!”

“Ah, I see you are teaching her to speak English,” my father said.

* Rising fawn.

† Sallicooke, turtle.

“Teach them all so,” she answered. “*Have* to learn it.”

“I suppose they will have to learn it in time,” continued my father. “But be sure you teach them Cherokee, too. Yours is a much softer language than ours, and they ought not to neglect it.”

“Learn both, yes,” she said, assenting.

The Cherokees occupying the other lodges all seemed to be of the better class. They had come with Kaneeka to engage in the ball-play; yet all brought with them something to sell—moccasins, cane baskets, bows and arrows, chestnuts, dried persimmons,* &c. My father bought a little from each; made Lorenzo and myself a present of beaded moccasins, light bows with a dozen arrows apiece, and as many chestnuts as we could pocket, besides purchasing a nest of beautiful cane

* Freed from the seeds, and thoroughly sun-dried, these were almost as well tasted as Barbary dates. The dried layers rolled into sticks or cylinders, like peach paste, keep from season to season.

baskets, the inner cavity of which he filled with chestnuts and dried persimmon rolls, as a present for the folks at home.

On our way back from the visit he expressed himself as agreeably surprised with the sobriety and good order of the Cherokee camp, and especially gratified with the tidiness and high moral tone of everything about Kaneeka. This improvement he could not but attribute in part to the impulse given by his own visit three years before, and more especially to the influence of those missions and mission-schools which began about that time to be established in various parts of the nation by different denominations of Christians.

There was another conference between him and Kaneeka before leaving for home, the principal subject of which was Saloquah. The elder brother, who had assumed the expense of his education, and who seemed to entertain high hopes of his future eminence and usefulness, and to feel very deeply the responsibility assumed, expressed the wish that Saloquah

might be placed in some situation where he could, for a time, associate mainly with well-educated and well-disposed *white boys* of his own age. He said he thought that, however good the school at Coosa-nun-o-huh might be, with its excellent teachers, and its large proportion of the children of chiefs, nevertheless one year of association such as he proposed would do his brother more good, at that period of life, than five years at the school.

This suggestion made my father stop and ponder. He approved its wisdom; he wished to see it executed; yet how to do so was a question.

“How often do the teachers at Coosa-nun-o-huh receive letters?” he inquired, after a few moments’ reflection.

“Once every moon,” answered Kaneeka.

“And how long after a message comes to them before it can get to you?” he inquired again.

“After one preach-day,” Kaneeka answered.

“I will write to you,” said my father. “Look out for a letter at Coosa-nun-o-huh, to you or to Saloquah, are of the teachers.”



CHAPTER XI.

Letters from Liverpool—Unexpected Changes—Plan for the Summer—Another Unexpected Change—Our Travelling Equipage—First Day and Night from Home.

SCARCELY had we exchanged greeting at home after our joyful return from school ere my mother brought a package from the mantel-piece, and, looking at my father and Lorenzo, said : “ Letters from Liverpool.”

They were both from Lorenzo’s mother, and announced the intelligence, as welcome as it was unexpected, that she hoped soon to follow with her whole family. She said that every fibre of her heart yearned after her absent boy, and she could endure a separation from him no longer ; that her health had failed, and her physician had recommended her sojourn for a year or two in the Southern States of America,

near the mountains ; that, in consequence of a legacy left her by a distant relative, she was no longer poor, but able to live and travel at will, and that it was her will to come to America to seek health, to see her son, to enjoy the society of her dear brother and his family, and to become personally acquainted with the scenes and circumstances of the New World. She ended with a request that her brother would obtain accommodation for her and her children in some pleasant family, as near as convenient to his own, and said that she would leave, if possible, by the first good packet after the departure of these letters.

In those days there were no railroads anywhere on earth, no electric telegraphs, no lines of ocean steamers. Postal communication was very slow and uncertain. It was not at all unusual for people, on their visits North or South, to mail a letter overland a week before returning, yet to take passage by sea, and reach home before it. My aunt's letters were postmarked respectively September 1st and

15th, yet both reached us by the same mail. It was possible that she and her children might arrive by the very next mail-coach. My father, therefore, wrote to mercantile friends, both in Charleston and Savannah, requesting them to look out for her, to assure her of the pleasure with which her coming was anticipated, and to afford her every facility for safety and despatch.

About ten days afterwards Lorenzo's quick ears caught the rumble of heavy wheels passing rapidly between our house and the stage-road. The bass notes of this distant rumble soon began to be enlivened with the bugle-like tenor of the stage-horn: the coach lumbered into sight, handkerchiefs waved, and a few moments afterwards there was a very happy meeting, the particulars of which need no description.

This was before the close of November. A fortnight from that time the following letter was written and despatched, which, being the first ever received by the party addressed, was carefully preserved, and was finally placed in

my hands, many years afterwards, as a memento of old times :—

TRANQUILLA, GA., December 12th, 1821.

MY GOOD FRIEND, KANEEKA.—If you can fulfil the promise of last fall, I shall probably need your services and Saloquah's this coming summer. My sister from across the water, the mother of my nephew Lorenzo, has come to me in poor health, and wishes to spend the next summer in the mountains.

My plan is to travel with her myself for a week or two in visiting Talulah, Tuccoa, and other wild scenes in Upper Georgia; then, if convenient to leave her and the two boys under your care, to spend the heat of summer at your mountain-home, or in some house near you, fitted up for the purpose, at my expense.

Your services and Saloquah's, in piloting, guarding, and providing, will be needed, and I will freely pay you any reasonable salary.

Please reply at your earliest convenience, informing me whether you can comply with my desires. I shall wish you and Saloquah to

meet me in Athens, on Wednesday, June 5th, each furnished with a pony and gun, and equipped for several weeks' travel.

For greater certainty address your letter to me at Athens, Georgia, where it can be obtained and brought me by my children, who will be then at school there.

Yours truly,

JOHN WOODRUFF.

P.S.—Remember me kindly to Chescoo, and Saloquah, and to little Sallicoo, if she can remember anything of us.

The letter was addressed :

“ To Ka-nee-ka, a Cherokee sub-chief; or

“ To Sa-lo-quah, his brother,

“ Care of the

“ Teachers of Mission School,

“ Creek-path, Cherokee Nation.”

It had been gone on its errand some six or seven weeks, when, about the 1st of February, while Lorenzo and I were at school, the post-master informed us that a letter to my father

had come from some one in the Cherokee Nation. We immediately asked leave of absence from school for the purpose of bearing it home. It was written by Saloquah, in the name of his brother, complying with what had been proposed, and promising to meet us at the time and place appointed.

The approach of June, with its prospect of varied and exciting pleasures, animated our talk by day and our dreams by night. We did not slacken study, for the promise of our going was conditioned upon our having made certain progress; and, indeed, we had by this time acquired such a degree of mental training, under care of experienced teachers, that study was beginning to be no longer a drudgery, but a pleasure.

We were now just turned twelve years of age—too young to be entrusted to ourselves in a wild country, among half-wild people, but old enough to anticipate with much eagerness the freedom of forest and mountain, under the control of older heads.

On Wednesday, May 29th, my father came to Athens, to learn from our teachers what progress we had made in study. He was proud to be informed that we had faithfully completed the course prescribed for the Grammar School, and had so far exceeded it that we could enter the first-class of College half advanced. Our reward had been fairly earned, and my father acknowledged it by directing us to pack up our books and clothing, and prepare for returning home.

How little we know what a day may bring forth, or an hour, or a minute! It was while we were engaged in these duties, preparatory to our return home, that an incident occurred which for years affected seriously, though very pleasantly, the complexion of our history.

In the piazza of the principal hotel of the place sat a young man of attractive appearance, whose pale face contrasted strangely with his dark eyes and coal-black hair. We saw by his baggage, just removed from the stage-coach, but not yet carried into the house, that he was

a stranger, a traveller from afar, and that his name was Mitchel. As we passed him, going into the hotel, we observed him lay down a book he was reading, and watch us intently. Passing him a second time on our way out, he called to us, and said in a somewhat foreign accent: "Excuse me, boys; but you make me think of my far-off home, across the water. Are you brothers?"

"We call each other so, but we are cousins," was the reply.

"Allow me to ask your names."

"John and Lorenzo Woodruff."

"I thought so," said he. "One of you is the son probably of John Woodruff, who lives within a day's ride of this place; and the other is the son, I suppose, of James Woodruff, who perished from a hurt received in Liverpool a few years since."

We replied that he was right.

"Well, boys," he continued, extending his hands to us with a bright smile, "I think we are destined to become better acquainted. My

name is Mitchel—Alexander Mitchel. My mother was the aunt of John and James Woodruff, and, of course, I am full cousin to John, and second cousin to yourselves. Where is my cousin John to be found ?”

“Here in this place, ready to return home to-day,” I replied.

“That is indeed good news,” he said, as his eye gleamed with an expression of delight. “Please say to him that there is a cousin of his at the hotel, who desires to see him before he leaves the place.”

The result of this meeting, all by accident, was that our home-bound company was increased by the addition of our new cousin, and that for a long time afterwards we enjoyed the society of one of the most intelligent and most charming persons it was ever my privilege to meet. We called him cousin Aleck, though he said we might call him Alexander, or Sanders, or Sandy, or Sawnders, or Sawny, just as it pleased us. He was the son of a Scottish clergyman, who had married my

father's aunt. Two years before, he had graduated with distinction at the University of Edinburgh, and for one year he had been tutor in the family of a wealthy merchant; but severe study had so far undermined his health that he had been advised, like my aunt, to seek the fresh air of America, and he had come, bringing letters to my father.

No person whom I had hitherto met possessed half the knowledge that he seemed to have of nature in every department. There was not a bird or a beast, a fish or an insect, a tree or a flower, a rock or a metal, that did not seem familiar to him either by sight or by description. He was an enthusiastic admirer of nature; and on our way, I heard him remark, after having stopped the carriage several times to examine something by the roadside, that he was thankful for the ill health which had compelled him to leave home and come to this country, where all nature seemed to be worshipping God, in the freshness and strength of its youth.

On Tuesday following, our travelling party left home, intending to stop in the neighbourhood of Athens, where we would await the arrival of our Indian companions. Our equipage was nearly the same as it had been four years before. My father led the way in the carryall, drawn by old Gray. The close carriage, containing my aunt and her waiting-maid, and occasionally some other of the company, followed under the skilful postillionship of Quash; and the rear was brought up by the baggage-waggon, containing tent, stores, cooking utensils, &c., under the care of Scipio, now a young man with half-grown beard; while Lorenzo and I, on our spirited Indian ponies, scampered here and there at will, prepared to change places at any time with my father or with our cousin Aleck, for whose use there was an extra saddle kept strapped to the back of the carryall. We had guns, dogs, and fishing-tackle, as before; but not knowing the kind of fish to be expected in the mountain streams, we were compelled to prepare ourselves at random.

Our first encampment was a perfect novelty to the new-comers, neither of whom had ever before slept under a tent or spent a night in the woods. The excitement kept them wide awake till late in the night. Indeed, we all retired with reluctance, and most of us tossed restlessly upon our pallets, and, as a necessary consequence, awoke late and unrefreshed the next morning.

The next day, June 5th, our camp was approached by two persons in the deer-skin garb of the Indian, each furnished with a rifle and its usual accoutrements, and each bestriding a stout pony carrying a wallet. These were our expected friends, and our complement being now full, we set off the same afternoon upon our projected excursion to the mountains and falls of Upper Georgia.





CHAPTER XII.

The Chattahoochee Ridge — Armah-oolah — Indian Legend—
Shooting from Horseback.

THE country through which our route lay was exceedingly rough and unimproved, and the farther north we went the rougher it became. Strange to say, however, a large proportion of our *road* was remarkably level. We could plainly see, from various points, that to our right and left were sharp hills and abrupt valleys, while our travelled way was seldom interrupted even by the tiniest streamlet of water. Kaneeka, to whom the whole country was familiar, explained this peculiarity by simply saying: "Ridge, Ridge road."

We were travelling on a dividing line, or *water-shed*, separating the head-waters of streams flowing into the Atlantic from those

flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. Sometimes they rose but a few steps apart.

After travelling some hours on this ridge, without finding any water for ourselves or horses, Kaneeka announced our approach to two noted springs, where he advised us to make our midday stop. Arriving at this point, we discovered no marked peculiarity, except that the ridge was so narrow as to be not much wider than our carriage-track. There was a spring of water on each side of the road, flowing in opposite directions, and along the ravine of each there was an Indian trail that crossed our road.

“We used to call this place Armah-oolah,” said Kaneeka, while we were preparing for lunch at the foot of an oak, and he explained it by the following story: One of the braves of a former generation saw and loved the beautiful daughter of a chief. She loved him in return, and all persons wished them well, for they were worthy of each other. There was but one obstacle to their union. It was customary in

those days that whoever aspired to the hand of a chief's daughter should be able to show scalps taken in battle. But the lover had just arrived at manhood. His people had not been called to the war-path since he was old enough to wield the tomahawk, and though his courage was proved by many a feat of prowess as a hunter, and by many a scalp of bear and wolf, and one even of a panther, he could show no scalps of men.

The father of the girl was a man of few words, and had not yet expressed himself either in favour of the young people's wish or against it. One day he called the young man to him, and said: "You want my daughter. You bring me no scalps. This dó: Go find the place in our country where the waters of the Rising Sun kiss the waters of the Ever-Summer. When you find, you may have my daughter."

The young man looked him full in the face, doubtful whether these words were not intended as a refusal; but the chief, who was a man of

few words, did not explain. He only repeated :
“ Before you can have my daughter, you must
find where, in our country, the waters of the
Ever-Summer kiss the waters of the Rising
Sun. I have said.”

The young man left his presence much cast
down. He called for the maiden, seated him-
self on the ground before her, with his head
between his knees, the picture of despair ; told
her that the world was nothing to him without
her, that her father had demanded of him what
seemed to be an impossibility, but that he was
resolved to go and try, and that he would never
return unless he could come to claim her as
his bride. She, too, was troubled. She thought
much, but her words were few. Suddenly a
bright thought flashed into her mind, and she
asked : “ Has the Rising Sun no water in our
country ? Where are the *rivers* and the
springs ? Are there no waters here, too, that
belong to the Ever-Summer ? Perhaps they
meet.”

The young man's heart bounded with joy.

He leaped up, saying: "You are my young mother. You have given me life a second time."

He left her with feet swift as a deer. He traced the rivers to their springs, and at last came to this narrow ridge, from below which arise two springs, within a few steps of each other, one of which belongs to the waters of the Ever-Summer, and the other to the waters of the Rising Sun. The chief's daughter said she was willing to accept them as Kissing-waters, and the chief decided that her words should stand. From that day, the young man was known by the name of Armah-Tooway (Water-hunter), and the spring known as Armah-oolah. The young couple here built them a home, where for years they drank from these waters and lived happily together. One of their children is now living, and called by his father's name, Armah-Tooway.

No one of the company enjoyed the water or the romance more than cousin Aleck, who exacted a promise from Kaneeka to recall and

relate all stories associated with places that we might visit in our journey.

For the past two days, the chief business of us boys was to keep the cook supplied with small game, in the shape of squirrels, doves, and partridges. Our plan was to ride ahead of the carriages at suitable times and places, and to shoot from our saddles. For this it was necessary that our ponies should be well trained to the purpose. My own dear little Sawnee, so named from the old chief, seemed to understand and to like the sport almost as well as his young master. Many a time did he prick up his ears at a passing squirrel, as if to call attention to it, and whenever I was ready to shoot from his back, and would say to him, "So, boy, so!" he would remain as moveless as a stump. For a boy-hunter's use, Sawnee was a treasure.



CHAPTER XIII.

Kaneeeka Shoots into the Bushes—Is it Right to Kill Game?—
Currahee and Chopped Oak, Tradition concerning them—The
Farmer's Wife, and her Sunday Shooting.

LATE in the afternoon, while travelling on this ridge, we observed Kaneeeka, who was riding ahead of us all, suddenly halt his pony, level his rifle, and shoot into a thick growth of kalmias. A moment after, three deer, with flaunting tails, dashed across our road within fair shooting distance, and disappeared in a deep ravine on the other side. Saloquah's rifle was levelled also, though he did not shoot. Our own guns were not thought of until the deer had passed.

“What a pity,” I exclaimed to our two Indian friends, who were now both urging their ponies forward, as I supposed in the vain hope

of getting a better shot; "what a pity you had not had a moment's warning!"

"Isn't one deer enough?" Kaneeka asked, in a tone of surprise. "He big; he fat."

I saw Saloquah laugh, but could not understand either his laugh or Kaneeka's question, until we entered the cover of the kalmias, where lay a large sleek-sided deer, vainly endeavouring to stagger to his feet. The two hunters leaped from their ponies, busied themselves for a few moments with their hunting-knives, and, ere our slow-moving carriages and our astonished dogs came up, that which had so lately been deer was no longer deer, but venison. I candidly confess that, with all my fondness for a hunter's life, and admiration for a quick-telling shot, I have never seen the soft light of a deer's eyes quenched in death without a feeling akin to sorrow.

How is this? Is it wrong to kill deer? In mere sport, certainly; but when killed as coveted food——

Since beginning this inquiry, a fly-catcher,

that now sits " quee ! quee-ing ! " on a tree by my door has twice,—yes, now three times,—darted down, and with audible snap of its bill has deposited three flies in its capacious craw : its act has supplied my answer. The fly-catcher, with its quick wing and snapping bill, was created to live on flies. We human beings, although we *can* live on vegetables, are intended by our Creator (as is testified, not only by our taste, but by our canine teeth and our enamelled grinders) to live on flesh also. It is *not wrong* to live as God intended us, and, therefore, it is not wrong to kill deer, or turkeys, or partridges, or other wild game, to be used as food, and without criminal waste of life. Yet I confess it always makes me sad to watch the ebbing life and glazing eye of a deer, or even of a dove, brought down by a hunter's hand.

The place selected for our encampment that night, near the terminus of the Ridge, was at the spring of a farm-house adjoining the road. There was no other watering-place for man or beast under several miles. Within full view

was a small mountain of uncommon beauty, which rose suddenly before us, like a broad-based sugar-loaf, a thousand feet high, and stood aloof from the mountains in sight, as if disdaining companionship with others so much rougher and less graceful than itself.

The farmer beside whose spring we were permitted to encamp, and with whom we had several conversations, informed us that the mountain was called Currahee; that it was so named after a fierce chief who once lived at its foot, and who prided himself upon the devastation he had wrought upon the whites, boasting that during the war of the Revolution he had dried in the smoke of his cabin fifteen scalps of white men, women, and children, after having notched their number on the "Chopped Oak."

On being asked what he meant by the "Chopped Oak," he informed us that it was a tree in his neighbourhood, marked with many gashes; that it was at the meeting-place of several trails, and that it used to be noted as

the council-ground and law-place of the natives for that part of the country, especially for war-parties, before they went out and after they returned. "If," said he, "every gash on that tree answers to a scalp, there must have been many a one taken."*

He told us, in the same connection, that there was a man then living in South Carolina, within sight of the top of Currahee, who reported himself as the only survivor of a whole family murdered by this savage chief. His story was, that being at work in the corn-field, when sixteen years of age, he heard the crack of a rifle, and saw his father drop dead; then heard the sound of rifles from the house, on which he hid himself amid the corn, whence he saw the smoke of his burning home, and heard the screams of the helpless family. That night he stole through the woods to a neighbour's, five miles away, to whom he related the story, and who returned with him the next

* This tree remained for many years after the whites took possession.

morning, attended by several others. There they found his father, mother, brother, and two sisters, one of them an infant, all dead and scalped, and the house and corn-crib smoking on the ground. The only living creatures about the once happy home were a howling dog, and a hen that, at the sight of them, ran in terror to hide herself. The bodies were gathered and buried in one grave, and from that day forward that boy devoted himself to the killing of Indians, which he kept up so long as there were any within reach. Soon after he began his bloody revenge Currahee disappeared, and was never more heard of. Whether he changed his name, or removed beyond the Father of Waters, or was one of the victims of the boy's rifle, no one knows. He left his name with this mountain.

While he was giving us this account, our two Indians had been engaged in skinning and otherwise preparing the venison for use. We gave a quarter of it to the farmer, in consideration of various little favours shown. He gladly

received it, saying that his wife had cooked the last piece of *her* venison that day.

“Yes, *her* venison,” he repeated, seeing we looked surprised, “and killed *on Sunday* too.”

This statement caused both my aunt and cousin to look at my father, as if asking: “What! have we come to a heathen country, where women hunt on Sundays?”

The farmer went on to say: “Last Sunday, when I was at church, ten miles away, one of the children ran into the house to tell their mammy that there was a big deer in the cow lot, and that they had shut the gate on it. She took my rifle, and ran down to see. Sure enough, there it was in the cow lot, a doe, as big as does ever get to be. I can't think why she come there, except maybe to get some of the cow-feed, stowed away under the shed. The fence was twelve rails high, and *ridered* at that; so you may suppose my wife took her time a-killing her meat. She poked the rifle through the cracks of the fence, rested it on a rail, and the next minute had her venison lying

on the ground. When I got home from meeting she had a nice venison steak ready for my supper."

The man saw from our looks that our sense of propriety had been in some way offended by this story, and he rightly conjectured that we considered this profanation of the Sabbath by a woman—a mother, in the midst of her children—as being needless and unnatural. But he spoke as if he esteemed it a good joke, and his only attempt at palliation was saying: "She might have taken her time for killing, and waited till Monday, for the deer couldn't git out; but the Sunday law ain't over-strong in these woods, and I think it would be doubtful whether our preacher himself could stand the sight of a fat deer in his cow lot without shooting, Sunday or no Sunday."

My aunt and cousin Aleck looked as if they were gaining impressive ideas about the roughness of a new country, but they said nothing.



CHAPTER XIV.

View from Currahee—"Eruption"—Unpleasant Companions,
and What was Done with them—Tuccoa Falls—The Shower-
Bath.

NEXT morning, an hour's ride brought us to
the foot of Currahee Mountain.

Halting our carriages, and putting a side-saddle on old Gray for my aunt, we were not many minutes in gaining the summit, which was a bare flat rock, terminating on one side in a sheer precipice, and covered here and there with thick beds of mountain moss, whose gray filaments in a dry time crumble to powder under the foot, but with the slightest moisture in the air furnish delightful seats, soft as cushions of velvet.

There was not one of the company who did not acknowledge that we were more than compensated for our labour by the widespread

landscape, which was in many parts chequered with farms that looked, in the distance, no bigger than handkerchiefs; in other parts, rumped into sharp hills; in others, gleaming with the flash of waters; while far to the north and east the Blue Ridge Mountains lifted themselves above the horizon like a rough bank of blue clouds, preparing to give us a thunder-storm. We greatly enjoyed ourselves for more than an hour, and finally took our departure, not because we were satiated, but driven away by the increasing heat of the sun upon the rocky and almost shadeless summit.

Five miles of travel carried us to the Tuccoa Falls, near which we found a house of public accommodation. Major Walton, the owner and occupant, could show so well-fed a person, and a family of wife and daughters so well fed, too, as to require no signboard advertisement of

“GOOD CHEER—TO BE HAD HERE.”

It was Saturday, midday, when we arrived, and my aunt expressed the desire to stop and

spend the Sabbath. But she had a reason for this, which, if not more potent than a desire to sanctify the Sabbath, was more pressing. For more than a day she had been conscious of a very disagreeable *eruption* which had appeared upon her own person, and of which her maid also complained. It was rapidly increasing; she was apprehensive that they were both going into a fever, and would soon need medical treatment. The "eruption" appeared in the form of welks, with a minute spot of crimson in the centre of each, attended with intolerable itching. She described the case to Mrs. Walton, who no sooner saw the ailing spots than her good-natured face became a universal smile, as she said: "You must be a stranger in these parts, ma'am, not to know the *red-bug*."

A moment afterwards, being informed that her guest was just from England, she continued: "I see upon your clothes what is almost as bad as the red-bugs."

My aunt was horrified to discover that what

she had only supposed to be brown dust upon her clothes was all in motion.

“What can it be?” she asked.

“*Seed-ticks*,” replied Mrs. Walton. “People say,” she continued, “that when the large tick falls from the cow it lies upon the ground until it goes to pieces, and then each piece becomes a *seed-tick*. They climb the nearest spear of grass, and hang together in a little ball on its top, until some one passes near enough for them to take hold, when they all leave the grass together, and spread over the person.”

“Mercy!” exclaimed my aunt, in terror; “I shall be eaten alive. Can you do nothing to save me?”

“Oh, yes,” replied Mrs. Walton, “they are easily enough got rid of. You shall not hear from one of them again after you leave my hands.”

Her first aim was to relieve from the torment of the red-bugs. This was effected by a plentiful ablution with soap and cold water, to “cool the fire of the bites;” then the welks were wetted

with a strong alkali, "to kill the poison ;" and finally they were touched with perfumed oil, to smother such intruders as were left, "for," as Mrs. Walton said, "no live thing of that sort can stand grease."

While this work of insect-murder and of poison-cooling was going on, there was another in process in an adjoining room.

The garments infected with the seed-ticks were stretched over chairs, and were thoroughly fumigated with tobacco-smoke, produced by putting the leaves on live coals in a chafing-dish.

"A few years ago," said the hostess, "a lady from the seaboard, an Englishwoman like yourself, came in from a walk in the woods so perfectly covered with these insects that her clothes were brown. I proposed to relieve her, as I do you, by the use of tobacco-smoke, but she preferred, instead of undressing, to kill the insects, or drive them from her, by receiving the smoke upon her clothes without taking them off. She succeeded, but came near

sharing the fate of the insects, for she was not much more able than they to stand the poison of the tobacco-smoke." *

When we arrived at Major Walton's, it was a little past midday. Leaving our distressed companions to enjoy the benefit of Mrs. Walton's knowledge and hospitality, the rest of us went direct to the Falls, which were only a quarter of a mile distant.

There we saw a little stream, about ten or twelve feet wide, and about four or five inches deep, plunging over a precipice of one hundred and eighty-seven feet. After falling nearly one fourth that distance, the water strikes a projecting shelf, where it is broken, and descends thence to the bottom in beautiful white spray. At the time of our visit, the effect was greatly enhanced by two objects not to be seen now. One of these was a small tree which grew in a

* This unromantic incident is given just as it occurred, in hopes that it may prove useful to visitors to that beautiful region. There is no greater pest to be encountered there than these troublesome insects, and there is no surer antidote than tobacco-smoke, or *snuff* rubbed on.

crevice at the top, about the middle of the stream, and which hung over, as if peeping down to see where the water went that rushed so madly by it. Another object, much more picturesque and transitory, too, was a real, live Indian, in full costume, except that in the warm weather his hunting-shirt had been thrown aside, gazing from a neighbouring crag into the wild abyss below. We gained but a glimpse of his eager face, athletic limbs, and rudely ornamented person, when he withdrew behind the rocky shelf, and we saw him no more.

Kaneeka, to whom we applied for information, declared that this visitor was not a Cherokee—this, he said, was plain, both from his face and dress—and that the nearest guess he could make was that he was a Choctaw from the far West, come on a visit to the graves of his fathers, and by some means led to this spot.

The afternoon was oppressively warm, and no sooner had we come in sight of that snowy

cascade than cousin Aleck proposed our taking a shower-bath under the spray. There was an instant and unanimous assent, for the novelty would have been a temptation, even had the prospect of pleasure been doubtful. My father readily gave his consent, saying he would look on and enjoy himself through us. Kaneeka seemed delighted, but I observed in his face an expression of waggish merriment, as if he anticipated something rich. He and Saloquah, having fewer clothes, or perhaps simpler fastenings, than the rest, were the first persons ready for the bath. They went together under the falling water, Kaneeka leading the way, and saying with a loud voice: "Ugh! ugh! water so cool!"

This was repeated by Saloquah, who, I observed, gave a start of surprise, and though they both seemed to luxuriate in the refreshing drops, they drew themselves back under the protection of a shelf of rock.

Lorenzo and I came next, but as we were going in, Kaneeka, who for some reason was on

his way out, said in a low tone to us: "Go in slow, and *don't holla!*"

We saw that there was some sport in store, and therefore endeavoured to obey instructions, but it was as much as we could do to suppress a scream. Not that the water was so much colder than we expected, for the temperature was delightful; nor that the shock to the nervous system took us wholly by surprise, for we had taken shower-baths before, and knew that there is always a shock,—but the big falling drops, having created a downward rush of air, came upon our naked backs and shoulders with the force of so many falling pebbles, leaving a mark wherever they struck, and making us dance out of their way more quickly than we came into it.

Cousin Aleck, completely taken in by our pretended enjoyment of the lashing received, and supposing that our exclamations were expressive of our shocks from the cold, soon came in for his share. He hurried around a large boulder that lay between the falling water and

the wall, and in
his back and side
of which stung him
a "Whoo! whoo!"
to cheat me so
and examined
as if exposed
plaister.

When Quash
turn, they utter
surprise.

No one who had
and feathery spruce
fifty years—no,

wide, on both sides of which the rich bottom was divided into a number of farms, highly cultivated, and brilliant with every hue of vegetation, from the emerald green of half-grown maize to the golden yellow of ripening wheat. From the edge of the valley, to our left, rose a grand old mountain, named Youah, not cone-like and solitary, like Currahee, but massive in its proportions, and accompanied by similar mountains, of less imposing appearance ; while, at the distance of four or five miles to our right, stretched another range, both loftier and longer than these, known as the Tray Mountains. This exquisite little valley, radiant with light and beauty, and presenting at every point some new form of grace, was closed at its farther extremity by a large mound, rising sharply from the level, and gracefully surmounted by a feathery, plume-like pine.

“You call the river flowing through this valley Chattahoochie,” said cousin Aleck to Kaneeka. “Can you tell me what this name means ?”

the wall, and in an instant he received upon his back and shoulders a thousand blows, each of which stung like the crack of a whip. With a "Whoop! whoop! whoop! You wicked fellows to cheat me so!" he rushed from the water and examined his shoulders, which were red as if exposed to the action of a mustard-plaister.

When Quash and Scipio came to take their turn, they uttered perfect yells of pain and surprise.

No one who takes a shower-bath in the soft and feathery spray of Tuccoa will forget it in fifty years—no, not in a hundred.





CHAPTER XV.

The Fighting Preacher and the Blacksmith.

“**T**O-MORROW is Sunday,” said my father to Major Walton, late in the afternoon, “and as I am a church-goer, I shall be glad to know of some opportunity in the neighbourhood to attend public worship. Can you inform me?”

There was a merry twinkle of the Major’s eye, as he replied: “I am glad to say we are to have meeting at a church within easy reach, and we shall be served by quite a famous character, known as the Fighting Preacher.”

“Indeed!” returned my father, somewhat gravely. “That is an odd title for a minister of the gospel. I confess I should be more favourably impressed by hearing him called the Peace-making Parson, or, as I used to hear my own pastor called, the Good Mr. ——.”

“As a rule, that is true,” the Major quietly responded; “yet we rough people of the frontier think that this good man earned his title in serving his Master. But hear the story and judge for yourself :

“At a cross-road, not far from the church, lived a man of the name of Morgan, who until lately was a hater of religion, of religious people, of religious things, of everything having the name of religion, except Universalists and Hardshell Baptists. He had a special dislike to Methodist preachers. If by any accident he came within earshot of preaching, or praying, or a distant hymn, the sound would make him turn red in the face and pour out his curses.

“He was a blacksmith by trade—a great fighter, grim-visaged, bull-necked, double-fisted—the whole country was afraid of him. He was a good blacksmith, though—good neighbour, good citizen, good everything, except good Christian. *That* he was not, and most people thought he never could be.

“His blacksmith’s shop, as I have said, was

at a cross-road, and of course he saw his full share of church-going people, and of the preachers too. He stood this trial a good while, getting more impatient each time, until finally he began to utter threats.

“ One day, the Methodist circuit-rider stopped at his shop to have his horse shod, and, like a faithful circuit-rider, he engaged in religious conversation, in the course of which he not only endeavoured to soften Morgan’s feelings, but finally went so far as to urge upon him the duty of becoming a religious man. Up to this point Morgan had stood all that was said with a patience surprising even to himself, but this ‘last feather broke the camel’s back.’ He sprang up in a rage, seized a leather strap that he used for rebellious horses, collared the preacher, belaboured him with it, and tried hard to make him promise never to speak to him again on the subject of religion. Failing in this, however, he drove him off with the threat that if he or any other Methodist preacher dared to show his face before that

shop door, he should become acquainted with his strap.

“This took place not a great while before the meeting of the Annual Conference, when the itinerant preachers report progress, and are assigned their circuits for the ensuing year. Our preacher told his tale to his brethren, and it was not to be expected that many of them would covet the privilege of succeeding him in his field. In fact, the question as to who should be appointed there became so difficult that the Bishop and Presiding Elders were greatly relieved to hear of a volunteer. This was a certain brother Jones, who was known among them as an earnest, humble-minded man, that, having been pretty wild in his early life, was disposed to serve his Master all the more earnestly in his maturer years. He was also known to be a man of very quiet habits, but of tried courage.

“He was appointed to the circuit, and he came. So far as anything could be learned from his conversation, he seemed never to have

heard a word about Morgan, or of his treatment of the former preacher, and to all that was told him of this unpleasant subject, he turned a deaf or indifferent ear. Brother Jones was a great singer. I don't say melodious, for to hear him you would as soon think of a bull as of a nightingale; but he was very fond of hymns and choruses, and when any unpleasant subject was started in his hearing, he would strike up some favourite hymn and sing it all away. He was a warm-hearted man, whose soul seemed to be in his work, and the whole country took to him at once—all except Morgan, who, on hearing of him, shook his head, and said: 'He had better not come in reach of my strap.'

“The preacher made his appointments, and filled them without difficulty, until the time came for preaching in Morgan's neighbourhood. Late in the afternoon of the day before, Morgan was listening to the pleasant roar of his forge, when the music of the fire began to be mixed with a roar of another kind. He

listened. It was somebody singing a hymn. It was a Methodist hymn. He knew the chorus; he had heard children sing it as they passed :

“ I am bound for the promised land ;
Oh, won't you come and go with me,
I am bound for the promised land.’

“ It was that preacher with the big voice. Nobody in the neighbourhood ever sang that way before. The voice came nearer. He could make out the hymn as well as the chorus. It was that favourite hymn of the Methodists, beginning :

“ ‘ On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie. •
I am bound for the promised land,
Oh, won't you come and go with me,’ &c.

“ ‘ Go with you ? ’ said Morgan, with a bitter laugh, dropping his bellows-handle, and seizing his strap. ‘ Oh, yes, I will go as fur as the middle of the road ; maybe funder. Yes, yes, I will go fur enough to see you “ marching to Canaan's fair and happy land ” a little faster than you marched this way.’

“The preacher came riding up on a stout, shaggy-coated Indian pony, that looked as if he had seen a good deal of roughness in his day, and could stand a good deal more. Pony and preacher were very much alike, for however rough their usage, they had been well fed and cared for. They suited each other so well that as he came riding along the road singing, the pony looked as if he wished he could join in the chorus too; at least so thought Morgan, and the thought amused him, as he walked slowly towards the roadside.

“‘Who are you, making all this fuss out here?’ he asked, in a fierce, rough way.

“‘I am not making any fuss. I don’t believe in making a fuss with anybody. My name is Jones,’ the preacher softly replied.

“‘But you’ve made a fuss a’ready,’ persisted Morgan, ‘and I don’t allow nobody to do so in these parts. My shop makes more’n noise enough itself. Your name, you say, is Jones. Ain’t you a Methodist preacher?’

“‘I thank God for being able to say that I

am,' answered Jones, with enthusiasm, at the same time renewing his chorus, 'I am bound for the promised land,' &c.

"Morgan was taken perfectly aback. This was a kind of dealing that he was not used to. He could see that Jones was a character, and somehow he could not help liking him, though he was as much resolved as ever on carrying out his threats.

" 'Ain't you never heern what I said about Methodist preachers?' he asked, the moment there was pause enough in the singing for him to wedge in a word; and then added, 'that none of them shall pass this road without being licked.'

" 'And who are you, to give such an order?' asked the preacher, scanning him with curious eye from head to foot.

" 'Morgan, sir; my name is Morgan,' he answered, swelling up, 'and this place here is Morgan's Cross roads, where I have forbidden all Methodist preachers to pass.'

" 'But, Mr. Morgan, suppose that your

Master as well as mine orders me to pass this road, who am I to obey, Him or you?' inquired Jones, in a very meek and patient way, endeavouring to start his pony, which Morgan now seized by the bridle.

" 'All I've got to say is, that whoever orders you to pass this road, orders you to git a lickin', ' said Morgan, doggedly. 'So, off from that pony with you !'

" 'Friend,' said Jones, in a very quiet and composed way, looking the other full in the eye, 'I don't believe there has been any licking ordered, and don't believe I am going to get one. You had better let me pass.' (Singing).

" 'I am bound for the promised la-a-nd,
I am bound for the promised land.'

" 'Git down this minute, sir, or I'll pull you off!' said Morgan, trying hard to get angry.

" Jones remained on his pony, singing part of a verse :

" 'Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight,
I'm bound,' &c.

" 'No use to try stayin' on that pony,' said

Morgan, pulling at him, 'and no use to be singin' about "rivers of delight." The only thing you've got to enjoy at present is this strap. So come, quick! and off with that coat, too!'

" 'If I can't pass, I suppose I must stop,' Mr. Jones said, very slowly. 'If I can't stay on my pony, I suppose I must get off. If I can't keep on my preacher's coat, I suppose I must—' saying which he came leisurely from his pony, took off his coat, threw it on a rock, and said to it: 'Lie there, preacher, till I have finished with this man,' then squared himself up to Morgan, and said: 'Here I am.'

"Morgan waved the strap over his head, and brought it down broadside with a loud whack, across the preacher's shoulders. But scarcely had he done so, when the other was on him, like a wild-cat, and—how it was he does not know—he remembers only Jones's fist coming between his eyes; but when he came to himself he was lying flat on his back in the road, and Jones sitting astraddle of his

breast, pinning down both his arms, and singing :

“ ‘I am bound for the promised land ;
Oh, won't you come and go with me,
I am bound for the promised land.’

“ Morgan struggled manfully to free his arms and to continue the fight. He kicked, he wriggled, he roared, but all in vain ; he was in Jones's hands like a child under his own, and all that was left to him was to cry ‘ Enough.’

“ But Jones did not seem to hear ; he kept up his chorus :

“ ‘ Oh, won't you come and go with me,’

and every once in a while his fist came down too, not with all its might, but in a very *persuasive* way, as a sort of time-keeping to the music.

“ ‘ Enough, I say !’ roared Morgan ; ‘ can't you hear me, you ——’

“ ‘ Don't call me names, Mr. Morgan of the Cross-roads, or I'll have to start another hymn,’ said Jones, beginning another, and singing a word or two.

“ ‘Stop that!’ cried Morgan, ‘and let me up!’ But Jones kept on.

“ ‘Stop it, I say,’ repeated Morgan. ‘Didn’t you hear me cry, “Enough?”’

“ ‘But, Mr. Morgan,’ continued Jones, with a gentle pummel, renewed often enough to keep the other’s attention awake, ‘I have been informed you have received orders not to let any Methodist preachers travel this road.’

“ ‘Them orders has been changed,’ said Morgan.

“ ‘But I have been informed besides,’ continued Jones, ‘that you have promised to give that strap to every preacher that passes your shop.’

“ ‘I take that promise back. Let me up,’ said Morgan.

“ ‘Maybe, but we are not quite ready for it,’ answered the preacher. ‘Mr. Morgan of the Cross-roads, you have been pretty free in making promises, and, I must acknowledge, pretty faithful in keeping them. Now, before I let you

up, there is a promise or two I want you to make me.'

" 'I'll make 'em ! I'll make 'em ! Let me up ! ' cried Morgan.

" 'Not till you know what they are,' returned Jones, 'and not till I am pretty sure that you mean to keep them, too. Are you ready ?'

" 'Ready ! Yes, I have been ready ever since I said "Enough."'

" 'The first is, that from this day you will let all preachers, and especially Methodist preachers, alone. Do you promise ?'

" 'Yes, with all my heart, if they are any-ways like you.'

" 'Another thing,'—and here the preacher gave himself time to think by singing a line or two, and then went on : 'I reckon, from what people say, it is a long time, Mr. Morgan, since you have been to church. The second promise I wish you to make me is, that whenever there is an appointment for preaching in this neighbourhood, and especially a Methodist appoint-

ment, you will attend it. Do you promise?’

“‘Yes, yes, I promise. Let me up now,’ said Morgan.

“‘Only one promise more,’ said the preacher, ‘and I’m done.’ He paused a little, and Morgan thought he was going to sing again, but he did not; he only clenched his fist hard and drew back his arm, as if about to give a tremendous blow, and said: ‘Mr. Morgan, you have been a torn-down sinner, and I think it is time that you had turned from your evil ways. I did not expect to take you under my care so soon, but I find you easy to deal with, and I have taken a fancy to you. The last promise I exact is, that you will quit your wicked ways, and try to be a good man.’

“‘I promise; yes, I promise,’ roared Morgan, moving his head to escape the heavy fist that seemed to be coming down between his eyes.

“‘Jones allowed him to rise, looked at him a moment, said to him, ‘I have an appointment to preach at the church to-morrow, and expect

to see you there,' put on his coat, and rode off.

"Sure enough, the next day Morgan was a church, for the first time in many years; and he has never missed an appointment since, though it is now more than a year since this happened. He became one of the best friends Mr. Jones has in the circuit, and soon joined his church. When the year was out, and the time came for a new appointment—for no Methodist itinerant is allowed to stay longer on his circuit than one year, except by special request*—Morgan united with others in a request to the Conference to have him sent here again, which has been done. To-morrow, if you go to our church, you will probably see both Jones and Morgan."

"Go! indeed I will," replied my father, "unless kept away by something beyond my control. But, Major, allow me to ask two questions: First, how much of this story is true?"

* This was true in 1822, and long afterwards.

“The *body* of it—the main part of it—all but the dressing up,” returned the Major. “I give you the story as it is currently reported in the circuit, and as it was set on foot by Morgan himself. He and the preacher were the only ones present, and the preacher never would say much on the subject, while Morgan seemed greatly to enjoy the joke.”

“The second question I wish to ask,” said my father, “is: How comes it to pass that you, Major, and others like you, who know what belongs to good order, should allow your preachers to be treated in this way?”

“Oh, as for that,” the Major answered, with a laugh, “we people of the frontier think far less of a fight, or of a harmless beating, than you folks of the old country, or of the sea-board. More than this, Morgan was too good a blacksmith to be lost to the neighbourhood, and we judged it best, as you see it has proved, that he and the preachers should *pleasantly* fight it out among themselves. There are no

two men in the circuit more highly thought of now than Jones and Morgan."

We went to church the next day, and there saw the two combatants as kind and loving as two brothers.*

* Readers of Dickens's "Household Words" will find in Vol. X., No. 249, under the title of "Colonel Quaggs's Conversion," a long *caricature* of this scene, which is related above, substantially as it used to be told in the reputed neighbourhood, and received there as historical. Whether or not it is true in all its details, it is *perfectly true as a picture of the times*.





CHAPTER XVI.

Talulah, Southern End—View from Top of the Cliffs—Descent
—View from Below—Adventure.

WE did not leave Tuccoa very early the next day. My aunt had not yet enjoyed her share of the Falls, and possibly the

“GOOD CHEER—TO BE HAD HERE,”

at Major Walton's, may have had some influence in causing the delay. It was not until nine o'clock of a very sultry day that the heavy lumbering of our wheels and the tramp of our horses announced our departure to Talulah.

The distance was only fourteen miles, but the roads were so rough, the day so hot, and we paused so long at our “nooning” that we did not reach our destination until four o'clock in the afternoon.

Talulah is the name of a small branch of the Savannah River, so called, no doubt, from the *Falls*, rather than the falls named from it.

“Armah-Ta-lu-lah means Water Terrible, Roaring,” said Kaneeka.

But the Talulah is not a “terrible roaring water” anywhere but here. In all other parts of its course it is as quiet and order-loving a stream as is ordinarily to be found in a mountain country. Here, however, for a mile, it rushes through a chasm so wild as to give it very appropriately the name of Armah-Talulah.

It was at the lower end that we first arrived, and where our road abruptly terminated. Here by Kaneeka’s instruction we halted, fastened our horses, and afterwards encamped, on a level spot, shaded by well-grown trees, bounded to the right by a rivulet flowing through a steep, rocky ravine. A hundred yards before us appeared what filled us with awe, and made us approach with bated breath. It was an *empty space*. Strange that so strong an impression should be produced by NOTHING; but so it was,

and very naturally, for the level ground there came to a sudden break, and all beyond was emptiness and nothing, until the eye rested upon rocks and trees made blue by distance. The solitude of the intervening space was awful.

Our cousin Aleck had not been seen for half an hour. While we had paused to enjoy a beautiful mountain view, he had galloped ahead on his pony. We did not see him again until we had fastened our horses and were approaching the precipice. There he sat, perched on the last edge of a rocky shelf, over which his feet dangled, while he seemed to be absorbed in contemplating the magnificent view beyond.

As he saw us hurrying to join him, he put back his hand with a sign of warning, and said: "Be cautious."

The descent to where he sat was short but rapid, and had we made too eager a start we could not have checked ourselves. Perceiving quickly the need of caution, we moved with

care until we attained a position where the abyss beyond might be viewed with some degree of satisfaction.

It was an immense amphitheatre, or irregular basin, excavated in the mountain ridge, and bounded by sides of rock. Its depth did not impress us at first as being very great, only unusual. Far down at the bottom—we could not tell how far, since there was nothing visible between us and it that the eye could use as a measure of distance—far down was a bewitching little stream, apparently narrow enough to be stepped across, wandering in and out among the rocks and shrubbery, and every here and there becoming unaccountably white as snow. I say unaccountably, for although we could have accounted for its changes of colour had they been accompanied by the roar of falling water, there was no roar, and therefore the little playful stream seemed to whiten in mere wantonness. On both sides of it, on the comparatively level bottom, were masses of loose rock, some in large slabs tilted on end,

some like boulders piled in heaps, but all in confusion. Among these rocks, and over them, grew occasional patches of what seemed to be shrubbery, that varied in height from that of a man to fifteen or twenty feet, and between us and it there seemed to be stretched an invisible veil of soft blue.

While gazing in admiration, and endeavouring to understand the mystery of this strange blending of the fairy-like with the gigantic, which everywhere appeared, we were awakened to a partial sense of the reality by seeing far below *us*, yet far above the bottom, the brown back and outspread wings of a buzzard, sailing in graceful flight as we often see it above the treetops. In an instant, the secret was revealed of the diminutive beauty and bluish tinge we had noticed—they were the effect of *distance*; and with this idea of the immense depth we instinctively drew back and grasped something for support.

Soon, however, regaining courage so as to look down without dizziness, we amused our-

selves with another test of the depth ; we threw sticks and stones as far as we could into the chasm, and were surprised to see how they seemed to curve back under us and disappear from sight, as if attracted by the wall of rock on which we stood. But they did not curve back ; they only seemed to do so because of the distance.

The pathway down was exceedingly steep and rugged. Oftentimes we lost balance and saved ourselves from rolling by clinging to friendly twigs ; or after having rolled and slidden a pace or two, we brought up against a tree or rock.

“ Take care below ! ” was a frequent cry, as some heavy stone, dislodged from its insecure bed, went thundering down the steep declivity, crushing the saplings and barking the larger trees in its progress. These stones were so easily displaced, and, at that time, were scattered so plentifully along the way, that it was not safe for passers up and down to be far separated. At times we came to places where

a short ladder would have been a great convenience, but where we were compelled to leap or let ourselves down our full length over some short cliff. The question very naturally arose at such places, How shall we get back? but we made no pause, for others had passed, and so might we.

Fairly at the bottom we found ourselves standing upon a rough, irregular floor of rock, worn in places into deep wells by the action of water upon large rolling stones, some of which lay then within them. The stream was no longer a purling rivulet, as it seemed from above, but a small river, varying in width from ten to fifty yards, and hurrying from one ledge of rock to another, over which it glided in quiet beauty, or plunged with angry roar, according to the depth and inclination.

As seen below, all things around us were as grand as from above they had seemed diminutive. We could have no doubt of the *height* of the precipice, whatever uncertainty there might have been as to its depth; it towered up,

up, up, until we almost looked to see the lower clouds gather on its margin.

During this visit to the bottom, we boys engaged in a little adventure which came near being fatal. The rivulet above, near which we had halted and were preparing to encamp, flowed along its narrow bed to the boldest part of the cliffs, where it trickled perpendicularly down the bare rock for near a thousand feet, until coming to a slope about eighty feet from the bottom, it flowed off to the river, watering, as it went, many plants which grew in the crevices. Attracted by some rich-looking flowers, Lorenzo and I, with Saloquah in the lead, and Scipio in the rear, ascended this stream a little way, when we halloed to my father, who was at the bottom, and asked leave to ascend higher.

“Go, if you have good foothold,” he answered.

“All safe!” we shouted in reply, and passed on, having our feet bare, and our pantaloons rolled up to our knees, and clambering over

the wet rock by sticking our toes in the crevices.

We enjoyed ourselves much, gathering flowers and gaining views of the scene below, until we came to a comparatively level place, where many thin pieces of rock, scaled off from the face of the precipice above, probably by the action of frost, lay in the trickling water. Here we amused ourselves by starting some of the larger pieces, and seeing them slide with accelerated velocity towards the river. Scipio, who was uppermost, had just sent a big slab skating after the others, when I saw him leap suddenly into the air with a prolonged "Boo-oo-oo!" of disgust and fear. He alighted on a slippery surface, lost his balance, and began to roll down the rock. Lorenzo, who was next, was about to be upset by his rolling body, when I saw him also leap into the air, then plant himself on a dry spot, from whence he cried out: "Take care, Saloquah! Take care, Johnnie! *Snakes!* SNAKES!"

By this time Scipio had evidently lost all

control of himself, and was rolling down the rock to certain death, when Saloquah threw himself on all-fours in the wet moss, braced himself, and arrested his progress. In doing so, I heard him utter one of his decided Indian grunts, then call aloud to us all: "Can't hurt you! don't be afraid!"

By this time the cause of disturbance had extended to myself. It was a crowd of water-snakes. Scipio, in removing that flat rock, had uncovered their nest or home, and they had made for the river, running along the deepest water they could find, and, in so doing, they whipped right between our naked legs. It was this that made Scipio leap into the air. They had reached Lorenzo a moment before Scipio's coming, and caused him to jump aside just in time to escape his rolling body. Soon after this they reached Saloquah, who, seeing Scipio rolling down, and knowing that the snakes were not venomous, threw himself on all-fours in the midst of them, and allowed them to wriggle over his hands and feet, while he braced him-

self to save the endangered boy. I confess that when they came at last to me, and began to run over my naked feet, and to slap my ankles with their tails, the sensation was so horrid, that had it not been for Saloquah's words, and more especially for his heroic effort to save life, of which I was a witness, and from which I could not withhold my admiration, I should probably have leaped to avoid them, as the others did, and in consequence have perished by rolling down the rock.

We made our way safely to the bottom, just in time to hear my father say: "Nearly sunset! Time to return!"

The ascent began without delay, but oh, the labour! On the trip at several points we were compelled to make use of each other as ladders, and then to pull up the last one by hand. Many a stop we made for rest and breath, and when we reached the summit, which was only a few minutes before sunset, we all, except our two red friends, threw ourselves upon the ground and panted.

“Worth the trouble, though!” said cousin Aleck, enthusiastically.

“Ready to go down again to-morrow,” Lorenzo and I responded.

“Not until after we have seen the other parts, though—The Pulpit and The Falls,” decided my father.

That night we wasted no time in wakefulness; every available moment was given to solid, refreshing sleep.





CHAPTER XVII.

A Deer in the Air—Almost a Stampede—Improvised Ladders—
The Cataracts and Cascades—Peculiar Features of Talulah—
The Pulpit—Tradition of a Fearful Tragedy.

WE had quite a scene of excitement the next morning. Our company had accidentally assumed the shape of the letter V, with its point at the highest part of the precipice. Our horses, nine in number, were halted in a long irregular line, near the margin of the rivulet that has been described as trickling over the cliff. Quash and Scipio, under the direction of Kaneeka, constituting the other wing of the V, were engaged in preparing a rude ladder, by which we might descend to the main cataract. I was standing with my father on the edge of the cliff, overlooking the spot below, where our scramble with the snakes had taken place the evening before. Lorenzo was

coming with his mother to the same place, down a steep narrow pathway on the side of the ravine. Suddenly we heard Saloquah, who was in a thicket of bushes a few steps above us, call out in quick, warning tones: "Take care! You in a deer-path! Deer coming now!"

Until that moment, none of us had noticed that the narrow path, which my aunt and cousin were following, terminated abruptly at a ledge of rock overhanging the little stream, and reappeared as abruptly on the opposite bank, fifteen feet away, as if its frequenters were in the habit of leaping the ravine, which at this point was both deep and precipitous. It was a capital place for deer to escape temporarily from pursuing dogs.

Lorenzo and his mother were by this time standing on the ledge of rock from which the leap was made, and seemed to be in doubt what to do. Afar off came the yelp of a dog in pursuit. It was Medor. He and Selkirk had been missing all the morning. The yelp came rapidly nearer, accompanied now by a

whine. This last was Selkirk's. He had been trained to hunt silently, but having been tempted to violate rules in going off with Medor to hunt without leave, he was now yielding, as far as he dared, to the example set him in barking. As they came nearer, we heard a tramp, very light, evidently of dogs and deer; then a tramp, very heavy, as of horses in commotion, accompanied by the loud voices of Quash and Scipio. "Whoa, sir! whoa! whoa! Quiet, Don! Easy, Dick!" &c.

During this commotion, a magnificent buck, with high branching horns and lifted tail, rushed down the narrow path, closely pursued by our dogs. Poor fellow! his look of perplexity and terror was almost human as he found his farther progress arrested by two persons standing on the only spot from which his leap across the ravine could be made. "What am I to do?" was the question which he evidently asked himself, yet could not pause to answer. The dogs were almost at his legs. Saloquah was in the bushes to his right, shout-

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THE DEER'S FATAL LEAP.

ing to my aunt and Lorenzo, "Get out of way!" He therefore leaped at random to the left, and there suddenly discovering my father and myself within two paces of him, he made another random leap, which carried him clear over the cliff, where we saw him go down—down—DOWN—with head and tail erect, and feet still stretched out, as if to alight at the bottom. He did alight—so far below as to look not much bigger than a rabbit—but he never rose again. A rocky chasm of a thousand feet perpendicular depth is too deep to leap into and live. His body rebounded from the sloping rock, and rolled a mangled mass into the river.

Our dogs, wild with excitement, turned with him towards the precipice, and might possibly have perished with him, had not a word of command from my father checked the dangerous pursuit. The horses, however, were not so easily quieted. The rush of dogs and deer within a few paces of them had created quite a panic. They reared, plunged, pulled, and used

every expedient to break loose ; but fortunately the fastenings were too strong, else they also would have followed the course of the deer, and would not, like the dogs, have been restrained by the word of command.

Half an hour afterwards, Kaneeka announced the ladders ready for transportation, when they were shouldered, and we took up our line of march to "The Falls," as the upper and main cataract is called.

These consist of a leap of one hundred and twenty feet, made by the river through a rocky gorge of not more than twenty-five feet wide. There are three stand-points from which this plunge of the water may be viewed—one from the top of the cataract itself; another from its rough bottom, where great disjoined rocks are always wet and slippery with spray; and a third, a furlong or quarter of a mile away, from

" the dreadful summit of a cliff
That beetles o'er his base."

Viewed from any of them it makes an un-failing impression of sublimity, even on those

who have witnessed the more stupendous scenes of Niagara. So, in a measure, do the lesser Falls, in which the frightened river leaps fifty, sixty, and eighty feet into some craggy bed or boiling eddy; while numerous cascades, in which the water glides whitening over moss-grown slopes, afford the mind the almost coveted relief of beauty.

The chief feature of Talulah, however, is neither its cataracts nor its cascades. It is the *chasm* through which the river flows, flanked on either side with giddy precipices, wild castellated cliffs, and awful fronts of rock, wrought into various forms of grandeur.

There was one point, especially, where we stopped on our way from "The Cliffs" to "The Falls," that interested us much. We stood upon a height, and not only saw the main cataract at a distance, but at the same time looked across the chasm, to a bare face of perpendicular rock on the other side, fifteen hundred feet high, crowned with irregular battlements, marked with upright seams, and

so highly coloured in many parts with lichens as to gain for it the name, of the "Painted Rocks." Far up its dreadful side, yet too far below its top to be accessible, is a dark door-like cavity, in which, as we looked, there appeared a small brownish object.

"People call that *cave*," said Kaneeka, "and some say eagle nest in it."

Immediately adjoining this height was what was known as "The Pulpit." A fearful *pulpit* it was, impressing us with the idea that whoever should use it as a place for preaching must expect to have no auditors except such as can approach on wing. It is a great shelf of rock, projecting into the air over a void of many hundreds of feet. One's flesh naturally creeps to think of this shelf giving way and letting him down into the abyss below. But these feelings soon vanish, or are more than counter-balanced by the enjoyment of magnificent views to be obtained from this point alone.

While here, Kaneeka's appearance became so grave as to attract our attention.

“What is the matter, Kaneeka?” inquired cousin Aleck.

“Place not good. Don’t like to be here,” Kaneeka replied.

“Why not good?” he was asked again.

“Bad thing happen here long time ago,” he answered.

On being pressed for the history, he gave us the following tradition, which I relate partly in his own graphic language :

“One life-time ago, when there was big war between your people and the red-coats, the Cherokees take many scalps and some prisoners. When the war ended we gave back all prisoners that were alive. Ten of those whom we took met their death at this rock, but not from sickness. While our young men were on the war-path, the prisoners, eleven in number, were left in charge of an old warrior and some women at The Chopped Oak, with instructions to treat them well, but keep them safely. Among the women was one known as Kosta-yek (or Sharp-fellow). She was born a Choc-

taw, but lived among the Catawbias, and finally settled with us. She was a very wise woman, and exerted great influence wherever she went. But she was as revengeful as she was knowing. She never forgave an injury, and never forgot it. Nothing gave her more pleasure than to see a bloody scalp, especially of a white man. It is reported that the reason she left her own people for the Catawbias, and afterwards the Catawbias for us, was that in both those nations she had caused the death of white people, and had to flee away to escape being weighed."

"Weighed!" exclaimed cousin Aleck; "what do you mean?"

Kaneeka laughed inwardly. "When you weigh a hog or a deer you *hang it up*, do you not?" he replied, interrogatively. Then he added, "My people see you do so with people too bad to live, and they say you *weigh them*."

"Oh, by weighing you mean *hanging*," said cousin Aleck, much amused at the odd conceit.

"Mean hanging," said Kaneeka, assentingly; then continued. "While the prisoners were at

Chopped Oak all persons were surprised to see Kosta-yeak treat them so kindly. She was much in their company, and did so much for them that they accounted her the best friend they had in the nation. But it was all show. She was a rattlesnake, and was charming them to death. My people learned a lesson from her which they repeat to this day, *When bad people become too kind, look out for snake-bites.*

“One night, soon after all were asleep, she came softly to their cabin with a bag of parched corn and some hams of dried venison. She waked each by a gentle shake, and asked if they wished to go home. They answered joyfully that they did. She said she was prepared to take them that very night, on two conditions—that they should start at once, and that they should consent to be blindfolded until they had crossed the river. They answered that they accounted her as a friend, and that she might do with them as she pleased.

“She then loosed them from their stakes, divided among them the provisions to be car-

ried, blindfolded them securely, and kept them in line by a little string tied loosely to each, then putting herself at their head she marched them silently out of camp. Whenever they came to a gully or log lying across the path, she would warn them by saying, 'step up,' or 'step down,' or 'jump,' as the case required. They marched very fast, and by the time they had reached the spot where we now stand, she had shown them so many little attentions that they were ready to do anything she required. Just behind those thick bushes she halted the line, telling them there was a rough gully before them, which they must pass singly. Then she took each by the arm in turn, led him to the edge of the shelf, and said, 'Now jump into this little gully.'

“ All except the last two did as she directed, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below. These two were a man and a boy. The man's suspicions were awakened by observing the huskiness of her voice, and by hearing something like a curse coming through her clenched

teeth. When the time came for him to 'jump into the little gully' he pretended to be afraid, and suddenly grasped her arm. She tried to shake him off, and to shove him over the precipice. They struggled for a moment on its edge, he holding to her for safety, and she yelling out her curses, until they both went together to the bottom.

"At the first sound of the struggle the boy tore the bandage from his eyes and rushed from his concealment in time to witness the closing scene. He then made his way back to the Chopped Oak, and, more dead than alive with horror, recounted the facts as I have given them to you. When our young men returned from the war-path they found the bones of eleven persons lying at the bottom of the chasm.

"From that day to this the rock which you call Pulpit has had a bad name. We red people do not like to come near it."



CHAPTER XVIII.

Beautiful Valley—Interesting Relic—Wild-woods Drummer—
“Who cut these Logs?”

FROM Talulah, “The Terrible,” a ride of fifteen miles transferred us to the vale of Nacoochee. Our road was rough as usual, until we crossed a little stream called the Soqueh, where we entered upon a road, the most pleasant we had seen since leaving the ridge of the “Kissing Waters,” and were conducted by it to the brow of a gentle hill, from which we looked upon a scene of surpassing loveliness.

A quiet valley lay there embosomed between two mountain ranges. It was four miles long by half a mile broad, level as a floor, and open to our view from end to end. There flowed through it a clear stream, ten or fifteen paces

wide, on both sides of which the rich bottom was divided into a number of farms, highly cultivated, and brilliant with every hue of vegetation, from the emerald green of half-grown maize to the golden yellow of ripening wheat. From the edge of the valley, to our left, rose a grand old mountain, named Youah, not cone-like and solitary, like Currahee, but massive in its proportions, and accompanied by similar mountains, of less imposing appearance ; while, at the distance of four or five miles to our right, stretched another range, both loftier and longer than these, known as the Tray Mountains. This exquisite little valley, radiant with light and beauty, and presenting at every point some new form of grace, was closed at its farther extremity by a large mound, rising sharply from the level, and gracefully surmounted by a feathery, plume-like pine.

“ You call the river flowing through this valley Chattahoochie,” said cousin Aleck to Kaneeka. “ Can you tell me what this name means ? ”

“Chattahoochie not Cherokee name,” replied Kaneeka, but Muscogee; same you call *Creek Injin*, and we call *Coosa*. I hear old people say Muscogee call *Red-man*, *Eesta-chattay*; and *river* they used to call *hatchie*, or *hoochie*. So I suppose Chattahoochie mean ‘Red River.’”

We rode slowly through the valley, stopping here and there to enjoy the rich beauty which everywhere greeted our eyes, and, about the middle of the afternoon, came abreast of the singular mound that closes the southern extremity. Here, by my aunt’s request, we halted, and spread our tents for the night, wishing to prolong our enjoyment of a place so lovely.

Scarcely, however, had we put ourselves at ease ere a tramp from the west announced the approach of a horseman. He proved to be a plain, farmer-looking man, with intelligent face, who held carefully before him on the pommel of his saddle what seemed to be a small billet of wood. On seeing us he checked his horse, gave a scrutinizing look at my father and

cousin, then rode directly towards them, and said, in a free and easy way: "Good day, strangers! Ef I ain't mistaken in your looks, you would like to see this cur'ous piece of wood I'm carrin' on my saddle; and maybe—maybe you kin help me to some understandin' of it."

He handed it to them, and dismounted. It was a piece of oak, a foot and a half long, and six inches in diameter, covered with bark, and notched and hewed at one end, as if intended for a log cabin or pen. They examined it carefully, and returned it with the remark that they saw nothing noticeable in it, except the indications of great age.

"And how old would you reckon it to be?" asked the man.

They answered that they had no means of determining.

"Maybe you'd think it a pretty *ageable* piece of wood ef you'd seen the place where I found it. And that's what I wanted to talk about."

He then went on to say that it was part of

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a log discovered, with many others, under the roots of an immense tree, recently upturned by the wind. He said it "was cur'ous anyhow" to behold logs lying in the ground so long that a big tree could grow over them, and yet that they should be "as sound as a dollar." "But," continued he, "the most cur'ous part is—look here!"

He called our attention to the fact that the cutting, hewing, and notching of the log had been done with a *sharp-edged axe*. "Now, *who did this cutting?*" he asked. "For these here Injins never did it. They had no hatchets, except stone, till they got 'em from us white people. And this cutting must have been done long before the white people came to these parts."

My father and cousin exchanged with each other looks of increasing interest as the man called attention to these facts; and learning from him that the spot was only four miles distant, and easily accessible to persons on horseback, they resolved to go back imme-

diately with him, and examine the locality for themselves.

As soon as this determination was expressed Saloquah caught Lorenzo's eye, put his finger to his ear, and pointed to the woods, from which came a lowly repeated "Tum! tum! tum!" like the thump of a man's naked heel upon a hollow log.

"Bird that! *big* bird," said he, looking at us both. "While you gone, I go kill it."

"But I am not going with the company," returned Lorenzo, between whom and Saloquah had risen quite an intimacy; "I will stay and go with you."

While we were preparing for our excursion, they took their guns and started into the woods, from which they returned during our absence with two beautiful pheasants, one of which had attracted attention by perching on a log, and, according to its habit, drumming with its wings.

We were soon in the saddle. Our trail, for it was nothing more, led us along a narrow, picturesque valley, watered by a sparkling

stream, that emptied into the Chattahoochie within a short distance of the mound. We cantered along, Indian fashion, in single file, Mr. Johnson, the countryman, leading the van, and Kaneeka bringing up the rear.

On reaching the spot, we saw a large oak-tree, four feet in diameter, lying prostrate, with its great roots projecting ten feet into the air, encumbered with a heavy mass of black soil. At the bottom of the pit left by the upheaved earth, was a stratum of water-worn stones, mostly of white quartz, in which lay embedded the logs of a pen, or cabin, about fourteen feet square. These logs, varying in size from six to eight, inches, were all neatly notched into each other, and were as sound as the day they were put together. One of them, caught by a root of the oak, had been dragged from its concealment under the pebbles, revealing the position of the others. It was from this log that Mr. Johnson had cut off the end which he had shown us.

My father and cousin examined the indica-

tions with curious interest, and searched deep enough to know that there were several tiers of logs underlying the one that was removed. The facts which they elicited in the course of their examination were as follows :

1. The logs were prepared and put together by persons having a keen-edged metallic axe.

2. They lay embedded in a stratum of water-worn pebbles of all sizes, from that of a pea to that of a child's head.

3. This stratum of pebbles was covered by a layer of rich black mould, several feet deep, which had been washed from the hillsides or deposited by the creek.

4. The mould had covered the pebbles long enough to allow the growth of trees four or five feet in diameter.

“ This oak,” said cousin Aleck, pointing to the fallen son of the forest, “ must be at least three hundred years old.”

“ And the *soil* in which it grew must be older than the tree,” said my father.

“ And the *logs* in the gravel must be older

than both the tree and the soil above them," added cousin Aleck.

"How old would you suppose them to be?" asked my father.

"Not a day less than five hundred years, if our conjectures are right," he answered.

"Then who were the workmen, with the sharp-edged axe, that put these logs together?" That was a question more easily asked than answered!*

* About twelve or fifteen years after our visit, *much more was learned*, though the mystery is yet unsolved (1869). The valley of Duke's Creek was then dug for gold, which was found in great abundance in "the gravel" below the soil. *Thirty-four log pens*, such as described above, were then brought to light. They were joined together in a straight line, three hundred feet long, all made of small logs notched like the one we saw—the lower logs resting on the foundation-rock which supported the gravel-bed, and the upper logs lying in the soil which furnished support to the trees. Those lying in the gravel were more or less sound; those in the soil were perfectly decayed. Some of these pens were six feet or more deep; but, strange to say, they had neither doors nor windows, and the gravel or water-worn pebbles lay inside as well as out, interspersed at intervals with fragments of Indian pottery, cane baskets, &c. A good specimen, from the end of one of these logs, bearing the mark of the sharp-edged axe, was sent to the College Museum at Athens, Ga., where, it is to be hoped, it may be long preserved, and help, some day, to solve the mystery of this so-called "Buried Indian Village."

They paused, pondered, and philosophized; but in vain. My father at last turned suddenly to Kaneeka, and inquired: "What have your old people to say about this place?"

"Never say nothing. Never hear of it before," Kaneeka answered.

"But have they no old-time stories to tell of people who came here many lifetimes ago, having sharp-edged tools?" he asked again.

Kaneeka answered, "The Alabamas tell us that before the Muscogeas crossed the Father of Waters, and conquered the country, there came an army of bearded men, with terrible swords and spears that flashed in the sun like lightning, who rode upon horses and carried thunder. These men landed from big canoes, and were hunting for gold."

Cousin Aleck mused, and soon began to think aloud. "The Muscogeas left Mexico after the fall of Montezuma. About that same time came up into this country De Soto, in search of El Dorado and the Fountain of Youth, and visited the Alabamas. But that

was not three hundred years ago. Therefore, De Soto did not build these pens."

"Then who did?" asked my father.

Cousin Aleck started as if roused from sleep by a rough shake, and answered, "Perhaps the Northmen, who discovered America five hundred years before Columbus; perhaps the Aztecs, who used tools of copper almost as hard as steel, and who, after many wanderings eastward and southward from the Rocky Mountains, settled in Mexico about six hundred years ago."

"Perhaps? Yes," said my father, "and I fear a *perhaps* will be all we can gain on the subject; though I confess I should like to know more."

With these interesting but unsatisfactory observations, we cantered back, and reached our camp about sunset.



THE LEGEND OF NACOOCHEE.



CHAPTER XIX.

Legend of Nacoochee.

“WHAT is the history of this mound?” asked cousin Aleck, as we came in sight of it. “Who made it, and for what?”

“Don’t know,” Kaneeka answered. “Nobody know. When my people come to the country, they find it here.”

“What seems to have been its use?” he further inquired.

“A bury-place,” Kaneeka replied. “Can tell long story about *that* if you like to hear.”

“Like to hear!” cousin Aleck echoed. “It is the very thing I wish at every place we visit; but delay telling until we all come together.”

Our scattered company were soon collected; my aunt and her maid occupying a place inside the tent; my father, cousin Aleck, Lorenzo, and I at the doorway outside; Kaneeka and his

brother with their backs against a tree; and Scipio cushioning himself cross-legged on a tussock of wild grass. As for Quash, he had said of Kaneeka: "Ee can't talk buckra. Ee can't talk nigger. And I no sabby Injin. So, no use fuh me to listen." He was, therefore, enjoying the companionship of his beloved horses.

Kaneeka then gave us the following legend, which I take the liberty of translating.

Yonah means bear. This mountain is so named in honour of a long line of chiefs of that name, dwelling at its base. There was Yonah-Too-way, or bear-hunter; Yonah-Tahe, or bear-killer; Yonah-Ekwah, or big-bear; Yonah-Oolah, or bear-at-home; Yonah-Tullah, or two-bears; and many others.

Yonah-Ekwa, so called, not so much because he was big in person, as large in heart—you white people would call him Yonah the Great—was the father of two children. Yonah-Oolah, the son, was like him in strength and personal beauty. Is-ka-gua, the daughter, resembled him not only in feature, but in a loving and

devoted spirit, for he was not more daring in battle than he was tender and gentle in the family. From her childhood she had been accounted the most beautiful creature that the sun ever shone upon. When she passed by, people would take their eyes away from everything else to gaze at her ; and when she spoke or sang, they forgot to listen even to the birds. Father and daughter were everything to each other. As she grew up, her beauty increased, and her name, Is-ka-gua, which means *Clear Sky*, did not sufficiently picture her beauty. It was, therefore, changed, and everybody knew her afterwards as Nacoochee, or the *Evening Star*. Before she had seen eighteen snows, most of the young chiefs and chiefs' sons in the nation had sought her in marriage, and been refused. She seemed to care for nobody but her father. People said they were to each other as the acorn and its cup.

One day she strolled to this mound, gathering chestnuts, and sat down to rest on a mossy bank at the foot of a tree, where she fell asleep.

Her dreams were a strange mixture of the pleasing and the painful, of life and death, of good and evil, of all that is best and all that is worst. She awoke and looked around. There, in a thicket near by, were two great eyes glaring upon her. They were those of a panther, crouched, crawling nearer, and almost ready to leap. She knew that the moment she attempted to escape, he would spring upon her and tear her to pieces; yet she had no weapon of defence larger than the bone needle with which she made her father's moccasins. Nothing was left her but to look the terrible monster in the eye, and wait for death. But this seemed to deter him, and he lay there moving his great tail from side to side like a cat.

But other eyes were looking on, of which neither she nor the panther had any suspicion. A young hunter, armed for the chase, had approached the tree while she slept, and had been as much overpowered by her beauty as she was by the panther's approach.

Just as the beast was gathering itself for a

spring, there was the twang of a bow-string, and the panther started to its feet, growling and biting furiously at something in its side. It was the feathery end of an arrow, driven by a strong hand deep into its vitals.

The hunter now rushed forward, knife in hand, and, with a cry of rage and pain, the panther sprang to meet him. The contest was short. Running his arm down the creature's open throat, the hunter drove his long knife three times to the hilt in its heart; and then both fell bleeding together to the ground. Nacoochee sprang forward to assist her deliverer, but he waved her back.

"Not dead yet—may hurt you," he said.

She *would* go, however. She loosed the spasmed claws from their deep hold in his flesh, ran with his empty calabash to the neighbouring stream, and with the cool water and some hastily gathered herbs, she staunched the flowing blood; then hurried home for help, and returned with her father and brother, who took the young man on a litter and carried him

to Yonah's lodge. There he remained, until, by the skill of the old chief, and the tender nursing of Nacoochee, his wounds were healed.

He reported himself as Ko-a-to-hee, or Corn-tassell, the son of a distant chief. He had heard from afar the rumour of Nacoochee's beauty, and was coming to see for himself, when he met her, as related, at the mound. He proved to be as noble as she was beautiful. The wooing was not long continued. Nacoochee's heart had been won the same day her life was saved. Before Ko-a-to-hee left for his distant home, it was agreed that after the next green-corn dance he was to come and take her to his own lodge.

Long before that day came round, however, the country was ravaged by a new and dreadful disease. People died by multitudes. No classes or conditions of society were spared. The disease attacked with equal violence the rich and the poor, the chieftain and the child. It seemed to be given out by the bodies of the sick and even of the dead ; for all who nursed

the sick were sure to take it, and even those who buried the dead. Of the few who recovered, some were blind for life, some were crazed, the most beautiful became deformed, and all were so disfigured as scarcely to be recognized.

The medicine-men tried in vain to stop its ravages. The sweating and cold bathing, which cured most other diseases, only hurried these sick to a quicker death.

After it had raged so long and violently that almost every wigwam had been filled with mourning, the conjurors of our nation, who were also our prophets or religious teachers, had a meeting, and announced to the people that the only way by which the anger of the Great Ruler could be appeased was by the sacrifice of the most beautiful person in the nation. This brought about a meeting of the chiefs with the head-prophet, not long before the green-corn dance, and they selected a large number of those who were accounted the handsomest men and women of the nation. Among the names given to the prophet were those of Yo-

nah-Ekwa, among the old men ; Yonah-Oolah, among the young men ; and Is-ko-gua, or Na-coochee, among the maidens.

In determining who, of this large number, was to be THE ONE, the mode adopted was most impartial. The nation was divided into seven sections, and each section into seven chieftaincies. There were then provided seven straws, exactly alike, except that one straw was painted red at its lower end. These straws were buried up to the head in sand, and were drawn by different persons, to determine first the section, then the chieftaincy. Yonah-Ekwa drew in both cases. It so happened that in his chieftaincy no names had been given to the head-prophet but those of the Yonah family.

The moment the fatal straw was drawn, the noble old man rose up in the council and said :
 “ My Brothers :—Chiefs and Braves of the children of Fire ! *—we count it an honour to die *in battle* for our people. Is it not an

* “ Children of Fire.” This alludes to an obscure tradition as to the early origin of the nation. Chera, the basis of the name Cherokee, means fire.

honour, too, to die in sacrifice? You have never found me a coward; you will not find me so now. The Great Ruler has seen fit to choose his victim from my family. I am ready. Allow me only to go home and set my house in order. Fix the day, appoint the place, and I will meet you and die for the people."

With these words the old prophet arose. His head and beard were white as snow, and his hands and voice trembled. "Chiefs and Braves!" said he, "our brother Yonah has spoken. His words are those of a warrior and a prince. The Great Creator has made him such. We cannot find a nobler victim. But it is not for us, nor for him, to decide who that victim is to be. In our brother's family three names are mentioned. We must leave to the Great Ruler to decide which of the three he prefers."

The prophet could say no more. His voice failed. He took his seat among the chiefs. They all sat in silence, with their faces between their knees. Yonah-Ekwa rose again.

"My brothers," said he, with a loud and

pleading voice, "the Great Spirit calls for *one* victim, not two. My children can live without me, but I cannot live without them. When they die, I die too. Spare the young sycamore to harden into a tree. Touch not my Evening Star. Let her light shine to bless the world. Take me in place of both. I ask not to go home. Spare my children, and I am ready to die now."

Another chief then arose and said: "We cannot talk about our brother while he is in the council. He knows we love *him*, and his *home*, and his *Evening Star*. Let him make us free by going out of the reach of our words."

After he had withdrawn, the subject was briefly discussed, and the chiefs resolved that the sacrifice should take place at the next full moon, on the summit of the mound in the valley, and that Yonah should be accompanied home by the old prophet and two of the principal chiefs, to determine there, by lot, which would be most acceptable to the Great Spirit.

The day that Yonah left home to attend the council just described, Ko-a-to-hee arrived at

the lodge on a visit to his expected bride. She was more beautiful, in his eyes, than ever, and he was more noble in hers. The shadow that was falling so darkly upon their hopes was not known to them, nor even suspected. They saw nothing in the future but their soon-to-be-united pathway, rosy with flowers, and musical with the singing of birds. Ko-a-to-hee spent but one day with her. Before the close of that day he began to droop. The next day he was missing, and the next. Nacoochee saw him no more till after the return of her father with the old prophet and the chiefs.

When they came there followed close behind them a man deeply scarred with the disease. He said that Ko-a-to-hee had come to his cabin ten days before, sick with the prevailing complaint; that he had refused to allow Nacoochee to be informed of his abode, lest she should come and take the disease; that in the ravings of his fever her name was ever on his lips, and that, as he lay upon his pallet that morning, he stretched out his arms and said, "Come to me, Nacoochee!" and then died.

This message was delivered in the presence of her father, of the old prophet, and the two chiefs. On hearing it, Nacoochee sank to the earth, and when she finally arose, all could see that the long knife had gone into her heart.

When the errand of the prophet and chiefs was made known to her, she said: "You need not bury any more straws. The Great Spirit has already spoken. I am the victim, and I am ready. Yes, Ko-a-to-hee, I come!"

But the prophet did plant the straws for father, son, and daughter. They were drawn, and Nacoochee's eyes brightened as she saw her straw come from the earth tipped with red. Turning to the old prophet, she said: "Come to the mound on the day of the full moon. I shall be there, ready to die, if not already dead. Bury me with Ko-a-to-hee."

She then beckoned aside the scarred messenger, went with him to his cabin, cast herself passionately upon the body of her deceased lover, and cried aloud: "I come, Ko-a-to-hee! I come. You gave me life at the mound.

Now give me death: it will be sweet when coming from you."

She united with the messenger to construct a light bier, on which the two carried the corpse to the mound, and buried it on the summit, and built over it a temporary lodge, which she supplied with everything necessary for her abode till the day of the sacrifice.

She tried in vain to keep her father and brother away. They came daily and sat in silence at her door. She never asked them in, nor asked them to return. She remonstrated with them on their needless risk of life. "*I must die*, but you need not," she said.

"And what is life worth to us without Nacoochee?" they replied.

When the day of the full moon arrived, a large concourse of people assembled at the foot of the mound. The old prophet ascended to the lodge, accompanied by several of the chiefs. They found her richly attired in a bridal dress, kneeling beside the grave. As they approached, she stretched her hands upward, and with a

loud voice, said : " Let the wrath of the Great Spirit towards my people cease. Let it fall on me in their stead ! "

Then, without another word or act, except to murmur, " I come," she sank upon the grave.

She bore no marks of the disease. She was beautiful even in death. The people went sadly to the surrounding forest, from which they brought each a little armful of dry wood. They built a great funeral-pile on the summit of the mound, laid her body thereon, and reduced it to ashes. All that remained of it after the burning was carefully gathered and buried in the grave of Ko-a-to-hee. There they continue to this day. Her father did not live long after she departed. His big heart was scorched by the fire that consumed his daughter. The mountain has ever since then been known by his name. And in commemoration of her many virtues, the valley was named for her. Long as it lasts may it bear the name of Nacoochee !

COUSIN ALECK;

OR,

Boy Life among the Indians.

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COUSIN ALECK.

CHAPTER I.

Ready to Start—Long Life to the Young—At Kaneeka's House
—The Family—The Evening Worship—Surprise Next Day
—“Old Wicked.”

“**H**EIGHO for Cherokee-land!” said my father at breakfast the morning after our ride through Nacoochee Valley. “Are you all ready?”

“Ready! Ready! Ready!” was the response from each and all.

It was just a week and a day since we had left Athens. Was it *only* that? It seemed a month rather than a week. But so it usually is with travellers, especially at the beginning of a tour. So it certainly is in the journey of *life*, and probably for the same reason; every day is more or less marked with novelty. This is a new world on which the young have

entered. Everything is fresh. Successive weeks and months are but successive departments in a vast museum, filled with wonderful things that keep the attention wide awake. In middle life, the world is no longer new. The exciting novelties which mark the progress of time are farther apart; a year seems but the half or the quarter of what it used to be. Later in life—past fifty, past sixty, time rushes with fearful velocity. But this may not be due altogether to the lack of novelty: it may be the solemn warning which nature gives that the stream of life is hurrying to its plunge.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, when the sun, as if weary with his day's labour, had laid his head upon a pillow-like cloud in the west, in anticipation of a night's repose, we left the great highway by which we had entered the Cherokee Territory, and turned into a newly opened road, very narrow, very winding, very level, but so little used that it was more distinctly marked by blazes* on the trees than by

* "Blazes on trees" are, in backwoods' phrase, conspicuous marks left by the axe in removing so much of the bark as to show the white wood beneath. In newly settled countries, it is the usual mode of marking a freshly opened track.

marks of wheels upon the ground. In passing certain points of hilly ground, we could catch glimpses of a wide and fertile valley, and I perceived that we were approaching obliquely the rich bottoms of a river.

“This *my* road,” said Kaneeka. “I make it. My house not far off.”

Ere we turned off from the highway, Saloquah had suddenly left us by a pony path. A quarter of an hour afterward, while watering our horses at a little rivulet, we heard the clatter of his pony's hoofs among the rocks far down the ravine to our left.

A pleasant ride of three or four miles along this new road enabled us to look down upon an extensive wooded level, with here and there a clearing for a farm, varying in size from ten to one hundred acres. On the brow of a rounded hill overlooking one of the largest of these clearings, we saw a neat log-house, built upon the usual frontier plan of “two pens and a passage,” with shed rooms in the rear, and surmounted by a roof of short clap boards. The house was white, as if covered with a coat of lime; and there was a piazza-like shed in front, supported

by posts set in the ground. The floor of this piazza was of earth, a little raised above the surrounding level ; and the eye was delighted with a sight of a luxuriant vine gracefully climbing round each post.

“ That *my* house,” said Kaneeka, pointing to it, with pride.

“ A very different house from the one in which I first saw you,” said my father.

“ Had not been in white man’s country then,” returned Kaneeka, quickly ; “ had not learned white man’s ways.”

“ Is your pretty house white-washed with lime ? ” cousin Aleck asked.

“ No, only white clay,” Kaneeka answered.

“ It is certainly very pure and very pretty,” said my aunt, with delight.

As we drew nearer, we saw Saloquah’s pony hitched near the gate, for the house was surrounded with a little stockade fence, giving to it, and to all around it, a very picturesque appearance ; to add to which we saw Yellow-Bird (or Chescoo-teleneh), Kaneeka’s wife, standing in the doorway, holding little Sallicoo by the hand, while a boy, seemingly eight or ten years

of age, dressed in fringed deerskin, was running as fast as his nimble legs could carry him to meet his father.

“We are glad to find in these wild woods such a happy-looking home,” said my aunt. “I was hardly prepared for it.”

“Few homes in my own dear Scotland seem to be happier than this,” said cousin Aleck.

Kaneeka’s eye kindled.

“Not everybody so in Injin country,” said he. “I not so either till *he* come,” he added, pointing to my father, who, with a blush of pleasure, hastily inquired: “And pray what did I do to help your cause so much?”

“You show me white man ways,” said Kaneeka, with enthusiasm, and growing eloquent as one thought suggested another. “You read me white man Bible. You tell me white man Saviour. You teach me and my wife love god, love pray, love good, love everybody. Then our corn begin to grow, our hog begin to get fat, our cow give plenty milk. We get happy, and we get rich.”

My father looked down for a moment; then, seemingly impressed with Kaneeka’s assem-

blage of facts, he turned to cousin Aleck, and asked: "Do you recollect the thought you read to me the other day about the ancient patriarchs? that in those days, when men had little faith in a future life, God gave great prosperity to Abraham, Job, and other of His distinguished servants, in order probably to convince men by sensible signs that godliness is gain."

"Yes," replied cousin Aleck; "and I recollect you added to it the thought, that it was probably for a similar purpose toward the *present* heathen, that God causes Christian countries to be so far in advance of pagans and anti-Christians in all that pertains to worldly well-being."

"Now, take this case of Kaneeka," continued my father. "Does it not give us reason to expect that God's mode of dealing with the patriarchs may be repeated whenever it becomes necessary for the same purpose?"

Cousin Aleck's eye brightened with emotion, as he replied: "Our God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—changeless as His own heavens. As He dealt in the days of

Abraham and Job, He is doubtless ready to deal yet."

Kaneeeka could, of course, scarce comprehend the remark made about himself, yet he caught a glimpse of it, and his eye brightened too. So that it was with the pleasant augury of an intercourse such as became Christian people that we entered beneath the roof of that once heathen family.

Yellow-Bird, as has been said, was awaiting her husband in the doorway, holding her little girl by the hand. Surrounded by graceful vines as they were, we could not but admire the picture. Kaneeka's face was radiant with joy, and his little family seemed equally rejoiced to welcome him back. There was a wild, Indian-like beauty in the group, softened by a gentle Christian influence, so deeply impressive as to make itself felt even now as I write.

A room had already been prepared for my aunt and her maid, and she took possession of it without delay. The rest of us prepared to abide in our tents, which were pitched almost within talking distance of the house.

Soon after dark the open passage of the house was lighted up by a candle, and we could see that Yellow-Bird had set in the midst a little table, covered with a white napkin, on which was something that looked suspiciously like a book. A few minutes afterward, Kaneeka came to our tent, and, with a cheerful, confident air, looking first at my father and cousin Aleck, then at us boys, he said : " Come ; want all of you."

Not knowing what was to follow, we arose and went with him, as also did Quash and Scipio, whom we beckoned to come. Seats were arranged against the walls, and when we had all taken our places, Kaneeka pointed my father to the table, and with a tone of voice that evidently admitted of no refusal, said : " Come, read, sing, pray."

My father and cousin Aleck were amused, as well as gratified, at the free and easy spirit in which the act was performed. Kaneeka had often witnessed our evening worship during the journey, and had so greatly enjoyed it that he coveted the same privilege beneath his own roof, in the presence of his wife and children.

Of course there was no refusal. By home training, we were all singers, and my father and cousin were used to the duties of a Christian household. Moreover, this simple act of Kaneeka's so touched their hearts that in all the exercises of that evening there was an unusual pathos.

An old familiar tune was sung, in which four parts were carried, and the rich melody of the negro voices at the door, uniting with the deep bass of my father, and the soft second of my aunt, formed a compound of sweet notes that was exceedingly pleasant. Kaneeka and his wife were deeply moved. I saw Chescoo, Indian though she was, and trained to self-control, wipe away a tear; and the coal-black eyes of her little ones fairly sparkled as they looked first upon one, then upon another of the singers. I am sure no one of the company ever forgot that first evening's worship in an Indian's house, in the heart of the Cherokee country.

Kaneeka seemed to delight in surprises. The next day was the Sabbath. We knew that there was no place of worship within

several days' journey ; nevertheless, according to custom, we had attired ourselves suitably to the day, but had made our preparations very leisurely, having no expectation of services other than a repetition of the pleasant scene of the preceding evening. Between nine and ten o'clock that morning, however, a decently clad old Indian and his wife came and seated themselves in silence on a log not far from our encampment. They were soon followed by a showily dressed young couple ; after whom came a rough-looking hunter, then an old man of singular appearance, in whom the lamb and the wolf seemed to be struggling for predominance ; and the wolf, as usual, prevailing. Finally, there assembled as many as fifty, who all took their seats in silence upon two or three logs that lay conveniently near together, around a stump that might, in case of necessity, be used as a table or pulpit desk. Indeed, we subsequently learned that these logs and that stump had served more than once as a place of worship. When they had assembled, Kaneeke, who acted as if perfectly ignorant of their presence, and who had not said a word

to any of us on the subject, came with smiling face to my father and cousin Aleck, and said, pointing to the assembled people: "Come, preach!"

"But I am no preacher," returned my father.

"You preach last night," said Kaneeka. "You preach again to-day."

"But I have not thought of anything to talk about."

"Can read Bible, and talk, and sing," persisted Kaneeka.

"But how can I read or talk to a people when I do not understand their language and they do not understand mine?"

"You read and talk. I make them understand." Thus ended Kaneeka.

There was no resisting his persuasion. My father and cousin selected the touching parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke xv.), which was read and interpreted sentence by sentence. The Lord's Prayer formed the chief part of the two prayers, one at the opening, the other at the close of the service, both of which also were devoutly translated into Cherokee.

Our choir, too, was organized as on the preceding evening, and the effect upon the people of the simple music was very manifest. Their usually passionless faces continued to be decorously turned toward the leader of the services, but they were lighted up with undisguised pleasure.

I observed, during the reading and interpretation of the parable, indications of deep interest. Not an act or motion was indulged inconsistent with the most staid propriety—for an Indian never violates decorum—but some of them were strongly moved, especially the old couple who came first, and the man described as of “singular appearance.” The face of this last, which was at first so marked with savage fierceness as to be painfully repulsive, began gradually to soften with the progress of the reading, until at that part of the narrative where the father is represented as saying, “Bring forth the best robe and put it on him,” the eye of the savage, still directed toward the reader, filled with tears, and his lip quivered with emotion.

In the course of an hour, the services were

pronounced ended, and the people dismissed. Several came up to shake hands, and to express by grunts how much they had been gratified, and most of them on departure turned toward us a look of thanks. Quite a number, however, seemed loath to depart. They occupied their places on the log or walked about, looking expressively at Kaneeka, and exchanging a few brief sentences with each other. Among these, the most noticeable were the three old people already mentioned.

“Injin want more Bible,” said Kaneeka. “Want to hear *over*.”

The request, of course, was granted. The parable was again read and interpreted, and then all departed better satisfied.

In a talk with us, that afternoon, Kaneeka informed us that the man who had particularly attracted our attention was a noted character, known among his people as Scossiteh or Scos-sit-equah (Wicked, or Big Wicked), and by the white people as Jack, and Wicked Jack; that he had been one of the most desperate characters known, being afraid of nothing, human or divine, and taking a fiendish delight in all sorts

of mischief and suffering ; but that during the past few months he had heard the gospel for the first time, and had been so won by the gentle, loving character of Jesus Christ as to have gone to the Mission Station at Brainerd, and there begged to know more. From that time forward, his whole life had been changed, and the change had begun to show itself even in his face.*

We subsequently learned that the assembly brought together that day was by no means accidental. It had been adroitly managed by Kaneeka the day before, when Saloquah left us on the road. He had taken a short cut home through the mountains, to inform Chescoo of our near approach, but had stopped also at the lodge of the old couple who were the first comers, and through them had invited the people to meet when the sun was "half-way up the sky."

* It may be gratifying to the readers of this narrative to be assured that "Old Wicked" was a real character, just as described ; and those who have access to the old files of the "Missionary Herald," published at Boston, may see that in the following year, 1823, he united with the Mission Church, and was baptized under the singular name of Jack Crawfish.



KANEEKA'S HOME.

... hastened to ascend the opposite
... and there left signs as though
... on; but they came back on
... plunged into a thicket of
... there lay, awaiting the issue.
... blindfolded and made to lie

... toward accident, however, a
... into the ravine directly toward
... He had left the trail, and
... tumble upon them at random.
... and he was within ten steps, when
... asit-equah's bowstring, and the
... handsome fellow, with the look
... fell from his horse, pierced
... with an arrow. A moment
... was caught and brought behind
... concealment; and scarcely had the
... been dragged to the same place
... ken, ere another Indian followed
... first, and shared his fate. This
... the hand of the brother, who
... might now be furnished with
... ran to catch the riderless
... to do this, and the horse ran



CHAPTER II.

History of Old Wicked—Foray on the Cowetas—"I will die Fighting"—Massacre at Mussel Shoals.

THE remarkable face of Old Wicked, so deeply marked with the lines of passion and of hate, but softened now, and partially transformed by a new and overpowering influence, awakened in all of us so lively an interest that at the first convenient moment Kaneeka was requested to tell us more about him. I remember distinctly the *facts* as they were then given, but must relate them in my own language, retaining only such characteristic peculiarities as impressed themselves upon my memory.

Scossit-equah, or Big Wicked, as his present name imports, was not always the bad man that he became. He was naturally of a noble spirit—always brave, always true to his friends,

always scorning meanness ; but his good qualities were converted into gall and poison by evil influences.

In boyhood he was known as Tullo-tahe, or Two-killer, because, while learning the use of the bow, he had killed two squirrels at one shot. During the greater part of his early manhood, he was known as Coweta-tahe, or Coweta-killer, and the reason of the change was this: In one of the forays which were then very frequent between neighbouring nations, he and a younger brother, to whom he was tenderly attached, made a night attack upon the Cowetas, a frontier tribe of the Coosas, and began their return with five scalps and a young woman of great beauty. They had left all danger behind them, as they supposed, having crossed the line, and plunged deep into a ravine, where they stopped to conceal themselves and to rest. While smoking their pipes and trying to comfort their captive in her loss of country and friends, they heard afar off the tramp of horses. Pursuers were upon their track, and it was soon manifest that these were too numerous to be resisted. Their only hope of escape was by a

ruse. They hastened to ascend the opposite side of the ravine, and there left signs as though they had passed on; but they came back on a concealed trail, plunged into a thicket of briery vines, and there lay, awaiting the issue. Their captive was blindfolded and made to lie close.

By a most untoward accident, however, a young man rode into the ravine directly toward their concealment. He had left the trail, and was about to stumble upon them at random. They waited until he was within ten steps, when twang went Scossit-equah's bowstring, and the young man—a handsome fellow, with the look of a great brave—fell from his horse, pierced through the breast with an arrow. A moment after, the horse was caught and brought behind the vines for concealment; and scarcely had the lifeless body been dragged to the same place and the scalp taken, ere another Indian followed the trail of the first, and shared his fate. This last act was by the hand of the brother, who hoping that both might now be furnished with the means of flight, ran to catch the riderless horse. He failed to do this, and the horse ran

wildly away, carrying in its empty saddle the tidings of disaster. Its return to the pursuing company was followed by a fierce yell of hate and revenge. The tramp of horses' feet sounded on all sides, and then ceased. The fugitives were discovered and surrounded. Their enemies had taken their stands, and were going to hunt them like deer. Soon a heavy volume of smoke rolled up the ravine. The dry herbage, collected on the ground for years, untouched by the annual fires, had been ignited, and the tall flames, driven by the wind, came roaring their threat of a horrible death.

The two brave men looked that dreadful enemy in the face, and the younger said: "Brother, you have a horse, and may escape. I am on foot, and must die. But I do not think the Great Spirit intended me to be smoked to death like a rabbit, or burnt to death like a snake, or to die in captivity by the hands of women. I will die fighting. Mount your horse. When my war-whoop sounds on one side of the ravine, all the warriors will collect there, and you can escape on the other. Farewell! Take these scalps from my girdle.

Show them at home, and say that I died like a warrior.”

His last act was to loose the captive woman, and tell her to go free. He rushed upon his enemies with a whoop so loud and divided as to sound like whoops from two different men. All the pursuers hastened to meet him. He shot down one, wounded another, and was fighting a third, when he fell pierced by a dozen arrows and balls. In the meantime Scossit-equah, scarcely able to keep from following and dying with him, mounted his horse, escaped unseen in the opposite direction, and brought home the story of his brother's heroism.

The poor woman, on being loosed, tore the bandage from her eyes, looked at the body of the young man, and, with a wail of anguish, threw herself upon it. She must have lain there long insensible, for when discovered by her deliverers she was so badly burned that she begged to be at once killed and buried with him whom she mourned. He was her lover, and they were soon to have been married.

Scossity, or as he was then called, Tullo-tahe, returned home with seven scalps hanging from

his girdle, three of which had been taken by his brother. From that day forward, for many years, he was known as Coweta-tahe. But he often declared that no name of honour could compensate for the loss of his brother; nor could his revenge be satisfied with less than as many Coweta scalps as there were days between one green-corn season and another. This was the beginning of his being what he afterwards became—fierce, hateful, and hating.

A few years after this, while living in a distant part of the nation, far to the sun-setting, he and others of his town went with my uncle Bows—you may have heard of him as *General Bows*, for he was a famous man in his day—to Tellico Blockhouse,* to receive from the United States Agent the money promised to be paid our people, every year, for their lands. I was a little boy at the time, only seven or eight years old, but my uncle Bows, who had con-

* Tellico Blockhouse was a military post and an agency of the United States for the Cherokees. It was in Tennessee, not far from the site of the present Chattanooga. General Bows was a Cherokee chief, and the incidents here recorded of him, in connection with the names of Stewart and Scott, are part of the history of his ill-starred people. The account given is corroborated by the testimony of white persons who were present.

ceived a great liking for me, took me with him on the trip. We went to Tellico, received the share of money due to our town, and were returning home, when our provisions fell short, and we stopped to hunt. We made our camp at the head of the Big Shoals on the Tennessee River; you white people know them as the Mussel Shoals.

While we were encamped there, several boats loaded with white people and negroes, men, women, and children, came and landed near us. They were movers to some place down the Mississippi River. The boats were under the command of two white men, named Stewart and Scott, who not only calculated on making money by moving the families, but had provided themselves with trinkets for trading with any Indians they might meet on the way. Learning that the red men ashore were abundantly supplied with money, they invited them into the boats, treated them to all appearance very hospitably, and supplied them so well with liquor that they became intoxicated. It is said that "a fool and his money are soon parted;" the proverb is certainly true of a drunken

Indian, for as soon as he is drunk he feels rich, and wants to buy everything.

The moment the liquor had taken effect, Stewart and Scott displayed their wares, and tempted the Indians to buy. In a few hours, all the money ashore had passed into the hands of these white men, and there remained with the Indians only a few worthless trinkets, which they had been induced to buy at the rate of twelve dollars for a string of glass beads, sixteen dollars for a little looking-glass with gilt edges, and thirty dollars an ounce for vermilion and other showy paints. When the Indians became sober, and saw how they had been treated, they went aboard the boats, returned what they had purchased, and demanded a return of the money. But Stewart and Scott only laughed at them, saying they were not children, to make a bargain one moment and fly from it the next. The Indians argued that the act was not theirs, but *the whisky's* ; and insisted on all being restored as before the trade, offering to pay for the whisky which had been given them, at the rate of four dollars per gallon, which was probably ten times more than it

cost. Stewart and Scott, however, would listen to no arguments, and peremptorily ordered them to leave the boats. They did so, but collected on the river bank, and began to load their rifles, resolved that, at whatever cost, the money should be refunded. At this juncture General Bows, hoping to quiet the feelings of his people, took with him Scossity and several other men of tried courage and coolness, went with them aboard the boats, earnestly warned the white men of the coming danger, and tried to persuade them to avoid it by undoing the wrong they had done. Instead of heeding them, these two men seized their boat-poles, rushed upon the red men, killed one of them by a blow upon the head, and another by piercing his breast with the iron-headed pole. The survivors hastily retreated to land, and, though excited almost beyond self-control, they strove most earnestly to restrain the exasperated multitude. But all in vain. The blood of their butchered brothers was before their eyes, and deadly rifles were in their hands. In less than a minute, Stewart and Scott lay stretched upon the deck, killed at the first fire, and soon

every other white man aboard shared the same fate. The women and children were left undisturbed; and one of them afterward testified that, even during the horrors of the massacre, the non-combatants were treated with respect and kindness.

The story is told of Scossity, that while the women and children were bewailing their slaughtered friends, whose bodies lay upon the deck, his heart was so touched by the sight of a woman weeping bitterly over the bloody remains of her husband and son, that he went to her, and with the corner of her apron wiped her eyes, saying, in a gentle tone, "I sorry."





CHAPTER III.

Voluntary Exile — Kennesaw — The Beginning of a Noted Character.

AFTER the massacre, the Indians took possession of the boats and their contents, passed down the Tennessee into the Ohio; then down the Ohio into the Mississippi; then along the Mississippi to a certain point, where they placed all the white women and children aboard one boat, with the furniture and goods they claimed, with provisions necessary for the voyage, and with negro men enough to conduct the boat to New Orleans, and thus set them adrift. But, fearing that this massacre would bring upon them the vengeance of the whites, they poled their boats into one of the branches of the Mississippi, and there lived in the woods awaiting the result. The villainy of Stewart and Scott in plying them with liquor under the guise of hospitality, and their subsequent vio-

lence, caused Scossity to hate the whites almost as intensely as he hated the Cowetas. This was his second step in the downward course.

Soon after this, in close connection with it, there was a third. The leading men of the nation, hearing of the massacre, and fearing that the whites would regard it as a violation of the treaty ratified not long before, assembled in council, memorialized the United States upon the subject, repudiated the act of the outraged people, and sent messengers to General Bows and his company, demanding that they should come from their concealment, and stand trial for the killing of white men. We came, for I was still with my uncle in the woods; the case was tried, and, I am glad to say, in the spirit of justice; and when the facts came to be known, Bows and his company were acquitted, and the boats, with all their contents, were given to the captors as forfeited by the misconduct of Stewart and Scott.

This act of unexpected justice somewhat mollified Scossity's feelings toward the whites; but toward the rulers of his own people he became intensely embittered for what he regarded

as their cowardly, or at least their selfish, failure to stand by them in their time of trial.

From this time forth he began to regard the world as made up of thieves, liars, and cowards, who deserved only his contempt. He withdrew himself as far as possible from the haunts of men, acknowledging only a few choice friends, whom he loved all the more because they were so few, and being ready to turn his hand against every man, as he believed every man's hand to be turned against him. For many years, he and others of the Bowls company lived in the wilds beyond the Mississippi; but hearing that there was plenty of buffalo and other game in a country farther north, bordering on the Osages, and partly settled by wandering Cherokees like themselves, they removed from White River, and settled there. News of this fine country, far from the whites, and abounding with all that a wild Indian desires, was soon carried back to the Nation, and brought out many more settlers. Every year brought more and more, until now as I talk about it,* the Nation is almost equally divided,

* In the year 1822.

half on this side of the Mississippi, half on that.

This crowding upon him did not suit Scossit-equah. He could not go farther west, for the Osages and other nations were there, of whom he had killed too many to be allowed to pass them alive. His heart began to yearn for friends of his early days—Kennesaw and Seequo-yah—left in the old country. He returned to see them, and he has continued here ever since.

Kennesaw is one of our chiefs. He is a man of good heart and great courage, but he loves whisky, and when under its influence he is ready for any act of violence. Scossit-equah was one of the few who could control him. But one day Scossit-equah and others of the company all drank together until they did not know what they were doing. They mounted their ponies, rode over the country whooping and yelling like crazy people, rushed into the town of Suwannee, drove out the people, and set the houses on fire. This so enraged the inhabitants that they pronounced sentence of death against the perpetrators, if ever caught

within a certain distance of their town. Kennesaw and his crew were thus compelled to remove to a distance. Kennesaw lives now at the foot of a mountain whose top you can see from this place.*

When the company was thus broken up, Scossit-equah went to live for a while with his old friend See-quo-yah, who had now become too lame to do his own hunting, and between whom and himself there existed a strong tie of hate to all white men, their ways, their laws, and their religion.

Among the white people there was one thing, however, which, with all his cherished hate, See-quo-yah could not help coveting, and that was what he called "their talking leaf." When he was quite a young man, a prisoner had been taken, in whose pocket was a paper which said exactly the same words to everybody that could read it. This was a new and wonderful thing

* He dwelt there until a short time before the Nation moved to Arkansas, when he died, leaving his name to the mountain which is still called after him. It rises just outside the town of Marietta, and was the scene of a fierce cannonade during the war of the Confederacy. Some of the old white settlers still speak of Kennesaw's drunken frolic in burning Suwannee.

to our people, and they regarded the paper with great reverence, for the prisoner informed them that the art of talking thus was a gift of the Great Spirit. But See-quo-yah had his own views upon the subject; he regarded the art as a human device, and though it puzzles him to know how it is to be done, he cannot be content without having some similar device for the Cherokees. He cannot speak a word of English; he does not know a letter in any book; he seeks no help from others; yet his whole being is engaged in trying to give a written language to his people.

About a year since, Secssit-eqyah brought him to this neighbourhood, the better to serve him in hunting and fishing. He first built a little lodge near his own, then mounted his pony and went after him. On his way out, Scossity met with a rough-looking white man by the name of Thompson, to whom he took a great fancy. Thompson was a good blacksmith, and Scossity watched his works with great interest, to learn as much as possible of his art. But the blacksmith was, at the same time, a warm-hearted Christian, and while

teaching Scossity such things as he desired to know about the working of iron, he taught him such things also as he *did not* desire to know, about Jesus Christ. This new light disturbed him. He tried, but in vain, to banish it from his mind. The idea, conceived for the first time, of a Being of wonderful love who "came into this world to save sinners, even the chief," haunted him through every conscious hour. He remained day after day in Thompson's neighbourhood, professedly learning to work in iron, but really hoping to hear more of that Wonderful One.

From that day to the present he has been a changed man, and every one can see it. See-quo-yah, to whom nothing had been said on the subject before his removal, and who attributed Scossity's softened manner to the effect of years, gladly accepted his friend's offer, and has lived with him until the present time. His mind has been so completely absorbed with his invention that for a long time he had not a suspicion of the nature and extent of Scossity's change. But he perceives it now, and is preparing to return to his old home.

“Which I trust he will not do until I can see him!” exclaimed cousin Aleck, deeply interested. “Why, this man See-quo-yah* is a modern Cadmus. If he succeeds, his name will probably outlast both his language and his nation. I must see him, if it is only to know how he looks.”

* Better known among the whites by his English name of George Guess.





CHAPTER IV.

A Cherokee Lock—George Guess—His Personal Appearance and Occupation—His Alphabet—History of its Progress—Its Peculiarities—Immediate Effects on his Nation—Close of his Life.

“**A** MODERN Cadmus,” cousin Aleck called him. But George Guess was more. Cadmus only introduced into Greece an imperfect alphabet of sixteen letters—some say eleven—which had been taught him in Phœnicia, and which was gradually improved, so that in the course of a thousand years it amounted to twenty-two letters. George Guess, or See-quo-yah, as he was called in Cherokee, perfectly untaught, and unassisted, except by having an old spelling-book of which he did not know a letter, devised a peculiar alphabet of eighty-six characters, so easily learned that in three days’ time an apt scholar could begin to read and write Cherokee, and so perfectly

suiting to the language that from that day to the present it has never needed improvement. But I must tell my story before saying more.

Early next morning, after the unexpected "preaching" described in the last chapter, cousin Aleck announced his intention to make See-quo-yah a visit. My father and I offered to accompany him, and under the guidance of Kaneeka we trotted over to Scossit-equah's cabin, about four miles distant.

This cabin, although well put together and proof against wind and rain, was far from being a model of architectural beauty. It was a pen of poles, fifteen feet square, high as a man's head, chinked with clay, and surmounted by a roof of split boards. On drawing rein at its front, we saw the door closed, and a peeled sapling leaned against it. Kaneeka looked disappointed.

"Scossit not here. Gone after deer, I s'pose," he said.

"But what is the meaning of that skinned pole?" cousin Aleck asked.

"That *Cherokee lock*," Kaneeka answered.

We afterwards learned, during our inter-

course with these simple-minded people, that a skinned sapling at the door was a perfect protection to the house and all its contents. No one except the nearest intimate, or a neighbour in dire necessity, ever presumed to pass it. The penalty was loss of character, and to an Indian this was equivalent to loss of life.

“Must go, now, to See-quo-yah. Not far,” said Kaneeka.

He led us by a blind path over the sharp spur of a hill, and in the course of a quarter of a mile we heard from behind a thick growth of grape-vines the clink of a small hammer.

“That See-quo-yah, now,” Kaneeka said. “He work in silver. He make rings, he make spoons, he make anything of silver.”

“He is a silversmith, then?” my father interrogatively remarked.

“Silversmith,” returned Kaneeka, in an assenting tone.

“Stop a moment, all of you,” said my father, “I must think of some work to engage See-quo-yah to do for me, as an excuse for coming. Johnnie,” he added, “is your pony never in need of a spur?”

“Never,” I replied ; “but Lorenzo’s sometimes is.”

“That is enough,” he remarked, and we went on.

Reaching a spot where we could command a view beyond the grape-vines, we saw two men under a tree, one of whom we recognised as Scossit-equah. He came instantly to meet us, his face beaming with pleasure. On learning that we had stopped at his house on our way, he urgently insisted that we should return and complete our visit ; but my father replied that he had a little job in silver-smithing which he would be glad to have See-quo-yah do for him, if not too busy. Scossit-equah’s face brightened, and he replied in an undertone, through Kaneeka : “See-quo-yah don’t love white people ; but he love work. Come, he glad to see you.”

With this intimation we approached, and saw a man of fifty-five or sixty years of age, sparely built, with thin face, and broad forehead, sitting beside a block, on which were a few tools, and a basket containing more. He was fashioning a thin strip of silver into ornaments

for the arms and wrists. A word from Scossity caused him to look up and give a grunt. That was our only welcome, for he at once resumed his work. Such a reception from a white man would have been accounted unpromising; indeed, it was not very encouraging even from an Indian.

“Tell him,” said my father, through Kaneeka, “that I wish to have a pair of silver spurs made for my son. Ask what they will cost, and when I may expect to have them.”

A few words were interchanged in Cherokee, when Kaneeka turned and asked who was to furnish the material. My father put his hand into his pocket, drew forth several silver coins, and showed them in reply. See-quo-yah’s face relaxed into a grim expression of approval, as he replied, through Kaneeka: “Can make that do; but I have better.”

It was soon and satisfactorily settled that a pair of boy’s spurs should be made, also some silver trinkets for Kaneeka’s children. Then the conversation turned to the subject of the alphabet. At cousin Aleck’s suggestion, Kaneeka said to him: “The white

men have heard that you are trying to make paper talk Cherokee. They say this is good, and that they are very glad to hear of it."

See-quo-yah gave his visitors each a searching look, uttered a doubtful grunt, and resumed his work.

"They say," added Kaneeka, "that *they* can make paper talk Cherokee now, and that they will be glad to help on your work."

See-quo-yah looked incredulous. Kaneeka went on to say: "If See-quo-yah will tell me anything in my ear, I will go with one of them to yonder tree, and we will send it back to you on paper."

See-quo-yah whispered a word in his ear. Kaneeka beckoned cousin Aleck to a neighbouring tree, where the Cherokee words were written in the Roman character, and the paper sent back by Scossit-equah. He brought it to my father, who read it as well as he could, yet imperfectly, for the reason that some of the sounds of Cherokee have no exact counterpart in the English. The message was: "See-quo-yah wants paper to talk Cherokee."

That it could be understood, however, was plainly to be seen in the twinkle of the old man's eye. He took the paper, scrutinized its various parts, then returned it to my father with a message in Cherokee, which was written down, syllable by syllable, from his lips.

“Paper don't talk plain. Marks too many.”

This message produced a laugh at the other tree, which convinced See-quo-yah that it had been understood. He was evidently much interested in the experiment, but gave no token of this farther than to request that “the talking leaf” should be left with him.

He did not invite us into his cabin, nor show us any of his attempts at writing, nor respond to any inquiries we made as to his plans or his progress. It was not long after this, however, before we heard that See-quo-yah had succeeded in his attempt; and a most wonderful work it was, both for its perfectness and its originality. The facts gathered at the time, and those obtained long afterward, I throw together here, that the reader may have the history as a unit.

See-quo-yah, better known by his English

name of George Guess, was born about the year 1765, and was a half-grown boy at the beginning of our colonial struggle with the mother country. How or where he became first acquainted with the white man's wonderful art of talking on paper, authorities are not agreed. Some say it was in early life, some say in later manhood; but all agree that the art powerfully interested him, and for a time so perfectly absorbed his thoughts that many esteemed him crazy. Nobody was more troubled about it than his wife, who, seeing him neglect his hunting and fishing, and his corn and potato patches, and give himself up daily to making marks with an old nail upon pieces of bark, as if this was of more importance than providing food, could account for it only on the score of insanity, and who, as the best means of curing him, burned up all his marks. This was a sore loss, but he rallied from it, and went to work more vigorously than ever.

He did not know a letter of any alphabet, nor a word of any language but his own; nor did he seek assistance from any person skilled in the white man's art. He had shrewdness

enough to believe that the wonderful "talking leaf," which some ascribed to witchcraft, and which others held to be a gift of the Great Spirit, was nothing more than a human device by which marks were substituted for sounds in expressing thought. Convinced more and more deeply of this fact, he began to say that he thought "paper could be made to talk Cherokee," and he finally undertook the task.

The only helps to his work were that, living not far from a mission school, he occasionally saw books in the hands of the children. He also managed at last to obtain an old spelling-book, which he freely used in furnishing himself with marks of different kinds, while his mode of using them proved that he did not know the power of a single letter.

It is said that his first attempt was to devise a sign or character for every word of his language; but after extending his hieroglyphics to many hundreds—some say to thousands—he became convinced that the plan was too cumbrous, and gave it up.

After this it occurred to him that, although the *words* of his language were many, the *syl-*

lables were few, simple, terminating in vowels, and made to express different things by being used in different orders. This was his grand starting-point, and he pushed on from it with rapidity and success. For instance, his own name, See-quo-yah, was made up of three sounds, each of which was often repeated in other words. He therefore put down a mark for *See*, another for *quo*, and another for *yah*. In coming to the word *See-quah*, which means hog, he found that he already had in his own name a character for *See*; it was the white man's P, turned bottom upwards, and wrong-side-before, almost a letter b. All he wanted, now, to spell his word, was a mark for *quah*. To get this he took another letter from the white man's spelling-book. It was the letter H. But not knowing how to use it, he laid it over on its side, and so bH put together spelled *See-quah*, the Cherokee for hog.

Thus he went on, inventing new marks for new syllables, or taking such as could be found in books, without regard to their previous use, until he had obtained *eighty-six*, each of which stood for a syllable, and by means of which he

could write every word in his language. For certain letters of our alphabet he has shown great partiality. For instance, the letter J is used *five times*, with its tail turned different ways, or tied into a loop, rightside-up, or upside-down, each standing for a different syllable. But our letters and signs, even when standing as we are accustomed to see them, have altogether different powers in Cherokee; for instance, D4Z DB spell the two words, "Ah-se-no ah-yuh," and mean "But I" (say unto you, &c.), Matt. v. 22, &c.

. When See-quo-yah arrived at the stage of his invention in which the alphabet of *syllables* was the plan proposed, he withdrew himself from everybody, and continued in close retirement until he was able to announce that now he "COULD *make paper talk Cherokee.*"

The rumour of this fact brought many people to him. In the mean time he had instructed one of his daughters, so that when the people arrived, he and she, in different rooms, could communicate by writing such short sentences as were dictated by those present.

The people were delighted. "See-quo-yah

has made paper talk Cherokee," spread like wild-fire over the nation. Soon the chiefs made inquiry into the matter. On See-quo-yah's invitation they brought their sons to be instructed, and were delighted to find that not only was the rumour true, but that the new method was so simple and so easily acquired that a bright boy, after three days' practice, could write a letter which could be read a thousand miles away. See-quo-yah had made the art of reading and writing so easy that the whole nation was excited, and multitudes began to learn. This was in the years 1822 and 1823. Teachers of the new alphabet went to Arkansas to instruct the Cherokees of the West, and soon letters in large numbers were passing between friends who lived on different sides of the Father of Waters.

In vain the missionaries who had preached and taught among them strove to content the people with the ordinary Roman alphabet, by which they might read books in other languages besides their own. The white man's writing was too cumbrous and too difficult to learn. A week's practice with the new alphabet enabled

them to read and write Cherokee better than a year's with the old ; indeed, a few *hours'* practice would enable them to begin their reading.

In the year 1826, application was made to the American Bible Society to print the New Testament in Guess' character. This was done. I have a copy of it now before me as I write ; also a primer for beginners, with the alphabet and reading lessons. My young readers may be surprised to hear it, but a Cherokee school-book *has no spelling lessons*. None are needed, as with us. Every letter spells its own syllable ; and a Cherokee boy or girl, as soon as the alphabet is learned, is able to read any book in his language.

As soon as the new fount of type was cast for printing the Bible in Guess' character, a newspaper was begun in the Nation, and was read with ease by multitudes who three years before were perfectly illiterate. Since that time the constitution and laws of the Nation have been printed in the same character.

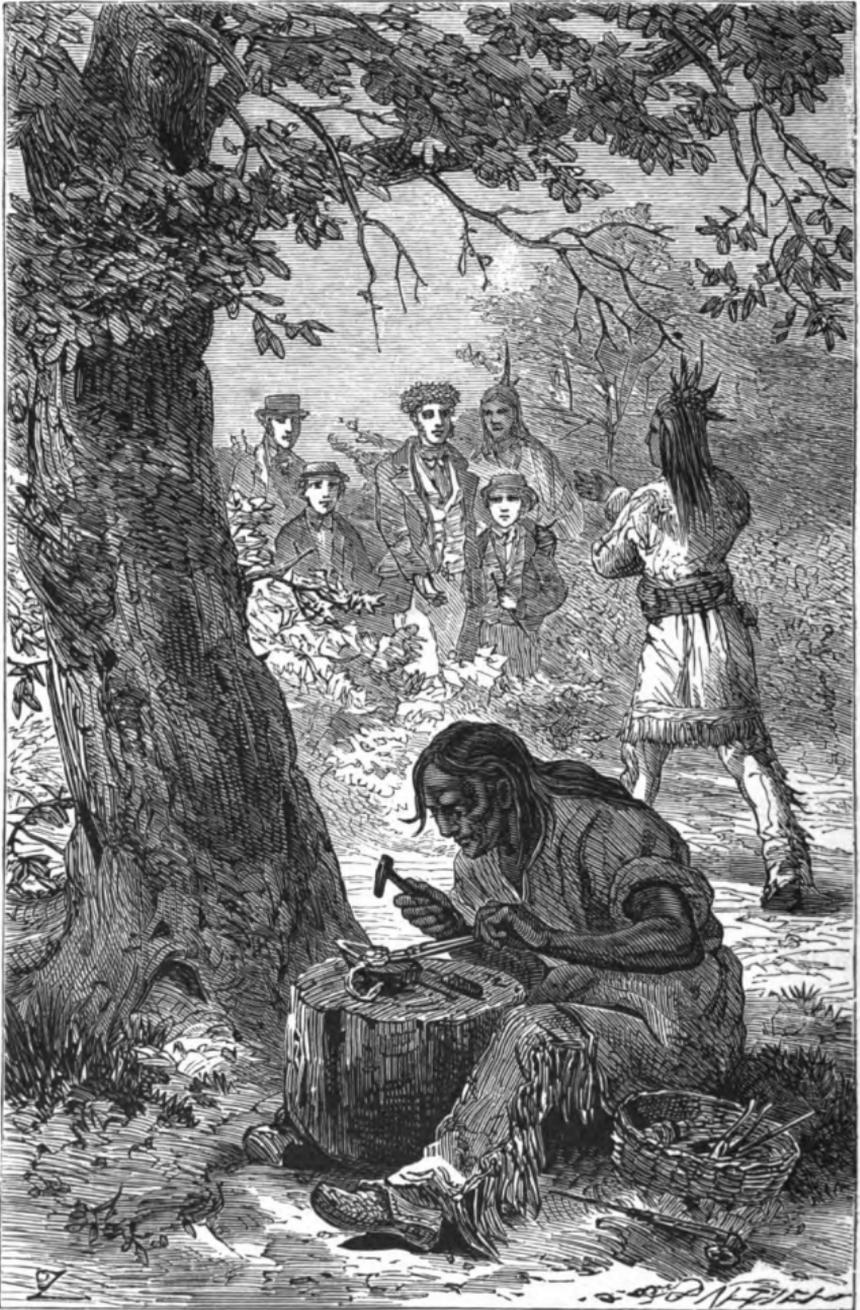
Were it possible for our language to be represented in the same way, the labour of learning to read and write would be reduced a

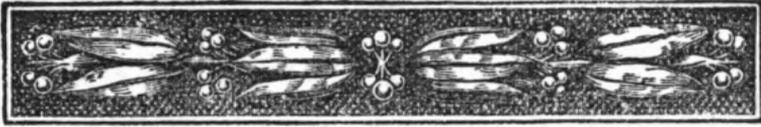
hundred or a thousand-fold; but ours is not a *syllabic* language, and cannot be made such.

In the year 1828, the United States Government appropriated "five hundred dollars for the use of George Guess, for the great benefits he has conferred on the Cherokee people, in the beneficial results they are now experiencing from the use of the alphabet discovered by him" *—a small amount for a white man, but in those days a valuable one for a wild Indian.

In the year 1829, See-quo-yah removed to Arkansas, from which he afterward went still farther west; and in the year 1843, aged seventy-eight, he died, and (so says a letter recently received from an educated Cherokee in Arkansas) was buried in a romantic valley in New Mexico, but without any monument to mark his resting-place. Peace to his ashes!

* See treaty with the Cherokees in 1828.





CHAPTER V.

Adieu to See-quo-yah—Scossity's Wolf-trap—Pen for Crows—Turkey Noose—Scossity's House and Hospitality—Spunk a good Styptic for Cut-wounds—Cousin Aleck reads for Scossit-equah.

WE did not keep See-quo-yah long from his silver-smithing. Much interested though we were in him, he did not seem to be so in us. Indeed, we could not but believe, from his undisguised restlessness, that he would be better satisfied if we should take ourselves away. My father and cousin left reluctantly, for they would have been glad to learn more from his own lips of his labours and plans, and to have lent a helping hand in his praiseworthy efforts. But See-quo-yah was strongly marked with two prominent traits of Indian character—taciturnity, and a proud self-reliance. Our parting was as unceremonious as our meeting; we

wished him "Good day," interpreted for us by Kaneeka, to which the only response he returned was a grunt.

In the act of leaving, Scossity went to a closely shaded nook, and there uncovered the half of a slaughtered deer, nicely wrapped in its own skin. It had been killed that morning, and the other half given to See-quo-yah. The portion reserved for himself was thrown over his shoulders, and with easy pace he preceded us in the trail that led to his house.

On our way we saw, what had been concealed by the bushes in our passing in the other direction, a singular-looking pen, not far from our path, which we were informed was Scossity's wolf-trap. It was closely floored with poles, and the sides shortened toward the top, so as to leave an entrance scarcely a foot square. This entrance it was usual to leave wide open until the wolf had entered and taken the bait often enough to feel secure, when it was made so narrow and so high that there could be no leaping out, and no climbing against the inclined wall.

A trap for crows, Kaneeka informed us, was constructed on the same plan, only of smaller dimensions, and more closely built. After being several times well baited with corn, the entrance would be so narrowed that, although the crows could easily drop in, they could not pass out on outspread wing. We were much amused with these instances of ingenuity.

“Have you no traps for deer and turkeys?” cousin Aleck asked.

“Oh, yes, for all,” Kaneeka answered; and then he went on to describe a simple noose for turkeys, set between rows of corn, where these birds come to depredate upon the peas. The turkey, mistaking the noose for a pea-vine, inserts its head and neck into the fatal circle, and is soon choked to death by its violent efforts to escape. He commenced to describe also a *pen* of poles, in which sometimes the greater part of a flock of wild turkeys would be caught; but before the description was half given we arrived at Scossity’s house.

Then the peeled sapling was removed from the door, and we were all invited to enter. No

chairs, tables, or other articles of furniture were to be seen—nothing except a narrow bed in one corner, raised about knee-high from the dirt floor by a single post driven into the ground, on which rested a side and foot pole, each having its other end supported by being stuck in a crevice in the wall. The sides of this bed were boarded up, and the space beneath served evidently for a chest or place of safety for stores. In the middle of the room was a small heap of ashes surrounded by stones, showing that the fireplace was there, while the blackened roof overhead gave tokens of the smoke that had often and long rolled up from below. Under this roof hung several hams of dried venison, and many ears of corn in the shuck, tied to the rafters. We were invited to seats made of deer-skin, spread upon the floor next the wall.

“Come, eat,” said Scossity, reaching down a dried ham from above, and bringing out a clean-looking calabash of parched corn and peas from the space beneath his bed.

We knew enough of Indian manners not to decline the offer, and indeed there was no need

to refuse, except from the want of appetite. Each of us took a handful of the parched corn, and cut a small slice of the dried venison, and seemed greatly to enjoy it. We could see from Scossity's eye that he was pleased, for nothing gratifies an Indian more than to appreciate his hospitality. I confess that my own share was so much relished that I was tempted to take another slice, in doing which, however, my knife slipped and cut a gash in my hand. Scossity, seeing the blood flow profusely, took from his pouch a piece of spunk, such as he used for tinder, cut from it a thin slip, laid it upon the wound, and bound it there with a strip of fibrous hemplike bark. The bleeding soon stopped, so that I was able to go on with my eating, and the surgery was so effectual that my little wound needed no more attention until it healed. I may as well state here, as a useful fact, that spunk (which is a fungous growth in the crevices of trees, sometimes in thin sheets like paper or kidskin, sometimes in thick knots like a man's fist) is an excellent styptic in cases of cut-wounds: it not only stops the flow of blood, but adheres to the lips of the

wound, helping to keep them together, and to assist nature in the effort to heal by what is known as "first intention."

We enjoyed the hearty hospitality of this simple child of the forest, and he seemed equally to value our presence; but as the parties knew only a few words of the other's language, it was not possible to exchange many thoughts except through an interpreter. Of all the incidents of the occasion I can never forget the flash of Scossity's eye when, after a little scattering conversation, he saw my father take from his pocket the little Testament used in the service the day before, and the earnest attention which he gave to the interpreted words of the chapter read to him by cousin Aleck. No field parched with drought ever drank in more eagerly the drops of a refreshing shower than his mind drank in the precious words of Scripture.

Of all that was *said* by him on the occasion, I recollect that the ruling desire expressed was that his friend See-quo-yah might hear the Gospel from some one able to make it plain and attractive to him. This made me think of

the apostle Andrew, of whom it was said (John i. 41) that he "first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, we have found the Messias." I have noticed ever since that those who become sincere and earnest Christians are apt to show it by trying to have all whom they love brought to experience the same blessing. In the case of See-quo-yah, however, there is reason to believe this desire was never realized. He soon left the neighbourhood and went back to Wills Valley; a few years afterward he removed to Arkansas; after that he removed farther west, wishing by each remove to get away farther from the white man and his religion. He was always a moral man, but it is said that he never became a Christian by profession, and never ceased to express dislike for the change which had come over the religion of his people.

Before we mounted our horses, Kaneeka and Scossit-equah walked aside and had an earnest conversation in a low tone. On our way, Kaneeka looked very grave. He had apparently received some painful news. My father at last took the liberty of inquiring whether his

trouble was of such kind as might be helped by anything we could do.

“Don’t know. But I tell you,” he answered, and then went on to give, in brief, the following singular account, to which I have added many details that were subsequently gathered.





CHAPTER VI.

Kaneeka tells a Remarkable Story—Indian Trial for Manslaughter—Resemblance of Cherokee Usage to that of the Ancient Hebrews—Efforts to Save the Life of the Condemned Man—Day of Execution—So-Tih, and what became of him.

DURING the past week, a young Indian of fine character, the only son of his mother, had met with a great misfortune. While watching for deer at a hidden stand, he heard at a distance the bleat of a doe; then not far from him the rustle of leaves, which was soon after followed by the appearance of a brown skin and branching antlers. Without waiting to see more, he levelled and fired. But on rushing forward with his knife, what was his horror to see, underlying the body, the rifle and hands of a man! Some still hunter had adopted the oft-practised but dangerous device of wrapping himself in the hide of a buck, and

had thus paid the penalty of his rashness.* So-tih, for that was the young man's name, did not stop to make any further examination. He only called aloud to know if the person were alive and needed help, but receiving no answer, and seeing the blood flowing from a bullet-hole that must have been near the heart, he left the body just at it was, went with all speed to Sawnee, the nearest chief, to whom he surrendered himself, and told the tale of his misfortune.

The usages of the Cherokees at the time, in cases of involuntary manslaughter, strongly resembled those of the ancient Israelites, both in the sacredness attached to life, and in the mode by which homicide was to be avenged.

* An accident, almost identical with this, happened within five miles of the spot where the writer now sits. In the year 1835, a white man, hunting contrary to law on Indian ground, saw, in the bushes near him, the brown side and branching horns of a deer. He fired, and the next moment saw, struggling in the air above the body, the mocassined feet of an Indian. He waited to see no more, but, confident that his own death would immediately follow a discovery of the accident, he hurried to the house of a neighbouring white man, told him of the misfortune, begged him to see after the unfortunate Indian, then made all haste across the river. He never afterward dared to show himself in the Indian country.

Such was their horror of taking human life, except in the way of justice, or in the act of war, that a degree of criminality was imputed to it even when it happened by accident.

Sawnee, as bound by the customs of his people, although a personal friend of the young man and his mother, and believing him innocent of "malice aforethought," put him under guard to await his trial, but in the mean time despatched him with his guard to show the place of the body, in order that the relatives, whoever they were, might give it a decent burial, and take such other steps as were necessary.

So-tih's friends were pained to discover that the slain man belonged to a family with whom he was at feud—a feud so old and deadly that no settlement but a bloody one could be reasonably anticipated. Fifty years before, So-tih's grandfather had accidentally killed the grandfather of the deceased man in the same way. Thirty years afterward, So-tih's father fell a victim to the family quarrel that arose. More than one on both sides had come to violent death in consequence, so that each of the two families had now but one male representative,

So-tih in the one, and Tunk-sa-le-ne, brother of the dead man, in the other.

When So-tih's friends discovered this, they were much disturbed, not only because they were sorry to embitter the family quarrel, but on account of an old usage which decided that although one death by accident might be forgiven, two accidents of the kind between the same parties were to be regarded as equivalent to intentional manslaughter. They therefore urged So-tih to flee the country, offering to bribe his guard and set him free.

“Go to the far sunseting; go to the Choc-taws; go to the Catawbias; go anywhere; but do not stay here to die,” they said.

So-tih was in a great strait. He dearly loved his people and his home. He was the only support of his now aged mother. More than that, he expected at the time of the next green-corn dance, only one moon off, to take to his home a beautiful bride, the girl he had loved from her childhood. Life was very sweet—sweeter to him than ever before; but So-tih was too much of a man to fly either from his enemy or from the law of his people.



“No,” said he, peremptorily to his advisers. “So-tih live here, if people say Live; So-tih die here, if people say Die.”

Without delay the relatives of the dead man were informed of his fate, and the body placed at their disposal. As was to be expected, they were dreadfully enraged, and swore vengeance against So-tih, whom they accused of intentional and cowardly murder.

The trial was held the next day, for, according to the simple customs of the time, all such acts were marked with great promptness. Many a time has a manslayer committed his crime, been tried, and executed between the rising and the setting of the same sun.* It was no doubt due in part to the awful promptitude of justice that so few wilful murders were committed among themselves.

All the chiefs within easy reach of the neigh-

* This was true of the Creeks, as well as of the Cherokees, a memorable instance of which occurred in the year 1817, at Fort Hawkins, about a mile east of the present city of Macon. While the principal chiefs of the Creek Nation were assembled there on business with the U.S. Agent, one of them became drunk, and killed his own nephew. His case was *instantly tried*, and, though he was the second chief in rank (General McIntosh being first), he was executed *within an hour after committing the act*.

bouring council-house were summoned to attend. Before them stood So-tih, surrounded by his guard, and Tunk-sa-le-ne with a great club, attended by his kinsmen, all avengers of blood. The case was quickly disposed of. There were no witnesses except those whom So-tih had piloted to the scene of the accident. There was no testimony except what So-tih himself gave in his brief narrative of the case. There was nothing to postpone the decision of the judges except the artless appeal made by one of his friends, based upon his well-known excellence and nobleness of character. The judges decided, not that So-tih intended to kill his enemy, but that the hand of his family had now the second time, within the memory of the judges, been against the life of one of the other family, and therefore, by the usages of the land, he was to be delivered into the hands of the slain man's friends.

This sentence, received with low murmurs of dissatisfaction from many of the people, was no sooner pronounced than the avengers of blood prepared to execute it. Tunk-sa-le-ne brandished his terrible war-club, and, accompanied

by his friends, went toward the spot where the intended victim stood.

So-tih never moved, nor changed colour. He waved back his executioners by a motion of his hand, and said calmly to the judges: "So-tih not ready to die *to-day*. Count him six days to be free, and he will come here at high sun, ready for the club."

In a white man's court such a proposition would have been laughed to scorn; but not so in an Indian's of that day. The white man might be expected to burst through every bond to save his life; but if an Indian of character once gave his word, he was as sure to keep it as the day was to come round: otherwise followed a penalty worse than death—the contempt of his people.

Tunk-sa-le-ne and his friends looked disappointed. They expected instant revenge. But the decision of the judges was: "Loose him! Hear everybody! Young man not ready to die. Count six sleeps; then meet him here at high sun."

Three "sleeps" had already passed when Kaneeka gave us this account. The people, without a word to say against the uprightness of their chiefs, or the sacredness of ancient law,

were becoming much excited at the prospect of allowing a young man, highly esteemed for his many excellences, to be sacrificed, even in obedience to ancient usage, for the sake of a worthless family, such as the Tunk-sa-le-ne tribe had ever been. But what to do? was the question.

“Is there no higher court to which you may appeal?” asked cousin Aleck.

Kaneeka answered, “None.”

“What does Tunk-sa-le-ne *love* most?” my father inquired.

To which Kaneeka oddly replied: “Hate, whisky, and money.”

“Which of these does he love most?” my father again asked.

Kaneeka answered, “Hate, much; whisky, more; money, most.”

“Then,” said my father, “perhaps we can *buy* him off?”

“Yes, yes,” Kaneeka answered, “if money *’nough.*”

On consultation, it was supposed that one hundred dollars might suffice to save the life of this young man, in whom my father and

cousin began to feel as lively an interest as the people themselves. But one hundred dollars was a large sum to be raised in so poor a neighbourhood. Kaneeka offered to give ten of it. He was sure Sawnee would give a pony, equal to ten more. Others would give also, but, all told, the prospective amount was only the half of what was needed.

After a little thought, my father spoke again. "Kaneeka," said he, "there are some things of which we white people know more than you, our red brothers, and I think this is one of them. Let me advise you what to do. We will first go and see Sawnee. If he agrees with you that Tunk-sa-le-ne may be bought off from his purpose, I will have more to say."

They went off that same afternoon; and Kaneeka did not return until the day appointed for the execution. My father reported to us the next evening that his own part of the mission had been successful. He had seen Sawnee, who, being an Indian of the old school, had never thought of trying to have his young friend released. Painful as it was, his mind had been fixed upon the enforcement of law,

without regard to feeling. But the moment the plan was proposed of trying secretly to *buy off* the "blood-avenger," his eye flashed with delight, and he exclaimed: "Tunk-sa-le-ne love blood, but he love money more."

He not only gave a pony, as Kaneeka expected, but volunteered to go and see some of the other chiefs, and engage them to prepare Tunk-sa-le-ne's mind for doing what the people so generally thought was right in the case.

When the terrible day came, Lorenzo and I went to the council ground, not for the purpose of witnessing the horrid scene of execution—for my father said he thought the act was not possible, and even should it happen, he would see that we boys were not spectators—but in order to witness the honourable act of a man delivering himself to die in redemption of his plighted word.

The crowd assembled was the largest ever known at the ground. It was strongly agitated too, for people must not suppose that Indians are without feeling. Cold as frozen rock they may appear outwardly, while a volcano of fire is burning within. Those present, accus-

tomed to watch the fleeting indications of eye and lip, reported a state of feeling unusually deep.

When eleven o'clock passed, those of us who had watches might be seen closely observing their hands, while the eye of many an Indian was turned as observingly to the sun or the shadows. Neither the victim nor the avenger had yet appeared. As the minutes passed, various surmises were expressed,—by some that the parties had somehow met, and there had been another fearful tragedy—by others, that So-tih had attempted to escape, and that Tunk-sa-le-ne was in pursuit; but these surmises were indulged only by the more impatient. The greater part of the multitude were as quiet and passive as though there were no unusual event expected. The friends and members of the avenging party were heard occasionally to say, with grinding teeth: “Knew he would not come. So-tih a woman. So-tih afraid to die.”

A few minutes before “high sun,” however, the hearts of all were moved by a piercing sound from the adjacent woods. It was the wail of

women. So-tih's mother, sisters, and bride had bidden him farewell. But scarcely had it been heard before it was drowned by a manly voice singing a loud and plaintive song; and then there appeared the figure of a handsomely dressed hunter, walking with firm and rapid steps towards the council-house. On approaching the door where the judges sat, the song ceased; the man stood before them, saying, "I come!" then folded his arms in silence.

The people gathered close around him, as if anxious to breathe the air and drink in the spirit of one having so much the aspect of a hero, and a soft buzz of applause pervaded the crowd. The judges sat upon a log before the door. A few white people and some of the dignitaries of the land stood behind them. Immediately in front was So-tih. But where was Tunk-sa-le-ne with his fatal club?

When the sun threw its shadows due north, Sawnee, the senior chief, waved his hand for silence.

"Here is So-tih," said he, with a look of pride. "We are glad to see him. He has kept his word like a warrior and a warrior's son."

He paused, then added: "Tunk-sa-le-ne is not here."

As he spoke, a man stood forward in the crowd, respectfully waiting until the judge had uttered what he had to say, but giving signs of a wish to speak. Sawnee paused on seeing him, and said: "Speak on, brother."

"Tunk-sa-le-ne sends word," said the man, "that the voice of the people shall rule who say that So-tih ought not to die for what he has done. Let So-tih live, but let him never cross Tunk-sa-le-ne's path."

A murmur of joy ran through the assembly. I observed So-tih's eye and face quicken with a degree of satisfaction, which, however, almost as quickly disappeared.

"*Must not cross Tunk-sa-le-ne's path!*" he repeated, scornfully. "Is So-tih to turn *fox*, and hide in a hole?"

Tunk-sa-le-ne's representative said: "Let him leave the country."

"I love my people," replied So-tih. "To give them up is to die. I can but die if I stay. I am ready to die now."

Some one suggested that after the breaking

up of the next frost, Tunk-sa-le-ne expected to remove to the Nation west, and that So-tih's withdrawal would be only temporary. Kaneeka also went to him, pointed to my father, and said: "Go with *him*. He take you."

"To be white man's slave?" he quickly asked. "No, never."

"To be white man's *friend*," Kaneeka answered aloud—then whispered a word or two in his ear, which made So-tih's face shine with pleasure, and his eye turn gratefully toward my father, as he replied: "Yes, I go."

Kaneeka had told him of the part my father had acted in his deliverance.

The matter was soon arranged. So-tih consented, from love to his people, and a desire for peace, to withdraw from the Nation until Tunk-sa-le-ne was out of the way. His mother and sisters were then called from the woods and informed of the change; and Kaneeka and Scossity pledged themselves to So-tih to fill his place to them while he was absent.

Another duty yet remained. A beautiful young woman of eighteen or twenty summers came with the mother and sisters. She was

instructed to stand before the judges, face to face with So-tih, in an open space left by the crowd. She and So-tih slowly approached each other. He gave her something (I could not see what), and she gave him something. When standing side by side, he drew off his ornamented hunting-shirt or tunic, and threw it around the shoulders of both, and the people with a shout of joy acknowledged her as his wife. This was not the ordinary ceremony, only in approach to it on the spur of the occasion. That evening, So-tih and his bride crossed the river, and came finally to my father's, where he more than earned his livelihood by supplying my mother's table with venison and fish.

So-tih returned home before the winter was over. Tunk-sa-le-ne never removed west. In midwinter he was found dead in a brush-wood, never having drawn a sober breath from the day that he was seen to receive two small, but heavy-looking bags.

So-tih and his wife did not cease their visits to us with the necessity which first brought them. They never forgot that act of friendly

intervention which so unexpectedly gave him back to life, and gave them to each other. A neat little pole-house, built in a retired grove on my father's place, near the river, was always kept for them, and called So-tih's house. Every year, they were sure to make us a visit, with their youngest child, and to stay one or two weeks, hunting and fishing, as at first. I recollect that on the last visit they made, and the last time I saw them there, they were as happy-looking as ever. They were by the riverside with their youngest boy, Jau-nee Stee-ka (or Little John), gathering a boat-load of wood for a barbecue the next day. Before the hour came on, however, Lorenzo and I were called suddenly from home, and did not return until after they had left. The next we heard, they had removed to the far West, where they lived long in happiness and increasing honour, and, for aught known to the contrary, may be living yet.



CHAPTER VII.

Fishing Excursion—The Fish-spear—Fly-fishing.

THE morning after the exciting scene recorded in the preceding chapter, cousin Aleck proposed a fishing excursion. We had so often heard of the abundance of fine trout in a neighbouring stream that we longed for an opportunity to try them. My father had gone with Kaneeka to make certain promised arrangements for So-tih's mother, or, no doubt, he too would have been one of the party; but we had nothing else to do, and therefore concluded to go, and at least explore the ground.

"Shall we try with flies or with minnows?" I inquired of cousin Aleck.

"With flies, of course," he answered, "unless we ascertain that the fish refuse them."

In mentioning the word "flies," I observed Saloquah's face assume a look of inquiry, fol-

lowed by a half-mischievous smile, but, Indian-like, he said nothing. We brought out our disjointed rods from the cases in which they were kept, put the parts together, to see if they were ready for use, and then selected such lines and hooks as we deemed suitable. The moment Saloquah saw our delicately tapering rods, and web-like lines, he shook his head, saying: "These never do for *our* fish."

"Why not?" cousin Aleck asked.

"Line too small; pole too small," he answered. "Fish break them."

"Perhaps not," cousin Aleck returned, with a smile.

"*I* want some *fish*. I go fetch *my* catcher," said Saloquah, looking incredulously at our tackle, and going, as he spoke, toward the rear of the house, whence he quickly returned with a small light spear, eight feet long, straight as an arrow, with a point of steel.

"This will catch and hold too," he said.

It was a neatly made instrument, and unquestionably capable of great execution, but to be of any avail it manifestly required a skilful hand and practised eye. We examined it with

admiration, poised it, tried it at a safe mark, then gave it back to him, and gathering up our own implements, we went, under his guidance, to the fishing-ground, a mile distant.

The scenery of the place was beautiful. Tall hills, with steep sides, in some places rocky and precipitous, flanked a narrow valley, crowded with kalmias, rhododendrons, and azaleas, some of which were yet in bloom, while through them gambolled a playful stream, clear as crystal, varying in width from thirty to three times thirty feet; now flowing soberly through some wide basin, now prancing wildly over a rough and rocky bed, and then occasionally throwing a summerset over a sheer descent of several feet. Its fall, during the mile through which we followed it, could not have been less than a hundred feet, and cousin Aleck, looking with the eye of a utilitarian upon its rapid flow and convenient location, exclaimed: "The time will come in which the water-power of this stream will be made to do the work of a hundred thousand men!" *

* This prediction has been partly realized already in the Roswell Factory.

Our first care, on arriving, was to select such pools and eddies as seemed to be haunts for the fish, and on the adjoining banks to clear away the bushes and branches that threatened to interfere with the wielding of our flies. An hour's time sufficed for this, and also to allow the scared fish to recover from their disturbance; after which we made ready for sport.

Saloquah, meanwhile, watched our movements with looks of decided unbelief. He still said nothing, but when he at last saw that our *lines* were little more than hairs in thickness, and that the *bait* which we were preparing to use was composed principally of dry feathers and hair, which could not reasonably be expected to tempt the appetite of any living fish, his sides fairly shook with laughter, and the tears ran down his cheeks. His merriment was contagious, and we enjoyed it exceedingly, knowing, or rather believing, that the laugh would soon be on our side.

The so-called fly selected for us by cousin Aleck out of the variety brought, closely resembled in shape and colour those which at that season were to be seen flying over the water and

occasionally falling in. Lorenzo and I took the places assigned us, threw our flies lightly upon the water, with rods fourteen feet long, and with lines as long as our rods, and drew them with a quivering motion along the surface, to imitate the struggles of a real fly.

Neither he nor I continued our fly-fishing many minutes, for we were not practised in the art, and it was not long before I entangled my line in the branches of a tree, and gave up in despair. Saloquah laughed, and said: "I thought so."

Cousin Aleck, however, still plied his fly. He was an expert angler, and knew how to guard against dangers. He gave his line a whirl or two around the taper end of his rod, and sent the fly sailing out into the basin, where it alighted softly, and began trembling and fluttering, as if trying to escape. This he repeated, time and again, without success, though we saw the trout rise and break water more than once in the immediate neighbourhood of his hook.

"I am afraid," said he, at last, "that either we have not selected the right fly for the season,

or that these fish are not *civilized* enough to take it like our fish in the old country."

As he said this, Saloquah grasped his fish-spear, and said: "I go try my way."

Scarcely had he spoken, however, and begun to move, when Cousin Aleck's fly disappeared, and his line moved rapidly under water. A slight jerk, at the right time, fastened the hook in the fish's mouth; and now came the struggle between strength and skill. The fish pulled so hard that the rod bent, and the delicate line looked as if it must give way under the increasing strain. But the rod was in a master-hand, which regulated every movement, and kept the line so taut by the reel attached, that the fish was in a constant struggle, and after diving to various depths, and floundering until its strength was exhausted, it was gradually drawn shoreward, and landed where it could be lifted by hand without straining either rod or line.

"That is a bouncer!" Lorenzo and I exclaimed, for the fish was more than half as long as a man's arm, and weighed at least five pounds.

"What do you say now?" cousin Aleck

asked of Saloquah, who had watched the contest with great interest.

“I say that little line and dry bait can catch big fish,” he answered.

“I will try them at another place,” said cousin Aleck. “But I think that after having seen our mode of fishing, you are bound, Saloquah, to show us yours.”

“Will show you, if I can,” he answered. “But could do better if I had canoe.”

He went softly along the bank, peering stealthily into every nook and corner where it was probable that fish would lie. It was long before he made any attempt to throw his spear. He saw fish in abundance, he said, but they were too shy, or too deep. At last, quick as a flash, the spear flew from his hand, aimed at a point ten feet distant; and without waiting to see whether or not the blow had been successful, he plunged in after it. The fish struck was evidently a strong one, but its wound was mortal, and it soon rose to the surface, buoyed up by the light staff.

“Hurra for Cherokee!” Lorenzo and I exclaimed, as Saloquah pushed before him, still

hanging to the spear-head, a fish scarcely less in size than the one just caught.

“Spear ’most beat hook!” said cousin Aleck, uttering very sincerely the boast that he knew was in the mind of our young friend, and expressing himself in the half-broken English which he generally used.

This success encouraged Lorenzo and myself to renew our efforts. We changed our hooks, baited with worms, and tried for perch and bream, of which we saw great numbers, but caught only a few, for the water was too clear for anything but trout. Of these, the spear and the fly each brought ashore another of good size, and then cousin Aleck insisted that we should cease, for he said that these were as many as were at present needed for food, and that we had no right to take the life of God’s creatures merely for sport.



CHAPTER VIII.

Fishing with "Live-bait"—The "Fish-hunt" and "Bush-drag"
—Poisoning and Muddying the Water—The Scoop-net.

OUR fishing, however, did not end with that day's pastime. When my father returned to dinner, and saw the fine fish we had taken, his own enthusiasm was enkindled. He resolved to have his time the next day; and Kaneeka, willing to furnish a sample of the Indian mode, resolved to have *his* part of the sport on a large scale. He therefore despatched Saloquah to invite Scossit-equah and other neighbours to join him in a "fish-hunt" the next morning, and in the mean time went to the intended place for the purpose of making ready.

The sun had scarcely risen before we anglers had breakfasted and made our start; for in all streams beyond the influence of tide-water, the

early morning or late evening hours are best for rod-and-line fishing. Kaneeka waited at home for his expected company, saying that, when Indians go a-fishing, they never ask how high the sun is.

The day was exactly such as fishermen love—warm, without being hot. Light clouds hung in the sky, tempering the otherwise unpleasant glare. A gentle breeze also gave a slight ripple to the water, and came from the right quarter of the compass, for, as old fishermen say—

“Wind from the West, fish bite best.”*

Lorenzo and I, discouraged by our experience in fly-fishing the day before, resolved to depend this time upon what is called “live bait,” that is, minnows; and Saloquah went to show us a place where they could be caught. With a dozen or so of these in a bucket of water kept always fresh, we returned to the trout stream. Selecting a stand where we

* The rest of this rhyming rule is—

“Wind from the East, fish bite least;
Wind from the South, bait in fish’s mouth.”

For “Wind from the North” there is no rule.

could keep perfectly concealed, we softly approached the bank and dropped in our lines, each baited with a lively minnow, hooked through the back, and kept by a cork near the surface. We had scarcely been in position ten minutes before Lorenzo's cork was suddenly carried under the water, and his line almost *fizzed* with its rapidity of motion.

“Let him run, Lorenzo!” I exclaimed. “Give him plenty of time to swallow the bait. He'll not let go, unless you scare him.”

It was fully half a minute before he gave his rod the fatal jerk, but the moment he did so there was a struggle. A large trout had swallowed the bait. The hook was sticking far down its throat, and there was no possibility of its escape, except by breaking the line. For a time the contest was exciting, for Lorenzo, having no reel, was compelled to depend on the elasticity of his rod, which at times was bent almost double. By proper playing, however, the strength of the fish was exhausted, and it was drawn around to a convenient landing.

Shortly afterward, my own cork and line

followed the lead of Lorenzo's, and I, too, was favoured with a fish. By the time our bait was consumed, we could count about half as many trout as we had had minnows.

Our seniors, meanwhile, had been equally busy and successful with the fly. When Kanneeka and his company arrived about eight o'clock, we could show a dozen large trout, and as many small ones, the fruit of our morning's work.

On the coming of our red friends, we continued only long enough to show them, at Kanneeka's request, our mode; we then put up our trappings, and followed to see theirs.

First of all, they provided a straight grapevine, long enough to reach across the creek. To this they fastened thickly-leaved branches, head downward, so closely set that scarcely a minnow could pass through. This "bush-drag," as it was called, was used as a seine, and pulled down stream by two men at each end, while two followed behind to aid, in case of obstructions, and two more on each wing scared the fish from the banks, and stood ready to spear those which attempted to pass.

Driving the fish thus before them, they at last came to a shoally place, where was a wall of loose stones piled so as to compel the fish into a little nook. Here the drag was stretched and staked, its leafy wall preventing all egress. And now commenced the sport. The nook was perfectly alive with fish of all sorts and sizes, and turtles too; while in the hand of every man and boy was to be seen a spear, six, eight, or ten feet long, poised horizontally, and darted quickly, and with almost unerring precision, at fish fifteen or twenty feet away. In a short time all the fish worth taking were speared and deposited in bags brought for the purpose, when the "fish-hunters" proceeded to drag toward another shoal still farther below. The spoils thus taken were at last fairly divided, according to established rule, and furnished a comfortable shoulder-load to each of the party.

We of the hook and line were compelled to acknowledge that we were fairly beaten by those of the "drag." The quantity taken was so much more than the families represented could probably consume fresh, that my father

inquired what was their mode of curing. To his surprise, he learned they had none, but that they proceeded at once to roast, broil, or barbecue, for eating as soon as possible. He then described to them the mode pursued by fishermen on the seaboard, by splitting down the back, removing the entrails and backbones, and, if the fish was large, slicing the flesh into layers, then drying quickly with a little salt and much smoke. This was a piece of information which they seemed much pleased to learn, and some of them expressed the intention to act upon it as soon as they reached home.

On our way home, cousin Aleck inquired of Kaneeka the different plans for taking fish pursued by his people, and was informed that, besides the "bush-drag," the mode furnishing the largest results was by *poisoning the water*. A sufficient number of persons would assemble at a stream, each furnished with a spear, and with a basketful of pounded root of the buck-eye.* Wading into the water, they would

* This is a dwarf forest-tree, resembling the horse-chestnut, producing large beautiful nuts of chestnut shape and rich mahogany colour, two or three being enveloped in a thornless case. The nut is poisonous, as well as the root.

churn it with their baskets until the fish, intoxicated with the juice of the buckeye, rose to the surface, when they were easily taken by hand, net, or spear. A poisoned stream would often be followed for miles, the baskets being occasionally dipped into the water to keep up the poisoning.

Another mode was by *muddying*. For this purpose a lagoon is usually selected, its ends closed against egress, and the bottom so disturbed by trampling and dragging that the fish cannot breathe, but must rise to the surface for air, when they are speared.

The mode most in favour with the women, he informed us, was by means of a spoon-shaped or bag-shaped net, attached to a long handle. Several would take their places in a narrow sluice of water down which the fish descended, or were driven by persons above, and dip for them as they pass. Sometimes a hundred dips would be made without taking a single fish, though at other times the success would be encouraging. Every fish caught was signalized by a whoop of joy.



CHAPTER IX.

Moonlight and Music—Unexpected Results—Panthers.

OUR fishing that day was followed by an evening of delicious moonlight. Not that it was so brilliant, for I have often seen brighter, but so soft, and sweet, and soothing. The moon, scarcely half full, hung like a silver lamp from a crystal roof, and looked down so lovingly upon the reposing earth that it made me feel poetical.

Moonlight and music are noted companions all the world over. Lorenzo and I took our flutes—for we had had some instruction, and often practised together—and seated ourselves on a log within easy hail of the tent door, where my father and cousin Aleck sat, discussing a subject of exciting interest. Their topic was the war in Greece, which had formally begun the January preceding, and which was

to be marked, the following year, by the fall of Marco Bozzaris, a name known to every school-boy as the "Leonidas of Modern Greece."

One of the fishermen that day had brought my father a newspaper, sent by Mr. Scupper, of Vann's Ferry, the nearest post-office. The paper was dated Saturday, June 15th, 1822, and was just a week old on the day we received it. The chief article of intelligence it contained was the massacre of the Greeks in the island of Scio, April 11th, 1822, when, out of 100,000 men, women, and children, only 10,000 were reported to have escaped the Turkish sword.

The news saddened us. We did not recover from it all day. And it was as a sort of refuge from thought that Lorenzo and I, after supper, took our flutes and went, as has been said, to enjoy a little music in the moonlight. The airs we selected were mostly plaintive, and we must have executed them with more than usual pathos, for my father and cousin slackened their discussion to listen to us. Saloquah, too, came with noiseless tread, stealing from a covert of bushes, and we could see Kaneeka, with his wife, and their little boy, sitting in

their doorway, and seeming to drink in the softened harmonies floating to them on the evening breeze.

This was probably the first time that the notes of the flute had ever been heard in that solitude ; and whether it were that we boys were so far inspired as to rival the powers of Orpheus, or whether by a singular conjuncture of circumstances, the results were laughable. The first response we had, besides tokens of pleasure in our human friends, was from a company of frogs in the neighbouring low ground. They had commenced their concert before us, in every variety of note, of tenor, treble, and alto ; but, while we played, their efforts were redoubled, as if they were resolved not to be outdone ; and finally they were helped out by the heavy bass of a bullfrog, whose “Bloody-noun—bloody-noun!” was uttered in a tone so deeply guttural, and at the same time according so perfectly with our low flute-notes, as almost to convert the whole into burlesque.

Scarcely had the remark been made, in an interval of the music, “Hear that fellow’s

bass!" when a whip-poor-will, that had been very earnestly uttering at a distance his melancholy strain, perched himself lengthwise along a branch directly over our heads, and there repeated his notes as fast as he could tumble them out.

Lorenzo and I laughed. But soon the whip-poor-will's song was cut short by another voice, far more imperative, if not so musical. It was the "Oo-oo-ah-oo-ah!" of a hooting owl, seated solemnly on the top of a dead tree, within biscuit-throw, and staring at us with his big, impudent eyes.

"Boys, you must stop that music, or you will draw the whole woods upon us," said my father, in a merry tone.

"Yes, sir; only once piece more," we replied.

We had just played the air, "Oh, dear! what can the matter be?" and had given to it a lively, rattling expression. We felt ourselves bound, therefore, by the rules of public playing, to follow it with something plaintive. We selected "Robin Adair," and played it with all the dolefulness possible; at least we played as

much of it as we could, for we were interrupted. In the midst of the most lugubrious strain, there came from a neighbouring thicket the wail of a child, as it seemed—or rather of a sound midway between the distressed cry of a child and the fierce scream of an Indian—so near, so loud, so emphatic, that we sprang to our feet, exclaiming: “Who!—what child can that be?”

“No child! Nobody!” answered Saloquah
“Only a panther!”

“*Only!*” we echoed in horror, moving at the same time rapidly towards the tent. “Is that the way you talk of panthers?”

“Panther won’t hurt you here. People too many,” Saloquah returned, in a soothing tone.

On inquiry, we learned that panthers were plentiful in all parts of this wild country, and that their visits were not unusual even in the farms, and sometimes in the yards of the inhabitants, but that they seldom attacked human beings, confining their ravages mainly to cattle, hogs, and poultry. One of them, he informed us, had even been daring enough to make its home for a time under Kaneeka’s roof.

“Indeed! how was that?” we asked.

The answer was not immediately given, for Kaneeka had come with gun and dog, and proposed to cousin Aleck to join him in a short tour through the woods, in hopes of getting a shot at the intruder, in which effort we boys were permitted, within certain limits, to join them. In less than half an hour we had returned to the tent, when Saloquah went on with his story.

He said that while their present house was in an unfinished state, Kaneeka had gone to enter him (Saloquah) at the Mission School, and was absent about ten days, leaving Chescoo to take care of herself and the children. Before a week had passed, she was annoyed by losing first a favourite fowl, then a pig, and afterward by hearing, just before daylight, a scratching at the gable end of the house, as if something were climbing there. When her husband returned, she informed him of these facts, and also that she thought she heard at times during the day the sound of a snore, or a yawn, from the open loft above. Without delay he took his rifle, raised himself so as to

reach the loose boards overhead, softly removed one of them, and peeped around. To his surprise and horror, he saw a great brown object quietly rolled up in one corner. Descending noiselessly, he gathered his children into a well-protected room, stationed Chescoo below him with a loaded gun, stuck a long knife in his belt, and again ascended with his rifle. The creature lay sleeping as before—he could hear it breathe. Its head and breast were turned from him, and were thus protected from a deadly shot by its hinder parts. All ready for shooting, he made a slight noise. The creature awoke, looked sleepily at him, and he sent a rifle-ball directly between its eyes. Quick as thought he withdrew his head, and replaced the board above him. But not one moment too soon; for the panther, mortally wounded, but not killed, sprang at him, and tore furiously at the place where he disappeared. While it was pulling at the board within a foot of his head, Kaneeka thrust his knife through a crevice, and wounded it so painfully in the foot that, with a howl of rage, it rushed to the unfinished gable, leaped to the ground,

and was running frantically past the door when a quick shot from Chescoo's gun laid it upon its side.

While Saloquah was giving this account, Kaneeka came in from the woods, and not only confirmed the statement, but assured us that, in former years, panthers and all other wild beasts were much more plentiful than they were then.

“When I was a boy,” said he, “my uncle Bowls gave me the pup of a large, fierce dog. It became the best panther dog in the country. One day, during a heavy snow, a white boy from the neighbourhood came to say that his father had seen the track of a large panther in the snow near his house, and wished my dog to help hunt it. I did not like to refuse our neighbour's request, yet did not like to risk my dog on so dangerous an errand without some one to look after him. So I resolved to go too. In hunting panthers in the snow a dog is not needed for tracking them, because that can easily be done by the eye, but for chasing and worrying them until they take refuge in a tree.

“There were six of us in company, and two dogs. We tracked the panther for about two miles, our dogs keeping directly before us, according to the Indian rule in hunting. All at once, my dog, Waw-hyuh (the name means Wolf), came to a dead halt, showed his teeth, bristled his back, and gave a low growl. We halted too, for we knew that the panther was dangerously near. Waw-hyuh's eyes pointed toward the upturned roots of a large tree, which had fallen across a rock in such manner as to be kept several feet above ground, and to furnish a good shelter from the snow. Under this shelter we saw two panthers, a dam and a half-grown cub. We called in our dogs. Mr. Stein, the white man who had invited us to the hunt, and who therefore took the lead, claimed the privilege of the first shot, and gave the second to me.

“‘But take good aim, right between the eyes, or behind the shoulder,’ said he. ‘My panther will not need a second shot.’

“He was mistaken, however. He gave the word to fire, and my rifle went off clear, and sent its ball to the heart of the cub, so that it

dropped in its track ; but his rifle 'hung fire,' and before the ball came out, the panther had turned its head, so that he only broke its jaw, and we had to fight it with our knives and dogs.

"But no sooner had we fired than there was a perfect commotion under the log next the rock. First, a young panther sprang out, then the old sire, almost grey with age, then two more, making six in all. There was a great hurrah among the hunters, as each one selected his game and followed it, calling upon the others for help. The young panthers all took to trees as quickly as possible, and were soon brought down by the guns. The old sire, taught, no doubt, by experience, made his way to a great distance, and had to be tracked for hours. At last, however, we brought him to bay, and forced him into a tree. Then we all gathered round, and by turns had a shot at him. He was tough, and hard to kill, but we succeeded at last ; and when we returned home from the hunt, each had a panther-skin, and plenty of panther-meat.

"I have only one thing more to say," added

Kaneeka, "and that is, that Mr. Stein took good care of my dog. When we were fighting the panther with the broken jaw, Waw-hyuh sprang upon it and was knocked down. He lay senseless on the ground, under the creature's paw, and the moment of showing signs of life would have been his last. What to do I did not know, for both our guns were empty, and the other hunters were off, engaged in pursuit. Mr. Stein, however, knowing the value of the dog, did not hesitate. He drew his long knife, ran directly upon the panther, and stabbed it five times in the side, as quickly as his hand could move, driving his knife to the hilt, and, it seemed to me, to the heart. Waw-hyuh was saved, but Mr. Stein was not wholly unhurt, for, as his hand approached in the second stab, the panther struck at it, cutting with its sharp claw through the sleeve of his coat, and the skin beneath, as keenly as if done with a razor. Mr. Stein carried home a bloody hand as well as a panther-skin, and bore the mark of the fight the rest of his life."



CHAPTER X.

Fire-Flies—More Music, but not from Man—A Voluntary from a Many-Voiced Choir—Interesting Conversation.

WE went early to bed that night. The moonlight was delightful, but we had no fancy for exposing ourselves again to the panthers. We sat in the tent door, enjoying the brilliant flashing of the fire-flies, which illumined the dark woods around us by scores and hundreds at a time, and listening, till we were weary, to the mournful notes of the whip-poor-will, and the merry chirping of the frogs.

Going early to bed prepared us for early rising. The grey dawn gradually brightened into a glorious sunrise. In the mean time there was such a concert of birds as I never before heard, or at least such as I never before noticed or enjoyed. It seemed as if the whole feathered creation knew it was Sabbath morning, and awoke early to worship the Creator. I have always enjoyed the singing of birds and

all the more for trying to distinguish the several songsters. This morning I recognized three kinds of mocking-bird, the grey, the brown, and the black ; three kinds of wren, all musical, and one very sweetly voiced ; three kinds of oriole, of splendid plumage, and passable song ; two kinds of finch, pleasant singers both, one of them known as the red-bird, possessing a few notes of surpassing sweetness. Besides these were many others—the jays, the bee-martens, the swallows, and a few robins ; but, beyond them all, in impressiveness of song, was a kind which we had never met with till coming to that region. Cousin Aleck said it was a species of nightingale, although its song was confined to the cool of the day. The woods were perfectly alive with them. Each uttered about nine different strains of music, sometimes in one order, sometimes in another ; each strain alike in beginning with a soft musical “uh !” and in ending with a sweet *metallic* twitter, but varying in the four or five intervening notes, which were so full of liquid music as to send a thrill of pleasure through the heart of the listener. Lorenzo and I

spent the greater part of an hour listening to the rich voluntary with which the choir of nature opened that day's worship. While thus engaged, we were joined by Saloquah, who also had a keen relish for music, and who helped us to appropriate to the right songsters several notes of which we had before been uncertain. About sunrise, cousin Aleck also came out, and relished exceedingly this natural concert. He said that he had enjoyed it once or twice before in the early morning, but never so greatly as now, and that in his own country there was nothing to compare with it. Indeed, I doubt, after a lapse of fifty years, in which I have seen much of this world, whether there is to be found any place on earth affording a richer concert of bird-music than the mountain region of the once Cherokee country.

Soon after breakfast, Kaneeka came to see us. My father offered to engage in a little Bible-reading to him and his family some time in the course of the day, to which he replied, with a lurking smile: "Yes, thankee! Some people will be here to-day to hear Bible. I tell them already."

He had dispersed his invitation by means of the fishermen the day before, and they had carried it to every lodge within walking distance of our place. Scarcely had his reply been uttered before we saw Scossit-equah come stalking through the woods in one direction, while from another came the same old man and his wife we had noticed the Sunday before. From that time on, for an hour, the people kept dropping in, until every available seat on the logs and stumps around the preaching-stand was occupied, and many of the congregation had to stand or take their places on the bare ground.

I will not stop to describe the services of the occasion, which were only a repetition, with interesting variations, of those of the Sabbath preceding. But there was an idea gained that day which has been so pleasant and profitable to remember, that I record it for the benefit of such of my young readers as may love to study God in His works.

A conversation between my father and cousin Aleck had reverted to the beautiful display of fire-flies the evening before, and the rich music

of the morning, which caused cousin Aleck to remark: "I seldom enjoy these beauties of nature without recalling the words, 'Full many a gem,'* and wondering why there is such a waste of beauty."

"I do not understand you," returned my father.

"What I mean is this," he explained: "If the Creator intended all these natural beauties for the increase of our happiness, as is usually, and I believe, rightly supposed, why should there be so much beauty wasted on places where there is no one to see it?"

"To my mind," was the answer, "there is no more waste in this superabundance of beauty than there is in the abundance of water above what we can drink, or in the abundance of air above what we can breathe. The truth is, God is *rich*, as well as great, and He loves as much to show His affluence as His power—yes, and His *taste* too. This is my explanation."

* The lines here alluded to are from Gray's *Elegy*—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The deep, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

“I perfectly agree with you,” said cousin Aleck; “yet your explanation does not meet my difficulty. The Creator never works without an aim. We can conceive uses for air and water beyond those of breathing and drinking; but what use can you imagine for the rich tints of flowers which are never seen, and for delicious music which is never heard?”

“Are you sure that these are not seen or heard?” asked my father.

“Sure that much of it is never heard or seen by *man*, and especially by *appreciating man*,” cousin Aleck answered.

“But why confine all the appreciation to *man*?” returned my father. “And even if you do, I still ask, Are you sure that *any* one can fully appreciate them?”

Cousin Aleck pondered, and my father went on.

“The Bible asks in one place, ‘Doth God care for oxen?’ and answers in another, ‘Not a sparrow falls without His notice.’ He seeks the happiness of all His creatures, brute as well as human. Who knows the amount of relief to weariness in a brooding bird caused

by the song of her mate, which no ear hears but her own? Yet we can suppose the happiness produced by that song a sufficient reason for its being ordered by Providence."

"You give me new light," joyfully assented cousin Aleck, "yet not all that my difficulty demands. What would you say of those cases, of which we can readily conceive, where the beauty is never seen by any eye of man or brute—those flowers, for instance, which are 'born to blush unseen'—those pearls of the ocean which glitter and dissolve with time in 'deep, unfathom'd caves'—those glittering diamonds and those golden treasures yet uncovered in the bowels of the earth, and never to be uncovered so long as the sun and moon endure?"

"I should say," answered my father, "that they are intended for other eyes than those of either man or brute. And are there none such? The Bible tells us of *angels*. Surely they are as capable as we of appreciating beauty? And, for aught we know to the contrary, they can as readily admire the beauty of the diamond enveloped in its homely crust,

and lying in its uncovered mine, as we can when it flames in beauty in a monarch's crown."

Cousin Aleck was delighted. "The idea never occurred to me," said he, "of these wasting beauties of earth (as I had esteemed them) being sources of pleasure to the beings of another world. But the thought meets all my difficulties; and, more than that, its tendency is to confirm the divine authority of the Bible, which tells us of these unseen beings."

"I have one thought more to add," continued my father, "and I do so with reverence: 'He that formed the eye, shall *He not* SEE? He that planted the ear, shall *He not* HEAR?' and He that produces so much beauty, shall *He not* ENJOY IT? For aught we know, much of what we see in nature is intended not only for the pleasure they afford the creature, but for the pleasure they afford the Creator Himself."

Cousin Aleck sprang to his feet. He turned his back for a moment on my father, but I could see his hands clasped, and his eyes raised

to heaven, as if he were saying: "Glorious Creator! forgive me, that in enjoying Thy works I have so often forgotten Thee."

Then turning to my father, he said, with strong emotion: "I shall never hereafter enjoy anything in nature without thinking that the Creator is present and enjoys it too."





CHAPTER XI.

Rock Mountain—Splendid Glowworm—Old Military Fortification—A Thunder-Storm—Sunset.

TWENTY miles away to the south-east, a vast prominence of rock loomed in lonely grandeur above the horizon. It was the great natural curiosity of the neighbourhood, of which we had often heard, and which we had resolved to visit at our first opportunity. That time had now come. Indeed, the fame of this great rock had extended to the Old Country, and had there excited interest through the representation of a British officer who had visited and described it as early as the year 1788.

We set out on Tuesday, June 25, under the pilotage of Kaneeka, and although the way was rough and circuitous, we reached our destination in time to encamp comfortably before sunset. The country around had, at that time, barely passed into the hands of the white man,

and there were few roads and fewer houses of accommodation. Our tent was pitched beside a spring near the mountain's base, around the north and west of which flows a pleasant stream. From this point the rock rose majestically, with an almost perpendicular face of a thousand feet. We enjoyed its rough grandeur almost as much by the soft light of the moon as we did by the red light of the setting sun.

After the setting in of night, we were much interested in another object of natural beauty, which, although not at all connected with the mountain, except by mental association, I mention here lest it be forgotten. It was a *glow-worm*. The ordinary glowworms of the country measure only about three-fourths of an inch in length, and show but one point of light, as large as a pin's head, just under the tip of the abdomen. The worm which we saw this night measured at least two and a half inches, and presented eight spots of brilliant light on each side of its body—a pair at each articulation—making sixteen in all; so that when rolling itself up, as it always did on being disturbed, it looked like a ball of light. I have often met

with it since, and have often spoken of it to men of science, but have never known of its being described, except by unscientific persons like myself. It is possible that those versed in insect lore (known as entomologists) may say this worm is no "glowworm"* at all, except in its glowing, but I can assure them that of all insects I have ever seen it best deserves the name.

Taking an early breakfast the next morning, we made our way first to the eastern side of the mountain. Here the view was stupendous. A bare, hemispherical mass of solid granite rose before us to the height of two or three thousand feet, striped along its sides, as if torn by lightning, or "gullied" by the action of water during countless ages.

Our ascent was effected on the south-western side, where the slope is comparatively easy, and where the otherwise perfect baldness of the rock is relieved by an occasional tuft of dwarfish cedars and stunted oaks, which find a

* *Lampyrus* is the scientific name of those soft-skinned, wingless beetles which emit a light from the terminal plates of the abdomen. Possibly the worm described above may shine from *disease*, as even crickets are reputed sometimes to do.

root-hold in the crevices. These trees, elevated a quarter of a mile above the surrounding level, seem to be a favourite resort for buzzards, many of which were wheeling in graceful flight in the air around, and a greater number were perched upon dead branches, and treetops, apparently resting from their labours, and watching from this convenient height for objects on which they might feed in the level country below.

We found the summit an irregularly flat oval, about a furlong in length. The view from it was superb. Not another mountain could be seen in any direction within a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. The country all around seemed to be an immense level, or rather a basin, the rim of which rose on all sides to meet the blue of the sky. To the east and south appeared a few *clearings*, but in every other direction the forest was unbroken. Now, while I write, however, the country is filled with farms, and the smoke of the white man's engines and the thunder of his railroads break the repose of the then primeval nature.

Encircling the summit, at the distance of

nearly a quarter of a mile from its centre, was a remarkable wall, about breast high, built of loose, fragmentary stone, and evidently intended for a military fortification ; but when erected, and by whom, we could not learn. Kaneeka, on being questioned, said that it was there when his people first came, and that they knew no more of it than we did. In some places the stones were almost all dislodged by persons who had rolled them down the steep declivity ; but there were enough remaining to show that the wall had once been continuous all around the summit, and that the only place of entrance was by a natural doorway under a large rock, so narrow and so low that only one man could enter at a time by crawling on his hands and knees.

From the summit we passed a short distance down the steep sides north and east, but saw nothing there to attract attention, except a few stunted trees, and some crevices and imperfect caverns formed by the thunder-riven rocks. In one of these caves we took shelter, about two o'clock in the afternoon, from the extreme heat of the sun, for we had brought with us all

necessary eatables and drinkables for spending the day in comfort, and we had moreover found a small supply of cool water in one of the caves, the remains, no doubt, of melted snow.

It was while thus occupying the cave upon that wild summit, and feeling like so many Robinson Crusoes, separated from all the rest of the world, that we enjoyed another scene of grandeur surpassing that of the mountain itself. It was a thunder-storm. We had despatched our cold dinner, and were reclining on the softest places we could find on the rock, waiting for such naps as people weary with labour and excitement might expect, when we were startled by a thunder-peal. This was most unexpected, for on leaving the open air, half an hour before, the sky was beautifully clear; not a cloud was to be seen, except one about the size of a blanket, lazily floating toward us from the west. But half an hour can produce a vast change of a sultry afternoon on a mountain-top, when the air is charged with moisture and electricity. The sudden crash of thunder brought us all to our feet.

“I fear this is not a very safe place in a thun-

der-storm," said my father, looking anxiously at the rocks torn by lightning, some of which, visible from the cave's mouth, showed signs of recent fracture.

"Safe as any other," cousin Aleck quietly returned. "Indeed, buried as we are beneath this heavy roof of rock, we are safer than in an ordinary house. Only let us keep *within doors.*"

My father smiled. "I believe you are right," said he. "For even if the bolt should fall directly above our heads, the lightning would be so dissipated by the mass of rock as to be harmless before it reached us."

We did not find it easy, however, to keep "within doors," as cousin Aleck advised, while so grand a scene was enacting without, and we all indulged ourselves, in turn, two at a time, in going to an open place where we could enjoy it. The cloud did not envelop, or even touch the mountain—we were not high enough—but it seemed to be only a short distance above. Nor were the thunder-peals more frequent or more violent than we had often heard upon the plains ; but there was an awful sense of near-

ness to an agent of terrific power, of which we were all the time reminded by a roar like that of a passing hurricane, or of surf beating upon an open beach. Twice during the storm was the mountain struck, as we could know by the sound, and by the jar, but we received no injury, nor did we even feel the influence of the electricity, although we afterward discovered a great flake of rock scaled off from a ledge not fifty feet from our place of refuge.

In the course of an hour the rain and thunder ceased, the skies became clear, and we had a delightful afternoon. We lingered until early twilight, to witness the going down of the sun, which Kaneeka assured us would be as well worth our waiting for as anything we had seen. And so we found. A few thin clouds streaked the western sky, scarcely diminishing the splendour of the sun, but at the same time catching and diffusing into a sea of glory the light which would otherwise have been lost. The rich colouring of these clouds, beyond all earthly power to imitate, or even to describe, so greatly charmed us that we had at last to tear ourselves from them with a kind of violence.

Our twilight was very short, for *we*, as well as the sun, descended ; and ere we reached our tent, the light of the moon was a welcome help to our footsteps. We found everything safe, although Scipio, who had been left in charge, had an important revelation to make, of trouble from a suspicious-looking visitor.





CHAPTER XII.

Scipio's Story—Kaneeka's Explanation—The Pony Club.

SCIPIO said that about the middle of the forenoon, a dark-skinned white man, with bushy, black hair and whiskers, rode up to the camp, and seeing him alone, asked him who he was, and what he was doing. Not liking the man's looks, and fearing that he might attempt some violence, Scipio said that he took the liberty of making up a little story: That his master was a great hunter from the seaboard, who had come with several friends to look at the mountain country, that they were now in the woods not far off, with their guns and dogs, and that he was every moment expecting them back.

"How many are there in the company?" asked the man.

"Fourteen, sir, and five dogs, one of them a *great big bulldog*."

“And which way did they go?”

“That way, sir,” Scipio answered, pointing in a direction opposite to that we had taken.

The man seemed amused.

“You lie, boy, and you know it,” he said. “There are but six in all, three men and three boys, and they all went up the mountain. So you see I know all about you.”

“Wuh fuh [wherefore, or what for] then you ax me?” Scipio returned, a little nettled.

The man made no reply, but looked around.

“These are fine horses,” he said, as if partly talking to himself.

“Yes, sir; all good horses,” Scipio assented.

“Well, now, boy,” the other continued, in a coaxing tone, “what will you take in silver or gold to help me run them off?”

“I wun’t tek nothin’, sir.”

“Why not?”

“Because one of ’em is my own horse.”

The man started, and stared at him, then asked, “Which?”

Scipio pointed to Old Gray, the best-looking of the set.

“You are a rich boy,” said the stranger, in

a half merry tone; "a rich boy, to own a better horse than your master."

Scipio found himself caught in his own trap; he therefore tried no further, but responded, "Even ef no horse is mine, I would not run 'em off, and leave my master afoot in dis-yuh wild woods."

"You are a *good* boy," said the man, mockingly. "But as we are here all alone, what is to prevent my knocking you on the head, and taking the horses, whether you will or no?"

Scipio said that, up to this time, he had been frightened; but this last speech made him mad. He answered: "You may knock me on de head if you like," but, in saying so, he sprang into the tent, seized the gun that he called his, and when he reappeared at the tent door the muzzle of the gun came first.

The man did not seem in the least daunted; on the contrary, he laughed; but he spoke in a quicker tone than before, saying: "Don't shoot! *good boy*; don't shoot! Lower your muzzle. I won't knock you on the head."

Scipio replied by keeping the muzzle of the gun full on the man's breast, and saying in as

resolute a manner as he could: "I put nine buckshot in yuh yesterday, and you may have 'em all, if you choose."

"But I don't choose, good boy! . I don't choose," he said, wheeling his horse; and as he rode away he looked back, saying, "Good-by, good boy: be sure and never leave your master afoot. D'ye hear?"

Serious as the affair seemed, we could not resist several hearty laughs at the scene depicted; and the whole story so perfectly coincided with what we knew of Scipio's character, that we did not doubt its correctness. But how were we to interpret the intruder's language and conduct? On appealing to Kaneeka, he informed us that, on the frontier of several of the States, he did not know how many, there was a gang of thieves, who practised all kinds of robbery, especially horse-stealing, on an enormous scale. He said they managed their affairs so well as to be able to know each other in the dark, by secret signs, even when they had never before met,—that the work was so divided among them that it was the chief business of some to do the stealing, of others

to receive and hide, of others to convey the stolen property away, and of all to help one another in a time of need. He concluded by saying he had no doubt that Scipio's acquaintance was one of this gang, and that we should probably hear from them again.

These several accounts, first by Scipio, then by Kaneeka, were given while we were taking our supper by the light of a pine-knot fire; and it was not many minutes afterward when we heard a halloo from the woods. My father and cousin Aleck went to the outer edge of the illuminated circle around our fire, and asked: "Who's there? and what is wanted?"

The answer came back, "Two lost men, who want to be put in their way."

The moment Scipio heard the voice, he came to my father, and said, in a low tone: "Mossa, dah de same man waw talk wi' me to-day."

"Keep out of his sight then, and seem not to know him," my father said.

The tramp of horses and the crackling of underbrush announced the approach of horsemen through the woods; and soon afterward

there emerged from the darkness two men, each bestriding a horse that walked slowly, and hung its head, as if ready to sink from fatigue, and having behind him a pair of well-stuffed saddle-bags.

“ We had just *give up* for the night, stranger, when we saw your fire,” said the elder of the two, a *smooth-faced* man, with *light complexion* and *sandy hair*. “ We have been lost in the wild woods ever since twelve o’clock.”

“ I am sorry for your misfortune. How can we help you ?” asked my father.

“ No ways better ’n by letting us have some feed for our horses, and a place in your camp. We’ll pay you ten prices rither ’n stay in the woods among the wolves and painters,” answered the man.

My father scrutinized him a moment, and all the more closely from having heard a “ Eh—eh !” of surprise from Scipio, who was concealed near him in the shadow of a tree.

“ No doubt we can let you have a little corn for your horses. Here, Scipio !” he called, as if to one at a distance, “ come with me to the waggon,” and they two went off alone.

“Is this the man who talked with you to-day?” he then asked, in a low tone.

“Ef me eye shut, *mossa*, I say yes. Ef me eye open, I say no. De same voice, *mossa*—de berry same voice, and *eye* too; but a *nurrah* man’s skin and hair.’

“Enough,” said my father, who instructed him briefly what part he wished him to act, and then they came forward with the corn. Scipio brought an armful of ears, put them down, and, seemingly without suspicion of the new comers, returned to the tent.

“Here is the corn, stranger, to which you are welcome,” said my father. “I am sorry I cannot say the same of offering you a place in our camp; but this is a wild country, and we do not know you.”

“Oh, as for *knowing* us, I can soon make that straight,” said the other. “We are from Jackson County, and are bound for Tennessee. This young man, Bob Hickman, is going thar to take him a wife, and I am a-going thar to tie the knot for him.”

“Indeed! So you profess to be a preacher?” my father interrupted.

“I do that same, and here’s my showing for it,” said the man, handing forward a paper certifying that John Stone was “a worthy brother, in fellowship with (*some*) Association.” The paper was written in a fair round hand, and was signed, “Jessy Merser, Presiding Elder,” thus furnishing two evidences of its being a forgery, one in the spelling of the *intended* name, Jesse Mercer, and the other in the title affixed as presiding officer, which should have been Moderator.

“Your name seems, from this paper, to be John Stone,” remarked my father.

“That’s what I’m called at home,” answered the other.

“And you are a preacher of what persuasion?” my father asked.

“Of the Meth——uh——uh!—of the BAPTIST Church,” the man replied, with strong emphasis after his partial mistake.

“In my part of the country we should count you rather an uncommon sort of preacher,” said my father; “for if my ears did not deceive me, I heard something like an *oath* as you came up.”

“Oh! I’m a *Hard-shell*, of the *TWO-SEED* persuasion; and we are allowed to swear a little sometimes, and to drink a little, too,” said the other. “So you must excuse me.”

“Not easily, with what was intended to be Mr. Mercer’s signature and certificate, for he is everywhere regarded as a good man,” my father indignantly returned.

“Bob,” said the senior, “this here man rither doubts my calling, Haven’t you some paper, or something else about you, to show him what *you* are?”

“Yes,” said Bob; “I have a paper with my name in it, Robert Hickman.”

With this he assumed a pompous air, and took from his pocket-book a paper, which he said was as good as a bank-note. It was in these words:

“One day after date I promise to pay to Robert Hickburn (\$125.00) one hundred and twenty-five dollars, for value received.

“HUGH MONTGOMERY.

“March 20, 1822.”

“What Montgomery is that?” asked my father.

“ Why, *Squire* Montgomery that lives near Jackson Court-house ; the leading man of the county,” answered *Hickman* alias *Hickburn*.

“ And how long has *Squire* Montgomery known you ? ” my father asked.

“ All my life, and afore I knowed myself,” replied the young man.

“ Then he ought to have known your name better than to write it *Hickburn*, when you have twice pronounced it *Hickman*,” said my father.

“ Moreover, I happen to know *Squire* Montgomery very well, and to have in my pocket at this moment a letter from him. And I know that this note is a forgery. *Scipio*,” he called aloud, “ *good boy!* bring out that pitcher of water ! ”

At the words “ *good boy*,” the senior started. “ Caught in my own steel trap ! ” he exclaimed, wheeling at the same time his horse, that, freshened by the spur, pricked up his ears, and looked as if he were just from the stable.

Scipio, at the call, came running out, gun in hand, and *Kaneeke* and *Saloquah* with him, also armed.

“ Don’t shoot, ‘ *good boy!* ’ don’t shoot ! ”

said the elder, laughing, as the two scoundrels galloped away under the pressure of spur, hiding themselves, as they went, behind the cover of a thicket.

But he spoke too late; for Scipio, without orders, but incensed at the renewed insult, pulled trigger, and we heard from one of the fugitives a curse, as he said: "He has hit me!"

Before Scipio's gun was heard, my father had called out: "Come back, Mr. Stone. Don't leave this money-note behind, and this certificate of your being a preacher. Come back! you will need them!"

But the call was in vain. The horses' feet thundered along the road until the sound died away in the distance.

This was *our* first and only contact with the afterwards famous "Pony Club."



CHAPTER XIII

Pleasant Disappointment—Novel Corn Sheller—Bucket-track—
Jack of all Trades.

WE left our encampment at the foot of the mountain, the scene of contact with our Pony Club visitors, early the next morning. It was our intention to reach home in the afternoon, but in this we were pleasantly disappointed. I say pleasantly, for the reason that the cause of our failure was the means of our making the acquaintance of a singular character, whom, to this day, I remember with interest.

“We must prepare to pitch camp as soon as we can find a suitable place,” said my father to Kaneeka, about ten o’clock that forenoon. “We are going to have a big rain, and we had better not be in it, if we can keep out of it.” The whole western sky had become black with clouds that portended an unusual fall, and that very soon.

“No use to pitch camp,” Kaneeka answered. “White man house not far off. Can get there before rain catch us.”

We pushed forward, and reached the house in full time, with a few minutes to spare. Those few minutes sufficed to show that the dweller there was something of a character. Learning that he was at his corn-crib shelling corn, Scipio was despatched with money to purchase a small feed for our horses, and to ask permission for our company to use the shelter of his roof. Scipio returned with the desired permission, with his arms full of horse-feed, and with an expression of curious wonder on his face.

“Mossa,” said he, addressing my father, “you ebber yerry anybody shell corn in *auger-hole*?”

“Hear of anybody shelling corn in an auger-hole?” repeated my father with surprise. “No; and where did *you* ever hear of it?”

“Well, *mossa*,” Scipio returned, “please go yonder, and see how dah man mek de corn fly.”

Scipio was a sensible boy, and understood

his place as servant too well to make any suggestion of the kind without being sure of approval. This we knew, and therefore without hesitation we all set out to see the curiosity. The man had observed Scipio's look of wonder, and was no doubt prepared for our visit. He received us with a smile of welcome.

"You have come to see my corn-sheller," said he. With that he deposited an ear of corn in its place, and in an instant the cob lay on the floor, stripped of its grains.

His whole apparatus consisted of a *bench* and a *mallet*. The bench, a short, thick board or slab, firmly supported, had a two-inch hole bored in its middle, in which the ear of corn was set, small end downward, and driven through by the mallet. The grains flew violently in every direction, but they were arrested by a wall of clapboards close around.

"The cheapest corn-sheller I ever heard of!" exclaimed my father.

"When I go home, I remember it, and make one too," said Kaneeka ; which resolution, I may here say, he carried into full and successful execution.

From the crib we adjourned to the house, the man going with us, evidently pleased with our appreciation of his simple contrivance. Lorenzo asked for water, in which desire we all united, and this brought us acquainted with another device, equally efficacious with the first, though more costly, as well as more complicated.

“ My spring is at the foot of a hill, so steep and hard to climb,” said the man, “ that after coming here, I built my wife a *bucket-track* from the yard to the spring, for bringing up water by cord and windlass, as if from a well. You all seem so pleased with the corn-sheller that I think you will also be with the bucket-track, for I believe we count it the greatest convenience on the lot. Come with me, and you can see it work while you get your water.”

He took us to his back yard, overlooking a long rocky descent of a hundred paces or more. In the yard was a windlass, on which was a cord the size of a large twine. From the windlass to the spring extended a single rail of wide paling-stuff, supported on posts and short

arms several feet above ground. On this rail ran a tiny car with two wheels, one before the other, each flanged on both sides (as a railroad wheel is on one side), so that they could not run off the track. From a bar joining the axles of these wheels, extended a rod with a hook, on which hung the bucket, kept by its own weight directly under the rail. The car and bucket, on being allowed to go, ran swiftly down the inclined plane, dipped into the spring, and was drawn back, full of cool water, in about a minute.

With this device we were more than pleased—we were delighted. I, for one, treasured it in memory, and many years afterwards put it into execution at my own mountain home. It is in operation yet; we use it every day, and there is no convenience on the lot more missed than it is, when, by some untoward accident (as was the case the other day, when crushed by a falling tree), it is temporarily disordered.

While we were at the windlass, Scipio had been busy with the horses, and by the time that his thirst, as well as ours, was assuaged, the heavy roar and driving mist of the storm

warned us to seek shelter. The rain was heavy and long continued, with much thunder, lightning, and wind. It was fortunate for us that we were protected by a roof and walls of wood, for our canvas could scarcely have saved us from a drenching.

In the house we found as much to interest us as in the yard and corn-crib. Our host's name was Phelps. He was about thirty years of age, below the middle stature, strongly built, with dark complexion, and jet-black hair. He first introduced us to his wife, a modest, feeble-looking woman, some five or six years younger than himself, and seated us on some oddly constructed chairs, which he acknowledged were made by himself, as were also the tables, and bedsteads, and everything else we could see, even to the knives and forks, and spoons, and cups displayed upon a dresser or side-board.* The cups and spoons were made of horn, neatly fashioned and carved, being the work, he said, of rainy days. The knives and

* This account of Phelps is no fiction. The picture is drawn from life, and if he is now living in his distant home in Michigan, to which he afterwards removed, he will recognize it. His old friend greets him!

forks were of steel, rather clumsy, but highly-tempered, and well hilted with buckhorn.

After remaining a while in his sitting-room, so called, he conducted us to his workshop, a long room shedded off at the rear of the house, where we saw a work-bench and carpenter's tools, a turning lathe, and a small forge for working iron, with a variety of tools to suit. Struck with a peculiarity in most of these tools, we inquired of him, and were informed that, with the exception of the anvil and one hammer, which he had purchased, almost everything we saw there was the work of his own hands, even to the files and rasps, screws and screw-plates. He said that, being naturally fond of tools, and of *variety*, he had been in the habit, from boyhood, of watching how things were done, and of trying to do the same, and the result was that he had learned to do almost everything.

“This knife,” said he, showing us a well-worn pocket-knife, the blade of which, highly tempered, very keen, and stamped *Phelps*, was set in a handle of hard wood—“this knife, you see, did not come from any merchant. I made it myself, years ago. And my wife there

has a pair of scissors that cost me a world of work before I could learn the art of making them, but they do better service than any pair to be had in the city of Augusta."

We could not help admiring the man's versatility of genius, and letting him see that we did so. Cousin Aleck said: "You don't stick to the old proverb, 'A Jack-of-all-trades, and good at none.'"

"What do you mean?" asked Phelps.

"Why, that you are a Jack-of-all-trades, and, so far as we can see, good at them all."

"Only a botch at most of them," he answered, with a blush.

"Is there anything else you work at?" asked my father.

Phelps hesitated, but his wife said, laughing: "There is nothing, mister, on this broad earth that he has seen other people do but he has tried it, and generally succeeded. That pair of shoes you see on his feet this minute he made for himself, while he sat by my bedside to nurse me during my sickness; and that vest he made at the same time, though he ought to have waited and let me make it for him. He

can take a clock or watch all to pieces, clean it, and put it together again the same as a born-and-bred watchmaker. I never saw or heard of such a man," she added, her eyes lighting up with love and enthusiasm as she looked upon his manly figure and almost bashful face.

These facts so greatly interested us, that, as the storm raged without, and gave no promise of abatement, my father and cousin Aleck begged him to relate his history, which he did, and of which I will record a portion, partly for its wild interest, and partly for its useful information.





CHAPTER XIV.

Phelps's Story—Steamboat Explosion—A Tomahawked Calf—
The Bear and the Two Steel-Traps—A Whirlwind, and
Device for Escape.

“ONE of you spoke of me, just now, as a strongly built man,” said Mr. Phelps, “and perhaps I am compared with many people; yet I am said to be the weakest of my family during the three last generations. I came south because I was not strong enough to stay in Vermont. The doctors said I had consumption. I suppose I should have died, if I had stayed there; but I have been near losing my life so often since, that I have frequently thought of the turn given by an odd genius of our parts to a famous saying of Shakspeare :

‘ There’s a divinity that *shapes our ends rough,*
Hew them as we may.’ *

I certainly have had a pretty tough time of it.

* “ There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may.”

Yet, as I look back, and see the hand of God in my many escapes, I cannot help thanking Him for all, the evil as well as the good ; for without the evil I should not have known the good.

“ My first experience began almost in sight of my native mountains. In descending the Hudson River in a steamboat, our boiler burst. We had few steamboats in those days, and, of course, few accidents ; yet enough to teach all who gave attention, that it was certain death to breathe scalding steam, and also that the hottest steam is the least visible. At the time of the accident, I was standing on the quarter-deck, talking with an interesting young man in fine health, whose acquaintance I had just made. The weather was cool, and I had my cloak on my arm. The steam from the boiler shot towards us like smoke from a cannon, and struck us both down upon the deck. In an instant I knew what had happened, and adopted the only means of escape in my power. I held my breath until I had wrapped my head and face closely in my cloak, and then breathed as little as possible. Five minutes afterwards, when I uncovered and looked around, I saw my

young friend lying beside me, gasping in the agonies of death. He had breathed the scalding air, and by that means died of a sudden 'consumption' of his lungs. I had avoided that air by means of my cloak, and the consumption under which I had been so long labouring has not killed me yet.

"In coming south, I first hired myself to a farmer as a field labourer, that I might follow the plough, and inhale the air of the freshly-turned earth. My health rapidly improved. The farmer and his wife were a plain honest couple, who did all their own work. They lived much more roughly than I had been used to; yet I felt quite at home with them, and would have stayed longer than I did, had it not been for a circumstance which I cannot remember to this day without discomfort. The farmer's house was not far from the borders of the Creek Indians, who had taken up the hatchet since I came to the neighbourhood, and were wielding it with terrible effect. Every day we heard fresh news of murders, plunderings, and scalping. One evening, on my return from work, there was no milk for supper — the

farmer's wife was afraid to go to the cow-pen—so I undertook to milk for her. The night was uncommonly dark. The only object I could see, while in the pen, was the white face of the calf, that kept its nose close to me, trying to get a share of its mother's milk. All at once I heard a tap, and the calf fell motionless on the ground ; then came a ' Ugh ! ' as if some one grunted in surprise. I rose to a standing posture, asking myself aloud, ' What does this mean ? ' when I heard the footfall of somebody, or of something moving softly away. I went immediately to the house, got a coal of fire, such as could be hidden from sight, and came with the farmer to see what was the matter. There lay the calf on the ground, stone dead, with a hole in its forehead, made by a tomahawk. An Indian had evidently been there, and probably mistaking the white head of the calf for the cap of the woman, had struck the blow, expecting to kill and scalp her.

“ From this dangerous neighbourhood I went to the seaboard, where I earned a living, and at the same time enjoyed myself in shooting ducks

and game for market. My fondness for wild sport, however, brought me after a time into a very unpleasant predicament. The bears were so destructive in a certain settlement, and so skilful too in evading the hunter, that a large reward was offered for their scalps. Both the sport and the money suited my inclination, so I set myself to hunt them. I soon discovered that they came out of a river-swamp on a log, and passed through a thick canebroke to the open country. Immediately at the end of the log their trail divided, with a wall of large strong cane between. The place was so difficult of approach that I resolved, instead of hunting them with the gun, to take them by steel traps. I set a trap in each trail, fastened by a chain to a stake deeply driven into the mud. The traps were only a few feet apart, and both chains were fastened to the same stake. On my first visit, the trap nearest to me was lying just as I had left it. I leaned my gun against a support, and struggled through the wall of cane to get sight of the other trap. Just as my hand moved the last cane, and before I could look through the opening, there came from

below a most unearthly roar, and an enormous old bear, the father, no doubt, of the whole band of depredators, rose upon his hind legs and rushed at me with open mouth. I confess that I got back through the canes much faster than I had gone forward. But in leaping towards my gun, I stumbled and fell, face down, with my neck wedged tight between two sloping canes. In the act of falling I felt my leg seized half-way up the boot, and held with a grip like a vice.

“ ‘Gone—gone ! The bear has got me ! ’ I said to myself, as I lay there helpless, expecting the next moment to feel my bones crushed, and my leg torn to ribbons. But I was neither bitten nor torn—only *held fast* with an awful pinch, and I could hear the bear growling and pulling at the canes, as if trying to pass through.

“ I gradually released my neck from confinement, and, on turning round, discovered that I was not caught by the bear, but by my own steel trap, into which I had stepped, and that the bear was gradually breaking its way to me through the canes. I was not then hopelessly

lost if I could only reach my gun ; but if I could not, it would be all over with me in a few minutes ; for the bear and I were chained to the same stake, and he was furiously snapping the large canes, one by one, around which his chain had wrapped. I struggled frantically towards my gun, with the horrible steel trap biting my leg, and that furious old bear gnashing his teeth, and gaining upon me with every struggle. The gun was just beyond reach, for my chain, like the bear's, was shortened by a tangle. I could easily give myself length by cutting one or two canes within two feet of the bear's paws ; but I was afraid that going near would make him struggle so violently as to break the confinement which kept him from me. I prepared, therefore, to try and disengage my leg from the trap. The work was very painful, for, in turning the shank to place my free foot upon the spring, the teeth bruised deeply into my flesh. I succeeded, however, before the bear reached me, seized my gun, poured both loads into his ear, and then started for home. After a few minutes' walk my excitement subsided. I went back, took the

bear's scalp and paws as evidence of my claim to the reward offered, shouldered my traps, and never went back to the place again.

“That scrape rather disgusted me with a hunter's life. I left the seaboard, went to the hill country, and engaged in school-teaching. In this business I continued several years, succeeding very well, and making more money in this respectable way than I had made by any of my other modes of life. One day, however, I lost my school and school-house together, and barely escaped being one in a mass of twenty-six dead bodies. I had as pleasant a school as any teacher could desire, made up of twenty-five bright and well-behaved scholars, the children of the best people of the neighbourhood. The school-house was a new one, built expressly for me. It was a neat log-house, with a stick chimney plastered with clay; and the clay was taken from a hole dug under the floor. I am particular in mentioning this, because that hole saved our lives.

“One hot afternoon in August, the sky suddenly became almost too dark for study, and we heard at a distance a terrible roaring. A

boy who had been out came running in to say that he could see *pine trees flying in the air*. I knew in an instant what was coming, and also knew that no time must be wasted. So I lifted one of the puncheons of the floor, and made all the scholars huddle together in the hole below, while I went out to look at the approaching storm. It was a dreadful sight. Great trees were caught by their tops, as an Indian would catch a child by the hair, torn bodily from the ground, lifted into the air, and then allowed to drop. Others were carried above the tree-tops, and shot like arrows a mile or more away. A huge black column, of mixed cloud, dust, leaves, and everything else movable, reached from earth to heaven, and moved steadily forward. I watched until I was certain that the edge of the column would pass over us, and would probably reach us in less than two minutes. The school-house was in the midst of an old field, cleared of all trees except saplings. We had, therefore, nothing to dread, except the falling of the house upon us, or maybe, the dropping of a tree, or of something else lifted by the wind. I hurried in, gathered up the

books, slates, hats, and bonnets scattered about the room, pitched them into the hole, and jumped in among the children just as the first dash of wind was felt. I had scarcely settled myself in my cramped seat before there was a crash overhead, and all was dark as night. The storm passed over in a minute or two. Soon as the roar had ceased, and a little light began to peep through the chinks, I pushed the smallest boy up between the logs, where he was able, after a great deal of labour, to remove some of the clapboards, and to struggle out. He then enlarged the hole, and was joined by another boy, and soon we all crept out into the open air. By the blessing of a kind Providence not one of us was hurt. The parents of the children came hurrying to the ground in great excitement after the storm, and were so rejoiced at their children's escape from death, that they offered to rebuild the school-house, and double my salary, if I would continue. But I declined to stay. In fact, I thought I heard the voice of Providence, saying, 'You have done your part here. Now go.'

“By this time I had made money enough

to buy a small farm. Then this dear, good woman consented to be my wife. So we joined our little property together, and have been living in comfort and quietude ever since. I hope my 'roughness' is all over now—at least I have seen none of it since she has *taken charge of me*; though, after my past experience, I ought not to be afraid of anything that that same kind Providence may send."





CHAPTER XV.

Destiny — “ Mischief-work ” and “ Murder-blood ” — The Wounded Dog—Hasty Summons—Warrant by Word of Mouth—The Perrot Family—“ Garçon.”

THERE are some people who seem destined to come together, whether they will or no. We so found it with our good friends, the Phelpses, and with our *not good* friends, the members of the Pony Club.

The storm, which had stopped us about eleven o'clock, ceased between two and three, but the country was deluged, and the unbridged water-courses were impassable for hours. It was then certain that we could not reach our journey's end till long after nightfall, and there would be a river to ford after dark; so we quietly decided to stay where we were until morning.

We pitched our tent in the woods outside the gate, and just before dark went to the house and bade the family farewell. The

moon, however, shone with such brightness, that Mr. Phelps was tempted to make us a visit and inquire if we needed anything. He remained till bedtime.

The sun had not peeped at us long over the tree-tops, before we had struck tent and put ourselves in motion. About four miles' travel brought us to a cross-road, beyond which, at a short distance, was one of the small streams whose over-fulness the afternoon before had forbidden our journey. It was still turbid and fuller than usual. Between the cross-roads and this branch, persons had encamped during the night, and had left the smoking brands of a fire. While our horses were drinking, Kanneeka stopped to light his pipe at this fire, then halloed to us to come back and join him. When we arrived, his face wore a troubled expression: "I 'fraid some mischief-work been done here," said he.

We looked in the direction indicated by his eye, without perceiving anything unusual, though we observed that Saloquah's face immediately lost its cheerful expression, and that his eyes wandered wistfully over the ground.

“What do you see, Kaneeka?” my father inquired.

“Blood!” he answered; “murder-blood, I ’fraid.”

Between the fire and the track of the waggon were two dark blotches of blood, imperfectly concealed by earth scraped upon them.

“The people who encamped here last night must have killed a pig,” suggested my father, wishing to relieve, if possible, the horror of the occasion.

“People don’t kill pig *in bed*,” returned Kaneeka, pointing as he spoke to the sleeping-place of the encampers; “and this hair not *pig hair*,” he added, drawing from the disturbed soil a yellow ringlet, all clotted with blood; “nor this either,” he continued, picking out from the other bloody place several short hairs of mixed black and grey.

The evidence was strong that two persons had been killed at that spot a few hours before. But where were the bodies? They must be either concealed in some place near at hand, or carried off in the waggon.

A fuller examination of the ground revealed

the following facts: That a waggon, drawn by two horses, had come from the west, by the cross-road which we had passed; had stopped here after the rain; stayed all night, and left about daylight; that the party consisted of at least three persons, an elderly white man, a small white female, probably a half-grown girl (we so judged by the foot-prints and the hair), and a man wearing a coarse, heavy shoe; that the waggon, after leaving camp, first crossed the branch, then, making a circuit in the woods beyond, recrossed it, and, instead of continuing the journey eastward, returned the way it came.

“More blood! *fresh* blood!” shouted Saloquah from some bushes a few steps from the fire.

We hurried to the spot. Kaneeka stooped down, looked keenly upon the ground, turned his eyes upon the surrounding shrubs, and said: “*Dog-blood, not man-blood. There then track, and there again.*”

With our closest scrutiny we could see nothing of the track which the practised eyes of our friends so easily discerned; we could only

see blood on the ground, and on the leaves and twigs. This we followed until it brought us to a thickly-leaved vine, where lay a large and beautiful dog, with a ghastly wound in his head, made by a sharp axe or hatchet. He was not dead, though the wound seemed mortal, and he whined mournfully as we came up. His wound was still bleeding, and Lorenzo and I, remembering that loss of blood is said to produce thirst, ran to the deserted camp, where we had seen a gourd, and brought in it some water from the branch. He lapped it eagerly until every drop was gone, and looked up for more. We brought him another supply, which he also drank, then licked our hands, looked gratefully into our faces, and lay down to rest.

During this little episode with the dog, Saloquah had galloped away with a message to Mr. Phelps, requesting him to inform his neighbours of what had occurred, and join us as soon as possible ; after which my father and cousin Aleck, under the shrewd guidance of Kaneeka, gave themselves up to further examination. They went to the creek. A few steps below the ford were to be seen footprints of

the man with heavy shoes, deeply dented in the steep bank, as if he had walked in the bed of the creek to conceal his track. We could plainly trace his footsteps between the water and the hillside, where were several empty beds of stones that had been lifted and carried off. His trails from the hillside all converged to the same spot, overlooking a deep eddy of the stream.

“We find the dead people in here,” said Kaneeka, pointing to this eddy.

A short pole, used as a feeler, revealed a soft, yielding substance at the bottom, like that of a human body weighted down with stone.

“We will let everything remain just as it is until Mr. Phelps and the neighbours come,” said my father; “their testimony will be needed at the inquest, if one should be held.”

The examination of the creek, hillsides, and eddy had occupied the greater part of an hour, and while we sat there talking, the clatter of a pony's hoofs announced the return of Saloquah. He said that Mr. Phelps would come as soon as possible.

We were not kept long waiting. Summoned

by an energetic message, and marked with the usual promptness of border men, Mr. Phelps and his neighbours arrived sooner than we expected. They were conducted over the ground, shown all that we had seen, then brought to the creek, where they proceeded to examine for themselves. To our horror they drew from the water two bodies—one of a very respectable looking man, about fifty years of age, and the other of a sweet-faced, curly headed girl, about twelve years old, both in the usual night costume of campers-out, and both evidently brought to an untimely end by the blow of a sharp-edged axe on the head. Horrid as was the sight, it was a partial relief to think that they had come to their end in the unconsciousness of sleep, and thus been spared the most dreadful part of a murdered person's experience.

Mr. Phelps and his coadjutors were intelligent as well as energetic men, and they resolved promptly upon their course of action. Two of them, accompanied by Kaneeka, all armed, were to pursue the track of the waggon, and, if possible, apprehend the murderer. The third,

who was a magistrate, was to take charge of the bodies, and see them decently buried in such way that, if in that wild country there could be gathered a jury of inquest, the bodies could be disinterred for examination, and if not, they could be given up to the will of friends and relatives, should such be discovered. Our company, consisting of all except Kaneeke, were to continue on the ground until other neighbours came and helped to take charge.

Before the pursuers left, we had satisfied ourselves that the family name of the unfortunate parties was Perrot, of which the senior's was Jean, and the girl's Elise. On the dog's neck was a brass collar, with the inscription, "GARÇON, property of ELISE PERROT, Abbeville, S. C." We conjectured from the names, and various little concomitants, that the family were emigrants from France, and had been here too short a time to conform to American usages, or to know the dangers of a new and wild country.

In the act of leaving, Mr. Phelps turned to the magistrate, and said: "We are going off

as *citizens* to do our duty in this case, but for my own part I should like to have some showing of law. You have no paper on which to *write* a warrant, but cannot you give us one by word of mouth ?”

The magistrate looked a little puzzled, but soon replied : “ I have been in office only a few days, and do not recollect the form to be used, but the substance is this : ‘ I, William Simpson, magistrate, appoint you, Samuel Phelps, and you, James Davis, citizens, with the help of Kaneeka, a Cherokee sub-chief, a posse to pursue, discover, and arrest the driver of the waggon whose tracks are here left, or any other person or persons who in your judgment may have been partakers in this murder ; and in so doing, you are authorized to use all necessary means.

“ ‘ Given under my hand and seal, (supposed,) this 27th day of June, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two.

“ ‘ WILLIAM SIMPSON, J. P.’ ”

“ Just the thing for an off-hand warrant,” said Mr. Phelps, with a laugh.

“ One thing more,” said the magistrate. “ I

appoint you, Samuel Phelps, commander of this posse, with powers of a bailiff."

"Enough," said Phelps, as the squad galloped away.

Saloquah looked eagerly after them, as if he would like to be of the party, but he said nothing, and remained with us.

In the course of another hour, the magistrate, assisted by citizens who came in, took charge of the bodies, and gave us leave to depart. Garçon, the dog, had greatly revived under our care, and now gave promise of life. Lorenzo and I were permitted to take him with us, and to keep him until demanded by rightful authority. And I may here say that he was never demanded. He remained with me as long as he lived, a loving companion, and a faithful guard; and when at last he died of old age, he was succeeded in office by one of his descendants, the nearest like him that could be had, and he succeeded by another who is in my service now, and whose voice kept my yard so lively last night by his answers to barking dogs that I had to go out and silence him by a switch. We reached Kaneeka's that afternoon.



CHAPTER XVI.

Kaneeka's Report of the Pursuit—Use of a Mirror—Desperado
—Skilful Lying—Extempore Strait-jacket.

IT was evening of the next day ere Kaneeka returned from the pursuit. He reported that with their utmost efforts they had not been able to overtake the waggon until near sunset, not so much from its rapid driving as from the expertness of the driver in throwing pursuers off his track.

He said that when they came at last in sight, Mr. Phelps went ahead to reconnoitre, leaving the others to follow at a distance, until he gave them a signal. Kaneeka described with great admiration one of Mr. Phelps' devices for observing, without seeming to do so, what was behind him, by means of a small looking-glass sunk in a case of wood.

The driver of the waggon was a powerfully built negro, whose face indicated both craft and daring. A moment's survey proved that he

was a desperate fellow, and would probably resist capture even to death. As Mr. Phelps approached from behind, he was singing vociferously a religious song, but stopped it as he passed, and offered his salutation with so little discomposure as to excite a momentary doubt whether he could have been concerned in the terrible tragedy of the morning. The doubt, however, was soon dispelled; for Mr. Phelps, who rode ahead and watched him with his mirror, saw him repeatedly and uneasily looking back through a hole in the canvas cover of his waggon, whenever he supposed himself unobserved; and as soon as the clatter of hoofs was heard behind, caused by the coming up of Kaneeka and Davis at the signal agreed upon—which was Phelps' taking off his hat and wiping his face—the negro was seen to grasp a double-barrelled gun, examine hastily its locks, then conceal it again in the waggon.

“Who is that person ahead?” asked Mr. Davis of the negro, as he rode abreast of him on the right, while Kaneeka came up at the same time on the left.

“Don't know, sah. Never saw him befo',”

answered the negro, very blandly, and with perfect composure.

“You are inquiring about me, I suppose. My name is Phelps. What do you wish?” returned the captain of the squad, wheeling his horse so as to face the new comers, at the same time drawing up his gun ready for use. The moment he did so, the others also brought up their guns, and thus the negro was placed between three armed men, and perfectly at their mercy.

“We are pursuing the driver of this waggon,” answered Mr. Davis, “and wish you to stay with us while we stop him and ask a few questions.”

“I’ll answer anything you ask, ef you’ll only let me keep on drivin’,” said the negro, in a pleading and rather impatient tone. “For the man who owns the waggon hired me to-day to drive for him, and charged me to meet him at sundown at Mr. Roberts’. But I’m been so flustered about keepin’ the right road, that it’s most sundown now, and I’m ten miles off ’om the place. So please let me drive while you talk.”

“ Who does the waggon belong to ? ”

“ Mr. John Wiggins, that lives in the Nation. ” *

“ Where were you this morning at sun-up ? ”

“ At my master’s, currying his horses. ”

“ And who is your master ? ”

“ Madison Wiley, that lives at Cherokee Cross-roads. ”

“ Then you were not with the waggon early this morning ? ”

“ No, sah ; only sence twelve o’clock, when Mr. Wiggins hired me. ”

“ Why did he hire *you* to drive, instead of driving himself ? ”

“ He said he wanted to see a man off ’om the big road, who owes him some money. So he hired a horse from my master to ride through the woods, and I am to meet him at Mr. Roberts’ at sundown, where he is to take his waggon, and I am to ride back my master’s horse. ”

The story was so plain and plausible that the white men, satisfied it could not be an

* So the Creeks also were called by those who lived near heir border.

invention, were about to leave him and hurry on to Mr. Roberts' to meet Wiggins, when Kaneeke's eye was caught by a red tinge on the negro's shirt, as of blood partially washed out. He whispered the fact to Phelps, and added: "Measure his shoe! Here," taking from his bosom a notched stick; "I got measure of track he made yonder."

"Let us have the measure of your foot," said Mr. Phelps.

The negro promptly put out his *bare* foot.

"I want the measure of your shoe," Mr. Phelps said, peremptorily.

"Never wear shoe, 'cept on Sundays," the negro sulkily returned.

"Perhaps we can find a pair for you in the waggon," said Mr. Davis.

The negro reluctantly reached back and drew forth a pair of buff-coloured shoes, quite wet, as if recently washed, but having on them the stains of blood.

"I killed a pig for my master," said the negro, disconcerted for the first time, "and the blood got on my shoes, and my clothes too."

"I thought you told us just now that you

never wore shoes except on Sundays," interposed Mr. Davis.

"No more'n I don't," said the negro, suddenly recovering confidence; "for them shoes ain't mine. They are Mr. Wiggins'. I left mine at home."

The shoes were compared with the measure brought by Kaneeka, and they answered exactly to the notches, length for length, and breadth for breadth.

"My man," said Mr. Phelps, perplexed to decide whether the negro was telling the truth, or whether he was the most expert liar he had ever met, "we will not stop you longer, we will go with you to Mr. Roberts', to meet the owner of the waggon, whose name you say is Wiggins. But, first, you must give up that gun we see in the waggon, and then go on with us very quietly, and make no attempt to escape, unless you have a fancy for being shot."

The negro submitted with excellent grace, though his face assumed for a moment a fierce expression, as he held firmly to the gun, and gave it up only when he saw two other guns pointed at his bosom, saying as he released his

hold, "Everything in this waggon is Mr. Wiggins', and I am bound to give 'em all safe to him at Mr. Roberts'."

They pushed on together, and reached the house a little before dark, when Mr. Roberts was called out and asked if a Mr. Wiggins was there.

"What ! John Wiggins, of the Nation ? that horse-stealing scamp !" he inquired, and being answered in the affirmative, continued : "No, sir-r ! no leader of the Pony Club, nor member of it either, enters that door with my consent. I have lost too much by them already."

He was asked if a covered two-horse waggon had passed his house the day before.

"It put up with me last night," he answered, with a look of uneasiness. "I hope no harm has happened to the old man and his curly-headed daughter."

He then gave an accurate description of the parties, including the negro driver ; said that the old man informed him he was known at home as "Monsher Perro ;" that he lived in Abbeville, South Carolina ; that he had been on a visit to a married daughter in Alabama, with

his youngest child, "Mamzel Aleze;" and that he had stopped in "the Nation" with John Wiggins, from whom he obtained his negro driver.

He seemed painfully shocked when informed of the horrid facts, and did not hesitate to utter dark suspicions as to the complicity in them of Wiggins himself. The waggon, horses, and driver he instantly identified.

"Will you not help us now to make our prisoner secure for the night?" asked Mr. Phelps. "A light, supple cord might do for tying his hands, or a chain, with two padlocks, for hampering his feet."

Mr. Roberts went into the house and brought from it several yards of cord, saying that chains and padlocks were rather scarce in a new country.

"This cord is strong enough to hold an ox," said Mr. Phelps, examining it, "but too stiff to hold a man like this. He would work and worry his hands through it in spite of you. I can make him far more secure by means of a large needle and thread."

Again Mr. Roberts went into the house, and

having brought what was desired, Mr. Phelps said : “ I perceive that his clothes are made of home-spun, and I propose to use *them* in making for him a strait-jacket which shall confine him from head to foot.”

He first of all made the prisoner put on his coat, the sleeves of which were long and full ; then with a small string he tied his thumbs and little fingers together, so that the hands lay back to back behind him.

“ This alone would suffice for an *ordinary* man,” said Mr. Phelps, “ but as this fellow seems to be an *extra-ordinary* scoundrel, I will now proceed with the strait-jacket.”

So saying, he buttoned the negro's coat in front, and in addition sewed its lapping parts together at the buttons ; then drawing down the sleeves, or rather unrolling the cuffs, so that each could meet the other, he sewed their ends together over the hands, thus making *one long sleeve* for the two arms, instead of one for each. That being done, he sewed the elbows of the sleeves closely and strongly down to the coat, and concluded by saying : “ Here is a strait-jacket made out of a man's own coat,

easy to wear, yet strong enough for a maniac. I'll warrant he doesn't get out of it without help. There is one thing more I will do, but we must first conduct him where he is to spend the night."

Mr. Phelps then went with Mr. Roberts into the house, selected a room in which captors, captive, and baggage might be safely kept together, brought in the prisoner, seated him comfortably for the night, and proceeded to the last act necessary for securing him, which consisted in sewing together the legs of his pantaloons, and then tying him fast to his chair.

"Strong and cunning as he may be, I think he is safe now," said he.





CHAPTER XVII.

Secret Signs—Pony Club Again—Hot Pursuit—"Halt! Halt!"
— The Trial — Dying Confessions — Yellow-jackets—Lo-
renzo's Scare—Preparing to Travel—Visit to Scossit-equah
—Hominy Mortar and Pestle—Connahaynee—See-quo-yah
again.

THE captors took turn during the night in guarding the prisoner, and each had his tale of wonder to tell the next morning of the negro's craft. During each man's watch he had seized the most favourable opportunity to attempt, unobserved, to burst his bonds, and then tried in subdued voice, while the others were breathing hard in sleep, to move first his pity, then his cupidity, offering one thousand, two thousand, and even three thousand dollars, for the privilege of escape. Several times also during each watch he was heard to utter, in a peculiar wailing tone, the cry, "Oh, me!" and, "Oh, Juba-h!"

Soon as possible after daylight the company

were in motion, having the prisoner securely laid on straw thrown into the waggon, and concealed by the canvas cover. This last was the prudential suggestion of Mr. Roberts, who said: "There is no calculating on the Pony Club, as to who, or where they are. This negro certainly belongs to the gang. If he can let any of them know that he is in trouble, you will certainly be waylaid. Remember that they speak by *signs*, as well as by words."

Thanking him for this kindly warning, they set off, and travelled about two hours without any noticeable occurrence, when they met a horseman, whose coat collar was marked with a splotch of red clay. He civilly saluted Mr. Phelps, who rode a few steps in advance of the company, and drew rein, as if expecting words in return; but receiving only a nod, he seemed surprised, looked inquiringly at the splotch of red clay on the front of the waggon cover, and accosted Mr. Davis, who was driver, with the words: "Stranger, will you please tell me the *time of day*."

"Time of day!" echoed Mr. Davis, rather contemptuously. "If you'd only turned your

eyes to the sun, you'd a-seen that it is just about one hour from sun-up."

"Oh! ah! no matter," the man said, and passed on, directing a keen look of inquiry into the waggon, whence had come more than one "Oh, Juba-h!" followed by the cry, "This rope hurt my arms. "Oh, me!"

After passing, he was observed to stop, take a second look at the company, then hurry off at a rapid pace.

"I fear that man means mischief," said Mr. Phelps.

"I 'fraid so too," responded Kaneeka.

"Then we must push on as fast as possible, and keep close watch behind," said Mr. Phelps, giving Kaneeka his little mirror, and instructing him to linger in the rear, and keep a sharp look out, while he himself watched in front.

The stranger had evidently mistaken them at first, and was afterwards moved by some strong and sudden impulse. They could account for this only by supposing that there was a significance in the splotches of clay, and that the negro's peculiar cry was a secret sign of distress.

Nothing suspicious occurred until about twelve o'clock, when they were only six or seven miles from their journey's end. The country around, and all the way before them, was wild and uninhabited. Kaneeka came in a gallop to Mr. Phelps, to say that from the top of a hill he had seen four horsemen riding rapidly over the crest of another hill about two miles away. Mr. Phelps's lips pressed close together.

"Give the horses the lash, Davis!" said he. "We must distance those fellows if the waggon gets knocked to pieces. We can throw the negro across one of the horses, you know."

Away they went at a gallop, Kaneeka keeping watch still in the rear, and reporting only once having seen the pursuers, then about a mile and a half distant. A few minutes after this, to their great relief, they met a number of men returning in a body from the burial of the unfortunate family. Of course they had no arms, but three guns in the hands of eight men are more than a match for four guns in the hands of four.

Mr. Phelps still kept command, and his plan

was well and quickly laid. He ordered the waggon to be driven into the bushes, and each man to furnish himself with a stick made to look as near as possible like a gun by blackening the muzzle-end with powder, and to lie hid on the roadside until the enemy were halted.

They were not kept many minutes in waiting. Scarcely was each at his post before the clatter of hoofs was heard, and four desperate-looking fellows, all be-whiskered and disguised, came dashing up the road. They drew rein at the place where the waggon turned into the woods, and their leader's face lighted up with pleasure at the prospect of a speedy recapture of their comrade. At that moment, Mr. Phelps, supported by two men on each side, apparently armed, called out: "Stand! Halt where you are!"

The scoundrels were taken all aback. For a moment their leader hesitated, as if doubtful whether or not to make fight, even against this unexpected odds, but the voice of "Halt—halt!" from *both* sides of the road, and the protruding of dangerous-looking muzzles from the bushes, determined him.

"Back, men! Back!" he shouted; and as they turned and scampered away, a shout equally loud from Mr. Phelps came: "Let them have it, men! But," he added, in a low tone, "don't shoot so as to hit."

The rest of the story in brief is this: The negro was brought before the proper officer, by whose order he was searched, and 3000 dols. in bank bills found upon his person. He was lodged in a safe jail, where, however, there was more than one attempt made to rescue him. In due time he was tried for murder in the first degree, condemned, and finally executed. So long as there was hope of deliverance, he "lied like a trooper," whenever questioned about his crime. But when his case became hopeless, he made great professions of penitence, and at last would sing and pray aloud, and sometimes even exhort. Few persons thought him sincere. When he came to be executed, he confessed everything, and even implicated in some of his crimes parties who held respectable positions in society.

The family of Perrot was almost extinguished by this act of murder. His only son,

an interesting young man, just of age, was so horrified at the details brought out on the trial that he never recovered. A month's time saw him in the grave. The widowed wife and mother gave up her solitary house in South Carolina, and went to live with her daughter in Alabama ; soon after which she also sickened and died.

The name Garçon, which had been given to the dog, I changed to Perrot, which has been retained by his descendants ever since ; and, so far as I know, the family name, with this exception, now exists nowhere in America.

Kaneeka's account of the pursuit and capture of the murderer has been given continuously in the preceding narrative, in order to present the story whole and entire, although in so doing we have outrun several little incidents that occurred before his return. These incidents are trivial in themselves, but they are so fresh in memory, and rise so constantly to mind, that I *pin* them down here to get rid of them.

Scossit-equah had come that morning on some business with Kaneeka, and brought as a

present to us an earthen jar of wild honey, beautifully white and delightfully fragrant. We enjoyed it much. There is, however, an old proverb, more true in former days than at present, yet painfully true in respect to our honey—"No rose without a thorn;" for scarcely had the honey been shared among us before we were surrounded with yellow-jackets,* that hovered greedily over the jar, plunged into our saucers, alighted on our fingers, and persistently followed the honey to our very lips. We bore with them as patiently as possible, knowing that wasps, and even hornets, will seldom use their stings unless first assailed. But their numbers and insolence were such that it was useless to think of keeping the peace, if we kept at the same time our honey. All of us were stung, some of us several times, and so painfully that we resolved at once upon a war of extermination, by every means we could devise. While thus engaged, Saloquah came in, and said: "Must be big nest of them close by. I go find it."

* A small species of wasp, prettily belted with black and yellow.

We insisted that he should first partake with us in the pleasure of the honey, and in the danger of being stung. The last of these he professed to disregard, saying : “ Yellow-jacket never sting me ; or if sting, I don’t care.”

Vain boast ! for in the act of carrying the first mouthful to his lips, one of these insects, concealed under the honeycomb, was carried there too, and gave him such a sting that he started with the pain, and said : “ Ugh ! hurt like a hornet ! ”

Before leaving the tent, his stung lip looked more like a fat sausage than the well-turned labial he was accustomed to show.

“ Pay him for this ! ” said he in pretended wrath, pushing out his swollen lip so as to make it appear awfully big. “ Kill the whole nest of them to pay. Come, let us go. I show you how to find the nest.”

He first went to the house and brought thence a sparrow’s skin, from which he plucked a small feather, stuck it in the abdomen of a yellow-jacket, and turned it loose. The poor wretch, conscious, no doubt, of having received its death-wound, ~~made~~ directly for its home, to

die amidst its kin. Saloquah followed, as far as he could see the feather, then treated another yellow-jacket the same way. We were soon brought to a decayed stump, at the foot of which there was a small hole, with a swarm of these insects coming out, or going in, and hovering above.

“Must have fire now,” said he, giving his hatchet to Lorenzo and myself, and adding: “You get some light-wood.”

He ran to the house, brought back a live coal, and in the course of a few minutes there was a bright flame ascending from a fire so near the hole that every yellow-jacket that attempted to come out, or go in, fell wingless to the ground. There, in great numbers, they crawled about in helpless rage. The fire was kept up as long as there were any to be seen flying. On returning to the tent, and reporting the success of our foray, cousin Aleck said: “I suppose it was nothing but just in you, Saloquah, to murder that poor yellow-jacket by sticking a feather into its body; but in *bee-hunting* there is a better-looking plan, by tying a small feather or thistle-down to its leg,

or attaching it to the bee's back by means of a little honey."

"Look better for *bee*," returned Saloquah, very meekly; "but," he added, with a laugh, pushing out his swollen under-lip, "my plan good enough for yellow-jacket."

At midday, a circumstance of rather unusual character occurred to Lorenzo. Not feeling well, he had gone to his mother's room to lie down, and, after a refreshing nap, was suddenly aroused by a peculiar sputtering sound at the head of his bed. On looking up, he was horrified to see above him a head with horns, and two great staring eyes, surmounting a long hooked nose. As his eyes had been turned unnaturally to it from his pillow, he was not able at first to judge of its size or distance, and fancied it something as big as a panther, and fierce enough to destroy him.

Lorenzo was a brave boy, and seldom knew fear, but this, he said, was one of the times when he felt the hair rise on his head. He sprang up with a bound, and was about to rush from the room when he saw that his visitor was only an enormous *horned owl*, perched on the

head-board of the bed. He turned back on seeing this, and tried to drive it out by "shoo-"ing at it. Instead of going, however, the intruder only ruffled its feathers, and began spitting and sputtering as before. Looking around now for a stick with which to kill it, and finding none, he came to the door and hallooed to me: "Johnny, come here! Come quick! I'll show you a sight."

I answered the call with alacrity, and found that the owl, not at all disposed to give up its comfortable quarters, nor even content with its former perch, had flown farther into the room, and taken its place upon the shelf where my aunt's maid kept her clothes. We placed ourselves between it and the window, prepared with sticks to kill it as it flew past; then tried to start it from its roost. But there it remained, making the same noises and motions as before, until Lorenzo approached near enough to kill it by a deliberate blow upon its neck.

It was a magnificent bird for one of its ill-omened tribe, richly marked with stripes of black and brown, and measuring nearly three

feet from tip to tip of its wings. What could have prompted it to this strange freak I cannot conjecture, even to this day. I describe the scene just as it occurred, and leave it without further remark.

Our time had passed so pleasantly and so rapidly at Kaneeke's, amid the ever-varying scenes of this wild country, that it was with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure we heard our seniors speak that day of terminating our sojourn, and going early next week forty or fifty miles into the interior, to visit a celebrated cave, and the country surrounding.

The time fixed for our departure was Monday, only two days distant, and we began at once to make preparation ; but the plan was partly interrupted by the occurrence of an event rather rare at that time in Cherokee history, and too important as a feature in Indian life for us to neglect. It was a *public election*. Like all other public acts of that simple-minded people, its execution was marked with great promptness. A council of chiefs and leading men had been held during our visit to the "Rock Mountain," who decided that a new chief must

be elected for this neighbourhood, to fill the place of one who had recently emigrated to Arkansas, and the day of the next full moon was set apart for the purpose. That was Monday, July 1st, and Scossit-equah's business that morning had been to inform Kaneeka of the fact, and through him to invite *our* attendance. The day was the same we had set for our departure; but, of course, on such an occasion, we preferred to alter our plans.

Next morning early we mounted our horses and went on a farewell visit to Scossity's, intending also to call on See-quo-yah, if there was reason to suppose we should be welcome.

On arriving at Scossit-equah's door we found it closed, but there was no *skinned pole* leaning against it, as on a former occasion; on the contrary, there was the smoke of a recent cooking-fire ascending from a spot a few steps off, and Kaneeka remarked, in view of these signs: "Scossity say, Take seat; he be here soon."

We "hitched" our horses by making their bridles fast to one another—for there were no

bushes nor small trees near at hand—and found seats for ourselves on logs and large stones outside the door. While our seniors were engaged in conversation, we boys made the circuit of the premises, but discovered nothing except a mortar and pestle, for beating hominy, and a scaffold of small sticks, with ashes lying below, which Saloquah informed us was a place for “jerking” venison, or drying it by the combined influence of sun and smoke. The mortar was a block about two feet high, slightly scooped, and having in its centre a hole about two inches wide, and three inches deep. The pestle was the counterpart of an ordinary maul for splitting logs, of which the small end was nicely rounded, and had the marks of being the part used for pounding. The corn, softened by parboiling, was introduced into this cavity a little at a time, beaten then to a cream-like paste, then returned to the pot, and boiled with beans. Thus prepared, it was called *connahaynee*, and was the standing dish of the nation. It was usually kept in a large earthen jar, ready for use, and was thence dipped and drunk like thick gruel. The

flavour was sometimes varied by the admixture of meat.

We had not been seated many minutes after this exploring expedition before Kaneeka raised his head, looked in a certain direction, and exchanged a significant glance with Saloquah; immediately after which Scossity appeared, striding through the woods from an unexpected quarter. Our two red friends had caught the sound of approaching footsteps, and been assured they were Scossit-equah's, before any of us had intimation of there being another human being in the neighbourhood. He had been to So-tih's mother, according to promise, to carry her some corn and venison, and was much gratified to see the crowd of visitors at his door.

“Come—come!” he eagerly said, in the little English he could command; “come in! come in!”

We boys told him, soon after his return, that we had been looking at his hominy mortar. He smiled, and leading us to his earthen jar, now nearly empty, he dipped from it a ladleful, and said: “Here connahaynee. Eat!”

We tasted it—for although his people were not usually cleanly either in their food or food-vessels, he was an exception to the rule, and there was nothing repulsive in what he offered. We did not, however, relish the acid twang it had acquired by age. Our minds were much more set on trying the mortar and pestle than enjoying the viand produced by it; and perceiving this, he brought out a clean cow's-horn full of corn already softened, and motioned to us to beat it. We did so, while he looked on with pleasure, and on finishing our work, he said: "Good—good! I eat, I say connahay-nee unaika," which scarcely intelligible language Kaneeka explained to mean: "Very good. When I eat it, I will call it white man's hominy."

It was with an expression on his face of almost pain that he heard of our intended departure, and he at once asked if there was anything that he could do for us. My father replied: "Not unless you go with us. That pot of honey you brought yesterday was a great treat. But what can we do for *you*?"

"Bible! Bible!" he eagerly answered.

“Do you mean you wish us to *read* the Bible to you?”

“Read Bible to you,” he answered in an affirmative tone, repeating my father’s exact words.

We sat under the shade of a prettily spreading dogwood near his door, and took turns in reading the Bible, while, verse by verse, Kaneeka interpreted. For an hour, that illiterate but earnest man, lately a fierce savage, now a lamb-like disciple of Christ, listened with unflinching attention to the reading of the Scriptures; and when we concluded, he lifted his eyes reverently upward and uttered a few words in Cherokee, which Kaneeka informed us was the sentence: “God is love!” *

To his great delight, another Bible-reading was appointed for the next day at Kaneeka’s “preach-place;” and with this in prospect we left him, and returned home without attempting

* As a sample of the language, I give the sentence in Cherokee, phonographed for the English ear, from I. John, iv. 16, as it is found in a Testament in Guess’ character, now before me: “Oo-nay-lah-nung-hee a-dah-kay-tsu-dee kay-sung doo-do-ung” —of which words the first means *God*, the Ruler and Disposer; and the second means *Love*; each having five syllables.

a call on See-quo-yah. Indeed, we were informed that he was more than ever absorbed in his effort to "make paper talk Cherokee," and very impatient of interruption, his whole mind being occupied with the study of various uncouth marks, scratched with a nail into pieces of bark. My father and cousin Aleck were so much interested in his persistent efforts, that before leaving the neighbourhood they sent him, by the hand of Scossit-equah, what writing-paper they could spare, and a lead pencil, with the message that they wished him success. Whether he used these assistances we never could learn. It is most probable that, with his dislike of the white man, and with his dogged independence, he refused all aid from a foreign source.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Economizing Food, a Lesson from the Richest Being in the Universe—Cherokee Election-Day, and Method of Election.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rain which fell copiously during the night, and which continued to fall through the morning, the woods around Kaneeka's "preaching-place" were alive at ten o'clock, with a larger number of Indians than we had ever seen there before. This increase of number was no doubt due to the lively zeal of Kaneeka and Scossit-equah—so contagious is simple earnestness in almost everything. My father and cousin Aleck felt much encouraged, nor could we boys, though at a thoughtless age, feel indifferent when we saw the eagerness of this heathen people to hear the tidings brought to them by the Book of books.

Nothing of special interest occurred that day, except a talk of cousin Aleck with us boys

The occasion was trivial, as is the case oftentimes with the gravest events of life, but trivial only as is the dropping into the ground of an acorn, which is to grow and wave for centuries after our marble tombstones have mouldered. Certain it is that this little talk has more or less influenced almost every day of my life since, and it makes me smile as I write, to remember that part of it was impressed upon us by sparrows and ants.

It was soon after dinner. A tiny puddle of rain-water, clear as crystal, had collected in an equally transparent cup of turpentine that had oozed from the base of a large pine. The combination was strikingly beautiful ; but what interested us not less was an iridescent scum upon the surface, that sparkled with the brightest colours of the rainbow. After watching it for a time, and wishing to vary the phenomenon, we had pushed down into the mass a piece of bread and butter, and were watching to see if any effect followed the incongruous combination of grease, turpentine, and water. Without knowing it, we were studying chemistry ; and cousin Aleck, who would gladly have aided

us in it if he had known what we were about, but who only saw what seemed to him an act of wanton waste, passed near us, and said: "What, boys! destroying food?"

We had finished eating. "We do not need it," was our reply.

"But perhaps somebody, or something else does," he continued.

"Who, or what can it be?" we inquired, looking at our well-fed dogs, for we knew that Scipio was at that moment enjoying a bountiful repast we had brought him from our table, and there were no poor Indians in sight.

"Nobody, nothing near at hand, that I know of," he answered. "Only as I saw that nice piece of bread and butter ruined by being mixed with turpentine, I had a painful recollection of an old Jewish saying, 'Great will be the punishment of those who waste food, destroy seed, and refuse to obey the law.'"

To this we made no reply. We therefore looked meekly upon the ground. Indeed, the quotation opened to our minds a new field of thought, that waste was not only bad economy, measurable by dollars and cents, but a sin,

obnoxious to the Divine displeasure. Cousin Aleck seemed to catch intuitively our train of thought, for we had not uttered a word, and inquired: "Do you recollect, boys, the story of our Saviour feeding five thousand people in the desert, with five loaves and two fishes?"

We answered that we remembered it well.

"How did he obtain the food?"

"From a boy among the multitude."

"Yes, the five loaves and the two fishes that he began with, but how did He obtain the quantity sufficient to feed so large a multitude?"

"He created it as it was distributed."

"Do you not suppose that the Power which could thus feed five thousand, could as easily have fed ten times, or a hundred times the number?"

"We do."

"Then why do you suppose He said to His disciples, after the multitude had eaten, 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost?'"

We answered that we had never reflected on the subject.

He added : " I will tell you what *I* think. The reason was twofold : First, to reward the boy's generosity, or faith, as it might be, by returning to him twelve baskets full of food in place of the handful he had given up ; and, secondly, to teach us by example that the richest Being in the universe Himself practises economy, and would have us do the same. But I think I can give you a practical illustration of His way of economizing. Scipio ! " he called aloud, " have you done your dinner ? "

Scipio wiped his full mouth, and looked down into an empty plate, unable for an instant to give answer. But the act was sufficient.

" Scipio, " said cousin Aleck, " I wish you would take what bones and pieces of bread are left to yon tree, " pointing to one near Kaneeka's house, " and there give them to the dogs. "

Scipio did as he was desired. The dogs ate and left the place. Soon there came along a hen and chickens, which cousin Aleck had spied before giving his order. She uttered a joyful cluck, and her brood ran to her. For several minutes they feasted upon the scraps left by

the dogs. We smiled, for we at once perceived the nature of the illustration intended.

“Hold on, boys! We are not half done yet,” said cousin Aleck.

The hen, with her well-fed brood, had not withdrawn many steps, before a red-headed woodpecker, and after it a crested sparrow came, picked up each a crumb, and flew away. The sparrow returned more than once.

“Come, boys! To see the rest of this show we must draw nearer,” said cousin Aleck, moving forward.

Several yellow-jackets, a large blue fly, and a number of house-flies had alighted on the hard bones left by the dogs, and were sucking a luxurious repast from their oily surfaces.

“Let us examine more closely still,” said cousin Aleck.

We came and found, at a place where one of the dogs had gnawed his bone, a multitude of ants of several species, some feasting on the marrow hidden away in crevices beyond the reach of flies and yellow-jackets, and others tugging off some of the smaller fragments to their homes.

“We need not stop even yet,” said cousin Aleck, “though this scene probably closes all that can be discerned by the naked eye, and at the present time. But were you to come here after a few hours with a suitable microscope, you would find every bone, and leaf, and pebble, on which the food had rested, giving token of still minuter forms of life; and later still, after these animalculæ have eaten their fill, and spent their little day in enjoyment, these same remains will swarm with minute vegetable growth, and will then dissolve gradually into the soil, and become food for larger plants. Now, boys, in view of these facts, I should like to know who it is that in all the universe is the most perfect economist?”

Lorenzo took off his hat and reverently answered, “God.”

“You are right,” rejoined cousin Aleck, impressed with this act of practical worship on Lorenzo’s part, and also taking off his hat; “the richest of beings is also the most frugal and prudent. He cares for all His creatures, and would have us do the same. Let us endeavour to be more fully ‘the children of our

Father which is in heaven,' by following his example ; and let us remember that the lesson taught us to-day is, *Never waste food.*"

The election next day took place at the council-house of the neighbourhood—the same place we had visited at the time of So-tih's rescue from unjust execution. When we arrived, several knots of the neighbours were already assembled, and with them two or three sub-chiefs of the adjoining districts. Among them was our old friend Sawnee, riding his dished-faced pony, and attired as usual in his old-time Indian costume of turban and feathers, fringed hunting-shirt and leggings, with a bow at his back, and arrows projecting from a scarf thrown over his shoulders. Gradually the people came in from every imaginable quarter through the pathless woods, until the time appointed.

The hour of noon was almost as exactly marked by the consciousness of these children of nature as by the machinery of our watches. The people were then called to one place. A leading man, one of the best orators of the district, arose and proposed a name that I did not hear, or have forgotten. For a time there was

a profound silence. Another orator then arose and proposed the name of Kaneeka. As he did so there was a low buzz of applause, almost in violation of usual Indian decorum, and the name of So-tih was to be heard, showing that Kaneeka's intervention in that case was not forgotten. Again silence reigned. No other name being proposed, each orator took his nominee by the hand and led him out of the crowd to a viny thicket beyond sight and hearing. The orators returned, and each made a harangue, setting forth the peculiar virtues and characteristics of his candidate. They then took positions facing each other, a few steps apart, and called upon the people to range themselves in a line to the right or left of him whose candidate they preferred. Five minutes sufficed for this simple, but satisfactory, process of voting; and I have oftentimes thought that the interests of the white man might be subserved by taking in this matter a lesson from the Cherokees. As soon as all the voters were in line, each orator proceeded to count, and with a loud voice announced the number; after which they went to the place of

concealment, brought forward their candidates, and in the hearing of the people proclaimed the result of the election. Kaneeka was chosen by a large majority. The other chiefs approached, gave him the right hand, and publicly pronounced him a chief. The people then gradually and quietly dispersed; and Kaneeka, after being detained for an hour in council with the other chiefs, by whom he was no doubt initiated into the duties and mysteries of his office, returned home with us.





CHAPTER XIX.

Scipio—Indian Doctoring—A Fellow Traveller on Foot—Cherokee Hotel—Sleeping Accommodations—Meeting of Two Rare Characters—Vandever's Story.

SCIPIO, poor fellow, was exceedingly disappointed when he learned that my father's plans did not include him in the number intended for Etowah and the cave. His chin rested on his breast, and the tears came into his eyes. Quash, to comfort him, said: "You fool! wuffuh you want to git into dah dark hole under ground. You git into hole under ground fast enough w'en you dead."

"But I ent dead yet," answered Scipio. "And more'n dat, de hole you talk 'bout ent *big* like dis yuh one dey gwine to, and people don't see it, nudder, after dey git in it. Mas Johnny!" he pleaded, "Mas 'Renzo! do *beg* mossa let me go too. I feel like I cry all de time you gone. Tell him w'en you all gone on Rock Mountain, and lef me in camp all day by

myself, I didn't mind it a bit; but I bin set my heart to see dis yuh big hole in the ground."

We laughed and promised to do our best for him. "Do—do—do!" he begged, and away we went. Our intercession was instantly successful, and Scipio was so overjoyed that his cap left his head and went up into the air high enough to lodge in a tree, and his feet came slapping together as he took a leap from the ground, exclaiming: "Tankee, mossa! tankee—tankee!"

We set out in fine spirits, my father bestriding Old Gray, cousin Aleck on one of the carriage horses, Kaneeka and we three boys on our ponies, and Scipio on another carriage horse, but without a saddle. Our dogs and guns, of course, went too.

Following our narrow trail a few miles, for there was no road, we came to a cool-looking creek, beside which a spring of water gushed from the hillside, and within hail, on the other side, was an Indian hut. From the hut came two men, fantastically dressed, bearing a litter or hand-barrow made of two poles and a

blanket, on which lay a sick man. The two bearers were conjurors, or medicine men, who were about to try on their patient the efficacy of their great remedy; and we remained long enough to witness the operation, and its result. They immersed him in the cool bed of the spring, enlarged to receive his whole person, and made him drink as much as he could of the water. This was the *operation*, accompanied with certain grunts and grotesque motions by way of charm. The *result* was that the man died while we were looking on.

I will here take occasion to say, for the benefit of such as indulge an undue confidence in the red man's remedies, that although some of the medicines discovered by Indians are unquestionably good, yet, as a general rule, their hygienic appliances are the veriest quackeries imaginable. For instance, their theory in the cure of fever, whether from malaria, measles, small-pox, or any other cause, was by *cooling down*. To effect this they immersed the patient in the coldest water possible, leaving only his nose out, and made him drink large draughts at the same time, saying: "Cold

water inside, cold water outside, fever have no chance.”

Nevertheless, it had chance enough to kill the man we saw, and also to kill almost all the small-pox and measles patients treated in this way. A respected friend of mine, who had been for twenty years a missionary among the Cherokees, informed me not long since that he knew of an Indian doctor who prescribed for the cure of a young woman, sick of a violent disorder of the stomach and bowels, two large collards,* boiled with two pounds of bacon, and taken at one dose. Fortunately, the woman did not die, but it was probably because she had too much sense to take the medicine.

We had not travelled far beyond this scene of fatal doctoring before we saw ahead of us an Indian on foot, moving in the same direction with ourselves. He was loaded with a well-filled wallet, and a gun with its accoutrements, yet he moved with such ease and swiftness as to call forth our admiration, and to give us a long ride before we overtook him. My father and cousin Aleck often called attention to him,

* A coarse variety of the cabbage tribe that does not head.

wondering who he could be, and how he managed to keep ahead of us so long. I observed Kaneeka and Saloquah more than once exchange smiles with each other on hearing these remarks. And what was our surprise on overtaking the pedestrian, to find that he was no other than our old friend Scossit-equah.

“Glad to see you, Scössity,” said my father, on coming up. “But where are you going?”

“To Etowah, to see big hole,” he answered.

“I did not know that you had any intention of doing so,” my father said.

“No,” Scossit-equah replied. “You leave me, but I not leave you.”

We learned that he had come prepared to travel on his own expense, asking only the privilege of being in our company. He was gladly welcomed, and useful indeed did he prove before the jaunt was over. As for speed of travelling, the only difficulty was in our keeping up with him, especially in the hilly country, though sometimes on level ground we outstriped him.

None of us ever forgot our first night's accommodation on that road; at least Lorenzo

and I did not, for we laughed over it many a time afterwards. My father had inquired of Kaneeka what "stations" we might expect to find on the way, and had been answered so emphatically, "Chattaka-neeta first. He good. His name mean chicken, and he have chicken much to eat. Much people stop with him,"—that we felt quite safe in looking to that as our first stopping-place. Indeed, there was no other to be had in many miles.

The sun had scarcely descended within an hour's reach of the horizon when we were informed that the station was almost in sight, and we looked out eagerly to catch our first glimpse of a popular Indian hotel. A dense growth of dogwood and black-jack, about fifteen feet high, completely hid the house from view until we were just at the gate, when we saw Chattaka-neeta, a one-legged, dark-skinned Indian, sitting on a long, low bench, together with his fat wife and four grown-up daughters, all full-blooded Cherokees, while three half-grown lads were stalking about the yard. The house, very low in its walls, and very sharp in its roof, was eighteen feet long, by sixteen broad, with a

large stone chimney at one end, but without sheds or other rooms. We looked around to see where all this family of nine persons, with the addition of eight travellers, could possibly find sleeping accommodations, but could see nothing in the shape of a house, except a corn-crib adjoining a horse-shed, in a yard enclosed by a twelve-rail fence.

“Where are we all to sleep?” whispered cousin Aleck to Kaneeka.

“There,” answered Kaneeka, pointing to the house.

“What! men, women, and boys, all in that little room?”

“Plenty big,” Kaneeka answered. “Sometimes ten—ten—ten people,” holding up his spread fingers three times, “twenty people—thirty people stop here the same night.”

“I should like to know how we are to be stowed away,” cousin Aleck continued, beginning to look decidedly nervous.

“See to-night,” Kaneeka answered, in the same quiet tone.

The first indication of good cheer we had—and a fair sign it is usually esteemed by travel-

lers—was that our horses were plentifully fed on *say-loo* and *say-loo-waw-yah*, as the Cherokees call corn and fodder. The boys then knocked down a pair of fat pullets by well-directed blows across their necks, soon after which we inhaled the smell of fried bacon from the big chimney ; and really, when we came to table—for there was a table, spread with a clean cloth too, under a pretty dogwood tree near the door—we had a supper far exceeding the first promise of the house ; proving that Mrs. Chattaka-neeta and the Misses Chattaka-neeta had received lessons in cookery from other than Indian teachers.

But *how and where were we all to sleep ?* was a question still uppermost in the minds of all, especially of cousin Aleck, and greatly was the difficulty enhanced by the arrival, before dark, of five more travellers, making in all twenty-two persons.

Bedtime came soon after dark. The young Masters Chattaka-neeta began to yawn. At a signal from their father, each took a deer-skin from a large pile in one corner, spread it at the foot of a shady dogwood, turned away his face,

from the moon, now just rising, and past the full, and there slept, as Jacob did at Bethel, with a stone for a pillow. Our host then called us travellers into the house, pointed to one-half the room nearest the door, where deer-skins covered the dirt floor like a continuous carpet, and said: "There *you* sleep;" and turning to a corner near the chimney, where already lay his well-fed wife, flanked by her dusky daughters, added: "Here *we* sleep."

We took the places assigned us, each about two feet by six, on the floor, and, as the night was cool for the season, we slept, not only without stifling, but almost without turning on our so-called beds.

Our breakfast, next morning, was better than the supper, and when the time came for settling our bill, the charge for our company of eight persons and eight horses, was in all two dollars, or at the rate of twenty-five cents for each man and horse, counted as one.*

* This very moderate charge for a night's lodging prevailed at that time through much of the Blue-Ridge region of North Carolina, and of Eastern Tennessee, where corn was plentiful, and where money was so scarce that, as a farmer said, "A silver half-dollar shone as big as a full moon."

We had occasion to remember that night's history on another account also—a conversation between two rare characters, begun just as we were going to bed, and, much to the annoyance of one or two who wished to sleep, continued far into the night.

A sharp-faced and weather-beaten little man, having heard one of the last comers addressed as Smith, and saying something in reply of "Ivy-log Mountain," called aloud: "I say, stranger! You answer to the name of Smith?"

"I do."

"From Ivy-log?"

"From Ivy-log."

"Then I reckon you're the man I want to see—the Yankee squatter there that people call *Screw-so* Smith."

"I calculate I'm the man you mean," said Mr. Smith, in a rather displeased tone; "but you've already made three mistakes in what you've said. I'm no *squatter*; I'm a citizen, settling down wherever I please. I'm no *Yankee*, but a Green-Mountain man, and don't answer to any such title. And my name is not *screw-so* but *Crusoe*. My mother named me for

that great traveller among the Injins, Robinson Crusoe, who fed for twenty years on wild goats, and had an Injin waiting-man named Friday."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. What's-name. Hope no offence. But I was on my way up to Ivy-log to see you."

"And what may be *your* name?" asked Smith.

"Vandever," said the other, "Adam Vandever. Did ye ever hear tell of him?"

"Of Adam Vandever, the hunter? Indeed I have, and so has every other wild thing in these parts. Come, Vandever, hand me your paw. There is no man living I have wanted more to meet than you."

They came together with a haw-haw of pleasure, and gripped each other's hands like two bears.

"I had been down to the settlements to sell my peltries," said Vandever, "and was coming your way to see if there was any room near Ivy-log for another hunter."

"Room? Plenty of room! Why, deer and coons are almost as thick there as rattle-

snakes. Come on, boy ? But why do you leave Talulah ?”

“ Oh, the settlement thar is gittin’ too thick for me and my wife. We feel as if we are watched all the time. Thur’s a man named Giles, who has squatted in ten miles o’ me on one side, and a man named Taylor, with a family o’ eight boys, that’s settled in fifteen miles on t’other, and I hear of more a-coming. I feel scrouged. I kin hardly git my breath. I must move.”

“ Well, come up my way,” said Smith. “ I’ll see to it that you have plenty of room, and deers and coons, and bears and panthers to suit.”

They then went on to give each other some account of their lives and adventures, of which I have a vivid recollection, but will record only a brief sample.

Vandever said : “ I was born and raised in South Calliny. For the last twenty years I’ve been a hunter. I kill all sorts o’ varmints, live on their meat, and sell their hides. Soon as frost comes in the fall, I leave my wife and children with plenty of hog and hominy, load

up my old Tar-and-Feathers—the mule you saw me riding—with what I need for winter work, and push for my hunting-ground, where I stay till corn-hoeing time next spring, when I carry to market my skins and dried meat, and carry home sugar and coffee, and other store things, sich as I know my folks want to have.

“My hunting turns me out pretty well. Up to the present time—so my wife says, who has done the notching down—I have taken the hides off 'om more'n three thousand deer, four hundred bar, and one hundred and fifty painters. As for beavers and otters, and foxes and coons, and sich-like game, not to say nothin' of rabbits and minks and muskrats, I can't tell the number, for we've kept no account of them; only I kin say I've killed more of 'em than you could shake a stick at in a month o' Sundays.

“It stands to reason, that, by and large,* I have seen some o' the rough side o' this world, as well as some o' the smooth; and have had many a tale to tell my wife and children in the

* This provincialism is the equivalent in meaning to “In the lump,” “On the average,” or “Taking all things together.”

summer-time, when we sat together of a moonlight night under the tree by my door. I've been bit by wolves, scratched by painters, hugged by bars, run over by deers, pisened by rattle-snakes, stung by scorripins, shot at by Injins, washed away by freshets, lifted up by w'irly-winds, and cheated to death by store-keepers and traders ; but I'm alive through it all, and feel strong enough to live a thousand years, if it wurn't agin natur to do so.

“You asked me, jes now, if I was never scared. I answer, yes ; bad enough to know that the feelin' aint comfortable. Once I was jogging along on old Tar-and-Feathers, when all of a sudden there come along one of them winds that pull up trees by the root, and shoot them through the ar like Injin arrows ; people call 'em w'irly-winds. Well, it pulled up a tree just ahead o' me, and tuk up me and my mule, and carried us and the tree sailing together through the ar for a quarter of a mile, and then let us down on another hillside, jest as easy as you would let down a baby into a cradle.

“That's one o' the times I was scared. I

thought—umph! wasn't there an old Bible man once that went to heaven in one of these w'irly-winds? Well, I thought I too was going right off, without a chance to tell Sally and the children good-bye, or to give 'em the peltries I had tuk; so as it was agin my consent to be goin' up that way, I give old Tar-and-Feathers some unmerciful digs in the ribs, to make him come down. Powerful scared as I was, I could hardly keep from laughin' to see how he pawed and strained on the bit to get back to the arth. I believe he was as bad scared as I was.

“That's one time, and I kin tell of another. It was on top of a steep mountain. A painter had raised its doleful cry not far off, and I was dodgin' among the rocks, trying to get a shot at it. All at once, while standing on the edge of a large round rock, half as big as this room, I felt the rock move under me. It was on a steep hillside, where the rains had washed away its bed, and my weight was enough to tilt it. Jest before it begun to move, I had thrown my arm over the limb of a tree to balance me as I peeped down and around after the painter; so when the rock tilted and went

down, I had nuthin' to do but to hold on. Away it went, smashing the trees in its way for a quarter of a mile, and making a cloud of dust as thick as a thunder-head. Soon as it was out of the way, I dropped from the tree into the bed it had left, and then watched it on its way down.

“These are two times when I was scared; and I kin say that I was at the battle of Caleeby, under General Jett Thomas, when the Ingins crope through our lines and attacked us before daylight, and come near taking the scalp of every mother's son of us; and was at the battle of Autosse, too, when I killed twenty Ingins with my own rifle, and when, of course, I stood a chance of being killed myself; but as for being scared, I'd ruther stand twenty battles than one w'irly-wind, or another rolling rock on a mountain-side.”



CHAPTER XX.

Wolf-trap—Cherokee Wedding and Funeral—Etowah River—
Mr. Miller's—Ta-kah-to-kuh.

OUR journey that day was wild and full of variety. A few minutes' ride showed us Scossit-equah near the roadside, in company with the eldest of Chattaka-neeta's sons.

"Gone to wolf-trap," said Saloquah. "Caught a wolf close by road."

"May we go see it?" Lorenzo and I eagerly inquired, first of our Indian friends, then of my father.

"Go, go, if you want. No harm to go," Kaneeka answered.

We all went. The wolf, caught by its foreleg in a steel trap, was a formidable-looking beast, not large, but exceedingly fierce: and, being frantic with pain and fear, its teeth snapped together whenever approached, like the jaws of the trap in which it was caught. Kaneeka in-

formed us that a steel trap set for wolves is never baited, but is concealed in their accustomed path, usually beside a small log, which they always cross in a trot, setting the foot so exactly in the same place as to leave a mark. We watched for some time its wild motions, and when we expressed ourselves satisfied, Scossit-equah with one blow of his tomahawk relieved it of further pain.

Our pony-trail carried us by a council-ground, where a large company had assembled in holiday costume. It was a wedding occasion, conducted according to ancient Cherokee usage, and we came up just in time to witness the closing ceremonies. The groom, attended by several of his companions, had been feasted in a lodge on one side of the council-house, and the bride, similarly attended, had been feasted in one on the other. Towards the close of the feast the men and women took their places in the council-house, on opposite sides, with a space between. When we came up, the attendants were conducting the groom and bride to the council-room. There they were placed standing, as far apart as possible. The groom's

mother approached him and put into his hands a blanket and a venison ham, and the bride's mother, in like manner, put into her hands a blanket and an ear of corn. The parties then slowly approached, and, on meeting, put their blankets together, and exchanged the articles carried; thus symbolizing the promise that they would henceforth occupy the same home, and that the man should provide meat, and the woman should provide corn. The presiding chief then pronounced "the blankets joined," or, in English, the parties married, and the assembly was dismissed.

Not many miles beyond this marriage scene was one of an opposite character—a funeral; so closely are deaths and weddings associated in actual life, as well as in the columns of the newspapers. The body, attired in its best apparel for making its entry into "the hunting grounds of the blessed," was borne by two on a kind of litter, or hand-barrow; a hole, two feet deep, was dug by attending friends with sharp sticks; the body, neatly coffined in bark stripped from a neighbouring tree, was laid in its shallow bed, and then covered with the exca-

vated earth, on which was heaped a layer of stones, to protect it from the incursion of wolves. It was then left, with the understanding that whosoever passed by in time to come, should increase the mound by the addition of a stone or pebble cast upon it.

Long before sunset we reached the Etowah River, down which we travelled for several miles. This was a beautiful stream, clear as spring water, having its banks overhung with trees, and vines of graceful form and luxuriant proportions. An enormous grape-vine measured nearly a foot in diameter, and a sycamore required six of us with joined hands to encircle it.

The house destined for our second night's accommodation occupied a rounded knob, jutting like a promontory from the hills, and overlooking a rich river-bottom, which waved far and near with crops of corn. The contrast between this well-proportioned building of two stories and ten rooms, with a promise of real beds and privacy, and that of the night before, with its one room crowded with men, women, and children, strewed upon deerskins on a dirt

floor, was in the highest degree pleasing. All through the spacious yards we could see poultry of divers kinds, some of which were already preparing for an early roost in the branches of trees, while from the woods beyond came the grunt of pigs and the low of cattle.

Mr. Miller, our host, as we afterwards learned, was a wealthy half-breed, whose father had sent him in his boyhood to Massachusetts, where he had gained first a fair education, and subsequently a fair-skinned wife, by whom he was blessed, not only with increased refinement of character, but with a large family of lady-like daughters and two sons. The evening of our arrival the young people of the house had invited the young people of their own standing in the country around to meet them in a party of pleasure; and when we rode up to the gate, the open piazza was gay with young company, and musical with their voices. We observed that, with one exception, all present there were of mixed blood, and some of them nearly white. The exception was an elderly Indian, attired in ancient costume, and his travel-worn pony hitched at the gate, indicated that he, like our-

selves, had just arrived. Mr. Miller had not yet come in from his fields, but well-trained negro servants took in charge our horses, introduced us into the piazza, and attended to our wants. The young people, principally females, and some of them quite pretty, waited until we had ascended the steps, when, with a look of pleasure directed towards cousin Aleck and us boys, they retired to a room within.

The moment that Kaneeka and Scossit-equah came near enough to distinguish the old man's features, they gave a grunt of surprise, exchanged with each other a few words in Cherokee, and went up to him with marks of respect. He rose to his feet to receive them, revealing a figure rather below the common height ; but I can truly say that seldom, if ever, have I met a person who so greatly impressed me at first sight with native urbanity and graceful dignity as that dark-skinned Indian. No one could look upon his broad forehead, flashing eye, and expressive face, without feeling that he was a born chief. But his urbanity was not exercised towards all alike. To us whites he did not deign so much as a look, and whatever consciousness

of our presence he acknowledged was accompanied with the indications of a haughty repugnance.

Mr. Miller, who soon rode up, from a distance recognized his visitor, threw his bridle rein over a hook, walked rapidly into the piazza, and, passing us with a polite bow, went directly to him and gave a cordial greeting. Their brief conversation, conducted in Cherokee, in a low tone, seemed to be of a grave and confidential character, for Mr. Miller, seeing us comfortably seated, and requesting us to call on his servants for anything we should need before his return, withdrew with him to a private room.

During their absence, Kaneeka informed us that the name of the new comer was Ta-kah-to-kuh; that he was a head chief of the Nation West, having removed to Arkansas only a few years before; that he belonged by descent to the almost royal family of priests, in which capacity he had sometimes officiated; and that he was so highly esteemed for many distinguished virtues, as to be called "the beloved man;" but that his national love had made him, like See-quo-yah, an intense hater of the

whites, who had intruded upon their territory and ruined his people.

The conference had not been in progress many minutes before Kaneeka, who had made himself known as a sub-chief, was invited to take part. Of course we knew nothing of the subject, for an Indian's deliberations on matters of public interest, as we conjectured these to be, are all conducted "under ground," or in perfect secrecy. We learned afterwards, however, that his object in visiting the Nation East was to persuade all his people to remove to Arkansas, there to unite with other friendly tribes in a great confederation, which should be strong enough to demand of the United States that the Mississippi River should be made the boundary for ever between the white and the red races. For this purpose he visited many of the tribes, and never ceased his efforts until, on his way to Washington City to meet commissioners appointed to treat of Indian matters, he was stricken down by death, and with him failed all of his far-reaching plans. These facts, though learned long afterwards, I mention here as depicting the man.

When the chiefs, after a short conference, had returned to the piazza, we observed a marked change in Ta-kah-to-kuh. He not only relaxed from his haughty and repulsive manner, but even made advances towards forming an acquaintance.

This change was produced by Kaneeka's informing him that my father and cousin Aleck were not Americans, but the subjects of King George. His eye flashed at the intelligence. King George! why, it was under his banner that Ta-kah-to-kuh had first gone upon the war-path against the rebelling colonies forty years before, and had again taken up the tomahawk ten years since in the war of 1812. His heart warmed towards these "brothers of the Red-Coats," and it was not many minutes after his return to the piazza before he and my father and cousin, the subjects of King George, were engaged, by the help of Mr. Miller and Kaneeka as interpreters, in free and animated conversation.

An excellent supper, spread before the light of day was gone, refreshed us much; after which cousin Aleck and we boys received a

polite invitation to join the company of the young people. True, we were roughly clad, and had not come with changes of clothing, except such as were suitable for entering a cave; yet, as the invitation was cordially given, and gracefully urged, we made no difficulty about accepting it, and were well rewarded for so doing. The young people showed their politeness by soon making us feel perfectly at our ease.

Lorenzo and I were at once appropriated by the youngest sister, about sixteen years of age, a rich brunette, whose high cheek-bones showed the peculiar contour of the Indian. Her Cherokee name was Wa-la-hue (Humming-bird), and her Christian name Julia. She gave us an amusing account of her boarding-school experience at a New-England Seminary.

Cousin Aleck enjoyed the attentions of Miss Harriet, or, as she preferred to be called by her Cherokee name, Ku-ma-ma, meaning Butterfly. She was about twenty years of age, the most intelligent and attractive of the Miller sisterhood, and interested us all by her sparkling conversation and ready wit. I remember

a remark of hers, which, although of a very grave and impressive character, went to show the lively turn of her mind. Cousin Aleck was so deeply imbued with religious sentiment, that he could not be long in any one's company without showing it. Miss Ku-ma-ma was also of a decidedly religious turn. They had been discussing the great central doctrine of the gospel, and had dwelt with so much animation upon the character and work of Jesus Christ, that by one consent the whole company ceased conversation to listen to them. Cousin Aleck had conjoined the three facts that "Jesus Christ is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" that he "ever went about doing good," and that we, his professed disciples, should feel it our chief duty to imitate his example. Miss Ku-ma-ma seemed for a while lost in thought, then sprang to her feet, exclaiming: "I see it now! I see it! Jesus Christ came into this world to *illustrate the Father*; and sends us into the world to *illustrate himself*."

She had thus condensed into a breath what had taken him several sentences to elaborate.

He was delighted. She still pondered, however, and after a moment's thought, added: "We ought to be the brightness of *his* glory, as he was the brightness of the Father's. The only Bible which most people read is the Christian's life."

"When my father heard of these things, he remarked: "That young woman ought to be the wife of a missionary."

The conversation in the piazza between the seniors was as animated and interesting as ours in the drawing-room. Ta-kah-to-kuh gave a glowing description of Arkansas, the Indian's home, and invited my father and his company to visit them whenever convenient. Mr. Miller gave a short sketch of the origin and history of the Cherokee Nation, so far as known, and also of their religious tenets and traditions. All of this was duly reported to us, though I cannot now stop the progress of the story to give it record.



CHAPTER XXI.

Visit to the Cave—Its Two Entrances—Panther within, and what was done—Preparations for Entering—The Ante-Room—Galleries—"The Sylvan Temple"—Bat Chamber—Something on Fire—Unpleasant Predicament—Cheerless Retreat—Efforts to Help Ourselves—Emerging at Last—The Millers Again—Ta-Kah-to-Kuh, and a Prospect—Conclusion.

THE sun was more than two hours high when we left Mr. Miller's the next morning for the cave. The excitement of the party had kept us from sleep. A few miles' ride through a forest without undergrowth, except a carpet of grass and wild flowers, and crossing a river whose clear waters spread over a pebbly bottom, brought us to our destination.

The cave was on the side of a high hill, or small mountain, in a wild and barren country. After securing our horses, and gathering a supply of rich pine for torches, we took our seats in the cool shade at the cave's mouth, resting ourselves, and admiring its grand entrance,

large enough to admit the sliding into it of a moderate-sized church, and descending at an angle of about 45 degrees—farther than our sight could reach.

While there seated, Scossit-equah went up the hill to examine another entrance, small and perpendicular, which he said we might have occasion to use. After a short absence he came back, and reported that he had discovered on the pole let down the little entrance for the purpose of climbing, the prints of a panther's claws, and that the panther was then in the cave. Cousin Aleck, who, like most of his countrymen, was by no means deficient in courage, but with whom it was a standing rule never to go needlessly into danger, looked uneasily at my father, and said, turning his eyes towards us: "This fact will, of course, cause some alteration in our plans. We must take with us the means of defence."

Scossity's impassive face gave tokens of internal merriment. He and Kaneeka had seemed elated with the intelligence.

"I tell you what do," said he, in Cherokee, when he saw that we all partook, more or less,

of cousin Aleck's uneasiness. He then proposed that he and Kaneeka should enter the cave and kill the panther, or else drive it through the small entrance, where we should kill it as it came out. This plan suited us exactly, for unused as we were to these rough denizens of the forest, we had no fancy for gaining our first experience in panther-fighting by daring the fierce beast in its own dark den. Before entering the cave, Kaneeka planned for us our mode of warfare, and informed us how to guard against danger, as well as how to make our shots effective. The panther is a cowardly beast, he said, that will always run rather than fight; but, like all other cowards, it will fight desperately when cornered.

Our guns, already loaded for deer, needed no alteration in their charges. We took our stations around the small entrance, within half gun-shot, while the assailants, supplied with rifle, hunting-knife, torches, and lightwood, passed down the steep declivity, at the main entrance, and disappeared. We offered them choice of our double-barreled shot-guns, as giving the command of two shots, instead of

one ; but Kaneeka answered : “ No ; rifle never miss. If panther not kill, we can fight with knife.”

For half an hour we had no tidings from them. Then it came to us in a confused rumble, evidently that of the rifle, but whether of one or of both we could not determine ; for, like the reverberation of thunder in the clouds, the sound was so echoed and prolonged among the winding galleries of the cave as to make a continuous roll. After that we heard a faint halloo. We held our breath to listen as well as to look. The top of the pole began to be agitated. Then there came from it a grating sound, like deep and heavy scratching. Presently the panther appeared, with staring eyes and panting breath. It leaned feebly forward, and endeavoured to crawl away. We could distinguish two wounds, one in its forehead, the other in its shoulder, both probably mortal. Our guns were levelled, ready to fire, when my father called aloud : “ Hold ! it may die without another shot. But be ready all, until I give the word.”

The sound of his voice instantly restored the

creature's strength. It looked fiercely around, and, seeing itself enclosed in a circle of enemies, sprang nimbly down the hill.

"Let him have your rifle, Saloquah! your gun, Aleck! yours, Lorenzo!" were orders following in quick succession, at the close of which the panther fell. We hastened towards it.

"Not too close!" my father said, in a warning voice; the panther is a long-lived beast, and will fight when you think he is dead."

We stood at a safe distance, with ready guns, watching its spasmed motions till all was still, and by this time our friends from within had joined us.

"Fat. Good meat. Only tough," said Scosity, in Cherokee.

"You are welcome to it all," we answered.

"My gun tumbled him. I wonder if I might not have the skin," timidly suggested Lorenzo.

"No doubt, by paying our red friends for their share of the peltry," answered my father.

It was unanimously agreed that he should have it, and our red friends, instead of demand-

ing pay for the skin, offered to take it off for him, and help him to cure it.

This little adventure occupied more than an hour of our time, and brought us up so near the middle of the day that we agreed to take lunch before entering the cave. There was no water nearer than a mile, but our canteens had been filled at a spring we passed, and our kind friends, the young ladies, had added a quart or two of rich milk, put up in a neatly-prepared skin; besides which there was a bottle of wine manufactured by the hands of Miss Ku-ma-ma the year before, from wild grapes gathered in the river bottom.

Thus fortified, we prepared to enter "that big hole in the ground," as Scipio called it. Dividing among ourselves the splintered pine intended for torches, we passed carefully down a steep descent of about one hundred short paces, when we arrived at a level floor, dimly lighted from the entrance.

"Many Ingin dance on this floor. Scossit, too, in old times," said Kaneeka.

Pausing here until our eyes were accustomed to the twilight, we looked around. Dim, dusky

walls, rough enough for a home of the Titans, were barely visible in the distance, while the farther extremity gloomed into darkness, and the roof was wholly beyond sight.

This impressive first view occupied us pleasantly for some minutes, when our flint and steel were called into requisition. A bright spark buried itself in the amadou, or German tinder; a sulphur match brought into contact with it gave us a blue light, then a white one; and soon the soft twilight was exchanged for the red glare of half a dozen brilliant torches.

The increase of light, however, did not greatly increase our satisfaction. We could see only a little farther. The vaulted roof was yet beyond sight, but, for a stone-throw high, we could see great jagged rocks projecting from the walls, and among them a large dark hole, as if it were the entrance to a series of upper chambers.

That doorway, beyond reach, and a very humble one on the level of our floor, were the only passways from this grand ante-room, except that through which we had entered. We bowed our heads to pass the little door, bade

farewell for a time to the daylight, and, depending upon our torches during the remainder of our exploration, plunged into the darkness beyond.

. Our narrow passage soon expanded into an ample chamber, where we climbed a hill so high as to convince us that we were on a level with our first entrance from the open air ; but we were now in the hollow heart of the mountain, with unmeasured masses of rock above us.

Not to speak of galleries to the right and to the left, and of openings under foot, leading to chambers below, I will say that we came at last to a large hall, where stalactites of every size and length hung like stony icicles from the ceiling, and where many of them, meeting with equally large stalagmites on the floor, formed themselves into grotesque shapes, sometimes of pillars and arches and colonnades ; sometimes of an altar surrounded with the statues of nymphs in waiting ; sometimes of the trunks of trees, in the midst of which were elephants, and other clumsily-shaped beasts. This hall cousin Aleck named THE SYLVAN TEMPLE. Near this, nay, in the midst of that stony

forest, we heard the tinkle of water. It dripped from the roof, forming concretions by deposit of its earthy matter, then went purling along the floor in a little rivulet that found its way, no doubt, to the river, a mile distant. Indeed, Kaneeka told us that the story was extant of an Indian who, having been bewildered in the cave, had finally emerged somewhere at the *riverside*, but that all knowledge of the passage that he followed, and of the place where he came out, was lost. He informed us, also, of the current belief of his people that the cave had never been half explored, but that its chambers and galleries probably extended for many miles.

We followed various windings, entered many chambers, and were beginning to feel weary, when Kaneeka proposed, as a curiosity, to show us the *Bat Chamber*. It was the favourite winter resort, he said, of all the bats of the Cherokee country—at least so supposed, because, in the winter-time, there were none to be found anywhere else, and they were to be had here by the waggon-load.

This apartment was very difficult of entrance,

requiring us to crawl on our hands and knees ; and I cannot say that our labour was rewarded, for the room was low, dark, and dirty, and pervaded with an odour that did not compare favourably with roses. Summer though it was, a few dozen bats were to be seen clinging to the roof by means of their tiny hind claws, with folded wing and pendent head. They raised quite a squeak and chatter as we entered, turned towards us their ugly little heads, and watched us with their shining, black eyes. In the winter-time they hang close as they can pack, each serving as bed and blanket to its neighbour ; and, having congregated here for generations, and many of them dying of old age and disease, they have created, beneath their roosting-place, quite a hillock, how many feet deep I know not, of what may justly be termed *bat guano*. We did not remain here long ; indeed, we were driven out by a dreadful necessity, to describe which requires me to go back a little in my story.

At the mouth of the cave, before entering, my father had divided into three parcels his fire-making apparatus, consisting each of sul-

phur matches, tinder, and a flint, all wrapped together in a piece of paper; one of these parcels being intended for himself, another for cousin Aleck, and the third for Kaneeka, who was not at the moment present.

Now it might be supposed that, well provided as we were with torch-wood and the means of producing fire, there was no danger of our being left in the dark, and ordinarily there would not have been. But when people go into out-of-the-way places and engage in out-of-the-way employments, it is well for them to be even more than triply guarded against danger.

My father's matches were carried in a little side-pocket, which, however safe in his ordinary posture, was so loose as to endanger their being lost when stooping. He therefore frequently felt, to assure himself that they were in place. Just before entering the Bat Chamber, he discovered that they were missing. This, however, gave him no uneasiness, for he knew that this was the last chamber to be visited, and that the matches had been divided, for safety, into three parcels, to be taken in charge

by three different persons. Towards the close of our short stay in that hole, cousin Aleck, with one of the two torches, was stooping to examine a singular mass upon the floor, of what seemed to be a new species of fungus, very spongy in structure and very dry. While he was bending over it in examination, a bat, disturbed from its place, struck Scipio in the face, who, with an "Eh! eh!" of fear, started, and stumbled over him with such force as to prostrate him upon the fungus mass with the torch below him. He sprang to his feet, but not until his torch had been extinguished, and his linen coat set on fire. He made several attempts to brush out the fire, but, fearing that it would extend to his other clothing, he slipped off his coat, threw it on the floor, and stamped upon it. Before succeeding, however, there was a slight whir-r! followed by the smell of burning sulphur.

"There go my matches in that pocket!" said he.

The flames were quenched, but the coat was a ruin, unfit for further service. We all spent a moment sympathizing with him in his mis-

fortune, as was natural and proper; but the delay came near being fatal; for whether from the diffusion of the sulphurous fumes, or from some other cause, every bat in the room seemed to become at the same moment frantic. They left their places on the wall, flew simultaneously at our only remaining light, and in a moment we were in darkness. Saloquah, who carried the torch, gave it a long and rapid sweep through the air, by which means it was rekindled, only to be as quickly extinguished. He gave it another wave, but the torch refused to blaze.

“Quick!” said he; “a *match*, before the sparks are dead.”

But the answer came from each of us in turn, “No match—none.”

“What! Kaneeka,” exclaimed my father, “have *you* none.”

“None,” he answered. “Did not bring matches.”

“Where is the parcel I laid for you at the cave’s mouth?” my father anxiously inquired.

“Never hear of it,” Kaneeka answered.

They had been laid aside for him, but, in the

excitement about the panther, had been overlooked.

Here now was a predicament, direful indeed, with which to close our otherwise pleasant visit to the cave. A grunt from Scossit-equah, whose quick mind comprehended the danger of our position, was so expressive of concern as to bring from Lorenzo a scream of terror. It was plain that if we could not command a light, we should be compelled to the almost impossible task of groping our way through the darkness, or to the necessity of remaining there without food until some one came to relieve us.

Before many words were interchanged, another feature in the case was developed, which left us no choice but to move at once. Mixed with the smell of burning brimstone came the smell of something else. There was a smoke, and we could even perceive on the ground a red glare. The mass of dry fungus had taken fire—for all spongy growth of the kind, puff-balls, and all, partake more or less of the nature of tinder, is easily inflamed, and with difficulty extinguished. Now, this unexpected

gift of fire in our circumstances might at first view be regarded as a God-send; but there was another fact in connection which made us shudder. The burning tinder lay at the foot of a little hill of powdery material, thoroughly impregnated with saltpetre. We could not calculate how rapidly it might burn, and how soon it might stifle us. Our only safe course was to leave the chamber without delay.

“Can you, can either of you, find the way out?” my father, in anxious tones, inquired of Kaneeka and Scossit-equah.

“Don’t know,” they answered. “Will try.”

By Kaneeka’s direction we formed ourselves into single file, each taking hold of the person ahead of him.

“Scossity lead. I come last,” said Kaneeka.

The narrow entrance was soon found by groping, and we returned through it, as we came, on our hands and knees. In passing the mass of burning fungus, Scossity scraped up a handful, wrapped it in the skirt of his deerskin coat, and kept it burning as we moved.

Immediately after emerging into a more

spacious gallery, our Indian guides stopped and attempted to rekindle the torches. Preparing a handful of fine shavings from the light-wood, by means of a knife, the tindery fungus was enclosed in it, and held between the two hands, while it was swung by a long waving motion through the air. It rapidly brightened, and there was a shout of joy as the finely divided shavings burst into a flame.

“Quick, now! some splinters to light.”

Alas! before this could be done, our horrid little tormentors, driven, as we had been, from the smoking room, and more frantic now than ever, poured themselves upon our feeble flame, and a second time left us in darkness. My father gave a groan of anguish, for he, next to our Indian friends, appreciated the perilousness of our position. *Their* only utterance was a grunt.

Scossit-equah put together once more the smoking tinder and shavings, and waved them to and fro, as before, having his deerskin hunting-shirt ready to protect the light against the bats. The combustibles brightened a little, enough to give hope, but no more; the tindery

part had been mostly consumed in the first effort.

Now, what was to be done? Scossity and Kaneeka said they could pilot us *part* of the way out, because, in the momentary flash of light, they had recognized enough of the surroundings to know in what direction to set their faces; but *only* a part of the way, because the passages were very winding, and the cave's mouth was a full quarter of a mile distant. It was decided that we should go as far as seemed safe; then stop, if necessary, and there, out of the reach of our tormentors, as we might hope to be, try to rekindle our torches.

We moved, as before, in single file, Scossity in the lead, pausing every little while to search, right and left, in the intense darkness, for the walls, from which he was recalled to his position by the sound of our voices. Of course our progress was almost at snail's pace. At last we reached a spot where both our guides confessed themselves at fault; and there we stopped to devise some means for reproducing light. We had knives, which might be used as steels for striking fire, and I had in my pocket a little

priming-flask of gunpowder, from which we could manufacture out of our clothing something inflammable as tinder. But our *flints* were lost, and all the rocks and stones of the cave were limestone, too soft to produce a spark.

Under these circumstances, Scossit-equah attempted to produce fire by the friction of two pieces of our torchwood, saying beforehand that he did not expect to succeed, because the pine was gummy, and because, in the two woods to be used, one should be hard and the other comparatively soft. He selected a piece of pine, soft and free as possible from resin, flattened it, and cut a groove with his knife; then selecting another piece, the hardest he could find, he sharpened one end so as to enter the groove, and then rubbed it rapidly back and forth. The wood was thus made very hot; but, after trying for half an hour, he gave it up, saying: "Must try something else."

Cousin Aleck next proposed friction with a string; and as no one could start a piece of twine, or anything answering to it, he manufactured a short strong cord from narrow strips

of a linen handkerchief, twisted hard together. The friction-stick he made from a piece of pine trimmed down to the thickness of one's little finger, wrapped it with a turn of the string, which he made fast at one end and drew tightly at the other; then drew the stick rapidly back and forth. Not many minutes elapsed before a spark appeared, playing along the frayed and heated fibres of the cord, and then went out. This degree of success encouraged him to try again, with the addition now of a little gunpowder rubbed into the string, to give it the character of tinder. No doubt he would have succeeded but for the breaking of the string, worn by much rubbing; and before a new string could be twisted, another experiment was tried.

Lorenzo recollected that in an unused and forgotten pocket he had put a small fragment of stone, picked up a few days before. It was very small, not much larger than his thumb-nail, but exceedingly hard, being a combination of jasper and chalcedony, and on being tried with a knife, gave out a beautiful shower of sparks. A handkerchief, with some bruised gunpowder

twisted into one of its folds, was spread and sprinkled with powder, over which the shower of sparks was renewed. There was a sudden flash. The gunpowder in the fold of the handkerchief burned with sufficient heat to set on fire the enclosing linen, which was then waved into a flame, and our torches once more illumined the darkness.

I need not say that we remained in the cave no longer than was necessary to get comfortably out of it; even Scipio had enough of "that big hole in the ground." When we reached the open air, we found the shades of evening gathered thick around. Our starving horses neighed impatiently to leave that hungry place. Mr. Miller's, where we had engaged lodgings for the night, was more than an hour's ride distant, with a broad river to ford. The panther, too, was to be cared for, or rather its skin, for that had not yet been removed from the body.

But with all these inducements to immediate and vigorous action, we cast ourselves with one consent upon the earth, and panted from sheer exhaustion. Cousin Aleck learnedly in-

formed us that this disagreeable sensation was the effect, not so much of excitement and effort, as it was of breathing the air of the cave, where the absorption of the nitrogen in forming those immense beds of saltpetre had left the air charged with an excess of oxygen, by which we had been exhilarated and made to live too fast, and exchanging which for the ordinary air outside had caused us to feel as wine-drinkers do after the stimulus of their wine is over. We eagerly devoured the remains of our midday luncheon, and felt the benefit of that bottle of wine which Miss Ku-ma-ma, who gave it, had advised us to reserve until we came out of the cave. It was fully a half hour before we could muster energy enough to attempt anything.

Kaneeke's unfortunate parcel of matches was recovered at the very spot where it had been placed that morning. The carcass of the panther was slung across the crupper of Old Gray, who resisted long and resolutely having anything to do with so ugly a beast, but who, after much coaxing and gentling, at last reluctantly consented. We mounted our horses and pushed with all speed for our lodging-place,

where we arrived just as the family, uneasy on our account, and sitting up later than usual, were about to withdraw for the night. The supper prepared in expectation of our coming was spread before us, and though cold in temperature, was warmed by an earnest appetite and hearty acceptance, and was made still more relishable by the society of the young ladies, who followed us from the piazza to hear the end of our story. Miss Ku-ma-ma's expressive eyes shot fire at the story of the panther, and softened with sympathy at hearing of our trials in the darkness. Mr. Miller, who said he had made up his mind to go to our rescue if we did not come before morning, informed us of a party of Indians who, meeting with a similar misfortune a few years before, had remained in the cave three days, and, when discovered by their friends, were sitting with their backs against the wall, and their heads between their knees, waiting for death.

My father's purpose in this excursion to Etowah being one of business as well as of pleasure, he tarried a day to confer with Mr. Miller, and to look at certain lands, limestones,

and marbles in the neighbourhood, of which he desired to obtain a more definite knowledge.

This delay brought us once more into contact with Ta-kah-to-kuh, who gave us another pressing invitation to visit his people in the West, informing us, to our surprise, that not only did he expect to leave for Arkansas in the course of a few weeks, but that, so far as he could see, Kaneeka would have to go with him. The result of this casual interview cannot now be recorded—it would require another volume to do so.

Suffice it to say that the next day, Friday, the fifth day of July, we set out for Kaneeka's; and that a few days afterwards, my father, having made satisfactory arrangements for us during the summer and early autumn, returned to his own home.

THE END.

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