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## The Woodruff Stories.





THE DEER IN THE AIR. — Page 184.

*Book - William*

The Woodruff Stories.

N A C O O C H E E ;

OR,

BOY-LIFE FROM HOME.

BY

REV. F. R. GOULDING,

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG MAROONERS," "MAROONER'S ISLAND,"  
"FRANK GORDON," ETC.



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# NACOOCHEE.

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## CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY BEGUN — POOR BUNNY! — “THE HILL OF SCIENCE.”

**T**HE 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, 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 childhood; and, as the event proved, parted forever. 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 toward 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 labors 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 SQUIRREL.

**W**E 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 toward 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 do on de fence?”

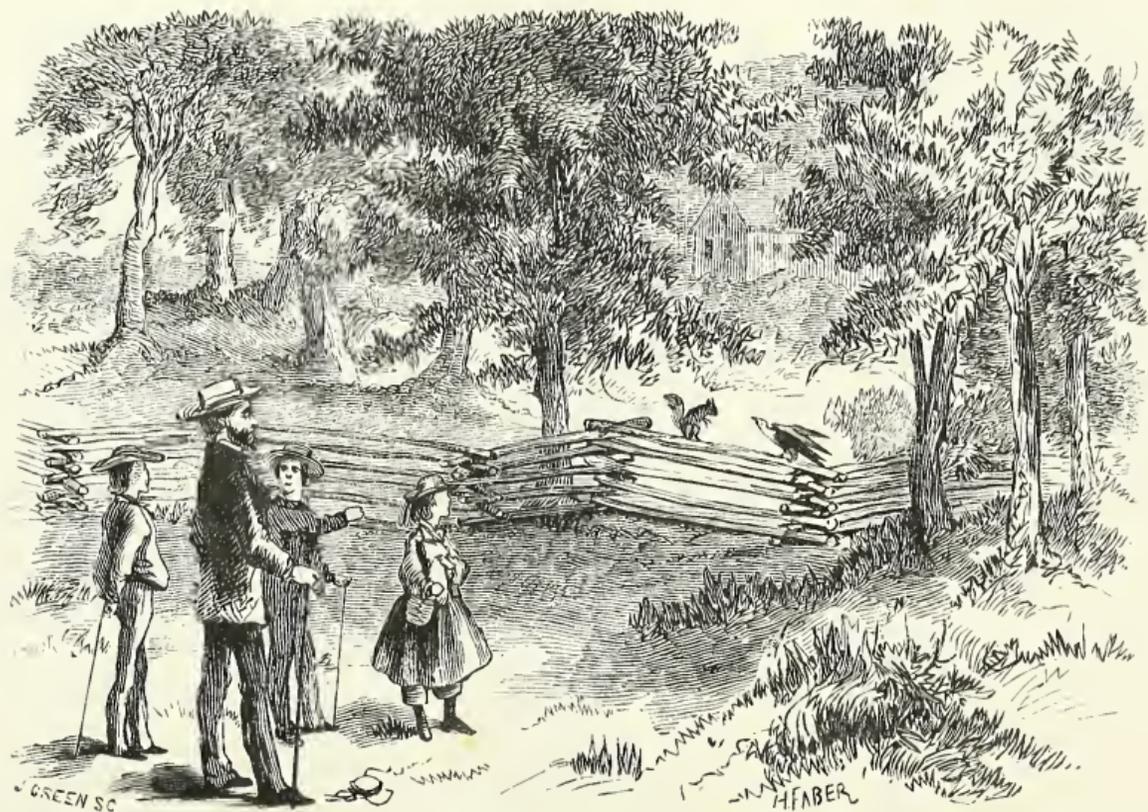
I looked in the direction indicated, and immediately called my father's attention to what ap-

peared. 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 neighborhood. 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



HAWK AND SQUIREL. — Page 16.

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 neighbor, 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 endeavored 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, eying 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 DIS-  
JOINED 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-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-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 neighbor, 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 vapor 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 afterward 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 did n’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 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 disjunct 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 afterward, 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 afterward, however, I was called to pass over a portion of the road which we had travelled in the year 1820. I recognized 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 road-side scene in 1820, rather than the *place*, that was recollected. The new *place* awakened the old *sensation*, and made me believe that I had been at a place where I never had been before. This explanation has proved so satisfactory to me that I record it for the benefit of such readers as may have been troubled in like manner.





## CHAPTER IV.

ATHENS, GEORGIA — THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL —  
TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS — ALMOST A  
FIGHT, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES — THE ARMOR  
OF PROOF — BANISHMENT OF THE ROD FROM  
SCHOOLS.

**W**HEN, 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 neighboring 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 broadside 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 gray 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 ad-

dressed 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.

“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 favored 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 afterward 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 neighbors in school, and obtained from the teacher permission for a short absence from the school-room. Hurrying into the neighboring grove, I cut four sticks of suitable size, and, by means of the handker-

chiefs, 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 armor of defence would be found *armor of proof*.

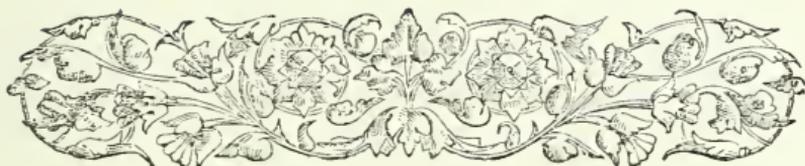
George and I went forward on *special invitation*, and took our places before the school. The rod came down hard and heavy, according to requirement of law. Poor George winced terribly under the operation, and tears flowed from his eyes ; but during my own share of the exhibition I could scarcely avoid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



Q H, 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-story 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 sung 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 toward 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 larger 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 large 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 in 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, spurting 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, drip-

ping 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 downward 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.”

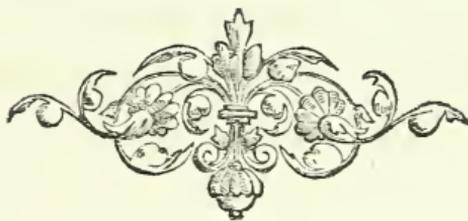
And work they did, faithfully, for more than an hour. Even Lorenzo and I tried our hands when the others ceased; and one of the college professors brought down a galvanic apparatus, and sent shocks through the heart, lungs, and limbs. But all was in vain. Life had probably been extinct before the body 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 LAN-  
GUAGE — GLADDENING DINNER — EFFECTS OF A  
MIRROR AND OF A PORTRAIT — UCHEE HISTORY.



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

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

him. He had walked rapidly till he came near a little gathering of people in the street, when 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 afterward.*"

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 had left home in miserable plight in consequence of the failure of acorns and other mast, on which they mainly depended for their winter

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

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 odor 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 forever 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 afterward 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 afterward 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, "Howdye! howdye!" 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 neighboring tribe, used to say, ‘The Uchees cannot

talk; they only grunt.' They were conquered by the Muscogeese, 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 civilization; 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.

SCHOOL-BOY GAMES — WICKED PRANK — NECESSITY  
SOMETIMES OF BLIND OBEDIENCE — FENCING  
BOUT — UNLOOKED - FOR ANTAGONIST — WAR-  
WHOO — CHOLA-FIXICO — PROPOSED BALL-PLAY  
— INDIAN PHYSIQUE — IS IT A FAILURE ?

**E**ITHER 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, tupso, 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 favorite 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 colored 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-flavored 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 drank. 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 would 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 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, scimeter, rapier, cut, thrust, parry, ward, et cetera, 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 per-

ceiving 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.

Kaneeeka! 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 neighborhood, but intermixed with these could be recognized some of the dignitaries of the college, and even an oc-

casional preacher of the gospel, all eager to witness this struggle for honor 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 labors, except as a hunter or a warrior,\* and, therefore, that he is entitled to these boasted marks of gentility.

\* It is but fair to state, in this connection, that this beautiful symmetry does not pervade both sexes. The drudgeries of life

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 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.

are imposed upon their women, who are, therefore, big-footed and coarse-handed in proportion.



## CHAPTER VIII.

ARRANGING — GETTING READY — RESTING IN A  
HURRY — INDIAN BALL-PLAY — ROUGH SCENES  
— RIDING A MAN — BOY-SQUIRREL.

**E**IGHT 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 neighborhood.

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.

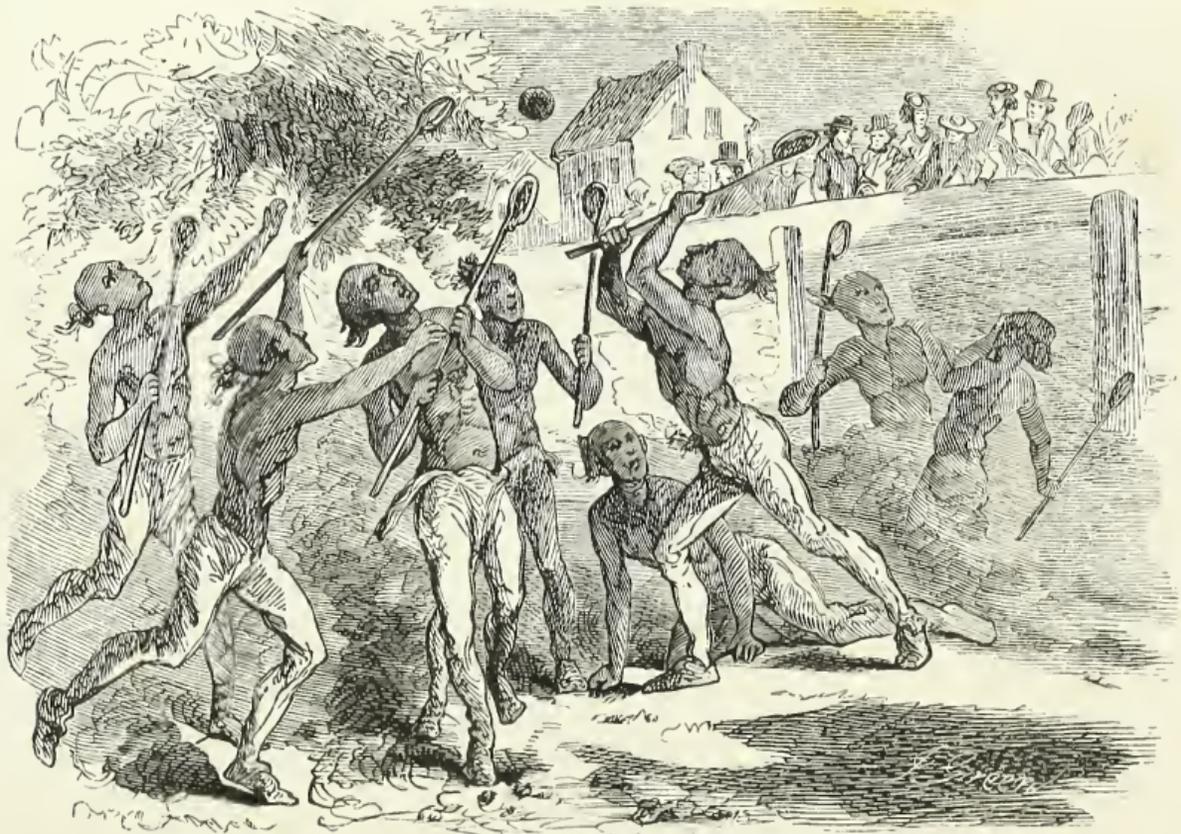
No assistance was needed—nothing but rest, and *that* they were enjoying as freely as it could be furnished by cool water and manipulation. We were quite amused at the process by which the resting was accelerated—the legs, bared and bathed, were scratched with the sharp, comb-like teeth of the garfish, 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 toward 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 some others which consist in carrying the ball to



INDIAN BALL-PLAY. — Page 86.

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 Kanneeka's substitute, seeing a burly Creek rushing past him, ball in hand, endeavored 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 afterward 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 favor 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-casum-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 afterward 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 Kaneeka 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-ah or 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—SACRILEGE  
—SINGULAR INVITATION—“SOAP TOO DIRTY”  
—SOLAR MICROSCOPE—HIDEOUS ELEPHANTS.

**T**HE 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 neighborhood 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-wagon*, wheels, body, canvas top, and all, blocking up the central aisle. How that immense wagon 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 frame-work 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 wagon 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 endeavor to say the same. Let us leave them now 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 6, 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

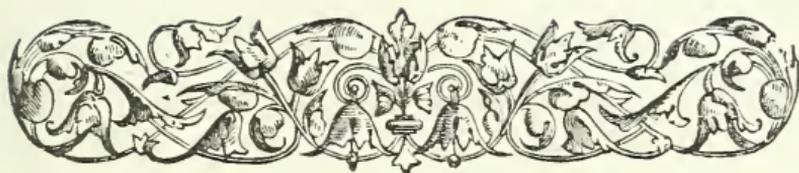
the thickness of a man's thumb. Then a fragment from the plume of a goose-quill was similarly enlarged, until it appeared to be made up of hundreds of plumes, each as long and feathery as the quill from which they came. Dust from a butterfly's wing, thin shavings of different kinds of wood, and a fly's 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 neighbors. 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 afterward, 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.

**T**HAT 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 sports than for the arts and games of wilder life. And I may here say, that in all my dealings with 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 afterward, 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. Say again, 'O Lord, hear me pray!' 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 honor 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 come into 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.

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

\* Rising fawn.

† Sullicookee, turtle.

“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,\* etc. 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 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

\* Freed from the seeds and thoroughly sundried, 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.

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-ohuh 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-ohuh, to you or to Saloquah, care of the teachers.”



## CHAPTER XI.

LETTERS FROM LIVERPOOL — UNEXPECTED CHANGES  
— PLAN FOR THE SUMMER — ANOTHER UNEX-  
PECTED CHANGE — OUR TRAVELLING EQUIPAGE  
— FIRST DAY AND NIGHT FROM HOME.

**S**CARCELY had we exchanged greeting,  
at home, after our joyful return from  
school, ere my mother brought a pack-  
age from the mantelpiece, 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 afterward 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 afterward as a memento of old times :

TRANQUILLA, GA., *December 12, 1821.*

*My good friend Kaneeke :*

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 intrusted 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 afterward 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 neighborhood 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 postilionship of Quash; and the rear was brought up by the baggage-wagon, containing tent, stores, cooking utensils, etc., 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 HORSE-  
BACK.

**T**HE 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 as-

pired 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 favor 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 do : 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 himself 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.

KANEEKA 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.

**L**ATE in the afternoon, while travelling on this ridge, we observed Kaneeka, 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 endeavoring 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 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 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 disdainful of 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 neighborhood, 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, while 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 neighbor's, five miles away, to whom he related the story, and who returned with him the next 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

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

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 favors 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* at that."

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 could n'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 com-

pensated for our labor by the wide-spread landscape, which was in many parts checkered 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 afterward, 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,

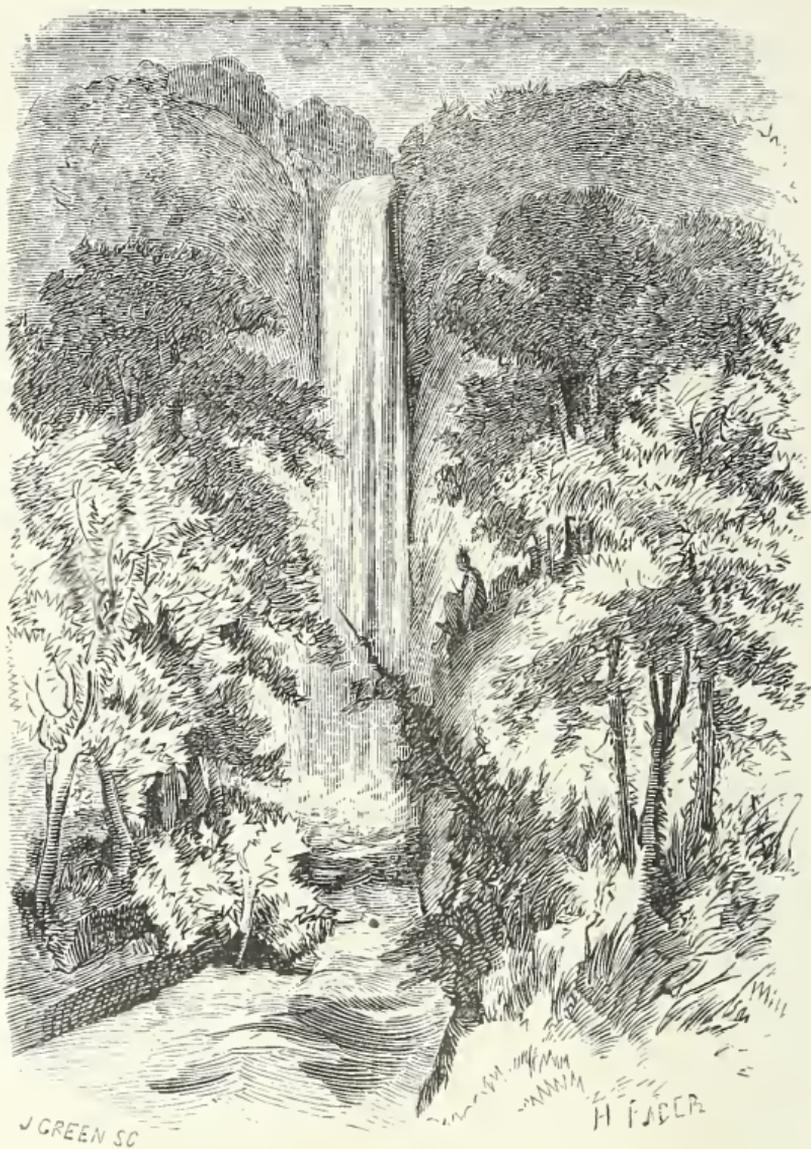
“for,” as Mrs. Walton said, “no live thing of that sort can stand grease.”

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.” \*

\* This unromantic incident is given, just as it occurred, in hopes that it may prove useful to visitors to that beautiful



TUCCOA FALLS. — Page 149.

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 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 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.

costume, except that in the warm weather his hunting-shirt had been thrown aside, gazing from a neighboring 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 endeavored 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 nerv-

ous 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 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-plaster.

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 neighborhood 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 favorably 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 by 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 neighbor, good citizen, good everything except good Christian. *That* he was not, and most people thought he never could be.

“His blacksmith 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 endeavored 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, belabored 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 favorite 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 neighborhood. 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 neighborhood ever sang that way before. The voice came nearer. He could make out the hymn as well as the chorus. It was that favorite hymn of the Methodists, beginning —

“ ‘ On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful 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,’ etc.

“ ‘ 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 further. 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 toward 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,’ etc.

“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.

“‘Hain’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, endeavoring 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’m bound for the promised land.’

“‘Git down this minute, sir, or I’ll pull you off!’ said Morgan, trying hard to get mad.

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

“‘Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight,  
I’m bound,’ etc.

“‘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. ‘Did n’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 neighborhood, and especially a Methodist appointment, 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 at 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 Confer-

\* This was true in 1822, and long afterward.

ence 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?"

"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."

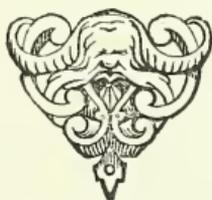
"The second question I wish to ask," said my father, "is: How comes it to pass that you, Major, and others like you, who know what belongs to good order, should allow your preachers to be treated in this way?"

"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 seaboard. More than this, Morgan was too good a blacksmith to be lost to the neighborhood, 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 neighborhood, 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 mean 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 afterward 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 color 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 bowlders 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 endeavoring 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 ourselves 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 hallooted 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 toward 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 himself 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 labor! 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!” etc.

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, shouting 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 toward 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 afterward, 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 disjointed 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 unfailing 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 colored 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 counterbalanced 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 lifetime 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-yeark (or Sharp-fellow). She was born a Choctaw, 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 afterward 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?"

Kaneeeka 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 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 carried, 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?”

**F**ROM 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 have 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 toward 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 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 immediately 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 arisen 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 Chattahoochee within a short distance of the mound. We cantered along, Indian fashion, in single file, Mr. Johnson, the countryman, leading the van, and Kanneeka 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 imbedded 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 indications 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 imbedded 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*

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

*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, etc. 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.”

people who came here many lifetimes ago, having sharp-edged tools?" he asked again.

Kaneeka answered, "The Alabamas tell us that before the Muscogees 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 Muscogees 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.





## CHAPTER XIX.

### LEGEND OF NACOOCHEE.

**W**HAT is the history of this mound?" asked cousin Aleck, as we came in sight of it from our ride. "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, if you please, 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 honor 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-Ekwa, 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 afterward 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 that look 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 neighboring stream, and with the cool water and some hastily gathered herbs, she stanchd 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 dangerous wounds were healed.

He reported himself as Ko-a-to-hee, or Corn-tassel, the son of a distant chief. He had heard from afar the rumor 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 that they could scarcely 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 conjurers 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 Yonah-Ekwa, among the old men — Yonah-Oolah,

among the young men, and Is-ka-gua, or Nacoo-chee, 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 honor to die *in battle* for our people. - Is it not an honor, too, to die in sacrifice ? You have never found

\* “ 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.

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 the 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 to-day."

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 of the family 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 toward my people cease. Let it fall on me in their stead!”

Then, without another word or act, except to murmur out, “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!



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