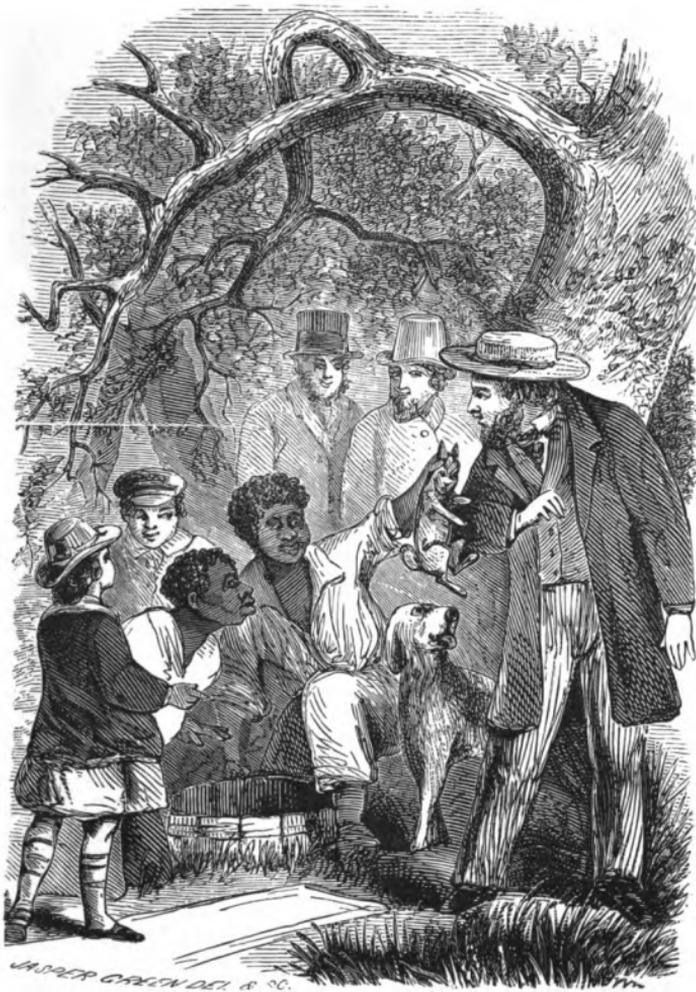




**The Woodruff Stories.**

**SAPALO.**



THE PITFALL FOR RABBITS.—Page 132.

THE  
WOODRUFF STORIES.

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*SAPELO; or, Child-life on the Tide-water.*

*NACOOCHEE; or, Boy-life from Home.*

*SAL-O-QUAH; or, Boy-life among the Cherokees.*

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Three Volumes in One.

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CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER.

MACON, GA.: J. W. BURKE & CO.

1877.

The Woodruff Stories.

# S A P E L O ;

OR,

CHILD-LIFE ON THE TIDE-WATER.

BY

REV. F. R. GOULDING,

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



PHILADELPHIA:  
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER.  
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# S A P E L O

## CHAPTER I.

### WAS IT A DREAM OR A REALITY?

**M**Y mother and I live together. She is eighty years old, and I am fifty-six. She is a miracle of health and strength, at her time of life, while I am broken with disease and exposure.

My children are all away from home, taking care of themselves, except my youngest child, Annette, just turned eighteen, who stays at home, she says, "to take care of father." But how long she will stay is very questionable, for there have been some suspicious visitings about the house of late, and some animated talks in a low voice and happy tone. I expect, before long, to be asked a very important question.

To do Annette justice, she has taken the best care of me she could, and she would have done better had it not been for my good mother, who is quite as young as I am, in health and spirits, and almost as young, she says, as Annette herself; and who insists that, as she had the first care of me fifty-six years ago, she shall be allowed the care of me yet.

It is amusing to hear mother talk sometimes of "these *young people*, only sixty or seventy years old," who complain of the infirmities of age. She says that they are only reaping the reward of living too fast when they were young, and that they have no right to complain of the consequences. She holds, with a considerable show of reason, and of Scripture too, that if people were to begin early to live in reference to old age, most of them might expect to be comparatively young and strong when they arrive at ninety or a hundred years. As for "Anna, the prophetess," described by Saint Luke as "of great age, . . . a widow of fourscore and four years," mother rather wonders at the language used by the sacred writer, "for," says

she, "I am not far from that age myself, yet I do not feel old."

We are very happy together—mother, Annette, and I—quite as much so as can be expected where there is such a disparity of age; but, no doubt, the reason is that we love one another, and make due allowance for each other's differences of opinion and habit.

One evening, about a year since, while mother sat by the fireside knitting, and Annette was busy making a pretty game-bag for somebody who was fond of the gun, and I was reading to them both an interesting article on "The Wonders of a Piece of Chalk," it occurred to me all at once to ask my mother a question. So laying down the book, and gazing for a moment in the fire to gather up my thoughts, I said:

"Mother, there comes into my mind, every once in a while, the recollection of scenes which I cannot possibly locate. I cannot even determine whether they are realities. I wish you would help me, if you can. They seem to me too vivid and life-like for dreams; and yet, if they are realities, they must have occurred in

my very early childhood, for they seem to extend as far back into the shadowy past as those 'old chalk-beds' we have just been reading about."

"Well, do let us have them," returned my mother, rather impatiently; for, like most other old people, she lived much in the past, and she was impatient to hear what I had to say that dated so far back.

"To give you Scene the First, then," said I, "there is in front of our door a broad sheet of salt water, at the foot of a high bluff, down whose side is a steep, narrow pathway cut through the firm sand. At the water-side, a Spanish fisherman (I know he is Spanish by his complexion and general appearance) is baling out his canoe with a paddle, preparatory to going a-fishing, and near by is his little son, about my own age, who is going with him. The boy's language sounds strange to me; for, although he uses English, he speaks of going 'up *stars* and down *stars*,' and I correct him by saying that he means 'up *stairs* and down *stairs*.' Soon the water is baled out, the nets and lines are put in, and the boat paddles away."

My mother almost laughed. "Have you anything more to add to the picture?" she asked.

"Not to that one," I replied; "but I will present you now with Scene Number Two. Near our house—at least I judge so, by the kind of *home-feeling* with which I regard it—is the residence of a pleasant-faced old gentleman whom I call 'grandpa.' In the rear of his house is an unfinished piazza, on the joists of which congregate about ten or a dozen pigeons, which fly down at his call, and, while most of them alight on the floor to eat the corn scattered at his feet, one, named Tom, will perch on his shoulder, or eat from his hand."

"Well and truly described!" exclaimed my mother, now laughing aloud. "Have you any more to add?"

"Not to Scene Second," I answered; "but there is another scene which, I think, belongs to this group, because it always comes up in the same connection, and seems lost in the same dim distance. You and my father and myself are in a gig drawn by a large iron-gray horse.

We are on our way to church, along a very sandy road. Pine-trees and dwarf palmettoes are all around us. Presently we come to a road turning square off from the one we are in, and the horse refuses to pass it. He stops, backs, and finally rears. My father gets out, pats him gently on the neck and shoulders, and leads him past the road, saying:

• “‘Come along, old fellow, there is no service there to-day.’

“Then he enters the gig, and says to you:

“‘Gray seems to know as well as we when Sunday comes,’ and you and he are much amused.”

My mother’s almost merry voice now softened to a subdued and plaintive tone, and I think a tear must have gathered in her eye, for she hastily took off her spectacles, and wiped her glasses and her eyes, as she replied:

• “Your pictures, my son, carry me back to the happiest period of my life. They are scenes from your early childhood. I recognize them all as occurring at a place known to us then as Sapelo, or Sapelo Main. The Spanish fisher-

man you describe was named Hernandez. He fished for us, and kept his boat moored at our landing. For some years previous he had been living in the backwoods, and it was there that his little boy acquired his peculiar pronunciation. The old gentleman with the pigeons was not your grandfather, but a Colonel Thompson, from the Bahāmas. He took a great fancy to you, and used to decoy you often to his house. Do you recollect anything of the *chiggers* and the *paroquets* that we have always associated with him?"

I paused and reflected awhile before replying, for I had a distinct recollection of birds flashing from tree to tree with the glitter of emeralds and rubies, and also a dim remembrance of how a chigger feels in the foot;\* but these I

\* These troublesome little insects, common enough in tropical regions, burrow in the sand, waiting for the coming of some unfortunate person without shoes, when they quickly bury themselves in the skin about the toes, and begin to lay their eggs. The sack, in which the chigger and its eggs are enveloped, produces an intolerable itching, and must be picked out unbroken, or the eggs will be scattered and hatched in the flesh, and cause a wide and sometimes dangerous inflammation.

had set down in my mind certainly as dreams.  
My mother went on:

“You used to run into the house very often, saying, ‘Pick it out! there’s a chigger in my foot!’ These chiggers were brought from the Bahamas by Colonel Thompson’s negroes. For a few years they troubled us very much, but at last a cold winter killed them all off. As for the paroquets, I know not how they were connected with Colonel Thompson, except that they came in great numbers about the time of his arrival, and they made our woods shine with their brilliant plumage of red and green.

“That other circumstance, about the horse,” and here my mother’s voice trembled a little, “occurred just as you describe, and was so remarkable that we often mentioned it. The road which we wished to keep was one that your father travelled every day of the week, in going to his business, and the road which the horse insisted so violently upon taking was that which your father took on *Sundays* in going to an academy where was a meeting which he regularly attended. At the time you speak of, there

was a special service in town, where we were going, and none at the academy; but the horse did not know that, and seemed to think that your father was going to violate the Sabbath by attending to his ordinary business — at least so we interpreted his dumb language.\*

“What surprises me, however,” continued my mother, “is that you should remember these things so well, or even remember them at all, when you could not have been, at the time, more than two and a half or three years old.”

These reminiscences so deeply interested me, that a few weeks afterward I left my mountain home and made a visit to Sapelo Main, where I had not been since childhood. There I found an old negro, who had been in my father's employ. Under his guidance, I surveyed the river, the bluff, the landing, the sites of the old-time houses, and everything connected with my early days. A flood of recollections swept over me — my child-life at the Bluff, my early boy-life at home, and at different schools, and my later boy-life in the woods — and as I saw how the

\* The incidents and scenery described above, are not fictions.

hand of Providence had led me so safely and kindly through the many perils of my varied and adventurous life, I could not help kneeling down right there in the thick undergrowth of the river bank and thanking God for all my experiences. This was the first result of my visit, and the second was a resolution that I would beguile the tedious hours of present sickness and of undesired leisure by recording these scenes as faithfully as possible for the benefit of those who call me Grandfather, and for the other readers of these pages, who, if not grandchildren in the flesh, may be so in the spirit.

This is the way in which these stories come to be written.





## CHAPTER II.

### THE BLUFF—RACE FOR LIFE—QUASH AND THE ALLIGATOR.

**I** WAS born in the year 1810, on the seaboard of Georgia, at a place known then as Sapelo, or Sapelo Main, to distinguish it from a neighboring island and river of the same name, and subsequently by the more definite title of Baisden's Bluff.

My father was a prosperous cotton and rice merchant in Darien, commanding an extensive custom among the planters who cultivated the rich islands and deltas of the Altamaha River.

Sapelo, or the Bluff, was a favorite summer residence for all families of wealth occupying unhealthy places on the neighboring coast, and especially for the business-men of Darien. From November to May our family occupied a house

in town, convenient to my father's business; but during the summer and early fall, when steaming vapors from the rice-fields and river-bottoms stole upon the night air, threatening death to all white persons within their influence, the family resided at Sapelo, twelve miles distant; and between these two points my father would ride back and forth every day.

I have travelled much in my day; but in no part of the world have I known more delightful summer breezes than we used to enjoy at the dear old bluff; and almost the same may be said of its water. Embosomed in a shady ravine, near us was a cool spring, known as the "Dripping Spring," which not only refreshed us with delicious draughts, but also gratified our ears with the incessant tinkle of waters falling in a concealed cave. At the foot of a bold bluff, in front of my father's door, and down a sheer descent of thirty feet, there gushed from amid the sand-rocks a spring of crystal water, which, though sulphurous in odor, so gained upon the taste of those who used it that they never ceased to prefer it above all other waters. To this day,

when I read in the Bible the story of David longing for a drink from the well at Bethlehem, I think of our delightful old spring at Baisden's Bluff.

Sitting in our piazza and looking seaward, the eye rested upon an immense level of tall green grass, full eight miles wide, interrupted here and there with hammocks of dark cedars, and with broad flashing reaches of the river. Twice every month this immense level of grass was covered by the spring tides, and at the full of the moon, in September, it appeared as one unbroken sheet of water, sometimes angry, but generally placid as the surface of a lake.

In this marsh, or over it, various birds of large size were to be seen; and from amid the thick grass, at every rising tide, came the merry cackle of marsh-hens; while from the river itself were to be heard, with the incoming of summer tides, the flutter of countless fish, the heavy splash of the sturgeon, and the business-like puf-f-ff of the porpoise.

One of my greatest delights, when a child — and in that respect I am as much a child now as

ever, and hope always to continue so—was to stand where I could watch these tokens of life in the water, and rejoice in the universal joy of river and marsh.

The summit of the bluff was crowned with a thick growth of evergreens, consisting principally of live-oak, cedar, and myrtle, from the intervals of which, for nearly a mile, there peeped out the snow-white houses of the residents. Among these houses, thus visible, was the academy building, where most of the young folks from the neighboring islands and plantations received their education. Of this building, there is scarcely a relic left. In the terrible hurricane of September 14th, 1824, the earth below it was undermined by the surf, and the site is now marked by a chasm.

I recollect a scene of fearful interest in connection with one of the boys of this academy. In a pretty cove of the river, walled from sight by evergreens, was a shore of clean sand sloping gradually into the stream. This was a favorite bathing-place, and a prettier could scarcely be found. But the parents and guard-

ians were reluctant to allow the young folks free access to it, because there was a horrible story of a boy having been caught there and devoured by a shark. Another cause of dread was from alligators, which infested the river in large numbers, and were occasionally very saucy.

These dangers were, however, laughed at by the boys. As for the alligators, nothing afforded them more sport than to find one of these cowardly creatures in the neighborhood of their swimming-ground—they would drive it into open water, surround it with a cordon of swimmers, and amuse themselves with it, until they were weary. The alligator, on finding itself surrounded, would immediately try to escape by swimming first to one side then to another of the ring, having nothing visible above water but the dark tips of its eyes and nose, and the boy whom it approached had only to dash water on it, when it would turn tail and try some other point. This was dangerous-looking sport, and was probably dangerous in fact; for there was no telling how soon an alligator of more courage than the rest might avenge the

dishonor put upon its race by seizing and destroying some one of its tormentors.

I recollect, one day, when I was quite a little boy, standing upon the shore, watching the movements of a sturdy swimmer, who was leisurely returning from an excursion up the river, when, of a sudden, I saw an uncommonly large alligator glide from the marsh and swim rapidly after him. Supposing that the amount of fun would correspond to its size, and having not a thought of danger, I called to a large boy, and said:

“See yonder, a big alligator behind Jimmy Johnson!”

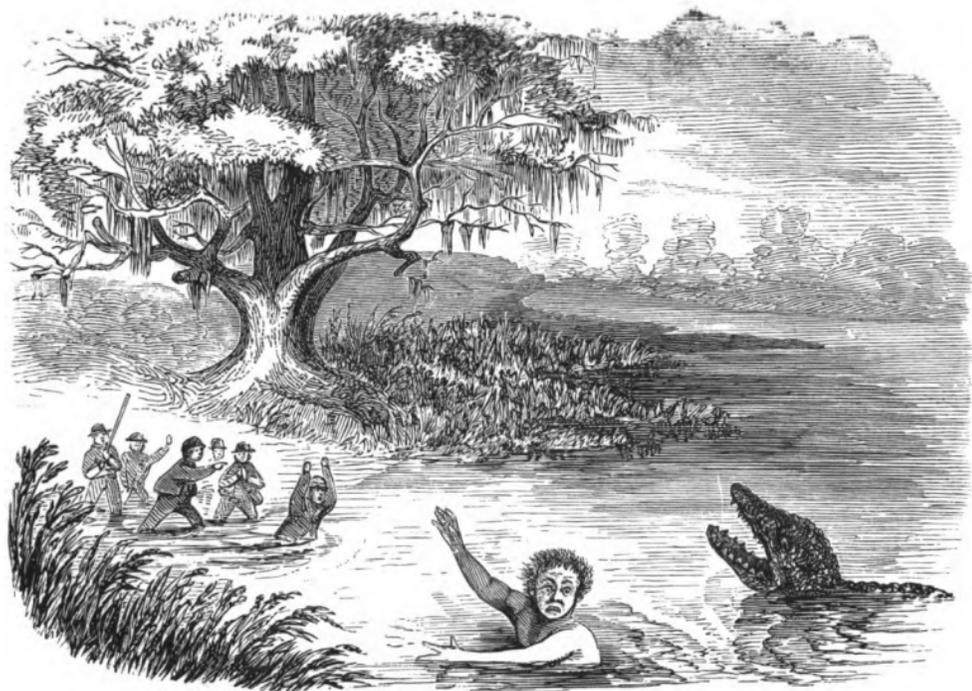
The boy was immediately alarmed, and halloed:

“Jimmy, take care! There’s an alligator after you!”

But Jimmy swam leisurely on, replying:

“Well, let him come!”

The boy was astonished, and for a moment silent, but remembering that Jimmy was notorious as a practical joker, and that it would be natural for him to judge of other people by



JIMMY JOHNSON AND THE ALLIGATOR.—Page 27.

himself, he cried more earnestly than before :

“There's a big alligator close behind you. You had better look!”

Still, Jimmy swam unconcernedly along, replying :

“Yes! and, if you were to look far enough, no doubt, you could see one behind you, too!”

At this moment, however, several other boys came up, who united their voices so imperatively, that Jimmy gave a look behind, and began to swim with all his might for shore. The alligator was only a few yards behind him, and we expected every moment to see it disappear for the purpose of drawing him under and drowning him, according to its habit in such cases. With a loud and agonizing cry, “Boys, help me!” he swam on; when, finding that he was soon to be overtaken, he dived out of sight. The moment he disappeared, the alligator dived too.

“That is the last of poor Jimmy!” exclaimed one of the crowd, which now began to gather; and as we looked we shuddered, to see the water break a few yards ahead, as if there were

a struggle below its surface. Soon the water broke again a few yards nearer to us, and Jimmy himself appeared, dashing the brine from his eyes and mouth, and swimming frantically for shore.

When the alligator appeared, a quarter of a minute later, it had lost considerable distance. We were surprised at this, for these creatures are as much at home below water as above it, and we could account for it only by conjecturing that the river being too muddy to allow it to see its prey, it had dived to the bottom and searched around there, while Jimmy had barely skimmed beneath the surface.

The chase was now renewed. Jimmy shot through the water as he had never swum before, calling to us to help him; and we shouted and threw sticks and clods of mud to scare the creature off; but it was not one of the cowardly kind, and was too intent upon the prey before it to be deterred by shouts or clods. On it came, with all speed, and would soon have overtaken the struggling boy, when at a signal from us he dived again. In the mean time, several had

pushed off in a canoe, and by a vigorous use of the one paddle they found in it, and of their hats and caps used in place of paddles, they reached poor Jimmy just as he was failing from exhaustion, after having successfully dived three times out of the alligator's reach. When he had sufficiently recovered strength and spirits to talk—and this did not take him long, for he was a very buoyant fellow—he told us that of all fast thinking he had done in his life, the fastest was when he was under water, expecting every moment to feel the alligator's teeth upon his legs.

“And I tell you what, boys!” he added, with a very serious air, “I shall never forget the *praying* I did then, too. It seemed to me that all the wicked things I had ever done came rushing into my mind; and they came so fast and thick that I felt as if I were the wickedest fellow that ever lived.”

Some one asked him if, with all his quick thoughts, he could devise no other plan than diving to escape from the alligator.

“Oh, yes!” he replied, “I thought of several.

One of them was a plan adopted by a negro boy, not long since, who, on being suddenly seized by an alligator and drawn under water, threw himself around, stuck a thumb in each of the creature's eyes, and *gouged* with all his might. This was a kind of fighting the alligator was not used to; so he let the boy go, and swam away. I intended, if that fellow had caught me, to try a little gouging, but I preferred to keep out of reach as long as I could."

Another adventure with an alligator, in that same neighborhood and about that time, occurs to me; and though it was far less serious in its character, I record it because it comes in regular course of memory.

In a social visit made by my mother and a friend to a lady, a few miles distant from the Bluff, they took me with them in the carriage. Our way led through the piney woods, where the undergrowth was so kept down by frequent fires, that we could leave the beaten track at almost any point, and drive at fair speed for a considerable distance between the forest-trees. There was, however, one part of our road crossed

by a small run of water, that was bordered with a thicket so dense, that, for a hundred yards, or so, on either side, it was scarcely possible for a pig to pass; and the road was so narrow that the bushes rubbed against our wheels. After we had passed about one-third of the distance, we heard from our negro driver a peremptory "Whoa!" to the horses, and then an expressive "Eh! eh!" intended for himself and for us.

"What's the matter, Quash!" asked my mother.

"One big alligator, ma'am, right 'cross de road," he replied.

We looked forward, and saw an uncommonly large specimen of its kind, lying at right angles to our road, its head resting on one rut, its body on another, and its tail concealed far out in the bushes. It was at least twelve feet long, perhaps more.

What to do, was a question rather difficult to answer by a company consisting of two ladies, and a little boy, five or six years old; for Quash, although a man in years, and in his business of carriage-driver, was no more of a hero than the

rest of us, and it was very plain that, unless the monster obstructing our way could be persuaded to remove, we could not pass without running over it.

An alligator on land, however, is a very impotent thing. It possesses enormous strength in its tail, with which it can strike down and throw into its jaws any animal, not exceeding its own weight, which may come within its sweep; but, outside of that dangerous circle, it is one of the most helpless of brutes. It has no means of attack; and as for defence, it must rely solely upon its hideous looks, and its impenetrable armor of skin and scales.

“Quash,” said my mother, who was well acquainted with these peculiarities, “go, and see if you cannot make it move.”

Quash looked at the alligator, then at his horses, and said:

“Missis, old Tom begin to sharpen he yuhs a’ready at de smell; ef I go leab ’um, he will run ’way.”

“Then take out the horses, and let me hold them,” said my mother, in a quiet, resolute way.

Quash knew her well enough to know that, if he did not do what was expected, she would undertake it herself. He therefore plucked up courage and made a beginning. Loosing the horses from the carriage, and tying them securely to a tree, he obtained a stout pole, about ten feet in length, marched up to the alligator, and, making a long arm, punched it in the side. No sooner had the pole touched the rough scales than it was knocked out of his hands. Quash gave a half scream of terror, and, with rueful face, ran back to the carriage.

“You silly fellow,” said my mother, laughing heartily, “why did you go to its side?”

“Yes, missis,” he answered, “I onderstan’ now; I furgit befo’.”

He recovered his pole, went behind the alligator, and gave it a shove. The only effect produced was a hiss, like that uttered by a sea-turtle, or by a setting goose, when disturbed upon her nest. Quash beat it over the tail and back, then over the head—but all in vain. An alligator, in such cases, drops right down in its

tracks, and suffers itself to be battered to death without attempting to move an inch.

"Can you not start a fire?" my mother asked again, and added, "if you can make ever so small a blaze under its tail, it will move off, fast enough."

Quash had now recovered from his fright, and his eyes and white teeth began to shine with pleasure at the prospect of fun.

"I got flint and steel, missis, and a piece o' punk, too," he answered. He bustled about, collected some dry grass and leaves, and, by means of his long pole, shoved them under the alligator's hind legs and tail, preparatory to setting them afire. But as he passed near its head, we observed him stop and peep into its face, then give a merry "Eh! eh!" and return to us laughing.

"Missis," said he, "de alligator bline as a bat—yes, missis, bline as *two* bat. Somebody bin shoot out bote he eye. We kin git along now beyout bu'n um."

The poor blind creature was thus spared the torture by fire. Quash widened the road at its

head by cutting or breaking down some of **the** bushes; then led the horses by, to show **them** there was no danger; finally, harnessing **them** up, and getting us all in the carriage, he drove slowly past, making the wheels roll heavily upon the creature's snout, and bringing from it a prolonged and indignant "Th-th-th!"

When our visit was ended, we returned **home** another way.





### CHAPTER III.

SICKNESS ON THE COAST — PREPARING TO TRAVEL  
— EQUIPMENTS — “ OLD BIG-FOOT ” — WILD TUR-  
KEYS — FIRST NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

**T**HE two preceding chapters record my recollections of fifty years ago. Oh, how far back that seems! The dim blue of distance is around it. It appears to reach almost to the days of Adam.

And is it possible that fifty years have passed since then? I can scarcely believe it; for when I was a child, that length of time looked like a small eternity, yet the incidents I have described are fresh as yesterday. Ah! I understand it now. It is because “when I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child;” but childhood is mistaken in its estimate of time. Fifty years is not much, except in a

child's conception. It looks large, because life itself is so little. And it looks large only when it is *coming*; after it has passed, it crumples in the grasp, like a dried leaf, to almost nothing.

The year 1817 was long remembered upon our seaboard for its unhealthiness. In many neighborhoods there were not left well people enough to wait upon the sick.

Baisden's Bluff suffered as little probably as any other place on the coast belt; yet every member of our own family was seriously sick, and one was carried to the grave. My father, born and bred in England, and unaccustomed to our fierce diseases, so disrelished this rough handling that he resolved never again to expose himself or family to a similar experience. He had prospered in business; he was able at any time to retire comfortably from its cares, and he resolved to do so.

Before the spring of the following year had quite ended — it was in the month of May — he left Darien and the Bluff, with his whole family, on a tour of travel to the hill-country of the interior. He had no definite plan, except to see

the country, enjoy health, and look out some place of future abode.

Although an earnestly pious man, and ready at all times to do what a layman might to advance the cause of religion, there was no one who enjoyed more keenly than he the wild sports of wood and water. He was a capital shot, and a first-rate angler. With these tastes, it may be conjectured that his equipments for four or five months' vacation from labor would correspond.

Our company consisted of ten persons, viz., my father and mother, and their four children; a Mr. Jamieson, (my father's retainer, companion, shadow,) and three servants, Quash, the carriage-driver, Scipio, a boy of sixteen, and my mother's waiting-maid. To accommodate these, there was a close carriage, a light carry-all with movable top, and a large two-horse wagon loaded with tent-equipage. Trotting beside us were two dogs: Medor, a staunch pointer, that understood how to raise wild turkeys, as well as to point smaller game; and Selkirk, an intelligent cur, trained to still-hunt deer, and even to trail a panther or a bear. There were four guns aboard,

a rifle and two double-barrels, one for birds and the other for deer, besides a single-barrel for Scipio, and several fishing-rods, in joints, with tackle to suit.

The tour was delightful, and full of variety; though I recollect little of it, except such incidents as might impress the mind of a child.

On the third day out from Savannah, while we were noticing the coarse and almost gravelly sand thrown up by the wheels, so different from that to which we had been accustomed, a man, on foot, suddenly emerged from a side-path. He carried a rifle, was followed by a dog, wore a 'coonskin cap, and was clad in garments of deer leather. His easy gait, weather-beaten look, and independent air, all indicated the hunter. His dog and ours, on coming together, with tails erect, first gave a growl, then stood side by side, with bristling back, and soon after engaged in a fight, from which it was difficult to part them. As soon as all was quiet, my father asked the man if the hunting and fishing of that neighborhood were good, remarking that he had just seen fresh deer-tracks crossing the road.

“Whar?” asked the hunter, with a sudden movement to go, without having answered the question.

“About half a mile below,” my father replied; “and there must have been an uncommonly large buck in company, if there is any truth in the size of a track.”

“Oh, ef ole Big-Foot is thar, I need n’t go!” the man rejoined, grounding his roughly stocked piece, and grasping it for support near the muzzle.

“Why not?” my father inquired. “Old Big-Foot, as you call him, seems to me worth getting.”

“He’s all that, and more too!” the other replied; “but thur’s no gittin’ ’im. He’s such a fellow for gittin’ into people’s fields and gittin’ out agin without gittin’ hurt, that many people believe he’s bewitched. More ’n a dozen planters hev offered a dollar to whoever will bring ole Big-Foot’s huffs; and he’s been shot at a hundred times, with rifle and smooth-bore, and ball and buckshot, and even with silver; but thur’s been no gittin’ ’im yet; and I don’t believe

thur 'll be any gittin' 'im tell his time comes. Oh no, stranger, I am nôt gwine to waste my time and bullets on ole Big-Foot."

"But are there not plenty of deer in the neighborhood, besides him?" my father asked.

"Plenty a leetle funder up whar you're agwine," the countryman replied; "but in these yuh dig-gins, thur 's not much to shoot at 'cept turkeys."

"And how as to fishing?" my father inquired.

"Fishin' is out o' my line," responded the other; "but I've heern say that thur 's plenty of pearch and cats, and other sorts o' fish in a creek you 'll cross about ten miles away. I know thur 's plenty o' deer and turkeys in the low grounds."

Half an hour afterward, while Mr. Jamieson, in the little wagon, accompanied by the two dogs, was lagging behind to keep out of the dust, and my father, on old gray, was riding, gun in hand, beside the carriage, talking with my mother, we heard Quash say:

"Eh, eh! dem yuh aint *tame* tukkey!" Then he called suddenly to my father: "Mossa! Mossa!"

With the first sound of his voice, we looked out, and saw a gang of wild turkeys, about twenty in number, standing by the roadside, within six feet of the carriage, watching the unusual procession. So long as their attention was occupied with the motions of the horses and wheels they kept their places with perfect unconcern; but the moment Quash's voice was heard, there came, from some bushes near at hand, a significant "Twit! twit!" and immediately the whole gang rose upon the wing, and, headed by a magnificent gobbler, flew to some tall trees, one or two hundred yards away.

"I'll try to have that fellow!" said my father, looking with longing eyes at the gobbler. He sounded a shrill whistle, which brought Medor bounding toward him; and then a well-known hunter's signal, which made Mr. Jamieson come trotting up at a rapid pace.

"Jamieson," said my father, "the woods are alive with turkeys. Drive with your wagon under those trees where they are. They will not fly. There is no surer way of getting near wild turkeys than in a wagon, for they will fix

their eyes upon *it*, and never notice you. Perhaps we can both get a shot. I will take Medor, and ride farther around. When you are ready to shoot, let me know by a whistle; I will do the same."

They dashed into the woods, and in course of ten minutes we heard two guns in quick succession; then, shortly afterward, saw my father returning with the gobbler hanging at his saddle-bow, and Jamieson came crashing through the bushes, showing a fine hen lying in the wagon.

"This gobbler weighs full twenty-five pounds," said my father, "and, no doubt, the hen weighs fourteen or more."

"I think we shall have to stop going to public houses now, and begin our tent-life," said my mother.

My father's eyes actually glistened at the words.

"How glad I am to hear you say so!" he returned. "The truth is, I had the same thought, but was not willing to trouble you with the cares of tent-life until driven to it by necessity."

"Do you think you are the only one expect-

ing to enjoy it?" asked my mother, with a laugh. "If so, you are mistaken. I am ready to begin to-day."

The weather was fine. When we arrived at the "creek" described by the countryman, "ten miles away," we found a bold rivulet with every indication of good fishing. On a beautifully rounded knoll, within a stone's throw of its waters, was a cluster of oak and hickory, and at convenient distance waved a luxuriant grove of pines, affording an abundant supply of straw-like herbage for beds, and light-wood knots for fire and torches. Everything around invited us to try our new mode of life, and no one in the company was disposed to say nay.

Our tents, for there were two of them, were soon pitched. The horses were haltered at a convenient feeding-place; a fire of dry twigs crackled, blazed and shrunk to cinders; water was brought from the stream, not cool, but sweet; coffee was prepared, bread baked, ham fried, and the livers and gizzards of the turkeys cooked, by special request, for us children; a plentiful supply of pine-straw was heaped in the

tents, for the double purpose of carpet by day and of under-mattress by night ; and long before dark we had dined, and looked about us, and were now well provided for sleep, whenever we chose to lie down.

That first night in the woods—how well I remember it! better, far, than any others of that same summer, or than the many of later day in forest, prairie, or military camp.

We had no chairs nor tables, but sat on carriage-cushions, boxes, and billets of wood ; and when a table was needed, we used a keg-head, or the top of a trunk, or something else equivalent.

The soft moonlight of the evening, and the bright twinkle of the stars through our leafy canopy, kept us long awake. The older folks chatted at the tent door, and we children ran wild with delight in playing within the illuminated circle of our brilliant camp-fire. At last the excitement wore off ; and one of the little ones came to our mother's lap to rest, and then all persons were called together to close the evening. A hymn, known to the servants as

well as to ourselves, was given out, and their rich voices chimed in with our own in singing it. Then my father opened a small pocket Bible, and while we all sat around the door of the larger tent, and the red light of the resinous fire illuminated the green arches overhead, he read a chapter suited to our circumstances, and then we bowed in prayer. Our worship that night seemed to be enjoyed by us all. I recollect that, when we came to say "Our Father who art in heaven," the voices of us children sounded as loud and distinct as those of our parents, as if conscious that under the big heavens and in the wild woods we were all children together.





## CHAPTER IV.

HUNTING FOR BAIT — FISHING — A PINEY-WOODS  
CHURCH, CONGREGATION, PREACHER, AND  
SERMON.

**B**ETWEEN midnight and morning we were aroused by the violent barking of our dogs. My father and Mr. Jamieson sallied forth, guns in hand, to see what was the matter. On their return, they reported two eyes shining in a distant thicket, and that the two dogs continued growling, with bristling backs, but refused to go in pursuit. The intruder was probably a panther.

At breakfast next morning, we children were favored with another dainty which we always relished, and for which, I confess, my taste has not yet been lost—it was what we knew as *cooter eggs*. Not long after leaving the countryman, the day before, our carriage-wheel cracked

through something in the road that sounded like the breaking of a hard, dry gourd. We immediately looked out, and saw an unfortunate terrapin, of very large size, lying between the wheels, with its shell so much broken as to disclose a quantity of snow-white eggs. Quash recognized the sound as soon as it reached his ears, and, with an enthusiastic cry of "Soup! soup!" stopped his horses, leaped from the carriage, and bore the rich prize to the baggage-wagon.

At daybreak, the whole camp was in motion, for the same happy excitement, which had delayed our retiring to rest the evening before, hastened our rising in the morning. Scipio hurried through his duties as house-servant, and set out to look for fish-bait, inviting me to join him. First, he rolled over some old decayed logs, and being able to find only a few crickets, he went to the farther margin of the stream, and finding there many little piles of egg-shaped pellets of earth, he dug under them with a sharpened stick, and soon obtained several dozens of the marsh red-worm.

Just then he spied a large wasp-nest hanging in a brier-bush. He went to it, and, to my surprise, took it with his naked hand. I asked him if he were not afraid the wasps would sting him.

“Oh, no,” he replied; “de was’ too sca’ed o’ me. But befo’ I put my han’ to de nes’, I do so,” (he thrust his hand into his bosom, and rubbed it under the arm-pit): “De was’ smell dat,” he added, “and fly right ’way.”

I have known the experiment tried oftentimes since, with unfailing success — the wasps fly away as if in terror.

“I think we got bait ’nuff, now,” said he, examining the cells of the nest, which were full of white grubs — a delicious morsel to most fresh-water fish.

But Scipio’s exploits as a bait-hunter did not end there. On our way back he discovered a fallen pine, the bark of which was just beginning to separate from the wood. Underlying the bark were great numbers of white worms with flat heads, of which he gathered a handful, and then stopped, saying :

“Leave some fuh nex’ time.”

On reaching the camp, we found the family at breakfast. Quite an array of hooks and lines lay spread upon an open newspaper, and the rods to which they were to be attached were leaning against a neighboring tree. While Scipio was engaged in obtaining the bait, my father and Mr. Jamieson had selected several good fishing-places, and had trimmed the banks to facilitate the play of the rods; then they had returned and made ready the fishing-tackle.

I was surprised to see that my father and Mr. Jamieson, on going to the water-side, shortened their rods, put on what we call "fly-hooks," and united with me and Scipio in trying for minnows. Accustomed, as I was, to salt-water fishing, where the bait used for every variety of fish is shrimp, I could not conjecture the purpose of this small work until informed that the minnows were to serve as bait for larger fish. Fast as they were caught, the little things were thrown into a bucket of water, and were finally carried off by the seniors to try for trout, while Scipio and I were instructed to continue where we were, but to change our hooks to a larger size and fish for

perch and bream. While we were thus engaged, my mother joined us. She was also fond of the sport, and proved herself a right good angler, for she put more fish into the basket than any one of the company. In the course of two or three hours we returned to the tent with a basket of fluttering fish. They were small, it is true, few of them exceeding the length and breadth of a man's hand, but I remember to this day their rich coloring of red, yellow, and brown, and their no less rich flavor when they came from the frying-pan. The trout-fishers were not successful.

Next day, my father took Selkirk, and went on a still hunt for deer. Mr. Jamieson, with Medor, went in another direction to hunt turkeys; while my mother and sister and I, accompanied by Scipio, renewed our successful fishing.

We continued at this place three days, much to the enjoyment of the whole company, living principally upon the spoil taken from woods and water, and we could, with equal pleasure, have remained much longer; but on the fourth day there appeared signs of unpleasant weather, and

we renewed the journey before our tent-life had begun to lose the charm of novelty.

The last day of our stay was Sunday, and my father, hearing from a passer-by that there was to be "preaching" at a country church four or five miles distant, resolved to attend it. He left Mr. Jamieson and Scipio in charge of the encampment, and took the rest of us in the carriage to the meeting.

The "church," so called, we found to be a miserable little house, built of unhewn logs, and roofed with clap-boards, roughly rived, and kept in place by poles laid as weights across each tier. The seats, without backs, were made of logs split in two, hewed smooth on the upper side, and supported by legs driven into large auger-holes near the ends. The narrow, box-like pulpit was raised about three feet above the floor, and reached by a short stairway of blocks. Behind it was a square hole cut in the wall, for the purpose of admitting light. The pulpit, the window-shutter, and a door on each side of the house, were the only parts of the building which could boast of being made of

stuff sawn, planed, and put together with iron nails. The window was ignorant of glass, and the floor was constructed, like the seats, of split logs, hewn tolerably level, and kept in place by their own weight. Adam and Eve, in the garden of Eden, scarcely offered their worship in a less artificial temple.

On our arrival, we found about fifty people assembled, and in the surrounding grove we saw twenty or more shaggy-coated nags, tied by the bridle to swinging limbs of trees. Near the church were several large stumps, cut level at top and into steps on the side, for the convenience of the female riders, while the number of pillions visible behind the saddles showed that most of the horses had carried double.

The "preacher" did not make his appearance until we had been there nearly an hour, and my father had thus the opportunity of divers little talks with the people, who gathered round him in eager groups whenever his voice was heard. He learned that some of them had walked six or seven miles to attend that service, and many had walked three or four; that this was the

only place of worship within a scope of fifteen miles, and the appointment for meeting was monthly; that in the time intervening there were no religious meetings or observances whatever, and, of course, no Sabbath-schools for the young. Indeed, few of the people could read, and their vacant Sabbaths were commonly devoted to social visitings, or to looking after their wild stock, and by some to hunting or fishing.

My father took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded, to throw out as many useful hints as possible on the subject of personal religion and family worship, and of bringing up their children aright, and to distribute among them a few religious tracts and little books, and even copies of the New Testament, reading from each a passage or two as he gave them away.

In the midst of this work, some one announced the "preacher" near at hand. My father observed that the people hastily hid their little books and tracts on his approach, as if unwilling that he should see them. He was a swarthy, thickset man, with intensely black hair and shaggy eyebrows, and exhibited in his manner

much more the aspect of a wolf than of a gospel lamb. The unexpected addition made to his audience that day, by our family, was evidently an annoyance to him, and it was noticeable that the greatest offence he seemed to conceive was at the distribution among his people of religious books and Testaments.

“*He* believed,” he said, “in the *preaching* of the gospel, and in nothing else. He didn’t read nothing in his Bible about tracts or Sunday-schools, or missionary doings, or any of them new-fangled ways of trying to convert people. And he didn’t believe in preaching from *larnin’* either, but in preaching from the *Sperrit*. As for himself and his *bretheren*, they always *tuck* the first text that got into their heads *arter* they got into the pulpit, and then they spoke the first things that come up when they opened their mouths. That’s what he believed in — *preachin’ from the Sperrit.*”

This was said in a loud and angry tone just before going into the house. In the service that ensued he had no Bible, nor even a New Testament. His people said he never carried one.

The only book we saw him use was what he called his *hyme* book, from which he repeated, as if from memory, a very long *hyme*; and then, in queer nasal chant, "parcelled" out the lines to be sung by the congregation.

The "sarment" that he perpetrated was so remarkable a production, that, child though I was, it has left to this day its impress deep enough for me to repeat the text and its interpretation. The words of the text were: "Lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." These words are in the fifth chapter and 39th verse of the Acts of the Apostles, and they constitute a part of the sage advice given by Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, to his brethren the Jewish rulers, concerning the Apostles of Christ, whom they were about to punish. "Let them alone," said he; "if this new sect of Nazarenes be of man, it will come to naught, as others have done to your knowledge; but, if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it. Let them alone, *lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.*" This was the text and its connection.

I do not remember how the "preacher" man-

aged to quote it, or whether he gave its plan and connection; but I do remember that he talked for more than an hour, and that his great aim was to show *in what way men might* HAPPILY FIGHT AGAINST GOD.\*

My father and mother seemed sad all the rest of that day, and quoted several times the words, "Blind leaders of the blind."

\* The reader must not suppose that, in the above sketch, the author has drawn upon his imagination. It is *sober fact*, not fancy. The text and its interpretation he heard with his own ears. The preacher, with no book but his "*hy ne* book," is a verity, vouched for on the same testimony. And as for the *building*, it was unfortunately not the only one of its kind in those parts, and it is possible, a traveller there may find that, after a lapse of fifty years, the tooth of time has failed to gnaw them all away. Oh, the heathenish influences under which multitudes of our poor have been brought up! Do not such demand our pity and our kindly efforts for their enlightenment?





## CHAPTER V.

THE FIVE BELTS—FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE BLUE RIDGE  
—THE MORNING BATH—WILD DUCK PILLAU.

**T**RAVELLING thus by easy stages, and stopping to encamp wherever there was sufficient promise of pleasure to be enjoyed or of good to be done, and sometimes going out of our way for these purposes, our general progress was slow. We were three weeks in reaching Athens, Georgia.

This was the first point of rest in our plan of travel. "As the crow flies," Athens is about one hundred and eighty miles northwest from Savannah, and about the same distance and direction from Darien, although these places upon the seaboard are fifty or sixty miles apart.

In travelling this route, the variations of soil, surface, and production are such as to arrest the attention even of a child.

The immediate seaboard is a dead level of very fine sand, in which the only rock to be seen is an occasional sandstone, loosely cemented with iron, and the chief productions are rice and sea-island cotton. All through this belt, the eye feasts upon evergreen forests of pine, interspersed with wide-spreading live-oaks, gracefully draped with moss, and in the wet bottoms with princely magnolias, and, next the sea, with tall feathery palmettoes, that remind one of the tropics. Between these trees and the earth is a wilderness of rich shrubbery—beautiful cassenas, fragrant myrtles, scarlet-berried hollies, dark green cedars and savins, and modest gall-berries, all evergreens, like the trees just mentioned.

Forty miles from the sea, the soil changes to a coarse sand, covered with forests of long-leaf pine and of a small rough oak, known as the black-jack, and carpeted with wire-grass, so called from its lean, tough, wire-like leaf. Here the principal product is cattle, and the quality of their milk and flesh may be inferred from the herbage on which they feed. In this unpropitious belt reside a lean, tough, wiry population,

harmonizing with their grass and cattle, and known over the whole State as the wire-grass or piney-woods people.

About forty miles higher up, the soil changes again. The sand begins occasionally to be intermixed with clay, and overlies a stratum of shells possessing every degree of hardness, from the soft and crumbly marl, to the flinty buhr-stone, from which the best of mill-stones may be made. This region is known as that of the "rotten limestone." The water is miserably-tasted, but the soil is rich, and the forests combine largely the varied growth of the seaboard, the midland, and the mountains.

About forty miles still higher up, say at the cities of Augusta, Macon, and Columbus, the soil changes again. Here begin the red clays, underlying which are stratified rocks, which obstruct the rivers, and make those cities the heads of navigation. Above this line, the country is richly diversified with hills, which are covered with heavy growths of oak and hickory, indicative of a productive soil, while the streams are all turbid from the intermixture of clay.

This last belt includes Athens, far beyond which begin the mountain limestones and the marbles ; and beyond these, in the western part of the State, are dark outcroppings of stone-coal.

I do not give these facts as having been all gathered during my childhood. But my attention was attracted to them then, and I learned to know them better afterward. These five belts traverse the State from northeast to southwest, running almost parallel with the coast line, and more or less mark the neighboring States also.

Of Athens, at that time, I scarcely remember more than the name. One thing only impresses me: that we boarded with an old lady of whom my father and mother spoke very highly, but in whose neighborhood I could find no playmates; and that when the news of another journey was announced, it was music to my ears.

In this second trip, however, our company was not so large as it had been before — my mother and all the children, except myself, were left at Athens. My father, Mr. Jamieson, and myself, by turns riding in the carryall or bestriding Old Gray, and accompanied by Scipio, who

drove the baggage-wagon, left Athens on a tour into Tennessee and Kentucky. We took what was then known as the Federal Road, which led us through the heart of the Cherokee country.

The road was exceedingly rough, and the rivers without bridges. I recollect pitying the poor horses as they strained up the long ascents, and then being terrified as we tried to hold them back in descending the hills equally steep on the other side.

We had not travelled more than half a day before my father stopped the carryall on the top of a high hill, and said to me :

“Look yonder, Johnnie! There is something you never saw before.”

“What!” said I; “clouds?” for I saw only what seemed to be bluish-looking clouds, of rather solid appearance, rising beyond the distant hills.

“Those are not clouds,” replied my father; “they are mountain-tops.”

“Are mountains blue?” I asked.

“Not when you are near them,” he answered;

“they are then gray or green, as they happen to be covered with rocks or with trees. But at a distance everything takes a bluish tinge. Did you never notice that trees which are blue at a distance, are green when you come near? Those mountains are forty or fifty miles away.”

That night we encamped at a place called the Poplar Spring. I remember it on account of a hearty laugh we had at Mr. Jamieson's expense. Like the rest of us, he had suffered severely from sickness the autumn preceding, and had not yet recovered his strength. He thought that his best plan for recruiting in this healthy region would be by a free use of cold water. When we stopped that evening to encamp, he had looked out a place of concealment in the bushes, and there had provided a bucket of cold water. The next morning, soon after daylight, he went to this place, and poured the water over his head and down his body. The shock was very great. He gave a loud “Boo!” then threw over his shoulders an old plaid cloak, and started off on a run to warm his blood. Our dogs, on hearing his Boo! and seeing a person in unusual cos-

tume running full speed from camp, took him, no doubt, for a thief, and dashed off in pursuit. The first thing Mr. Jamieson knew, Medor was pulling at his cloak, and Selkirk biting his legs. He kicked and hallooed to them most lustily, but it was not until after a pretty long fight and a good deal of coaxing that he could persuade the dogs to believe he was no thief, but their own home friend. The next time he had occasion to take a similar bath, he called the dogs and made them witness the operation. I learned, then, what I have often noticed since, that, although dogs will ordinarily scent out a friend under any disguise, they will often fail to do so in a time of excitement, especially if treated as foes.

Another incident occurred about the same time, in which Mr. Jamieson and the dogs figured again. Some one had killed a wild duck. It was very fat, and seemed to promise a delicious dish, if well prepared. Mr. Jamieson, who had long been disgusted with what he termed the "hog and hominy diet" of the up-country, and who longed for some of his favorite seaboard

dishes, proposed to use the duck in making a pillau.\*

“I never cooked one,” said he to my father, “but I know how it is done, and have no doubt I can do it.”

At our midday rest he took charge of the duck, and of the materials necessary for his pillau. Dinner was served on a log. We handed our tin plates to him to be helped, and then waited a few moments on him. I observed my father taste some grains of the rice, then start with surprise, and look straight down into his plate, while his eye twinkled and his face became red, as if he were trying to smother a laugh. I tasted too, and found that the duck was intolerably fishy. My father and I exchanged looks, and he shook his head at me, as much as to say, “Keep still.”

Mr. Jamieson was so deeply interested in his favorite dish, and so eager to enjoy it, that he had not observed our changes of countenance.

\* This is a rich preparation of rice, fowl, pepper, etc., boiled together. We obtain the name, as well as the plan of the dish, from the Turks.

He helped himself bountifully to the smoking dainty, spread a little of it on one side of his plate to cool, eyed it with manifest desire, then put a good mouthful of it into his lips. We saw him make one or two efforts to swallow, then rise hastily from his seat, uttering something very emphatic, but which was so obstructed by rice and disgust that we could make out only a prolonged "Ogh-h!" and hurrying to the nearest bushes to relieve himself of his intolerable mouthful. While he was gone, my father laughed until the tears came into his eyes, but he tried hard to refrain after Mr. Jamieson's return, when he quietly said to him:

"Pity that so fat a duck should be so fishy! We had better make our next pillau of something else."

"Scipio!" said Mr. Jamieson, in a voice of thunder.

Scipio came.

"Take away this pillau, and give it to the dogs!"

Scipio took the offending dish and carried it off. I observed him slyly give it a smell, when

his head jerked back, as if with a half spasm, and his lips uttered an expressive, "Ki-ee, mossa!"

He put it on a stump to cool, and called the dogs. Poor fellows! it was almost pitiable, as well as laughable, to witness their disappointment. They came running to the call, delighted with the large share allotted to them; put their noses to it, looked at us with a very doubtful expression, then raised their heads and *howled*. They did not touch a mouthful.

Through all that long journey, and amid all the rough fare of the Indian country and the mountains, Mr. Jamieson never, after that, uttered the word "pillau."





## CHAPTER VI.

THE FRONTIER — SAW - NEE — KA - NEE - KAH —  
VANN'S FERRY.

**I**N the course of two or three days, we came to a river, which was crossed by means of a ferry-boat, the first I had ever seen. It was a broad, shallow, flat-bottomed thing, with double floor, built of very thick planks, having space enough for a large wagon and team, and making one think of an ordinary plank-bridge turned bottom upwards. A rope of twisted hide was stretched across the river and fastened to a tree on each side. The flat was pulled across by means of this rope.

The river was very beautiful, its waters clear as crystal, and overhung to their very edge by luxuriant trees and vines, growing in the rich banks, so different from the muddy rivers of tidewater, flanked with wet marshes or miry

swamps. A short distance above the ferry, the river was double; for there the waters of two rivers unite in their sparkling race to the Gulf of Mexico. The Chestatee above the junction and the Chattahoochee below it, formed the boundary, at that time, between the ill-starred Cherokees and the white people of the State of Georgia.

Near the ferry, and in sight of numerous smokes from Indian houses on the other side of the river, was a large trading-post. This was abundantly supplied with knives, hatchets, axes, gunpowder, lead, looking-glasses, beads, and gaudy calicoes of red, yellow, and blue, conspicuously festooned to attract the attention of Indian purchasers. Little *money* was received or expected in payment; the goods were exchanged for showy mocçasins, dried venison, bear meat, cane baskets, and skins of all sorts, from those of the bear and panther, and the rich peltries of the beaver and otter, down to those of the mink, and even of the squirrel.

Before we could cross the river and pass into the Indian country, it was necessary that a per-

mit should be obtained from the Agent appointed by the President of the United States for the protection of his "red children." To my father's great disappointment, however, he learned, upon arriving at the river, that the Agent was absent, and that he would not probably return for days—how many, no one could tell.

This disappointment was trying. In his early days, in England, he had conceived a deep and almost romantic interest in the wild men of America, and it had been one of the most pleasant dreams, not only of his boy-life, but of his early manhood, to visit their country, and to look upon them in their own wild homes. That dream was on the point of being realized; he was at the very threshold of their territory; he could see from the river bank the smoke of their homes; and now, at this very point, to be balked, demanded of him more evenness of mind than he was able always to exercise. But he was a man of sound philosophy, and one of his rules of life was, not merely to bear everything patiently, but to *turn whatever happened to good account*. He tried that rule in the present

case, and was satisfied, so he afterwards said, that his interests had been served by his detention. He certainly made thereby some valuable acquaintances, and also obtained some valuable hints that were better gained then than later.

No sooner was it decided that we must sojourn on the river bank than my father went to the trader, whose name was Scupper, and who, next to the Agent, was the most important man at the post, showed him a letter of general introduction, and made known to him his intentions. The moment the trader recognized the distinguished name signed to the letter, he became all alive to my father's wishes.

"There is one piece of advice I would give you," said he; "keep a close watch upon everything you have that can be stolen. This is the wildest part of the State. The red man has scarcely gone out, and most of the white men who have come in are of unsettled character."

"I have two good dogs and plenty of guns," my father replied. "Will not these be enough?"

"Enough, perhaps, for the first night," was the answer, "especially if your dogs are tied up.

But I suppose you know that there are certain *smells* which dogs will follow to a great distance. If yours should be decoyed away, there's no calculating what may happen to them, or to you, before they return."

"Thieves in this neighborhood must be uncommonly well trained," observed my father, with a smile.

"So well trained," returned the other, "that if a man is not wider awake than some I have known, he might even have his horse stolen from under him without his knowing it."

My father laughed, and inquired:

"Are these thieves white men or red?"

"Sometimes of one color, sometimes of the other," Mr. Scupper replied. "But I must say that when the white man gives himself up to these doings, he generally makes the greater rascal of the two."

"What would you advise me to do?" asked my father.

"Put yourself and goods under the watch of a trustworthy Indian," returned the trader. "Pay him well, and, if possible, make him responsible

to his chief. *Indians seldom steal from each other*, and they are so quick-eared and quick-eyed that few white men can steal from them. But when you have got the best one that can be had, my advice, so long as you are on the frontier, is, Watch, and watch *him*, too."

"You do not give a stranger much encouragement to feel at ease here," said my father, with a half-amused, half-troubled expression of countenance. "Can you commend me to any one whom I may put into service to-night?"

"I cannot," was the answer. "There are Indians enough on this side the river to-day; some of them as faithful as can be found, but, unfortunately, they are all drunk—every man, woman, and child of them—except the watchman of each company, who never drinks until some one else is able to take his place. I will, however, be on the lookout for you."

This conversation took place about the middle of the day, and it had scarcely ended before the trader's clerk said:

"There is old Saw-nee \* coming, now!"

\* This name is not the same with Sawney, the Scottish con-

“Saw-nee is the very man you want,” said Mr. Scupper; “not because you could engage *him* as watchman, for he is too old, and too rich, to give himself to such work, and more than that, he is a *chief*. But he can select one for you, and whoever he appoints will serve you faithfully, for to an Indian the chief’s word is law.”

We looked toward the river and saw a person coming, whom no one who had ever seen a truthful picture of our aborigines would for a moment take to be any other than an Indian chief of the olden time. He was full sixty years of age; his long hair, white as snow, and flowing to his shoulders, was in strong contrast with the dark copper of his complexion, while his stately walk showed that he duly estimated the dignity both of his age and his office. On his head was a turban of bright red, adorned with feathers of the eagle, hawk, crane, and even of the barn-door fowl. His clothing consisted of

traction for Saunders and Alexander, but a Cherokee name, and, like most other words of the language, pronounced full upon the last syllable: Saw-NEE, Che-ro-KEE.

hunting-shirt, leggings, and moccasins of dressed deerskin, all fringed and highly ornamented. Over one shoulder, and under the other, was a scarf, from the folds of which projected the feathered ends of arrows belonging to a bow swung at his back; while in his hand he bore a rifle, and his powder-horn and shot-pouch hung at his side. A thong of deerskin passed around his neck, and displayed conspicuously upon his breast a broad silver medal, of which he seemed to be quite proud, and which we subsequently learned had been awarded to him by General Andrew Jackson, for gallant conduct at the battle of Horse-Shoe Bend, where he had swum the river, cut loose the enemies' boats, and thus aided materially to gain the day.

On his coming up to the store, the trader exchanged with him a few words in Cherokee, which caused him to fasten his eyes upon my father with a look as keen as an eagle's. Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, and with the trader's representations, he approached and said, in attempted English:

“My people too much big drunk to watch.

Let alone one sleep; drunk all gone, and watch man plenty."

In the course of the conversation ensuing, my father informed him of his English birth; of his having heard, across the water, when he was a boy, the fame of the red man of America, and of his having come, not for the purposes of trade, but to rove among the people, and to see them as they are.

At this announcement Saw-nee looked a little doubtful. We learned afterward that he had had so much to do with unprincipled white men as to be suspicious of every profession of friendly interest. He answered:

"Cherokee too wild. No house; no bed; no table; no chair; no bread. Unaika \* tired before two sleeps."

My father pointed to his tent, pitched under a tree, and to his wagons beside it:

"Yonder," said he, "is my house. It travels wherever I go. My bed is in it. I carry my bread in my wagon, and my meat too. All I want is to see the people."

\* White man.

A word in Cherokee from the trader to the chief, and a look from the chief into the traveller's open face, caused an instantaneous change. Saw-nee seemed to be convinced of the stranger's sincerity, and from that moment he was his friend. He grasped his hand, and said, with unhesitating cordiality :

“Come! Come! welcome! Saw-nee glad see you. People glad see you. Come Saw-nee house.”

My father was about to accept the invitation as freely as it was given, when a significant smile and look from the trader made him hesitate. He, therefore, contented himself with thanking Saw-nee for his invitation, and saying :

“I will certainly do so, if I can.”

As soon as possible, he sought an interview with Mr. Scupper, who remarked :

“Your answer is all right. I was afraid you were going to bind yourself too close for comfort. You will see some rare sights at Saw-nee's, and, in fact, all through the nation.”

Late in the afternoon, a messenger came from the old chief, who had gone into the

surrounding forest to look after his drunken people. This man was about thirty years of age, and of very pleasant aspect, having his complexion and features softened by the admixture in his veins of white man's blood. He came to my father; and said:

“Me, Ka-nee-ka. Saw-nee sen' me, watch.”

My father and Mr. Jamieson closely scrutinized his face, to ascertain whether he had been partaking in the excesses of the others, but saw no indication of it. Indeed, the Indian seemed to understand the look of inquiry, for, he added, without a word having been spoken:

“Me no drunk—no drunk; just come over river.”

It was scarcely possible to look him in the eye, and listen to his soft voice expressing itself in broken English, without taking him to be an honest man, and this impression was confirmed by the trader, who said, with marked emphasis:

“Ka-nee-ka is one of the few red men of whom I can say that I never heard of his being drunk, or of his being charged with wrong-doing. He is one of the best men of the nation.”

With this assurance, he was duly installed in the office of watchman, and so satisfactory were his services, and so well agreed were both parties in the case, that he continued with us until compelled to leave and return home.





## CHAPTER VII.

### FIRST EXPERIENCE OF A FERRY — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIAN LIFE.

**L**ATE Sunday evening the Agent returned, and early next morning the permit to pass the river was obtained.

I shall never forget my first experience of a ferry — the steep descent down the sandy river bank — the yielding of the flat to the pressure of the entering train — the cautious stepping of Old Gray upon the loose planks of the floor — the shying and snorting of the wagon-horses when they found themselves passing from the firm earth toward the deep and dangerous-looking water — the pricking-up of their ears, and the constant watch they kept upon the strange movements, sounds, and sensations — and my own confused feeling when the bank seemed so mysteriously to slide away from the

ferry-boat, and the trees and skies overhead to move around, as the flat swung down with the current, and then passed sidling from shore to shore. But we made the passage in safety. The heavy chain at the forward end was drawn, clanking, ashore, and wound several times around a short stake driven firmly into the bank; one by one we all passed out; the ferrage dues were paid; the horses strained up the steep and sandy bank, and, having reached its level summit, we were all ready once more for travelling.

In crossing that river a great change had passed upon our relations to society: we were now in the red man's country, and under his rule, except so long as we kept within the limits of the Federal road; that, indeed, was a thread-like extension of the white man's territory, and protected by white man's law, but beyond it, on either side, all was Indian. We had taken our farewell of houses and fields, as we had been accustomed to see them, and had entered the grand old forest, and among the rock-laden hills, un-

touched by the hand of labor, except where at rare intervals the blue smoke curled from the roof of some rude lodge scarcely exceeding in its dimensions, or in its architecture, the play-house of a child.

Some of the dwellings we saw that day, and many that we saw afterward, belonging to the poorer class, consisted simply of a roof resting on the ground, and made of long pieces of bark, stripped from growing trees, flattened and leaned against a ridge-pole. Most of the better houses were made of straight poles or small logs, about twelve feet long, notched into each other at the corners, so as to lie very close, making a wall about as high as a man's shoulders, and surmounted by a roof of bark, or of split boards. These better houses were usually associated with a small patch of cleared ground, an acre, or less, planted with corn and beans. I recollect hearing my father and Mr. Jamieson remark that they never saw an Indian house on poor ground, and they accounted for it by the fact that the selection was always made by the women, or with an eye to them, for on them

devolved the drudgery of cultivating all the ground that was planted.

Rough as the white man's dwellings were on the other side of the river, they were *lordly* in comparison with the usual abodes of the Indians; and, child though I was, I could not help inquiring, mentally: If such the difference, when the white man of the frontier is roughened by contact with the Indian, and when the Indian of the frontier is improved by contact with the whites, how desperately rough must have been that mode of life before the improvement!

One or two hours' travel along the Federal highway brought us to a point where a narrow pony-path, or Indian trail, diverged from the main road and led through the wild woods. This, Ka-nee-ka informed us, was the way to Saw-nee's house.

Mr. Jamieson looked at the path, untouched as yet by wheels, then looked at our carryall and wagon, and appeared troubled. He thought, as no doubt many others would who never saw an Indian forest in Indian times, that it would be impossible to travel through it on wheels,

tangled as it must be with vines and thickets. But this was a mistake. While the Cherokees lived here, and for years afterward, *there was no undergrowth*—it was kept down by yearly fires. The growth of the low grounds, which the fires could not reach, on account of their dampness, was dense enough; but in the uplands a deer or man could be discerned in any direction full half a mile away.

After pursuing this trail a short distance, Mr. Jamieson was amused and almost provoked at the fact that for several miles he could not find a switch with which to whip off the deer-flies that swarmed with bloody intent around the ears of the horses. With the exceptions of having to cut a few logs from our path, and to bridge an occasional gully, or to level a rough ravine, we met with little obstruction. These wild, open woods, so different from our thickety forests, were truly beautiful.

We came at last to a small mountain, near whose base flowed a pretty little stream, in a bend of which lived Saw-nee. We could see from the comb of a hill, at the distance of a mile,

the smoke of several fires, and a nearer approach revealed a field of about ten acres, with a neat log-cabin in each corner, while other houses of similar character appeared in different parts of the forest.

“Saw-nee’s little town, I suppose?” said my father, interrogatively, to Ka-nee-ka.

“Saw-nee town,” affirmatively, replied the other. “Yonder,” he continued, pointing to a pole-house among the trees, “Saw-nee brother, Waw-leh. Yonder, yonder,” pointing now to the cabins at the corners of the field, “Saw-nee wife!”

“What!” exclaimed Mr. Jamieson, “does his wife live in four houses?”

Ka-nee-ka’s eyes twinkled with an amused look, as he replied, counting his fingers:

“One house, one wife; two house, two wife; tree house, tree wife; fo’ house, fo’ wife. Saw-nee rich. Saw-nee got big field; got *fo’ wife*; got *hundred pony*!”

Mr. Scupper’s allusion to the “rare sights” we should probably witness, began now to be explained. It was, indeed, a rare sight to per-

sons, fresh as we were from a Christian country, to look upon an establishment in which a man could show *four lawful wives*, each living in her own house, and in her own corner of a ten-acre field. The fact, thus suddenly revealed, prepared us for anything else that might appear.

Mr. Jamieson was highly amused at this discovery about Saw-nee's wives, and began directly to speculate upon the consequences:

"Don't they have some big quarrels sometimes?" he inquired of Ka-nee-ka.

"Don't dare," Ka-nee-ka replied. "Too 'fraid Saw-nee."

We halted on the shady brow of a hill overlooking the stream, and despatched our guide, Ka-nee-ka, to announce to the old chief our arrival, and to inquire of him whether it would suit his convenience for us to encamp at the spot where we had halted. This message brought him striding rapidly to meet us. His dark Indian face was lighted up with pleasure, and his hand was cordially extended, as he exclaimed:

"Welcome! welcome! Come now to Saw-nee house."

"Let me first pitch my tent," answered my father. "Is this spot as good as any other for my camp?"

"Good!" he answered, with a disappointed look; "but Saw-nee house good too; *big* too. Come to house. I too much glad to see you."

Indians are proverbially hospitable. They manifest a real delight in being able to share with their accepted guests whatever they have; but their guests must be careful not to offend them by any slight, or by want of proper regard. Sawnee's face indicated strong and unrestrained passions, and he was so fully set on receiving and entertaining us that, without skilful management, there was evident danger of displeasing him. But my father was a man of tact, and his answer was ready.

"Saw-nee's house is big and good, no doubt, and I shall be too much glad to go to it," he said; "but I want to have *my own* house, too, where I can welcome Saw-nee and his people, when they come to see me. I love to feel free."

The gathering cloud dispersed from the chief's brow, and a pleasant light flashed from his dark

eyes. His visitor had pleaded a love of freedom, and a desire to reciprocate attentions. The plea went straight to his Indian heart, and he replied :

“ Good, good! Make camp; then come. My house yonder.”

He pointed to one somewhat larger than the others, though, like them, consisting of but one room.





## CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT IN FORM — CONVERSATION — NOVEL MEASURE  
FOR HEAT AND COLD — INDIAN WOMAN — COOK-  
ING — PONIES — THE RAT HUNT.

**K**A-NEE-KA'S services as a go-between were invaluable. He was quick in discerning the temper of both parties, and skilful in warding off unpleasant collisions. His general intelligence was far greater than Sawnee's, and though not a chief by office, he was one by influence, and he promised to be one in the course of time by consent of the people.

It was by his advice that my father and Mr. Jamieson, soon after dinner, put on their most showy clothing, directing me to do the same, and went to make a visit at the house pointed out. Ka-nee-ka informed us that this was the

house of Saw-nee's oldest wife, and that it was the custom, in all honors and attentions shown, that each wife should share regularly according to her succession in age.

We found the chief seated on a log, under the shade of a tree by his house-door, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. Near him were two chairs, with bottoms of raw deer-skin, hair-side up, and a queer little stool, made of woven cane, was set for me. The pipe was immediately offered to the guests, who each took a whiff in token of sociality, but who declined taking more on the plea that it was not their time of day to smoke.

I noticed that, as we sat there, a crevice between the logs of the house glistened with a row of keen black eyes, watching our movements. Scarcely had I noticed them, however, before they all disappeared, and I saw them no more.

When Saw-nee's pipe ceased to give smoke, a dark-skinned girl of sixteen years of age—the very picture of the old chief—came with a cane-basket full of luscious-looking red plums, placed them on the ground beside him, and,

without a word spoken to him, or a look directed to us, she received his pipe and bore it back to the house.

“A very good plum,” said Mr. Jamieson, appearing to enjoy greatly the contents of the basket.

“Good plum,” responded Saw-nee.

“They grow wild, do they not?” asked Mr. Jamieson.

“Grow wild,” was Saw-nee’s reply.

“Where I live, the people call them the Tennessee plum,” remarked my father.

“Tennessee plum!” assented the other.

Such was the character of the conversation extended through an hour, and touching on various subjects. There was one reply of the old chief, however, a little longer than the others, which so highly amused my father that he and Mr. Jamieson had a hearty laugh over it when they returned to the tent. The mention of the name Tennessee drew from us the remark that we were going on a visit to the State of that name, and from Saw-nee the remark that he had often been there, and that on the other

side of the mountains the winters were colder than on the Georgia side. My father, curious to know, as I afterward heard him say, what kind of measure would be applied to heat and cold by an Indian, ignorant of the thermometer, asked him :

“ How much colder ? ”

Saw-nee paused a moment, and, to my father's surprise, grunted out ;

“ Ugh ! Suppose about one blanket ! ”

That evening an Indian came to our camp, bearing upon his shoulder a quarter of fat, young beef, as a present from the chief. Scipio, according to our custom at home, enclosed it in a tight bag to protect it from the encroachments of the flesh-fly, and drew it high up into a tree by means of a cord thrown over a limb, from which it was lowered at will, and for days furnished us with delightful steaks.

When Saw-nee came, in the morning, to see us, he was highly pleased with this device. He said that most of his people cared nothing for the touch of the flesh-fly, but that he himself could not bear it, and that the only protection

he had practised was to hang his meat in the smoke of his chimney.

After enjoying a pipe in our canvas "wig-wam," he invited us to go and see his ponies, of which he said he owned one hundred, and that some of them had been kept from the cane-brake that morning to give us the opportunity of seeing them.

Our way to the pony-pen led us by that corner of the field occupied by his youngest wife. She had evidently received no warning of our approach, and was, therefore, not prepared to see company, for her calico-dress was let down farther from her shoulders, and drawn up higher toward her knees than suited the decorum of a chief's wife; yet she was not in the least abashed, but went on with her work the same as if no stranger, nor even her husband, were nigh. She was surrounded by a crowd of children, who, the moment they saw us, scampered into the house and peeped eagerly at us through holes in the wall. Most of them were attired in the full suit of copper color which nature had given them; though some of

the older wore additionally, about the middle, a piece of tattered calico, or of deer-skin. Her occupation at the time was cooking. A hot fire of dry wood had been made in a shallow trench, producing a quantity of coals and embers. Over this heated pit was a kind of scaffold of green poles, laid with their ends resting on the sides, and on this scaffold sat, in solemn silence, the head of the beef slaughtered the day before. The skin had been removed, but the horns still pointed fiercely upward, and united with the scorched eyes, dripping cheeks and broiling nose, to produce a savage-looking picture.

Saw-nee's ponies were not remarkable for size, sleekness, or superfluous fat, but they were in fair working - order, and were thoroughly broken, he said, to all kinds of service customary among his people. His own favorite pony, for instance, a jet black, with shaggy mane and tail, dished face, and great breadth between the eyes, and having an exceedingly vicious look, would not only come running to his call, and follow him like a dog, remain at one place, when so ordered, until permitted to leave, stand still

as a stump while he fired from its back, and perform other acts of a like character, but it would guard whatever articles were committed to its care, and was trained to walk a log across a miry morass or a turbulent stream, with the steadiness of a goat. The credit of this training was due to Saw-nee's brother, Wah-leh, who lived in the woods hard by, and who was noted both as a horseman and a hunter.

As most of these ponies were reared for market, my father requested to be shown some that might be suitable for children. This request caused my heart to jump almost into my throat, for I had long been ambitious to own a pony, and now my desire was about to be gratified. Saw-nee, however, replied :

“Can't show now; can't *now*. Show nex' time.”

The result of the application was that, ere we left the neighborhood, two ponies, very small, very neat, very gentle, were selected and committed to Waw-leh's care, with the understanding that they should be trained in a particular manner, and be ready for delivery at a certain

price when we passed that way on our return in the fall.

The next few days were spent in hunting and fishing, which I was not able to witness on account of sickness. One scene, however, I recollect at Saw-nee's, which afforded me much amusement. This was a *rat hunt*.

For an Indian, of moderate wealth, Saw-nee was a big farmer: he planted *ten acres of rich land*. His crib groaned with the weight of two or three hundred bushels of corn. But he was in the same proportion annoyed by rats. All the nibblers of the neighborhood seemed to have congregated at that well-filled crib, burrowing among the unshucked ears, burrowing under the corn-house, burrowing in the surrounding earth, and even making their nests in the surrounding trees. They destroyed more corn than the ponies ate, and Saw-nee was compelled to declare war against them. Collecting a few friends, he had dug into the holes outside the crib, and followed them as far as they led, killing such numbers of his tiny foes as for days to feast all the children of the neighborhood

with roasted rats. But this assault upon the outworks only compelled those which escaped to seek refuge in the mass of the corn itself, and for a while Saw - nee was puzzled to know what to do next. He applied to a wise old Rain-maker, or Conjuror, of the neighborhood, who advised him to the following plan, which he adopted, and which was ready for testing while we were there: He obtained a nicely hollowed log about a foot in diameter, which he buried deep under the corn in his crib, with a piece of wood lying at each end ready to be used as a stopper. The log had been in its place about three weeks before our coming, in which time the rats had greatly enjoyed its security, making it their romping - place by night, and their place of refuge and of sleep by day. But the time had now arrived when its treacherous character was to be proved to their terrible experience.

Saw - nee, accompanied by several others, went into the crib and made a great commotion among the shucks, particularly at the sides and bottom of the room, for the purpose of driving

the rats to seek refuge in the deceitful hollow. This being done, the log was closed at both ends by the stoppers provided, and borne to an open piece of ground. As it was on its way, we noticed a grim smile on Saw-nee's face, and heard him say :

“I hear 'em! Got 'em now!”

Our dogs, as well as those of the Indians, were present, and seemed greatly to enjoy the fun. The log was as full as it could be packed with rats of all ages and sizes, from those just entering upon active life, to the great-grand-fathers, gray with years and robberies. Poor creatures! they appeared fully to comprehend the desperateness of their situation, for they clung tenaciously to their refuge, until compelled by various devices to leap out and seek safety in flight. But so numerous were the besiegers, both human and brute, that scarcely one of them escaped. Each person made his own pile of dead bodies, and when we came to inquire into the sum total, we counted as many as sixty-three.

The log was then replaced and covered as

before, and every three or four weeks afterward was carried out and treated in the same way. Saw-nee informed us on our return in the fall that he had never captured as many as at the first time, but never less than twenty; and that, in consequence, he had now so many less to feed—that his ponies were growing fat. It is certain that my own dear little pony, which I named Saw-nee, and my sister's pony, obtained at the same time, were much fatter and sleeker than they were when we first saw them.





## CHAPTER IX.

THE WOODRUFF BROTHERS — STEAMSHIP “SAVANNAH” — THE WIDE, WIDE SEA — SENSATION AT LIVERPOOL.

UR summer's tour in 1818 was full of incident and variety, as the description, just given, of our first few days' experience will show. But I was at that time only a child of eight years of age, and though I perfectly remember many things that would no doubt interest the young reader, I prefer to keep them back until I come to describe another visit made to the nation some years afterward.

In the year 1819, our family affairs took a new, and, to me, a very pleasant turn, giving a more rosy tinge to all my after boyhood. My father then acquired a new son, about my own age, and I gained a brother after my own heart,

who was my faithful companion in most of the rough scenes of early life. It happened in this way :

As stated in a preceding chapter, my father had resolved to retire from the cares of business to the quiet of the country. Before doing so, however, it was necessary that the Atlantic should be crossed, for the house of John Woodruff & Brother, of Darien, Georgia, was but the counterpart of James Woodruff & Brother, of Liverpool, England, and these two were but the several parts of a virtual house of "The Woodruff Brothers," occupying both sides of the Atlantic. Ere making so important a change as retiring from business, it was necessary that the partners should meet and confer together. The duty of making the voyage devolved rightfully and not unwillingly upon him who called for it.

In those days, when men depended wholly upon sails for a passage between the Continents, and when the ocean-currents of wind and water were only beginning to be studied, trips to Europe were not so frequent as they are now ; nor, as a rule, so quickly made. In this case,

my father took advantage of an opportunity afforded him by the *first steamship that ever crossed the ocean* — THE SAVANNAH; so named in honor of the city whose enterprising merchants devised and executed the experiment.

Writing as I do, nearly fifty years after the event, and looking upon the world-wide revolution introduced by ocean-steaming, it seems to me passing strange that a fact so important to the human race and so creditable to its originators as this experiment, should remain to this day so little known.

The Savannah was provided and equipped for the purpose of testing the possibility of navigating the ocean by steam. She was small, of only three hundred tons burden, beautifully proportioned, being of that sharp-bowed and fast-sailing variety, then just coming into use, but now so generally known as clipper-built. Her paddle-wheels were so geared that they could be easily lifted from the water and shipped upon deck. Her fuel was wood, for coal had not yet come into general use as a generator of steam. She sailed from New York for Savannah

March 28th, 1819, and was seven days on her passage. Being then fully prepared for the experiment, she steamed out of the port of Savannah on the 10th of April following, under the command of Captain Moses Rodgers, and steamed into the port of Liverpool twenty-two days afterward, having used her sails but seven days during the voyage.

On leaving Liverpool, she went to Russia, and at St. Petersburg was visited by the Czar in person, who expressed great interest in the experiment, and, as a mark of his favor, presented Captain Rodgers with a pair of iron chairs, one of which is still — or was before the war — to be seen in the city of Savannah.

Her return trip across the ocean was made also in twenty-two days from port to port. The experiment, therefore, was a perfect success. Being, however, too small for available purpose, with so bulky a fuel as wood, her boiler was taken out, and she was used for several years as a sailing-packet between Savannah and New York. She was finally wrecked on the northern shore of Long Island, where her remains con-

tinued to be visible until a few years since, and may possibly be visible yet. So much for the *history* of the case.\*

In this voyage I also was passenger, I scarcely know why. Perhaps my father desired to carry a part of his home with him for company; perhaps it was by medical advice, in view of my still feeble health; perhaps it was the ordering of Him who "sees the end from the beginning," and who was preparing even then to "temper the wind to a shorn lamb," whom He foresaw beyond the sea.

The voyage was very pleasant and exciting. I can never forget, were I to live to the age of Methuselah, the breathless feeling with which I looked from the vessel's deck, the morning after we left port, and saw nothing but water and sky. I have been upon mountain-tops, where the level country round, far as the eye could

\* The author takes this occasion to say that the above historical statement coincides with the recollection of one of the prime movers of the enterprise, and also with the published accounts as gathered from the "Savannah Republican" paper of 1819.

reach, seemed to rise like the sides of a basin, until earth and sky met together in the distance. The sweep of vision in such cases far exceeds all that is possible at sea. And I have been upon mountain-tops, too, so far separated from all earthly objects that there was nothing to reflect the voice — the sound was chopped off at the lips, and the report of a gun had no echo or reverberation. But there is no breadth of vision which so oppresses you with a feeling of vastness as a sight of the shoreless ocean: no solitude is equal to it. The only objects visible, besides the rolling clouds above, and the rolling waves beneath, were adventurous gulls and Mother Carey's chickens, whose ceaseless, slow movement of the wings impressed with a painful sense of *ever-weariness*, or an occasional shark following close in our wake and looking at us on deck with its great hungry eyes, evidently wishing that some of us would fall overboard, or a huge turtle lying lazily asleep upon the surging water, and suddenly aroused by the sound, never before heard, of plashing wheels.

We had several gales during the voyage,

which unmercifully tossed our little craft, and made everybody on board sick, except the seamen and myself. By unusual exception, caused perhaps by my state of health, I was spared the ordinary fate of landsmen, and was able to enjoy the sea, storms, and all. I remember that while my father and others would seek a place amidships, where there was the least of sickening motion, I would go to the stern, where there was the most, and there enjoy the sensations of rising and falling in a long swing, as the vessel climbed and plunged amid the quartering waves.

True, there were times when my heart almost died within me as the ship sank, sidling, into a deep trough of the sea, and I could measure the crest of the next wave bursting into foam far above the level of my head, and threatening to bury us beneath its brine. But I was soon taught, by our invariably rising upon the threatening billow, that our tight little vessel was buoyant as a cork, and that if she were so unfortunate as to be buried for a moment by over-dashing waves, she must, like a cork, rise again to the surface. We, however, shipped no seas, nor

did a drop of salt water reach our decks, except what came there as spray, or was thrown there for the purpose of cleansing.

There was one occasion, however, when we came near having water enough on deck to bury us a thousand fathoms deep. From morning to midday the wind had been freshening, until it became almost a gale, raising a heavy sea, and carrying us at a rate that made the waters boom. I was seated on deck, near the companion-way, enjoying myself as usual with the never-palling changes of sea and sky, when the captain's voice came so sharp and quick as to make me start:

“All hands upon deck!”

The men, already on deck, sprang to their several posts, and the others from below came hurrying to join them; but before they could obey orders — indeed, before they could *receive* them, for the captain's voice was so interrupted that I heard only the broken sentences —

“Stand ready to . . . ! . . . haul the . . . and let her pay off!”

— I say, before they could obey orders, and

before these orders reached their ears, I was pitched headlong from my seat and rolled along the deck, until brought up against a small stanchion, which I gripped and clung to for dear life. In the mean time, there was the greatest commotion all around—the shouts of officers, the flapping of canvas, the snapping of cordage, the roar of wind. When I had sufficiently recovered myself to look around, I saw our beautiful vessel rearing upward like a horse about to leap a fence, with her bows in the air and her stern buried to the very bulwarks. She had been taken violently aback by a squall that came without warning right in her teeth, and, catching her wide-spread sails, had nearly backed us down to the bottom of the sea. Fortunately, our courses had not been made fast, or nothing could have saved us. As it was, a sign of command from the captain (for words were of no avail) followed by a heavy strain of two men at the helm, and then our well-trimmed vessel paid off before the wind with a gracefulness that made the captain's eyes shine with delight.

By this time my father came hurrying on

deck to see what had become of me. I saw him holding fast to the companion-way and trying to speak, but though his mouth opened wide and his lips moved, not a word reached my ear, at the distance of only fifteen feet. He then signed to me to hold fast, and after a moment's absence in the cabin, reappeared with a small, strong halliard, which he fastened to the door-way, then tying one end around his waist, he crept along the deck until he grasped and drew me back with him to the cabin.

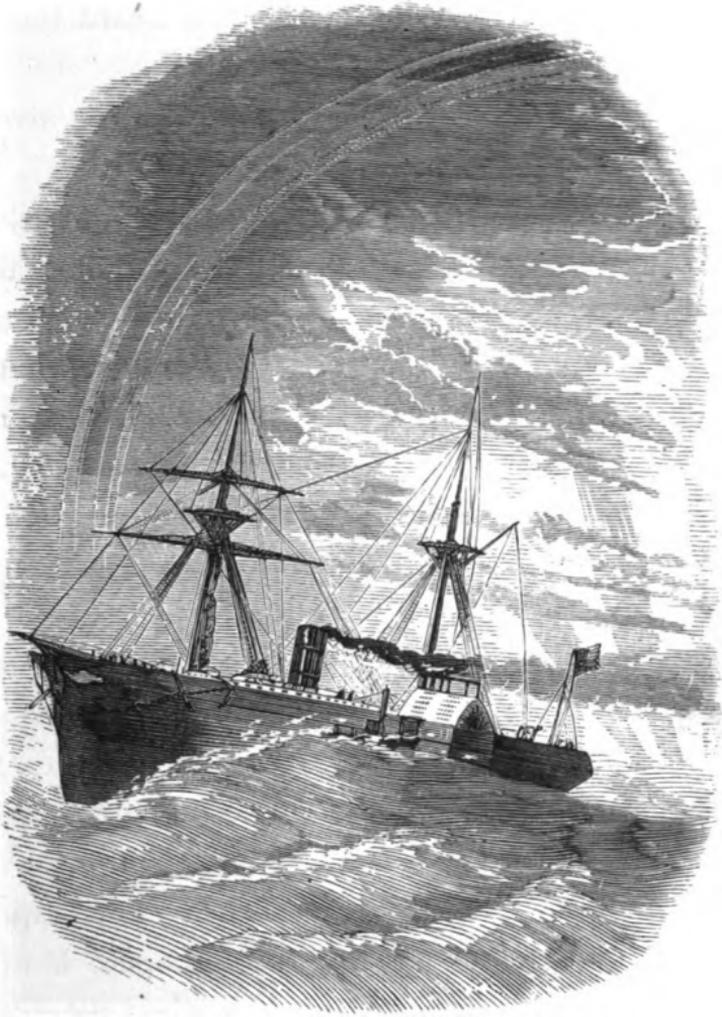
This adventure was by far the most serious that befell us; but there is another I remember, which impressed me quite as deeply with a sense of beauty as this did of danger. It was near sunset. A shower had crossed our track, and was still falling to the eastward where we were sailing; but, astern, the western sky was all blazing with light. The clouds around the almost setting sun were gorgeously illuminated, while along the ocean surface, its broad, bright disk was reflected in a path of dazzling light that stretched apparently from near the sun itself to a few cable-lengths of the vessel. My father

and one or two others were enjoying this scene of beauty at the stern, when we heard the captain call, with peculiar emphasis :

“Come all and see! We are *sailing under a rainbow!*”

The rays of the sun had been caught by the drops of rain falling to the eastward and refracted into the most perfect and most brilliant bow I ever saw. We also pointed out to him what we had just seen, and to the eyes of all it seemed as if the Savannah was leaving a wake of glory behind her, and was sailing under an arch of glory above! Viewed as an omen, no one could ask for more.

One useful expedient I recollect gaining in the course of this voyage, which I have made use of many a time since. The weather had turned warm; there was no ice aboard—it was before the days of ice; and our drinking water had become almost nauseous. The captain took several tin cans, bottle-shaped, holding each about a gallon of water, swathed them with two or three thicknesses of porous cloth, kept them moist, and hung them in the breeze. The



**SAILING UNDER A RAINBOW.—Page 110.**

rapid evaporation from the cloth so greatly reduced the temperature of the inclosed water that no one would have asked for ice, even if we had had it aboard.

The nearer we approached the British coast the greater amount of shipping we saw, and when at last we neared Liverpool, the surface of the sea was dotted with sailing craft of every size and employment. Very noticeable among them was a cutter that seemed at first to be coming toward us with all possible spread of canvas, but which afterward shortened sail, and finally turned back toward port.

When we reached the city, it was curious to see the immense crowd of people assembled on the quay. We afterward learned that the watchman of the port had signalled to the authorities that there was a ship on fire at sea, and in consequence the cutter which we saw had been ordered out to our relief. Soon afterward the watchman reported that the *vessel* was not on fire, but only her *mast*; finally, that she was making headway against the wind, without sails, and with her mast on fire. And great was the

surprise and admiration of all when the mysterious vessel entered the harbor "under bare poles, belching forth smoke and fire, yet uninjured!" \*

\* Savannah Republican, 1819.





## CHAPTER X.

MY UNCLE'S FAMILY — LORENZO — GREAT  
CALAMITY — THE OFFER.

**A**MONG the persons standing upon the quay was my uncle James. Super-added to the motives influencing the mass of the people who watched the approach of a vessel marked by the American flag and an apparently burning mast, he was moved by the hope of meeting a long-absent brother, who (as he had been informed by a recent letter) might "be expected to come by some unusual mode of navigation." We had scarcely made fast to the wharf before he was aboard, and it quickened the blood in my own boyish veins to see how like two boys these men could be in their expressions of love for each other. I began then to suspect what I have had occasion long since to know, that, notwithstanding all their dignity

and importance, men and women are but children grown.

Warned by the unusual indications reported by the watchman of the port, my uncle had hurried home from his counting-room to inform his wife of his suspicions, and to prepare for our reception. A carriage was waiting for us at the wharf, and in less than half an hour after reaching land we were at his hospitable mansion, and enjoying the attentions of his warm-hearted wife. She was one of those transparent characters whose genial, loving souls are always peeping out of their eyes. I loved her from the first, and during the whole of my stay she made me feel so much at home by her motherly tenderness that for the time I almost forgot my other home beyond the watery waste.

The four children of the family — two boys and two girls — combined, in a remarkable degree, the unlikenesses of both parents. They strongly reminded me of a brood of chickens I had seen just before leaving home — hybrids between the ordinary yard-fowl and the guinea-hen — so closely resembling both breeds that

it was hard to tell which nature predominated.

My cousin Lorenzo, the oldest of the group, was a bright-faced boy, three months my junior in time, but thrice three months my senior in a knowledge of the world and its ways. This was probably the result, not of any special aptitude on his part nor of any special defect on mine, for we seemed to be fair matches for each other, but of one being brought up in a city and the other in the country. For I have noticed that while country-reared boys acquire their knowledge of the world by slow, and sometimes costly degrees, those who live in a city enjoy a sort of floating capital of knowledge that comes to them apparently by contact.

Lorenzo strongly resembled his father in manly independence and quiet daring, yet he partook quite as largely, in proportion, of his mother's gentle manner and loving spirit. He and I were very unlike in temper, habits, and personal appearance; nevertheless there was such a congruity even in our unlikeness, that we seemed made for each other. At any rate, we

*took to each other* like twin brothers, and so close became the intimacy that soon our thoughts, feelings, and expectations became almost blended into one.

In the course of a few weeks the two brothers had arranged their business, and were ready to announce a dissolution of partnership in the fall. My father now proposed to visit London, and to take me with him. But to this I demurred; for I was so happy with my uncle and cousins, that I greatly preferred to stay with them.

“London is the greatest city in the world,” my father urged, persuasively; “and I should like to have you able to say that you had been there.”

“I don’t want to see any city bigger than Savannah, at home, and Liverpool, here,” I sturdily replied.

“Then there is the *King* to be seen too, with his crown of gold,” my father urged. “Only think of that! the King of England, and —”

“I don’t care so much for the King of England as I care for my cousin Lorenzo,” I replied, in

that spirit of American irreverence toward royalty which made my uncle and aunt open their eyes, as if I had been guilty of a species of profanity.

The issue of the conference was that my father left me at Liverpool, while he took shipping (this was before the days of railroads) for the great city of London. But he did not succeed in seeing the King, nor in doing anything else that he proposed; for scarcely had he reached the city before he received intelligence of a calamity that completely turned the current of his thoughts, and modified all his future—my dear uncle met with an accident which caused his death. He had gone with a customer to examine some choice cotton lying in a room not intended for a ware-house; the floor of this room had given way, and he was precipitated under a crushing weight of cotton bales and tobacco hogsheads.

This dreadful disaster brought my father from London by return packet. He was chief mourner at the funeral; and so sincere was his brotherly grief that the crape remained about

his heart long after it had disappeared from his person.

But the misfortune did not end here. Contrary to all his previous practice, my uncle James had recently been tempted into a cotton speculation, the issue of which remained uncertain until after his death. On winding up his affairs, my father discovered to his astonishment, and to his kind sister's dismay, that she and her children had been reduced to a state of comparative penury. He saved for her all that he could from the wreck, and succeeded by judicious and untiring diligence in establishing her finally in a neat little cottage near the city, and in securing for her and the children an income of about £200 a year. This income, however, was so inadequate to the growing necessities of the family, that he resolved to increase it by continuing the business of the firm for several years longer; and in the mean time he made her an offer. Observing the warm attachment between Lorenzo and myself, and the need there was for a stronger hand than hers to control him, he proposed to adopt him as his own son, and to

act by him a father's part. This was a sore trial to a loving mother; but, with all her gentleness, she was at heart a heroine, ever ready to sacrifice her own preference and comfort for others' good. After a few natural tears and struggles, she gave her consent, and when the time came for us to return to America, Lorenzo came with us. From that day forth he was my brother.

He was a noble fellow! With nothing in his soft blue eye or rosy cheeks to mark him out for greatness, he had within him a heart strong as a lion's in courage, and faithful in friendship as a Damon or a Pythias. Dear Lorenzo! I love to think of him, and to repeat and write his name. There is no danger of his blushing to meet these lines—he has long since passed away. He died in Montgomery, Alabama, during a season of yellow fever, preferring to remain and help the needy, to being safe from attack by fleeing away. If modest merit in all cases received its due, he would have a monument erected to his memory. In love and reverence to worth I here record his name.



## CHAPTER XI.

THE PROMISE—LEARNING TO SWIM AND TO FLOAT  
—PECULIARITIES OF SALT-WATER BATHING.

**M**ORENZO, like my father, in coming to America, cherished an almost morbid desire to see the Indians, and to enjoy life in the untamed forest. No doubt his feelings had been greatly influenced by the pictures which I often drew from my own experience of the summer before.

One day, after our arrival at Sapelo, while we were freely conversing on the subject, and picturing in vivid language our wishes, plans, and expectations, our good father came near enough to overhear our boyish talk. It interested him, and he finally put the matter on a practical footing.

“I know how you feel, boys,” said he, “for I used to feel and talk so myself. But, of course,

it will be many years before your desires can be gratified. I will say this, however, that if you will redeem the time to be lost from your education by faithful study while at school, and if you will prove by your prudent and manly habits, that you can take care of yourselves, I promise that, as soon as the proper time arrives, you shall have your wishes."

Strange as it may seem for boys of our age, this promise was a powerful stimulus to us both. The hope it inspired often incited us to study, and controlled our conduct, when other motives would have failed. We were not remarkably bright boys at school, nor were we faultlessly good, at home, yet we enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing, in various ways, and from time to time, that our father was satisfied with our endeavors.

During these years, of study and of training, there occurred many incidents of a character highly interesting, and instructive too, which appear to me too valuable to be wholly passed over. I will briefly narrate some of them.

The first in order in its beginning, yet the

latest of all in its perfection, was our learning to swim. The very night after our return home, which was the 25th of September, we went in the river to bathe. It was in a little sandy nook, where the water was only waist-deep at high tide, and where we were perfectly safe from both sharks and alligators. Scipio escorted and took care of us. Lorenzo, who had never before been in the open salt-water, was almost alarmed at two things: The water into which he plunged was all ablaze with light, and when he hurried out, his arms, legs, and body seemed to be on fire, except that there was no heat, and that the light, which appeared in spots, was soft, like that of the fire-fly, or of reflected moonshine. We told him that our sea-water always sparkled so at night; and then I showed, by running my hand rapidly through the water, how it left a blazing track behind. While I was trying to explain to him this beautiful phenomenon, a school of small mullet, that had been intercepted in the stretch of water above, came leaping and darting past, marking their several pathways with a track of light. With these explanations,

Lorenzo once more waded in, and stood there playing, when I saw him again hurry out.

"I don't like it," said he; "something bites me."

"Where?" I asked.

"Oh, everywhere," he answered; "first in one place, then in another."

"But none of them bite very hard—do they?" I inquired.

"No," he replied, "not hard; but there are *so many* of them."

"They can't harm you," I added. "Nothing but minnows."

"But they *stuck* me, too, like so many pins," he continued.

"These are shrimp—the little hardbacks. They and the minnows are as tame as pet chickens," I explained. "But you need not fear them, for they have already done their worst."

The plan on which we learned to swim was this: I had brought down to the bathing-place an old window-shutter, on which I balanced myself, and struck out with hands and feet as I had seen swimmers do, and, to my delight, found

myself making progress through the water. Lorenzo then tried it with equal success. The next time, in going to bathe, we brought each a short piece of plank, on which we balanced ourselves as before, and every time thereafter when we went in, we made the plank smaller, until, in the course of a few days, we could balance and propel ourselves without any assistance at all.

Having mentioned these facts to my father, he came to the water with us, and gave some lessons not only in swimming, but in floating. I shall never forget the delightful sensations of this last. In learning the art, we were made to place our hands back of our heads, then we were laid flat on our backs in deep water, where we were in turn supported by my father's two hands, until we were perfectly at ease, when the hands were so gradually withdrawn that we did not know when they ceased supporting us, and we were left securely floating on the surface. We struggled and resisted a little at first, but our father said to us:

“Boys, you recollect, the other day I made a

needle float, after passing it through tallow. I gently laid it on the water, as I propose to lay you, and I slowly withdrew my finger from under it. If I had *pitched* it roughly in, or if *it* had struggled and resisted, as you are doing, it would have sunk. You must be quiet, as the needle was, and you will float too."

He repeated the process several times with each of us, then taught us how to support each other. Finally, we were able to put ourselves in position without help. And I must take occasion here to say that, of all situations of bodily repose which it has been my privilege to enjoy, the most perfectly luxurious is that of floating in the salt water. I have at times been in danger of going to sleep and of floating away on the tide.

But before leaving the subject, there are two remarks which I will make for the benefit of those who may need the information. The first is, that it is much easier to float in salt water than in fresh, because it is heavier, and therefore more buoyant. The second is, that in floating, the hands must be placed behind or beyond the

head, and *the elbows kept under water*. The reason of this is, that the cavity of the chest is the buoyant part of the human body, while the extremities are weighty, and the head needs the addition of the arms thrown back to counter-balance the weight of the legs. If the arms are not thus thrown back, the feet will sink perpendicularly downward, and the mouth and nostrils will be brought below the surface of the water. But, when the arms are thrown back, there is a balance established between the extremities, in which the body lies at full length upon the surface, with the toes and face projecting above water. Try it the next time you go in bathing, you who read this, and if you do not enjoy a very great pleasure, your friend, the writer, is very much mistaken. And here it will not be amiss to throw in another remark, that, although any one who is not perfectly skin and bones, can float in *salt* water, all persons, except the leanest of the lean, can float in the fresh water too.





## CHAPTER XII.

SAUCY SHARK — PULL, BOYS, PULL! — PITFALL  
FOR RABBITS.

**Y**OUR bathing-house, to which was attached a balcony for fishing, was under a high precipitous bluff. The steep, narrow beach to the right and left was covered with large masses of soft sand-rock, undermined and brought from the bluff above by the action of storms. These rocks, lying under water as well as on shore, made the place a safe retreat for fish. There was one particular spot that was my favorite fishing-ground. A stump lay there imbedded in the mud, and Lorenzo and I used to sit on the rocks and throw our lines beside or beyond it. In fact, we had constructed a pair of movable seats to suit any time of tide, and had moreover contrived a rough ladder for passing up and down the steep bluff.

One day, while we were seated there, our rods projecting beyond the stump, and the tide, at half-flood, rippling around our coarsely-booted feet, I saw a shark's fin protruding from the water just beyond our rods, and rapidly nearing us.

"Draw up your feet, Lorenzo!" I said quickly to him; "that shark may nab you!"

Our feet were out of the water by the time the words were out of my mouth, and so likewise were our fish, which had been secured by a nicely arranged cord passed through their gills. Whether that saucy shark was smelling after our feet or after our fish I cannot tell, but he came and put his nose to the places where these had been, and passed so near that I could easily have touched his back with a three-foot rod. This daring act he repeated three times.

Scipio was fishing from the balcony of the bathing-house. We called to him, telling of our ugly visitor, and begging him to come quickly with my father's fish-gig, (a sort of pronged dart, or small harpoon,) and with it the shark hook, kept ready there for use. Before he could arrive the shark had passed beyond reach of the gig;

we, therefore, baited the hook with a fish from our string, and threw it hanging over the stump into the deep water. This was Scipio's doings, for we would not have dared to undertake it by ourselves, and he was such a dear lover of adventure that he needed only our invitation to do all that we wished in the case.

The hook was of steel, a foot long, attached to a chain and cord, and when Scipio threw the baited end of the line into the water, he made the other end fast to a stake driven into the sand. Lorenzo and I took hold of the rope midway between the stake and the water, saying:

“We will hook him, and pull him in.”

Scipio was much amused, and answered:

“Yes, hook 'im, and pull 'im, ef you kin. But I'll hole de stake fas' at dis een'.”

Soon Lorenzo and I felt a slight pull, then a pull somewhat harder. The shark was evidently experimenting. We planted ourselves, and held on stoutly. Then there was a jerk, so quick and violent, that before we could let go the rope we

found ourselves pitching in the mud, almost at the water's edge. By the time we were on foot, we heard Scipio calling to us:

“Come yuh, quick! Come help me! I 'fraid he pull out de stake.”

We ran to him, and helped to keep the stake pressed into the sand. The struggle was short and violent. In less than a quarter of a minute it ceased, the cord slackened, it hung in an easy festoon between us and the stump—the shark had broken loose.

Scipio was greatly disappointed. We drew the hook ashore, put on a fresh bait, and tried again; but in vain. The shark was not hungry, or else was suspicious of danger.

There occurred, about this same time, another incident which gave us a hearty laugh, and which is withal connected with a device so useful, in case of similar need, that I am tempted to record it. Quash, who was gardener as well as carriage-driver, complained to my father, soon after our return home, that the rabbits were eating up everything in the garden, and asked if nothing could be done to stop them.

"Are you fond of roasted rabbit?" my father playfully inquired.

Quash's eyes glistened, "Yes, maussa."

"How do you like them best, roasted, fried, or stewed?" my father continued to inquire.

"Like um any way I kin *git um*, maussa," Quash replied.

"Well, if you do as I bid you, I will give you rabbit to eat, roasted, fried, broiled, stewed, or any way you prefer. Go around the garden and stop every hole through which they come, except the principal one. Leave that open."

"Kie, maussa!" Quash exclaimed; "de fence so old and so full of hole, de rabbit git troo ebbery way."

"Do as I bid you, or I promise you no roast rabbit," persisted my father.

Thus doubly impelled, Quash set to work as otherwise he would not, and in a few hours reported the task complete. The principal pathway was left open, but nothing was done to it the first night, except to place on the ground beside it a small, light board, sprinkled with

sand. In the morning the sand showed many tracks of rabbits' feet; a barrel was then sunk in the ground below, and the board set firmly upon it and sprinkled with sand, as before. It was manifest, next morning, by the number of tracks, that the intruders into the garden had not been scared off by the works in their pass-way. The board was now set as a *trap-door*, so balanced as to right itself, after having allowed the intrusive passenger to drop into the pit below, and thus to close the barrel's mouth. The morning after the trap was set, Quash came early to ask that my father would go and look into the barrel.

“Has it caught anything, Quash?” he asked.

“Why, maussa,” he answered, “dah barrel scare me. I peep in and see — but you come see fuh yo'self.”

There were several gentlemen who had spent the night with us, intending a pleasure excursion the next day. My father said to them, as they assembled for early breakfast :

“I set a pitfall last night for some rabbits that have been molesting my garden. Will any of

you go with me to see what has been its success?"

They all went, Lorenzo and I with them, accompanied by Quash and Scipio.

"Push down the trap-door a little way, Quash. Peep in, and tell us if you see anything," said my father.

Quash peeped in, and his eyes stretched wide.

"I dunno wuddah dey," (I do not know what is there,) he reported; "I don't see nutten but yers, yers, rabbit yers, and some'n black right in de middle."

"Peep, Scipio," said my father to the boy, "and see if you can tell what is there."

Scipio put his eye to the crevice made by depressing the board, and gave an unrestrained "Whoo-pee, maussa! Yo' barrel half full o' rabbit!"

The cover was now sufficiently removed for us all to see, and there followed a roar of laughter. Sitting on their hind-quarters, with their big eyes and long ears all directed toward us, were *seven rabbits*, in the midst of which sat, as demure as they, a big black Tom-cat, and under

them all, a large moccasin snake had gained a comfortable length for his body by lying in a circle next the staves. They were enduring their imprisonment together as peaceably as if Tom-cats never preyed upon rabbits, nor moccasins preyed upon either.\*

Quash had his promised roast, broil, stew, and fry, and never complained again of rabbits infesting his garden — he had learned what to do with them.

\* The above scene is no fancy.





BLACKBEARD ISLAND. — Page 135.



## CHAPTER XIII.

BLACKBEARD ISLAND— ALLIGATOR-STEAKS— SOFT  
AS A FEATHER BED — SEA-BEACH — SURF —  
SHELLS — SAND - CRABS — MORE SCARED THAN  
HURT — HUNTING — MULLET - FISHING — RETURN.

**B**ETWEEN Baisden's Bluff and the sea is a dead level of green marsh, beyond which, at the distance of eight miles, is a blue streak of woodland. That is the beautiful island of Sapelo, so famous in those days for the princely hospitality of its chief proprietor. Beyond Sapelo, and separated from it by a narrow marsh, is a long, low, uninhabited island, belonging to the United States Government. Like several other islands of like character upon the coast, it is called Blackbeard, in commemoration of a celebrated freebater of the seas, who is reported to have made them his haunts, and

to have buried upon them his ill-gotten treasures.

The Georgia Blackbeard is eight or nine miles long, by about a mile broad, and is overgrown with moss-covered oaks, cedars, sea-myrtles, and palmettoes. Its retired position and untenanted solitude make it the favorite resort of deer, which congregate there from the neighboring islands, and from the main. Unfortunately, however, for the peace of these brute denizens, the fact of their congregating there, and the abounding of the adjoining waters in very fine fish, make it the favorite resort also of those who are fond of marooning. So numerous are they, and so easily reached by shot, that a gentleman hunter of our neighborhood, who spent only three days on the island, accompanied by a young lad and a servant, reported the capture of thirty-two deer

Our return from Liverpool, September 25th, was too early for the opening of business in Darien, but not too late for a hunt on Blackbeard. My father, therefore, determined to indulge himself in his favorite amusement, and,

appointing an early day, set off in company with several friends. What impresses it indelibly upon my memory is the fact that, in hopes of stimulating us to study, by affording us a taste of the wild life we had asked for as the reward of our fidelity, he resolved to take us with him. We left home about two hours after our visit to the rabbit-trap described in the last chapter.

There were two sail-boats in company, freighted with four or five persons each, and carrying tents, provisions, cooking-utensils, and a barrel of good water, for the best on the island was execrable. Our voyage occupied four hours. We were scarcely more than under way when we heard the sound of a gun from the foremost boat, and, as she headed for shore, Mr. Jamieson exclaimed:

“That’s right! Cut off the tail and bring it along; for, good as the fish may be at Black-beard, none can make a better fry than a young alligator.”

The alligator was about four feet long, and the steaks, parboiled before frying (as is necessary in the sturgeon also), made so acceptable

an addition to our dinner that day, that it was slighted by no one.

We found the island delightfully wild and solitary. It was a sandy level, raised only a few feet above high water, and bearing the mark of being once in a while totally overflowed. Scarcely an interruption could be found in the perfect level of its surface, except an occasional hillock of sand blown up by the winds, or certain mysterious pits and mounds left by those who had excavated for hid treasure, especially at a spot known as "Money-Old-fields."

The first experience of novelty which Lorenzo and I enjoyed was in (what I know not how to describe except as) a thicket of grass growing next the beach. The blades of this grass were about two or three feet long, very narrow, very stiff, very elastic, and so closely packed together that when we threw ourselves upon them to rest after our weary sitting for hours upon the thwarts of our boat, we were supported several inches above ground. It was a natural couch, equal in elasticity to any produced by art, and reminding us, by the luxuriousness of the repose afforded,

of what we had begun to experience in floating.

So soon as Scipio was at leisure to accompany us, after pitching tent and eating lunch, we boys were permitted to take a stroll seaward along the beach. Away we dashed, eager to explore the mystery of certain white caps we saw upon the waves, attended by an incessant roar. It was the surf—not heavy, for there was little wind astir, and few of the waves were as high as our heads, but the graceful cresting of each, as it swelled with the return-water of its predecessor, then burst into foam and rolled and roared along the gentle slope, was so beautiful that we watched them with undiminished interest through the whole of our walk, and through the whole of our stay upon the island.

The beach, varying in width from one hundred to two hundred yards, was composed of the cleanest and finest sand, packed by the waves hard and smooth as a floor. It was profusely covered with shells, sometimes heaped in piles or long rows, and sometimes strewed so closely together that every footfall crashed among them.

These gems of the sea varied in size from the tiny rice-shell, half as large as a drop of water, to immense conchs, heavy as we could readily handle; and they possessed every shade of color, from the purest, sparkling white, through delicate pink and maiden's blush, and soft yellow, and orange, and brown, to deep and dark mahogany.

Lorenzo and I scampered over the sands, perfectly wild with delight, stopping here to pick up some shell of uncommon beauty, or some richly-colored sea-weed — stopping there to write our names, or to make grotesque figures in the sand, and stopping yonder to wonder over a queer-looking egg of shark or conch, or a jelly-like sea-blubber, or some other strange thing washed up by the waves. The sand-crabs, too, were a novelty to us, so different from all others with which we were familiar, so almost ghost-like, with their white bodies, and their long, taper legs, and such swift runners that we tried in vain to capture them.

Time would fail me to describe all the interesting objects of that beautiful beach. Suffice

it to say that we had been gone from camp one or two hours without its seeming to us more than a few minutes. Scipio had been left behind, out of hearing, almost out of sight — so far away that he seemed like a little child walking along the beach. I had become leg-weary, and was beginning to look for a resting-place, when my fears were aroused by seeing in the sand footprints which looked to me like those of an enormous cat. I called Lorenzo's attention to it, and said :

“I am afraid that is a panther's track. Maybe we had better be getting back to camp.”

We immediately reversed our course, and were walking pretty fast, when there came from the woods to our left a shrill, unearthly screech, and we could also see the bushes toss in great commotion. Our fast walk quickened into a run. Nor did we slacken speed, until we came within hail of Scipio, who, seeing our excited movements and conjecturing some cause of alarm, had hastened to meet us. Scipio was well acquainted with the island and all that pertained to it, having made frequent visits as a servant to

my father and other hunters. On hearing our story, he quickly decided:

“Nobody nebber see no panter on dis island. How he gwine git yuh? He can’t swim like deer. I ’spec’ wat you see is otter track.”

When we told him of the dreadful sound we heard, and of the commotion in the bushes, he looked rather grave, and began to talk of the old pirate Blackbeard, or rather of his ghost, coming to guard his buried treasure. After that, he brightened up and spoke of the screaming of an eagle and the scampering of deer as the causes of our alarm. Then his thoughts took a merry turn; he burst into a laugh, and informed us that on his first visit to the island he had been as badly scared as we by some person concealed in the bushes.

“I ’spec’ it is George,” (the servant of the other boat,) “nobody but George, tryin’ to git some fun out o’ you,” said he, apparently satisfied that he had now hit the truth; then, seeming to be angered, as another thought flashed into his mind, he added: “Ef you two only stay yuh tell I kin go and find George, I’ll gi’e

'im such a lickin' he won't want to trouble you no mo'e."

We looked our admiration of his prowess in being ready to fight a boy bigger than himself, and thanked him too for his offered championship; but we preferred returning to camp without delay, as the sun was scarcely an hour above the horizon. Our weariness returned so rapidly after being relieved from our fears, that, ere we reached the tent, we could scarcely drag one foot after the other. That night we slept without any trouble, except that of not getting soon enough to bed.

The maroon occupied four days. Lorenzo and I were too young to take part in the hunting. The nearest approach we made to it was being allowed to occupy a concealed place near my father's stand, and see him shoot as the herd of deer came by. I shall never forget how beautiful they looked that day, with branching horns and flaunting tails, and how gracefully they loped along unconscious of danger. My father discharged both his barrels in quick succession, and brought down two of the fattest

of the herd, when the remainder hurried away, following a well-beaten track, and lost another of their number in passing the next stand. Each hunt was more or less successful. We feasted on venison, morning, noon, and night, until I became almost sick of the name.

Part of each day was spent by the company in fishing in deep water, a sport which we boys could safely enjoy, although our hands were often blistered by the rapid run and resistless pull of the fish. Twice we went out, at night, with Scipio and George, under the superintendence of Mr. Jamieson, to witness the operation of casting for mullet. This is done by means of a circular net about ten feet in diameter, heavily loaded at the circumference with lead, and fitted with a system of cords passing through the centre, for drawing the circumference together like a bag. The net, held for a moment by hands and teeth, is slung so as to fall broadcast upon the surface of water about two feet deep, where it rapidly sinks, enclosing the fish, which are then drawn up and shaken out into the boat.

The net had not been cast more than a few times before we heard at a distance the sound, "Puff! puff!" of porpoises coming. They seemed to know what we were about, and came to join in the sport, for they swam just outside our boats, so near as almost to rub against them. Lorenzo and I, being novices in the art, were disturbed to see the immense backs of these creatures protruding above water so near us, but Mr. Jamieson quieted our apprehensions by saying:

"Porpoises are the fisherman's friends; they keep the mullet in shallow water, where we can best catch them."

There was a school of sea-mullet, very numerous, as large as mackerel, which were so badly frightened by the porpoises on one side of our boat and the splash of the casting-net on the other, that they leaped into the boat in great numbers, without giving us the trouble of casting for them.

Every day, almost every hour, of our stay, was marked by some fresh novelty and new enjoyment; nevertheless, I believe that after

four days' sojourn, all were glad—at least, I know we boys were—when our boats, loaded with the spoils of the island, were shoved from shore, and our sails spread for home.





## CHAPTER XIV.

JUST IN TIME — HUNGRY SHARK — PREPARING  
FOR A GALE — A MODERATE HURRICANE — RASH  
ADVENTURER — ORANGES — “THE GROVE” —  
THE ORANGE-ROOM — FAREWELL TO THE TIDE-  
WATER.

**I**T was well that we left Blackbeard no  
later that morning. Half an hour's  
delay would have kept us there for  
days, perhaps resulted in loss of life.

A mile or more from the north end of the  
island begins a broad sandy shoal, which, at  
low tide, forces all passing boats into the open  
water of the inlet, where the waves from sea,  
brought by an east wind, rush and roar with  
unrestrained fury.

Before we shoved from shore, the wind had  
chopped around to the east, and there was every  
indication of a coming gale. A light vapory

scud, scarce visible at first, began to race overhead, and dim the blue vault of heaven. With it came a multitude of sea-birds flying landward as if for refuge, while a low moan could be heard afar off on the sea, and the freshening wind caused an ominous swell upon the beach. Urged by these signs of danger, we freighted our boats with all speed, spread what sail we dared, and hastened to round the shoal before it was too late. We succeeded, but that was all; for, although our boats were trimmed to stand their utmost pressure of wind abeam, and we put on so much sail that time and again they dipped water, we had scarcely gained the lee of a friendly marsh beyond the shoal, ere we saw the waves we had left behind shaking their white caps at us, and telling us, by so doing, that we had barely made our escape.

Our friends in the other boat, knowing that their craft was not so rapid as ours, and that she drew less water, endeavored to gain time by sailing closer in shore; but they only illustrated the old proverb: "The more haste the less speed," — for they stuck fast in the sand more

than once, and each time some one was compelled to leap overboard and shove ahead.

Ordinarily, the inconvenience of this amphibious mode of navigation would have been esteemed a trifle; but at that particular juncture our moments were precious as rubies; and, additional to other reasons, there was a large and hungry shark prowling in the water between the two boats, going first to one then to the other, as if confident that in the rising gale it was to have a delightful feast on some of us. Such was its size, that, in its approaches to the other boat, in her passage over the shoals, its fin and part of its back protruded above water. It seemed to know the moment the boat stuck fast, and then made right for the legs of the person who was shoving. The negro boy, George, was allowed only once to go into the water; for sharks have a great partiality for the strongly flavored blood of the African, and this marine hyena made toward him with such violence that, by the time he leaped into the boat, it had turned sideways in the effort to seize him.

After passing the shoals, we were protected from wind and waves, so that we were in no immediate danger the rest of the way; but long ere we reached the Bluff the sky had assumed a very wild and troubled aspect. At the landing not a moment was lost in unloading the boats, and making them safe; after which the gentlemen, who accompanied us on the excursion, mounted their horses, hastily securing behind them each a saddle of venison, and galloped away to their several homes, while my father went to every door and window of his house, and examined the shutters and fastenings, to see if they were in condition to stand the strain of a hurricane. Our beautiful boat was relieved not only of its load of venison and fish, and its sails and oars, but even of its rudder and row-locks, and then carried around to a well-protected cove, where it was securely anchored in company with the other boat. Water for all necessary purposes was brought into the house from the spring; the cattle and horses were plentifully fed, and every possible prepara-

tion made for being kept at least a day in a state of siege.

These precautions were not in vain, although the gale was not so severe as we had reason to expect. Before sunset the tide rose to a height I had never before seen, covered the marsh for eight miles with an unbroken sheet of muddy, angry water, and continued to rise so long as we had light to see. Ere dark, enormous waves, loaded with fallen trees and with marsh-grass, in rafts fifty or a hundred yards long, came from the islands and hammocks between us and the sea, and beat like battering-rams against the bluff, undermining it and bringing down great masses of sand and rock upon the buried beach below. Sea-gulls, pelicans, gannets, curlews, white, gray and pink, and other birds of the coast, flew frantically overhead, as soon as the wind set in, some trying vainly to beat against it, and others yielding to what they could not resist, and passing over us with fearful velocity.

The wind had been blowing from sea all day; but the *hurricane wind*, as we know it upon the coast, did not begin until near sunset. Then it

came in puffs, lasting for several minutes, and succeeded by intervals of comparative calm. At first these puffs were nothing more than gentle sighs, as if mourning over the trouble and terror that were soon to follow; but in the course of four or five hours they increased to groans and roars that made everything tremble.

All at once the wind ceased. The sky overhead was as black, and the night around us as inky as ever, but the calm was so perfect that any one could walk in the open air with a lighted candle. We youngsters thought that the trouble was all over, and were about to accompany my father, as with a lantern he went with Quash and Scipio out of the back door to see after the horses. He, however, waved us back, with instructions to keep the door securely barred, and to open it only when we heard his knock. He had been gone the greater part of an hour when all at once we heard a loud, ominous roar in the forest behind the house, then a quick rap at the back door. We moved as quickly as we could; but before we could

reach the door the rap was repeated, and, while we were in the act of removing the bar, I heard my father say :

“Too late! You must let us in at the front.”

He and the two servants ran as fast as they could around the house; we knew that they moved fast, because we saw the light from their lantern, streaming through a crevice between the window-blinds, move rapidly on the wall of the room. Ere they reached the front, their light was extinguished; there was a horrible roar of wind from a new quarter; the house shook in every timber, and, in the midst of the commotion, we heard a crash like thunder—the chimney-top had been blown off, and it fell so near them that one of the bricks struck Scipio on the ankle and lamed him for days. The front of the house was now in the lee of the wind. My father's rap was there repeated, and we admitted him and the two servants dripping with wet. He afterward described the rain-drops as not falling, but driven horizontally, like shot projected from a gun. With the coming of that rain the wind began to abate, and when

we next went out of the house we enjoyed the pleasure of seeing that our night of storm and darkness was followed by a bright and beautiful day.

The only casualty we experienced besides the loss of our chimney-top and the destruction of several valuable yard-trees, was in having the roof of one of our shed-rooms pierced by the limb of a tree which had been broken off during a severe gust, carried fifty yards, and shot like an arrow through the shingles and the sheathing.

There was a sad casualty, however, that we *witnessed*, and in which we the more readily sympathized from the recollection of our own recent dangers. A small boat, manned by a single person, but of what color we could not distinguish, came soon after sunset, sailing over what had been marsh, but now was unbroken sea. He had spread a tiny sail, not bigger apparently than an ordinary palmetto hat, but he was scudding over the water with the rapidity almost of a race-horse. He was evidently making for some point on the main a few miles to our left. As he passed us, he was sailing in

comparatively quiet water under the lee of a long low island, which, though itself submerged, broke the violence of wind and wave from sea. But we could discern from the Bluff, what he could not from his boat, that, directly ahead of him, and at no great distance, the water was dangerously rough from wind that eddied round the north end of the island. My father signalled to him his danger as well as he could by means of his hat and handkerchief, and pointed to the cove where his own boat was moored, with a beckoning motion, as much as to say: "Come here!"

The boatman, whoever he was, waved his hat in acknowledgment, but kept on his way. He soon came to the rough water, saw his error when too late to correct it, made an effort to change his course, was caught in a trough between two waves, and in a moment was swamped. We could see a small black object floating for a few minutes near the capsized boat; but whether it was the head of the unfortunate man endeavoring to regain his canoe, or whether it was his hat moving on the foamy

surface, we could not determine. The canoe, very trimly built, and uncommonly steady upon the water, was discovered the next day lodged in the branches of a live-oak. It was brought to my father, who used it so long as he made his home upon the coast, and kept it ready for delivery to the rightful claimant. But who that rash adventurer was, or why he persisted in the attempt that cost him his life, we never could learn.

Early in November we removed to our winter residence. The only circumstance connected with the change, that I recollect, worthy of record, was the delight of Lorenzo in first meeting with our orange-trees. Our yard in Darien was crowded with them, and at the time of our removal the fruit was just ripening. There was one tree in particular that awakened and long retained his profoundest admiration. It grew beside the window of our breakfast-room, attained the height of twenty-five or thirty feet, and was loaded with fruit in that stage of half-ripeness when patches of emerald-green appear in rich contrast with the superb

yellow of its general surface. The branches hung so near the window as partially to obstruct the shutters, and were so full of fruit that a basket, heavy as either could carry, might be gathered by simply raising the sash and stretching out the hand. Later in the winter the graceful white blossoms of this tree filled the room with spicy fragrance; and still later — ere the flowers had ceased to bloom, and ere the ripe oranges had dropped (for they will hang to their stems until the sap of the ensuing spring fills them a second time with juice) — he was delighted to see the elegant fruit of the preceding autumn, the sturdy-looking germs of the coming crop, from the size of a pea to that of a plum, and all of a dark glossy green, the full-blown flower, and the modest, bridal-like bud, all interspersed among the aromatic leaves, and offering a feast at the same moment to eye, olfactory, and appetite.

I have the impression, however, that rich as the treat was in my father's yard, Lorenzo's chief enjoyment was at the place of a relative of my mother's, whom we children were taught

to call Aunt Bell. It was about a mile distant from Darien, with a wide lawn between the house and the river, while on every other side, for more than a furlong, extended a forest of live-oaks, with long, drooping branches gracefully hung with moss, under which were occasional clumps of evergreen, with here and there a rustic seat, the work of one of her tasteful daughters. Her court-yard was crowded with flowers and shrubs, some of a tropical and some of a semi-tropical character — sagoes, bananas, guavas, and oranges of every ornamental variety, from the little dwarf and myrtle oranges the size of a walnut to the shaddock, a Malay variety of pear-shape, large as the head of a two-year old child. But the chief attraction to Lorenzo was not so much the beautiful forest around the house, nor the beautiful lawn before it, nor the beautiful court-yard beside it, as it was the large and beautiful *orangery* adjoining it, from whence the place derived its name of “The Grove,” or rather the large and beautiful orange-room above stairs, to which he never failed to pay his admiring attention. During the whole winter the

floor of that room was kept covered with delicious oranges, to which we young folks had free access, and where we were permitted to eat as many as we pleased; for the orange, like the fig, is so wholesome a fruit, and so soon satisfies the appetite, that it is seldom if ever possible for any one to eat of it beyond the boundaries of health.

During the winter spent in Darien, Lorenzo and I were closely occupied, like most others of our age, with the labors of school-life. We were entered at the public Academy, and there we faithfully pursued our studies according to promise, until freed, next spring, by the breaking up of the community as usual for the summer.

Then followed a change of residence, which for various reasons was unavoidable, and which, though I never cease to lament it, continues to this day. Whether from the associations of a happy childhood, or from a charm in the scenes themselves, or from peculiarity of natural taste, my heart clings to the tidewater. To this day, every relic of it interests me. I cannot see, in

these mountainous regions where I dwell, a handful of moss brought from the coast, or see, in the streets of these upland towns, a crimson fragment of crab or prawn, but my pulse quickens at the sight; and it makes me almost laugh, on my occasional visits to the coast, to note how the smell of the salt-marsh rejoices my olfactorys like the perfume of roses.

DEAR OLD SEABOARD! With your grand expanses of water; your stretches of green waving marsh; your sea-birds of endless variety and tireless wing; your waters, musical with the flutter of fish; your forests, evergreen with magnolia, and live-oak, and cedar, and pine, and palmetto; and your groves of orange, and fig, and pomegranate, luxuriantly rooted in your rich sands — FAREWELL! I expect to die loving you as at the first; and if ever a kind Providence favors the wish, you shall see me one of your children again!



FINIS.



**The Woodruff Stories.**

**NACOOCHEE.**



THE DEER IN THE AIR. — Page 184.

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 carry-all, 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 SQUIRREL.—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 DISJOINTED BONE — “ I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE ” — KEY TO THE MYSTERY.

**O**NE 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 disjointed and broken bones, and said to myself:

"What a pity that an art so simple is not known to everybody!"

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

A month 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.

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## 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 broad-side over these columns, to distinguish them from the notes, he said: "Get as much of this as you can, and be ready to recite in an hour!"

We took the books and set to work without a word, except a stifled "Whew!" from myself, after I had examined the lesson, and accompanied by the remark:

"It is awful tough!"

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

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

"With part of it, sir," we answered.

"How much?"

"Three or four questions and answers."

Mr. Dobson looked surprised. He could see

that we had been diligent, and he evidently expected from us a long and well-prepared lesson.

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

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

“How many letters are there among the Latins?”

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

“Then what!” he exclaimed.

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

Mr. Dobson’s 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.



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 walloped 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.

**H** 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 hallooed 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 uncleanness 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! hōwdye!" 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!”

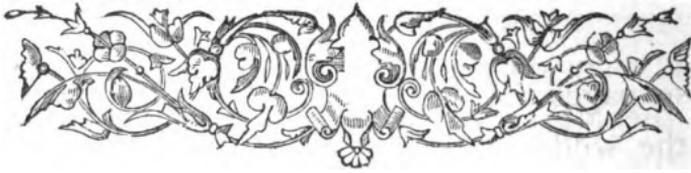
Then followed a peal of laughter.

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 Muscogees, a more powerful and more intelligent tribe, who lived formerly in Mexico, and were the allies of Montezuma, but who left their country after the Spaniards took possession, and travelled North and East, until they settled in what is now Alabama, and thence extended their conquests as far as the Savannah river, where the Uchees lived. It is said that of all the tribes that compose the Creek nation, the Uchees are lowest in the scale of 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-sotch," "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.

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

At the time and place specified, there was a very large and animated assemblage, not only of gay ladies and gentlemen of the place, of collegians and school-boys, of farmers and farmers' families from the 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.

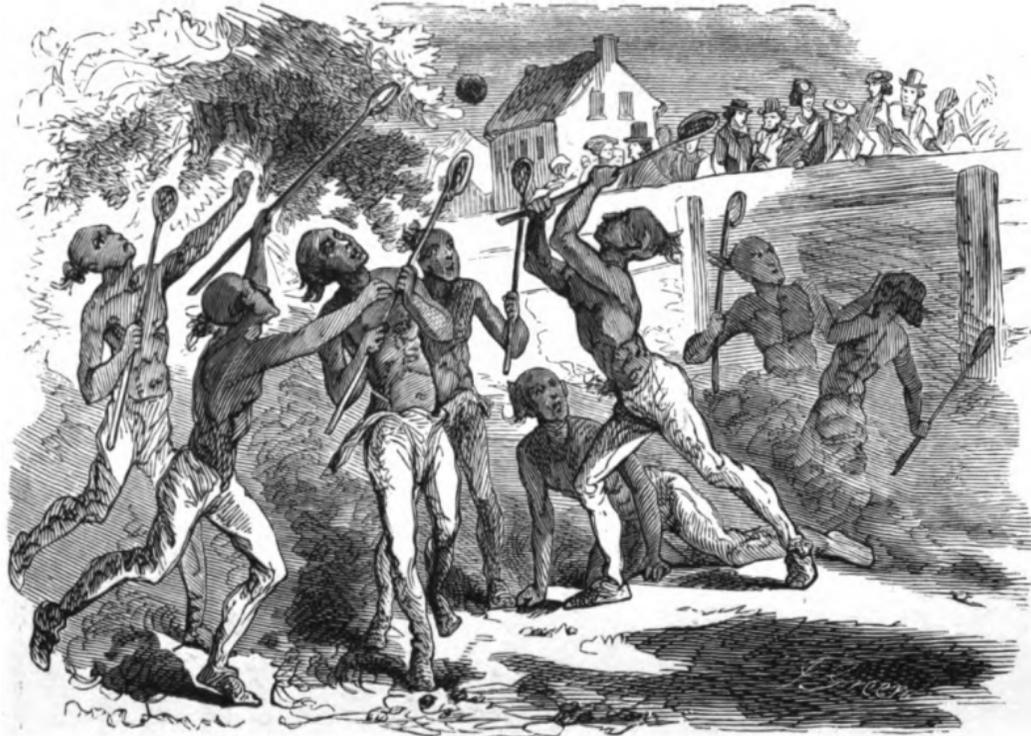
No assistance was needed—nothing but rest, and *that* they were enjoying as freely as it could be furnished by cool water and manipulation. We were quite amused at the process by which the resting was accelerated—the legs, bared and bathed, were scratched with the sharp, comb-like teeth of the garfish,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



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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 Kaneeke; 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.

Kaneeeka'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.*"<sup>h</sup>

\* 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-o-huh receive letters?" he inquired, after a few moments' reflection.

"Once every moon," answered Kaneeka.

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

"After one preach-day," Kaneeka answered.

"I will write to you," said my father. "Look out for a letter at Coosa-nun-o-huh, to you or to Saloquah, 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 disdaining companionship with others so much rougher and less graceful than itself.

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

On being asked what he meant by the “Chopped Oak,” he informed us that it was a tree in his 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.



EXT 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 funder. Yes, yes, I will go fur enough to see you “ marching to Canaan's fair and happy land ” a little faster than you marched this way.’ ”

“ The preacher came riding up on a stout, shaggy-coated Indian pony, that looked as if he

had seen a good deal of roughness in his day, and could stand a good deal more. Pony and preacher were very much alike, for however rough their usage, they had been well fed and cared for. They suited each other so well that as he came riding along the road singing, the pony looked as if he wished he could join in the chorus too; at least so thought Morgan, and the thought amused him, as he walked slowly 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 boulders piled in heaps, but all in confusion. Among these rocks, and over them, grew occasional patches of what seemed

to be shrubbery, that varied in height from that of a man to fifteen or twenty feet, and between us and it there seemed to be stretched an invisible veil of soft blue.

While gazing in admiration, and 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 hallooed 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 unfailling 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-yeak (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 Catawbas, and afterward the Catawbas for us, was that in both those nations she had caused the death of white people, and had to flee away to escape being weighed."

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

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

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

"Mean hanging," said Kaneeka, assentingly; then continued. "While the prisoners were at Chopped Oak all persons were surprised to see Kosta-yeak treat them so kindly. She was much in their company, and did so much for them that they accounted her the best friend

they had in the nation. But it was all show. She was a rattlesnake, and was charming them to death. My people learned a lesson from her which they repeat to this day, *When bad people become too kind, look out for snake-bites.*

“One night, soon after all were asleep, she came softly to their cabin with a bag of parched corn and some hams of dried venison. She waked each by a gentle shake, and asked if they wished to go home. They answered joyfully that they did. She said she was prepared to take them that very night, on two conditions — that they should start at once, and that they should consent to be blindfolded until they had crossed the river. They answered that they accounted her 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 Kaneka 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 Muscogeas crossed the Father of Waters, and conquered the country, there came an army of bearded men, with terrible swords and spears that flashed in the sun like lightning, who rode upon horses and carried thunder. These men landed from big canoes, and were hunting for gold."

Cousin Aleck mused, and soon began to think aloud. "The Muscogeas left Mexico after the fall of Montezuma. About that same time came up into this country De Soto, in search of El Dorado and the Fountain of Youth, and visited the Alabamas. But that was not three hundred years ago. Therefore, De Soto did not build these pens."

"Then who did?" asked my father.

Cousin Aleck started as if roused from sleep by a rough shake, and answered, "Perhaps the Northmen, who discovered America five hundred years before Columbus; perhaps the Aztecs, who used tools of copper almost as

hard as steel, and who, after many wanderings eastward and southward from the Rocky Mountains, settled in Mexico about six hundred years ago."

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

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





## 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, nouse 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.

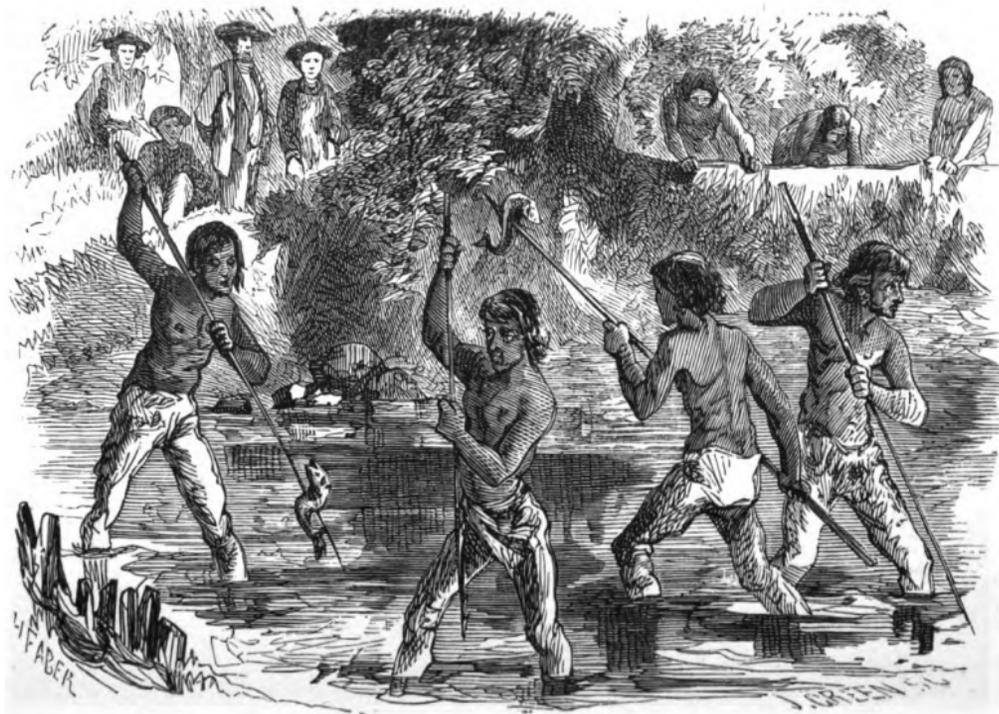
She bore no marks of the disease. She was beautiful even in death. The people went sadly to the surrounding forest, from which they brought each a little armful of dry wood. They built a great funeral-pile on the summit of the mound, laid her body thereon, and reduced it to ashes. All that remained of 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!

THE END.



**The Woodruff Stories**

SAL-O-QUAH.



CATCHING FISH WITH THE "BUSH-DRAG." — Page 96.

*The Woodruff Stories.*

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# SAL-O-QUAH;

OR,

BOY-LIFE AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

BY

REV. F. R. GOULDING,

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



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price when we passed that way on our return in the fall.

The next few days were spent in hunting and fishing, which I was not able to witness on account of sickness. One scene, however, I recollect at Saw-nee's, which afforded me much amusement. This was a *rat hunt*.

For an Indian, of moderate wealth, Saw-nee was a big farmer: he planted *ten acres of rich land*. His crib groaned with the weight of two or three hundred bushels of corn. But he was in the same proportion annoyed by rats. All the nibblers of the neighborhood seemed to have congregated at that well-filled crib, burrowing among the unshucked ears, burrowing under the corn-house, burrowing in the surrounding earth, and even making their nests in the surrounding trees. They destroyed more corn than the ponies ate, and Saw-nee was compelled to declare war against them. Collecting a few friends, he had dug into the holes outside the crib, and followed them as far as they led, killing such numbers of his tiny foes as for days to feast all the children of the neighborhood

with roasted rats. But this assault upon the outworks only compelled those which escaped to seek refuge in the mass of the corn itself, and for a while Saw - nee was puzzled to know what to do next. He applied to a wise old Rain - maker, or Conjuror, of the neighborhood, who advised him to the following plan, which he adopted, and which was ready for testing while we were there: He obtained a nicely hollowed log about a foot in diameter, which he buried deep under the corn in his crib, with a piece of wood lying at each end ready to be used as a stopper. The log had been in its place about three weeks before our coming, in which time the rats had greatly enjoyed its security, making it their romping - place by night, and their place of refuge and of sleep by day. But the time had now arrived when its treacherous character was to be proved to their terrible experience.

Saw - nee, accompanied by several others, went into the crib and made a great commotion among the shucks, particularly at the sides and bottom of the room, for the purpose of driving

the rats to seek refuge in the deceitful hollow. This being done, the log was closed at both ends by the stoppers provided, and borne to an open piece of ground. As it was on its way, we noticed a grim smile on Saw-nee's face, and heard him say:

"I hear 'em! Got 'em now!"

Our dogs, as well as those of the Indians, were present, and seemed greatly to enjoy the fun. The log was as full as it could be packed with rats of all ages and sizes, from those just entering upon active life, to the great-grandfathers, gray with years and robberies. Poor creatures! they appeared fully to comprehend the desperateness of their situation, for they clung tenaciously to their refuge, until compelled by various devices to leap out and seek safety in flight. But so numerous were the besiegers, both human and brute, that scarcely one of them escaped. Each person made his own pile of dead bodies, and when we came to inquire into the sum total, we counted as many as sixty-three.

The log was then replaced and covered as

before, and every three or four weeks afterward was carried out and treated in the same way. Saw-nee informed us on our return in the fall that he had never captured as many as at the first time, but never less than twenty; and that, in consequence, he had now so many less to feed—that his ponies were growing fat. It is certain that my own dear little pony, which I named Saw-nee, and my sister's pony, obtained at the same time, were much fatter and sleeker than they were when we first saw them.





## CHAPTER IX.

THE WOODRUFF BROTHERS — STEAMSHIP “SAVANNAH” — THE WIDE, WIDE SEA — SENSATION AT LIVERPOOL.

**O**UR summer's tour in 1818 was full of incident and variety, as the description, just given, of our first few days' experience will show. But I was at that time only a child of eight years of age, and though I perfectly remember many things that would no doubt interest the young reader, I prefer to keep them back until I come to describe another visit made to the nation some years afterward.

In the year 1819, our family affairs took a new, and, to me, a very pleasant turn, giving a more rosy tinge to all my after boyhood. My father then acquired a new son, about my own age, and I gained a brother after my own heart,

who was my faithful companion in most of the rough scenes of early life. It happened in this way :

As stated in a preceding chapter, my father had resolved to retire from the cares of business to the quiet of the country. Before doing so, however, it was necessary that the Atlantic should be crossed, for the house of John Woodruff & Brother, of Darien, Georgia, was but the counterpart of James Woodruff & Brother, of Liverpool, England, and these two were but the several parts of a virtual house of "The Woodruff Brothers," occupying both sides of the Atlantic. Ere making so important a change as retiring from business, it was necessary that the partners should meet and confer together. The duty of making the voyage devolved rightfully and not unwillingly upon him who called for it.

In those days, when men depended wholly upon sails for a passage between the Continents, and when the ocean-currents of wind and water were only beginning to be studied, trips to Europe were not so frequent as they are now ; nor, as a rule, so quickly made. In this case,

my father took advantage of an opportunity afforded him by the *first steamship that ever crossed the ocean* — THE SAVANNAH; so named in honor of the city whose enterprising merchants devised and executed the experiment.

Writing as I do, nearly fifty years after the event, and looking upon the world-wide revolution introduced by ocean-steaming, it seems to me passing strange that a fact so important to the human race and so creditable to its originators as this experiment, should remain to this day so little known.

The Savannah was provided and equipped for the purpose of testing the possibility of navigating the ocean by steam. She was small, of only three hundred tons burden, beautifully proportioned, being of that sharp-bowed and fast-sailing variety, then just coming into use, but now so generally known as clipper-built. Her paddle-wheels were so geared that they could be easily lifted from the water and shipped upon deck. Her fuel was wood, for coal had not yet come into general use as a generator of steam. She sailed from New York for Savannah

March 28th, 1819, and was seven days on her passage. Being then fully prepared for the experiment, she steamed out of the port of Savannah on the 10th of April following, under the command of Captain Moses Rodgers, and steamed into the port of Liverpool twenty-two days afterward, having used her sails but seven days during the voyage.

On leaving Liverpool, she went to Russia, and at St. Petersburg was visited by the Czar in person, who expressed great interest in the experiment, and, as a mark of his favor, presented Captain Rodgers with a pair of iron chairs, one of which is still — or was before the war — to be seen in the city of Savannah.

Her return trip across the ocean was made also in twenty-two days from port to port. The experiment, therefore, was a perfect success. Being, however, too small for available purpose, with so bulky a fuel as wood, her boiler was taken out, and she was used for several years as a sailing-packet between Savannah and New York. She was finally wrecked on the northern shore of Long Island, where her remains con-

tinued to be visible until a few years since, and may possibly be visible yet. So much for the *history* of the case.\*

In this voyage I also was passenger, I scarcely know why. Perhaps my father desired to carry a part of his home with him for company; perhaps it was by medical advice, in view of my still feeble health; perhaps it was the ordering of Him who "sees the end from the beginning," and who was preparing even then to "temper the wind to a shorn lamb," whom He foresaw beyond the sea.

The voyage was very pleasant and exciting. I can never forget, were I to live to the age of Methuselah, the breathless feeling with which I looked from the vessel's deck, the morning after we left port, and saw nothing but water and sky. I have been upon mountain-tops, where the level country round, far as the eye could

\* The author takes this occasion to say that the above historical statement coincides with the recollection of one of the prime movers of the enterprise, and also with the published accounts as gathered from the "Savannah Republican" paper of 1819.

reach, seemed to rise like the sides of a basin, until earth and sky met together in the distance. The sweep of vision in such cases far exceeds all that is possible at sea. And I have been upon mountain-tops, too, so far separated from all earthly objects that there was nothing to reflect the voice — the sound was chopped off at the lips, and the report of a gun had no echo or reverberation. But there is no breadth of vision which so oppresses you with a feeling of vastness as a sight of the shoreless ocean: no solitude is equal to it. The only objects visible, besides the rolling clouds above, and the rolling waves beneath, were adventurous gulls and Mother Carey's chickens, whose ceaseless, slow movement of the wings impressed with a painful sense of *ever-weariness*, or an occasional shark following close in our wake and looking at us on deck with its great hungry eyes, evidently wishing that some of us would fall overboard, or a huge turtle lying lazily asleep upon the surging water, and suddenly aroused by the sound, never before heard, of plashing wheels.

We had several gales during the voyage,

which unmercifully tossed our little craft, and made everybody on board sick, except the seamen and myself. By unusual exception, caused perhaps by my state of health, I was spared the ordinary fate of landsmen, and was able to enjoy the sea, storms, and all. I remember that while my father and others would seek a place amidships, where there was the least of sickening motion, I would go to the stern, where there was the most, and there enjoy the sensations of rising and falling in a long swing, as the vessel climbed and plunged amid the quartering waves.

True, there were times when my heart almost died within me as the ship sank, sidling, into a deep trough of the sea, and I could measure the crest of the next wave bursting into foam far above the level of my head, and threatening to bury us beneath its brine. But I was soon taught, by our invariably rising upon the threatening billow, that our tight little vessel was buoyant as a cork, and that if she were so unfortunate as to be buried for a moment by over-dashing waves, she must, like a cork, rise again to the surface. We, however, shipped no seas, nor

did a drop of salt water reach our decks, except what came there as spray, or was thrown there for the purpose of cleansing.

There was one occasion, however, when we came near having water enough on deck to bury us a thousand fathoms deep. From morning to midday the wind had been freshening, until it became almost a gale, raising a heavy sea, and carrying us at a rate that made the waters boom. I was seated on deck, near the companion-way, enjoying myself as usual with the never-palling changes of sea and sky, when the captain's voice came so sharp and quick as to make me start:

“All hands upon deck!”

The men, already on deck, sprang to their several posts, and the others from below came hurrying to join them; but before they could obey orders — indeed, before they could *receive* them, for the captain's voice was so interrupted that I heard only the broken sentences —

“Stand ready to . . . ! . . . haul the . . . and let her pay off!”

— I say, before they could obey orders, and

before these orders reached their ears, I was pitched headlong from my seat and rolled along the deck, until brought up against a small stanchion, which I gripped and clung to for dear life. In the mean time, there was the greatest commotion all around—the shouts of officers, the flapping of canvas, the snapping of cordage, the roar of wind. When I had sufficiently recovered myself to look around, I saw our beautiful vessel rearing upward like a horse about to leap a fence, with her bows in the air and her stern buried to the very bulwarks. She had been taken violently aback by a squall that came without warning right in her teeth, and, catching her wide-spread sails, had nearly backed us down to the bottom of the sea. Fortunately, our courses had not been made fast, or nothing could have saved us. As it was, a sign of command from the captain (for words were of no avail) followed by a heavy strain of two men at the helm, and then our well-trimmed vessel paid off before the wind with a gracefulness that made the captain's eyes shine with delight.

By this time my father came hurrying on

deck to see what had become of me. I saw him holding fast to the companion-way and trying to speak, but though his mouth opened wide and his lips moved, not a word reached my ear, at the distance of only fifteen feet. He then signed to me to hold fast, and after a moment's absence in the cabin, reappeared with a small, strong halliard, which he fastened to the door-way, then tying one end around his waist, he crept along the deck until he grasped and drew me back with him to the cabin.

This adventure was by far the most serious that befell us; but there is another I remember, which impressed me quite as deeply with a sense of beauty as this did of danger. It was near sunset. A shower had crossed our track, and was still falling to the eastward where we were sailing; but, astern, the western sky was all blazing with light. The clouds around the almost setting sun were gorgeously illuminated, while along the ocean surface, its broad, bright disk was reflected in a path of dazzling light that stretched apparently from near the sun itself to a few cable-lengths of the vessel. My father

and one or two others were enjoying this scene of beauty at the stern, when we heard the captain call, with peculiar emphasis :

“Come all and see! We are *sailing under a rainbow!*”

The rays of the sun had been caught by the drops of rain falling to the eastward and refracted into the most perfect and most brilliant bow I ever saw. We also pointed out to him what we had just seen, and to the eyes of all it seemed as if the Savannah was leaving a wake of glory behind her, and was sailing under an arch of glory above! Viewed as an omen, no one could ask for more.

One useful expedient I recollect gaining in the course of this voyage, which I have made use of many a time since. The weather had turned warm; there was no ice aboard—it was before the days of ice; and our drinking water had become almost nauseous. The captain took several tin cans, bottle-shaped, holding each about a gallon of water, swathed them with two or three thicknesses of porous cloth, kept them moist, and hung them in the breeze. The



**SAILING UNDER A RAINBOW.—Page 110.**

rapid evaporation from the cloth so greatly reduced the temperature of the inclosed water that no one would have asked for ice, even if we had had it aboard.

The nearer we approached the British coast the greater amount of shipping we saw, and when at last we neared Liverpool, the surface of the sea was dotted with sailing craft of every size and employment. Very noticeable among them was a cutter that seemed at first to be coming toward us with all possible spread of canvas, but which afterward shortened sail, and finally turned back toward port.

When we reached the city, it was curious to see the immense crowd of people assembled on the quay. We afterward learned that the watchman of the port had signalled to the authorities that there was a ship on fire at sea, and in consequence the cutter which we saw had been ordered out to our relief. Soon afterward the watchman reported that the *vessel* was not on fire, but only her *mast*; finally, that she was making headway against the wind, without sails, and with her mast on fire. And great was the

surprise and admiration of all when the mysterious vessel entered the harbor "under bare poles, belching forth smoke and fire, yet uninjured!" \*

\* Savannah Republican, 1819.





## CHAPTER X.

MY UNCLE'S FAMILY — LORENZO — GREAT  
CALAMITY — THE OFFER.

**A**MONG the persons standing upon the quay was my uncle James. Superadded to the motives influencing the mass of the people who watched the approach of a vessel marked by the American flag and an apparently burning mast, he was moved by the hope of meeting a long-absent brother, who (as he had been informed by a recent letter) might "be expected to come by some unusual mode of navigation." We had scarcely made fast to the wharf before he was aboard, and it quickened the blood in my own boyish veins to see how like two boys these men could be in their expressions of love for each other. I began then to suspect what I have had occasion long since to know, that, notwithstanding all their dignity

and importance, men and women are but children grown.

Warned by the unusual indications reported by the watchman of the port, my uncle had hurried home from his counting-room to inform his wife of his suspicions, and to prepare for our reception. A carriage was waiting for us at the wharf, and in less than half an hour after reaching land we were at his hospitable mansion, and enjoying the attentions of his warm-hearted wife. She was one of those transparent characters whose genial, loving souls are always peeping out of their eyes. I loved her from the first, and during the whole of my stay she made me feel so much at home by her motherly tenderness that for the time I almost forgot my other home beyond the watery waste.

The four children of the family — two boys and two girls — combined, in a remarkable degree, the unlikenesses of both parents. They strongly reminded me of a brood of chickens I had seen just before leaving home — hybrids between the ordinary yard-fowl and the guinea-hen — so closely resembling both breeds that

it was hard to tell which nature predominated.

My cousin Lorenzo, the oldest of the group, was a bright-faced boy, three months my junior in time, but thrice three months my senior in a knowledge of the world and its ways. This was probably the result, not of any special aptitude on his part nor of any special defect on mine, for we seemed to be fair matches for each other, but of one being brought up in a city and the other in the country. For I have noticed that while country-reared boys acquire their knowledge of the world by slow, and sometimes costly degrees, those who live in a city enjoy a sort of floating capital of knowledge that comes to them apparently by contact.

Lorenzo strongly resembled his father in manly independence and quiet daring, yet he partook quite as largely, in proportion, of his mother's gentle manner and loving spirit. He and I were very unlike in temper, habits, and personal appearance; nevertheless there was such a congruity even in our unlikeness, that we seemed made for each other. At any rate, we

*took to each other* like twin brothers, and so close became the intimacy that soon our thoughts, feelings, and expectations became almost blended into one.

In the course of a few weeks the two brothers had arranged their business, and were ready to announce a dissolution of partnership in the fall. My father now proposed to visit London, and to take me with him. But to this I demurred; for I was so happy with my uncle and cousins, that I greatly preferred to stay with them.

“London is the greatest city in the world,” my father urged, persuasively; “and I should like to have you able to say that you had been there.”

“I don’t want to see any city bigger than Savannah, at home, and Liverpool, here,” I sturdily replied.

“Then there is the *King* to be seen too, with his crown of gold,” my father urged. “Only think of that! the King of England, and —”

“I don’t care so much for the King of England as I care for my cousin Lorenzo,” I replied, in

that spirit of American irreverence toward royalty which made my uncle and aunt open their eyes, as if I had been guilty of a species of profanity.

The issue of the conference was that my father left me at Liverpool, while he took shipping (this was before the days of railroads) for the great city of London. But he did not succeed in seeing the King, nor in doing anything else that he proposed; for scarcely had he reached the city before he received intelligence of a calamity that completely turned the current of his thoughts, and modified all his future—my dear uncle met with an accident which caused his death. He had gone with a customer to examine some choice cotton lying in a room not intended for a ware-house; the floor of this room had given way, and he was precipitated under a crushing weight of cotton bales and tobacco hogsheads.

This dreadful disaster brought my father from London by return packet. He was chief mourner at the funeral; and so sincere was his brotherly grief that the crape remained about

his heart long after it had disappeared from his person.

But the misfortune did not end here. Contrary to all his previous practice, my uncle James had recently been tempted into a cotton speculation, the issue of which remained uncertain until after his death. On winding up his affairs, my father discovered to his astonishment, and to his kind sister's dismay, that she and her children had been reduced to a state of comparative penury. He saved for her all that he could from the wreck, and succeeded by judicious and untiring diligence in establishing her finally in a neat little cottage near the city, and in securing for her and the children an income of about £200 a year. This income, however, was so inadequate to the growing necessities of the family, that he resolved to increase it by continuing the business of the firm for several years longer; and in the mean time he made her an offer. Observing the warm attachment between Lorenzo and myself, and the need there was for a stronger hand than hers to control him, he proposed to adopt him as his own son, and to

act by him a father's part. This was a sore trial to a loving mother; but, with all her gentleness, she was at heart a heroine, ever ready to sacrifice her own preference and comfort for others' good. After a few natural tears and struggles, she gave her consent, and when the time came for us to return to America, Lorenzo came with us. From that day forth he was my brother.

He was a noble fellow! With nothing in his soft blue eye or rosy cheeks to mark him out for greatness, he had within him a heart strong as a lion's in courage, and faithful in friendship as a Damon or a Pythias. Dear Lorenzo! I love to think of him, and to repeat and write his name. There is no danger of his blushing to meet these lines—he has long since passed away. He died in Montgomery, Alabama, during a season of yellow fever, preferring to remain and help the needy, to being safe from attack by fleeing away. If modest merit in all cases received its due, he would have a monument erected to his memory. In love and reverence to worth I here record his name.



## CHAPTER XI.

THE PROMISE—LEARNING TO SWIM AND TO FLOAT  
—PECULIARITIES OF SALT-WATER BATHING.

**L**ORENZO, like my father, in coming to America, cherished an almost morbid desire to see the Indians, and to enjoy life in the untamed forest. No doubt his feelings had been greatly influenced by the pictures which I often drew from my own experience of the summer before.

One day, after our arrival at Sapelo, while we were freely conversing on the subject, and picturing in vivid language our wishes, plans, and expectations, our good father came near enough to overhear our boyish talk. It interested him, and he finally put the matter on a practical footing.

“I know how you feel, boys,” said he, “for I used to feel and talk so myself. But, of course,

it will be many years before your desires can be gratified. I will say this, however, that if you will redeem the time to be lost from your education by faithful study while at school, and if you will prove by your prudent and manly habits, that you can take care of yourselves, I promise that, as soon as the proper time arrives, you shall have your wishes."

Strange as it may seem for boys of our age, this promise was a powerful stimulus to us both. The hope it inspired often incited us to study, and controlled our conduct, when other motives would have failed. We were not remarkably bright boys at school, nor were we faultlessly good, at home, yet we enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing, in various ways, and from time to time, that our father was satisfied with our endeavors.

During these years, of study and of training, there occurred many incidents of a character highly interesting, and instructive too, which appear to me too valuable to be wholly passed over. I will briefly narrate some of them.

The first in order in its beginning, yet the

latest of all in its perfection, was our learning to swim. The very night after our return home, which was the 25th of September, we went in the river to bathe. It was in a little sandy nook, where the water was only waist-deep at high tide, and where we were perfectly safe from both sharks and alligators. Scipio escorted and took care of us. Lorenzo, who had never before been in the open salt-water, was almost alarmed at two things: The water into which he plunged was all ablaze with light, and when he hurried out, his arms, legs, and body seemed to be on fire, except that there was no heat, and that the light, which appeared in spots, was soft, like that of the fire-fly, or of reflected moonshine. We told him that our sea-water always sparkled so at night; and then I showed, by running my hand rapidly through the water, how it left a blazing track behind. While I was trying to explain to him this beautiful phenomenon, a school of small mullet, that had been intercepted in the stretch of water above, came leaping and darting past, marking their several pathways with a track of light. With these explanations,

Lorenzo once more waded in, and stood there playing, when I saw him again hurry out.

"I don't like it," said he; "something bites me."

"Where?" I asked.

"Oh, everywhere," he answered; "first in one place, then in another."

"But none of them bite very hard—do they?" I inquired.

"No," he replied, "not hard; but there are *so many* of them."

"They can't harm you," I added. "Nothing but minnows."

"But they *stuck* me, too, like so many pins," he continued.

"These are shrimp—the little hardbacks. They and the minnows are as tame as pet chickens," I explained. "But you need not fear them, for they have already done their worst."

The plan on which we learned to swim was this: I had brought down to the bathing-place an old window-shutter, on which I balanced myself, and struck out with hands and feet as I had seen swimmers do, and, to my delight, found

myself making progress through the water. Lorenzo then tried it with equal success. The next time, in going to bathe, we brought each a short piece of plank, on which we balanced ourselves as before, and every time thereafter when we went in, we made the plank smaller, until, in the course of a few days, we could balance and propel ourselves without any assistance at all.

Having mentioned these facts to my father, he came to the water with us, and gave some lessons not only in swimming, but in floating. I shall never forget the delightful sensations of this last. In learning the art, we were made to place our hands back of our heads, then we were laid flat on our backs in deep water, where we were in turn supported by my father's two hands, until we were perfectly at ease, when the hands were so gradually withdrawn that we did not know when they ceased supporting us, and we were left securely floating on the surface. We struggled and resisted a little at first, but our father said to us :

“Boys, you recollect, the other day I made a

needle float, after passing it through tallow. I gently laid it on the water, as I propose to lay you, and I slowly withdrew my finger from under it. If I had *pitched* it roughly in, or if *it* had struggled and resisted, as you are doing, it would have sunk. You must be quiet, as the needle was, and you will float too."

He repeated the process several times with each of us, then taught us how to support each other. Finally, we were able to put ourselves in position without help. And I must take occasion here to say that, of all situations of bodily repose which it has been my privilege to enjoy, the most perfectly luxurious is that of floating in the salt water. I have at times been in danger of going to sleep and of floating away on the tide.

But before leaving the subject, there are two remarks which I will make for the benefit of those who may need the information. The first is, that it is much easier to float in salt water than in fresh, because it is heavier, and therefore more buoyant. The second is, that in floating, the hands must be placed behind or beyond the

head, and *the elbows kept under water*. The reason of this is, that the cavity of the chest is the buoyant part of the human body, while the extremities are weighty, and the head needs the addition of the arms thrown back to counter-balance the weight of the legs. If the arms are not thus thrown back, the feet will sink perpendicularly downward, and the mouth and nostrils will be brought below the surface of the water. But, when the arms are thrown back, there is a balance established between the extremities, in which the body lies at full length upon the surface, with the toes and face projecting above water. Try it the next time you go in bathing, you who read this, and if you do not enjoy a very great pleasure, your friend, the writer, is very much mistaken. And here it will not be amiss to throw in another remark, that, although any one who is not perfectly skin and bones, can float in *salt* water, all persons, except the leanest of the lean, can float in the fresh water too.





## CHAPTER XII.

SAUCY SHARK — PULL, BOYS, PULL! — PITFALL  
FOR RABBITS.

**O**UR bathing-house, to which was attached a balcony for fishing, was under a high precipitous bluff. The steep, narrow beach to the right and left was covered with large masses of soft sand-rock, undermined and brought from the bluff above by the action of storms. These rocks, lying under water as well as on shore, made the place a safe retreat for fish. There was one particular spot that was my favorite fishing-ground. A stump lay there imbedded in the mud, and Lorenzo and I used to sit on the rocks and throw our lines beside or beyond it. In fact, we had constructed a pair of movable seats to suit any time of tide, and had moreover contrived a rough ladder for passing up and down the steep bluff.

One day, while we were seated there, our rods projecting beyond the stump, and the tide, at half-flood, rippling around our coarsely-booted feet, I saw a shark's fin protruding from the water just beyond our rods, and rapidly nearing us.

"Draw up your feet, Lorenzo!" I said quickly to him; "that shark may nab you!"

Our feet were out of the water by the time the words were out of my mouth, and so likewise were our fish, which had been secured by a nicely arranged cord passed through their gills. Whether that saucy shark was smelling after our feet or after our fish I cannot tell, but he came and put his nose to the places where these had been, and passed so near that I could easily have touched his back with a three-foot rod. This daring act he repeated three times.

Scipio was fishing from the balcony of the bathing-house. We called to him, telling of our ugly visitor, and begging him to come quickly with my father's fish-gig, (a sort of pronged dart, or small harpoon,) and with it the shark hook, kept ready there for use. Before he could arrive the shark had passed beyond reach of the gig;

we, therefore, baited the hook with a fish from our string, and threw it hanging over the stump into the deep water. This was Scipio's doings, for we would not have dared to undertake it by ourselves, and he was such a dear lover of adventure that he needed only our invitation to do all that we wished in the case.

The hook was of steel, a foot long, attached to a chain and cord, and when Scipio threw the baited end of the line into the water, he made the other end fast to a stake driven into the sand. Lorenzo and I took hold of the rope midway between the stake and the water, saying:

“We will hook him, and pull him in.”

Scipio was much amused, and answered:

“Yes, hook 'im, and pull 'im, ef you kin. But I 'll hole de stake fas' at dis een'.”

Soon Lorenzo and I felt a slight pull, then a pull somewhat harder. The shark was evidently experimenting. We planted ourselves, and held on stoutly. Then there was a jerk, so quick and violent, that before we could let go the rope we

found ourselves pitching in the mud, almost at the water's edge. By the time we were on foot, we heard Scipio calling to us:

“Come yuh, quick! Come help me! I 'fraid he pull out de stake.”

We ran to him, and helped to keep the stake pressed into the sand. The struggle was short and violent. In less than a quarter of a minute it ceased, the cord slackened, it hung in an easy festoon between us and the stump—the shark had broken loose.

Scipio was greatly disappointed. We drew the hook ashore, put on a fresh bait, and tried again; but in vain. The shark was not hungry, or else was suspicious of danger.

There occurred, about this same time, another incident which gave us a hearty laugh, and which is withal connected with a device so useful, in case of similar need, that I am tempted to record it. Quash, who was gardener as well as carriage-driver, complained to my father, soon after our return home, that the rabbits were eating up everything in the garden, and asked if nothing could be done to stop them.

"Are you fond of roasted rabbit?" my father playfully inquired.

Quash's eyes glistened, "Yes, maussa."

"How do you like them best, roasted, fried, or stewed?" my father continued to inquire.

"Like um any way I kin *git um*, maussa," Quash replied.

"Well, if you do as I bid you, I will give you rabbit to eat, roasted, fried, broiled, stewed, or any way you prefer. Go around the garden and stop every hole through which they come, except the principal one. Leave that open."

"Kie, maussa!" Quash exclaimed; "de fence so old and so full of hole, de rabbit git troo ebberry way."

"Do as I bid you, or I promise you no roast rabbit," persisted my father.

Thus doubly impelled, Quash set to work as otherwise he would not, and in a few hours reported the task complete. The principal pathway was left open, but nothing was done to it the first night, except to place on the ground beside it a small, light board, sprinkled with

sand. In the morning the sand showed many tracks of rabbits' feet; a barrel was then sunk in the ground below, and the board set firmly upon it and sprinkled with sand, as before. It was manifest, next morning, by the number of tracks, that the intruders into the garden had not been scared off by the works in their pass-way. The board was now set as a *trap-door*, so balanced as to right itself, after having allowed the intrusive passenger to drop into the pit below, and thus to close the barrel's mouth. The morning after the trap was set, Quash came early to ask that my father would go and look into the barrel.

"Has it caught anything, Quash?" he asked.

"Why, maussa," he answered, "dah barrel scare me. I peep in and see — but you come see fuh yo'self."

There were several gentlemen who had spent the night with us, intending a pleasure excursion the next day. My father said to them, as they assembled for early breakfast:

"I set a pitfall last night for some rabbits that have been molesting my garden. Will any of

you go with me to see what has been its success?"

They all went, Lorenzo and I with them, accompanied by Quash and Scipio.

"Push down the trap-door a little way, Quash. Peep in, and tell us if you see anything," said my father.

Quash peeped in, and his eyes stretched wide.

"I dunno wuddah dey," (I do not know what is there,) he reported; "I don't see nutten but yers, yers, rabbit yers, and some'n black right in de middle."

"Peep, Scipio," said my father to the boy, "and see if you can tell what is there."

Scipio put his eye to the crevice made by depressing the board, and gave an unrestrained "Whoo-pee, maussa! Yo' barrel half full o' rabbit!"

The cover was now sufficiently removed for us all to see, and there followed a roar of laughter. Sitting on their hind-quarters, with their big eyes and long ears all directed toward us, were *seven rabbits*, in the midst of which sat, as demure as they, a big black Tom-cat, and under

them all, a large moccasin snake had gained a comfortable length for his body by lying in a circle next the staves. They were enduring their imprisonment together as peaceably as if Tom-cats never preyed upon rabbits, nor moccasins preyed upon either.\*

Quash had his promised roast, broil, stew, and fry, and never complained again of rabbits infesting his garden — he had learned what to do with them.

\* The above scene is no fancy.





BLACKBEARD ISLAND. — Page 135.



### CHAPTER XIII.

BLACKBEARD ISLAND— ALLIGATOR-STEAKS— SOFT  
AS A FEATHER BED — SEA-BEACH — SURF —  
SHELLS — SAND - CRABS — MORE SCARED THAN  
HURT — HUNTING — MULLET - FISHING — RETURN.

**B**ETWEEN Baisden's Bluff and the sea is a dead level of green marsh, beyond which, at the distance of eight miles, is a blue streak of woodland. That is the beautiful island of Sapelo, so famous in those days for the princely hospitality of its chief proprietor. Beyond Sapelo, and separated from it by a narrow marsh, is a long, low, uninhabited island, belonging to the United States Government. Like several other islands of like character upon the coast, it is called Blackbeard, in commemoration of a celebrated freebater of the seas, who is reported to have made them his haunts, and

to have buried upon them his ill-gotten treasures.

The Georgia Blackbeard is eight or nine miles long, by about a mile broad, and is overgrown with moss-covered oaks, cedars, sea-myrtles, and palmettoes. Its retired position and untenanted solitude make it the favorite resort of deer, which congregate there from the neighboring islands, and from the main. Unfortunately, however, for the peace of these brute denizens, the fact of their congregating there, and the abounding of the adjoining waters in very fine fish, make it the favorite resort also of those who are fond of marooning. So numerous are they, and so easily reached by shot, that a gentleman hunter of our neighborhood, who spent only three days on the island, accompanied by a young lad and a servant, reported the capture of thirty-two deer

Our return from Liverpool, September 25th, was too early for the opening of business in Darien, but not too late for a hunt on Blackbeard. My father, therefore, determined to indulge himself in his favorite amusement, and,

appointing an early day, set off in company with several friends. What impresses it indelibly upon my memory is the fact that, in hopes of stimulating us to study, by affording us a taste of the wild life we had asked for as the reward of our fidelity, he resolved to take us with him. We left home about two hours after our visit to the rabbit-trap described in the last chapter.

There were two sail-boats in company, freighted with four or five persons each, and carrying tents, provisions, cooking -utensils, and a barrel of good water, for the best on the island was execrable. Our voyage occupied four hours. We were scarcely more than under way when we heard the sound of a gun from the foremost boat, and, as she headed for shore, Mr. Jamieson exclaimed :

“That’s right! Cut off the tail and bring it along; for, good as the fish may be at Black-beard, none can make a better fry than a young alligator.”

The alligator was about four feet long, and the steaks, parboiled before frying (as is necessary in the sturgeon also), made so acceptable

an addition to our dinner that day, that it was slighted by no one.

We found the island delightfully wild and solitary. It was a sandy level, raised only a few feet above high water, and bearing the mark of being once in a while totally overflowed. Scarcely an interruption could be found in the perfect level of its surface, except an occasional hillock of sand blown up by the winds, or certain mysterious pits and mounds left by those who had excavated for hid treasure, especially at a spot known as "Money-Old-fields."

The first experience of novelty which Lorenzo and I enjoyed was in (what I know not how to describe except as) a thicket of grass growing next the beach. The blades of this grass were about two or three feet long, very narrow, very stiff, very elastic, and so closely packed together that when we threw ourselves upon them to rest after our weary sitting for hours upon the thwarts of our boat, we were supported several inches above ground. It was a natural couch, equal in elasticity to any produced by art, and reminding us, by the luxuriousness of the repose afforded,

of what we had begun to experience in floating.

So soon as Scipio was at leisure to accompany us, after pitching tent and eating lunch, we boys were permitted to take a stroll seaward along the beach. Away we dashed, eager to explore the mystery of certain white caps we saw upon the waves, attended by an incessant roar. It was the surf—not heavy, for there was little wind astir, and few of the waves were as high as our heads, but the graceful cresting of each, as it swelled with the return-water of its predecessor, then burst into foam and rolled and roared along the gentle slope, was so beautiful that we watched them with undiminished interest through the whole of our walk, and through the whole of our stay upon the island.

The beach, varying in width from one hundred to two hundred yards, was composed of the cleanest and finest sand, packed by the waves hard and smooth as a floor. It was profusely covered with shells, sometimes heaped in piles or long rows, and sometimes strewed so closely together that every footfall crashed among them.

These gems of the sea varied in size from the tiny rice-shell, half as large as a drop of water, to immense conchs, heavy as we could readily handle; and they possessed every shade of color, from the purest, sparkling white, through delicate pink and maiden's blush, and soft yellow, and orange, and brown, to deep and dark mahogany.

Lorenzo and I scampered over the sands, perfectly wild with delight, stopping here to pick up some shell of uncommon beauty, or some richly-colored sea-weed—stopping there to write our names, or to make grotesque figures in the sand, and stopping yonder to wonder over a queer-looking egg of shark or conch, or a jelly-like sea-blubber, or some other strange thing washed up by the waves. The sand-crabs, too, were a novelty to us, so different from all others with which we were familiar, so almost ghost-like, with their white bodies, and their long, taper legs, and such swift runners that we tried in vain to capture them.

Time would fail me to describe all the interesting objects of that beautiful beach. Suffice

it to say that we had been gone from camp one or two hours without its seeming to us more than a few minutes. Scipio had been left behind, out of hearing, almost out of sight — so far away that he seemed like a little child walking along the beach. I had become leg-weary, and was beginning to look for a resting-place, when my fears were aroused by seeing in the sand footprints which looked to me like those of an enormous cat. I called Lorenzo's attention to it, and said :

“I am afraid that is a panther's track. Maybe we had better be getting back to camp.”

We immediately reversed our course, and were walking pretty fast, when there came from the woods to our left a shrill, unearthly screech, and we could also see the bushes toss in great commotion. Our fast walk quickened into a run. Nor did we slacken speed, until we came within hail of Scipio, who, seeing our excited movements and conjecturing some cause of alarm, had hastened to meet us. Scipio was well acquainted with the island and all that pertained to it, having made frequent visits as a servant to

my father and other hunters. On hearing our story, he quickly decided:

“Nobody nebber see no panter on dis island. How he gwine git yuh? He can't swim like deer. I 'spec' wat you see is otter track.”

When we told him of the dreadful sound we heard, and of the commotion in the bushes, he looked rather grave, and began to talk of the old pirate Blackbeard, or rather of his ghost, coming to guard his buried treasure. After that, he brightened up and spoke of the screaming of an eagle and the scampering of deer as the causes of our alarm. Then his thoughts took a merry turn; he burst into a laugh, and informed us that on his first visit to the island he had been as badly scared as we by some person concealed in the bushes.

“I 'spec' it is George,” (the servant of the other boat,) “nobody but George, tryin' to git some fun out o' you,” said he, apparently satisfied that he had now hit the truth; then, seeming to be angered, as another thought flashed into his mind, he added: “Ef you two only stay yuh tell I kin go and find George, I'll gi'e

'im such a lickin' he won't want to trouble you no mo'e."

We looked our admiration of his prowess in being ready to fight a boy bigger than himself, and thanked him too for his offered championship; but we preferred returning to camp without delay, as the sun was scarcely an hour above the horizon. Our weariness returned so rapidly after being relieved from our fears, that, ere we reached the tent, we could scarcely drag one foot after the other. That night we slept without any trouble, except that of not getting soon enough to bed.

The maroon occupied four days. Lorenzo and I were too young to take part in the hunting. The nearest approach we made to it was being allowed to occupy a concealed place near my father's stand, and see him shoot as the herd of deer came by. I shall never forget how beautiful they looked that day, with branching horns and flaunting tails, and how gracefully they loped along unconscious of danger. My father discharged both his barrels in quick succession, and brought down two of the fattest

of the herd, when the remainder hurried away, following a well-beaten track, and lost another of their number in passing the next stand. Each hunt was more or less successful. We feasted on venison, morning, noon, and night, until I became almost sick of the name.

Part of each day was spent by the company in fishing in deep water, a sport which we boys could safely enjoy, although our hands were often blistered by the rapid run and resistless pull of the fish. Twice we went out, at night, with Scipio and George, under the superintendence of Mr. Jamieson, to witness the operation of casting for mullet. This is done by means of a circular net about ten feet in diameter, heavily loaded at the circumference with lead, and fitted with a system of cords passing through the centre, for drawing the circumference together like a bag. The net, held for a moment by hands and teeth, is slung so as to fall broadcast upon the surface of water about two feet deep, where it rapidly sinks, enclosing the fish, which are then drawn up and shaken out into the boat.

The net had not been cast more than a few times before we heard at a distance the sound, "Puff! puff!" of porpoises coming. They seemed to know what we were about, and came to join in the sport, for they swam just outside our boats, so near as almost to rub against them. Lorenzo and I, being novices in the art, were disturbed to see the immense backs of these creatures protruding above water so near us, but Mr. Jamieson quieted our apprehensions by saying:

"Porpoises are the fisherman's friends; they keep the mullet in shallow water, where we can best catch them."

There was a school of sea-mullet, very numerous, as large as mackerel, which were so badly frightened by the porpoises on one side of our boat and the splash of the casting-net on the other, that they leaped into the boat in great numbers, without giving us the trouble of casting for them.

Every day, almost every hour, of our stay, was marked by some fresh novelty and new enjoyment; nevertheless, I believe that after

four days' sojourn, all were glad—at least, I know we boys were—when our boats, loaded with the spoils of the island, were shoved from shore, and our sails spread for home.





## CHAPTER XIV.

JUST IN TIME — HUNGRY SHARK — PREPARING  
FOR A GALE—A MODERATE HURRICANE—RASH  
ADVENTURER — ORANGES — “THE GROVE” —  
THE ORANGE-ROOM—FAREWELL TO THE TIDE-  
WATER.

**I**T was well that we left Blackbeard no  
later that morning. Half an hour's  
delay would have kept us there for  
days, perhaps resulted in loss of life.

A mile or more from the north end of the  
island begins a broad sandy shoal, which, at  
low tide, forces all passing boats into the open  
water of the inlet, where the waves from sea,  
brought by an east wind, rush and roar with  
unrestrained fury.

Before we shoved from shore, the wind had  
chopped around to the east, and there was every  
indication of a coming gale. A light vapory

scud, scarce visible at first, began to race overhead, and dim the blue vault of heaven. With it came a multitude of sea-birds flying landward as if for refuge, while a low moan could be heard afar off on the sea, and the freshening wind caused an ominous swell upon the beach. Urged by these signs of danger, we freighted our boats with all speed, spread what sail we dared, and hastened to round the shoal before it was too late. We succeeded, but that was all; for, although our boats were trimmed to stand their utmost pressure of wind abeam, and we put on so much sail that time and again they dipped water, we had scarcely gained the lee of a friendly marsh beyond the shoal, ere we saw the waves we had left behind shaking their white caps at us, and telling us, by so doing, that we had barely made our escape. .

Our friends in the other boat, knowing that their craft was not so rapid as ours, and that she drew less water, endeavored to gain time by sailing closer in shore; but they only illustrated the old proverb: "The more haste the less speed," — for they stuck fast in the sand more

than once, and each time some one was compelled to leap overboard and shove ahead.

Ordinarily, the inconvenience of this amphibious mode of navigation would have been esteemed a trifle; but at that particular juncture our moments were precious as rubies; and, additional to other reasons, there was a large and hungry shark prowling in the water between the two boats, going first to one then to the other, as if confident that in the rising gale it was to have a delightful feast on some of us. Such was its size, that, in its approaches to the other boat, in her passage over the shoals, its fin and part of its back protruded above water. It seemed to know the moment the boat stuck fast, and then made right for the legs of the person who was shoving. The negro boy, George, was allowed only once to go into the water; for sharks have a great partiality for the strongly flavored blood of the African, and this marine hyena made toward him with such violence that, by the time he leaped into the boat, it had turned sideways in the effort to seize him.

After passing the shoals, we were protected from wind and waves, so that we were in no immediate danger the rest of the way; but long ere we reached the Bluff the sky had assumed a very wild and troubled aspect. At the landing not a moment was lost in unloading the boats, and making them safe; after which the gentlemen, who accompanied us on the excursion, mounted their horses, hastily securing behind them each a saddle of venison, and galloped away to their several homes, while my father went to every door and window of his house, and examined the shutters and fastenings, to see if they were in condition to stand the strain of a hurricane. Our beautiful boat was relieved not only of its load of venison and fish, and its sails and oars, but even of its rudder and row-locks, and then carried around to a well-protected cove, where it was securely anchored in company with the other boat. Water for all necessary purposes was brought into the house from the spring; the cattle and horses were plentifully fed, and every possible prepara-

tion made for being kept at least a day in a state of siege.

These precautions were not in vain, although the gale was not so severe as we had reason to expect. Before sunset the tide rose to a height I had never before seen, covered the marsh for eight miles with an unbroken sheet of muddy, angry water, and continued to rise so long as we had light to see. Ere dark, enormous waves, loaded with fallen trees and with marsh-grass, in rafts fifty or a hundred yards long, came from the islands and hammocks between us and the sea, and beat like battering-rams against the bluff, undermining it and bringing down great masses of sand and rock upon the buried beach below. Sea-gulls, pelicans, gannets, curlews, white, gray and pink, and other birds of the coast, flew frantically overhead, as soon as the wind set in, some trying vainly to beat against it, and others yielding to what they could not resist, and passing over us with fearful velocity.

The wind had been blowing from sea all day; but the *hurricane wind*, as we know it upon the coast, did not begin until near sunset. Then it

came in puffs, lasting for several minutes, and succeeded by intervals of comparative calm. At first these puffs were nothing more than gentle sighs, as if mourning over the trouble and terror that were soon to follow; but in the course of four or five hours they increased to groans and roars that made everything tremble.

All at once the wind ceased. The sky overhead was as black, and the night around us as inky as ever, but the calm was so perfect that any one could walk in the open air with a lighted candle. We youngsters thought that the trouble was all over, and were about to accompany my father, as with a lantern he went with Quash and Scipio out of the back door to see after the horses. He, however, waved us back, with instructions to keep the door securely barred, and to open it only when we heard his knock. He had been gone the greater part of an hour when all at once we heard a loud, ominous roar in the forest behind the house, then a quick rap at the back door. We moved as quickly as we could; but before we could

reach the door the rap was repeated, and, while we were in the act of removing the bar, I heard my father say :

“Too late! You must let us in at the front.”

He and the two servants ran as fast as they could around the house; we knew that they moved fast, because we saw the light from their lantern, streaming through a crevice between the window-blinds, move rapidly on the wall of the room. Ere they reached the front, their light was extinguished; there was a horrible roar of wind from a new quarter; the house shook in every timber, and, in the midst of the commotion, we heard a crash like thunder—the chimney-top had been blown off, and it fell so near them that one of the bricks struck Scipio on the ankle and lamed him for days. The front of the house was now in the lee of the wind. My father's rap was there repeated, and we admitted him and the two servants dripping with wet. He afterward described the rain-drops as not falling, but driven horizontally, like shot projected from a gun. With the coming of that rain the wind began to abate, and when

we next went out of the house we enjoyed the pleasure of seeing that our night of storm and darkness was followed by a bright and beautiful day.

The only casualty we experienced besides the loss of our chimney-top and the destruction of several valuable yard-trees, was in having the roof of one of our shed-rooms pierced by the limb of a tree which had been broken off during a severe gust, carried fifty yards, and shot like an arrow through the shingles and the sheathing.

There was a sad casualty, however, that we *witnessed*, and in which we the more readily sympathized from the recollection of our own recent dangers. A small boat, manned by a single person, but of what color we could not distinguish, came soon after sunset, sailing over what had been marsh, but now was unbroken sea. He had spread a tiny sail, not bigger apparently than an ordinary palmetto hat, but he was scudding over the water with the rapidity almost of a race-horse. He was evidently making for some point on the main a few miles to our left. As he passed us, he was sailing in

comparatively quiet water under the lee of a long low island, which, though itself submerged, broke the violence of wind and wave from sea. But we could discern from the Bluff, what he could not from his boat, that, directly ahead of him, and at no great distance, the water was dangerously rough from wind that eddied round the north end of the island. My father signalled to him his danger as well as he could by means of his hat and handkerchief, and pointed to the cove where his own boat was moored, with a beckoning motion, as much as to say: "Come here!"

The boatman, whoever he was, waved his hat in acknowledgment, but kept on his way. He soon came to the rough water, saw his error when too late to correct it, made an effort to change his course, was caught in a trough between two waves, and in a moment was swamped. We could see a small black object floating for a few minutes near the capsized boat; but whether it was the head of the unfortunate man endeavoring to regain his canoe, or whether it was his hat moving on the foamy

surface, we could not determine. The canoe, very trimly built, and uncommonly steady upon the water, was discovered the next day lodged in the branches of a live-oak. It was brought to my father, who used it so long as he made his home upon the coast, and kept it ready for delivery to the rightful claimant. But who that rash adventurer was, or why he persisted in the attempt that cost him his life, we never could learn.

Early in November we removed to our winter residence. The only circumstance connected with the change, that I recollect, worthy of record, was the delight of Lorenzo in first meeting with our orange-trees. Our yard in Darien was crowded with them, and at the time of our removal the fruit was just ripening. There was one tree in particular that awakened and long retained his profoundest admiration. It grew beside the window of our breakfast-room, attained the height of twenty-five or thirty feet, and was loaded with fruit in that stage of half-ripeness when patches of emerald-green appear in rich contrast with the superb

yellow of its general surface. The branches hung so near the window as partially to obstruct the shutters, and were so full of fruit that a basket, heavy as either could carry, might be gathered by simply raising the sash and stretching out the hand. Later in the winter the graceful white blossoms of this tree filled the room with spicy fragrance; and still later—ere the flowers had ceased to bloom, and ere the ripe oranges had dropped (for they will hang to their stems until the sap of the ensuing spring fills them a second time with juice)—he was delighted to see the elegant fruit of the preceding autumn, the sturdy-looking germs of the coming crop, from the size of a pea to that of a plum, and all of a dark glossy green, the full-blown flower, and the modest, bridal-like bud, all interspersed among the aromatic leaves, and offering a feast at the same moment to eye, olfactory, and appetite.

I have the impression, however, that rich as the treat was in my father's yard, Lorenzo's chief enjoyment was at the place of a relative of my mother's, whom we children were taught

to call Aunt Bell. It was about a mile distant from Darien, with a wide lawn between the house and the river, while on every other side, for more than a furlong, extended a forest of live-oaks, with long, drooping branches gracefully hung with moss, under which were occasional clumps of evergreen, with here and there a rustic seat, the work of one of her tasteful daughters. Her court-yard was crowded with flowers and shrubs, some of a tropical and some of a semi-tropical character — sagoes, bananas, guavas, and oranges of every ornamental variety, from the little dwarf and myrtle oranges the size of a walnut to the shaddock, a Malay variety of pear-shape, large as the head of a two-year old child. But the chief attraction to Lorenzo was not so much the beautiful forest around the house, nor the beautiful lawn before it, nor the beautiful court-yard beside it, as it was the large and beautiful *orangery* adjoining it, from whence the place derived its name of “The Grove,” or rather the large and beautiful orange-*room* above stairs, to which he never failed to pay his admiring attention. During the whole winter the

floor of that room was kept covered with delicious oranges, to which we young folks had free access, and where we were permitted to eat as many as we pleased; for the orange, like the fig, is so wholesome a fruit, and so soon satisfies the appetite, that it is seldom if ever possible for any one to eat of it beyond the boundaries of health.

During the winter spent in Darien, Lorenzo and I were closely occupied, like most others of our age, with the labors of school-life. We were entered at the public Academy, and there we faithfully pursued our studies according to promise, until freed, next spring, by the breaking up of the community as usual for the summer.

Then followed a change of residence, which for various reasons was unavoidable, and which, though I never cease to lament it, continues to this day. Whether from the associations of a happy childhood, or from a charm in the scenes themselves, or from peculiarity of natural taste, my heart clings to the tidewater. To this day, every relic of it interests me. I cannot see, in

these mountainous regions where I dwell, a handful of moss brought from the coast, or see, in the streets of these upland towns, a crimson fragment of crab or prawn, but my pulse quickens at the sight; and it makes me almost laugh, on my occasional visits to the coast, to note how the smell of the salt-marsh rejoices my olfactories like the perfume of roses.

DEAR OLD SEABOARD! With your grand expanses of water; your stretches of green waving marsh; your sea-birds of endless variety and tireless wing; your waters, musical with the flutter of fish; your forests, evergreen with magnolia, and live-oak, and cedar, and pine, and palmetto; and your groves of orange, and fig, and pomegranate, luxuriantly rooted in your rich sands — FAREWELL! I expect to die loving you as at the first; and if ever a kind Providence favors the wish, you shall see me one of your children again!



FINIS.