SHORES OF VESPUCCI;

OR

ROMANCE WITHOUT FICTION.

****

" Lend me your ears and patience, my good sirs
" And gentle dames. I will a tale rehearse
" Of such astounding import, though each line,
" Fresh-stamp'd from truth's own mint,
" Commend itself to every sober thinker,
" As ye of these vile days of barefaced fiction
" Shall gape upon with strong amaze, and cry,
" Alas! that tale so passing strange and full of woe
" Should notwithstanding be less strange than true.

LEXINGTON Ms.

PUBLISHED BY M. TUFTS.

1833.

INTRODUCTION.

This book is intended to afford a SKETCH OF THE MORE ROMANTIC FEATURES OF PERSONAL HISTORY, SCENES AND ACTIONS IN AMERICA, FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT time; and to combine in so doing the interest of romance with the truth of history.

The design is believed to be original; nothing of the kind is known to exist. For it is not one of those deluding Romances of History or Real Life, which after all are only novels; nor is it one of those story-books, improperly so termed, which are merely popular abridgments of national history. There are perhaps few duller books than even Scott's Tales of France. We must not be gulled by the catching titles which cunning publishers are sometimes apt to impose on their progeny. However dull this production may be, it is authentic; not a single fictitious sentence is knowingly allowed in it; the reader is referred to the authority, annexed to every tale, for the truth of all it contains.

Fiction in literature is like alcohol among fluids; and there is need of a reformation in the literary world as well as among hard drinkers. The evil grows surprisingly. Is it possible that intelligent people can be made to swallow such draughts? What can stand against that simple but knock-down-argument, It is a Lie? Will you casuistically evade it by saying, that fiction is no wilful deceit? Yet it operates in the same manner. The wile of the story quickly seduces the reader into a belief that all is true; he receives it Bona-fide; he opens his mouth, and receives the impression into his inmost soul, if he does not bury it there beneath a rising sigh. Hear what the great master of fiction has himself testified against it.

Wo to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from reason's hand the reins:
Pity and wo! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative and kind.
And wo to those who train such youth,
And spare to press the rights of truth!—
O teach him, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past;
Tell him we play unequal game,

Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;
And, ere he strip him for her race,
Show the conditions of the chace.
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret.
The victor sees his fairy gold
Transform'd, when won, to drossy mould.
More wouldst thou know? yon tower survey
Yon couch unpress'd since parting day,
Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moon-beam,
And yon thin form!—the hectic red
On his pale cheek unequal spread,—
The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,
The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.—
See, he looks up;—a woful smile
Lightens his wo worn cheek a while,—
'Tis Fancy wakes some idle thought,
To gild the ruin she has wrought;
For like the bat of Indian brakes,
Her pinions fan the wound she makes,
And, soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.

In regard to the success of his work, the author would indulge a hope, if it went forth like other publications. But unluckily, after submitting his manuscript to various publishers, and waiting on their lordships some weeks and months, he was graciously given to understand, that it could hardly be thought worthy of the press on any condition, or whatever of merit it might contain was treacherously purloined from other copy-rights. So said their referees, after enjoying every opportunity to cull and cabbage, of which he might produce undoubted testimony. Others seemed to think, that supposing the author was compos, it would be needless for them to receive a native production, as long as they could servilely contrive to hook and republish from English copy. Thus driven to his last resource, he became his own compositor and pressman without having learned those arts, and in circumstances, which no professed printer would, probably, think surmountable; ECCE SIGNUM.——

"O who can tell how hard it is to climb----"

SHORES OF VESPUCCI;

OR

ROMANCE WITHOUT FICTION.

CHAPTER I.

ISLES OF THE BLESSED.

If it is no small confirmation of the scripture-history of Eden, that Gentile nations have had remarkable traditions of a similar spot. Witness the garden of the Hesperides, that region of delight, which the bards located on the remotest verge of the known world, and embellished with all the charms of fiction. Sometimes they placed it in the grand oasis of Arabia, which the exhausted pilgrim of the desert hailed with rapture; and from the surrounding ocean of sand, they called it the Island of the Blessed. Again, it was in the African deserts, and afterwards the Canaries, hence called the Fortunate or Hesperian islands. Here it finally remained, because discovery advanced no further, and these islands were so distant, as to allow full scope to the imagination of the poet.

In like manner, the most learned theologians have held long debates on the locality of Eden, some placing it in Palestine, others in Mesopotamia, that beautiful tract of country embraced by the wanderings of the Tigris and Euphrates, others, in Ceylon or the Eastern islands, or finally in the fortunate Canary islands. Some have more rationally contended, that the deluge destroyed the garden, and altered the face of the whole earth, so that the rivers of Eden have been broken up. But St Augustine maintained, that the terrestrial paradise still remains, though inaccessible to mortals, on the summit of a prodigious mountain, perhaps the Himmaleh, which guarded it from the ravages of the deluge. By some, this mountain was placed under the equator, where an equality of day and night prevails; though others would have it in the southern hemisphere, supposing that the torrid zone might be the flaming sword appointed to guard its entrance.

But all agreed with St Basil in expatiating on the joys of this sacred abode, as a place where pure and never failing pleasure was furnished to every sense; where the climate united the fruitfulness of summer, the joyful abundance of autumn, the sweet freshness and tranquility of spring; where the earth was ever green, the flowers ever blooming, the waters limpid and pure, welling up in crystal fountains, and winding away in peaceful and silver streams: where no harsh and boisterous winds were permitted to shake and disturb the air, or ravage the beauty of the groves;

where no melancholly weather prevailed, no drowning rain or pelting hail, no forked lightning or resounding thunder, no wintry cold or summer heat; but all was bland, and gentle, and serene; a perpetual youth and joy reigning throughout all nature, while nothing decayed or died.

Now we presume, that when the adventuring Portuguese began to extend their discoveries to the Canary and Eastern islands, they found many of these blessings imaginary, and the pictured clouds in the distance to fade away on a nearer approach. Consequently, another remove became necessary, and why may we not suppose for a moment, that the dream-land receded before the progress of discovery, till it finally settled down into some reality in the American Indies? For where can we find such flowers of description as have been scattered over those favored isles on their first discovery by Colombo?

But is it possible that to nearly the sixteenth century, a profound ignorance prevailed among the learned as to all the Western regions of the Atlantic? Ay; and its vast waters were regarded with awe and wonder, seeming to bound the world as with a chaos, into which conjecture could not penetrate, and enterprise feared to adventure.

"The ocean encircles the ultimate bounds of the inhabited earth, and all beyond it is unknown," says Xerif-al-Edrisi, an eminent, Arabian writer, whose countrymen were the boldest navigators of the middle ages. "No one has been able to ascertain any thing

concerning it, on account of its difficult and perilous navigation, its great obscurity, its profound depth, and frequent tempests; through fear of its mighty fishes and its haughty winds, though many islands are in it, and some of them peopled. There is no mariner who dares to enter its deep waters, or if any have done so, they have merely kept along its coasts, fearful of departing from them. The waves of this ocean, although they roll as high as mountains, maintain themselves without breaking, for if they broke, it would be impossible for a ship to plough them." *

CHAPTER II.

"His march was on the mountain-wave,
His home upon the deep."

Yes, that was a daring scheme of Colombo, to plunge as he did into this untried sea, especially as he knew no more of what he was about than to think himself almost round the globe, ere he had circled half of it, to take his first discovery for India beyond the Ganges, and therefore give that general name of Indians to the aborigines which they still retain.

Already had the rigging of his ships been thronged with disheartened mariners, straining their eyes at a

* Raynal's Indies & Irving's Columbus.

distant cloud that had been mistaken for land, when the admiral himself first discerned the more certain indication of a light one evening; and the dawn of day threw open to their ardent gaze a beautiful island of great freshness and verdure, covered with trees like a continual orchard. And though every thing appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, the isle was evidently populous, for the natives were seen issuing from the woods and running from all parts to the shore where they stood gazing at the ships. They were all perfectly naked, and from their attitudes and gestures seemed lost in astonishment.

The admiral gave sign for his ships to anchor, and the boats to be hoisted out. He then entered one richly attired in scarlet, and bearing a royal standard. As they approached the shore, they were refreshed by the sight of the ample forests, which in those climates have extraordinary beauty of vegetation. They beheld fruits of tempting hue and unknown kind growing among the boughs that overhung the shores. The pure suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the seas that bathe these islands, give them a wonderful beauty. No sooner did the enraptured discoverer land than he fell on his knees, kissed the earth and thanked God with tears of joy.

And while he unfurled the standard in token of lawless possession, the timid natives stood gazing at a respectful distance. They had at first taken the ships for certain monsters which had issued from the deep during the night; the shifting and furling sails resembled huge wings; and the strangely clad beings that ap-

proached them were really astonishing. But finding no attempt made to pursue or molest them, they gradually approached the new comers, prostrating themselves and making signs of adoration: then they ventured to touch the beards and examine the hands and faces of the Spaniards, admiring their whiteness.

Pleased with their simplicity and gentleness, Colombo suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiesence and his benignity so won them, as to induce the conclusion that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament on the edge of the horizon, or descended from above on their ample wings, to bring down the inhabitants of the skies. Indeed, a notion like this appears to have been universal among the Indians on the first view of white men. The chief of Nicaragua seriously inquired, how they came down from the skies, whether on clouds or by flying. Nor was it enough to point to the East, or describe their native country, for the gazing Indian could see nothing in that direction but where the visible heavens appeared to shut down on the sea; nor would their boastful descriptions greatly jar with his material views of the Land of Spirits; but he soon had reason to conclude that there were very evil sprites withal in that etherial country.

On the other hand, the Spaniards were almost willing to think, they had got up to the skies, or at least into some Fairy-land. Whatever they beheld was equally new and charming; naked as our first parents the simple islanders were of a copper-hue, sometimes painted so as to give them a wild and fantastic appearance, of beautiful forms, with lofty foreheads and re-

markably fine eyes, friendly and gentle in disposition. They lived on fruits and Cassava, a kind of bread.

Leaving San Salvador, Colombo soon discovered many other pleasant islands, and found himself almost bewildered in a paradisiacal archipelago.

"I know not," says he in his journal, "where to go first; nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on the beautiful verdure. The singing of birds also is such, that it seems as if one could never desire to leave them; there are flocks of parrots, that obscure the sun, and other birds so different from ours, that it is wonderful. Besides, there are trees of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit, and all of marvellous flavor. Sometimes, there comes off shore a fragrance so good and soft of the flowers and trees of the land, that it is the sweetest thing in the world.—The natives are kind and peaceable; they love their neighbors as themselves and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, accompanied with a smile; and although naked, their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."

Even the fish of the sea rivalled the birds in the tropical brilliancy of their colors, their scales glancing back the rays of light, as they sported about the ships, and flashing gleams of gold and silver through the clear waves. Nor were the continued praises of Colombo unwarranted by fact; for there is indeed a wonderful splendor, variety and luxuriance in those quick and ardent climes. The verdure of the groves, and the color of the flowers derive a vividness from the transpa-

rent purity of the air and the deep serenity of the azure heavens. The forests are full of life, swarming with birds of brilliant plumage, that create a glitter amid the verdure of the grove; and humming birds rove from flower to flower, like animated particles of a rainbow. The scarlet flamingo, seen through an opening in a distant savannah, appeared like soldiers on parade; while various tribes of insects peopled every plant, displaying coats of mail, which sparkled, like precious gems.

Fancying that he breathed the fragrance of oriental spices, and admired shells of pearl on the gaily fringed and placid beach, Colombo confessed his inability to describe so many "charms and graces," and says he was "overwhelmed at the sight of so much beauty."

Coasting along the Antilles, and leaving Cuba, the beautiful island of Hayti revealed itself to the eye. Its naked cliffs reared themselves from among rich forests and its mountains swept down into luxuriant plains and green savannahs; while the appearance of cultivated fields, with the numerous fires at night, and the columns of smoke that rose in various parts by day, showed, it was populous. It rose before them in all the splendor of tropical vegetation, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and doomed to be one of the most unfortunate. In regard to the natives,

"All things among them," says old Peter Martyr, "are as common as the sun and water;---content with little, they have superfluity, and seem to live in the golden age without toil, in open gardens; ever true to one another, without laws, books, or judges."

Even those hardy sailors, who had lately viewed their approach to these regions with the most fearful apprehension, and turned back their eyes to distant Spain with famished longing, were now fascinated by so powerful attractions, the easy and idle life of these islanders. Indeed, exempted by their simplicity from the painful cares and toils which civilized man inflicts on himself by his many artificial wants, their existence seemed to the Spaniards like a pleasant dream. They disquieted themselves about nothing; a few fields, cultivated almost without labor, furnished the roots and vegetables which constituted a great part of their diet; their rivers abounded with fish; their trees were laden with fruit of golden or blushing hue, and heightened by a tropical sun to delicious flavor. Softened by the indulgence of nature, a great part of the day was passed in idle repose, in that luxury of sensation inspired by a serene sky and a voluptuous climate; and in the evening they danced in their fragrant groves to their national songs or the sound of their sylvan drums. Such was the innocent and holyday life of these simple people; and if it had not some of the distinguishing pleasures of civilization, it was free from most of its artificial miseries.

When therefore the Spanish mariners looked back on their toilsome and painful life, and reflected on the hardships they must continue to endure if they returned to Europe, it is no wonder they regarded with a wistful eye the free and easy existence of the blessed

islanders. Wherever they went they met with caressing hospitality; the men were simple, frank, and cordial; the women loving, compliant and prompt to form those connections which anchor the most wandering heart. They saw gold glittering around them to be had without labor, and every enjoyment to be procured without cost. Captivated by these allurements many of the seamen surrounded their admiral, and entreted for permission to remain in the island.

The request was granted to some, and they did remain. One, a young Arragonian, afterwards wandered over the isle to where the city of St Domingo now stands. Here a female cacique fell in love with him; nor was he insensible to her tenderness; a connexion was formed between them, and for some time they lived very happily together. At last however, he began to think of returning to his comrades on the other part of the island, to one of whom he had done some injustice which now appears to have preyed upon his mind. His Indian bride, observing him frequently melancholly and lost in thought, penetrated into the cause with the quick intelligence of female affection. Fearful that he would abandon her, and return to his countrymen, she endeavored to devise some means of drawing them to her part of the island; & knowing that gold was the great attraction of white men, she informed her Arragonian of certain mines in the neighborhood, and urged him to persuade his comrades to come thither and settle.

The bait took; he made particular inquiries about the mines, and was convinced that they abounded in gold. The superior fruitfulness and beauty of that part of the isle and the excellence of a river and bay which adorned it were also remembered. The Spaniards came; and the mines of Hayna were discovered. Nor was Colombo the least enraptured at the first discovery of American ore, when he came back on his next voyage; with all the enthusiasm of so great an adventurer, he then took Hayti for the mysterious land of Ophir, and flattered himself that he had found the identical quarry from which Solomon had procured his vast supplies of gold in building the temple of Jerusalem!

Nor was this all. He thought he had discovered much more than the Isles of the blessed, even Paradise itself, when he touched upon the continent in 1498, and beheld for the first time the vast body of fresh water which pours into the gulf of Paria. It could not flow from an island; it must be some mighty river which had wandered through a great extent of country; could it not be the great river Euphrates? or one of those four mysterious streams which watered Eden and encompassed the whole earth? Colombo supposed the real form of the earth was not exactly spherical, but more like that of a pair, elevated in one part and tapering upward toward the skies. From the swiftness of the river before him, he thought it came pouring down from those upper regions. He also be-

held the country green, fruitful, and covered with beautiful forests; the people fairer even than those of the isles, with well proportioned and graceful forms, lively minds, and courageous dispositions.

As one penetrated into the interior and gradually ascended, he supposed the land would be found to increase in beauty and luxuriance till it terminated in a summit under the equator. This he imagined to be the noblest place on earth, the abode of our first parents, the garden of Eden, being elevated into a serene and heavenly temperature, above the heats and colds, the clouds and vapors, the storms and tempests which disturb the lower regions. For he supposed with certain fathers of the church, that this place was still flourishing in all its blissful delights, though inaccessible to mortal feet except by divine permission; and he defended his whole theory, at some length, in a letter to the Castillian sovereigns. What a pity that so fine a dream could not have been realized, and that so far from discovering paradise, another adventurer was already contending for the glory of the discovery of America.

CHAPTER III.

" 'Twas when hardhearted interest first began
" To poison earth, Astrea left the plain,
" Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,
And for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

I have spoken of the Isles of the blessed; but think not their blessedness continued longer than the veil of novelty gave them charms, or the ruthless Spaniards refrained their blighting hands. Nor was it only those air fields their gashing blades swept over, or those rich fruits which the hand of commerce has ever since been scattering over the world, it was those simple natives they visited with every evil, till by oppression, murder, and servitude, they were exterminated by millions from the earth. It would be tedious and disgusting to enter into a detail of these enormities. The Spaniards had no sooner discovered a place and given it the name of some saint, than they proceeded to massacre the natives in the name of that saint, and to make use of the forms of Christianity to perpetrate abominations scarcely heard of among heathens.

But it is agreeable, so far as may be, to behold the arm of judgment returning on the offenders. Even Colombo does not appear to have escaped all penalty for opening the way by his discoveries to the ghastly scenes which followed. One of his ships was dashed upon a rock, and several more were torn to pieces by a hurricane more furious than ever before known in

those parts; and at last he was despoiled of his acquisitions, & ignominiously sent back in fetters to Spain.

But there is nothing more interesting in this connexion than the history of the Buccaneers, (or baconers, as the word appears to import, being derived from buccaning, or baconing, an Indian mode of smoking meat which they adopted.) These men were originally hunters of wild beasts in Hayti and the neighboring isles, and as they multiplied, grew up into a most extraordinary association of adventurers from all parts of Europe. Their dress consisted of a shirt and trowsers tinged with the blood of the beasts they had slain, a leathern belt, from which hung a short sabre and Dutch knives, a hat without any rim but a flap before, and moccasins made of raw hides. Long accustomed to carnivorous habits, when the wild animals grew scarce, they began to look for other game; they began to hunt the Spaniards; for they thought that the cruelties which that people had exercised on the Indians a sufficient apology for any violence that could be done. Nor did they embark on any expedition without publicly praying to heaven for success, or return loaded with booty without solemnly returning thanks for their good fortune.

Bold and restless in disposition, joined with pirates and outlaws of all nations, they formed the most terrible band of ravagers that ever infested the ocean. A love of freedom and independence, by which they were actuated to a degree of frenzy, rendered them,

like other savages, averse to all the restraints which civilized man imposes on himself. They styled themselves, The Brethren of the Coast, and taking advantage of the nooks and fastnesses of the once blessed isles, as banditti in the mountains, they divided themselves into small bands of 20 or 30, and made their excursions in open boats, proceeding with the utmost coolness against the largest vessels.

It is almost incredible, with what dispatch one of these boats would capture a ship in open day. Their smallness in some measure preserved them from the fire of the enemy as they boldly rushed on with their slender prows full of expert marksmen, who as they came up fired into the port-holes with such adroitness as to confound the most experienced gunners; and as soon as they could fix their grappling tackle, they ran up the ship-sides, like tigers, and dealt about them to such purpose with their knives and sabres, that the largest merchantmen were generally obliged to yield.

They took possession of the isle of Tortuga in the year 1632; eagerly watched the Spanish vessels on their return to Europe, and followed the galleons and flota which transported the produce of the Mexican & Peruvian mines, as far as the channel of Bahama, and if a ship was accidentally seperated from the fleet, she was instantly beset, and seldom escaped. Sometimes several ships were attacked at once, and commonly surrendered on coming to close quarters. Indeed the Spaniards considered them as demons, and trembled

at their approach. They beheld the light cutter bearing down upon them, like a spectre-craft filled with the ghosts of the murdered natives, or butchers of judgment in their bloody shirt-sleeves descending to slaughter. Finding themselves a continual prey to these furious ravagers, they were reduced almost to despair, lessened their shipping, and the colonies gave up their connexion with one another.

Thus emboldened, the Buccaneers formed themselves into large bodies, and plundered many of the richest towns in the new world. Maracaybo, Campeachy, Vera Cruz, Porto Bello, Carthagena &c. severely suffered from their depredations; and if they had gone on systematically, and not merely plunder but conquest had been their object, they might have made themselves masters of all Spanish America. But they immediately squandered away their spoils with the greatest licentiousness, and when asked the rationale, since they acquired their wealth so hazardously, "Why should we," they would answer, "who tho' alive to day run the chance of being dead tomorrow, think of hoarding up our booty?"

Among the most distinguished of the Buccaneers, was Montbar, a gentleman of Languedoc, who happening in his youth to meet with a circumstantial account of the cruelties practised in the new world conceived an aversion to the Spaniards which he carried to a degree of frenzy. It is said that when at college, e was acting the part of a Frenchman in a play who

quarrelled with a Spaniard, he fell on him who personated the latter with such fury that he would have strangled him if not rescued from his grasp. His heated imagination continually represented the multitude of Indians massacred by the Spanish monsters, and he was animated by an irresistible ardor to avenge so much innocent blood; their manes seemed to rise and call on him for judgment. He heard some account of the Brethren of the Coast as the most inveterate enemies to the Spanish name; and like a knight errant of the deep, he embarked on ship-board to join them.

They soon after fell in with a Spanish vessel, attacked, and immediately boarded her. Montbar fell on the enemy sabre in hand, broke through them, and hurrying twice from one end of the ship to the other levelled every thing in his way. He then left his companions to divide the spoil, while he contemplated with savage triumph the heaps of the slain that were strown on the deck. In fine, the Spaniards suffered so much from him both by sea and land, that he acquired the name of the Exterminator.

I do not mean to infer however that the Spanish character even in this connexion is deserving of only unmixed abhorrence; like the following, there are various scintillations of virtue from the smoky ruin.

One of the chief buccaneers in the midst of his ravages fell in love with a fair captive; but his character

being unlikely to inspire her with corresponding sentiments, he resolved to subdue by force the beautiful Spaniard who inflamed and tormented him. But on taking occasion one day to compass his nefarious design,

"Stop!" said she, eagerly springing from his arms, "thinkest thou to ravish my Honor from me as thou hast my fortune and my liberty? Be assured that I can die and be revenged——"

So saying, like a heroine touched by Minerva, she suddenly drew forth apoignard which she had concealed in her dress, and would have plunged it into his heart, had he not avoided the blow. His passion now kindled to rage; instead of the tenderness and attention he had before observed, he now proceeded to treat her with the greatest inhumanity. But she still remained inflexible, though she stimulated at the same time she resisted his frantic desires; till at last, his comrades began to grow indignant at being kept so long in a state of inactivity by a caprice which appeared to them extravagant, and he was obliged to give up his purpose.

The Buccaneers were soon after subjugated by the forces which the Spaniards sent against them.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

CHAPTER IV.

I WISHED to speak a word of Amerigo Vespucci, though unable to produce any thing very dramatical under this head. For although so fortunate as to give his name to a mighty hemisphere, he does not appear to have engaged that degree of attention which so great an adventurer might seem to deserve.

It has been commonly supposed that our continent was unjustly called after him, instead of Colombo; but any one who examines the point may see what difficulty Irving finds in seeking to vindicate the rights of his hero. Vespucci discovered the Continent of America a year before Colombo did.

He was born at Florence of poor though noble parents, and after receiving a liberal education, went to Seville on some commercial business. Here he became acquainted with Colombo, and was much interested with his discoveries. Indeed, being of an enterprising genius, he resolved to take a part in them, though he sailed in a subordinate capacity. The following sketch from the original Latin of his first voyage is taken from his own mouth.*

* Curious Voyages, 2 vols. 4to, London, 1790.

"We sailed from Cadiz in April 1497, and after stopping at the Canaries to refit, steered W.S.W. and arrived in 27 days at what we conjectured to be main land, nearly 100 leagues from the Canaries. It is inhabited, THOUGH IN THE TORRID ZONE. We anchored, and hoisting out our boats, went ashore with a part of our crew well armed, observing with extreme satisfaction a multitude of natives walking naked on the shore, and appearing astonished at the sight of us. They fled on our approach to a neighboring hill, from which we vainly tried to invite them.

"Accordingly, we made sail, and after coasting along shore for two days, in view of a crowd of people who followed us, when we arrived to a place of anchorage, and again went ashore to effect an interview with the natives who covered the beach with their multitudes. However, we could induce only a few to approach us, whom we dismissed highly delighted with the bawbles we gave them.

"Again we ran along shore, donbling many points of land, and holding from time to time a conference with the natives, till we arrived to a certain port; and upon entering it, we discovered a town or village built like Venice, on the water. It consisted of about 20 habitations in the shape of bells, firmly constructed on a circumvallation of wood, and before each door was a draw-bridge to pass over from one house to another. As soon as the inhabitants saw us, they drew up their

bridges, and hid themselves in their houses. While we were looking on in wonder, about a dozen of their boats, made of hollow trees, hovered round, and wondered at us, in like manner. Soon after, to our surprise, they sent aboard each of our vessels four bullocks, and mixed among us with the utmost frankness. But turning our eyes to the village, we beheld a number of old women at the doors loudly lamenting and tearing their hair, which appears to have been a signal, for suddenly the bullocks jumped overboard, the men in the boats made off a little, and poured their arrows upon us, while the swimmers discovered lances which they had held under water. We returned the attack with considerable slaughter, and sunk several of their boats.

"The next day, we left the port, and sailing along shore, to the distance of 80 leagues, reached an isle, where we discovered a different sort of people, who fled in thousands at our approach. We followed their trail to the woods, where we found several tabernacles, large fires, and a great variety of meat ready cooked. But we left all unviolated, and several presents also. Whence we afterwards became better acquainted, and 23 of us accompanied them to their villages, about 9 miles from shore, where we were received with songs and dances, expressions of grief mixed with bursts of merriment, and with abundance of good cheer. We remained there over night; the natives brought us their wives with the utmost prodi-

gality; and indeed, the ladies were so very importunate, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could resist the temptation of their caresses.

"We visited several of their villages, wandering with the natives from one tabernacle to another for 9 days, an absence which filled our comrades aboard with fear and anxiety. On our return, we were conveyed by an immense multitude of men and women, & when any of us became fatigued, he was put into one of their hammocks, and carried with the greatest care. It was wonderful to see with what alacrity they served us, and how happy they were to carry us over rivulets on their backs They followed us into our ships, but naked and unarmed, and were struck with the greatest astonishment at their magnitude, and the strange ingenuity of the rigging. In the midst of their wonder, we discharged some of our guns; ——terrified by the explosion, the greater part of them instantly plunged into the sea, like frightened frogs, and those who remained aboard were so convulsed with terror, that we began to repent of our impudence."

Finally, after proceeding some further, and becoming much exhausted by the voyage, Amerigo returned to Cadiz, 1499. But no attending hardship could outweigh the novel glory of the enterprise; the curtain which had hung so long over the unknown Atlantic was now drawing aside, and he enthusiastically rushed forward to witness the magnificent scenery of the new World which was opening beyond. The same

year he embarked again under an admiral by the name of Ojeda, reached the continent, and coasted along Paria and Venezuela.

At one place, says he, "we followed a path from the shore that led into the country, and discovered in a certain valley five cabins, in which we found five women of so lofty stature as to smite us with astonishment. And they also were so surprised at sight of us as to have no power of running away. However they soon began to speak kindly, and set before us a variety of food. Every one of them was taller than our tallest men, and yet better formed than the human race among us. While then we were conspiring to carry away by force the two younger, in order to exhibit the wonderful creatures in Castile, lo! about 36 men, much taller than the women, and so elegantly formed that it was a pleasure to behold them, began to enter the cabins, having in their hands bows and arrows of immense size! This threw us into some perturbation, uncertain whether to resist or not, for they began to talk to one another as if intending to seize us. However they suffered us to steal away and flee towards our ships, following us at a distance, and stopping when we stopped, as if in some fear as well as we."

Amerigo returned to Cadiz, and in 1501, changed masters, and embarked in the service of the king of Portugal, to discover Brazil. From Lisbon, he shot away across the equator in a south-west direction, & after 67 days of perilous navigation, reached the coast

not far from cape St Augustine, and found a delightful country. He pursued the coast far to the south, and represents the natives as possessing many advantages over the Europeans.

"This country," says he, "is better peopled than any I have seen for some time; the natives are mild & perfectly naked; their bodies well formed, their faces finely turned, and of a pleasing aspect. Here too the sky and air are seldom darkened with clouds; the stars are beautifully strown over the firmament, and many of them unknown to us. I counted about 20 of equal brilliancy with Jupiter or Venus. The antarctic pole has neither the Larger or Smaller bear, but 4 stars surrounding it in form of a quadrangle, a canopus to the left of great splendor, with six other bright stars distinguished by a sort of galaxy."

In 1507, Amerigo was recalled to the Sanish court, and sent on his fourth and last voyage. He published the interesting account of his discoveries from which the preceding extracts have been made; it was quickly circulated and eagerly read. He died in 1516.

It has been objected to the unsolicited honor his readers have bestowed on him, who could not have been ignorant that Colombo had discovered the Indies that he sailed in a SUBORDINATE CAPACITY. But let it be remembered, that he was appointed CHIEF PILOT by Ferdinand himself, who had also employed him in drawing sea-charts. Nor was he free, any more than

Colombo, and every other genius, from a peculiar share of the evils of life.

"My dear son;" says the latter in a letter dated, Feb. 1505, "I have conversed with Amerigo Vespucci, the bearer of this, who is summoned to court on affairs of navigation. FORTUNE HAS BEEN ADVERSE TO HIM, as to many others. His labors have not profited him so much as they reasonably should have done. He goes on my account, and with much desire to do something to my advantage, if in his power. See in what he may be of benefit, and cooperate with him."

CHAPTER V.

For the comfort of those who may think I have said too much in favor of him from whom our country is named, I will add certain evidence, which amounts perhaps to demonstration, that neither Vespucci or Colombo was the first discoverer of America, at least North America, but Madoc, prince of Wales. Be patient, worthy reader, while I lay the case before you, and then you shall have more taking chapters.

In the ancient, original and native history of Wales, written by Caradoc of Llancarvan, it is stated that about the year 1169, on the death of Owen Gwyned,

seamen that he understood what the Indians said. He was then bid speak to them, whereupon they became very courteous, offered every supply, and told Stedman that they came from a country called Gwynedd, in Prydain Fawr, (Great Britain.)

Lloyd also states, that one Humphreys, a merchant told him that when he lived at Surinam, he spoke with a certain English pirate, who said that while careening his vessel near Florida, having learnt as he supposed the Indian language, he afterwards found it to be perfect Welsh.

Again; Mr Beatty, a missionary from New York, while visiting in 1766 the inland parts of North America 4 or 500 miles to the south west, met with several persons who had been taken captive and lived among the Indians from their youth; of whom was one Sutton, says he, "who informed us, that he had been at an Indian town on the Missisippi above New Orleans, whose inhabitants were of a different complexion and not so tawny as the other Indians, and WHO SPOKE WELSH. He said also, he saw a book among them, he supposed was a Welsh bible, which they carefully kept wrapt up in a skin but could not read; and he afterwards heard some of these Indians in another town speak Welsh with one Lewis, a Welsh captive there.

"A Levi Hicks also, who had been among the Indians from his youth, told us that when attending an embassy on the west side of the Missisippi, he had

been at an Indian town where they talked Welsh, as he was told, for he did not understand them. Finally our interpreter, Joseph, saw some Indians who talked Welsh, for he told us some of the words they spoke, which he knew to be Welsh, as he had been acquaint-with some Welsh people." (See Beatty's Travels, and Williams on the Discovery of America.)

Again; in the 'Public Advertiser' for Oct. 8, 1785, is the following relation of Capt. I. Stewart.

"I was taken prisoner, west of fort Pitt, about 18 years ago, and with a Spaniard and some others crossed the Missisippi near Red river, and travelled 700 miles, when we came to a nation of Indians remarkably white, and whose hair was of a reddish color; they live on a small river named Post. The next day a Welshman of our company informed me that he meant to remain with them, because he understood their language, it being very little different from his own! My curiosity was very much excited by this information; I went with him to the chief men of the town, who informed us in a language which had no affinity to any other Indian tongue I ever heard, ☞ that their forefathers came from a foreign country, and landed east of the Missisippi: and on the Spaniards taking possession of Mexico, they had fled to their present abode. And in proof of what they asserted, they brought forth rolls of parchment which were carefully tied up in otter skins, on which were large characters written with

government, and religion, their Celtic worship of the sun and human sacrifices, with various relics of some acquaintance with Christianity. The natives of Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, and Guatimala have been observed to be of a more ordinary form and stature, and less heroic than the common Indian, as also those mongrel tribes before mentioned. Besides, the native annals of the Mexicans and Peruvians ☞ declare that their empires were not of very ancient date, but originated about the commencement of the 13th century, when their ancestors ARRIVED THITHER FROM THE NORTH.

On the conquest of the Spaniards, the Mexicans were scattered, and more or less driven back in various directions to wander in tribes, like other Indians, as those before mentioned, and various other tribes observed by later adventurers, as the Padoucas, Paunees, &c. Nor may it be easy to demonstrate that the state of Welsh civilization or Christianity might be such in Madoc's time as to prevent a relapse into their more natural superstitions or such a state as that of the Mexicans, surrounded as they had been by savages, and cut of from all civilized intercourse.

Would that our antiquaries could pursue the investigation of this interesting subject, by a comparison of the Mexican and British antiquities. Here indeed is a clue to that RIDDLE respecting the origin of the Mexicans, and The Path of the Dead through the Valley of the Missisippi.

VIRGINIA WATER.

CHAPTER VI.

"Here stood the Indian chieftain,
Rejoicing in his glory;
How deep the shade of sadness,
That rests upon his story!
For the white man came with power,
Like brethren they met;
But the Indian fires went out,
And the Indian sun has set."

I OBSERVED sometime since in one of the English annuals a very pretty engraving of a wild sort of lake embowered in shrubbery and trees, called, Virginia Water; and it naturally led to a pleasing conjecture of what must have been the picturesque appearance of the woods and waters of that diversified country on its first discovery by white men.

Captain Smith is the well known hero who figured most conspicuously in that wild scenery. I am not a going to ring the changes on his character and exploits, but only to glean a few straws which the reapers have omitted.

When a mere schoolboy, he sold his satchel, books, and all he had to get secretly to sea; but he was pre-

vented, and bound as an apprentice to a certain merchant. However, he at last succeeded in getting away from the English shores, and after many years of travel and adventure in various parts of the old world, he directed his course to the new one.

He was one of the principal discoverers of Virginia in 1606. "There is but one entrance by sea," says he, * "into this country, and that is at the mouth of a very goodly bay; and all along the shores, are plenty of pines and firs. Within is a country surpassing the most beautiful places known,— for large and pleasant rivers,— heaven and earth never agreed better in framing a place for man's habitation."

Groping his way along the untried inlet, and encouraged onward by the beautiful scenery that was continually opening to his view, he at last got entangled among the rocks of the Susquehannah. We were there, says he, nearly "200 miles from home, (Jamesfort,) with a barge of two tons and only 12 men to perform the discovery, where we lay about 12 weeks on those great waters, in those unknown countries, having nothing but a little meal and water to feed us,— nor one to trim the sails but two with myself, the rest being gentlemen unaccustomed to such toil; yet necessity in a short time, by good words and example made them do what ever after caused them fear no colors." Meanwhile,

* True Travels, &c. of Capt. J. Smith. London, 1629.

"Sixty of the Susquehannocks came to us with tobacco, skins, &c. for presents. Such great and well proportioned men are seldom seen, for they seemed like giants to the English and to their neighbors, yet appeared to be of an honest and simple disposition, & with much ado were restrained from worshipping us as gods. They are the strangest people of all those countries, their language well befits their size, sounding from them as a voice in a vault. Their attire is the skin of bears and wolves. Some have cassocks of bears' skins, the man's head going through the skin's neck, with the ears thereof fastened to his shoulders, and the nose & teeth hanging down his breast. —The leg of one of them was above two feet about the calf, and all the rest of his limbs in proportion; so that he seemed the goodliest man we ever beheld. His hair on one side was long, on the other shorn close, with a ridge as of bristles running over his crown, like a cock's comb. His quiver of wolf-skin was at his back, his bow in one hand, and his club in the other." A Hercules indeed.

Like our aborigines in general when first discovered, besides such partial clothing, they went naked; though in the same latitude, and on the very spot, where their white successors go so thickly covered! And even at the present day, the writer has seen Indian children going naked, or with no more than a ragged cloth tied round the neck, and so far north as the Penobscot, and yet frolicking about the wigwam

in every appearance of health. The skin is hardened by a process of tanning.

However friendly the first interview, war soon followed, and even Smith was taken prisoner. In doubt how to dispose of so powerful an enemy, the Indians referred the matter to their priests and conjurers to make inquiry of their gods, the Hokees. Accordingly, one morning early, a great fire was made in a long cabin, where Smith was seated and left alone.

Presently there came in skipping "a great grim fellow painted all over with coal mixed with oil, and having many snakes' and weasals' skins stuffed with moss and tied together by their tails on the top of his head in a tassel, and hanging thence about his neck and shoulders." A man of weaker nerve than Smith might have been startled; especially as the monster, after tracing a magic circle round the fire, began his incantation with a rattle in his hand, an infernal voice, strange gestures, and convulsions of body. He was followed by six more, all horribly disfigured, who then began a song with their rattles. At the close, the first laid down 5 wheat-kernels, then "straining his arms and hands with such violence that he sweat and his veins swelled," he began some words, at which they all gave a short groan, and laid down 3 kernels more. And thus they went on, till they had twice encircled the fire with magic rings of corn. The "deed without a name" continued till night, and the historian adds, that "the conjurations were most strange and

fearful; that poor Smith was near led to hell; that

"His waking mind, as in a dream,
did oft see wondrous shapes
Of bodies strange and huge in size,
and of a monstrous make."

Some preternatural manifestation is here intimated: at any rate the Hokees counselled faithfully. Smith was soon after hurried into the presence of king Powhatan, where after some consultation, two great stones were brought into the assembly, and as many as could lay hands on him dragged the prisoner and placed his head upon them. Half a dozen clubs were then raised to dash out his brains. It was at this moment the heroine, Pocahontas, immortalised herself. After making every entreaty for his life, and she saw that nothing else would avail, she threw herself at his side, "got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon it, to save him from death!"

Powhatan was too deeply impressed by this extraordinary conduct of his beloved daughter not to grant her request. Nor was this the only time she delivered Capt. Smith. Sometime afterwards, when a conspiracy against the whites was about to break forth, Pocahontas travelled one dark night to his quarters through the irksome woods, to apprise him of his danger. He gratefully offered her in return whatever present she would accept for so great a service. But with tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen with any, for if Powhatan should

know of it, "she were but dead," and so she ran away by herself as she came.

However, after Smith became president of the colony, and was on a friendly visit to Powhatan in less troublesome times, we find the tawny princess in better cheer, and entertaining the hero with a dance.

He was placed on a mat in a beautiful lawn, and soon after was aroused by a rather discordant rupture of female voices. Presently, about 30 young women came dancing out of the woods, naked as the graces. All were painted, some of one color, some of another, and covered only with a few green leaves. Their leader had a pair of buck's horns on her head, an otter-skin girdle, a quiver on her shoulders, and a bow in her hand. With shouts, they cast themselves into a ring about the mat, singing and dancing "with most excellent ill variety, oft falling into their infernal passions, and solemnly again to dance and sing," for nearly an hour, when they wound off into the woods again. A dance of the Fairies indeed.

Having changed their appearance, the Captain was invited to their lodges, or rather to a certain arbor, which he had no sooner entered, than "all those wood nymphs more tormented him than ever with crowding, pressing, and hanging about him, most tediously crying, Love you not me? Love you not me?"

A banquet was afterwards prepared of all the savage dainties they could devise, some attending, oth-

ers dancing round their guest, till finally, they conducted him to his lodging with torches.

But it is time we should have an instance of his heroism. As he was some time on a trading expedition to the tribe of Pamawnkees, with a company of only 15, after several days of deceitful entertainment, he was induced to leave his barge in the river, and go up a short distance to the Indian village. It was a treacherous scheme of the wily red men; the cabins were found vacated; erelong, their chief, Opechankano, came up, but instead of the promised corn, he was followed by men loaded with bows and arrows. Soon after one of Smith's company ran up, exclaiming with white lips,

"We are all betrayed,— at least 700 savages well armed have environed us, & lie in ambush!"

Dismay began to assail the little company, for they expected immediate death. Not so their Captain.

"My worthy countrymen!" said he, "were the mischief of my seeming friends no more than the danger of these enemies, I should little care, were they as many more, if you dare do but as I. But this is my torment, that if I escape them, our malicious Council with their open-mouthed minions, will make me such a peace-breaker in England, as shall break my neck. (Alluding to the factions of the Colony, and cabals against him.) However, let us fight like men, and not die like sheep. If you like this motion, promise me, that you will be valiant."

They were now in the king's arbor, who did not understand their language, and was guarded by 40 or 50 of his chief men. Smith turned about, and thus addressed him in the Indian tongue.

"I see, Opechankano, your design to murder me; but I fear it not. As yet, our men have done no harm but by our direction. Take then your arms; you see mine; my body shall be as naked as yours; the isle in your river is a fit place, if you will, and the conqueror shall be master of all our men."

The chief appears to have declined the challenge, under the pretence that no ill was intended; and invited Smith to a large present that was ready for him at the door of the arbor. This was to draw him out into the ambuscade, for that present was guarded by at least 200 men, with 30 more lying beneath a large tree, each having his arrow knocked ready to shoot. No time was to be lost at such a crisis. Smith in a rage seized the Chief by his long hair, though in the midst of his warriors, pointed a pistol to his breast, and thus led him out among all his people, half dead with fear. There he made him deliver up his weapons; and still holding him by the hair, thus addressed his starting enemies.

"I see you, Pamawnkees, and the great desire you have to kill me. My long endurance of your injuries has emboldened you to this presumption. The reason I have borne your insolence is the promise I made you, before the God I serve, to be your friend till you

gave me just cause to be your enemy. If I keep this vow, my God will keep me; if I break it, He will destroy me. But if you shoot but one arrow, to shed but one drop of blood, from one of my men, or steal the least of these beads, I spurn before you with my foot, I will not cease revenge, if once I begin, so long as I can find one of your nation, who will not deny the name of Pamawnk. I am not now at Rassawek, half-drowned in mire, where you took me prisoner; but if I am the mark you aim at, shoot he who dares.—You promised to freight my barge ere I departed, and so you shall, or I mean to load her with your dead bodies. Yet if as friends, you will come and trade, I once more promise, not to trouble you; I will release your king, and he shall be my friend."

Astonished at such intrepidity, and fearing for the life of their chief, all those hundreds immediately threw down their arms, and loaded the barge! Probably they believed, as he so boldly insinuated, that he was under the protection of his god, and shielded by some powerful charm, if not at that moment inspired. But this and every other indignity they had suffered from the whites, were long remembered, to be atoned in blood, when at length they had matured that extensive and dark conspiracy, which burst, like a thunderbolt, on the infant colonists, and almost extirpated the first settlers of Virginia.

CHAPTER VII.

What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly ting'd her cheek with brown,
The sportive toil, which short and light
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace?
A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'r from the heath flow'r dash'd the dew.

Scott.

Pocahontas was eminently interesting, both in form and features. Her stature was below the middle size, but admirably proportioned; her waist resembled that of the French monarch's mistress, 'la taille a la main;' her limbs were delicate; her feet beautiful. And when she came with her attendants to the English fort, to bring provisions, the colonists would flock out with eager curiosity to behold her, on account of her beauty as well as her heroism. But their acclamations affected her sensibility to tears; her native modesty was abashed; and it was with delight she accepted the invitation of Smith to wander away from the public eye along the banks of the river on which the fort was situated.

It was then, we are told,* that she gave loose to all the effusion of love, hanging on his arm and weeping with an eloquence more powerful than words. Indeed she had conceived a passion for him in her father's tabernacle; there upon a time Powhatan in the excess of his hospitality, had offered him one of his two mistresses. And no sooner did the intelligence reach their ears, than a bitter controversy rose between them respecting the right of precedence; their jealousy at length burst forth, like a torrent; they had neither fingers or nails enough to scratch with, or a volubility of tongue sufficient to deliver the burden that labored with convulsive throes to escape from their bosoms. But the Chief interfered, and bade Smith take his choice. When to the unspeakable joy of Pocahontas, who had awaited the event in solitude and tears, Smith who never forgot the respect due to himself, declined with cold civility the honor intended for him.

The person of the Captain is said to have been extremely prepossessing; his figure comely and graceful; and several ladies of quality in other latitudes had shown him unequivocal marks of their partiality. But immersed as he was in sturdier pursuits, his own heart was not sufficiently responsive; he considered love as an imbecility unworthy a great mind. Fearing however for the effects of disappointed attachment, he un-

*J. Davis' Travels in the U.S. of America. Lon. 180[illegible]

ed him to wipe the tear from her eye, and no longer repulsed the ardor of his caresses. It has been said, that the heart of woman is not the less susceptible of a new passion, when agitated by the remains of a former one. However, as day was now breaking, Pocahontas wished to go; but her lover still breathed in her ears the music of his vows, as he held her in his arms, or still rioted in a draught of intoxication from her lips. The sun had appeared above the mountains when the princess returned through the woods. The feelings of the reviving Rolf are thus expressed.

"He who thy lovely face beholds,
Where beauty every charm unfolds,
Is surely blest; yet more is he
Who hears thy voice of harmony.
But more than mortal is the bliss
Of him who ravishes a kiss
In playful dalliance from those lips,
Where blooming love his empire keeps.
And quite a god is sure the swain,
Who feels thee blushing kiss again,
And from those lips the gift receives,
Which all his soul, of sense bereaves."

It is no wonder that he who could thus express himself, should run the most imminent hazard, as in fact he did, in a midnight expedition to a certain unfrequented grove, where Pocahontas had promised to meet him. Indeed, he was surprised, and would have been surely scalped, if Nunquas, the brother of the princess, whose friendship Rolf had dilligently cultivated, had not interposed, and conducted him out of danger. But an event soon happened, which offere him much easier access to her.

Forgetful of the great services of the Indian princess, for she is said to have preserved the whole colony from destruction, by her friendship, she was one day treacherously decoyed aboard a vessel in her native river, and notwithstanding her tears, carried away captive to Jamestown, in order to obtain a large ransom from Powhatan, and certain spoil he had taken, as they well knew his affection for her.

Soon after, Nunquas came to the fort with the expected ransom. Rolf seized the opportunity to propose himself, in a private interview, as a husband for Pocahontas. She was flattered by the preference of the young and accomplished white man; Nunquas had no objection; and when Rolf took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness, repeated his proposal, the lovely Indian was subdued, & with blushing timidity, consented to become his wife.

However, her ransom being paid, she was at liberty to return to her father; but there is a bond more intimate than that of parent and child; neither Rolf or Pocahontas was willing ever more to separate. Nunquas departed to obtain his father's consent, and returned with an uncle to witness the marriage.

Rolf was now happy. His Indian bride discovered in every question an eagerness for knowledge, and the elegant attainments of her husband enabled him to cultivate the wild paradise of her mind. He found in her that companion of his solitude, for which he had so long sighed; and as she reclined her head on his

shoulder at the door of their cabin, and asked some question about Europe, or exchanged with him the glance of intelligence and affection, his eyes sparkled with fondness, and he caught her with transport to his breast. See some more lines he has left us.

"Within Powhatan's calm retreat,
Repos'd beneath the woodland glade,
I envy not the gaudy great,
Gay dance by night, or masquerade.

Far other thoughts my breast possess,
The joys that from reflection come,
The bland discourse, the soft caress
Of her who makes my cot a dome.

Then why exchange my sylvan seat,
Impervious to unhallowed feet,
For crowds that ruder passions know,
To me inelegant and low?"

But we know not what a day may bring forth. Some time after, in the year 1616, news came from England that his father was dead, and an estate was left him in Middlesex. Accordingly he embarked with his wife, and a son she had born him, and crossed the Atlantic. Nor was he ashamed of his Indian partner, among his white acquaintance; the very reverse. He even carried her to Court, where she was introduced; but he was not himself admitted into the royal presence, and the haughty sovereign frowned upon her for condescending to marry a man of no family. However, the ladies at Court were charmed with the unaffected sweetness of her manners, and spared neither caresses or presents to soothe her. She afterwards received

many visits from persons of rank; carriages bearing coronets were often drawn up before her door.

Meanwhile, she was undeceived respecting the existence of Smith, who one day suddenly appeared before her. She may have thought at first, her eyes beheld his spectre; but chagrin probably succeeded, at the manner she had been treated. She turned about, and hid her face; nor was it till she had been left alone for several hours, that she consented to speak with him.

"They did tell us alwayz," said she, "that you was dead; and I knew no otherwise till I came to Plymouth, because your countrymen will lie much.— You did promise Powhatan, that what was yours should be his, and he promised the same to you. You called him father when in his land a stranger, and for that reason must I so call you here."

Smith appears to have declined that appellation; at which, with a "well set countenance," she said,

"Was you not afraid to come into my father's country, and cause him fear and all his people? And fear you that I should call you father? I tell you then I will; and you shall call me child, and so I will be forever and ever your countryman."

Smith was not insensible of his obligation to her; he wrote a long and eloquent letter to Qeen Ann, recommending her to royal attention. But like a fair ex-

otic, drooping for its native forest, Pocahontas sickened & died, while waiting for a vessel to return to Virginia. She was then only 19, & had been married 3 years. The Randolphs and Bowlings of Virginia are among her descendants.

LOPE DE AGUIRRE.

CHAPTER VIII.

The history of mankind has ever been a continued tragedy; the world a great theatre exhibiting the same repeated scenes of the follies of men shooting forth into guilt, and of their passions fermenting by a quick process into misery. DR. BLAIR.

Over a wide extent of South America rolls the great river Orellana: and in the year of grace, 1560, it became a scene of one of the darkest tragedies in American history.

A rumor had spread in Peru, that far away in the central country, on the banks of said river, there was a rich and golden realm not yet discovered by the pale faces, full of large towns, in which were whole streets of goldsmiths. Omagua was the name of that dreamland. The rage of conquest was not yet extinct in

Spanish breasts; an army of unprincipled adventurers started up, ambitious of the fame and success of Pizarro and Cortes. Orsua was the name of the general who was deputed on this expedition of discovery and conquest, by the viceroy of Peru; 400 soldiers of desperate fortunes, of whom 100 were mongrel Mestizos, rallied about his standard, and were soon after floating down the head-waters of the Orellana, in two brigantines and nine flat-bottomed boats.

And now they are buried in the unfrequented wilderness that shaded its banks. But having proceeded a great way without realizing their golden prospects, the rash adventurers began to murmer. In vain did Orsua expostulate;

"What province of the Indias, fellow soldiers, has been conquered without difficulty and long patience? Should the youngest of us grow grey in this adventure, the immense riches we shall obtain will be an ample recompense."

They mutinied more and more. Two of his officers had set their eyes on his mistress, Inez, a beautiful widdow he had taken along with him notwithstanding the caution of his friends.

"He doats upon this woman," said they, "as though she had bewitched him. She, not Orsua, commands the army; the men are condemned to the oar for the slightest offence, that they may row her canoe, like galley slaves. Orsua is dallying with her, when he ought to be providing for the west of the expedition;

and instead of lodging in the midst of the army, as it behoves him, he always takes up his quarters apart, that he may not be disturbed in his dalliance."

If in the full town, the attraction of beauty often occasion heart-burnings, what must be the event in such a company, where the precious article was so rare? Could Inez be divided into a hundred parts?

A strong party of conspirators arose. Orsua was warned, that mischief was on foot, and besought to have a guard, in which he might confide, constantly about him. But this would obstruct his intercourse with Inez, and therefore he gave no heed to the advice. A more awful warning followed. One of his elder officers and best friends happened to be out at a late hour to enjoy the freshness of the tropical evening in those unfrequented wilds. When near the lodge of Orsua, suddenly, a figure passed him in the shade, and presently he heard a voice exclaiming,

"Pedro de Orsua, governor of Omagua! God have mercy on thee!"

He followed the figure, but it was gone! He supposed it was supernatural; and those to whom he communicated the event imbibed the same belief. A negro afterwards discovered the whole plot, and hastened to Orsua's tent to apprise him of it; but alack! he could obtain no admittance, for his master was alone with Inez. At a late hour on the following night, Orsua was surprised in his hammock, while talking with a page. He asked the grim assassins, as they hover-

ed round him half illumined by a dim torch-light, what they wanted. They answered with a mortal thrust. Still he rose to seize his sword, but had scarcely cried,

"Confession!— Confession!— God have mercy on me!" before he fell to rise no more.

With all the insignia of mock royalty, one Gusman was then elected king over them, instead of his Spanish Majesty, and one Aguirre as camp master. A certain memorial was then provided for signature, whereby, it was hoped, to defend themselves against the laws of Spain. But when it came to Aguirre's turn to sign his name, he hesitated, but finally signed himself, 'Lope d' Aguirre, traitor.' As soon as this was perceived, a general murmer arose, for the boldest were astonished. They began to remonstrate; but he deliberately turned to the assembly, and said;

"Cavaliers! what folly is this? as if what we have done were mere pastime, and not the action of resolute and sober men. Have we not put to death the king's governor? all of us been concerned in that action? We have therefore all been Traitors. Suppose now we should find this land of which we are in search and it should be ten times richer than Peru, or New Spain, the first bachelor who may arrive, with a commission from his Majesty to inquire into our conduct, would cut off all our heads. This is the reward we should reap for our services. I advise therefore, that since our lives are forfeited, we should sell them dear-

ly, by seeking a land where we have friends enough to stand by and to die in our defence."

Good warning he gave of his treachery; though we shall see that he acted consistently. But who, it may be asked, was this extraordinary Camp-master? It was Aguirre, the Wolf, as he was called; long noted for his evil qualities, and one of the most infamous of the abandoned adventurers who in those days, swarmed in Peru; after conquest, ever in revolt, sometimes engaged on one side, sometimes on another, but acquiring an ill name among all. Personally, he is said* to have wanted courage, though brave, even to rashness, when he had company. His physiognomy was an index of his mind. He was short and meagre in body, lamed by a wound, mean in aspect, while his keen and restless eye betrayed the suspicious and perturbed spirit that possessed his ill favored body.

He at first pretended much loyalty for Gusman, but afterwards slew him, and many more, as he gradually wound himself along, till he attained the supreme power, which he wielded in all the bitterness of tyranny.

Omagua was forgotton, though he still held on his wild course down the Amazon. His intention was to proceed first to Margarita, conquer it, strike on Panama, and with all the accession of troops he could obtain, to advance against Peru, where even grants of land, of booty and beauty, were now given, so great was the anticipation of success.

* Southey's Expedition of Orsua. London, 18

As for Inez, she had occasioned so much difficulty, that she could not expect to live long. She was one day found weeping at the burial of a Mestizo girl.

"God be merciful to thee, my child," she cried, "thou wilt have many companions before long."

It was a presentiment of her own fate; for Aguirre soon after sent two of his underlings to murder her, who repeatedly stabbed her after she was dead, as if they took delight in mangling a form which had been so beautiful.

CHAPTER IX.

With brand upraised and wolfish ire,
He comes! he comes! wild Lope d' Aguirre!

Having lingered some time on the banks of the river to enlarge his fleet, after much hardship and difficulty, Aguirre succeeded in reaching the mouth of that mighty stream, when he entered the open sea, & veered his course for Margarita. The view of his vessels in the offing occasioned some stir in that island. It was at first apprehended, that they were French pirates, but the manner in which they approached the coast made it evident, that they were strangers. Aguirre pretended friendship, and that he only wished to refit, till he gained foot-hold on the island, when he threw off the mask, and made himself

men. If we had any base occupation, we might find maintenance thereby, but it is our misfortune to know no other art but that of making bullets and sharpening lances, which are the money that is current here, and if you want any such small change, we can supply you with it."

Aguirre had three banners made of black silk, bearing bloody swords laid across, to denote the slaughter he should make and the mourning he should occasion. These dismal banners he would have consecrated in a church, and on his way thither in solemn procession, at the head of all his forces, he happened to see a card an old king of spades, lying in the street, which he began to kick, like an idiot, and swearing at the king of Castile.

In this disposition, he set sail for the main, intending to make his conquering way through Grenada to Peru. The weather proving adverse, he was detained some time on the passage, at which he lost all patience, and burst out into horrid blasphemy. Sometimes he would look up to the sky and exclaim,

"God! if thou hast any good to do me, do it now, and keep salvation for thy saints!"

Arriving at last to the shore, he found it deserted, for the fear of him had spread far and wide. But certain pit-falls were left, as if for wild beasts, into which some of his soldiers fell, on sharp stakes. This vexed him so, that he ordered a war of extermination to be

proclaimed against the king of Castile; and it was done with drum and trumpet through the streets of Burburata. A unlucky merchant of that place happening to be caught, was asked, what the people of the land thought of him. The merchant was afraid to answer, till persuaded by promises of impunity, he replied, that every body took his Honor and those who followed him, to be a set of bloody Lutherans.

"Fool and ideot!" exclaimed the Wolf, taking off his iron cap, "art thou such a blockhead as to tell me this?" and would have knocked out his brains with the casque, had not his arm been withheld. He afterwards ordered the merchant to be strangled.

But having reveled in plunder, Aguirre fell ill, and in the impatience of suffering, exclaimed,

"Kill me, Maranonas!" as he called his men, from the river Maranon, "Kill me! Kill me!"

His disorder brought him to the gates of death, and he left himself exposed to any one who would take his life. But with recovering strength, his ferocity returned. He had a certain priest in charge, whose life he spared, on condition that he should convey a letter to the king of Spain, of which the following is an abstract.

"King Philip, son of Charles, the invincible! I, Lope de Aguirre, thy vassal, an old Christian, of poor but noble parents, native of Biscay, went young to Peru, to labor lance in hand. I fought for thy glory without demanding pay. I recommend to thee, to be

more just to the good vassals which thou hast in this country; for I and mine, wearied of the cruelties and injustice thy governors exercise in thy name, have resolved to obey thee no more. We make a cruel war on thee, because we will not endure the oppression of thy ministers. I care no more for thy pardon, than for the books of Martin Luther. Remember, king Philip, thou hast no right to draw revenues from these provinces, the conquest of which has been without danger to thee. I am certain that few kings go to heaven. But we think ourselves happy here in the Indies, in preserving the commandments of God; and we intend, though sinners during life, to become at last, martyrs to the glory of God. I beg of thee, great king, not to believe all the monks tell thee, yonder in Spain. If they shed tears before thy throne, it is that thou mayest send them hither to govern provinces. Dost thou know what sort of life they lead here? given up to luxury, acquiring possessions, selling the sacraments, ambitious, violent, gluttonous?—In the year 1559, Pedro de Orsua was sent to the Amazons. We sailed on the largest rivers of Peru, till we came to a gulf of fresh water. We had already gone 200 leagues, when we killed that bad and ambitious captain. We chose a king, and swore fealty to him, as to thyself. I was named camp-master; I killed this new king, the captain of his guards, his chaplin, &c. I then resolved to punish thy ministers and thy auditors; I appointed captains and sergeants; these again

wanted to kill me, but I had them all hanged. In the midst of these adventures, we navigated 11 months, till we reached the mouth of the river. We sailed more than 1500 leagues; God knows how got through that great mass of water. I advise thee, O king, never to send Spanish fleets into that cursed river. God preserve thee in his holy keeping."

He then entered the mountains with his army, on his way to Baraquicemeto; but he found no inhabitants there. The country was not yet ready to meet him, but they gradually rallied their forces, and offered pardon to all the rebels who would desert Aguirre, and surrender. The elements also seemed to conspire against him; a heavy rain fell as the little army was toiling over the mountains; the mules slipped at every step; and the Wolf broke out into fresh impiety.

"Does God think," said he, "that because it rains I shall not go on to Peru, and destroy the world?"

However, his downfal was near, and as he began to apprehend it, he grew more desperate in his language. Sometimes he exhorted his men not to be deterred from any indulgence of their passions, by a fear of hell, for the mere act of believing in God was sufficient to carry them to heaven. Again he said, he was sure of his own perdition, and already suffering the fires of hell while he lived; & therefore, as the crow could be no blacker, he would commit such atrocities, that the whole globe should hear of his name.

The towns they reached were deserted, and handbills were found scattered about.

"Sirs!" said Aguirre to his men, "you have seen papers, in which the government persuade you to desert, and promise pardon for all your crimes. I am a man that has had some experience in these things, & this I can affirm; the havoc you have made has been such, that neither in Spain, or here in the Indies, or in any other part of the world, has the like been ever heard of. Whence, they cannot pardon you. These papers are gilded pills of poison."

Nevertheless, his men gradually deserted, in spite of all he could do; and whenever they came to action, the opportunity was seized to gallop over to the enemy. We can easily conceive how this must have throttled the Wolf. But he resolved to abide, though singly, to the last extremity, and to die as he had lived. His mind was much like that of the ruffian in Rokeby.

"And now my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once,—and all is night.
Panama's maids shall long look pale,
When Lope d' Aguirre inspires the tale,
And Chili's matron's long shall tame
The froward child with his dark name.

Finally, only one of all his Maranones was left with him in his entrenchments. The Wolf asked him why he did not go also to enjoy the king's pardon. The officer replied, that he had been his friend in life, and would be so in death. Aguirre made him no answer, but turned away, and went into a chamber, where his daughter was sitting; it seems, his only child.

"Say thy prayers, child," said he, "for I must kill thee."

"Why, sir?" she asked with emotion.

"That thou mayest never live to be reviled," said he, "and called the daughter of a Traitor."

He then presented a pistol to shoot her; but the officer laying hold of it, he easily relinquished the weapon, and deliberately drew his dagger, with which he stabbed her repeatedly till her sufferings were forever ended. On going out, he perceived that the troops of the enemy were just upon him. Without endeavoring to resist, or escape, he stood leaning against a cane bed-post, calmly awaiting his fate. The first who came up exclaimed,

"Here!—I have taken Aguirre!"

"I do not yield to such a knave as thou art," said the Wolf.

But the chief officer came up, and ordered two of Aguirre's own men to shoot him. The first shot made only a slant wound.

"That is badly done," said the Wolf patiently; but on receiving another shot in the breast, he exclaimed, "This will do!" fell, and died immediately.

His head was then cut off, and carried away by its long hair. His body was quartered, and the parts stuck on poles by the wayside. His head was sent to Tocuyo, and exposed in an iron cage. His banners also were preserved in that city, with the robe, gown, and kirtle of yellow silk, which his daughter had on when she was slain, rent by the dagger, and stained with blood. His remaining Maranones were all sent prisoners to Spain, the next year. The house he was born in, was pulled down, for having been the birth-place of such a traitor, and a monument was erected on the spot to commemmorate his deeds and his fate.

The crimes of Aguirre made a deep impression on the people of Venezuela. There was something marked, as well as monstrous, in his character. The rebellion was better remembered for its wild and devious nature, & because no dramatic fable was ever brought to a more distinct and tragic issue. Aguirre is still spoken of, in those countries, as The Tyrant; and it is the belief of the people, that his spirit, as restless now as when it animated his body, still wanders over the scenes of his guilt, in the form of that fiery vapor which is frequently seen in the isle of Margarita, and the plains of New Andalusia. And this intangible phenomenon is called in those countries, to this day,

THE SOUL OF THE TYRANT.

AUNT RACHEL.

CHAPTER X.

The witch then raised her withered arm,
And waved her wand on high,
And while she spake the muttered charm,
Dark lightning filled her eye. MEIKLE.

Turn we now to the north, and contemplate a scene among a different class of people, our Pilgrim forefathers. Some, however, may doubt the authenticity of the following tale, as we verily should ourselves, had we not found it in the New Hampshire Historical Collections, (vol. 3. Concord, 1824;) nor can we now help suspecting some embroidery.

In the old colonial times, one Aunt Rachel, so called, had for many years tenanted a hovel, formerly occupied as a fish-house, situated near the point of the promontory that overhangs the centre of Plymouth bay. The facility with which she could derive subsistence from the shores, and in the season, from the neighboring fish-flakes,* were perhaps among other reasons that induced her to take up with this dreary abode; and we may add, the profit she derived from

predicting fair winds and favorable weather, for she sustained the character of a sort of Pythoness.

Indeed, so long and successfully had Rachel foretold to inquiring seamen the weather of the coming day, that scarcely any one ventured to make a voyage into the outer bay without consulting her on the weather; nor on his return did he neglect to leave her a moiety of the fish he had taken, as a recompense for the success she had procured him. However, a few in the neighboring village, as the minister, physician, and schoolmaster, affected a sneer at her predictions; yet even they were known to find some excuse for delaying an expedition which she had spoken against.

Moreover, the wildness of her situation, and the pleasure Rachel took in roaming during the solitude of night, or watching the flux of the sea, as it cast its briny waves further and further up the beach, served to increase the veneration with which her neighbors regarded her character. In one of these midnight rambles, she was met by a party who were preparing for a fishing excursion into the outer bay early the next morning, and who anxiously inquired about the weather.

"Fair," said she, "fair; tomorrow sees neither wind or rain."

"But Aunt Rachel," they sometimes called her only Rach in her absence, "do you see you cloud in the West?"

"What have I to do with the West or South? I have promised FAIR, though you might have chosen a better day than Friday, as you make but one trip in a year."

Just then, a large vessel hove in sight; but for the pale light of the moon, it was impossible to tell of what character it was.

"She will come in," says Rachel, "but for no good —We do not hear the sound of church-bells at midnight for nothing."

"That was Plymouth clock striking twelve," said one of the company.

"Do we hear clocks," replied Rachel, "four miles against the wind? and Plymouth clock too, a wooden rattle, with scarcely more work in it than in the windlass of yonder Chebacco boat?"

The vessel soon came to, and anchored near the shore. She was a large brig, owned in the village, & loaded with sugar by a Boston merchant; and had put in here to effect a small repair in one of her spars. One only of the crew was a native of the village, and he conducted his messmates the next day to Rachel's cabin, in order to inquire into the prospects of their voyage.

"Jack Burgis!" said she to her townsman, as the sailors crossed her threshold, "have you done well in entering the Betsey? Think you the vessel paid for in exchange-notes will make a voyage?"

"But Aunt Rachel," answered Jack, "we did 'nt build her."

"Still," continued the Pythoness, "if you would not have her fortune, flee her company. Was it for this, your sire, the deacon, prayed, your mother wept, the minister's blessing was given at your departure? —to be found with wretches like THESE? land SHARKS, moon-cursers——"

"Avast! there, old granny!" exclaimed one of the sailors, "no more of your slack, or we 'll put a stopper on your gab!"

A beam of fire seemed to dart from the old woman's eyes, as she rose from her seat, and so abruptly as to cast over a coarse table, she was leaning on, and exclaimed,

"You are known!—THERE'S not a MOTHER'S son of you WHO was not swaddled in the ruins of a wreck—

"D——— HAG!" interrupted the sailors; but the infuriated old woman was not to be silenced, and the volubility of her tongue expressed THE intensity of HER feelings.

"THERE'S not a moon-curser of you all WHO HAS not braved a NORTHEASTER to fix a lamp on a pole to mislead a pilot and to wreck a vessel for depredation,—WHEN you would not wet a foot to save a seaman's life. And WHO, you sons of devils incarnate,— WHO but your FATHERS fastened a lantern on a HORSE'S HEAD, and THUS, in a storm,

occasioned the Wreck of the brig on your cursed sands, that left me childless and a widdow? May he, who rides the PALE HORSE, be your guide, and you be of the number that follow him!"

This imprecation scarcely reached the ears of the enraged sailors, for they had already started from the hovel, meditating revenge. The next morning, at about ten o' clock, the villagers were alarmed by a strong light on the promontory, and in less than 20 minutes, a large proportion of the inhabitants were at the place. Rachel was seen rushing from her blazing hovel, half wrapped in the remains of an old sail, which had served her as a bed-curtain. No language can do justice to the fury of her looks and gestures as she ran about the scene of conflagration, her grey hair flying in the wind, & as she stood between the strong light of the blaze and the spectators, its upturned points seemed tipt with living flame.

We may easily conjecture who were the incendiaries. The day after, the brig prepared for sailing; and although it was Sunday, many of the villagers assembled on the wharf to watch the vessel's departure or visit the ruins of Rachel's hut. The YE HO! of the sailors was heard, as they gave the swelling canvas to the breeze; the brig got under way, by aid of a fine wind, though against the tide, and as she moved smoothly down the channel, the attention of the spectators was diverted to Rachel, who had seated herself

on a rock, which rose much above the waves, and was entirely surrounded by the tide. The hollow moans she had uttered, were lost in the rushing of the waves upon the pebly shore, and she had scarcely been noticed before, in the bustle of departure. But now on observing her, the owner of the vessel, who stood by, attempted to offer some consolation for the loss of her hovel.

"You need not comfort me," she replied without once taking her eyes from the departing vessel, "every barn could afford me shelter, if I should need it, but in three days, I shall be tenanted in The Narrow House, which yonder wretches cannot burn. But who shall comfort you for the loss of your brig? Think you, she can swim loaded with the curses of the poor, and with my curses, which have never yet been given in vain?"

"But she has passed Brown's island," said the owner, evidently affected by the vehemence of her manner, "and that is the worst shoal in the bay."

Rachel grew more impatient, as the brig passed in safety any point or shoal which was considered peculiarly dangerous; and as the breeze freshened, her matted hair floated out like streamers in the wind, her long bony arms were extended with imprecating gestures, and she poured forth her maledictions on the authors of her calamities, like the evil spirit of the ocean chiding forth the storms as ministers of its vengeance. When the vessel had passed Beach point,

the last obstruction to navigation in the harbor, the owner turned again to the old woman, and offered to console her for the loss of her hut, by tendering her the use of another habitation.

But she was raving in all the impotence of disappointed madness; her voice was inarticulate; she foamed at the mouth, and howled in the most demoniacal accents; while her face and swollen eyes, that seemed almost starting from their sockets, were bent on the single object of her curses. Suddenly, her voice ceased; and she leaned forward in the very ecstasy of expectation. The eyes of the spectators following the bent of hers, were also fixed on the brig, when lo! her sails were suddenly seen shivering in the wind, and there seemed to be a hurry and confusion on the deck. In a few minutes, she slowly sank from the view of the spectators, and nothing was seen but a part of the top-gallant mast standing above the waves.

Rachel pitched forward into the water, as she saw the vessel sink; and as the people were engaged in preparing boats, she died unnoticed. The brig had struck upon a sunken and unknown rock, and was afterwards raised, with the loss of nearly her whole cargo, and one man; the very one, it is said, who had set fire to the hovel. The body of Rachel was found, and buried on the spot where her house had stood.

The rock, on which the vessel struck, is now called Rachel's Curse; and her grave on the promontory serves to this day, as a land-mark of the channel.

BLACK BEARD.

CHAPTER XI.

"That silent moon, that silent moon,
Careering through yon cloudless sky,
O who shall tell what varied scenes
Have passed beneath her placid eye?"

In giving the Romance of American History, we have to scour over an extensive field, like a bee in pursuit of the honied flower; or to speak more humbly, like a ground spider, jumping hither and thither of a dewy morning. However, we intend to pay as much respect to Mr Chronology, as we cleverly can, whatever may be our variations in latitude and longitude. Nor do we hope for any more offence, if we may sometimes fail to obtain the sweet gathering of the bee, for although many soft and delicate things are said in fiction and the aerial assays of the poet, when we come down to sober reality, when we descend from the pictured clouds to the bosom of the bounteous earth, we find much alloy mingled with the pure gold, and many a lump of clay with no glittering grain in it.

Sometime after the extinction of the Buccaneers, another nest of pirates was formed in the West Indies, who took refuge among the Bahamas, that convenient hiding place, afforded by uninhabited little islands, keys and harbors, abounding in sea-fowl, turtle and shell-fish. Thither those banditti of the waters could with difficulty be pursued, by men of war, among the small inlets and lagoons, while the greatness of the West India trade, carried on by the British, Americans, French, Spaniards, Dutch, afforded them a rare opportunity of sallying out for plunder. And thither, would they retire with their ill-gotten riches, to bury in the sand, or pass their time in dancing and festivity in some unfrequented grove, or sunny retreat.

Among other diversions, they sometimes held a sort of moot-court to try one another for piracy; and he that was criminal one day, was made judge the next. The judge would get up into a tree, with an old Tarpaulin over his shoulders, for a robe, a thrum-cap on his head, and a large pair of spectacles on his nose; while many officers attended him below, with crows and hand-spikes, instead of wands and tipstaves. The criminals were then brought forward, making a thousand wry faces, while the charge was opened against them in the following manner.

"An't please your Lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury! here's a fellow before you, that is a sad dog; and I humbly hope your Lordship will have him hung

out of the way directly. He has committed piracy on the high seas, escaped a thousand storms, & got safe to shore, when the ship has been cast away; and yet without the fear of hanging before his eyes, has still gone on, robbing and ravishing man, woman and child, plundering ships' cargos fore and aft, burning and sinking ship, bark and boat, as if the very d—— had been in him."

"Hark 'e, sirrah!" returned the judge, "you lousy, ill-looking dog, what have you to say, why you should not be tucked up immediately, and set a sun-drying, like a scare-crow? Are you guilty or not?"

"Not guilty, an' it please your worship's honor, my lord. I 'm as honest a poor fellow, as ever went between stem and stern of a ship, and can hand, reef, steer, and clap two ends of a rope together, as well as ever a he, that ever crossed salt water. But I was taken by one George Bradly, (the name of his Lordship,) a notorious pirate, and sad rogue, as ever went unhung, and he forced me, an' t please your honor."

"Why then, gentlemen of the jury, I think we may proceed to judgment."

"Right, my lord," said the attorney general, "for if the fellow should be suffered to speak, he may clear himself, and that is an affront to court."

"Pray, my lord, I hope your lordship will consider ——" says the prisoner.

"Consider! How dare you talk of considering?— Sirrah! I never considered in my life—I will make it treason to consider."

"But I hope your lordship will hear some reason."

"D'ye hear how the villain prates?—What have we to do with reason? I 'd have you know that we do not sit here to hear reason,—we go according to law, ——(is dinner ready?)—— Then hark 'e, you rascal at the bar, hear me, sirrah, hear me;—you must suffer for three reasons;— first, because it is not fit, that I should sit here as judge, and nobody be hung;— secondly, because you have a —— hanging look;— and thirdly, you must be hung, because I am hungry, for know, sirrah, that whenever the judge's dinner is ready, before the trial is over, the criminal must be hung, of course;— there's law for you,— so, jailor, away with him."

This scene is sketched from the pirate Anstis' crew on one of those islands, whose lagoon was beset on both sides, with red Mangrove trees, growing so thickly, that the entrance of the haven, as well as the vessels lying there, were scarcely to be seen. But that law, of which they made such a mockery, was soon to overtake them in its rigor; for so numerous had these pirates become, that the king of England issued a proclamation, in 1718, offering a reward for their heads. He also sent men of war against them; so that they were all subjugated in a short time.

CHAPTER XII.

"The foul-hearted demon,
The sailor despoiling,
Now rends from the seaman
The fruit of his toiling."

There are sixteen or twenty of those piratical captains, with their crews, of whom a distinct history has been handed down to us. But among them all, no one appears to have been more distinguished than Captain Teach, or as he was more generally termed, Blackbeard, from the great quantity of black hair, that, like "a frightful meteor," says the historian,* "covered his whole face, and frightened America more than any comet, that has appeared there of a long time."

His beard reached nearly to his eyes, and he let it grow to an extravagant length; twisting the longer parts into cues, which he turned over his ears. Moreover, in time of action, he wore a sling on his shoulders with three braces of pistols, hanging in holsters, like bandoleers. He also stuck lighted matches under his hat, which in company with his naturally fierce and rolling eyes, made him a very fury in appearance.

His character accorded with his looks, and presents one of the darkest pictures of human nature. He was an Englishman by nativity, and sailed some time from

* Capt. Johnson's History of the Pirates. Lon. 1724.

Jamaica, on board a privateer, in the French war. But though uncommonly bold and courageous, he was not promoted to any command, till once on a time, he was placed aboard a certain prize; when he ran away with his charge, and betook himself to the haunt of the Lucayos. Thence, he scoured the American coast, and took many prizes; on one of which he mounted forty guns. Indeed, he became so bold, as to make some captures in the offing near Charleston, and to strike terror into all Carolina; for that little nation of masters and slaves was not so gallant then, as in these days of nullification.

At last however, Blackbeard went to the Carolina governor, as if to surrender on the king's terms; whereupon the governor treated him very obligingly and even married him to a young woman, who was afterwards reported to be his fourteenth wife, of whom a dozen might be still living. At any rate, his conduct towards her, while his sloop lay in Okerecok inlet, and he invited his comrades ashore, was shameful in the extreme. Nor was his surrender any thing more than a form: for he soon put to sea again, in the vessel he had been allowed to retain, and shortly became as bad a pirate as ever.

And yet, it is said, that he returned with impunity, and divided his spoil with the Carolinian governor; and often diverted himself by going ashore among the planters, where he revelled night and day, and for whatever reason, was well received. He sometimes

made them presents of rum and sugar, though at other times he lorded over them, laid some under contribution, and bullied the governor. Whence, and for the shocking liberties, Black-beard and his comrades are said to have taken in the families of the planters, and he even pillaged sloops in their rivers, as they despaired of redress from their own governor, they applied for aid to the government of Virginia.

The consequence was, that Black-beard suddenly found a sloop of war at his heels, in the Carolina inlet where he lay. Coming within gun-shot, the sloop fired, hoisted the King's colors, and stood directly towards him. Black-beard cut his cable, and ran his vessel aground, while both kept up a constant fire. But the King's sloop drawing more water than Black-beard's, could not come near him; so the King's lieutenant anchored within half gun-shot, threw overboard his ballast, staved his water casks, in order to lighten his vessel, weighed, and stood for the pirate again. Whereupon Black-beard hailed him, with some terrible maledictions, demanding,

"Who are you, villains, and whence came you?"

"You may see by our colors," replied the lieutenant, "that we are no pirates."

"Send your boat aboard," says Black-beard, "that I may see who you are."

"I cannot spare my boat," says the lieutenant, "but will come aboard as soon as I can with my sloop."

Black-beard then took a glass of liquor, and drank to him, with these words.

"D———— seize thy soul, if I give you quarter, or take any."

"I expect no quarter from you," replied the lieutenant, "nor shall I give any."

There was no verbiage, no mistake in this conversation; but as the king's men were bravely rowing towards him, with all speed, Black-beard gave them such a broadside of all kinds of small shot, as cut down twenty nine men at once; but the violence of the discharge so canted his own grounded vessel, that she fell broadside towards shore.

And now, recovering from his shock, the lieutenant came on again, with all his men below hatches but himself and the helmsman, for fear of another broadside. But when they came along side to board, the desperate Black-beard hurled his grenades into the sloop, and quickly followed, under their smoke, with fourteen men over the bows. At the same instant, the lieutenant hailed his men, and they all sprang up the hatchway, and met the pirates with great bravery. Black-beard and the lieutenant fired the first pistols, and then engaged with swords; the lieutenant's blade unluckily broke in the fury of the onset, and stepping back to cock another pistol, the pirate was about to lay him over head and ears with his cutlass, when he received a terrible wound in the neck from one of the lieutenant's men. Still he kept his ground, and twelve against fourteen, the fray continued in the

most furious manner. The sea was tinctured with blood around the sloop; but at length, Black-beard fell down dead, having received twentyfive wounds, and five of them by shot. And now, 8 of his 14 men had fallen, and the remainder jumped overboard much wounded, and crying out for quarter.

Meanwhile, Black-beard had placed a negro fellow in the powder room, with a lighted torch, to blow all up, as soon as he saw their vessel was captured; but the black was narrowly snatched from perpetrating the deed, and after the remnant of the crew were firmly secured, 15 in number, the victorious lieutenant returned with his prize to Virginia, and with the gruff and bushy Head of Black-beard sticking on the end of the bowsprit!

Thus deservedly perished this piratical monster; a character nearly equal to that quondam terror of juvenile readers, the Blue-beard of fiction. At any rate, his extravagance was often such, as if he aimed to make his men regard him as a demon incarnate; and it seems as if they believed, he had intercourse with THE FOUL FIEND, for those that were taken prisoners, & executed, seriously related, that "once upon a cruise, they found, they had a man aboard more than their crew; SUCH a one was seen several days amongst THEM, sometimes below, sometimes on deck; yet no man aboard could give ANY account of him; but HE disappeared, a little before THEY WERE WRECKED IN THEIR GREAT SHIP."

THE TWO AMAZONS.

CHAPTER XIII.

The romance of real life frequently exceeds, in an extraordinary degree, the studied novelties of fiction. ATHENEUM.

We have not yet done with the Banditti of the waters, and their wild retreat among the rocks of the Lucayos. Who would think of a female pirate? that the gentle sex could be induced to exchange the needle or distaff for "dagger-knife and brand," and become not only a sailor, and a soldier, but a murderous ruffian? Nevertheless, continues the historian before alluded to, we are now to begin a narrative,

"Full of surprising turns and adventures; I mean that of Mary Read and Ann Bonny, the true names of two pirates, the odd incidents of whose rambling lives were such, that some may be tempted to think the whole story no better than a novel or romance; but since it is supported by many thousand witnesses, I mean the people of Jamaica who were present at their trials, and heard the story of their lives on the first

discovery of their sex, the truth of it can be no more doubted, than that there were such men in the world, as Black-beard and Roberts."

Yes, when the trial of the Bahama pirates, John Rackam and his crew, took place at St Jago de la Vega, in 1720, and all the rest were condemned, some to swing in chains on points of land extending into the sea, that their weather-beaten skeletons might long remain an awful beacon to mariners, two of the unlucky crew pleaded for a remission of the sentence on account of their SEX, ay, and because they were at that time ENCEINTE! Whereupon, they were remanded to prison till a jury was appointed to consider their peculiar case.

The birth and education of Mary Read, whose history we shall first give, in some measure qualified her for the singular life she afterwards led. Her mother was the wife of an English sailor, who on going to sea left her to introduce a son to the world; and as he returned no more from the seas, his wife became once more enceinte, though illegitimately. And as those evidences began to appear, which threatened to destroy her reputation, she withdrew from her friends and her husband's relations, into the country, where Mary Read was secretly born, and her little son happened to die. Here the mother lived 3 or 4 years, till her money being gone, she began to think of returning

to London, to seek the aid of her mother in law, for the maintenance of her young daughter, whom she proposed to pass off for the son who had died.

So she ventured to dress her Mary in boy's clothes and carry her to London. The unwitting old lady received her very kindly, and was extremely glad to see once more her little grandson; she readily consented to contribute a crown a week for his maintenance.

The sailor's wife was now compelled to continue the fraud with due circumspection; and when young Mary was old enough to feel the impropriety of her apparrel, she was let into the secret of her birth, and induced to continue her disguise. Thus in process of time, she was put out as a foot-boy, to wait on a French lady, and upon growing up bold and strong, she imbibed a roving disposition, left her mistress, and entered a man of war, where she served sometime.

She then left sea-faring, and went over to Flanders, where she carried arms, as a cadet, in a regiment of foot; but although she behaved on all occasions with a great deal of bravery, she could obtain no commission, and therefore enlisted into a regiment of horse, where she conducted so well in several engagements, as to gain the esteem of all her officers.

However, she happened to have a handsome young Fleming for a comrade, with whom she fell in love: & thenceforth, she began to grow a little more negligent in her duty. Her arms and accoutrements, which were before kept in the brightest order, began to lose

their lustre; and when her comrade was ordered out, she was fain to go also, and frequently ran into danger where she had no business, only to be near him. Her fellow troopers, little suspecting the secret cause of such conduct, fancied that she was mad; and her comrade himself could not account for this strange alteration in her behaviour. But love is ingenious, and as they lodged in the same tent, she found means to discover herself, without appearing to do it designedly.

The Fleming was greatly surprised, and not a little pleased, as he took it for granted, that he should have a mistress solely to himself, which is very rare in a camp. But he found himself greatly mistaken, for she proved to be very reserved and modest, resisting all his temptations; though at the same time she was so obliging, so insinuating in her carriage, as to change his purpose entirely. He now courted her for a wife. This was the utmost wish of her heart; they exchanged promises; and when the campaign was over, and the regiment marched into winter quarters, she bought female apparel, and they were publicly married.

The story of two troopers marrying together made a great noise. Several officers were drawn by curiosity to attend the ceremony, and each one made a small present to the bride towards house-keeping.

Their discharge was easily obtained, and they immediately opened a boarding house at a sign of Three Horse Shoes near the castle of Breda, and a great many officers eat with them constantly.

But their happiness was of short duration, for the Fleming soon died; and the peace of Reswick being concluded, the officers retired from Breda, and Mary lost her custom. So she gave up house-keeping, and her property being quite spent, she doffed her widow's weeds, again put on man's apparel, and sallied forth in quest of fortune.

After enlisting and serving sometime in a regiment of infantry in Holland, she again turned her eyes to the ocean, and embarked for the West Indies. In this cruise, she was taken by the Bahama pirates, and being the only Englishman aboard, was pressed into their own service. However, the crew soon after took advantage of the royal proclamation, which was published in all parts of the West Indies, and surrendered.

Mary now lived for a time quietly on shore: till money failing, she entered a privateer to cruise against the Spaniards; but no sooner had they got to sea, than the crew, having most of them been pirates before, arose against their commander, and struck into their former craft. This was the crew of Rackam; and there was among them a young man of a most engaging character, in Mary's eyes, for she became so affected towards him, that she could not rest day or night. So she insinuated herself into his liking, by talking against the life of a pirate, which he was altogether averse to; whence they became mess-mates and strict companions.

When she found that he had a friendship for her as a man, she discovèd herself by a sufferance of something like what the mute page in the Lord of the Isles was so averse to, when,

> He raised the boy, where on the plain
> His fear had sunk him with the slain;
> And twice that morn, surprise well near
> Betray'd the secret kept by fear;
> When scarce the stripling could resist
> The chieftain's care to loose the vest,
> Drawn tightly o'er his laboring breast.

The young man's curiosity was greatly excited, and he never ceased importuning her, till she related her history. His former friendship now waxed into fondness and desire; nor was her passion less violent than his; as she verified by one of the most generous actions that ever love inspired.

Her lover happened to have a quarrel with one of the crew, and as their ship lay at anchor near an isle, they agreed to go ashore and fight, according to the custom of pirates. Mary was anxious to the last degree, for the fate of her lover; not that she would have him decline the challenge, for she could not bear the idea of his being branded as a coward, yet she apprehended that his antagonist might be too stout for him. Indeed, she discovered a greater regard for his life than her own, for she resolved to quarrel with his antagonist herself, and to challenge him ashore at a time appointed two hours before he was to meet her beloved. And she did as she resolved; she there

fought him with sword and pistol; and she killed him on the spot.

This daring action drew the lovers, if possible, still nearer each other. In short, they exchanged promises, and made troth, which Mary said, she looked upon to be as good a marriage, in conscience, as if made by a priest in church, and therefore, it justified the family state she was in.

CHAPTER XIV.

There are some people in the world, who suppose that woman is by nature equally capable of labor and fatigue as man; and by way of argument, they will point you to such examples as the present history, and the habits of women in barbarous life; but while it is sufficiently evident, that their physical organization is more delicate, and less sinewy, than man's, there is by no means so great a distinction as to warrant all the factitious exemptions, which are frequently enjoyed by the favored sex. Among inferior animals, however great the physical distinction, male and female are subject to nearly the same hardships.

But whatever may be our opinion on this subject, as odd luck would have it, there was in the same crew

of Rackam, with Mary, the pirate, another woman at arms, Ann Bonny. And what is still more singular, they were not only ignorant of one another, but Ann Bonny taking Mary for a handsome young man, actually fell in love with her, and accordingly made a discovery of herself. Now this wicked Ann was of a far more degenerate character than Mary, nor wholly unknown aboard, being the captain's secret favorite.

Whence, on discovering her partiality for another, the captain became extremely jealous, insomuch that he told his mistress, he would cut his rival's throat. Mary at this crisis, astonished as she must have been at such disclosures, was under the necessity of telling her unnatural suiter, that she was a woman also. Ann Bonny was sadly disappointed; yet she made use of the discovery as a cure for the captain's jealousy, by letting him into the secret also. But perhaps the reader may by this time desire to know somewhat about the previous history of this strange Ann Bonny.

She was of Irish descent, the natural offspring of an attorney at law, near Cork; and among the circumstances of her birth, there was much singularity, which had a bearing on her future character.

Her mother was a fair young servant maid in the family of the lawyer, and courted by a tanner. And on a certain visit of her suiter, in the family's absence he seized the opportunity, when her back was turned, very ungallantly, to slip 3 silver spoons into his pock-

of. The maid soon missed them, and bluntly charged him as the retainer. He denied; she persisted, and threatened to send for a constable. This frightened him; he endeavored to pacify her, and seized the first opportunity to slip into another room and conceal the spoons in her bed, concluding that she must find them at evening, and all would pass off as a joke.

But he was surprised the next day to hear, that the constable was after him, and was fain to seek the first corner, where he lay several days, till weary of concealment, and fearing that his character would be ruined, if the affair was not settled, he resolved to go to the lawyer's wife, and tell the whole story.

The dame forgave him; but here arose a question of a different character; Where had the maid been these several nights, that she had not found the spoons in her sheets? Jealousy suggested its bitter surmises; a course of inquiry was instituted; and among other methods of investigation, she ventured one night to sleep in the place of the spoons. And it was found as she expected, a haunted place;—towards midnight, the figure of her husband softly approached her;—trepidation sealed her lips;—anon she heard a half-whisper,

"M———, are you awake?"

She knew too well her husband's voice, and to whom it was addressed: yet she made no answer for fear he should find her out.

Before day-light, she stole out of the room. Wit-

ness the result; she had her maid carried to jail for stealing silver spoons; and as the attorney took this measure in great dudgeon, a bitter altercation ensued, and husband and wife seperated.

The maid lay sometime in prison, and though at last acquitted for want of evidence, she had become the mother of Ann Bonny. The lawyer took a vast liking to his natural daughter, & resolved to take her home, to live with him. He therefore had her put in boy's clothes, and pretended, it was the child of a relation, he had taken to bring up. His lost wife heard of all this, but not without suspicion; she therefore employed a friend to make inquiry, and obtained the desired information. Consequently, she stayed a pecuniary remittance she had formerly made to her solitary husband, who therefore took the maid home, as if in revenge, and lived with her openly. But this step created so much scandal, that he gradually lost his practice, and found it expedient to remove to some place, where he was unknown.

So he turned his effects into ready money, and embarked with his maid and little girl-boy for the Carolinas. There he at first pursued the practice of law, but afterwards took to merchandise, which proved more lucrative, for he gained enough by it to purchase a considerable plantation.

Meanwhile, the maid passed for his wife, but finally dying, his daughter Ann kept his house, as she was now grown up, and of a masculine and courageous

disposition. It is said indeed, that she once in a rage attacked a domestic with a case-knife; but however this may have been, it is certain, that she was so buxom and robust, that when a young fellow would have taken certain liberties against her will, she gave him such a beating, that he lay ill of it a considerable time.

Her father intended a good match for her, but she spoiled all her advantages, by marrying, against his consent, a young sailor, who was not worth a groat. Her father was so provoked at it, that he turned her out of doors; upon which she took shipping with her young sailor for the isle of Providence, to look after employment there.

Thus she became acquainted with Rackam, who soon found means to abstract her affections from her husband, and to induce her to elope, and go to sea with him in man's apparel. After she had been to sea sometime, she was set ashore in Cuba, among certain friends of Rackam; and upon her recovery, returned to sea in her former condition, and so continued, not only till the crew surrendered on the king's terms, but to the time they went a privateering with Mary Read, and became pirates once more.

No seamen aboard are said to have been more resolute than these Two Amazons, or readier to undertake any thing hazardous; so when the day of judgment arrived, and they were at close quarters, fighting their last battle, none kept the deck but these Two and one more, though Mary often declared, that the life of a

pirate was what she always detested, that she never entered it but on compulsion, and intended to leave it whenever she had an opportunity.

She also declared, that she had never had criminal intercourse with any one, and commended the justice of the court, in acquitting her husband, as she called him, with several others. Being asked which he was she would not tell, but said he was an honest man, and had no inclination to pirating, and they had both resolved to leave it, at the first opportunity, and betake themselves to some honest employment.

But alas! no mercy of her judges was forthcoming; and among others, for the following inconsiderable reason. It was deposed, that when Rackam once fell into conversation with her, and asked her what pleasure she could take in such enterprises, where her life was in continual danger from fire and sword, and not only so, but she must be sure of dying an ignominious death, if taken alive, she spiritedly answered;

"As to hanging, I think it no great hardship, for were it not for that, every cowardly fellow would turn pirate, and the seas would be so infested by them, that men of courage would starve. If it were put to the choice of pirates, they would not be punished with less than death, the fear of which keeps some dastardly rogues HONEST. Many WHO are now defrauding widdows and ORPHANS, and oppressing THEIR POOR NEIGHBORS, WHO HAVE no money to obtain justice, would

otherwise rob at sea, and the ocean would be crowded with rogues, like the land."

However, it is possible that she might have been eventually pardoned, had she not died in prison of a violent fever.

As for Ann Bonny, many gentlemen planters of Jamaica were acquainted with her father, whom they had trafficked with, and regarded as a man of good reputation. Some even remembered having seen her at his house in the Carolinas, and were therefore inclined to show her favor. Thus after a long imprisonment, and various reprieves, she escaped the gibbet; but what became of her afterwards is unknown.

The day her paramour, Rackam, was executed, and to be hung in chains, he was admitted, by special favor, to an interview with her; but little balm of consolation did she administer.

"I am sorry to see you here," said she with an unrelenting expression of countenance, "if you had fought, like a man, you need not now have died, like a dog."

THE YEOMAN OF POMFRET.

CHAPTER XV.

"——— And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglass in his hall?"

On the high way from Boston to Hartford, lies the rugged, little, country town of Pomfret. Elevated into an apparently mountainous region, sparsely settled and from its inland and remote locality, cut off in a measure from the intercourse of the bustling world, its name probably would never have been heard beyond the confines of Connecticut, had it not been the residence of the celebrated General Putnam, and the scene of one of his most renowned exploits; for to this day, the curious traveller who may chance to wander to so wild and unfrequented a spot, is wont to visit the ruins of the den, where the General fought the Wolf.

Israel Putnam, one of the earliest and most valorous characters in the history of New England, or the sister States, was born at old Salem, in 1718, and like other farmers' sons of that time, received only a com-

mon school education, consisting of reading, writing and arithmetic. But he soon began to develop a more than ordinary character, being laconic in expression, strong in body, and courageous in spirit. Before the 21st year of his age, he married a Miss Pope, and immediately emigrated Westward-Ho, to the wilderness of Pomfret, where in course of time he raised ten children.

Here, he soon became a thrifty farmer, though at first he suffered considerably from wild beasts, a kind of annoyance which the present New-Englander may smile at, though some may still remember, as the writer verily can, that among the greatest terrors of his childhood, was the apprehension of being caught by bears, if he went out to play of a Sunday. In one night, Putnam lost 70 fine sheep and goats, by a ferocious Wolf, that with her annual whelps had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too wise for them; on being closely pursued, she would commonly fly to the Western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

At length she became such an intolerable nuisance, and Putnam was so out of patience with her, that he entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately, till they should destroy her. Two in rotation were to be in pursuit continually.

At this juncture, they were favored by a light snow, and as the Wolf had lost the toes of one paw in a trap, they could easily follow her. Thus she was traced to Connecticut river, and back again; and by ten o' clock the next morning, the blood hounds had driven her into a den about three miles from Putnam's house.

The husbandmen soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and brimstone, to besiege the common enemy in her strong hold; for the den was so artfully located, that they could not dig her out. Various efforts were made to force her out, but unsuccessfully. The hounds came back from the entrance badly wounded, and refused to return; the smoke of blazing straw had no effect, nor could the fumes of brimstone with which the cavern was filled, induce the wary beast to leave it.

What was to be done? It was now ten o' clock at night, and the yeomen began to grow weary, doubtful and despairing. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he then asked his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the Wolf. Sooty declined the hazardous undertaking. Nettled by so many disappointments, and declaring, that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, Putnam resolved to enter the den himself, lest the Wolf should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock.

His neighbors strongly remonstrated; but he persisted, and knowing that wild animals are intimidated by fire, he provided several strips of birch bark to

serve as a torch, and prepared for the descent. Accordingly having taken off his coat and vest, and fastened a long rope about his ancles, whereby he might be drawn back at a concerted signal, he entered headforemost with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den was on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, and about two feet in diameter. Thence he found it descend obliquely 15 feet, then to run horizontally about 10 feet, then to ascend gradually 16 feet towards its termination; enclosed on all sides by the solid rock, and in no place high enough for a man to stand upright.

Having groped his way along to the bottom of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch; it was silent as the house of death; none but monsters of the desert had before explored that solitary mansion. He cautiously proceeded, and came to the ascent, which he slowly clomb on his hands and knees, till he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the Wolf sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. Awed no doubt by the stern countenance before him; Putnam kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out; and the men above, who had listened with painful anxiety, on hearing the growl of the Wolf, supposed their friend in the utmost danger, and drew him forth with such violence, that his linnen was turned over his head, and his skin severely torn.

ges, where he stopped to refresh himself from his canteen, but found that the enemy had pierced it with their balls, and every drop of liquor had run out. His blanket also had 14 bullet-holes in it.

On another occasion, the barracks of fort Edward took fire, and the flames extended to within 12 feet of the magazine, which contained 300 barrels of powder. The fire raged, and the Commandant vainly discharged his heavy artillery against the flight of barracks in order to level them to the ground. Putnam arrived at the moment the blaze was flashing towards the magazine in spite of every effort, and a line of soldiers handing water from the river through a postern gate.

Putnam sprang upon a ladder, and at the eaves of the barracks, received and threw water on the flames. Still they increased, and he stood enveloped in smoke so near the sheet of fire, that a pair of thick mittens were entirely burnt from his hands; he was supplied with another pair dipped in water; but the Commandant, fearing that he would perish in the flames, bade him come down. Putnam declined the invitation, and finally the Commandant was so astonished and charmed at his intrepidity, that he forbade any more effects to be carried out of the fort, and animated his men to redoubled exertions.

"If we must be blown up," he exclaimed, "we will all go together!"

At last, as the barrack walls were about tumbling down, Putnam descended from the ladder, but with-

out intermission of effort, hurling bucket after bucketfull on the magazine, whose outer planks were already consumed; and as only one thickness of timber intervened between the fire and powder, the trepidation became general and extreme. Yet still undaunted, though covered with a cloud of cinders, and scorched by the intensity of the heat, he maintained his position till the fire subsided, and the danger was over.

He had contended an hour and a half with that terrible element; his legs, arms and face were blistered; and when he pulled off his second pair of mittens, the skin followed them from his hands and fingers. It was a month before he recovered.

Not long after, he fell into like peril from another element. He happened one day to lie with a batteau and five men on the eastern shore of the Hudson, just above the rapids where fort Miller stood. Suddenly, his men on the other bank gave him to understand, that a large body of Indians in ambush were just upon him. To stay and be sacrificed, attempt to cross the river and be shot, or to slide down the falls with almost a certainty of being drowned, were the only alternatives that presented themselves at this direful crisis. Nor was there time for meditation; quickly, the balls of the Indians came whistling on, and as speedily, was the batteau thrust from the shore, and borne down by the rapidity of the current beyond the reach of gun-shot.

But death in another form seemed to stare them in the face, for they were on the brink of the thundering rapids. Prominent rocks, latent shelves, whirling eddies, and abrupt descents, for a quarter of a mile, afforded scarcely a hope of escape. But trusting to a good providence, rather than to the merciless Redmen, Putnam placed himself sedately at the helm, and afforded an astonishing spectacle of composure; as in those lines on the Indian chieftain;

Be it so, cried the warrior taking his seat,
And folding his bow to his breast,
Let the cateract shroud my pale corse in its sheet
And its roar lull my spirit to rest.
The prospect of death with the brave I have borne
I shrink not to meet it alone.
I often have faced him, when hope was folorn,
I fear not to meet him with none.

His companions with a mixture of terror and admiration saw him incessantly changing his course to avoid the jaws of ruin, that seemed to be opening to swallow the tossing batteau. Twice he turned it fairly round to shun the foaming rocks; at one moment, the sides of the boat were exposed to the fury of the eddying waves, then the stern; then the prow glanced obliquely onward with inconceivable velocity.

Meanwhile, the Indians above stood gazing after them in amazement; now they saw the venturous bark mounting the billows, then plunging abruptly down; again veering skillfully from the breakers and shooting through the only narrow passage, and at last safely gliding on the smooth surface of the river below.

But their superstitious regard for one so providentially preserved did not skreen him from their clutches soon after, when no escape was possible.

CHAPTER XVII.

Fortune is not to be tempted too far with impunity; a sad reverse and some dark clouds are about to close over the Yeoman of Pomfret.

He happened to fall into another ambuscade, and immediately faced the rising foe. Inspired by his example, his men behaved with much bravery, fighting sometimes aggregately in open view, sometimes seperately behind trees. Putnam discharged his fuzee several times, till at last it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well formed savage, who instantly sprang forward with a tremenduous whoop and lifted tomahawk. Probably for want of a suitable weapon, he was compelled to surrender; the savage disarmed, and bound him fast to a tree, and then returned to the battle.

Thus disgracefully bound between the warring parties, the bullets flew incessantly from side to side, some striking the tree, and passing through the skirts and sleeves of his coat. Here he remained above an hour unable to move his body or stir his head. Once a young savage came up, and endeavored to excite him

terrors by hurling a tomahawk at his head, or rather as near to it as possible without hitting: the weapon struck into the tree several times within a hair's breadth. A French officer then came up, and levelling a fusee within a foot of his breast, snapped, but missed fire. Putnam remonstrated, and entreated for mercy; but deaf to the call of honor or humanity, the ruffian answered with a rough blow on the face from the butt of his musket.

He was afterwards unbound by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he was now taught to call his master. He was also divested of the greater part of his clothing, and loaded with as many packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him, while his wrists were tied as close together as they could be drawn with a cord, insomuch that his hands swelled, and the pain became intolerable. Thus he had to march for many a tedious mile, and through no pleasant paths, till his feet became so scratched, that the blood trickled from them.

Oppressed by his burden and frantic with torture, he at last entreated an Irish interpreter to implore as the last and only grace he desired of the savages, that they would loosen his hands, or knock him on the head at once and take his scalp. A French officer immediately interposed, and ordered his hands to be loosened, and some of the packs to be taken from his shoulders; a pair of moccasons were also given him.

This however was only a respite. On reaching the Indian camp, it was determined to roast him alive

For this purpose, he was led into a dark forest, where he was divested of all raiment, and bound to a tree. Dry boughs and other fuel were then piled in a circle round him; and these preparations were accompanied as if for his funeral dirge, with horrid screams & other sounds that could be raised only by savage voices.

The brush was set on fire. A sudden shower, as if providentially, quenched the rising flame. Again it was enkindled, and the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Putnam began to feel the scorching heat, and not being so confined but he could move his body, often changed sides as the fire approached. This afforded the highest diversion to his wanton tormenters, who manifested the delirium of their joy by corresponding yells, dances, and gesticulations.

The wretched sufferer thought his last hour had come, and he was never again to visit his rural home, or see the affectionate partner of his soul, and their playful children;— when suddenly, a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim, severely reprimanding the barbarians, whose nocturnal Powwows and infernal orgies he soon put an end to.

And now we find him at Montreal, where Schuyler, an English Colonel, heard of his captivity, and hastened to his rescue. Putnam was found in a comfortless situation truly, without a coat, vest, or hose, and

what clothing he had was miserably dirty and ragged, his beard long, his legs torn by thorns and briars, his face gashed with wounds and swollen with bruises. By his interest with the government, the Colonel procured his release, and gave him an opportunity of returning home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"We have tales for the grave and the gay,
And some, like the bag of the bee,
Bear the honey that many a day,
We have gathered from flower and tree."

About the same time, Col, Schuyler was the deliverer of another celebrated captive, the beautiful, though unfortunate Mrs Howe.

It was at fort Dummer, in 1756, that her husband was slain, with a part of the garrison, and herself led away into captivity with seven children. During her consequent rambles, she was frequently on the point of perishing with hunger, and often subjected to hardships seemingly intolerable for one of so delicate frame. Her Indian captors selected some of their young men to marry her daughters, but the fright and disgust which the intelligence gave the poor damsels,

added greatly to the sorrows and perplexities of the mother. To prevent the horrid connection, she found means to present a petition to the French governor, that her daughters might be received into a convent, in order to secure the salvation of their souls; and the prayer was granted.

Her remaining children were torn from her fond embraces, and carried many hundred miles from each other, into the farthest recesses of Canada; while the insufferable pangs of division, and idea of eternal seperation planted the arrows of despair deeply in her soul. She was herself bought of the Indians by an elderly French officer, for 400 livres. He had a son also who held a commission, and resided with his father; and during her continuance in the same house with them, at St Johns, the double attachment of father and son, though now in the autumn of her graces, rendered her situation extremely annoying.

It is true, the calmness of age delighted to gaze respectfully on her beauty; but the impetuosity of youth was fired to madness at the sight of her charms. One day the young officer, whose attention for a long time had been lavished upon her in vain, on finding her alone in a chamber, forcibly seized her hand, and seriously declared, that he would gratify the passion she had so long refused to indulge. She recurred to entreaties, struggles, and tears; but he in the delirium of vexation and desire, snatched up a dagger, and declared, that he would put an end to her life if she persisted.

"That is what I most ardently wish," said she heroically assuming the dignity of conscious virtue, "I beg you to plunge that poignard to my heart, for the mutual importunities and jealousies of such rivals have rendered my life, though innocent, more intolerable than death itself."

Struck with a momentary compunction, he seemed to relent, and availing herself of his indecision, she made her escape down stairs, and in her disordered state, told the whole to his father, who for the future allotted her a part of his wife's chamber. The affair also reached the Governor's ears, and the young officer was soon after sent on a tour of duty to Detroit.

Still the fair captive dreaded his return, and hearing of Col Schuyler, who was then on his way from Quebec to Jersey under a parole for a limited time, she hastened to him with trembling steps, and told him with artless simplicity all the story of her woes. However her delicate aspect was heightened to a glowing blush through fear of offending by her importunity, or transgressing the rules of propriety in relating the latter part of her history. Immediately the Colonel became her protector, and sought her release. And though her French master demanded 1000 livres for her ransom, by his interest with the governor, he obtained it for 400; nor did he cease, till all her children but those in the convent were restored to her, though it was not until some time afterwards.

Thus the Yeoman of Pomfret and the beautiful captive met at the house of the Colonel. She was still

young and handsome, though she had two daughters of marriageable age. Distress however had taken somewhat from her original bloom, and added a soft paleness to her cheeks, but it only rendered her appearance the more interesting; nor was the natural sweetness of her temper soured by despondency, but chastened into humility and resignation.

She was committed to the protection of Putnam, and they set off for the Colonies just as the young officer returned from Detroit. His passion had rather encreased than abated during his absence; he pursued her wherever she went, and though he could make no advances in her affection, he seemed resolved to carry his point by perseverance. Terrified by his obstinacy, Mrs Howe was obliged to keep near her protector continually, who informed the officer, that he should guard her at the risk of his life. He followed them to lake Champlain, and when the boat in which Mrs Howe embarked had pushed from the shore, he leapt into the water, and swum after her. Whether he perished in the waves, or returned to the shore, and got the better of his wayward and headstrong inclinations is unknown; but it is averred that his passion was such, that when speaking of her, the blood would frequently gush from his nostrils.

CHAPTER XIX.

The French war was now at an end. Wolf fell at Quebec, and Canada was acquired by the English.

Putnam had been ten years a soldier, and seen extraordinary service; he had been raised from a captain to a Colonel, but now laid aside the sword for the pruning-hook, and returned to his farm at Pomfret. His character stood fair in the public view, for courage, integrity, and patriotism; and he was sometimes sent as a representative to the Colonial parliament, or General Assembly. Soon however the dispute broke out with England, & being asked what part he should take if hostilities succeeded,

"With my country," he replied, "whatever be the consequence."

"But," says another, "do not you who have been a witness of the power and effect of the British fleets and armies, think them equal to the conquest of a country that owns not a single ship, or magazine?"

"I can only say," he replied, "that justice would be on our side, and the event with providence; but I reckon, that if it required six years to conquer such a feeble country as Canada, it would take a long time to overcome these widely extended Colonies; and when

men fight for every thing dear in what they believe to be the most sacred of all causes, they will have great advantages over the enemy."

"But do you not think," he was again asked, "that a well appointed British army of 5000 veterans could march through all America?"

"No doubt," he promptly answered, "if they behaved civilly, and paid for every thing they wanted, otherwise the very women with their ladles and broomsticks would knock them on the head before they had got half way."

Putnam figured valiantly in the coming struggle; He became "the Honorable Major General," and next in rank to Washington. At New York, he patronised a project, which, though it failed, was intended to blow up the enemy's shipping. A magazine of powder was meant to be attached, by means of a sort of diving bell to the ship-bottoms; the explosion merely threw a vast column of water into the air, leaving many to wonder at the cause.

But it did not excite so much alarm as a like event at Philadelphia, called the Battle of the Kegs. This comical affair took place about Christmas time in 1777 when a certain machinist committed a parcel of kegs of powder to the current of the Delaware, intending, that they should fall on the British fleet below, a slow match being attached to them. However, being retarded and seperated by the ice, this squadron of

demolished only a single boat; but their mysterious, unlooked-for, and successive explosions produced an alarm unprecedented in its nature. Whence that facetious ballad of which the following is a part.

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things to tell, that of late befel
In Philadelphia city.
'T was early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.
As in a maze, he stood to gaze,
The truth is not deni'd, sir,

He saw a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.
The soldier flew, and sailors too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir,
Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted,
And some ran here, and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.
Some fire cried, which some deni'd,
But said the earth had quaked,

And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half naked.
The rebel vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

We pass over the deeds of Putnam in the revolutionary war, because they belong to history rather than to romance. Suffice it to say, that in 1779, when about 61 years of age, he was gradually smitten with

of which he finally died.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINEER.

CHAPTER XX.

The Old French war, as it is called in America, served as a school in which our ancestors learned the art of arms, of contest and rebellion; and by the long resistance of Canada, they had the means of estimating their own strength. Having then given a tale connected with the earlier struggle, we shall add another sketch more involved in that following war, from which this nation rose into existence, as a Sphinx from its ashes, or as the nullifier will have it, this holy alliance of confederate nations.

Some fiction has been mingled with that strongly marked and rugged character, Ethan Allen, the revolutionary hero of the Green Mountain Boys. The account of him in that generally interesting work, American Anecdotes, is mostly fictitious. The following sketch is from his own Memoirs, penned by his own hand.*

At the earliest rupture of the revolutionary contest, Colonel E. Allen of Bennington, Vt. received directions from Connecticut to raise the Green Mountain Boys, and if possible, to surprise and take the British fortress of Ticonderoga.

* Narrative of Col. E. Allen's Captivity. Walpole.

Allen cheerfully undertook the enterprise, and having guarded the several passes which led to that garrison, to cut off the means of intelligence, he made a forced march, and arrived at the lake, opposite Ticonderoga, on the evening of May, 9, 1775, with 230 men. After much difficulty in procuring boats, to cross the lake, he at last succeeded in landing 83 men near the fortress; when as day began to dawn, he could no longer wait for the remainder, but immediately addressed the troops as follows.

"Friends and fellow soldiers! you have for a number of years been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, as it appears by the orders sent to me from the Assembly of Connecticut to surprise und take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance, and conduct you through the wicket gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes. And as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it upon any one against his will. You that will undertake voluntarily poise your fire-locks."

The men were drawn up in three ranks, and all poised their muskets. 'Right face!' says Allen, and at the head of the centre-file, marched them directly to the wicket gate, where a sentinel immediately snapped a fusee at him. Allen ran towards him, when retreating through a covered way into the garrison, he

gave a halloo! and ran under a bomb-proof. The Mountaineers rushed into the fort after their leader, who ranged them on the parade opposite the barracks, which contained the soldiery, when they gave three cheers. Allen then attacked a sentinel who was charging bayonet upon them, but who was soon willing to ask quarter, and point to the outer stair-way that led to the commandant's room. Allen immediately repaired thither, and ordered him, Capt De la Place, to come forth directly and surrender the garrison, if he would not have it sacrificed.

The astonished commandant went immediately to the door with his pantaloons in his hand, and inquired by what authority that demand was made.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" gruffly answered the Green Mountaineer.

The authority of Congress being very little known at that time, the commandant began to speak again, but was immediately interrupted by an iteration of the demand, and a drawn sword gleaming over his head. He therefore concluded to parade his staring soldiery without arms, and make a due surrender.

Thus about 50 men and 100 pieces of cannon enriched the first revolutionary conquest of our ancestors. The sun arose brilliantly, and Ticonderoga echoed to the wassail-rout of its new masters.

The rear guard had by this time arrived, and Allen immediately sent them to seize Crown Point, which

was effected the same day, with the capture of 12 men and 100 pieces of cannon. Nothing now remained but a sloop of war lying at St Johns, to impede the intire conquest of Lake Champlain. Accordingly it was soon agreed in a council of war, that with the assistance of Capt Arnold and a schooner that lay at South-Bay, they should proceed in a batteaux and attack the sloop. They did so; and upon the same day the banners of the rebels waved triumphantly over the beautiful Lake of Champlain.

CHAPTER XXI.

'On his dark face a scorching clime
And toil had done the work of time,
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bar'd,
And sable hairs with silver shar'd;
Yet left what age alone could tame,
The lip of pride, the eye of flame,
The full drawn lip that upward curl'd,
The eye that seem'd to scorn the world.'

The brilliant train of success which had been rapidly achieved by the Green Mountain Boys not only encouraged the rousing Colonists, but inspired Col Allen to undertake a far more hazardous attempt in the following autumn. After joining the army of Montgomery, he was sent to pioneer, and gain the Canadians, when his colleague, Col Brown, proposed, that [redacted] signalise themselves by the surprise and capture of Montreal, though with only 300 men.

Accordingly, on the night appointed, Allen boldly crossed the St Lawrence with 110 men, but this required three trips, for want of canoes, so that most of the night had been consumed, and day began to dawn. Allen therefore arranged his men in due order, and awaited the signal of Brown from the other side of the isle, who was simultaneously to have crossed thither on the south; when at the sign of three huzzas, Montreal was to be entered on either side, and bow to the arm of the rebels.

But alas! the listening ear was bent in vain; every moment seemed an hour, every rustling of the leaf or ebbing wave was heard, every moving cart that gave note of the awakening din of the city, but no cheerful huzza came reverberating over the island, to reecho back from a hundred voices, held like the armed thousand in the wooden horse of Troy, and eager to burst forth as grey hounds from the slip.

And now the sun was nearly two hours high; from whatever cause, no Brown was at hand; and Allen would have gladly retraced his steps; but this could not be done without a discovery that would occasion the sacrifice of all who did not escape in the first trip. He therefore resolved to maintain his post, after dispatching two messengers, one to Brown's encampment, the other to Assumption, in quest of aid.

But a discovery inevitably followed after a little

time, which threw the unsuspecting city into a marvelous ferment. The royal party were about to flee for refuge into their ships of war, but on learning the weakness and quiescence of the invaders, they poured out 500 men upon them.

"Stand," said Allen to his party with the greatest seeming assurance, "we shall soon have help— let us keep our ground, if no more."

The attack commenced from behind buildings, ditches, and wood-piles, and was answered in like manner. But on gaining courage, the 500 began to wheel a portion of their forces, to out-flank and surround the valiant handful. To counteract this manœuvre, Allen ordered 50 of his men, who were Canadians, to a ditch on the right; but no sooner had they gained the distance, than they treacherously fled over to the enemy, and their example was followed by another detachment on the left; so that our hero was left with only 45 of his own countrymen, around whom the enemy were fast closing.

Still he would not surrender; though it must be acknowledged, that the reckless invader began to show a light pair of heels, such as he had often cast up in the chase on his native hills. They ran about a mile but the St Lawrence then rolled its billows against them, and the isle of Montreal presented no outlet of refuge to their desiring eyes.

"In fine," says Allen, for he was hotly pursued,

"I expected in a short time to try the world of spirits; for I was apprehensive that no quarter would be given me, and therefore had determined to sell my life as dearly as I could. One of the enemy's officers boldly pressing in the rear discharged his fusee at me; the ball whistled near me, as did many others that day. I returned the salute, and missed him, as running had put us both out of breath, for I conclude we were not frightened. I then saluted him with my tongue, in a harsh manner, and told him that since his numbers were so far superior to mine, I would surrender, provided I could be treated with honor, and be assured of good quarter for myself and my men. He answered, it should be so; and another officer coming up confirmed the treaty. I then ordered my party to ground their arms, which they did. The officer then directed me and my party to advance towards him, which was done. I handed him my sword; and in half a minute after, a savage, part of whose head was shaved, being almost naked and painted, with feathers interspersed with the hair on the other side of the head, came running towards me with incredible swiftness. He seemed to advance with more than mortal speed; and as he approached, his hellish visage was beyond all description. Snakes' eyes were innocent in comparison to his; his features distorted— malice, death, murder, & the wrath of devils & damned spirits are the emblems of his countenance. And in less than 12 feet of me, he presented his firelock. Instantly, I twitched the of-

ficer, to whom I had given my sword, between me and the savage, who then flew round with great fury to get a shot at me without killing him. However, by this time I was nearly as nimble as he, keeping the officer in such a position, that his danger was my defence. But in less than half a minute, I was attacked by just such another imp of hell. Then I made the officer revolve for a few seconds with incredible velocity, when I perceived a one-eyed Canadian taking my part against the savages, and quickly an Irishman came to my assistance with a fixed bayonet, and drove away the fiends, s——— by Jasus he would kill them. This tragic scene composed my mind: the escaping from so awful a death made even imprisonment happy."

On reaching the barrack-yard in Montreal, the English general asked him, if he was that Col Allen, who took Ticonderoga, and as he promptly answered in the affirmative, shook a cane over his head, and called him, Rebel, with many other hard names; but Allen bluntly shook his massy fist, and observed, 'that was the beetle of mortality for him, if he attempted to strike.' The General then ordered a seargent's command to come forward with fixed bayonets, and dispatch the 13 Canadians, who had still remained with the Rebel. The wretches accordingly fell to wringing their hands and saying their prayers. But Allen heroically stepped between them and the executioners, tore open his vest, and bade them sheath the

bayonet in his breast, for he was the sole cause of their taking up arms. The Guard hesitated, and rolled their eyes to the General, as if waiting his decision. The General paused, and then replied,

"I will not execute you now, but you shall grace a halter at Tyburn, —— d—— you."

The prisoners were then hand-cuffed, and shackled together in pairs, and sent aboard different vessels in the river. Allen in addition had leg-irons put on him of 30 pounds' weight; the bar was 8 feet long. Thus he was cast into the lowest part of the hold, where he could not lie down except on his back, though he afterwards obtained the favor of a chest to sit on, and some little blocks to place under the ends of the bar to keep his 'ancles from galling.'

CHAPTER XXII.

He paus'd, and stretching him at length
Seem'd to repose his bulky strength.
Communing with his secret mind,
As half he sat, and half reclin'd,
One ample hand his forehead press'd,
And one was dropp'd across his breast.
The shaggy eyebrows deeper came
Above his eyes of swarthy flame;
His lip of pride awhile forbore
The haughty curve till then it wore;

The unaltered fierceness of his look
A shade of darken'd sadness took;
And when he spoke, his wonted tone,
So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone. ROKEBY.

Yes, our ancestors lost a hardy man for the revolutionary contest by the rough adventure which cost the liberty of the Green Mountaineer. It was a blighting mildew that came over the bloom of his hopes, and extinguished the rising flame of his glory. It is no wonder then, under such a reverse, if he was sometimes misgiving, then impatient, or extravagant.

Indeed, says he, "I occasionally threw out plenty of extravagant language, which answered certain purposes at that time better than to grace a history. For instance, on being insulted, in a fit of anger, I twisted off a ten-penny nail with my teeth, that went through the mortise of the bar of my handcuff; and at the same time I swaggered over those who abused me, throwing forth such a flood of language, as shocked the bystanders, for my anger was very great." Nor was it safe to come within the swing of his chains, as more than one learned from solid experience.

Thus he lay about six weeks. He was then taken to another vessel that lay off Quebec, and carried to England with 34 others, all hand-cuffed, and thickly stowed in a dark and narrow hold, with two ——— tubs, the flavor of which and confined air, (could we

have a worse picture of h--l?) produced a general sickness among them. They were also mocked and insulted.

In 40 days, he arrived at Falmouth, and cut a queer figure before the crowding citizens on his way to a neighboring castle. For he had been taken in a Canadian dress, consisting of a short fawn-skin jacket, vest and breeches of Sagathy, worsted stockings, and a red worsted cap. It is not so wonderful then, that many spectators thronged to the castle of Pendennis, as if to behold a caravan of wild and foreign animals.

"I have come 50 miles to see you," says one, "prithee, what has been your occupation in life?"

"In my younger days," answered Allen, "I studied divinity; bnt I am a conjurer by profession."

"Aha! you conjured wrong then at the time you was taken."

"I must confess it, for we sometimes mistake a figure, but I conjured you out of Ticonderoga."

He was occasionally released from close confinement, and had the liberty of a spacious green or parade, around which visiters of all kinds, gentry and even ladies, leaned to behold and hear him expatiate on American freedom, Uncle Sam, and Brother Jonathan.

But instead of gracing a halter at Tyburn, of which he had some lurking apprehension, Allen was at last [redacted]ed to Cork, on board a frigate, where he re

ed some attention from the Irish. Thence he was tossed into the bay of Biscay by a furious storm, that seems to have frightened his keepers into better usage of their prisoners. Returning over the Atlantic, he was confined at Halifax and N. York, where he witnessed the sufferings of the American prisoners taken at Long Island in Aug. 1776.

"I have gone into the CHURCHES," says he, "where they were crowded together, and environed by Hessian guards; and I have seen some of them in the agonies of death for very hunger, others speechless and near death, biting pieces of chips, others pleading for something to eat for God's sake, and at the same time shivering with the cold. Hollow groans saluted my ears, and despair seemed to be impressed on every countenance. The filth in these churches in consequence of —— was almost beyond description. The floors were covered with —— and I have seen seven lying dead at the same time, among the —— of their bodies. The dead were usually conveyed away in carts to be slightly buried, and I have seen gangs of tories exulting at the spectacle."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It is astonishing that any Christian people who have the least regard for the religion they profess, should so desecrate their temples; but in this war, churches were frequently converted not only into prisons, but even, STABLES! Can we find a parallel in Pagan history? Had not the Heathen a greater regard for religion? With them, the horns of the altar was a place of refuge for those very subjects, which here, on that very spot, were so foully ground into the dust! Could the Goth, Vandal, or Musselman, the greatest enemy of the Christian name, vent a keener sarcasm on our religion? But the English are as moral, civilized and Christian as any other nation. How then are we to solve the enigma? Modern Christianity is sustained by political means, established forms, and external circumstance, rather than by the original, unadulterated truth, and a reverence for the thing itself. Break down this worldly circumstance, and our churches would be broken down, or converted into barns. Not that the Christian world is more degenerate than the rest of the world, but merely because it is a world, while the original institution is most evidently what its founder declared it to be, NOT OF THE WORLD. It was designed only for those comparatively few in the world, who are "weary and heavy-laden," who are satiated, and would be done, with the world, and look forward to another and a better world.

comforter, of patch-work indeed, but verily substantial.

Mary Baker was a beautiful, though unfortunate, young woman of Connecticut,* the daughter of a reputable mechanic, soberly, religiously brought up, and educated not only in the ordinary learning of common schools, but in the useful and domestic duties of life. She gave early proofs of a superior understanding, to which she added that female grace and captivating softness of manners, in which the charm of woman principally consists.

However, it was her misfortune to form an acquaintance with an agreeable young man, the son of a certain majistrate of her native town. An intimacy quickly followed, and few readers between the ages of 18 & 36 need be told how naturally such an intimacy may wax into a softer name. But they met with the usual difficulties of love, arising from inequality of condition. The base pride of his parents was offended, and the anxiety of hers augmented, on discovering that her affections were fixed on one, whose family would never consent to their union, whose passions were violent, and his character unformed. Yet the frequent remonstrances of their parents only served to render the young couple more dilligent in contriving assignations, and to enhance the value of those precious moments, they passed by stealth in each other's society. But it is not our business to hang on minutes passed over in sinful rapture and remembered to re-

* N. York Magazine, for 1795.

gret; suffice it to say, he promised marriage, and she was undone.

Rejected by her relations, perfidiously forsaken by her betrayer, enceinte without fame, and without a friend, the toil of ——— was added to her other sufferings, and hissing infamy proclaimed the rest. Alas, unhappy maiden! thine was a misfortune, which, though bad enough in any age, was in those Puritanical days reckoned worse than the grave.

And now the imperious demands of pecuniary want began to rise in dreadful array before her failing eyes; those who had supported her through her recent trials became clamorous in their demands; she could hardly obtain the least employment of any kind; nor was there perhaps any other way in which she could possibly sustain herself except by a repetition of her sin. At any rate, her personal beauty remaining unimpaired, she attracted the loose attention of a neighboring trader, and she, who so lately was the darling of her family, doated on by a lover, looked up to and respected for her virtues and good sense by all her acquaintance, became an outcast from society, the ridicule and contempt of many with less virtue, but more prudence than herself. Alas, there is much to palliate the sin of nature, and the compassion of Jesus on the penitent Magdalen shows how many there are, and have been, of that character, who are yet susceptible of better things.

But New England was then the Hot-house of Calvinism, and whatever Irving has told us of the days of 'bundling,' we may at the present time wonder at the sternness of its regulations on the present subject. Such conduct could not be passed over with impunity; in consequence of her natural children, Mary Baker suffered imprisonment, fines, and, horrible tell, even, whipping. Meanwhile, it so happened that her seducer ascended the judicial bench, and perhaps voluntarily she was to appear in court before him, when she resolved boldly and candidly to plead her own cause, and tell her story to the world. Experience gave her confidence, and a consciousness of innocence under the accumulated wrongs she had suffered inspired her with meekness and fortitude. Well might that ill-deserving judge, who was worthy alone of her degradation, quail at the expected interview. How could he meet her face to face in a court of justice, much less than to sit in judgment upon her? He did quail; he absented himself; his seat on that day was found empty. But Mary Baker was there, and craving permission of the bench to speak a few words, surprised her hearers by the following address, which was taken down in short hand by a person on the spot, and is perhaps without a parallel.

"I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, and find it very difficult to get a tolerable livelihood. I shall not trouble your

Honors with long speeches, for I have not the presumption to expect, that you will deviate from the sentence of the law in my favor. All I humbly hope is, that your Honors would charitably move the governor in my behalf to remit the fine. It is not, I confess, the first time I have been dragged before this court on the same account; I have paid heavy fines; I have been brought to public punishment. I do not deny, that this is according to law, but since some laws are repealed from their unreasonableness, and a power remains of dispensing with others from their severity, I take the liberty to say, that the act, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable, and in my case particularly severe. I have always led an inoffensive life in the neighborhood where I was born. I defy my enemies, if I have any, to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. I cannot conceive my offence to be of so unpardonable a nature as the law considers it. I have brought several fine children into the world at the risk of my life; I have maintained them by my own industry, without burdening the township; though I should have done it better, but for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it in the nature of things be a crime to add to the number of the king's subjects in a new country that really wants peopling? I own I should think it a praise worthy rather than a punishable action. I have deprived no woman of her husband; I have debauched or enticed no apprentice; nor can a parent accuse me of seducing a son. None

have any cause of complaint against me but the minister and justice, who lose their fees in consequence of my ——— out of wedlock. But I appeal to your Honors, if this be a fault of *mine*; you have often been pleased to say that I do not want sense, but I must be very stupid indeed, not to prefer the honorable state of marriage to that condition in which I have lived. I always was, and still am, willing to enter into it, and I believe most who know me will grant, that I am not deficient in the necessary qualifications of a wife, as well as a mother, sobriety, industry, neatness, frugality. I never refused an offer of this kind; on the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that was ever made to me. I was then a virgin, and confiding too readily in the sincerity of the person who made it, unhappily lost my own honor by trusting to his. After yielding to him all that woman can give, he ungenerously forsook me. He is well known to you all, and since that time has become a magistrate. Indeed, I was not without a hope, that he would this day have appeared on the bench, and tried to moderate the court in my favor. I should then have scorned this mention; now I cannot but complain of harsh and unjust usage, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my failings, should be advanced to honor and power by that government which punishes my misfortunes with infamy and stripes. But you will tell me what I have often been told, that were there no act of Assembly in the case,

I have violated the precepts of religion. But if mine be a religious offence, leave it to a religious punishment. You believe I have offended heaven, and shall suffer everlasting punishment; why then will you increase my misery by additional fines and whippings? I confess that on this subject I do not think as you do, but your Honors will forgive me, I hope, if I speak a little extravagantly. I am no divine; but if gentlemen must be making laws, they should not by their prohibitions turn natural and useful actions into crimes. It would rather become them to take into consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in this country, many of whom from the mean fear of the expense of a family never sincerely and honorably courted a woman in their lives. By their manner of living, they leave unproduced, which is little better than murder, hundreds of their posterity to a thousand generations. Is not this a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them by law either to marry or pay double the fine of fornication every year. What can poor young women do? custom forbids their making overtures to men; they cannot, however heartily they may wish it, get married when they please; the laws take no care to provide them husbands, but severely punish them, if they do their duty without them; a duty inculcated by the first and great command, Increase and Multiply; a

duty from the steady performance of which nothing has been able to deter me, though I have hazarded by it the loss of public esteem, and have frequently endured disgrace and punishment."

The appeal was too powerful to lose its effect. Her judges and all present were moved by the affecting circumstances of her case; she was discharged without punishment; and a handsome collection was immediately raised for her in Court.

Nor was this all; her original seducer, the absent judge, whether from the instance of the public, compunction, or the latent seeds of an affection which had been suppressed but never eradicated, married her soon after. Happy issue of her misfortunes! Worthy, magnanimous act of the guilty magistrate! who m she is said to have made a good and faithful wife.

Her speech alone is enough to immortalise her, as a true Blue, whether we add, Stocking, or no. And in Mary Baker, the shores of Vespucci have produced a name, which may go down to posterity along with those of Mary Woolstencraft and Frances Wright.

THE RED SKINS.

CHAPTER XXV.

Savages we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility; they think the same of theirs. DR FRANKLIN.

THE Indian character forms one of the most peculiar traits of American history, that extensive and remarkable race which but a few centuries ago lined the winding shores of Vespucci, infested every hill and dale, and spread over the wide fields of the Western Hemisphere. What a novel spectacle they presented to the gazing hordes of civilized barbarians who came to displace them! How unlike every thing of the savage kind before observed! The savages of the Old World, the African, Hottentot, Laplander, Tartar, Kamtschatdale, are all physically as well morally inferior to the rest of the human family; but here stood the noble Red Man, tall, upright, of symmetrical form and feature, despising the drudgeries of labor or servitude, and bounding through his native woods with the lightness of the doe; a race of chivalric deed, of song and dance, of heroic fortitude, careless freedom,

sublime credulity; a race far more romantic than the long-sung Highlander of Scotia's barren hills; a race that may perhaps be ranked the first in the scale of nature's productions. It is no wonder then, that they have attracted, and continue to attract much attention, though the time has not yet come for a full developement of their character. Much may be expected from the labors of the Pennsylvanian artist, Mr Catlin, who is now taking a wide circuit among them, with his pencil in hand, and means to open an Aboriginal Museum. Meanwhile, I will give a few less graphic sketches in as many succeeding chapters.

The story of Inkle and Yarico from the pen of Addison is mostly fictitious; the following appear to be the only facts on which it is founded.

The Indians, says Ligon,* are very active men, and apt to learn any thing much sooner than the negros, and are as different from them in shape and color. Clothes they scorn to wear, especially if they be well shaped, or excepting an apron with a fringe of blue and smooth shells. We had an Indian woman in the house where I lived at Barbadoes, by the name of Yarico. She was a slave, but of beautiful form, and fine color, for it was a pure and bright bay; nor could she be wooed by any means to wear clothes. She chanced to have a child from a Christian servant, and when her time came for ————, as there were no accom-

* History of Barbadoes. London, 1657.

modations in the house, she walked out to a neighboring wood, where by a pond of water, she —— presently washed her child, and lapping it up in some rags she had begged of the Christians, after an absence of three hours, came back with her child in her arms a lusty boy frolicksome and lively. Her former history, or the manner in which she became a slave, was as follows.

She originally dwelt near the sea-coast on the main, where an English ship happened to put in one day, and send some men ashore to see what "fresh grub" and water they could find. These men were so imprudent as to proceed some way into the country, and the native Indians perceiving it, determined to cut off their retreat. Accordingly, they watched their opportunity, attacked, and chased the sailors into a wood, where scattering from one another, some were taken, and some killed. But one young man amongst them, as he straggled from the rest, was met by this Indian maid, the unlucky Yarico, who fell in love with him at first sight. She therefore hid him from her countrymen in a certain cave, where she privately visited, and fed him, as the fabled Calypso is said to have cherished Telemaque. But neither Yarico or her nymphs, if she had any, appear to have been able to detain him longer than he could seek his ship in safety, for however he might prize her caresses, he had cause to fear the Tomahawk more.

As the ship then still lay at anchor, expecting the

return of her men, Yarico and the sailor were seen to approach the beach. A boat was sent for him, and so powerful is the infatuation of love, though she understood not a syllable of his language, rather than to part, she went aboard with him, and forsook all to launch into the billowy main! The ship bore away for Barbadoes, where the sailor went ashore with his Calypso: but forgetting how much she had so freely hazarded, and lost, for his sake, her to whom he owed his life, he most ungratefully sold for a slave. And thus poor Yarico, for her love, lost her liberty.

"Freeze! Freeze! thou bitter sky!
That dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remembered not."

CHAPTER XXVI.

During the revolution, in the year 1779, a British regiment in America was stationed on the confines of a boundless savanna,* and sentinels were placed some way in the woods, though often surprised by the Indians, and taken away from their posts, without creating any alarm or being heard of afterwards. One morning, the guard went at sunrise to relieve one of these posts, and found that the sentinel was gone;

* Annual Register. p 910. Lon. 1807.

however, they left another, wishing him better luck.

"You need not be afraid," said the veteran a little piqued, "I shall not desert."

The relief-company returned to the guard-house, and after four hours, went back again, when to their great surpise, the veteran was gone, and not a trace of him left! Yet they were compelled to leave another, although the superstition of the soldiers was now awakened, and a certain terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel accompanied the next relief, and to their utter astonishment, they found the post vacant once more, in the same mysterious, unaccountable manner. The poor fellow, whose turn it was to take the station next, though a man of great resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he, "I know that, but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man against his will," said the Colonel.

It was necessary to discover the cause of the repeated disappearance of men whose courage and honesty had never been doubted, but the Colonel hesitated, whether he should leave the whole company, when a volunteer stepped from the ranks, and offered to take the station. Every mouth commended his resolution.

"I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear from me on the least alarm. I shall fire at the least noise; if a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you will

hear my gun. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter, but you must take the chance."

The Colonel assented; his comrades shook hands with him, and departing with melancholly presentiment, marched back to await the event in the guard-house. An hour elapsed, and every ear was bent to hear the expected discharge, when suddenly the report was made. The guard directly marched, with the Colonel and other officers, and as they approached the spot, they saw the sentinel dragging a man by the hair of his head; it was an Indian he had shot.

"I told your honor," said he exultingly, "that I should fire on the least occasion, and that resolve has saved my life. I had not been long on my post, when I heard a rustling at a short distance. I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along on the ground, and apparently looking for nuts under the trees and among the leaves. As this animal is so common, I ceased to regard it for some minutes, but being in constant alarm, and scarcely knowing what should be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes fixed upon it. Still there was no need of giving an alarm; but it struck me as somewhat singular to see this animal making a circuit for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eyes more anxiously upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether — I should fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at

me for shooting a pig, and I had almost resolved to let it alone, when just as it approached the thicket, I thought it gave an unusual spring. I took aim, and fired; the animal immediately fell with a groan, which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge of my astonishment, when I found I had killed an Indian. He had enveloped himself in the skin of a wild hog so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so intirely concealed in it, and he so exactly mimicked the gait and appearance of that animal, imperfectly as they are always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discerned on the nearest view."

He was armed with a dagger and tomahawk. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now evident. Sheltered by this disguise, the Indians crept to the coppice, watched their opportunity, and bursting on the sentinel, stabbed or tomahawked him before he could discharge his piece; and bearing away his body concealed it at some distance among the leaves. The rebels gave them a reward for every scalp of the enemy they produced.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Even the savage in his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,
Owns the still throb, the secret start,
The hidden impulse of the heart."

The Red-skins have been thought by superficial observers to be greatly wanting in the milder affections; but it is not intirely so. There is indeed, a seeming apathy in their occasional staidness of manners; but under that bronzed placidity of expression, there often slumbers a "whirlwind of the heart's emotions," a power of feeling, to which the flirting Frenchman or Italian, for all his sanguine pretensions and apish address, is perhaps a complete stranger. That form and countenance, which seems to repose in the grace of a living statue, can languish into the softness of love, as well as break into the enthusiasm of song and dance. That stony eye can relax into a sidelong and beaming glance, as well as shoot forth in Gorgon-terror; and that deep voice can subside into the low and mellow accents of wooing desire, as well as make the wilderness reecho to the Stentorian war-cry. They are not indeed such slaves to women as they say the White men are, but though the Red-damsel be subject to some privations, go and woo her, if you can, to leave the wigwam. Yes, he who would brand the true dig-

nity and astonishing compass of the Indian character with the name of stupidity, would prefer the sketches of Johnstone to the figure of Apollo.

The following beautiful specimen of Indian poetry is said * to have been chanted by Little-snake, a chief of the Ricarees, in explanation of the worship paid by his tribe to three stone idols standing on a small willow bank near the Missisippi or Red river, two of which bear a strong resemblance to the human form, and the third a still greater likeness to a dog.

"One was a Ricaree boy, one a Ricaree girl. My brother hears;—the boy and the girl were lovers; and the dog loved both. They loved each other more than the soul of the Indian loves his home, the lodge of his wife and babes, or the graves, the mossy graves, the green and grass-covered graves of his fathers mouldered and gone. They loved each other more than the warrior loves the shout of his foe, or the festival of scalps, or the hunter to see the wing of a plover beating the air. The boy and the girl were betrothed in their cradles, by their fathers, and they grew up as lovers. But while the maiden became beautiful, tall as the chin of a lofty man, bright as the star that shines to guide the Indian hunter to his home through the pathless wild, the boy, as he grew up, took no pleasure in manly pursuits; he painted not as the warrior paints, red on the brow, red on the cheek. Therefore he was deemed unworthy the maiden, and she was told by her father, that the pledge must be broken.

* Tales of an Indian Camp. London, 1829.

"What said the Ricaree youth, when he heard the stern command, that broke his being's strongest bond, as you break an untwisted rope of grass? Sorrow overwhelmed his soul, and grief gushed out of his eyes. With an aching heart, he left his lodge, when the grey mist of the evening walks out of the earth, and wandered forth with his dog. To the woods he went, to the lonely, dim, and silent woods, there to weep and sigh. Whom found he there? Does my brother hear? He found the maiden so long beloved: whose hair was like the clustered vine, whose neck was the neck of the swan, whose eyes were the eyes of a dove, whose hand was as small as the red-oak's leaf, whose foot was the length of the lark's spread wing, whose step was like that of the antelope's young, whose voice was like a rill in the moon, the rill's most gentle song. But, O how changed! Beaming eye and bounding foot, laughing lip and placid eye had the beauteous maid no more. Slow was her step as the crippled bird's, and mournful her voice as the dying note of a thunder cloud that has passed over. And yet she rejoiced to meet the youth; into his arms she flew, like a fawn that escapes the hunter's shaft, and reaches its dam unhurt. Locked in a soft and fond embrace, the lovers reclined on a flowery bank, and pledged their faith anew. Loudly they called on the host of stars, on the cold and dimly shining moon, and the spirits that watch by night in the air or chirp in the hollow oak, to witness the plighting of their hands. They married themselves, and became man

and wife in the wilderness. Whence the Idols, the man, woman, and dog of stone, that stand on the willow bank."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Many other writers, besides Rousseau, have spoken in favor of the savage state, or rather the state of nature. The celebrated Chateaubriand, in his Recollections of travel in America, on launching into the wilderness on his way to Niagara, describes the luxury of his sensations, when 'released from the tyranical yoke of society, he comprehended the charm of that natural independence, far surpassing all the pleasures of which civilized man can form an idea. I comprehended, says he, why a savage is unwilling to become a European, and why several Europeans have become savages.'

"One evening, when about to encamp for the night, we perceived a blaze in the woods, and soon after espied some savages seated by it. We approached, and were readily permitted to pass the night with them. I took my saddle for a pillow, and we seated ourselves in a circle about an immense fire, at which we prepared our maize for supper. I had a bottle of brandy too

which incited the gay spirits of the savages, who produced in turn some legs of bear, and we made a fine repast. The conversation soon became general, that is by some broken expressions on my part, and by many gestures, which the Indians comprehend with astonishing readiness. One young warrior, however, preserved an obstinate silence, keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on me; but in spite of the black, red and blue streaks, with which he was disfigured, it was easy to perceive the noble and intelligent expression, that animated his countenance. How favorably did I think of him for not liking me! he appeared to be mentally reading the history of all the calamities, with which Europeans had visited his country.—Two little children, that were intirely naked, had fallen to sleep at our feet; the women took them gently in their arms and laid them on some skins, with that maternal care, which it was delicious to observe among these pretended savages. And now the conversation died away, and each one sank to rest."

Travelling on through the wilds of America, "I was not a little surprised to hear, that I had a countryman settled at some distance in the woods. It was one Philip de Cocq, who went to Canada in his infancy, and after the war of 1754, at the age of 20, retired to the country of the Five Nations, where he married an Indian bride, and renounced the customs of his native land to adopt the manners of the savages. I vis-

ited him with eagerness, and found him pointing some stakes, at the door of his cot. He cast an indifferent look towards me, and continued his work; but the moment I addressed him in French, he started at the recollection of his country, and the big tear stood in his eye. Those well known accents suddenly roused in the heart of the old man the sensations of his infancy. He entreated me to enter his dwelling, and I followed him. He expressed himself with difficulty; I saw him labor to regain the ancient ideas of civilized man, and I watched him closely. Two things I found effaced from his mind,— the use of superfluity, and of annoying others without necessity. I did not choose to put my grand question, till some hours of conversation had restored him a sufficiency of words and ideas; but at last I inquired, "Philip, are you happy?"

"Happy—" said he, reflecting, "Happy? Yes; but happy only since I became a savage."

"How do you pass your life?" He laughed.

"But should you not like to resume your former mode of living, and return to your country?"

"My country — France? If I was not so old, I should like to see it again."

"But you would not remain there?"

He shook his head.

"What induced you to become what you call a savage?"

"I dont know," said he——"instinct."

"I remained two days to observe him, and never saw him swerve from the assertion he had made. Free from the conflict of social passions, his soul appeared, in the language of the savages, calm as the field of battle after the warriors have smoked together the calumet of peace."

Arriving at Niagara, the renowned Chateaubriand had like to have closed his days there, and the pealing of the cateract to have proved his funeral knell. At any rate, his adventure there, and the part of the cliff on which he hung, may be considered one of the curiosities of the place.

Inspired by the grandeur of the scene, and by nature extremely adventurous, our hero resolved to climb the tremenduous precipice, 200 feet in height, over which the deluge thunders. In spite of the remonstrances of my guide, says he, "the roaring cateract, and frightful abyss which yawned beneath me, my head did not swim, and I descended about 40 feet. But I then unwarily reached a point, where the rock became smooth and vertical, without any roots or fissures for my feet to rest on, so that I hung all my length by my hands, totally unable to reascend or proceed! At this crisis, I felt my fingers open by degrees, from the weight of my body, and I considered death inevitable. There are few men who have passed two such minutes, as I passed over the yawning

horrors of Niagara. My hands at length opened, and I fell! By most extraordidary good fortune, however I alighted on the naked rock! It was hard enough to have dashed me to pieces, yet I did not feel much injured; I was within half an inch of the abyss, yet I did not fall into it. But when the cold spray began to penetrate to my skin, I perceived that I had not escaped so easily as I at first imagined. I felt an intolerable pain in my left arm; I had broken it above the elbow. My guide, who had observed me from above, and to whom I made signs, ran to look for some savages, who with much trouble drew me up by birch cords, and carried me to their cabins."

Another son of the Muses, who in a similar spirit undertook to climb the equally towering cliff of that second great curiosity of the Shores of Vespucci, the Natural Bridge, was affected in a different manner. He brake no limbs, but when in the midst of the ascent, his heart failed him, and he found it impossible to retrace his steps, he was so affected with terror, that although he succeeded in gaining the summit, his brain was permanently deranged.

Lewis' and Clark's man, whose head was probably not so fraught with poetic gear, escaped more safely. Passing along one of the tremenduous bluffs of the Missouri, at a narrow pass, Capt Lewis slipped, and were not for his espontoon, would have taken an awkward plunge into the river, of about ninety feet. Sam. Patch might not have thought much of it indeed, but

Lewis was not so fond of such sport, and had scarcely recovered himself, when he heard a cry behind him.

"Good God, captain! what shall I do?"

He immediately turned, and found, one of his men had lost his foot-hold, and slipped down to the very verge of the bluff, where he lay on his breast, with his right arm and leg over the brink, while with the other arm and leg, he was holding on with difficulty to keep himself from being dashed to pieces! Lewis directly perceived his dreadful situation, but calmly told him, he was in no danger, and that he should take his knife out of his belt with his right hand, and cut a hole in the side of the bluff to receive his right foot. With great presence of mind, he did so, when raising himself on his knees, he crawled to spot of safety.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Notwithstanding their power of judgment and every opportunity of observing the advantages of civilization the Red-Skins cannot be persuaded to forsake the wigwam. They have ever kept aloof, and receded from the progress of civilization, as from the flames of a spreading fire; indeed they had rather die, and have died by thousands, rather than be civilized. But the present chapter affords a remarkable exception.

In the summer of 1819, Buchanan, a British consul

took a tour with his two daughters to Niagara, and then a circuit into Canada round lake Ontario, where he had a letter of introduction to a certain villa on his way to York, little thinking that it was the domain of an Indian prince. Stopping at an inn to pass the night he inquired of the landlord the distance to the Brandt villa, and was told, that Mr Brandt had passed in the morning, and would return soon.

At dusk, says Buchanan,* "Mr Brandt was introduced into our room. We were unable from the twilight to distinguish his color, but took him for a young Canadian gentleman, with some hesitation and reserve in his manner, though he expressed a wish, that we might do him and his sister the favor of spending a few days with them in order to refresh ourselves and our horses. By four o' clock in the morning, we resumed our journey, and upon reaching the magnificent shores of lake Ontario, our driver pointed out to us the Brandt-house at a distance of five miles; it had a very noble and commanding aspect, and we anticipated much pleasure in our visit; for besides the enjoyment of so beautiful a spot, we expected to find a specimen of Canadian manners and style of living.

"We drove up to the door under the full persuasion that the family would be apprised of our coming, but Mr Brandt had not arrived before us, and our approach was not announced. The outer door was open, leading to a spacious hall; we entered, and remained a

* J. Buchanan's Sketches of the Indians.

few minutes, when seeing no one, we proceeded into a parlor, where we had an opportunity of looking about at our liesure. It was well furnished with a carpet, pier, and chimney glasses, mahogany tables, fashionable chairs, a guitar, and hanging book-case, in which we perceived among other volumes a church-of-England prayer-book in the Mohawk tongue.

"Having sent in our note of introduction by the coachman, and still no person waiting on us, we began to suspect that some difficulty about breakfast stood in the way of the young lady's appearance. Various were our conjectures, and momentarily did our hunger gain upon us,——when to our unspeakable astonishment, in walked a charming, noble-looking, Indian girl, dressed partly in her native, and partly in English costume. Her hair was confined in a silk net, but the lower tresses, escaping thence, flowed down her shoulders. A tunic, or morning dress of black silk, reached a little below her knees, and her silk stockings and kid shoes were also black. The grace and dignity of her movement, the style of her dress and manner, so new and unexpected, filled us all with astonishment. With great ease she inquired how we had found the roads, accommodations &c. No flutter was apparent, on account of the delay of breakfast, no fidgetting or fuss-making, no running in and out, no idle expressions of regret, but with perfect ease, she maintained the conversation, till a squaw with a man's hat on brought in

a tray with preparations for breakfast. A table-cloth of fine white damask being laid, we were regaled with tea, coffee, hot rolls, butter in water and ice-coolers, eggs, smoked beef and ham, broiled chickens &c.—all served in a truly neat and comfortable style.

"After breakfast, Miss Brandt took my daughters out to walk, and look at the picturesque scenery of the country. She and her brother had previously expressed a wish, that we might stay all day, but though I desired of all things to do so, and had determined if they pressed their invitation to accept it, yet I declined the proposal at first, and thus forfeited a pleasure, which all of us longed in our hearts to enjoy; for as I have since learned, it is not the custom of any uncorrupted Indian to repeat a request, if once rejected. And I really feel ashamed, when I consider, how severe a rebuke this is to us who boast of civilization, yet are so far carried away by the general insincerity of expression pervading all ranks, that few indeed are to be found, who speak just what they wish or know. The Indians are not only free from this deceitfulness, but surpass us in another instance of good breeding and decorum, namely, of never interrupting those who converse with them, till they are done speaking. This was perfectly exemplified by Miss Brandt and her brother: and I hope the lesson my daughters were so forcibly taught by the natural politeness of their host-

ess will never be forgotten by them, and that I also may profit by the example."

The hall had formerly been hung, baron-like, with the trophies of the family, implements of war and the chase, but they were all too easily given away at the importunity of visitors. They were the children of the celebrated Mohawk Chief, Capt Brandt, who was introduced to his English Majesty, translated the prayer book and part of the Scriptures into the Mohawk language, and received a grant of land from George III. The rest of the family however preferred the wigwams and disapproved of this conformation to the manners of white men; they lived in the Indian settlement on Grand river.

CHAPTER XXX.

Notwithstanding the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the stirring sounds of trump and drum, the waving of pennants, and the glitter of arms, there is evidently no ranker despotism, no greater servitude, than in military discipline, especially among the English, where the system of flogging is yet retained. Men talk about fighting for liberty, but the fighting-man must first become a slave, and go to the death,

like a brute, at the bidding of his master. This has been observed with scorn by the Red-skins, for there is no such lordship, no such dogging of commanders, and abjection of inferiors, no such inconsistent mixture of glory and degradation in their mode of warfare.

An Indian warrior by the name of Silver-Heels, who had done much service to the British, happened one day to go into fort George, on lake St Sacrament, just before a soldier was to receive his punishment of 500 lashes for drunkenness. Silver-Heels expressed his displeasure at seeing a man so shamefully disgraced, and going up to the commanding officer, asked him what crime the soldier had committed. Not choosing to be questioned, the officer bade one of his men to send the intruder away, and inform him, that the company of Indians was not agreeable on such occasions.

"Wah! Wah!" returned Silver-Heels a little piqued, "but what is the warrior tied up for?"

"For getting drunk." it was answered.

"Is that all? then take another set of halberds, and tie up your chief, for he gets drunk twice a day."

So saying, he left the fort, after telling the culprit, that he should return soon, and try to prevent his sufferings. And now the soldier was bound, and the drummers waiting to obey orders, when Silver-Heels returned with a tomahawk and scalping knife, and intrepidly marching up to the officer thus accosted him.

"Father! are you a warrior? or do you think yourself one? If you are brave, you will not suffer yo-

men to strike this soldier while I am in the fort. Let me advise you not to spill the good English blood, which tomorrow may be wanted against the enemy."

"The soldier has transgressed, and must be flogged," replied the officer indignantly turning on his heel.

"Well then flog him," rejoined the Red-skin, "and we shall soon see whether you are as brave a warrior as you assume to be."

In about two days afterwards, as the officer was riding some miles from the fort, he was surprised by Silver-Heels, suddenly bounding upon him out of ambush, abruptly seizing the horse's bridle, and sternly challenging the rider to dismount and fight him. The astonished commandant declined the proposition, and endeavored to spur his horse onward; but the Indian as quickly felled the beast by a deadly blow from his tomahawk, and the officer came tumbling to the earth.

"Now," says Silver-Heels, "we are on equal terms, and as you have a sword and brace of pistols, you can have no objection to fight me."

Still the officer seemed to think, that 'discretion is the better part of valor.'

"But you thought yourself a warrior," observed Silver-Heels, "when you ordered one of your white slaves to be flogged for a breach of martial law, but you now forget the character you then assumed, or you certainly would fight." And looking very sternly he added, "I have a good mind to make you change your climate,—but as that mode of proceeding will not answer my purpose, or sufficiently expose you among

your brother-warriors, you may walk home as soon as you please, and tomorrow morning I will come to the fort with the horse's scalp, and relate the affair."

The officer was glad to escape so, and fain to keep dark in his barrack the next morning, when the victor came to relate the adventure, and exhibit the trophy.

"I shall go to war soon," added Silver-Heels to the listening group, "and shall make it a point to take some old woman, and send her to take command of the fort, for the great chief, who now holds that office, is fit to fight only with his dog or cat, when eating with them from the same dish, lest they should get too great a share of the mess."*

Then drinking off a glass of liquor, he left the fort, and was soon after killed, when fighting manfully at the head of a party of Mohawks, on the way to Albany.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Thou art the victor, Love!
Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free!
The strength of the battle is given to thee,
The power from above. MRS. HEMANS.

Previous to the revolutionary war, a British officer by the name of Jones, young and accomplished, resided near fort Edward; and his visits thither be-

* Long's Voyages and Travels.

came more frequent, when he found himself irresistibly attracted by the charms of a beautiful girl of that vicinity, Miss M'Kray. And by his constant attentions, undissembled and ingenuous demeanor, he manifested that ardent affection for the young lady, which a susceptible heart compelled her implicitly to return, though he neglected those precautions which are necessary in hazardous love. Thus by a mutual interchange of passion, they gave the rein to fancy, till the unwelcome necessity of parting cut off every springing hope.

The war commenced, and a removal from the happy spot was suggested to Jones as a necessary consequence. Nothing could allay their consternation but duty; nothing could alleviate their mutual grief so as to render a seperate existence tolerable, but solemn vows and the idea of a future meeting. Jones repaired to Canada, where all intercourse with the Colonies was prohibited. Burgoyne entered the States, and the British army encamping near fort Edward, a descent was daily projected.

The young officer now trembled for his fair one, against whom and her kindred, by the vicissitude of fortune, he was now compelled to advance in hostile attitude. This harrowed his feelings, and in spite of arrets and mandates, he found means to send her a letter, entreating that she would not leave the town with the family, for as soon as the fort should surrender, he would certainly convey her to an asylum, where they

might peaceably consummate the nuptial ceremony. Far from distrusting his sincerity, she heroically refused to accompany the flying villagers; neither the remonstrances of a father, or the tearful entreaties of a mother and numerous friends could avail; with a servant maid, she impatiently waited for the desired conveyance.

Finding much difficulty in the execution of his promise, for want of a better convoy, the lover hired a party of 12 Indians to carry a letter to the precious enemy, with his own horse to bear her to the place appointed; the reward was to consist of a quantity of liquor, on condition that they brought her off in safety, which to an Indian was the greatest stimulus he could name. The Red-skins set off with glowing anticipation, and arriving in view of her window, held up the letter to allay the apprehensions which a savage knows he must excite in the bosom of tenderness and susceptibility. Her faith and expectation enabled her to divine their object, though her frightened maid uttered nothing but shrieks and cries. The wild emissaries came up, and by their signs convinced her, from whom they had their instructions; or if a doubt remained, it was removed by the letter, which contained withal a lock of her lover's hair. Joyfully, immediately, she resolved to brave any hazard which might seem to lie between her and him whom she considered as already her own. A short distance only seemed to seperate

two of the happiest of mortals; but alas! for the catastrophe that suddenly overshaddowed those fair expectations.

On rising a hill, about half way to the camp, the tawny band who were carefully conducting her, were met by another party of Indians, which having heard of the captivating offer made by Jones, had determined to avail themselves of it. Accordingly, a dispute quickly followed between the two parties; and fired by opposition and the romantic nature of the enterprise from words they came to blows; a furious engagement followed, and several were killed on both sides.

At length, the chief of the first party, perceiving that nothing but the lady's death could appease the quarrel, deliberately knocked her from her horse with his tomahawk, mangled her scalp from her beautiful temples, and exultingly bore it as a trophy of zeal to her anxious and expectant lover!

We may readily conceive how his heart sank within him at the heart-rending spectacle. It was with the greatest difficulty he could be kept from total delirium; his horror and indignation, his remorse for having risked his most valuable treasure in the hands of savages drove him almost to madness. When the particulars reached the ears of Burgoyne, he ordered the survivors of both the parties of those mistaken and unlucky Red-skins to immediate execution.*

* H. Trumbull's History of America & I. wars.

CHAPTER XXXII.

During the French war, Dr Franklin was dispatched to the frontier on some political business with the Indians. His interpreter was one Conrad Weiser, who had been naturalised among the Five Nations, & spoke well the Mohawk language. Among other relations which his experience enabled him to furnish for the entertainment of his employers, was the following, as told by the Doctor.*

Once upon a time, in going through the Indian country to carry a message to Onondaga, Conrad called at the lodge of Canassetego, an old acquaintance, who kindly embraced him, spread furs for him to sit upon, placed before him some boiled pulse and venison, and mixed some spirit and water for him to drink.

When he was well refreshed, Canassetego began to converse with him, inquiring how he had fared the many years since they had seen one another, whence he then came,&c. Conrad answered all his questions and when the conversation began to flag,

"Conrad," said the Indian, "you have lived long among the white people, and know something of their customs. I have been sometimes to Albany, and observed, that once in seven days, they shut up their shops, and assemble in the great house. Tell me, what is it for? What do they there?"

* Franklin's Life and Works.

"They meet there to hear and learn good things."

"I do'nt doubt but they tell you so; they told me the same; yet I doubt the truth of what they say; and I will tell you my reasons. I went to Albany lately to sell my skins, and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I used generally to trade with Hans Hanson; so I went to him first, and asked what he would give for beaver.

"I cannot give more than 4shil. a pound," said he, "but I cannot talk on business now. This is the day we meet together to learn good things, and I am going to the meeting."

"So I thought to myself, since I cannot do any business to day, I may as well go too; and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said, but perceiving that he looked much at me and Hanson, I imagined that he was angry at seeing me there. So I went out, and sitting down near the house, struck fire, and lit my pipe, to wait till the meeting should break up. I thought too that the man in black had mentioned something about beaver, and I suspected, it might be the subject of their meeting; so when they came out,

"Well, Hans," said I, "I hope you have agreed to give more than 4 shills. a pound."

"No," says he, "I cannot give so much; I cannot give more than 3 s. & 6 pence."

"I then spoke with several other dealers, but they all sung the same song, 3 & 6d. 3 & 6d. This confirm-

ed my suspicion, that whatever they pretend about meeting together to learn good things, their real purpose was to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they met so often to learn good things, they certainly would have learned some before this time; but they are still ignorant. You know our practice; if a white man is travelling through our country, and enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I do you; we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, we give him meat and drink if he is hungry or athirst, we spread soft furs for him to sleep or rest upon, we ask nothing in return. (See Math. 25.) But if I go into a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals or drink, they say, Where is your Money? And if I have none, they say, Get out you Indian dog. You see then, they have not learned those little good things, which we need no meetings to be instructed in because our mothers taught them to us, when we were children."

However simple this narration, the 'men in black' and their worshippers might undoubtedly profit by it. We think also, that we can perceive in it some of those ingredients from which was derived that tinge of infidelity that is known to have infected the great Doctor's character.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Lo, the moon its lustre lends,
Gilding every grove and lawn,
While the Indian shout ascends
From the banks of Occoquan.

Notwithstanding the shocking barbarities of which the Red-Skins are sometimes guilty, upon their own as well as the bodies of others, and notwithstanding their pagan character, they are not destitute of a kind of piety, and hold the mossy graves of their fathers in peculiar reverence.

On the north bank of the Occoquan, a branch of the Potowmac, lay whilom a pile of stones which marked the burial place of an Indian warrior. An English traveller* once happened to be near the spot, when a party of Indians turned aside from the common road to pay, as usual, their devoir at the sepulchre. The band consisted of an elderly chief, twelve young warriors, and two squaws, the younger of whom was an interesting girl of about seventeen, beautifully formed and with a profusion of black hair, adorned with many ribbons. One would have thought, she had learned the adjustment of her dress from some lady of fashion, for she had left it so open, that any one might perceive the gentle heavings of her bosom. Her mocassins of bright yellow deer-skin set neatly to her feet, and were ornamented with beads, porcupine-quills, and a

*J. Davis' Travels in the U. States.

scarlet ribbon about the ancle. She would have adorned any May-day circle.

With more curiosity than politeness, the people of Occoquan huddled round the party, which appeared however wholly indifferent to their gaze, the warriors idly chopping the ground with their tomahawks, till having assembled round the sepulchre, the old chief arose with a solemn mein, and knocking his war-club against the ground, began to speak;

"Here rests the body of a chief of our nation, who before his spirit took its flight to the country of souls, was the boldest in war, and the fleetest in the chase.

"Whoo! Whoo! Whoop!" responded the rest in a terrible shout.

"The arm that is now mouldering beneath this pile, once wielded the tomahawk, and grasped the hair of the falling enemy.

"Whoo! Whoo! Whoop!" again roared the others.

"It has often bound to the stake the prisoner of war and piled the blazing faggots around him, while he sang his last song of death.

"Whoo! Whoop!"

"The foot which is now motionless, was once fleeter than the hart, that grazes on the mountains;—nor has it gone unprovided to the country of spirits.

"Whoo! Whoo! Whoop!"

No orator of antiquity, says the eye-witness, ever

exceeded this savage chief in the force of his emphasis and the propriety of his gesture, as he thus went on to eulogize the dead; accompanied with his erect stature, naked and muscular arm, the fierceness of his countenance, his elevated tone, and robe of furs flowing in the evening breeze.

When he had done, he struck his war-club with fury against the ground, which the whole party obeyed as a signal for joining in a dance; leaping and brandishing their knives, with accompanying attitudes of menace, whoops and shouts, which echoed with tenfold horror along the banks of the river.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"And wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear,
And the tales which they tell."

The Lover's Leap and the songs of Sappho have sounded long in classic legend; but it may not be known to all, that events have transpired in our aboriginal wilderness of no less romantic importance, though no 'burning Sappho' has yet immortalised the deed in deathless rhyme. The fact is this.*

* Keating's Narrative; vol I, London, 1825.

Far up the Missisippi, on the banks of lake Pepin, stands a perpendicular bluff 150 feet high, projecting into the lake with peculiar grandeur. The wildness of the scenery is such, that even the voyager, who has grown accustomed to the lofty bluffs of the Missisippi, is here impressed with a sense of the sublime. Indeed there is not the like in the far stretching valley of this mother of waters; but it receives additional interest from the marvellous tale which is connected with it, and which has given it the name of The Maiden's Rock.

During the last age, there lived in the village of Keoxa of the tribe of Wapasha, an Indian girl whose name was Winona, which signifies the First-Born. She became attached to a young hunter, who returned her affection with equal warmth. They frequently met, and agreed to a union in which all their hopes centered. But on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself rejected, and his claims superceded by a warrior of distinction, who had sued for the damsel. This warrior was a general favorite of the nation, having acquired his reputation by his services against the Chippewas; but notwithstanding the ardor with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance that he received from her parents and brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter.

To the voice of her friends in favor of the warrior, she replied, that she had chosen a man, who being a professed hunter would spend his life with her, and secure her a comfortable subsistence, while the warrior

would be continually absent on martial expeditions. But her expostulations were of no avail, and her parents having succeeded in driving away her first lover, began to employ harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. They even turned a deaf ear to her entreaty that she might be permitted to lead a single life, rather than be forced to a union so repugnant to her feelings.

However, Winona, who was probably of surpassing beauty, had always enjoyed a greater share of her father's affections, and been more indulged, than is usual among Indians; she was also a favorite with her brothers, who desired that persuasion, rather than force, should be employed to warp her resolution; and to remove some of her objections, they engaged to provide for her future maintenance in case of the warrior's neglect.

About this time, a party was formed to go up to lake Pepin in order to obtain some blue clay, which was there found, for a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the party, and the day they visited the lake, her brothers offered certain presents to the warrior, who thus encouraged, again addressed her, but with as little success as before. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy, her parents remonstrated with her in strong language, and employed threats to compel her to obedience.

"Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair. I have said, I loved him not, I could not live with him, I wished to remain a maiden; but you will

not have it so. You say you love me, you, my father, my brethren, my kindred, yet you have driven me from the only man with whom I wished to be united. You have compelled him to withdraw from Keoxa; alone, he now ranges the forest, with no one to assist him, no one to spread his blanket, or build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? As if this was not enough, you would have me rejoice in his absence; you would oblige me to marry another, whom I do not love, and never can be happy with. Is this your love? then be it so; but soon you will have neither daughter, sister, or relation to torture with your false professions of affection."

As she finished these words she withdrew. But heedless of her complaints, her parents resolved that she should be married to the warrior on that very day; yet as all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way privately to the top of the bluff. Having reached the summit, she called out in a loud voice to her friends below, and added,

"You were not satisfied with opposing my union to the man of my choice; you have endeavored by deceitful words to make me faithless to him; but finding me resolved to remain single, you have dared to threaten me; but you knew me not, if you thought you could terrify me into obedience."

She then commenced singing her Death-Song! The

light wind which blew at the time, wafted the dismal notes to the spot where her friends stood. Too well they understood the boding sound. Immediately they rushed, some towards the summit of the bluff to prevent her fatal purpose, others to the foot of the precipice as if to receive her in their arms; while all with tears in their eyes entreated her to desist. Her father promised, that no compulsive measures should be resorted to; but his words did not reach her ears, or reached them in vain: for as she concluded the words of her song, wildly, fearfully, intrepidly, she threw herself from the dizzy height, and fell a shattered corse near her friends below!

The spot immediately acquired a tragic celebrity, for the Indians are remarkably sensible of the sublime and heroic, and no one passes near without casting his eye upward to contemplate the solitary grandeur of the height, rendered doubly august by the display of moral power which crowds on his recollection in the hapless fate of Winona.

Wizecota, an eye-witness of the deed, though very young at the time, appears to have received an indelible impression from it, and when relating it to Major Long in 1817, the sensations of youth appeared to be restored, and he spoke in a manner which showed that even the breast of an Indian warrior is not proof against the finest feelings of our nature.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Indians view suicide without praise or blame. About the year 1780, four of my acquaintance, says Heckwelder, poisoned themselves with the May-apple, which is commonly used on such occasions. Two of them were young men who had been disappointed in love, the girls to whom they were engaged having changed their minds and married other lovers. The third was a married man, of excellent character, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

"He was very fond of his wife and two children, and they lived very happily together about half a mile from my residence. He often came to visit me, and as he was of a most amiable disposition, I was pleased with his visits and always gave him a hearty welcome; and when I thought him too long absent, I went myself to the delightful spot which he had judiciously selected for his dwelling. There I always found the family cheerful, sociable and happy; till some time before his end, I observed that his countenance bore the marks of a deep melancholly, of which I afterwards learned the cause.

His wife had received the visits of another man, and he shuddered at the thought of losing her and his children, for as marriage among Indians may be dissolved at the will of either party, so the children remain with the mother. One hope was left; the sugar-mak-

ing season approached, and they were then to remove to the sugar-camp, where he flattered himself that his wife would not be followed by the disturber of his peace. But alas! they had scarcely been a fortnight in their new habitation, when returning one day from a morning hunt, he found the unwelcome visitor in close conversation with his wife. This was more than he could bear. Without saying a word,

"He took a large cake of his sugar, and brought it a distance of eight miles to my house. It was on a Sunday, at about ten A. M. that he entered my door, with sorrow strongly depicted on his manly visage.

"My friend," said he as he presented the cake, "you have often served me with a good pipe of tobacco, and I have never yet done any thing to please you. Take this as a reward for your goodness and an acknowledgement from me as your friend."

"He said no more, but giving me a warm and farewell squeeze with both his hands, he departed. In the afternoon, a runner from the sugar-camp passed by to give notice of his death. Immediately on his return, after remaining a short time in his lodge to caress and take leave of his beloved children, he retired to some distance, and swallowed the fatal root; and before any relief could be administered by some one who chanced to see him staggering, all succor was in vain.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

As monumental bronze, unchanged his look,
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook,
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to the bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook,
A Stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.
CAMPBELL.

Let us consider a few more examples of the admirable indifference of the Red man to suffering and death.

Buchanan informs us, that in 1793, there lived in a tribe near Montreal two remarkable Indians, one for his stature, the other for his strength and activity, who meeting one day in public, chanced to fall into a dispute, in which one called the other a coward.

"You have grossly insulted me," was the reply, "but I will prevent you from doing it again," and so saying, he laid him dead at his feet with a stab of his knife.

The alarm immediately spread through the village a crowd assembled; but the murderer had calmly seated himself by the dead body, & coolly awaited his fate

"Kill Him! Kill Him!" exclaimed a multitude f voices. But though he opened his breast, and bowed his head to receive t e fatal blow, no hand was raised against him, no avenger of blood appeared. The dead body was taken away, and he was left alone.

He then arose, and went to a more public part of the village, and lay on the ground, in hope of being

soon dispatched; but the spectators after viewing him all retired again. Still sensible that his life was justly forfeited, and desiring to be relieved from a state of suspence, he determined to repair to the mother of the deceased, an aged widdow, whom he thus addressed.

"Woman, I have killed thy son. He insulted me it is true, but still he was thy son, and his life was valuable to thee. I therefore surrender myself to thy will; direct as thou wilt; relieve me from my misery."

"Thou hast indeed killed my son who was dear to me," replied the widdow, "He was the only support of my old age. But one life is already lost, and to take thine in return cannot be of any benefit to me. Thou hast a son, and if thou wilt give him to me instead of him thou hast slain, all shall be wiped away."

"Mother," said the Red-skin, "my son is yet but a child ten years old, and can be of no service to you, but rather a trouble. Here I am truly capable of supporting thee; receive me as thy son, and nothing shall be wanting on my part to make thee comfortable as long as thou livest."

She immediately adopted him, and received his whole family into her lodge.

Again. On a similar occasion, a Collapissa Indian killed a Choctaw, whose revengeful tribe immediately sent deputies to demand the murderer. The French governor at N Orleans, to whom the offender had fled for protection, offered presents as an atonement, but the proud Choctaws rejected them with disdain, and

threatened to exterminate the Collapissas, if their demand was not granted. Whence, to prevent the effusion of blood, it was at last found necessary to deliver up the offender, and Sieur Ferrand, commander of the German posts on the right of the Missisippi, was entrusted with the sad commission. But the undaunted Collapissa, on arriving at the place appointed, coolly arose, and thus addressed the assembly.

"I am a true man; that is, I fear not death. But I lament the fate of my wife, and four young children, whom I leave behind me. I lament too my father and mother whom I have long maintained by hunting. I commend them to the care of the French."

Deeply penetrated by the filial regard of his son, the old father, who was present, immediately arose, and spoke as follows.

"My son is doomed to death; but he is young and vigorous and more capable than I am, to support his mother, his wife and children. Let him therefore remain on the earth to protect and provide for them. As for me, who draw towards the end of my career, I have lived long enough. May my son attain to my age, that he may bring up my tender infants. I am no longer good for any thing; a few years more or less are to me of small importance. I have lived as a man; I will die as a man. Let me take the place of my son."

Srongly affected by his parental love and greatness of soul, his son and family melted into tears around

him. The old man embraced them for the last time, and exhorted them to be ever faithful to their clan, and die rather than betray them by any mean treachery unworthy of his blood. He then presented himself to the kinsmen of the deceased Choctaw, and was accepted; when extending himself over the trunk of a tree, they severed his head from his body with a tomahawk.

Let us now turn to a more rugged picture of Indian fortitude, drawn from their barbarous customs in relation to prisoners of war, customs that fully entitle them to the appellation of Savage.

Ross Cox describes the following scene, he personally witnessed among the Flat-Heads beyond the Rocky Mountains.

A Black-Foot prisoner was tied to a tree, and an old gun-barrel, heated red hot, was first applied to his neck, face, and legs. Soon after, his nails were cut round, and pulled out. His fingers were next seperated, and taken away, joint by joint.

Meantime, He "never winced," and instead of suing for mercy, added new stimulants to barbarous ingenuity by cutting taunts and sarcasms, observing as follows.

"My Heart is strong,—you do not HURT me,—you cannot HURT me,—you are fools,—you do not know HOW to torture,---try it again---I feel no pain yet---we torture your relations a great deal better,

we make them cry out, like children;—you are not brave; you have small hearts."

Then addressing a particular one, he added,

"It was by my arrow, you lost your eye."

Immediately the one-eyed Flat-Head darted at him and gouged one of his eyes out with a knife, cutting also the bridge of his nose nearly in two.

Still undaunted, the iron sufferer with his remaining eye looked sternly at another, and said,

"I killed your brother, and I scalped your old fool of a father."

The warrior to whom this was addressed, instantly sprang at him, and angrily tore his own scalp away.

The raw scull, bloody socket, mutilated nose and hands of the astonishing prisoner now presented a horrible appearance; yet his tone of defiance remained.

"It was I," he continued turning to the Flat-Head chief, "that made your wife a prisoner last fall. We put her eyes out; we tore out her tongue; we treated her like a dog,—40 of our young warriors—"

The incensed chieftain could hear no more; but seizing a gun, before the last sentence was ended, a bullet passed through the victim's heart, and terminated his sufferings forever.

The chief was a man of extraordinary dignity, about 35 years of age, and had slain in various battles 20 of the Black-feet, whose scalps were triumphantly sus-

pended from a pole at the door of his lodge. But the loss of his wife had sadly oppressed him. He would take no other; but often retire into the deepest solitude of the wilderness to indulge his sorrow, where he was heard to call on her spirit to appear to him, and to invoke revenge on her captors. On returning, his countenance wore a tinge of stern melancholly strongly indicating the mixed emotions of sorrow and inveterate hate. However, he was persuaded by the traders to make trial of a milder system of warfare, or an exchange of prisoners, though convinced that it would not succeed among the Red-men.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Occasionally, the trading party, or Brigade, as it is called, in the adventurous excursions of the fur business, fall out with the Indians. An expedition on the Columbia river, in Oct. 1814, on arriving a few miles above the entrance of the Wallah-Wallah, was met by a number of canoes full of natives, who began with asking for tobacco. This being obtained, they became bolder in their demands, and finally attempted to plunder. Some hard blows were consequently exchanged, and two of the Intruders were shot; when the rest dis-

charged a flight of arrows as they pushed off, and droping flat into their canoes, drifted down the current.

Apprehensions of revenge induced the traders to immediately entrench themselves on a little barren isle in the river, and await the event. Their camp-fires were extinguished, lest the light might serve as a beacon to the Red-men; the ensuing night was cold and stormy; they were in the neighborhood of brave and powerful tribes; and in the second watch, a large fire was observed to the north, which was immediately answered by one in the opposite direction, and followed by others to the east and west, while the indistinct sound of paddles from canoes crossing and recrossing the river, afforded strong proofs, that the foe by vigilant communication had determined to secure their revenge. Shortly after, a flight of ravens passed quietly over head, the fluttering of whose wings was scarcely audible.

"My friends!" exclaimed a Canadian of the party in a dejected tone, "it is useless to hope; our doom is fixed; tomorrow, we shall die!"

"Cher frere! what do you mean?" eagerly inquired half a dozen voices.

"Behold yon ravens! Their appearance by night in time of danger betokens approaching death. I cannot be mistaken. They kow our fate, and will hover about us, till the darts of the savages give them a banquet on our blood!"

"I have no doubt, my friend," returned one of the officers anxious to dispel the gloom which the supp-

ed omen had occasioned, "that the appearance of ravens by night portends either death or some great disaster. We believe it in Scotland: the opinion prevails throughout Europe, and you have inherited it from your French ancestors; but no fatality is apprehended unless their appearance is accompanied with croaking."

"You are right, sir, you are right," rejoined the poor fellows recovering strength, "courage, friends! there is no danger."

However, the officers interchanged short notes directed to such of their friends as they wished to know their fate, and resolved to sell their lives dearly. It was then determined to leave the isle, and attempt a reconciliation, though all the men, amounting to 48, had their weapons in readiness, and received an additional glass of rum.

On ascending the river-bank, the interpreter was sent forward with a white handkerchief on a pole, and after some time, a number of mounted Indians appeared, preceded by about 150 warriors on foot, well armed with guns, spears, tomahawks, bows, and full quivers. Within about 50 yards, they halted, and a group of 30 or 40 equally well armed approached from the interior, having their hair cut short in sign of mourning, their bodies nearly naked, and painted red. This party consisted of the relatives of the deceased, whom the traders had shot, and as they advanced, they chanted a Death-Song, of which the following is a specimen.

Rest, brothers, rest! for you shall be avenged.
Your widdows' tears shall cease to flow,
When they behold your murderers' blood!
Your children too shall leap and sing,
On witnessing their scalps. Rest, brothers!
Rest in peace;—we shall have blood!

Then taking their position in the centre, the whole formed an extended crescent, remaining for some time stationary and profoundly silent.

From Chili to Athabasca, and from Nootka to Labrador, there is an indescribable coldness about the Redman that checks familiarity. He is a stranger to our joys and sorrows; his eyes are seldom moistened by a tear, or his features relaxed by a smile; and whether he basks on the burning plains of Amazonia, or freezes on the Arctic shores, the same piercing black eyes, and stern immobility of countenance instil a kind of awe into the unwonted observer.*

No reconciliation could be effected short of delivering up the particular white men who had slain their brethren; and as this could not be granted, the opposite parties gradually shaped themselves into battle-array. An awful pause ensued; but while destruction was impending over the minor band, the tramping of horses was heard, and suddenly twelve mounted warriors dashed into the intervening space. They were headed by a young chief of fine figure, who quickly dismounted, and advancing towards the English commander, presented his hand; when having acquainted

* Cox's Adventures on the Columbia River.

himself with the matter of dispute, he thus addressed his people.

"Friends and relations! Three snows only have passed over our heads since we were a poor and miserable people. In summer, our enemies, the Shoshonees, stole our horses, that we might not hunt, and drove us from the banks of the river, that we might not fish. In winter, they burnt our lodges by night, killed our relations, treated our wives and daughters like dogs, and left us to freeze, starve, or become their slaves. They were numerous and powerful; we were few and weak; our hearts were as the hearts of little children; we could not fight like warriors; we were driven like deer about the plains. When the thunders rolled, and the rains poured, we had no place of shelter, nothing but the rocks to lay our heads upon. Is such the case to-day? No, my relations, no. We have driven the Shoshonees from our hunting grounds, and regained the lands of our fathers, where they and their fathers lie buried. We have horses and food enough, and can sleep unmolested with our wives and children without dreading the midnight attack. Our hearts are great within us, and we are now a nation. But Who, my friends, have produced this change? The White men. For our horses and furs, they gave us guns and amunition. Then we became strong and beat our enemies. And shall we be ungrateful to such benefactors? Never, never. They have never robbed us; why should we attempt to plunder them? It was bad, very

bad; they were right in killing the robbers.——"

Here on observing marks of impatience among the relatives of the deceased, he continued in a louder tone

"Yes! I say they did right in killing the robbers; and who among you will dare to contradict me? You well know that my father was killed by the enemy when you all deserted him like cowards, and while the great Master-of-Life spares me, no hostile foot shall again be set on our grounds. I know you all; and I know that those who are afraid of their bodies in battle, are thieves when out of it; but the warrior of the strong arm and the great heart will never rob a friend."

Then after a short pause, "The White-men are brave, and belong to a great nation. They are many moons in crossing the great lake to serve us; & should you destroy all here present, a greater number would come next year to revenge the blood of their kindred. They have offered you a compensation for the loss of your friends; take it. If you refuse, I will join them with my own band of warriors, and should a white-man fall, the murderer and all his family shall become the victims of my vengeance."

Then raising his voice, he called out, "Let the Wallah-Wallahs and all who love me, come forth, and smoke the pipe of peace!"

Above 100 obeyed the call. The eloquence of the Chief silenced all opposition; but the above is a faint outline of it, for he spoke two hours; and the interpret-

er confessed himself unable to translate a great part, especially when he soared into the regions of metaphor so common among Indians. His delivery was impassioned, his action though sometimes violent, was generally bold and graceful.

"Our admiration at the time," says an eye-witness, "knew no bounds; and the orators of Greece and Rome when compared with him dwindled into insignificance."

His name was Morning-Star. Nineteen scalps decorated the neck of his war-horse, and he wished to increase the number to 20, which the Indians consider as the summit of a warrior's glory. His regular features, eagle-glance, and majestic person stamped him as one of nature's aristocracy: while his bravery in the field and wisdom in council commanded the homage of the young and the respect of the aged.

Thus the gathering tempest passed over, like the ominous ravens, without further rupture; but a difference at the mouth of the Columbia among the predecessors of this trading party resulted in a more explosive manner.

The ship Tonquin arrived from New York in 1810; but the rough and offending manner of her master, Capt Thorn, with the temptation of so great a prize, inspired a dark conspiracy among the warlike savages of the coast, who flocked aboard to trade.

Having matured their plan with accustomed secrecy, on the morning the Tonquin was to put to sea, they

came aboard in alarming numbers, and it was observed that contrary to their usual custom, all wore short cloaks or mantles of fur. The sailors were so impeded in their duty by the press, that the Capt requested its dispersion; and as no heed was given to the motion he expressed a wish as he bade 'Up anchor,' that he might not be obliged to enforce his request.

The time had now come. At a signal from one of the chiefs, a tremenduous War-Whoop arose from the assembled savages, who as suddenly fell on the crew with knives and bludgeons, which they had concealed under their mantles. Thorn drew his jack-knife, and slew four of his assailants by ripping open their bowels, when covered with wounds, as he leaned on the Tiller-Wheel, a dreadful blow on the back of his head felled him to the deck. The rest of the crew were also overpowered, excepting three, who after a desperate struggle succeeded in reaching the cabin, and securely fastening the entrance on the inside. Here in the moment of despair, they terribly resolved, while the means was in their hands, to blow up the ship; though like Sampson, they should perish with the host of their enemies! However, they obtainded leave of the captors to depart in the pinnace, in case of a peaceable surrender of their strong hold. Accordingly, the boat was sent astern, and they let themselves into it from the cabin windows, just as they fired the train they had laid to the magazine. Eagerly pushing away to leave all to the shouting captors, who rushed to their plunder, lo! an explosion took place, which bursting the

ship to fritters, as quickly hurled 200 savages into eternity, and dreadfully injured as many more!

Our informant, the ship's interpreter, had jumped overboard in the struggle, and been taken into a canoe by certain squaws, who concealed him under some mats. On reaching the strand, he informs us, that he saw many mutilated bodies floating near the beach, while heads, arms, and legs, together with fragments of the ship were cast to a considerable distance on the shore. The first impression of the survivors was, that the Master-of-Life had sent forth the Evil Spirit from the waters to punish them for their cruelty. And this belief, the consternation produced by the shock, and the moaning of wives and kindred, so paralyzed exertion, and favored the attempt of the desperate three to escape, that by hard pulling they had now reached the mouth of the harbor. But there a head wind and flowing tide drove them back, and they were forced to land late at night in a small cove, where exhausted by loss of blood, and the racking exertions of the day, they fell into a profound sleep.

Meanwhile, the dusky foe had recovered from their prepossessions; the avenger of blood was on the alert; and reached the slumbering victims about midnight, whose daring spirits were presently put to flight, and sent to mingle with those of their departed comrades.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

In fine, let us add a word on the Origin of the Redskins, for there is something very important, very romantic in this connection, though we must be allowed to prose a little.

I have before spoken of Madoc and the Welsh Indians, and we may also take off the Greenlanders and Eskimaux as evidently different races, probably from the north of Europe; but the remainder, the more noble, genuine aborigines, whence came they? Various and learned are the opinions which have been formed on this subject; but that which appears to bear sway, or has been the most extensively and powerfully supported is the Israelitish theory; namely, that our Indian tribes are lineally descended from the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel.

Among other works or minor testimonies in defence of this opinion, we may note the 'Star in the West,' by Dr Boudinot, but more especially the quarto of Adair, whose long residence among the Indians, and at a period when their institutions were less vitiated than at present afforded him the best opportunity of investigation. The following is an abstract of his principal arguments.

1. Division of tribes; though greatly increased from the original Ten.

2. A sort of Cherubic figures in their synhedria or temples, where from a strong religious principle, they often dance in a bowing posture, singing Halleluyah, and Yo-he-wah, (supposed to be the original pronunciation of Jehovah, which literally signifies what they often term Him, the Master-of-Life.)

3. Religious or national pride of the regard of the Great Spirit to their ancestors, thinking Him the immediate head of their state, and themselves the Beloved or Chosen People.

4. Their belief in the existence and ministration of angels, or good as well as evil spirits.

5. Identity of languaguge; (though for lack of data, even Greek being considered till recently a dead language, literati are slow in the discovery. However they have already concluded, that all the Indian languages, with those exceptions which correspond to our idea of the Welsh mixture, vary only in dialect from the same original. Roger Williams, among others, has particularly noticed the Hebrew affinity, of which we might give numerous instances, as of the aspirate quality or frequent sound of H.)

6. Manner of reckoning time, as by moons, and beginning the year at the vernal equinox.

7. An archimagus or high priest with an ephod, a kind of order of priests or magi, the character of prophet,—praying for rain, exorcists, &c.

8. Festivals and religious rites, as their Green-corn dance, or offering of first fruits, (and of the first-born.)

9. Daily sacrifice, as casting a piece of meat into the fire before they eat, their annual ceremonies in regard to the sacred fire, &c.

10. Ablutions and anointings, their priests being initiated by unction.

11. Their laws of uncleanness, as the lunar retreats of women, & when in travail, pollution of the dead, &c.

12. Abstinence from things unclean, as blood, carnivorous birds and animals. When swine first came among them, they reckoned the beast horribly unclean.

13. Mode of marriage, divorce, and punishment of adultery.

14. The law of revenge; 'eye for eye, and tooth for tooth;' so like the Hebrew system, that travellers by way of illustration have often borrowed the Old-Testament-phrase, 'avenger of blood.'

15. Cities of Refuge, of which there are several in every tribe, called, old, peaceable, beloved, holy, or white towns.

16. Ceremonies of purification and fasting before going to war, an ark containing certain consecrated vessels which it is lawful for a few only to touch, and a care to avoid pollution, as with female captives, &c.

17. Love of ornaments, and often of a similar kind.

18. Mode of curing the sick, by exorcism, and belief in the spiritual or demoniacal causation of diseases. Their invocation of Yohewah is very striking.

The invocater first bowing low, then rising with his arms thrown out, and looking wildly, to the north and south, sings in a low bass, Yo! Yo! about a minute, then He! He! as long, then Wah! Wah! and afterwards transposing these syllables in several ways, and in a rapid, gutteral manner, often looking upwards.

19. Care of the dead, and burying their property with them, reverence for burial places, &c.

20. Time and manner of the mourning of widdows.

21. The surviving brother taking the wife of, and raising offspring to, the deceased.

22. Method of giving names, that are desciptive of personal qualities.

23. Traditions of their origin, as that their ancestors, in very remote ages, came from a far distant country, and moved eastward, till at last they reached their present settlements.

TO these marks of Indian correspondence to Israelitish polity, copiously illustrated by Adair from his own observations during a long residence among the Aborigines of our country, We may add;

24. The last relic of ancient history that gives any account of the Ten Tribes. See 2 Esdras, XIII 40.

"The ten tribes that were carried away captive out of their own land in the time of Osea the king, whom Salmanaser, king of Assyria, led away captive, he carried over the waters, and so they came into another land. But they took this counsel among them-

selves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a further country, where SEVEN MANKIND DWELT, that they might there keep the statutes which they never kept in their own land.' One of their great stumblingblocks having been the propinquity and seduction of foreign nations.' 'So they entered Euphrates by the narrow passages of the river,' (perhaps Bhering's straits,) 'for the Most High then showed signs for them, and held still the flood till they had passed over; for through the country there was a great way to go, namely, of A YEAR AND A HALF, and the same region is called Arsareth."

25. Whatever may be thought of these items, it is at least a yawning inconsistency, if not an objection to the old-testament-history, that while the tribe of Judah has been so remarkably preserved, the other ten, though predicted to become like the sands in number, should be strangely, unaccountably annihilated;

26. But if not yet extinct, where in the world shall we find a people, of relative magnitude with the Jews, so distinct, so extensive, so correspondent, so national, so worthy, so dubious in origin, so well entitled to Israelitish extraction, and to fill up the hiatus of Hebrew story, as the noble though degenerate Red-men?

27. Similarity to the Jews in physiognomy, their complexion being naturally very little if any darker, at least than that of the 'black Jews' of the East; in simplicicity, and yet a certain shrewdness, of character; in fortitude; in persecution suffered from all other nations; in their dispersed and scattered destiny;

and in that national tenacity to ancestral institutions, from which nothing has been able to alienate them.

28. Likeness of physiognomy, not only to the Jews as in the brunette-complexion, Roman nose, retreating forehead, and bright black eyes, but among themselves, a perfect family-likeness among them all, such as we can only refer to the oneness of the Hebrew origin and strictness of descent, and such as we believe to be unparralelled except among the Jews and Arabs.

29. The denunciations of Prophecy, too often coincident to be here specified, and which, in many cases, can hardly have been fulfilled, except on this theory. Need we refer to those passages, which foretell their dispersion to the ends of the earth, their becoming a reproach, an ASTONISHMENT, and a by-word, their failing eye and fainting heart, while they should be swept away, like the leaves of the forest, before the face of their enemies, so strikingly accomplished in the power of fire-arms, by which the Indian was confounded on the discovery and appropriation of his lands; most of the predictions that apply to the Jews, & many more.

IN fine, it is surprising, that no more learned Jews after the example of Mr Noah, that no more of the Men in Black, whose province it is, if they had ears to hear or eyes to see, that no more Indian missionaries who have zealously gone to christen the Red-skin, have dipped into this subject.

SCENE IN THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"The day was lowering; stilly black,
Slept the grim wave: while heaven's rack
Dispers'd and wild 'twixt earth and sky,
Hung like a shatter'd canopy."

The Esquimaux-sledge is drawn by a sort of wolf-dog, that never barks, but howls, is kept in large packs, and fed on offal. When pinched with hunger, he will eat almost any thing, even his harness; and while his dreary master takes lodging for the night in a snow-house, he is left to burrow where he pleases in the snow-banks, being sure to rally again in the morning to receive his food. His strength and speed even with a hungry stomach, are remarkable, and when he receives a lash, he generally bites his neighbor, who bites the next, and so the bite goes round.

In the March of 1782, one clear, cold morning, and so early that the stars yet shone with a keen lustre, two Moravian missionaries, Liebisch and Turner, * with a woman and child, left Nain on the coast of Labrador, in two sledges with Esquimaux drivers, to go to Okak, a distance of about 150 miles. They set off

* Periodical Account of the Moravian Missions.

in high spirits over the frozen sea, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, and proposed to reach Okak in three or four days.

Passing the islands in the bay of Nain, they bore off some way from the coast, in order to reach smooth ice, and turn the rocky promontory of Kiglapeit.

Soon however, they met a sledge of Esquimaux who after the ordinary salutations, threw out some hints as if they might as well return; but as the less experienced missionaries saw no reason for it, they proceeded on. But after some time, their tawny driver thought he could perceive a ground-swell under the ice, though as yet imperceptible, except on lying down and applying the ear to the ice, when a low, grating noise was heard as if ascending from the abyss. Still, the weather remained clear, except towards the East, where a bank of light clouds appeared, interspersed with some dark streaks; and when the sun had reached its height there was still little or no alteration in the appearance of the sky; but the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible, so as to rather alarm the travellers, and induce them to bear a little toward shore. Moreover, the ice had cracks and large fissures in many places, some of which formed chasms two feet wide; but as they are not uncommon in even strong ice, and easily leapt over by the dogs, they are terrible only to strangers.

But as the sun declined towards the West, the bank of clouds in the east began to ascend; the dark streaks

put themselves in motion; and the wind began to rise. The snow ran along the ice in little whirlwinds, and frisked about the peaks of the neighboring mountains. And now the ground-swell had so encreased, that its effect on the ice became very extraordinary and alarming; the sledges, instead of gliding along smoothly as on an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and soon after seemed to ascend with difficulty a rising hill. Such was the elasticity of so vast a body of ice, now beginning to be agitated by a troubled sea; but however loath to burst and swallow up the travellers, it was evident that the struggle could not be maintained much longer.

Noises were distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of mighty cannon, occasioned by the bursting of the ice further out at sea. Indeed, every indication became apparent, that with the gathering tempest from the ocean, a terrible calamity was sweeping on. Already the Esquimaux drivers had turned their dogs directly towards shore, lashing with all speed. But as they approached the coast, the scene before them was really terrific; the ice was breaking upon the rocks in a thousand pieces, and dashing on the precipices with a tremenduous noise! while the raging of the wind, and the snow whirling in the air, almost deafened the shrinking travellers, and deprived them of the power of vision. To reach the land at any risk, was now their only hope. But it was with

the greatest difficulty that the affrighted dogs could be forced onward, for the whole body of the ice frequent sunk below the surface of the rocks, and then rose above them! The only moment to land was when the fluctuating ice was on a level with the beach, so as to leave no chasm along shore; the attempt was extremely nice and hazardous, yet it providentially succeeded and both sledges regained the land.

But they had scarcely time for congratulation, before they beheld, on turning back their rolling eyes, the whole mass of ice they had just come over, for several miles from the shore, beginning to burst and sink beneath the overwhelming waves. The scene was awfully grand; large fields of ice rising out of the water, dashing against one-another, and plunging into the deep with indescribable violence, and a noise like the discharge of a thousand batteries; while the darkness of the coming night, the roaring of the wind and sea, the dashing of the waves and ice against the rocks, petrified the travellers with amazement, as they stood wondering at their singular escape.

According to custom, the hardy drivers now began to build a house of snow, to pass the night in, about 30 paces from the beach; and before they retired into it, the sea was clear of ice, and enormous surges driving furiously before the wind, came sweeping from the ocean, like castles, till they broke with dreadful noise on the rocks, and filled the air with spray.

However, the company took their supper, and having sung an Esquimaux-hymn, lay down to rest. The drivers were soon fast asleep; but the missionaries could not close their eyes, for the noise of the elements, and well it was that they did not; for about two o' clock in the morning, one of them thought he tasted salt water dropping from the roof of the snow-house on his lips. Though somewhat alarmed, he remained quiet, till the dropping became more frequent, and when about to give the alarm, a tremenduous surge broke suddenly near their dreary tenement, and discharged a quantity of water into it. The next billow carried away the slice of snow that served as a door. Immediately the Moravians called aloud to the slumbering Esquimaux, who jumped up in an instant, and cutting a passage through the other side of the house with a large knife, each seized a part of the baggage, and all fled to a neighboring eminence.

The woman and child were sheltered behind a rock —but scarcely had they made good their retreat, before a still increasing billow overwhelmed and swept away the house they had left.

Thus did they escape a second time from the yawning jaws of destruction; but it was difficult to stand the fury of the elements without a covering. Therefore the Esquimaux cut a hole in a large drift, and put the missionaries into it; while they awaited the light of morning, to erect another snow-house, into which all were glad enough to creep for shelter. In fine, after great toil and suffering, the unlucky missionaries effected their return to Nain.

MEMOIRS OF BAGADUCE.

CHAPTER XL.

'Some years since,' says the writer of these pages, 'I took a trip during a college vacation to visit some of my kindred in the valley of the Penobscot: for I was fond of seizing every opportunity to explore my native regions. Time was indeed, ere the means of information had solved the enigmas of childish fancy, when I imagined that the wide world around me, into which I had recently, unaccountably, emerged, was terminated by the circuit of the sensible horizon where the sky appears to shut down upon the earth; and I thought it would be a fine adventure to take a hatchet on one's shoulder, and march to the etherial confine, in order to cut a hole through that descending sky, and see what there was in the world beyond. But, thanks to my ranging thoughts, I have since made prodigious advancement in knowledge; the dimness of that distance has opened into geographical day-light; I have shot forth into divers radii of a day's journey; and now I was making way into the wide ocean.

'The shades of evening had begun to cast a sombre hue over the grandeur of the scene, as we passed Boston-Light, and with sails all swollen by the wind, began to rock on the dark waves of the deep. Long did

I strive to combat a particular propensity to sea-sickness, which arising from a peculiar weakness of the cranium, or some other cause, has rendered even the motion of a carriage annoying. I therefore took a seat in mid-ship, and inspired by the wildness of the scene, and the alacrity of the sailors, as they clomb the lofty shrouds, and spread out on the tottering yards to take a reef on the top-gallant-sail, I struck up a sea-song or two, which drew around my fellow-passengers.

'But I was soon very willing to subside into a horizontal position; and as the rest gradually withdrew to their births, was left alone, overwhelmed with dreadful dizziness, and shivering in the night-wind, until some pitying sailor on his watch threw a tar-paulin over me. Near midnight, I summoned resolution enough to blunder down the cabin-stairs; but alas! every birth was filled by the snoring passengers. So lamenting my hard lot, I was fain to make the best of my condition on the cabin-floor, till at the approach of day-light, one of the sleepers awoke and stepping on deck for a moment, I was enabled to pitch into his birth with as little ceremony as had been shown in appropriating mine.

'I had long desired to witness the appearance of the ocean, when out of sight of land; but sad was my disappointment on being no better able to enjoy that scene on the clear morning which followed. I could only throw round a feeble glance on the flashing waves which tossing about on all sides in wild and irregular

motion, sent back the bright gleams of the sun in every angle of reflection, while uncounted spots of white canvass were scattered around at all distances, like stars in the firmament, and dashing up the white spray from their manly prows. But I was not before aware, that the convexity of the earth was so apparent at sea, for beside the many sail in the distance, whose top-sheets only could be seen, the verge of the ocean itself seemed to loom up against the bordering sky.

'Early the next day, I was called from my birth to land. I staggered to the deck, and found the schooner mooring in a strange sort of river-bay, on whose islands and shores, greened a luxuriance of vegetation in grove and wood, though with scarcely any signs of inhabitancy. But recovering some gleams of bewildered consciousness, I hailed the sweet aspect of land, and rejoiced in my escape from that unstable ocean, as from a troubled tempest, or some dismal dream, from which I was arousing. With several others, I gladly stepped into a boat, and approached the shore; but finding it difficult to bring their craft to land, the sailors kindly stepped overboard, and bore us thither on their shoulders.

We then pierced a grove that hung over the shore and after ascending a rugged acclivity, I found myself on the lofty peninsula of Castine; crowned by the ruins of a heavy fort, that, in both the English wars, has been possessed by the enemy. As yet

however I had seen nothing but the beauties of nature glistening in the dews of a summer morning, the earth still seeming to heave and sink, as if by magic, beneath my feet; but on reaching this spot, the bright village on the Eastern declivity burst suddenly into view, with its picturesque little harbor embowered in the groves of the wilderness, lying before it in a placid basin, while the outlines of the prospect that opened widely beyond,

'In all their length far winding lay
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands, that empurpl'd bright,
Floated amid the silver light,
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land,
Whose ruined sides and summit hoar
A wildering forest feather'd o'er;
And summer-dawn's reflected hue
To purple chang'd Loch Katrine blue;
While black-bird & the speckl'ed thrush
Good-morrow bade from brake and bush.

'Here I arrived among my cousins as into a safe and agreeable haven. Nor was it long before my curiosity was gratified in sundry excursions to behold the wildness of nature, and her own wild children, the aborigines of the neighborhood, who come down from the interior to pass the summer-months on the islands. Even the undulating surface of the land and vegetable mellowness of the soil over the peninsula itself, discovered the lateness of its recovery from a state of

nature. But proceeding further inland, by zigzag-fences of log, and huge black stumps in newly cleared fields, I soon reached the bosom of the forest, where no axe of the back-woods-man had yet resounded.

'The Shores of Vespucci want those architectural ruins, which are so often harped on by foreign travellers, but they afford instead what is rarely seen in the civilised portion of the old world. You may term it, if you please, not the ruins of Art, but the ruins of Nature. Indeed, it appears to me, that no monument of ancient time which the antiquary can point us to, is so wildly interesting as a fertile spot of country IN THE STATE OF NATURE. Here every thing remains in the native state of operation, which has been going on ever since 'the great flood,' undisturbed by the intrusive finger of man; every thing revolves in its appointed orbit, from the earth into all forms of luxuriant vegetation, where after wasting its sweetness, its beauty, and grandeur, 'on the desert air,' it returns to the very dust from which it arose. On one hand, you may see the the long grass swaying over the faded product of a former year, and near by the matted jungle hardly penetrable except by the winding serpent, that may hiss, or shake his rattles, at you from his strong hold. On the other hand, you may see the majestic, ever blooming, and yet ever mouldering forest,—huge trees in every state of decay, from the time their long arms begin to palsy with age, to where the tottering trunk

reclines on its neighbor in burdensome weakness, or has fully reached the ground, and though in perfect shape, may be thrust by the push of a cane, or has begun to crumble into ridges of spongy soil, half clad with verdure.

'Returning over the peninsula, I observed a canoe gliding into the harbor, skilfully directed by a number of squaws, who with little or no effort were skimming along at a surprising rate. Indeed, as my companion observed, "There is no keeping up with them in our boats." On touching the shore at a bye place, they quietly dtsembarked, and one putting her hand to the prow, and another taking the poop, easily raised their vessel from the water, and according to custom, moored it high and dry on the sands. These canoes are a great curiosity, the neatest craft that swims; extremely light and graceful in their forms, constructed of birch-bark spread over a frame of basket-work, without the aid of a nail or any kind of metal.

'On reaching the village, I found three or four Indian girls promenading the streets in their gayest attire; it consisted of beaver hats adorned with ribbons, calico frocks with belts round the waist, pantilets, and morocco shoes. And though I thought the set of their frocks rather loose, and their gate too sauntering, yet both were free and easy; they were evidently modest, even to bashfulness, and so far as nature was concerned, very pretty, having good forms, bright eyes, and expressive countenances.

'I was very desirous to pay these Children of the forest, if not of Israel, a visit at their country seat; so stepping aboard a small sail-boat with sundry of my fair cousins, we directed our course one sunny afternoon towards their beautiful isle. Entering a little cove, we espied their conical wigwams near the strand, and several Indian lads snatching up their canoes, and running away, as if to secure them from our hands. Whether from a natural repugnance to White-people, or some impertinence they may have suffered in such visits, we were not received very cordially; nor was it till we proposed to purchase some of the little colored baskets they were making, that we ventured to lift the cloth-doors which hung at the entrance of their cabins. The men were absent, the children playing without, and the women quietly sitting on their hams, with no apparent furniture, or even bedding, but the leaves of the forest; while indifferent to our presence, they continued at their basket-work, agreeably conversing with one-another in their beautiful language, which seemed to flow from their lips without any effort of the organs of speech, in soft and liquid sounds.

CHAPTER XLI.

"With cautious step and ear awake,
He climbs the crag, and threads the brake;
While every breeze that swept the wold,
Benumbs his drenched limbs with cold."

Among all the curiosities of Bagaduce, as Castine was formerly called, none equal the memoirs of the fort, whose bristly pickets were still extant; I refer to the escape of an American general in the revolutionary war. *

General Wadsworth was sent in 1780, to oppose the English in the district of Maine; and being about to return again after the accomplishment of his designs, and the disbanding of his forces, secret communication was given the British at Bagaduce of his defenceless situation, on the river St George. Immediately, a schooner and 25 men were sent against him. The party came suddenly by night on the sentry who guarded the house, and fired a volley on them in the kitchen, while others at the same instant surrounded the mansion, and blew in the windows of the room, where the General and his lady were sleeping.

Roused by the terrible alarm, Mrs Wadsworth escaped, half dressed, into another room. The plunder-

* President Dwight's travels in N. England; vol. II.

ers gained possession of all but the general's room, which he bravely defended with a pair of pistols, blunderbuss, and fusee, till at last as he was charging bayonet in the entry, his white shirt-sleeves made him a conspicuous mark, and he was shot in the arm. He then surrendered. Still, the soldiers continued their fire on him from the kitchen, till he threw open the door, and exclaimed,

"My brave fellows, Why do you fire after I have surrendered?"

"You have taken my life, and I will take yours!" replied one with an oath, who was badly wounded, as they rushed into the room.

But ere the pointed musket was discharged, an officer struck it off with his sword, and saved the General's life. He was then borne off in triumph to Bagaduce; and his distracted wife with a female friend was left to wring her hands about the shattered mansion and its blood-stained floors. The General landed at the peninsula amid exulting shouts from the spectators who thronged the shore, anxious to behold the illustrious captive, who after disappointing all the designs of the British in this quarter during the last year was now in fine so queerly overreached.

In about two months his wife came to see him, and was conducted with much civility to his quarters. She staid with him ten days, and then took her leave with no prospect of his release; indeed, he was in expecta-

tion of being sent to Halifax, or as he learned from his servants, to England, as a rebel of too much consequence to be trusted with liberty. Soon after a major Burton, who had served under him the summer before was taken prisoner, and lodged in the same room; and now it was ascertained, that both were to be carried to England, as soon as a privateer came in from her cruise, and there to remain prisoners till the close of the war. Such prospects were dismal indeed; and they resolved to effect their escape, or perish in the attempt.

The project, however, was extremely adventurous. They were confined in a grated room, in the officers' barracks, within a fort whose walls were 20 feet high, besides the ditch around them, with fraising on the top and chevauxdefrise at bottom. The gate of the fort was shut at sun-set, and a picket-guard stationed at the isthmus of the peninsula, another to patroll on the outside of the ditch and abattis, beside the sentry on the walls, and a number who guarded the entry to their apartment, and frequently opened a window-shutter in the upper part of the door to see what they were about.

Yet they determined to cut a hole through the wooden ceiling of their room, and creeping along the garret over the adjoining apartments, to descend into another entry, go out, and scale the walls of the fort. So after the sentinel had taken his peep through the door one night, they got up into a chair, and began to cut

away on the ceiling with a knife, but they soon found that the sentinel would hear them, and the attempt was impracticable. But the next day, their barber was hired, for a dollar, to bring them a large gimblet the next time he came to shave; and with this more noiseless instrument, they contrived to snatch a moment, when the sentinel's back was turned, to perforate the ceiling, the other pacing the floor meanwhile to drown the noise. And thus by watchfulness and perseverance, they finally succeeded in boring round a sufficient space, cutting most of the interstices with a knife and carefully pasting over the holes, as they proceeded, with chewed bread of like color with the boards.

And now they wished for a dark and tempestuous night to shelter their attempt. A whole week elapsed before such an opportunity occurred; their anxiety became intense, especially when visitors were now and then gazing round their prison-room, for some butter withal in the pasted bread had melted in the hot weather, and discolored a board to some extent.

At length, a storm came up one evening, and the lightning shot forth in constant sheets of fire. The prisoners sat up, as if playing at cards, till about 11 o' clock, when the rain began to descend in torrents, and the darkness was profound. The sentinel looked in at the door; the prisoners had gone to bed, and extinguished their light; but soon they rose again, and having finished the perforation, Burton ascended first

through the opening. At this crisis, a parcel of fowls roosting in the garret, gave notice of his passage by cackling: but luckily, the noise was drowned by the pelting of the rain on the roof above, or unheeded by the sentry. Wadsworth followed, though with great difficulty, on account of his wounded arm, and reached the entry, where Burton was to have waited for him. But perceiving from the air blowing in at the door, that his comrade had gone out, he followed along under the eaves of the barracks, with the water pouring on him, that he might not be so liable to meet any one in such a direction.

He then made his way along through utter darkness to the wall of the fort, which he contrived to ascend by scrambling up obliquely. At this moment, the guard-house-door on the other side was thrown open, and the seargant of the guard vociferated, 'Relief, turn out.' Instantly, Wadsworth heard a scrambling, which he knew to be made by Burton; but the rain kept the sentry in their boxes, and made such a clattering on them as to drown the noise. Wadsworth hastened to cross the parapet, before the Relief came upon him, and fixing the corner of a blanket he had taken with him to a picket of the fraising, he let himself down by it, and dropt on the berme within the chevauxdefrise. He then crept along to the next angle, and there concealed himself till the guard had passed, when he skulked into the ditch, and going out at the water-course between the sentry-boxes, joyously descended the peninsula.

The whole adventure seemed to him like a dream; the rain and darkness continued; he feared to awake and still find himself in his prison-room. He groped his way along by rocks, stumps, and jungle to an old guard-house on the shore of the back cove, where Burton had agreed to meet him, should any accident have seperated them. But no Burton was there, and after waiting and searching for him half an hour, he began to ford the cove, which was about a mile wide, but not above his middle. It was about two o' clock in the morning when he gained the opposite shore, and covered himself in the wilderness.

The rain and darkness had begun to diminish: he had discovered no indication of pursuit, and clambering along over fallen trees, he made his way through the woods, till he reached the river. Here the day dawned, and he heard the Reveille beat at the fort. Fearing to meet with any inhabitant, who out of regard to the enemy might arrest and carry him back, he privately made his way up the river, along the water's edge, till about seven miles from the fort, he perceived a salmon-net stretching from a point thickly covered with bushes. Here he cut him a club, and spreading out his clothes to dry, lay by in the coppice, to see what fishermen might come up, or if it were best to discover himself. After resting about an hour, on looking down the river, as he often did, to see if any pursuers were after him, to his agreeable surprise, he espied Burton advancing towards him in the track he had just taken. The meeting was mutually rapturous

especially as each had believed the other to be lost.

On leaping down the wall of the fort to avoid the relief-guard, Burton fell into the arms of a chevaux-de-frise, and had well nigh been impaled on one of its pickets. However, he descended without injury into the ditch, and avoiding the sentry-boxes, passed the abattis, and escaped into the open ground, where thinking himself closely pursued, he fled with precipitation, and forgetting the form of the peninsula, instead of finding the old guard-house, inadvertently directed his course towards the picket at the isthmus.

However, before it was too late, he perceived a man in motion at a short distance, whose movements soon appeared like those of a sentinel. Burton dropt to the ground, and whenever the sentinel moved from him, softly withdrew, till at length he got clear of his disagreeable neighbor. He then entered the cove at an inconvenient place, and found deep water, rocks, and much sea-weed, that obstructed his passage, and mopped round him, like snakes, so that he was obliged to swim, clamber, and wade above an hour in thunder and darkness, before he reached the forest on the opposite side, when he made the best of his way through the woods, till he chanced to come up with the General.

Nor had they now much time for rest or congratulation. Burton affirmed, that a barge was in pursuit, and would soon come round a point below. So immediately seizing a canoe by the seine, they plied up the

river, till the barge came in sight about a mile below, moving slowly after them. Under screen of the jungle that fringed the water's edge, they watched their opportunity, and plying their oars to the utmost, escaped to the western bank, drove into a solitary nook, and leaping ashore, plunged into the wilderness. By means of a pocket-compass, they now directed their course to St George's river, and by sunset, had travelled 25 miles, often clambering over rotten trees, or wading over swampy ground.

At evening, they struck fire, and partook of some crusts of bread and dried meat, and lay down to rest. The next day, owing to their great exhaustion and soreness of limbs, they could proceed only 12 or 15 miles; and after another night, Wadsworth began to sink under his fatigues, and at last proposed to lie down in the wilderness, and wait till his stronger companion could obtain some assistance from the nearest settlements. Burton would not consent to do so, or to leave his declining comrade in circumstances so doubtful. So they sunk down together, and fell asleep in THE SUN,

On awaking, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES considerably recruited, and were enabled to make some further progress. Towards evening, Burton discovered a smoke from an eminence and various signs of HUMAN HABITATIONS. Soon after, WITH great joy THEY REACHED THE upper settlements on St George's river.

The inhabitants flocked joyfully about them, and hailed them not only as friends long lost, but as men dropt down from the clouds. After the kindest entertainment, the people accompanied their guests down the river to within a few miles of Burton's own house, and near that also in which Wadsworth had been captured, who now proceeded to Portland in quest of his wife, and from thence to Boston, where he happily rejoined her, and probably found a delicious repose in her society after so much toil and vicissitude.

CHAPTER XLII

THE NEGRO SLAVE.

Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter, dropping sweat and toiling pain!
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall!
All which proceed from savage thirst of gain.
THOMPSON.

We pretend not to say how great an evil slavery is, especially in a country which boasts of liberty; but to the insurmountable objections of the Northerner, it may be answered, that the blacks are naturally of a more grovelling and debased character than their whiter brethren of the human family, that the patriarchs had slaves and Scripture imposes this curse on the

tawny children of Canaan, that the Colonization-project is scouted by the negros themselves, that the evil consists only in the abuses of the master. Monarchical England is indeed too free for nominal servitude, and the structure of Southern society is evidently feudal and aristocratic; but waving the deception of names, wherever there is pride and circumstance with money enough to procure hirelings, there is virtual slavery, and there you may soon number an army of serfs & villains. How many a white scoundrel, though adorned in livery, is in fact a more obsequious slave than the black who loves to wallow in the rice-field!

Our present intention is to give a sketch of what is seldom given, the pivate life of the negro slave.

A traveller* informs us, that while keeping an 'old field school' at Pohoke, near the Blue Ridge, he became acquainted with 'old Dick,' a negro slave, who never failed to visit his cell at evening, in order to obain a dram of whisky. Dick said that it comforted him;

"And I never witheld my comfort from him," says the traveller. "My recreation after school in the evening was to sit and meditate before my door in the open air, while the vapors of a friendly pipe administered to my philosophy. Before me stood an immense forest of stately trees; the fire-fly was on the wing; and the Whip-poor-Will in lengthened cries hailed the

* Davis' Travels in U. States.

return of night, while I contemplated the family-group on the grass-plat before their dwelling, and the boys running and tumbling in harmless mirth on the green. I always put Dick upon talking about himself, and one evening he told me the tale of his life,"

Which will now be faithfully repeated as it fell from the negro's lips, always reserving the right of syntactical improvement. And it will exhibit a better picture of the negros in America than any elaborate dissertation on the subject.

'I was born at a plantation on the Rappahannock. I have no mixed blood in my veins; I am no chesnut-sorrel of a mulatto; but my father and mother both came over from Guinea. When I was old enough to work, I was put to look after the horses; and when a boy, I would not have turned my back to the best negro at catching or mounting the most vicious beast, that ever grazed in a pasture.

'My master had a son who was a trimmer. (Here Dick winked his left eye.) The first thing this younker did on getting out of bed was to call for a Julep, and I honestly date my own love of whisky from mixing and tasting my young master's Juleps. He was also forever on the scent after game, and mighty officious, when he got among the negro wenches. He used to say, that a likely negro wench was fit to be a queen, and I forget how many queens he had among the girls on the two plantations. My young master was also a mighty one for music, and made me learn to play the Banger. I could soon tune it sweetly, and of a moon-

light evening, he would set me to play and the wenches to dance. He could himself shake a desperate foot at the fiddle. But he did not live long. He was for a short life and a merry one. He was killed by a drunken negro who found him over officious with his w——. The negro was hung alive on a gibbet; it was in the middle of summer; the sun was full upon him; he lolled out his tongue; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets; and for three long days, his only cry was,

"Water—Water—Wa—ter!"

'The plantation and negros afterwards fell to the lot of another son, who had gone to Edinburgh to learn the trade of a doctor. The first thing he did on his return was to free all the old negros, and settle each on a patch of land. He tended the sick himself, and encouraged every one to go to meeting on Sunday. Every thing took a change; the young wenches, who before used to wear their drops and bracelets, and ogle their eyes, now looked down like modest young women, and carried their ear-rings in their pockets, till they got clear out of the woods.

'He also encouraged matrimony, by settling each couple in a log-house on a comfortable patch of land. This made me bold to marry, and I looked out sharp for a wife. I had before quenched my thirst at any puddle, but a stream I was to drink at constantly, I thought should be pure. I made my court to a wholesome girl, who had never bored her ears, and went constantly to meeting. By moonlight, I used to play my Banger under her window, and sing a Guinea-love-

song, my mother had taught me. But I found, there was another also, whose mouth watered after the fruit. Cuffee, one of the crop-hands, came one night on the same errand. I am but a little man, and Cuffee was above my pitch. He was six feet and two inches high with a quid of tobacco clapped above that; but I was not to be scared, because he was a big man, and I a little one. I carried a good heart, and a good heart is every thing in love.

"Cuffee?" says I, "What part of the play is you acting? does you come after Sall?"

"May be I does," says he.

"Then," says I, "Here's have at you, boy—"

'And I reckoned to fix him by getting the finger of one hand into his ear, and a knuckle of the other into his eye; but the whoreson was too strong for me, and after knocking me down on the grass, he began to stamp on me, and ask me if I had got enough yet. But getting his great toe into my mouth, I bit it off, and swallowed it. Cuffee now let go his hold, and it was my turn to ask if he had got enough. He said he had; and I walked away to the Quarter.

'The next day, my master heard of our battle, and said, I ought to live among wolves. He sold me to a Georgia-man for $200. My new master was a Satan: He made me travel with him hand-cuffed to Savannah where he sold me to a tavern-keeper for $300.

'I was the only man-servant in the tavern, and did the work of half a dozen. I went to bed at midnight,

and was up an hour before sun I looked after the horses, waited at table, and worked, like a "new nigger;" but I got plenty of spirits, and that I believe helped me.

The war broke out, and I changed masters a dozen times; but I knew I must work, and one master was as good as another. When the war ended, I was a slave at Annapolis. I had become quite steady, and married a house-servant, who brought me a child every year. I have had altogether three wives and twelve children; but as soon as they were strong enough to handle a hoe, my master sold them. It was a hard trial to part with my little ones, for I loved them as a father; but there was no help for it, and it was the case of thousands besides myself.

'When a man has been used to a wife, he finds it mighty lonesome to be without one. So after the death of my first wife, I married a young girl, who lived with a tavern-keeper at E.k-ridge. It was good 25 miles from Annapolis; but a negro never tires, when he goes to see his sweet-heart; after work on Saturday-night, I used to start for Elk-ridge, and get to my wife before supper was put away. Dinah was a dead hand at making Mush, but she could not love it better than I did.

"Dinah?" said I to her one night, "if you was a queen, what you have for supper?"

"Why, milk and Mush, Dick," said she.

"Consarn it! Dinah," said I, "why if you was to eat all the good things, what would be left for me?"

'However, I was not perfectly satisfied with my new wife, nor did I keep her long. She was a giddy young goose, and fond of dress; she wore ruffles, and of a Sunday, put on so sharp-toed shoes as would have knocked out a mosquito's eye. And if her children had not been right black, and right ugly, like myself, I should have suspected her virtue long before I had real cause for it. I made Dinah a present of a little lap-Foist, a very pretty dog as you would see; and one Saturday at negro day-time, about a mile before I got to Elk-ridge, the little Foist came running by me.

"Hie!" said I, "Dinah must be gadding."

'So I looked round, and saw a man and woman run across the main road into the woods. I made after them; but as I was getting into years, and a walk of 20 miles had made my legs a little stiff, I could not overtake them. So after fretting till my blood boiled like a pitch-pot, I walked on to the tavern. I found Dinah in the kitchen, but the mulatto fellow was not there; I never could bear the sight of a mulatto. She ran to me, and fell on my neck.

"Away, girl!" said I, heaving her off, "No tricks upon travellers; Dick in his old age is not to be made a fool of;—did I not see you with ——————?"

"Lack-a-daisy, Dick!" said she, "I have not stirred out of the house; I would kiss the bible, and take my blessed oath of it."

"Nor the Foist either? —" said I, "Begone, you Hussey!—I will seek a new wife."

'So saying, I went up stairs, and made her gowns, coats, &c. into a bundle, took the drops from her ears, and the shoes from her feet, and walked out of the kitchen. I trudged home the same night. Though troubled at being tricked by a young girl, it was some satisfaction to have stript her of all her clothing. Fine feathers make fine birds; and I laughed to think how she would look the next Sunday. I now said to myself, that it was right foolish for an old man to expect constancy from a young girl, and I wished that my first wife had not got her mouth full of yellow dirt. Half a mile from Annapolis, by the road-side, was the graveyard, where my poor wife was buried. I had often heard tell of ghosts, and wanted to see if there was any truth in it. So creeping softly to the hedge that skirted the yard,

"Hoga!" says I, "does you rest quiet? Hoga! does you rest quiet? Say, Hoga! and comfort old Dick."

'These words were scarcely out of my mouth, when the leaves began to stir! I trembled as though seized with the ague.

"Hoga!" says I, "Do— do--- dont scare me."

'But in less than a minute, a black head looked over the bushes, with a pair of goggle-eyes that flamed worse than the branches of a pine tree on fire.

"Faith!" says I, "that can't be Hoga's head, for Hoga had little pee-pee-eyes."

However, Dick took to his heels and ran for it: The ghost followed quick; but as good luck would have it, there was a gate across the way, which he jumped over, and then crawled into a hedge. The ghost did not follow; the gate had stayed him; but he was heard 'to bellow mightily,' and when Dick peeped over the hedge, he saw 'it was the Esquire's black bull.'

And now his master at Annapolis failed, and Dick was sold at vendue to an Esquire K——, 'put to work at the hoe, up an hour before sun, labored till after night-fall,' without clothing, or any food but Hominy. For 15 months, he put no morsel of meat into his lips, but that of an oppossum or racoon he had captured in the woods. This, he says, was rather hard for an old man, but there was no help for it.

'However, hard labor would not have hurt him, but he could never get any liquor. This was desperate, and his only comfort was the stump of an old pipe, that had belonged to his first wife; a poor comfort without a drop of whisky now and then; and he was laying a plan to run away, and travel through the wilderness of Kentucky, when the old Esquire died.

He was therefore put up once more at vendue, and purchased by an Esquire Ball, with whom he still lived. Nobody else would bid for him, because his head was grey, his back covered with stripes, and he was lame in the left leg, where an overseer had maliciously pierced him with a pitch-fork.

But Esq Ball, he says, knew he was trusty; and though self-praise is no praise, there was not a negro on the plantation who wished him better: there were few such masters; he had been allowed to build a log-house, and take in a patch of land to raise corn and water-melons on, to keep poultry, and what is better than all, master never refused him a dram, and by help of Whisky, he did not doubt but he should be able to serve him for fifteen years to come. Some of his negros imposed upon him; there was Hinton, a mulatto rascal, that would run him in debt; and there was Lett one of the house-girls, that would suck the eggs, and declare it was done by a black snake; but he never wronged master out of a cent; he did the work of Hinton, Hal, and Jack without ever grumbling; he looked after the cows, dug in the garden, swingled the flax curry-combed the riding-nag, carted all the wood, toted the wheat to mill, and brought all the logs to the school-house.

Dick's log-hut was not unpleasantly situated near a spring of clear water, and defended by an awning of boughs. A cock that never strayed from his cabin, served him as a time-piece, and a dog that always lay before his door, was equivalent to a lock. With his dog and cock, Dick lived in the greatest harmony, nor would they acknowledge any other master.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE UNFORTUNATE MASON.

"These are not the romantic times,
So beautiful in Spencer's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy;
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
Of Knights, but not of the Round-Table."

AMONG the curious events of American History, we may finally number the rupture and progress of Anti-masonry; that explosion of mystery, so recently fired by a single martyrdom, and yet spreading and murmering, as wild fire, through the land, casting forth scintillations from almost every news-paper, and setting ex-presidents and village-politicians by the ears.

We do not pretend to say whether the craft be capable of all the fearful complots and machinations, that have been ascribed to it. But it seems very evident, notwithstanding all pretension to the contrary, and the gaudy train of priests and great men who have condescended to adorn themselves with the insignia of the trowel and leather apron, besides other scarfs and garters, that originally, the institution sprang from a crafty combination among the first BRICK-LAYERS, in order to secure Wages or other consequence, as these

mechanics were more numerous than others, or possessed greater facilities of intercourse, in the erection of modern cities.

At any rate, Capt. Morgan, in his Illustrations of Masonry, exposed the mysteries of the Craft, as others had done less thoroughly before him. Former revelations had been of a more Apocraphal character, and generally evaded by some change in their "manner of WORKING;" but this pamphlet was too open, too aggravating; vengeance became necessary.

It was on a summer-morning in the year 1826, that William Morgan was apprehended, and imprisoned for a cetain debt in a county-jail of N York, about 60 miles from his family. The jailor was a mason; and thence he was seized in the stillness of night, crying, Murder! Murder! and transported 100 miles further to the fortress of Niagara, whose commander was a mason, by the name of Giddens.

This officer was called from his bed about midnight by a mason of high standing, and hastening to the door half-dressed, he was thus accosted in a low voice, but with great earnestness and a hurried tone.

"Giddens! We have got the perjured rascal here who has been exposing our secrets. He is bound, blind-folded, and under guard. Put on your clothes and carry us over the river. We are going to deliver him to the Canadian masons."*

* Giddin's and Anderton's Narratives,

Giddens was going back to finish dressing himself, when another mason of great function asked for some water to give 'the poor wretch,' as he was almost famished. The Commandant put on his clothes, and making some evasive excuse to his wife, he went out.

Near the door were four men, one of whom was Morgan, blindfolded with a white handkerchief His hands were tied behind him with a cord, his hat hauled down over his forehead. Two men led him to the ferry-boat, one hold of each arm near the shoulder, as if he was too weak to walk alone. He was apparently a man of about 50 years of age, of the usual stature, and a little bald on the head. He spoke deliberately, with correct pronunciation, and appeared of a manly address, intelligent, and well acquainted with mankind.

The night was light and pleasant. They passed the river with few words, and those in a low tone. Two of the company then went ashore, and were gone about two hours, after the Canadian masons. Meantime, the rest kept by the boat, ready to push off at any approach, unless the signal of a whistle were given. Morgan kept his seat; a man sat in front of him with a pistol in his hand, ready to fire, if he made the least resistance.

"My friend!" said the martyr, "have the goodness to put your hand into my pocket, and take out a cud of tobacco and give me."

One did so; and soon after with a faint voice he resumed,

"Gentlemen! I am your prisoner, and I know, that I am completely in your power. Show your magnanimity by using me kindly."

"Silence, you rascal!" replied the man with the pistol, presenting it to his breast, "or I will shoot you in a moment! no more of your preaching!"

Morgan afterwards requested one to loosen the handkerchief over his eyes, as it pained them intolerably.

"It does not," says the other putting his fingers under it, "it is not tight—silence!"

Morgan again attempting to speak, he pressed the pistol against his breast, saying, "Do you feel that?"

"I do," said the Unfortunate Mason.

"Well, speak another word, and you are a dead man."

Morgan was then silent, after uttering a groan, that was enough to pierce the hearts of any but assassins.

Finally, the whistle was heard from a group advancing in the shade. It was the absent two returning with a Canadian mason, who stated that his brethren were not yet ready to receive him. Whence, after much low conversation, Morgan was taken back to the fort, and locked in the magazine. On approaching him the next day, these words were heard.

"Gentlemen! you had better not open this door:—I have got a barricade here that will astonish you;—I think there are but two of you, and as I am situated, I

can master you both. I am determined not to be bled to death by that doctor; Here I will starve rather than fall into his hands."

"Here, give me the pistol!" said one of the masons.

Whereupon, the martyr began to cry, "Murder!" and it was thought prudent, not to go in, but send to Lewiston, to inform the brethren of his turbulence.

Some of them came, but notwithstanding their threats, Morgan repeated the same words, and was more noisy than ever, pounding on the floor, and crying, Murder. A yellow woman and little girl heard it and asked what it meant.

"I hear something that way," said the former pointing to the magazine, "which sounds like some one crying, Murder, Mortar, or Water, and a great pounding. What can it be?"

These dangerous inquiries were carefully evaded. Another mason came of more assurance.

"Morgan," says he, "will make no more noise after I get hold of him, I warrant you. He knows me of old——Morgan?" he continued on entering the magazine, "Where are you? Give me your hand;—What do you mean by all this noise? —Will you be silent hereafter?"

"I will," said the martyr.

Many of the Craft had now assembled in consultation, and all agreed that he ought to be executed, that according to the laws of the institution he must die, and as masons they were bound to execute him.

All then went up to the magazine. Morgan was

found sitting on some straw. His bandage, and cords were off, and a plank torn from the floor. Powder also lay scattered on the floor.

"Be careful, gentlemen," said he, "I advise you to be careful; there appears to be powder——"

"Wretch!" said one, "do you not know that you have forfieted your life? and it becomes our duty to inflict on you some of those penalties you bound yourself under most solemnly? Prepare yourself, —Make your peace with God, for you have but a few moments to live." Being asked what death he chose,

"The death of a soldier!" said he, "Shoot me; But gentlemen! if you take my life, you know not what an injury you will do to masonry;—if you liberate me, my book will do little harm."

He was then pressed to discover where certain of his papers lay, as that disclosing the Royal-Arch-mason's obligation. He said, in possession of his wife. And now they were in doubt respecting the manner of his doom. Murder in cold blood is a difficult work, and the hands of the masons were reluctant. All once concluded to sink him in the river, but some dissented.

Morgan begged for a bible, but none was given him. He then implored in the most feeling terms to see his wife and children a few minutes; and he was somewhat consoled by a false promise in the affirmative. Meanwhile, among other dissensions,

"I ventured," says Giddens, "to propose his release, but was tempestuously reprimanded."

"Good God!" said a Canadian, "What say you?

Shall we set that perjured rascal at liberty? No, never.—Let him be taken to low-water-mark, and the penalty of his first obligation be served on him. Or carry him to the middle of the river, and let him walk a plank;—or cut his throat, and sink him with a stone.—There are ways enough to get rid of the wretch, without all this trouble. Bring him down to the river any night, and let me know where; I will do the job for him, I warrant you;—this business must not be deferred."

Giddens was absent during the murder. But the Keeper of the key to the magazine was called upon to give it up one evening, and take a boat round a point below the wharf about midnight. The next morning, he repaired to the magazine, listened, heard nothing, and went in; no Morgan was there.

When the river came to be raked by the Anti-masons, Giddens was earnestly entreated to pace the strand near the fort in search of the body; and the Canadian abovementioned offered to go with some others, to fish for the same by night, and take it ten miles into lake Ontario, where no trace of it could be found. About the same time, he observed,

"Giddens, we caught a fine bass the other night,—I guess you will be troubled with him no more;—he has gone where he will write no more books, I warrant you."

"By Heavens!" exclaimed another, raising his hands and stamping his feet, on hearing it rumored

that one of the conspirators was going to turn Judas, "if that man betrays us, he dies!—I will do the job for him—I want no help—I will do it alone—I will be responsible---" And thus he continued, raving and stamping, till he worked himself into a passion little short of insanity. Finally,

"A mason of high degree informed me," says Giddens, who had the boldness to make these disclosures, "that a Sir Knight from the East had come after the execution, with authority, and for the express purpose of enacting the same, who had called upon him, and demanded the perjured wretch, showing his dagger."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"But see, his face is black and full of blood!
"His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd!

Thus perished the Unfortunate Mason; and if there is a want of explicitness about the closing scene, for no judicial process has been able to identify or punish the perpetrators, if a cloud of mystery hangs over it, which the reader would be glad to penetrate, a ray of light shall be given by some account of the last hour of another in like circumstances; for it seems that the Arcana of the Craft, that long-lived but now expiring bug-bear, have been consecrated by the blood of many a human sacrifice.

Mr Anderton of Boston, a [illegible]ring man and chief-mate, had been heard to say, sometime before the following affidavit, that he saw something in a Lodge-room once, which induced him to thow his apron and other masonic trappings overboard soon after; and that he could not keep a secret any longer which had been a burden to him for seventeen years.

'On a voyage to Ireland,' says he, 'I became acquainted with sundry fellow-masons at Belfast, among whom was a William Miller, a miller by trade as well as cognomen, a man of considerable intelligence and fond of inquiring about the liberties of my country. He invited me to call on him, which I did, sometimes at his mill and once at his house, where I took supper.

'On another cruise to the same place, in the Spring of 1813, Miller told me, that the masons had offered to make him a Knight-Templar free of expense, and upon that very evening. I agreed to go with him, and take the same degree, though I thought he spoke rather coolly upon the subject, and said nothing in favor of the institution. There were about 40 Knight-Templars and others present in the Chapter. As soon as I had been dubbed, I was told that a mason would be there, who had violated his obligations, by saying that 'Jachin and Boaz' was a true book. They appeared to be much inflamed on the subject, said he had broken his oaths, forfieted his life, and ought not to live any longer among men or masons. I wished myself absent but found I could not retreat.

'Lots were cast, to see who should officiate as executioners; the names of all present were put in two urns; and whether by design or no, the lot fell on three foreigners, a Swede, a Dane, and myself! The Swede and Dane were strong, athletic men, masters of vessels, and strangers to me. I was struck with indescribable horror and astonishment. My life has been often exposed to great peril. I have been twice shipwrecked; and several times have I met the enemies of my country in bloody combat, amid the roar of cannon and the groans of dying men. But I can truly say I never felt as at that moment. In all my other dangers, I felt that I was doing my duty, but this I considered as murder in cold blood. I found also by conversation, that the intended victim was even my friend, Miller! I told them, I could not do it,--- I had as lief have my own throat cut;--- I begged and entreated: I was distressed in heart, and finally excused.

The Swede and Dane stood forth. They had a canvass-cloth-cap or bag, to put over his head, and come down about his neck, where it was rigged with strong cords drawing each way so as to strangle him. It was at the black hour of midnight. Miller was led into the room somewhat in the condition of a candidate, having his eyes blinded, and his coat off.

"Who comes there? Who comes there?" cries one.

"A Traitor! Who has broken his masonic obligations," howled another.

"Lots were cast, to see who should officiate as executioners; the names of all present were put in two urns; and whether by design or not, the lot fell on three foreigners, a Swede, a Dane, and myself! The Swede and Dane were strong, athletic men, masters of vessels, and strangers to me. I was struck with indescribable horror and astonishment. My life had been often exposed to great peril. I have been twice shipwrecked, and several times have I met the enemies of my country in bloody combat, amid the roar of cannon and the groans of dying men. But I can truly say I never felt as at that moment. In all my other dangers, I felt that I was doing my duty, but this I considered as murder in cold blood. I found also by conversation, that the intended victim was even my friend, Miller! I told them, I could not do it,--- I had as lief have my own throat cut;--- I begged and entreated: I was distressed in heart, and finally excused.

The Swede and Dane stood forth. They had a canvass-cloth-cap or bag, to put over his head, and come down about his neck, where it was rigged with strong cords drawing each way so as to strangle him. It was at the black hour of midnight. Miller was led into the room somewhat in the condition of a candidate, having his eyes blinded, and his coat off.

"Who comes there? Who comes there?" cries one.

"A Traitor! Who has broken his masonic obligations," howled another.

"O my God!" exclaimed Miller, "Are you going to murder me?--- O my wife- --my children---"

"The agony, the strong struggle, the half smothered utterance of these words, and the final shriek as the cap went over his head, pierced me to the heart, and was enough I should think, to soften the breasts of savages. The horrid sound still seems to ring in my ears. Instantly the Swede and Dane sprang in opposite directions, by the cords, and with all their might.

Poor Miller after the most frantic struggles, settled down to the floor in dreadful convulsions. And while the two foreigners still drew by the cords, bracing their feet against his body, other masons fell on him, and cut his throat, while yet struggling on the floor. And then his left side and breast were cut open so as to show his heart.

"Some few discovered marks of sympathy in their looks, but the rest grinned with horrid approbation, clenching their fists, and venting the most profane and revengful expressions. The body was afterwards carried down stairs, and thrown into a dock, while several kept watch to prevent detection. With awful impressions, I left the scene as soon as possible; and I afterwards heard from common report, that the body was taken up the next day, and the Coroner decided, that William Miller was murdered by a person or persons unknown."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE SUICIDE.

WHETHER we call it murder, homicide, or assassination, whereby delirious man so often falls by the hand of his fellow, far less blame can be attached to the unfortunate suicide. Though we may generally do better than to regard this desperate act as the Romans do, "without praise or blame," there are cases in which it is associated with flagrant sin, and others in which it may be termed truly heroic. Scarcely a day passes, even upon these happy Shores, in which the hand of man is not deliberately raised against himself; and if every case were carefully recorded, the annual number of suicides in our country would appear almost incredible. But our present object is merely to relate a few recent cases, in which that rosy little god of rolling eye, and curly brow, was the prime agent. Who would think the little Simpleton could ever be so ill that a principle which many think so weak and imaginary as to exist only in the regions of romance should still continue to pierce its thousands, and not unfrequently with a fatal dart?

The case of Joel Clough has excited much attention, and his appeal to his judges was so moving, that some of the ladies who had flocked to his trial actually fainted. It was certainly barbarous when he was remand-

to prison to await the execution of his sentence, to deprive him of the means of self-destruction.

This formerly reputable man and superintendent of the structure of the Camden-and Amboy-rail-road, was residing at a respectable hotel in Bordentown, kept by a widdow-lady. For some time, he had paid his addresses to Mary Hamilton, the landlady's daughter, and herself a widdow, but his suit had been rejected. One Saturday-noon, he feigned sickness, retired to his chamber, and sent for the daughter, under some pretence or other, to visit him. She did so; the desperate lover renewed his suit, and was again rejected, when suddenly he seized a dagger, and deeply, viciously stabbed her seven times in the left side. Then rushing to a window, he took up a phial of laudanum, and swallowed the contents; when holding up the empty phial to the crowd, which the shrieks of the dying girl brought hastily to the chamber, he exclaimed,

"It's all over now---I cannot be harmed---"

In this however he was mistaken. Some physicians instantly applied the Stomach-pump, and he was unfortunately preserved. The lady only survived long enough to relate the cause of her death.

The young man in Ohio made surer of himself. After shooting, through her window, at the girl who had *rejected him*, and merely wounding her, he retreated a short distance, and effectually shot himself.*

* N. Y. Courier, & Boston W. Messenger.

Mr J. B. Carter and Miss M. Bradlee of Boston were a fair young couple of excellent character, high parentage, and engaged to be married. But Mr Carter appears to have found some obstruction in arranging his mercantile business so as to enable him to consummate the long desired bond. He could not agree with his intended father-in-law on the terms of continuing in his store, and therefore proposed, as the last resort, to marry and go to New Orleans. The parents of each party remonstrated against this measure.

The next Sunday evening, they were seen together in Summer-street, as if on their way to church, and no any apprehension experienced at their absence during the night, as each not unfrequently slept at the house of the other. But on opening the store next morning, there both hung in the same sling. A silk handkerchief had been attached to the rope of a scale-beam, and so closed the necks of both in the same noose, as they had stood facing each other, one on two shoe-cases, the other on a box in a chair. Their bodies were cold, their HANDS CLASPED, THEIR FACES AND LIPS IN CONTACT. The letters they left affirmed that the act was voluntary with both, and deliberately resolved upon.

The next day the bodies of both were deposited in the same tomb at Trinity-church, where they rest together, like another Romeo and Juliet.

FINIS.