

Captain Jack

The Scout



An Historical Novel

by

Charles McKnight



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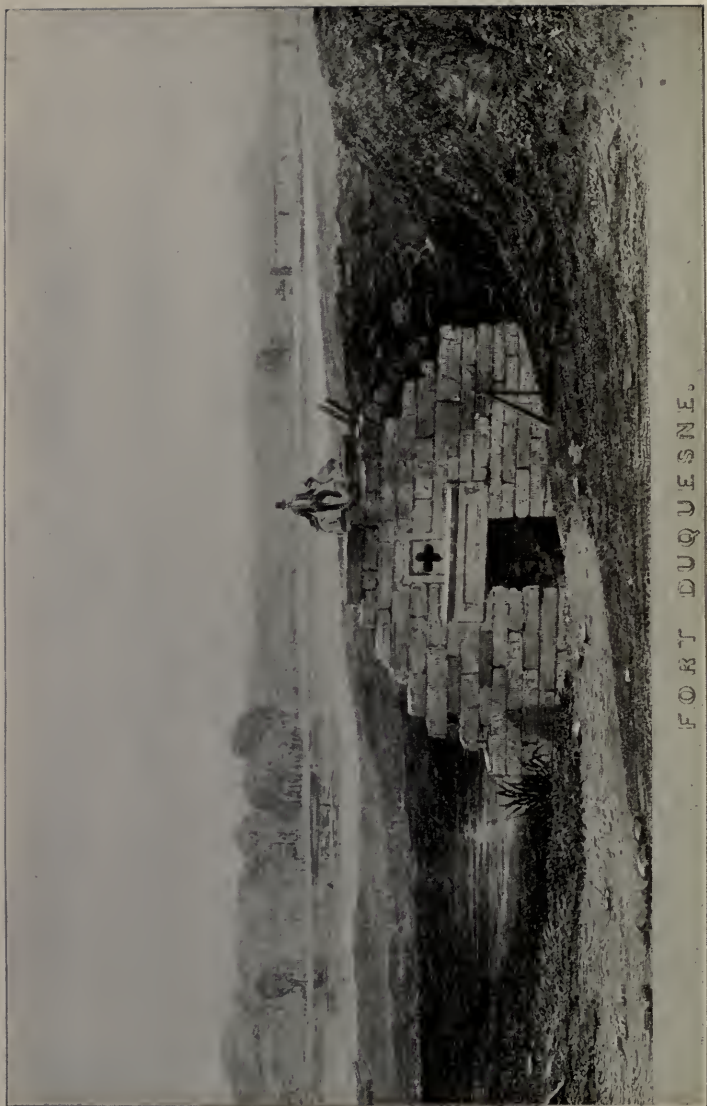
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FORT DUQUESNE.

CAPTAIN JACK THE SCOUT

OR

THE INDIAN WARS ABOUT OLD FORT DUQUESNE

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

BY

CHARLES MCKNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED

"A poor humor of mine, sir, to take that, that no man else will"

"AS YOU LIKE IT"

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.,

PHILADELPHIA,

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AT LOS ANGELES

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DEDICATION.

Between the two rivers which enclose the great and growing city of Pittsburg stood the old French fort which gives name to our story. Within a brief distance lies the scene of Braddock's bloody battle and disastrous defeat; which, together with the remarkable expedition that terminated there, form, as it were, the central points of this historical novel. It seems most appropriate, therefore, as it certainly is most agreeable to the Author, that to the

PEOPLE OF PITTSBURG,

among whom he has passed his whole life, and whose sturdy virtues and contempt for shams he has ever respected, this attempt to weave into a readable romance some of the stirring events connected with the struggle for their old fort, and to introduce a few of the more notable characters, white and red, who lived or fought along their three rivers, should be, as it now *is*, respectfully dedicated.

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PREFACE.

It is rather an odd coincidence, that part of the title of this book bears precisely the same name as that of the now famous Modoc Chieftain, whose late exploits are familiar to the whole nation. We need only say in explanation that *our* Captain Jack was a veritable character in Colonial annals, known as a famous border-ranger along the whole Pennsylvania frontier, and that the historical novel, in which he is made to figure as the hero, was not only written but *was in print*, before the author even so much as heard there was *another* Captain Jack, of a deeper color, whose bloody and desperate deeds give him a rather bad pre-eminence. A brief biographical notice of the *Pennsylvania* Jack will be found in the Appendix at the end of this volume.

The object of the present book may be expressed in few words. The spot where now stands the great and prosperous city of Pittsburgh, was once a place not only of national, but of world-wide importance. Great Britain, France, Great Britain again, Virginia, the United States, and, lastly, Pennsylvania, have each, in turn, exercised sovereignty over it. In 1774 it was the field of controversy between neighboring States, and in 1794 was, with the circumjacent territory, the scene of a formidable insurrection.

"Old Fort Duquesne" existed but about five years, yet during that brief time was a place of great importance and over-shadowing interest. It was the first point of struggle between the French and English for the possession of all the vast domain watered by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries. If not the cause, it formed the occasion of the celebrated "Seven Years War," which involved al-

most all Europe in desperate conflict. It was the object of Braddock's far-famed though ill-fated expedition, terminating in one of the most disastrous defeats ever known to history, and, by consequence, the ruthless scourging of the Pennsylvania border by savages, from the Potomac to the Juniata.

Then ensued the memorable defeat of Grant and his Highlanders at a point in the very centre of the present city of Pittsburgh; the advance of General Forbes' British American army; the evacuation and destruction of Fort Duquesne by the French, and the subsequent construction of the costly and formidable Fort Pitt, which endured even to the present century.

It is fitting, therefore, that some "Old Mortality" should essay—with what success the kind reader must determine—to re-grave the almost effaced and perishing lines of a long-distant past; should seek to weave together in a readable form the more memorable and interesting events of that very exciting period; to revive some of the more striking historic associations which cluster about the old French fort; to fight over again the disastrous battle of Braddock's Fields, and, finally, to introduce the most notable persons engaged—Indian chiefs, white scouts, and prominent officers, the more important of whom were Braddock and Washington.

It is, therefore, to such a distant and almost forgotten past that we have the boldness to invite the reader's attention, and it is in the fortunes of the old French fort which stood at the head of the Ohio that we seek to engage his interest and occupy his fancies.



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OLD FORT DUQUESNE.

CHAPTER I.

PITTSBURGH—1873—1755.

MY father was mighty Vulcan ;
I am smith of the land and sea,
And the cunning spirit of Tubal Cain,
Came with my marrow to me.
I am monarch of all the forges ;
I have solved the riddle of fire ;
The Amen of Nature to need of Man,
Springeth at my desire.

I search with the subtle soul of flame
The heart of the rocky Earth,
And out from my hammers, the prophecies
Of the miracle years flash forth.
I am brown with the soot of my furnace ;
I drip with the sweats of toil ;
My fingers throttle the savage wastes,
And tear the curse from the soil.

Hymn of Pittsburgh, by Richard Realf.

STRANGER, should a leisure day ever happen you in Pittsburgh, be sure to take care of the "inclined railway" and be swiftly conveyed to the summit of the lofty and precipitous hills which stretch along the thither side of the Monongahela. Then walk along the comb of "Coal Hill" from the Suspension Bridge down to "Saw Mill Run," and - if the day be a clear one—such a strange, busy, and

withal, beautiful scene, will fill your eye, and such a hum and buzz, and clamor—greatly deadened by distance—strike your ear, as have no parallel anywhere—certainly not on *this* continent.

At one *coup d'œil*, three broad and affluent rivers, with their teeming valleys, lie stretched beneath you, the line of separation between the muddy and sluggish waters of the Monongahela, and the clearer and more rapid waters of the Allegheny, being most distinctly and curiously marked for some distance down the Ohio.

Ranges of bold and picturesque hills jostle and overlap each other on every side; here shooting up in savage and craggy heights, and there rolling back from the waters in graceful curves and billowy slopes. All the ledges, "bot-toms," and gentler inclines on both sides of each river, are crowded with blocks of dingy, smoke-stained houses; streets creeping up the sides or pushing over the very summits of the hills; villas and mansions nestling in the favored nooks, or daring the dizzy heights; mills and factories hugging the hill sides as if fighting for place to live and work; "pillars of cloud by day, and of fire by night," from countless mills, forges, furnaces, ovens and foundries, and then, with all this, there surges up to your vexed ear, wave upon wave of indefinite sounds—the heavy thud of the forge-hammer, the hum of the factory, the rattle of rolls and machinery, the clangor of the boiler yards, the shriek of locomotive, ferry and steamer, and that blended and confused din arising from multiplied branches of industry. A night scene from this point, with the huge fires from mill, oven and furnace glaring against the sky, is simply a glance into Pandemonium. It is, as some writer more forcibly than elegantly expresses it, "hell with the lid off."

A thriving, and rapidly-growing city of nearly two hundred thousand souls lies before you. A hundred spires and towers announce that God, as well as Mammon, is

worshipped here. Academies, hospitals, seminaries, and public buildings are dimly seen in all directions, denoting a people of heart, of conscience, and of culture, and yet all this is but the growth of a single century. If, as Tennyson writes, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," of how much more value is *one* year in *America*, where life is so intensified, and where growth is such a very marvel, that the wild dream of yesterday becomes the sober reality of to-day—where the Atlantic telegraph of one year is succeeded by the Pacific Railroad of the next? The ivy-mantled abbeys and castles of England date from William the Conqueror, over eight hundred years ago. *One* hundred years here suffice to give the stamp of antiquity, and the magic growth of Chicago and St. Louis may soon be paralleled by that of Salt Lake, or San Francisco. (See *Appendix A.*)

On the summit of Coal Hill, from which you are supposed to have been gazing, and directly opposite the "Point" of Pittsburgh, which marks the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, and on which stood, in olden times, the formidable and far-famed French Fort Duquesne, there lies a jutting slope, overlooking a sheer precipice of two hundred feet, and flanked on one side by a deep ravine, worn from the rock by some old water course which brawled its way to the river below.

On the 5th of July, 1755—for it is to such a distant past that we have the temerity to invite our reader's attention—this prominent brow appeared but slightly different from what it does now. Time works but little change on the bolder forms of nature. It may scar, and seam, and corrode, but it requires the earthquake's power to overthrow or destroy. The grassy slope was of a more vivid green than now, and enamelled with bright wild flowers. All around, far as eye could reach, was one boundless sea of verdure, having, too, the freshness and high color of early

summer. A huge oak, which had for centuries wrestled with the storms coming up from the gulf, and had stood on the very verge of the height, had, years before, been stricken and riven with the bolt, and—wrested from its deep anchorage—lay prone with its mighty trunk athwart the very brow of the hill, its shaggy bark and decaying wood nourishing a most profuse growth of mosses.

At a little distance back, and as if begrudging even this narrow mead to the grass and flowers, stood the virgin forest, with its serried ranks of oak and elm, and clean-leaved maples, and tulip-trees. Underneath the leafy canopy was the usual undergrowth of an American forest, while the damp and dewy ground was covered with vines, ferns, mosses, and other forms of a luxuriant and redundant vegetation.

At the nearest verge of this wood, beneath a low dogwood, and just at the gray dawn of what promised to be a most beautiful day, a party of two whites and an Indian was sitting at what might literally be called a *break-fast*, for the food was only slices of jerked venison, and army bread, and for a relish, water from a spring hard by. Guided by the lights from Fort Duquesne, and the Indian camp fires around, they had arrived at this appointed place late the night before, and had slept where they were eating, each on his couch of last year's leaves. They needed not to court "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" it came to them unsought, and graciously, amid the hootings of the owl, the howlings of the wolf, and the many strange and uncanny night voices of an American wilderness abounding in every variety of life.



CHAPTER II

WHO COMPOSED THE SCOUTING PARTY.

I stood tip-toe upon a lofty hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still ;
The clouds were pure, and white as flocks new shorn
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven. . . .
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green,
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety.
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edges of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint, and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending ;
Or, by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.—*Keats.*

Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here.—*King John.*

THE oldest, and apparently the leader of the party—mark him well, reader, for he was a most notable person in those days—was still in the very prime of life, compact of frame, and resolute of manner. His blue eye was without guile ; the lines of his countenance all spoke frankness and sincerity, while the cut of the mouth and the squareness of the lower face gave token of firmness and courage. There was an engaging frankness, and an unstudied repose and simplicity of manner about him, which invited confidence.

And such a man emphatically he was, as his solitary and daring life had amply proven. No bewigged and belaced trifier of the city, he, but a true child of the forest ; familiar

with nature in all her varied moods; more thoroughly versed in wood-craft than any man in the colonies; the companion and friend of the wily and untutored savage; shrewd, patient, tireless, knowing no fear, he was a true and loyal nature's nobleman, every inch of him, and every fibre of his body.

Raised on the Yadkin, North Carolina, he was a surveyor by profession, and a restless rover by nature. With the same mysterious spirit stirring within him which afterward drove Boone, Poe, Kenton, the Wetzels and other famous pioneers, to dwell in solitudes, and wage constant battle with whatever foes might offer, he had passed nearly his whole life in the woods; had made repeated and solitary excursions to the then unknown West; had often penetrated vast distances and brought back strange reports; had been sent on important missions to Western tribes; had sought out hostile chiefs of fame and prowess, and disarmed them by his nerve and coolness; had accompanied Washington, two years before our story opens, on his celebrated mission to the French Commandant at French Creek, and was now in the employ of General Braddock—who, with his slowly advancing army, was but a few days distant—as chief guide.

Truly a man of nerve, and of mark. What stories could he not tell of "moving accidents by flood and field, and hair-breadth 'scapes;" of solitary and perilous wanderings amid unbroken forests, where foot of white man had never yet trod; of lonely vigils by night, and weary tramps by day, threading vast solitudes on devious Indian trails, and couching himself amid wild beasts and savages. And now there he sat, clad in the free and simple garb of a scout, with moccasined feet, beaded leggings of deerskin, a fringed hunting shirt, a keen-bladed hunter's knife in his belt, a powder horn at his side, and his bullet- and greased patch-pouches depending from his waist; the fresh and balmy

air of morning playing about his bared brow. He seemed of the woods a part, as much as ever did Robin Hood in Sherwood forest. His very clothes had, as it were, an odor of the woods—a perfume of earthy mould, of fragrant leaves, and of trodden flowers. Christopher Gist, the man whom we have thus briefly essayed to portray, and on whose life and exploits we would gladly dwell, could be no other than he was and live out his nature. (See *Appendix B.*)

Near him, with figure motionless as a statue, and yet with ear alert and attentive, and with gleaming eye ever searching out the intricacies of the forest, sat the young Indian chieftain; his dress—except the breech-clout and blue stroud—all from the woods, the spoil of beast and bird, and light as Indians in summer generally wear; his scalp-lock braided with eagle feathers; his keen tomahawk flashing from the shell-rimmed girdle, and his rifle lying within easy grasp. His face was freshly and hideously decorated with vermilion, for he was on the war-path. This was Fairfax, a Delaware—son of the celebrated Queen Alaquippa—who had fought with Washington the year before, at the attack on Jumonville, and at the miserable battle at Fort Necessity. Fairfax was the name lately given him by Washington, who called him a “Great Warrior.”

How shall we describe the third member of the party so briefly as to individualize him—his whole appearance and equipment so utterly out of keeping with the backwoods? Imagine to yourself, reader, a slight, delicate, and rather laconic specimen of humanity, of scarce two-and-twenty years, with blue eyes, ruddy English face, blond hair, covered with a fashionable wig of the day, and a faint suspicion of a moustache. Now see this delicate little duodecimo of a man in a fashionable green velvet hunting suit, with knee-breeches and fine Hessian half-boots; an efflorescence of ruffles about his bosom, and of ruffles trimmed with lace

about his wrists, and you have my young Lord Talbot, the fast son of a gouty English blue-blood, who was an early friend of General Edward Braddock.

But this by no means fully describes our young sprig of nobility; a most lady-like gentleman, seemingly more fitted to grace the boudoir of a Grosvenor-street belle, or an ogling lounge at Almack's club, than the rude encounters of an American wilderness. This miniature cock-sparrow of a man, as is not unusual with bodies of brief stature and of well-derived English blood, was as full of fight and pluck as a king-bird, and as full of prejudice as an egg is full of meat. He had the most overweening confidence in himself and everything English; despised and ridiculed everything and everybody colonial; would take no advice; swore by Ed. Braddock; abominated the frog-eating French, and was so saturated with the pride of caste as to expose him to constant ridicule from the provincial officers. It was his gaminess, gayety, and never-failing good nature which saved him from disrespect. Add to this, that he boxed like Molyneux, was a perfect master of fence, and could dance like a Parisian ballet girl, and nearly all has been said.

This young lord, too, was rather *blasé* in the world's dissipations; had taken his hunts in India and Africa; had twice made the continental tour; had been out one season—as an amateur—with the Duke of Cumberland; had been well acquainted with Braddock, and the fast set of officers with whom that brave but unfortunate general had associated in London, and had now come over, with Admiral Keppel, in search of American adventure. He had joined Braddock's army as a pet lord; had messed with gay young officers; danced war dances with the Indians, and made love to their squaws and maidens—so long as they were permitted to follow the camp—and now, hearing of this, the only scout that Braddock had, in his pride and

self-confidence, ever sent out—and that, too, at the pressing instance of Washington—had so importuned and worried the general that, after recounting the risks, and urging him in vain to throw aside so unsuitable a garb, he was fain to let him go.

“S'death, 'tis the last scout his father's son will ever want to make,” said Braddock, as Talbot moved airily and jauntily out of camp into a forest trail, flourishing a light rapier for a cane, and with a short English rifle on his shoulder. “'Twill be a miracle if he ever come back with that elegant head of hair, or at least without having his brilliant plumage ruffled and besmirched; but let him go; young bloods flout at gray heads.”

The frugal meal over, the party—Gist at some distance in front—began cautiously to emerge from the forest, when a crackling, rushing noise at a little distance startled them. The Indian glided instinctively behind the first tree, his rifle at point, and his restless eye glancing in the direction of the sound, when a shaggy, awkward animal was discovered walking hurriedly away from the little run. The red man dropped his rifle and resumed his course; not so Talbot. Soon as he caught sight of Bruin, and with a “By Jove, if that be not a bear, people have lied to me,” was just on point of pulling trigger, when Fairfax rudely seized his arm, wrested the gun from his grasp, and angrily hissed out in pretty good English:

“What for you shoot? You very young and no warrior. You mad? Delaware and Shawnee ‘braves’ all around—thick as leaves. You no want your much scalp? See here! mine little and long. When time come, here it be for my foe, but not till then. We are on the war trail now—no hunting jays. Be wise and still as the rattlesnake till strike time comes.”

“Look-a-here, Mr. Indian, you red cocks o' the wood have a deuced familiar way with a cove that I don't like.

Don't know that we've ever been regularly introduced, and yet you lay rude hands on me as if I were your squaw. Hands off next time, and give back my tool. I don't know but you're right this time, but as for the tawny devils you seem to fear so, I can't tell where they're skulking. I've not seen a tanned hide but yours since I left camp."

"Come, red man show you. Stoop down like him, and creep up behind log yonder, where Captain Gist lies. He no girl. He Indian 'brave;' no shoot gun at bear right above big Indian camp."

With a feeling of no little disgust, the more so because he knew himself in the wrong, Talbot crept behind the Indian towards the big oak already mentioned.

"Now, Lord Talbot," spoke Gist, in low tones, "if you wish a glorious sight which all America—and I dare say England, too, for that matter—cannot match, come to this point and look down."

"There you are again, Captain, with your American scenery, and woods, and canoes. I haven't much reason to be in love with any of them. The canoe we yesterday came down the yog-yoch-wauch—what the deuce do you call that cascady stream with the jaw-breaking name, Cap?"

"Youghioghenny."

"Yokoginny. It e'enamost tears my throat to say it. Well, our trifling boat rocked worse than a toy punt on the Cam. 'Twas well I had my hair fixed even all 'round or I'd have upset. Why, whenever I'd pull my watch out, the old shell would dip, so I near-a-most lost my wig—a head of hair, too, that cost me five pounds twelve and six in the Strand. And as for your woods—bah! Just look at my clothes without laughing outright, will you? What with being pricked and jagged with briars; my best suit torn and scuffed with thorns; my eyes ever banged with wet boughs, and my feet snared, like a hare, in pea-vines,

and all sorts of entanglements, I look like a Newgate thief, and, gad, I feel much like one, too.

“Don't know when I'm well off, eh? Jupiter Ammon, Cap, if you'd ever been in an English park, you would forever forswear American woods—the trees a thousand years old, majestic and wide-spreading; not a bush, or briar, or sapling to be seen, but all green sward, the hares and pheasants rising at every step, and the dappled deer in huge herds, the stags in the rutting time fighting and bellowing and crashing their horns together till you could hear them a mile. No, no, Captain; you have woods without end in this country—as witness my dilapidated appearance—but when you want groves, and parks, and gentlemen's preserves, you must go to 'merrie England.' As for your views, have you ever stood on Skiddaw and took in the Cumberland lakes at a glance, or on Ben Lomond, with its lovely lochs?—but, by the Lord Harry, Captain, that *is* a rather fine lookout,” concluded Talbot, as his head lifted over the log and his eyes took in one by one the notable features of the scene below.

His companions, one behind the log, and the other leaning behind a large oak which stood near, wholly inattentive to his boastings, were earnestly gazing abroad over the height. Gist's eye, assisted by a field glass which he carried with him, rested long on the fort and its surroundings, which lay entirely open to his scrutinizing and experienced gaze.



CHAPTER III.

A LOOKOUT OVER THE FORT.

Beneath the forest's skirt I rest,
Where branching pines rise dark and high
And hear the breezes of the West
Among the thread-like foliage sigh.
And lo! thy glorious realm outspread,
Yon stretching valleys green and gay,
And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose head
The loose white clouds are borne away;
And there the full broad rivers run,
And many a font wells fresh and sweet,
To cool thee when the mid-day sun
Has made thee faint beneath his heat.—*Bryant.*

A HEAVY white fog, which had lain close over, not alone the three rivers, but all the flats adjoining, was rapidly lifting under the fervid beams of a glorious sun, which was advancing with stately stepplings on his triumphal march through the sky. A perfect hush, almost painful in its intensity, was over all nature. The hills and slopes, which had at first appeared like green islands rising from a white sea, gradually, and one after another, stood revealed in all their rich and varied beauty.

The sun seemed to shed a golden glory on every object, and as the white vapors curled and rolled lazily away, the warm tints and living colors took their places, and the three rivers could be seen in all their pride and beauty, sweeping onward with full banks between living walls of luxuriant verdure. From the willows which dipped their

pendant boughs in the stream, and rose and fell to the kissing ripples, away up to the giant oaks and elms on the summits, which flaunted their huge branches, and struck down their strong roots, bidding defiance to centuries of storms, all was a rich and luxuriant green, but a green pied and mottled with hues and tints as varied as there were species of trees in the woods.

The spot, however, which riveted and held spell-bound, as it were, the anxious gaze of all was, of course, the French Fort Duquesne, whose strength and weakness they had come there to spy out—the object of so much parade and preparation, and to capture which, an army of drilled and veteran English regulars had specially crossed the ocean. There it lay, snug and compact, right in the forks of the two rivers—the banks of which were there high and steep—with its ditch, its double line of log stockades, its draw-bridge, magazines, bastions, ramparts, and guns too, all plainly revealed to view.

It had long been a cherished opinion of Sir John St. Clair that it would be a waste of time and blood to attack this fort in full front and by regular approach. It would be taking the enemy just where he was strongest, and where he invited attack; rather, argued the blunt old Quartermaster General, quietly drag guns up to some dominating height and demolish it with hot shot.

This was the reason, as well as to be able to look right down into every nook and cranny of the fort, that the scout had been divided, one party, whose acquaintance we have already made, to proceed to the hill-top opposite the place, while the other was to make its way by river down close to the fort; study the ground around and in front, and ascertain, if allowed, the force of Indian allies gathered there and encamped about in the adjacent woods.

We will describe the fort more fully hereafter. Suffice it now to say that Fort Duquesne, although occupying but

little space, was very strongly and compactly built, quadrangular in shape, with bastions and strong stockades on the sides towards the country, the other two sides having only strong stockades, framed of heavy logs wattled together with poles. An outer line of log stockades, entrenchments seven feet high—the inner line being twelve feet high—was cast up all around the fort, against which earth was thrown up. The area inside, as clearly revealed to Gist, was closely covered with buildings—barracks, guard house, officers' quarters, etc. All the ground about the fort was firm and dry, and cleared for the space of a quarter of a mile around, the trees cut off close to the earth that no enemy could approach under cover, and that full and unobstructed range might be given for the artillery.

Kitchen gardens had been laid out along the Allegheny river outside the fort; corn was planted about in considerable quantity, and a flour mill had been erected near by, so that the garrison should be, in a manner, independent of French Canada for supplies.

Outside the outer wall stood an isolated strong house for tools. All around on the margin of the woods were located the bark tents and smouldering camp fires of the Indians, who were evidently gathered in considerable force from the Canadas in the North to the Illinois in the West, all summoned by Contrecoeur, late Commandant, to repel Braddock's army, now almost daily expected. Too early for much stir yet, but still a fresh smoke here and there, within and without the fort, betokened preparation for the morning meal. (See *Appendix C.*)

While Gist, in the line of his duty, was busy with glass and note book, jotting down every single object of importance, the Indian called Talbot's attention to a large white swan, which, with slow beat of pinion, and an occasional hoarse cry, was lazily working its way up the Ohio, until

it stood almost stationary over the shallow waters covering a bar at the confluence of the two rivers.

All at once, and so near as to startle the whole party, a loud haugh-ha-ha! haugh-ha-ha! like the scream of a maniac, was emitted from a huge pine which stood a little below them, which cry was answered by another and similar one, from a heavily-wooded island in the Allegheny, across from the fort.

The swan showed evident signs of terror and dismay; it dashed forward, wavered in its flight, sunk, rose again, and then smote the air with strong, rapid wing. Too late; the haugh-ha-ha was repeated, and a huge bald-headed eagle darted out from its piny concealment, cleft the air with its mighty pinion, rose to a great height, and with reversed wing, swooped down like a bolt on its prey, struck it fiercely, and with admirable dexterity, pushed the dying swan in a slanting fall on to the island, where the eagle was joined by its waiting mate. It was done all in a minute, but it was well and cleanly done.

“Je-hu, reddy,” exclaimed the excited Talbot, “but that was quick work, and a short shrift! ’Tis a fat breakfast for them, but they’ve fairly earned it, I must say. Well, master Gist, now that I see you closing your note book, you wont pretend to tell me that that miserable, good-for-nothing little fort, scarcely bigger than a lady’s kerchief, built out of logs and brush, and surrounded by a few hundred skulking, cowardly savages, is the stronghold which has so long bothered and defied all your colonies, and which has obliged our good old King George to send over two of his best regiments, and one of his oldest generals, the pet of our great Duke of Cumberland himself?”

“The very same, my lord, the ve-ry same; and I greatly fear me, that unless ‘Cumberland’s pet’ makes far greater speed than he has yet done, and if he continue to have such an overweening confidence in his drillings and facings, and

so little in his Indian and colonial allies, that he will be some time beating and swearing before that old log fort, ere he serves de Beaujeu with his 'writ of ejection.' Lord bless you, laddie, I think we of the backwoods ought to know *something* of Indians and Indian ambushes and deviltries. We also have reason to know with what admirable artifice the French manage their swarthy friends. They study well how to please an Indian's eye, and gratify to the full his natural taste for gaud and trinkets.

"They throw about their gifts with no grudging hand, I tell ye; eat, live, sport, and even marry with the Indians; manage them as Braddock's drum-major does his bugles; can pacify or enrage; feed their pride, or their revenge. They stuff them with lies, trap them with snares, hoodwink them with flatteries, and dress them in fine feathers. Colonel Johnson, of New York, and Conrade Weiser and George Croghan, of our colony, are about the only ones who understand the Indian nature, and I dare swear, that had *their* advice been taken, there wouldn't have been a redskin about that fort, and the frog-eaters would have been forced, nilly-willy, to retire to Wenango, or float down to Orleans, without a blow. Look at those encampments now! There's Quaker diplomacy for you! Now let's ask our quiet Delaware here, as true, staunch a friend as e'er wore English stroud:

"Fairfax, what is it your people have most complained of for the last few years?"

"Why," fiercely hissed out the Indian, "rum—one, two, three times, rum. White brother drink 'fire-water' only a little, but red brother drink his head all away. He grow dead like this log. He give land, give skins, give squaws, and papooses, even, for more whiskey. All our chiefs ask our Fathers at Albany and Philadelphia, to keep traders from selling rum; but no use, no use. What we get for our lands?" he continued, sneeringly, sweeping



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.

his arm toward the eastern hills, and growing more earnest as he advanced. "Few bead, and wampum, little paint, kettles, combs, match-coats, looking-glass, and tinkle, tinkle bells. All gone in one moon.

"Then come white man, build wigwam, cut down all big trees; shoot deer, bear and buffalo, and say to poor Indian, 'You good for nothing—lazy, lounging dogs; not wanted here; go towards the setting sun.' Ten years ago, great many Indians in Juniata, Conestoga, Susquehanna; many as these trees; now all, all moving to find game—no game, no Indian. Queen Alaquippa good woman, much people. She take fire-water, too, and behave very bad. When we no want to leave, our masters, the big chiefs of 'Six Nations,' are brought to Albany. More bead, much eat, much drink and paint, and then they order us off; say we're women, and have no right to sell lands. English claim all lands *this* side Allegheny, and the French all lands on other side. Now where, then, do the Indian lands lie? tell me that!"

"That's a poser, Fairfax," laughed Gist, "and I'll never tell ye. Too much ugly truth in what he says, Talbot; but we musn't be crooning over this now. It's about the time when Captain Jack and Scaroooyaddy, the Kalf-King, promised to meet us here. I hope their scout turned out well. Nothing short of a scalping frolic will make them ~~back~~ their plight."



CAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN GIST RELATES SOME ADVENTURES.

Here from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly, and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lovely rivers seaward rolled.—*Bryant.*

The broad, the bright, the glorious west
Is spread before me now,
Where the gray mists of morning rest
Beneath yon mountain brow.
Here from this mountain height, I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thy emerald fields outspread;
And feel that in the book of fame,
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.—*Laura M. Thurston.*

ANOTHER earnest and long-continued outlook followed, when Gist, as if musing with himself, thus spoke:

“Ah, me, how well I know the grounds hereabout. Look up the Allegheny. You can just barely see, or think you see, the little island on which Major Washington and I nearly froze to death one night last year. We were coming home from our visit to French Creek, and had sent our horses before us, and wishing to cross the Allegheny, which was bank-full of running ice, we had to spend a whole day with a hatchet in making a raft. We had scarcely pushed out, when Washington’s setting-pole got caught in the huge cakes, and he was thrown out into ten feet water, and came very near drowning.

“’Twas with the greatest difficulty we made that little

island, and passed there the most wretched night we ever spent—a night which cost me many frozen toes and fingers. Just look at my poor hands!”

“And how,” asked Talbot, “did you get out of the scrape?”

“Oh! next morning the narrow part of the river was frozen tight, and we made for land, and reached Queen Alaquippa’s, Fairfax’s mother. Warm as it is here now, it makes me almost shiver to think about it. Only a day or two before, I caught a scoundrelly Indian guide about to pull trigger on Washington, and had it not been for the Major’s kind heart, I would have brained the rascal on the spot, but Washington let him off, although it was a mistake, it was a mistake.” (See *Appendix D.*)

“Do you see that queer-shaped, woody hill there, rising out of the plain on the other side of the Allegheny, looking for all the world like a hog’s back? Well, sir, would you believe it? I actually went around that hill once and went on down the Ohio, perfectly ignorant of this Monongahela at our feet, although I ought to have guessed it by the increased size of the Ohio when I came out upon it a couple of miles down there.

“You see, I crossed the Allegheny about two miles above ‘Shannopin’s town’—that straggling Delaware village which you can just manage to see, if your eyes are as good as mine—a short mile or so above the fort on the Allegheny. That trip I went all alone as far as the Falls of the Ohio, and came back to my Carolina home only to find that the Catawbas, or Cherokees—I never exactly knew which of the thieving, scalping varmints to fasten it on—had burned my house, destroyed my settlement, and driven my family up into Virginia.

“Ah, younker, this roving, unsettled life is an over-anxious and a worritsome one; but it has its charms, lad; yes. it has its charms. I never feel happier, or freer like

than when, with trusty rifle on shoulder and a bit of jerked venison in my pouch, I swing off into some narrow Indian trail, and commence peering about the leaves and twigs for Indian signs. 'Pears to me I feel sort o' stifled in the settlements—can't draw a deep breath. Have been often in Philadelphia, and laughed consumedly at their queer fashions and toggeries—the young bucks in their curled wigs, velvet knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver shoe buckles."

"And where's all the game, Captain, that they tell me infests these Western wilds?" broke in Talbot. "'Cepting the clumsy bear I saw a while since, I never have clapped eyes on any of your *real* game, though I've hunted wild boar in Austria, and had tiger sport in India. I'd like to see your panther and buffalo."

"Well, you will, younker, if Braddock isn't driven back and *you* be not the game that's hunted; in the which case you will have enough to do to keep *your own* pelt in place without seeking some other poor creature's. There's plenty of both panther and buffalo hereabouts, but far more across the Allegheny. All the Ohio valley is but a hunting ground for the Indians—very few large towns or villages. 'Tis extror'nary the distances these pesky redskins come to hunt, or fight, or pillage. Why, I've met in these woods outlying parties of Twightwees, Ottawas, Chippewas from the far lakes, and even some of the Caughnewaugas from Canada, or the 'French praying Indians,' as they are called.

"Up towards Lake Erie, and the Muskingum river, now where there are large grass plains, and savannahs, the buffalo go in great droves. No man can call Chris Gist a boaster, and it might appear like that, to tell of adventures and narrow escapes in those dense woods with cats, bears, and 'painters.' The hunting grounds hereabouts are famous, I tell you."

“Why, Cap,” eagerly put in Talbot, “it ’spirits me to hear you talk; but what are you chuckling at, man?”

“Well,” answered Gist, “it’s easy to laugh right now and here, but the only time I had to run from one of the varmints happened just over in those very forks, before the dense timber was cleared off, and the fort built. ’Twas in ’53, wher out with Major Washington on his way to Wenango. We had gone down two miles from here to visit old Shingiss, king of the Delawares, as brave and cruel a Red as ever twigged hair or cast a tomahawk. Shingiss and Tannacharison,—the last Half-King of the Iroquois before Scarooyaddy—would not let him go on his journey until they had had a grand pow-wow in the Council House at Logstown, and so the Major sent me up in a canoe to examine these forks closer, as he thought it a good place for a fort:

“I landed just about dark, and lit my fire under a huge buttonwood, and was quietly basting a turkey I had shot, when I hears a queer cry, much like that of a baby. Well, now, every strange noise when one’s alone in a wilderness, is suspicious. I pricked up my ears, and listened, and listened, and again the same weak, plaintive cry. Thinks I that’s queer; must be distress there. It’s an owl, or ’possum, or mayhap, a mus’-rat. After awhile I hears it again, coming a little from beyond the fire-light. I tell you I grew quite nervous, and all over queer like. Soon as a fellow knows his danger he can front it like a man, but when he don’t, he’s more like a girl—any new sound rasps his nerves, and makes his heart go dumpety-dump, thumpety-thump; but suspense was awful, so I steps along, until I came almost to the forest edge yonder, and after poking round awhile and seeing nothing, I waited for the cry again.

“Soon it came, and almost under my very nose; and there, under yonder sycamore, I found a lump of something soft, and wet, and whining like. It crept up towards me

with its most pitiful story, and, scarce knowing what it was, I picked it up and carried it towards the fire. It had probably missed its leap, and fell from the tree into the water, as it appeared all cold and numb-like, for it was in a raw November. It cuddled up and nestled in my bosom just like a kitten, which it nearly resembled, only its head was much bigger, and more wild and savage-like.

"I took pity on the damp little cuss with such a human cry; stripped off my match-coat; laid it, with the little beasty on top, near the fire, and commenced my turkey. Had scarce time to choose between wing or drumstick, when I heard a rustle and a crackling noise right behind me, and on turning my face that-a-way, saw the glaring eyes and savage head of a she 'painter.'

"Lordy, but she was mad! Her eyes looked like glowing coals; her teeth like a timber saw, and her tail was lashed and jerked about with a quick, quivery, tremulous motion. I felt kind of numbed—couldn't budge a peg to save my life. She didn't wait long on ceremony, I tell ye for true, but without saying 'by your leave, sir,' she was on me in a moment, with a roar and a spring, knocking me down, and giving me an ugly wipe of her paw as she passed; here's the scar of it yet, right above the temple. But, Lordy bless you, lad, 'twasn't *me* she wanted. She scattered the fire right and left, and made for her cub, which she turned over and over, licking it and crooning over it in a loving, motherly sort of a way."

"By jove, Cap," interrupted the excited young lord, "you don't mean to say?—and—and what did you do then?"

"Me? Oh, jiminy, what *could* I do? I didn't wait for any *second* hint, I tell you. My gun was ten feet off, and any move for it would have been death; so bidding her ponting ladyship a hurried but affectionate good-bye, I squirmed over to the bank edge, and rolled over down to the beach, where my canoe was fastened, gave it a shove,

and was out in the stream. 'Twas some little spell before I recovered, but on standing up, would you believe it? I saw her catch her cub by the slack of the neck, as you would a terrier dog, and make off with it into the bush.

“Am ashamed to confess, I was so flustered and streaked like by this narrow escape, I left my turkey, and without my gun, made straight back for Shingiss' lodge. But hark! what's that? Sounds mighty like Scarooaddy's barker. I can tell its sharp, spiteful crack 'mid a thousand. Can't believe the wary chief would fire off his piece right in an enemy's camp, 'less he was sore beset.’



CHAPTER V.

AN EXCITING CHASE AND ESCAPE.

He thought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinched a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

Shakspeare.

At once there rose so wild a yell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell;
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry
Are maddening in the rear.—*Lady of the Lake.*

ALL now breathlessly turned eyes in the direction of the sound, when soon the whole scene changed into one of intense action and excitement.

First appeared on the bluff, at some distance above the fort, a gaunt and stalwart figure, which Gist's party immediately recognized as that of Captain Jack, the far-famed leader of the Juniata Free Rangers, known as the most rancorous Indian hater, and the most desperate and relentless Indian fighter in all the colonies.

He paused but one moment to take in the situation, and then hurriedly leaping down on the beach, hastily made for about twenty birch and pine canoes which were crowded together, heads on the shingle. These, after first securing all the paddles, he, one by one, with a single powerful

push, sent darting out into the current, save one long and shapely birch, which was retained.

At one and the same moment almost, was heard the booming sound of a cannon from the fort, and the noise of a desperate scuffle and angry exclamations from the bank, when Scarooyaddy leaped over and down, closely followed by a powerful young Ottawa chief. They clinched at once, but time was too vitally precious for "hands off" in this conflict. Jack crunched down his rifle-butt on the young chief's head, which the Half-King rapidly followed up by sinking his tomahawk in his brain, and, with scalp lock in one hand, was proceeding to cut the usual horrid circle, when thus Jack, angrily:

"Art mad, chief?—stay not for the scalp, but jump into the canoe, quick! Ye've done enough mischief already, and we'll have the whole howling pack of whites and reds upon us in a twinkle. I've hunted, and trailed, and fought with ye for a ten year, but never did I think so great and old a chief could do so fool a thing. 'Twould disgrace a boy. Not one word, but shove off, and paddle for your life. 'Twill be a miracle if we escape with whole scalps to our heads. Heavens, see how they crowd us! Bend to your paddles, chief! Here's no child's play."

It was even so. They were now fairly fifty yards from shore, making rapidly across the stream, under the most superhuman exertions. Indians by scores soon appeared upon the bank, leaping, running to and fro, and crowding over upon the beach, while a yell of baffled rage, and a cry for revenge arose from the whole crowd so soon as they saw the dead body of their chief and all their canoes floating far down the stream.

Some hurled stones, others their tomahawks, while others still, shot their arrows or discharged their rifles. At the same time the ball from a cannon whizzed past and ricocheted on the water beyond, but the pursued looked

neither to right nor left, but desperately bent to their task, plying their paddles in short, strong, nervous strokes till they almost snapped to the strain.

This terrible work soon told in favor of the fugitives, and although one arm of our Indian was seen for a moment to suddenly relax its grasp of the paddle—a fact which was announced with a loud yell from those on shore—the canoe still dashed forward. They were no novices who impelled it.

At this moment three canoes from the Allegheny, having two Indians each, shot around the “point,” and the batteaux and perogues gathered there, far out in the stream, while two others came unexpectedly out from the *opposite* bank, right in the course of Jack’s, making directly for it. In the meantime, Beaujeu, a leader of coolness and judgment, had come out of the fort, and gave direction and effectiveness to the Indian movements on shore. Some were sent after the floating canoes; others were dispatched up the Monongahela, to cross at different points.

The whole scene now became thrilling in the extreme. The ramparts of the fort were crowded with soldiers and cadets; gun after gun was let off, waking the echoes of the hills till the whole air was full of sound. The throats of maddened Indians on shore could scarcely contain themselves for rage and excitement. They leaped, yelled, and rolled upon the ground and tore up the earth.

The situation was, to the last degree, full of peril; and Jack and the Half-King took it all in at a glance, but without losing a stroke, or uttering a word: only this from Jack:

“Chief, as you have but one arm, keep your rifle at hand: take no notice of the rascals in front. Let them come close; try and push my rifle, with your foot, a little towards me, and watch when I drop my paddle; then we’ll seize our rifles and shoot, you at the front Indian to the

right, and I at the one on the left. We're in the tightest strait we ever were yet, and we've seen some desperate times together. So -now. I wont reproach you more, for 'tis your only folly. God alone knows how 'twill end. If we can manage to wing the two in front, we needn't fear those laggards in the rear. You used to be famous at throwing the tomahawk. You have still your right hand. If you can make it tell, now, if ever's the time."

The mortified chief still kept silence, but showed that he understood; and as the two canoes in front neared them, he warily watched them, as well as Jack.

"Now! now! chief," hissed out Jack, "let's give them of our very best."

All at once, both dropped their paddles and seized their trusty rifles, and two reports rang out simultaneously on the air. It was neatly and dexterously done. The Indian Jack aimed at was mortally wounded. His paddle dropped from his nerveless hand; he wavered, sank, rose again, writhed, clutched the air, and then fell heavily over the thwart of his canoe, upsetting it, as well as his companion, who dived under and clung to the opposite side.

The Half-King's shot was not so fortunate; it only struck the arm of the foremost Indian, knocking his paddle high into the air: but no sooner was the bullet fleshed, than it was followed by the unerring tomahawk, which finished the work. Striking on the temple with full force, and with the butt end, he was felled like an ox, and sank down with a thud into the bottom of the canoe, which stopped in its course, and fell off.

As soon as the effect of these shots were seen, Scaroo-yaddy raised himself to his full height in the boat, turned towards the fort, and gave forth a most terrific "scalp halloo"—a series of shrill, rapid, unearthly shrieks, like the wildest laughs of a madman, which were as clear and distinct as the notes of a clarion, and which reverberated from

hill to hill, till they gradually died away far down the Ohio. It is difficult to describe the prodigious effect which those fierce yells of contempt and defiance wrought on the shore crowds, who, while the three boats neared each other, had been comparatively still with anxiety and expectance.

This stir was increased, if possible, by the sight of Lord Falbot on the height, who, in the excitement of the moment, and wishing to see as much of the combat as possible, had leaped nimbly upon the log, and stood clearly revealed against the sky. He was seen by a score, and although immediately and impatiently pulled down by Gist and Fairfax, it was too late, the mischief had been done.

The crowds on the shore worked like a hill of ants. The fort guns still continued to fire, their booming echoes chasing each other along the river hills with thunderous reverberation, while in the intervals the air was filled with deafening whoops, shrieks and yells. What a startling contrast to the brooding calm and hush of a short half hour before! Some of the younger "braves" were actually beside themselves, but under the direction of a French officer and the famed and active Ottawa chief, Pontiac, they soon gathered their senses and began to display their usual craft. They all seemed instinctively to know that both parties of scouts came from Braddock's army. They *could* come from nowhere else. They knew also by what route they would have to return, and prepared to intercept them. Runners were seen to scatter in different directions. Large parties of fighting men were distinctly visible creeping up the banks of the Monongahela, and dispersing themselves in the woods, while still other parties—some new paddles having been found—embarked in the canoes which had been hastily gathered, and rapidly shot up the river.

Meanwhile a few vigorous strokes sent Jack's canoe to land the three pursuing boats having by this time ap-

proached within a hundred yards, or so; but the paddlers now stood idle, uncertain what course to pursue. The Half-King leaped ashore, turned, and gave another parting yell of triumph and defiance, while Jack seizing his long and ominous-looking rifle, hurriedly drove the bullet home, and took careful aim at the foremost canoe. The Indian at its head saw the movement, swayed, wriggled and at last sank down in the boat to avoid the shot; but the bullet he missed, found rest in the body of the man behind him, who sent forth a yell, tottered and fell headlong.



CHAPTER VI.

CHASE ABANDONED—A STRANGE MYSTERY.

“The purpose you undertake is dangerous!” Why, that’s certain; ’tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink:—but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.—*Henry IV.*

What! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give *no* man a reason on compulsion.—*Falstaff.*

THE other canoes stopped at once. The game was up. Indians never attack at a disadvantage. Stratagem is their forte. They saw at a glance that several—they knew not then exactly how many—armed and resolute men could hold the ravine, for which the two were now rapidly heading, against a score, and silent and crestfallen they turned their canoes up the stream, to come on their foes again at a more favored time and locality.

Captain Jack and the Half-King, panting and breathless, now slowly but steadily climbed the hill, the fatigue and excitement they had lately undergone, as well as the precipitous height, rendering rapid motion utterly impossible. They were met near the summit by Gist’s party, and congratulations, mingled with anxious counsels, were interchanged. A look of extreme gravity was on Jack’s face, while Scarooyaddy—knowing his rashness to be the cause of all this danger to the whole party—hung in the rear, his head bent in shame and confusion.

“Well, Captain,” laughed cheerily out the careless and volatile Talbot, “I give you joy. I knew such a splendid

and clean-limbed set of hunters as your rangers wouldn't have you for a leader without a cause, but I didn't think there was so much fight in you. Hurrah! By the long Harry, but you pinked that scaramouch in the first canoe beautiful, and so sudden, too. He was coming slyly down on you, evidently thinking you didn't see him, and that he'd have it all his own way; and the other big devil. Did you see how he danced, and pranced, and wriggled, and twisted? But the cunning rascal made his point after all, while the sour, solemn old fool behind him got it bad. He dropped like a bag o' meal. By Jove, haven't we all had a most happy escape?"

A sad kind of smile broke over Jack's swarthy visage.

"Escape, did you say? Why, foolish boy, the danger's out just commenced. How are we, think you, ever to get back to Braddock? The whole distance will be, in a couple of hours, swarming with savages, and we'll have to run a far more formidable gauntlet than ever did Indians going to the stake. We're not safe here a half hour. If you've never yet made your will, my lord, 'tis a sad oversight. 'Twill need all the skill and wit you have to keep your fine hair on your head."

"How did all this occur?" broke in Gist.

"Ask the Half-King, yonder," replied Jack. "However, I haven't a mind to scold him more. He's a heart of oak. He never yet has flinched; besides, see how chagrined he looks; and he's been punished, too; I don't yet know how badly—*wont* know till I examine for myself. It must be confessed, also, the temptation was strong. We had about finished our scout, and were getting back to our boat, when we came upon a French officer out so early hunting squirrels.

"We would have avoided him, but the Half-King catching a glance of his face, saw in him an officer of the fort who last year threatened to hang him up and lash

him bare-backed because he vainly tried to win back some of his rebellious people to their loyalty. 'Tis an affront an Indian chief can neither brook nor forgive, and so, on the spur of the moment, he fired, brought down his man, and his insulter's scalp now garnishes his girdle.

"But what's to be done, Gist?" anxiously continued Jack. "*My* course is plain. While *your* party had better keep straight back into the forest, wait for night and work cautiously back to the army, the Half-King and I must cross by the fort again, and visit a party we met on that side last night, and of whom only we two know, and whom we *must* see again. Said I not right. Scarooaddy?"

"The Half-King stays by his brave brother, The Black Rifle," was all the response.

"Either path is beset with dangers, but I have others besides myself to think of now," exclaimed Jack, in an anxious and softened manner.

"Captain Jack," suddenly spoke Talbot, "I know you to be a brave and I believe you to be a loyal man; but, yet, when I think of your being a *volunteer* on this scout, I trust—I hope your strange return to an enemy's camp means no damage to his majesty's service. Braddock himself charged me—"

"Silence, rash boy!" angrily answered Gist, for Jack haughtily disdained any reply. "Think you, the late deaths of white and red chiefs will make warm welcome for *them* at the fort? Traitors in our woods are, happily, as scarce as British lords. *I'll* answer for Jack's loyalty *with my life*. Aught else is not only an insult to the bravest ranger on the King's side, but to *all* of us. His secret's his own. Let us respect it."

"Here, then, Gist," calmly replied Jack, "let us part. You and Fairfax take counsel together,—but, hold, we'll walk all in a row along this hill cope where there are *re*

trees, so that we may be seen by the watchers at the fort going up the river toward Braddock. So—now, hopes for an early meeting. The Half-King and I go first down the bank a couple of miles to call on Shingiss, king of the Delawares. After that, you'll hear from us. Come, Chief, if you're ready, let's step out."



CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN JACK AND THE HALF-KING, SCAROYADDY.

Oh, river, gentle river! gliding on
In silence underneath the starless sky
Thine is a ministry that never rests.

Through the night I hear
Thy wavelets rippling on the pebbly beach:
I hear thy current stir the rustling sedge
That skirts thy bed; thou intermittest not
Thine everlasting journey. All night
Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots
Of the lithe willow and o'erhanging plane;
And cherishest the herbage of thy bank
Spotted with little flowers, and sendest up
Perpetually the vapors from thy face,
To steep the hills with dew.—*Bryant.*

BEHOLD Braddock's scouting party happily re-united on the brow of Coal Hill, opposite Fort Duquesne: Gist, Talbot, and Fairfax the Delaware Chief, to work in a circuit back to the army, in order to escape a swarm of Indian out-lyers, and Captain Jack and the Half-King to go down shore to the lodge of Shingiss, king of the Delawares, thence to return to the fort side of the river, for some mysterious purpose of their own.

Be it our business, now, to throw light on this mystery, for it is a most important part of our story.

Braddock's army was, "like a wounded snake dragging its slow length along," making from four to six miles a day, stopping, as Washington disgustfully expressed it, "to bridge every rivulet, and level every mole-hill."

No wonder, then, that it was the last of June when the Youghiogheny was passed, at a point near the present town of Connellsville, and that it was on the 3d of July when Jacob's Creek was reached, near where now stands Mt. Pleasant.

Here it was that our scouts left the army on their mission to Fort Duquesne. Descending the creek to the "Yough," and having there fashioned a birch canoe, they proceeded down to the Monongahela, bringing up at John Frazier's—a venturesome Scotch gunsmith and noted Indian trader, who had the audacity to locate his little cabin—the most western English habitation across the Alleghenies—near the mouth of Turtle Creek, and who was now serving as lieutenant with Braddock.

Across from this house, the party divided, just at the gloam of the evening, Gist and his companions proceeding, as related, along Coal Hill, and Jack and the Half-King leisurely descending the river, designing to arrive at the fort when all were wrapped in sleep, and ascertain its condition for defence, and the number of Indians assembled.

The night was yet young, and having abundance of time, and yielding, perhaps, to the influences of the beautiful scenery around them, the paddles dropped from the hands of both occupants of the light and graceful birch, which, under their skilful and vigorous strokes, had danced over the water "like a thing of life."

The shades of night, with all its weird and magical witcheries, had gradually stolen over the landscape. The voices of birds were hushed, save the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will, or the occasional tremulous cries of the loon, while the waters were unruffled except, ever and anon, by the plash of some fish, as it sportively or in pursuit of its prey threw itself from the placid stream.

Soon the moon, "pale regent of the sky," cast its flick-

ering beams over wood and water, diffusing, as it rose higher and higher, a flood of mellow, tremulous light over hill and dale, plain and river; marking the one margin of the water with a line of deep shadow; shedding its soft, lambent rays over the other, and lighting up with its silver sheen the waters flowing between.

It was a scene of bewildering beauty and enchantment, made more solemn and impressive by the holy hush of all nature, and the solitude of the vast wilderness; and persons far less cultivated or susceptible than these simple canoe-men, would have been wooed to quiet and pensiveness by the stillness and the weird associations of the hour. While thus they brood, let us portray them.

The swarthy, sinewy, stern-looking man who sat at the rear, his paddle dipping idly in the water, and an earnest, almost wistful gaze thrown on either reach of shore, was the far-famed scout and Indian-killer, Captain Jack; as well known along the whole frontier line of Pennsylvania and Virginia, as was Major Washington himself. The mystery surrounding his origin and life, and the swart complexion which gave him the look and name of the Half-Indian, added to his fame. It was generally said he was a frontier settler who returned from a long day's chase, only to find his cabin a ruin, and the butchered and scalped forms of those most dear to him, strewn around.

From that time, revenge became his all-absorbing passion, and hunting Indians his life-business, until he had become as much a terror to the savage tribes as a tower of strength to the white settler. He became noted for his reckless daring, his unerring aim, his skill in woodcraft, the sleuth-hound tenacity with which he could follow a trail, till it ended in the very camps of his hated foes.

In 1753, Jack held some commission under Governor Hamilton, and soon became the leader of a party of bold and dashing rangers, clad, like himself, in Indian attire.



James Hamilton

His home was in the Juniata Valley, where even to this day a mountain bears his name, but his *habitat* was along the entire Susquehanna, from Fort Augusta to the Potomac.

In those cruel times of bloody warfare, when the pitiless tomahawk bore sway, he lived in many a fireside legend, and his name was potent enough to lull to sleep the restless infant in many a pioneer's cabin. Innumerable were the tales related of the Black Rifle, the Black Hunter of the Forest, and the Wild Hunter of the Juniata—for by all those names was he called.

Early in June, Jack, with his trained band of rangers, had repaired to Braddock's camp, and offered their services as scouts, stipulating only, that they should not be bound to camp or march regulations, but should eat, sleep, dress, hunt, and scout as they pleased. To this, Braddock, with that martinet fatuity which attended his every step in this country, turned a deaf ear.

Captain Jack, however, was too fond of adventure to be thus easily driven off; besides, was he not on the track of the very tribe from which he had so terribly suffered? He therefore, relegating, for a time, his gallant band of free rangers to the next in command, followed, or rather preceded the army as volunteer guide, and hastened to attach himself to the first and *only* scout which Braddock ever sent out; and as he now neared the hated Delawares, his keen, gray eye grew brighter and fiercer, and his whole manner became more restless and impatient.

Still a rather young and handsome man, though the lines of his face had become hard, and his whole look stern and determined, from the fixedness of a set purpose. An all-absorbing passion does not tend to give grace to the visage, or suavity to the manner, and therefore Jack was deemed stern, austere, and unsocial to those who knew him not;

but he had his moods, and there were favored times when this unrecking, self-contained man, could be as tender as a woman: when his eye would soften, and his tongue loosen. His intimates hinted at some early heart disappointment which had driven him from society to the frontier; certain is it, he had, with all his bluntness and severity, an air of refinement, and a mode of speech not common to the backwoods.

Lithe, graceful, and yet tall of form, without one ounce of superfluous flesh, his nerves like steel, and his muscles like whip-cords, he was one to compel attention and respect. His dress was simple, though not inelegant, and was altogether suited to the free forest life he delighted to lead—half Indian, half ranger. His moccasins were more profusely beaded and quilled than common; his deerskin leggings better dressed and more deeply fringed, and his tight-fitting tunic buttoned with a row of wolves' teeth. A becoming cap, of grey-fox skin, with the tail hanging over the neck, completed the costume of one who seemed born for the woods, and whom we acknowledge as the hero of our story. (See *Appendix E.*)

As for ornaments, save a richly-decked hunter's knife, a beaded bullet-pouch, and a brass-studded powder horn, he had none, and needed none. His trusty rifle, long, black, and ominous-looking, lay against one of the thwarts of the canoe, ready for instant service. It may well be supposed, that depending on this weapon not only for his living and his protection, but as the instrument of his revenge, he was its master. Many a lurking foe had been sought out by its unerring bullet. It had given him his most common name among the Indians, and *La Carrabine Noir*, or *The Black Rifle*, was as well known to the *Cahnewagas* of Canada, and the *Ottawas* about the big lakes, as to the *Delawares* and *Shawnees* along the Ohio.

His companion, with body at rest, still as that summer

evening, but with gleaming, searching eye noting every bending willow, and every slightest reach of either shore, was not only a *full-blooded*, but a *noble-blooded* Indian Chief, Scarooyaddy called by some, and Monecatootha by others.

A true child of the woods, he; cradled amid its babbling brooks, its rustling leaves, its twining vines, and its changing flowers. He knew all nature's moods and seasons; all the habits of its animals, and how readiest to kill or entrap them; knew all the Indian trails and wiles, and the various signs and devices which taught him how best to avoid, pursue, deceive, and conquer. This had been his life for over fifty years, and there was little in wilderness wood-craft or in savage war-craft he did not know.

No name stands higher, or is mentioned more frequently in our Colonial records and State archives than that of Scarooyaddy, the Half-King of the Iroquois. His services to the English dated from his attendance on Major Washington, on the mission to French Creek, set afoot by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and were continued all through Braddock's and Forbes' Expeditions. He was ever unswerving in loyalty and unmatched for boldness and energy. He was the most noted of the seven Indians who accompanied Braddock to the fatal field, and was publicly thanked by Governor Morris and the Pennsylvania Assembly for his services.

His dress and trappings scarce require special mention. They differed only from Jack's in being more Indian in character. His leggings were tufted with scalp hairs instead of fringe, and his scalp lock—that open challenge and defiance to an enemy—was drawn back in a single line, and crested with Eagle feathers, tricked out on the sides with the gayer plumage of the Jay. Altogether, the old Half-King was as noble and dangerous-looking a savage as **any**

foe would care to meet on a trail; active as cat and supple as serpent, every look and motion was full of life and native grace. It need only be added that he understood and talked English pretty well, and was a fast friend and great admirer of Captain Jack. (See *Appendix F.*)



CHAPTER VIII.

DOWN THE MONONGAHELA.

Effsoons they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that might delight a dainty ear ;
Such as at once might not, on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere !

Spenser.—Fairy Queen.

That strain again ! it had a dying fall.
O ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.

Shakspeare.—Twelfth Night.

AFTER floating and paddling along in silence for some time, Jack thus addressed his long-time friend and companion, in the Indian dialect, which we freely translate for the benefit of our readers, preserving the idiom :—

“ And how long, think ye, Chief, are we from the De-un-da-ga ? ” (the forks of the Ohio, so called by all the Indians). “ Now that we are not specially after scalps, ’twould be more healthy for us to get to the fort after your kith and kin are dead in sleep, else we’ll have trouble in counting heads, even should we escape having our back hair twigged. It’s been many moons, Yaddy, since we’ve been on the trail together, and it kind of goes against my grain to hunt savages up to their very lair, only to bid them a good evening, and see whether they have bear or buck boiling in their camp kettles.”

“ Well, Captain, if I know anything of sigls, hereabout,

'tis but a short hour's paddle until our canoe is laid along the palisades of the fort. But we must be wise as serpents, and not like young braves on their first war-path. You know the great White Chief bade us open our eyes and ears, but close our memories."

"Great White Fiddlesticks, Chief, say I—a ridiculous old popinjay, and drill-sergeant rather, with his facings and starchings, his frills and ruffles, and his flummeries and mummeries. Ever since his gouty toes have trodden our country, he has done nothing but scold, and strut and swear at our native troops and riflemen. *He'd* teach us how to fight savages. *He* don't want, forsooth, wood-rangers nor trained Indian fighters—every mother's son of whom could bore out a squirrel's eye from an oak's topmost bough, or better still, pick off a redskin if he only saw the white of a peeper—but he would rout, and crush the reds by noise and flare of drum, the glisten of bayonets, the polish of boots and brass buttons, and the manœuvres of a ball room."

"My young white brother," quietly interposed the Half-King, "has his ears stuffed with cotton when the old Chief is mentioned. He has fought many great battles over the big waters."

"Bah, Chief, you know better! I tell you, were it not for Washington and the colonial riflemen, I wouldn't give a Delaware's chance before this rifle, for all King George's army. You know how he insulted and drove off my hunters, every one of whom has treed and shot and scalped his foe, and could hit a 'painter's' eye, even when on the bound, at a hundred paces. So help me—But listen! what strange noise is that? As I live, Chief, it sounds like music, and yet music in this solitude—impossible."

The light birch was stilled with a motion, and with paddles poised in hand, the two stood to their feet, every sense on the alert; the ears strained to catch the soft sounds of

music—for music it was—which stole in gentle pulses over the water, now rising to a rich fulness and now dying away into the distance, with cadences so soft and trills so gentle, that nothing scarce could live between them and silence.

Almost breathless Jack leaned forward, his eyes in amaze and his whole mien softened.

“Do my ears deceive me, Chief? Is this spirit land? Frazier is away with the army, and Frazier can make guns, and shoot them, too, but he can’t make music like that. Who and what can it ever be? If I were not where I am, my old friend, I would say those were the notes of a magic flute, and played, too, with a master touch, by one who knows well all the stops and humors of his instrument.

“Ah, well-a-day,” softly continued Jack, after an attentive silence, “those sweet, plaintive notes carry me back to the days of my youth, when I lived in the great city, and when my eyes and ears, yes, and heart too, had not become accustomed to the rude encounters and bloody struggles of a frontier life.

“But we must not stay musing, and dreaming here, Chief, for I see that you, too, who know nothing of music but the Seneca’s drum, or Braddock’s bugles, are dazed by those soft melodies. I ne’er knew but one who could breathe forth such witching strains, and he, alas, if not now dead, is far removed from this leafy wilderness. Turn the prow to yonder broken line of willows, which marks the mouth of some run, and we’ll soon know whether these be spirit melodies or no.”

A motion or two, and the canoe gently glided into a little cove overhung by arching willows, and rifle at rest, the two scouts, with cat-like tread and eyes peering into every tuft and hummoek and shadow, mounted the bank and hastily advanced toward a widening ravine, in which the light of a fire, glowing upon the surrounding foliage, was now distinctly visible.

The flute, or whatever was the instrument, was now mute, and as the two intruders glided forward from tree to tree, all at once a merry, ringing peal of laughter, clear and silvery as a bell, and evidently from one of the gentler sex, awakened the echoes of the forest, and came wafted to them like a stream of rich melody, from a sort of bark-covered hut, or rather bower, a little aside from the direction in which they were looking, causing a thrill and shudder to creep over Captain Jack's person. He seemed, all at once, overcome with some mysterious emotion, and grasped his companion's arm with such a convulsive and vice-like grip, that the Indian, stoical as he was by nature and education, fairly winced, as much with the pain as with the unaccountable suddenness of the apparently unfriendly grapple.

"By the Great Spirit above us, Jack!" hissed the Half-King, with gleaming eyes, "do you take me for a Delaware, or an Ottawa, that you give me this rude bear's hug? Art mad, brother? Hands off, I say, or I'll think the spirit of these woods, which has just befooled us both, has completely stolen away your senses. If we don't act less like that merry maiden, whose laugh is like the warble of a wood-thrush, our scalps will to-night deck old Shingiss' wigwam, and be dressed by his squaws. What *has* come over you?"

"Hist! Chief, speak lower, and forgive me. I was o'er-mastered by—I know not what—a note, a voice, a memory of the past. 'Tis wondrous strange, but suspense is worse than death. I *must* unravel this mystery to its very end. Keep within the shadow of yonder huge buttonwoods; stay near me, and forward!"

They glided on and on like shadows, until they stood together fairly on the edge of the circle lit up by the fire, and their startled, wondering eyes gradually took in the salient points of the strange scene.

from the rude bark vessels at the maples' trunks, was an old Indian sugar camp.

Right on the stream's margin, was a blazing log-fire, its flickering flames ever and anon bursting into flashing jets, and brighter lights, and throwing the surrounding scenery, as well as the overarching foliage, now into light, and now into shadow.

On a fallen tree trunk, some little distance beyond the fire, its flames clearly lighting up each form, and relieving it against the deep darkness beyond, sat a party of three; the central figure, and the one just now breathing again into his flute, and drawing forth its softest melodies, was a venerable, white-haired old man, with an appearance of unusual refinement, and a countenance of singular gentleness and delicacy—the very last figure one would expect to see in such a place. With his snowy and wavy beard, he looked like a patriarch of old.

But the accessories of this scene served but to increase the mystery. On the one side of the flute player sat a well-dressed, and gentlemanly-looking French officer of somewhat uncertain age, while on the other, was a dusky and swarthy savage, with a milder and more intelligent face than usual with Indians; while reclining on the grass in front, was a fiercer and younger-looking Chief, who occasionally cast stolen glances towards the bower.

All were gazing earnestly at the noble-looking old gentleman, and apparently drinking in with rapture each dulcet note as thrown off by his fingers. The Indian Chiefs were both in their war garb, their scalp-locks all newly dressed with feathers and their faces barred with colors.

To complete the picturesque scene, a white horse, hobbled, stood half in light and half in shadow, munching the velvety grass. The whole made a picture worthy of Rembrandt, and one which we in vain essay to depict. It seemed like some wild Gypsy grouping.

The Half-King was the first to recover both his senses, and his voice, for Jack stood still, leaning heavily against his tree and fetching deep and hurried breaths, occasionally glancing uneasily and expectantly toward the woman's bower, as if he waited some apparition to come thence.

A bright gleam of intelligence broke over the Half-King's face, and touching Jack, he whispered :

"Scarooyaddy sees and understands it all. The old man with silver locks, I know not, but the white Chief is de Beaujeu, commandant of the fort ; the great red Chief at the other side is Athanase, the Christian Mohawk from Canada, and leader of all the Indian forces now about the fort ; the other Chief is a great warrior from my own tribe, and went with Washington, Gist, Tannecharison and myself to Wenango in '53. He's a great hunter, and 'brave.' We call him Kiosola, but he's known in the settlements as Grayasutha. They all come up from the fort ; will be going back soon, and 'twould be wise if we would ambush them."

"Stay ! not so, Chief," answered Jack, looking much relieved, and gradually coming to himself again, "I have far other business in view. I begin to understand, too, though there is much yet that appears strange and unaccountable to me. I know, or *did once* know the old man well, *exceeding* well, and a better, or a purer creature was never fashioned by the Great Spirit. I thank God that I see him once more—I thought him dead. Stir not for your life, while I steal to yonder bower to complete my knowledge. I *will* know the worst, or—best."

So saying, Jack—though in great agitation—glided stealthily along until he stood at the back of the little open hut, and peering through some fragrant pine branches which formed one side of this fragile summer enclosure, his eyes were soon masters of its contents.

Here is what he, with varying and conflicting emotions, beheld :

A lady of a bright, intelligent, and expressive face; not, reader, as the sentimentalist would say, "of alabaster brow, ruby lips, a face of Grecian contour, and teeth like two rows of snowy pearls," but a mature, and real flesh-and-blood woman, with a sparkling eye, and a shapely head, around which was simply massed and fastened by a single comb, a wealth of dark, wavy brown hair.

She was sitting on a sort of camp stool, with a rudely-fashioned painter's easel before her; a palette of water colors in one hand, while the other transferred to the paper the shifting, shimmering glows and tints from the neck of a wild pigeon, which was placed on a twig at her side in a life-like position, as if the bird had just lighted for an instant before taking a new flight.

Not so intent on her pleasing task but time was found to bandy phrases and exchange repartees in French with a bold and dashing-looking officer from the fort, who reclined near her on a bear skin, toying with the plumage of an osprey—which was waiting its turn to be portrayed—a shade of sadness on his manly face, and a touch of tenderness in his tones.

Near both, and engaged in quilling a moccasin—strange sight in such a place—sat a young, and very beautiful Indian girl of apparently some fifteen or sixteen years, with little moccasined feet, ornamented leggings, short embroidered skirt, and a gay kerchief over her bosom. Her hair, though of raven black, was finer and softer than usual with Indians. Her face was of clear color, and singularly delicate and refined for one so born and nurtured, and a pensiveness even amounting to sadness, lent an unusual grace and interest. Occasionally her dark, lustrous eyes would lift towards the others, and a bright smile of affection light up her soft, young countenance, and she would seem to draw nearer to her only female companion, attent on every word she uttered.

The older lady would have attracted attention anywhere, not so much from the regularity of her features as from the spirit and expression which played about them, and the symmetry and gracefulness of her person. Her face was one which "lighted up well," and which responded to every passing thought and emotion. She had that ever-changeful and never-dying charm of expression which neither years, nor suffering, nor disappointment can destroy, and which outlives all beauty of mere feature or complexion.

Totally unconscious of the ardent, bewildered gaze of any bold intruder, she sat in a perfectly free and unconstrained posture, her little moccasined foot advanced, and her whole carriage one of grace and *abandon*—evidently a person of gentleness and refinement, and so much the more difficult to harmonize with her rude, but exceedingly picturesque surroundings.

Her dress, too, was one well calculated to set off her superb figure, and to increase the charm of her presence. Like her young companion—to whom she ever and anon cast pleasant and loving glances—she wore the quill and bead moccasin, ending in a beautifully ornamented buskin, while her dress was more like a tunic, only longer and of a finer material, and fastened by a silken sash about the waist.

The upper portion of her person was enclosed in a richly-embroidered jacket, closely fashioned to her figure. Her throat—which was of an exquisite shape—was bared and devoid of ornament, the lower portion only encased in a little lace ruff. She was many years older than the young Indian girl beside her, and yet her eye had such a brightness in it, and her face such a flush of health and color, that this could only gradually be learned.

Altogether a wondrous grouping for a Western wilderness and so thought Jack, as his bosom heaved tumultu-

ously, and the fierce light came and went into his eyes. His fingers occasionally clutched his tomahawk, and a quiver went over his manly form, when, after a brief and rather low conversation in French between the lady and the officer, their voices arose in unison in a soft duet, still in the same foreign language.

Then Jack was fairly beside himself. He seemed impatient of all restraint, and, had it not been for the Half-King's whispered but earnest words of caution, he would have broken through the slight intervening obstacles and burst into the lady's presence. What he would have said and done can only be surmised from the sequel.



CHAPTER X.

TWO OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN.

O! grief hath changed me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

Comedy of Errors.

HE had not, however, long to wait. Footsteps and voices were heard approaching. The venerable form of the old gentleman appeared in the open doorway, and said in French:

"Eh, bien, Monsieur le Capitaine Dumas, you must not deem me rude if I interrupt your and Marie's mournful song. De Beaujeu and the Chiefs have tired of my poor music, and gone to the fort, and bade me tell you they would await you at the first bend of the river below."

"Ah, Monsieur de Bonneville, and is it then so late? Mon Dieu," rising as he spoke, "you must not blame us poor imprisoned officers if, when once we find gentle ladies in these savage wilds, we take little note of time. I have been trying to persuade your daughter, now that our runners tell us Braddock is drawing near, to take refuge in the fort. Believe me, Monsieur, in case we resolve to oppose le General Braddock, the fierce struggles which must shortly ensue in these woods, make it an unfit place for such as these," pointing to the two maidens.

"I have been thinking much of this, Captain," replied the fond father, in low, but earnest tones; "and yet we have been treated by you, and your fierce Indians from so

many different tribes, with such marked respect and kindness, that we could scarce expect less from our own friends who are approaching."

"But, Monsieur, war is now fairly broken out between us and the English—if not in name, yet in deed; soon the British advance will be along the river, for we think they *must* come this way. We can scarcely hope, with our inferior numbers, and with only a mob of untrained savages, to oppose them short of the fort, even if we can stand there, and you and Marie were safer with us. Promise me to think of this, Monsieur."

"I do, and when next you come, will have resolved. Good-night, and *bon voyage* to you, Captain."

Turning to the girls, who were tidying up the hut, he continued in English:

"Marie, love, I feel unusually sad this evening, and must retire. The wood notes of our forest home seem especially mournful to-night. Even the cricket and tree-frogs have a sort of dismal croak, while that owl from the hillside beyond the run, keeps up a most doleful plaint. Do you and Wau-ki-na retire, while I go and arrange the fire and kettle, and take old Dobbin and hobble him in a new pasture."

Out again into the grove, and now Jack's time had come at last. Gliding around to the opening of the little cabin; anxious, faltering, but soon resolved, he gave forth a low, and very peculiar whistle.

Marie sprang up as if it had been the warning rattle of a snake—evidently a familiar and yet incredible sound. Her color fast came and went. She had a startled and troubled air; a crimson flush mantled her cheeks. She stood attentive, anxious, distressed; hoping, may be, yet tearing.

Again the low signal whistle, and Jack's tall, stalwart form filled the doorway. Marie shrank back with a shud-

der, and a low moan of affright. The Indian girl retreated to the other room, for the hut was divided into two simple apartments.

Their eyes met. Marie's gaze was long, earnest, fearful, as if painfully tracing out features once familiar, and yet very, very greatly changed.

At last, she murmured, shrinkingly, timorously, but inquiringly, and with a certain daze in her face :

"Edward? it cannot be; and yet, and yet—"

"Edward it is, Marie, but not the mere boy you knew ten years ago, but a *man*—matured—full-grown—one who has much suffered, too, but who never expected to see Marie de Bonneville again—at least in *this* world."

But Marie heard no longer—not even so long. This unlooked-for apparition of the past, coming out of the darkness she knew not how, and from some place she knew not where, was too much for the poor girl, and she first shook like an aspen, and then swooned to the earth.

"Why, Marie!" exclaimed Jack, hastening towards her, the utmost alarm and anxiety depicted on his face, "it is I—the same Edward you once knew so well, in the very flesh and blood. Come! come! look up, and rise, Marie; rise, I beseech you! I was an unmannered boor to come on ye so sudden. What have I done? Here, you—you Indian girl, come to the lady's aid, do you hear? quick! quick!"

Out sprang the young "Indian girl," her black hair dishevelled, her eyes aflame, as she boldly and with vehement gesture reproached the rash intruder.

"Ah, you! What for you kill the good, sweet lady? Wau-ki-na saw you and heard you. You very, very bad, cruel 'pale face;' worse than Mingo, you"—but as her flashing eyes met the anxious, puzzled, distressful gaze of Jack, she started, and quailed as if overcome with some memory, averted her looks, and sank to the ground be-

side her companion, her young arms twining about her form.

Marie soon regained her consciousness, sighed, and cast a shy, bewildered glance around, until her eyes again met those of Jack, and a shudder convulsed her form. At last she managed to murmur, her syllables falling slowly, one by one, as if it pained her to utter them.

“Is—it—really—a—dream,—or—*can*—you—be—Edward—Percy, my earliest friend and companion in times long past?”

Her face flushed, and her maidenly modesty took alarm at his presence there and thus, and the seeming familiarity of calling this strong, stern, swarthy-looking man of apparently thirty-five, by his Christian name.

“Marie!” tremulously spake Jack, “I say again it is Edward Percy; but he was mad to so take you at unawares. Forgive him, will—”

“Oh, *that voice again!* It must, it *must* be Edward; and yet—and yet—oh, Edward!” looking at him timidly, searchingly, and with clasped hands, “why *did* you all leave Philadelphia and us so abruptly, without one word or message? It was cruel, cruel in you. Where are your dear mother and sisters, and where have *you* been these many, many long years?”

“Ah, Marie, that were a long and sad story to tell. My reason for leaving with my mother’s family for the West need not now or here be told, if, indeed, *you* cannot guess it better than all others. But enough. I took them to the banks of the Susquehanna. I there built us a cabin, made a clearing, turned to a hunter-farmer, and was soon learning to forget the past, when, one day, after a long and fatiguing hunt after a stag, I returned to find my little cabin a smouldering ruin, everything burnt to the ground, stock driven off, nothing—”

“Oh, merciful heaven! And your good mother, and Emma, and little toddling Lucy?”

“Gone, all gone; not a trace of them to be seen,” almost convulsively replied Jack, his hands nervously clutching his rifle, and the old fierceness returning to his eyes and the hardness to his voice.

“But—they had only fled to the woods—you surely found them again—I shall soon see them—they are with you *now*, and *here*, are they not?” hurriedly queried Marie, with increasing excitement, and with her earnest, questioning eyes fastened on his, as if fearing to hear more.

“Never in *this* world, Marie: I hope so in a better; but I cannot, dare not dwell on the harrowing scene which next met my eyes. I had scarce followed the track of the savages to the edge of the woods, before I saw the mutilated remains of my dear, gentle mother; I might almost say *our* gentle mother, Marie; a little further on—oh, horror—I came on Emma, faint, bleeding, and kneeling against a tree, her head hacked in a manner too sickening to describe. She had only time to answer my inquiring glance by pointing to the woods, before she expired. I rushed forward after my pet, my darling sister Lucy, and—”

“Lucy, Lucy,” softly repeated Wau-ki-na, as if dreamily going over to herself a name she had once heard but lost

The eyes of Jack and Marie both turned quickly towards her, but she was bent over her beads, whispering to herself.

“You had better, dear Wau-ki-na, go to your couch,” Marie gently spoke; “this is an old, old acquaintance, and we would speak together.”

The young Indian maiden slowly retired, a troubled expression on her brow, and casting a lingering gaze, first at Marie, and then at the mysterious stranger.

“Soon,” continued Jack, “I came upon a little ribbon

that used to band her dark tresses; a little further, her tiny shoe; still further on, a lock of her wavy hair, and a mile or so away, alas! I saw the marks of blood on the leaves, and of struggle, and—and—but I can say no more,” and here the strong man’s eyes filled with tears, and his broad and brawny breast sobbed convulsively. He leaned against the door-post, and his eyes closed as if trying to shut out the dreadful scene.

Marie’s tears, too, fell fast, as she bowed to the earth, her hands clasped over her eyes. At last:

“And did you find no further trace of her?” she softly and sympathizingly asked.

“Never anything more, but I had little doubt of her fate; I lost all trace, and was forced reluctantly to return to the sad, sad duties of that woeful, wretched night. Marie, you, as a loving daughter, can imagine my feelings. Gathering up my poor mother’s and sister’s remains, I carried them to the trunk of a huge elm, and there, with none but God to see, dug their grave and buried them close together, first twining their arms around each other’s necks.”

“Oh, Edward, say no more! What a terrible trial it must have been!”

“I tell you, Marie,” sternly responded her companion, “I grew a *man* that single night—and it was a dreary and an awful night, which turned all the hopeful and tender feelings of the impulsive boy that *you* knew me, into the hard and unforgiving man you now behold me. Stretched sobbing on the freshly-made grave, I took a solemn oath against the cruel savages who had thus pitilessly robbed me of all remaining hope; and if Captain Jack has won any fame in the settlements as an Indian-killer, the cursed reds have themselves to thank for it.”

CHAPTER XI.

JACK AND MARIE MAKE DISCOVERIES.

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp.—*Milman.*

For aught that ever I could read;
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

“WHAT, Edw—Mr. Percy,” exclaimed Marie, in great surprise, “you are not the Captain Jack who heads the Rangers, and whose prowess is told and sung from one end of the frontier to the other?”

“I am called differently in different localities; but now to yourself, Marie. How, in the name of all that is good, came you and your old father into these leafy solitudes, in the very midst of these savages, and in a time of war, too? Has he forever taken leave of his senses, that he brings you thus into the very jaws of danger? What can be his business here?”

“Oh, just as ever, and as you might suppose—nature. He is the same simple, enthusiastic naturalist he has been since I and since you knew him, only his passion seems to be more absorbing and exacting with growing years and increasing opportunities. He chafes, and frets and pines in the city; yearns for the virgin forest and its free life;

for its sombre shades, its glad waters, its sweet odors, and its purifying influences; would be ever chasing some new species of bird or animal; knows no delight equal to that of roaming through fresh, untrodden wilds—and, indeed, he has so infected me with the same spirit, that I believe I feel far more at home when sojourning in nature's groves, with father and old Dobbin, than when in the great city”

“And how,” asked Jack, “has he escaped the savages, which swarm about him here?”

“Oh, that's the strangest part of it. He is loved and worshipped by them almost as much as *I* love and worship him. 'Twould go hard with him among his fellows, if any Indian of them all dared molest him. At first, as they daily met his venerable form roaming the forest, chasing a butterfly or a humming-bird—hunting out a wild flower or a wood fern—letting the deer and turkeys go free, that he might bring down some little innocent bird which he wished to pencil, he was looked on as one touched in his head, and as it is a universal custom among the Indians to respect and protect any whom they think the Great Spirit has thus afflicted, he came and went unquestioned and unharmed.”

“This is, indeed, passing strange; I can scarcely credit it. And how long have you been in this secluded nook?”

“Ever since May, and now it is July. Scarcely had spring opened before father grew restless and uneasy. He had searched and hunted all the eastern part of the State. His ambition is, as you well remember, to classify and represent on paper the fauna of America. He made me learn to draw and paint, and prepare birds and animals, and having exhausted those in the settlements, he yearned, with a wondrous longing, for the unexplored wilds west of the Alleghenies. He soon so infected me with his spirit, that when I saw his very life almost depended on his coming

West, I no longer resisted. So, loading up old Dobbin with a few necessaries, we crossed the Susquehanna, and here we are. Father is just as happy as a bird of these woods, and as free too, and I am well contented with seeing his joy. He makes his long daily excursions up, down, and across the rivers that join at the fort below; brings in his specimens for me to prepare or paint, and joyous is the day for him when some rare, or new species of bird or animal is found. Why, I'm almost afraid, sometimes, so glad he is. His passion seems so deep and engrossing-like, as if it touched the hidden springs of his very being."

"Strange, passing strange," said Jack, "and yet I might have known it of him. I have week after week coursed the forests, ascended mountains, forded or swam streams in his company, and never did I see so artless, or unflagging an enthusiast."

"Yes, that's just the very word," smilingly replied Marie. "He's an *enthusiast* of the first water, and his passion so possesses him like a flame of holy fire, that I sometimes think it's consuming him—he seems more fragile, and self-absorbed as his days pass among these solitary woods.

"At first, as I said," continued Marie, pensively, "the Indians respected, but avoided us, but soon they met us often in our excursions—for Dobbin and I frequently accompanied father in his longer jaunts—and came to know us. They then visited our camp here; saw me preparing or painting what father shot; then heard him on the flute, until now scarce an evening passes but we have, as to-night, some of the French officers or red chiefs up from the fort."

"And the brave-looking French officer I saw sitting and heard singing with you to-night, who was he, and does he come often?"

"Captain Dumas; oh, yes, very often. In fact, I think I

am becoming quite necessary to the Captain's happiness," said Marie, for the first time smiling gaily, and with an arch expression on her face, very becoming to her. "He is a most gallant and accomplished gentleman, and sings delightfully, and, as for conversation, he excels in that—always witty and full of spirit."

"Yes, yes, I know. I heard him talk and sing in his foreign lingo," and a cloud passed over Jack's face—he could not help it. "What does he talk about. I didn't understand his confounded gibberish."

"Why, Edw—Mr. Percy—that is rude language. You were not eaves-dropping, were you? Listeners, 'tis said, rarely hear any good of themselves. It might be well if you *did* understand his gibberish, as you are pleased to call our musical native language."

"But what does he talk about to *you*?" impatiently repeated Jack.

"Oh," archly replied Marie, her eyes shyly searching out those of Jack with a certain hesitating, embarrassed air in them which was very charming, "of his wife Louise and his two daughters, in Quebec. He grows melancholy enough at his enforced absence and his imprisonment out in the fort. He has made me his confidante, and insists he has the prettiest wife and sweetest children in America, so that I feel as if I already knew them."

A brighter look comes in Jack's face, which grows softer and handsomer under the change. He appears ten years younger than an hour before, and as if he would almost give a Delaware a run for his life rather than drop him with a pursuing bullet. Another dark shadow, however, as he puts the following:

"And, Marie, tell me what has become of—of—of your husband?"

"What! my—my husband?" and a mirthful and musical, but rather constrained little laugh rippled from her

lips. "And who told you, inquisitive sir, I had a husband?"

"Oh, no one," rather nervously and impatiently responded Jack. "I only judged that you soon would have one, from the scene I last saw you engaged in; and—and—have you never married?" looking at her earnestly—almost pleadingly.

Marie flushed up and bit her lip. A brief and embarrassed silence followed, when thus Marie, rather sarcastically:

"And so, Edw—Mr. Percy, I mean, you have waited these many years to offer your singular congratulations to me as a bride. That was not very gallant for one known as the very pink of courtesy. Did I not, since you force me to recall it, as a girl of sixteen, once tell you as an ardent and very romantic youth of twenty, that my life should be devoted to my father, who required all my loving care and affection? What I said I *meant*, and so have lived."

"You did say it, but you talked very differently in French to young Monsieur Dubois the next evening."

"Oh, did I? It might have been very far better if you had studied French when you were young. 'Twould have saved your fiery and jealous nature from some hasty, and allow me to add, foolish actions."

It was Jack's turn now to flush up and bite his lip. His swarthy, weather-beaten visage, looked disturbed. There was a new light in his eyes, and a stammer on his tongue, as he essayed to speak. But the words died on his lips. He was eloquently dumb, and an embarrassed silence followed, both parties looking rather uncomfortable; but with the ready address of a nimble-witted woman, Marie managed to get out of the difficulty by exclaiming:

"But I hear father coming. He will be astounded to know what a visitor he has to-night."

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH A RETROSPECT IS TAKEN.

The wild, free woods make no man halt or blind;
Cities rob men of eyes, and hands, and feet,
Patching one whole of many incomplete.
Here, life the undiminished man demands;
New faculties stretch out to meet new wants;
What nature asks, that nature also grants.
Here man is lord, not drudge, of eyes, and feet, and hands,
And to his life is knit with hourly bands.—*Lowell.*

But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth her noble form,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries, exulting, "who can make gentleman like mine?"

Eliza Cook

It may be as well just here to go back a little in our story, and state what never did or could have come out in their conversation. Many things can be thought, which it would not be proper to speak. The minds and memories of both were busy, and each rapidly recalled the past—their separation and the causes of it.

Monsieur de Bonneville was a professional French naturalist, and a most ardent enthusiast. He had aspirations beyond what was common in the old French schools of that day, and was most ambitious to make his own original researches from the live form, and not follow the beaten path of studying animated nature from stuffed collections. He left France for America in 1726, impelled thereto by an irresistible yearning to explore the untrodden wilds, and

to roam the virgin forests of America; make discoveries of new species of birds and animals; see them in their own native haunts; study there their habits and characteristics—their loves, chases, battles, gambols, and changeful moods. This to him was the very poetry of life, and a fascination which only enthusiasts like himself could appreciate.

With the desire to note, came also the resolve to portray; to transfix, as with an enchanter's pencil, these "arrowy cleavers of the air," as they glowed past in all the gay tints and airy graces of their fresh, fleeting lives. The spoils of each day would be immediately transferred to paper, before their "vesture had been sullied," or death had faded their glows and tints of plumage. Not only so, out they would be represented in the very attitude of life, and on the very reed, twig, or bush, where death had stilled them. Thus, and only thus, de Bonneville argued with justice, could we have very nature itself, and not her counterfeit presentments.

Debarking at Philadelphia, and having thus reverently and lovingly dedicated himself to this holy priesthood of nature, de Bonneville patiently prepared himself with the greatest care. He learned to draw and color. He soon made the acquaintance of, and married an American lady, who died when Marie, his only child, was but thirteen years old. Mrs. Percy, a dear friend of the deceased, and a widow of respectability, took charge of Marie when her father was absent on his various forest expeditions throughout the colonies, and thus she was thrown into relationship with Edward and Emma, and Lucy Percy, then a mere child.

Edward was a bright, ardent and impetuous youth, hasty and violent in his likes and dislikes; somewhat moody, and extravagantly fond of hunting and roaming the forests. He belonged to the restless "wild-turkey breed" of men, so common in that day, and spent much of the last

two years with de Bonneville, in his various excursions towards middle Pennsylvania.

M. de Bonneville, desirous of putting into some useful shape the results of his many wanderings, in which he had so long braved "all the spite of the wreckful elements," and having most carefully educated Marie to do her share of the artwork, took lodgings of his own. Edward never knew how intimately Marie had twined herself into his young life, until she left his mother's house. Possessing one of those hot and jealous natures which would not brook two passions at the same time, his love for Marie became a paramount and all-absorbing devotion, attended by fitful moods and jealousies.

Marie's love for him was probably quite as deep as his for her, but it was not so demonstrative—scarcely even known to herself. She had all a true woman's address, and delicacy, and maidenly reserve. Not very long afterwards, and at the end of a misunderstanding in which Edward had hotly reproached her with favoring the attentions of a Monsieur Dubois—a nephew of M. de Bonneville, who had lately arrived from Paris to push his fortunes in the New World—he somewhat violently threw himself at her feet, and passionately declared his love.

It is not much wonder, in the temper she then was, that she did not respond as ardently and as fully as was hoped. She treated the matter lightly; said she was but a mere girl, entirely too young to think of such matters; and besides, had made up her mind to love none but her father, and devote her life to him; he was almost like a child in many things; was alone, and growing old, and required all her most watchful care.

Edward was baffled and deeply chagrined, for his passion was an all-devouring one, admitting no faint or divided worship. He grew moody, unhappy, and unreasonable. But all would probably have righted itself in time.

had he not, unluckily, the very next evening, on entering her parlor without knocking, quietly come upon Marie and young Mr. Dubois together, talking French in a most rapid and earnest manner, the latter on his knees, and Marie smilingly—and as his jealous eyes saw, or thought they saw—approvingly raising him to his feet.

This was enough for Edward's violent and impetuous nature. The shock was a most terrible one, for a moment completely stunning him. He had occasionally suspected Dubois of interference, but never dreamed of its having gone to such a pass. He did not know, and never stayed to learn that this Dubois, a light and rather trifling character; was enamored, or supposed he was, of an entirely different lady, and was only sportively rehearsing to his cousin how he intended to pay his successful addresses when the time should come, and requesting her to act the part of his sweetheart.

Edward—though not unseen by his lady-love—rushed madly from the house, told his mother all in the violence of despair, was deaf to her entreaty, and insisted on instantly carrying out a scheme of removal to the West, which they had often talked over.

The fond mother, proud of her son, and almost equally hurt and disappointed, finally consented, and a few days afterwards they quietly took their departure towards the Susquehanna, which was the extreme frontier line at that time.

We have seen how sadly, how shockingly, that pioneer dream ended, and how the impetuous, but lovable youth of twenty was, under this double grief, transformed into the stern, moody, and revengful man, with all the most amiable qualities of his character—which, under more propitious circumstances, would have blossomed into a steady and happy life—turned into gall.

Ten years had since elapsed. Supposing Marie long

since married, he had never re-visited the city, and had never once heard from her or her father.

She had her disappointment, which she bore patiently and uncomplainingly, as only woman can, merely showing, by an increased devotion and tenderness to her father, and by a total seclusion and unremitting attention to her art, that a shadow, which the world wot not of, had passed over her young life, blighting though not crushing.

But time passed on. She was but a girl, naturally hopeful and buoyant, and had long since learned, if not to forget, at least to dwell on the event as a tender memory of the past, when Edward's sudden and mysterious appearance, with the old peculiar signal by which he was accustomed so often to announce his approach, gave her a terribly rude awakening, and her whole mind was in a wonderful tumult and agitation, which she had great difficulty to conceal, and which, had her old lover once suspected, would have stirred and gladdened him to the inmost fibre of his being.



CHAPTER XIII.

DE BONNEVILLE—MARIE—WAU-KI-NA.

Mislike me not for my complexion ;
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun.—*Shakspeare*

Underneath that face, like summer ocean's—
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear—
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.—*Halleck*.

—AND now was heard old M. de Bonneville's excited, quavering voice, as, approaching the hut, he hastily cried out :

“ Why, Marie, child ! daughter ! what—what means this ? Look this way, quick ! quick ! As I was about approaching the fire to renew the wood for the night, I saw that strange, dusky figure, sitting like a statue on the log, his painted face in all its grim and hideous savagery. It turned not at my approach. 'Tis an apparition—some baleful spectre ! I never saw the Chief before.”

“ Fear not, Marie,” hurriedly whispered Jack. “ I expect 'tis my companion, who knows he has nothing here to dread, and who must be tired of waiting on me.”

“ Be not alarmed, dear father ; I think this unexpected visitor here can explain the matter, satisfactorily.”

“ What ! child,” anxiously exclaimed de Bonneville, on entering the lodge door, and catching sight of Jack. “ A stranger here, and in our tent ? Marie, daughter, 'twas thoughtless of you ; you should have told me this.” They

stepping forward and looking Jack calmly in the eyes, and with a noble and simple dignity: "Who and what are you, sir, and what is your errand here, that you enter my simple hut so rudely and unceremoniously? If you are English—and I address you in that language because I know you are not French—tell me why the presence of this lady has not taught you better manners."

"Why, dear father, is it possible you do not know an old friend?"

The old man gazed intently into Jack's face, scrutinized it most searchingly, then threw his eyes rapidly over the tall form, and shook his head. It was no wonder. Great changes had taken place in that visage and frame since he last saw it.

"I'm getting very, very old, sir, and my eyes are none of the best. Pardon me, stranger, but I don't—think—I ever saw you before."

"Why, yes, Father, and hunted with him many and many's the day! You used to say you could *see* the birds the quickest, but Edward Percy was the only one who could bring them down without spoiling their plumage."

"What! Edward Percy?" said the old man, slowly, hesitatingly, and in a sort of daze. "Why, Marie, this is a cruel, sorry jest; you mock me, daughter. Edward was a bright, joyous, eager boy, active as a cat, lithe as a leopard, and supple as a panther; the keenest eye, quickest foot, and truest shot I ever saw before or since, while this great, dark stranger is—is—"

"Edward Percy, at your service, Monsieur de Bonneville," smilingly exclaimed Jack, Marie's eyes fairly beaming and glistening with delight. "Time works sad changes on a man, sir, especially if life has gone heavy with him, and I presume *I* am no exception to the rule."

The old man's face began to show signs of recognition.

The voice, smile and decisive manner of old were not *all* gone. At last it came, full and free:

“Why, Eddy, this *is* a miracle, indeed. Where have you been these long, long, lonely years? ’Twas uncivil in you to leave us so. Oh, how I’ve missed you in my rambles; but now you’ve come to join me again. Oh, Eddy, what treasures I have found in these western wilds. Enough for a lifetime, lad. Scarce a day passes but I bear some new feathered or petted prize home for Marie to draw. Why, just look here!” and he hurried over to his large books of drawings and commenced turning over the leaves.

“Father,” sadly whispered Marie, somewhat “smily ’round the lips, but teary ’round the lashes,” “thinks you still a boy, Mr. Percy, and that he has but just lately parted with you. Bear with him and his passion. Time has wrought its changes on him, too, as well as on you and me, but he is the same brave, gentle, and gallant spirit as ever. Nature never had truer, or more devout worshipper.”

“Jack,” as we must continue to call him, went over to the various portfolios—covering the results of long months of rambles, and patient workings—and with somewhat of his old enthusiasm, listened to the “old man eloquent,” as, with a lover’s look and fondness, he introduced him to each object of his regard.

They both had a dash of the wilderness, and, as it were, a fragrance of the woods about them, and yet how different. And Marie, with softened eyes and beaming countenance, would join in, catching the fine enthusiasm of the hour, and gradually talking of old and of present times, and of what father and she had done, and were doing and going to do. Jack, too, was closely questioned as to his own life, and told them much that moved their wonder. They would all doubtless have continued there till dawn, had not Scarooyaddy suddenly made his appearance at the

lodge door, and with grave and dignified face, on which surprise and curiosity, too, were clearly visible, exclaimed :

“Captain Jack, 'tis growing very deep into the night, and we have a full hour yet before we can reach the fort, and much long work to do there. The moon is down, and, and—you can come back this way”—this last on his beginning to take in the situation.

“Forgive me, Chief, I was rude and forgetful to keep you waiting so long. *You* would not have done it, I know.” Then turning to Miss de Bonneville's father :

“*This*, sir, is doubtless, the apparition which disturbed you awhile since. Know him now, in the flesh and blood, as the truest, bravest and most faithful redskin that ever trod an Indian trail. A full-blooded and mighty Chief ; a Sachem of the Six Nations—the Half-King, Scaroo-yaddy.”

“Any tried friend of Edward Percy, be he white, or red, is most heartily welcome to my rustic home,” answered de Bonneville with inimitable grace and dignity.

“But, Marie,” exclaimed Jack, “what has become of the little Indian maiden, who would have fairly slain me awhile since with her angry, piercing eyes. She has all the spirit, and the beauty, too, of a panther's kitten. Despite her indignant flashes, she has a singular interest for me. How came she, too, in your lodge, or is this a part of the strange dream which even yet enthralls me?”

“Oh, Wau-ki-na, ‘the bounding fawn,’ you mean. She is my *protégée*, and glad am I to have her blithesome company. I saw her but a moment since, on her couch of skins, in a troubled sleep, a bright flush on her fair cheek, and the name of Lucy dwelling on her lips. A more affectionate child I never saw. I already love her like a sister.”

“But who, and whence is she?”

“Oh, a sprite of these woods, I believe. Father and I

passed through Shannopinstown about a month since, and while he was absent across the Allegheny, I spent the day in the Delaware village, going about among the tents, and making acquaintance with the squaws and maidens. In the afternoon the young lasses had a dance on the grass, and I was instantly struck with this beautiful young girl—at her grace, her fairness, and refinement. She was a singular contrast to all the rest, and my heart went right out to her, as I believe hers did to me. 'Twas a real case of 'love at first sight.' ”

“ Yes,” laughed her father, “ so much so, that she begged, almost with tears in her eyes, of Captain Pipe, the Delaware Chief and her father—although she looks about as much like him as my leggings do to a leaping stag—that he would let the child stay with her for the summer, in our forest home, and she gained her point, too, and they are inseparable, billing and cooing like two turtle doves.”



CHAPTER XIV.

JACK AND THE HALF-KING CONTINUE THEIR SCOUT.

O, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!—*Twelfth Night*

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should *that* bode?

Much Ado About Nothing.

“AND NOW,” said Jack, rising and leading M. de Bonneville a step apart, “one earnest word, my dear sir, before I go. Do you not know this is no safe or proper place for you and these maidens? Why, Braddock and his whole army are but a few days distant. We are now, as I told you, out on a scout from his army. Very soon these woods will be swarming with savages and scouts, of both French and English. Blood once drawn, your swarthy friends will turn into incarnate fiends. The devils will brook no neutrals on these grounds. On one pretence or another, they will invade this forest sanctuary, and I shudder to think what may happen.”

“You judge them too harshly, Edward. I have—”

“Not a whit; not one iota, I warn you. I know them all from moccasin to scalp-lock. Pontiac, mayhap, would not do it, nor Athanase, nor Guyasutha, but their cruel followers would. Now, I do beg you, my old friend, be advised in time. Soon as my scout is done at the fort, I will be back early to-morrow, and then let me conduct you and Marie safely to Braddock’s army; as for Wau-ki-na, send her home *at once*. After the fort is taken, you can

make *that* the centre of your naturalist operations, and I will most gladly join you. I'm free as air, can go where I list, and would glory in the life."

"I have," replied the anxious father, "brooded over this. Should anything happen my darling child, I could not survive it. Do you *really* think, Edward, there is danger?"

"Yes, yes, of the most imminent kind! I would not for the world have Marie stay here one minute longer than necessary. Have all your affairs ready to move on an instant's notice, and promise me to go with us to-morrow. Wont you promise?" almost pleaded Jack.

"I do, most solemnly," hastily whispered the now thoroughly-alarmed father; "and, oh! hasten back! 'Tis not for myself I fear, but for Marie."

"Ah, where is she?" hurriedly exclaimed Jack. "Marie, I must now bid you good-night. I will be back, if all go right, by sunrise to-morrow, and you and your father must be ready to go with me. Don't question! I have already loitered here much too long."

"And where, Mr. Per—" and then smilingly, "Edward, I may call you, as of old, may I not?—where would you lead us, and why this wondrous haste?"

"Oh, your father will explain all; only be ready; stir not from this spot, and—and—good-night; I cannot, *must* not stay longer, 'twould be weakness."

He extended his brawny hand; her delicate fingers closed in its roomy palm; their eyes met, and more was told in their softened glances than either of them yet knew, or could fairly comprehend.

"And where do *you* go, Edward? Certainly not to the fort!" anxiously exclaimed Marie.

"Oh, we are not now on a fighting, but a scouting expedition," said Jack, as he seized his trusty rifle, and joined his companion, who awaited him at a little distance. "We

will be as cautious as foxes, ready to run at the first alarm. Don't fear for us. Once more, good-night, and *au revoir*, as your Captain Dumas would say."

The two hastily strode down to their canoe, shoved it off, and were out into the Monongahela. The paddles were industriously plied. Jack remained for a period in silent musing, as if he were engaged gathering in his confused mind the scattered, tangled threads of what had just transpired, and then began to smile and chat almost gaily, even giving out an occasional low laugh, in a way that the Half-King had never yet heard, and which greatly astonished him. Finally, he was, regardless of all prudence, actually breaking out into a snatch of camp song, when the Chief could stand it no longer.

"My brother is gay to-night. He is no longer the Indian's *Black Rifle*, but the maiden's *Warbling Flute*. What has the Old Medicine in the tent given Captain Jack, the Ranger, to turn him into a boy again; or maybe," he meaningly continued, "it was the Young Medicine girl who has stolen away my brother's senses. The 'wood thrush' has a pleasant warble, and her face is very sweet to look on."

"Why, Yaddy, I *do* feel to-night as if a great load were lifted from my heavy heart. I have talked with o'd and dear friends of my youth; and what's more, we must see them again to-morrow, and lead them back to the army. Wont the strutting, pompous old General be stunned at the kind of prisoners we bring him? but now we are nearing the fort, I must grow sober again. Let us float quietly amid stream. The moon is now clouded, to be sure, but still, 'twould be safer to keep out a little. I'm now Jack, the Ranger, again."

They floated on, and on, keeping a most wary lookout on either shore, and listening with strained ear for the dip of paddles, or for any, even the faintest, sound from the

dark, sombre, solemn forests which crowded down to the very waters.

None, however, were heard, and now the dim outlines of the stockades of Old Fort Duquesne could be faintly seen above the steep banks, and the flickering lights from dying camp fires around. It was about one of the morning. The canoe was allowed to float noiselessly along past the fort, until it struck the swift current of the Allegheny. The paddles were then cautiously and quietly dipped in the water, and the light birch, obedient to the slightest motion, turned up the Allegheny.

Close observations were made along the shore for a full half mile, and all the canoes and batteaux counted, to find out how many had lately come down from French Creek. Happily, not a wandering canoe was encountered. No sentinel's challenge broke the stillness of the night. The enemy, both in and out of the fort, expecting no immediate danger, was sunk in the deepest repose.

They then turned back on their course, and continued up the Monongahela, but closer to the shore than before. All was quiet as the grave. Nothing heard but an occasional loon, the owl's gloomy hoot, or a prowling wolf's howl, answering to one on the opposite bank.

About a mile up this river they, with exceeding caution, impelled their light birch into a little cove, and waited and waited, in perfect silence, until near three, when all should be wrapped in deepest sleep. They then stole out of the canoe, rifles at rest and tomahawks ready for instant service. Clambering up the rugged bank, they entered the dark forest, avoided as best they could the entangling vines and retarding underbrush, glided stealthily from tree to tree, and gradually approached the circle of Indian fires.

These they counted. Not even a dog to give the alarm. They were not coming on an Indian village now, but camps

of "graves" out on the war path. As expected, no sentinels were out. The Indians were too constantly and correctly advised of the exact daily progress of Braddock's army to apprehend the slightest danger yet, and all was a death-like silence.

Our reckless scouts glided about like spectres from one fire to another, always keeping in the shadows of the huge oaks and buttonwoods which grew thickly about. They carefully completed their observations, and just as dawn was breaking, gained the edge of what is now called Grant's Hill. Here they rested for half an hour, and then skirting the hill, were making for the river and their canoe, when, as has already been stated, they suddenly came upon a French officer out on an early hunt.

Then followed the Half-King's unlucky shot, by which all the plans so carefully laid by Jack were deranged, and which led to the exciting chase and escape across the Monongahela river, and right under the very guns of the fort. It was an untoward blunder, which put both parties of scouts in extreme peril. (See *Appendix G.*)

Our readers are now masters of Jack's secret; can appreciate how keen must have been his disappointment at not being able, as intended, to go straight back to de Bonneville, and are prepared to follow him and the Half-King, in their visit to old King Shingiss, thence to reach Marie and her father by a roundabout course, and one which lay right through their swarming foes, and which was beset with the most imminent perils.



CHAPTER XV.

THE VISIT TO OLD KING SHINGISS.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains sported in the shade.—*Bryant.*

THE reunited scouting party, following Captain Jack's suggestion of walking ostentatiously along the cone of Coal Hill, in order to mislead the many watchers from the fort, had no sooner gained the favoring obscurity of the first woods, than it turned abruptly off.

Captain Jack and the Half-King immediately doubled on their course and hurried down the stream—but along the crest of the hill—at a free, swinging gait, which soon brought them to a steep and rugged declivity overlooking the valley through which, what is now called “Saw Mill Run” brawled its tortuous way.

Down this headlong steep, aiding their descent by vines and brush, and without pausing long to pick their steps, they plunged. Crossing the run, they sought the covert of the river bank, and sheltered behind its dense and luxuriant foliage, and feeling, for the first time, comparatively safe, they paused to fetch a long breath.

The sun was now well up in the heavens ; the air was fresh and balmy ; the fragrance of the lush and abundant vegetation rose like morning incense from all sides, and

had not their situation been so full of grave peril, and their long life in the forest made such scenes a daily occurrence, the two scouts might well have paused to admire the beautiful scene.

But more anxious thoughts filled their minds. The situation was one of imminent danger, to escape from which required all the fertile resources of a ready wit and an experience of many years of backwoods life.

Even as they gazed toward Fort Duquesne, to note what new steps were there being taken, five canoes, filled with young warriors engaged in animated conversation, shot close by them. These were all alive with expectation, and were excitedly speculating on the cause of the late commotion at the fort. Our scouts, crouched behind some water-willows and the thick undergrowth which skirted the stream's margin, giving it such a rich broidery of emerald, could almost have touched hands with the Delaware paddlers.

"Ha! ha! Chief," whispered Jack, "we've shook up old Thingiss' camp, sure! He's scarce enough men left to draw his nets to-day. Those younkens, I'll wager, have had little time to digest their morning venison; but their room is better than their company. It couldn't have happened better. How long are we yet from the lodge of the grim old Delaware?" No answer. "I say, old fellow, why—" Jack turned abruptly, and saw Scarooyaddy leaning against a tree, limp and pale, an expression of anguish on his face.

"Why, whatever's the matter with the Chief? I see it all. Let an Indian alone for hiding his pain. The old fox would as soon whimper under a Catawba's torture as let me know how his wound hurts him.

"Why, Chief, how goes it? Let me see your arm."

Jack took up the dangling limb tenderly, and carefully examined it. The blood was pumping out quite freely—

evidently no bones broken, but the bullet had made an ugly hole, and had done its bloody work among the Oneida's flesh and arteries.

"Come! come! Chief. This has gone too far. You've lost enough good blood to rejoice a Huron. Stay till I bind this handkerchief around,—so;—now come to the water's edge, till I dash some in your face, and take, too, a little inwardly. 'Tis not, as the Irish rum traders would say, so pinetrating or sarching, quite, as 'fire-water,' but 'twill do on a fetch. Drink from this bass-wood leaf. 'Twill do you good, man. Now; don't you feel better already?"

"Scarooyaddy thanks his good brother. 'Tis nothing. Come! I'll show you the path to the Delaware's lodge. When the chain of friendship was kept bright and the road ever open, I was often in the old Delaware's wigwam; but now a black cloud has come between us, which I must blow away."

"And what are you going to say to old Shingiss, Chief? He has clearly taken sides with the French. Do you think it safe for us to defy him in his own lair? Mind ye, he's of a devilish ugly temper, and as hard and crooked as the gnarl of an oak."

"Scarooyaddy," answered the Chief with dignity, "will order him to take up the hatchet against the French. I care not who he's for or against. The Delawares are now women and wear petticoats. The Six Nations conquered them long, long years ago. They made them move back first from the Delaware, then from the Susquehanna, and we'll drive them still further to the setting sun, if they forget who are their masters."

"Braw words, Chief; but have a care—have a care! The Delawares are a proud and warlike people, and it is far from the Allegheny to the Council Chamber at Onondago. If I mistake not, they have been long restive under your

rule, and seek a pretext to throw off the Iroquois' yoke." (See *Appendix H.*)

While thus engaged in conversation, they came to the mouth of the large creek called after Peter Chartier, the noted half-breed French spy and Indian trader. Here they found a number of fishing canoes. Jumping into the nearest, it took but one shove to land them on the other side, and they straightway proceeded along the bend which sweeps around the foot of what was then called Chartiers, but now Brunot's Island.

Near the jutting promontory at present known as "McKee's Rocks," and on one side of the commanding knoll, where the celebrated Ohio Company had once marked out as even a more fitting place to build a fort and found a settlement, than the forks of the Ohio, was a collection of bark huts, where Shingiss, king of the Delawares, lived. (See *Appendix I.*)

And a most carefully-selected site it was—few more picturesque or more commanding on the Ohio—and our scouts could not refrain from pausing, hurried as they were and urgent as was their business, to cast an admiring and comprehensive glance over the salient land and water feature of the beautiful scene before and around them.

Directly in front was the long and densely-wooded island now everywhere known as Brunot's, dividing the broad current of the Ohio, yet, in such fashion that the volume of the main stream seemed no whit diminished, while the other had cut deeply into the land, curving around, as stated, in a beautiful sweep. Near the end of this island came in Chartier's creek, running through a rich and heavily-timbered "bottom."

Along the course which the scouts had travelled, the hills rose high and precipitous, leaving but a narrow ledge between them and the river; but here they softened down into gentler forms, and receded from the water in a series

of billowy slopes, covered from their tops almost to the very river's edge, with the most vividly green and bright foliage.

Right back of the little cluster of cabins and the smouldering fires around them, was a broad level of rich and densely-wooded bottom-land, flanked by the isolated and beautiful knoll, on top of which can yet be seen, for miles, a prominent Indian mound. On the shingle in front were drawn up a dozen or so of birch and pine canoes.

Altogether, a right royal place for a king's residence. It had evidently been chosen with care and taste. It was, at the same time, sheltered, commanding, picturesque, and with unsurpassed fishing and hunting grounds all about. Even to this present, that pleasant reach of shore forms one of the most favored excursions from Pittsburgh.

In the midst of the group of cabins, stood one much more spacious and pretentious than the rest. The frail door was drawn to, but curious sounds, as of chanting, could be heard coming from it. No human visible but a squaw, and an Indian maiden at a little distance, coming down the hill path at the side. All the fighting men, disturbed by the great guns from the fort, had gone up the Ohio.

The Half-King, leading the way as one knowing his ground, and closely followed by Jack, strode hastily to the door, tapped, and exclaimed, with great directness, in the Delaware dialect :

"If King Shingiss is within, Monecataotha and 'La Carrabine Noir' are at his door, waiting a welcome."

Had a bomb-shell fallen in their midst, it could not have caused a greater commotion among the inmates. There was a cry, a rush, a click of rifle cocks, and the door was flung open by a short, sturdy, and determined-looking chief, past the middle age, and with as piercing and glittering an eye as was ever placed in an Indian forehead.

With rifle at cock, he seemed uncertain what to do—shoot, or club the reckless intruders. He was evidently taken wholly at unawares—not a sound or a single note of alarm, and this may be, for what he knew, the advance of Braddock's army. The name of The Black Rifle was a potent spell in those days. Of him, Shingiss had often heard, but never before seen.

The old king, speechless and quivering with excitement, gazed, or rather glared, first at one, and then the other. His eyes fairly shot fire. A fragrance, as of burnt herbs and shrubs, escaped from the open door, and behind the form of Shingiss could be dimly seen other chiefs, in attitudes fixed and attentive. Our scouts stood calm and resolute, but with rifle on shoulder, denoting peaceful intent.

At last Shingiss, endeavoring to conceal his surprise and indignation at the unseemly interruption to the incantations evidently going on within, broke silence:

“Monecatootha is a very rash chief, thus to bring himself, and his friend, The Black Rifle”—and here he cast another scrutinizing but respectful glance, at the foe of his tribe—“into the very camp of the Delawares. What means it?”—glancing along the route they came—“war, or peace? Are you alone, or have you a following? Surely”—gazing inquiringly into the Half-King's eyes—“the noise of the big guns *can't* mean that the English have taken the fort?” and he again raised his rifle.

“Stay your hand, king! We came straight from Braddock, but he is far from here. The hatchet is not yet dug up between us, and we mean peace, unless *you* mean war.”

“Shingiss thought his young men could not so deceive him. One, two, three, four days before the English come. We have out many eyes and ears. Enter Shingiss' lodge if you come with 'speech-belts.'”

CHAPTER XVI

A COUNCIL OF DELAWARE CHIEFS

They waste us, ay, like April snow ;
In the warm noon we shrink away
And fast they follow, as we go
Toward the setting day ;
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.—*Bryant.*

In thy breast there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that where bathes the Upas tree ;
And in thy wrath, a nursing cat-o-mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep, compared with thee.

Halleck.

THE old king, with a meaning and sarcastic smile, stood aside for them to enter.

It was our scouts' turn now to be surprised. Jack only found himself in presence of three Delaware chiefs, whom he did not know ; but the Half-King immediately recognized them as King Beaver, brother and equal to Shingiss ; Kateuskund, a noted sachem and counsellor, and Killbuck, a great captain and conjurer—all Delawares. Schooled, as it was his nature and education to be, he could not refrain an exclamation of surprise.

“Monecathooha,—a little bird has sung to me,—takes the place of Tannecharison, who has gone back to the Great Spirit. If the new Half-King brings speeches from our uncles at Onondago” (meaning the Six Nations), “he will be glad to have so many great chiefs, whom he knows, to bear them.”

"It is well," replied Scarooyaddy or Monecatootha, with dignity. "I offer you this belt," producing a broad belt of wampum, with eight diamond figures beautifully worked in. "The Six Nations have heard a bad tale that the Delawares and Shawanos have taken up the hatchet against the English; and the great war chief, Braddock, has sent me to you that I may know these tales are lies, and to brighten the chain of friendship which has so long tied us together, and to smoke a new pipe of peace with that good old tobacco which the Friends [Quakers] send you. What answer shall I carry back?"

"And what says The Black Rifle?" politely put in Shingiss. "So great a white 'brave' should have a voice in this council. Does he, too, carry a new story of peace on his tongue?"

"Even so. The English are but a few marches off, with an army of trained 'braves,' numerous as the leaves in the forest. They will take the fort at the De-un-da-ga (the forks), and drive the French into the lakes. All who fight with them will be crushed."

"Before we give answer," searchingly queried Shingiss, "will my brothers tell us what made the big guns fire this morning? My young men have not yet come back to tell me."

The two scouts looked at each other. They had not expected this question; when thus Jack:

"Why, yes, Chief; I'm white, and am not here to keep back the truth, whether it tells for or against. They fired at us, and that was the cause," pointing to the Half King's girdle, where hung the French officer's scalp; "but if I must say it, so far I think we've had the best of the fight, although your old friend here *has* been winged a little," and he pointed to Scarooyaddy's arm, stiffened with blood.

This crisp and double-shotted little speech excited some interest among the chiefs, who cast quiet but meaning looks

at each other, but said never a word. It was fortunate the scalp was a French and not a Delaware one.

"Then my brothers come out as spies, as well as to carry peaceful songs," calmly continued the old Delaware. "Another question: If the great white chief means so well to the Delawares and Shawanos, and their friends, the Iroquois, why has he hired so many hundreds of our old enemies, the Catawbias and Cherokees, when he might have had *us*? Does he look two ways? Has he a cleft tongue, like a snake?"

"Now, Chief," hurriedly answered Jack, "who told you that? It's all stuff and nonsense. I will not deny that he *did*, through Gist's son, bargain with some of those far-South Indians, but 'twas before he knew what a blunder it would be, and because he wouldn't take advice. He hasn't one Carolina or Florida red with him—not one. Besides, how many western tribes have the French hired to take part against us? Whose camp-fires are now about the fort? tell me *that*, Shingiss!"

"My brother talks from the heart and is not fork-tongued," replied Shingiss, his respect for Jack evidently increasing each moment. "Let Kateuskund say what answer Monecathooha shall carry back with him."

The chiefs exchanged a few meaning looks and words together, when Kateuskund, the oldest, arose, and with great calmness and dignity said, first pointing to some scalps in one corner, which were stretched on small hoops to dry:

"Monecathooha sees there that his speech-belt is too late. I return it to him. We don't tramp it under foot, but we don't want it, and won't have it," handing back the belt. "Our young braves have been on the war-path ever since the pale-face army left Cucuebetuc [Cumberland]. The Six Nations are not so foolish as you may suppose. We do not know what they say to *you*, my brother, but we *do*

know they fear the English want to take all our and their lands. Some of them are now with us. We have taken up the hatchet for Onontio [the French]. They have always treated us well, and given us all we want, and the Great Spirit goes with us."

Then King Beaver :

"The Shawanos gave us the hatchet from the French, and have persuaded us to strike the English. Blood has been shed ; there are the scalps of your marching warriors ; and it is too late to go back. Why don't the English and French fight their battles in their own land, or on the water ? This country was given to us by the Great Spirit, and neither French nor English shall have it—not one foot. As soon as the English are driven away, we will not suffer the French to stay here. They have promised us to go back to Canada. If not, we'll *drive* them back with bloody switches. All this," stretching his arm majestically in a broad sweep, "is the red man's land, given us by the Great Spirit ; we'll live and die here. Be warned in time. King Beaver has spoken."

Then Killbuck, more fiercely and vehemently :

"We know well what the English want. Your own traders say that you intend to take all our lands, and destroy us. It is you who have begun the war. Why do *you* come here to fight ? How have you treated the Delawares ? You know how the Iroquois deceived us into acting as peace mediators ; how they shamed us, and took our arms ; put petticoats on us ; called us women, and made us move three times away from our homes. And why ? Because the English paid them a few beads and blankets and paint, and when their senses were stolen away with fire-water, they sold our lands ; but we tell you this must cease. We are no longer women, but"—striking his breast—"men—men who can strike and kill and—"

“Yes!” hissed out old Shingiss, springing to his feet, rising to his full stature, his wicked little eyes flashing a venomous fire. “We are *men*, and no longer women! We have thrown off the petticoat of the squaw, and have seized the keen tomahawk of the ‘brave!’ I speak”—stamping his foot—“as one standing on his own ground. Why do you come to fight on our land? Keep away! both French and English. The English are poor and stingy. They give us nothing but a few beads, some bad rum, and old, worn-out guns, which kick back and break to pieces; and their traders cheat us and fool our squaws and maidens. But I tell you we wont suffer it longer.

“Look! brother, and you, ‘La Carrabine Noir!’ We don’t want to be rich, and take what others have. The Great Spirit has given you the tame beasts. We don’t ask for them. He has given us deer and bear and buffalo, and we rejoice and thank Him for it. We are but a handful to what you are; but remember, when you hunt for a rattlesnake, it is so little it hides itself under the bushes; you cannot find it, but perhaps it will bite you before you see it. We are told—and we sometimes believe it—that you and the French have contrived this war between you to waste the Indians and divide their lands. We are all cut up by the two, as cloth is cut between the blades of a pair of shears. We are better than you, for when we take prisoners, we adopt them and treat them just as our own flesh and blood. We are poor, and yet we clothe them well as we can, though you know our children are naked, as at first. Now, brother, if anybody strikes you three times, you sit still and think; he strikes you again, then, my brothers, you say it is time, and you will rise up and defend yourselves.

“See here!” he continued, vehemently, stooping and taking up some little twigs from the ground; “our runners watch your army every day. The dandy soldiers don’t

know how to fight; we kill ten for one. Too much Quaker, too much big-wig there! Here's the way they march through the woods—so,"—placing the twigs all close together. "We'll shoot you down like pigeons on a roost. The English people are fools; they hold their guns half-an high, and then let them snap. We take sight and pick off the leaders, and so do the French. We don't shoot with one bullet, but on top we put six swan shot. We wont meet you in open field, but where there are plenty of trees and ambushes. Look out! look out! I warn you one, two, three times," and the old king whirled his tomahawk into a tree close by, and sat down, fairly livid and shaking with passion.

These hot, jerky sentences, coming fast and thick from Shingiss, meant something, as was afterwards proved along the whole frontier line of Pennsylvania, which repeatedly felt his cruel hand. Of him Heckewelder, the missionary, who was better acquainted with the Indians of that day than any man in the colonies, writes: "Were his war exploits all on record, they would form an interesting document, though a shocking one. Conacocheaque, Big Cove, Sherman's Valley, and other settlements along the frontier, felt his strong arm. Sufficient that he was a bloody warrior—cruel his treatment, relentless his fury; his person was small, but in point of courage and activity and savage prowess, he was said never to be excelled by any one."

Our scouts heard these fierce, scornful and indignant utterances one after the other, in silence, but with astonishment. The Half-King, especially, was much more moved than he cared to show. Accustomed to the deference, and even submissiveness to the Six Nations so long shown by the Delawares and Shawnees, he now saw they had passed utterly from his authority, and had not only sided with the French, but had clearly set up for themselves.

He had listened courteously, but with unquailing eye, to each speaker, and after a brief pause, replied, with dignity:

"Enough. The great chiefs have spoken in council, and the dust is cleared from my eyes. Scarooyaddy takes back in sorrow the despised peace-belt. He feels better than you what all this means. He has lived long both among English and Iroquois, and knows their power. They're like the fish in yonder river, or like the leaves on these trees, for number. They'll grind you to powder. There will not even a squaw be left to say, 'This was the land of the Mohicans. The Great Manitou was angry with his children, and swept them all away.' The Half-King is sad. Will Shingiss give us a birch to cross the Oh-hee-yo?"

"Shingiss will paddle you himself; but you're mal to cross there, Chief! You know well that from Sawcunk" [now Beaver] "to the fort, it is the Shawanos country, lined with their towns, and just now the war-path of all braves going to Duquesne." (See *Appendix J.*)

"It matters not. The Black Rifle *must* cross to the other side, and Scarooyaddy goes with him, even though every tree covered a painted warrior."

"*You* risk much, and *I* risk much to cross in open day," more softly spoke the old Delaware; "but you're safe in my lodge; stay till setting of the sun. Shingiss' wife lies near death. Even as you came, Killbuck, our Chief Medicine, was calling on the Great Spirit. I see, too, your belt is drawn tight, and your arm hangs idle; you must have food and medicine." And the old king strode over, with short and rapid steps, and examined the Half-King's wounded arm, and commanded fish and venison to be brought, and a swathing of chewed sassafras and wood herbs to be applied to the wound.

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK AND THE HALF-KING MEET FOES.

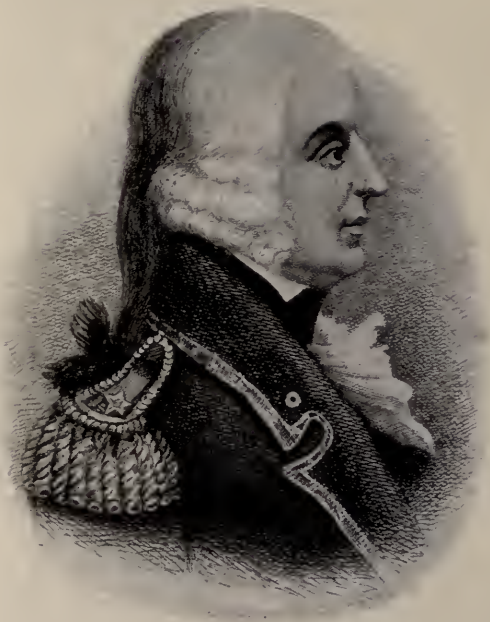
Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Pour slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.—*Whittier.*

I've scared you in the city, I've scalped you on the plain;
Go count your chosen where they fell, beneath my leaden rain.
Some strike for hope of booty, some to defend their all;
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
Ye've trailed me through the forest, ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
But I stand, as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you "come not here."

The Seminole.

THE two scouts partook heartily of the simple meal, which both needed badly, and, much refreshed, asked again for a canoe. Shingiss bade them enter one close at hand, and he and King Beaver took up the paddles, Scarooyaddy first assuring them that they were neither after scalps, nor were they going to scout about the fort, but chose this route rather than the other of getting back to Braddock, as being safer. It was the truth, but not the *whole* truth.

The canoe was headed somewhat up stream, and landed on the edge of a dense grove of elm and walnut. The two chiefs, after advising our friends to keep off the fort-trail, and move straight across the bottom, so as to strike the Allegheny above Shannopinstown, where they could easily find a canoe, here bade them farewell, and were out again



E. Berdoock

into the stream. They would keep their secret, but could not, without themselves incurring suspicion, guide them further.

The scouts, with stealthy tread and with extreme caution, pausing at each moment to cast about the most searching glances, were soon beyond the beaten trail leading to the fort. So much gained.

Scarooyaddy now most earnestly, and even passionately, insisted with his friend, that in case of meeting with a strong party of Indians—than which nothing was more likely—the two should at once separate, Jack going in the direction originally intended, while he himself would strive to divert the chase, so as to allow Jack to reach and save Marie and her father. To this proposition Jack would not listen for a moment, but his mouth was stopped by the Half-King saying :

“No word more. It *must* be so. Scarooyaddy is now old, but there was once a maiden dear to him as the dew to the flower. What use for a brother if he cannot risk something? His rashness has led you into this trouble, and, if need be, he alone must get you out of it. Think of the Wood-thrush and the old bird-hunter, with his locks of snow.”

Seeing the chief obstinate in his purpose, Jack was fain to submit. The trial came soon enough. They were threading the tangled, wild woods with their accustomed wariness, when suddenly they met, in full front, a party of eight or ten Shawnees, marching along in usual Indian file, chatting and laughing merrily together, and certainly expecting no enemies in *this* quarter. Both scouts instinctively glided behind two large basswoods, but too late to escape notice.

As bad luck would have it, this was a Shawnee scouting party which had long been following Braddock's army, and were now returning, decked with scalps and laden

with spoil, to the village situated on what is now called Montour's, or Seven Mile Island. The leader in front—a sinewy and stalwart chief, by the name of Kustaloge—who was well acquainted with the persons of both Jack and the Half-King, and who had just heard of their escape that morning under the guns of the fort, came to a sudden stop in his tracks, giving a low cluck of alarm to his followers, and distinctly hissing out the dreaded name—“*La Carrabine Noir!*” All was still in an instant. Every man stole behind his nearest tree, and prepared for action. The whole party vanished like magic. The “plaided warriors” of Roderick Dhu sank not out of sight sooner or more completely.

Scarooaddy, counting on the party's ignorance of late events, and whispering Jack to edge off fast as possible, came out from behind his tree, his hand advanced in a friendly attitude, and a pleasant speech upon his lips. The sullen, defiant look of Kustaloge; the easily detected gesture to his followers, in obedience to which they commenced to glide from tree to tree in a semicircle, so as to surround, at once told the Half-King that *that* fetch would not serve. They two were known.

It was either fight, flight, or capture.

Just as Kustaloge hastily took sight to shoot, Scarooaddy, without a moment's pause, changed his whole tactics. With his well arm, which happened to be the right one, he whipped out his keen tomahawk, and hurled it with full force at his foe, and then bounded off straight towards the fort. It was the *only* direction now open to him.

Kustaloge, struck fairly in the breast, reeled and fell, just as his piece went off in the air. At the same instant, the sharp crack of Jack's rifle chimed in, taking the exposed front of a red-skin who was just peeping out from behind his tree for a shot. Jack, too, waited not to see the

effect of his aim—though he seldom made mistakes—but broke through the thin line in front, and bounded off in long leaps in the direction agreed on.

The fall of the Chief and one of their best fighters, stunned and confused for a moment or two the remaining Indians. Gathering about the fallen with angry cries, they fiercely gesticulated for a brief time, but soon—at the hurried command of the next chief in rank—they separated in pursuit—only two following Jack, while the rest dashed after the Half-King, perhaps because he was the more hated of the two for having dropped their Chief, or because, from the direction he ran, he had the least chance of escape.

They gave him but a short breathing spell. Gathering on his track like a pack of wolves, they bounded off in pursuit. It was a race for dear life, in which every nerve was strained, every muscle taxed. The Half-King had a long start, and mauaged, by almost superhuman effort, to keep up the interval. He ran till the sweat poured off in great drops, and until his veins stood out like whip-cords. He had, early in the race, managed, unseen, to chuck and wedge his gun in behind a log over which he leaped, and to cover it with leaves. The relief from this gave him great advantage. He make his way directly to a narrow branch of the river, which ran behind a low and densely-wooded island just opposite the fort, long afterward called Smoky Island. No vestige of it now remains.

Here the swift current of the Allegheny coursed and chafed like a mill-race, eating out the earth beneath the huge sycamores, and leaving along that side of the island farthest from the fort, a reach of deep and comparatively still water, its surface only crumpled with whirling eddies and bubbles. Choosing a position on a fallen log, which lay right on the margin of this swift water, and directly opposite an enormous buttonwood, whose huge, massive

roots, projecting into and over the current, had collected quite a drift of old logs, branches, bark, and other floating riff-raff, he waited patiently.

On this log, hot, panting, and distressed, the Half-King quietly sat, every moment recovering the breath now so nearly spent. Soon his pursuers hove in sight, and the foremost, seeing in the distance the scout sitting despairingly on the river's edge, set up a fierce yell, which was echoed by each as they one by one panted into sight.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HALF-KING'S DESPERATION—JACK'S ADVENTURE.

I fear not the silence nor gloom of the grave,
'Tis a pathway of shade, and gay flowers to the brave ;
For it leads him to plains where the gleams of the sun
Kindle Spring in his path that will never be done.
Groves, valleys, and mountains, bright streamlet and dell ;
Sweet haunts of my youth, take my parting farewell ;
Ye braves of my kindred, and thou, mother, adieu !
Great shades of my father, I hasten to you.—*Indian Chant.*

SCAROYADDY sat perfectly calm and still while his pursuers closed in upon him. They had him now ; there could be no escape. He had evidently been driven to bay. Waiting till the foremost was almost within tomahawk-throw, the Chief slowly arose, and looking around, as if confusedly, on his tormentors, began to chant his death-song. He then, just as his first foe raised his tomahawk for the fatal cast, suddenly sprang into the water, and struck out for the island. He seemingly preferred drowning to capture and torture. Shortly his first pursuer leaped upon the log, and soon as breath was given him to take any aim, fired at the swimmer. The scout sank, rose to the surface, tossed his arms wildly above him, sank again, and finally, with a despairing cry, and throwing the whole upper part of his body into the air, he went down for the last time, not ten feet from the island, and just where the current was deepest.

The gurgling and disturbed waters soon closed over his

head, and nothing but little eddies and pursuing and ever-widening circles of waves, marked the spot of his last exit.

Even his cruel foes watched his dying agonies with silence; and when his struggles ceased altogether, and the swift waters grew more placid over the spot where he disappeared, only one yell gave note of the fact. During the rest of the afternoon many Indians of prominence came over to the Island from the fort, to see the very place where the famed Iroquois Sachem last sank. Those who witnessed it narrated the circumstances with eloquence and graphic detail, while many of the Half-King's admirers, and those, too, who owed him allegiance, recounted his virtues and lamented the untimely death of so great a chief, blaming it on the French and English, whose quarrel was involving old friends as well as foes.

As for Jack, *his* chase was much less pressing; but two Shawnees followed him, and these apparently not over-anxious to bring him to a close encounter. He led straight across the broad level stretching between the Ohio and Allegheny. Loading his rifle as he ran—a practice he had taught himself by long and careful trials—at the first favorable opportunity he aimed at the foremost Indian, and must have wounded him, as he dropped altogether out of the course.

The remaining one, a big, burly, strapping fellow, followed on, getting closer and closer, until at length he fired a long shot, which whizzed most uncomfortably near Jack's ears, and just as he was approaching the brow of a declivity on which lay a huge log. On top of this Jack leaped, then turned, and giving forth a defiant yell, made a downward plunge. Soon, however, as he touched ground, he turned straight around, and crept back, snugging himself up close under the log.

Shortly the big Indian jumped upon the fallen trunk, blowing like a porpoise, and, without pausing to look

around, also made the downward leap. With a low, sharp cry, out sprang Jack like a panther, on the Indian's very back and shoulders, actually bearing him to the earth by his weight and impetus.

Both fell together, but before his unwieldy adversary could recover breath, or wake up from his daze, Jack's knee was on his breast, and both arms were securely pinned and held as in a vice. The Indian puffed, and struggled, and rolled his eyes, more in surprise and dismay than in ferocity, but all fight was evidently run and knocked out of him.

"Look here, my good Indian," quietly, and almost mildly, spoke Jack in English, scarcely knowing or caring whether it was understood or not, "you're fearfully blown and out of wind. Another half mile, and you'd have exploded. Why, you're a perfect Falstaff of a reddy, and must have ransacked a broad neck o' woods for your keep. Now, I'm not out after scalps, but on very different business; besides you're Shawnee, and not my kind. I'll let your back hair grow where it's rooted, if you'll promise to roost on yonder log, let me alone, and pay your whole attention to coaxing back your wind."

"Ugh! The Black Rifle—never see him before. Great white brave; now I see him."

"Yes, and feel him, too; and the more you see him, the less you'll like him, if you don't behave yourself and be amiable. What say you, must I brain you, or will you promise? It wouldn't be healthy to make a fight."

"I sit on log; after while, go back to my friend, The Hungry Bear. The Black Rifle has struck him. Let me see the great Medicine gun," laying violent hold of Jack's rifle.

"Now, none of that, if you're wise, or you're a dead and scalped Indian! Hold! think I had better tie you. Don't like the roll of your eye or the grit of your teeth; in fact,

you don't look one bit handsome; and, bless me! why the fat and sweat's coming through your tawny hide like a sieve!" and Jack proceeded to draw some thongs—from his pouch, and to bind them firmly about the Indian's elbows. The Shawnee commenced to heave, and wriggle, and struggle, until Jack brought down his closed fist on the Indian's painted seenee.

"Won't you be quiet, you—you big booby you? Be thankful that gentle thump was not from the butt end of a tomahawk. 'Twould have made your head ache and your teeth rattle. Why so foolish, gentle Injun?"

The Shawnee made no further resistance, Jack tying both elbows, and fastening the knot behind his back. He then laid him in an easy position, stuffed some leaves and grass under his hideous old head, gave him a swig of rum from his flask, lit him his pipe of sumach, and left him, pleasantly remarking:

"Upon my word, Shawnee, I hate to leave you, you look so uncommon chipper-like and comfortable. But don't thank me for it, but your bellows, which work badly, very. You must eat more corn and venison, and less possum and raccoon. Good-evening, old swell-head, and pleasant dreams to you. I have a trysting to keep."

The prostrate Shawnee grinned a ghastly smile, followed Jack's retreating form with a horrible leer, sighed like a furnace, and coaxed hardly for release; but the scout only laughed, shouting back, "Not any tobacco, thank you; I never smoke on a war-trail, I'm much obliged to you. Now *do* try and compose yourself; a little nap would do you *ever* so much good; and bye-bye, bub!"

Jack, knowing well that pursuers would soon be on his track, hurriedly strode along, coming out upon the Allegheny and proceeding a long way up its bank, until he

came to a large run, about three miles above the fort, and at whose mouth lay a single canoe.

Instead of embarking directly, he kept cautiously off; made his way up the run a quarter of a mile; waded down stream to the mouth; carefully pulled the canoe off by the water end, and was soon in the dense woods on the other side of the Allegheny. Here he lay concealed till night-fall, whence his way to De Bonneville's forest retreat was easy and without further adventure.



CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT BEFELL GIST, TALBOT AND FAIRFAX.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,
He is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut
Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman
Dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as
Sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper:
For what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Much Ado about Nothing.

I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids no longer wag.—*Hamlet.*

AND what, all this time, happened Gist, Fairfax and Talbot? When they turned off at right-angles from the brow of Coal Hill, they continued straight back until they came to a deep valley, through which meandered a run of considerable size. Hunting out a rocky shore, so that no foot-prints might reveal their course, the whole party—much to the disgust of the dainty Lord Talbot—entered it, and waded along for at least half a mile.

To this course Talbot protested most strenuously. To be sure, "water left no trail," but at the same time, the sharp stones cut and bruised his tender feet, for he had insisted on carrying his boots and stockings and wading bare-foot. "What a picture I would present, to be sure," he said to Gist, "tramping over these horrible, rough mountains, and through these infernal jungles, with my wet boots pumping water, and flop, flop, flopping at every

stride! I positively decline to do it—would rather risk capture and torture by the natives.”

Emerging from the run, with the same precautions as on entering it, the party kept back another two miles, and came to a halt before a rocky cavern, where it was proposed to stay until evening and then continue their course in safety. Picking their way, they entered—under noisy protest from the Englishman—the low, damp and dark cave, and made themselves comfortable as possible until noon, when Talbot, who had steadily kept up a running alternation of grumbles and mild swears, could stand it no longer.

“Captain Gist, this is shocking!—*perfectly horrible!* I’m neither a clam, nor the son of a clam, that I must endure this abominable wetness. There’s been a stream of water—foul, dirty, nasty water, at that—trickling down my back for an hour. Nothing but a snail, a toad, or a vampire bat could stand *this!* The silence, too, is awful—dreadful! It appals me! It takes the starch right out of me. I’d as lief stay in a charnel house, hob-nobbing with cold, clammy corpses, as in this dark, damp, doleful, dismal, dirty, dreary, dreadful, damnable dungeon—*there’s* alliteration for you! Besides, I don’t believe there’s a red-skin within miles of us. I move we go on; I am anxious to get back to camp.”

“Lord Talbot,” said Gist, “Fairfax and I think this cave, damp and uncomfortable as it is, much the safest place. You know as little of American woods and Indian ways and deviltries as a baby; if you leave this secure shelter, you do it at your own risk.”

“Enough! *Anything* but this horrid, slimy place. I will, at any rate, get out into the sunlight, and take the kinks out of my back and legs. Gad! I feel like a packed sardine, or a smoked herring. Will be back in a jiffy.”

And out he crept, gun in hand, looking around for In-

dian signs, as wise as an owl. All sunlight and pleasantness. The birds were singing, the wild bees humming, the butterflies fluttering from flower to flower, the leaves were whispering to each other overhead, but no sign of aught else. "What prudent old grannies these American hunters are, to be sure," thought Talbot, as he wandered further and further down the valley. "They make more fuss over a moccasin print, than we of the 30th did in India over the 'spoor' of a tiger or a wild elephant. Hanged if I don't soon 'cut' the whole connection, and go it on my own hook!"

Very soon Talbot sat down at the foot of a hollow beech, to watch the playful gambols of a couple of young hares, and was just commencing to hum a favorite tune, when, happening to look back, he thought he saw, away off, an Indian coming at right-angles to the course he had taken. His heart was in his throat in an instant. On a second sight, his thought became fact.

The Indian was crossing Talbot's path, when all at once he passed, and looked quickly and carefully around. He then stopped, and commenced examining the grass, assuming a crouching posture.

"What is the painted omadhoun doing?" thought Talbot. "I haven't a moment to lose; he might chance to come along here; nothing for it but to mount the tree, should he pass this way." Talbot then concealed his gun in the hollow, and, with much difficulty, managed to climb to the lowest limb, and swing himself up into the tree.

Then, mounting to a higher notch, he sat contentedly, curiously and speculatively watching the motions of the Indian, who first looked up, then down, then all around. Finally, with eyes still on the ground, he advanced Talbot's way. He swerved neither to right nor left, for Talbot left a trail like a buffalo, that *any* Indian could follow. He came straight up the beech, looked in the hollow, saw

the carbine, and started back with a sudden exclamation; got behind the next tree, and then cautiously peered out on every side. Knowing that Talbot's track led only *to*, and not *from* the tree, his glance then went upward. With a shudder that shook his whole frame, Talbot soon felt the savage's baleful eye dead upon him.

With a *ugh!* the fellow seized his rifle, raised it to his shoulder, "drew a bead" on him, and in an instant would have brought down his gay bird, had not Talbot hastily exclaimed:

"See here! Mr. Indian, hold! I beg you. For God's sake, don't shoot! I'll come down."

The wondering savage paused, without lowering his piece, or taking off Talbot his glittering eye.

"Halloo, I say! For mercy's sake, take the mouth of that dreadful blunderbuss from off me! It puts me all of a tremble. By jove! fellow, don't you understand King George's English?"

The rifle was lowered, the Indian gazing at Talbot with an undisguised curiosity, not knowing what course to pursue.

"That's better! I breathe much freer. I'll now come down and surrender myself prisoner of war; but what a pickle I'm in, and what a spectacle I present! I wish my mother could see me now; she'd not know her oldest."

The Indian, who seemed, happily, to be good-natured enough, advanced and took possession of the carbine, and then quietly waited Talbot's descent. As the latter was coming down from limb to limb, he made a false step, a branch broke, and over he tumbled, right on top of the savage, who was doubled up in an instant and brought violently to the earth.

He leaped up in a moment, mad as a hornet; drew his scalping knife, pounced upon poor Talbot, whose breath was knocked out of him, and twisted his fingers in the

young lord's long locks, and was just about to cut the fatal circle, when behold! the whole confounded thing came off in his hand!

The scene was ludicrous in the extreme. This far-away Shawnee chief had never seen or heard of *wigs*, and he stood perfectly aghast and stupefied; his mouth open, his eyes big as saucers; first looking at the wig, and then at Talbot, who was now prostrate and peeled like any onion. It was some time before the amazed red-skin recovered from his astonishment; until even Talbot, desperate as his situation was, commenced to enjoy the scene. At last the Chief cautiously put out his hand and felt all over Talbot's cropped head. This was too much for the latter, and he fairly laughed out, saying:

"You think, big Injun, I'm a very little 'pale-face' to have so much hair. Well, it *did* rather stunt me to grow it all, and in separate lots, too; but you'll admit it's very convenient among you savages. Now, if you're done with my scalp, I'll put it on again," and Talbot took the wig from his non-resisting hands, and set it on his head.

The Indian took it off and put it on several times, before he fairly understood the "wrinkle," and then he brought out a cumulative, guttural roar, which seemed to be gathered away up from his moccasins; which convulsed his burly frame, and which he intended for a laugh.

One would think, to see the two together, that they had been cronies from youth. Talbot seemed to enjoy the joke even more than his companion. He could well afford it, for his wig had saved his life.

All at once a bright thought seemed to seize the puzzled Indian, which came from a long and careful scrutiny of Talbot's dress, ruffles, and delicate features.

He sprang up, saying, in his broken English:

"Come! little 'two-scalps,' go to Nymwha's lodge and be his squaw. Him thought you a 'brave;' now he know better."

Talbot jumped as if bit by a rattlesnake. He fairly danced and pranced with indignation.

“You old painted, heathen scare-crow! what in God’s name do you take me for—a woman? Say it again, and I’ll brain you with your own tomahawk!” And then pensively, to himself: “Who’d have thought I’d ever lived to be taken for a female woman, by a North American savage? What would my old Governor and Lady Grace say to that? By the Lord Harry, the thought stuns me! I’m faint! I’m going to die!” The good-natured Indian looked amusedly on, not understanding the drift of Talbot’s words, and apologetically remarked:

“No hoe corn in Nymwha’s wigwam—much meat, nice birds, good hominy, only two squaws, plenty papooses—”

“What! By jove, I’m not equal to this last! Here! Indian, strike me dead; I’m tired of life! There’s my scalp!” and he whisked off his wig and hurled it at the Chief’s head. Then springing up, he took him by the shoulders, and shook him with all his strength, and shouted in his ear:

“Know that I’m a man, and a warrior like yourself! and if you ever again call me woman—even so much as name *squaw* to me—I’ll—I’ll—well, upon my word, I don’t know what I *would* do, except swoon, the whole thing’s so perfectly absurd;” and here the amusing side of the joke took him, and he laughed till he cried.

Finally Nymhwa—for that was the name of the old Shawnee Chief—said: “Well, you vely funny ‘pale-face;’ if you warrior, come with me to big gun house” [Fort Duquesne]; “but where the Indian and the other ‘pale-face?’ They near here? Come! I must get on trail again. I’m Nymwha, which mean in English, ‘trailing-wolf.’”

“No use, Nymwha! if that’s your name. They went back to Braddock hours ago.” Then to himself: “I hope I’ll be forgiven for that whopper.”

“And why you no go with them?” looking at him suspiciously.

“Look at my feet, stupid! and ask that question; couldn’t walk. I was to wait till night, and was to meet a party sent out for me;” and then, with an appearance of great indignation: “Do you doubt me? Don’t you believe the word of an English gentleman? and”—*sotto voce*—“he lying to you as fast as he can.”

“Me no much understand; but if they go or stay, all the same, Heaps of warriors in the woods. Burn them up at big gun house. No burn you. I lose a good son; you take his place and be Indian.”

“Ah, now, my big old papa, you talk sense, and don’t insult me. Lead on to the fort! It cannot be but a few days before Braddock will own it, and all inside and about it. Ah, *he’s* a chief for you! He’ll scatter you wild Indians like leaves before a tornado.”

And so the two took up their line of march to the Monongahela, the Chief in high good humor walking behind, carrying Talbot’s carbine, and every now and then laying his huge paw lightly and caressingly on Talbot’s wig, feeling of his velvet coat, fingering his lace ruffles, and evidently highly delighted with his prize.

It was late in the afternoon, when Talbot stood behind the very same log, on the hill opposite the fort, which he had so hurriedly left in the morning. A feeling of sadness stole over him, and it was with greatly changed emotions that he now looked abroad at the fort, and saw it surrounded by Indians, many of whom were even then engaged in a game something like “leap-frog.” For the first time an anxiety as to what might be his fate, began to oppress him.

Talbot, though small and gently nurtured, was brave as Julius Cæsar, but the appearance of so many yelling savages was enough to appal a stouter heart than his. The

brawny Chief seemed actually to have taken a desperate liking to the young lord. He had never seen anything like him before, and tried all he could to be friendly.

“Now! little ‘two-scalps,’ watch! see what a stir-up I make down there.”

He then sprang on the log and gave a long yell, followed by a succession of quick, shrill shouts of joy and triumph, understood to indicate that a prisoner had been taken. Then, laughingly pointing to Talbot’s wig, said: “I now make ‘scalp-halloo.’” This was a far different kind of yell. The effect of both was magical.

All who had been at play, left their games and gathered on the bluff. Each hut and tent poured forth its contribution; the soldiers and cadets, too, gathered on the ramparts, and all that were not then out on the hunt after Braddock’s scouting parties, were assembled to see whether it was Jack, the Half-King, or some one else who was scalped or prisoner. All was joy—dancing, shouting, and firing of big and little guns.

Soon a couple of canoes pushed off for the opposite shore, when Nymwha and his captive, looking forlorn and disconsolate enough, commenced their descent to meet them. When they reached the beach, Talbot, looking as indifferent and defiant as he could, unflinchingly bore the scrutinizing glances cast at him. It must be confessed, he presented a rather sorry appearance. With his fine clothes all ruffled, besmirched, and in many places torn by thorns and briars, and with his poor wig all awry and dishevelled, he was more the object of an amused curiosity than of any fierceness of looks.

He had scarce entered the canoe, before a low but earnest conversation sprang up among the paddlers, and Nymwha was evidently being called to account for the “scalp-halloo” he had given without any scalp to show for it; but

he, laughing inwardly, sat like a Stoic, and waved off all explanation.

Poor Talbot had now a most trying ordeal to undergo. A dense crowd was assembled on the other side; shore and bluff and rampart were lined with spectators, and as he stepped out of the canoe, every eye was levelled at him. The same curiosity and surprise were manifest here as on the other side. The young lord felt so keenly his situation, and was so conscious himself of the ludicrous appearance he presented, that if he had seen a laugh on the face of any spectator, he would have rushed forward and struck it off. None but Indians directly around—not an officer or soldier from the fort, though it was but a couple of hundred yards distant.



CHAPTER XX.

TALBOT FORCED TO "RUN THE GAUNTLET."

They have tied me to the stake ; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—*Macbeth.*

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce ;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France ;
Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words.—*King John.*

THE party had scarce gained the bluff, before a number of Indians, dressed only in their breech-clouts, and treshly and hideously painted in divers colors—chiefly vermilion—made their appearance, ran hastily forward, and ranged themselves in two ranks, about a rod or so apart. Here, also, a murmur arose against Nymwha for giving the "scalp-halloo," and no scalp taken. He, however, bore it all very patiently, telling Talbot, as well as he could in his broken English, that it was an old Indian custom that when a prisoner was taken, he must "run the gauntlet," and the faster he ran, the better it would be for him ; and if he could get into any hut by the way, or as soon as he reached the end of the files, he would then be perfectly safe.

This was unwelcome news to Talbot, who felt outraged at such treatment of a prisoner, and indignant that the French did not interfere to relieve him from so great an insult. No help for it, however. The double file seemed good-natured enough, and many of them apparently very much interested in his favor.

Just as all was ready for the trial, the grave and dignified Delaware, King Beaver, who had by this time come up from Shingiss' camp, stepped forward, and pointing to the prisoner, made an effective little speech, which evidently told in Talbot's favor. He was followed by Athanase, the Christianized Mohawk from Quebec and the great Chief alluded to as listening to De Bonneville's flute the night before. They had probably directed attention to Talbot's slight form and delicate appearance, so different from what they were accustomed to see. At any rate, all guns and clubs were cast aside, and nothing but ramrods, switches, twisted blankets, etc., retained.

All was now ready, when suddenly Talbot's captor arose with an air of great solemnity, led him forward, and seated him directly between the two files. Stooping down, he whispered:

"You no fear; me no hurt my son; me make much fun, and save you a good beating."

Then, stepping back and resuming his solemn looks, he commenced a speech to the wondering lookers-on from many different tribes, in which he alluded to the murmurs against him for giving the "scalp-haloo" without a scalp, and now he would show them one; with that, he uttered a fierce yell, whisked out a keen blade, sprang to Talbot with a single bound, and twining his fingers in his long, curling locks, he drew the knife lightly around the crown, and brandished the wig in the air.

Several of the chiefs, and even two French officers from the fort, rushed forward to stay his ruthless hand, but it was too late. Soon as the deed was done, Nymwha emitted a most terrific "scalp-haloo," which made the hills around fairly ring with echoes, and which struck horror into the hearts of the soldiers and cadets who lined the ramparts.

The effect of this tragical and totally unexpected act was magical. The perfect stillness was succeeded by great

noise and confusion. On seeing Talbot's under crop of hair, the amazement was conspicuously ludicrous; but the soldiers, and the more knowing of the Indians—those who had mingled much with the whites and visited their cities—immediately began to appreciate the joke, for joke it was.

It was some time, however, before the puzzled and stupefied mob could understand the double-scalp arrangement, but when they *did*, all fierceness and anger had fled, and they crowded around Talbot, roughly feeling his real and his artificial hair with the greatest curiosity, and giving out loud guffaws of the most uproarious laughter; indeed, some of the inveterate wags and jokers—and what nation has not its funny men?—seemed as if they would hurt themselves at the sight. They twisted, and wriggled, and rolled on the ground in fits of uncontrollable merriment.

For the second time Talbot's wig had saved him, and he was actually beginning to be so exceedingly popular that his patience was sorely tried. At last he could stand it no longer, so he cried out to his captor, to whom this was evidently the biggest and most successful joke of his life, and who was standing by pompously doing the honors and grinning from ear to ear:

"'Tis time this farce and tom-foolery was about done! I'm as little of a clown as I am of a woman, and I'd rather be scourged by your infernal demons from one end of the ranks to the other, than to be held up as an object of ridicule. Take me to the fort at once! I must and will see its craven commander and call him to account."

"'Little two-scalps' must run the gauntlet; 'tis an old and strong custom, but Nymwha has now taken all the hurt out of it. Here! take this!" and he secretly filled Talbot's hands with fine sand from the beach. "When Indian go hurt you, throw in him eye."

"Good! I'll do it. If I *must* run, I must; so here goes,"

and, jumping up suddenly, he had gone half-way down the course before the by-standers could collect to flog him. He received some sharp blows and strokes, but most were saved by his throwing the sand into the faces of those ready to strike, who jumped back rubbing their smarting eyes amid the laughs and jeers of all.

At the end stood one huge, ferocious-looking fellow, with a club poised in air, but Talbot, suddenly stopping, darted under his legs, making him turn a complete somersault. Getting up bellowing with rage, he was rushing after Talbot, but was held back by his laughing companions, and the trial by gauntlet was over, leaving Talbot fairly bursting with shame and indignation.

Just then the fort gate was opened, and Talbot crossed the draw-bridge, marched scowlingly past the crowd of smiling or sympathizing Frenchers, whom he completely ignored, and was taken to a rude room in Captain Dumas' quarters. Here he demanded to see Beaujeu, the commandant, who after a long delay, in which Talbot had plenty of time to cool down, granted him an interview, wishing, doubtless, to ascertain some reliable information of the approaching army.

Talbot glared at the commandant—who was a fine, dignified, and courteous officer of about middle age—as if he would like to throttle him, the more especially as he detected a hardly-concealed smile on Beaujeu's countenance, produced, probably, by Talbot's tawdry and dilapidated appearance, and by the memory of the late scenes he had just witnessed.

"Captain Beaujeu, do you speak English?" brusquely commenced Talbot.

"J'ai the honnaire, monsieur, to parler a verra leetle bit English."

"Well! if that's a sample, I'll not contradict you," saucily replied the peppery and choleric young lord. "I



Belmont



now tell you, as soon as I can and without wasting any words that I am Lord Talbot, heir to a noble house of England, and being a peer of Britain and *certainly* your equal in rank, I demand to know when and where we can meet and with what weapons!—now and here would suit *me* admirably!"

An amused smile hovered over the pleasant face of the commandant:

"Eh, bien! monsieur; I muss say votre deportment is tres extraordinaire."

"Extraordinary or not, you have tamely stood by and allowed me to be insulted most grossly. Never were so many shameful indignities heaped upon any one, as on me, by the painted demons you call your allies, and I ask satisfaction and *will have it*."

"Parbleu! Monsieur assurément forgets to re-remember he is ze prisonnier of ze Indians, and zat I can do nozzing—nozzing *dü tout*. Ze Indians do wiz him as wiz all zeir prisonniers. It does say iu votre Anglish 'How d'ye do.' C'est cela, exactement."

"Bah! all stuff and rubbish! You know better, Captain; but a *real* commander is coming, who will teach you manners as well as the art of war."

Beaujeu bowed courteously.

"Monsieur muss aussi remember zat if he vaz not prisonnier of ze Indians, mes soldats muss shoot him as a—a—vat you call him?—a spy."

"'Tis false, I say! I'm no spy, but an amateur scout—*that's* good French—an amateur scout!"

"Excus-ez mon mauvais Anglish, monsieur, but ven you claim to be a nobleman you muss nevaire forget to be a shentilman—nevaire."

"By Jove! this is too much! Am I to be taught manners in these backwoods, and by a French adventurer, who herds with a lot of painted thieves and scalp-lifters?"

“I have, monsieur, a sympathie veritable for your condition, and I no understand all zat you speak, mais, if you will talk comme ça, I muss put you in ze guard house.”

“Well, I *do* talk, *comme ça*, as you call it, and I tell you, further, that you are no gentleman, and that if you don't grant me the satisfaction I ask, you are a poltroon, and I spit on you, and—”

But the appearance of the guard at a signal from Beaujeu cut off all further declamation on Talbot's part, and he was taken out struggling and vehemently protesting against this further indignity, which however was brought on himself by his own intemperance of language.

What befell him in those narrow quarters, and the strange events which succeeded, will be found as our story advances.



CHAPTER XXI.

TALBOT INSIDE THE GUARD HOUSE.

Say! what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel.—*Coriolanus.*

A waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy,
And as quarrelous as the weasel.—*Cymbeline.*

THE young Lord Talbot—by reason of his too great nimbleness of tongue—being now safely snugged in the guard house, had plenty of leisure to bewail his fate, and the rapid mutations of human affairs. His scout—entered upon with so much zest and enthusiasm—had been productive of anything but pleasure. He had, in fact, seen more than he bargained for. Having been, as it were, twice scalped; forced to run the gauntlet; held up to ridicule in presence of his detested foes, the French—whom he hated worse than he did the devil—and last, though not least, taken for a “female woman” by a North American savage—all this was too much for his proud and egotistical nature, and his rage was speedily succeeded by melancholy at his forlorn and desolate situation.

The guard house was situated within the fort, close by the rampart, and abutting on the road leading to the draw-bridge and the huge log gate which presented to the eastern side. It was a simple shed, made—like all the other build-

ings with which the area within the fort was crowded—the front and roof of rough, sawed plank, and the back of logs, placed about three feet distant from the stockades, the space between being filled with earth to the height of eight feet—the stockades being about four feet higher.

Talbot had not lain there long until, worn out by the fatigues and excitements of the day, he fell asleep, and three hours after, when Captain Dumas quietly entered the room, was lying in a most profound slumber, a smile playing about his mouth, and one arm thrown over his head. He looked like a young girl, so soft was his smile, and so delicate were his features and whole appearance.

Dumas, who bore in his hand some venison, a broiled bird, and a flagon of Bordeaux, gazed long upon the young sleeper—who seemed so utterly out of place amid the rude surroundings of a backwoods camp—and an expression of interest and sympathy stole over his countenance. It was some time before he ventured to disturb the dreamless slumber of his prisoner; but as it was growing very late, he finally shook him quietly by the shoulder, and said, in gentle tones:

“Monsieur! Monsieur! awake! I bring you votre souper!”

Talbot sprang up with a start, gazed around him, rubbed his eyes, gradually took in the situation, and could not restrain a deep sigh from escaping him. All his anger had left him, and in its place was an expression of sadness and weariness.

“Milord Talbot, J’espère que vous avez—ah, peste! I did forget zat you no understand my langue. I muss send for un interprète.”

“Je crois,” replied Talbot, smilingly, with infinite grace and in most excellent French. “Qu’un interprète n’est pas necessaire ici. Si vous avez quelque chose à dire,

monsieur, à un malheureux prisonnier, je suis tout prêt. A qui est ce que j'ai l'honneur de parler."

A bright and friendly smile illumined Dumas' fine, soldierly face, and the following conversation, which we freely translate, followed :

"Parbleu ! monsieur, I was told you could not speak one word of French."

"Say, Captain, that I *would* not, and you're nearer the mark. Like most well-bred Englishmen, I understand your language, and dislike your race. Your commandant, especially, I have every reason to detest, for allowing an unarmed prisoner to suffer such indignities as were heaped on me, and not raise a voice or finger to prevent. I protest against his conduct as ungentlemanly—that's too weak a word!—as cowardly in the extreme ; and when I found de Beaujeu floundering along in broken—I may add *very* broken English, it was not for me to help him out—would have died first. *You* look like one of a different stamp—are not responsible for his demerits—and your presence in my poor quarters betokens some heart."

"I care not," said Dumas, with the usual French shrug and elevation of the eye-brows, "to discuss the virtues of my commandant, and I beg you to spare me further disparagement of him. He is not only a brave soldier, but a gentleman. Milord Talbot"—bowing courteously—"is too shrewd and sensible a man to expect that *just now*, when his army is daily expected, M. de Beaujeu would do anything—even the slightest—to weaken his hold on his jealous and impatient allies. Diable ! monsieur, we have to do many things in this country which would be thought strange and cruel at the Court of Louis XV. Will monsieur"—offering Talbot a goblet of wine—"partake of some refreshments after his fatigue ?"

"I thank you, Captain ; I'm as dry as a mummy"—taking a long and relishing draught. "By jove ! you seem

to be well provisioned out in these backwoods. That wine was positively delicious—never remember to have tasted finer. 'Tis enough to tempt an Anchorite or satisfy a Sybarite!”

“Ma foi, but monsieur speaks truth. 'Tis said in France, that his American colonies have nearly ruined Louis—all outgo and no income; and you wouldn't wonder, if you knew the American leeches and brigands who are spending his blood. Why, this string of forts from Niagara to this point, is a very wonder for waste and prodigality—all sorts of fripperies and grotesqueries out in this wilderness; stuffs of silks and velvets; ladies' slippers and damask shoes; silk stockings and the costliest wines of Spain and Italy. Mon Dieu, you'd think they were making ready for a grand tour for our king and all his court and grand dames. But when and where did you leave le General Braddock?”

“Oh, some time ago, and in the woods,” evasively replied Talbot.

“He has a fine army. How large, monsieur, do you estimate his force? *We* put it at four thousand,” mentioning a figure far beyond the reality.

“Indeed, Captain, I never counted it; but taking the regulars and provincials together, I should think there was—quite a force.”

“We have here great difficulty from keeping our Indians of different tribes from quarreling with each other. Does not your General fear that his Catawbas and Iroquois—who have *always* been at war—will fall out by the way?”

“Oh, not at all, Captain!” answered Talbot, with an innocent and peculiar smile (there were only seven Indians with Braddock, all told); “*au contraire*, they are such ardent friends, that their affection extends to each other's squaws; and *our* great trouble is to keep them from mistaking their neighbors' scalp-locks for their own. One

would think, Captain, that your own Indians were unruly enough to engage your whole attention."

Dumas bit his lips, trying to keep back a smile.

"Your General moves very, very slow. We have been expecting him for weeks. He evidently doesn't understand American campaigning, and has a very formal and crowded way of marching."

"As for your expectations," replied Talbot, "you'll not be disappointed; and he *has* rather a *formal* and *crowding* way of marching—into a place: one like this, for example!"

"Oh, you need not think, milord, we are ignorant of your army and its doings. Our Indian runners report to us nightly. Your soldiers cannot shoot a turkey or start up a rabbit, but what we know it soon after. Occasionally they bring home a few scalps or horses."

"I know, Captain," tartly replied Talbot, "that our army has lost hundreds of horses, and a few stragglers their scalps, since it left Fort Cumberland; but I never thought I would find a French officer of the line boasting of these deeds of cattle-stealers and scalp-lifters! A residence in this country must be very demoralizing when a French 'regular' can take pride in the petty exploits and barbarous cruelties of a low lot of heathen savages!"

Dumas colored up to the very roots of his hair, when Talbot, pursuing his advantage, sharply continued:

"I would have you know, Captain, that our Braddock is by no means the mere Irish soldier of fortune which some deem him, but a gentleman of courage, honesty and capacity, who has won his honors by nearly fifty years of service. He was almost born into the 'Cold Stream Guards,' and his and his father's name appear on its 'roster' for seventy years. The 'Guards,' you know, are our 'household troops'—the crack and pet regiment of the country. Hold! Captain, were you at the battle of Fontenoy, in '45, fought

between your king, the Dauphin, and Marshal Saxe, and the English and Dutch allies, with our Duke of Cumberland at the lead?"

"No, monsieur, I had not that honor; I am too young in the service."

"Well, Braddock *had* that honor; and it *was* an honor, although our forces were defeated. 'Twas terrible slaughter, I've heard. There it was the 'Cold Streams' fought like lions, and extorted the admiration of your own troops, no less for their furious and desperate charges, than for their cool and admirable retreat. They lost, in that action, no less than two hundred and forty men; and for Braddock's share in the desperate and bloody day, he was first promoted to be major, and shortly after lieutenant-colonel of these famous 'Cold Streams.' 'Tis no wonder that a forty years' connection with such a regiment—the very perfection of drill and discipline—would make Braddock a rather orderly marcher; you will find him an *orderly* fighter, too! If you wish to disparage or insult my general, Captain, I beg you will do it somewhere else than in my presence."

"Pardon! monsieur; I do assure you I meant no disrespect to le General Braddock; I only—"

"Pardon *me*, Captain!" excitedly broke in Talbot, who, when on the subject of the favorite "Cold Streams," scarce knew where to stop. "Did you ever hear how, at Fontenoy, the 'Cold Streams' were ordered to attack the French Guards and Swiss combined, who, entrenched and in perfect confidence of victory, awaited their onset? and how they advanced right into the jaws of death, composed and steady as if on parade? and how, as they neared their adversaries, their officers, and Braddock among them, armed with nothing but light rattans, doffed their caps to their foes, who politely returned their salute? 'Gentlemen of the French Guards,' cried Lord Charles Hay, 'fire! if you please!' 'Pardon, monsieur,' replied your country-

man, 'the French Guards never fire first; pray, fire yourselves!'

"And they *did* fire, and your ranks were mowed down as ripe as grain before the sickle. Throughout that whole bloody day the Guards behaved with the same steadiness, their officers in the heat of the fight, with their canes turning their men's muskets to the right or the left, as they wished. Now, Captain, when I think of that action between tried and disciplined gentlemen soldiers on both sides, and then hear you talk with patience of a parcel of screeching red devils, who steal horses, lay in wait for stragglers, and who flay the wounded alive, and don't even spare the dead, I confess, Captain, I am shocked, horrified, disgusted. The times are degenerate."

The year before, the French forces at the fort had been officered by such men as Drouillon, de Villiers, Jumonville, Chauvignerie, de Longueil, and last, though not least, Laforce—a man speaking several Indian tongues, and of extraordinary influence among them. The above were all noted men along the border—dashing spirits—fonder than the Indians themselves of adventure—cooler, and more euterprising than they.

They were all of the same tastes as those far-famed French *coureurs des bois*, or as we would call them, forest-rangers who, like Frenchmen generally, showed a marvellous facility in adapting themselves to circumstances; who took to the woods like natives; who dressed like the Indians; lived, mingled and married with them, and who became the progenitors of that celebrated and very peculiar race famed as Canadian half-breeds and trappers.

Had Dumas known the fact, it might have been a sufficient retort to Talbot's sarcasm, to ask whether Braddock himself had not strenuously endeavored to ally to this very expedition, a large body of Southern Catawba Indians, and whether he had not—as he did—publicly offered £5 for

every enemy's scalp brought in by either an Indian or one of his own soldiers.

Those were cruel and bloody times, and neither side was very particular as to the kind or instrument of punishment on their foes. When even the younger Penns, and Colonial Council, could resolve to issue a reward for Indian scalps—£25 for a man or boy, and £10 for a woman—it may well be supposed the times were troublous and “out of joint.”

Dumas, *not* knowing this, was content to turn the subject as best he could, and conversed in a more and more friendly spirit, until late in the night, asking Talbot whether he knew Monsieur de Bonneville and daughter, and of their picturesque home in the neighboring woods. On his companion stating he had never heard of them, Dumas descanted at some length and with considerable enthusiasm upon the grace and accomplishments of the daughter, and the engrossing studies and exploits of her venerable father.

Captain Dumas, at length rising to go to his quarters, concluded the interview by remarking:

“Eh, bien! milord, we have had an interesting conversation, and I would be unfeignedly rejoiced to ameliorate your situation. You are confined here because of your rude and violent language and conduct toward the commandant; but, if you will give me your *parole d'honneur* not to escape, I will take it on myself—in fact, I am requested by Sieur de Beaujeu—to offer you my own quarters, whatever change of apparel you may need, and the freedom of the fort grounds.”

“I thank you, Captain, from my heart; but I cannot accept my freedom on such conditions. Were I *your* prisoner, I might consent at once and freely; but if I am to be considered as prisoner to those devils of Indians, I think it my duty to escape from their infernal clutches at the first and at *every* opportunity.”

Dumas mused awhile, surveyed Talbot's slight and effeminate person, and then briefly said :

"Oh, well, milord, come with me ! I'll risk your escape. The whole matter between the two forces will be decided in a very short time, and one man, and he an amateur, can make but little difference. An escape just now, with so many thousands of watchful eyes about, would be rather difficult." And then, in an undertone: "I could almost wish 'twere easier. I don't myself like too much the odd ways and deviltries of our painted allies ; and rest assured, if you feel like escaping out of their cruel hands, although my duty forbids me to aid, my inclination will equally forbid my throwing many obstacles in your way. You understand ? Eh ?"



CHAPTER XXII.

TALBOT MAKES FRIENDS WITH SMITH.

A plague of sighing and grief; it blows
A man up like a bladder.—*Falstaff*.

I am one
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world,
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless
What I do.

And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't.—*Macbeth*.

AND so the two groped their way past the guard, to a low, barrack-like shed, about fifty feet long, set apart for officers. Here Talbot was duly introduced to the Sieur de Langlade, who had brought down from the far lakes the North-western Indians under Pontiac and King Nis-so-waquet, and to de Lignery, and was made quite at home. (See *Appendix K*.) Throwing himself on a spread of bear skins, he soon slept the sleep of the young and the weary; nor did he awaken until a broad bar of sunlight was thrown athwart his face arousing him once more to a sense of his forlorn condition.

After a bountiful, and—considering the place—even a luxuriant breakfast, and a chat with the French officers, Talbot was permitted to walk about the area within the entrenchments, just as and just where he pleased; and you

may be sure he was all eyes at the novel scenes, inside and outside the walls.

Now he inspected the troops and militia as they were drilled in squad, and afterwards manœuvred outside on the parade ground; now he stood on the ramparts landward, and watched the numerous groups of Indians as they gathered in noisy clusters, attended to camp duties, engaged in games and dances; and now he stood on the ramparts on the two water sides, gazed up and down the rivers, saw the Indian canoe races, watched the fishers as they pulled in their finny prey by line and nets made from the inner bark of the tamarac.

We have already described the general appearance of Fort Duquesne. It is only necessary to add some few details, so as to give the reader a better idea of the whole *enceinte*. It was planned by monsieur le Chevalier de Mercier, captain of artillery, and was built with immense labor, having a "great deal of strong works collected into very little room."

It was a parallelogram in form, its longer side fifty, and its shorter about forty yards. The bastions and inner wall were made of very large squared logs, about twelve feet high, and compactly filled in with earth to the depth of eight, thus leaving about four feet of ramparts to shelter the plateau.

The sides nearest the rivers were unprotected with bastions, but were fortified by a strong stockade twelve feet high, made of logs a foot thick, and ingeniously wattled together with hickory poles, and having loop-holes slanting downwards, cut in them to enable the men to fire. At a distance of about sixty feet from this inner wall, was a shallow ditch, completely environing the whole *enceinte*, and protected by a second log stockade seven feet high, which was solidly embanked with earth.

The main gate opened to the northeast. Immediately

between its posterns was sunk a deep well, as wide as the gate, which gate was nothing but the log drawbridge itself, that at night, or in times of danger, was drawn up with chains and levers. The other and smaller gate, was on the Allegheny bank. Both were made of logs, but the one to the northeast had a wicket cut in it, for ordinary use. Hard by this were the magazine and kitchen; the former twenty by forty, built of heavy, hewed timber, sunk deeply into the ground, and covered for four feet with a coating of clay.

Besides these, there were other solid and substantial log and rough board houses within the walls—barracks, store-houses, commandant's residence, officers' quarters, etc., while a well was sunken in the very centre of the area.

This fort was considered strong enough in those days to resist not only Indian and infantry assaults, but even attacks with such field pieces as were then generally used. It was, as stated, Sir John Sinclair's opinion, that the best method of subduing the post was to erect a battery on the brow of Coal Hill, which perfectly dominated the position, and thence, with hot shot, set the buildings on fire, and, if possible, blow up the magazine. All the artillery consisted of a few cannon—one-half of them three, and the remainder four pounders. Five of these were generally mounted on the northeastern bastion, defending the powder magazine. The ground about was dry, and all the timber cut away for about a quarter of a mile, so as to afford an unobstructed range for the artillery.

As Talbot thus carelessly (to all appearance) sauntered about, peering into every corner, he carefully noted each point, in order not alone to make a reliable map of the fort and its armature, but to see how and when an escape could best be effected.

He had just withdrawn to a point farthest removed from all observation, when he noted a sturdy and rather gawk-

ish youth in civilian's clothes, approaching him cautiously and with an awkward gait. When near enough, the loutish but resolute-looking lad carefully looked about, and finally said, in English :

"Mr. Talbot—if that's your name—you are, like me, a prisoner ; what are you going to do about it?"

Talbot started at hearing English spoken where he supposed all were ignorant of that language, and replied :

"Who are you, my lad, and what's your name?"

"My name's Smith—James Smith ; and—"

"Smith—Smith—Smith," musingly repeated Talbot. "I surely have heard that classic name before ; and now *who* are you?—the prisoner of whom Captain Dumas told me to-day?"

"The same. I'm a Pennsylvania boy, and was engaged, with three hundred more, in cutting a road from Fort Loudon to join Braddock's road at a point near the Turkey Foot, when, on going back to hurry up some provision wagons, my companion and me were fired at by three Indians, from a blind of bushes. He was killed outright, while I escaped unhurt ; but my horse making a violent start, threw me, and while thus entangled, I was taken prisoner."

"And how long have you been here ? You look weak and sick. Haven't you been treated well?"

"Here over a month, and *am* sick. Greatest wonder I aint dead and planted. I hadn't as good luck as you—was forced to run the gauntlet over exactly the same spot that you ran yesterday. When I had reached near the end of the lines, was knocked down by a club or tomahawk handle ; got up and stumbled on, but was beaten so unmercifully, that I became at length insensible, and—"

"The pitiless devils!" cried Talbot ; "and didn't any from the fort interfere?"

"Never a one. The first thing I remember, was being

in a rough room, and a *parlez-vous* doctor standing over me opening a vein in my arm, and washing my bruises with brandy."

"The ruffians! And these are your polite and gentlemanly French! and what did the pusillanimous frog-eaters do then?"

"A number of Indians surrounded me, threatening me with death if I did not tell the truth. They asked me how many men were in our road-making party, and were they armed. I told them three hundred, that they *were* well armed (meaning the arm of flesh), for our whole party had only thirty guns among them, which, if the murderous, scalping varminths had known, they would have gone and killed every man of them; so that, although only a boy of eighteen, I hope I have done *that* much good. 'Tis only been a week since I've been out of the hospital." (See *Appendix L.*)

"Well," said Talbot, after a meaning pause, "I'm going to throw back your own question to you. What are *you* going to do about it?"

"Well, stranger, I've pretty well made up my mind to escape, and if you've a notion to join me, two heads are better than one. The Frenchers tell me I'm a prisoner to the Indians; that they can't and won't interfere, and that as soon as I'm able to travel, my captor, Tecangkretanego, intends taking me, God knows where, for adoption into his tribe. I choose death to that."

"Good boy, you! And you've given no parole?"

"Not a mite of it. My youth and illness have spared me that; and I've been allowed the range of the fort."

"Have you planned any escape, Smith? 'Twill be difficult to get out of this trap just now. And yet I would risk my *under* scalp this time, to be of some use to Brad-dock, for the red-hides are gathering in great numbers, and evidently mean fight."

“I,” replied Smith, “have thought out *this* plan, but will allow there are objections to it; but I’ll risk it, anyhow—this very night, too. To-morrow, they tell me, there’s to be a grand ball match just outside the fort. Indians, you know, are all famous ball-players; and the *parlez-vous* are constantly planning games, dances, foot-races, and amusements for them. Ginger! they *have* to do it, else there would be everlasting mischief brewing between so many fierce and jealous fellows from a dozen different tribes. Not a day or night but has its dance, its conjuring, or its merry making.”

“Why, they must be a jolly, careless set of rascals,” said Talbot, “to want so much play.”

“Jolly! Jolly as a grave-stone when they’ve their ‘mad up.’ But, as I was saying, this afternoon two canoe-races take place on the Allegheny—one between two young girls from the Delaware village of Shannopinstown, just above, and two others selected from a Shawnee village just opposite Shannopin. This is for a silken scarf and a gilt comb, or some kind of woman’s head-gear or another. These are to be presented by the doctor’s fair daughter, the only lady in the fort, and a most gentle nurse she is, as I can truly witness.”

“Haven’t seen *her* yet,” said Talbot. “Is she pretty?”

“Well, now, she *is*, stranger, you’d better believe it. Never saw any in my parts quite so taking and genteel-like. Has a merry laugh that kind o’ goes all over and works down into you; and the neatest little foot and ankle; and the tenderest voice and softest eyes, that tickle under your waistcoat, and—”

“Halloo! hold, James! Why *how* you run on, boy! And what next?” asked Talbot, almost forgetting, in his keen desire to witness this race, that he is planning an escape.

"Next—next? Why, she's *all* pretty! Danged if she isn't the—"

"Oh, bother the girl! I'm asking what next after the Delaware and Shawnee girls?"

"Oh!" answered the flustered Smith, the light somewhat fading out of his eyes, and in a vexed tone; "why didn't you say so? Why, then—let's see, where was I?—oh—then follows a pine canoe-race, two paddles to a side, between four picked braves from Shingiss' village below, and four others from the Shawnee village of Nymwha."

"What!" cried Talbot, in the greatest glee; "Nymwha? why, he's my captor and new 'governor.' Come, James, my covey, what do you 'lay' on this race? I'll wager two to one Nymwha wins; and, for the same reason, I'll take the same odds on the Shawnee girls. I mustn't desert my tribe, my boy."

"But—but, mister, you're forgetting the escape."

"Confound it! so I am; but don't these races come off this afternoon?"

"Yes; and to-morrow, as I said, the great ball match takes place between two hundred picked Ottawas and Chippewas, led by Pontiac, and two hundred selected from the Delawares, Mingoes, and Shawnees, under Puckeshinwa. Now, there are always great 'medicine' ceremonies the night before a big match comes off; all the bets are then made, the stakes laid, and the dances for victory gone through with. These will draw every man, who can't go out of the fort, to the nearest rampart. Expecting no immediate attack, the discipline is very slack, and the guards go their rounds solely for form's sake. Down at this angle there is no guard at all, while on the whole Allegheny side there is but one, whose beat is from one bastion to the other, and between the inner and the outer stockades. Nothing is easier than to get over the two lines of stockades, and jump into one of the many caoues at the 'point,' if we can only escape the

guard. If I could but talk French, think I could manage it."

"Hold!" cried Talbot, after a brief pause. "I've got it, lad—a capital idea! Why, I begin to like this fort-life. Hang me if I don't believe I was born a strategist! I talk French like a native of—England. Now, James, let me propound a few questions, on which I must have 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!' Ready? Do you know any young *cadet* who looks like me?—not so commanding or good looking, you know, but about my size and build?"

"One—little Jacques Baptiste, the merriest and prankiest jackanapes of the whole kit of them."

"Good! Could you manage to get his coat?"

"Don't see how I could."

"His cap, then?"

"*That* might be managed, but—"

"No matter; we'll risk the clothes, in hopes the night will be dark. Do you know the guard who will be on the Allegheny beat to-night, and what kind of a cove he is?"

"I do, sir—a fat, good-natured lout, by the name of Meurice—Peer Meurice."

"All right. By Jupiter, we'll fix him in a jiffey—though I think you mean Pierre, which is French for Peter. Now listen, Jim—you don't mind my calling you Jim, do you? Now, we must separate just here,—not to be seen together until nine o'clock to-night; unless," added Talbot, "you want to double your bet on the Delaware squaws, in which case, hunt me up *at all risks*. I'll go even my wig—which has twice saved me—on the girls of *our village*, you know."

"Mr. Talbot," replied Smith, wonderingly, "you are an odd fish—not at all the timid, girlish chappy I took ye for. I kind o' thought ye cared for nothing but pretty clothes and curly hair."

"Why, look ye, James," laughingly replied the volatile

Talbot; "the Scriptures say 'there's a time for all things.' I've *had* my sad night and morning; that's over. It don't suit me. Now, in the language of our immortal bard, 'Richard's himself again!' Do you snuff? No? Sorry—but to return. Oh, one thing I've forgotten. Do you know the countersign to-night?"

"Fortunately, I do—*Scaroooyaddy*," whispered Smith.

"By jove! you don't say so! How shocking! Why, that's my friend, the great Miugo chief, who, Dumas tells me, drowned himself yesterday afternoon, right over back of that island, after having killed Kustaloge—one of the best Shawnee chiefs."

"The same, although I never heard of him before yesterday; but his death kicked up a terrible hullabaloo, both inside and outside the fort."

"And well it might, James. He was the 'noblest Roman of them all,' and it grieves me to know he made two such gallant fights yesterday only to find a watery grave at last; but *revenons à nos moutons*, as we French say. Well, at nine o'clock, all inside the fort being assembled, as you say, on the nor'-eastern ramparts, you and I slip off to this angle. As soon as Pierre—what did you say his name was?—oh, Meurice, is fairly on his back stretch, you slip over the ramparts, make across the interval, and jump over the second stockade to the beach, and have a canoe ready. I'll follow soon as may be, and if the guard stops me, leave me to manage him. Don't want to hurt him, if I can cheat him with bastard French—but here comes Captain Dumas, and, as I live, with the young lady, and I must say, James, a deuced taut-looking craft she is. Now, my boy, *mum's* the word, and nine's the hour."

"Eh, bien! Milord Talbot," said Dumas in French, which as usual, we translate. "I see you, like all others, are attracted by the beautiful views of 'la belle rivière.' How did you find out Mr. Schmitt?"

“By the law of affinity, I presume, Captain,” said Talbot, taking off his hat to the young lady. “Misery loves company, you know. We were just discussing the boat races which come off this afternoon. By the bye, Captain, have you yet chosen your favorite, and would you like to make a small wager with me?”

“Let me first introduce you, milord, to Mademoiselle Fleury, the daughter of Dr. Fleury. We know not what we would do, or come to out in this wilderness, were it not for the presence of this fair lady.”

“Mr. Smith has already spoken to me, mademoiselle, of your kind attentions to him, and, as one in the same cause, I thank you. I scarce know whether to be sorry or glad that the like rude Indian ordeal did not throw *me*, too, under your care.”

“Oh, milord,” laughingly (remembering the scene of the wig) replied the Doctor’s pretty daughter, in the softest and most liquid of tones, “be most heartily glad! I cannot and ought not to give you my opinions of the cruel, pitiless savages, whom, it seems, we are compelled to take as our allies, but we *can* change the subject. Is monsieur an admirer of the beautiful scenery of our rivers? I see he has chosen a good point from which to take in the *tout ensemble* of river, island, woods, and mountain?”

“I must confess, mademoiselle, that my eyes have never rested on a more beautiful scene. Such glorious rivers as here sweep past their bountiful currents are unknown in my country.”

“And in mine. To me the luxuriant and vividly-green foilage, so dense and varied and all-pervading, lends an additional charm to the landscape. I have been here now many months, milord, but must confess I never *loved* the country until the warm rains of spring awakened all those hills and plains into life, and covered all nature with so rich and beautiful a mantle. I sometimes stand here of

a breezy evening, looking out upon the unknown and untrodden West, and fancy my cheeks are fanned by the fresh airs from the gulf; and again, that I can detect the odors from the flower-gemmed prairies, which our pioneers and missionaries tell us stretch away out there for hundreds of miles—but I must not sentimentalize. Captain Dumas tells me you do not know Mademoiselle de Bonneville, who lives in such a picturesque valley, and passes her time in such a romantic manner near here.”

“No, mademoiselle. From his account, she must be very lovely and interesting, and her father a singularly attractive character.”

“Believe me, monsieur! they are. We will probably have them down to the fort soon, and you will then be happy in making their acquaintance. I sometimes think Captain Dumas, here, finds much consolation with her, judging from the increased frequency of his visits. Whenever he gets pensive or melancholy, he hums snatches of strange airs, deserts our poor company, and rushes off to the de Bonneilles. I am sure,” she archly continued, “it must be the birds Marie draws. Is it not so, Captain?”

“Oh,” gaily replied Dumas, “I make Marie my confidante. Whenever I miss most my wife and children, I pay her the compliment of a visit, and return back refreshed and more contented with this wilderness.”

“You make gallant speeches to-day, Captain. Married men, however, must have their freedoms. Milord, will you take any interest in the day’s races?”

“Oh, wont I, mademoiselle? I hear *you* are to donate the prizes to the winner. I cannot get any ladies’ gloves or whimsies, out in this wilderness, but if you could mention anything I can procure, which would make the races more unusually interesting, I would be glad to go Shawnee versus Delaware in *both* races. You may have heard, I

am to call old Nymwha—God bless him and make away with him—my papa.”

“ Well, while you two are settling your bets, I will leave you. Mademoiselle will bring you to my quarters by dinner ;” and so saying, Dumas sauntered off, leaving Talbot to the attentions of the amiable young lady, who showed him everything of interest in and about the fort, and brought him back to Dumas’ quarters as fresh as a daisy, and as gay as a lark.

By three o’clock, everything in and about the fort betokened preparations for the amusements of the evening. A slight shower had intervened, and never did the three rivers and their surroundings present a fresher or more lovely appearance. Everywhere the eye wandered—over hill, plain and valley—was a boundless sea of bright, emerald verdure, while the clear air above was free from all stain of smoky impurity.

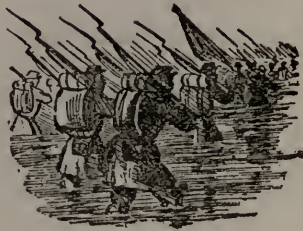
The fame of these canoe-races and the approaching grand ball match, had spread far and near ; and canoes filled with the warriors, squaws, girls, and even children, from all the Indian villages up and down the three rivers for a distance of many miles, could be seen on the streams, converging about the starting point on the Allegheny, just opposite the river gate of the fort.

It was a wise and shrewd device, these various amusements which were set on foot just at this juncture by Beaujeu. Notwithstanding his manifest influence over the heterogeneous gathering of Indians, it required all the art and address of which he was master, to keep them well in hand. So many fierce, wild and untamed spirits, accustomed to brook no control ; jealous of each other ; subject to no drill or discipline ; going and coming at their own will, were liable to scatter, or to do something unexpected and unwished for, just at the critical moment.

A feverish and unrestful spirit, too, had lately been

growing among them. As runner after runner came in to report the size, the progress, and the character of Braddock's army, now marching steadily, dauntlessly forward day by day; overcoming all obstacles; bridging ravines; crashing their way through forests; wading thigh-deep in morasses; letting down from craggy heights their cannon and mortars and cohorns by block and tackle; all this meant *business*. It looked like dead earnest. The Indians saw it and felt it. It was rapidly producing a demoralizing effect. Some of the far-West and Canada bands began to whisper and waver; those nearer home to count the cost and grow lukewarm. It was not *their* quarrel; let the English and French fight it out.

It was then a timely craft in the French to appear to ignore Braddock; to affect to despise his slowly but steadily approaching battalions, and to deport themselves as though victory was sure, and so the French flags were flung to the breeze, the cannon roared oftener than usual, the drills and parades occurred daily, and all sorts of amusements were planned to divert, occupy attention, and banish apprehension.



CHAPTER XXIII.

TWO INDIAN CANOE-RACES.

Her feet, as light as nimble deers',
Are winged with love's elastic fears;
Her moccasins, adorned with quills,
Tread soft as morning o'er the hills;
Her glossy braids of raven hair,
Are floating 'round her shoulders bare;
Her swelling bosom tinged with hue
Of sunny brown, has felt the dew;
And gaudy scarf of crimson dye,
Obscures its beauty from the eye;
About the waist a beaded belt,
Suspends a skirt of modest felt;
Her rounded limbs, of tapering mould,
Disdain protection from the cold.—*Orpheus Everts.*

As four o'clock drew near, the whole scene was exceedingly animated. The junction of the rivers seemed fairly alive with elm, birch, and pine canoes, as also with the larger batteaux and perogues, carrying twenty or thirty each, which had conveyed troops and Indians down from French creek. All kinds of craft darted hither and thither, their excited occupants betting, laughing and shouting; now and then collisions and upsets would occur, and parties of both sexes and all ages, would splutter around in the water, amid the merry shouts and laughs of both shore and water crowds.

Indeed, the whole scene could be said to differ but little in its essential features from a boat-race as witnessed on the same rivers now, except that very many of the canoes

were paddled by squaws and girls, while the crowds along the Allegheny shores were swarthy, painted, and half-naked savages, instead of well-dressed citizens with their wives or sweethearts. There were the Cauhnewagas from Canada; the Ottawas, Chippewas and Hurons from the lakes; the Piankashaws and Twightwees from the Miami and Muskingum; the Shawnees and Delawares from adjacent parts, and a plentiful sprinkling of Mingo or Iroquois stragglers, fighting on their own hook—famed chieftains, grim-visaged warriors, sage and dignified counsellors; and then there was the rude but massive Fort Duquesne, with its banner fluttering to the breeze; the mounted cannon on the bastions; the ramparts on the river side crowded with gaily-dressed French officers, regulars, Canadians, cadets, and some few invited Indian chiefs; and at one point, Dr. Fleury, his fair daughter, with the prizes of victory in her hands, Dumas leaning carelessly against one of the guns, and our little friend Talbot, his eyes fairly dancing with excitement, and with the spirit of a true "sport," ready to wager all he had, even to his fancy boots, velvet coat, and much-prized wig, on the issue of the day.

But, hark! the deep boom of a cannon is heard, awakening a series of echoes from the hills around, and is immediately followed by a loud shout from all on shore and water. It is the signal for the contestants to get ready. All is commotion. The huddled canoes begin to scatter, and two light, graceful birches, with a couple of girls in each, standing erect in either end, rapidly glided toward the starting-point, which was a single canoe anchored a few rods out.

They were simply but modestly clad—gay moccasins, quilled leggings, a bright-hued skirt or tunic, a white shirt over the upper part of their persons, crimson scarfs, presented by the fort officers, about their waists, and their long black hair streaming down their backs, kept in posi-

tion by velvet bands. It was a beautiful and picturesque sight, and as the light paddles dipped in the water and the bodies swayed in unison, a universal shout came from the delighted spectators.

“By jove! isn't it perfectly splendid?” cried the excited Talbot. “And, mademoiselle, do but just look at that graceful young girl in the front canoe; she's as lithe as a leopard. Did you ever see such grace and such a figure? Look! look! how she sweeps her paddle and throws back her hair! Don't you wish old Braddock was here? He's a judge of fine-looking girls. I lay you five guineas that girl's Shawnee; why, who knows, maybe she's a sister of mine, or still better, a cousin. Hurrah! Who knows? Where's Father?”

“There you mistake, milord. She wears the Delaware colors, and it's—no, it cannot be—why, yes, it is—she's Wau-ki-na, the 'bounding fawn,' and daughter of Captain Pipe!”

“And who the devil's Wau-ki-na?” shouted Talbot. “Oh, pardon, mademoiselle! I thought for the moment I was with our fellows on the Thames. Well, if anybody had told me, three days ago, that I'd be swearing and betting in an enemy's fort, and at an Indian girl's boat-race, I'd a given him the lie and struck him! By the lord Harry, but this is a great country! Oh, if only Lady Grace—”

But the boom of another cannon cut off all further conversation, and the two birches bounded forward like mettled coursers on their race. The yells and screeches which then went up from the throats of the half-crazy Indians, were something to remember for life. They jumped, and danced, and surged along the shore, shouting and shrieking until the very hills around were full of echoes. The course was up to Shannopinstown, the Delaware village about two miles above the fort. Few were content to stand

still, but all kept moving along the shore, keeping abreast of the boats, which were rapidly shooting up the stream, the paddles dipping in swift, short, nervous strokes. It was wonderful.

"Oh, well!" cried Talbot, "I can't stand *this*, you know! I'm going to follow the boats. It looks confoundedly just now like Shawnee was going to lose. That Wau-ki-na, as you call her, has a mighty dexterous stroke of her own. Just look how she bends to it! By-by, I'm off"—and Talbot was actually moving away, his eyes fixed on the boats, when Dumas touched him on the shoulder, and said: "Not this time, milord; you forget you're a prisoner."

Talbot gazed at him with a most ludicrously-puzzled expression. "Prisoner? Why so I am! But I pledge you the word of a gentleman, Captain, an escape *just now*, never so much as crossed my mind. Just let me follow up this race, and I give you my *parole d'honneur*, I'll be back in half an hour."

"What! and leave mademoiselle?"

"No more; I stay, but what shall we do? Let's double the bets all round—though I fear Wau-ki-na is going to win. Who did you say she was? What a figure! and what soft, luxuriant hair!"

"Why, milord, she's the young Indian girl I told you of who has kept Marie de Bonneville company since May. I know she's the best swimmer and dancer, and most expert paddler of her village. Why, I'm told she fairly lives in, or on the water; but how came she in this race? Did you not see her with Marie, Captain Dumas, night before last?"

"Most assuredly; and Marie never talked of sending her home. I've got it! Marie has concluded to take my advice, and will come to the fort this very evening! 'Tis the very best thing she could do."

Thus passed the time away until the noise along shore, and the returning flotilla of boats denoted the approach of the two canoes. On and on they came, accompanied by the same surging, jostling and shouting throngs of Indians. It was now clear to all that the Delaware girls were fully four or five clean lengths ahead. Now they are abreast of the fort, the stroke of the paddles a trifle slower but none the less steady than that with which they started out.

And now the goal is reached, and such a shout arose as frightened the very eagles around from their eyries. The winning boat was again proceeding up stream, when just as it was abreast the water-gate, she who was called Wau-ki-na rose erect and curved her paddle in graceful salutation to Fleury's daughter, who could be distinctly seen on the bastion.

A motion was immediately made for her to approach, when with a single, quick sweep of the paddles, the prow of the canoe was turned to shore, and soon after struck the strand. Wau-ki-na and the other girl stepped out, and approached the gate, where stood Dumas, who led them directly up to where the Doctor, his daughter, Talbot, de Beaujeu, and almost all the officers had assembled.

Mademoiselle Fleury hastened forward and caught her hand and warmly pressed it, saying in French.

"Here, Wau-ki-na, take the prizes which I most gladly give you. No more modest or more worthy Indian girl have I ever seen. I am so rejoiced you are its winner," and she fastened a beautiful silken sash about her waist, and inserted a rich tortoise-shell comb, rimmed with gold, in the tresses of her hair.

Nothing could exceed the captivating grace with which Wau-ki-na bowed to receive her gifts. Her slight, girlish form, the delicacy of her features, the modest down-cast of her eyes, extorted the admiration of all. If she had been

born and raised in Louis' Court, she could not have comported herself more easily or appropriately. When her older and darker-hued companion had received her presents, Wau-ki-na raised her eyes somewhat, and said in soft tones and broken English—or English that was more *bent* than *broken*.

"You know, lady, me no talk French, me talk pretty much English."

"English, do you, Wau-ki-na?" hastily broke in Talbot, who had almost abashed the girl with his earnest and admiring looks. "That's *my* language, and between you and me, worth a dozen of the mincing, prattling, die-away sort of tongues which these Johnny Crapeaus talk. English is a language for full-grown men,— don't you think so?" rising to his utmost stature, which our readers will remember was not very much of a rise.

"Me no very well understand. Miss Marie talk both, and they come sweet from her lips, all two."

"And where *is* Marie, little one? Is she coming to the fort?"

Wau-ki-na's eyes filled with tears as she answered in the saddest of tones, and scarce able to restrain herself from sobbing.

"Ah, no! me know not; me must be very bad. This morning Marie put her arms around Wau-ki-na's neck, and cry very much, and tell me I must go home, my father want me. I drop the big tears all day. Cannot live away from Marie; she like mother to me."

"And who was with her, Wau-ki-na?" said Talbot.

"Why you ask? Maybe you no friend to Marie and Edward."

"Never saw her in my life—don't know her, but *she's* English and *I'm* English, and come from Edward Braddock. Is *he* the Edward you mean?"

"From Braddock?" and a bright intelligent look passed

over the girlish, guileless face, and she continued more cautiously and in lower tones, "Ah, then you know Jack, Marie's Edward—Captain Jack?"

"Jack—Edward! what can the little puss mean? Phew! the devil," and then a long whistle. "I see it all now; and was Captain Jack with Marie to-day?"

"Yes, and"—lower still—"Scarooyaddy, too."

"Oh, no, Wau-ki-na, that wont do! Scarooyaddy's drowned, cut into small bits by the fishes."

"No drowned; both with Marie, I tell you! Now me want to go."

"It strikes me, milord," broke in Dumas, "that's an interesting conversation you are carrying on in English. Are you making love to the girl?"

"No, Captain, but 'twouldn't be hard to do—such beauty, and grace, and artlessness. I never saw the like. She wants to go home. You stay here, I'll just run down with her to the canoe."

"But, monsieur," laughingly replied Dumas, "You forget you are a prisoner, and can't leave the fort."

"Oh, curse your confounded fort, and every Frenchman in it! Well, then, take her down yourself. When I want to leave this old trap, I wont blab it to all the world, I warn you. Good bye, Wau-ki-na, and may we meet again."

So saying and giving her wee hand a warm and cordial pressure, Talbot turned on his heel and left the group, taking care to follow her with admiring glances long after she had entered her canoe and again took to her paddles.



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SECOND RACE, AND BALL MATCH.

When the redman ruled the wood
And his frail canoe yon flood,
Hast thou held th' unerring bow;
That the antlered head laid low?
And in battle's fearful strife
Swung the keen, remorseless knife?—*Luella Case.*

By this time all was ready for the second race. Two long and shapely pine canoes, one with Shingiss' picked crew of Delawares, and the other with Nymwhas' four of Shawnese, shot up to the start. The upper portion of their bodies entirely nude, and their tawny, polished skins glistening in the declining sun, the contestants offered as fine a show of brawn and muscle, of perfect proportions and litheness of movement, as were ever displayed in sculptor's studio.

Again the deep boom of the cannon, and almost before its echoes could be given back from the hills, the two pines were off like a shot, amid the same shore clamor and tumult. The paddles dipped in perfect unison, and in certain harmony with a wild Indian chant, which put those of the same tribes as the paddlers beside themselves with excitement. The chants, with their singular refrains, each ending with a loud and shrill shriek, were soon dropped, and the young and supple fellows bent to their work in dead earnest. On! on! they sped, and now they are clear out of sight, followed by shouting, yelling and swaying crowds of Delawares and Shawnees.

Talbot did not take the same interest in this as in the other race. He sauntered off by himself, only returning when the shouts and increasing clamor gave token of the "home stretch," and it *was*, indeed, a stretch, and a most desperate struggle for victory. The light craft were so near together that a blanket would have covered both. The poor fellows appeared greatly distressed. The beaded agony stood out upon their brows. The work was too terrible to last. Just before reaching the goal, one of the Delawares wavered, the paddle trembled in his nerveless hand, and he sank into the canoe utterly exhausted. Even *this* only gave the victory to the Shawnees by a single length.

The excitement among the rival tribes on shore was awful. It was nearly ending in a regular battle, so deeply were their feelings enlisted. The races were now over. The canoes, as well as the surging crowds began to scatter, and, just as the sun sank in a crimson glory behind the western hills, all the fort guns belched forth their fire together, filling the whole heavens with reverberating roar.

The beaten party stopped not, but silent and crestfallen made their way past Smoky Island, and down the Ohio to King Shingiss' camp. The victors, however, were beckoned to the fort, and there a new rifle and tomahawk were presented to each, accompanied by some complimentary words from de Beaujeu, the commandant. And thus ended a most exciting day for all parties.

After partaking of refreshments, Talbot accompanied Dumas, de Lignery and other officers to the easterly bastion, where a hum and stir were already noticeable among the large assemblage of Indians. They had just finished their simple meal, and were gathered all over the plains in front of the fort in excited little knots of talkers. There must have been over a thousand of them, laughing, shouting and gesticulating. Their blood was up, as it were; famed chiefs and brave warriors, old and wrinkled counsellors, and young

athletes out upon their first war-path. The grand ball match, in which the far-western tribes were to be pitted in desperate struggle against those living about the Ohio, was to commence at nine of the next day, July the 7th, and now the preliminaries, and ceremonies which invariably preceded a great match of this kind, were about to commence.

As the shades of a moonless night gradually fell upon all nature, wrapping hill, plain, river and fort in gloom, the Indian camp fires, which were scattered in a semi-circle all along the edge of the woods from river to river, and at a short quarter of a mile's distance from the fort, were fed with fat woods and shot their flames high into the air. Groups of dusky, sinewy, half-naked warriors moved to and fro, their forms now in strong light and now in shadow. Then appeared lighted pine knots in the hands of many, as they moved across and around the plain. Soon the monotonous, muffled tum-tum-tum of the rude Indian drums rose from the various parts of the ground, ever and anon interspersed with a wild, shrill chant from the squaws, who had come up to the show from the neighboring villages.

Altogether, this strange night scene was one of extraordinary weirdness and fascination, and all the inmates of the fort, except only such as were on duty, crowded the nearest line of ramparts and gazed at the large concourse of wild and untamed savages, with some such heart-in-throat feeling as we of a later day watch the serried battalions of a great army, with its banners, gleaming bayonets, and heavy, regular tramp, tramp, tramp of feet. None could remain unmoved; some, and Talbot among the number, were fairly appalled.

And naturally so. There was such a dread power of savageness and fatal mischief slumbering 'mid those wild, dusky, swarthy groups. Now they were all harmony and good humor, but one exciting speech from a great chief; a bad omen from one of their "medicine" men; a false sus-

picion harbored in those jealous, unreasoning minds; even the distribution of a keg of rum, would turn that whole assemblage into a pack of ruthless hell-hounds—a seething mass of pitiless, yelping and scalping demons, sparing neither sex, age, nor condition.

But now the preparations for the match have commenced. First, a level piece of ground right in front of the great gate of the fort was carefully selected; at either end, and about three hundred yards apart, were erected two saplings twenty feet high, and six feet between, with a connecting pole on top. These for the bases. In the centre, between the two goals, was inserted a small stake.

At this point, umpires—aged chiefs selected by both parties—were to toss up the ball, the endeavor of each side being to force it through their own wicket by means of a net of thongs drawn across the bend of a stick, like the modern shinny stick. No player was allowed to strike the ball or touch it with hands, or aught else beside the netted stick. An old “medicine” man now drew a straight line from one wicket to the other, across which, as soon as done, all rushed forward to make their bets, choose stakeholders, and deposit their wagers. As almost everybody betted, and especially the squaws, the quantity of moccasins, wampum, morris-bells, pipes, strouds, knives, tomahawks, rifles, and what not, was immense. These piles were to be watched all night by the stakeholders.

The two champions, Pontiac, for the western, and Puckleslinwa, a noted Shawnee chief from the Suwanee, Florida, and father of the afterwards famous Tecumseh (then unborn), for the tribes about the Ohio, had, during the day, carefully selected the most expert and famous players, by taking around a ball-stick painted red, decorated with feathers, and with it touching each one chosen, who, on this stick promised to be on hand at the hour.

Now commenced the “Ball Play Dance.” At beat of

drum and amid the chantings of the women, all players thus selected, assembled at their respective wickets, and danced and leaped and howled around them, rattling their ball-sticks together, and occasionally breaking out with sharp yelps and shrill shrieks. The squaws, too, who had goods at stake, formed into two rows on each side the "betting line," and danced with uniform step and with a low monotonous chant, while the umpires who were to toss the ball and decide disputes, assembled about the central stake, smoking to the Great Spirit for victory and for wisdom to decide aright.



CHAPTER XXV.

ESCAPE OF TALBOT AND SMITH.

Help! masters, Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—*Othello*

Jessica.—I would outnight you, did nobody come,
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Merchant of Venice.

WHILE all in the fort were intent on these novel and fantastic ceremonies, Talbot had managed occasionally to exchange signals with Smith, and about nine of the evening both quietly withdrew from the parapet, and wended their several ways to the western angle of the fort—the point nearest the junction of the rivers. Here they met, both excited yet determined.

“Well, here we are, James! So far, so good. The night favors us. Do you see Meurice?”

“No, but I hear his low whistle along his beat. A fellow couldn't see his own nose on such a night.”

“Well, now—hold till you hear the whistle moving up stream, then slip over the stockade and creep along till you come to the water line. 'Tis an easy thing to jump; make straight for a canoe and I'll be after you in a wink. *Now's* your time; go—go! and, for God's sake, be cautious—one misstep and we're lost!”

“I'm over,” whispered Smith. “Don't forget you're Jacques Baptiste, should Pierre challenge you.”

“Yes, yes, never fear! Leave him to me. I’ll fool him to the ‘top o’ his bent,’ but he *wont* challenge. I’m too dev’lish sly.”

Talbot anxiously watched the lad as he dropped down from the log stockade, and disappeared in the darkness. When Meurice had gone two-thirds of his beat, Talbot prepared to follow. Letting himself hang by his hands from the coping of the parapet, and shutting his eyes tight, he dropped. It was a matter of some seven feet, or *should* have been, had Talbot made it, but he didn’t. Right beneath him a thick limb projected for a foot, at an acute angle from one of the big upright logs forming the stockade, and down into this narrow crotch came Talbot, *kerchunk*—wedged so tight he could scarce move.

“Curse the luck!” muttered Talbot in despair, “I’ll bet a guinea this is the only crotch around the whole fort, and ’twill about finish my clothes, too. I hear Meurice’s whistle coming, and me hanging astraddle this sawed limb as tight as a clothes-pin. By the lord Harry, but it hurts!” and the plucky little fellow squirmed, and twisted, and wriggled, until finally he got one thigh over the crotch, and stumbled to the ground like a possum—on what part of his body he could never tell. The first thing he knew was—

“Qui va là?” from Meurice, who was rapidly advancing, musket at cock. No answer. In fact, Talbot *couldn’t* answer. He was all bent and doubled, and very much mixed up generally. Again it came, nearer and sterner:

“Qui va là?”

“Helas, c’est moi.”

“Et, qui est *moi*?”

“Un ami, avec le mot.”

“Avancez, ami, et donnez le mot.”

“*Scar’oyaddy*,” came from Talbot, in a very feeble, pip

ing, shattery sort of tone. But the rest of the conversation we must give in English.

“Right; and who le diable are *you*?”

“Me! *me*? Why, Meurice, blamed if I know myself; I’m all so topsy-turvied by a fall I’ve got. I feel just as if I had been worried by a bolt of lightning; been teased by a pack of curs, or—but don’t you know little cadet, Jacques Baptiste?”

“Ah, that you, Jacques? Why, wouldn’t have known your voice; you must have a bad cold.”

“*Very* bad; but I assure you, Pierre, it’s the *very best* I’ve got. That’s the reason I’m so muffled up.”

“And where are you going this time o’ night?”

“Oh,”—edging away and off towards the second line of stockades—“don’t you ask too many questions. Le Capitaine Dumas and I understand each other. You saw the young Delaware girl who won the race this afternoon?”

“I did, and what of her? Oh-ho! *now* I understand. Ah, you young dogs of cadets play the deuce among the Indian girls.”

“Pierre, no joking; this is a serious case. Will be back in an hour. Be careful not to shoot; I’ve a mother, three sisters, and an old aunt at home. *Scaroooyaddy*, Pierre”—and so saying, Talbot reached the second stockade, and tumbled over to the other side, leaving the honest Pierre chuckling all over to himself.

Talbot was not long in jumping over the bank on to the beach, where he found Smith already in the canoe, paddle in hand.

“I’d e’enamost given you up,” whispered Smith.

“And I had *altogether* given myself up, Jimmy; but here I am, and out she goes. Steady! there, lad! This is another of those infernal, rocking, tottering, whiffets of boats—fit for nothing that I know of but coffins! Down with your paddle, and lay flat in the canoe! We’ll be full

into the firelight soon, and must float for awhile—I don't care if its an hour, I'm so done up."

The canoe was now fairly out in the current, both occupants flat on the bottom, and quiet and nervous as cats in a milk-house. They had floated on for some little time, when at last Talbot, gathering confidence as he got further away, indulged in a quiet little fit of laughter, which made the canoe fairly tremble.

"Sore as I am, Smith, I can't help laughing at the way I came it over poor Pierre. I'll tell you the whole story some time, going lightly over the forked limb part. But if Braddock don't decorate me and you for this escape from Fort Duquesne, I'll have him dismissed the army. Why, lad, I've got the whole plan of the fort in my pocket, and will lead Braddock right into it. Talk about your strongholds and fortifications! why, I'd agree to walk out of any of them, with a sentry at every angle! But what's that?" he continued, as a slight grating sound, and a bump, bump, bump was felt. "Oh, now I know; it must be that old sand bar which we saw from the fort, just at the meet of the two rivers. We're all safe now, and beyond the firelight. Let's get up and shove her off. Heigh-o! what a misery it must be for one to be as stupid as Meurice!"

He had no sooner risen to his knees, than strong hands had pinioned his arms and forced him down again into the canoe, and Talbot dimly saw the ugly, painted faces of two Indians bending over him. Two others had just as quietly done the same by Smith, at the stern.

No use resisting. There they lay, utterly powerless, and both paralyzed by the perfect suddenness of the whole affair.

After a while, a familiar voice issued from a huge grinning cave of a mouth.

"Does 'little two-scalps' so love Nymwha's wigwam that he must find it by night? Now, me have *two* sons."

It will be remembered that one village of this Shawnee chief was on "seven-mile island," on the Ohio.

"Great Jupiter! Nymwha, is that *you*?" plaintively replied Talbot, very much relieved. "If you're going to give me one of those horrible, volcanic laughs of yours, don't do it, I beg—would rather take a blow. If you've a mind to take my *real* hair this time, or even torture me at the stake, now'd be as good a time as any—would just as soon live as die."

"Will 'little two-scalps' go again with Nymwha to the big gun-house? or must he put thongs about him and carry him?"

"Will go *anywhere*, only let me up!" and Talbot rose and stepped out of the canoe. "Where am I, Injun? and how came *you* on the sand bar?"

A broad grin divided Nymwha's face as he said: "Here no sand bar. You 'zactly where you start from. Nymwha had just land from canoe to see ball play, when he think he hear his dear son, 'little two-scalps.' He creep down and find canoe go down river; he and his braves go in water, swim after and around it, and lead him back to shore. Nymwha's son glad?"

"Oh, sure—tickled to death! Come, James, I'm terribly 'cut up' about this—nothing left but follow. Just to think of the infernal arts of these painted heathen!"

"Hadn't we better make a sudden rush on the devils?" whispered Smith, as he came out on the strand.

"I thought of that—'twould be sure death. They're two to one, while a whoop would bring a thousand to their aid. No, no! we must quietly go back to the fort and wait till Braddock takes it." Then to Nymwha: "Lead on, old leather-breeches, and if you dare laugh, I'll throttle you! I will, by the living jingo!"

The party then climbed the bluff; went round to the lawbridge gate; found admission, and the forlorn and

downcast prisoners were soon met by Dumas, the first intimation either he or any in the fort had of their absence. That courteous officer, after hearing Nymwha's story, looked more surprised than pleased. At last he said: "Eh bien, messieurs, the races to-day must have made you anxious to try our canoes; I trust you've had a pleasant little trip."

This quizzing tone was gall and wormwood to Talbot, and he with difficulty assumed an indifferent air as he replied: "Not so bad, Captain, but our *pic-nic* ended too quick to suit us. Would you mind telling us what the Indians have been doing since our impolite departure?"

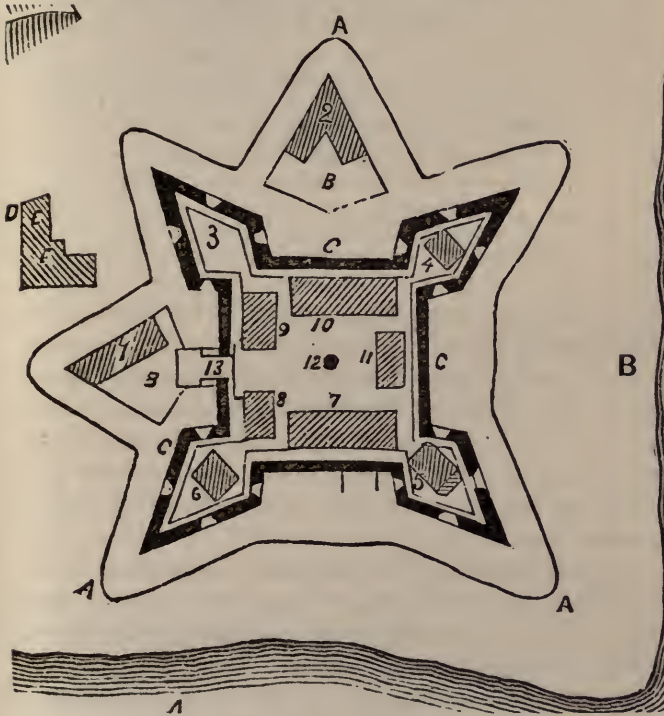
"Oh, dancing and yelling like mad! I'm told by one of our cadets, that you were drawing something on paper this afternoon; will milord be kind enough to let me see it?"

"Certainly, Captain," said Talbot, knowing how vain a refusal would be and drawing out his rude plan of the fort. "'Tis but a rough sketch—a first attempt—and no use now. I had to leave out the pretty face of Mademoiselle Fleury, although her eyes are about the most formidable battery you have in the fort."

"Ah!" replied Dumas, looking grave, after scanning the paper; "not so bad (*pas si mal*). Le General Brad-dock might have seen something in it to praise. I am afraid I have underrated your character and talents, milord. Our poor fort is not attractive enough to hold you; I must, therefore, ask you to retire to the guard house. I am chagrined (*desolé*) that I have no better quarters to offer. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

"The same to you, Captain," gaily answered Talbot, with as *insouciant* an air as he could assume, as the guard led him and Smith to the guard house. "Should anything occur outside, should be glad to hear it. *Au revoir!*"

And so Talbot found himself—in no enviable frame of mind, but with one companion to share his solitude—in precisely the same place he was the night before. Here we leave him for the present, while we see what happened to Jack and the de Bonneviles all this time.



LORD TALBOT'S PLAN OF FORT DUQUESNE.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Big A. Allegheny River. | 6. Kitchen—18x15 feet. |
| Big B. Monongahela River. | 7. Officers' Apartments—18x50 feet. |
| A, A, A. Exterior Stockade and Ditch. | 8. Commandant's Quarters—18x32 feet. |
| B, B. Earth not dug away in the "Lunettes." | 9. Guard House (<i>my</i> Quarters). |
| C, C, C. Interior or Main Wall. | 10. Soldiers' Barracks—18x50 feet. |
| 1 and 2. Magazines. | 11. Store House—18x32 feet. |
| 3. Powder Room. | 12. Well (water not good). |
| 4. Smiths Shop—18x15 feet. | 13. Drawbridge and Gate. |
| 5. Cadets' Quarters and Prison—18. ft. square. | D. Profile of the Wall, 10½ ft. |
| | E. Breast Work, or Parapet. |
| | F. Where the Men stand to fire. |

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN JACK REJOINS MARIE.

The moon shone bright, and her silver light,
Through the forest aisles was glancing;
And with mimic beam on the rippling stream
A thousand stars were dancing;
No noise was heard save the night's lone bird
From his dark and dreary dwelling.—*Flint.*

THE sultry, drowsy afternoon was well advanced when, after having found and left in such a comfortable plight his burly and broken-winded pursuer, Captain Jack escaped across the Allegheny. His late dry joke was, on the part of this strange, stern, silent man, a proof that he was getting along pretty well, and very few of our readers would go greatly astray in seeking the true cause of this, his unwonted exhilaration.

The weary scout at once sought the nearest covert, designing to lie closely concealed in the thick woods along the river bank until a favoring dusk. He had abundance to occupy his thick-crowding fancies. The exciting actions of the day were soon forgotten, while the thought of Marie and his late strange meeting with her, crept into his mind and heart, and filled them with a tide of unaccustomed feelings. The stern, almost savage, expression of the revengeful Indian hunter—who had had but one single object for which to live—gave way to a softer and more humanizing feeling, and life took on for him new views and hopes.

The old love for Marie was fast resuming its sway over

him, and that sway—as is the natural result of every pure, disinterested, heart affection—was a beneficent and ennobling one. His whole life—and it had been, though short, a cheerless and solitary one, with little admixture in it of anything but hard and stern and passionate—came in review before him. There was needed, to round it off and fill it with good purposes and kindly outflows, the advent of some strong, tender, heart passion, one which, in love for another, teaches to forget one's self, and which, by a merciful decree of the all-wise Father, is most graciously designed to energize, enrich, develop, and glorify human character and life.

When, therefore, Jack emerged from his retreat at the gloaming of the evening, and crossed the hill to reach the "Four Mile Run," it was not his long rest, but a new strength which had its springs deep down in his heart, that gave an unwonted springiness to his tread, and which filled his eyes with a sparkle and a softness to which they had been strangers for many a long, weary year.

Descending into the quiet valley, and picking his way along the margin of the merry little run that tripped its blithesome way over the pebbly bottom, he went as fast as the gathering darkness would allow, and soon came upon the smouldering camp fire of the de Bonneilles, showing that the evening meal had been concluded. Neither Marie, nor Wau-ki-na, nor M. de Bonneville was visible. All was silent and desolate, and had it not been for the fire and old Dobbin, who was quietly munching his grass, the place would have looked deserted.

Cautiously stealing his way to the bower—for in the very midst of wary and artful foes every step had to be taken with prudence—Jack peered within. None there but Wau-ki-na and Marie. The young Indian girl, with head bent over some bead work, was humming a low, mournful Delaware chant, while Marie sat before her easel, but looking

far different than when Jack last saw her thus employed. Now, her hand had fallen listlessly by her side; a look of sadness and anxiety appeared on her face, and her fine, tender eyes were filled with tears. A letter she had just finished reading, had fallen into her lap, and the sigh she gave forth was so deep and expressive, that Waukina raised her eyes, dropped her work and glided to her side.

“What make my good lady so sad? Why she fall the tear? Is it because Wau-ki-na must go way?”

“Partly, that, my good, dear child, and partly because my life is now become lonely and full of anxiousness. I feel forebodings of which I cannot get rid. Did you not hear Edw— Captain Jack say he would be here early to-day and convey father and me to the army?”

“He did, Miss Marie, but maybe he can no *get* here. The woods are now full of Indian runners, and he must fly in air to come here in day time.”

“That’s just what I fear—*have* feared all day,” excitedly exclaimed Marie, rising from her stool and hurriedly walking the floor. “He’s not the man to promise and fail. Besides, the air has been full of dolorous sounds the whole day. The fort guns were busy this morning, and then again this afternoon. What *can* it mean? and how will it all end? I’m sure he’s either killed or a prisoner. I’ll go this minute and—”

“Well, Marie,” rang in the cheery, sonorous tones of Jack’s voice, “you never were more mistaken in your life, for here stands Captain Jack—six feet two in his moccasins—as good as twenty dead men yet, and only waiting invitation to enter.”

The startled exclamations of surprise from both girls were followed on the part of Marie by a hurried rush to the door, and a—

“Oh, Edward, Edward! but I’m *too* rejoiced to see you safe here again! I was afraid you never, *never* would come

back. Where have you been all day? What has happened you? What caused the fort firing to-day? Where's Scaroooyaddy, and—and—answer, quick! tell me all."

"Well! there's woman for you. Will I answer those questions all on the fly, or will I take them in order?" laughingly replied Jack, as he entered the hut. "Herc, Marie, is the letter you just dropped on the threshold, and which, if I mistake not, has caused some of your tears. It looks like a man's write."

"Where! where! give it me; it's nothing," hastily exclaimed Marie, grasping the letter, and crumpling it up in her hand, the rosy color suffusing her cheeks and mounting to her forehead.

Jack looked grave for a moment, little suspecting that it was a youthful letter of his own, written to her many years since, and which Marie, anxious and fearful lest something had befallen him, had that day unearthed from her treasures. Almost all women who have had heart histories—and who of them has not?—possess such treasures, either of paper or of memory.

"And now, Edward, tell me of your day, and why you were not back as promised, early this morning. Since father reported to me your last night's parting advice, we have discussed the matter and resolved to be ready to move at once, and *have* been ready all day. I fear we have already stayed here too long. Little matters, which otherwise would not have been noticed, have, under the altered directions you have given our thoughts, taken a new significance."

"What matters?" said Jack, a trifle less cordially than before. "Have you been visited to-day by any from the fort?"

"No; oh, no! But Captain Pipe, the Delaware Chief from Shannopinstown, and Wau-ki-na's father—though I never can understand how such a man could be father to

such a girl, they are so utterly unlike in feature, color, disposition and manners—has been here to-day, with a few of his followers, and behaved with so much haughtiness and showed so much suspicious curiosity, that my worst fears have been aroused.”

“Oh, I know that Delaware Chief too well, Marie,” fiercely exclaimed Jack; “a false-hearted and blood-thirsty knave, and, I verily believe, a coward to boot. I have been in search of the rascal for years, and he knows it well. I am led to believe that he was one of the party that wiped out my home, and cruelly murdered all that were dear to me. He certainly has not dared to say, or do anything here, Marie, which would compel one to put him to a double, and a more instant vengeance. If so, you must delay another day, and I will hunt him up, even in his own town, and—”

“Oh, no, Edward! run no unnecessary risks; if not for your own, yet for poor, dear father’s sake.”

“And where is your father, Marie?”

“Down by the run there preparing a Caracara Eagle he shot late this afternoon. He has been, for him, unusually anxious and restless all day; would come to me a dozen times and wonder why you did not come; was disturbed by the sounds of the distant firing—indeed, I never saw him so mistrustful before. He’s ageing very fast, of late, Edward; don’t you think so?” and Marie’s eyes softened with the tenderest affection and solicitude.

Indeed, Jack had never, even in the first flush of her girlhood, seen her look so perfectly beautiful. There was such an engaging frankness, such a winning naturalness in everything she said or did, that Jack gazed on her as one spell-bound. His look was so steadfast and ardent, that even Marie could not but notice it, and her eyes fell as her color mounted.

“Why, yes—no, Marie—oh, I don’t know, Marie. I

think he's as hale and hearty as ever. Not so much spring in his step or life in his eyes, perhaps, but he has twenty good years in him yet."

"Do you think so, Edward? Thanks, but I thought I've noted moods which are strange to him. He rambles more, but to less purpose of late; communes more with himself; talks much in his dreams, and babbles more of birds and flowers. It seems to me as if his great life purpose was, as it were, burning him out. His eye—which you know used to be like the eagle's for brightness and power—sometimes looks droopy and faded-like; at others, it has an unnatural lustre as if fed by some internal, consuming fever. Oh, my friend, what would I do if I lost him? He's everything to me," and Marie could not restrain the tears from her eyes.

"Why, Marie," said Jack, but evidently admiring while he chided, "this will never do! You must have the *migrains* to-day. Drive such foolish notions from your head. What did Pipe say of Wau-ki-na?"

"Oh, he helped me there. I couldn't make up my mind to part with the dear girl—have been trying all day to tell her she had better now go back to her father, but every time I would approach her for that purpose, she would gaze at me so tender and mournful-like and with such a look of anxiety and alarm in her fair face, that the inhospitable words ever died on my lips, but her father, with much peremptoriness, told me she must be sent right home; that the whole village was in a clamor for her, and that it had selected her to paddle in a canoe race which it seems is to take place near the fort sometime to-morrow, and so, amid our mutual tears, she has consented to go. Do you know, Edward, I take a most singular and unaccountable interest in that girl? Her face haunts me like some old picture or a cherished memory, and, if you'll not be offended, Edward, 'tis of your dear, sainted mother she often reminds

me—an occasional look out of the eye, a tone of her voice, a certain cadence in her laugh; 'tis the strangest thing—”

“Oh, nonsense, Marie! Why, you're full of sentiment, to-night. Are you turning poet out in these wild woods? An Indian girl, and daughter, too, of such an abominable old scalp-lifter as Pipe, look like my sainted mother! Fie! for shame! You'll be saying she looks like *me*, next; but let's go down to the run. I'm too old a bird to be caught in this sort of a net; and you've many strange visitors here?” And so they passed out, and on to the log on the stream's margin.

“And where's Scaroooyaddy, Edward? I thought you could always rely on him.”

“Oh, Marie, there's the saddest part of this day's doings. He left me in the midst of a hard fight, insisting that as he had brought me into a difficulty, he would now get me out of one; said that you and your father needed my aid, and was so obstinate in his purpose, that I was compelled to yield—a weakness I've been blaming myself with all day.”

“What! is he killed, or captured?”

“Ah, who knows? The chances were most fearfully against him—ten to one—and such chiefs as our friend will not be taken alive if it can be helped. Death is vastly preferred to torture; and yet, who can tell? The Chief was an old and wary warrior; up to every turn, and shift, and device known to a born and bred Indian, and the direction he took, looked to me as if he had a set object before him; but let us sit down on this mossy log, and in this moonlight, and I will relate the day's adventures, so you may judge for yourself. Well”—looking long and carefully around—“I've lived many, many years in the woods; have wintered and summered them, and am familiar with all their wondrous changes and delights, but never do

I remember to have seen a more witching scene than this—quiet, but inexpressibly lovely.”

And it *was* most beautiful and picturesque. The solemn sugar-tree grove, with the moon's pale beams struggling through the leafy arches, flecking and mottling the mead beneath with chasing lights and shadows; the prattling little brook in front, laughing and singing its gladsome way to the Monongahela; the steep and gloomy hill on the other side, one mass of verdure, and no sounds around save those of the cricket, the katydid, and, ever and anon, the plaintive and melancholy notes of the whip-poor-will, as he persistently poured forth to his mate the only love song he knew. This radiant moon seemed to touch every object with its pure, cool, chaste lights, not only to illumine, but to glorify. It might truly be said of it, in a different sense than usual, “*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*” It was like the wand of enchantment.



CHAPTER XXVII.

SCAROOPYADY COME TO LIFE AGAIN.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica !—*Merchant of Venice.*

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd :
Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts from hell
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.—*Hamlet.*

AND so there Jack and Marie sat under the beautiful moon, whose mellow light so enriches a woodland scene like this ; hiding whatever may be repulsive or ungracious, and bringing into stronger prominence all that is lovely and most attractive. You all have enjoyed just such nights and scenes as those, readers, and many of you have sat and gossiped as did Marie and Edward.

How Jack's eye kindled and flamed as he recounted the morning's escape over the river from under the very guns of the fort ; then the visit to old Shingiss' camp, and then the brief but desperate encounter with the Shawnee band, when he and Scarooyaddy parted company, and after, his own contest with and capture of the burly Indian, whom he had left tied, and doubtless " clothed with curses as with a garment."

And how Marie listened, now pale, now flushed; now anxious, and now defiant; now sorry for Scarooyaddy, and now glad for Jack; and thus the night was wearing on, when all at once Marie, turning her head, saw a sight which froze her very blood with horror. She clutched the scout by the arm, but could only point with her finger. Jack looked, and there, at the end of the very log on which they both were resting, a little removed out of the moonlight, sat a full-rigged Indian chief in his war-paint—grim and motionless as a statue; fixed and rigid as marble, and apparently as cold.

Jack sprang up as if bitten by a rattlesnake, drew his tomahawk, threw himself before Marie, and took a defiant attitude. No word, or look, or motion from the Indian.

“It’s a ghost!” gasped Marie, her teeth chattering from fear, and ready to sink to the ground.

“Ghost or no ghost,” hissed her companion, almost equally puzzled, his eyes fairly starting with amazement, and his querying gaze thrown around in every direction, “I must tackle it!”

With tomahawk uplifted, Jack advanced towards the statue, and fairly stood beside and almost over it; still no motion or sound. In a moment more, down would have come Jack’s keen hatchet on his ghostship’s scone, had not the uplifted arm been arrested in mid-air, by a—

“Ugh! The Black Rifle keep watch like a boy. The soft moonlight blind his eyes so he no see. Indian meet young squaw, too, but he always keep one eye out for his foe. Here your pet rifle, which I just now take from behind you.”

“The Half-King, by all that’s good!” joyfully exclaimed Jack, throwing down his tomahawk, and warmly and affectionately embracing the Chief. “Here! Marie, here’s the best ‘spook’ ever walked by moonlight. I forgive his rude joke on me, for very gladness at his return. Halloo! old

fellow, where *did* you come from? Why, you look wet!"

"Wet as muskrat, croaky as raven, and cold as frog," answered Scarooyaddy, now condescending to loose his marble jaws and grin a little. "I soak in water up to the mouf all afternoon. My brother must wring Scarooyaddy out; he very, very damp."

"That I will, Chief! But tell us all about it. The last I saw of you, you were going towards the fort at heart-burst speed, and a baker's dozen of yelling Shawnee after you."

"Scarooyaddy pretty old; he no live so many snows for noting; he know what he 'bout. Shawnees"—looking contemptuously—"young fools, worse than squaws. Me first hide rifle, and then lead them to the All-ghen-we. Me sit on log till wind come back. Me fool them by singing death-chant, and then me dive under water like a loon, but always wid eyes open. When first warrior shoot, he no hit, but me jump and dance and toss arms all same. Shawnee tink me killed. No bit killed. No; very much live. Me then take long dive, like bull-frog, go under the drift of logs and bark, and come way up in the deep water, under the roots of the big buttonwood. Understand? Eh Many summers have passed over Scarooyaddy's head."

"Well, they have, Chief, and no mistake. Who'd have thought, Marie, of that way of escape but an Indian? Beat *them* for cunning and deviltries, who can!"

"And, Scarooyaddy," broke in Marie, "did you know of this place and tree before?"

"The 'Wood-thrush' very young, or she no ask that. Scarooyaddy often catch fish from that tree. When his line get fast, he often go down under to see. He knew water very deep there, and the ground all washed from under. A wise chief tink of *all* dese ting."

"And how long was you under the roots?" asked Marie.

“Two, three, four, several hour.” And then he laughed a most peculiar, hollow laugh, which seemed to come up somewhere from near the region of his belt, but which altered not one particle the expression of his face. “Fort officers, many Delaware, and Shawnee and other chiefs, old friends, new enemies, come over to island all afternoon, and walk over Scarooyaddy’s head, and talk about him, and him sitting like a blood-noun’, a winking and a blinking of his eyes, and a laughing and a scolding all the time. Bime-by all go away, the dark come, and Scarooyaddy swim to shore, hunt his rifle, jump into canoe, and here him. T’gh!”

The brave old Chief had never yet done anything which seemed to please him so much as this—an exploit wherein he had outwitted the whole assembled tribes. Every now and then, cold and wet as he was, he would suddenly open wide his mouth, and fetch up one of his mechanical, guttural, stomachic laughs—*vox et præterea nihil*—and then as quickly subside into a grave and dignified silence.

At last, after hearing all the particulars, Jack said: “Well, Chief, I’m downright glad to have you back again. We’ve heavy business yet before us, but with you near me, we’ll enter on it with more heart. Marie, while I hunt up your father, wont you give the Chief what food and fire you have? He’s as wet as a mussel, and as empty as its cast-off shell.”

Jack now proceeded down the stream a little, and soon came on M. de Bonneville, very busily engaged over his great treasure, a blazing pine knot throwing a circle of light around him. With all the skill and care of a professional taxidermist, he was taking off the skin of the eagle, and dressing it most carefully, smoothing down, caressingly, every brilliant feather, and making it look as natural and life-like as possible. Jack fondly watched the rare old enthusiast as he crooned over the bird an old French song,

as if it had been a child, and stroked down its pied and iridescent plumage as if it had been that child's silken hair, and finally said:

"Good evening, M. de Bonneville, and what have you there? A 'rara avis' by the look of it."

The old devotee started, paused from his absorbing work, while a puzzled expression went over his delicate face, and at last said:

"Why, Edward Percy, when did you return, boy? We've been looking for you all day. I'll tell Marie you're back again. She'll be downright rejoiced to see you. Here, Marie! Marie!"

"No occasion, monsieur. I've met Marie, and I've come to see what *you're* about."

"You have, have you? Well, lad, I'll right gladly show you," and with eye lit up with the sacred fire of a noble enthusiasm, he went forward and led Jack reverently by the hand to where the bird lay, as if it had been some sacred Ibis of his faith, which this High Priest of Nature was guarding with zealous care from all profane eyes. "'Tis a rare good fortune, Edward, to find a Brazilian eagle in such a high latitude. 'Tis a native of the fervent tropics. I've heard it spoken of, and intended next season to make a voyage to the gulf, in search of it and other specimens. Look, laddie, at the graceful shape and the beautiful sweep of its scimitar wings, the cut of its beak and the brilliance of its plumage, which, however, has already much faded. Oh, you should have seen it when it first fluttered to the ground. 'Twas a most royal bird, with an eye of fire, and a port of grace. I tell you such glorious and iris-hued birds will wait no man's leisure; why, their bright hues change like the chameleons, even as you look, while death fades and tarnishes all their finer tints."

"And where did you happen to see it?"

"I was strolling, rifle in hand, along the river bank this

afternoon, wondering what could be the meaning of the firing at the fort, when I heard a strange cry in the air right above me. On looking up I saw this majestic bird, sweeping around on motionless wing, in magnificent circles. I took to the trees to watch it. Finally it descended, not two hundred yards from me, where lay the carcass of a young fawn which some hunter had left on a little grass spot on the bank. How lordly it stalked up to it, and with what an aristocratic air? Breathless I crept up close, crawling on my stomach to get a better shot. Twice it raised its head, and flew off a little distance, evidently having caught notice of me. I was so nervous that I could not draw a steady bead on it. At last, as it got eye of me, and was flying off for good, I risked a shot and luckily brought it down," and the old man looked triumphant.

While Jack was inspecting the bird in his hands, his thoughts began to wander to the grave business of the morrow, but the steadfastness of his gaze was misinterpreted by the venerable naturalist, who exclaimed:

"I know it, lad, and I feel it: you are looking at that yawning rent in the neck. If *you* had been the shooter, the bullet would have gone two inches higher up, straight through the head, so as not to have marred the brilliancy of that iris-hued plumage. 'Twas awkwardly done by me, I confess it, Percy, but 'twas either that or nothing."

"Indeed, M. de Bonneville, you mistake. I was rather studying the best way of getting off to-morrow. 'Twould be useless to conceal that our path to the army is beset with perils. This is the 5th, and Braddock expects to be at the fort by the 8th. He can't, therefore, be more than twenty miles away. God grant we may be allowed that distance, in quiet, but I doubt it."

"What! Edward!" anxiously exclaimed the old natur-

alist, now thoroughly alarmed. "Do you fear pursuit. Let's start this very night! I'm sure Marie—"

"Better very early to-morrow; we'd make more progress; besides, Wau-ki-na must first go home. No, no, sir. Have everything ready for a go by early dawn; and you'd better let Scaroooyaddy and me manage the expedition."

"By all means, Edward. We'll trust all to you, and now let us join the others."

They found Scaroooyaddy, Marie, and Wau-ki-na at the bower, and an hour or so was passed in arranging details for the morrow. At last they separated for the night, de Bonneville offering Jack and the Half-King a spread in his apartment.

"Oh, no," said Jack, "that would never do; we'd be snared like beavers in a trap. The Chief and I have much to talk over, but we'll keep within watching distance. We hardly expect any on our trail to-night, however, but to-morrow—look out! Come, Chief, we must to rest."

The two retired to the very base of the hill, then lay down at the foot of a huge white-oak, and commenced a low but earnest conversation. Soon they heard the sweet, tremulous notes of de Bonneville's flute creeping up towards them; now full, now faint; now rising, falling, swaying, dying, until it seemed the very trees bent down to listen, so inexpressibly soft and plaintive were those "wood notes wild." De Bonneville appeared to be pouring forth his most mournful farewell to the loved scenes of the past few weeks, and the feeling and expression he threw into his notes, were indeed most marvellous. It almost seemed as if the very notes were in tears.

The old Chief, raising himself attentively on one arm, drank it all in in silence, while Jack could scarce breathe, so tender and witching was the weird spell thrown over him. At last the notes died away, as it were, in a low sob or wail, when Jack first spoke:

“Chief, what think you of that sweet ‘good-night?’ Marie tells me her father always rounds off the evening thus. ’Tis his vesper hymn to the Great Spirit; and if ever that Spirit had pure and devout worshipper, he has one in de Bonneville.”

“I no understand him,” answered the Indian, doggedly; “he too old and thin to wander about in the woods that-away. He kill too many little birds, and make too mournful music. Me tink something not all right here,” touching his head significantly.

“Oh, yes, of course, Chief, ’tis the way of the world. What it can’t understand, it must abuse and belittle; besides—”

“Me like the pale-faced squaw, though. She beautiful as the night, and have a voice like the wood-thrush, and a laugh like the ripple of pleasant waters. She—”

“Chief!” petulantly interrupted Jack, jealous even of the admiration of a savage; “for a man of your years, you’re a great goose; you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and you’d better go straight to sleep; we must make an early start to-morrow.”

It was a long time, however, before the scout followed his own advice.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

WAU-KI-NA LEAVES—THE PARTY PURSUED.

For indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under Heaven,
Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.—*Tennyson.*

THE first streak of dawn saw the whole party on their feet. While Marie and Wau-ki-na hastily prepared breakfast, de Bonneville gathered up all his goods—his precious packages of specimens and drawings, while Jack and the Indian fastened them on Dobbin, and all was made ready for instant motion. Everything, almost, depended on an early start. The danger lay in two directions—from pursuers in the rear, and from returning runners and scouting parties in front.

The frugal meal concluded, Marie first nerved herself to part with Wau-ki-na, who clung to her like a very shadow, her eyes swollen with weeping, and her girlish, nut-brown face looking so sad and wo-begone, that all were moved to pity, but it had to be done and done quickly.

Marie managed the matter with great tact and tenderness, loading Wau-ki-na with presents; assuring her they would soon meet again; twining her arms about her in most affectionate embraces, and bidding her “good-bye” at least a dozen times.

It seemed, however, as if the poor girl *could* not tear herself away; she stood mute, paralyzed, her bosom heaving and sobbing, and her face bathed in tears, until even Marie was so affected she was compelled abruptly to leave her standing at the threshold of the hut, and to rejoin her companions.

Wau-ki-na finally withdrew, sobbing, and casting many mournful, lingering looks behind. Jack and de Bonneville threw to her cheery farewells, but Marie sat by the run, unable to trust herself to look around. It was not until the young, amiable Indian girl was fairly out of sight, that Marie raised her tearful eyes.

“Oh, Edward! that was a hard, hard parting for me. You cannot imagine how her young life has twined itself in mine; I did not know, myself, till this morning. For two months, now, we have been almost inseparable, and her face has the strangest influence over me. My very heart goes after her. Would it be wrong, Edward, to call her back and take her with us? She begged me this morning, with tears and sobs, to let her go wherever *I* would go.”

“Yes, very wrong! Marie,” replied Jack. “She is a dear, good girl, and I’m strangely drawn to the little minx myself, but she wouldn’t thrive away from her own tribe. The great mystery to *me* is, how such a sweet, fair, and graceful girl can have such a shrivelled-up old parchment as Pipe for her father; but the world’s full of strange mysteries—a bigger one than this is now being unravelled for me,” and with this comforting assurance, Jack briskly led the way down the run to the Monongahela, followed by de Bonneville, his daughter, and old Dobbin, while Scaroo-yaddy, his watchful eyes never resting for an instant, brought up the rear.

On the very verge of the maple grove, Marie could not refrain from turning and gazing long and wistfully at the

sweet sylvan scene of so much tranquil happiness. The whole place seemed redolent with the aromas which rose like morning incense, not alone from the dewy earth, but from grass, shrub, vine and flower. Every bough and twig and fern seemed a fragrant censer for Nature's purely-distilled perfumes. Her father seemed to divine and even to share her thoughts; and quietly gliding back to her side, he wound his arm about her, and slowly and affectionately led her from the spot. It was like Eve leaving Eden, with her—"and must I then leave thee, Paradise?"

The order of march had been fixed as above, and it was thought best to go along the margin of the river, since the scouts and runners to and from Braddock's army took a more direct course back from the water and along the uplands.

The morning was a most beautiful one, and the course through the open woods skirting the river was a constant succession of lovely views and varying delights. It was impossible long to withstand the freshness and buoyant influences of such a journeying, and the spirits of the whole party rose with each advancing step.

No attempt whatever was made to cover up their trail. It would have been useless. Jack and the Half-King did, indeed, suggest the night before, that old Dobbin and the packages should be left until the army had advanced and taken the fort, but the very idea was received with so much alarm and anxiety on the part of de Bonneville—many months of whose life were wrought into those portfolios—that it was dropped as soon as broached, and so all, trusting to good fortune, trudged cheerily and hopefully along, de Bonneville or Marie occasionally wandering from the direct course to pluck a fern or a flower or take a view of the river, and Jack or the Indian to stop and listen and scrutinize, so that they might not run into danger at unawares.

All that could be done, either to avoid peril or to skilfully and bravely encounter and overcome it, might surely be entrusted to those two wary and experienced leaders. They seemed to have at once eyes in every part of their heads, and not a leaf stirred or a bird hopped, that did not on the instant arrest their attention.

They had steadily advanced thus over an hour on their loitering course, without anything to betoken danger, when Jack, under the pretence of tightening Dobbin's girth, spoke in low tones to de Bonneville:

"Don't be at all alarmed, but 'tis, sir, as I feared. We're pursued."

"What! where?" excitedly exclaimed de Bonneville; "I see nothing, hear nothing!"

"Sh-h-h, gently, gently, my good sir. Don't let Marie know, please. Look at Scarooaddy!"

The old Chief had fallen very far into the rear, and was rapidly gliding from tree to tree, now stopping, now running, now aiming his rifle, and now resuming his course again.

"I can't, of course, tell how many are on our trail," resumed Jack, "but you may depend that all that *can* be done *will* be done by the Half-King to keep our pursuers at bay. We are now leaving the 'narrows,' and must hasten on, or the redskins will work around us."

"All's lost!" said de Bonneville. "What's to be done? I'll go back and explain. They all know me and will reverence my gray hairs."

"Gray hairs," sadly whispered Jack, "they'd hanker after them as a new color on their legging fringes. If you went back you'd be riddled with bullets like a sieve. No, no; rather you and Marie hasten forward with all possible speed. I *had* hoped, by travelling all night, to reach Braddock; but it seems it can't be done. Fortunately, Frazier, the Scotch trader's house, is now within a brief half mile. You must make straight for that, and tell Jennie and the

gude wife to make all ready for the defence. I must go back and join the Chief."

"What! and leave Marie and me?"

"Even so. Our danger lies now entirely from the rear. For God's sake! don't parley, sir, but push on, push on, without one instant's delay!" so saying, Jack, with piece at cock and with kindling eye, rejoined the Half-King, just as the rifle of the old Indian delivered its spiteful fire, and the foremost Indian pursuer was doubled up in a trice.

"Hurrah! Chief, here I be. Now commences about our fiftieth fight together. Have a care, Yaddy! Keep behind your tree; I see a bead drawn on you. Quick! quick! load up and I'll fetch that varlet myself. Ready?—so"—and Jack waited till the tufted head popped out for a shot, when, quick as lightning, his long black rifle was up and off.

"Ha! Ha!" as the fellow dropped at the base of his tree and wriggled in the bush; "ye'll know plaguey soon who you've got to deal with. Keep off!" he shouted excitedly, "if you want whole pelts to your bodies."

Jack was one of those worthies whose spirits rose with the occasion. He kept up a running fire of talk and exclamations, but never for a moment forgot just the right thing to do.

This second shot was the signal, on the part of the pursuers, for a general rush forward from tree to tree, and a combined yell which made the very woods to ring. A patter of bullets crashed around, one of them striking the butt of Jack's rifle.

"Whoop! but the snaky, slippery varmints are swarming. Why, if there's one, Yaddy, there's twenty of them—Shawnees too! I fear me, Chief, we'll have to run for it. Back! back to the next tree!" Both now made a short, quick, zig-zag run back for a hundred yards and got behind their trees. Jack commenced reloading. All was silent; not a

Indian could be seen, but an arm was here and there visible, ramming home its bullet. They had been taught wariness, and knew who fronted them.

The scout, as soon as he was loaded again, shook off his skin cap, put it on the end of his ramrod, and slowly and cautiously pushed it out from the tree. Five or six cracks and two bullets right through the skin, told of the success of his device.

“Didn’t think they’d do it, Yaddy, blamed if I did; ’twas a stale, old trick, but thought I might as well try it;” adding contemptuously, “they must be youngers. Now for another run back.” This time they made a rush of about two hundred yards, keeping their trees as much in line as possible.

All this took time, and time was just what the two were most anxious to gain. Marie and de Bonneville were by this well on to Frazier’s cabin.

“Now, Chief, you watch your best chance for a shot, and then we must cut for it. The ground’s widening here, and I fear the rascals will flank us and get in our rear. Halloo! What does *this* mean?” as some rifle cracks were heard some distance behind them, one of the bullets plunging into the tree right by Jack’s head, and the other actually pinning Scaroooyaddy’s scalp lock to his tree.

It was just as he feared. Three of the redskins had, while the two scouts were keeping back the rest, climbed along the side of the hill and got directly in their rear. They were now between two fires.

“Come, Chief, this is murder! by heavens, we’ll be slaughtered like rats in a hole. We’ve drawn *their* fire and are loaded ourselves. Let us turn tail and make square at those in our rear with the tomahawk.”

No sooner said than done. The two turned short around, and bounded with tremendous leaps right down on the couple of Indians now reloading, Jack first making a wing shot at the third one, who went sneaking and limping off, with

no stomach left for the fight. Jack made easy work with *his* Indian, who, as the white hunter panted up and made a leap and a stroke together, dropped his rifle. The tomahawk missed its mark, and there was an instant grapple, a heavy fall and a blow.

Jack was too quick and powerful for his swarthy foe. He grasped him by the throat, and pressed it till the Indian grew fairly purple in the face; till his tongue protruded, his eyeballs stood out from their sockets, and the blood gushed from his nostrils. Giving him a final and terrible hug and punch, Jack threw him off like a squeezed lemon; leaped to his feet, recovered his rifle, and was bounding off again, when he saw Scaroooyaddy and a powerful young Shawnee chief engaged in a death grapple. The old Half-King was making the most desperate efforts, but so, too, was his opponent. They rolled and twisted and struggled, the young Shawnee having on account of Scaroooyaddy's age and wounded arm, rather the best of it, until Jack ran to his friend's assistance.

"'Tis a very pretty fight as it stands, Chief, but fair play's no jewel *here!* I hardly know which is which, you're so jumbled and mixed up, but I'll punch *this* peeled head at a venture," and Jack crunched the butt of his rifle hard in the Shawnee's face. "Now, Yaddy, let's be off, or the whole gang will be in front of us to fight."

So saying, the two took to their heels, and ran with most desperate energy. Frazier's isolated log house now hove into view—a most welcome sight. A shout from Jack, to let the inmates know of their approach; the heavy oaken door swung back on its rude, wooden hinges, and closed behind them with a rattle of the huge bar; the bullets from the pursuers pattered against the outside, and a loud yell of baffled rage filled the air, as both our heroes fell panting and exhausted to the floor. A narrow escape, truly. **ALL** safe for the present.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DESPERATE ATTACKS—JACK'S FEATS.

The mothers of our forest land,
Stout-hearted dames were they ;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border-fray ;

To load the sure old rifle,
To run the leaden ball ;
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it should he fall.

A LONG lull now ensued. The discomfited foe drew off in silence to the cover of the surrounding woods, to concert a vigorous and successful assault. Jack and the Half-King gradually recovered breath, and rose to take account of their situation and to plan a defence. They were both well aware of the numbers and devilish ingenuity of their enemies, and the situation was sufficiently grave—not to say desperate—to command their most anxious solicitude.

There was, however, no thought of quailing or despair. If either knew the thoughts of the other, he kept up a most resolute port and an unfaltering eye for the other inmates of the cabin. With the exception of one end of the Half-King's scalp-lock having been carried off and his recent wound having broken out afresh, and Jack's having received a tomahawk gash and a sprain from his tussle with the Indian, both were in good condition.

The house of Frazier, the Scotch gunsmith and Indian trader—then serving with Braddock's army—was the most

western habitation of that day. It was of the same build and character as most of the frontier cabins of the time—fashioned out of rude, notched logs, cut from the surrounding forest, without the use of either nail or spike. (See *Appendix M.*)

The roof was made of huge, unhewn clap-boards, overlapping and stretching from pole to pole. The floor was formed of puncheons made by splitting trees about eighteen inches in diameter, and hewing the faces with a broad axe. These were then laid on sleepers. The great chimney was also built of logs, and made large enough to admit of a back and jams of stone.

The cracks between the logs were filled with billets, and daubed over with mud-mortar. The inside of this backwoods cabin corresponded in rudeness and simplicity with the outside. A huge table was made of a split slab, supported by four rough legs, set in auger holes. A number of three-legged stools were fashioned in the same manner. Rough, wooden pins stuck in the logs around the house, upheld clap-board shelves, or served to support garments, vegetables, and what not, while the rifles and hunting accoutrements—of which every pioneer cabin had a most liberal supply—depended from huge buck's antlers fastened over the chimney and around the walls.

This particular cabin of Frazier's fortunately formed an exception to others, in that, from its very exposed situation, it was made somewhat like a block-house—that is, the second story projected beyond and over the first about eighteen inches all around, leaving an opening at the bottom of the projection, so that those inside and above could fire downward and prevent any enemy from making a lodgement under the walls. A number of sloping port-holes had also been left at convenient distances.

Frazier's cabin stood right on the bluff of the Mouongahela, and was pretty well protected on that side by nature

The trees had been cut around in a semi-circle, and all cleared away, with the exception of one huge walnut at the chimney end, which threw its broad branches over the roof, affording a most grateful shade.

Jack and the Half-King, in their first search, found an ample supply of rifles and ammunition, and were so much pleased with their careful survey of the whole premises, and the staunchness of door, chimney and walls, that they gathered fresh hope, and seemed prepared to withstand quite a siege. It was not a direct assault they so much apprehended, as some devilish stratagem or device of their enemies by fire. It was concluded best to send M. de Bonnevillie and the three females to the attic story, which was reached by a rude ladder and floored with pinned clapboards; but to this the old gentleman would not consent, insisting he could be of service in loading the guns, handing ammunition, etc.

All was now ready for whatever might happen. While Jack ranged around the cabin, perfecting all needful preparations, the Half-King stood by a loop-hole, looking out toward the forest. Not a sign of an enemy. All was still, calm, and sultry as a desert. It was now nearing noon; not a leaf or a blade of grass was stirring; no sign of life except old Dobbin, who could not be gotten inside soon enough, and who was lazily cropping the herbage before the doorstep.

A sudden "*Ugh!*" from Scarooyaddy, and an immediate stiffening up of his whole frame, betokened something unusual. Jack jumped to a loop-hole, and saw two unarmed Indians approaching, carrying branches in their hand, which, as they approached, they waved in sign of peace.

"Who are they, Chief? and what do you make of them?" whispered Jack.

"It's Catahecassa, or Blackhoof, one of the most noted young chiefs of the Shawnees." (See *Appendix N.*)

"It is, is it? Well, Cassy or no Cassy, he comes no further without a challenge! Halloo! Halt, there! you bloody rapscallions or you're dead Indians! No nonsense! Say your say where you stand and be quick about it!" shouted Jack.

He who was called "Blackhoof" then smiled and bowed, waved his hands and called on Scaroooyaddy, who asked in the Shawnee dialect what he wanted.

Blackhoof then commenced a most artful and palavering speech; praising the courage of The Black Rifle and the Half-King; telling them they had just made a most gallant fight; stating how much the latter's pretended drowning and subsequent escape had moved the admiration of both French and Indians, and laughingly going over Jack's trying exploit with their big Shawnee chief. He then spoke of de Bonneville and Marie; how much *they* had been liked and protected during the spring, and concluded by stating that they—the Indians—were ten to one; that no help was near, and that it was useless to contend against numbers; and offering to protect and care for them, if they would open the door and surrender.

All this was duly reported to Jack, on whom it made but very slight impression. He knew well the cruel, treacherous nature of the foe he had to deal with.

"Well, Chief, ask the murderous villians what if we don't! what if we don't! What then?"

Well, then, came back the reply, they would have to take the house the best way they could, and if all in it were killed, scalped, or burnt up, they would have only themselves to blame.

This raised Jack's ire. He couldn't wait for the Half-King, but shouted:

"Be off with you! you bloody, slaughtering, scalp-tearing

varmints, or I'll drive a bullet straight through your tawny hides! Vanish! get out! away with you! Not a word more, or I'll drop you in your very tracks!" and he actually projected his long black rifle through the port-hole.

Blackhoof knew enough English to at once comprehend Jack's meaning. His whole countenance changed on the instant to one of savage ferocity; and brandishing his arms, and shaking his clenched fists, he rapidly retreated, giving forth a most terrific war-whoop, which was taken up by at least a score of Indians skulking under the trees.

Blackhoof then suddenly whipped out a short rifle, concealed about his person, and shot directly at Jack's port-hole, while his companion did the same at poor Dobbin, who fell almost before he knew what hurt him, and lay struggling and writhing right before their very eyes.

Hostilities then commenced in earnest. Volley after volley of bullets came pattering against the logs and oaken door, but with no other effect than so much hail. Jack and the Indian contented themselves with firing long shots only when they saw any part of a foe exposed. These exposures, however, were seldom made, as the Indians seemed to have a wholesome dread of their rifles. The firing soon died away, and silence reigned so long, that de Bonneville expressed the belief that the enemy had altogether retreated.

Jack and his companion both shook their heads. They knew better the Indian character. They were only planning some new deviltry.

About three of the afternoon, a sudden but smothered exclamation was heard from Marie, who had gone up to the loft to remain with her father, he being utterly worn out with the excitement of the day.

"What is it, Marie? what do you see?"

With face blanched with fear, Marie stood at the head of the ladder and motioned him up. Quietly Jack ascended

the rude rounds, when Marie took him to the projection overlooking the extreme west angle of the cabin, and there, close to the cabin wall, and on the very edge of the bluff, stood no less than seven Indians, while one or two others were crawling, like venomous serpents, along the river bank to take their position in line, and then to make a rush *en masse*.

It was enough to appal a stouter heart than Jack's. His hair fairly stood on end. His breath came thick and fast. Not one instant to lose. Quickly descending, he told Scarooyaddy of this new danger from such an unexpected source. A large kettle of water was boiling on the fire, and Jack filled all the vessels he could get and quietly handed them above. Ascending then himself, he stationed the three women, and took his own position with the Half-King. When all was ready, signal was passed; two rifle cracks were heard, and the boiling water was poured right down on to the heads of the Indian file, and such a scampering and howling and yelling was heard as would have been supremely ridiculous at any other time. As the result, one very dead Indian lay close to the cabin wall, while another, evidently grievously wounded, lay writhing in pain, working himself to the bluff's edge, and then rolling himself completely over and out of sight.

Jack drew a long breath and could not refrain exchanging smiles and congratulations with the Half-King, exclaiming:

"Well, Chief, I do not count that as a brilliant success. You tried *cold* water yesterday, and it was healthy, but scalding hot water is not so soothing. It bites like mustard, and flays like a scalping-knife. Your countrymen have found out the peculiarity of a block-house build. What next, think you?"

The Chief gave out one of his ghastly, mechanical laughs saying:

"Scarooyaddy not know—but something very bad. He now very old, but never saw Shawnee make such big jumps or so funny noises," and the old fellow, followed by Jack, made for the ladder and chuckled all the way down.

They were not long in finding out "what next." The redskins seemed fairly maddened with their late punishment, and an hour later the Chief hurriedly called Jack to the front of the house again. There was a low, thatched stable at some little distance, to which the Indians set fire, and while the flames were at their highest, a rude cart with heavy, block wheels, and filled high up with hay, was seen to roll forward by some unseen agency. When near the house, first appeared a smoke, and then a bright flame burst out. The old cart, with its bursting flames, and big pile of combustible material, was thrust up hard against the cabin wall and right under the projection.

The inmates stood fairly dismayed and paralyzed at this new and imminent danger. Jack and his companion were for a moment appalled. Before they could get a shot at the fiendish monsters who had moved up behind the hay as a bulwark, they had leaped away and got safely off.

The smoke was now becoming stifling, and the dry clapboards on the roof began to warp and curl and crackle with the heat. A half minute more and the whole house would have been on fire, but Jack was equal to the danger. It was no time for half measures—here was an emergency demanding prompt and heroic treatment. He quickly, therefore, drew back the bar, threw open the door, and with a "Follow me, Chief, what those pitiless demons can do we can at least undo," rushed out.

The two then got under and behind the cart, and pushed it out to a safe distance beyond the house, and then rushed back amid a shower of bullets. With Jack's rifle at one angle, and the Half-King's at the other angle of the house, it would have been sure death for any Indian to have

again approached, and so they were fain content to see the hay pile and cart harmlessly consumed before their eyes. It was a wonderful escape, though, from a horrible death, and every occupant of the house felt it most deeply.

Jack looked at Scarrooyaddy, and the Chief at him. Both shook their heads.

“What say you, Chief, shall we give up, open the door, and trust to the mercies of those lambs of Shawnees? May *you* might make some kind of terms for us.”

“No! no! my brother,” vehemently and bitterly broke out the Half-King, “too much kill, too much kill! Indian very, very mad; never forgive the boiling water, and the blood blind his eyes and make his heart like stone. ’Twould be this for all—may be worse,” and Scarrooyaddy drew the back of his sharp knife around his scalp-lock.

“As you say, Chief. That’s *my* creed, but thought I’d ask you. We’ll have to fight it out, but blest if I ain’t bothered to guess what the varmints will do next. We’ve fought them many’s the time before, but we never were in a trap like this. Do you see them?”

No, not one could be seen or heard—all was silent again as the grave. The carcass of old Dobbin, and the smoking ashes of the cart and hay alone told of an enemy’s presence.



CHAPTER XXX.

M. DE BONNEVILLE SHOT—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave!
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave.

The Seminole.

It was now about five of the evening, and so long a time had elapsed since there was any indication of the Shawnees, that even Scarooyaddy began to hope they had finally abandoned the assault as hopeless, or else were waiting for reinforcements.

Ah, delusive, short-lived hope! The two were quietly sitting speculating as to the whereabouts of Braddock's army, and what course they would take that night to reach it, and how and when they would set out, when all at once a horrible shock and crash and clatter were heard in the loft, immediately followed by the crack of a rifle and a series of women's screams.

"My God! what is that?" cried Jack, his hair fairly lifting on his head, as he made one bound for the ladder, closely followed by Scarooyaddy. A moment more and he was in the crowded room, glaring around like a tiger who has been robbed of its whelps. What a sorry spectacle was there! In one corner lay poor, old M. de Bonneville, insensate, the blood oozing from a bullet wound, and apparently hurt to the death. There stood three dusky, ferocious and horrid looking savages, and another was just coming through a broad hole in the roof. Jack glared

from one to the other, scarce knowing where to commence. He soon made decision.

One of the brutes had his red hand twined in Marie's long tresses, and was just about to draw around the fatal scalping-knife, when Jack with a fierce howl of rage was upon him with the tomahawk.

"There, take that, and that, and *that*, you infernal hell-hound!—and now show me another." He turned, and saw the Half-King in a death-grapple with one, while another huge, glistering fellow had retreated to a corner, absolutely cowering before Jack's blazing, devouring look. "You, too!" and Jack leaped at his throat, and shook, and tore, and worried and throttled him, bearing him violently to the floor by the very impetuosity of his attack.

He had succeeded in doubling him up, and was actually squeezing, and crunching, and forcing him out of the eighteen-inch projection, when the fourth Indian, who had paused at the roof-hole, seeing both Jack and the Half-King fully engaged, jumped down right on the scout's back, but he was the veriest fool to do so.

Jack, while he lay heavily on the Indian beneath him, who, almost strangled to death, could make no resistance, suddenly threw around both his hands and held the fresh Indian's arms as if they were in a vice, crying out, "Marie! Marie! where are you? Here! pass that thong around this assassin's arms, while I hold him!"

Marie, who had just recovered sufficiently to go to the aid of her poor, stricken father, awakened to the great danger threatening Jack, and hastened to pass the thong of deerskin again and again and again about the Indian's arms, when Jack gave him a heave and a toss, and he lay on the floor, helpless as a big baby, his eyes rolling and his teeth gnashing with rage.

Meanwhile Jack continued his purpose with the other, fairly pushing him out and down from under the projec-

tion, whence he fell with a heavy thud on the ground beneath—a totally used-up Indian.

Scarooyaddy had had a fierce and desperate struggle with his foe, and, with but one arm, and having lost his tomahawk in the struggle, could only succeed in pinning him, wounded, in one corner. He, too, was now securely tied and laid alongside his companion.

“Jennie,” panted Jack out of breath, “hand me up my rifle! I’m not done yet, till I see how the infernal scoundrels got in, and whether there are any more of this hell-brood out there;” and so saying, trembling and exhausted from his superhuman exertions and the closeness of the small and crowded room, he passed out on to the roof just in time to see the last Indian making away from the trunk of the big walnut, and the whole secret stood revealed. The wily savages had, one by one, climbed the huge walnut, which we have stated grew at the chimney end of the house, where there were no lookouts or loopholes. Crawling out on one of the branches, they had quietly dropped one by one upon the roof, and, removing the clapboards, had leaped into the room, making de Bonneville their first victim.

The fresh cool air from the river somewhat revived Jack, and leaving the roof purposely uncovered, he re-entered the room. Marie was sitting on the floor, the very picture of stony despair, her father’s venerable head resting in her lap. Jack sent for water, and carefully lifting the body of the wounded naturalist, he bore him tenderly, and laid him on the rude couch. First dashing water in his face and fanning his cheeks, he then succeeded, with Marie’s help, in baring the wound. It was a small, but a mortal one—right through the lungs. There was a deathly pallor on his delicate features; the cold dews were on his brow, and his eyes were closed as if in his last sleep.

Jack’s bosom heaved piteously. He could not trust him

self to speak. He simply pressed Marie's hand, as if to assure her of his heartfelt sympathy, and that he would do all that could be done.

Marie stirred not—scarcely breathed; weep she could not, but sat gazing with inexpressible longing down into her father's wan and gentle face, waiting till the closed eyes either waked to recognition, or were quenched in eternal sleep.

Jack now quietly assisted the Indian to convey the two prisoners to the lower floor. They were shot down the ladder quite as fast, though not so hopefully, as they came into the loft, and were then stretched side by side, amiable as two turtle doves. The body of the vile fellow whom Jack had so violently untwisted from Marie's tresses, was cast out on the roof, whence he rolled over and down, dead as Julius Cæsar. Jennie Frazier and her mother were then sent above to arrange the loft and stay with Marie, while Jack and the Half-King anxiously and in low tones discussed the situation.

"Oh, Chief! what *can* we do, with *that* above, and those around? Think you they'll give it up now?"

Scarooyaddy shook his head. "No; Shawnee madder than ever. Dare not go home with so many hurt and gone. They know only us two here, and can send for plenty braves. Scarooyaddy ready. Rather fight than burn at stake."

"And so I, but would rather get out of this cursed trap than do either. Will old Braddock never, *never* come? If he had American rangers to the fore, they'd ha' been in the fort a month since."

He had scarcely given utterance to the words, when the Half-King's quick ear was turned quickly and attentively towards the river. One of the bound and helpless prisoners had, also, heard an unusual sound in that direction, as his face was all life and expectation.

A noise as of talking and splashing of water was now

distinctly heard, and the Half-King leaped to a river-side loophole, with Jack close at his side. Oh, welcome sight! A body of horse, led by an old Indian wading on foot, was clearly visible not a hundred yards from shore.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Yaddy. Braddock at last! at last! —the slothful old laggard! There's his advance, but how ever in the world does he come that way? Hurrah! hurrah!" and Jack seized hold of the Half-King's hand, and shook it like a pump-handle. The Indian's face broke into one huge grin, and another of his stomach laughs was emitted.

"But, hold!" said Jack, "what am I thinking of? I must hasten to hail and warn them of Indians;" and so saying he danced up the ladder and re-entered that sad room.

Marie was sitting just as he had left her, gazing down into her father's face; oh, so earnestly, for one, ever so slight, symptom of returning consciousness. Jack approached her.

"Marie, we're saved! Braddock's advance is even now crossing the river—will be here in a jiffy. I'm going now to hail them."

Marie sadly shook her head. "It matters little now, Edward; 'tis too late for me, and—*him*," and then, for the first time, broke out into a violent flood of tears.

"Weep on, Marie, 'twill do you great good! I'll be back soon;" and seizing an old quilt, he sprang out upon the roof, and waved it most vigorously. The old Indian saw it at once, and turned to the leader of the band. Then the notes of a bugle sounded out clear and strong and sweet, filling the hills with echoes.

Jack motioned them to come near as possible, and pointed to the woods. As they advanced, Jack recognized Captain Waggoner, of the Virginia Rifles, in the front, and shouted, "Hold off, Waggoner! Have a care! we're standing a siege

from a gang of redskins. They're skulking in the woods there."

"And is that *you*, Captain Jack? Hurrah! hurrah! Cap, we're all devilish glad to see you again. Braddock had almost given you up as lost—Gist and Fairfax got back yesterday. Where's the Half-King and Talbot?"

"The Indian's with *me*. The young Lord's I don't know where—killed or captured I expect. If you've a mind to come on, the Half-King and I'll join you—don't think the Shawnees will stand a fight. They're pretty sick of it."

"All right, Captain, we're with you!" and again the bugle sounded, the horses broke into a trot, a dash was made up the bank, and the whole party drew up at the door of the cabin, just as a scattering volley was poured at them from the woods.*

* Captain Thos. Waggoner was a lieutenant in Washington's campaign of '54, and was slightly wounded at Jumonville's defeat. He had previously served under Governor Shirley. At the battle of Fort Necessity he acted as lieutenant, and was one of those thanked by the Virginia legislature. His gallant conduct at Braddock's battle will hereafter appear. He continued in service so late as 1757.



CHAPTER XXXI.

M. DE BONNEVILLE'S DYING REQUEST.

Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee;
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain.—*Bryant.*

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before;
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

Richard the Second.

As Captain Jack hurried down from the roof to receive the small troop of "light-horse," he was momentarily arrested by Marie's joyful exclamation:

"Oh, Edward, father has 'wakened again to life and sense. He just now languidly opened his eyes and asked *if they were gone*, and how he came on the couch, and if he didn't hear the sounds of some strange music. See! he looks at you. Speak to him, Edward!"

Jack gently approached the old naturalist's side and took his hand.

"Well, Monsieur de Bonneville, we're saved at last. Braddock's 'body-guard' is even now at the door. You've received a terrible shock, sir, but I trust all will soon be well."

The old gentleman feebly shook his head, and answered in almost inaudible tones: "All will soon be well, indeed,

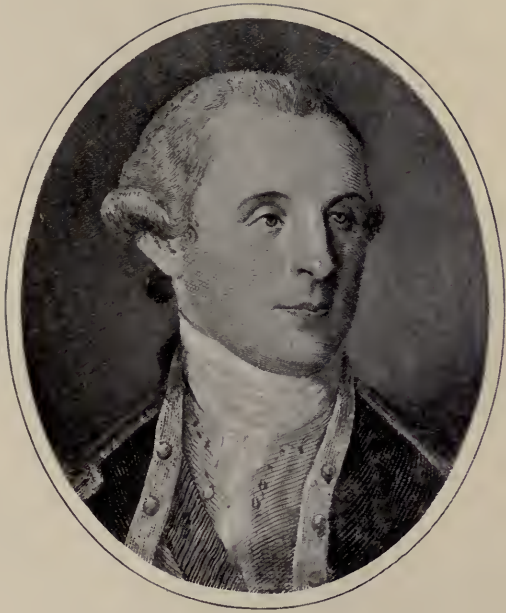
Edward, but not in the sense *you* mean. I can't deceive myself. There's internal bleeding. My summons has come; I've received a mortal hurt; I feel I'm stricken to the death."

"Oh, don't say so, sir!" answered Jack, hastily brushing away a tear. "You're grievously hurt, to be sure; but I think—at least I hope—all will yet come right. I'll be back in a few minutes."

And the ranger hastened to unbar the door, around which the gallant little Virginia "troop" had grouped themselves.

"Captain Waggoner, you're just in the very nick of time, and right glad we are to see you. We had almost given up all hope. There's been sad and bloody work here." And Jack rapidly recounted all that had occurred, and the trying scenes they had just gone through. "And how came *you*, Waggoner, a captain of Virginia Rangers, to be at the head of 'Stewart's light-horse?'"

"Oh, by special favor, Jack," answered Waggoner—as dashing and gallant a ranger as ever hailed from the "Old Dominion." "You know I was all over this country last year, in Major Washington's campaign, and as I was anxious to come and Braddock to *have* me come, Stewart made no difficulty, but gave me half his 'troop'—I've only fifteen in all. I'm glad you call us '*light-horse*,' Jack; anything else would be a misnomer. Look at them! Did you ever, in all your born days, see such a wretched, shackeldy, broken-down looking set of old skeletons? Why, a flock of eagles and carrion crows follow us like shadows! How do you think any one of these transparent anatomies would answer Job's description of the war-horse, 'whose neck is clothed with thunder, who paweth in the valleys, who smelleth the battle afar off, and who crieth ha! ha! among the trumpeters?' Bah! you could knock down a whole



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file of them with your fist. They look like standing advertisements of 'oats and corn wanted—inquire within.'”

“They make a big clatter, at all events,” laughed Jack, “and that’s enough for Indians. They’re as much afraid of your ‘troop,’ ghostly as the animals look, as if they were elephants. Certes, Braddock has been villanously cheated in his horse-flesh! He has all the spavined, wind-galled, string-halt and broken-winded horses in the whole country. Put yours, Waggoner, alongside of the draught horses—those miserable bundles of bones, and be content, old fellow.” (See *Appendix O*.)

“Well,” laughed Waggoner, “these’ll maybe last to the fort; but if we don’t soon give ’em rest, and something besides leaves and wood-grass, they’ll have to lean against a tree to eat. Wo! wo! Bucephalus; stand away, Jack, from my horse’s head, with his flaming eye and smoking nostrils, or he’ll ride right over you! If he once takes you for a sack of oats, you’re a goner, sure. Dismount, men, and turn ’em loose for a while, and drag away those two painted carcasses from the door!”

“Hadn’t we better,” put in Jack, “scour the woods before Braddock comes up?”

“Braddock comes up? Why, Cap, what dy’e mean? You don’t think this ‘troop’ the ‘advance,’ do you? Why, bless you, we’re an exploring party. The army’s a good two days’ march from here. It has taken a ‘circumbendibus’—is away out of its direct course, and the eastern branch of Turtle Creek which the army reaches to-night, is said by the engineers to be so steep and rugged and utterly impracticable for waggons and artillery, that there’s no getting over Turtle Creek Valley that way, but by means of a long and expensive bridge, which will cause a longer delay than Braddock can afford to stand just now.”

“Well, what in heaven’s name,” pettishly exclaimed

Jack, "is the old bungler going to do now? He'd better 'box the whole compass,' work round and attack the fort from the West."

"Sh-h-h, Jack—a good many ears about; for one of us ignorant provincials to say anything against Braddock is 'flat treason.' Some of his Indian guides have told him there's a much easier route to the fort the way we've just come—one, too, by which he can avoid a dangerous 'narrows' of three miles on the Monongahela. The General has sent us forward to test the matter, and sure enough we've crossed both fords this evening, and the whole route is comparatively so favorable that there isn't much doubt that Braddock will adopt it, and 'right about face' immediately. We must go back to-night to report."

"Good!" cried Jack; "we'll go with you. But stay!—de Bonneville; he's dying, I fear, and can't be moved. What's to be done? Are you *sure* Braddock will be this way by the 8th?"

"That or the next, if our report please. But we'll talk of this again. Call the Half-King, and let's scour those woods on foot!"

"Oh, the Chief don't need calling, when there's any of *that* business about. There he stands, ears cocked, eyes live as coals, fingers twitching, ready for the signal! As we're old woodsmen, he'll lead the way on this side, while I'll do the same on the other. Come, Chief!"

Both parties now entered the woods at either end of the cabin, and worked cautiously around to the front where they met. All quiet. Every redskin gone. No sign of an enemy except a rude, insulting inscription or two, cut on the fresh peeled trees, which made the Half-King's eyes flash. They had plainly hurried back to the fort for reinforcements, and to relate what they had seen—a body of horse coming from an entirely unexpected direction.

The whole party now prepared for a rest, and made

themselves as comfortable as possible. The horses were stripped of saddle and bridle, and turned out to grass. Jennie and her mother, greatly overjoyed at the favorable turn matters had taken, gathered provisions and commenced preparations for supper. The troopers pulled out their pipes, and stretching themselves along the grassy river bluff, chatted in quiet tones, or cast hungry and expectant eyes towards the cabin. All knew by this time every thing that had occurred, and while old M. de Bonneville was gently breathing away his life, these unlettered but intelligent Virginians kept decorous and respectful silence.

Meanwhile Jack, finding that Captain Waggoner was obliged to make a speedy departure, and was unable to leave any of his small force behind, had arranged with him to have Marie's father carried between two of the horses on a rude litter, hoping that the army doctors could yet do something for him.

Alas, vain hope! While busy with his preparations, Jack was hastily summoned to the loft by a message from Marie. A wondrous change had already come over M. de Bonneville. His eyes had an unnatural brilliancy. His breathing had become more difficult; his delicate features were pinched, and his whole appearance gave evidence that the seal of death was on his brow. There was no mistaking those peculiar, infallible signs by which all know and feel that a loved one has been called and is passing away; that an immortal and Heaven-born soul is being gradually withdrawn from its earthly tabernacle—about to enter the awful mysteries of another and a better world.

The old naturalist extended his thin wan hand, and welcomed Jack back with a smile full of affection. Death evidently had no terrors for him. Why should it?

"Edward, I know and I feel it. It could not be other-

wise. I have but a very brief time yet to live. Be patient with me, for I have something to ask you which *must* be granted. Promise me!"

Jack turned away, sobbing, from that gentle, patient, yearning, *spirituelle* face, with its delicate tracery of fine, blue veins, and crowned with its long, silken, white hair. His eyes met those of Marie, who sat at the foot of the couch, her countenance pale with weeping, her whole frame convulsed, her heart breaking—the very picture of hopeless sorrow. His tongue refused to syllable a word. He could only press tenderly the old naturalist's hand.

"Thanks, dear boy! I knew you would not, could not refuse my last simple request. Look around! This room is hot, dark, gloomy, contracted. The air is close and stifling. I can't see, can't hear, can't smell, can scarcely breathe. 'Tis no fit place for one who has lived as I have lived, and who has loved nature as I have loved—her fresh breezes; her blessed sunshine; her leaves and flowers; her running waters, and all her soothing, wooing influences—this is no place for *me* to—to—why should I hesitate to say the word?—to die in."

"Oh, Father, dear Father," pleaded Marie, her eyes streaming with tears, and an imploring look in her sad face, "do not! do not break your daughter's heart! You cannot, *must* not die! 'twould kill *me*, too! You *must* live! Braddock's own physician will see you and dress your wound, while I myself will nurse you back to health and strength. Wont you *try* to live, dear Father?"

The dying old man gazed wistfully at Marie, with a look of unutterable sadness and tenderness. The tears welled up to his eyes, and there was a choking in his throat. He could not speak one word. At last:

"Marie, dearest child, you have been to me more than daughter ever was to parent—as much as ever wife to

husband. Your whole life has been one long act of self-sacrifice and of devotion to one who only now—in the solemn, serene light of another world—begins to see and to realize how exacting he was, and how utterly unselfish *you* were—”

“Oh, Father, do not—”

“Say no more, Marie, I entreat! You unman me! you change the current of my last thoughts. God knows, if this change is hard for *you*, 'tis much harder for *me*. I have been trying—oh, no one knows how earnestly—to rise above all mere earthly thoughts, all human affections; but, *dear* child, you are tugging at my heart-strings. Have pity! My strength is ebbing with my time.”

Marie, by one strong, mighty effort, stilled her emotions, and bent over her father's hand. A brief and solemn pause:

“My dying request, Edward, is, that you carry me from this stifling, pent-up room, out into the fresh air and under the open sky. Spread my bed on the bank of the Monongahela. I wish to see the sun make, for me, its last golden set; to look once again on the virgin woods, under whose green, leafy canopy I've spent so many quiet, happy years. I yearn to breathe God's pure air, and gather in—only this once—the freshness of evening. Hasten, then, Edward, ere it may be too late!”

Jack exchanged a few words with Marie, gave brief directions to Jennie, and when all was ready, he tenderly took up in his strong arms the form of the fragile old man, and gently conveyed it below; passed out amid the silent, wondering troopers, and placed him in a half-reclining position on a couch on the banks of the river and at the foot of the big walnut.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD NATURALIST.

Nay, nothing! all is said;
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Richard the Second.

His life was gentle: and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: *This was a man!*

Julius Cæsar.

THE sun was just descending behind the western hills; and as the old naturalist looked upon it, with all its golden, dying glories and its varied tints and hues, and then out upon the river, and then across and around at the thick, leafy wilderness, an expression of intense, restful satisfaction came over his face. His smile was almost seraphic. The freshening airs; the odors from the water and the woods; the glowing colors of the clouds, all seemed to revive him, and he murmured:

“Ah, this is better, far better! So I have lived, and so I would die; and yet 'tis hard to lose one's hold of earth; never again to see the varied beauties—again to feel the multiplied delights which attend and minister unto nature's devout worshipper. Who knows but still fairer scenes, and still more varied pleasures await me in the world to which I'm hastening!”

The old Frenchman now lay a long time in silence, his failing sight taking in lovingly, and one by one, each fea-

ture of the beautiful panorama of cloud, woods and water. The shades of evening soon commenced to gather. After a little, de Bonneville asked Jack to raise him higher, and Marie to bring him his flute.

The poor, wo-begone girl hesitated, but upon a glance from Jack, she hastened, amid blinding tears, to comply.

It was a sad and inexpressibly touching sight to see the dying naturalist, his snowy beard waving over his breast, his eyes, for the last time, lighted up with their old enthusiasm, and his white and delicate fingers wandering and trembling among the stops of the instrument.

He commenced with low, sweet, fluttering notes, which rose higher and higher, fuller and fuller, richer and richer, until it seemed as if the parting soul were being breathed into and floated off on the wild melodies. It was most touching. The troopers, with Captain Waggoner at their head, stood grouped at a little distance, hats in hand, and in respectful attitudes of listening attention. The notes now became again softer and wilder, more plaintive and subduing, until finally an expression of anguish passed over the changing face; the flute was laid aside, and all but Jack—even Marie—requested to retire.

“Edward,” almost whispered the old man, “I feel I’m sinking fast. I have kept this to the last, but can no longer delay. Marie—oh! Edward, it wrings my very soul to leave her thus, and alone! What is to become of her? She had only me in the world. Will you, my dear boy, see her safe to the army? and after the fort is captured, accompany her to Philadelphia? ’Tis my dying request.”

“Trust me, M. de Bonneville; I’ll do all you can wish, and *more* than you can ask!”

“Thanks, Edward! I knew your kind nature. I had many, many friends in that city. They would have aided me to publish my paintings and writings. They may do it for Marie. ’Twill be occupation and support for her. Oh,

how keenly I regret that the absorbing work of my life is thus abruptly cut off; that all my dreams, my heart hopes and fondest aspirations, have thus been crushed—utterly crushed—ut-ter-ly crushed. But God's will be done!" and the dying old naturalist closed his eyes as if in silent prayer.

"And, Edward," after a pause, he muttered, in still feebler tones, "draw yet closer. You'll sometimes, as you visit the city, go to Marie, console her, direct her, strengthen her, and give her the benefit of your counsel. You used to love her society. At one time I thought you had even a stronger and deeper feeling than mere friendship, but your sudden departure from the city undeceived me. Yet still—"

"Oh, my dear M. de Bonneville, I had! I had! I loved Marie as fervently as ever man loved woman, and I *now* believe she returned it; but I acted like a fool, and rashly madly cast the rich blessing away; but I've been punished in a bitter, desolate, revengeful life—yes, sorely punished! I love her yet, as much—yes, more than ever! I—"

"Edward, I did not know—could not have guessed this," whispered the fond father, "or I would not have spoken so freely. Forgive me; I believe my senses wandered. Does Marie know this? Think you she returns your affection? Have you told her?" with a brightening and more eager look.

"I have not, and can not, yet. May be some time in the future, after this bloody war is over, I'll—"

"Oh, I feel that she will, she must love you! She never has loved another! There, leave me now! God bless you! I commit Marie, for the present, to your honorable protection. I feel happier and easier already; but I'm getting ve-ry, ve-ry—weak. My eyes grow dim. Oh, Saviour, can—this—be—death? Send Marie to me; quick! quick!"

Marie was soon locked in her dying father's embrace. It is not for us to intrude on that last sad, sacred interview between father and only child. The tears of both were freely blended. They talked of the past, of the dead mother and wife; of the future and its prospects. Marie was told of Jack's promise to see her safe to Philadelphia, but not one word of his declaration—naught but the simple expression of the father's confidence in Jack as one whom he had long known and esteemed as a friend, and as one whom he had secretly hoped to call some day by a nearer and dearer title.

The old man, after this most harrowing interview, sank back completely exhausted. His wound was bleeding inwardly, and his strength and life were rapidly ebbing away. His eyes now began to wander. His lips moved, but the utterance was rambling and incoherent. Occasionally he would point up to the river, and then look up to the sky. He babbled of birds and their plumage: of the cool, dewy woods and their indwellers; of wild flowers and wood shrubs and their fragrances, until it seemed as if his whole soul was steeped with beauty, and his memory filled with nothing but scenes and adventures among hills and dales, woods and waters.

At last, by an unusual effort, he raised himself up once more, turned his fading vision to the tinted, radiant clouds, and whispered, "Oh, Edward! oh, Marie! my dear children, I seem to see in the glowing track of that western sun, long vistas of the most beautiful and luxuriant trees, with their clambering vines and exquisite shrubs and flowers. They are all filled with birds of strange forms and brilliant plumage. The most delightful music fills the air. The breezes are spiced with odors; the—and—and—I go to enjoy them—oh, so gladly! I thank the dear God, who knows all my tastes and loves, and—that—He has still work for me. Marie! Edward! where are you? I ne

longer see you ; a hand of each ! Farewell forever ! Come, blessed —”

The old, white-haired enthusiast sank back as if in a swoon, and breathed his life away so gently, so softly, that the crowd of weepers near and distant could scarce believe it was anything else but sleep—so, indeed, it was ; long and sweet and dreamless.

A hurried consultation soon followed between Jack and Waggoner as to what were best to be done. The troop must go back to Braddock as soon as possible. The others could not be left behind. This necessitated either the transporting of the body, or—harsh and hard as it seemed—its almost immediate burial. Waggoner took it on himself to arrange pillions on which to seat Jennie and her mother, each behind one of the troopers, and, by dismounting one of his men, to prepare a horse for Marie. A rude coffin was knocked together in the woods to receive the mortal remains of M. de Bonneville.

Jack, after a long struggle, resolved to break the arrangement to Marie—a most unwelcome task, but better from him than another. Sending Jennie and her mother forward to prepare the body, dressed just as it was, for burial, he took the crushed and weeping Marie gently by the hand, and led her into the cabin.

“ Marie, you are a sensible, self-reliant woman ; you see the strait we’re in. We must all be off from this in a couple of hours, or else be slain and scalped. It seems hard and cruel for me to tell you—and I would rather, this minute, be bound and going to the fort as Blackboof’s prisoner than do it—but your dear father must be buried now, and here.”

“ Oh, Edward ! Edward !” pleaded the poor, stricken girl, making the most heroic effort to restrain her tears, and to force down the choking in her throat ; “ must this, indeed, be ? Oh, ’tis a hard, hard, cruel lot, and yet—oh ! could we

not carry?—but no. I see it all. I must submit. I know you'd spare me this if you could," and Marie leaned her head upon the table and sobbed as if her very heart would break.

Jack could be of no use there. Better for nature to take its course; so he hunted up Waggoner, who had just given command to get all ready, and led him to the cabin door, saying in low tones:

"Captain, what's to be done with the Shawnees that I've had carried out here? There they lie, rolling their wicked little eyes, venomous as two copperheads."

"Well, Jack, that passes me; I've been thinking of it. Our two Indians, if we'd allow it, would make short work of them, and have the Shawnee scalps hanging at their girdles quick as a wink. 'Twould be fifty good pounds in their pockets, too; but that's not to be thought of. We're white, and can't murder in cold blood."

"Of course not," said Jack. "I've reason enough to hate redskins, as you know—these devils in particular—and if the fellows were behind their trees, with rifle in hand, I'd like nothing better than a drive at them; but we've had enough of blood here. We can't send them adrift, with what they know, to the fort; that's sure. We can't leave them in the cabin; that's even more sure. I see nothing for it but drive them along before us, and if they give trouble, let them look out!"

"Well, so be it! The Half-King had better see their hands are firmly bound, and loose their feet and tell them what we've resolved on."

Scarooyaddy, who had been sitting on the river bluff, his head bowed down, for hours back, didn't much like this arrangement, but had to submit; and he and Waggoner's guide hastened to have the Shawnees ready, and promised to watch over them

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BURIAL AND DEPARTURE.

Call it not vain! they do not err
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distill;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.—*Walter Scott.*

A GRAVE had, meanwhile, been dug by some of the troopers on the bluff, just at the edge of the woods. The body of poor de Bonneville had been carefully laid in the rude coffin, and all was ready for the burial. The evening was fast changing into night; the horses stood saddled; the troopers were standing about, and everything was ready for the march, but still there came a pause—a pause which all seemed to understand, and which each dreaded to have broken—Jack more than all.

It was the desolate, sorrow-stricken, grief-laden mourner in the cabin who was in the thoughts of all—even the two friendly Indians seemed to feel for her, while the two prisoners stood aloof, their heads down and a shamed look in their savage faces. Any show of triumph at that moment

would have brought down the tomahawks on their heads. At last, Jack softly to Waggoner :

“Captain, I swear to you I’d sooner march to the Indian torture than do it, but it must be!” Then, going into the cabin, where Marie sat leaning on the rude, massive table, her position unchanged, and her eyes swollen with much weeping, he said, tenderly :

“Marie, all is now ready. Wont you strive hard to control yourself? I’m not much used to such trying scenes, or to giving consolation ; but if you’d like it, Marie, I would—attempt to read the service for you.”

“Oh, Edward, Edward!” feelingly exclaimed the desolate mourner, “if you only would! ”Twould be such a comfort—such a comfort.”

“Jennie, go before with the light,” solemnly spoke Jack. “Marie, give me your prayer book, with the place open, and now lean upon my arm. I’ll do it.”

The two passed out and on towards the sombre woods, where were the grave and the coffin. They were followed by Jennie and her mother, then by Waggoner and his troopers. All stood around the open grave. At sight of it, Marie’s hard schooling was almost in vain. Jack felt her arm tremble in his like an aspen. Her frame seemed convulsed, and it needed of her a strong effort to keep from falling; but the effort was made, and tearless she bent over the grave, into which all that was mortal of her father was carefully lowered by two of the troopers.

Jack then, by the dim light of the candle, slowly and solemnly—but at times with broken and trembling accents—read out the beautiful and impressive service for the dead. It was a most peculiar and touching scene. It can easier be imagined than described.

At last all was over. Marie had gone through it nobly heroically, until she heard the first, hard clod falling rudely upon the coffin lid. She then uttered a low wail, more like

a moan of pain, which was followed by sobs that seemed to convulse her whole person. Even the rude troopers were moved to tears. Jack hurried her away as soon as possible, and mounted her directly on her horse. He rightly thought that motion, change of scene, and the requirements of a night journey, would be the best *present* medicine for her wounded and sore-stricken heart; time alone could bring healing.

The cabin—of late the scene of so much stirring action—having been securely closed, and all of Marie's effects having been carefully lodged in the loft till a more propitious season, the whole cavalcade took up its melancholy march, the four Indians in front; then half the "troop;" then Jennie and her mother, followed by Marie, with Jack walking at the horse's head and holding the bridle, and the other troopers bringing up the rear.

No use to ford and reford the river. The direct course lay on the cabin side, past the mouth of Turtle Creek (the Tulpewi Sipu of the Delawares); thence along the "narrows" for a couple of miles or so, to the mouth of what is now called "Crooked Run." Thus far no obstruction, except what the gloom of the forest and the natural difficulties of a night march along an unbroken path, might offer. It may be imagined that the progress was slow, and the journey a doleful and dismal one.

Up the dark, narrow valley of Crooked Run they turned, and soon fell in with an old Indian trail, which led pretty directly towards "Brush Creek," where lay Braddock's advance army of twelve hundred picked men. The Indian prisoners gave no trouble whatever. They trudged along in front, in dogged, sullen silence, making no attempt at escape. About midnight, the party stopped under a particularly dense and dark wood until the guides could recover the lost trail. After the many excitements of the day, all were worry; some of the troopers even nodded in

the saddle, while others dismounted and stretched themselves under the trees.

After a quarter of an hour's search, the guides returning, the word for advance was given, when, all at once, the two prisoners and the Half-King's pet rifle were missed. The thongs which tied their hands were found by the latter, who, with the guide, immediately plunged into the forest. It was full an hour before they quietly rejoined the party and resumed the march. At Scarooyaddy's belt, Jack's quick eye observed a fresh scalp attached. The other Indian—he who had stolen the rifle—escaped in the darkness.

“Why, how now, Chief!” said Jack, in low tones; “you wont go back to Braddock without the elegant rifle he presented you with?”

“‘The Black Rifle’ not good to his brother,” angrily answered Scarooyaddy. “Why you no let me kill him at the cabin? He very bad Indian—very much rascal. He try hard to kill both us; then when you have him, you no kill *him*? Me never understand the ‘pale face.’”

“But I see,” said Jack, glancing at his companion's belt, “that you sent *one* of the scoundrels to the happy hunting grounds.”

“Ugh,” answered the Chief, in great disgust, “he wrong one. My gun gone. Byme by, may be, I be killed with my own bullet. I soon come 'cross this fellow,” pointing to the scalp, “squatting behind a bush like a rabbit. He make big jumps and try for my tomahawk, but I no let him have it—not *that-a-way*—no. Shawnee all over rascal—much fight.”

“Oh, well, Chief, the ‘scalp bounty’ will buy you another gun.”

“Me no want any more but that. It make little bit noise, but it kill very big—almost as good as the ‘The Black Rifle.’”

The route now lay along the uplands. The party had scarce defiled from the close valley of the run out into the open, and were crossing a little moonlit hillside, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard from the edge of the woods behind them, and instantly after, the pinge of a bullet, which whistled past Jack's breast and buried itself in the loose fleshy part of the neck of Marie's horse. The beast shied and reared but was soon quieted down.

The report had scarcely died away, when the two Indians, taking diverging courses, bounded back into the woods.

"Marie," said Jack, as soon as the party had gained the first shelter, "I wager that bullet was meant for me. 'Twas from Scaroooyaddy's own rifle. I can tell its vicious bark among a thousand. I must have choked that big red-skin more than he can forget or forgive. Did you see how the Half-King sprang for that noise? 'Twas to him like the call of his squaw."

"Edward," anxiously exclaimed Marie, trembling and nervous from the many shocks she had lately gone through, "this is a dreadful, dreadful life! It cannot be that it is to your liking, with all its alarms and surprises and encounters."

"I don't know about that, Marie. This back-woods life certainly has its charms and its pleasing excitements. You know that, even as a boy, I almost lived in the woods and under the free air of heaven. The feeling grows with years. 'Pears to me I can't breathe a deep, full breath in the city. The airs and steamy odors of the sun-baked street stifle and oppress me. The wigs and ruffles and pumps and starchings and airs of the quality vex and anger me. I pine for the wild woods and their sequestered retreats. Nature is ever fresh and ever true—she never deceives or betrays you. She's sometimes rough, but she's always honest and kindly. No, no, Marie; the thronged city

may do for lawyers, doctors, preachers, and pelf-gatherers, but not for me."

"But, Edward, you surely can't love this life of blood, and violence, and incessant peril. I have lived much in the woods too—more than most of my sex, and love them dearly. You know it; but I love better, peace and quiet, and a heart free from bitterness to any."

"Well, Marie, I was of that mind once, and still have dreams of a peaceful time when all bloody strife and fierce excitement shall be over, but you know I've had grievous trials; have been stripped of all I held dear in the world, and turned out into the wilderness with nothing but injuries to avenge and memories to forget. There may yet come a time—God speedily grant it—when the gall and hatred and bitterness which have made me what I am, shall give way to softer feelings and more quiet and peaceful scenes. I feel, Marie, as if a great change had already come over me, and it's still going on; may be—"

But just here the sudden appearance of the Half-King put a stop to further conversation. Holding up his beloved rifle, he said:

"Shawnee very much crazy. He no go when he *can* go; now he die when he no want to die. I told you, my brother, that Scaroooyaddy's own lead might kill him."

"But you *ain't* killed," said Jack. "'Twas *me* the rascal wanted. He couldn't forget the loving hug I gave him in the loft. Where did you turn him up, Chief, and"—in lower tones—"where's his hair?"

"Me no touch him. The Tuscarora chase him over big tree trunk, knock him cold with hatchet, and pull his scalp before me come. All the same, though. Here Scaroooyaddy's gun. You see, now, Captain, that Great Spirit want *both* Shawnee. He no want you and me; not just now."

Poor fellow. He only reasoned according to his color and habits. He little thought that that very evening a tragedy had been enacted on Braddock's march which would touch him to the very core. But we must not anticipate.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THEY COME ON BRADDOCK'S ARMY.

Within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong; our cause the best.

Henry the Fourth.

THE march was now resumed, and continued without further incident until after midnight, when all at once, as the party surmounted a rising ground, the Tuscarora guide came to a sudden halt, and pointed to a piece of woods just below him, where smouldering fires and sundry columns of smoke rising lazily among the trees denoted a large encampment.

“’Tis Braddock’s army at last,” exclaimed Jack. “Waggoner, as you know the countersign, you’d better take the lead. Those scary pickets have an ugly way of firing off-hand. Everything’s an Indian to them. I was out the other evening to hunt some hickory for a new ramrod, and on passing the outer line of sentries, was challenged by a ‘Wha gaes tha’ from a stupid, lowlander Scot, and, notwithstanding I gave the word, he fired his piece, yelled ‘Injun,’ and made a vicious lunge at me with his bayonet.”

The party, Waggoner many steps in the front, now cautiously advanced over a glassy glade, and entered an open woo’s of white oak, having very little undergrowth.

Suddenly, and apparently from right under Waggoner's feet, came out of the silence the click of a gun lock and the ringing voice:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend, with the countersign."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"'Conestoga;' and where have we struck the camp, Sergeant Dobson?"

"At the very head, Captain. There's the 'light horse' vilette in that clump of laurel. We were just about to relieve the pickets."

The party now passed the line of sentinels who were posted outside the fires, and got into the cleared paths which connected the various sergeants, pickets and flanking parties.

Whatever could be said of Braddock's carelessness and neglect in other respects, certainly every precaution which prudence or experience could suggest, was taken to prevent a night surprise or attack. Turn where one might, a sentinel, of which a close chain went around the whole encampment, confronted him. In the rear of these were pickets and flanking parties of ten and twenty men each. At the very head and rear were posted light-horse videttes. The long line of artillery, baggage-wagons, tents, etc., was drawn up, as compactly as possible, in the twelve-foot-wide road cut by the engineers and carpenter corps right through the forest.

The whole party, headed by the sergeant with a torch, now turned into and down this rude road, in the camp's centre. The sergeants, the subaltern's parties, and the detachment of sailors from Admiral Keppel's fleet, and then the tents of the Grenadiers, were passed one after the other. Then came the long line of artillery, with the tumbrils, caissons, ammunition wagons, and a single line of tents, facing outward on either side.

Near the very centre of the whole camp, the silent and ghostly procession came to a halt before a little semicircular clearing, where were posted, first the General's guard; back of it Braddock's tent, and behind both again, a detachment of light horse, acting as "body-guard." In the road beyond continued the line of wagons, rear-guard, etc.

After some little punctilio and ceremony, Waggoner's men were dismissed to their own place for the night, while the others drew up near the guard, waiting to know the pleasure of Braddock.

The old General, anxious for Waggoner's report concerning the fords, had only thrown himself in undress upon his camp-couch, and when he heard that the Virginian's troop was accompanied by Jack, Scaroooyaddy and three females, one of them a lady of beauty and refinement, he was greatly interested and hastened out in person. As he passed Dobson, he said in low tones:

"Has any body yet told Scaroooyaddy the sad news, Sergeant?"

"No, General; I thought that had better come from headquarters."

"You *did*, did you! S'death! Haven't we enough confounded worry and trouble of our own without *this* added? Well, sir, go take him with you and tell him *at once*—or stay! *I'd* better arrange it," adding to himself in low tones, "'twas a d—d awkward blunder. If it had been made by the stupid militia of the country, 'twouldn't have been so bad; but, by my own veterans—gad, its horrible!"

Braddock then courteously saluted Marie and the other females; accosted Waggoner and Jack; heard from them a very hurried explanation of matters, and sent an orderly to have some of his officers give up their tent to the three women for the night, meanwhile telling all to dismount right there. He then went up to Scaroooyaddy, shook him

very warmly by the hand, and taking him aside, said feelingly :

“The Half-King has done well—very well. He’s a great war chief, and his words are always as wise as his deeds are brave. He deserves our full confidence. It grieves my heart to have very, very bad news for him. May the Great Spirit help him to bear it.”

The Chief darted a sudden, questioning look at the General, then raised himself to his full stature and with great dignity made answer :

“Scarooyaddy is a man—an old chief of over fifty snows and thirty battles. He waits the great General’s message. Good news can keep, but bad news must go straight,” looking inquiringly and searchingly at Braddock.

“You say true, Chief, and I know well your courage ; but ’tis cruel hard to tell you that your brave son has been accidentally shot this evening.”

At the word a shudder went over the old Indian’s frame. His face fell, his mouth worked convulsively, but making a strong effort, the aged stoic simply and inquiringly said :

“Shot, and what then ?”

“He was shot by our own men,” nervously and rapidly continued Braddock : “was mistaken for a French-Indian. He was sorely wounded, was—was—”

“He’s dead,” said the Chief, looking the General fairly and squarely in the eye.

“Alas, that I must say it, he is !” answered Braddock, dropping his eyes to the ground before that calm, clear gaze. “The whole camp is in grief. I weep for him. I’ve done all possible honor to so brave a warrior and *your* son.”

“I would see him,” moaned the old Chief.

“I’ll send my own aid with you at once. He’ll explain all. I need not say again, Chief, how very grieved I am—we *all* are.”

The Half-King bowed his head and stepped back into the deep shadow of a tree, leaning against its trunk, and waiting patiently until Captain Orme, Braddock's aid, quietly conducted him away.

This painful task over, the General returned to his tent, where he received his company affably and courteously, being particularly gracious and gentle to Marie, whose sad story had been told him by Jack.

Generalissimo of all his Majesty's troops in North America, and favorite of the great Duke of Cumberland, Major General Braddock was now full sixty years of age, over forty of which were passed in active military service with the famous "Cold Stream Guards." It is difficult within the compass of a few brief paragraphs to sketch his life and character. It is generally allowed, even by his bitterest enemies, that he was personally brave, honest, loyal, and well versed in military matters, but a rigid martinet, and too apt to rely on exact drill and discipline exclusively for success. "Desperate in his fortunes, brutal in his behavior, obstinate in his sentiments," writes Walpole, "he was still intrepid and capable." Mr. Shirley, his own military secretary, in a confidential letter written while far on this march to Governor Morris of Pennsylvania, says, "We have a General most judiciously chosen for being disqualified for the service he is in, in almost every respect. He may be brave for aught I know and he is honest in pecuniary matters."

In private life, it must be confessed, Braddock was, or rather had been, dissolute and reckless, keeping the low and disreputable company of London actors; given to the debaucheries of his day and class—the bottle and the gaming table.

Franklin, that keen observer of human nature, pronounced him a brave man and a good officer, but arrogant, having too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of

regular troops, and too mean a one of both Indians and Americans. The old philosopher, when hearing Braddock's account of what was to be done *after* Duquesne was taken, told him that the only fear *he* had, was from Indian ambuscades and from the stretch of his attenuated line of march, nearly four miles long, which would be exposed to flank attacks and liable to be cut like a thread into several pieces. Braddock smiled at Franklin's ignorance, and replied, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression."

What singular fatuity. It was this very raw militia spoken of and treated so contemptuously by him, that saved his army from being totally annihilated, and himself from being killed and scalped in the battle approaching, while it was the "king's regular and disciplined troops" which afterwards became utterly and shamefully panic-stricken, firing their pieces in the air or at their own companions, and, when the day was thus lost, fleeing, as Washington expressed it, "like sheep before the hounds."

The Indian opinion of him was given by Scaroo-yaddy himself to Governor Morris and the Pennsylvania Assembly three months after the defeat, which he attributed to pride and ignorance. "He is now dead," said the Half-King, "but he was a bad man when alive: he looked upon us as dogs, and would never hear what we said to him; and that's the reason why a great many of our warriors left him, and would not be under his command."

There are numerous incidents told of Braddock before his arrival on our shores. It is pretty certain, for instance, that he had once made a most unfeeling speech and a cruel pun when he heard of the sad death of his beautiful but unfortunate sister Fanny, who committed suicide under most distressing circumstances; that he was mean

and base enough to live on the infamous wages of a notorious Mrs. Upton, in whose eyes he had found favor. (See *Appendix P.*) He was known to be so needy that in one of his duels—this time with a Col. Gumley—his opponent, on coming on the ground, tossed him his purse, saying, “Braddock, you’re a poor dog; there, take my purse, if you kill me, you’ll have to run away, and then you’ll not have a shilling to support you;” and finally, that he spent the last evening in London, prior to his departure for America, in the company of that frail actress, Miss Bellamy, then living as the reputed wife of a Mr. Calcraft, whom Braddock afterward made his executor. It is little wonder that the witty and sarcastic Walpole called him a “very Iroquois in disposition.”

But these were matters of the past. All authorities, foreign and provincial, unite in stating that since his arrival on our shores, the General had conducted himself with honesty, dignity and diligence, using his utmost energies to push matters forward—and this under the most vexatious and disheartening difficulties—and being exceedingly anxious to further the king’s service. Had he been successful, as everybody expected he would have been, it is probable we would have heard little of him but praises. “Nothing is so successful as success.” (See *Appendix Q.*)

The worst that could be said of Braddock since his sojourn in America, was that he was impatient, intolerant, and complaining—scolding at everybody and finding fault with everything. But then it must also be admitted, he had much reason therefor. The delays, swindles, and outrageous impositions which he and his army had to submit to, in the way of horses, wagons, provisions, and general army supplies, were almost incredible. The General’s intercourse, too, with both Washington and Franklin was always pleasant and honorable to all parties; and when the latter had raised a large number of wagons and teams

for Braddock, in Pennsylvania, by means of a timely handbill circulated among the Dutch farmers, in which the threat was craftily held out that unless the aid was granted, the ferocious Hussar, Sir John St. Clair, would enter the province with a body of horse and forcibly take what he wanted, Braddock expressed his thanks to him in person, and wrote to his government that it was "almost the first instance of integrity, address and ability that he had met with in all these provinces."

During his march, Braddock had gotten rid of many of his foolish and pompous European notions. He soon discovered that America was a strange, unknown territory for him and his veterans, and that a western wilderness, with its crowded trees, dense thickets, and bridgeless streams, was a very bad place for high style or display. Thus he started by buying a tawdry and lumbering travelling chariot from General Sharpe, of Maryland; and on the 10th of May, the army was startled by Braddock's rapid transit, on his way to Fort Cumberland, sitting grandly in his chariot, with a body of light-horse galloping on either side. Poor, mistaken old man, he was soon glad to come down to one sorry, attenuated cob, and after, to a rude litter, carried by a few faithful soldiers.

Braddock now held a long interview with both Jack and Waggoner. Their reports seemed to make considerable impression on him, and he was anxious for morning that he might confirm his doubts and consult with his officers. As soon as the orderly reported the officers' tent ready for the three females, Braddock arose and addressed himself very gently to Marie:

"Miss de Bonneville, you will excuse the rough quarters we have to offer you, but such as they are, you are most heartily welcome. I have heard from Captain Jack your sorrowful story, and, believe me, sympathize with you from my very heart. These are terrible times to all, but

especially to one of your sex and culture. I have tried to persuade Jack that it would be better for all three of you ladies to retire to Captain Gist's plantation, not far from here, rather than follow the fortunes of the army and share the privations of the camp and march. What think you?"

"I thank you, General. After the terrible shock we've lately gone through, we sadly need rest and quiet, all three of us; but still, if it wouldn't burthen you, we—at least I—would prefer staying with the army, to running any new risks by the way. I have other reasons," meaning her father's grave and her goods and portfolios. "You have no doubt, whatever, of taking the fort, I presume?"

Braddock smiled scornfully. "Never a doubt—*couldn't* have any. My veterans will scatter this French-Indian rabble like chaff from a threshing-floor. I expect no more than a skirmish. You are assuredly welcome with us, Miss de Bonneville, while Lieutenant Frazier can care for his wife and daughter until his cabin is reached. I've about concluded to go by way of the river fords—will know to-morrow, when General St. Clair reports."

"Thanks, General," answered Marie, her eyes filling with tears at the memory of that cabin, with its harrowing associations; "and now we beg leave to retire."



Castle, was a son of Queen Alaquippa; another was Iagrea, Scarooyaddy's son-in-law, and two Mohawks, Esras and Moses (the song), were his wife's brothers, so that Scarooyaddy's son was among relatives.

The General, knowing the great importance attached by the simple-minded redmen to a little ceremony and attention, and in order to palliate and overcome, as much as possible, the bad effects of the stupid blunder of his grenadiers, had called this evening's encampment Monecatootha, after the Half-King; had given the Indians a tent in which to deposit and lament over the body; had stationed a guard before it, and issued orders for a military funeral early the next morning, and a burial with all the honors of war.

As Captains Jack and Orme entered the tent, they found the Half-King bent in tearless sorrow over the dead body of his son—an active and gallant young chief, whom the father had left in the flush of youth and vigor of health. A number of Indian ceremonies had already been performed over the body, and even then all were engaged in a rude chant of lamentation; Iagrea beating the Tay-wa-egun or one-headed drum—made by adjusting a deer's hide to one end of the section of a hollow tree—while the others recounted the virtues and gallant exploits of the deceased.

Jack quietly went up to his old friend, took his hand, and whispered a few words of comfort and condolence. The old Chief, grieved as he was, seemed pleased with this visit, as he evidently was with the attentions and honors bestowed by Braddock. With great pride and animation he spoke of his son's bravery, and then narrated how the accident happened. Several loiterers in the very rear of the army had been killed and scalped by a party of French Indians. The General had sent back his grenadiers, before whom the hostile Indians had fled. They were discovered again soon after in front, by his son and the other Indians,

who were about attacking them, when they themselves were fired on by a party of Braddock's out-rangers, who mistook them for the enemy, notwithstanding they made the agreed countersign, which was holding up a bough and grounding their arms. By this fire the young chief was killed; but the simple-minded father seemed so gratified with the orders Braddock had given on the occasion, that the stupidity of the blunder was somewhat excused and forgiven.

Orme and Jack soon retired to quarters offered by the former, and the whole camp was now again wrapped in silence. It was just the time for deepest slumber. Within a narrow circuit in those dark, wild woods, lay over twelve hundred picked men, who slept profoundly, totally unconscious of the sad fate and disgrace which shortly awaited them. Foot-sore and travel-stained, they had lain them down that night in unusually bright spirits. Two more days and their toil would be over; the battle would be fought and won; the fort assaulted and taken, and then a rest from all their labors and privations.

The extended circuit of sentries kept their ceaseless vigils among the trees and bushes. The little knots of flankers waked and slept by turn. The long line of wagons—the horses hobbled about them—stretched down the narrow road overarched by huge oaks, and elms, and hickories, and all was profound stillness.

Most impressive and solemn is an encampment of soldiers just on the eve of a bloody battle. It is well that the future lies hid from man. Could these unrecking slumberers have foreseen the carnage that would shortly ensue—that of the fourteen hundred and sixty men, officers and privates, who went into the battle, four hundred and fifty-six would be slain outright; that four hundred and twenty-one would be more or less grievously wounded, and that the rest would be a routed, disgraced, and panic-stricken

mob of fugitives, what a scene of horror and commotion there would have been !

It is not our aim or purpose to give a detailed account of Braddock's command, and its tedious, toilsome march, first to Cumberland, and thence to this spot ; but now would seem a favorable time for grouping together a few salient facts which may serve to give readers some comprehensive idea of the size, character and composition of this ill-fated army.

Its nucleus, in the shape of the 44th Regiment, Colonel Sir Peter Halket, and the 48th, Colonel Thomas Dunbar had arrived from Cork, Ireland, disembarking at Alexandria about the middle of March, 1755. Neither regiment numbered five hundred, and these were made up of Irish, Scotch and English, drafted from different commands, and a large proportion of base material. After reaching this country, these two regiments were recruited by raw, provincial levies up to an effective of seven hundred each, and, after innumerable and vexatious delays and an immense labor, were joined by independent companies from New York, Virginia, Maryland, South and North Carolina.

The trouble, expense, and delay in getting the army supplied with wagons, provisions, horses, etc., was almost incredible and entirely disheartening, and it was not until about the 8th of June that the heterogeneous little command was ready to march from Cumberland. Had not Dr. Benjamin Franklin raised a large force of wagons and pack-horses in Pennsylvania, by the timely publication before alluded to, in which he frightened the German population by a threat that if they were not immediately furnished, the Hussar, Sir John St. Clair, would overrun the province and impress them, the army would not have been able to march at all. The whole force was divided into two brigades under Colonels Halket and Dunbar,

numbering about 2150 effectives, not counting the usual train of non-militants—women, wagoners, and hangers-on.

The progress of this ill-assorted command was painfully slow, five miles being considered an excellent day's march, while most frequently it did not reach half that. Bridges had to be built, roads to be cut the whole way, deep and miry marshes to be traversed, and steep and rugged hills to be surmounted. The route chosen was by no means the shortest or the easiest one. The advice of Nemacolin, the Indian guide, was too closely followed. Frequently morasses had to be waded through and savage hills to be climbed, the heavy artillery being let down by the sailors with block and tackle. The number of wagons and pack-horses was strung out in a line of over four miles in length, which was constantly made the object of attack, though nappily by small parties.

In addition to the natural difficulties of the route, were superadded such as arose from crazy wagons, wretched and inadequate food, most miserable horses, and a general sickness and discontent among the soldiers and officers. It is little wonder, then, that this army had been ten days in reaching the Little Meadows, but twenty-four miles from Cumberland.

This fatal tardiness would never do, and reductions of baggage were constantly occurring. Even the officers were compelled to give up their horses to the service, Washington, Braddock's aid-de-camp, offering his best charger, and reducing his luggage to one poor half-filled portmanteau.

At the Little Meadows a council of war was held, the result of which was that Washington's advice was taken, and the army was divided. It was daily more evident if Fort Duquesne was to be reached before it was reinforced, and in time to allow of subsequent military opera-

tions, that a light fighting division must push forward more rapidly, and so about twelve hundred of the best and most reliable troops were sifted out, together with a select train of artillery and pack-horses for the provisions.

Colonel Dunbar, with all the heavy wagons, useless artillery and other *impedimenta*, was left behind with the worst and most unreliable troops, to make his way as best he might. Even with these aids to a more rapid progress, it was not until the 21st of June that Braddock entered Pennsylvania, and not until the 30th, that he crossed the Yough, near where Connellsville now stands, and now, here was the 7th of July, and Turtle Creek yet remained to be passed, with a strong probability of being obliged to turn back on their course and seek a crossing of the Monongahela.

Had the General waited here for Dunbar's army, as was strongly urged by Sir John St. Clair, the Quartermaster-General, it would probably have been the middle of August before the fort would have been reached, and the whole army would either have starved or fallen into the hands of the enemy, as numbers would have availed little. "Dunbar, the Tardy," as he was called, had lost so many of his wretched draught horses by sickness and starvation, and by constant stealings, that he could only move half his wagons at a time. After one day's march, the miserable and worn-out old jades were sent back to bring up the remainder, and then two days more before a fresh start could be made.

Now, add to all this a bad state of feeling among the troops, caused by an insufficiency of provisions; no allowance of spirits; nothing but water to drink, and that often bad and unwholesome, and a general disheartenment among the foreign troops. Disputes and jealousies were common too among the officers, and Braddock was not

even on speaking terms with his two brigade commanders. Even the robust constitution of Major Washington had given way under this state of things, and he had been travelling for ten days in the rear in a covered wagon, and was but just now returning. He had exacted a promise from Braddock that on no account should a battle be fought without him being present.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BURIAL—GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN.

Tut, tut! good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder: they'll fill a pit as well as better.—*Falstaff*.

THE morning of the 7th dawned auspiciously. At the early beat of the *reveille* the whole army was astir. The quiet and deadness of the night before was changed into most intense activity. From one end of the long line to the other, every one was busy. The wagoners and batmen made ready their horses; the fires were kindled and preparation for breakfast commenced, and all the various steps of preparing for the march were soon completed.

After the morning meal was over, the first thing in order was the burial of the young chief so unfortunately killed the night before. The whole command was ordered to pay respect. Soon the Half-King, accompanied by the other Indians, issued from the tent, followed by a special guard detailed to carry the body. This funeral cortége was accompanied by many of the principal officers and the chief band playing the Dead March.

A grave had been dug on a slight eminence near by and at the foot of a clump of chestnuts, just then in full blossom. The general officers, out of respect to the Half-King, gathered around. The body was lowered to one of the Indians' own wild chants; the chaplain read the service for the dead, and when all was over, there was platoon firing over the grave. These little honors and attentions were so

agreeable to the Indians that they became more attached to the service than before.

Short march this day. The army soon came to a halt on the very brow of a precipitous hill overlooking Brush Creek. Sir John St. Clair was out with his engineers, his guides and his light-horse, but the reports were unfavorable—the country utterly impracticable for artillery and the wagon train—and so it was decided in the afternoon to abandon this direction altogether; to turn sharp about and make for the Monongahela fords. The rest was much needed by both man and beast. Some of the officers managed to get up horse races, and the soldiers gathered about in knots and laughed and chatted, or grumbled and complained, as suited their various moods and grievances.

The late stirring adventures of Jack and the Half-King becoming by this time much discussed, they were the objects of great interest to the rank and file, and of much attention among the officers. The latter numbered many who rose to distinction and held important commands in after years. Not to speak of General Washington, who in this district had learned the rudiments of war, there was General Gage, the well-known British commander at Boston and Bunker Hill; General Horatio Gates, if not so much as General Arnold the hero, at least the one who received the credit at Saratoga when General Burgoyne's army was so badly defeated and cut up; General Gladwyn, whose gallant and obstinate defence of Detroit against Pontiac and his leaguering hosts, is so well known; General Adan Stephen, General Lewis, and others, besides British officers who attained high rank in England. (See *Appendix R.*)

There was still another officer of distinction in our revolutionary war whose acquaintance Jack made this day in a rather singular way. He was sauntering away in the rear among the wagons and wagoners—generally a rude



Thos. Gage

clownish, boisterous and profane set of vagabonds—"lewd fellows of the baser sort"—who had gathered to this expedition from Virginia, Maryland, but especially Pennsylvania.

Among them was a rough, uncouth and powerful fellow, said to have been a Virginia overseer. He had happened to incur the anger of one of the lower British officers, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," were accustomed to be arrogant and overbearing to all provincials. Reprimanding the teamster for his tardiness, he probably received an insolent reply, whereupon the officer struck him with his sword. The sturdy wagoner, not being able to brook this insult in presence of his jeering companions, whipped out his lash, fell upon the officer, and gave him a thorough and severe drubbing.

So great an insult, coming especially from an American teamster and a hireling at that, could not go unpunished in such a severely-disciplined army as Braddock's, in which any officer or soldier found gaming received three hundred lashes; any soldier found drunk, two hundred, and any soldier, or army follower found stealing provisions was adjudged to death; and so for this rank offence the poor wagoner was condemned to receive five hundred lashes, and as Jack was passing, the execution of the sentence was about being concluded. Kneeling before, and his hands tied around a sapling, the cat came down with terrible severity on the poor fellow's bare shoulders. He squirmed, and writhed, and his flesh quivered under the stinging, cutting lash until, when about four hundred and fifty strokes had been conscientiously administered, the sufferer fainted, and fell into the arms of the indignant Jack, who had him taken to his friend Gist's tent, dressed his wounds and carefully nursed and tended him.

Gen. Daniel Morgan, who commanded the celebrated rifle corps of the revolution, who proved such a powerful

aid at Saratoga, and who caused Tarleton to fly at the Cowpens, used afterwards to say that "old King George" yet owed him fifty lashes. It was some little easement to him to know that the very officer whom he had thrashed, afterwards acknowledged himself in the wrong and made the *amende honorable*. It is said that in the battle of Braddock's field, Morgan was shot in the neck, the ball passing through his mouth, taking out some of his teeth by the way. This is probable, as some of the wagoners in the front were the very first to receive the enemy's fire, and suffered severely. Those in the rear, however, behaved shamefully. At the very first suspicion of defeat, these fellows, to a man, abandoned their charges, cut the traces of their best horses, rode off at hot speed, and made such astonishing time that at five the next morning the first one rushed—his eyes distended with fright—into Dunbar's camp, with the dreadful tidings that the whole army was completely beaten, destroyed, annihilated, and that *he* was the sole survivor. (See *Appendix S.*)



CHAPTER XXXVII.

MARIE, AND MAJOR WASHINGTON.

See! what a grace was seated on his brow!
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.—*Hamlet*.

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity.—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

By reason of the attenuated line of his army, Braddock was compelled to take even greater precautions to guard against surprises and attacks during the march, than when in camp. While the artillery, pack-horses, baggage and the main army were slowly and painfully worked along the rude, narrow road hastily constructed by the engineers right through the forest, numerous videttes and flanking parties were thrown out on either side, and a surprise was thus rendered almost impossible.

On the 8th of July, at the beating of the "assembly," both soldiers and officers turned out with unusual alacrity. The tedious and harassing march was nearly over, and, leaving the head waters of Turtle Creek, the army turned off at right angles and took the direct route for the Monongahela fords.

Jack's usual place on the march had been with the Indians and Captain Gist, but now he walked along side of Marie, who, mounted on an easy-going palfrey and in com-

pany with Jennie and Mrs. Frazier, had been requested by Braddock to keep close with him.

Near the present town of Stewartsville, Pa., the head of the army, preceded by the ringing blows of the axe and the crash of falling trees, soon plunged into the sequestered valley of Long Run, and over its lonely swales and hill-sides; through its dark thickets and coverts, and among its luxuriant forests of oak and maple, the baggage and artillery jolted and rumbled along, while the pack-horses, mounted officers, and straggling foot-soldiers picked and plodded their tedious way, startling the wild bird or beast almost at every step.

General Braddock was very considerate for Miss de Bonnevillè's comfort, and frequently sent Bishop, his body-servant, to consult her wishes, and ever and anon rode by her side and engaged in conversation with her and her protector. At noon the whole force took dinner at a spot near where Sampson's Mills now stand, and then made a brief march to a lovely and sheltered nook, midway between Long and Crooked Runs, having made during the day no less than eight miles—the best and most cheerful march since leaving Cumberland.

The route between these two runs lay along a most singular plateau or table-land, having an average width of about a hundred rods, now known as "the white-oak flats."

The buoyant soldiers pitched their tents with joy, and the whole camp was soon alive with preparations for the night. A bountiful fountain—to this day known as "Braddock's spring"—here poured forth its refreshing waters. After the evening meal, the entire grove was vocal with song and laughter, and little knots of soldiers and officers, by this or that stately oak or mossy trunk, discussed the eventful morrow.

By general order, the arms were now burnished up;

fresh loads put into the muskets; all the clothes and accoutrements brushed and scoured, and every preparation made for a grand military display which should strike a wholesome dread into the hearts of the foe. But few of the British regulars who did not think that an easy victory would crown their arms, and that a sharp, brief skirmish would open an easy way to the possession of the fort which had for so long been the almost sole subject of their thoughts and conversation. The provincial troops were not so sanguine, and gravely shook their heads at British boasts. They had more experience of Indian stratagems and bravery, and felt that success would depend on fighting and whipping them in their own way.

A council of war had been held early in the evening, at which were present all the field officers—Colonels Halket, Gage, and Burton, and Majors Sir John St. Clair and Sparks. At this last official meet, Sir John, with that passionate hastiness which so distinguished him, vehemently urged the sending forward a detachment to invest the fort that very night. But it being argued that the force so dispatched would not be within proper supporting distance, and that such a move would be more judicious from the next evening's encampment, the gruff and tempestuous old Quartermaster-General was fain to acquiesce.

Sir Peter Halket, next in command to Braddock, and more cautious and diffident of success than he, now frankly expressed his forebodings, and with great solemnity enjoined on Braddock—with whom he was scarcely on speaking terms—to take every possible precaution against ambushes and surprises: pressing him most earnestly to thoroughly examine every foot of the way, and to beat up the forest as Highland hunters beat up the mountain coverts for game.

To this timely advice, the confident General, still possessing that overweening confidence in the discipline of his

own veterans, and that fatal contempt for his Canadian and Indian foes, listened with impatience, and the wary old veteran retired in sadness from his presence. Sir Peter was a fine old Scotch soldier and high-born gentleman of the ancient *régime*. A nobleman by birth, he had married the Lady Amelia Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Moray, two of his sons being then with him. He was a brave, loyal, sagacious and honorable gentleman and an experienced officer, who had risen by merit alone; and had Braddock trusted more in him and in Washington—the two who generally agreed touching all military movements—it would have saved him from defeat as well as disgrace.

At the famous battle of Preston Pans, which occurred only ten years before between Sir John Cope and the Highland clans and Jacobitish adherents of Charles Edward, the Pretender, Sir Peter, then lieutenant-colonel, had been captured and released on parole by Charles. This coming to the ears of the Duke of Cumberland, he ordered that officer to disregard his parole and rejoin his regiment, which Sir Peter stoutly and resolutely refused to do, saying that "His Royal Highness was master of his commission but not of his honor." The king approved this proper resolve of an honorable soldier and he retained his rank. It is sad to think of the fate which awaited so good a man. He and one of his sons now lie buried near the bloody field where they so bravely courted death rather than dishonor.

It was now agreed that the "narrows" lying between the army and Frazier's—being very impracticable for artillery and affording for several miles admirable facilities and opportunities for attack and ambush—should be avoided by crossing the Monongahela by the fords already tested by Captain Waggoner; and so Lieutenant Gage was ordered to march before daybreak, with two companies of grenadiers, 160 of the rank and file, with Gates' independ-

ent company, all preceded with proper guides, etc., to pass the two fords and take post after the second crossing to secure the passage. At four o'clock he was to be followed by Sir John St. Clair, with 250 men, including the engineers and a company of carpenters, to make roads for the artillery and baggage, which was to march with the balance of the army at five.

This important business having been transacted, the General, being in a particularly gay and hopeful mood, turned aside to the tent of his aids—now occupied by Marie and Frazier's wife and daughter—where he found Captain Jack and his own chief guide, Captain Christopher Gist, whose happy escape with Fairfax, Queen Alaquippa's son, we have already noted.

Marie was still overwhelmed with her great grief, but occasionally roused herself to take interest in passing movements and even some part in the conversation. Jack had remained with her as much as possible the last two days, striving ever to divert her mind from its absorbing sorrow; making no allusion whatever to the sad events at Frazier's cabin, but constantly surrounding her with those little acts of attention and thoughtful regard for her comfort, which betrayed—far more than could any words of his—the homage of his heart and his deep-felt sympathy in her affliction.

These little civilities of his did not pass without notice from Marie. When did they ever in like relations? It is the thousand nameless little proffers of gallantry and considerate attention, where self is forgotten and where every want of the loved one is anticipated, which constitute the grace of young love and give to it its chief zest and flavor. Happy are those who, in after life, can keep up the devotion of their days of courtship and its varied modes of expression. It is rare, but it is beautiful, to see the husband of sixty just as fervent and constant in his delicate atten-

tions as the impetuous lover of twenty; and yet this is the test and token of the truest and purest love—such as comes not from the blood, but from the soul.

While Braddock was closely questioning Jack and Gist as to their late adventures, and anxiously speculating as to the fate of Talbot—who, despite his eccentricities, was a general favorite in camp for his pluck and good humor—the step of a horse was heard outside, and immediately after, the flap of the tent was unceremoniously lifted, and a tall and stately form entered. The stranger started back in great and unaffected surprise when he saw who were the occupants of the tent, and making a hurried but courteous bow, was about to retire in much confusion, when all three gentlemen started to their feet, and rushed towards him, Braddock catching and pressing the young officer's hand and exclaiming:

“Why, Major, this is indeed a surprise and a pleasure. When, and how did you rejoin the army? and, my poor fellow, how thin and weak you do look! I trust, dear Major, you've not over-tasked your strength. I expressly charged our Doctor Walker not to let you put foot on ground till you were able to stand the march; but what the deuce am I thinking of? Plague take it! if this backwoods life don't make one forget all his manners. Allow me, Miss de Bonneville”—leading forward the stately and still wondering young officer—“to present to you one of my military family—my trusted aid; Major Washington. S'death! I don't much wonder at his surprise at finding his quarters so charmingly occupied.”

Marie, her fine, earnest face suffused with blushes but with a look of evident pleasure in her beaming eyes, arose and answered his dignified bow with a graceful courtesy, remarking:

“I ask of Major Washington a thousand pardons, and

am sorry if my temporary possession of his tent will put him to any inconvenience."

"I beg, Miss de Bonneville, that you'll not mention it," replied Washington. "I only regret that in wishing to surprise my tent-mates, Orme and Morris, I did not inform myself of your presence. Please make yourself perfectly at home in it."

"And now, old fellow," said Braddock, again affectionately pressing Washington's hand, "here are your friends Gist and Jack, and most eager to greet you," while both of these admirers of his warmly took each a hand, and welcomed him back to the army.

"Why, Jack, and Gist, too!" said Washington. "How rejoiced I am to see you again in the flesh, and with whole scalps! Orme's last letter told me you had gone on a dangerous scout, and were probably either killed or captured. Nothing has ever chafed me so much as being stretched impotently on my back, while I might have been as actively if not so usefully employed. I was afraid, General, you would forget your promise to me not to give battle without letting me know, and so I came on in a wagon with the last provision convoy from Dunbar's camp."

"Yes," said Braddock, "and you look at this moment fitter for a hospital couch than for a march—still less a battle. I must remand you to the care of Dr. Craik and Bishop, now that Alston your own servant is also sick."

"General," laughingly replied Washington, "I would have been much worse had it not been for the James's pills you kindly forwarded me. They acted on my system like magic, restoring tone, and giving me at the same time strength and spirits."

All this time Washington could not refrain from turning occasional glances, in which surprise and curiosity were plainly but not offensively manifest, towards Marie, as if he were trying to account for the strange presence of so

beautiful and elegant a lady. The General observing this attempted to rally him, laughingly remarking, "I see, Major, by the looks you throw toward Miss de Bonneville, that our guest and her visit here are a mystery to you."

"Why, yes, General, I must confess, saving the fair lady's presence, that she puzzles me no little. Such fruit does not grow on the trees hereabouts. She has not come with our army from the East, that I know; and where she could spring from in the West passes my poor comprehension. I trust the lady," bowing gracefully toward Marie, "does not take it amiss, or think me uncivil because the General has—too frankly, perhaps—uttered a truth."

"Not at all, Major. I have, then, much the advantage of you," modestly replied Marie, "for I have often heard of Colonel Washington, and, I must add, nothing to his hurt. Jenny Frazier and her mother are never tired of sounding his praises. I've heard, also, the French officers of the fort speak favorably of you, although they *do* feel somewhat sorely concerning the death—or as they style it—the *assassination* of Monsieur Jumonville, whom they allege was an ambassador."

"Why, this increases the mystery," gravely answered Washington. "French officers of the fort and yours a French name; and pray, what does Miss de Bonneville think of the Jumonville case. I trust nothing to the disparagement of my honor?"

"Not in the least, Major. Had I done so, be assured I would not have mentioned the matter. I know the whole case, and acquit you of everything but what was to the highest degree honorable and patriotic. Sieur de Beaujeu takes your part strongly, but Captain Dumas either doubts or affects to doubt."

"Major," interrupted Braddock, "I fear you'll have to give up the conundrum, unless Jack will come to your assistance 'Tis rarely a scout brings such rare booty—

and allow me to add—beauty, as Jack's late one. Not content with bearding the *Parlez-vous* in their very den, giving their Indian allies several severe fights, and nearly drowning the old Scarooyaddy, he surprises us by bringing back this gentle lady, whom we hope soon to install as mistress of Fort Duquesne and interpreter extraordinary between us and the French. Rest you here, while I make out my orders for the morrow and tell Orme and Meris of your arrival.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MAJOR WASHINGTON, AND CAPTAIN JACK.

Not with the bold array
Of armies dread came they,
Proud conquest on.
Through a long warfare rude
With patient hardihood,
By toil and strife and blood,
The soil was won.—*L. C. Cist.*

WASHINGTON soon heard the brief but connected history of late events, and the reports concerning the fort, Indian allies, etc., and passed some time in conversation with Marie. At last, rising, he courteously bade her good-night and—Gist wishing to retire to his quarters—engaged Jack for a round about the camp.

“I don’t know how it is, Captain,” he said, as soon as he was fairly outside, “but my return to camp has already acted like a strong cordial on me. I have been of so little use in this expedition, and was so fearful that I would miss altogether its *dénouement*, that I felt anxious, nervous, depressed. This tedious fever has unmanned me. For two weeks it was—not for a moment to compare myself with Cæsar—‘Give me some drink, Titinius, like a sick girl;’ but now I’m in the saddle again and so near stirring events, that I’ve a new heart. By the by, Jack, that is a strange story you tell me about your late adventures and the way in which you came upon old friends and rescued them. Your amiable *protégée* is very beautiful, and I flatter

myself I know a fine woman and a true lady when I see her. There's a part of the story," looking meaningly at his companion, "that remains to be told; eh, Captain?"

"Not that I am aware of, Major," reservedly answered Jack, with dignity. "Miss de Bonneville's grief is too recent and crushing not to enlist my most heart-felt sympathies. Her poor father placed her under my protection for the present, and my duty is to endeavor to assuage, somewhat, her great grief. I scarce know now," as if musingly to himself, "whether I'm doing right or wrong in going back to her father's grave. 'Tis a slow way to make her forget, but she seems to wish it; she seems to wish it."

Washington, respecting his companion's feelings, made no answer, but linking his arm in Jack's, passed with him along the line of tents.

Here we may state, in explanation of Braddock's warm and affectionate welcome of Washington, that nothing in that unfortunate General's American career reads more pleasantly to one of this country, or does more credit to both his head and heart, than the just and ever warm appreciation held of Washington's character and abilities. He seemed to single out both Franklin and Washington as objects of his special praise and approval. On his arrival in the country he found the latter, who had been the esteemed and honored colonel of the Virginia troops, and who was exceedingly anxious to still further serve his king and country in the field, at Mount Vernon. This unwelcome retirement was compelled by King George's order, denying all rank to the Colonial military in comparison with those given by himself. To obviate this difficulty, Braddock sent him a very friendly letter, not only offering him the position of aid-de-camp, but requesting him to suit his own convenience as to time, and to consider himself at liberty, in all events, to come or go, as best suited his business or inclinations.

This position, Washington, desirous not only of serving his country, but of taking lessons in the military art from so experienced a teacher, hastened gladly to accept. During the whole march, it is certain that Braddock not only frequently consulted Washington, but acted on his advice, even when it was somewhat at variance with his own convictions. In one of Washington's letters, in which he states how Braddock condemned the Colonial authorities and contractors for their supineness and lack of honor and honesty, he adds: "We have frequent disputes on this head, which are maintained with warmth on both sides—especially on his, as he is incapable of arguing without it, or giving up any point he asserts, be it ever so incompatible with reason or common sense."

When Washington took sick on the route, nothing could exceed the General's attention to and solicitude for him, dispatching his own physician to him, sending him the pills he himself made use of, detailing a guard to take care of him on the road when too ill to bear the joltings of a wagon, keeping up a correspondence with him, and, finally, solemnly promising him that if he would stay quietly in the rear and nurse himself, he would on no account give battle without having, if it were possible, Washington present.

It is also certain that Braddock had such a high esteem for him as a man, and confidence in him as a soldier, that it was his intention to give him a high position in the king's regular army. This was distinctly promised him; Governor Dinwiddie emphatically asserts it. At his death, Braddock expressed compunctions at not having more scrupulously followed Washington's advice, and singled him out as his nuncupative legatee, bequeathing to him his favorite charger and his body-servant Bishop, so well-known in after years as a faithful attendant.

Washington, notwithstanding a certain gravity and state-

liness which well became, and seemed natural to the man, and Jack, notwithstanding a certain reserve and sternness, which were part of his habitual manner, were both very popular with the common soldiers, more especially with the Colonial troops, and as both men now passed under the trees and down the long narrow line of tents, they were warmly and even affectionately greeted. They stopped to chat with this, and with that group of officers or men, and, finally, attracted by the noise of loud laughter and merry singing, they came to a pause before a motley crowd of officers and soldiers—foreign and provincial—Scotch and Irish—camp-women, wagoners, and what not.

It seemed as if all the jovial and roystering spirits of the camp were here assembled, and all, too, in a state of excitement and joyfulness. From the broad brogue spoken and sung, it was easy to detect the Scotch nationality of most of the group. They joked and chaffed and sang together, as if campaigning in the wilderness, surrounded by Indian outlyers and on the very eve of what might prove a bloody and desperate struggle, was the merriest business in the world.

It was a strange and impressive scene in these virgin forests—vast solitudes frequented only by bird or savage beast or the still more savage Indian. Beneath an immense white oak, whose huge trunk and spreading branches, with their thick overhanging canopy of leaves, were lit up by the flickering flames of the camp fire, reclined the promiscuous assemblage. Now Sergeant Mac Pherson, noted throughout the whole army for his fine, powerful voice, and for the fervor which he generally threw into the song, was vociferously called on for “Annie Laurie”—that old camp favorite of Scotch soldiers out on a campaign. Nothing could exceed the peculiar, startling effect, in these solemn old forests, of those simple and touch-

ing words, delivered with unusual pathos, and in a voice of exceeding richness :

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew ;
 And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
 Ga'e me her promise true,
 Ga'e me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot shall be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lee me doon and dee.

As the Sergeant's voice rang full and clear along the stretch of tents, there was a general hush ; all ears were attentive ; all hearts were affected, and before the touching lyric which expressed so general a heart-sentiment had died away amid those leafy aisles and sombre shades, many an eye was filled with tears.

Then followed on the part of other noted singers, war songs, love songs, and drinking songs—Scotch, Irish and American, until at last the cry arose to round off with the " Braddock Campaign Song," a jingling provincial ballad, more remarkable, let us hope, for its melody than for its metre, but which, like our own old John Brown war song of a later date, was a general favorite with the army :

To arms ! to arms ! my jolly grenadiers !
 Hark, how the drums do roll it along !
 To horse ! to horse ! with valiant good cheer,
 We'll meet our proud foe before it is long.
 Let not your courage fail you,
 Be valiant, stout and bold ;
 And it will soon avail you,
 My loyal hearts of gold.
 Huzza ! my valiant countrymen ! again I say, huzza !
 'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzza, huzza, huzza !
 March on ! march on ! brave Braddock leads the foremost ;
 The battle is begun, as you may fairly see.
 Stand firm ! be bold ! and it will soon be over ;
 We'll soon gain the field from our proud enemy,

A squadron now appears, my boys :

If that they do but stand.

Boys never fear ! be sure you mind

The word of stern command.

Huzza ! my valiant countrymen ! again I say, huzza !

'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzza, huzza, huzza !

See how ! see how ! they break and fly before us :

See how they're scattered over all the plain.

Now, now !—now, now ! our country will adore us,

In peace and in triumph, boys, when we return again.

Then laurels shall our glory crown,

For all our actions told !

The hills shall echo all around,

My loyal hearts of gold.

Huzza ! my valiant countrymen, again I say huzza !

'Tis nobly done, the day's our own—huzza, huzza, huzza !

Many a camp doggerel, with no more pretensions to poetic or literary merit than the above, but yet having a good, ringing chorus, and its defects hidden under a dramatic action and in a stirring melody, has excited a martial spirit and urged men to mighty deeds of war. So, in the present instance, the effect was simply prodigious. The chorus, "Huzza, my valiant countrymen," etc., was taken up by group after group of soldiers, until the whole camp rang, and the woods re-echoed with exciting "huzzas." Had they gone into battle next day with it in their mouths, who can tell but the fate of the struggle would have been changed ?

The beat to quarters now came to quench the excitement, and the camp gradually sank into silence and slumber. The effect of the song on Washington and Jack was rather a saddening one. They saw more plainly, perhaps, than did the poor, unthinking soldiers about, the difficulties now immediately before them. Both of them knew well the character of the French foe they were about to encounter, as also the savage ferocity and devilish ingenuity of his painted allies. Indians of different tribes had followed

their march ever since leaving Fort Cumberland, never losing a chance to harass troops, run off horses and cattle, and kill and scalp stragglers; and thus all this enthusiasm of the army, begotten of the feeling that now their weary marchings were about to end, could not altogether stifle Washington's apprehensions.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

SIR PETER HALKET SEES DEATH.

A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.—*Lady of the Lake*

SEER.—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives the mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

Lochiel's Warning.—Campbell.

TAKING leave of Jack, who went to the quarters where Scarooyaddy and his little band of faithful Indians had also—after their own fashions, with their own rude music and dances and chantings—been getting up a like warlike *elan*, Washington slowly and musingly wended his way to a marquee tent near the middle of the line.

To his request for admission, a gruff but hearty voice answered: "Coom ye in," and Washington advanced to the side of a rude couch, on which reclined the large and stalwart form of a noble-looking old officer of some seventy years. His hair was plentifully sprinkled with white; a keen, gray eye sparkled under a bushy, shaggy eyebrow, while a stiff, white moustache gave the square, Scottish face a stern and decidedly military look. He now appeared, however, sad and weary. He had evidently been engaged in writing, as paper and pen were then lying on a low camp-chest beside him.

At sight of Washington he started up quickly, warmly pressed the proffered hand in both his own, and said, in a strong Scotch brogue, which grew broader in proportion as he was excited: "Ah, Geordie, my worthy young laddie, I heerd you were coom back to camp, and would hae' ta'en it amiss o' you if ye had na ca'd on yer auld frind."

"Thank you, Sir Peter. I've been to pay my respects to the General and called on my way to my tent. You look jaded, and even haggard."

"Ise muckle reason, lad," replied Halket, gloomily. "Awell, Major, ye'll be in at the death, will ye? I honor ye for't, and yet maun pity ye. I fear me we'll have a bluidy day the morrow."

"Why, Colonel, have you later tidings from the enemy?"

"Nae, nae; it is na joost that, but Ise gotten my warnin' from them who care na to speak twist. Did ye hear, Major, them limmer loons scraughing and skirling a wee bye since? and maist o' them under ban and near til their death-thraws? 'Tis little these daft callants reck o' the morrow's bluid."

"Why, Sir Peter," replied Washington, in a surprised tone, "I find you singularly depressed this evening. What makes you augur so badly of to-morrow? Be assured, if the General will give his army a fair chance, the foe must be badly beaten."

"But he will nae, I tell ye! Coom nigher, Major. Yese heerd, no doot, of the Gaelic second sight—the Scottish *taish*? I ne'er put much stress on it, and am na seer, and yet I saw this verra gloaming that which maks me doot—a vision of death and bluid—of battle and carnage."

"Why, Sir Peter, this is positively wicked! You are ill—have been over-anxious of late! You must drive away these gloomy phantasies—the creatures of a distempered mind. God does not work in that way, Colonel Halket."



SIR PETER HALKET.

“Bide a wee, bide a wee; I dinna ask ye to believe, Geordie,” solemnly replied the old nobleman. “I only say what my ain een saw. I tak’ the warning to mysel’ alone, an’ tell nane but you—not e’en my puir bairns. As I walkit alane under the oaks this night, a mist seemed to rise before my two een; and as I lookit and lookit, wondering what culd it a’ mean, the glamour brake up into shaipts and ghaists, and, ’tis thrue as that I see ye, Major, I saw a stream running thick vith bluid, and on its banks a throng of spectres walkit, and one stuid there for me and one for the bairn James, and baith were crossed, whilk I na understand. But this I knaw, they were all white with shrouds. Ken ye what that means, laddie?”

“Indeed, I do not, Sir Peter,” replied Washington, deeply affected by the fixed and solemn look of the old man. “I put but little faith in Scotch superstitions, although the belief in them is now so common.”

“It means *death*, Geordie. If the shrouds be below the middle, not so soon; but if aboon the breath, the *very next day*. All the shrouds I saw, Major, were *high up on the breast*. Oh, Ise sair distraught, but ne’er fear ye but I’ll do my whail duty the morrow, dear Geordie; but I tells ye my weird is dreed, and so is that of my bairn, James. Wha, alas, will pipe our coronach? Ye see my will there, and when Ise dead and gone, ye’ll see to’t, lad; and noo let’s turn the talk.” (See *Appendix T.*)

Colonel Halket now, with a great effort, seemed to rouse himself out of his gloom, and talked calmly and even pleasantly on various subjects, and on Washington rising to go shortly after, he shook him most affectionately by the hand, and begged him to take care of himself. As he passed out into the air, Sir Peter smiled sadly, held up his warning finger, and simply said: “Ye’ll remember, Geordie, the Scotchman’s *taisch*. I saw nae end of bluid, bluid, bluid!”

Washington, himself still weak and suffering from his prolonged fever, was very deeply moved by Sir Peter's manner and relation. He soon met Morris and Orme, who had been out on the hunt for him; but, try his very best, he could not shake off his gloom; and, on reaching his quarters, threw himself anxious and distressed on his couch, without undressing.

His slumber was fitful and disturbed, and the earliest streak of dawn found him up and preparing for the day. Parts of the camp were even then in motion. He witnessed the departure of Gage's advance, and then of Sir John St. Clair's working party.

At six the whole army had taken their simple meal, and with quick step and joyful hearts, marched down the valley of "Crooked Run" to the Monongahela, but two miles distant. Soon cheer after cheer went along the ranks as the river was first sighted. Those in front broke into a run, while those behind pressed hard after them, and all was joy and tumult at the first view of the beautiful Monongahela, which rolled its peaceful waters between hills, clad from the river's margin to their very tops, with the freshest and greenest verdure.



CHAPTER XL.

THE DELAWARE QUEEN ALAQUIPPA.

With head upraised, and look intent
And eye and ear attentive bent ;
And locks flung back, and lips apart
Like monument of Grecian art ;
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

Scott's Lady of the Lake.

JUST as the little army emerged from the defile, a singular apparition—as it looked to the soldiers—met their wondering eyes. On a jutting rock, some twenty feet higher than their route, stood the bold figure of a very tall and commanding-looking woman. Her coarse, black hair was plentifully streaked with gray, and fell down her back in great abundance; her countenance, though dark and weather-beaten, was yet comely and impressive. Her eye was like the eagle's for fire and boldness. She had on the moccasins and leggings of the Indian, but over her shoulders was thrown an ample, flowing robe of fine cloth, while in her outstretched hand was something like a lance, with which she would point to the opposite shore, as if showing to the army the way to honor and victory.

The commanding figure of this strange being stood strongly revealed against the sky. Not a word spake she nor movement made she, but as she stretched out her long wand or lance, as if showing the route to the enemy, the

superstitious soldiers were at first appalled, but, afterwards, taking it as a good omen, they gave her cheer after cheer—the first English cheer that those hills had ever echoed.

Thus she proudly stood, until the crowd of officers, led by Braddock and including Washington, Marie, Jack and others, stopped abreast of her. Then, with a majestic step, and leaning on her lance, she slowly descended from her rocky perch, and with stately and dignified mien, strode directly towards Washington. All were sorely puzzled, and Braddock most of all, scarce knowing whether she was “of the earth, earthy,” or some tutelar divinity of these Western wilds, standing at their very entrance to warn off intruders from her dominions.

All at once Washington recognized her, and exclaimed, “Why, as I live, General and gentlemen, ’tis the Delaware Queen Alaquippa, for many years the unwavering friend of the English, and the mother of our two trusty scouts, Fairfax and New Castle. Come! I must descend and meet her with due deference, for, I warn you, she stands greatly on her dignity. She was once greatly offended because I dared pass her royal lodge—which lies at the junction of the Yough with yonder river—without calling on her.”

So saying, Washington dismounted, went forward to meet her, greeted her kindly and politely, and presented her first to Braddock and after to the other officers, and to Marie.

The old queen spoke pretty fair English, and, in right royal style, bade the General and his army welcome to her country; told him of the route, and expressed the hope that he would speedily take the fort which dominated her river. After shaking hands all round, she passed to where were Scarooyaddy and her worthy sons.

By 8 o’clock the first passage of the river was made, at a point opposite Crooked Run, and even to this day observable by a deep scar in the banks, where they were graded

down to make a road for the artillery. The army now found itself on a broad bottom, covered with a fine growth of maple, walnut, and sycamore, and moved steadily forward in the road cut for them.

Soon a messenger comes back from Gage to inform Braddock that the advance has recrossed the river without any resistance, and is posted agreeably to orders. The only enemy seen was a score of savages who had been routed from cover and who had fled at his approach. This was joyful tidings, for if the foe was to stand anywhere, surely the river crossing was the expected place. By eleven o'clock the second ford was reached, nearly opposite the mouth of Turtle Creek, and but a quarter of a mile below what is known now as the "Second Dam."

Here the "broad bottom" begins to narrow until it runs into the hills very near the margin of the river. On this grassy savannah, denuded of trees, Braddock, not doubting that the enemy were anxiously watching his every motion, resolved to impress them with the size and character of his command. Accordingly, while the banks were being graded down, on that as well as the other side, to allow of the passage of the artillery, baggage wagons, cattle, etc., the troops were ordered to appear as for dress-parade.

Now the astonished hills re-echo with the loud beat of drums and the swell of martial music. Every man was attired in his cleanest apparel. The burnished arms shone and glistened in the noonday sun. The flags and colors were unfurled, and the joyful and well-drilled troops, glittering in scarlet and gold, were rapidly marched and manœuvred, and put through all their movements, which they executed with the precision of a piece of machinery.

This plateau, where, for over an hour, all this showy parade was going on, was in full and uninterrupted view from the subsequent battle-field. The officers, and soldiers

all viewed it with undisguised pride and delight. There was but one universal belief, and that was of the speedy occupation of the fort. It is no wonder that Washington, in after life, declared it to be the most beautiful and imposing spectacle he had ever witnessed. Even Sir Peter Halket, as the grim old Scotch soldier sat his horse, near where Braddock, Washington, and Mlle. de Bonneville were posted, seemed to throw off entirely the gloom of the night before.

All was now ready, and after a brief repast the army had safely passed over by the second ford, and reformed about two o'clock, in a thick walnut grove, several hundred yards below the mouth of Turtle Creek, and hard by Frazier's cabin, where Jack and Scaroooyaddy made such a gallant and successful resistance.

How sadly and yearningly had poor Marie kept her eyes towards that cabin, and to the sacred spot on the river's margin where rested all that was mortal of her ~~dear~~ lamented Father! She was now free to visit it.



CHAPTER XLI.

TALBOT AND SMITH IN PRISON

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it ; found it ; or came by it ;
What stuff 'tis made of ; whereof it is born,
I am to learn.—*Merchant of Venice.*

Go we now back to poor Talbot and Smith, who, after making that most gallant effort to escape from Fort Duquesne by water on the day of the canoe races, were re-captured by Nymwha—the young lord's Indian Father *in posse*—and brought back to Dumas. The plan of the fort having been found on Talbot's person, that officer remanded him back to the guard house, as a person too dangerous to be left at large, while the lad Smith was put with him for company.

It was then late at night, and after having had the full range of the fort ; having enjoyed the exciting boat-races, and the interesting preparations for the challenge ball match, which were even then being continued, it may well be supposed that the change to the solitude of the lonely guard-house was anything but pleasant.

The key had scarce turned in the massive door, and the footsteps of the guard had just died away along the passage, when Talbot—whom it was difficult long to repress—first broke the silence by a long whistle, and then a few impatient tattoos with his feet on the puncheon floor, ending in :

“ Well, here’s a rum go! Jimmy, if you feel like laughing boisterously, pray don’t mind me; I’ll excuse it, but, *I’m* going to swear. If you know any word bigger or longer to swear by than Nebuchadnezzar, let me have it. I want to do full justice to the occasion.”

Poor Smith was in sad humor for jesting, and kept a lugubrious silence.

“ Why, James, your face seems to have soured on you. Liver must be out of order. Give me one of those sweet smiles of yours that are creating so many flutters under Mlle. Fleury’s bodice. So—that’s better! Never get in to the lollydrums, lad; they won’t help you a bit. Leave them for love-sick girls, who’ve nothing to do but dawdle.”

“ Why, Mr. Talbot,” at last answered Smith, “ you’re a queer cove and seem to take life very easy.”

“ Got to do so, my boy, else life would take me very hard. I see nothing in our present condition to whine or whimper about. I’ve already resolved what *I’m* about to do.”

“ And, please, what is that, sir? I’m but a green boy—never been away from home before; and besides, sir, I don’t care about letting *you* know,” sinking his voice, and with an air of confidence, “ I’ve—I’m—I’ve got a sweetheart at home, and am engaged to be married.”

“ Phew! the devil! why, what an old *roué* you are, to be sure. I’ll tell Miss Fleury on you. But, bother the girls, now. Why, I’m not a very old chicken, Jimmy, and yet I’ve a full score of sweethearts about the world, of all lingo and colors, too, from pink-and-white down to richest cream color. Never feel exactly right under my doublet unless something of that kind’s going on. Now, I’m getting real anxious about Wau-ki-na, the young Indian princess or chieftainess, or whatever’s her rank. I’ve never yet seen the girl, Jimmy, to match her for either grace, beauty, or modesty. She’s struck me harder than usual. Heigho.

James. Plague take the sirens, I say! Never out of *one's* clutches but am dropping into those of another. As the old song says, 'First be off with the old love, before you're on with the new.' Wau-ki-na, too, is so artless, has such soft, lustrous eyes and such a flute-like voice. I never—"

"I must quote your own words on you, sir," interrupted Smith, "and say, 'Oh, bother the girls, now!' What I want at present, is to get out of this scrape."

"A fair hit, James. I owe you one. Well, first, I shall immediately stretch myself on Dumas' robe in the corner there—by the by, Smith, he's a devilish clever fellow, is Dumas—and will put a solid wedge of dreamless, kickless, and snoreless sleep between the two days. Second, I'm bound to see this grand ball match to-morrow, and shall set heavy on it. The only way to get rid of these shabby, dilapidated clothes, is to win a new suit from de Lignery, who's the only decently-dressed Frenchman in the fort—wonder who made that slashed undress of his? the one with the frogs, I mean—and thirdly, and lastly, I'm going to give my parole to Dumas to be a good boy, talk nothing but French, and make love to Miss Fleury."

"What!" laughed Smith, "going to call old Nymwha father, embrace Mrs. Nymwha, and fish out of a bean-and-hominy pot with all the dirty, naked, little Nymwhas?"

"See here, Smith! I've done my *devoirs* to Braddock in drawing him a tip-top plan of the old fort he's after; I've done my duty to myself in making a first-class escape—not to speak of that confounded notch—and I've done my duty to old father Nymwha, in not choking him to death when, after landing our canoe, he opened on us with that horrible, sepulchral laugh. Now, then, what's the use of sulking here when there's so much fun and excitement outside, and when Braddock will release us in two days? I want to get the run of this fort before our General gets here. I'd love to set up housekeeping in that blasted old de Beaujeu's

quarters. I'd like to do a month's fishing, and hunting, and courting about here. Where would you have better, lad? and what more lovely courting material could you find than Captain Pipe's sweet daughter? Blamed if she isn't the—"

"Yes, yes! but do you think, sir, Braddock will take the fort so easy? There's a deal of Indians camping around, and all seem very confident hereabouts."

"Look here, Jimmy! you and I'll have to quarrel, straight, if you even hint that doubt again. You don't know Braddock; why, I've seen him, in Hyde Park, wheel and turn and manœuvre his 'Cold Streams' in a space no bigger than a parlor floor, and never a jar, or hitch, or interference—just like a well-oiled piece of machinery. Why, he's confessed the best drill-master in Europe! Now, what chance will a set of raw Canadians, chasseur Frenchers, and breech-clouted savages have against such veterans?—each as steady as an oak and as cool as a small iceberg! In the words of the great dramatist, 'I pause for a reply;' But come! let's to sleep, and early to-morrow we'll send for Dumas."

So saying, the two laid them down on the robes so considerably provided for them by the Captain, and were soon fast locked in slumber.

Betimes the next morning, Talbot knocked away until one of the guard made his appearance, grumbling at his impudence, and telling him, in a surly tone, he could not have his breakfast for an hour yet.

"Did you think, *imbecile*," said Talbot, in French, "that I sent for the bill of fare or for lollipops? I want to see Captain Dumas, quick! By the by, aint you our old friend, Pierre Meurice? I thank you, in the name of Jacques Baptiste, for allowing him his visit to the Delaware girl."

"*Mille Diables!*" snorted out Meurice, for it was he

“but that was a shabby trick on a poor soldier, and you, with your ‘bad cold,’ and your Delaware girl! *Peste!* but you’ve found that two can play at tricks! Old Nymwha made it all even. *Sacre-e-e!*”

“*Monsieur* Nymwha, please, Meurice, when you speak of my father; but go, go! there’s a good fellow, and bring Dumas here;” and off went honest Pierre, muttering and swearing to himself.

The Captain soon appeared with an orderly, bearing a good, warm breakfast. “Eh, bien, milord Talbot. *J’espère* que vous avez bien reposé, hier soir.”

“Assez bien,” replied Talbot, in the same language. “Would have liked better passing the evening with your mess or Mlle. Fleury. You don’t bear any ill will to me, Captain, for what occurred yesterday?”

“Surely not! Your plan of the fort was a good and truthful one, and if you had gotten clear off, I wouldn’t have shed many tears over you.”

“May I ask, Captain, what news from Braddock?”

“Certainly, milord; a party of Shawnee braves, who had a most desperate fight yesterday with Jack and Scaroo-yaddy—that was an elegant, drowning game the cunning old redskin played on us; he stands higher with all the Indian tribes about here now than ever—report a small body of cavalry crossing the Monongahela ford, which denotes an entire change of route on Braddock’s part. We have now a large force of whites and reds out watching his every step.”

“And so,” said Talbot, “Jack and the Half-King got off after all, and I suppose Gist and Fairfax?”

“Yes, all; and that’s not the worst of it. The former two have carried off Miss de Bonneville and her father, of whom you have heard us all so often speak, and the inoffensive old gentleman has been cruelly murdered by one of those cursed Shawnees, but his death, from all their ac-

counts, was quickly and fully avenged. That Captain Jack of yours, or, as *we* call him, 'la Carrabine Noir,' must be a very incarnate devil to fight. He don't seem to know the word *fear*. He's a match for our La Force, whom Major Washington took as hostage. I hope, milord, you haven't many like him in your army—but sit to your breakfast, and I'll tell you the whole fight."

After the breakfast, Dumas very willingly received their paroles, and gave them again the freedom of the fort. This day was to be a grand gala day. Although the news of Braddock's approach and changed route evidently created uneasiness and hastened preparations, the ball-match was to go on as announced, commencing at nine.

The first significant sign noted by Talbot, was that a solitary gun was mounted on a carriage. This, together with other minor facts, looked towards either an abandonment of the position without striking a blow, or an honorable surrender provided an evacuation with the honors of war could be obtained. The daily reports of the size of Braddock's army—which was greatly exaggerated—and the order and discipline with which every move was made, had so operated on and demoralized the Indian allies, that there was little to hope in the way of successful resistance, yet still a brave front was kept up, the Commandant's resolve—even if he had come to any—being known to but a few of his officers.

Long before the hour appointed, the whole force inside the walls had taken up favorable positions on the parapets nearest the ground staked out. Here a rude, board platform had been erected for better accommodation. Soon the huge gate was swung open, and a number of Indian chiefs, with a few squaws and maidens entered, and strode their way to the seats. Among these latter, Talbot was rejoiced to see Wau-ki-na, accompanied by her grim old father, and Captain Jacob, another celebrated Delaware chief.

CHAPTER XLII.

WAC-KI-NA AND TALBOT—THE BALL MATCH.

Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet cupid! thou hast thump'd him
with thy bird bolt under the left pap.—*Love's Labor's Lost.*

I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depth of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad, and the thicket hides
With its many stems, and its tangled sides
From the eye of the hunter, well.—*Bryant.*

THE fresh young girl was dressed with unusual care and richness, and looked exceedingly attractive, but very, very sad. Her fine, luxuriant hair, decked only with a simple wreath of wild-wood flowers, was allowed to escape from the gold-rimmed comb she had won at the late race, and fell in wavy masses down her back, even below her waist. Her dark-blue tunic was elaborately embroidered and curiously inwrought with dyed porcupine quills, and trimmed with eagle and wild-pigeon feathers. Her neat-fitting, fawn-skin buskins were singularly ornamented with scalps of the red-headed wood-pecker and wild duck, wrought in figures, while her leggings had a fringe made from the tail feathers of various gay-colored birds, which were attached and still further set off by deftly-fashioned quill work. The long silken sash, also her prize at the late race, hung gracefully from her waist and completed a costume no less tasteful than gaudy, and yet all seemed in thorough keeping, not only with the girl herself, but with the occasion and the surroundings.

Talbot hastened forward to the brilliant young beauty, and when he called her by name, and Wau-ki-na artlessly, but shyly took his proffered hand, the young lord—*blazé* as he was in such interviews—felt more embarrassed than he could have thought possible.

“Why, Wau-ki-na, this is an unexpected pleasure! If that’s your father—and it seems to me confounded strange if it is—would like to know him.”

Wau-ki-na timidly plucked Pipe’s robe, and gave a sort of introduction, when the powerful old chief seized hold of Talbot’s delicate hand, and gave it such a vice-like grip and shake, that the bones almost crunched under it, and tears fairly started to his eyes.

“I think I’ll know the chief now, Wau-ki-na. He seems like a very cordial sort of a man. He must paddle a good deal in canoes. And so you have come to see the ball-play?”

“Yes, Mr. Lord; but Wau-ki-na no want to come, and no want to dress this-a-way, but her father make her. Me very, very sad. Marie—she call Wau-ki-na sister sometimes—gone far away, and poor old Mr. de Bonneville killed. He was a so good, kind man. Oh, Miss Marie, she never happy no more—Wau-ki-na, too—no more happy—want to die;” and the young girl’s eyes swam with tears.

“Oh, nonsense! my girl, this wont do! You’ll be happy plenty, and make some other chappy happy, too.”

“Chappy? Me no understand ‘chappy.’ I like no more my town and people. I don’t go in canoe nor water, not any more. I love only Marie and her Edward—Captain Jack me mean.”

“Why, Wau-ki-na, Jack’s a stern, proud, cross man; I never could make anything of him; he’s sour as vinegar, and as haughty as Lucifer.”

“No know Lucifer, but he no cross to Wau-ki-na, nor Marie—gentle as falling dew. Me love to get near him,

look in his eyes, and hear him talk. Don't know why. Me wish my mother was alive. Do *you* like Wau-ki-na very much?" raising her eyes and looking shyly, but straight at Talbot.

"My God!" thought Talbot to himself, startled at the confiding simplicity of the question, "wonder if she, too, takes me for a female woman; but no, impossible!"

"Why, you funny little puss," he laughingly replied, actually blushing at the *naïveté* of the question, "of course I do. Who could help liking you?"

"Oh, Wau-ki-na *so* glad. She like *you*, very much;" and then, in low and confidential tones, "me don't care no more for Indian. Me like white people better—and want to learn English."

"You would? Well, I'd like to teach you English, and French, too, and German, and—and—several other European tongues. But, come! let us get a good seat to see the play. Do you think your father would want to shake hands again if I offered to take you?"

"Oh, he no care; me go with you," and off the little couple started, meeting Mlle. Fleury by the way, who, after kissing Wau-ki-na—Talbot mentally, but not entirely to his own satisfaction, going through the same motions—took places with them. All was now ready for the great ball-match, the preliminaries of which, as already described, had been going on the whole of the preceding night. The ground had been marked out right outside the great gate and along the Allegheny; "byes," or goals driven at either end; all the bets made across the "betting line," and stakes deposited, and the dances and invocations ended.

The anxious contestants were scattered over the field awaiting the signal—four hundred picked red men, divested of all clothes but their moccasins and breech-clouts, which were fastened to broad bead-belts. Most of the far-

western Indians—coming from a region where horses were abundant—had each a tuft of white horse hair depending from this belt, and a sort of mane of dyed hair or quills, running from between the shoulders to the base of the head.

Two hundred of the young, brawny fellows now strutting about the field, were Ottawas and Chippewas, led on by the fierce and fiery Pontiac—the head and brains in the desperate struggle which broke out a few years after, well known as “Pontiac’s War.” The other two hundred were selected from the Delawares, Shawnees and Iroquois, living about the head of the Ohio, and led by Pukeshinwa, a noted Shawnee chief, and father of the afterwards famous Tecumseh.

Now, two aged Sachems, ball in hand, step forward to the stake driven equi-distant from the goals. The most eager and skillful players of both sides, flourishing a bat in either hand like the modern “shinny stick,” but with a web of thongs across the curve, crowd around. The object of the players was to drive the ball through their respective wickets, which scored one in the game of a hundred. No player was allowed to touch the ball with anything but the netted stick. When the ball passed a wicket, an interval of one minute was permitted before it was again tossed for the next bout.

Now the deep boom of a cannon is heard from the fort, and before its echoes are returned from the surrounding hills, the ball is in the air, the mob of players leap to the centre, and a desperate struggle is immediately commenced.

There they go—the surging, swaying, almost naked crowds—pell-mell, helter-skelter—now up, now down—now here, now there—now packed in dense, writhing, desperately-struggling masses, and now scattered over the field, or leaping, shouting, and giving forth sharp, shrill yelps as

they rush after those who were running with the ball before them.

It was a wonderfully exciting scene—so many strong, supple and well-proportioned athletes—active as panthers, lithe as leopards, earnest as death—all their thews and muscles in full play and in open view. What a study for a sculptor! None could look and remain passive, and cheer after cheer came from the fort parapets, along which thronged soldiers, officers, visitors—*everybody*.

Talbot sat between Wau-ki-na and Mlle. Fleury, and *should* have been as calm, and “happy as a clam at high tide,” but he wasn’t, not a bit of it, but kept bobbing up and down like a cork in a whirlpool, and when, at last, old Pukeshiwa took the ball, and, in spite of all opposition, bravely carried it through his wicket, which was almost under the fort stockade, Talbot was fairly beside himself. He rose up and cheered till he almost choked, and then snatched off his wig and flourished it around in so exciting a manner, that even the Indians about laughed out their approval. Nymwha grinned at him like a Chesser cat. The young lord subsided somewhat as he noticed old Captain Pipe coming patronizingly forward with his huge bony paw extended, and looking as if he wished to shake hands again with him. He then found it convenient to give Wau-ki-na a lesson in English.

“Do you think, my lord,” proudly exclaimed Captain Dumas—the subsequent commander of the fort and a brave and gallant officer—“that all those pretty fellows there will quietly open the fort gates for Le General Braddock to enter?”

“Eh, what! Braddock? Where is he?—Oh, now I understand. That’s not the question just now before the House, Captain; but what will you bet on this play? I go two to one on the Ohio Indians; if Captain de Lignery

is there, I'll lay him a new velvet suit, if I can only come at his Paris tailor. He dresses like a count."

"And yet," retorted Dumas, "you're shouting yourself hoarse over those glistening redskins, who don't dress at all—that is, none to speak of."

To Wau-ki-na in English: "He has me there, Wau-ki-na—but I'll be even with him." To Dumas in French: "Captain, I profess to be a connoisseur in fashions. Now, if I were an Indian—and Nymwha there thinks I'd make a first-rate one—I might consider myself dressed in a breech-clout, a necklace of bears-claws, and some streaks of red paint. 'Tis not exactly full dress, you know, neither do I think such a suit would improve my appearance, that's the *naked* truth, yet still—"

But here the cannon sounded for the second round, and at it they went again. It is extraordinary the interest all tribes of Indians take—or used to take—in the game of oall, and the great skill they attained in it. Matches were sometimes made between whole tribes, in which there would be thousands on a side, and entire days occupied before the game was concluded. All weapons were carefully left behind, and when single encounters took place, which were almost constantly, even the sticks were laid down, and they would wrestle or fight out their little differences, and then join the throng again.

Even the women had their ball-plays, the only difference being that *they* used two balls attached to a thong, about a foot and a half long, and instead of a curved stick with a web, they all held short straight sticks, one in each hand, with which they would catch the string and throw the ball toward their own goal. There were matches, too, between the young men and women of a village, at which it was permitted the young fellows to catch the squaws and wrestle for the ball. It is said, by those who have witnessed these games, that the girls were more pas

sionately fond of the play than the men, and in the frequent wrestles, managed often to come off victorious.

The combatants of the present contest—the first flush of excitement over—now settled down to their work more steadily, but occasionally there would be struggles of terrific desperation and intense interest. Sometimes, at a critical point of the game, and especially when the ball was on the ground, the whole field of players would be gathered about it in a confused mass—pushing, wrestling, scuffling, knocking their sticks together, raising up clouds of dust, never once seeing the ball, but still contending for it long after it had been sent to another part of the field.

There were also innumerable incidents of a comical nature. Sudden collisions would occur. Flying leaps would be taken over the heads and shoulders, and, as it was allowable to impede an adversary in every possible way, sudden darts would be made under the legs or dexterous trip-ups caused, creating personal conflicts or shouts of merriment.

Up to noon, the lake tribes were considerably ahead on the score, but after a short interval of rest, the Ohio Indians went into the game with such earnest effort and determination that they were brought nearly even with their adversaries. The struggle then became terrific in its intensity and superhuman effort. The feeling, too, grew deeper, and the temper more uncertain. Angry exclamations, derisive shouts, and sharp conflicts occurred, not only between individuals, but between whole groups, and the sport was fast becoming hot and furious.



CHAPTER XLIII.

▲ QUARREL AMONG INDIANS.

Rest! Thy warrior tribes so bold
Roam no more these forests old;
And the thundering fire-canoe
Sweeps their placid waters through.
Science rules where Nature smiled;
Art is toiling in the wild;
And their mouldering cairns alone
Tell the tales of races gone.—*Luella Case.*

For a prisoner, it might be considered that on this day Talbot was having rather a good time. He certainly made the most of his opportunities with Wau-ki-na, who seemed to be getting a stronger hold on his ardent fancy than he would have wished to confess—perhaps more than he knew himself. It was very amusing to watch the behavior of the two, for Mlle. Fleury, disgusted with the one-sidedness of Talbot's attentions, very soon deserted him.

The couple gradually tired of the play and wandered all over the fort together, promenaded the parapets, gazed out upon the rivers and surrounding hills, and seemed like two careless, happy children out for a day's frolic. His instructions in English were very assiduous, and must have been at times amusing, judging from the little melodious ripples of laughter that came from her lips.

The shyness and sadness of the young woodland beauty gradually wore away, and she became more engaging and communicative. Even her broken English and qucer

pronunciation pleased. Talbot soon knew all about her relations with Jack and Marie; about her home, her companions, her duties and enjoyments, and was infinitely amused at the simplicity and *naïveté* of her remarks, going off a step or two and looking at her, and then laughingly approaching again, as if he never had in all his life seen just such an odd, taking little witch.

Once, when standing by the big gate and looking up the Allegheny, Talbot said: "And Shaanopin, where you live, is just around yonder point, is it, Wau-ki-na?"

"Yes, and much pretty place. You come soon and see Wau-ki-na. She live in woods and on the water. She show you where be all the pretty flowers; where the bees hide their honey; where you find many birds; you teach me Marie's talk, I teach you how to paddle canoe, and shoot, and fish, and dance, and swim."

"Why you must lead an idle, merry, vagabondish life, Ki-na. Play all day; no work, no trouble, no lessous."

The girl's countenance changed.

"Yes, much trouble sometimes. When snow comes, wigwam cold and wet, fish no plenty, birds, deer and bear sometime all go away, and—" sinking her voice to a lower key—"Indians drink pale-face 'fire-water,' and fight and scold much. That make Wau-ki-na pretty much sad—make her fall tears. Old squaws very cross—winter not good time for Ki-na; she like summer and the woods much as the birds."

"And is your father ever very cross to you, dainty little maiden?"

"No—yes—not so much. When he get fire-water, or when Ki-na very bad; you mustn't," looking reproachfully at her companion, "ask such tings—come, see?"

"Well, to be sure I will, when I get to be Nymwha's son. Did you know, Ki-na, I was going to turn Indian? What kind of a chief do you think I'd make?" taking a

position and drawing himself up as tall, and looking as fierce as possible.

This brought out a musical little laugh and a merry twinkle of the eye not altogether pleasant to the little Lord.

"Oh, you make so funny Indian. Your hair's too much, skin too white, hands too little, little, and you not high enough. When you hunt deer and eat much venison, you grow, oh, so big," putting her tawny little hand above Talbot's head. "You make very nice Indian girl, though."

"What! you tormenting little minx," hastily exclaimed her mortified companion. "That's not nice of you: mustn't talk that foolish way. Come! let's go and watch the play."

Talbot sat quiet and with averted face so long, and seemed so desperately intent on the game, that Wau-ki-na finally touched his hand, timidly glanced up into his face with a very droll, coquettish look, in which shyness and merriment were about equally mingled, and whispered:

"Mr. Lord, Wau-ki-na am mistook. She think you be great big chief like my father; make all the braves tremble."

"Oh, girl, that wont do; comes too late, and's too much on t'other side. I'm very, very angry," and he stayed angry for at least—five minutes.

Meanwhile the game had gone on with varying fortune, but with increased feeling and even bitterness, until about five of the evening, when a dispute suddenly arose about the ball being carried by one of the Ohio Indians through the wicket, and which the fierce Pontiac charged was unfair and contrary to rule. There was immediate commotion and great clamor. The hot blood was up on both sides, and a war of angry words ensued, followed by many encounters in different parts of the field.

Finally, an Ottawa was unfortunately felled with one of

the bats, when, with a cry of terrible rage and with shrill whoops, the lake Indians, with one accord, rushed to the woods where the arms were piled under guard.

The other side, too, made a rush for *their* weapons, and both parties, violently thrusting aside the guards, seized knives and tomahawks, brandished them fiercely about their heads, and with great leaps and yells and terrible whoops, were just about rushing to the deadly encounter, when all at once, the great gun of the fort boomed out its reverberating roar; the massive log gate was let down to make the drawbridge, and a company of armed soldiers, accompanied by de Beaujeu and the other officers and numerous Indian chiefs, poured out upon the plain.

At the same time two Indian couriers, almost spent with running and covered with sweat, were seen to issue from the woods, at foot of the eminence which is now called "Grant's hill," and to make rapidly across the interval. There was an immediate hush of all the clamor. The Indians on both sides stood with sullen, dogged, vindictive looks, as if transfixed into statues. The runners stopped not until along side of de Beaujeu and Athanase, the christianized Cauhnewaga from Quebec and the recognized leader of all the Indian forces with the French. To them they hurriedly delivered their message, which it was evident to all was one of great moment.

Now de Beaujeu advances, and a brief but earnest discussion follows. Curiosity on the part of all on-lookers begins to take the place of rage and hate. The weapons drop to the side, the countenances soften, and all eyes are anxiously bent on the runners. At last, Commandant de Beaujeu, who was very much beloved by the savages, and who exercised over them a powerful influence, strode forward with dignity, accompanied by Athanase. The thousand Indians from so many different warlike tribes, and who were but just now prepared to hack each other to

pieces, crowd around in a semicircle, the various chiefs a few steps in advance.

Then the old Athanase, gathering up his robe and stretching out his arm for silence, commenced :

“Shame! shame! Sachems and warriors—must the sons of Onontio turn themselves into foolish children? Must they, like maddened wolves, fight, rend, and devour each other over a few naked bones? The Great Spirit will be angry and turn forever from his children, if it is thus they make haste to offend him. You are gathered here from many different tribes and by many different roads—from the great western waters and from the big rivers, and for what?—to snarl and quarrel among yourselves? or to fight and drive back a common foe?—one who has dug up the hatchet against you; who would sweep you from your hunting grounds; who would steal away your head and strength with strong waters, and who would drive you and your families from the graves of their ancestors!

“Look you here, brothers!” pointing to the two runners who, jaded and panting, were standing a step or two in the rear; “where think you do these come from, and what message do they bring? The proud, pale-face general, with a great army from beyond the sea, is now coming into your grounds, among your own woods and wigwams, to kill and burn and destroy. Coming, did I say? *He is now almost here.* These two have seen him but a few brief hours ago. They have made haste to tell you that you might know what to do.”

This announcement created a great sensation among the listeners. All animosity against each other vanished on the instant, and the chiefs commenced discussing the matter in low tones.

Athanase resumed: “Brothers, there is no time left now to smoke and talk. Your braves have followed this army every

step from Cucucbutuc (Cumberland). You know its size, its leader, how many big cannon come with it. You have taken some, and killed and scalped others of its braves. General Braddock is changing his course. He now comes by the Monongahela fords and crosses at the Tulpewi Sipu (Turtle Creek). When the sun stood in mid-sky this very day, he was preparing for the march. To-morrow's noon will see him at the Tulpewi Sipu, and the next sun will see him before that big gun house.

"'Tis for you to say whether he shall enter it and drive you across the Ohio, or whether all these western tribes will scatter his warriors and drive him back over the mountains whence he came. I, and my Caughnewagas, have come all the way from Canada to help you do this. The Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowatomies from the lakes, will also go on the war-path with you."

Beaujeu, who thoroughly understood the Indian language and character, followed to the same effect, artfully and eloquently depicting the dreadful effects which would follow if the English were once allowed to get a lodgment in the Ohio country; reciting the wrongs they had already suffered; how the Six Nations, living at a great distance and assuming to be their masters, had been bought or persuaded in their cups to sell tract after tract of western land; how English and Irish traders had come among them, to first make them drunk, and then cheat them out of their skins, debauch their women, and deprive them of their hunting grounds. He then endeavored to show them that the French were their friends; that they lived, hunted, and married with them without wanting their lands, and that they had been as prodigal of their gifts as the English had been stingy, etc., etc.

The plausible Beaujeu used every art and device of rhetoric to influence their minds and lead captive their judgment, but he only partially succeeded. None knew better

than these experienced chiefs, the size, discipline, and complete appointments of Braddock's army, whose numbers they, however, greatly exaggerated. They knew well, also, the small French force at the fort and very much doubted their ability to make a successful stand. Very many of them, too, were tired with the long waiting, and were ready, at the first pretext, to break with their allies. When Beaujeu had concluded, therefore, they broke up into little knots, and discussed the whole matter with warmth and earnestness. Finally King Beaver, of the Delawares, speaking the general sense, made brief reply :

“Our ears have been open, my Father, to what you had to say. It has entered deep into our hearts, and we wish to turn it round and round. We *do* know all about this great army of ‘pale-faces’ which is coming into our grounds. Most of us used to be friends with them, and you, my Father, have done all you could to blow up a great cloud between us. We are not certain that you mean better to us than they. If *they* claim the lands west of the Alleghenies, and *you* claim them also, where, pray, do the Indian lands lay? Are you so bent on destruction that you can ask us to go out with one thousand against four thousand warriors? Would you sacrifice us to save your big gun house? Truly, this is not the saying of a wise man. But we will treasure up all that we have now heard, and to-morrow you shall know all our thoughts.”

Beaujeu vehemently tried to persuade them to change their purpose, arguing that if resistance was to be made, steps must be taken *that very night*, but all to no effect. They answered it was too important a matter to be decided hastily, and they would hold a grand council on it.

CHAPTER XLIV.

GRAND COUNCIL—THE CHIEFS REFUSE.

Woe to the English soldiery,
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain;
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.—*Bryant.—Marion's Men.*

THE game was virtually over; for, although renewed, its spirit was gone, and a "draw" was announced. The usual keg of rum was distributed among the players, but the late misunderstanding had caused a shock, a stiffness, a soreness, which prevented further cordiality. The visitors inside the fort soon took their leave, Talbot accompanying Wau-ki-na to the very gate, and whispering, as he pressed her wee hand: "Good-bye, my winsome little gypsy, we'll meet again. I have much yet to tell you, and soon." He would have said more, had not her father just then turned and offered his hand for a farewell grip, but Talbot had vanished; he would as soon have inserted his digits in a steel-trap.

All the Sachems and leading chiefs held a grand "pow-wow" that night under the trees. Their discussion was protracted, and at times, exceedingly earnest. Pontiac, Athanase, old King Shingiss, and lastly, Blackhoof, smarting under the severe punishment lately administered to

him by Jack, spoke briefly but hotly in favor of an attack on the English, regardless of numbers: but then followed the more temperate and dignified utterances of Killbuck, Kateuskurd, King Beaver, and other old Sachems and warlike leaders of weight and influence. These had lately been estranged from the English; would have been, had they been more adroitly managed, still their allies, and had more to dread, in case of defeat, than the lake and Canada tribes. (See *Appendix U*.)

Prudence and interest at length got the better of valor and hate, and it was finally resolved that it would be madness to think of resisting Braddock's army with their small numbers, and that so the Commandant should be informed. The council then broke up, and all was stillness.

Beaujeu passed an anxious night. He was a man of great nerve and of prompt action, and had for some days back been fearing some such *dénouement* as this. He had watched the Indians closely; had sought out their chiefs for private interviews, at which he employed all his art and ability, but was forced to acknowledge that notwithstanding all the prodigal means used to assemble and hold firm his red allies, they were liable to fail him at the last moment.

Much, then, depended on the resolve of the Grand Council; and early the next day Beaujeu issued out alone to know the result. He soon met King Shingiss and Beaver.

"My children are astir betimes. They have had much wise talk together. What do the great war chiefs say? Will they aid us with their braves to drive Braddock and his dogs into the Monongahela, and make it red with their blood?"

"Our Father," said old Beaver, "is not wise to ask us to do this thing. He would sacrifice us to save his gun house, which is on our ground, and which we have 'warned off'

many times. We are sorry, but Onontio must fight his own battles; we cannot aid him."

This was a terrible, though as we have premised, not an entirely unexpected stroke to Beaujeu. He saw that the capture of Duquesne would be a death blow to French dominion west of the mountains. If they could not stand there, they could stand nowhere. Vast sums and great effort had been spent in collecting and holding together these Indian bands, gathered from far and near, and now here was the fair fabric he had been so patiently and laboriously building, all tumbled into ruins about his feet. The mortified officer flushed up with indignation, and bit his lips with anger. He scarce could trust himself to speak; at last, schooling his voice, he simply and with great dignity, said:

"And this is the voice of the council? 'Tis well. 'Tis better to be deserted here than in the midst of battle. Onontio did not expect this of his beloved children. The time for repentance will come speedily, and punishment will be swift and overwhelming. I know we can beat back this proud and insolent General. We will fight him at the river's crossing, where one will be equal to twenty. And will you let your Father go out alone?" he concluded, sadly.

Beaujeu had, as we have said, great influence with the savages, by all of whom he was much beloved. He managed them with exceeding adroitness, and his words now caused the chiefs to waver. After consulting together, the fiery old King Shingiss said:

"Shingiss and his Delawares will go with you if 'tis an ambush you seek. You would be mad to try a great battle—one against three. 'Tis, as you know, against Indian law and custom to join open battle with superior numbers, but if you choose your ground and lay an ambush, or will

fight them at the ford, all the chiefs will join you, and I speak for them."

"Enough! 'tis all I ask!" joyfully exclaimed the Frenchman. "You'll see that we will, we *must* triumph! You know how these Swannocks are marching—crowded together in the woods like pigeons. Your rifles will shoot down the leaders, and the rest and all the vast stores of booty are yours, to do with as you please. Pick out your best chiefs, and we'll select the ground this very day."

An hour later, Pontiac, Killbuck, and Shingiss disappeared in the woods in company with Beaujeu, Dumas, and Langlade, gone to select the spot most favorable for coping with Braddock's army. They did not reappear until late in the afternoon, having found the locality they desired, and now both fort and woods were alive with preparations. The Indians made the whole night hideous with their revels and orgies. "Fire-water" had been freely distributed, and the "medicine" men were out in force, with their dances and sacrifices and incantations.

The next day, which was the dread day of battle, as Talbot and Smith stood on the parapets, they witnessed a strange and stirring sight, both inside and outside the fort. Hundreds of whooping and yelling Indians were gathered about the great gate, their scalp-locks all dressed anew; their faces hideously streaked with fresh paint; every garment thrown off but the breech-clout, and all busily helping themselves at will with flints, bullets, powder, buckshot, and what not, from barrels which had been rolled out of the fort. Those inside were just as busy.

At about 11 o'clock everything was ready for the march, and off they started; Beaujeu—who had first gone piously to confession, and then to communion—leading off with his regulars and Canadians and cadets in front, and followed by a motley mob of yelling and leaping red devils,

who fired off their guns, and gave out whoop after whoop, until they were lost in the woods towards the hill.

Both Talbot and Smith nearly agreed in their count, making about 75 regulars, 150 Canadians, and 630 Indians.

An awful silence—a silence that could almost be felt—followed, and the two captives sat, quiet and subdued, speculating on their own fate, and the chances of the battle about to ensue, but both quite confident of victory. How could it be otherwise?



CHAPTER XLV.

THE ADVANCE TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again!
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France.

Richard the Third

The death-shot hissing from afar;
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale;
Though few the numbers, theirs the strife
That neither spares nor speaks for life.

Byron's Giaour

BEHOLD, now, Braddock's joyful little army—after having safely made, a short half mile below Turtle Creek, the second fording of the Monongahela—all snugly gathered on the first bluff and under the grateful shadow of an open walnut grove, hard by Frazier's cabin.

It was a stirring and exciting scene. Soldiers, officers, artillery, wagons, pack-horses with their batmen, camp servants, and a drove of cattle, all crowded together, and gradually but noisily falling into the rough road cut for them through the timber by the pioneers and carpenters.

The landing had scarcely been effected, before the Fraziers and Marie de Bonneville—escorted by the two inseparables, Jack and the Half-King—made for the little cabin which had so lately been the scene of such a bloody and heroic struggle. They found the premises undisturbed. All its contents, including Marie's precious packages of



John McLean.

specimens and portfolios of drawings, remained just as left.

The sorrow-laden daughter soon passed to the margin of the wood, where all that was mortal of her dear father had been so hastily buried. The sacred spot, carefully as had been the effort made to conceal its every mark and trace, could not long have escaped the practised eye of Indians, but it, too, was safe from all profane touch. Either their kind feelings toward the old naturalist, their belief in his visitation from the Great Spirit, or the influence of the French officers, had secured the body from all sacrilege, and the weeping Marie, the sounds of fife and drum and the confused tumult of an army on the march filling her ears, sat herself sadly and wearily down on this, to her the most sacred spot on earth.

Here Jack, whose work was in the very van of the march, left her, charging her on no account to leave her post, and promising his escort as soon as the army had mounted the first hills. He, no more than any of us poor, short-sighted mortals, could forecast the future.

It was now past one o'clock of a sultry afternoon. The rear guard had not entirely crossed the river, before the van had been pushed forward towards the hills; Gage, with his three hundred videttes, engineers, light-horse, and pioneers in front, followed at a little interval by Sir John St. Clair's working party, with its two brass six-pounders, and its tumbrils and tool carts. Their business it was to cut and prepare the road marked out for them by the engineers.

The march was to continue until three, and then the last bivouac before resting in Fort Duquesne, or, at least, before encamping down about it. On either flank of the advance were thrown out squads of videttes, to guard against surprise.

The distant sound of the ringing axe, and the crash of

falling trees, could be distinctly heard as the pioneers rapidly advanced—first over the broad and gently-rising river bottom, and then up the slope which led to another gradually-ascending plain, which, in its turn, rested against a line of bold, wooded hills. This second alluvial slope was more heavily timbered than the flat below, while the undergrowth of vine, thicket, and tall wood grass became at every step more abundant and luxuriant.

Adown this second sloping plain—although at that time, and not until long after known to or even suspected by the British—ran several ravines nearly at right angles to the brow of the hill which the advance had just surmounted. From one on the left trickled a little stream, which as it debouched into the first bottom, lost all distinctive channel, and was so diffused as to cause a sort of marsh. It was to avoid the treacherous footing of this miry bog, and to pass the head of the ravine which gave it birth, that the army was mounting so far towards the hill-sides.

The ravine on the extreme right, which sprang from the hills and traversed the whole second plain, was both broad and deep, its sides and bottom thickly covered with huge trees, and having an unusually rampant growth of vines and brambles, and sufficiently ample to conceal an army of ten thousand men.

About two hundred yards from the line of hills and the same distance from the broad ravine just mentioned, commences, right in the middle of the plain, and without any apparent *raison d'être*, a most singular ditch, with a depth and breadth of a few feet at its head, but increasing soon to ten or twelve, and at that time overhung and completely concealed by a thick growth of vines and bushes; of grasses and trailers and the wild Indian plum. Even to this day it can scarcely be perceived, or, at least, its full capacity cannot be fully appreciated until one is right upon and then *in* it. It is a most peculiar ditch, and could

not be better adapted, either for attack or defence, were engineers to devise and fashion it. It could easily conceal a thousand men.

The main place of action was on the densely-wooded tract between these two ravines, with its fallen trunks, its coverts and thickets of vines and brush and grass. The course of the twelve-foot wide road cut through these leafy coverts, was not parallel with either, but diagonal and turning the head of the last described ravine at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the whole face and flanks of the passing army being exposed to a long line of the enemy's fire at an *average* distance of sixty or seventy yards.

This then was the spot so carefully reconnoitred and so admirably chosen by the six officers and Indian chiefs, whose departure from the fort we described in our last. Here was the slaughter-pen they had so adroitly marked out for their foes. When, or if, beaten by their adversaries at the river crossing, it was to this refuge they would retire, and here would they prepare their ambush.

Not a man or officer of the British army ever dreamed of these ravines, and never saw them during the three hours of combat, and it was only long after the disastrous action, when reason resumed its sway, and the beaten, driven mob of fugitives considered how pitilessly they were pelted and mown down by a terrible but unseen *feu d'enfer*, they concluded their wily foe *must* have fired from hidden ravines.

Pass over these quiet, peaceful "fields" now, as we have but lately done, part of them in grass and part staked out and soon to be occupied by the country seats of Pittsburgh business men, and then imagine them covered with a sombre and luxuriant forest, the ravines choked with vines and brush and under-growth, and the long rows of deadly rifles resting on their edges and deliberately sighted by hundreds of naked savages, and then see the narrow road

choked up with an unsheltered crowd of soldiers and mounted officers, and Braddock's defeat is easily accounted for.

Had the French hunted for days, or had their engineers the privilege of selecting a ground for successful combat and arranging artificial ditches for attack and concealment, they could not have found or prepared any place better fitted for a dreadful and successful assault, or one which could so easily have protected the assailants.

As Braddock and his *aide* Washington—still weak and shattered from his fever and unable to sit his horse without a pillow—were standing on the river's bluff, trying to bring order out of confusion, and to separate the noisy mob of soldiers, wagoners, artillery and cattle, the clear ring of the distant axe was suddenly exchanged for the rapid and continuous discharge of firearms. The crack of rifle, followed by the roll of musketry, appeared to be incessant.

"My God, Major!" cried Braddock, as he leaped to his horse, whose bridle his servant Bishop was holding near him, "the advance is attacked, and sharply, too! What can it mean? Mount on the instant, and bring me back a report of what's going on! Tell St. Clair and Gage to throw well out their flankers! and urge Burton, as you pass, to hurry forward with the vanguard, while I get the artillery in motion. Here! you infernal scoundrels of wagoners and cattle-drivers, get you out of the road with your rubbish into the woods on either side, and let the troops and guns press on! Quick step! Don't dally!"

Washington delayed not an instant, but springing upon his powerful roan, spurred along under the trees and by the side of the road now choked up with artillery and soldiers, all pressing forward with utmost speed and excitement. He soon reached the first slope; a few strides and his horse was over its brow and on the plain beyond. The firing was now straight ahead of him. Officers and men

stood huddled in groups in the road ; some few had taken to the trees on either side. The two brass pieces had just been unlimbered and the cannoneers were preparing to apply the match. The attack had evidently been sudden and unexpected, and Washington now saw Gage's advance doubled back upon St. Clair's working party, and for a brief space all was confusion.



CHAPTER XLVL

THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

He whistled shrill ;
From crag to crag the signal flew :
Instant, through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
On right, on left, above, below
Sprang up at once the lurking foe,
And every tuft of grass gave life
To painted warrior armed for strife.—*Lady of the Lake.*

Consider this! He hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In *bolted* language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction.—*Coriolanus.*

NOTHING could be seen in front but the flashes of the enemy's guns and the shadowy forms here and there of French and Indians as they glided from tree to tree; nothing heard but the crack of rifles, the noise of muskets, the piercing yells and whoops of the savages, who seemed to fill the woods and to be working around in a semicircle.

"Ho! Sir John," exclaimed Washington, as St. Clair foaming with rage and mad with excitement approached to form and urge on the men. "What's all this? The General bids you halt where you are; throw your flankers we'll out, and hold your own—if hotly pressed—until Burton comes up. What's the nature of the attack?"

"Fierce as furnace fire and hot as d—n," answered the fiery Sir John. "Harry Gordon was in the very

front marking out the road when, upon hearing a rushing noise ahead and looking through the trees, he saw a pack of French and Indians on the run, a gaily-dressed officer, with a silver gorget on his bosom, leading the way with long kangaroo leaps. Soon as they got within musket shot, the cursed Frencher stopped short in his tracks, and waving his plumed hat above his head and then stretching his arms to either side, his pack of red devils scattered to right and left, crouched down and slunk away behind trees, trunks, and what-not, until, by heavens, they had completely vanished—not a painted head or hide of one of them to be seen—the skulking cowards! The first we knew, a pitiless hail of bullets rained upon us, amid the most horrible screeches and yells and infernal noises sure ever mortal heard. I'm blessed, Major, if I'm used to this kind of fighting—don't know what to make of it. Our flankers have all run in, and the carpenters, or what's left of them, are huddled down the road like so many sheep worried by wolves, and the troops are fairly appalled by these screeching demons. For God's sake, hurry old Braddock up! tell him we've got the whole French-Indian army in our front, and will have to fight our way to the fort step by step."

Washington, after a few more brief, rapid questions, took in the whole situation and turned his horse's head. He had gone but a few steps when he saw Jack and the Half-King a few yards on one side of the road, each peering from behind his tree and trying to catch sight of something to shoot at.

"Halloo! Jack and Scaroooyaddy. *You* there, my braves? Where are the other Indians? They must scatter in the woods and try and find out where those devils are hiding and what's their force. I'll have Braddock here in a flash." Just then a crack was heard and a bullet whizzed by, going through and through the lappel of Washington's coat.

“Aha! Major,” cried Jack quick as thought, as he raised and fired his rifle, “that’s just the chance I’ve been waiting for. I’ve watched that skulking Shawnee now for over a minute. I knew he wouldn’t let you pass without a shot. That’s their game, the cunning varmints. Pick off the mounted leaders, and the rest comes, of course. Don’t stay to see where I hit him, Major. Old ‘Black Rifle’ is certain as death. Hurry up the troops! we’ll need ’em all, for the savages are in full feather in front; if there’s one, there’s a thousand, twisting and creeping and gliding about among those trunks. Halloo! there’s Yaddy’s rifle. Hit him again, by Jupiter, and a Frencher, too! No bark without its bite is the plan we’re acting on.”

Washington had not far to go. Braddock, finding the uproar not only continuing but even increasing in front, had raged through the whole army like mad, and could not wait for his aid’s report. Ordering Burton to detach eight hundred men and hurry forward with all possible speed, he left Sir Peter Halket in the rear with full four hundred to protect the baggage. He then swore and stormed along the whole artillery line, and pushed the guns forward as fast as possible.

Washington met the General, his eyes fairly aflame and with spurs buried deep into his horse’s sides, right on the brow of the hill. Gage’s cannon at that moment had just filled the woods with their resounding roar, which was followed with cheer after cheer from the British, who were standing in a confused crowd in the middle and on the sides of the road, loading and firing as fast as they could.

The terrible, leaden hail, which had been so steadily raining on the English and shattering their columns, now slackened for a while. The British then advanced on the French in front, pouring in a hot fire, though very few of the enemy could be seen. As they drew near, another

staggering discharge met them, appearing to come, as it were, right out of the ground.

The British rallied again, and opened a dreadful storm of grape and musketry, sweeping away everything living before them, but the grievous misfortune was, that about the *only* living things were the trees of the woods. Beaujeu, the chief leader of the foe, and several others, were seen to fall, while the Indians, unaccustomed to the appalling roar of artillery and the loud huzzas of the soldiery, appeared to waver, and for the moment gave way. A well-pushed bayonet charge just then would have put them to remediless flight.

Observing, however, that the French and Canadians still held their ground in the direct front; much exasperated by the fall of their loved Beaujeu, and urged on to revenge by Dumas, Lauglade and de Lignery, they took fresh heart, and returned to their trees and ravines, through and along which they extended more and more.

It was just at this critical moment that Braddock's horse leaped into the road, and, struck instantly by a bullet in front, fell on the very leap, throwing the General violently to the ground. The grim and infuriated old warrior staggered to his feet, sword in hand, and glared around like a lioness robbed of her whelps. His eyes fairly shot flames, and his face grew livid with rage as he saw his carefully-drilled veterans standing in groups and without order, all appearing to fire at random, while many were shooting into the trees above them, as if their foes were birds in the branches.

To increase his disgustful rage, just at this moment Gage's advance gave way entirely. The unseen enemy had worked themselves along the ravines on both flanks, and, from behind the dense undergrowth and tall grass which fringed them, poured in a most galling fire, coolly and securely picking off officer after officer.

Colonel Burton's command had just come upon the ground, and were forming, as well as could be under such a murderous hail of lead and in such a narrow road when crowding down upon them came Gage's and St. Clair's shattered columns trying to get into their rear, and mixing the two regiments in inextricable confusion.

Then it was that Braddock stormed around with a rage and an indignation which was almost sublime from its intensity. Turning sharply on Gage:

"How's this, craven sir! would ye so basely dishonor your king and the duke? God's wrath! is *this* the way ye've been taught to fight! By the Eternal, but I'll break your disgraced sword where you sit in saddle! Curses on you all for a set of white-livered cowards! You look more like a flock of silly sheep set on by hounds than drilled soldiers. For shame! for shame! Fall in ranks, every mother's son of you, and come out from behind those trees! By the great God above us, men, but I'll cut down with my sword the first soldier, British or American, who *dare* skulk behind a cover! Out with you, cowards!" and suiting the action to the word, Braddock leaped to the road side and actually hit with the flat of his sword several whom he found behind the trees, while others he pushed into the road.

"General," sullenly expostulated Gage, "these insults are undeserved. We can't fight a deadly foe who surrounds us on three sides but whom we can't see. The officers are falling like leaves all about you. The men are plainly panic-stricken. If allowed to get behind whatever cover offers, they can pick up heart and reform when the enemy is found. If not, we'll all be killed, officers and men."

"Killed!" hoarsely roared Braddock, while mounting his second horse. "And why not? Better die with naked front to the foe than blink and skulk like hares in their

'forms.' Get behind trees! Oh, that ever I'd live to hear a British officer and a nobleman's son, too, give voice to such dastard words! Officers, I command you to separate yon frightened mob! Advance the regimental colors! Set up rallying points! Tell the men off into platoons, and hunt up the enemy in that way! Major Washington, bid the rest of the artillery advance and open with grape!"

The word had scarce left his lips, before his second horse was laid low with a bullet, and Braddock was again on his feet in the road, which did not go far to improve his temper. Here Washington ventured to observe, quietly and in low tones: "General, since the enemy's evidently in great strength ahead and on each flank, would it not be well to find out exactly where he is, and how he manages to so hide himself? If we could retire the troops a little out of fire, beat up these woods with the bayonet, and reform—"

"Retire! retire out of fire, and before a d—d dastardly foe who dare not uncover himself!" shouted Braddock. "Major Washington, you are my aide-de-camp to *carry* orders, not to *give* them! *Retire* is a round, well-picked word! It may suit your American militia, but, sir, it is a disgraceful word for an officer holding his Majesty's commission, either to speak or to hear! It was by *retiring*, as you well call it, that Forts Duquesne and Necessity were given up by you last year to the French! Damme, sir, it has been so much retiring that brings me and my army on this field! Here, orderly, bring me another mount!"

Washington's pale face flushed up with indignation at this stinging, but totally undeserved taunt, the more galling since Braddock had repeatedly given his approval of the '54 campaign. Seeing the General's obstinate temper, and knowing he had no right to offer advice, he put spurs to his horse and was soon over the hill to hurry up the artillery.

"That's right, officers!" hoarsely shouted Braddock, soon as he was again mounted. "Tell off your men into small parties, advance on a double-quick, and drive those d—d skulking vagabonds from their hiding places!"

It was useless. By this time the confident and whooping savages had enveloped both flanks, while a most galling concentric fire was poured in upon the panic-stricken army, which was particularly severe upon the officers.

In vain these officers, with unparalleled bravery, put themselves repeatedly at the head of small parties and advanced with cheers upon the hidden foe. Distinguished by their horses and uniforms, they were simply sacrificed.

In the dark and narrow road, surrounded on all sides by gloomy trees and dense thickets, were crowded close together the panic-stricken wretches, appalled at the fatal fires of foes whom they never saw. Many fired away into the air; many more brought down their own men.

Wherever a puff of smoke was seen, off went the soldiers' muskets; while all around, securely hidden in those mysterious, unsuspected ravines, lay a screeching, murderous, insatiate foe, their rifles or muskets loaded with both bullet and buckshot, peering through grass and bushes, resting them on the brinks, gathering more and more confidence with each fatal volley, and making the forest echo with demoniac yells and whoops and savage clamor.

Occasionally a naked and hideously-painted savage would break from cover, and rush forward with fearful screech, to secure the scalp of some officer he had shot. Then would follow a volley of musketry from the poor soldiers, killing or wounding their own fellows more than damaging the enemy.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SIR PETER HALKET'S DEATH—FEARFUL SLAUGHTER.

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish—*As You Like It.*

One effort—one—to break the circling host;
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrow ring compressed, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet;
Oh! now they fight in firmest file no more;
Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down and trampled o'er.

Byron's Corsair.

WHAT followed deserves not the name of battle; it was simply a horrible slaughter. Once Colonel Burton managed to gather a hundred men and advanced towards a rising ground in front, the very centre of the French position, but upon his being disabled by a rifle ball, the rest retired precipitately.

By this time Sir Peter Halket came up with reinforcements, but too late for good. The men were hopelessly disordered and panic-stricken, firing off all their ammunition, quarrelling with their brave officers, who threw themselves from their horses and led them repeatedly on foot, but only to be swept into eternity.

The only thing for Braddock to do when he found himself caught in this horrid slaughter-pen, was, manifestly, to

retire his forces while he had them yet under control; throw out scouting parties to beat up the enemy's position; bring up his artillery to the ends of the ravines and thoroughly rake them with grape and canister, or to rout out the securely-hidden foe with the bayonet. Indians have never yet been found able to withstand a bayonet charge. The cold steel at close quarters demoralizes. They quiver, break and fly.

This was what both Halket and Washington urged him to do, but to no purpose. He raged along the road like a fury; drove back his men by the sword and seemed determined to overcome by mere force of drill and obstinacy. Indeed, it is uncertain whether he now could have executed the manœuvre. No soldiers—not even Cumberland's veterans—could long withstand a deadly and concentrated fire from front and both flanks.

The fact that the fatal flashes and puffs of smoke and volleys seemed to come right out of the ground and from unseen foes, while the whole air and woods around rang full of savage yells and horrible screechings, completed the demoralization. Many afterwards declared that during the whole three hours' contest they had never once seen a foe; while others would not assert that they had seen over half a dozen. It is only wonder that soldiers so wretchedly posted and so badly commanded, could stand it as long as they did. (See *Appendix V.*)

The provincials suffered as much as the British soldiers. Whenever and wherever they could, they took to the trees. It is even asserted, and we think it probable, that some of the officers who, by Braddock's explicit command, attempted to beat back into the road the men who had thus sought shelter behind trees, were shot by their own men.

In one of the pauses of this one-sided conflict, Washington, who had been kept busy carrying the General's orders

—the other aides, Orme and Morris, having been wounded—saw Col. Halket, grim and weary-looking, standing dismounted under a huge oak, and leaning heavily against its massive trunk. Hastening up and out a little from the fire, he anxiously inquired,

“I trust, Sir Peter, you are not very badly hurt?”

“Na, na, Geordie; but Ise gotten eneuch. 'Tis joost aboon my baldric. Wha culd luke to go thro' siccau an awsome day wi'out scaur or scaith. I ha'e fear Ise ta'en a strong grippit o' death. I am sair, sair forfoughten, but, ne'er fear, mon, but wha' the auld Sir Peter will e'er present a heckle to his foes.”

“Oh, 'tis not so bad as that, Colonel,” said Washington; “but you, like the rest of us, have received your baptism of fire. 'Tis a gory field, and the end's not yet.”

“D'ye mind, Major, the 'secon-sight' I tauld ye of yestreen and the vision of bluid? Said I not recht?—but, na'e ye seen Jamie, laddie?”

“I have, Sir Peter; there he stands, and unhurt.”

“'Tis strange, verra strange. 'Tis the bairn Francis, and not James that's hurt and ta'en to the rear, alang wi' Sir John Sinclair, Col. Burton, Gladwin, and mony ithers. Oh, but this is a sorra day! Braddock's joost lost his fourth horse. The fule carle thinks he's fightin' on the broad plains o' Flanders. 'Tis eneuch amaist to drive one distraught to see him trying to wheel and manœuvre a whail army, shoulther to shoulther, in a twal-fut road. I ha'e beggit him to let his men tak to the woods, but the dour deevil wi' not. He's clean daft, Geordie, clean daft.”

“Well, Colonel,” said Washington, “no use to discuss the General now. You need immediate attention. I'll send some soldiers to take you to the rear.”

Washington had scarce gone a hundred paces before a bullet, sped by an Indian rifle from the ravine, struck Hal-

ket straight through the heart. Just as he was falling, his son James rushed forward and caught him in his arms. He, too, was at the same instant mortally struck, and both fell together, locked in each other's embrace, and this was the last of the old Scotch nobleman.

The two bodies lay, just where they fell, for years, through summer's heat and winter's snow—" 'mid all the wreck of the spiteful elements." We will hereafter relate how, three years after, two skeletons were found locked together, and in how singular a manner the young Sir Peter Halket identified them as those of his father and brother.

The Provincials—the American militia of whom Braddock was so contemptuous—were among the last to yield the hill. Among them were Jack, Gist, Waggoner, Scarooaddy and others of the more cool and collected scouts and rangers, who had, wherever they could obtain a "coign of vantage," kept up a desultory fire upon the foe.

About this time Jack, his face all begrimed with powder, his bullets almost all spent, his eyes glowering and teeth clenched in a sort of bull-dog fixedness, was sullenly retiring from tree to tree hotly pushed by some Ottawa Indians, when he noted the approach of our old acquaintance, Captain Waggoner of the Virginia Rangers, with what was left of his men. They were doggedly retreating step by step, casting many an anxious look behind.

"Waggoner," exclaimed Jack, "'tis a crying shame that we should stay here and be butchered for the mad whims of a man, who may be as brave as Julius Cæsar but who's also as crazy as a loon. Now, I've been studying the lay of these lurking red devils, and from the line of their fire, I feel certain their whole position can be turned from that huge fallen tree yonder, lying just on the rise of the hill. What say you? Can you take your men, and let us run for it?"

“Good! Jack. Give me your hand on’t, old hickory! I’m with you till death. I can depend on what is left of my company to a man, and think I can get enough rangers from Dobb’s, Dagworthy’s, Stevens’ and Peyronies’ companies to make the attempt. Ho!” he shouted in clear, ringing tones, “American rangers, stay one moment! We’ve tried fighting Indians on the British plan, and if we go on one short half hour longer, we’ll not have a whole scalp left. Captain Jack proposes to run forward and take possession of yonder huge log, which commands the enemy’s position and will give us complete protection, and we’ll route those cursed, yelping, barking devils down there, quicker’n you could scrunch a nest of rattlesnakes. All who want to redeem this disgraceful day and strike at least *one* stout blow for victory, follow me!”

A hearty cheer rang out, and about eighty American rangers, including, also, Jack, Scarooyaddy, Alaquippa’s two sons, Gist, Fairfax, and two other friendly Indians, agreed to follow.

“Now, lads, all load up, and sling each man of you around his tree and draw their fire:”

“So;” as a brisk volley came from the foe. “Now for it,” and Jack and Waggoner leading, they darted rapidly forward, rifles cocked, all ready in trail and losing only three men by the way.

“Now!” shouted Waggoner, “spread yourselves along snug and fire one volley all together, and then every man load and fire at will, and if we don’t have some little to boast of this day, my name’s not Tom Waggoner. Look! Jack; look! D’ye see the painted slippery devils wriggling and gliding away! Aha! we’ve got ’em, every pop! Now for it, boys! Quick! quick! before you lose ’em. Ready! Take aim! *Fire!*”—and a tremendous volley and red line of flame leaped from their rifles.

“Ha!” yelled Jack, springing to his feet with excitement, as he saw a whole raft of Indians break cover. “One more like that and we’ll have scalps enough to buy a farm apiece. Hurrah! boys; hur—”

His words were drowned by the roar of guns and a general discharge of musketry behind him, and at least forty of the eighty fell killed and wounded by the fire from the mob of British regulars in their rear, who loaded and fired wherever they saw a flash or smoke.

“My God!” gasped Jack, the first to recover from the dreadful shock which seemed to paralyze and hold speechless all that were left. “Shot by our own men, as I’m a living sinner! Worse than murder, by heavens! Come, Waggoner and Yaddy, it’s no use. The day’s lost when British soldiers can thus slaughter their betters.”

Another volley was poured on their doomed heads, until fifty out of the gallant little band were either killed or wounded, and the rest were put to a hasty flight. Their rage, disgust and indignation can be imagined but not described.*

Braddock, almost all his best officers either killed or wounded, and all the ammunition shot away, found it now almost impossible even to effect a safe or orderly retreat. The Indians, having little more to fear from the army on the hill plain, had now worked down the ravines until they appeared on the first “bottom,” and commenced to attack the baggage.

The flank parties posted for its security all but one ran in. A great number of horses and some drivers were shot down, while the rest, cutting loose the best horses in the

* This awful disaster to Waggoner’s volunteer movement, the only one of the day which promised success, is historical; indeed the whole account of this battle is based on information carefully gathered from every possible source, and can be taken as reliable.

teams, mounted and were off. The cannon did some service, and, commanded and sometimes even served by Washington himself, had for sometime kept off the foe, but the spot was so woody that very little execution could be done.



CHAPTER XLVIII.

BRADDOCK'S RETREAT AND DEATH.

So fall my visioned splendors to the earth,
And all our schemes, so grand and absolute,
Melt like a bubble touched by some child's hand.
Out upon life! We are the jest and sport
Of every breeze that blows—*Peterson.*

Just at this juncture, Braddock himself, who had had five horses killed under him and whose clothes had been riddled with bullets, received a mortal wound while standing beneath a large tree on the brow of the second rise. The ball passed through his right arm, lodging deep in his lungs. The order he was just giving was left unfinished on his lips. Falling from his horse, there the brave but unfortunate General lay, with but a few friends around him and all his drilled veterans flying off in headlong, disgraceful flight. "They ran," wrote Washington in his first letter after the battle, "as sheep pursued by the dogs, and it was impossible to rally them."

It is related by George Croghan, the famous Indian Interpreter, that Braddock, unwilling to survive the disgrace of his defeat, disgusted at his desertion by the famous soldiers "who had served with the Duke," and probably tormented by the pains from his wound, refused to be carried from the field, insisted upon being left alone, and finally tried to possess himself of Croghan's pistol, wherewith to make an end of himself.



CAPTAIN ORME.

Be this as it may, Captain Orme, wounded as he was, offered sixty guineas to any of the regulars who would carry him off the field, but in vain. It was a *Sauve qui peut* rout with the regulars and "devil take the hindmost."

Captain Stewart, of Virginia, commander of the body guard of light horse, and Braddock's own "aide" Captain Orme, carried the dying General off the field, put him in a tumbril, then upon a fresh horse, and thus the old veteran was borne from the scene of his defeat. It was a custom in those days for every officer to carry a sash of scarlet, silken net-work, with which to bear him, if wounded, from the field. The sash in which Braddock was this day carried, the date of its manufacture (1707) and the initials E. B. wrought in the woof, and the blood-red stains upon its netting still visible, is said to be yet preserved in the family of the late President Taylor.

The fall of the General destroyed all semblance of further opposition. Every aide but Washington and every field officer was struck down. About nine hundred out of the fourteen hundred men, and sixty-three out of the eighty-six officers were either killed or wounded, and the rest scarce waited for the drums to sound the retreat. All, all was abandoned! Horses, cattle, wagons, artillery, military chest, personal baggage, *every thing*—and what was worse, almost *every person* who was badly wounded.*

* There were two exceptions worthy of special note. Captain Treby of the 44th was so desperately wounded as to be unable even to crawl to the nearest bushes to avoid the pursuing Indians. While the herd of fugitives went trooping by, his woful situation arrested the attention of a gentleman volunteer named Farrel, who placed the sufferer on his own back and so carried him until out of danger. At the first fire, Captain John Conyngham's horse was shot down and he himself very severely wounded. Falling under his horse, and being unable to rescue himself, his soldiers "for the love they bore him," rushed to his rescue and finally carried him in triumph to a place of safety, although many were shot dead in the attempt.

Down, down the fugitive mob rushed to the ford, over which they had passed with such pageantry and enthusiasm in the morning. The whole route was strewn with guns, military trappings, and even clothing—all which could impede flight. About fifty Indians pursued even to the Monongahela, tomahawking several in the passage.

It was well that the savages, glutted with blood, laden down with scalps, or having a wholesome fear of Dunbar's army still in the rear, turned aside from the monotony of slaughter to the work of gathering the rich spoils of the disastrous field. Had they chosen to pursue across the river, or had they gone up the same bank and waited at the other ford, two miles above, for the poor, panting, exhausted, and panic-stricken fugitives, as they crossed the stream for the fourth time that day, but few would have been left to tell the sad and disgraceful tale.

But happily, and it is a well-attested historical fact, the French and Indians were about as much frightened as the British. After hastily tearing away the scalps from both living and dead lying on the fatal field; after having loaded themselves and the captive beasts with all manner of spoils and killed all the horses they could not take with them, they spiked the British artillery and burst all the shell, and only followed the route of the British fugitives when they learned from deserters that the panic with Dunbar's reserves was even greater than with the army in the field.

Scarcely believing that this disgrace, which was at the time considered throughout the country as far greater, more inexcusable, and more disastrous in its consequences than even the defeat and flight of Braddock's army, could be possible, Dumas—Beaujeu's successor—then sent a force to follow the route, and to destroy all that "Dunbar the Tardy," in his pusillanimity, had left.

This headlong, disgraceful flight is an unwelcome theme

and not being directly connected with our story, we care not to dwell on it, except to say that about a quarter of a mile on the other side of the river, a hundred men were prevailed upon to make a brief stand at a favorable point. Braddock and some wounded officers remained there an hour or so, but soon all the soldiers sneaked off, and Washington, sick, exhausted and fever-stricken as he was, and having so lately passed through a most terrible ordeal, with two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat, was dispatched by Braddock to Dunbar to forward wagons, provisions, etc., to the wounded.

He rode sad and oppressed during the whole of that wet, long and dismal night; through dark, gloomy forests, frequently having to dismount to grope for the path, and reached Dunbar—whose camp was in an incredible state of alarm and confusion from reports brought by the frightened wagoners—by sunrise the next morning. His wretched feelings during that truly doleful ride can better be imagined than described. Thence, being still very feeble, he retired to Mt. Vernon to recruit his shattered health.

It is a well-attested fact, that in 1770—fifteen years after this battle—Washington, when travelling on the Big Kana-wha, was visited by an old Indian chief, who stated that he had been present at the battle of Braddock's Fields and had not only often fired on Washington himself but had instructed his young warriors to fire; but finding it in vain, had come to the conclusion that he was protected by the Great Spirit and was preserved for a great future. So, indeed, he was.

We may pause by the way one moment to follow Braddock till death released him. He remained under the faithful care of Captain Stewart; was first carried on horseback and afterwards conveyed by soldiers in his sash, fastened on poles as a "stretcher."

At 10 P. M. on the tenth, the day after the battle, he reached Gist's plantation. Next morning he arrived at Dunbar's camp, high up in the Laurel Hill, six miles from the present city of Uniontown, where the half-famished fugitives from the battle-field were constantly coming in and soldiers deserting by the score without ceremony.

Braddock's strength was now rapidly ebbing away. He had abandoned all hope of achieving anything; and it is to be supposed that the sufferings of his mind were far greater than those of his body. He still issued his commands, and confidently expecting pursuit and knowing that Dunbar's panic-stricken force was in a most shameful and dangerous state of demoralization, ordered the destruction of the immense stores of arms, wagons, powder, and provisions, resuming his march towards Cumberland on the 12th. These orders were not fit for a British officer to give, nor for one to obey. Want of horses and demoralization of his army were Dunbar's excuses.

On the 13th, Braddock was evidently sinking fast. Ever since the retreat commenced, he had preserved an almost unbroken silence. His dying hours were very much embittered, and it would have been far better had he left his remains on the carnage field.

The only allusions he made to the fate of the battle, was to softly repeat to himself once or twice: "Who would have thought it?" Turning to Orme: "We shall better know how to deal with them another time!" and these were his parting words.

A few moments later he breathed his last at 8 P. M. Sunday, the 13th, and was buried the next morning right in the middle of the road—Washington reading the funeral service over his grave. The troops, wagons, and artillery passed over the place to destroy all traces and prevent discovery and mutilation by the enemy, supposed to be in pursuit. (See *Appendix W.*)

About 1823, some laborers, while working on this road, exposed these last "unwept, unhonored, and unsung" remains. They were still distinguishable by their military trappings. It is asserted that some were sent to Peale's Museum, Philadelphia, while the rest were re-interred under a tree near by.

This tree has, in these present times, either by "Decay's effacing fingers," or by the spoliations of relic hunters, been reduced to a mere rotten stump. It remained for Josiah King and John Murdock, of Pittsburgh, to rescue the spot from total neglect. In December, 1871, they proceeded to the forsaken grave, situate on the farm of James Dixon, nine miles east of Uniontown, and planted about it a number of elms, spruces, larches and willows. Should any fail to grow, they will be replaced, and Mr. Dixon having agreed to surround the spot with a strong fence, it is to be hoped that thus the last resting place of the brave but rash and unfortunate General will be marked out to generations yet to come.

We scarce deem it worth while to allude to a Pennsylvania tradition, industriously circulated and generally believed throughout the whole country for half a century, that Braddock fell by the hands of one of his own men.

Thomas Fausett, a sort of mountain hermit of Fayette county, wild, uncouth and gigantic in his appearance, distinctly claimed for himself that he killed Braddock to save the remnant of the army from destruction, and to revenge the cutting down of his brother Joseph by Braddock for taking position behind a tree.

Hon. Winthrop Sargent, who, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, published the only full and reliable history of Braddock's expedition and battle has most carefully and thoroughly examined this Fausett romance, sifting all the evidence on which its credibility rests, and unhesitatingly pronounces it unworthy of cre-

dence. In this dictum we most heartily concur. There is not a tittle of trustworthy evidence to support the story. All cotemporary authorities are totally silent concerning any such feat, and Fausett's own tale—as well as are the accounts of those who uphold his claim—is bungling, absurd, and inconsistent.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

MARIE GONE—JACK ON THE TRAIL.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
Where he bore the maiden away ;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet,
Than the blast hurries the vapor and sleet
O'er the wild November day.—*Bryant.*

SOON as the fierce tempest of battle and the cloud of hurtling bullets had fairly swept the beaten forces over the slope and down upon the lower flat, Jack felt that all was over. He saw the "beginning of the end."

Knowing that the ruthless savages would soon spread as a red cloud over the plain, and anxious for the fate of Marie—though absent not forgotten—he called on the Half-King, and while Jack hurried towards Frazier's cabin, the latter proceeded to the woods' edge where last he had seen Marie.

All silent and desolate. Jack, his heart heavy and his brain fairly in a whirl from apprehension, then made for the old naturalist's grave. Unhappy man! No Marie to be seen. All deserted. Her horse, which was tied near, gone too—not a trace of either.

Back again to the cabin, his limbs in a tremor; now out upon the bluff, gazing wistfully over the water.

Amid a group of fugitives crossing the stream—at that time exceeding low—he recognized Lieutenant Frazier, wife and daughter on their horses, but no Marie. He

scarce knew what to think or do. He was fairly stunned. His breath came thick and fast, and he leaned wearily against the cabin to regather his dazed senses.

A touch on the shoulder startled him. It was the Half-King.

"My brother does not see clear to-day," he said, in earnest and sympathizing tones. "The loss of the 'Wood-thrush' clouds his mind. Scarooyaddy is now old. He has no young maiden to make the blood fast come and go. When—"

"What is it, Yaddy? Out with it, Chief! Have you any trace of her? Speak quick!"

"Come!"—rapidly leading the way to the grave of de Bonneville. "When my brother lose his senses, Scaroo-yaddy must see and think for him. He has been out on the search. Look there!"—pointing to the place where the palfrey was tied and around which could be faintly discerned traces of moccasined feet.

Jack gazed first at the prints, and then at the Half-King. He was now himself again, although very deeply moved.

"Indians, sure as there's a God above us! Anything more, Chief?"

The Half-King led the way into the woods and down the river's margin, pointing out the plain tracks of the horse, and here and there and on both sides, foot prints, twigs broken, leaves displaced, and sundry other mute but infallible signs.

"Yes!" excitedly exclaimed Jack, "here the horse has gone and Indians on both sides of it—that's clear as sunlight—but no trace of Marie. She may have crossed the river, or, frightened by the terrible tumult of the fight, may have joined the crowd about the artillery; or—"

"Come a little further," quietly answered the Half-King. "What does my brother think of that?" pointing

o a lady's glove lying aside of the road, behind a laurel bush, which the instinctive delicacy of the Chief had left to the ardent lover first to touch. Marie, at some favorable moment, must have thrown it behind her for a clue to Jack, should he seek her.

Jack snatched the dear token from the grass, pressed it to his lips, and said in great agitation :

“Chief, you are right—are *always* right. No more room for doubt. Marie is a captive, and among Indians. This precious little glove bids me follow and rescue her. Anything else?”

“Listen! The Indians are five; they are Delawares; they have passed only a half hour; they were careless and did not fear pursuit, and they will keep the river bank and not go along the hills.”

Jack, knowing well the unerring and almost miraculous sagacity with which Indians discern and interpret the minutest signs, and having had very many especial occasions to test Scarooyaddy's wonderful powers in studying out and following indistinct trails, at once accepted the Indian's conclusions with unquestioning confidence. He himself was no mean adept in all kinds of woodcraft, but in trail-hunting he yielded the palm to the old Half-King. It was an Indian's life business, his *specialty*, as it were.

Jack mused a moment. The great love he bore the fair captive made him less prompt and resolute than usual. Looking up somewhat anxiously, however, he said :

“Well, Chief, you know the awful peril just now, but I'd follow that trail if it led into King Shingiss' wigwam—yes, into the very grave. Here let us part. The whole country is alive with enemies, and I must, as you know, go right through them and into their very nest.”

The Half-King darted a quick, hurt look at his companion and said simply and quietly, but none the less rebukingly :

“‘The Black Rifle’ is very dear to Scaroooyaddy. When his son was killed by Braddock’s soldiers, his white brother came to his lodge and wept and mourned with him, and now that the ‘Wood-thrush’ is taken to a Delaware cage, shall a great Chief turn his back and let his brother hunt his song bird alone? Is Scaroooyaddy a Delaware dog to do so vile a thing?”

“I might have known as much, Chief,” said Jack, pressing the Indian’s hand, and brightening up at this proof of friendship and valuable assistance. “Well, be it so, Yaddy. We’ve hunted many’s the trail together, and I’d be loth to part company now. So step out, Chief! If Marie *can* be found, we’ll find her and save her, too.”

And the twain, taking on the set look, and falling into the steady, dogged gait of trained trailers, passed deep into the woods and along the very route they had so gallantly fought over a few days before.

While so many others were then flying from the foe, these two tried scouts, their lives in their hands, were going directly towards him—out of the jaws of death into the mouth of hell.



CHAPTER I.

TALBOT AND SMITH—FORT REJOICINGS,

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain ;
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art.—*Butler's Hudibras.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel ;
So fast they follow.—*Hamlet.*

HOURS after Beaujeu and his Indians had left the fort, Talbot and Smith sat on the ramparts, gazing out upon the woods which had covered them from view. Both felt confident of victory, but Talbot, with his *couleur du rose* disposition, and with such an exalted and unshakable confidence in Braddock and his drilled army, felt actually jubilant.

“ You see, James,” he said, in one of his gushes, “ Braddock's no chicken. He's an old campaigner—has served long under the fighting Duke of Cumberland and knows a thing or so. Those screeching scaramouches, too, who sometimes positively make me blush for the brevity of their pantaloons and the exposure of their bosoms, have no cannon, and when the first big gun is trained on them and opens with its awful roar—and when the grenadiers, with their muff caps, commence to throw their grenades, 'twill be just like—like—what *will* it be like, Smith ? ”

“ I'll swear *I* don't know, Mr. Talbot ; tell me. Miss Fleury chasing the fort chickens ? ”

"Pshaw! Why, like a fox jumping into a warren of rabbits, to be sure! You'll see those red rascals trooping back into their holes absolutely white in the face, and old father Nymwha at the head of them; but, by jove, here comes your Miss Fleury and looking pretty as a pink, too. Bon jour, mademoiselle!"

"Good day, milord," replied the doctor's daughter, appearing somewhat anxious and nervous. "I fear we're about to have a terrible battle. What *will* become of us, should your General be victorious? Has he a very superior force, milord?"

"Well, mademoiselle, not so much as regards quantity, but in quality—if you'll allow me—I think—no, I'm sure of it—he has—but never fear, my young lady, you may expect the most generous and courteous treatment at Braddock's hands. He's a perfect gentleman and a very great favorite with the ladies."

"I haven't, between you and me, milord, too much faith in our painted friends. They appear jealous and suspicious, and if they were crossed in anything, would prove treacherous; but Beaujeu says that wherever they've been fairly matched with the British, they've beaten them."

"Oh, Beaujeu be d—dumbfounded!" hotly answered Talbot. "He's enough to make a fellow swear! *He* knows much about the British, don't he? What's he made all ready to decamp for? Look at those guns and other signs! Why, his own Indians bully him. When Braddock reaches here, by the lord Harry, if I don't get him to make the pompous, swaggering old turkey-cock run the gauntlet of *our* Indians! Yes, and blamed if I wont dress up, or rather down, as the head of the file! But, halloo! what's that?—sounds like the distant roar of cannon. Listen!"

Again came that peculiar, impressive, reverberating roar. distant, yet distinct.

"It is, James, by Jupiter Ammon! and Braddock's army is come at last! 'Twouldn't do for me to hurrah just here, but would you mind telling me what time it is, mademoiselle?"

"About two, milord. Why do you ask?"

"Two? Well, let's *kalkerlate*, as they say in these colonies; about half an hour for the scrimmage, and three hours for the long driving them—that makes three and a half; then a half hour here, accepting the invitation to enter; that makes four. About six—well, may be half-past six—this evening, Miss de Fleury, I hope to have the pleasure of introducing to you our gallant old General."

"Come, come! milord!" flashed up the little lady. "These are strange words from a prisoner. As I can't share with you in your opinions, I beg to take my leave; and I'd advise you, as a friend, to restrain your tongue somewhat."

"Appears to be a little huffy, Smith. May be I *did* show more delight than was civil or prudent; but I never, in all my born days, James, felt so big and proud."

"Braddock's guns *have* a cheery, gladsome sound to a poor prisoner," said Smith. "But oh, they've been *so* long a coming."

"Never fear!" gaily answered Talbot; "they're here now, and I don't see how I can be held down. Every roar—just listen to *that* music!—seems to lift me right out of my boots. I just think I see the grape and canister scattering those bewildered reddies; but, Smith, we'll have to sit around for a few hours, meek as Moses, or these poor fellows wont like it. I wonder if they'll evacuate. Gad, I'm afraid of it."

By this time every man left in the fort was out on the drill ground, or gathered in groups on the rampart, looking intently in the direction of the sounds, and speculating in low tones on the chances of the battle then in progress.

All were anxious, restless and excited, and these feelings increased as the hours wore on. The reports of the cannon could be distinctly heard, now singly, now in full chorus, and each sound, as it came, caused its thrill. Conversation sank to a whisper; positions were shifted; none could stay from the ramparts, and every eye was anxiously fixed on the woods for the first fateful news from the field.

About five o'clock the whole line of listeners was electrified by the sudden emergence of an Indian runner from the wood in front. Almost exhausted, panting, breathless, and covered with sweat, he gave one scalp halloo, and staggered his way immediately towards the crowd who had gone out to meet him and know the fate of the fort.

It was Nymwha himself, but almost spent with rapid running. His news came from him in jerks and spurts, ever and anon interrupted by a scalp halloo, and the glad tidings he brought were soon passed from mouth to mouth.

The change from anxiety and apprehension to that of joy and exultation, was indeed magical. Every eye danced with delight. The soldiers shook hands with each other, and so crowded on the old Shawnee, asking a thousand questions, that the grim Chief was nearly suffocated. He was the hero of the hour.

His tale was soon told. Its burden was that Beaujeu had not been able to reach the ford, where, posted securely behind the thick trees on the river's margin and with Braddock's unsheltered army before him, he had hoped to drive them back; that, although the battle was in full progress when he left, there could be no doubt of the issue, as the English had been surrounded, and were shot down in great numbers; that the Indians had been hidden in ravines and behind trees, and that the Swannocks [English], instead of at once flying or rushing on the concealed foe,

appeared completely bewildered, huddled together in the centre of a ring, and before the sun was down there wouldn't be a man of them alive. Beaujeu was killed, and a few Canadians and Indians, but almost all Braddock's officers had been picked off their horses, where they foolishly remained to be shot.

This was an awful shock for our poor captives. Their hearts sank within them. It was like thunder out of a clear sky. They were the Indians' prisoners, and, if this news were true, had nothing before them but death, torture, or captivity almost as bad as either.

At first Talbot scouted the story and flouted the storyteller; told Smith 'twas as "false as hell;" that Braddock *couldn't* be beaten; that the runner wouldn't have time to bring the news so soon. At length such was his violence that the soldiers began to look ferociously at him, and would soon have laid rude hands on the peppery little Englishman, had not the officer in temporary charge of the fort threatened him with the guard house if he did not hold his peace.

The poor fellow, crushed to the earth, but still hoping against hope, wandered off to the Allegheny side of the fort, sat himself down on the bastion, almost shedding tears of chagrin and disappointment.

After a while he managed to get old Nymwha up to him, in order to question and cross-question him. Drawing himself up to his full height, which our readers will remember was not so *very* full, and confronting his captor and expected father with an angry and indignant look, he burst out on him:

"Nymwha, you hoary old sinner, you! Does your Great Spirit love lies?"

"Me no like that talk from my son. Little 'Two-scalps' must watch his tongue, or my squaws must switch him with hickories. Nymwha ever speaks truth, and is great chief

and warrior. To-morrow he take 'Two-scalps' and make him his son before all the Shawanos tribe."

Talbot winced under this threat, and began fully to realize his forlorn and hopeless situation. He noted, too, a marked change in his once good-humored captor. His temper and amiable mood had plainly altered. Besides, Nymwha looked and talked so sincerely, that Talbot was forced to credit the tidings he brought.

"But, Nymwha, your story seems so wild, I can scarce believe it. Braddock had a splendid army and is a great General."

"Nymwha speak with a straight tongue. Braddock very brave but much crazy. All the Indians laugh at him. Officers, too, crazy—lose their heads. Never try to find enemy. Shoot each other down. No get behind trees, but all crowd thick in road so Indians could better fire. Every redman have plenty horse and scalps. But me go to meet my braves."

Talbot now joined the throng on the ramparts. All were eager and joyful and on the *qui vive* for the next tidings. Meanwhile, every gun of the fort had been loaded up to the muzzle, ready to celebrate the victory.



CHAPTER LI.

THE VICTORS RETURN FROM THE BATTLE.

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil ;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air ;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair.—*Halleck.*

Had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must, perforce, have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied them.—*Richard the Second.*

Just as the sun was going behind the western hills and casting its dying glories over the waters, a loud and constant firing was heard from the woods in front, accompanied by the scalp-halloo, and a succession of short, sharp yells and whoops and joyful shrieks, and the first Frenchmen emerged from the woods, driving before them a number of horses, laden down with booty and spoils.

The news, then, was true—not a peg left to hang a doubt on—and such a shouting and firing of guns and cannon went up from the fort as never had been heard before. The hills about were fairly full of the noisy tumult. It seemed, as Smith expressed it, “as if all hell had broken loose for a holiday.” (See *Appendix X.*)

Soon appeared a constant succession of whites and Indians, absolutely staggering under the weight of their booty. The latter were fantastically tricked out in officers' chapeaus and gold-lace' uniforms; flourishing swords in one

hand, and strings of scalps in the other; silken sashes about their waists, and richly-embroidered baldricks and silver gorgets about their breasts.

Some had on cavalry boots, while others had their painted heads most grotesquely hidden under the huge grenadiers' caps. Here one party trailed in the dirt the flags and standards, while another dragged along the two brass six-pounders.

The victory was, then, complete—too great, almost, for belief. Everything was in their hands, and the joyful inmates of the fort rushed forth and mingled with the crazy throngs outside—catching hands and leaping like a set of Dancing Dervishes.

To fittingly close the long procession, came a little band of twelve British regulars, stripped entirely naked, their hands securely bound behind them, and with half their faces and bodies painted black, a sure sign of their being devoted to the stake and the prolonged cruelties of a savage torture.

It was a sad and most piteous spectacle—enough to have moved a heart of stone. How captured, none will ever know. If they surrendered to the Indians in hopes of quarter and the usages of civilized war, they must have had a rude awakening long ere they reached the fort.

As these miserable and dejected captives approached, their eyes cast down, their faces full of anxiety and apprehension, Talbot recognized Sergeant MacPherson at their head and could not restrain his tears and sobs. He abruptly turned and left the parapet. They were all his own unhappy countrymen, brought across the seas to grace an Indian triumph.

How would his eyes have streamed tears, and his breast have swelled with indignation, had he then knew what he afterwards learned, that half the captives had been tomahawked on the way from the field; that the remnant were

prisoners of the Indians, doomed to die a most horrid death by stake and torture.

Yet so, indeed, it was. They were soon swept past the fort down to the beach of the Allegheny, and conveyed across in canoes to a little island right opposite the fort. The horrid, damnable rites were to take place that very night. The fires were even then being lighted, and the stakes driven. Glutted with blood, the pitiless devils now demanded torture by fire.

Night now fell upon these maddening scenes of triumph, but neither did the silence or the darkness long endure. Poor Talbot and Smith, their hearts bowed down with grief and filled with the gloomiest apprehensions, retreated to the remotest angle of the fort—that nearest the junction of the two rivers.

Here they sorrowed and conversed together, wondering if they would be permitted to question the prisoners when brought in. They had picked up the general results of the battle, but Talbot, who had many friends in the army, hungered for more news, and had just told Smith that he was resolved to give up his parole and share the prison with the others. He would not accept any favors and would again risk his life to escape.

Their attention was now irresistibly drawn to the island opposite, where the flames were blazing higher and higher, and where they could not but note the assemblage of Indians constantly growing larger and larger.

The huge fires, built on a bare space near the beach, cast a broad sweep of vivid light across the water and fort. The dark stretch of sombre woods behind them was brought out with wonderful clearness and distinctness, while the lines and circles of swarthy Indians, as they either walked in front or danced and howled around the flames, were thrown into strong relief.

The excitement on this island grew stronger and stronger

each moment. The eyes of the two captives were fascinated and held spell-bound by the weirdness of the scene. The "scalp-dance," and the "victory dance," were first performed, with such intense vigor, such wild and savage screams, such leaping and grotesque contortions, as to excite the utmost wonder along the line of soldiers which thronged the river ramparts.

And now a brief and awful pause, and, amid a yelling and frantic crowd of painted demons brandishing their blood-red tomahawks, the little crowd of naked British regulars, Sergeant Mac Pherson at the head, are slowly led out and bound to stakes, in full view from the illumined bastions of the French fort.

"Good heavens!" cried Talbot, in the utmost anxiety; "why are the poor prisoners there and what *are* they going to do? What! Why, Smith, it surely cannot mean torture right in sight and hearing of the garrison! No! oh, no! They could not—*dare* not commit such an atrocity."

Talbot started up in alarm. Observing de Lignery standing not far off, he accosted him in French.

"May I ask, Captain, what is about to be done with your prisoners over there?"

The French Captain shrugged his shoulders, tried to look away off, but obliged to reply something, said curtly:

"Not *our* prisoners but the Indians'. I believe they are going to put them to death."

"Great heaven!" excitedly exclaimed the now thoroughly-aroused Talbot. "What! by torture? Your Commandant surely would not permit so inhuman, so horrible, so cowardly an act."

Another shrug and far-off look from the French Captain, as if he wished to avoid those earnest, indignant, questioning eyes.

"There sits le Capitaine Dumas, milord, in his quarters. He is now the Commandant. Go ask him."

"That will I," and running straight up to where Captain Dumas sat writing in his room, and hastily passing the single guard, he burst out in French:

"Will monsieur please inform me what mean the fires and your prisoners on that island?"

Dumas started, grew pale, shrugged his shoulders, French fashion, and finally said, as de Lignery did before him:

"The *Indians'* prisoners, milord. They intend to treat them, I very much fear, in their own manner. We are powerless to prevent—"

"What!" cried Talbot, his face and voice betraying his horror and indignation; "scalp and torture them? in sight, too, of this fort and the lilies of France? Surely Captain Dumas jests. I have found him brave, gentle and humane, and he cannot mean so cruel a thing. He *dare* not so stain the French escutcheon and besmirch the victory his allies have somehow been allowed to win this day. Are those inhuman savages not yet glutted with blood?"

"I fear, milord, the Indians must carry out their customs," answered Dumas, with a shamed and cowed look. "We have already crossed them many times to-day. They are angry, excited and rebellious—have demanded the lives of their prisoners, and threaten to abandon us to-morrow if we do not allow them their sacrifices."

"And you have consented?" questioned Talbot, his eyes flashing indignation, yet trying to keep down his rising scorn and wrath.

"What *could* I do?" the Frenchman deprecatingly argued. "Captain Beaujeu *might* have influenced them, but, alas, he is killed, and my authority is not yet respected. Braddock has another large army just behind him, and I was forced to it to save this fort."

"Forced—to—it?" slowly hissed out Talbot, his slight form rising, and his face so aflame, as it were, with a righteous

indignation, that Dumas fairly cowed before him and appeared insignificant beside him.

"Forced to it! God in heaven! and you call yourself a gentleman of France? I tell you, degenerate Sir, you have done a base, and a wicked, and an inhuman thing—one that dishonors your flag and nation, and that disgraces *you* as a man and an officer. I solemnly protest against this horrible barbarism, in the name of God, my country, and humanity. I call on you to forbid *at once* this awful outrage. Far better save your honor than your fort—your manhood than your garrison. An avenging God will surely punish such *cowardly* cruelty."

"How, insolent Sir!" hotly answered Dumas, now finding in Talbot's bold but imprudent words an excuse for a diversion; "do you, a prisoner and a civilian, mean to insult a French officer in his own quarters?—to—to—"

"I *do*, Sir," calmly interrupted Talbot; "if that *can* be done. I say again, 'tis a cowardly act. I'll not withdraw the word. I'd say it if you sent me to prison or death, or to the same slow torture you subject my poor countrymen. I am *more* than your equal in rank, and if you wish to resent the offence, there's my glove. I hold myself ready at any time and with any weapons;" and Talbot cast down his glove before the astounded Frenchman, and with scorn on his face and wrath in his eye, turned and left the cabin.

The young Hotspur expected immediate arrest. But no. Captain Dumas, whose subsequent career showed him a humane officer, felt at heart the English lord was right. He had no defence; was afraid of a scene; and knowing there were no witnesses, and that Nymwha had claimed and would remove his prisoner early next morning, was fain to tamely swallow the insult.

CHAPTER LII.

HORRIBLE TORTURES OF PRISONERS.

Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me ;
The blood will follow where the knife is driven ;
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain ;
But these are foreign to the soul ; not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall ;
They disobey me ;—on the rack I scorn thee !

Young's Revenge.

Captivity

That comes with honor, is true liberty.—*Massinger.*

THE agonies of the poor prisoners had now commenced. Their doleful cries and groans were swept over the fort. Most of the French soldiers, to their credit be it said, withdrew from the sickening sight. One pitying glance from Talbot was enough, and sent him, his hands tightly pressed over his ears, to the bastion farthest removed from this horrible dance of death.

The prisoners were baited about their stakes like bears, by their merciless tormentors ; obliged to run their weary rounds on hot embers ; slashed with knives and tomahawks ; live coals pressed against their roasting, quivering muscles ; pine splinters, soaked in fat, thrust into their flesh and fired to crackle under the skin ; red-hot gun-barrels drawn across their shrinking flesh ; scalding whiskey poured down their parched and burning throats, and blazing brands thrust into their mouths and ears.

Oh, it was horrible, most horrible !

Happy was the Indian who could wreak upon the wretched victim a pang or torture more exquisite or excruciating than the last; who could wring from him a more agonizing cry or more profound groan, and then to crown all this devilish ingenuity, as the sinking, dying sufferer lost his sensibility; when his nerves no longer shrank nor his flesh quivered; as his horrible screams diminished with the power to feel, then, tearing off his scalp, these inhuman monsters extorted one last dying groan, by flashing gun-powder or heaping coals on the throbbing, palpitating brain beneath.

And all this in full view of the frowning bastions of a French fort, whose flag was never more sullied than on that day.

Sergeant MacPherson, he whose sweet, powerful voice had—with his “Annie Laurie”—only the night before, entertained the whole British army, and sent their thoughts and affections trooping homewards to their loved ones, was reserved for the last. He was the only officer captured, and by a hellish refinement of savage cruelty, his soul was to be first tortured before his body, by being compelled to witness all the awful sufferings of his companions, and thus to enjoy a foretaste of his own doom.

It was almost a relief to him to have these incarnate fiends commence on his poor body, but not for long. Soon a piercing shriek was extorted from the unhappy sufferer, which set Talbot's nerves all on the quiver, and brought him once more to the ramparts. All his countrymen silent in death save poor MacPherson, who stood with hands tied over his head, and strongly revealed against the fire-light.

Talbot had known the sweet singer well, and knew him now. He could stand it no longer. Rushing to the nearest sentry, he suddenly wrenched the musket from his hands, and before the frightened fellow could recover his

senses, he took deliberate aim and fired, hoping thus to end the poor fellow's tortures.

It was well aimed, but, alas, the distance was too great. The ball missed its mark, but succeeded in wounding one of the sergeant's chief tormentors. There followed a momentary pause and stillness. The sergeant turned him towards the fort, and dropping on his knees, appealingly stretched forth his charred hands for another shot which might bring him surcease of misery.

He asked not in vain. Just then there sounded on the night air the sharp, clear crack of a rifle. The friendly bullet sped unerringly on its merciful mission. Sergeant MacPherson gave but one leap, and then lay stark in death, shot directly through the head.

But who was the mysterious shooter who had thus balked the savages of their prey? None could tell. Surely not Talbot, for he was now in the rough hands of the guard, being rudely and violently dragged to prison.

A great hush and wonder fell upon the garrison, and a terrible uproar and commotion commenced on the island. The infuriated Indians turned angry eyes, and made menacing gestures towards the fort, from which direction the two shots had come.

There was a running to and fro; whoops and shrieks followed in quick and appalling succession. A crazy crowd of savages entered their canoes and made straight for the fort. Fearing an assault, Dumas ordered the draw-bridge to be raised and secured. The maddened mob were now at the very gate, and demanded instant admission and prompt punishment on the insolent meddlers, one or two, who had first wounded a chief, and then cheated them of their revenge.

A parley was held. Dumas, who spoke Indian well, frankly explained the first shot, and that the offended was their prisoner and would be severely punished. Whence

the second fatal shot proceeded, none inside the fort knew. *Must* have come from the outside. They would make every possible search for the guilty man.

This speech was received with scorn by the crafty and infuriated Lake Indians, who had already been deeply angered and disgusted at the division of the spoils of the late battle-field.

These now fairly howled in scornful derision. They were not fools to be so put off by old squaws' stories. They had examined the bodies and the wounds, and the bullets had plainly come from the fort; where else *could* they have come from? The culprit must be instantly given to them, or they would seek revenge and abandon the French.

This was stoutly and sternly refused as impossible, and so the angry and insulted Ottawas, after giving one discharge of their guns and a whoop of defiance, retired for the night, and actually marched off early the next morning, but not before killing and scalping two unlucky Frenchmen whom they caught outside the fort stockades.*

Most of the other Indians, as was their custom after a big battle, dispersed to their homes a few days later.

* This fact was ascertained some time subsequently, by some friendly Indians, who went on a mission from Philadelphia to the Allegheny river savages, to try and detach them from the French interest.



CHAPTER LIII.

JACK AND THE HALF-KING ON A TRAIL.

Oh! could I see thee slumber,
As thou wast wont of yore;
When the Indian in his birchen bark
Sped lightly from the shore:
When fiery eyes gleamed through the wood,
And thou wast often tinged with blood.
The tomahawk and arrow,
The wigwam and the deer,
Made up the redman's little world,
Unknown to smile or tear.
The spire, the turret, and the tree
Then mingled not their shades on thee.

Emerson's Ode to the Ohio.

THE trail on which Jack and the Half-King entered after finding Marie's glove, was an easy one to follow. It lay for miles through the forest, and along the narrow ledge between the hills and the Monongahela, and abundant evidence was given of the truth of the shrewd old Indian's assertion, that the Delaware captors were careless and regardless of pursuit.

The contrast between the roar and tumult of the battle field, with all its savage whoops and shrieks and vociferous clamor, and the hush and stillness of these peaceful woods, was most marked and wonderful.

Nothing now to be heard but the drone and drowsy hum of insect, or the plaintive note of a wandering bird—the sluggish water on one side, and the silent, solemn, rock-

ribbed hills on the other. The trees lifted aloft their leafy coronals far above them, and through these secluded cloisters and adown these woody aisles and colonnades, their foot-fall was soft and noiseless.

The two friends plodded along in silence, but with the stealth of panthers; and Jack, though outwardly calm and quiet, was deeply excited. The traces left by the enemy were so fresh, and the object of his search was so precious to him, that his countenance seemed fairly to shine with the fierceness of his wrath, while his eyes were actually aglow with passion, and pierced the dim vistas of the forest as if their very glance would annihilate.

The trail lay past "Four-Mile Run"—on which it will be remembered, the old Naturalist had for so long his sylvan camp—until it came to a small, brawling stream, now known by the euphonic title of "Soho Run," where the tracks diverged directly over the hills. Here the two scouts came to a sudden halt. They looked at each other significantly, when Jack thus broke silence:

"Well, Chief, the tale's told. Old King Shingiss escapes my vengeance this time. 'Tis that old thief and scalp-lifter, Captain Pipe of Shannopins, who must make the acquaintance of 'Black Rifle.' I've a heavy score against him already. He's the pitiless, murdering fiend, you know, whom I blame for the murder of my family. I've hunted him scores of times, but he's ever managed to get off some-hew. Now that he's stolen away Marie—Gods!—but come! Yaddy, come! let's hasten! why tarry?"

"Stay! my brother," answered the cool and crafty Half-King, "that way leads to sure and instant death. It crosses the broad and crowded trail leading from the battle field. Hark! d'ye hear that?" as the first heavy boom of the fort guns came roaring along the river hills. "The news of the battle has reached the fort, and the crazy and scalp-laden victors are enjoying it."

“And where’s the wonder?” bitterly exclaimed Jack. “They were fools else. Sure never did men, with or without brains, march with wide-staring eyes into such a clumsy, fatal trap. Why, the wolves or bears of these woods wouldn’t disgrace themselves, and the old Braddock, too; oh, his troops would show the American rangers how to fight Indians, and they *did* show us with a vengeance: shooting us down like pigeons; turning on their own brave leaders, and running like deer before the hounds. Where would that army be now, Yaddy, if my ranger scouts had not been so insolently sent back to their woods? Oh, its sickening!”

“Braddock much heart, very little head—no more sense than a mud turtle,” moodily answered the Half-King. “His soldiers wear too pretty clothes, make too much music and too many turns. Shawnees and Delawares, brave warriors, and Shingiss and Gyasutha and Killbuck and Pontiac wise and great chiefs. But, come my brother forgets the ‘Wood-thrush’ pines in a Delaware cage. We must find canoe here and go in the dark. Water leaves no trail, and night shuts the eye of an enemy.”

“Right again, Chief! Down to the river at once and hunt a canoe! ’Twill go hard with us but we’ll stir up these yelping brethren of yours. *We’re* not *half-whipped* yet, and when Pipe feels most secure and careless, we’ll be right into his very camp. But let’s stop awhile under yon clump of willows. ’Tis a trifle too early yet to venture out on the water.”

And the two crouched down under the bushes at the mouth of the run, and talked earnestly together in low tones. As some disguise was absolutely necessary for Jack, he proceeded to make himself look as much like an Indian as possible. Borrowing some paints from his companion, he daubed and streaked his face in the most

approved fashion. Then, thrusting his fur cap into his pouch and gathering up his hair, he tied it at the crown so as to resemble a scalp-lock, and made a few other changes, which so completely transformed him that, except in broad daylight and on very near inspection, he might readily pass for an Indian brave.

"There, Chief," when he had all finished, "don't I make as grim and ugly and vicious a looking chief as Nymwha or Black Hoof or any of you red devils? 'Tis not the first time I've turned Indian, either. Did ye ever hear me give the war-whoop? I could make your scalp-lock stand right up—yes, drop clean off, unless it has very deep roots. Now, Yaddy, creep down along shore, and see if you can find a canoe."

In half an hour or so, and just as it was growing somewhat dark and indistinct, a canoe appeared around a point in the river, and came creeping up silently and cautiously, the Half-King dipping his paddle so noiselessly as scarce to make sound or ripple. When it touched the beach, Jack just as quietly shoved out, took position and paddle, and when the mid-stream was reached, both sat down and the boat was allowed to float idly with the current.

It was now night. The big guns of the fort had by this time altogether ceased their roar, but as the canoe slowly neared the junction of the rivers, the clamor from the island opposite the fort commenced to make itself heard. Both scouts pricked up their ears and rose cautiously up on their feet.

"What's that, Chief?" whispered Jack. "'Pears to me I see a singular glow in the sky over the fort there. What does it mean? It can't be that your people have fired the brush to celebrate their easily-gotten victory. Well, no matter! I must do the reddys justice. They planned and yelled and fought well—couldn't have done

better. Hang it, Chief, what d'ye make of it—the light and noise?”

The old Half-King was a picture to see just then. He stoodly firmly erect in the bow, his form looming up grandly in the gloom, his head bent forward in a listening attitude, his eyes gleaming into the thick darkness ahead, his nostrils in the air as it were. He was all alive, from moccasin to scalp-lock.

The canoe was just then opposite the log tool-house outside the fort, whose rough bastions and stockades appeared dim and indistinct in the distance beyond.

“It means *prisoners*,” he slowly hissed out at last, as he quietly resumed his paddle. “The fires are all lighted and torture has commenced. Don't you hear the screams?”

“God in heaven! 'tis true—must be so!” fiercely exclaimed Jack, in his excitement, and dashing his paddle into the water.

It was fortunate the rivers were just then well cleared of canoes. Most of the Indians who were not dancing or carousing in their own camps or villages, had already assembled on the island. A few quick, nervous strokes, and the prow of the canoe turned towards the Allegheny, and there stood, fully revealed to their startled gaze, the fires, the tortured prisoners, the circles of tormenting savages, and all the horrible “dance of death,” such as we have already described it.

Even the old Indian was moved, while Jack was fairly beside himself with rage and excitement. He dropped his paddle and snatched up his long, black rifle, and was proceeding to cock and aim it, when the Half-King darted forward and violently caught his arm.

“What would my foolish brother do? Is he so young and strong, and yet tired of life? Does he too wish to be tied to yon stake, and roasted and tortured by fire?”

“Hands off, Chief!” hissed out Jack. “I’d put a hole through that big fiend who’s hounding the rest on, if I died for it the next minute! Hands off, I tell ye! You’re all devils alike—cruel, savage, pitiless!”

The old Chief’s eyes fairly flashed fire and he would have immediately grappled his loved friend, but all at once he released Jack’s arm, drew himself up with impressive dignity, and quietly said:

“Searooyaddy is now old, and is well content to die with his young white brother, if he so wishes; but will the ‘Wood-thrush’ then sing more happily in Captain Pipe’s wigwam? Will she not listen, listen, listen for the footfall of the man she loves, and wait for his strong arms to—?”

“No more! and forgive me, Chief! I’m but a green boy to-night, and my head’s turned; but let’s hurry past this cursed island and get to the Delaware village!”

The torture fires, as already described, were built on a little semi-circular clearing near the beach of the island, and threw a broad but sharply-defined expanse of light across the Allegheny and the opposite fort. On the very edge of this bright reach of firelight, but quite in shadow, and only a hundred yards or so out from the fort beach, rested the scouts’ canoe. Hence the wisdom of the prudent old Chief’s answer to this suggestion.

“It cannot be. The bright light would make us known to both those on the island and at the fort, while just beyond, canoes are constantly coming and going. We must stay here in the dark until all the canoes are over.”

“So be it, then, Chief; but back! back out, I say! Thank God I’m white, and can’t be made to look longer on such horrible sights or to have my ears filled with such dreadful groans and shrieks!” and Jack gave two or three powerful back-strokes with his paddle.

Almost before he knew it, the craft had glided right be-

tween a couple of canoes crowded with warriors, which had quietly come up unnoticed.

The position was perilous in the extreme. It was well our scouts had gotten deeper into shadow. Jack hurriedly turned his face and stooped as if hunting something in the bottom of the boat. The Half-King, who had quickly taken in the whole danger, had to face it out.

Presuming the canoes were from King Shingiss' village on the Ohio, he called out in the Shawnee tongue:

"Hold there, Mohigans, or you'll run into us. If Shingiss' young men are come to see how Braddock's pale-faces meet death, why are they so wide out of the course?"

"Oh," came a voice back in rather broken Shawnese, "we've been in the battle and stayed to send our dead and wounded down by canoe and to take scalps. We, too, have 'ust come down by water. Our girdles are laden down with the scalps of our enemies. How do the 'Long Knives' stand fire?"

"Not like true Indians. They are cowards all and howl like wolves. We are from Nymwha's village on the island. Our canoe takes in much water, and we go to find another at the forks yonder. If you would see the pale-faces dance and scream under torture you must hasten," and giving the canoe a stroke forward, that danger was past.

"'Twas a narrow escape, Yaddy," whispered Jack; "'tis safer, I think, to push boldly past the fort than risk these chance comers. You have no doubt but that Marie has been taken to Shaunpins by Pipe?"

"No doubt. There's where Wau-ki-na lives."

"True, but what's Wau-ki-na to do with Marie?"

"The 'Bounding-Fawn' loves the 'Wood-thrush' very much, but as she can't spring to *her*, the old father brings the 'Wood-thrush' to Wau-ki-na."

"You're right, Chief. I didn't think of that. Let's straight for Sharnpins!" giving the canoe a push up the river.

The Indian no longer resisted. When they approached again the broad belt of light, MacPherson had been bound to his stake and his cruel torture had commenced. The same cry which had attracted Talbot to the ramparts also excited Jack. Looking once more towards the fire, he said:

“Look, Chief! What! that surely can’t be my friend Sergeant MacPherson whom they have there! It is, as I live!—the sweetest singer and the truest man in Braddock’s army.”

Another doleful cry of agony just then came from the island.

“I tell you, Chief, I can’t and wont delay an instant longer! I will balk those demons and save the sergeant, if I take his place the next minute;” and Jack snatched up his rifle.

Just then came Talbot’s shot from the fort, wounding the Indian behind the sergeant. A moment’s pause.

“Chief,” said Jack, sadly and solemnly, “I’ve deserved this; yes, I’ve deserved it. I feel as if I’d been called a coward and been struck in the face. To be reminded of my duty by a cursed Frencher and a foe at that. He’s far more heart and courage than I have, and risks for an enemy what I dared not for a friend,” and the ominous black rifle was raised quickly and fired with true aim.

“He’s dead, and may God pardon the deed,” as the sergeant fell at the shot. “I’ve saved MacPherson two good hours of agony and mutilation. Back! Chief, back! and make straight for the Monongahela!”

It was not long before their practised eyes noted that there was no pursuit—not even a suspicion. Never dreaming of a foe so near after the decisive victory of the day, and knowing that the first shot came from Duquesne, and the second from the same direction, the enraged savages naturally credited it with both.

When, therefore, the Indians were embarking in their canoes, Scarrooyaddy rested on his paddle, while Jack reloaded, and then both, with quick and vigorous stroke, pushed boldly across the broad belt of light, actually joining in the line of canoes coming from the island, and as noisy and apparently as excited as any of them.

As they approached near the shore, and when in the shadow and out of range of the dying fires, by a dexterous turn of their paddles their canoe was made to shoot out of line and to proceed on up the Allegheny.



CHAPTER LIV.

MARIE AND WAU-KI-NA FOUND.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by
Because my feet find measure with its call :
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small :
The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows,
Expects me there when spring its bloom hath given ;
And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven.—*Bryant.*

THEIR course was now quiet and cautious. They were environed by grave perils, and it needed cool heads, steady hands and brave hearts to steer clear of trouble, but all these our scouts possessed, and soon they came abreast, and then passed Shannopins town—a long, straggling village of Captain Pipe, the noted Delaware Chief, and situated just below what is now known as “Two-Mile Run.”

Just above the head of the island—on which two years before Washington and Gist were nearly frozen to death—now known as Wainwrights—the two quietly made a landing, and earnestly counselled together as to the next step.

It was now very late in the night and little hope of accomplishing much. The first thing to be done was to ascertain of a surety Marie's presence, and then manage an interview and, if possible, plan an escape.

As the two scouts—rifles and knives held in readiness—cautiously and stealthily approached the village, they heard

the tum-tum-tum of the rude Indian drum, and the wild chants of crazy revellers. This was to be expected on the night after so great a victory, and Scaroooyaddy knew at once that almost the whole village would be celebrating the *scalp* and the *victory* dances.

The sounds and lights came from a thick grove of maples and sycamores—which trees here grew of great size and luxuriance—situate some distance off towards the hills.

It was therefore determined that the Half-King should boldly enter the village and try and discover Pipe's lodge, where it was supposed Marie would be found. Jack was to await his report at the foot of a huge buttonwood, which, with its whitened trunk and exposed roots, stood bending over the mouth of the run.

The wary old Indian advanced as rapidly as the dark would admit, and after passing a sort of little clearing found himself on the very edge of the village. It was as expected; the place appeared deserted—nothing but here and there a barking and yelping dog.

The Half-King strode along at an easy and indifferent gait until he saw a light coming from a log cabin about the middle of the straggling hamlet. This he judged to be Pipe's. Hearing female voices within, he slipped quietly around to the back of the lodge and unhesitatingly applied his eye to one of the chinks.

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up his swarthy visage, as he found his expectations confirmed. There, sure enough, were the objects of his search. Marie was reclining on a sort of low couch covered by a panther's skin, while on another robe at her feet, her arms resting on Marie's lap, and her young, girlish face turned to that of her companion with a tender, wistful look in which sorrow and sympathy were mingled with love, sat Wau-ki-na.

It was a group to exact the warmest admiration for its

grace and beauty, and would have interested even a less impressible person than the noble old chief. Marie's picturesque dress was rumpled and disordered from her late journeys. Her luxuriant hair, escaped from its fastenings, fell in heavy masses about her shoulders. Her face looked inexpressibly sad, while the unbidden tear stood in her eyes. She appeared jaded, fearful and restless. While her fingers were playing with the dark tresses of the affectionate young beauty at her feet, it was plain her mind was far, far away, and every now and then, as the bark of dog or sound of distant voice was heard, she would give a little start and look of eager expectancy, and then would appear sadder and more anxious than before.

Unhappily, the two were not alone. On a husk mat near the door sat, or rather reclined, two hideous, devilish-looking old hags of squaws, smoking their pipes of unsavory sumach, crooning and croaking and gossiping together; their wicked eyes, though now dull and heavy, were yet still sleepless and watchful.

Little hope of doing much this night, and yet the grim old chief stood still and patient, fixed as though cut in stone; his ears inclined to catch the faintest whisper from within, or the slightest noise indicative of danger from without. And now Marie in soft, saddened tones, resumed her conversation.

"Well, my dearest child, no use to sorrow longer for me. I know you grieve much more than you are glad that I am here, but it was your father's doing, and I now believe for *your* sake. I still have hope, although all *does* seem against it. If Edward only is safe, however, I feel he will not desert me."

"Me, too, Miss Marie, will not desert you," came in a low tone. "If your Edward come for you, me help you go—yes, me go with you. Wau-ki-na hate this place and these Indians, since she know you. Wont you take her with

you?" and Wau-ki-na caught Marie's hands and looked with earnest pleading eyes into her face.

"Hush-h-h. That would be very wrong. 'Tis not me you should love most, nor Edward, but—"

"No use, my dear, good lady. Wau-ki-na go with you and Edward, if you no drive me back."

"Alas! Edward may be even now among the dead. 'Twas a fearful day, or," as an expression of sadness mixed with fear, flitted over her face, "he may not come at all."

"Well, then, Wau-ki-na be your Edward. She do all she know to make her friend happy—go in woods and on water with her; gather flowers, shoot and paint the beautiful birds, find the honey and wood apples—anyting—everyting, but leave you."

"I've no doubt you'd do all you could, pretty maiden," answered Marie, smiling sadly; "but when did you say the prisoner was to become Nymwha's son?"

"Morrow, and right over on yonder island. All go to see him. He very merry, handsome young brave—very, very kind to Wau-ki-na—like to stay with her very much," a bright flush she knew not of mantling her young cheek.

"And do you like *him*, Wau-ki-na? He's but a stranger to you, and you can't understand all he says."

"Oh, yes," casting her eyes down, and speaking more gently, she knew not why. "Wau-ki-na understand very well. He teach her English and look so sweetly out of his two large eyes—eyes just like a fawn's, Miss Marie. Wau-ki-na like him very—quite much. He make very nice Indian chief, noting like"—with a disdainful, contemptuous glance which well became her brown face—"de rough and noisy Mohigans and Shawanos' young men. Wau-ki-na can't bear dem—wont speak to dem."

"Why, how you run on, Wau-ki-na, girl? I have a care

that the handsome young Englishman don't steal away your heart."

"Oh, my dear lady," with a puzzled, frightened look, pressing Marie's hands tight between her own little ones, "he wouldn't do dat ting. He very good and kind to Wau-ki-na—say such pretty words and look so loving from his eyes. Oh, no! no! me not afraid. You must come with Wau-ki-na early to-morrow, and she show you place she always sit and sing and take swim bath—away up on the little run, where the laughing water come tumbling down and make music all the time. Wont you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go with you," Marie answered, the sad, weary, wistful look again upon her face, "but—"

Just at this moment an approaching tumult of sharp, angry whoops caught the Half-King's wary ear. He rightly thought it was the return of the party of baffled and maddened Delawares who had gone down to the torture scene, and which was so unexpectedly ended by Jack's shot. He had heard and mainly understood the conversation of the two girls, and once even his stern, iron features relaxed into a grim kind of smile as Wau-ki-na's innocence was so plainly betrayed in confidential words; but he was a listener only so far as he might help his friend, and having obtained a clue which he thought of service, he now retreated as quickly and as quietly as he came. He passed unchallenged—unnoticed even, except by the Indian dogs, which occasionally barked at his heels. He found Jack chafing and fretting with impatience and just about to go in search of him.

"Well, Chief, back at last!—thought you'd never, never come. Out with it, man!—did you find her? Where is she? how does she look? and what does she say? quick! quick!"

The Half-King now rapidly and carefully related all he had seen and heard, and both agreed that they would

watch the next morning for Marie up the run, judging rightly that after a day and night of such excitement the Delawares would sleep late.

So far all was in their favor. The presence of Wau-ki-na would trouble them somewhat, but they hoped to find some moment when the two would be separated, or, if this were not possible, then to make the young Indian maiden a confidante and even an accomplice.

The two now sought their canoe, concealed it carefully among the bushes at the mouth of the run, and then Scarooyaddy, who was perfectly familiar with the whole region, led the way to the hilltop and pointed out a safe and secluded shelter for the night. Before sleep closed their eyes, the two scouts had arranged all the details of the escape.

After the terrible fatigues of the day, they slept on their couch of grass and leaves long and soundly, and it was not until the sun was high in the heavens that they ate their frugal meal of jerked venison and army bread, which they carried in their hunting pouches. Of course they dared neither shoot nor build a fire.

Instead of returning to the village bottom, the scouts made their way along the hill cone until they overlooked the valley through which the run took its course. Into it they descended, very warily and stealthily gliding from tree to tree. At last the noisy little stream was reached, and along its margin and beneath the dense covert of trees and bushes which lined it on either side, the Half-King led the way to the appointed trysting place, a full half mile from the village.

The old Chief knew it well, and Wau-ki-na could not have selected a more picturesque or secluded retreat. At this point the noisy and rapid little stream—which then flowed full from recent rains—poured over quite a fall of rocks, its foaming and agitated waters being collected into

a deep rocky basin at their foot. Over this deep pool the thick foliage of the trees overarched, while among them, and hanging in graceful festoons from their branches, twined luxuriant grape vines and creepers. The undergrowth of bush and vine and trailer was so dense and matted on both sides, that scarce did even the sun's rays ever penetrate.



CHAPTER LV.

JACK MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Our life was changed! another love
In its lone woof began to twine;
But oh! the golden thread was wove
Between my sister's heart and mine.—*Willis.*

It was, then, this cool and sequestered nook which Wau-ki-na called her own. Here she was accustomed to come and sit and muse; weave her flowers and grasses, and bead her leggings and moccasins. To this shaded basin, in company with other Delaware girls—but more frequently alone—did she retire to bathe in the fresh, limpid waters, or to sit on the mossy tree trunk, which, gradually undermined by the widening pool, lay stretched right alongside the murmuring cascade.

Jack surveyed the spot with undisguised admiration, and could not help but think more kindly and tenderly of the young girl who had so long been Marie's companion, and whom both so much esteemed. He now, with that natural desire every lover has to look attractive in his lady's eyes, carefully washed off all traces of paint, undid his hair, and made himself look as comely as possible. Taking position behind a dense covert of laurel and vines, he and the Indian then waited and waited, but with very different feelings.

Finally their patience was rewarded. In the distance

could be seen the two girls, arm in arm, picking their way along the margin of the stream and engaged in an animated conversation, Wau-ki-na, however, being the chief talker. Soon the sad tones of Marie's gentle voice fell upon Jack's listening ear and thrilled along every tell-tale nerve of his body. Now a musical little ripple of a laugh was heard from Wau-ki-na's lips, as she pointed out, with expressive gesture, this or that point of interest.

The graceful, engaging little Indian maid never appeared to more advantage. She seemed desirous of doing all she could to banish Marie's sadness and make her feel at home. Her dark, brunette face was all smiles and dimples, and as her little moccasined feet stepped daintily from stone to stone, and as her broken but dulcet English was carried to Jack's attentive ears, he scarce knew which to admire most—Wau-ki-na, or her more matured but none the less beautiful companion.

At last the two were cozily seated, Wau-ki-na gracefully doing the honors. Jack, who stood above them breathless and agitated on the rocks which shut in the little pool, hesitated to reveal himself. He hoped that soon he would have opportunity of seeing Marie alone and of telling her his plan of escape. He could scarcely help being a listener—to say that he was an unwilling one would, perhaps, be going too far.

"And this," said Marie, "is your snug, sylvan retreat? Well, Wau-ki-na, you couldn't have picked a more lovely spot. 'Tis fit for the home of either wood-nymph or water-sprite. No wonder you are happy."

"Wau-ki-na happy once—no more so now if Marie go. She no like pretty much Indian life, and tink of many ting—my dear Marie, Mr. Talbot and Edward."

"Edward," quickly answered Marie, "and why do you think of him? You never saw him but twice."

"Seems to Wau-ki-na as if she had seen him many, many

times. He like a dream to her. Make her tink of mother, long, long dead."

Jack should have retired just here or else made his presence known, but he could not—the conversation interested him too deeply.

"Oh, nonsense! child," replied Marie. "I have already told Edward that you had a look about you that strangely reminded *me* of *his* mother, but how he could remind *you* of *your* mother I can't understand."

"Me don't know—can't tell," pensively answered Wau-ki-na; "but, when he is wid you, I feel as though he belonged to me."

"Why, Wau-ki-na, this is madness—folly! Don't talk any more that way. I've known Edward from a boy, and his mother and sisters. There was one dark-haired, dark-hued little girl, whom Edward loved very dearly; but she was murdered by cruel Indians with all the rest—not one left. He used to fairly dote on this dear, toddling little girl, whose body he never could find with the others. I remember as it were yesterday," Marie continued, tenderly, as if recalling the past to herself, "a child's hymn he taught her, and which this little girl used to sing after him so sweetly, and with such broken, child-like accents that it was a treat to listen to her. Do you know what a hymn is, Wau-ki-na?"

"You told Wau-ki-na dat it was a song of love to the Great Spirit."

"And would you like to hear a verse of this little hymn of Edward's sister, Luey?"

"*Lucy, Lucy*," softly repeated Wau-ki-na to herself, as if dreamily struggling to recall a name or thought about escaping from her; "Wau-ki-na has heard that word—seems like an old, old name."

"Oh, you heard Edward say it the other day, Wau-ki-na

when he was telling me of the murder of his mother and sisters."

"*Lucy, Lucy.* May be so, but long before dat, me tink. Will dear Marie sing Wau-ki-na the little Spirit song? She loves so much to hear her Marie sing."

"It went something like this," and Marie's eyes filled with tears as she commenced to sing, in broken accents :

"Dear Father, may a little child,
Humble and weak, approach Thy throne?"

"Why—why—Ma—Marie!" here broke in the greatly agitated Wau-ki-na, who, as soon as her companion had commenced to sing, sat breathless and trembling, a flush on her face and a strange bewildered look in her eyes; "Wau-ki-na know dat. Listen!" and she took up the tune, and sweetly sang these lines :

"Jesus, the Saviour, on us smiled,
Asked us to come—called us His own."

"My God, Wau-ki-na, what *can* this mean? Where neard you those lines and that tune? It cannot—you are not—why—"

At this moment a noise and rush was heard from behind them, and Jack appeared before the two startled girls, and caught Wau-ki-na in his arms, crying out, "Why, Marie, *dear* Marie, don't you see? It's Lucy, my little sister Lucy; she whom I thought dead, but whose body I could never find. 'Tis as I ever suspected, Captain Pipe was the murderer of my mother. Oh, my dear, long-lost sister," and Jack's bosom heaved with sobs, while his eyes rained tears. Taking up again the frightened, trembling girl, who seemed bereft of all sense and motion, he held her off and gazed intently into her eyes: he then commenced lifting away from her temple the long black hair.

"Here, Marie; why here's the very scar. Don't you

remember in Philadelphia when the hatchet flew off the handle and gave Lucy such a frightful wound? Here's the very place, Marie."

No answer. Marie, overcome by the double shock of his sudden presence, and the strange discovery which was not yet fully understood, had sunk down to the ground in a swoon.

"My God, what have I done? Fool that I was to come on them this clumsy, crazy way. Have I killed them both? Here, Chief! Chief! come quick!" and Jack caught the fallen Marie in his arms, while the Half-King, who had also descended and just then come round upon the scene, lifted some water in his hand and dashed it into her face.

Poor Wau-ki-na was gradually recovering from her shock. During this touching scene she had stood passive, trembling, speechless—carried away by the suddenness and import of the disclosure. Then she had burst out into hysterical sobs and tears, but now, when she saw Marie helpless in Jack's arms, she shyly advanced, caught hold of her brother's arms, gently laid her burning cheek against his and said:

"Wau-ki-na no Indian at all; she Edward's little sister Lucy. She feel it here,"—placing her hand over her heart. "It's all true. Lucy old name—new name. Captain Pipe very bad Indian. Wau-ki-na now hate him—he kill my mother and sister." Then seating herself beside Marie, and leaning her friend's head against her own throbbing bosom, she murmured: "Me love my broder very, very much."

The whole scene, with its rapidly shifting events, beggars all description. Even the old stoic, Scarooaddy, was deeply moved. He actually turned away to hide his emotion, and had never a word to utter. Jack, overcome by the blow he had inflicted on Marie, was also, in his turn,

bereft of speech, and could only gaze dumbly into Marie's face.

At length, as she gave sign of returning consciousness, the Half-King—as much from motives of delicacy as from a timely caution—went a few hundred yards down the valley, to see that all was safe and no prowlers about.

Marie soon opened her eyes; the color came and went on her cheeks; a long-drawn sigh escaped her; she looked first at Jack, then at Wau-ki-na; smiled, and closed her eyes again, murmuring:

“Thank God! Thank God!”

“Marie! dear Marie!” at length said Jack; “can you ever, ever forgive my cruel awkwardness? I forgot entirely that you could not have known my presence, but thought only of my long-lost little Lucy,”—twining his arm around the waist of his happy sister, and looking at her fondly and proudly.

“Easily, Edward, easily, for the great joy you bring with you,” replied Marie, now sitting up and smiling from very gladness; “but oh, it was a terrible shock!—to find you living, then here, and then Wau-ki-na to be your own sister. Did I not tell you, Edward, how she often strangely reminded me of your mother? And to think, too, how the discovery was made—by a little infant's hymn. How marvellous is the power of association and the tenacity of memory. One can never forget. No wonder, my dear Wau-ki-na, the name of Lucy brought back the past to you. Oh, I'm too, too happy! If only my dear father had lived to know all this. There can be no doubt, can there, Edward?”

“Oh, not in the least! The only wonder is that we never discovered her before, but I never once thought of Lucy as among the living.”

“And then,” said Marie, “she's naturally so dark and her hair's so very black and the Indian language and cos-

tume and all; but Wau-ki-na, love, did you ever see Pipe have anything peculiar?—I mean anything which ever belonged to your dress?”

“Noting but dis pretty ting,” eagerly answered Wau-ki-na, drawing from her bosom a locket containing some fine grey hair, and the initials “E. G.” engraved beneath. “My fader—no, *not* fader,”—with indignation, and stamping her little foot imperiously—“but dat bad Indian, Captain Pipe, hang it here dis very day to wear.”

“Give it me!” hastily exclaimed Jack. “Why, Wau—Lucy, I mean—’tis *our* dear mother’s own hair, and these are her initials! Ellen Graham was her maiden name,” and he turned away to conceal his feelings.

It were useless to repeat the long, confidential conversation which followed. No further need for making a stranger of Wau-ki-na, and it was beautiful to see Jack sitting with Marie and Wau-ki-na—as we must still continue to call her—the latter’s little nut-brown hand resting in Jack’s, and her eyes every now and then shyly and timidly stealing up to his swart and bearded face, as if to make sure it was not all a fleeting dream. She was too full for words—could not yet realize the great change which had come to her—could scarcely comprehend it. Her eyes would now gladden, and now moisten with tears. Now she would clutch her brother’s arm and nestle close up to his side, as if fearing to lose him, and anon she would gaze at him with a look of awe and fear.

But gradually all reserve wore away. They talked fully of the past and then of the present. And Marie related how, while sitting at her father’s grave, the noise of the battle and the yells of the Indians grew louder and nearer, and that, finally becoming aware of the confusion at the ford, she was just preparing to go to the cabiu for news, when she found herself suddenly surrounded by several Indians, led by Pipe. It was too late for outcry or escape.

Pipe was quite pleasant with her ; offered no violence, but said the battle had gone against the English ; that Wau-ki-na was sad and restless, mourning for her, and that she must immediately mount her horse and accompany him. This she found herself compelled to do, and hoping the trail would be followed by Edward, she had thrown back her glove. Jack, in his turn, told how shocked he was at finding her gone ; how the Chief had found the glove, enabling them to trace her right into Pipe's lodge, and how the little waterfall, then foaming and dashing before them, happened to be the place for so happy a meet and *dénouement*. It was all considered a most delightful ending of all their troubles, and much was hoped for the future.

When Scarrooyaddy returned, he was taken into council, and it was agreed that the escape should be attempted that very night, and by canoe, as being far easier for women, and as offering no trail for pursuers.

The details were now all carefully arranged, so that there might be neither error of omission nor commission. Jack and the Half-King were to lie concealed all day and to have the canoe—which fortunately happened to be amply large enough for the whole party—ready at early dark at the mouth of the run, which taking an abrupt turn past the village emptied into the Allegheny at some distance up. Talbot, if possible, was to be included in the escape, and Wau-ki-na was to go over as intended, and as if nothing had happened, to the opposite island and witness his adoption into Nymwha's tribe.

The young lord was to be quietly told all by Wau-ki-na, so that he could conduct himself accordingly, and then he was to get permission from Nymwha to take canoe and visit Wau-ki-na, or failing that, to be ready at the very point of the island to be picked up. The two girls were likewise to steal off about twilight, as if to take an evening walk, secreting, if possible, provisions for the journey.

“And now, Marie, and my sweet little Indian sister,” said Jack rising, “the Chief and I must bid you a brief farewell, and climb yonder hill again. Marie, keep you close in Pipe’s lodge all day, and Lucy—oh that precious name again—you had better go straight to the island, and be very cautious in telling Talbot. Good-bye, and may God aid us all!”

So saying, Jack pressed Marie’s hand and gave his sister a parting embrace, and then at once—preceded by the Half-King—strode rapidly away and was soon lost to sight.

The two girls stood for some little time still and motionless. It seemed to be all a pleasant dream, which had now commenced to vanish. Turning at last, Marie found Wauki-na, her eyes looking yearningly and her hands stretched imploringly towards the hill, as if pleading for a brother’s protection. Giving her a warm and long kiss, the two girls, their arms entwined in a mutual embrace, turned back towards the Indian village.



CHAPTER LVI.

NYMWHA CLAIMS AND TAKES TALBOT.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

Henry the Sixth.

A good leg will fail; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good *heart*, Kate, is the sun and moon, or rather, the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly.—*Henry the Fifth.*

WE left the irrepressible Talbot in the fort guard house, and for the *third time*. His attempt on the life of poor MacPherson had, it is true, proved futile, but he enjoyed the satisfaction, before stretching him on his bear skin for the night, of knowing that another—some mysterious person—had taken up his unfinished work, and placed the sergeant beyond further torture from his merciless tormentors.

The gay young lord's reflections were none of the pleasantest. A prisoner of the Indians; about to be adopted into a savage tribe; Braddock's army scattered to the four winds; a hundred miles of pathless forest between him and the English settlements, and thousands more between him and *home*—all this gave cause for gloom, and tears almost unbidden came to his eyes as he thought of his forlorn and desolate situation and the sorrowful prospect before him.

"Blessed," says the immortal Sancho Panza, "be the man who first invented sleep," and balmy, blissful sleep

gradually stole over the youthful prisoner, sealing the sorrow-laden eye, unlocking the thronging memory, bringing the "pure oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness," and proving, indeed, as rich a blessing to him as it has before and since, to myriads of other weary and perplexed mortals. It soon carried oblivion—better yet, bright and happy dreams. His fancy wandered to the lordly domains and palatial manor of his father, the old baron. He was again, after his many wanderings, surrounded with all he loved, and all who loved him. A brightness stole over his countenance; a sweet smile played about his mouth, and the names of Mother and Wau-ki-na became somehow ever blended in his disordered murmurings.

The day was quite advanced, when a rude knocking shook him out of his long slumbers. He awakened refreshed, hopeful, and almost gay again. So much had sleep, the enchanter, done for him. Captain de Lignery stood before him, flanked on the one side by an orderly with coffee and refreshments, and on the other by the grinning, good-humored phiz of Nymwha, the Shawnee Chief, coming to claim him for his son.

For a moment Talbot's heart sank again within him, but hopes of a speedy escape and the natural spirits of youth, caused him to brighten up immediately as he bade the Frenchman a *bon jour*, and extended his hand to Nymwha, who covered it with one of his huge paws and shook it almost to dislocation.

"Well, Father—for so, I suppose, I must begin to call you—how are the Madames Nymwha and all the little he and she Nymwhas—as dirty and good-for-nothing as usual, I suppose?"

The old Indian's bony cave of a mouth opened wider and wider, and his portentous grin shot from ear to ear.

"Me no much understand pale-face speech, but all welly well. Me hav no one, two, three squaw—jis one," holding

up a long, bony, and not very clean talon, and shaking his head and leering with his eye the while, in a very droll and comical manner.

"Just one—that's bad: so much loveliness wasted on one squaw, and when do you want me, Nymwha?"

"Now—this vely morning. All two Indian towns waiting. Heap of Shawnees and Delawares come to see you. Make little 'Two-scalps' great big chief; not big *so*," resting his paternal paw on Talbot's head as he read aright the incredulous smile in his eyes: "but big *so*," beating his own broad and brawny breast with his clenched hand till it sounded something like a dilapidated base drum—"big heart, brave warrior, great chief and Medicine—"

"But, Nymwha, I don't *want* to be your son. I've as much father and mother and big wigwam across the great water, as I care for. Would you wish me to commit *bigamy*?" looking earnestly and somewhat fiercely into the chief's eyes.

"No understand *mitbigmy*—not Shawnee word. Listen! Nymwha had son—great warrior. His son killed—wigwam empty. Little 'Two-scalps' take him place; be a dear, good boy; he eat, shoot, take many scalp, marry Indian squaw, and have—"

"Yes, yes; thanks, I know; all very enticing, and 'tis devlish hard to give it up, but wouldn't much paint and blankets and powder and two new guns be better than a little fellow like me, Nymwha? I'd rather go to my own home and live with my own father."

"What!" loudly answered the grim old Shawnee, in a disdainful manner, an incredulous look breaking out in spots over his impassive, parchment-like face; "go away from Chief's wigwam and the big woods, with plenty fish, and honey, and raccoon, and possum and bear—no work like squaw, but shoot, shoot, all day, and sleep, sleep all night, and—"

“Enough, Nymwha; you’ve won me, but suppose I run away?”

A look of utter wonder before the Chief answered.

“Can’t go ’way from great Chief’s wigwam. You too big fool if do so. If little ‘Two-scalps’ run off Nymwha catch him, cut him into little, little bits, and put him in pot with hominy,” and Nymwha’s face crimped up into broad wrinkles of fun and merriment at the exquisite humor of the conceit.

“Don’t think I’d do well as a broth, Nymwha—am positive I wouldn’t mix kindly with corn. I might prove palatable but very indigestible to Mrs. N. and the children, but if I *have* to go, gentle Father, lead the way! I’m ready,” and Talbot, his meal now finished, passed out towards the drawbridge, his stalwart papa just behind and looking down on him in the most absurdly bland and patronizing manner.

Just at this moment, Smith, accompanied by Tecaugkrenego, a noble and dignified-looking chief, came up to bid him good-bye. The young man looked very, very sad, and the tears actually stood in his eyes as he pressed Talbot’s hands in the most affectionate manner. “Come! come! Jimmy, this will never do, my boy; we must keep up a brave heart, if for nothing else than to spite these cursed frog-eaters. Blamed if I wouldn’t rather be Nymwha’s than Dumas’ captive; I would, by jove, and especially after last night’s doings.”

“I wouldn’t care so much, Mr. Talbot,” lugubriously answered Smith, “if we were only going together, for I’ve come to like and to—to depend on you so much. You’ve ever, somehow, such a light merry heart.”

“Pooh, pooh, Jimmy! I’m far, far sadder than I look; but I’d rather die than show that just now to these conceited Frenchers. Besides, you know, James, I’ve one advantage over you; while you’re going away from your

sweetheart, I'm about to hunt mine up; and now, good-bye, old fellow, and take this to remember me by;" as Talbot secretly slipped into Smith's unwilling hand his fine compass—at that time quite a rarity. "Now, not one word, lad! you *must* take it; may we soon meet again;" and Talbot turned his back on his friend, who went to what afterwards proved a five years' captivity.

Many of the French soldiers, knowing what was about to happen, were standing around as if undesignedly. On their faces could easily be seen an expression of both respect and sympathy. Some of them even ventured to testify their appreciation of the act for which he was arrested, by coming up and pressing his hand.

While just upon the drawbridge, Talbot turned to de Lignery and said in French:

"Were it not for your Commandant, Captain, I would be glad to say '*au revoir*.' I'm sure he'll not trouble himself to bid me farewell and I don't want him to. I've met many brave Frenchmen in this fort—I am constrained to believe Dumas himself is or was one, as I learn he took the gallant Beaujeu's place when he had fallen, and won, against great odds, the strangest battle and the most complete victory of modern times—but excuse me for saying, I've nothing now but contempt for him; he lacks *moral* courage, sir; and I not only brand him to you as having a heart of stone, but as having, also, a heart of hare. He's an arrant coward, sir; I've told *him* as much to his face and so may tell you to his back. I've flung down my glove before him, but my challenge still remains unaccepted."

"I must no longer listen to you, milord," expostulated de Lignery; "it would be ungentlemanly and disrespectful to my superior officer. You—"

"I tell you, Captain," eagerly interrupted Talbot, "he's base coin—has not the genuine ring about him. The

indignities he allowed his painted savages to inflict on *me* are nothing—I can readily forgive them—but the fiendish and inhuman tortures he has permitted, under his own eyes and almost under the very shadow of King Louis' flag, on a lot of poor, defenceless, unfortunate prisoners of war, I can never—*God may* never—forgive. He did that yesterday which will make his nights hideous for a lifetime. I know not what Frenchman he was who made good my false shot, but whoever he is, he's a *man*, every inch of him, and God will bless him, and so, good-bye; and now, Nymwha, lead on!"

Talbot turned and raised his chapeau to the group of French officers and soldiers who crowded the gateway, just as the mournful "dead march"—as played by the fort band accompanying the party sent out to bring in the body of Captain Beaujeu—could be heard in the distance. He walked rapidly down to the beach of the Allegheny and was about stepping into Nymwha's four-paddle birch—his canoe of State—when a soft, sweet voice was heard from the bluff—of course in the French tongue:

"Why, milord Talbot, you're not going to leave me without just one little word of farewell, are you? This is not nice of you" (*ce n'est pas gentil*,) and the *petite* and pretty Mademoiselle Fieury, with quite a bundle under her arm, bustled her way down to the shingle beach.

Talbot turned quickly and clasped her proffered hand. "Why, my dear mademoiselle, this is *too* kind of you. I *did* think of you but never supposed you would think of *me*, a poor prisoner, especially since the last time I saw you, I was guilty of very rude and saucy words, for which I most humbly ask pardon."

"Pooh, pooh, milord!" pouted out the little damsel, in the most liquid of French, a tear actually begemming each eye. "I pray you don't mention it—'twas nothing; and so you're going away among the cruel Indians, whom

I so abhor and detest? Your shot last night, let me tell you, my friend, is the talk of the whole fort, and if my father and the garrison had *their* way, they would now be firing the big guns for you. You did a noble and merciful act, and the good God will surely reward it, and so we think all."

It was Talbot's turn now to show emotion. There was a choking in his throat and a tremble in his voice, as he answered:

"Mademoiselle, this is as unexpected as it is grateful to me. You see, it quite unmans me. I go much more content since I know the respect and sympathy of even my country's foes are with me."

"Well, milord, I must not detain you. Old Nymwha," smiling archly through her tears, "is getting up a terrible scowl on his face—thinks I want to steal away his son. Adieu! adieu! Keep up a brave, merry heart. You'll be free soon; we'll buy you off, I *know* we will; or if not, I'll see you often, as we'll be neighbors, wont we? And here, take this," thrusting the bundle into his reluctant hands and answering his inquiring eyes with an—

"Oh, never fear! It's nothing—only a few trifles—nick-nacks and ladies' whimsies. They may come in use some time, and once more adieu! adieu!" and the tender-hearted little lady again pressed his hand and walked quickly away, never venturing to look behind.

Talbot stepped mechanically into the canoe, and sat himself pensively on one of the hickory thwarts. Nymwha gave a powerful shove, the paddlers commenced their monotonous chant, and the light birch darted up the Allegheny.

It was some little time before Talbot, overcome by his feelings and busy with sorrowful thoughts, observed the course now unexpectedly taken.

"Why, Nymwha, how's this? I thought your village

was on an island several miles down the Ohio, while here we go up the Allegheny."

The proud and happy old Indian, having now Talbot, whom he really liked exceedingly, all safe to himself, seemed to smile all over as he said:

"Little 'Two-scalps' tink true, but Nymwha great, rich chief. He have three villages; one, two on the broad O-hec-yo—one on the Alle-ghen-we. Big fight now done. My young men go next sun far up the Alle-ghen-we. You go, too. Kill much bear, deer, and buffalo. Nymwna's lodge never empty. Fire always burn; the meat and hominy always cook."

"But how far up is this village of yours, Nymwha?"

"Oh, welly near—close by—you see. Captain Pipe and Mohican people want to see my new son. We go to island right over river from Shannopins."

"Shannopins!" excitedly exclaimed Talbot, brightening up amazingly. "Why that's where Wau-ki-na said she lived."

"Yes, Captain Pipe and Wau-ki-na, the 'Bounding Fawn,' both with Nymwha's people—want welly much to see little 'Two-scalps' made into son."

"The deuce you say! Why didn't you tell me that before?" eagerly starting forward and reaching for an oar. "I'm tired sitting, Nymwha; let *me* take a paddle."

"No! no! You'll turn over canoe. See how it go this-a-way, that-a-way; this-a-way, that-a-way—tipsy-topsy. You do nothing till you made into Indian. You look welly glad. *I* glad, too—all over feel good."

Talbot was fain to take his seat again. In truth, his whole appearance now had changed. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes aglow; a look of glad and eager expectation rested on his handsome face.

It may as well be stated here that Wau-ki-na had taken a deep hold on the young man's mind—far deeper than he

himself had any clear idea. He had never stopped to analyze his feelings for the Indian girl, but it was surely no passing whim or idle fancy. Talbot himself may have thought so, but these matters very frequently get beyond one's control, and what is oftentime deemed a transient caprice or a pleasant pastime, turns out to be a deep-rooted heart-passion—an important part of a man's welfare—yes, of his very life, inwrought with every fibre of his being.

Talbot now bethought him of Miss Fleury's bundle, and on opening it up and searching down into its depths, his eyes softened again at the memory of her delicate attention and thoughtfulness.

Here was a package of tea, coffee, and salt—there a case of needles and cushion of pins. Now he came on tiny bundles of spices and now upon thread, and buttons, and tape, and scissors—and, of course, a looking-glass. There was a little of everything in this *omnium gatherum*, and much that would be of great use to him. None but a lady—and none, perhaps, so well as a French lady—would have had the tact to make such a selection.

As he quietly and carefully tied up the bundle again, the unuttered thought crossed his mind—strange, passing strange, that away out in this lone wilderness, where he had expected to see nothing but savage beasts or still more savage Indians, his heart had been stirred to its very depths, and that, too, by two women, whom he had known but a few days and of whose very existence even a week ago he had not the slightest knowledge.

Yet, so it is in life. A wiser and further-seeing intelligence than anything human, happily guides and provides all. When a mortal thinks he is but drifting, he is being directed; nearest a haven, when nothing but storm and wild wave are visible. His strength is weakness, his life death. When he feels safest, he is most in danger;

happiest, on the very edge of some big sorrow; most wretched, in the very presence of the breaking clouds and the rainbow of hope and promise. Our "sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught," and life, humanly considered, is one grand antithesis.



CHAPTER LVII.

LORD TALBOT MADE A SHAWNEE CHIEF.

Who is that graceful female here,
With you red hunters of the deer?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
For civil halls designed;
Yet with the stately savage walks,
As she were of his kind.—*Pinckney.*

THE island—now known as “Herr’s Island”—on which stood Nymwha’s summer village or rather camp, was soon in full sight, and as the canoe rapidly approached, Talbot could distinctly see the low bluffs lined with Indians and, further on, several canoes crowded with Delawares crossing over from Shannopins.

And now the prow grates upon the sandy beach. Many from the bank—chiefly, however, lads and girls, moved by curiosity to see their new young chief—crowded down upon the canoe.

Talbot was the target of hundreds of critical eyes. He bore the scrutiny with as much indifference as possible. The smiles and jokes of the curious girls and squaws near by, however, were much harder to endure; but as he stepped from the boat upon the shingle with a *quid-times-Cæsa-rem-vehis* sort of expression on his fresh and handsome face, he quietly ignored the crowd around, while his eye boldly swept the long line of Indians on the bank above.

Nymwha, with an air of great importance, now led the way to the bluff. Here he and Talbot were received with grave dignity, by other Shawnee chiefs and warriors. The

young Englishman glanced around with eager curiosity. Right behind the grassy mead on which was collected the promiscuous crowd of Shawnees and Delawares, stood the dense and luxuriant forest, which was well cleared of underbrush.

The rude bark houses and tents were scattered here and there among the beeches, maples, and sycamores, while just on the edge of the woods stood the "Council House," constructed of rough logs. The views from the bank up and down the Allegheny, and over the plains and hills on the thither side of the river, were beautiful and extensive.

Just here Talbot's roving eye beheld Wau-ki-na, the object of his anxious search, standing alone and leaning against the trunk of a young birch. She looked—compared with others of her sex around—very, very winning. His face lighted up in a wonderful way. His whole manner changed. He gave a nod and made a graceful gesture of recognition, but could not fail to observe, however, that, blended with the look of pleasure and sympathy on her face, there was a *new* expression in her eyes. Her person seemed to have acquired an added dignity, while her speaking countenance fairly beamed with a mysterious something on it which he never had seen before. Not knowing the great change which had come to her, he wondered while he admired.

Nymwha having stepped into the Council House to make preparations, Talbot tripped lightly to the young beauty's side, took her hand and said earnestly: "Well, Wau-ki-na, you once invited me—here I am. We'll be nearer neighbors than I thought. You don't appear so glad as I am. Has anything happened? Is there—"

Wau-ki-na touched his arm lightly and said earnestly, but in low tones: "You mustn't speak pretty much to Wau-ki-na now—mustn't even look at her—Mohicans not like it. Do just as Nymwha say. Look glad and make

tink you want to be Indian chief. We all go away in canoe this night."

"Go *where*, Wau-kina? and who the deuce is *all*? What mystery's this?"

"Why,"—sinking her voice yet lower and speaking very hurriedly—"Edw—Captain Jack and Scaroooyaddy and Marie all over on the other side. Canoe at mouth of run little above Shannopins. You ask Nymwha"—and here a little blush mounted up into her face—"let you come see Wau-ki-na this evening;—Edward say for me to tell you this;—if he no let you come, go alone to de very edge of this island"—nodding towards the point meant—"and we gather you up; but *must* come some way."

Talbot stood breathless and excited.

"Well, if this isn't the strangest!—you seem in your senses, Kina, but if so, how come *you* to go along? Is Jack going to steal you away from your father? That's not clever in him. Do you really mean what you say, Wau-ki-na?"

"Yes! yes!"—stamping her little foot impatiently—"don't you see the true in my two eyes? Wau-ki-na no longer my name. I am Lucy, and Captain Jack is my dear broder,"—drawing herself up with pardonable pride and dignity.

"Whew!" exclaimed Talbot, with a very much puzzled look, and then a soft whistle; "the little girl's clean daft—mad as a March hare. Jack's sister! What next? Who, or what's done this, my poor Wau-ki-na?"

"Am *no* man's *poor* Wau-ki-na, I tell you for true, but Edward's Lucy. If you no believe,"—a frown on her face and a taunt in her tones—"you stay here and be Nymwha's dear son. Here he come. Remember!" and Wau-kina held up a warning finger and glided rapidly away.

Talbot stood as if stunned—scarcely knew *what* to think, but could not help trusting Wau-ki-na, she looked so ear-

nest and sincere. Just then Nymwha touched him on the shoulder. He turned and saw some young warriors of both tribes scowling ominously at him, evidently sore displeased at his protracted interview with the "Bounding Fawn." His resolve was made to put full faith in her and do as she said; but Jack's sister—that staggered him.

"All ready now. Little 'Two-scalps' must take off his first hair,"—removing Talbot's curling wig, and exciting first the wonder and then the loud merriment of the on-looking crowd. "Now my son take off his clothes and put on 'breech-clout.'"

"What!" angrily exclaimed Talbot; "wouldn't do that for the King of England! What do you take me for, you copper-colored omadhowu?"

"Nymwha's son must do jus as Nymwha say," grimly replied the old Indian, and with a certain ugly look in his fishy eyes; and Talbot, remembering Wau-ki-na's advice, thought so too, and quietly suffered himself to be disrobed.

Nymwha then ran his hand over Talbot's cropped hair, shook his head, and said mournfully: "Hair too short to pull out. Can't make any scalp-lock. Every hair ought to be out but little, little bit here. Nymwha so sorry; but"—brightening up a little—"must wait short while till it long enough to catch."

"Well, *I'm* plaguy sorry, too, gentle Father; but here's my finger and toe nails, or my back teeth, if they'd be any accommodation to you."

"Now my young men will put on the war paint." And this the young men aforesaid proceeded to do, with much more alacrity and enthusiasm than Talbot thought the occasion warranted; but he uttered never a word, and busily put in the time while they were making a striped zebra of him, with ghastly smiles and heavy internal swearing.

Nymwha waited till it was all completely done; turned Talbot around admiringly; walked about him several

times with squinting, critical eyes, just as a connoisseur would inspect a statue, and grunted out:

"That's vely good—all fort paint. Nymwha's son feel much better, eh?"—with a horrible leer and grin.

"Ye-s-s, *much* better, thank you, Father—nearly dead, I'm much obliged to you. If there's any paint left, Nymwha, wouldn't it be well to close up my eyes, nose and mouth, and glue all my hair together?"

"No, no! you too greedy—paint cost many skins."

Nymwha then threw over Talbot's neck a broad belt of wampum, and huge brass bands about his hands and legs, and then led him out before the crowd and gave the *alarm-halloo*, at which the whole village came running out and stood around. Nymwha then took Talbot by the hand and proceeded to make a tedious speech.

The modest young lord was in perfect agony. He squirmed around and dropped his eyes, taking a somewhat *Venus-de-Medicis* pose, and then—as he heard some twittering among the young people—glared around fiercely at the crowd; then smiled a sickly smile, and finally threw himself into a statuesque position and mentally wished his *real* father could see him just then. He was rapidly forced to the conclusion that if *they* could all stand it, *he* could; but worse yet was to come.

Nymwha now called up three young squaws, two of whom took Talbot by either hand and led the way down to the river with great solemnity. When they had gone out to where the water was about two or three feet deep—Talbot all this time as red as a lobster with shame and indignation—he turned towards the bluff and saw it lined with spectators. He then gazed as blandly as he could upon his fair tormentors, who looked as if they meant business. He had determined to change his tactics and make a virtue out of necessity.

"If there is no impropriety in the interrogatory, young

ladies, I would ask what you intend to do with me—if I'm to be murdered, I'd like the selection of my mode of death and place of burial."

The squaws laughed, made signs that he was to wash off the paint, and commenced noisily chattering away like so many magpies.

"Ladies," smilingly replied Talbot, who, ever since he had time to reflect on Wau-ki-na's message and his near prospect of escape, was fast resuming his natural gaiety and friskiness of spirits,—“Ladies, I respect the natural taciturnity of your sex, and will have to appeal to my father. You may speak Shawnee grammatically and even eloquently, but I'm blest if it isn't all Greek to me. Here, Nymwha!” turning around and shouting up to him, “what does this mean, and what am I to do?”

“You stand still—they no hurt you! Wash all the white blood out of you. When you come out, all over Indian.”

“Oh! Thank you, Nymwha, but—”

At that moment his feet were pushed from under him and down he plunged under water, and came up dripping and spluttering and rubbing his eyes. Resolving to take the joke—which he began now thoroughly to appreciate in all its magnitude—he said pleasantly:

“Excuse me, ladies, for disappearing so abruptly—fact is, I had an appointment down below which I was obliged to keep. What next on the programme?”

Signs were made that he must rub off the paint, which he at once proceeded to do, swiftly and enthusiastically, the squaws digging their knuckles into his face, back and shoulders. Then, seizing him by the arms, down he went again and again, much to the merriment of the multitude, who shouted and clapped their hands for joy, Nymwha dislocating his jaw in his loud guffaws, which seemed to

come away up from his moccasins. He was always a hearty laugh,er, was Nymwha.

This ducking was repeated several times, until the paint was all off, when Nymwha descended to the water's edge and received him dripping and gasping from the laughing squaws, saying, "White blood all gone—you every bit Shawnee now. How you like it?"

"Like what, the blood or the washing?" spluttered out Talbot, soon as he could draw a free breath. "If the latter, I may frankly, and I hope without offence, say, I never enjoyed anything so much in all my born days. By jove! was sorry when the bell rang to come out. 'Twas *perfectly splendid*."

"You did look much better, my son, with much paint—by-by we put on more."

"Did I? Well now, *I* thought I looked very much like my conception of the devil; but, Nymwha, as one of your own old poets has well remarked, "Nil disputandum de gustibus."

The more grandly and unintelligibly Talbot talked, the better the jocular old chief liked it. He was manifestly as proud of him as a hen is of one chicken, and Talbot humored him whenever he could.

He was now led up to the Council House again, and there were his Indian clothes for him. They put on him a pair of leggings decked off with beads and feathers; then a pair of dainty little moccasins—an offering from Wauki-na's own hands; then a sort of fringed hunting tunic, ornamented with hair and porcupine quills, and fastened in front with bear's teeth, and then a sort of soft cap of skins.

It must be confessed Talbot looked much better in this full Indian suit than in the torn, shabby and dilapidated clothes he had lately cast off. He himself felt so, for he

had been greatly ashamed of the old ones, they were so scuffed and frayed and rent.

Now they painted afresh his face and neck; seated him on a bear's skin with pipe and kinnekenick; tomahawk, spunk, steel and rifle, and when all was done, Talbot made as neat and handsome a chief as ever led savages to a grand scalp-lifting



CHAPTER LVIII

TALBOT MAKES A GRAND SENSATION

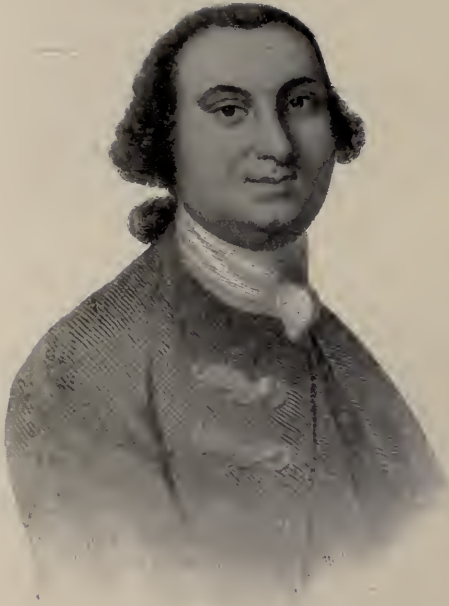
But when he pleased to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of *sound*, was rich :
A Babylonish dialect
Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages :
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin.

Buller's Hudibras.

They fool me to the top of my bent.—*Hamlet.*

Now flocked all the chief Indians into the Council House. For some time a profound silence reigned—every one smoking as if his very life depended on it. At length Nymwha arose with great dignity and addressed Talbot in Shawnee, telling him he was now his son and a Shawnee chief, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh ; that by the ceremony in the water every drop of white blood was washed from his veins ; that he was admitted into the great and warlike tribe of Shawanos and was adopted into a powerful family, in room of a great “brave,” and concluded thus :

“My dear son, you have nothing more to fear. We are now under the same duty to love, support and defend you that we are to love and defend one another ; therefore, you are now and from this forward to consider yourself as one of our people ;” and, according to a strong old Indian law and custom, thoroughly tested and proved in innumerable instances in American history, they would have faithfully and constantly kept their word. (See *Appendix Y.*)



Henry Bouquet

As this speech was addressed to him, Talbot could surely do no less, though not one word of it did he understand, than rise and make a profound bow. This he did at the conclusion of each speech that followed. In fact, his new clothes set him off so well, and he looked and acted so like a young "blood" of an aristocratic Indian chiefly family, that old Nymwha was perfectly delighted. He seemed to laugh at every feature, almost at every pore, and the good-natured old sinner shuffled around as if he wished to shake hands with himself at every step. His constant, effervescing happiness gave evidence of a perfectly healthy liver, ever in good working condition.

The speeches all over, the hilarious and ridiculous old gusher *chassèd* over to where Talbot was sitting, quietly "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and giving him a hearty thump on the back—intended to be appreciative and encouraging—said he must say something to his new kin and friends.

"What! in Shawnee, Nymwha?" plaintively responded Talbot to the thwack, although he felt at that instant more like throttling his venerable and playful papa for the painful shock he had just given him. "Shawnee is a far nobler tongue than Latin or Greek, but I don't yet feel quite so fluent in it that I could extemporize a poem like an *improvisatore*."

"No! no! in English. It good language for great big words—better than Shawnee or Mohigan. All Indians want to hear you make big speech in English—I no mind what you say, and Shawnee no understand."

"Well, Father, if you say *yea*, I must not say *nay*. So here goes for a war speech; but if I'm overcome by my emotion, don't fail to have a stretcher with relays of *our* young men to carry me to my royal couch."

"Yes, dat's jus it—big round words. Listen! chiefs and warriors, Nymwha's son speaks!"

Talbot now rose up slowly and with great solemnity advanced a few steps, and then glanced deliberately around the expectant circle. He seemed to gather inspiration from the wondering and admiring face of Wau-ki-na, whom he just then saw peeping in at the door.

Waving his hand majestically, he commenced :

“Romans, countrymen and lovers!—Big Ingun me! Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may the better understand! Quousque tandem, O Catilina! abutère patientiâ nostrâ! Carpe diem, for the tempus is fugiting and forte dux fecellat in gutture. Now is the winter-r-r-r-r of our discontent made gcl-l-l-lorious summer by the sun of York, and as one of our greatest and most eloquent poets has most exquisitely said, ‘make hay while the sun shines, and ‘time cuts down all, both great and small.’” Then, quietly and impressively, “Nymwha, do the chiefs seem greatly touched?”

“Me no understan ‘touched,’ but they struck—a heap you too still—no jump roun’ nuff—more tunder!”

“Ah, that’s it, eh? I think I’ll fetch the chiefs now,” said Talbot, and giving a sudden and tragical start, which made even Nymwha jump, he hissed out, “Ah-h-h, an’ if *thou’lt* mouth, *I’ll* rant as well as thou. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! Slave! I’ve set my life upon a cast and I’ll stand the hazard of the die!”

Then, going up to Nymwha, and taking from him a blanket and a long hunting knife, he looked round on the circle of glittering eyes and parchment faces, and said in the most hollow and sepulchral tones possible: “If you have tears, prepare to shed them now! You all do know this mantle,” holding it up. “Look! in *this* place ran Cassius’ dagger through. See what a rent the envious Casca made! Through *this* the well-beloved Brutus stabbed, and as he plucked his cursed steel away”—giving a vicious lunge at

the blanket with the knife—"mar-r-k how the blood of Cæsar followed it."

Nymwha, surprised and delighted at the treasure he had in his new son, gazed from one to the other of his warriors, as much as to say, "Did you ever?"—but the greatest triumph was to come. Talbot now ran nimbly across the floor, seized on Nymwha's tomahawk, and first feeling its keen edge and looking as ferocious as he could, he gave a quick bound and striking a stage attitude, held the weapon in mid air, glanced at it fiercely and commenced:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me!—the handle towards my breast? Come! let me clutch thee! I have thee *not*, and yet I *see* thee *still*! Ah-h-h, Erin go Bragh! Hip-hip-hurrah!" ending by casting the tomahawk deep into one of the logs.

This finished the whole business. Talbot had hurled his hatchet at Nymwha's foes, and was now ready to take scalps. He was evidently one of them. The entire circle of hideous-looking spectres was both delighted and surprised, but Nymwha most of all. A big bowl and spoon were then given Talbot for the feast which was to follow, and the show was over.



CHAPTER LIX.

TALBOT AND WAU-KI-NA EXPLAIN

A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love.—*Byron.*

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

Richard the Third.

TALBOT'S very dramatic speech to the Shawnee chiefs put him in such "high feather" that, on emerging from the Council House, he essayed a regular but rather meek and feeble war-whoop, which was about as near the genuine thing as the jerky and conceited efforts of a young cockrel are to the sonorous and pompous notes of a venerable old grandfather of a rooster.

The feast of "fat things" followed, and the youthful Talbot, with his bowl and spoon, presented himself before the range of kettles in which were boiling venison and bear's meat, with very much the same aspect and attitude now so well known as "Oliver asking for more."

He had very little "stomach for the fray" which ensued, but his make-believe was worthy of all admiration. The girls and squaws eyed him askance and bent upon him looks of such evident admiration, that only the thick coating of vermilion paint sufficed to conceal the tell-tale blood which mounted to his face.

The feast was closely followed by war-dances and songs, accompanied by the enrapturing tum-tum-tum of a stump

drum, and the gay and inspiring melodies caused by rattling pebbles in a dry hollow gourd.

Then followed a dance, in which the young "braves" stood in one rank and the girls in another, about a rod apart. All sang and danced together, advancing towards each other; stooping until their heads were nearly touching and then retreating and advancing again, intermingling brief remarks in a low voice with their notes, and wooing each other in a rhythmical sort of a way.

This courting dance—probably the origin of our popular "Virginia Reel,"—was much more absorbing to the performers than to on-lookers; and Talbot, finding an early opportunity, quietly withdrew from the crowd, and slowly sauntered off in the direction in which he had watched Wau-ki-na disappear in the forest an hour before.

As his moccasined foot pressed the tender grass and mosses of the fragrant woods, and the sounds of barbaric revelry died away in the distance, the enamored young Englishman's face brightened; his step became more springy and elastic, and his eye glanced inquiringly through the trees and under the coverts, if perchance he could discover Wau-ki-na and gather from her the solution of the late mystery and what he had to hope from the future.

It was now late in the afternoon. The Delawares had all returned to Shannopins; and Talbot, as he approached the extreme end of the island, seeing nowhere traces of Wau-ki-na, began to fear that she too had deserted him. His heart sank within him; his eyes lost their lustre, and he keenly felt the pangs of an utter solitude and desertion.

And now he turns toward the Delaware village and on the beach below him beholds a birch canoe. Going still further towards the island's head, he is suddenly arrested by the sight of Wau-ki-na, in an attitude, too, so full of grace and picturesqueness that his senses are completely

bewitched, and under so sweet a thrall, that he can do naught but gaze.

Just at the very point of the island, where the bright, clear waters of the Allegheny were divided into two swift, sparkling currents, stood a gigantic sycamore, its huge roots washed bare by the corroding, encroaching waters; the massive trunk, with all its weight of multitudinous branches and canopy of luxuriant foliage, inclined over the mottled surface of the dancing waters.

On one of these great, arching roots, her head leaning wearily against the tree's smooth bark, sat the young and artless girl; her hair—black as midnight—fell in massy luxuriance over her shoulders and far down her back. Her face wore a grave, pensive, and yet anxious expression, and her eyes had in them a far-off, dreamy look, as if the discovery of her new relationship had brought with it a tide of strange and serious thoughts, which she could not yet fully fathom.

She had, too, unlatched and taken off her moccasins, and while her hands clasped in a tight embrace the locket containing her dead mother's hair, her little tawny feet plashed idly in the water, breaking it into refreshing and musical wimples.

The spell for Talbot was but momentary. With a "Halloo! Wau-ki-na! Oh, but I'm glad to see your sweet face again!" he leaped down beside the startled girl, and took her hand in his.

This—a charming flush suffusing her cheek the while—she quietly withdrew, and then gazing earnestly and critically at her painted companion, her whole face finally dimpled and crimped with pleasure; her eyes lighted up with merriment and a musical little laugh rippled from her lips.

Talbot stood astonished and abashed. At last he said, half poutingly:

“Why, girl, this is strange behavior! I’m in the full toggery of a young Indian ‘blood,’ and yet you laugh right in my very face. It becomes you, lassie, I must confess, but I don’t like it.”

“Me no like it, too!” she laughed out, as lifting her nimble feet from the water, she sprang up, leaped to his side, and, with a charming *naïveté*, took his hand and soberly led him to the water’s margin, just where the sun was shining on it.

“Now, look in there, sir, if please; you make a vely fine little chief. Paint much good for Indian ‘brave,’ but vely bad for ‘pale-face.’ You no look pretty—no at all. Eyes talk, but face not. Me know not now what heart tink.”

This was touching Talbot in a tender point. An ardent swain don’t exactly like to be laughed at just when he thinks he’s making a decided sensation. With a half angry look, he whimpered:

“Well, Wau-ki-na, the colors *are* somewhat frequent and laid on a trifle too loud, and I know I look like the devil; but I didn’t think *you’d* be the first to make sport of your new Indian b-b-brother. Don’t my new clothes fit well? Aint they of the latest Shawnee cut and fashion?”

“Yes, yes!” the mischief and archness fading out of her eyes and speedily relapsing into seriousness. “My new brother do vely well; but come! You sit right there! Wau-ki-na tink vely much all day and have someting to say.”

Talbot had nothing to do but obey the imperious little beauty, and with a half-abashed, half-amused look, awaited her words.

“I no longer Indian Wau-ki-na, but Edward’s sister Lucy. Edward is Captain Jack. You know he. He know you, and want to take you with him. Everyting ready. I now go way in canoe. When dark come, Nym-wha—he vely good Indian—let you come see me,—so my

brudder say for me to tell you. If he no let you, come to dat big tree and we paddle for you; and oh! be sure, or we must leave you!" and her face clouded.

"I understand, and *now* believe, Kina. I suppose I must wait for the whole story from Jack, but the more I study it, the less strange it now appears; and *I've* been thinking, too, to-day. I'm glad and I'm sorry to know you're Lucy."

"Why you sorry! eh? Edward vely brave, good, white chief—great name, many friends. I love him; Marie love him; everybody love him. Why sorry?" and her look was earnest and searching.

"Oh, Kina,"—trying to escape her frank, straightforward look and digging up the sand with his foot. "I've—you—I was learning to love you so much as an Indian chief's daughter, and I thought you lo—liked me, too, some, and now I fear, while Jack finds a dear sister, that I lose Wau-ki-na, a very, very—dear—friend."

There it was—quick as the lightning's flash—nature's revelation to both. There was the bold, arrogant and self-confident young lord, who thought he had been but toying with a pretty Indian girl, now sitting abashed in her presence; his cheeks hot; his eyes cast down; his moccasined foot nervously scratching up the sand. And there stood the artless, innocent, unthinking girl—the perfect child of nature—a startled look in her face, a bright flush on her cheeks, and an unwonted trouble in her eyes.

A silence ensued, as eloquent as it was embarrassing. In that brief minute, a strange and wondrous change—human yet divine—had come over both; and when at last Talbot shyly looked up at Wau-ki-na, he saw her standing now pale and trembling, all the light gone from her eyes, which were cast down upon the sand. Finally she murmured, very softly:

"Me tink I better go now. Me do so; Marie watch for

me. Will her friend bring Wau-ki-na's canoe, here?" and while the young Englishman hurried off to do her bidding, she stooped down with a much older expression on her face—for the first time in her life, perhaps, breathing forth a sigh—and deftly put on her moccasins.

When Talbot returned, he looked more assured and confident, and as he handed the blushing girl into her birch and extended to her the paddle, he took first her outstretched little hand in his, and said:

"Wau-ki-na, before you leave me here all alone, wont you tell me whether you care for me? In finding the brother, will you forget the lover? You *must* say! I may not meet you to-night!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" with a frightened look; "you *must* come! Wau-ki-na cannot go without you. Edward very dear to me, but—" dropping her eyes—"I—he—you—are—*too*," and her hand trembled in his as he drew her towards him and sealed the sacred compact then formed with a long, warm kiss and embrace.

Writing of the heart-passages between two young and ardent lovers is such dull and graceless work to all outsiders—so very far beneath the reality—that we are naturally silent as to what followed; but Wau-ki-na was not allowed to go so soon as expected, and when the birch *was* shoved off into the stream, *she* looked gay and happy, and *he* looked fond and foolish, and stood talking and waving her until she reached the other shore, and with many a look behind and gesture of fond meaning, disappeared over the bank.

Talbot now gave a long, low whistle, muttering to himself as he turned toward his Indian home:

"Well, here's a rum go! Who'd ha' thought it? My lord Talbot, scion of a noble house which dates from Billy the Conqueror, mad in love with an Indian maid, or at best, with the pretty sister of an American scout, and, gad,

glad enough to be accepted, too! What would Lady Grace and my haughty, gouty old father say to that? Oh, but isn't she a little woodland fairy, though! and so plaguy positive, and with such odd, cunning little ways, too! I'm sure bewitched! Heigh-o! wonder what'll come of it!"

He hadn't gone far before he met Nymwha out in search of him. The amiable old Chief scrutinized him searchingly, with an inquiring leer on his ugly phiz, and said:

"Nymwha saw the birch of the 'Bounding Fawn' just now. She very good Delaware girl, beautiful as the wild honeysuckle. Make pretty squaw for little 'Two-scalps.' What you talk about? eh?"

"Oh," gravely answered Talbot, "we were discussing the best way of Christianizing the red man and teaching him to worship God."

"Oh, yes, me know," wisely put in Nymwha. "God the name the Indian traders say all the time. The more fire-water, the more God and more *dam*, eh? You like to go to Shannopins and see Wau-ki-na?"

"Indeed would I, venerable old saddle-bags—this very night, too!"

"Ah, but you sure no run away? You come back again?" looking at the young man keenly and searchingly.

Talbot gravely took Nymwha's huge paw between his own, pressed it feelingly, looked solemnly into the old Chief's eyes and said:

"Nymwha, your island home is very good, and Wau-ki-na is like the wild-rose of the woods for sweetness. I like them both, but," trying his game of mystifying the old Chief by big words, "if a benignant Providence and the nocturnal darkness favor me to-night, I will see you and your island in Halifax before I agitate my pedals here again."

Nymwha essaying to gather meaning from the serious manner of his companion rather than from his words, owlshly nodded his foolish old head, saying:

“Yes, me tink so, too—pretty much. The ‘Bounding Fawn’ very young and sweet—make good chief’s squaw. There’s a canoe. You go over by’em by, and call Wauki-na out of Delaware lodge—so,” and he imitated the low, chirping note of the cricket.

The two now entered the noisy camp, Talbot sitting meekly down near the Chief’s family kettle, and every now and then grinning amiably at mother Nymwha, whose face looked like a used-up old drumhead, and making mouths at the divers juvenile Nymwhas, of various ages and sexes, who were tumbling about on the grass like a knot of sportive earth-worms.



CHAPTER LX.

JACK AND PIPE MEET IN CONFLICT.

I prythee, take thy fingers from my throat ;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!—*Hamlet.*

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before.—*Othello.*

NIGHT now came over the scene, and watching his time and quietly dropping out of the fire light, the impatient young nobleman, his heart beating like a small tilt hammer, made his way to the beach, found the canoe, and silently pushed out into the current.

Following Wau-ki-na's oft-repeated instructions, the canoe was headed up stream till it passed the end of the upper island. A landing on the other side was then effected, and with commendable caution Talbot crept down the edge of the wood and shore shadow line, and approached the place where was said to be the run's mouth.

Just as he was crossing a little reach of moonlit strand in order to gain a thick bunchy copse of bushes and undergrowth, a stalwart Indian figure stepped out from behind the tree he had just passed, while a pair of strong arms stretched forth and seized him by the throat, shaking and worrying him much as a terrier would a rat.

While the half-suffocated Talbot was slipping his hand down for his knife, there was hissed out in his face, in right good English and between the different shakes:

"There! take that, and that, and that, you little—trifling—skulking—painted—varmint, you! I hate mightily to take life if't can be helped, but squeezing your wizend wont do—fear I'll have to knife *you*."

"Why—Jack! Jack!" gasped out Talbot. "Con—found—your—cur—sed clumsiness, you'll choke me to death! I'm no redskin! Hands-off, or I'll knife *you*!"

Jack loosened his hold at once and grasped his hand.

"Why, Talbot lad, delighted to see you once more; excuse me—'twas a fool trick in me. I *ought* to have known *you*, but altogether forgot your paint and Indian dress, and was looking for you, too, from the other side of the run. Am right heartily glad I didn't stick or club you as you passed."

"The pleasure's mutual, Captain, I do assure you," replied Talbot, half angrily. "They say two soothsayers couldn't meet in the streets of Rome without laughing in each other's face, and, by Jove, I think *we* might do the same. You're as much Indian as I am! But where's the Half-King, and—and—Wau-ki-na?"

"My sister *Lucy* you mean, Talbot. She has told you the strange discovery. 'Tis all true, every word of it. I'll give you the whole story some time, but *now* crouch down. The old Chief's on the watch-out on the other side of the run, and we expect Marie and Lucy every minute. From what I hear, you've had a rough time at the fort and among the reddys. *You've* got a story to tell, too. Blamed if you don't look plaguy chipper and saucy in your Shawnee toggery. You made a devilish narrow escape just now, though," and the scout gave out his low, peculiar laugh, and then fell into a long confidential conversation with Talbot, drawing from him all that had happened since their parting, both in and out of the fort. When Talbot was feelingly relating the dreadful tortures of poor MacPherson and how the attempt was made to end his sufferings, Jack suddenly

grasped his hand and gave it a most hearty shake, saying:

"And so, Talbot, *you* are the unknown who sped that bold bullet and taught me my duty, are you? I might have guessed it. It does you much honor, lad, but you were too far off. I'm proud I was so near as to—"

"What!" joyfully broke in Talbot, equally surprised in *his* turn. "Then you, Jack, must have been the mysterious rifleman who made good my false aim. But where could you have been? I, too, was sure it was a French shot from the fort. Would you mind giving me your hand again, Jack?"

"Not a mite, my lord, although it *does* look sort of odd and unfeeling-like for us to be congratulating each other on our joint attempt on the life of such a noble comrade as poor Mac; but I think I know what Indian torture is and the best gift I could ask of God, were I tied like the poor sergeant to a torture stake, would be a bullet in the heart from some friendly rifle. My lord Talbot, I like your heart and pluck and am glad you go with us."

The two now—their partnership in a merciful deed naving drawn them closer together and increased their mutual respect—discussed, in low tones, the late events, as well as the plan of escape decided on by the scout and the Half-King.

At last a signal whistle from the Chief warned them of an approach, and soon Marie and Wau-ki-na were led down to the mouth of the run by Scarooyaddy, and quietly passed into the canoe in waiting under the overhanging bushes.

But little was said. It was a moment of great suspense. Talbot managed, by a tender pressure of the hand and a few whispered words, to assure Wau-ki-na of his presence. He was then introduced to Marie de Bonneville by Jack, and a place assigned him.

All was now ready for the start and Jack was just about

to whistle in the Half-King, when a crackling and rustling of the bushes and smothered exclamations were distinctly heard on the village side of the run.

"My God, Talbot, the Chief's attacked! Whatever's to be done? Listen! Listen!"

The sounds of a terrific struggle were now plainly audible, and then the Half-King's voice, not one tone louder than necessary to be heard, saying in English:

"Shove off, my brother, and keep out in the stream! I'm beset by only three Delawares—one of whom I take to be Pipe. I can hold them till you get fairly off and then I'll yield me prisoner. Never mind *me*, I'll get—"

Here the voice suddenly ceased, as if a hand had been clasped over the mouth, and the sounds of the struggle were again heard.

"Talbot, my dear fellow!" excitedly whispered Jack, "I leave these precious ones to you; I know you'll defend them with your life. Keep well out in the river, and when a half mile up, rest on your paddles. Lucy, can you give the cry of a loon?"

"I can," replied the frightened girl, "but, dear brother, would you leave us—Marie and me—now? Wont you, too, come into the canoe and let Scaroo—"

"What! Lucy, and leave my old friend to fight at such odds, and with Pipe, too, our mother's murderer and your captor? 'Tis not my sister's heart but her fears that advise this—couldn't do it. I'd go back to fight Pipe if he'd a score instead of only two at his back. Take paddle, Lucy, and when you get to where I told you, rest awhile, and every now and then give the loon's cry, and if we whip the devils, we'll soon know where you are. If we don't, why—God help you all! Talbot knows our plans and you must trust to him. And now good-bye, dearest Marie and Lucy, the Chief must be sore pressed."

With this, Jack gave the canoe a powerful shove, which

shot it far out into the current, and then with a low, sharp shout of encouragement, leaped across the run and hurriedly made his way to his friend.

"Hold up, Chief!" they distinctly heard him say "Use your rifle butt till I'm with ye, and then close in, but be sure to leave Pipe to me!"

After a brief pause—"Now! now! hug him close! Grapple him tight, Chief, while I take Pipe! Ah-h-h! got you at last, you double-cursed-murderer-and kidnapper! I've-hunted-you-long. Either-you-or-I-have got to die this clinch!"

The two girls—entwined in a mutual embrace—sat pale and breathless in the bow, while Talbot stood, paddle in hand, intently listening to every sound and change of the desperate fray going on so near them. Now would be heard the cracking of twigs, smothered groans and curses, angry exclamations, and even the loud pantings of the combatants, as they writhed and twisted in this terrible struggle to the death.

And now the paddle was dipped and the canoe proceeded slowly up stream. They had scarce gone a hundred yards before was heard an attempt at a war-whoop—hoarse—broken—feeble—and finally ending in a muffled, spasmodic gurgling and gasping, as though the throat from which it issued was being pressed tighter and tighter.

It was an encouraging sign, a cry of distress on the part of the Delawares, as if they were being worsted and called to the village for help. Then all was silent for them.

The point where Talbot had left his canoe was now reached. The paddles were stilled and the three listened anxiously and most intently for the next sounds. When about a quarter of an hour was thus passed, Wau-ki-na—for so we most like to call her—raised the clear, tremulous, and very peculiar cry of the loon. It was so natural that even Talbo' looked around to see whence it issued.

It was unnecessary to repeat it. Immediately after, answer was heard from the shore, and Talbot dashed in his paddle and would have made straight for the sound, but Wau-ki-na—fully posted in all Indian stratagems—was too wary, and restrained him until she could again raise the cry, which was again answered and from a much nearer point.

“Edward, is that you?” Wau-ki-na at last ventured to say in low but clear tones.

“Yes! yes! the Half-King and me—all safe too! Make haste—not a moment to lose!”

“Thank God for that!” now for the first time spoke Marie—joy and deep feeling expressed in every tone, and soon the prow grated on the beach, and the two scouts rapidly and silently took their places and the paddles.

“Stay!” exclaimed Jack. “The Half-King and I had arranged some devices to throw the Delawares and Shawnees off our trail and make them think we had escaped down the Allegheny and thence up the Monongahela by way of Braddock’s route, but we’ve no time for that now. None of them but what will believe, at any rate, that we have gone down instead of up the river. We must risk it, at all events. *One* thing however, we *must* do. Talbot, where did you leave your canoe? Was it a large one?”

“It was, and you see its dim shadow on the beach there.”

“Good!” said Jack. “Now, Lucy and Marie, each give me some trifling article of dress—so! Come! Yaddy, let’s turn over that canoe, and send it adrift down the river.”

The two then drew out and upset Talbot’s canoe, let a small shawl from Marie and a gay ribbon from Wau-ki-na depend, in what would be a very natural sort of way, from the thwarts of the boat, while Jack thrust an old pouch

under a sort of seat in the bow, so it would not fall out, and down the canoe was borne by the swift current.

“Rather a clumsy fetch, Yaddy, isn’t it, with which to fool an Indian? but ’tis the best we can do just now. It *may* serve. And now, girls, we must work hard all night and get a long, long start, in case of pursuit. Yaddy and I’ll take the paddles—off we go.”

And the paddles were dipped in a slow, long, regular stroke, which had no intermission for hours. They had scarce fallen regularly to work before thus Marie :

“But, Edward, you haven’t told us of that dreadful struggle, the noise and various changes of which were borne to our ears. Are you at all hurt?”

“Not a scratch, Marie—not a single scratch! At one time, while busy with Pipe, I got a blow and a bear’s hug from the third Indian, which made me see stars and stopped my breath, but I managed, by a powerful effort, to throw him off, and give him a kick which doubled him up like a jack-knife. But *Yaddy* has some beauty streaks about his throat which will last him a long time instead of wampum or paint, and will make him as hoarse as a bull-frog for a month to come.

“Why when I got up to him the Chief had just clinched with a gigantic old Delaware, whose muscles stood out like a trained boxer’s. He was almost too much for our old Indian and had him so tight about the windpipe that Yaddy was making some very odd noises and was casting up his eyes like a dying dolphin. By-the-by, how did you get out of that scrape, Yaddy? I was too hard pressed, myself, to see.”

“Scarooyaddy pretty old, but strong like the oak,” grimly and hoarsely croaked out the old Chief. “He got one arm loose and work his knife around *so*, until big Delaware much glad to let go; then I have him. I let him lie and go for ’ittle one. He give me very much trouble. He

twist and squirm and jump 'roun', but my white brother help me, and Scaroooyaddy," patting his girdle, "have two more locks under his skirt."

"But Captain Pipe, Edward, what happened him?" anxiously inquired Wau-ki-na, unable to lose interest in one who, although he had murdered mother and sister, yet still, after an Indian's nature, had for so many years been a father to her.

"Well, Lucy, I failed to kill him, as he did our mother and Emma, but I think we are avenged. He made a sudden jump across the run and crawled away, escaping in the dark, but better for him had he died then and there. He bears wounds which will I think worry and torture him to the grave. 'Twas a tough struggle—the sharpest, I think, I ever had. The cruel old ruffian fought long and desperately. No blow, or cut, or hug he got from me was begrudged, I can tell you. If he informs the Delaware-ware of this combat, they'll have to find him, be sure of that. But enough of him!"



CHAPTER LXI.

THE ESCAPE UP THE ALLEGHENY.

O when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome,
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holily shines,
I laugh at the love and pride of man ;
At the Sophist schools, and the learned clan :
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet.

R. W. Emerson.

THE moon was now abroad, casting its silver sheen over the bright waters of the Allegheny, and bringing into view the bold and heavily-wooded hills which border both sides of this most beautiful and picturesque stream. The light canoe, impelled by the practised paddles of men whose nerves were like steel and who knew not fatigue, danced over the water "like a thing of life." Island after island, rapid after rapid were passed.

As mile upon mile sped rapidly behind them, increasing their distance from enemies and lessening the danger of successful pursuit, the spirits of the whole party arose in proportion, and a free and full conversation was indulged in.

Jack told them his plans. He had avoided the Braddock route because he supposed it would be beset with outlying parties of pursurers and spoil-gatherers, and had chosen what was then everywhere known as the "Kittanning trail," because it afforded a safer and easier route of

escape, and because it led more directly to his own home, which was at Aughwick, where afterwards Fort Shirley was built and where now the town of Shirleysburg stands.

The "Kittanning trail" was then the broad and beaten path—used for foot and horse by Indians and traders—between the West and the Susquehanna. Commencing at what is now called Kittanning, Pa., and where was at that time a large Delaware village under the chieftainship of the celebrated and redoubtable Captain Jacobs—it bore south-eastwardly, the descent on the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains being through a gorge, the mouth of which is about five miles west of Holidaysburg at what is well-known to this day as Kittanning Point.

Thence this Indian path diverged into what are now called Scotch, Canoe, Hartsog, and Woodcock valleys, and thence across Broad Top Mountain into Aughwick, and after into Tuscarora and Sherman's valleys.

Jack's design was to stop about five miles short of the Delaware village at Kittanning—from which point bloody and devastating excursions against the frontier settlements were so frequent as soon after to lead to its destruction and the death of Jacobs—and making a detour, to come into the Indian trail somewhere near the present Armstrong and Indiana county line.

Such was the fear and danger from pursuit and recapture, that it was considered better to risk cautious travel in the woods by day than to lie by for the night. Marie and Wau-ki-na were, therefore, urged—in view of the fatiguing march before them—to take as much rest as possible, and Talbot busied himself with great deftness and delicate attention in fitting up for them in the bow of the boat a temporary couch on which to recline.

All was now still on board the frail craft, and nothing was heard around but the steady and regular dip of the two paddles, the occasional splash of a fish in the water,

the cry of loon or distant howl of wolf, and the hoot of owl or note of whippoorwill.

Such were the weird witcheries of this strange night ride; so impressive were the stillness, the loneliness, the various notes and sounds so peculiar to the hour, that it was long before the two maidens—completely exhausted as they must have been—were visited by the slumber so much required.

At last it came, softly and quietly, dropping like the gentle dew from heaven, causing Wau-ki-na's lips to move in the empty babblings of dreams, and bringing to Marie—who had lately so much suffered and endured—the priceless blessing of total oblivion.

Not a man of them there, as he watched those two helpless, innocent maidens, who did not feel better, stronger more resolute, from their presence. To Jack, especially—who had spent so many long years of lonely vigils and trappings in the gratification of a fierce, devouring passion—his new-found first-love and Lucy had a wonderfully softening influence. The unbidden tear would now and then follow his frequent glances back, and his heart was filled with tender and long-forgotten emotions. Even Scarooyaddy's paddle dipped noiselessly, for fear the slumbers might be stirred by a plash.

And so, without pause or intermission, until the first gray of dawn. Nothing to disturb but just once, when close to the mouth of the Kiskiminitas, the noisy dash of paddle and the sound of voices gave notice of the approach down stream of Indians. The canoe was quietly turned toward the deep hill-shadows along shore; the scouts crouched down to a level with the thwarts; perfect stillness was maintained, and the Delaware party—probably from Kittanning on a visit to the fort to sell pelts and venison and to bring back ammunition—had passed on their boisterous course.

Marie and Wau-ki-na were at last awakened by the grating of the boat on the sandy beach of a snug little cove, completely overarched with foliage. They started, marvelled for a moment at their surroundings and their company, gave forth a long sigh of relief, and arose smiling and almost gay at their escape. So far, well.

Talbot glanced shyly at Wau-ki-na, tipped her a pleasant "good morning," and thought he never saw the blushing and nut-brown little damsel look so divinely.

Jack was as happy as a—yes, as *the* lord beside him; his face had lost all its sternness, and a pleasant smile played around his handsome mouth.

Scarooyaddy, even, forgot all his grimness, and his iron jaws opened and closed like a steel-trap. He smiled and even grinned all over his face, and insisted several times that it was a "wely good mornin'."

Oh, woman! woman! What would—

But our readers can supply what ought to be said here, and can follow, at pleasure, the varied lines of reflections which the *strange* word suggests.

"Well, gentlemen, all," said Marie, "you've given us a very quiet ride, and—" looking on both green sides of the cozy, peaceful little inlet and at the overhanging canopy of verdure—"what a delightful change from last night's horrors. Wau-ki-na, we must have slept long. Where are we now; and what next, Edward?"

"Well, Marie, next for you and Lucy *ought* to be horses, but as none of us are proud, and as neither of you is a mincing, die-away city damsel, guess you'll have to trudge along on foot,—sorry, but *must* get on."

"Oh, Brudder," broke in Wau-ki-na, "we go the best and quickest on our own feet. Marie and Wau—Lucy I mean—walk, walk all day through woods—way past Ala-quippa's place. 'Fraid this new little chief, though," point-

ing smilingly to Talbot, "not go wely well. Moccasins too thin."

"Who—*me*? Wau-ki-na! What put that odd notion into your funny noddle? Why, the old chief there'll lag behind *me*; mother and father Nymwha'll be *my* whip and spur. Why, since I've been on this wilderness tramp, I've developed about sixty-five distinct new muscles, and if my moccasins ain't good, who made them, eh?"

Wau-ki-na blushed, looked shyly at Edward, cast down her eyes in some confusion, and commenced getting out the provisions which she and Marie had brought from Shanopins.

This abashment on the part of his sister, did not pass unnoticed by Jack. He looked grave, then troubled, but said nothing.

After a hearty meal and much pleasant conversation, the party rose to their feet and prepared for the long journey before them. The canoe was run still further up the little cove; all traces of their presence were carefully removed or concealed, and with light steps they sprang from stone to stone, following the run a considerable distance, and then mounted the bank, and commenced their journey, the wary old chief—to whom the whole region was familiar—in front, then Talbot, Wau-ki-na, Marie and last, Jack—all in Indian file.

Their course—guided by the mosses on the north side of the thick trees and with no beaten path—was, in the hill places, somewhat difficult, but the Half-King, a life-long denizen of the woods, had an Indian's wonderful and unerring sagacity in picking out the easiest directions and the more open woods, and the progress was, on the whole, not only rapid, but pleasant.

The two girls never flagged or flinched—in fact, their spirits rose with every mile that brought them nearer the back settlements and that left longer distance to pursuit.

Their moccasined feet plodded deftly through the intricacies of the forest way, and had a springiness and airiness of step which betokened long familiarity with wilderness tramps. Talbot kept close behind the Chief—at once bothering and amusing him with questions and conceits; sometimes talking too loud for prudence, and, irrepressible as ever, keeping up a running or rather walking conversation with Wau-ki-na behind him.

Jack could not help but observe the growing pleasure Talbot and his sister took in each other's society. He made Marie keep close behind her, but for reasons—prudential and sentimental—obvious to our readers, was not exactly prepared to change places with the now gay young lord.

And it was a marvel, too, to see the old Scarooyady. He seemed like some dusky spirit piloting a party over Acheron. Erect, silent, solemn, unerring, never hesitating, turning neither to right nor left, he glided rather than walked in front. Planting his feet in the same line—one directly before the other—after the universal Indian fashion, and stepping lightly but firmly just where his foot would make the least noise and leave the least impression, he went, true as the needle and stealthy as the panther.

His roving, restless eye seemed to pierce both long distances ahead and wide circuits around; not the slightest object or movement escaped his notice—a bird's hop on a bough, the rustle of a squirrel in the tree top, even almost the fall of a leaf, would still him instantly in his track.

Occasionally, too, he would stop and seat himself near some pleasant little grassy glade; at the foot of some noble old oak or beech, or by the side of some prattling, babbling stream or noisy waterfall. He said nothing, but it was plainly meant for the girls behind, and when they expressed pleasure at any view or forest charm or beauty, which he thus craftily brought to their notice, he would show it in

his weather-beaten old face by a milder look in the eye or by softer lines about the mouth.

Once, he actually turned from the path to pluck a wild-flower which was flaunting its gay colors and wasting its sweetness all unnoticed in a little dell by a brook side, and suddenly turning, handed it with a grim smile to Wau-ki-na.

"Why, do but watch the old fighting chief!" whispered Jack to Marie, "he's actually turning courtier; a flower's about as much in his line as a diamond pin."

"Barbarian as he is, *I've* always found him a brave and gallant gentleman," answered Marie, feelingly; "he's one of nature's noblemen, titled by God, and putting to shame many who bear the name but know not the meaning of *noble*."

"Ah, Marie, if you'd known him as I've known him these long, long years past—as true as steel, wise as serpent, brave as lion, and yet, at times, tender as a woman; why, Marie, I actually love that dear old fellow, and I believe he loves me too."



CHAPTER LXII.

▲ STRANGE BUT HAPPY MEET.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.—*Bryant.*

It was now high noon, and Scarooyaddy came to a pause just at the bottom of a deep glen and by the side of a moss-covered, pine-crowned cliff, and at the foot of a musical little waterfall, which tumbled its leaping and sparkling waters pell-mell, hurry-scurry, into a cool, rocky basin.

“Just the very place for lunch,” cried Talbot, in great glee. “Here, Wau-ki-na, what’s your bill of fare?” looking into the sack—“jerked venison, corn dodgers, army bread, cold hominy, and for dessert, oh, yes, here it is—heminny, bread, corn cake, and venison, with some of that nice ‘Adam’s ale’ for a *bonne bouche*. ’Tis good enough for a king—or at least for a Half-King; eh! Jack!”

The party were evidently becoming well-acquainted, and after a hearty meal, at which hunger gave the chief relish, and a long two-hours’ rest and much conversation, the march was bravely resumed in the same order as before, nothing occurring to obstruct a constant progress.

It was a sultry July afternoon. The walking had for some time become a settled and monotonous trudge; all conversation had nearly died away, when, finally, about six of the evening and just on the long rise of a hill, Jack said:

"Halloo! Yaddy; where are we, and where do we stop to-night? The ladies are getting jaded and weary and I think I see Talbot limping."

Talbot stiffened up in an instant.

"Me limping? Why, Jack, you must be blind-tired. 'Twas the Half-King you saw. I'm as springy as a foot ball. If 'tweren't for these rough woods, I'd just like to run you a five-mile race, even weights. I'd show you what our turfmen call 'staying powers,' but I would like the course, if convenient, on a down grade."

"They *would* be 'staying powers,' indeed," laughed Jack. "But it's high time, tired or not, for us all to rest for the night. Where is it to be, Chief?"

"Over the hill there—'Kittanning path' near by. Beautiful woods half-hour from here."

"Well, push on! Old Ironsides. Bear up cheerily, Marie and Lucy, 'tis but a little while longer."

Now the hill top is reached, and the Indian, as was ever his wont, cast a scrutinizing glance on all sides and far in the front. He evidently saw at once some suspicious object. He gave a slight start and gazed long and intently at something which had attracted his quick eye on the other side of the valley below them, and just in the direction they were going.

"How now, Chief? What d'ye see?" said Jack, pushing hastily to the front.

"Look!"

Following the direction of the Half-King's finger, Jack soon saw two clouds of blue smoke lazily rising from above

the trees of a grove about half a mile off—the very place the Indian was trying to reach for the night.

“What d’ye make of it, Yaddy? Indians?”

“Delawares from Kittanning; but”—shaking his head—“almost too much smoke; they must fear nothing. Right on the big trail, too.”

“Well, *we’ve* not much to fear, either, I take it. We’ll stay *here* to-night.”

“Good!” grunted the Indian. “My brother stay here, and when the dark come, Scarooyaddy go see.”

“Then I ‘go see,’ too,” said Jack; and so finally it was arranged, and shortly after, leaving the two maidens in care of Talbot, and strictly charging him on no account to move from a sheltered spot hard by a rocky ledge on the eastern slope of the hill, Jack and the Indian quickly disappeared in the valley.

They were soon mounting the opposite hill, and just as the twilight was deepening into night, they cautiously approached the woods, above which they had seen the smoke.

And now, as the brow of the hill was reached, two bright fires suddenly appeared in near view, and around them and among the trees a number of figures were seen standing or moving about.

Jack suddenly clutched the old Indian tight by the arm.

“Good heavens, Chief! you’re mad wrong for once! Those fellows are *white*—all over, and every man of them! Who can they be? and, eh! what, Chief!” as a log just thrown on the fire threw up a burst of bright flame; “scalp me alive, if they aint in the dress of my own brave hunters! And look! man, look! Why, if there isn’t Lieutenant Hogg, and Sergeant Imbrie, and Archy MacAllister, and Sandy MacLaughlin, and little Pat McGuire! Why, *curses* on our stupid heads, Yaddy, they’re *all my own boys!*”

—my true and tried Forest Rangers!” and Jack at once gave a loud and joyous hurrah which made the woods ring again, and started the whole troop, first to their feet and then to their rifles.

Then catching the Chief by the arm, and rapidly drawing him forward, Jack ran right up to the crowd, shouting: “Hurrah! my boys, here we are again!—Jack, your own leader, and the Half-King! I could almost cry for joy!”

And then such a glad shout rose up from Jack’s Rangers as would have done your ears good to hear. They crowded about him, seized on his two hands, and almost fairly lifted their beloved leader from the ground.

And then the Half-King—well known to the whole of them—came in for *his* share of attentions, and amid laughs and shouts and questions, and “Why Caps,” both sides commenced to realize the fortunate meet.

“And what, Hogg and Mercer, in God’s name!” cried Jack, when he could recover breath and get rid of their attentions, “are the ‘Rangers’ doing here, away out on the ‘Kittanning trail?’”

“We might ask the same thing of you, Jack!” quickly answered sturdy Dr. Hugh Mercer—afterwards one of the best generals in our Revolutionary war. “You’re about as wide out of your reckoning as *we* are! If you desert your company to fight on your own hook, why, *we* must somehow keep in practice, too. To see the Delaware Jacobs coming from Kittanning, wouldn’t have stunned us a whit; but to see *you*—hang it, Captain, it’s kind o’ knocked us! Has old Braddock taken that place, too?”

“Braddock?” indignantly answered Jack. “I tell you, boys, he’s the hardest hit and worst whipped old humbug you ever saw—his whole army completely cut up, and what’s left of them racing through the woods and over the hills as if the devil himself were after them. Oh, don’t

“Speak to me about *him!*” bitterly continued Jack; “it makes me grind my teeth and gnaw my lips to even think of the vain, pig-headed blunderer!”

“And when did the battle come off?” inquired Hogg.
“We never heard a word of it.”

“Don’t well see how you could. It only happened two days since. I’m even now coming from it, but in a rather roundabout way; but this I must say, lads, and the country will bear me out in it, that had Braddock accepted the ‘Rangers’ as his scouts, instead of insulting us and rejecting our services, this disgraceful defeat and rout could never have happened; but sit down, men, and I’ll tell you all about the scrimmage.”

And round about their trusted leader, the whole company of eighty as brave and skilful riflemen rangers as the country could then produce, grouped themselves on the grass. They were chiefly of Scotch-Irish stock, most of them young, hardy, and reckless frontiersmen, who had, with that desperate love for adventure which characterized our border population at that time, been prompted to leave the older settlements of York, Cumberland and Lancaster counties, and stray over into the lovely valleys and hunting grounds of the Juniata.

“Captain Jack’s Rangers” were known all along the Allegheny mountains, as far south even as the Potomac, and had been for years—but were still more to be in the future—of incalculable aid in keeping the jealous, marauding Indian tribes, which hung upon the skirts of civilization, in check; in repressing incursions; punishing savage robbers and murderers; recovering stolen property, etc.

The conflict between them and the ever-hostile Indian bands was constant and irrepressible; and they were even now out on an expedition to destroy Jacob’s Delaware town at Kittanning, when so opportunely met by their leader and advised of Braddock’s defeat and retreat. It was left

to Colonel Armstrong to renew the expedition and carry out its objects, the very next year.

Jack hurriedly, and with great animation, ran over the stirring events which had happened since he took service with Braddock at Fort Cumberland; modestly recounted the chief incidents of the last few days' scouting, and ended with:

"But, lads, I've not told ye all; the strangest news is to come. Yaddy and I have a great secret for you, which will astound you more than our unlooked-for presence. We're not alone, and I'll soon beg leave to introduce to my gallant free-hunters, young lord Talbot, of England, and two ladies—one *my own sister*, many years ago stolen and adopted by Captain Pipe, and the other a—a very dear friend of my youth. Ah! no wonder you stare. I scarce need ask of you a hearty welcome and backwoods hospitality for them."

The rough but warm-hearted Rangers stood about almost incredulous, and Jack had now to acquaint them with as much of his story as he wished them to know, when Mercer broke in:

"And where did you say, Captain, your lady company were?"

"But a short half mile from here. The Chief and I'll have them here in a jiffy."

"Not a bit of it!" hastily put in Lieutenant Hogg. "Come, men! take rifle at once, and let us make a guard of honor for our Captain's sister and friends! and Mooney, make ready two of the pack-horses; quick! quick! and scurry after!"

A great hubbub now ensued. A sister of their Captain found—that strange, moody, reckless and mysterious man who never was heard to speak of family or relatives. It was an unheard of word and thought among them, and all was joy, excitement and curiosity; and soon the proud and

Happy Scarooyaddy, followed by every single man of the company, except enough to guard the camp, quickly led the way down the hill, across the bottom, and then up the other side to where Talbot and the others—wondering at their long absence— anxiously awaited in the dark the return of their guides and protectors.

The quick ear of Wau-ki-na—sharpened by many years of Indian life and customs—first caught afar off the approaching sounds—the muttered voices, the breaking of twigs and branches, etc. She could not comprehend, and catching Talbot's arm, hurriedly called his attention.

“What can it be, Kina? Could your brother be captured, and can these be Indians?”

“No, no, me tink not—Indians no go that way—too much noise—can't be bears, nor panthers, either—may be a pack of hungry wolves. That would be bad. Oh, my new brudder's lost!”

“Well, whatever it be, girl, you and Miss Marie had better slip around the rock there, and hide yourself as much as possible. I'll do all I can to defend you from danger.”

It would be foolish to say Talbot was calm and undismayed. He was not; but had that dread which comes over every one, no matter how brave, who knows a danger approaching, of which he can measure neither the kind nor extent. But whatever else were of the little lord's failings, want of pluck was not one of them. He was as brave as Julius Caesar, and now seized his knife and cocked his rifle; advanced a few steps to the brow of the hill, and waited all alone and quietly.

The noise now ceased, and then another rustling, and a shadowy figure could just be dimly seen a little way down the hill.

“Stop!” exclaimed Talbot, in a firm but low voice; “whoever or whatever you are, or I shoot!” and he pre-

sented his rifle. "Not a step further, or you're a dead man, if you *are* a man! Can that be you, Jack?"

"That's me, *Jack*," cheerily spoke Jack, glad to find Talbot of so much spirit. "I fell into the rear, and just thought that maybe we would frighten you with so much noise."

"Well, Jack, I must say it was devilish unkind and thoughtless of you to come on us in that way. A moment more and I might have done a deed the memory of which a whole lifetime couldn't wipe out."

"Where are Marie and Wau-ki-na?" answered Jack.

"Around the rocks there," said Talbot, petulantly; "but they must have better tempers than I have if they can relish your little joke."

"Forgive me, Talbot; 'twas thoughtless in me, but I'm much upset myself, and thought only of the pleasure in store for you all. Besides, my boys got ahead of me."

"Why, Jack, art crazy, man? What mean ye by your 'boys?' Are you pushing still further your sorry jest?"

"Why, Talbot, and Lucy, and Marie"—for these last two, hearing his voice, had now come up—"my whole company of hunters is right here, and with food and horses for all three, and nothing more now to fear." And the proud and happy scout shook Talbot warmly by the hand till his fingers ached; gave Lucy a tender embrace, and seemed about, in his joy and excitement, to do the same with Marie, but exchanged it just at the last moment, for a tender and most affectionate pressure of the hand.

"And now come on, my brave lads, and bring up your horses! here are Lucy, my sister; Miss de Bonneville, and Lord Talbot of England, who just now had a bead drawn on your Captain and was near making an unpleasant corpse of him. You'll find him a devilish clever fellow, and a very tight little Shawnee Chief, who'd fight his own shadow, although he *has* washed off his war-paint."

The Rangers now clustered about, while the officers and leading men came forward and exchanged greetings with the ladies, looking with the greatest interest at Wau-ki-na, who conducted herself throughout with a charming grace and dignity.



CHAPTER LXIII.

JACK AND MARIE BY THE RAPIDS.

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say,
I love you.—*Henry the Fifth.*

MOUNTED on the horses, Scarooyaddy at Wau-ki-na's bridle piloting the way, and a guard of Rangers on either side, the little procession soon reached the grove and the bright, cheery fires. By this light the three had to undergo a closer inspection, which, however, seemed to make such a favorable impression, that the whole camp was in a state of exuberant joy and hilarity.

While some prepared a bountiful frontier supper, others arranged pillions for the morrow's journey, and others still cut pine branches for a bower, and collected leaves and robes for a fitting couch for the lovely guests. The whole camp seemed richer for their presence, and they were the recipients of all kinds of most respectful attentions.

Jack couldn't help but show his gladness at the happy turn matters had taken. He stole occasional glances at Marie, so full of joy and regard that she could scarcely misinterpret them. The evening was passed by the men in jokes, and songs, and stories, the occasional peals of laughter filling the sombre old forest with the strange sounds.

Jack's party, to which some of his more intimate acquaintance were added, beguiled the time with pleasant conversation, and in going over the events of the past few days, now brought to such a favorable termination. Talbot, as often as he could secure her undivided attention, devoted himself to Wau-ki-na and seemed to outshine Jack in his beaming looks of content.

The news of Braddock's defeat caused an immediate abandonment of the expedition against Kittanning. It would have been too risky to have pressed it with such a small force. Jack now resumed command of his Rangers, and gave out the word for an early start on the morrow back to the settlements. The hut of fragrant pine boughs, and the couch of robes for the two females, had long been ready, and such were the wearing fatigues of the day, that soon after retirement, they fell into a long, unbroken slumber.

It was bright day when Jack awoke. His men were busy about the fires in preparations for a hunter's breakfast of game, and with his mind unwontedly filled with pleasant thoughts, the Ranger-scout sauntered through the fragrant woods, and soon came to the edge of a wild and sombre glen, adown which danced in wild glee or in mad tumult a great rush of waters.

At the foot of this boisterous and foam-covered rapid, and sitting pensively on a tree trunk close by the margin of the whirling eddies, he was astonished to see Marie. With a start of pleased surprise, but with an air that had yet somewhat of embarrassment in it, he hastened to accost her.

"Why, Marie, you're an early bird! Still ever finding out the romantic spots. You're as true a child of the woods as myself."

Marie had turned quickly at his voice, a rosy blush, she knew not wherefore, mounting her cheek, and her sad eyes kindling with pleasure.

"'Tis part of my life, I suppose, Edward," she gave answer. "My dear father was such a very high priest of nature, that I could not pass so many years with him in the woods without sharing largely in his devout spirit. I was just watching the peaceful gambols of those two fox-squirrels, and thinking how delightful it would be when I, like them, could live undisturbed by the rude alarms and terrible shocks which have so tried me of late. Is Lucy yet astir?"

"Not yet, poor child. She must be very, very weary. 'Tis of her I would now talk to you, Marie. I've been wishing for some time to ask your opinion of her."

"How *could* you ask, Edward? You must already know. She has so much of your mother's good, gentle woman's spirit, that all these years of Indian life and companionship, have left her as sweet, as pure, and as winsome a creature as I ever knew. Don't fear Lucy; she'll always be a pride and delight to you. I think I know her thoroughly. You must have seen how, even before I dreamed of her birth and relationship, I, and poor father, too, always had an unaccountable affection for her."

"Marie, I'm heartily glad to hear you say this—*so* glad, you don't know. I love her dearly already. It would be unspeakably sad to know that her wilderness life, and her many years with those marauding Delawares, had spoiled or contaminated her. Another thing disquiets me. I've been watching closely, and fear she's taken a great liking to the young English lord. Have you ever noticed—"

"To speak frankly, Edward, I have, but it will wear off with his absence, which must now be very near. Of course, he, looking on her all along as but a pretty, graceful, and winning Indian beauty, does not think of her *seriously*."

"No; and what's more, by jove, he *shall* not," flashed out Jack, angrily. "If I thought *that*, I would forbid another word between them. I'm too proud an American

to seek any such mesalliance. You must warn her however, Marie, *at once*. Better from you than me. I'll keep close eye on him, too, and see that he treats her just as a mere chance acquaintance. A manner and style of words which might not be amiss while she was thought Pipe's daughter, wouldn't answer at all now that she's Jack's sister. He must part from her at Aughwick."

"And so, alas, must I. Perhaps he—"

"You! Marie? Why, wha—what mean you? You know your dying father solemnly charged me to see you safe to Philadelphia, and do you think I'd prove recreant to the trust? What have I done to make you think so harshly of me?"

"Nothing, nothing; I do assure you," with a half-frightened look at the possible turn which she had so unconsciously precipitated; "but I—you—Philadelphia is so *very* far from your home at Aughwick, and 'twould be better for me to go with Talbot, since so good an opportunity offers—wouldn't it?" looking down, her face covered with blushes.

There it was again. The time had evidently come for Jack to speak, but he couldn't, but stood trembling before her—this strong, brave, stalwart man—a choking in his throat and the beads of perspiration on his bare brow. At length, controlling himself by a strong effort, he approached gently and said tenderly, but decidedly:

"No, it *wouldn't*, Marie. *No one* shall accompany you but just myself and Wau-ki-na, whom I shall take to the city to educate. And now, Marie, I had not intended to speak of this just here, and now, but it is, perhaps, better. You know me as a plain, blunt, earnest man, of few words and fewer pretences. You *have* known me from boyhood, and my feelings then towards you. You know the cruel misunderstanding that drove me from your presence—the roving, restless and unhappy life I've since led—the sin-

gular manner in which I found you again, and now, so help me God! nothing shall separate us more but the utterance of your own lips. Speak, Marie, and say if this life-long love of mine, of late so wonderfully renewed and strengthened, shall be in vain?"

"I cannot speak only to say, Edward," Marie falteringly replied, looking up at him, pale, but smiling through her tears, "that I *do* know you and trust you and *love you*," her voice sinking to a gentle whisper as she extended her hand to meet his.

"Thanks! thanks! dear Marie," joyfully exclaimed Jack, imprinting a most fervent kiss on her lips, and drawing her blushing face to his bosom. "I've waited long, long weary years for this, but I'm to be blest at last. You've made me, in truth, a happy, happy man, and now no more about leaving and all such nonsense;" and the two sat down together on the tree, and went over the past and forecast the future, and there is no knowing how deep they would have gone into the day, had not Wau-ki-na, fresh as a dew-drop and radiant as the morning, came tripping down upon them, joyfully exclaiming:

"Oh, you *so* naughty brother. I find you at last, and you, dear Marie, *you* naughty, too"—shaking her finger at her. "Edward's men all eat breakfast and don't know where you be. Why you no wake Wau-ki-na?"

Then noticing the embarrassed manner of each, she peered saucily into his, and then into her face, laughingly saying, "What you do here, and what you say? you bofe look so funny!"

"Oh, Lucy," laughed Jack in a constrained, awkward sort of manner, "Marie and I were just listening to that water-music, and watching the antics of those squirrels."

"What squirrels?" looking around. "I no see any squirrels."

“Why, they were racing along that sapling a moment since, weren’t they, Marie?” It was nearly a full hour before, but lovers “take no note of time except from its loss.”

“Oh, I know de whole trute,” said Wau-ki-na, suddenly springing to her brother’s lap, putting her arms around his neck, and nestling her nut-brown face against his brawny breast. “You tink little Indian girl know noting, but she very cute” (the artless yet *artful* little minx had “been *there*” before them). “You look wise and solemn as great owls, and *now* tell each other what *I* know, and Mr. Talbot know, and everybody know,—you love Marie and Marie love you, and I—love bofe together,” taking a hand of each, and laughing and crying at the same time. “Oh! we’ll be so happy.”

“Well, Lucy, you sly little fox, you’ve about guessed it. And now since we’re all happy together, let’s to breakfast, for I’m almost ashamed to confess it, I’m as hungry as a wolf.”

As Jack strolled into camp, striving to look as indifferent and unconcerned as possible, he soon found from the sly glances and laughs and side-talks of his men, that they were no more blinded than was Lucy, and were almost as glad, too.

The meal finished, the march back along the Kittanning path was speedily taken up, the rangers forming a sort of escort about the two horses on which the girls were seated, and as proud of and as attentive to them as if they were regular “daughters of the regiment.”

Nothing occurred to hinder a rapid march. Whatever Indian parties were out, gave wide berth to so large and formidable a company. The next day the mountains were crossed, and finally Aughwick, a new settlement, where Colonel Croghan and a number of friendly Indians resided, was reached.

CHAPTER LXIV.

TALBOT AND JACK HAVE A TALK.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

Romeo and Juliet.

THE morning after his arrival, Jack was sitting at the door of a rude log cabin of this frontier hamlet, watching the clumsy antics of a tame bear belonging to some of the Indian boys, when Talbot, looking far better in his Shawnee than in his civilized suit, approached him, but with a manner of some embarrassment.

"Well, Captain, so far on our way back to civilization; and then, ho! for dear old England again."

"Why, Talbot, have you tired of our wild woods and rude frontier life so soon, that you would thus take 'French leave' of us. It's rough, but it's exciting."

"No, no; but now that our English army has been so badly defeated, I have somewhat lost my interest in the country, but not in its people, Jack, I do assure you. And what do *you* intend to do now?"

"A question more easily asked than answered, Talbot. Since Braddock's defeat, this exposed frontier post must be at once abandoned. I am on my road, with my hunters and the settlers, to Harris' Ferry, there to consult with the Paxton Rangers, and see what the government at Philadelphia are going to do at this crisis, for I take it as a mat-

ter of course, Dunbar's shackeldy mob of an army is by this time fleeing like the wind back to Fort Cumberland, and the whole range of frontier valleys will soon be alive with those cursed, scalping thieves of redskins. We start to-morrow, early. *You* will probably go on to-day?"

"By no means. I stay with your Rangers, and with Wau—Lucy, I mean."

"Yes, her Indian name had better be dropped now, as will soon your acquaintance with her. She—well, indeed, all of us—will ever remind you of a strange, although I hope not an unpleasant, episode in your roving life."

"Why, Jack, it is of your sister I would like to speak with you a moment."

"And what can Lord Talbot have to say about my sister," said Jack, unconsciously, perhaps, assuming a stern and haughty air, which threw the Englishman into a state of nervous embarrassment.

"Why, *this*, Captain, that I have taken a desperate liking to her, and I think she—that is to say I hope—"

"She's taken the same to you; is that it?"

"Why, yes, I—she—"

"And you haven't *dared* to tell her this," flashed Jack, an ominous frown on his brow and a dangerous light gathering in his eye.

"Why, yes, Jack, I did, and also, that—"

"What! after or before you knew she was my sister?"

"After. It was that very discovery that made me hasten it," said Talbot, bristling up in his turn.

"Why, Talbot," said Jack, rising and sternly confronting the little lord, who seemed to grow smaller as the scout rose to his full proportions, "by heavens, this is unpardonable—'tis almost an insult. You should have known, sir, whatever may have been your humors as regards Indian girls, that one so near to me is not to be trifled with."

"Trifled with, Jack!—why, man, I'm in dead earnest

never was more serious in my life. If to love a pure, sweet, lovely girl with all one's heart and soul, and with the most respectful and honorable intentions of marriage is an insult, why, then, it does not come from *me*, but from the *fact*."

"Pshaw! Talbot," answered Jack, but evidently with a more softened manner, "I didn't think you could be such a goose. If you're in earnest, as you say, more's the pity."

"Why, Jack, this language is rude and contemptuous. From any other I could not and *would not* endure it. Do you mean to intimate that my rank and family are not good en—"

"Yes, yes, I know. They're far *too* good in the estimation of your relatives and countrymen—not a whit too good in *my* opinion. Look here, my lad, let's talk sense! Briefly and finally, I, as an American, am too proud and have too much self-respect to ally me or mine to a foreigner of rank, and least of all to an Englishman, where the feeling of *caste* is as strong as among the Indian Brahmins, and where a man is not so much esteemed for what he is himself, as for who was his great-great-grandfather."

"Yes, but Jack, *my* family are not of that kind, and will surely welcome the object of my choice. Lucy is my choice, and—"

"Yes; well, we wont risk it," rather sneered Jack. "Love for *you* might make your family tolerant of *her*. 'Twould be a notable exception if it *did*, but English society would turn their backs on a simple American girl, without dower or pedigree—and she too raised among Indians. No! no! Talbot, don't mention the matter again! 'Tis offensive. What you call your *love* is but a passing whim, born of the occasion and the singular circumstances which have thrown you two together."

"Jack, you're hard on me," answered Talbot, with much feeling, greatly hurt rather than angry. "Be more just. *You* love Miss de Bonneville, and intend very shortly to

marry her. (Here Jack winced.) Is it strange that I should wish to do the same with Lucy? You wouldn't compliment your *own* judgment and Miss de Bonneville's merits at the expense of *my* taste and the charms of your own sister, would you?"

"Well, Talbot, that's well put—rather a neat turn on me—what the Philadelphia lawyers used to call when I was there, the *argumentum ad hominem*," laughed out Jack, now completely disarmed. "I'll tell you how we'll leave the matter. You think you love Lucy. I am sure it is a passing whim, which will vanish when you come among the stately English beauties of your own rank and station, if it do not even before. Now, I'll question Lucy at once: if I find she sincerely returns your affection you may, if you please, accompany us as far as Philadelphia, where I intend putting her in good hands for at least two years to be educated and accomplished. You pledge me your word that, until you leave the country, you will act towards her only as a friend, and not as the ardent and devoted lover. At the end of two years, if your love stands the test of time, and your family give their *full* consent to the marriage, Lucy is free to take or reject you, as she may then feel inclined. What say you?"

"That your terms are hard—very hard, but I acknowledge your right to impose conditions. Say *one* year, and I accept them."

"Not a month less. I am proud to know Lucy is a pure, sweet, good girl, singularly uncontaminated by her life and associations; but you know how and among whom she has passed her days, and it will require *full* that time," said Jack, with a peculiar uncredulous smile showing itself for a moment on his lips, "to fit her for the exalted position she's to occupy. What do you decide?"

"That I must accept, but will keep her company until my departure. Should my family refuse their consent, by

jove! I'll return and live in America, and cut my own way. I swear—"

"Swear not at all,' one good book says, and another, 'lovers' vows are false as dicers' oaths,'" laughingly replied Jack, as he sauntered off to a little sugar grove where his men were encamped.

That same evening Jack had a long and confidential conversation with Marie, in which—among *other* matters—they fully discussed the affair between Talbot and Lucy. Marie finally disappeared in the cabin, and sent the unthinking girl out to her brother. She seemed—scarce knowing why—somewhat shy and flustered before a peculiar grave look in his face, but tripped lightly up to his side, took his hand between both of hers, and said :

"Edward, I'm *so* glad you be Lucy's brother. I never leave you—not any more. I learn to talk English very fast—seems as if I knew it all before, and"—here a slight hesitation—"and, Mr. Talbot take much trouble to teach me."

"He does, does he, Lucy? Well," looking steadily into her face and dark eyes, "and what do you think of him?"

"Him? oh, he talk so fast, and some words I 'fraid very bad."

"Pshaw! little simpleton, what do you think of him—as a *man*, I mean?"

"A man? Why he very nice, pretty little man—not so broad and strong like you, Edward, and his hair too stiff, and not long and curly like my own brother's; but he have soft eyes, just like a fawn's, and very, *very* sweet smile."

Nonsense, thought Jack. What use in questioning her artlessness. She's innocent as a child, as indeed, a child she is.

"Lucy, you've seen a good deal of Talbot lately. Be-

fore he and you knew I was your brother did he ever say anything to you improper?"

Lucy looked at him with wondering, questioning eyes. "I don't know that word, Edward. What does it say?"

"I mean did he ever say anything to make your cheeks blush—anything he ought not to have said to a young innocent maiden?"

"Oh, yes, Edward;" showing him then how charmingly her cheeks *could* blush. "He told me I was the prettiest and sauciest little witch he ever saw, and that I had a very funny little nose, and a dear, weeny-teeny foot, and that some fine day he would like to make me his little Indian wife."

"What more, Lucy?"

"More? not much till that day on the island when I told him you was my dear brother, then he said if I loved him he *would* make me his little wife. He would, 'by Jove,' dey were his very words. Who can Jove be, Edward? some dear friend? I 'spect."

"And then what did *you* say?" laughed Jack in spite of himself, his regard for Talbot's prudence and sincerity evidently increasing.

"Let's see; I most forget, Edward—so long ago—but I'm *sure* I told him I loved him, and, I tink, Jove, too."

"You did, you queer little riddle. And when was all this?—before—"

"Yes, before you told Marie—on that log, you know, you were so long time busy watching squirrels—that you loved *her*, and she told you if so you did, why then she loved you."

"Nonsense! Lucy. I don't believe you're near as artless as you look, and why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"Why, Edward, *you* never told Lucy that you loved Marie. I had to find it with my own two eyes. First

thing I see—down on that same tree, you know—you take her face, and draw it towards you, and then—”

“Oh, silence, you little blather, I’m in too awkward a fix myself to make much out of you. But now let me ask you *seriously*; do you think you really care enough for Talbot to be willing to be his wife? Have you ever thought of that?”

“Y-e-e-s, Edward, I tink I have, but”—her eyes appearing brim full of mischief—“he just little, *little* bit too short. Why he no taller than me; no higher than the fringe on your hunting-shirt.”

“Oh, run away into the cabin, Lucy, I can’t make any thing out of you, but first let me warn you to be very stiff and proud—so—before Talbot, while we are going to the big city.”

“I will, Edward,” very demurely. “I be *very* proud. When he say he go away over the big water, I look so”—putting on a pensive and pouty expression, “and when he take my hand and kiss and hurt it—just as I saw you kiss and hurt poor Marie’s to-day—I look so,” and the little mischief drew herself up haughtily, frowned severely, and looked as stern as possible, until Jack had to burst into a hearty laugh, as he turned away.

Wau-ki-na tripped back towards the cabin with a conscious look of triumph on her face, as much as to say, “Didn’t I get through that well?” and just as she was entering the door, she turned and gave her brother this parting shot, “Oh, I behave myself very much—you don’t know. I not so wise as Marie, but then I’m *so* young and little Indian maid, but I watch you two all the time. Then I learn so fast, and do just right.”

Early next morning they were on their march to John Harris’ Ferry (now Harrisburg), which they reached without incident of note. Here they found all in a state of excitement. The news of Braddock’s disaster had but just

reached them, and the Paxton Rangers were out with their Colonel, the Rev. Mr. Elder—the “fighting parson,” as he was called; for many years pastor of the Scotch-Irish churches at Paxton and Derry—dressed in his cocked hat, and with rifle on shoulder.



CHAPTER LXV.

A MARRIAGE IN THE WOODS.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication.—*Bryant.*

THE welcome accorded by the Paxton Rangers to Capt. Jack's scouts, and especially to the ladies in their company, was most warm and cordial. As yet they had only heard a flying rumor of Braddock's disgraceful defeat—but Jack, who had been actually in the thickest of the fight, and who had afterwards witnessed on Smoky Island the inhuman tortures of the prisoners, was enabled to give full details.

These brave but rude and unlettered frontiersmen hung on his every word, and when the full extent of the disaster was known, there was an anxious discussion of its probable results. All agreed that the whole border—unprotected as it was—would necessarily be exposed to the fell sweep of French-Indian incursions.

The brave and greatly beloved Rev. Col. Elder—with his small cocked hat and his long rifle swung on shoulder—counselled a general banding along the Susquehanna for mutual protection, and made vouch for the fighting quali-

ties of the Scotch-Irish boys of Paxten, Derry, Hanover and Denegal.

Capt. Lazarus Stewart, a daring partizan of unusual influence in those days—he who a few years afterwards led the cruel attack on the Conestoga Indians, and subsequently the slaughter of the survivors placed in the Lancaster jail for protection—backed up his pastor, and advised the erection of block houses and a general muster of the fighting men of the frontier.

And there, too, was John Harris, the son of the brave Esther Say, the subsequent founder of Harrisburg, and at that time proprietor of “John Harris’ Ferry,” a point of such importance in those years, and so widely known abroad, that letters in Ireland, Scotland, and Germany, were directed “care of John Harris, Harris’ Ferry, North America.” He was then about thirty years old and one of the most active and indomitable spirits and the most extensive Indian trader on the whole frontier. His hospitable mansion, which was surrounded with stockades and had therewith connected a long row of sheds for the storing of skins and furs, was generously thrown open with all its good cheer and bounty to both companies.

And there, too, were Geo. Fisher, the founder of Middletown, and Marcus Hulings, who dwelt on Duncan’s Island, and Matthew Smith and James Gibson, and other notable worthies of that daring, restless, “wild-turkey breed” of men, who, almost beyond the reach of the laws of the province, were a law unto themselves.

The next day was to witness a ceremony of great interest to our readers. Jack had scarcely come in contact with his old friend, the Rev. Col. Elder, before he made him a confidant of the whole history of his acquaintance with Marie de Bonnevillle; his reunion with her after so many years of absence; his escape and betrothal and his intended journey to Philadelphia.

On account of the unsettled state of affairs, Marie's unprotected situation, the long journey before them, the presence of an old friend to officiate, and other cogent, conducting circumstances, it was the parson's prompt counsel that the marriage between them should be celebrated at once. This was Jack's own opinion; and, after a long and persuasive conversation with the object of his regard, he at length won her blushing consent that, under the circumstances, it was the most fitting thing to do.

And so it was resolved, and the news soon spread among the members of both companies. As Jack's party were to start on horseback early on the morrow for Philadelphia, that very night was agreed upon for the solemn rite, and a dense grove of large sugar-maples which skirted the Susquehanna near "the ferry," selected as the most appropriate place.

As evening drew near, all was made ready for the ceremony. The Rangers composing the two companies took a wonderful interest in the occasion. They had gathered in groups during the afternoon and discussed the great change about to happen the dashing, reckless, and withal mysterious "Wild Hunter of the Juniata." They told each other all they could gather of his history; his early love and disappointment; the murder of his family; the captivity of his beautiful sister, and his strange reunion with both sister and his first and only love. Each had triggged himself up somewhat in honor of the occasion, while a number of curious invited visitors, male and female, from Derry, Hanover and Donegal, hastened to lend their presence at the ceremony. Wau-ki-na was in a wonderful state of excitement all day: Now she was all smiles and laughter and merriment; and now all tears and sobs; would now coyly accept the honeyed words and blandishments of Talbot, and anon—with all a betrothed woman's caprice—would pout and tease and scold him. Her preparation of the bride's

dress was a very easy thing. Those were old-fashioned times, when but little attention was paid outside of the largest cities to exterior personal adornment. Marie sensibly preferred standing up in her half-Indian dress, which, however, with its ornamented moccasins, buskins and bright-hued skirt, was unusually picturesque and becoming.

Indeed she had no other. All that she possessed of the dresses and decorations at that time fashionable in the city, had been left in Frazier's cabin hard by the late bloody battle-field. She needed little, indeed, to make her attractive. Wau-ki-na had taken great pains to arrange and decorate with a few flowers her friend's luxuriant hair, and when, all being ready—supported on the one side by the proud and happy Captain of the scouts, and on the other by his gentle and modest sister clad in her Indian costume—she passed with grave face but firm tread under the shadow of the trees, there was a universal feeling of admiration among the rough but gallant hunters assembled there. They talked in low tones to each other of her grace, her beauty and her dignity.

All was now prepared. Two great fires had been kindled on a gentle acclivity right on the margin of the broad river, and as their bright flames leaped into the air, illuminating the deep shades of the solemn old maple grove, casting broad reaches of light athwart the Susquehanna, and bringing out into bold relief the two companies of Rangers, every man of them leaning on his trusty rifle, the whole scene was impressive and picturesque in the extreme.

When Jack and Marie, flanked by Talbot and Wau-ki-na, had taken position between the two fires, which were about fifty yards apart, the Rev. Col. Elder appeared before them, and, with the simple yet solemn service of the Presbyterian faith, made the "twain one flesh." The whole

ceremony closed with a fervent and impressive prayer, the sturdy Presbyterian Rangers bowing their heads in devout attention, and then, clustering about the beaming and happy couple, they made the forest ring with three hearty cheers for the bravest and most reckless scout of the border.

A plentiful feast of game and fish was the next thing in order, followed by a dance on the green sward, and then by games, rifle shooting, and what not; and when Jack and his blushing bride rose from the green to go towards John Harris' hospitable cabin, they were escorted by the parson and a company of Rangers on either side, and afterwards serenaded with some of the wild, ringing songs then in fashion along the border.

Of all the jocund, buoyant spirits present on this auspicious occasion, sure the happiest and merriest was Talbot. He seemed to live for the present and was during the whole evening just in his element. No foot tripped so lightly in the dance; no voice was so joyous and jubilant, and no laugh was so ringing and infectious as just this happy little lord's. The rough, stalwart border-rangers had taken a wonderful fancy to the dapper little Indian chief, and it must be confessed that not only did his Shawnee decorations become him, but also that he *knew* that they did, and he would not now have exchanged them for the finest silk and velvet.

Wau-ki-na, upon whom he was ever a close attendant, stood or sat shyly and contentedly at his side, evidently greatly pleased at his exuberant flow of spirits; "his quips, and cranks and wanton wiles," and at the many attentions paid him by the Rangers. Talbot had managed during the evening to find frequent occasion for little side talks and bursts of tenderness, and when the two were about to part at the cabin, he quietly drew her aside and whispered:

"And now, Wau-ki-na, I *do* hope you will think seri-

ously of your brother's marriage, and prevail on him to follow it up by a second one when we come to Philadelphia."

"Oh, no! no!" mischievously broke in Wau-ki-na, wilfully bent on misunderstanding him. "That would be bad. He no marry two times. Marie make him a very good wife. He want no other. Edward no Indian chief to want one, two, three squaw, that—"

"Oh, pshaw! Wau-ki-na, that wont do! You know well that I mean *our* marriage. You've promised me to become my own little wife, and—"

"But Edward say," demurely responded the little maiden, "you make fun of poor Wau-ki-na, and that you go away and forget her; and that your father great white chief, and too high to have American daughter. I 'fraid so, too, and—"

"All stuff—confounded twaddle and nonsense, Wau-ki-na! If *he* thinks so, *you* mustn't. I vow to you—but what's the use of saying more than a thousand times, how deeply and truly I love you."

"Yes, yes," eagerly exclaimed the innocent girl. "Say it yet more. Wau-ki-na never tired. It make music in her ear."

"Well, I *do* say it again; and if your brother *will* be so unjust to me, why not let me show my honesty by an instant marriage?"

"No! no! that cannot be! I too proud"—drawing herself up and throwing back her head—"and my brother too proud. He tell me all, and I must go to school and learn English, and dress like city girl, and you wait only one, two year, and *then*, if you love Wau-ki-na, she—she—"

"Well, what? you little witch!"

"Witch! witch? Edward say that a bad word. You mustn't—"

"Well, maybe *this* is bad, too"—suddenly seizing her

earnest-looking face between his hands, and imprinting a burning kiss upon her pouting lips. "If it *is*, I'm devilish wicked, and what's more, as unrepentant as the Old Boy."

"There! take dat for dat!" answered the imperious beauty, smiting him lightly on the cheek with her hand, and running towards the cabin. "Edward say—"

"Oh, bother Edward! while he *says*, I *do*! Good-night! I'll see you bright and early to-morrow!" and the young roysterer turned to join the Rangers, who seemed bent on making a night of it.



CHAPTER LXVI.

THE JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

As You Like It.

EARLY the next morning Talbot, the Half-King, Wau ki-na, Jack and his wife, were mounted on horses, kindly provided by John Harris, and started on their long journey to Philadelphia. That evening, after a pleasant day's ride, they reached Lancaster, and found the bad news had preceded them, and the little town in great commotion. Knots of excited citizens stood on the corners discussing the late battle, and Jack and Scaroooyaddy were eagerly surrounded and forced to tell a score of times the story of the defeat and rout. Had the good burghers known the full extent of the disaster, and that even then Dunbar's army was in marvellously rapid retreat for Will's Creek and Fort Cumberland, excitement would have grown almost to panic.

Off again in the morning, and making rapid progress to the big city. All along the route every one was discussing the great battle, and Jack had often to repeat his story to eager questioners. No incident of note happened, and on the evening of the third day, our party entered the city and put up at the Royal George Inn.

The news of the arrival of the famous Captain Jack and Half-King was soon noised abroad, and the house was rapidly crowded. By this time the disaster was pretty well known throughout the city. It created intense excitement and dismay, the more so since no adverse tidings had been expected by any one. Governor Morris, on his return that very day from Carlisle, where he had personally examined some of Braddock's fugitive wagoners, had been insulted on the public street for giving out that Braddock and his fine army of British regulars had been defeated. Many of the citizens had even raised subscriptions for general bonfires for the victory which was sure to crown their arms. The direful news, therefore, came upon the Quaker City like "a clap of thunder from a clear sky."

Our party had not been long in their quarters before Dr. Franklin, then postmaster-general, and a philosopher and public man of great influence, hearing of their arrival, and knowing well both Jack and the Half-King, called upon them, and insisted upon taking Jack, his wife, and sister, to his own modest mansion, where all were made most heartily welcome. Jack was very thoroughly questioned by the Doctor and all he knew about the battle gleaned from him.

Next day the Pennsylvania Assembly met, and both Jack and the Half-King were publicly thanked for the gallant part they had taken in the late struggle, and a choice piece of proprietary land on the Juniata was donated by the Governor and Council to the former.

Meantime a suitable and fashionable dress of the day was procured for Wau-ki-na, by which—although she could not look more attractive than she had in her modest and becoming Delaware attire—so changed was her appearance, and such an air of grace and dignity given her, that even Talbot, when he saw her, gave forth a long whistle of sur-

prise and admiration. She scarcely seemed the same Indian girl whom he had loved and courted.

By Franklin's aid, also, a very pleasant and retired boarding school for young ladies was found, and Wau-ki-na was comfortably ensconced in her new home and immediately commenced her studies.

Talbot, who had speedily doffed his Shawnee dress, had decked himself out in a complete modish suit of the day—and the gentlemen's fashions of those days were *very* odd and peculiar—including wig, velvet small clothes, silken hose and silver-buckled shoes; and on his first formal visit to Wau-ki-na, afforded as great a surprise to her as she had to him.

As soon as the lady principal of the school had left the room, Wau-ki-na, who had for many minutes been carefully and blushingly scrutinizing the young lord from his buckles up to the crown of his curled wig, and with an amusing mixture of curiosity and embarrassment, hastily rose, tripped over the floor, gave out a musical yet provoking little laugh, and said:

“You not the little Shawnee Chief I knew in the woods, and I not the Delaware maiden you say—oh, how so many times—you love so hard. I tink,”—extending her dainty wee hand—“we better be introduced again, don't you?”

“That's a happy thought, Wau-ki-na,” said Talbot, taking her hand and offering her a kiss, about which there was a slight quarrel, ending in a sad bungle. “And if I had the time, I'd like to make love to you all over again; but, alas, I haven't, but sail to-morrow from the Delaware direct for England.”

“What?”—growing pale of a sudden—“Edward did not—oh, no—you mustn't do—”

“Yes, Wau-ki-na; would like to stay, but I know the Captain; have taken my passage; am watched as if I was a woman-stealer when I come to see you, and besides, your

countrymen are getting so deucedly disagreeable and decidedly personal in their remarks about British regulars and British courage and British arrogance; but I'll be back soon to claim you. *Be sure of that!* and now I have a few parting words for you. But come! let's sit on yon sofa;" and taking her unresisting hand, he led her to a seat, and for some time the two chatted and murmured and whispered those tender little nothings which have weight and meaning only to those interested.

The reappearance of the lady of the house, with that well-known look of surprise and disapproval on the face so intimately known in ladies' boarding schools when the fair inmates receive visits from *cousins*, put a *finale* to the interview.

The next day Jack, accompanied by Marie and Wau-ki-na, proceeded to the Delaware to take leave of Talbot. There lay the huge ship which was to carry him home, her bowsprit almost touching the line of low wooden stores which lined the wharf.

Climbing up her steep sides, they were welcomed by Talbot, his hands outstretched and his eyes beaming with pleasure. "Well, Jack, this is *too* kind of you!—more than I expected; though I must say, I longed for it; and you, too, ladies, I'm glad you cast a thought on a poor devil of a foreigner about to make a lonely and tedious voyage. I only wish you were all going along."

These last words were addressed to the whole party, but his eyes rested affectionately on Wau-ki-na, who stood timid and downcast behind her brother.

"Why, of course, Talbot," warmly answered Jack, "we couldn't think of allowing an old and pleasant companion—one for whom we all have a warm regard—to leave America without bidding him a hearty 'God speed;' but you'll be back again, you know, in the course of time, eh?" a peculiar smile lighting up his swarthy countenance.

“Of course I will,” vehemently protested Talbot, adding. “Excuse me, ladies, but would you promenade the deck a minute while I have a word with this incorrigible man,” and linking his arm in Jack’s, he said earnestly: “Jack, still unfair and suspicious of me. Why do you doubt the depth and sincerity of my love for Lucy? I, doubtless, have appeared light and trifling to you—maybe it’s my nature, but I hope I’m a true man and have eyes to discern, sense to appreciate, and heart to love a true woman. Confound it, man, it chafes me!”

“Not a word more, my lord,” said Jack, feelingly. “I *must* say that you have behaved truly and honorably towards Lucy, even when you supposed her no other than a simple Indian girl, and I thank you for it and am not the man to forget it. I’m sure you have a strong liking for her, as well as she for you; but, excuse me, I have known so many of these passing fancies—the creatures of occasion and romantic association—that I don’t put much faith in them.”

“But, Jack—”

“One word more,” quickly replied the scout, “and let’s end the subject. I cannot brook any trifling in this affair. Let the matter rest as I arranged it. Should your affection for my sister outlive the prejudices and the attractions of your proud English society, and should you, after two years’ absence and with the full consent of your relatives, return to claim Lucy, then let it be between you and her, I’m content. There, now, say no more, but let’s join the rest.”

After an hour’s promenade about the vessel—wonderful novelty to Wau-ki-na—the signal was given to loose ship, and our party went ashore, watching the vessel with interest as she moved out into, and then dropped down the stream, and waving handkerchiefs so long as Talbot could be seen. They then slowly turned away, something very like a tear glistening on Wau-ki-na’s jetty lashes

Jack did not stay long in the city. It was as distasteful to him as to Marie. They were both *en rapport* as regards the location of a home and longed for the wilderness again. The happy couple traversed the streets, making together sundry purchases of clothing, furniture, and utensils necessary to set up the plain and simple housekeeping of those days, and arranged to have them immediately sent out on pack-horses.



CHAPTER LXVII.

JACK'S HOME ON THE JUNIATA.

The stag hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor ;
And urged in dreams the forest race
From Teviotstone to Eskdale moor.

Scott.—Lay of the Last Minstrel.

ALL necessaries bought, the two again mounted horse, and travelled by easy rides back to Harris' Ferry. Having "ample verge and room enough" wherein to choose to his own fancy, Jack was not long in selecting a site for his farm and humble dwelling.

It was on the margin of the "blue Juniata," not far from where it *debouches* into the Susquehanna, and near what was then called Juneauta, but now Duncan's Island, on the latter river. A rich and grassy bottom was here flanked on the one side by a noble forest of beech, maple, oak and elm, and bordered on the other by a noisy, rapid-running little stream of clear, sparkling water, which tumbled down through a sombre ravine in a series of rapids, ending in a cascade of some ten or twelve feet high. The whole country around, though broken and rugged, was yet exceedingly picturesque. Sherman's Creek was near by, while the Kittatinny Mountains could be distinctly seen to the south, and the Tuscarora Mountains to the northwest.

Here, then, Jack and Marie resolved to build their home. It was a very paradise for a hunter. The woods and

mountains were full of deer, bear and panther, and all the streams abounded in fish. While not too far from the confines of civilization, there were but very few adventurous spirits who lived higher up the stream. A number of friendly Indians frequented the country, and had a town on the island at the Juneata's mouth.

Jack, assisted by some of his Rangers, was for some time kept busy building his rude but comfortable log cabin, which he finished and furnished with a care and taste unusual with frontier habitations. He then devoted himself to clearing and embellishing the grounds, and soon there grew up in that lone, wild spot, a neat, cozy, and heartsome home, where Jack and Marie lived contented and happy.

For many months they dwelt in peace, undisturbed by the incursions of hostile Indians, and occasionally visited by the old Half-King, who was always made most heartily welcome and who lingered about the cabin for days at a time, making his frequent hunting excursions, and keeping the table of his old friend and companion abundantly supplied with the finest of game. He would then grow restless and quietly disappear for weeks, absent on some lone scout, or on some accredited mission to the Indians west and north; or sometimes he went in company with the far-famed Indian interpreter and ambassador, Conrade Weiser.

At length troublous times came. Savage slaughters and inhumanities grew fearfully near. Then Jack put himself at the head of his gallant Rangers, and scoured the valleys like a storm, from the Juniata even down to the Potomac; sorely smiting the savage foe, and beating him back in every direction, until his very name became a talisman of protection to the frontier, and equally so carried dread and dismay to the pitiless marauders.

Twice was Jack compelled—so near and threatening did Indian incursions become—to remove his wife to Lancaster. But then came quieter times. When the hardy frontiersmer

had learned the necessity of banding together and acting and fighting in concert, forts were built as rallying points along the exposed border.

Two years had now passed since what was generally known throughout the country as "the great battle." The Indian troubles still continued, but had been transferred more to the north or south of the locality where Captain Jack had pitched his lot, yet such had already been the effect of the frequent and desolating savage onslaughts, that whereas in the summer of '55 there were, west of the Susquehanna, full three thousand fighting men, there were *now* left only about one hundred of the more tenacious and reckless of them, who, despite the constant menace and harassment from small roving bands of Indians, and the terrible suspense ever hanging over them like a Damocles' sword, still clung to their chosen homes.

On a pleasant evening of July '57, just after an early supper, Jack and Marie sat together on the rustic stoup of "The Hermitage"—as they were sportively but not altogether inappropriately accustomed to call their isolated home. Our old friend Scaroooyaddy had been on a two weeks' visit to them, and he and Jack had been out since early morning on one of their grand hunts. Two gaunt, shaggy stag hounds, of great size and power—which had been mysteriously left at Jack's door by a passing Indian trader over a year before, by order from Philadelphia as he said --lay tired and snoring in front of the house.

"Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath and speed."

Jack took to these splendid dogs at once—no such staunch, tireless hunters in the whole country. They would follow with unflagging zeal and attack with wonderful courage any kind of game, and both Jack and his wife credited them to Talbot, but never could find out anything for certain as to the giver.

The old Chief was even now walking gravely around the cabin, his face ever and anon breaking into grim smiles and grins, a merry, laughing child of some fourteen months perched on his back, one chubby little hand about the Indian's neck, and the other holding fast to the pendant scalp-lock. It was Jack and Marie's darling boy, and proud enough they were of him.

Lucy, too, had finished her schooling, and had gladdened their home by her gentle presence for a full month. She was now nearly eighteen and had grown into ripe womanhood, but was so changed in her appearance from the time we knew her last, that she would be scarcely recognizable. With, of course, the same black and luxuriant hair, earnest brilliant eyes, and rich, brunette complexion, her person had grown somewhat taller and more rounded. To the grace and ease of manner which were native to her, there had been added a dignity, a certain womanly charm and a matured beauty, which, even in the great city, had attracted notice and compelled admiration. Her simplicity artlessness, and sweet, winning ways had continued with her—nay, had increased with her growth, and she had gathered many friends and admirers and was generally esteemed a beautiful and charming little woman. Both Jack and Marie were very proud of her.

On *this* evening she was neatly and tastefully attired, and half an hour before had taken a ramble alone in the direction of the little water-fall in the glen before alluded to, but with a manner so pensive and distraught, that Marie could scarcely help observing it.

“Do you know, husband,” she remarked with an air of anxiety, “that I'm getting concerned about Lucy. She does not appear herself. I have noted her growing melancholy. She sighs more than is natural for one of her age; likes to wander by herself; seems to be absent-minded, as if something were on her heart. I fear it's that old

affair with Talbot, and that her feeling for him was far deeper than either she or we thought."

"I have watched her, too, Marie," answered Jack, scoffingly, "and am *sure* it's that. You have given all the standard symptoms. What did I tell you and her? That Talbot was a trifler, and had but a mere passing whim for Lucy; and that as soon as he was out of sight and among his relatives and old associations, he'd forget her entirely. The scoundrel! never even to have written or sent any message whatever. I knew," he added bitterly, "his 'deep love,' as he called it, wouldn't last longer than one of his wigs, but I *did* think he would have been *man* enough to write and tell us so, frankly. I tell you, Marie, he's a fraud, and if I could get at his impudent lordship, I'd teach him a lesson he wouldn't forget in a hurry."

"Did you ever speak to Lucy on the subject?" continued Marie, after a reflective pause.

"Well, no—not formally. You know at first we used to quiz her somewhat about him in our letters, but after the months passed and no word from him, *I* felt hurt and *she* felt hurt, and so his name was dropped entirely, and it's best not to revive it and for us to appear as if we had entirely forgotten him, nor noted anything amiss with her. 'Tis one of those cases where time alone can bring healing."

"But still, Edward, I feel keenly for the dear girl and think I'll take some early occasion to question her. I've already made attempts that way, but Lucy has at times such a haughty way about her and such a peculiar repelling reserve, that I liked not to venture further. But *do* look at the old Chief, husband! He'll surely drop that child!"

Scarooyaddy had just seated the boy on the top of his shaved pate, and the little fellow was testifying his huge delight by loud crows and laughs.

“Oh,” laughed Jack, “trust the Chief for that! He’s raised a big family of papooses, and I’m delighted that the lonely old man can take such a grandfatherly interest in child of mine. Why, Marie, he just *dots* on little Eddy and I do believe comes here more to play and romp with *him* than to see *us*; but look, wife, who can those two horsemen be turning up our road? Blamed if they ain’t coming here! Uncommonly genteel-looking persons, too. Who *can* they be? The one in front is surely not Parson Elder—he’s too gray for him,” and Jack rose up and advanced to the steps.

Sure enough, the horses now approached on a brisk trot and stopped before the door, the two hounds—disturbed from dreams of the chase—starting forward with an angry snarl, which was soon changed to joyful leaps and mad gambols as they jumped towards the saddle of the first horseman.

“Down! Chester! and you, Hector, down!—down! I say. Is that the rude way you receive strangers? For shame!” sternly shouted Jack; but the dogs would *not* down but continued in a wonderful state of joy and excitement, when the elder of the gentlemen, taking off his three-cornered hat, uncovering a very full, curling wig, and bowing very courteously, said:

“Don’t blame the dogs, my dear sir. They have good reason to remember me, as they are of the best blood from my own kennel. I believe I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Edward Percy?”

“That’s my *real* name, sir,” spoke Jack in great surprise; “but not the one I’m known by on this frontier. Will you alight, sir?”

“Thank you, yes. ’Twould have been better, perhaps, for this young man here,” waving his hand to his companion, who now advanced to the fore, “to have presented me, rather than for me to introduce myself. He claims both *you* and your wife as friends.”

“Why, Jack! don't you know an old acquaintance? *There's* friendship for you, with a vengeance! You once had a desperate close grip of my throat, and the night after, *I* had a bead drawn on you and was near sending you to the 'happy hunting grounds.' I think we *ought* to know each other.”

“Why, eh! What?” said Jack hesitatingly and gazing earnestly at the young man; “it can't be, and yet it *is*, by Jehoshaphat. Here! Marie! Chief! Lucy! here's the little Shawnee chief back again! You've bravely redeemed yourself, young man, and I think *ever* so much of you again.”

Marie and the old Chief now hurried up and shook Talbot warmly by the hand. The latter, overjoyed to see his old associates again, leaped from his horse, exclaiming:

“But what a stupid I am. Let me make known to you my own father, Lord Talbot of Westley Manor, Sussex, who has come all the way from England to see your wild country and to make the acquaintance of those to whom both he and his son are so much indebted.”

The old baron was hospitably welcomed by all and gracefully bowed his acknowledgments. When he too had alighted, Talbot, meanwhile looking eagerly around, anxiously enquired:

“But, Jack! I don't see Wau-ki-na. We heard in the city she was with you. She's well, I hope, and here, is she not?”

“Lucy's here and well. One word with you aside, my lord.”

The two moved to the further end of the porch, Marie, meanwhile, bestowing every attention on the old Englishman, when thus Jack very gravely:

“Talbot, I believe it's my duty to tell you—”

“Now, *what!* Jack?” hastily interrupted Talbot, his countenance growing suddenly pale, and with his questioning eyes fixed on the scout's face. “You don't mean to tel

me that Wau-ki-na has forgotten me, or that she, she—loves another! *Don't* say that! Jack, please don't!" pleadingly.

"No, not quite so bad as that, my lord," answered the Ranger, smilingly; "although you well deserve that fate after so long silence and neglect. But now that you *are* back, I ought to know upon what footing you renew your acquaintance with Lucy."

"Why, as her betrothed lover, of course! What do you take me for, Captain? I come to wed her, if she still loves me as I do her."

"And your father?" continued Jack.

"Oh, the governor's all right; has given his free consent—so have they all at home. Gad, they *had* to—I'd have 'cut' the whole connection, else. By jove, I'd have—I'd have—disinherited and expatriated them. They're all anxious now to see and welcome your sister. Now tell me, Jack, that's a good boy, where *is* Wau-ki-na and does she love me yet?"

"You'll have to ask *her* that, Talbot," laughed Jack. "You'll find her sitting, I think, at the foot of yonder waterfall whose noise you hear in the distance."

"Where? where? By George, you don't say so!" and without staying to hear more, off the impatient lover shot like an arrow.



CHAPTER LXVIII.

TALBOT MEETS WAU-KI-NA AGAIN.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvania home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face.
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path at morn I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

Campbell.—Gertrude of Wyoming.

HE soon came in sight of the little cascade, and then his quick lover's eye discovered Wau-ki-na, sitting pensively on a tree trunk at its foot. The book she had in hand had fallen to her lap, and the lovely girl was dreamily watching the bright waters as they leaped into the rocky basin at her feet. Their noise had entirely prevented her hearing approaching footsteps.

Talbot paused at a little distance to regard her, and study how he should make himself known. Indeed, so altered and so greatly improved was her appearance, that his heart leaped into his throat, and to stop its tumultuous throbbing, he leaned for a moment against a smooth beech.

He was fairly enraptured with the beautiful girl, who, it must be confessed, was, with her distracted air and graceful *négligé* attitude, looking her very best.

At last he managed to approach and murmur, "Wau-ki-na! Here I am, according to troth."

The frightened girl sprang to her feet with a sharp, quick cry, and gazed at him with a startled, bewildered look; her face grew rosy red, and then pale; her eyes closed, a shudder came over her frame, and she would have sunk to the ground, had not Talbot sprang towards her and caught her in his arms, covering her face with kisses, and at the same time exclaiming:

"Why, Wau-ki-na, my own, 'tis I!—Talbot, your betrothed lover, who has come back to claim you."

Wau-ki-na speedily recovered, and with blushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, quickly disengaged herself from her lover's arms, and drawing herself up haughtily, but with downcast eyes, she said:

"Excuse me, Lord Talbot, but I am constrained to say, that it was taking an unfair advantage of a weak woman to come upon her in that abrupt way. One would think that before presuming on the familiarity of an old acquaintance, you would have, at least, first attempted to explain your long silence."

It was Talbot's turn now to be astonished. His eyes widened and the puzzled look and attitude of wonder which he assumed were almost ludicrous. At last he gave a long whistle, and then said in a bewildered sort of way:

"Bless me, Wau-ki-na! why you talk English as well as—yes, a plaguy sight better than *I* do. Why! why! I'm fairly stunned at your looks and language! And proud—I declare, you're as haughty as a countess, and a vast deal prettier than any countess *I* ever saw. Why, you're no more Pipe's Indian daughter than I'm Nymwha's Indian son. I see it! Hang me if I wont have to court you all over again—that's plain!"

This odd speech, taken with the young lord's ludicrous and puzzled attitude, and his allusion to the old Indian

names, completely broke down Wau-ki-na's haughty reserve; her whole face changed on the instant; her bright eyes sparkled and twinkled with the old merriment, and she gave out a ringing peel of rich laughter. She positively could not help it. At last she said:

"Well, sir, no matter how much *I* am changed, I see *you* are the same odd character I always knew you. Where in the world did you come from? and what are you doing here?"

It was amusing to watch Talbot's shy, puzzled glances. He could not get over his surprise, pleasing as it was. He left her a mere girl; he now found her a woman, with many added charms. She used to speak in simple, broken English; she *now* talked as correctly and as glibly as he did himself, with just every now and then a peculiar accent and pronunciation, which only made her words more attractive. Besides, he saw that her quick woman's wit was giving her the advantage, as witnessed by her last questions, and for another time in their acquaintance he stood abashed before her. He was by no means so sure of his ground as before.

"Why, Wau-ki-na, what an absurd and ridiculous question! If *you* have forgotten, *I* have not! I repeat, I come to claim *you*! I've seen your brother, and my father now awaits you at the cabin."

"Your father!" faltered out Wau-ki-na, all the maiden shyness and timidity returning, as her imagination quickly conjured up a stern, haughty English nobleman, looking at her with cold, critical eyes. "Good heavens! what shall we do? Come! sit down by me, and explain all this mystery! Why have you never written? 'Twas cruel and unfeeling of you to treat me so!"

"Why, bless you, Wau-ki-na, I've been near'y 'round the world since I saw you! I *did* write, too, twice; fir-

as soon as the ship reached London, and again when I sent the bounds over; and—”

“ Ah, it was *you*, then, to whom we are indebted for those magnificent dogs? I always thought as much!” and her confidence in her lover was evidently fast coming back.

“ Yes, I'd scarcely reached home before I wanted to let Jack know I was grateful to him, and to all of you. The dogs, and a letter of instructions to a countryman in Philadelphia how to forward them, came all right, I find; but the letter I wrote you, and then the one to your brother, it seems never reached either. When I got home, there was a terrible bother and hubbub, I assure you. They had somehow heard that I had left the army and was taken captive, and had given me up for lost. But when, afterwards, I related my adventures, and told them all about my acquaintance with you, then my love for you and betrothal, it created a vastly bigger commotion than my return. But I was firm, obstinate, and—”

“ Stay!” interrupted Wau-ki-na, with flushed face and haughty mien; “ if your parents think me not good enough or high enough born to mate with you, I release you right here, and on the very instant, of all imprudent engagements!”

“ *Will you?*” quickly put in Talbot; “ but I'll not release *you*, Miss Wau-ki-na Pipe! As the poet Milton, or Dryden, or some other antique jingler says, ‘ you're mine till death doth us part!’ It is Wau-ki-na against the world! and so I told them. Why, what do you think, Kina? they had actually arranged to match me with a prim, cold-blooded, oldest daughter of a seedy Scotch nobleman—a certain Lady Ruthven—a woman whom I always detested, who looked as if she had a glass eye, and who said *aye, aye* for *yes*, and *na, na* for *no*, and *kye* for *cow*, and so on. Do you think I'd marry a woman whose thin lips were as cold and colorless as an oyster's, and not red and pouty like yours, and who even couldn't talk good English?”

"I didn't talk *very* good English myself, sir, as you knew me all along!" rippled out Wau-ki-na, who certainly just then, with her melting eye, lip as red and ripe as a cherry, and plump, well-rounded form, must have presented a strong contrast to her high-born rival.

"Ah, true! I forgot that!" said Talbot, greatly embarrassed, not so much at his own blundering as at his being caught in it; "but—but—" brightening up as a happy thought took him, "you speak *very* good English *now*! Why, Kina, by jove! you talk like a book! and then you are an angel compared with that vinegary and angular Scotch lassie!"

"Oh, *that* makes your logic good," laughed the merry girl. "Go on, young Mr. Nymwha!"

"Nymwha's good, my rose bud! Wonder what's become of the absurd, bombastical old gusher? Well, we talked you over and over at our house, until your name was as familiar to the whole large household as it used to be in Shannopinstown. But I was in dead earnest—I always told you I was—and finally Lady Grace and my father came to the same sensible conclusion that Jack did—to let time heal the 'American *delusion*,' as they called it—think of it, Kina, 'delusion'—and so it was agreed that after spending a long time in foreign travel, and I not to correspond with you, time would test both our affections; and so it did, and I came back just as infatuated as ever, and so—and so—to make a long story short, my father concluded to come over with me and save me from a rapid decline. You see, my girl, that I'm but the shadow of my former self—merely 'an eagle's talon in the waist'—but come! here's for another kiss of those tempting lips, and then let's go and meet my governor."

"Oh, indeed, sir, I cannot! What if he didn't like me?"

"Now, just as if that were possible!"—looking saucily up to her bright eyes.

“ But he’s proud, and stern, and severe.”

“ Am I so?—that is, when I haven’t on my Shawnee rig and paint? Why, he’s the best and kindest father ever was and thinks that I—scapegrace as I am—am just a model of a son. Na, na! nane o’ your auld, dour, Lang Syne Scotch lassies for me!” And so they lingered by the water side and chatted on for a while longer, recalling the past, enjoying the present, and forecasting the future.

We would not, if we could, put down on cold paper the many little nothings that passed on either side. They were, doubtless, very sweet and pleasant, but our readers will have to imagine them. Experienced ones will have no difficulty in doing so.

One thing was plain: as they at last—hand-in-hand, like two happy children—slowly sauntered towards the cabin, the *entente cordiale* was fully re-established between them. When Wau-ki-na at first caught sight of the strange elderly gentleman on the porch, she faltered, grew pale, and fairly trembled; but Talbot reassured her, and was so conspicuously proud and happy, that she made her approach with grace and dignity. When the steps were reached, Talbot took her hand and presented her to his father, saying:

“ Here, Father, is the young Indian girl you have heard so much about. I’m glad to find her, after so long a separation, as true to me as I am to her, and I beg at once to assure you, and all here, that having seen her and talked with her again, I esteem and love her more than ever.”

This frank, open speech of Talbot, as if anxious to show his trust and pride and affection in the lady of his choice, put the whole company at once at their ease. The old baron—evidently agreeably surprised and delighted at Wau-ki-na’s lady-like appearance and manners—came forward, took the hand of the blushing girl in the warmest and most gracious manner, bowed down and saluted her

affectionately on the cheek, and said some pleasant, fatherly words.

A merry, happy time they had that evening; Talbot, Jr., taking a most lively interest in the "little Captain Jack," as he called the heir of the cabin. He thought it the strangest, funniest thing in the world for such a silent, mysterious, old leather-stockings as Jack to have a real walking, talking baby in his home. By this interest, the young Englishman rose rapidly in Marie's esteem. She said that very night to her husband, after all had retired, that Talbot was an odd stick, but, on the whole, a very sensible fellow, who took no airs on himself, and she was sure he would make Lucy a most excellent and affectionate husband.

For two weeks, the Englishmen, father and son, were Jack's guests. They were immediately made completely at home, and showed such an earnest desire to know the country, its customs, people, native sports, etc., that all who came in contact with them were delighted. For days together they would—Jack, the old Chief, and the two tireless hounds in the van—roam over the wild mountains, sequestered valleys and noble forests of the Juniata, hunting the elk, deer and bear. Then they would have night hunting and fishing, and again would mingle in the rude back-woods sports of the Paxton Rangers, and once even rode with them as far as Shamokin (now Sunbury) to repel a threatened foray of Indians.

But pleasant times must all have an end, and the Talbots, delighted as they were with this novel frontier life and their exciting hunting adventures, were obliged to hurry back to England, and so the marriage between Wauki-na and Talbot took place immediately in a very quiet way at Paxton, and in the humble log cabin of the Rev. Colonel Elder, who officiated.

We would like above all things to describe this mar

riage, and to narrate the appearance and behavior of the little couple, and record some of the lovers' quarrels and odd conversations which occurred between them, but we must reluctantly draw our tale to a close. The young Englishman seemed to become more hopelessly in love every day. He was actually nearly daft, and the exuberance of his spirits threw him into all kinds of strange pranks, merry tricks and funny conceits. He was a perpetual astonishment to the whole circle, and when, after the ceremony was performed and the grave parson Elder offered to kiss the blushing bride, Talbot offered his own merry face instead and gave him a hearty buss and embrace, finishing up by some wonderful dancing and magnificent gifts to all, he was voted a general favorite and a regular magazine of oddity and merriment.

Marie clung to Lucy for hours before parting time came. It seemed as if she could not possibly let her go and to such a great distance, too, with thousands of miles of water between them; but the horses dashed up to the minister's door with a sort of lumbering, travelling chariot which had been procured from Lancaster, and amid tears and kisses and hearty good-byes, Lucy was off on her road to Philadelphia.

The bridal party did not rest long in the city, but took passage in a sailing ship, and in due course of time arrived in England, and proceeded as fast as post horses could convey them to Westley Manor, in Sussex, the beautiful country seat of the Talbots.

Here they found the whole family most anxiously awaiting their coming. The young Lady Talbot was received by all with due respect and attention. It was only, however, after some little acquaintance with Lucy; with her beauty, modesty, amiability and winning ways, that Lady Grace and her other relatives could not avoid giving her their *hearts*. Lucy Percy was naturally such a grace-

tal and sensible little body, that she soon filled with great ease and credit the station among the surrounding gentry to which she had been called, and young Talbot forced all to confess that, in going over to the far wilds of America for his beautiful and charming wife, he had done just the most sensible thing of his life.

Jack and his wife lived very many happy years in their pleasant home on the *Juvia*. The "olive plants" increased about their bountiful table, and "Captain Jack, the scout" found the greatest delight of his life in teaching his troop of bold-spirited boys the wood-craft and sports which had occupied so many of his own younger years. From their mother, they learned to love the woods for the sake of the flowers, the ferns, the mosses, and other wonderful creations which taught them to "look from nature up to nature's God;" from her, also, how to draw, paint, and preserve the birds and animals they killed; while from the aged Half-King, whose visits were longer and more frequent as advancing years required more rest, they learned to trap, to fish, to take long rambles, and to endure patiently all the trials of life.



CHAPTER LXIX.

THE FORTUNES OF OLD FORT DUQUESNE.

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave ;
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave :
That mid the forests where they roam'd,
There rings no hunter shout,
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

WE could not fittingly conclude without some brief mention of the subsequent fortunes of the old French fort which gives our tale its name.

Of course the disastrous battle of Braddock's Field settled for the time the dominion of all the vast territory between the Allegheny and the Mississippi—but more, it left naked and defenceless the whole western half of the provinces of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

We have already stated that the ignominious and totally unnecessary retreat of Colonel Dunbar's reserve army, was far more deplorable and immediately calamitous in its effects, than the defeat of Braddock's army itself. Had "Dunbar the Tardy," in compliance with the earnest petitions of the whole border and the Pennsylvania Assembly, possessed the courage to make a firm stand even at Fort Cumberland, he would have afforded a nucleus and rallying-point for both Pennsylvania and Virginia provinces ; but when, deaf to all urgent entreaty, and in direct opposi-

tion to the dictates of the commonest prudence and manliness, he destroyed his stores and ammunition and marched his demoralized and panic-stricken mob back to Philadelphia, all was given up as lost.

The whole back country was thereby left naked and unprotected, and its inhabitants, finding themselves deserted, with no money or leaders or organization, became also panic-stricken, and left houses and stock and growing crops, and moved back to and even beyond the Susquehanna.

Our provincial Quaker Assembly, instead of taking prompt, decisive and energetic action at this eventful crisis, sat supine and lethargic under the petitions and the tidings of flight and burnings and slaughters which poured into Philadelphia from every direction. A miserable quarrel had sprung up between the Assembly and the Lieutenant-Governor Morris and Penn's Council, about the raising of money and troops, and it was only after a long season of most untimely inaction, and after a vast amount of ruin and slaughters and savage barbarities had been committed, that any efficient measures were taken to drive back the marauding bands of Delaware and Shawnee Indians, who had made the whole border a howling and desolate waste.

But to return to the fort itself. Its dead commandant Beaujeu was immediately succeeded by Dumas—the officer whom readers will remember as having led the French-Indian attack at Braddock's Field after the early fall of the gallant Beaujeu. Some time in '57 M. de Lignery relieved Dumas in his command, and reinforcements to the amount of four hundred men were furnished from Canada.

It was some time before the remaining French and their Delaware and Shawnee allies discovered the woful state of panic and demoralization which followed the great battle; but when small, adventurous parties of scouts and robbers brought back news how their mere presence even put whole communities to flight, and how houses, crops, cattle, and

the entire settlements were deserted, both French and Indians entered upon their horrid work with alacrity and with a keen relish for blood and slaughter.

Many of the friendly Indians living along both sides of the Allegheny Mountains, became at first discouraged, then defiant, and then hostile, joining with the western bands to burn, murder and destroy, until the whole country from New York down deep into Virginia became one vast theatre for the most wanton destruction and inhuman barbarities.

Our old friend Scarooyaddy made many ineffectual attempts to arouse our provincial Assembly to a sense of the imminent danger. He pleaded, reasoned, scolded and denounced in turn, but all in vain. He then visited the friendly Indians west to secure their alliance and aid in beating back the bands which, under Shingiss, Guyasutha, Killbuck, Blackhoof and other Indian chieftains of prowess and renown, were devastating the border. This failed. He then visited the Six Nations in New York to secure *their* assistance. Even these powerful tribes—*secretly*, if not openly in league with the western hostile bands—were found sullen and indifferent, and gave nothing but empty promises.

The only redeeming feature in that whole period was the successful expedition which Colonel John Armstrong made September '56, against Kittanning, at that time occupied by Delaware Indians, headed by the brave but cruel Captain Jacobs, and the point and direction from which most of the forays against the Susquehanna border were made. The village was attacked in the night, a number of houses burned and Indians killed, including Jacobs and some of his wives, and a great many white captives set free.

In fine, these were sad and humiliating days for England, both at home and abroad. Everything British was at the very lowest ebb. There was nothing but defeat, disgrace, and despair; and so, indeed, it continued until the great



GEN. JAMES GRANT.

man after whom Pittsburgh was named seized the helm of State. His nerve and decision and ability soon put a new complexion on matters.

Among his very first resolves was to make a second attempt to take Fort Duquesne, and to recover to the English crown the vast domain given up to the French at Braddock's Field; and to this end he ordered the immediate collection, in Eastern Pennsylvania, of a large force, under a brave and skilful general.

The army of the Scotch General John Forbes—the "iron-headed," as he was called—was nearly six thousand strong, composed of about thirteen hundred Highlanders, and the rest chiefly Virginia and Pennsylvania troops. At Raystown (now Bedford) he halted, and sent forward Colonel Bouquet with two thousand men, to occupy the Loyal Hanna.

The detachment by Bouquet of eight hundred men under Major Grant; the advance, and empty bravado of that officer under the very walls of Fort Duquesne; the subsequent sally of the French and Indians from the fort, by which Grant's army was flanked on both sides of the hill which now bears his name and situate right in the centre of Pittsburg, and his force only saved from utter annihilation by a stand made by the Provincial troops, are all well-known matters of history and we need not dwell on them. It is sad, however, to be compelled to relate that De Lignery was cowardly enough to deliver five of the prisoners taken at that rout to be burned at the stake, and that the remainder were tomahawked in cold blood on the *parade ground of the fort*.

The triumph at Grant's Hill almost brought the French to ruin, for, as after the battle of Braddock's Field, so now, the lake Indians, believing the English army completely defeated, deserted for their distant homes. A most timely visit, just at this time, of the Moravian Missionary, C

Frederick Post, to the Delaware and Shawnee chiefs between Duquesne and Beaver, completed the demoralization of the French. These two tribes were found very sick of the war and most anxious to return to their allegiance, so that when Forbes' army—after innumerable difficulties and disheartening delays—drew near, De Lignery, after firing the buildings, destroying the stores, and all possible of the works, ended by blowing up the magazine, and embarking in boats, some down the Ohio and others up the Allegheny. On the 24th of November, 1758, Forbes' army had encamped at Turtle Creek, his provisions, forage, etc., so nearly exhausted, that even from that advanced point, a retreat was seriously advised by a council of war.

The sick and emaciated but stout-hearted old General—who was carried on a litter all the way from and back to Philadelphia, where he shortly after died—would not hear of it, but swore he would sleep in the fort the next night. That very evening a great smoke, in the direction of the fort, was reported, and at midnight the whole camp was startled by the dull, heavy sound of some great explosion.

It was the magazine of the old fort; and encouraged by these signs, the army pressed on, the Provincials, in their fringed hunting-shirts, leading the way; next came the Royal Americans, their drums beating a lively march, followed by the old iron-headed General, his wasted form reclining in a litter; and last of all came the Highlanders, in a long and picturesque line, in their kilts and plaids—the “petticoat warriors,” as the Indians called them.

As they all approached the fort, they passed along a race-path, on either side of which a horrid sight presented itself. A long row of naked stakes were planted, on each of which was impaled the head of a Highlander, killed at Grant's defeat, while beneath was suspended his kilt and accoutrements. Disgusted and provoked at the scene, it is said the Americans quickened pace and hastened on;

but not so the Highlanders. One who was present thus relates the exciting scene that followed :

“The first intimation given by the Scots of their discovery of the insulted remains of their butchered brothers was a subdued, threatening murmur, like the angry buzzing of a swarm of bees. Rapidly swelling in violence, it increased to a fierce, continuous, low shriek of rage and grief, that none who listened to would willingly hear again. In this moment, officers as well as men seemed to have abandoned every sentiment but of quick and bloody vengeance, and, inspired by a common fury, cast all discipline to the winds. Their muskets were dashed upon the ground, and, bursting from the ranks, the infuriated Gael, with brandished claymore, rushed madly on with hope to find an enemy on whom to accomplish retribution. Startled at the sound of swiftly tramping feet, the amazed Provincial looked round to see the headlong torrent sweep by, ourthening the air with imprecations, and foaming ‘like mad boars engaged in battle.’”

Too late. The fort was in flames, and the last boat of the flying Frenchmen was disappearing in the evening mist that hung around Smoky Island. In place of old Fort Duquesne—the scene of so many exploits and the bone of contention for so long a time between two great and powerful nations—there was now but a heap of smoking ruins, the stacks of some thirty chimneys only remaining to mark where the houses stood, and sixteen barrels of gunpowder and ball and a cart-load of scalping knives—discovered in the only magazine which had refused to fire—were the only spoils which remained to be gathered. But a small force was left, the main army marching East soon after. A square stockade for two hundred men, under Colonel Hugh Mercer, was built, which was succeeded the next year by the more imposing and much more costly structure, Fort Pitt.

**STRANGE DISCOVERY BY THE YOUNG SIR PETER HALKET
OF THE SKELETONS OF HIS FATHER AND BROTHER.**

No sooner had General Forbes possession of the fort, or rather its site, than Major Halket, the son of Sir Peter Halket, and successor to his title and estates, resolved to visit the battle-ground of Braddock's Field with a company of sharpshooters, under command of Captain West, brother of the great painter, Sir Benjamin West. The young Sir Peter had piously accompanied the Highlanders to America mainly to try and discover the remains of his father and brother, whose sad and peculiar death, at Braddock's Field, we have already described.

By interrogating some of the Indians who had fought with the French at that massacre, he found one who said he had seen an officer, answering the Major's description, fall near a remarkable tree, which he thought he could discover, stating, moreover, that the incident was impressed on his memory by observing a young subaltern, who, in running to the officer's assistance, was shot dead on reaching the spot, and who fell across the other's body.

The Major had a mournful conviction on his mind that the two officers were his father and brother, and the expedition, commanded by Captain West, and piloted by the Indians, took up their melancholy march. From Galt's *Life of Benjamin West* we give this brief account of this remarkable excursion.

"Captain West and his companions proceeded through the woods and along the banks of the river, towards the scene of the battle. The Indians regarded the expedition as a religious rite, and guided the troops with awe and in profound silence. The soldiers were affected with sentiments not less serious, and as they explored the bewildering labyrinths of those vast forests, their hearts were often melted with inexpressible sorrow, for they frequently found

skeletons lying across the trunks of fallen trees—a mournful proof to their imaginations, that the men who sat there had perished of hunger, in vainly attempting to find their way to the plantations. Sometimes their feelings were raised to the utmost pitch of horror by the sight of skulls and bones scattered on the ground—a certain indication that the bodies had been devoured by wild beasts; and in other places they saw the blackness of ashes amidst the relics—the tremendous evidence of atrocious rites.

“At length they reached a turn of the river, not far from the principal scene of destruction, and the Indian who remembered the death of the two officers stopped; the detachment also halted. He then looked round in quest of some object which might recall, distinctly, his recollection of the ground, and suddenly darted into the woods. The soldiers rested their arms without speaking. A shrill cry was soon after heard, and the other guides made signs for the troops to follow them towards the spot from which it came.

“In a short time they reached the Indian warrior, who, by his cry, had announced to his companions that he had found the place where he was posted on the day of battle. As the troops approached, he pointed to the tree under which the officers had fallen. Captain West halted his men around the spot, and with Sir Peter Halket, and other officers, formed a circle, while the Indians removed the leaves which thickly covered the ground. The skeletons were found, as the Indians expected, lying across each other. The officers having looked at them some time, the Major said, that as his father had an artificial tooth, he thought he might be able to ascertain if they were indeed his bones and those of his brother.

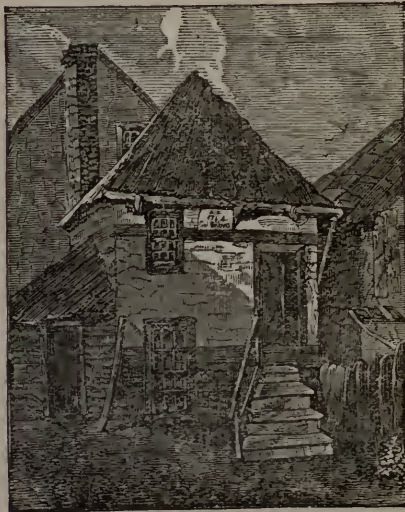
“The Indians were, therefore, ordered to remove the skeleton of the youth, and to bring to view that of the old officer. This was done, and after a short examination,

Major Halket exclaimed, 'It is my father,' and fell back into the arms of his companions. The pioneers then dug a grave, and the bones being laid in it together, a Highland plaid was spread over them, and they were interred with the customary honors." (See *Appendix Z*.)

NOTE.—Subjoined is a representation of Bouquet's old Block-house, the only existing relic, or rather suggestion of Fort Duquesne. It still stands, strong and staunch, and the loopholes for musketry plainly visible, amid a crowd of shabby, dingy houses near the river junction. It was built over the ruins of the evacuated post by Col. Bouquet. The stone in the façade bears in rude characters the inscription :

"A. D. 1764. COL. BOUQUET."

For the purpose of better preservation, it has lately been removed to the New City Hall, by order of the Councils of Pittsburgh.



APPENDIX.

A.

WASHINGTON'S THREE VISITS TO "THE FORKS."

The first account and description of the site on which a vast and prosperous city is afterwards built, is always of interest. The very earliest visit on record to the area at the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, and now forming what may be called Pittsburgh proper, was by no less a man than Major Washington, who stopped there on the 24th of November, 1753, when on his mission from Gov. Dinwiddie to the French forts at Venango and French Creek. Arriving at Frazier's, near Turtle Creek, his baggage was carried down the Monongahela in charge of his servants, while he and Captain Gist, his guide, went down by land. His journal contains the following notice of the site where now stands Pittsburgh, and where, at that time, no human being resided:

"As I got down before the canoe, I spent some time in viewing the rivers and the land in the fork, which I think extremely well situated for a fort, as it has the absolute command of both rivers. The land at the point is twenty-five feet above the common surface of the water, and a considerable bottom of flat, well-timbered land all around it, very convenient for building. The rivers are each a quarter of a mile across, and run here very nearly at right angles, Allegheny bearing north-east and Monongahela south-east. The former of these two is a very rapid and swift-running water, the other deep and still, without any perceptible fall.

"About two miles from this, on the south-east side of the river, at the place where the Ohio Company intended to erect a fort, lives Shingiss, King of the Delawares. We called upon him to invite him to a council at Logstown. As I had taken a good deal of notice of the situation at the fork, my curiosity led me to examine this more particularly, and I think it greatly inferior, either for defence or advantages, especially the latter; for a fort at the fork would be equally well situated on the Ohio, and have the entire command of the Monongahela, which runs up our settlement, and is extremely well designed for water carriage, as it is of a deep, still nature. Besides a fort at the fork might be built at much less expense than at the other place."

Washington's second visit to the Forks, was in '53, five years later, when General Forbes occupied the smouldering ruins of old Fort

Duquesne. A small military work, for temporary purposes, was commenced on the Monongahela, and two hundred men under command of Colonel, afterwards General Hugh Mercer of Virginia, were left in charge. The very next year was commenced an extensive and formidable five-sided fortification to which the name of Fort Pitt was given, from which Pittsburgh derives its name. It was built by General Stanwix and cost the British Government sixty thousand pounds. It was abandoned in 1772 by order of General Gage. The redoubt, which can be seen in Pittsburgh this day in a state of good preservation, with the loopholes for musketry still visible, was the last relic of British labor at the Forks, and until very lately had a stone in one front on which was rudely carved "Colonel Bouquet, 1764." It has lately been removed by order of the Pittsburgh Councils for better preservation.

In 1770 Washington paid his third visit to the Forks, on his way to the Kenhawa in company with Dr. Craik, Captain Crawford and others to locate lands. He writes thus in his journal; "We lodged in what is called the town, distant about three hundred yards from the fort, at one Semple's, who keeps a very good house of public entertainment. The houses, which are built of logs and ranged in streets, are on the Monongahela, and I suppose may be about twenty in number and inhabited by Indian traders. The fort (Pitt) is built in the point between the Allegheny and Monongahela, but not so near the pitch of it as Fort Duquesne stood. It is five-sided and regular, two of which near the land are of brick—the others, stockade. A moat encompasses it."

This collection of log cabins belonging to Indian traders was the commencement of the large and opulent city of Pittsburgh, now numbering with Allegheny city and various suburbs nearly *two hundred thousand souls*. It remained small and unimportant until after the advent of the large army despatched thither in 1794 to quell what is generally known as "the whisky insurrection." After the insurgents were scattered, the greater part of the troops were withdrawn, but a body of twenty-five hundred men under Morgan remained encamped in the district all winter. Among the soldiers who came west were many young men who either remained there or afterwards found their way to a settlement, and the growth of the city was thenceforward as steady and solid as it still continues to be.

B.

SKETCH OF CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER GIST.

Christopher Gist, whom we have brought in as one of the *dramatis personæ* of our story, was a very prominent character of his time. His life, even for those days of stirring action and personal daring, was unusually crowded with adventure. Hon. James Veech, formerly of Fayette county, Pa., has gathered many details of him and his descendants. Gist was a native of England, and first became known in North Carolina as a good surveyor and fine judge of land; a bold and skilful woodsman, and an intrepid explorer; and hence was selected by the Ohio Company to make the location of their enormous land grant, and procure the Indian assent thereto. We have, in our notice of that land association, stated that in 1750 he was out seven months on an excursion to the then unknown, untrodden wilderness beyond the Allegheny Mountains. He left Colonel Cresap's trading post, on the Potomac, **crossed** over to the Juniata, swam the Allegheny at Shannopinstown,

passed across to the Ohio without seeing the Monongahela, followed the great Indian trail across Big Beaver to the Muskingum, where he met Croghan treating with the Indians in behalf of Pennsylvania. Thence west to the Scioto and Miami; thence down the Ohio on the south side to near the Falls. Here he turned into Kentucky, being the first explorer of that magnificent country—the very paradise of the hunter and afterwards made so celebrated by the daring exploits and adventures of Boone, Kenton, Harrod, and their successors.

Gist reached his home on the Yadkin in May, '51, and found his cabin in ashes and his family scattered by the Indians. In the same year he made another shorter but more important excursion, and was the master spirit of the negotiations with the Ohio Indians. In the winter of '53 he acted as Washington's guide from Wills Creek to the French post on French Creek, Pa., then called *Riviere au Boeufs*, on account of the large herds of buffalo frequenting its margins. He was again with Washington in his Fort Necessity campaign of '54, and was chosen by Braddock as chief guide to his expedition.

Braddock's defeat seems to have ended his agency for the Ohio Company, and for some years he found ample employment in defending the Virginia borders from Indian forays. In '55 he was at the head of a company of scouts. In '56 he was sent southward; was successful in enlisting the Cherokees into the English service, and was appointed Indian agent for the South—a service for which, wrote Washington, "I know of no person so well qualified. He has had extensive dealings with the Indians; is in great esteem among them; well acquainted with their manners and customs; indefatigable and patient, and as to his honesty, capacity and zeal, I dare venture to engage."

What was called "Gist's Plantation" was situate on the Mount Braddock lands, in Fayette county, near Uniontown, and within a short distance of Dunbar's camp and the scene of Washington's fight with Jumonville. He had induced a number of Scotch-Irish families to join him there, among others Cromwell, his son-in-law, and the Stewart family, which gave the name to "Stewart's Crossings," where Connellsville now stands. Gist lived at this settlement but a short time, and only to seat his family, returning to his business in the South to die, but exactly where is unknown.

Gist had three sons, Nathaniel, Thomas and Richard, and two daughters, Violet and Anne. Nathaniel did good service in Braddock's campaign, and was the Colonel Gist of the Virginia line in the Revolution, removing to and dying in Kentucky. Richard lived in Fayette county till 1771, sold out his interest to Thomas, and was killed in one of the Revolutionary battles. Thomas became a man of local note, was Justice for Bedford, and afterwards for Westmoreland counties, and presided in the courts of that county.

C.

WHO COMMANDED THE FORT DURING THE BATTLE.

It is a very singular fact, that *until very late years* it was not known *who* was in command of Fort Duquesne at the time of General Braddock's defeat. Not only do the English, American, and even French historians speak of Captain Contrecoeur as the then commandant, and of Captain Beaujeu—who led the French-Indian force to the battle, where he was killed almost at the first fire—as second in command

but even our own local historians, Neville B. Craig and Winthrop Sargent, the latter of whom, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, published, so late as 1856, a very full and exhaustive monograph on "Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne." Sargent even goes so far as to assert, that as Braddock drew near, Contrecoeur had almost decided to abandon his position without striking a blow; if not that, he was certainly prepared to surrender on terms of honorable capitulation, and as late as the 7th had announced no definite conclusion.

"On the 8th," Sargent writes, "de Beaujeu, a captain of the regulars, proposed to the commander that he might go forth with a suitable band to prepare an ambuscade for the English on the banks of the Monongahela, and to dispute with them the passage of the second ford. If we may believe tradition, it was with undisguised reluctance that Contrecoeur complied with this request, and even then, it is said, refused to assign troops for the enterprise, bidding him call for volunteers as for a forlorn hope. To that summons the whole garrison responded," etc.

Sargent goes on to say that for his conduct at the battle of Braddock's Field, Captain Dumas—Beaujeu having been killed at the battle—was early in the subsequent year promoted to succeed Contrecoeur, and proceeds to mention a romantic story to the effect, in which, however, he does not put implicit faith, that jealousy of Dumas' success induced Contrecoeur to persecute him, sending him home on a charge of purloining the public stores; that he was tried and cashiered, and retired to Provence in disgrace; and that during the Revolutionary War Washington informed Lafayette of these circumstances, whose influence speedily brought Dumas in triumph to receive the grade of a general officer.

Now this is all wrong. Contrecoeur was *not* the commandant of Fort Duquesne at the time of the battle, but *Lionel de Beaujeu*. This admits of no doubt whatever, and the discovery of the truth only at this late day affords another evidence of the uncertainty of history.

Our attention was first called to the error by Judge James Veech, of the Pittsburgh bar, and a gentleman of scholarly attainments and remarkably well posted in all matters pertaining to the early history of western Pennsylvania. His assertion was confirmed by a late visit to the rooms of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in Philadelphia, where almost the first book put into our hands by the Librarian was a small and rare French work, presented to the Society by Bishop O'Connor, and unearthed some years since at Quebec or Montreal. It is the official register kept by Denis Baron, a Franciscan Friar and Chaplain at Fort Duquesne in 1754, containing a brief record of the marriages, baptisms, and deaths at the fort during '54 and '55. These are countersigned so late as March by Contrecoeur, who was then commandant. We find the following important entry on the 12th of July: "In the year 1755, the 9th of July, was killed in the battle fought with the English, M. Leonard Daniel, Esq., Sieur de Beaujeu, captain in the Infantry, commandant of Fort Duquesne and of the army, who had been to confession and made his devotions the same day. His body was interred on the 12th of the same month, in the cemetery of Fort Duquesne (under the title of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River), and that with the ordinary ceremonies by us the undersigned Recollect Priest, King's Chaplain in said fort; in testimony whereof we have signed,

Friar, DENYS BARON, P. R., *Chaplain.*"

In further pursuance of this subject, we found that the French lost two other officers that day, Lieutenant de Carqueville and Ensign de la Perade, and had several wounded. The whole killed amounted to thirty three-quarters of whom were Indians. We found, also, that Neville B. Craig, Esq., a very reliable and pains-taking historian, in the *Pittsburgh Gazette* of July 5th, 1858, had first published a translation of this register with certain interesting notes. A journal of Mr. Godefroy, an officer of the fort, and an account in the French War Department, all concur in calling de Beaujeu commandant of the fort and the forces there. An article in the "*New York Historical Magazine*" of September, 1863, exposes the historical error which has so long obtained, but itself falls into the error of calling Contrecoeur *Crevecoeur*. At the Pennsylvania Historical Society we also came across a memoir of Beaujeu, by which we find he was born at Montreal, 1711; had won the cross of a Knight of St. Louis, and for a time commanded at Fort Niagara.

D

WASHINGTON'S MISSION TO THE FRENCH.

A very memorable event before the outbreak of Braddock's war, was the visit of Major Washington—then only in his twenty-first year—to the French commandant at Venango, on the Allegheny. Both English and French laid claim to the magnificent domain west of the Allegheny Mountains—the former by right of purchase from the Six Nations, who themselves claimed by right of conquest, and the latter by right of discovery, asserting that by law and custom La Salle's discovery of the Mississippi gave dominion over all the vast country watered by it and its tributaries. The French had been exercising sovereignty for several years, capturing or turning back English traders, and building a line of forts to circumscribe the English settlements. The British colonies became jealous and indignant, and Governor Dinwiddie sent young Washington to find out the French intentions and ascertain the temper of the Indians in that region.

No better man could have been selected for the lonely and perilous journey. The very same day he received his orders, with the commission of Major, he started, hiring four Indian traders to accompany and Captain Gist to pilot him. Frazier's house, hard by which was afterwards fought Braddock's battle, was reached November 22d, '53. His first impressions of the junction where Pittsburgh now stands, we give elsewhere. He had early interview with the Half-King, Tannacharison, the predecessor of Scarooyaddy in that office, and a wise and powerful Seneca Sachem; with Shingiss, king of the Delawares; with Scarooyaddy and other noted chiefs. He found them earnestly opposed to French encroachments, and a party of Indian guides, with the Half-King at their head, agreed to accompany the English to the first French fort, which was at the mouth of Rivière au Bœufs, now called French Creek.

This was reached December 4th. They found the French colors hoisted on the house whence John Frazier, gunsmith, the Indian trader and lieutenant of our story, had been driven, and had an interview with the famed Captain Joncaire, a shrewd, politic and artful French agent among the Indians, over whom he had great influence, speaking all their tongues. Liquor soon flowed freely, and Joncaire boasted that in spring they would take possession of the whole Ohio

country, and tried all he could to make drunk and mislead the Indian chiefs with Washington. Tannaeharison remained firm, however, warning the French off the soil with a speech-belt. Joncaire refused to receive it, but directed the Major to his superior, at the fort above, Sieur Legarden de St. Pierre, a Knight of the order of St. Louis. This fort, located where Waterford, Pa., now stands, was reached on December 11th, the Major and his letter being received courteously by the one-eyed commander. Washington used his eyes busily, jotting down the minutest particular, and finding in fifty birch and one hundred and seventy pine canoes a startling confirmation of Joncaire's boast that a fort was to be built at the forks of the Ohio, as soon as spring opened. The French Commander openly claimed all the territory even as far east as the Susquehanna, and said they intended taking immediate possession.

With this important news, Washington hastened off by canoe, reaching Joncaire again on the 22d December.

Here the horses were found so weak and the baggage so heavy, that they were given up, and after going with them three days, Washington and Gist, guns in hand and packs on back, started through the woods on foot, piloted by a bad and treacherous Indian guide. The very next day a party of French Indians lay in wait for them, and one of them, writes Washington, in his journal, "fired at Mr. Gist or me, not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed. We took this fellow into custody, and kept him until about nine o'clock at night, then let him go, and walked all the remaining part of the night without making any stop. The next day we continued travelling until quite dark, and got to the Allegheny about two miles from Shannopins. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not, only about fifty yards from each shore. The ice, I suppose, had broken up above, for it was driving in vast quantities."

"There was no way for getting over," continues the Major's journal, "but on a raft, which we set about with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sunset. This was a *whole day's work!* We next got it launched, then went on board of it and set off, but before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink, and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting pole to try and stop the raft the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet of water; but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs."

"Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make to it. The cold was so extremely severe that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen; and the water was shut up so hard that we found no difficulty in getting off the island on the ice in the morning, and went to Mr. Frazier's. As we intended to take horses here, and it required some time to find them, I went up about three miles to the mouth of the Youghiogheny to visit Queen Alaquippa, who had expressed great concern that we passed her in going to the fort. I made her a present of a match-coat and a bottle of rum, which latter was thought much the better present of the two."

This island was Wainwright's Island, now almost completely destroyed, but which lay near Herr's, and is about three miles above the Ohio forks. The former island lay near the eastern bank, and that branch of the river might well freeze over in a night, but the wide channel between Herr's Island and Shannopins could scarcely so easily

freeze over. Now, Gist also kept a journal on this memorable expedition. His account of the attempt by the Indian guide at murder is so very creditable to Washington's kind and humane heart, that we will quote the passage at length :

"We rose early in the morning, and set out about two o'clock, and got to Murderingtown, on the southeast fork of Beaver Creek. Here we met an Indian whom I thought I had seen at Joncaire's. This fellow called me by my Indian name and pretended to be glad to see me. I thought very ill of the fellow, but did not care to let the Major know I mistrusted him. But he soon mistrusted him as much as I did. The Indian said he could hear a gun from his cabin, and steered us more northwardly. We grew uneasy, and then he said two whoops might be heard from his cabin. We went two miles further. Then the Major said he would stay at the next water, and we desired the Indian to stop at the next water. We came to water; we came to a clear meadow. It was very light, and snow was on the ground.

"The Indian made a stop, and turned about. The Major saw him point his gun towards us and he fired. Said the Major, 'Are you shot?' 'No!' said I; upon which the Indian ran forward to a big standing white oak, and began loading his gun, but we were soon with him. *I would have killed him, but the Major would not suffer me.* We let him charge his gun; we found he put in ball; then we took care of him; either the Major or I always stood by the guns. We made him make a fire for us by a little run, as if we intended to sleep there.

said to the Major: 'As you will not have him killed, we must get him away, and then we must travel all night;' upon which I said to the Indian: 'I suppose you were lost, and fired your gun.' He said he knew the way to his cabin, and it was but a little way. 'Well,' said I, 'do you go home, and as we are tired, we will follow your track in the morning; and here is a cake of bread for you, and you must give us meal for it in the morning.' He was glad to get away. I followed him and listened until he was fairly out of the way, and then we went about half a mile, when we made a fire, set our compass, fixed our course, and travelled all night. In the morning we were at the head of Piny Creek."

All doubt as to French claims and intentions were removed by Washington's important visit. In order to arouse the colonies and England, Governor Dinwiddie had the Major's journal published far and wide, and reprinted in England, which led to very important and immediate action, since it was the first positive intelligence of the views and designs of the French. Instant steps were taken by Dinwiddie to send troops to the Ohio forks, which were at that time supposed by him to belong to his province. One company, under command of Captain Trent, was soon ready, and early in April Ensign Ward reached the forks, and commenced work on a rude fortification. They had made but little progress, however, before a French-Indian force of a thousand men, with eighteen cannon, suddenly made their appearance on the Allegheny, in sixty bateaux and three hundred canoes, and an immediate summons to surrender their works was made on Ward by Contrecoeur. Tamacharison, the Half-King, who was present with Ward, in order to gain time, shrewdly urged him to reply that he had no authority to surrender but would send for orders. To this, of course, the French leader would not listen, but gave just one hour to retire, which poor Ward was compelled to do. The French then landed and built there a fort, first giving it the name of "The Assumption of the Holy Virgin," afterwards changing it to Fort Duquesne, in honor of the Marquis Du-

quesne, the then French Governor of Canada; and this little affair has always been considered as the commencement of that long and memorable "seven years' war," only terminated by the treaty of Paris, and by which France ceded to England all Canada, and the whole territory east of the Mississippi except the isle of Orleans.

E.

CAPTAIN JACK, THE "WILD HUNTER OF THE JUNIATA."

Captain Jack, of the French-Indian war, was a real, historic personage, and the novel of "Old Fort Duquesne" was all composed and in print before its writer ever heard of his Modoc namesake. Although there is much of legend and mystery connected about the Juniata-valley Jack, this much is certain, that there was a notable hunter and "Indian-killer," known all along the Pennsylvania border, from the upper Susquehanna down to the Potomac by that name. In Hazard's Register there is frequent mention of him. Colonel Armstrong calls him—on account of his swarthy visage—"The Half-Indian" in his reports of his expedition against Captain Jacobs of the Delaware village of Kittanning.

Colonel George Croghan, who, while Braddock was preparing for his march, was engaged in beating up a number of Indians, scouts, etc., to serve as guides, distinctly states that Captain Jack was at the head of a body of bold hunter-rangers, skilled in woodcraft, expert in Indian fighting, clad, like their leader, in Indian attire, and offered them to Braddock, provided they were allowed to dress, march and fight as they pleased, and not to be subject to the strict regulations of a soldier's camp. "They are well armed," said Croghan, "and are equally regardless of heat or cold. They require no shelter for the night, *and ask no pay!*" This, of course, could not be permitted by such a strict and self-reliant martinet as Braddock, and the Rangers were suffered to depart. It is idle now to speculate what might have been the result of the British Expedition had these scouts, and a larger body of fighting Indians been allowed to accompany, or rather precede Braddock's army. Judging, however, from the late invaluable services of the War in Spirit Indians in tracking the Modocs to their lairs, beating up their fastnesses in the lava-beds, and bringing them to bay in such manner that nothing was left but surrender, it is certainly safe to assume that these Pennsylvania Rangers and Indians would have performed the same offices for Braddock, and rendered wholly impossible the disastrous defeat which we have taken such pains to describe.

Captain Jack's early history is shrouded in mystery, but it is the current tradition in middle Pennsylvania, that he was a frontier settler, and that returning one evening from a long day's chase, he found his cabin a heap of smouldering ruins, and the blackened corpses of his murdered family scattered around. From that time he became a rancorous Indian hater and slayer. In '53 he held a sort of roving commission from Governor Hamilton—his home being in the Juniata valley—going under the names of "The Black Rifle," "The Black Hunter," and "The Wild Hunter of the Juniata." It is thought by some that "Jack's Mountain," in Pennsylvania, was called after him; but this, we think, is a mistake; it, as well as "Jack's Narrows," having taken their names from the fact—which caused a great deal of excitement at the time—of the atrocious murder, in 1744, of a noted

Indian trader named John Armstrong, together with his two servants, Smith and Woodward, by a Delaware Chief called Musementin.

In Jones' "Juniata Valley," we find a lengthy account of Captain Jack. He makes him a hunter living on the Juniata, near a beautiful spring; having a mystery about him which no one ever succeeded in fathoming. He is described by Jones as a man of Herculean proportions, with an extremely swarthy complexion, and a relentless Indian tracker and killer. The settlers about Aughwick (now Shirleysburg, Huntingdon county, Pa.), as well as those in Path Valley and along the Juniata, "frequently found dead savages, some in a state of partial decay, and others with their flesh stripped by the bald eagles, on the spot where Jack's rifle had laid them low." "On one occasion," writes Jones, "Captain Jack had concealed himself in the woods by the side of the 'Aughwick Path,' where he lay in wait for a stray Indian. Presently a painted warrior, with a red feather waving from his head, and his body bedizened with gew-gaws recently purchased from a trader, came down the 'path.' A crack from Captain Jack's rifle, and the savage bounded into the air and fell dead without a groan. It appears that three others were in company—but had tarried at a spring—who, on hearing the discharge of the rifle, under the impression that their companion had shot a bear, gave a loud 'whoop.' Captain Jack immediately loaded, and when the Indians came up to the dead body, Jack again shot, and killed a second one. The Indians then rushed into the thicket, and one of them getting a glimpse of Jack, shot at him, but missed. The 'Wild Hunter,' seeing that the chances were desperate, jumped out and engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter—the fourth savage being only armed with a tomahawk. He soon despatched the third one by beating his brains out with a rifle; but the fourth one, an athletic fellow, grappled, and a long and bloody fight with knives followed, and only ceased when both were exhausted by loss of blood. The Indian managed to get away, and left the 'Black Hunter' the victor of the field. Weak and faint as Jack was, he scalped the three savages, and managed to work his way to the settlement, where his wounds—consisting of eight or ten stabs—were dressed."

"It is said," continues Jones, "that one night the family of an Irishman named Moore, residing in Aughwick, was suddenly awakened by the report of a gun. On opening the door, they found a dead Indian lying upon the very threshold. By the feeble light which shone through the door, they discovered the dim outline of the 'Wild Hunter,' who merely said: 'I have saved your lives,' and then plunged into the dark ravine and disappeared. With an eye like the eagle, an aim that was unerring, daring intrepidity, and a constitution that could brave the heat of summer as well as the frosts of winter, he roamed the valley like an uncaged tiger, the most formidable foe that ever crossed the redman's path. Of the final end of Captain Jack," concludes Jones, "we have nothing definite. One account says he went west, another that he died in 1772. It is said that his bones rest near the spring at the base of the mountain bearing his name, and this we are inclined to credit. The early settlers of the neighborhood believed that Captain Jack came down from the mountain every night at twelve o'clock to slake his thirst at his favorite spring; and half a century ago we might readily have produced the affidavits of twenty respectable men who had seen the 'Black Hunter' in the spirit, roaming over the land that was his in the flesh. The towering mountain, a hundred miles in length, bearing his name, will stand as an indestructible monument to his memory."

Thus far Jones. It is not singular we should seize on such excellent material for romance, and make of Jack, who lived in so many a fire-side legend, a leading character in our fiction; and in venturing to unravel for our readers the mystery of his early life, and to give a reason for his hatred to Indians, we only take the privilege universally allowed to all writers of romance.

F.

SCAROODYADDY, THE HALF-KING.

In the Colonial Records and Archives of Pennsylvania, from the year '53, and during the whole French-Indian war which followed, the name of no Indian Sachem has more frequent or honorable mention than Scaroooyaddy, or Monecatootha, or Skirooniatta; for by all these names was he called. He was an Oneida Sachem, belonging, of course, to the Iroquois or Six Nations, and lived at a time when the native red men of this continent appeared at their best; were considered the lords of the soil; were brave, proud, dignified, and faithful to their simple habits and traditions. By degrees, and after many bloody battles, the Indians were conquered, pushed back from place to place, debauched and contaminated by the society of traders and unprincipled borderers, and finally degraded into a state of vassalage; abused and maltreated; all their pride and dignity gone, and degenerated into such poor creatures as we now find on the western plains and in the neighborhood of the settlements.

We first hear of Monecatootha as the companion of Washington on his visit to the French forts on the upper Allegheny. The noble old Tannacharison was then the Half-King, which means that he represented the Six Nations among the western tribes who were subject to them. A letter from John Harris, dated October, '54, gives an account of the death of Tannacharison at Harris' Ferry (now Harrisburg). Sent by his people to Onondago, the council place of the Six Nations, to ascertain their views on the expected troubles with the French, Scaroooyaddy was there selected to succeed as Half-King. He was publicly thanked, and his services all through the Braddock campaign were fully acknowledged in Pennsylvania. "You fought under General Braddock," said Governor Morris, "and behaved with spirit and valor during the engagement. We see you consider yourselves as our flesh and blood, and fight for us as if we were of your own kindred." He was always not only loyal to the British, but ever active in their interests; advising them how and when to attack the French; sternly rebuking the Pennsylvania Assembly for their lethargy and inactivity, and not hesitating to express his contempt for what he deemed their untimely cowardice in allowing their back settlements to be so scourged, and they doing nothing to protect them. For instance, in a public and manly speech made before the Pennsylvania Assembly and a large concourse of citizens in Philadelphia, we find him using such expressions as these:

"We are amazed to find you still sitting with your hands between your knees, and for an apology for so unbecoming a posture, you tell us," etc. And again: "Awake! Shake off your lethargy! Stand up with your hatchet in your hand, and use it manfully! Show your enemies you are men! Your people are foolish. They are extremely heavy, move slow, and are liable to surprises," etc., etc.

In '55 Scaroooyaddy headed a war party from Shamokin against the

French, and made repeated visits of importance to the Six Nations, as well as to the western tribes. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of September, '56, is a fac-simile of his memoirs, by which it appears he had fought in thirty-one combats, had slain many, and taken numerous prisoners with his own hands. On his breast was tattooed the figure of a tomahawk, and on each cheek that of a bow and arrow. We have narrated how unluckily his son was killed during Braddock's march, for which fatality, and in order somewhat to appease and gratify him, one of the night encampments was called "Monecatootha." He had a large family of children, and was, take him altogether, a brave, noble old Chief of "the olden time."

G.

THE ONLY SCOUT EVER SENT OUT BY BRADDOCK.

Robert Orme, Braddock's aide-de-camp and Washington's friend, was a lieutenant in the "Cold Streams," and was an honest and capable man, making a most favorable impression on all colonial dignitaries with whom he was thrown in contact. He was wounded at Braddock's Field, returned to England and went into private life, having married Lady Townsend, and this, much to the displeasure of her family, who had destined her for Lord George Lenox. Orme kept a very careful diary, and it is to it that history is indebted for much information of Braddock's expedition. Under date of July 4th, only four days before the battle, he jots down:

"We marched about six miles to Thicketty Run. From this place two of our Indians were prevailed upon to go for intelligence towards the French fort, and also (unknown to them) Gist, the General's guide. The Indians returned on the 6th, and brought in a French officer's scalp, who was shooting within half a mile of the fort. They informed the General that they saw very few men there or tracks; many additional works; that no pass was possessed between us and the fort, and that they saw some boats under the fort, and one with a white flag coming down the Ohio" (Allegheny?). "Gist returned a little after, the same day, whose account corresponded with theirs, except he saw smoke in a valley. He had concealed himself with intent of getting close under the fort, but was discovered and pursued by two Indians, who had very near taken him."

H.

THE LENNI-LENAPE, OR DELAWARE INDIANS.

A great interest has always been felt in this gallant little tribe of Indians, partly because of their peculiar history, and partly because Cooper has so dwelt upon their varied fortunes, their trials and struggles, selecting from them the heroes of his fascinating romances. They were formerly called *Woapanachki*, which means *people from the East*. They themselves have ever proudly claimed to be the *Lenni-Lenape*, or "original people;" and when the whites first came to this country, these Indians, divided into three tribes—Miamies, Munzies and Unalacticos—lived between the Hudson and Susquehanna rivers, on both sides the river Delaware.

The Confederacy, or League known as the Five, and afterwards—when the Tuscaroras were taken in—as the Six Nations, is well known

as the most wonderful and the most powerful combination of Indian tribes ever known on this continent. Called *Iroquois* by the French, *Magua* by the Dutch, *Mingoes* by the English, and *Mengwe* by the other Indian nations, they became the *Romans* of America, and went on from conquest to conquest until all the Indians between their settlements about the lakes of Central New York and the far Mississippi became subject to them. They found strength in union; and being governed by old and wise Sachems, and having been trained to war and all the warlike virtues, they brought into the field such a number of brave, skilled and adventurous warriors, that nothing could stand before them.

To manage their common concerns, they had a council somewhat like the old Wittenagemot of the Saxons, composed of the very wisest Sachems of the six different tribes, who met annually at Onondago. Of these Six Nations—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagos, Cayugas, Tuscaroras and Senecas—the latter were the most westernly located, living about the headwaters of the Allegheny river, where their descendants engage in rafting to the present day. To this nation belonged the Half-King, Tannacharison, Guyasutha and Cornplanter. The Delawares used to be the inveterate foes of the Iroquois, but were finally conquered by them about 1617, and as the Iroquois boasted, were forced to put on petticoats—that is, were degraded from the rank of *braves* to that of *women*. The Delawares admit the fact, but assert that the Iroquois acted treacherously, and used a crafty artifice by persuading them to act as mediators during some of their wars. Now, the peace-mediators among Indians were always women, and hence the appellation they received from their conquerors. The Iroquois treated them with great harshness and haughtiness, and compelled them to make move after move, finally forcing them back to the country around the headwaters of the Ohio river, where our story finds them calling themselves *men* again; very resentful against their insulting masters, the Six Nations, and anxious to throw off their yoke. They and the Shawnees generally lived in harmony, and acted as allies in the many struggles which ensued before Ohio became thoroughly under the possession of the whites.

I.

AN ACCOUNT OF "THE OHIO COMPANY."

The pioneer explorations made in the West by the English were conducted under the auspices of what was called *The Ohio Company*, an association of twelve gentlemen, formed in 1748 by Thomas Lee, of Virginia, and a London merchant by the name of Hanbury, and of which Laurence and Augustus, older brothers of George Washington, were active members. The object of the Company was to carry on the Indian trade on a large scale, and settle the lands west of the Allegheny Mountains.

To this end an immense grant of half a million of acres was obtained from the Crown, one of the conditions of which was that two hundred thousand acres should be located immediately, and one hundred families seated thereon within seven years. The whole tract was to be located south of the Ohio, and between the Monongahela and the Kenhawa rivers. Two cargoes of Indian goods were at once sent over, and Captain Gist engaged to make thorough explorations of the West; examine the quality of the lands; draw a map of the country; make

friendly visits to the Indians in peaceful possession of the territory desired, and report to the board. Gist was absent on his first tour nearly seven months, penetrating the wilderness for several hundred miles north of the Ohio, and proceeding as far as the falls of that river, where Louisville now stands. In November, 1751, he passed down the south side of the river down to the Big Kenhawa, and spent the winter in studying the ground. He reported that it would be vain to do much before winning over the consent of the Indians, and gaining their friendship, which he did the next year, at a grand conference held at Logstown, a few miles below Pittsburgh. Mr. Lee, the projector of the Company, dying, the chief management devolved on Laurence Washington, who had a project of settling a German colony on the lands. Mr. Gist was instructed to lay off a town and fort at McKee's Rocks, near the mouth of Chartiers Creek, about three miles below the forks of the Ohio, and described in our story as the residence of King Shingiss, of the Delawares. In the meantime, the adventurous Gist had fixed his residence on this side of the mountain, near where Uniontown now stands, and induced eleven families to settle around him.

Matters were in this state when the border troubles broke out between the French, English and Indians. The design of constructing the fort at Chartiers was, it seems, afterwards abandoned, and the fort which, but just commenced, was forced to surrender to Contrecoeur in the spring of 1754, and which soon grew into Fort Duquesne, was being erected for this same Ohio Company.

Nothing more was now done by the Company until 1760, after Duquesne was captured by General Forbes, when Colonel Mercer went to London to procure permission from the Crown to take up the grant, or to obtain a reimbursement in money. But times had changed; conflicting interests were at work. General attention had been turned in that direction, and finally, after a six years' stay in London, Mercer was obliged to merge the interests of his Company in those of Walpole's, or *The Grand Company*, as it was called. These terms were not agreed to by the American members of the Company, and the matter was in agitation down so far as the Revolutionary war, which ended not only the Company, but also all British claims in this section.

J.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT INDIAN TRAILS.

The Indians were great and very rapid travellers, often going hundreds of miles on their hunting expeditions, or in pursuit of their foes. Although they threaded the vast solitudes of the wilderness with unerring sagacity, pursuing their way by day or night with marvellous precision, and by means of certain infallible signs well known to them, it is a great mistake to suppose that they roamed at random. They had their beaten trails, great and little, as well known to them as our State and County roads are to us, and frequently far more direct. The white traders, and even military leaders often adopted them as being not only the best but also the shortest routes between given points. These are now almost wholly effaced or forgotten, but in some localities they can yet be very distinctly traced.

We make mention in the story of the great Indian trail from Kittanning, on the Allegheny river, to Philadelphia, called the "Kittanning Path," and which formed the great highway between East and West, first for the Indians, and afterwards for white pioneers, settlers, and

traders with their pack-horses. This path, distinct traces of which can yet be plainly seen in various places, was a famous road in its day. Commencing at Kittanning, it crossed the Allegheny Mountains in a southeastern direction, the descent on the eastern slope being through a gorge at what is now known as Kittanning Point, a few miles west of Hollidaysburg. Thence it went through what are now called Scotch, Canoe, Hartstog and Woodcock valleys, crossing the Broadtop Mountain into Aughwick; thence into Tuscarora and Sherman's valleys to the Susquehanna.

At Kittanning Point, the indentation made by the feet of thousands upon thousands of warriors, traders and pack-horses which travelled it for an unknown number of years, are still plainly visible. In some places, where the ground is marshy, close to the run, the path is at least a foot deep, and the very stones along the road bear the marks of the traders' iron-shod horses, while occasionally you can pick up gun-flints or arrow-heads.

Another great east-and-west route went from Smoky Island, across from Fort Duquesne, along the margin of the Ohio river, to Fort McIntosh, where Beaver, Pa., now stands, and extending westward to Sandusky and Detroit. Following the highest ground, it passed by Salt Springs, Trumbull county. It also ran through Palmyra, Portage county, near which there are even to this late day several large piles of stone, under which skeletons were found. The trees have also been found painted along this as well as other beaten Indian trails. In some places the bark has been carefully shaved off two-thirds the way round, and figures cut in. This trail is yet a plain beaten path west of the Beaver river, near the Mahoning. Another great trail led more directly west across Big Beaver to the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum.

What is called "Nemacolin's Path" was a different great Indian trail, which led east from the "Forks of the Ohio," through southern Pennsylvania. At the instance of the Ohio Company, Nemacolin, a well-known Delaware, who resided at the mouth of Dunlap's Creek, Fayette county, "blazed" the forest path from Wills Creek to the Ohio, which was the original tracing of that great highway now known as the National or Cumberland road. In 1753 it was well-marked and cleared of bushes and fallen timber, so as to make it a good pack-horse road. "Gist's plantation" was located on this road, which afterwards became Braddock's road, but as Judge Veech forcibly contends, that was a misnomer; it should have been called *Washington's road*, for he made it to Gist's; from Gist's to Turtle Creek it was Braddock's.

Still another very prominent and ancient north-and-south path was the old Catawba or Cherokee trail, leading from the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, etc., through Virginia and western Pennsylvania, on to western New York and Canada. The principal trail entered Fayette county at the mouth of Grassy Run; a tributary trail, called the *Warrior Branch*, came into it from Tennessee, Kentucky and southern Ohio. The main Catawba trail passed along where now stand Uniontown and Connellsville; thence across Westmoreland county to the head of the Susquehanna, and into western New York, where the Six Nations lived and compelled the periodical attendance of the various conquered tribes.

Many other Indian trails have been traced, and could be here noted, but we may say in general, that between all important sections or Indian tribes and towns, great and well-beaten trails served as communications.

K.

LANGLADE, THE LEADER OF THE LAKE INDIANS.

In the third volume of the "Wisconsin Historical Collections"—kindly placed in our hands by Judge Veech, of Pittsburgh—we note an interesting account of *Sieur Charles de Langlade*, as taken by *Lyman C. Draper, Esq.*, from the lips of *Captain Grignon*, a grandson of *Charles de Langlade*. In this account we find two positive assertions, new to us: First, that *Charles de Langlade* led the *Lake Indians* at *Braddock's* defeat; and Second, that *Pontiac*, the famous *Ottawa Chief*, was undoubtedly among the number. This latter fact does not seem to have been certainly known to *Parkman* himself, since in his "History of the Conspiracy of *Pontiac*" when writing the biography of the famous chief, he says: "It is said that he commanded the *Ottawas* at the memorable defeat of *Braddock*."

Charles was the son of *Augustin de Langlade*—called the founder of *Wisconsin*—his mother being the sister of the head *Ottawa* chief, *king Nis-so-wa-quet*. At the breaking out of the *French* war, he was about thirty years old, and a bold and influential half-breed *Indian* Chief. Such was his skill, high standing, and influence over the *Indians*, that he was appointed by the *Governor-General* of *New France* to head the partisan force of *French* and *Indians* in the war then about to commence. He first repaired to *Fort Duquesne*, and was with *Pontiac* and *king Nis-so-wa-quet* at the great battle. *Langlade* demanded of *Beaujeu* several times that the attack should be made on *Braddock's* army, just after they had crossed the river, and while they were at dinner, but *Beaujeu* for some time refused, disheartened at the size and drill of *Braddock's* force; but finally the order was given, "and the *English* officers, who had their little towels pinned over their breasts, seized their arms and took part in the conflict, and a good many of them were killed with these napkins still pinned on their coats." This statement is very improbable; not to speak of the absurdity of *English* officers, after months of weary marching, eating their frugal meal with napkins, it is not very likely they would rush to the battle-field nearly half a mile off, with them still pinned on. We rather suspect it was the light yellow-and-buff facings on the uniforms which were mistaken for napkins.

The account goes on to say that most of the *French* and *Indians* who were killed were not hit by the enemies' bullets, but by the falling limbs cut from the trees by the over-shooting of the *English* cannon. As soon as the defeat was sure, *Langlade* had all the liquors found among the *English* stores poured upon the ground lest the *Indians* should indulge. *La Choisie* and *de Rocheblave*, two young *French* officers with *Langlade*, quarrelled over the superb uniform of an *English* officer, and the next morning *La Choisie* was found assassinated and his purse missing; *Rocheblave* was strongly suspected of the crime. After *Braddock's* repulse, *Langlade* was sent by *Dumas* to go towards *Cumberland*, and ascertain the *English* strength and movements, and should the *Indians* take any prisoners, to use his best efforts to prevent their torturing them.

L.

WONDERFUL CAREER OF COL. JAMES SMITH.

The lad James Smith, whom we have introduced as a fellow prisoner with Talbot, in Fort Duquesne, was a veritable character in Pennsylvania history. He had a most adventurous career, and the diary published of his five years' life among the Indians, as the adopted son of Tecanghretanego, furnishes the fullest and most faithful account ever printed of the habits, customs, sentiments and daily forest life of the American Indian.

In May, 1755, young Smith, then about eighteen years of age, joined a force of three hundred men sent out by Pennsylvania to cut a road to fall into that of Braddock's at the "Turkey-foot" of the Yough river. Although, as he says, violently in love with an amiable young lady, he worked diligently, until one morning he was captured by a body of Indians, hurried off to Fort Duquesne, and forced to run the gauntlet just outside the fort, much as Talbot is described to have done. He was the only English person in the fort, and it is to him the public is indebted for the *only* account of the French-Indian departure for the battle, their return from the bloody field laden down with scalps and spoils, and the subsequent torture of the prisoners on Smoky Island.

A few days after, his captor demanded him, and the adoption scene we have given was very much the same—the washing in the river by young squaws included—as he himself went through. He was then, according to the universal Indian custom, treated exactly as if he had been born and bred one of themselves. Smith describes very fully the daily habits of his Indians, their lives, dances, funerals, arts of war, and methods of gaining a livelihood, some of which are very singular and entertaining. He had good times and bad times, accompanying the Indians in their bee, deer, and horse hunts, their sugar-making, and long chases after game, and sharing equally with them their privations and seasons of plenty.

Smith says that the French were deserted by the Indians during Forbes' campaign against Duquesne, because Forbes had very many American riflemen with him, and that they were learning the art of war; that if it was only redecoats they had to deal with, they could conquer, but they could not withstand the Big Knives, the name they gave the Virginians. When they heard of Grant's defeat they called him crazy, saying that the art of war consists in ambushing and surprising enemies; that Grant did well in artfully approaching the fort by night; but when the Indians were all asleep outside the fort, and could easily have been destroyed, the whites had to beat their drums and play their bagpipes, and the only way they could account for such folly was that he and his force were drunk. Young Smith remained with the Indians five whole years, and when on an expedition with them to Montreal where he was detained a prisoner for months he was there exchanged, reaching his home at Conococheaque to find himself taken for an Indian and his sweetheart married but a few days before his arrival. He did not appear, however, to take this disappointment much to heart; but married in 1763, and on account of his bravery and knowledge of Indian fighting, was elected captain of a ranger company dressed exactly as Indians, and with faces painted red and black.

In '64, Smith was Lieutenant with Col. Bouquet's famous expedition against the Muskingum Indians. In '65, he, and his Indian Boys, carried on war against the Indian traders who were supplying the red men with ammunition, etc., contrary to law; and afterwards raised three hundred riflemen, who were engaged in various services. In '66, he went West to hunt lands on which to settle, and explored great parts of Kentucky and Tennessee. On his return he was accompanied by no one but a mulatto, and received a serious stab in his foot, which compelled him to make a severe surgical operation with his knife, and kept him in the woods several months. He had now been eleven months in the wilderness, and during this time saw, as he says, neither bread, money, women, nor spirituous liquors and for three months no human being except Jamie, the mulatto. His clothes were worn out, and Jamie had on nothing but skins of beasts. He returned home in '67, and, the Indians again proving troublesome, took up his old business of fighting Indian traders. Some of his companions were put in irons at Fort Bedford, and Smith, raising eighteen of his old "black boys," made a gallant attack on the fort, and released the prisoners. "This, I believe," quaintly writes Smith, "was the first British fort in America taken by American rebel."

He was soon arrested, put in irons at Bedford, and brought in guilty of murder; taken to Carlisle for fear of arrest, he remained in prison four months, stood his trial, was acquitted, and an Indian war breaking out again, was appointed Major, and at the commencement of the revolution, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. Smith, however, soon pined for active life again, and raising a scouting party, he marched into the Jerseys before Washington's army, and did excellent service. In '78, Smith became Colonel, and soon took four hundred riflemen on an expedition against an Indian town on French Creek.

In 1788, he settled in Bourbon county, Kentucky, and represented that district in the Assembly down to the present century.

M.

CUSTOMS AND DRESS OF THE PIONEERS.

The description of Frazier's house is taken from Rev. Dr. Doddridge's notes on our Western Settlements, (now out of print). Most of the frontier cabins of those early days were fashioned in a similar rude style. The furniture consisted of a few pewter dishes and spoons; but mostly of wooden bowls, trenchers, and noggins; or of gourds and hard-shelled squashes. Iron pots, knives and forks were brought from the East, along with the salt and wire, on pack horses. "Hog and hominy" was the chief food, jonny cakes and pone being the only bread. At supper mush and milk was the standard dish; when milk was scarce, molasses, bear's oil, or ham gravy was the substitute. The "truck-patch" attached to every cabin supplied the roasting-ears, squashes, pumpkins, beans and potatoes, which were cooked with pork, venison, and bear-meat.

The frontier dress for the men was partly Indian; the chief article being the hunting shirt, which was a loose frock open before, with large sleeves, reaching half-way down the thighs, and lapping over the waist belt a foot or more. The cape was large and handsomely fringed with ravelled cloth. The belt had suspended on one side the bullet-bag and tomahawk, and on the other the scalping knife in

a leather sheath. A pair of drawers or breeches and fringed leggings covered the legs, while moccasins of dressed deerskin served much better than shoes. They were neatly made of a single piece, with a gathering seam along the top of the foot, and another from the bottom of the heel, without gather, as high as the ankle joint. Flaps neatly tied to the ankles and lower part of the legs by thongs of deerskin, so as to exclude dirt, snow, or sand, were left on each side. Each hunter made his own moccasins in a few hours with a moccasin awl, which, together with a roll of buckskin and thongs or whangs for mending, was part of the regular trappings. In cold weather the moccasins were well stuffed with deer's hair or dry leaves, but in wet weather moccasin wearing was only a decent way of going barefoot due to the spongy texture of the leather. Owing to this, Indians as well as whites, were much afflicted with rheumatism, and this was the reason why, at night, all slept with their feet to the fire. Very frequently young frontier men became so much enamored of the Indian dress that drawers were laid aside, and the leggings made to come well up on the thigh, and the breech-clout adopted, which last was a piece of linen or cloth nearly a yard long and eight or nine inches broad. This passed under the belt before and behind, leaving the ends for flaps with ornamented ends hanging over the belt. Where this belt passed over the hunting shirt, the upper part of the thighs and part of the hips were naked. Doddridge asserts that the young hunter instead of being abashed by this nudity, was proud of his Indian dress, frequently entering houses of worship thus clad. Their appearance, however, did not, according to the veracious chronicler, "add much to the devotion of the young ladies."

The linsey petticoat and bed-gown formed the universal dress of the women, with a small home-made 'kerchief about the neck. They went barefoot in warm weather, while in cold their feet were covered with moccasins, or coarse shoe-packs. The garments of both men and women were hung around the cabin on wooden pegs. The young women of these days knew nothing of curls, ruffles, rings, jewels, or other modern adornments. Instead of the toilet they had to handle the distaff or shuttle, the sickle or weeding hoe, contented if they could obtain their linsey clothing, and cover their heads with a sun bonnet.

Doddridge gives an interesting account of the manner in vogue in those rude times of settling a young couple for life. Their cabin was built by neighbors. First were the choppers, then those who hauled and sorted the logs on the chosen spot. The best axeman searched the woods for a straight-grained tree from three to four feet thick, for making clapboards for the roof. These were split four feet long, with a large iron and as wide as the timber would allow, and were used without hewing. Others still got out puncheons for the floor by splitting young trees, and hewing the faces with the broad axe. They were half the length of the floor they were intended to make. The second day was allotted for the raising. Four cornermen were first selected, whose business was to notch and place the logs. The rest raised the timber to their places. When the cabin was raised a few rounds high, the sleepers and floor began to be laid. Next, a door was made by cutting the logs on one side so as to make an opening about three feet wide; a wider opening was made for the chimney, which was built of logs and made large to admit a back and jams of stone. The roof was formed by making the end logs shorter until a single log formed the comb of the roof. On these the clap-boards were placed, the

ranges of them lapping some distance over those next below, and kept in their places by logs resting on them. A third day was spent in levelling off the floor, finishing up, making a rude door, table, bedstead, and three-legged stools. Then the masons made billets for chinking up the cracks between the logs, which were plastered over with mud mortar. The cabin being thus finished and furnished, the house warming took up a whole night, and consisted of a vigorous dance, made up of the groom's and bride's relations, and all the neighbors. On the following day the young couple took possession of their new house.

N.

THE SHAWNEES, AND THEIR CHIEF, BLACKHOOF.

The Shawnee tribe were a very peculiar people; brave, restless, warlike, and adventurous, who were certainly from the South, some say from the Suwanee river, Florida. They first appeared in Pennsylvania, about the year 1700, at Montour's Island, on the Ohio, six miles below Pittsburgh. Part remained there, while divisions went Eastward, settling on the Delaware and Susquehanna. In 1728, they finally migrated West, and located near the Ohio and Allegheny. In '32, they had so grown in numbers, that half the warriors in Pennsylvania belonged to that tribe. They had several villages between Fort Duquesne and Beaver, and, as at first they considered themselves under the protection of the Delawares, so they always called them *grandfathers*.

The Shawnees have had many noted chiefs, among the most warlike and influential of whom was Catahecassa, or the Blackhoof of our tale. He died at Wapakonetta, Allen county, Ohio, aged over one hundred years, shortly before the removal of the Shawnees in 1832 to beyond the Mississippi. He always asserted that he was born in Florida, near salt water. Certain it is, he was at Braddock's defeat, and engaged in all the subsequent Ohio wars down to the treaty of Greenville in 1795. He won the confidence of the whole nation by his sagacity, adventurous spirit, and success in warfare, and never lacked *braves* to follow him in his many warlike excursions. He was known far and wide as the *great Shawnee warrior*, who was bold to plan, zealous to carry out, and successful in his battles and expeditions.

Blackhoof was the inveterate foe of the whites, and would never consent to smoke, treat, or make peace with them unless they would agree to go back over the mountains. He was the chief orator of his tribe for many years. Col. Johnston, the famous Indian agent, described him as the most graceful Indian he ever saw, and as having a most natural and happy faculty of expressing his ideas. He was well versed in all the traditions of his people, and their relations to, and treaties with the whites; but although stern and uncompromising, and the hero of a hundred battles, yet, when convinced that opposition was unavailing, he lived a friendly and peaceable life with his old foes. Before Wayne's great victory over the combined tribes, he was hopeful, but after he saw further resistance was useless, resolved to make terms, signed the treaty of Greenville, and continued faithful to it through life. He was the principal chief of the Shawnees when

Tecumseh and his brother the prophet took up arms. They tried long to enlist Blackhoof, but he not only steadily refused himself, but kept back the greater portion of his tribe. In that contest he was the ally of the United States, exerting a salutary influence over his people. In January, 1813, while on a visit to General Tupper's camp, at Fort McArthur, some miscreant fired through a hole in the wall, and shot the old chief in the face. The ball passed through his cheek and lodged in his neck. For some time he was supposed dead, but gradually recovered. He was opposed to burning prisoners, and to polygamy, living over forty years with one wife, and raising a large family. He was cheerful and agreeable in his deportment, of medium size, and had good health and unimpaired eyesight to the last. The famous Tecumseh, and his father Puckeshinwa, mentioned as one of the leaders of the ball-match before Fort Duquesne, were of the Shawnee tribe.

O.

BRADDOCK BADLY SWINDLED IN HORSES.

Braddock, before starting on his expedition, had been promised twenty-five hundred horses, and two hundred and fifty wagons from Maryland and Virginia; but twenty wagons and two hundred horses were all that could be procured, and these after so long a delay and of such a wretched, miserable character, that the march would never have been made had not Franklin by his famous proclamation among the German farmers of Pennsylvania—in which he threatened that if they did not hurry forward horses and wagons, Sir John St. Clair the Hussar, would override the province and impress what he wanted—raised one hundred and fifty wagons and five hundred horses, and thus enabled the force to move. It is well known that Franklin ran greatly in debt in this service, and that a commission sat in Lancaster ten days in '56 to audit and settle his claims against the government. This was not the only instance of Franklin's practical common-sense way of doing things. When the army was at Wills Creek, both officers and soldiers were nearly starved—no butter, spoiled meat, and mouldy bread. Franklin visited the camp and saw the condition of affairs, and was the means of having £5000 expended by Pennsylvania in supplying tea, coffee, cheese, wines, hams, tongues, and requisite accessories for the officers' needs, for which he had their repeated thanks. Again, he organized a good postal service, by which the communications between the army and the different provinces were prompt and regular. But to return to the horses; as Washington truly said, "There was vile management there." Instead of proper draught-horses, all sorts of broken-down hacks, and sprained, wind-gall ponies were shamelessly palmed off on the army by contractors. Besides, the very owners and a lot of base camp-followers hung on the skirts of the army during the whole march, stealing every horse that was left to graze without a guard. Over three hundred were thus made away with. What these scoundrels left, were either stolen by the Indians, or broken-down by hard usage and extra service; so that Dunbar could only move half his wagons at a time. After one day's march the poor beasts were sent back to bring up the remainder, and it was invariably two days more ere the detachment could start from the spot of the first night's encampment.

P.

THE TOUCHING STORY OF FANNY BRADDOCK.

The story of Braddock's sister, Fanny, which Goldsmith relates at length in his life of Beau Nash, is a sad and touching one. She was left a large fortune at her sister's decease, moved in the very best society, and contracted a passion for elegance. "Whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady." Naturally gay, sprightly, and generous to a fault, and excelling in conversation, she left writings both in prose and verse which were as witty and brilliant as any in that age. Her chief failing was imprudence in the use of money. Anxious to relieve distress, she was lavish beyond reason; at nineteen she was surrounded by lovers, among whom was S—, a talented but unfortunate man, whose love, pity, generosity, and even friendship, were all in excess. He was called "the good-natured man," and became Mistress Braddock's favorite. Very soon his debts becoming overwhelming, he was arrested and thrown into prison, and his lady-love immediately took the fatal resolution of releasing him by discharging all his debts. All the admonitions of Nash and her other friends were disregarded. Her fortune was by this means exhausted, and, with all her attractions, she lost rank and esteem, and accepted Nash's invitation of a return to Bath, where, for a time, she moved in the very first circles, but a settled melancholy now possessed her, and nothing could divert her.

Her beauty, simplicity, and artlessness finally made her the victim of a designing woman who kept fashionable gambling rooms, and who by flattery, loans of money, etc., soon gained an entire ascendancy over the thoughtless deserted girl, and in 1727, Miss Fanny Braddock, without, as Goldsmith says, "ever transgressing the laws of virtue, had entirely lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at dame Lindsey's, Sylvia, as she was then familiarly called, was sent for, and was obliged to suffer all those slights which the rich but too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune."

This charming girl struggled hard with adversity, and yielded to every encroachment of contempt with sullen reluctance. Matters soon grew from bad to worse, until her friend Nash induced her to break off all connection with dame Lindsey, and to rent part of a house, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, regularity, and virtue; but her detestation of life still grew on her, and about this time she frequently dwelt, and conversed much, on suicide. She soon became so poor that, unable to mix in company for want of the elegancies of dress, she lived a lonely and deserted life, and accepted the position of governess in Mr. Wood's family.

While he and part of his household were absent in London, she conceived the fatal resolution of leaving a life in which she could see no corner for comfort. Thus resolved, she sat down at the dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following lines on one of the panes:—

O death! thou pleasing end of human woe;
Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below;
Still mayst thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

She then went into company with the most cheerful serenity, and ordered supper to be ready in the little library, where she spent the hours before bedtime, in dandling two of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. From this point we quote Goldsmith:

"In retiring to her chamber, she went into the nursery to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in the cradle. Struck with the innocence of its looks, and the consciousness of her meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears, and hugging it in her arms. She then bid her old servant good-night, and went to bed as usual. She soon quitted it, however, and dressed herself in clean linen and white garments of every kind, like a bridesmaid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread. The end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots.

"Thus prepared, she sat down and read: for she left the book open at that place, in the story of Olympia, in the 'Orlando Furioso' of Ariosto, where, by the pity and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined and left to the mercy of an unpitying world. This fatal event gave her fresh spirits to go through her tragical purpose. So, standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle which was tied round her neck, over a closet door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended. Her weight, however, broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell on the floor with such violence that her fall awakened a workman that lay in the house, about half after two. Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room, as her usual custom was when she wanted sleep, and the workman imagining it to be only some ordinary accident, again went to sleep.

"She once more, therefore, had recourse to a stronger girdle, made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended till she died. Her old maid waited as usual for the ringing of the bell, hour after hour, until two of the afternoon, when the workman entering by the window, found their unfortunate mistress still hanging and quite cold. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of lunacy, and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave.

"Thus ended," concludes Goldsmith, "a female wit, a toast and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken; formed for the delight of society, fallen by imprudence to be an object of pity. Hundreds in high life lamented her fate, and bought up her effects with the greatest avidity; and she remains the strongest instance to posterity that want of prudence alone almost cancels every other virtue."

When the news of the suicide was told to her brother, Edward Braddock, he is said to have uttered this cruel and unfeeling play upon words: "Poor Fanny, I always thought she would play till she would be forced to 'tie herself up.'" To "tie oneself up from play" was a rant phrase of the day for incurring some obligation, which should act as a restraint upon gambling.

Q.

WASHINGTON'S OPINION OF BRADDOCK.

Nile's Register for May, 1818, contains a deeply interesting account, written out for the Editor, by the venerable William Findley, Youngstown, Pa., of a conversation held with President Washington,

concerning Braddock's defeat. He said that Braddock was unfortunate, but his character was very much too severely treated; that he was one of the best and honestest of any British officers with whom he had been acquainted. Even in the manner of fighting he was not more to blame than others; that of all that were consulted, only one person (probably himself), objected to it. "Braddock was both my general and my physician. I was attacked with a dangerous fever on the march, and he left a sergeant to take care of me, and gave me fever powders, with directions how to use them, and a wagon to bring me on when I would be able, which was only the day before the defeat, the first day I had ridden a horse for a considerable time, and then had to ride with a pillow under me." The President stated, also, that when once out, during Forbes' campaign in '58, he ran the greatest hazard of his life; that he had been ordered to reinforce a bullock guard on their way to camp, and marched his party single file, with trailed arms, sending a runner to inform the British officer in what manner he could meet him. The officer some how misunderstood him, and the parties met in the dark, and fired on each other, till they killed thirty of their own men; nor could they be stopped till he had to go in between their fires, and throw up the muzzles of their guns with his sword.

R.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS ENGAGED.

Many of the officers—both British and American—beside those mentioned, rose to prominence in after times. It is generally stated that Hugh Mercer, the hero of Trenton, was present, but this is a mistake. The first mention we have of this sturdy Scotchman, is in Armstrong's expedition against Kitanning in '56. There was a George and a John Mercer, both of whom were at Fort Necessity, with Washington, but no Hugh Mercer with Braddock. Dr. Hugh Mercer was left by General Forbes in command of the handful of troops placed in charge of the ruins of Fort Duquesne in '58, and subsequently took prominent part in our revolution. Captain Adam Stephen, of the Virginia Rangers, rose to be Colonel of Virginia troops, and was a general officer of the revolution. General Horatio Gates, who figured so conspicuously in our revolution, and whose peculiarities are a well-known part of American history, did not cut much of a figure in this expedition. Colonel Dunbar, "the Tardy," notwithstanding his disgraceful retreat, was made a British Major-General in '58, and a Lieutenant-General in '60. Lieutenant Gladwyn, distinguished for his very gallant defence of Detroit against Pontiac, was made Colonel in '77, and Major-General in '82. Engineer Harry Gordon, who first discovered the foe at Braddock's Fields, became Lieutenant-Colonel in '77. Captain Morris, Braddock's aid, married in 1758, the beautiful and celebrated Mary Philipse, of New York, a great heiress, for whose hand Washington himself was a suitor. The landed possessions of the Philipse family were enormous, embracing much of the site of New York City. Adhering to the crown at the outbreak of the revolution, their estates were confiscated and the children's claims were purchased by John Jacob Astor for \$100,000, worth at that time \$5,000,000, but, at present, incalculable. Lieutenant-Colonel Burton rose to be Major-General in '62. He once

about this time fell desperately in love with the tawny daughter of an Indian Chief, and some state that he married her. Captain Lewis, of the Virginia Rangers, had five brothers in his Company, and became the General Lewis, whom Washington, at the outbreak of the revolution, considered the foremost of all American soldiers. Sir John St. Clair remained a long time in service in America, and in '62 was made a full Colonel. At Braddock's defeat he "was shot through the body under the right pap;" and so we might run on. Certain it is, however, that Braddock's campaign proved a dear school to many a young and ambitious officer who afterwards sought service and achieved distinction in different fields.

S.

GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN'S LASHES.

The whipping administered to General Daniel Morgan, the celebrated Commander of the Riflemen of the revolution, is a historical fact, acknowledged by himself, but authorities differ as to the time, place, and details. It is also an undeniable fact that Morgan, when about nineteen years of age, was a wagoner employed by Braddock. We have given the common version of this whipping, but Dr. Wm. Hill, of Winchester, Va., who was General Morgan's pastor and most intimate friend, gives another, as follows:

"Upon one occasion, while assisting in changing his linen, I discovered his back to be covered with scars and ridges, from shoulders to the waist. 'General,' said I, 'what has been the matter with your back?' 'Oh,' replied he, 'that has been the doing of old King George. While I was in his service upon a certain occasion, he promised to give me five hundred lashes. But he failed in his promise, and gave me but four hundred and ninety-nine, so he has been owing me one lash ever since. While the drummer was laying them on my back, I heard him miscount one. I was counting after him at the time. I did not think it worth while to tell him of his mistake, and let it go.'"

T.

SIR PETER HALKET AND "SECOND SIGHT."

We do no violence to probability in making Sir Peter Halket have a vision of what is called "Second Sight." It was not only a general Scotch belief of that day, but long after and even yet. Walter Scott makes great use of it in his novels. All will remember in "Waverly" the eve of the battle of Preston-Pans in 1745, when Callum Beg aimed his fusee at the English Colonel, Gardiner, and was about to shoot, when an aged Highland seer stopped his arm, saying, "Spare your shot, his hour is not yet come, but let him beware of to-morrow. *I see his winding sheet high up on his breast.*" This is easily explained. The Taish, or Second Sight, was a faculty which Scottish seers were said to possess, without any volition on their part, of seeing future events as if present before their eyes. When a vision comes, the eyes stare until the object vanishes, and sometimes a swoon ensues. The time of the foreseen occurrence is judged by the time of the day at which the vision occurs; if early in the morning, it will

be accomplished a few hours afterwards; if at noon, *that very day*; if in the evening, that night; if in the night, according to the lateness of the hour; in days, weeks, months, and sometimes years. A shroud seen about a man is to them a sign of death. If said shroud be below the middle, death will not come for a year; but if it be around the upper part of the body, death may be expected in a few hours or days. Thus the significance of Callum Beg's and Halket's remarks. Scott, in a note on old Allan-bane, in his "Lady of the Lake," almost professes his belief in the Taish, and quotes Martiu's account of it, and how to interpret the sights seen. The beautiful and well-known poem of "Lochiel," by Campbell, will also occur to the reader.

U.

INDIAN CHIEFS, AND CHRISTIAN POST.

The Chiefs here mentioned were some of the most noted of that day. The assertion made that most of them, with their followers, could have been firmly held in the British interest, had they been as justly, liberally, and politically treated by them as by the French, is a well-established historic fact. It admits of not a particle of doubt. The Delawares and Shawnees, especially, were the old-time allies of the British, and the committee appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly to enquire into the reasons of the alienation and hostility of these two tribes in particular, set forth very plainly the causes for Indian estrangement. The main complaint was that the British were constantly, by means of negotiations, feasting, presents, etc., buying from the Six Nations who claimed to be their masters, the land from under their feet. Scarooyaddy and Andrew Montour stated to the Assembly that the defection was secretly encouraged by the Six Nations, and that their hostility grew more bold and open after Braddock's defeat, owing to the seeming weakness, and want of union among the English, and to their inability or unwillingness to protect them. It might have fared very much with General Forbes as with General Braddock, had not Christian Frederick Post, a worthy Moravian Missionary, been sent on two separate visits to the Delawares and Shawnees, gathered about the head of the Ohio. Post kept a very interesting diary, giving a faithful account of his travels, difficulties, and various talks with the Indians. He found them sick of the war, anxious for peace, and re-alliance with the English. He saw Kings Beaver, and Shingiss; Killbuck, Kuckquetackton, Pisquetumen, Keteuskund, and Delaware George, who seemed as much surprised as pleased at Post's representations, all agreeing that if they had known the feelings and good intentions the British had towards them, they never would have taken up the hatchet against them.

V.

COLONEL BOUQUET'S DEFEAT OF GUYASUTHA.

The bloody and desperate battle fought on the 5th and 6th of August, 1763, between Colonel, afterwards General Henry Bouquet and Guyasutha, the celebrated Seneca Chief, is memorable for two reasons—because of the ruse by which it was won, and because it

furnishes a sample of an Indian battle fairly fought, and gallantly won. For it cannot be well denied that down to the decisive victory of "mad Anthony Wayne," August 20th, 1794, over the combined forces of the Ohio Indians, which led to the cession to the United States of all Eastern Ohio, the Indians had been almost uniformly successful. Fighting Indians is an art which has cost innumerable bloody and expensive battles to learn, and is to this day very imperfectly acquired; as witness the late struggle with the Oregon Modoc band.

In '63, broke out the famous Indian war, usually known as "Pontiac's war," though sometimes called "Guyasutha's war." In this contest all the Ohio Indians took part, and all the British forts were attacked about the same time. Fort Pitt which had succeeded Old Fort Duquesne, and which was then held by a very small force under the gallant Captain Ecuyer, was very vigorously assailed. Guyasutha's Indians had surrounded it and cut off all communication. Although the savages had no cannon, they posted themselves under the banks of both rivers, and incessantly harassed the garrison with musketry and rifles, hoping by fire, famine, or perpetual annoyance to overcome the brave little garrison.

Bouquet hastily assembled a small force of about five hundred, chiefly Highlanders, totally unused to Indian warfare, and reached Carlisle about July. He found the whole country in a panic, and the fort, and every house, barn and shed crowded with settlers' families. Forts Ligonier and Bedford were first reinforced in the most secret and skilful manner. Reaching Fort Ligonier on the 2nd of August Bouquet left there his wagons, and adventurously proceeded with pack-horses into a dangerous defile at Turtle Creek.

When within half a mile of Bushy Run, after a very harassing march of seventeen miles, they were suddenly and violently attacked by Indians at one P. M. These were at first beaten off, but they rushed in on all sides, and in great force occupied the heights, almost completely surrounding Bouquet's little army, and pouring in a most galling and fatal fire. A general charge along the whole line dislodged the swarming Indians from the heights, but the savages returned again and again to the attack, pouring in a murderous hail of fire in front and on both flanks, and even attacking the convoy in the rear.

The contest became hotter and hotter, the savages rushing to the attack with wonderful spirit and resolution, and the British holding their own with obstinacy and tenacity. It was life or death with them. Darkness alone ended the bloody battle. The brave little force was almost completely worn out. The day had been exceedingly sultry: they had fought for seven hours on empty stomachs; they were nearly tormented to death by thirst, and had coolly and with desperate courage withstood the galling hail from a fiery circle of whooping demons.

Right in the leafy wilderness where they had fought, on this hot sultry August night, without one drop of water to cool their parched tongues and fevered bodies, the poor Highlanders sank down to rest. Over sixty of their number, including several officers, had been killed or wounded. A dropping fire, and occasional yells and whoops were kept up by the Indians; and in constant fear of a desperate night attack, the anxious hours were dragged through. At the very first streak of dawn a horrible din of yells and shrieks burst forth on all sides of them, and volley after volley of bullets came whistling

among their thinned ranks. The combat raged fiercer and hotter than the day before. The Indians seemed more desperate and reckless. They would rush up to close quarters and fire from every bush and tree which could yield cover. Although repulsed at every point, fresh Indians would take the places of the retreating, and the conflict raged more furiously as the day advanced. Yielding their ground when a charge was made, the crafty savages would vanish for a moment only to come out in a new spot.

The troops maddened by thirst, fainting from heat, and worn out by incessant charges which led to nothing, were almost completely exhausted. Their distress was so plainly visible, that the foe redoubled their horrid yells and fierce attacks, approaching so near as to deride and curse them in bad English. The whole camp was in utter confusion. The wounded and terror-stricken horses rushed frantically about, and the drivers concealed themselves or ran away, and all seemed lost. The defence became wavering and irresolute; all hope had gone, and death or torture menaced the jaded but still brave survivors. If anything was to be done, then was just the time, and no moment to spare.

Bouquet happily was equal to the occasion. In the very midst of despair he conceived and carried into immediate execution a masterly stratagem. He determined to get the Indians into one body, draw them into a trap, and then give them a furious bayonet charge, and so end the conflict. Two Companies were ordered to fall back suddenly in the centre, while the troops on the flank should advance across the vacancy in the circle as if to cover their retreat. Meanwhile another Company of Light Infantry, with one of Grenadiers, were ordered to lie in ambush to support the first two Companies on the feigned retreat. The stratagem took. These movements were mistaken for defeat and retreat. The yelling, screeching demons, believing that their time had come at last, leaped from cover on all sides and rushed headlong to the spot, pouring in a most galling fire. It seemed for a moment that nothing could withstand that impetuous advance and attack, but the two Companies which had retreated, had, under cover of the dense woods and underbrush, made a rapid and secret detour, and now burst out on each flank of the yelling, onrushing crowd of savages, and discharged a heavy volley right in their very midst. The Indians, though taken completely by surprise, faced about with great intrepidity, and boldly returned the fire, and essayed to recover ground.

It was too late; with a wild fierce yell of rage, the Highlanders were upon them with the cold steel. A well-conducted bayonet charge an Indian *has* never and *will* never stand. The shock was irresistible, and they fled in a tumultuous mob. Now the two other Companies, who had been crouched in ambush, awaiting the moment to strike, put in an appearance. As the fugitive throng, pressed back by the advancing wall of bristling steel, passed directly across their front, they rose and poured in a destructive volley, which ended the whole matter. The four Companies now uniting, soon changed flight to utter rout. No time was given them to reload; many were shot or driven down, while the rest were scattered in remediless confusion throughout the woods.

While all this took place in *one* part of the circle, the remaining savages on the other sides first watched, then wavered, then lost heart, and finally betook themselves to headlong flight.

And thus was this gallant little force, and its brave and skilful Swiss commander, saved from a terrible disaster—snatched from the

very jaws of death. Forty Indians, some of them their chief warriors, had been slain outright. Bouquet lost about fifty killed, and had sixty wounded. The troops had so greatly suffered, and so many horses had been lost, that large amounts of stores had to be destroyed. The march was still difficult and tedious, though entirely unmolested, and it was not until four days after this bloody struggle that Bouquet arrived at Fort Pitt with his convoy, and thus raised the siege.

W.

WASHINGTON WISHES A MONUMENT TO BRADDOCK.

Every student of American history is familiar with the name of General Gage, so indelibly associated with the outbreak of our Revolutionary War. He was second son of Thomas, eighth Baronet and first Viscount Gage, and was of noble but poor family. His father once remarking in a political dispute that he always gave his sons their own way. "Yes," said Winnington, "but that is the *only* thing you ever *do* give them." Gage rose to high rank in the British army, and married Margaret, daughter of Peter Kemble, Esq., of the Cold Spring, (New York,) family of that name, and their son subsequently succeeded his uncle in the Peerage. The English writer, Smollett, commits a grave error when, in speaking of Braddock's defeat and retreat, he says:

"At last the General received a musket-shot through his right arm and lungs, of which he died in a few hours, having been carried off the field by the *bravery of Lieutenant-Colonel Gage*, and another of his officers." Cowardice, rather than conspicuous bravery, is attributed to Gage on *this* side of the Ocean. In Washington's conversation with Findley, quoted elsewhere, the President stated there had been a coldness between Braddock and Dunbar, and that after the battle, he, Washington, had been sent with orders to the latter, first being commanded by Braddock to stop the retreat; which was the easier to be done since the enemy did not pursue. He overtook Gage *three miles in advance* of the place where the retreat was halted, to which spot he sent Gage back; that this being done, he, with two men, in one of the wettest and darkest nights, in which they had often to alight and grope for the road, and after travelling forty miles, arrived at Dunbar's panic-stricken camp about sunrise.

Washington stated, moreover, "that he had taken care of the wounded General, having him carefully carried in a tumbril, and that he buried Braddock in the middle of the road, making the horses and wagons pass over it, to conceal the place from the Indians, *designing* at some future day to *erect a monument to his memory*, which he had no opportunity of doing, till after the Revolutionary War, *when he made diligent search for the grave, but the road had been so much turned and the clear land so extended, that it could not be found.*"

This is a passage exceedingly creditable to Washington's heart. Gratitude is a very rare virtue, and that he should thus endeavor to pay back on the dying and deserted old General, the kindness and attention he himself had but a short time before received from him, and that he should be so anxious to show respect to a brave, but unfortunate and foully-asperged soldier, as to hunt for Braddock's neglected grave after a long and bitter war with that General's countrymen, is something of which an American can well be proud.

We have stated in our story how it has remained to Pittsburghers

of the present day to rescue this neglected grave from total neglect. This monument will, we trust, yet be erected. It is not an American, but a British duty. Braddock's battle-field, hard by which lies the dust of so many English soldiers, should also have its appropriate monument.

X.

COLONEL JAMES SMITH'S ACCOUNT OF THE TORTURE.

The scene which we have described as presenting itself to Talbot and Smith on the evening of the great battle, is pretty fully taken from the published narrative of the latter. As stated, Smith was the only English-speaking white man who witnessed the French and Indian departure for the battle-field, the return of the conquerors, and the subsequent torture of the prisoners, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt his veracity. We quote his own words: "I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch; as I spoke Dutch, I went to one of them and asked him what was the news. He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees, and in gullies, and kept up a constant fire on the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown. Some time after this, I heard a number of scalp halloos and saw a Company of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great many bloody scalps, Grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, etc., with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that another Company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this Company was carrying scalps; after this came another Company with a number of wagon horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose.

"About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blackened;—these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of the Allegheny river, opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men; they had him tied to a stake, and kept touching him with firebrands, red-hot irons, etc., and he screaming in the most doleful manner—the Indians, in the meantime, yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I retired to my lodgings both sore and sorry."

Y.

THE INDIAN CUSTOM OF ADOPTION.

No strange custom among the American Indians seems so universally established, or so well-attested, as that of the adoption into their tribes and families of those captured in war, or on their various forays, and of the subsequent kind and impartial treatment received. They appear absolutely to make no difference between them and their own

gith and kin. The formal ceremony of adoption is observed with solemnity. The one Talbot is made to go through, including the speeches, and the washing by young squaws in the river, was borrowed from the actual experience of Colonel James Smith, noticed elsewhere. American border annals abound in instances of the adoption of both children and grown people of both sexes, and of their restoration to friends and relatives after many years of separation. Some become such complete Indians, or form such strong attachments to their new relatives, that they refuse to quit them.

We have, elsewhere, recounted Colonel Henry Bouquet's victory over the Indians at Bushy Run. The next year he made a highly successful campaign against the Ohio Indians, which resulted in the return of over three hundred captives to their homes. A large number of these had been adopted, and we cannot better illustrate our subject than by showing their behaviour. Many had become completely attached to their habits of life, and returned to their settlements with great reluctance. The scene when the captives were brought to Bouquet's camp, and delivered up, is said by those who witnessed it to have been exceedingly touching and affecting. The Indians used every possible device, first to avoid, and then to delay this delivery, but Bouquet made it a *sine qua non*; they shed torrents of tears, earnestly and most affectionately commending these adopted relatives to the care and protection of the officers. So long as they remained in camp the Indians visited them from day to day; and brought them skins, horses, corn, and many rich presents as tokens of their sincere and tender affection.

Not only this, but when Bouquet's army took up its backward march, some of the Indians solicited and obtained leave to accompany their former captives all the way to Fort Pitt, and employed themselves in hunting and bringing provisions for them on the road. A young Mingo carried this still further, and gave an instance of constant devotion, which is well worthy of honorable mention. He had formed so strong an attachment to a young Virginia captive as to call her his wife; against all remonstrances of the imminent danger he exposed himself to by approaching the frontiers, where the rude and lawless pioneers were exceedingly hostile to all Indians, he persisted in following her far beyond the border, and at the risk of being killed by the relations of those who had been captured or scalped by those of his nation.

Some grown persons who had lived long with the Indians, had become so much attached to them that the Shawnees were obliged to bind several of them and force them along to camp. Some women who had been delivered up, afterwards found means to escape and run back to the Indian towns, while others, who could not make their escape, clung to their tawny acquaintances at parting, and continued many days in bitter lamentations, even refusing all food. These undoubted facts challenge our esteem, and shed honor upon the Indian character. It is generally admitted that those they adopt are treated exactly like their own relatives. No difference in food, raiment, or treatment.

Z.

THE DEFEAT OF VARUS, AND VISIT OF GERMANICUS.

After the burial of the two Halket skeletons, the remains of four hundred soldiers were gathered together and deposited in a large, shal-

low pi' near by. But the work must have been very imperfectly done, since, in 1776, at the time Justice Yeates visited the battle-field (see farther on), he saw numerous skulls, and skeletons (in many instances were *dissecta membra*) lying all over the ground. About twenty years ago, some laborers, engaged on a cutting for the Pennsylvania Central R. R. (which road now skirts, and in some places divides, the battle-ground), came upon a mass of these buried remains, and the discovery therewith of some hundreds of British guineas created a great excitement at the time and much profitless search for more.

This visit to Braddock's Field, and the gathering together and burial of the skeletons found therein, has been appropriately likened by Pittsburgh's historian, Neville B. Craig, to a somewhat similar event of old classic times, and of which the Latin historian, Tacitus, gives a touching and deeply interesting account. We can only very briefly refer to it.

In the year 9 of the Christian era, Varus, with an army of three legions and some cohorts, was induced by treacherous advisers to penetrate far into the territory of the Bructeri, Germany. Having advanced for many days through thick forests, they found themselves in a deep, sombre valley, where they were beset by German foes, and badly defeated after a desperate struggle lasting for three whole days. Varus himself dared not survive his disgrace, but killed himself with his own sword.

Some time afterwards another Roman army, under the celebrated Germanicus, found itself victor in the same country, and while pursuing the fugitive Germans came upon the forest of Tentobrugium, in which Varus had been defeated, and where lay the unburied remains of the massacred legions. "Touched by this affecting circumstance," writes Tacitus, "Germanicus resolved to pay the last human offices to the relics of that unfortunate Commander, and his slaughtered soldiers. The same tender sentiment diffused itself through the army; some felt the touch of nature for their relatives; others for their friends. The army marched through a gloomy solitude. The first camp of Varus appeared in view. Further on were traced the ruins of a rampart, and the hollow of a ditch well nigh filled up. This was supposed to be the spot where the few who escaped the general massacre made their last effort and perished in the attempt. The plains around were white with bones; in some places thinly scattered; in others lying in heaps, as the men happened to fall in flight, or in a body resisted to the last. Fragments of javelins and limbs of horses lay scattered in the field. Human skulls were seen upon the trunks of trees. In the adjacent woods stood the savage altars, where the tribunes and principal centurions were offered up a sacrifice with barbarous rites.

"Some of the soldiers who survived that dreadful day, and afterwards broke their chains, related the particulars. 'Here the Commanders of the legions were put to the sword; on that spot the eagles were seized; there Varus received his first wound; and this is the place where he gave himself the mortal stab, and died by his own sword. Yonder mound was the tribunal from which Arminius harangued his countrymen; here he fixed his gibbets; there he dug the funeral trenches, and in that quarter he offered every mark of scorn and insolence to the colors and the Roman Eagles.'

"Six years had elapsed since the overthrow of Varus; and now, on the same spot, the Roman army collected the bones of their slaughtered countrymen,—whether they were burying the remains of

strangers or of their own friends, no man knew. All, however, considered themselves as performing the last obsequies to their kindred and their brother soldiers. While employed in this pious office, their hearts were torn with contending passions; by turns oppressed with grief and burning for revenge. A monument to the memory of the dead was raised with turf. Germanicus, with his own hand, laid the first sod.'

BRADDOCK'S FIELDS IN THESE MODERN TIMES.

Judge Yeates paid a visit to Braddock's Field in 1776, and even then, more than twenty years after the battle, saw many striking signs of this desperate conflict. Skeletons unburied, huge limbs cut off by the cannon ball, and the trunks and branches of those yet thickly standing marked and scarred for thirty feet up with ball and grape. He writes: "My feelings were heightened by the warm and glowing narrative of that day's events by Dr. Walker, who was an eye witness. He pointed out the ford where the army crossed the Monongahela (below Turtle Creek, eight hundred yards). A finer sight could not have been beheld; the shining barrels of the muskets; the excellent order of the men; the cleanliness of their apparel; the joy depicted upon every face at being so near Fort Duquesne, the highest object of their wishes. The music re-echoed through the mountains; how brilliant the morning; how melancholy the evening."

That unhappy field was witness long after to another strange and startling scene. It was on Friday, August 1st, 1794, and during the height of the Western Insurrection—generally known as the "whiskey rebellion"—that many thousand armed men assembled by express sent through the four counties involved, under penalty of having their property destroyed if they absented themselves. A Pittsburgh delegation was there, urged by the threat that as they harbored the chief opponents to the insurrection, they must appear on the ground to assert their adherence to it, or their town would be burned down about their ears. The motives which gathered this multitude were varied. Many came from fear; many from curiosity; many were deceived into the belief that it was a simple militia muster, and all seemed confused as to what were best to be done.

The day was spent in eating, drinking, and smoking. At night the fires were lighted, and groups of men chatted, sung, gamed, or earnestly discussed under the trees. David Bradford, mounted on a superb horse, with splendid trappings, and arrayed in full martial uniform, with plumes floating, and sword drawn, acted as Major-General to this remarkable and heterogeneous collection of countrymen. The good people of Pittsburgh were greatly alarmed at the threats and rumors carried to their ears that an attack was to be made on their fort, and their town destroyed. Goods were packed, houses abandoned, guards stationed, and the whole town was in a state of terrible commotion and dismay, but happily, peaceful counsels, under the politic advice and entreaties of leaders, prevailed, and it was agreed that the insurgents should simply march through the place to impress and overawe the citizens, and should then cross the Monongahela and disperse.

The procession, said to be about two and a half miles long, and to number between five and six thousand persons, entered the town about noon of Saturday, all in file and in good order. The guns of the fort were loaded, and the little garrison of two hundred and fifty soldiers

drawn up, prepared to give the insurgents a hot reception should they venture an attack, but they prudently gave the fort a wide berth, and after marching through the main street, and being helped liberally to whiskey by the frightened citizens, they noisily crossed the Monongahela in boats about nightfall, and gradually dispersed; but not until the most reckless or drunken of their number had fired the barns and stacks of Colonel Kirkpatrick, located on the top of Coal Hill, and near by the spot where we have located the first scene of our tale. The flames cast a lurid glare over the little town and surrounding country, but fortunately this was the extent of the mischief done, and then this strange impromptu army scattered to their various homes. Although this vast assemblage gave weight and impetus to the insurrection, yet it was soon after completely suppressed, and without bloodshed.

Since that troublous time, Braddock's Fields have been left to the peaceful labors of the husbandman, and waving fields of rich grain have year after year occupied that "dark and bloody ground." Many is the bullet or grape-shot we have gathered on that fatal plain. It is now staked off, and will soon be completely covered with the elegant mansions of Pittsburgh merchants, and no monument is yet erected to announce to a curious public the exact locality of this important battle and disastrous defeat. Pittsburgh should bestir itself in this matter.

THE END.

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