



1835

The Yemassee A Romance of Carolina

W. (William) Gilmore Simms

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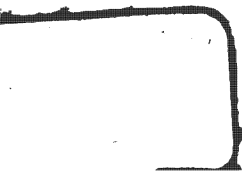
1. Indians N.A. - Fiction
2. South Carolina - Hist. -
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THE YEMASSEE.

A ROMANCE OF CAROLINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"GUY RIVERS," "MARTIN FABER," &c.

"Thus goes the empire down—the people shout,
And perish. From the vanishing wreck, I save
One frail memorial."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET,

AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE
UNITED STATES.

1835.

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**Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835,
By HARPER & BROTHERS,
the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.**

TO

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON, M. D.,

**PROFESSOR OF THE INSTITUTES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE IN
THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA—**

**THIS Romance, meant to illustrate a period of time,
and portion of history, in a region, for which neither
of us can feel other than a warm attachment, is affec-
tionately inscribed, in proof of the esteem for his high
character, and the regard for his approved friendship,
entertained by**

THE AUTHOR.

Summerville, South Carolina.

ADVERTISEMENT
TO
THE SECOND EDITION.

THE sudden call for a second edition of "The Yemassee," so soon after the first, renders it impossible for the author to effect more than a very few of the many corrections which he had meditated in the work. The first edition was a remarkably large one—twenty-five hundred copies—twice the number usually put forth, in this country, of similar European publications. This fact, so highly encouraging to native endeavour, is peculiarly so to him, as it imbodyes an independently-formed opinion of his countrymen; which has not, in his case, lingered in waiting for that customary guidance of foreign judgment, which has been so frequently urged, as its weakness, against the character of native criticism.

New-York, April 23d, 1835.

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I HAVE entitled this story a romance, and not a novel—the reader will permit me to insist upon the distinction. I am unwilling that “THE YEMASSEE” should be examined by any other than those standards which have governed me in its composition; and unless the critic is willing to adopt with me, those leading principles, in accordance with which the materials of my book have been selected, the less we have to say to one another the better.

Supported by the authority of common sense and justice, not to speak of Pope—

“In every work regard the writer’s end,
Since none can compass more than they intend”—

I have surely a right to insist upon this particular. It is only when an author departs from his own standards, that he offends against propriety and deserves punishment. Reviewing “Atalantis,” a fairy tale, full of machinery, and without a purpose save the imbodiment to the mind’s eye of some of those

“Gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i’ the plighted clouds”—

a distinguished writer of this country gravely remarks, in a leading periodical,—“Magic is now beyond

the credulity of eight years"—and yet, the author set out to make a story of the supernatural, and never contemplated, for a moment, the deception of any good citizen!

The question briefly is, what are the standards of the modern romance—what is the modern romance itself? The reply is instant. Modern romance is the substitute which the people of to-day offer for the ancient epic. Its standards are the same. The reader, who, reading *Ivanhoe*, keeps *Fielding* and *Richardson* beside him, will be at fault in every step of his progress. The domestic novel of those writers, confined to the felicitous narration of common and daily occurring events, is altogether a different sort of composition; and if such a reader happens to pin his faith, in a strange simplicity and singleness of spirit, to such writers alone, the works of *Maturin*, of *Scott*, of *Bulwer*, and the rest, are only so much incoherent nonsense.

The modern romance is a poem in every sense of the word. It is only with those who insist upon poetry as rhyme, and rhyme as poetry, that the identity fails to be perceptible. Its standards are precisely those of the epic. It invests individuals with an absorbing interest—it hurries them through crowding events in a narrow space of time—it requires the same unities of plan, of purpose, and harmony of parts, and it seeks for its adventures among the wild and wonderful. It does not insist upon what is known, or even what is probable. It grasps at the possible; and, placing a human agent in hitherto untried situations, it exercises its ingenuity in extricating him from them, while describing his feelings and his fortunes in their

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progress. The task has been well or ill done, in proportion to the degree of ingenuity and knowledge which the romancer exhibits in carrying out the details, according to such proprieties as are called for by the circumstances of the story. These proprieties are the standards set up at his starting, and to which he is required religiously to confine himself.

The *Yemassee* is proposed as an American romance. It is so styled, as much of the material could have been furnished by no other country. Something too much of extravagance—so some may think,—even beyond the usual license of fiction—may enter into certain parts of the narrative. On this subject, it is enough for me to say, that the popular faith yields abundant authority for the wildest of its incidents. The natural romance of our country has been my object, and I have not dared beyond it. For the rest—for the general peculiarities of the Indians, in their un-degraded condition—my authorities are numerous in all the writers who have written from their own experience. My chief difficulty, I may add, has arisen rather from the discrimination necessary in picking and choosing, than from any deficiency of the material itself. It is needless to add that the leading events are strictly true, and that the outline is to be found in the several histories devoted to the region of country in which the scene is laid. A slight anachronism occurs in the first volume, but it has little bearing upon the story, and is altogether unimportant.

New-York, April 3, 1835.

THE YEMASSEE.

CHAPTER I.

" A scatter'd race—a wild, unfetter'd tribe,
That in the forests dwell—that send no ships
For commerce on the waters—rear no walls
To shelter from the storm, or shield from strife ;—
And leave behind, in memory of their name,
No monument, save in the dim, deep woods,
That daily perish as their lords have done
Beneath the keen stroke of the pioneer.
Let us look back upon their forest homes,
As, in that earlier time, when first their foes,
The pale-faced, from the distant nations came,
They dotted the green banks of winding streams."

THERE is a small section of country now comprised within the limits of Beaufort District, in the State of South Carolina, which, to this day, goes by the name of Indian Land. The authorities are numerous which show this district, running along, as it does, and on its southern side bounded by, the Atlantic Ocean, to have been the very first in North America, distinguished by an European settlement. The design is attributed to the celebrated Coligni, Admiral of France,* who, in the

* Dr. Melligan, one of the historians of South Carolina, says farther, that a French settlement, under the same auspices, was actually made at Charleston, and that the country received the name of *La Caroline*, in honour of Charles IX. This is not so plausible, however, for as the settlement was made by Huguenots, and under the auspices of Coligni, it savours of extravagant courtesy to suppose that they would pay so high a compliment to one of the most bitter enemies of that religious toleration, in pursuit of which they deserted their country. Charleston took its name from Charles II., the reigning English monarch at the time. Its earliest designation was Oyster Point town, from the marine formation of its soil. Dr. Hewatt—another of the early historians of Carolina, who possessed many advantages in his work not common to other writers, having been a careful gatherer of local and miscellaneous history—places the first settlement of Jasper de Coligni, under the conduct of Jean Ribaud, at the mouth of a river called Albemarle, which, strangely enough, the

reign of Charles IX., conceived the project with the ulterior view of securing a sanctuary for the Huguenots, when they should be compelled, as he foresaw they soon would, by the anti-religious persecutions of the time, to fly from their native into foreign regions. This settlement, however, proved unsuccessful; and the events which history records of the subsequent efforts of the French to establish colonies in the same neighbourhood, while of unquestionable authority, have all the air and appearance of the most delightful romance.

It was not till an hundred years after, that the same spot was temporarily settled by the English under Sayle, who became the first governor, as he was the first permanent founder of the settlement. The situation was exposed, however, to the incursions of the Spaniards, who, in the meanwhile, had possessed themselves of Florida, and who, for a long time after, continued to harass and prevent colonization in this quarter. But perseverance at length triumphed over all these difficulties, and though Sayle, for farther security in the infancy of his settlement, had removed to the banks of the Ashley, other adventurers, by little and little, contrived to occupy the ground he had left, and in the year 1700, the birth of a white native child is recorded.

From the earliest period of our acquaintance with the country of which we speak, it was in the possession of a powerful and gallant race, and their tributary tribes, known by the general name of the Yemassees. Not so numerous, perhaps, as many of the neighbouring nations, they nevertheless commanded the respectful consideration of all. In valour they made up for any deficiencies of number, and proved themselves not only sufficiently strong to hold out defiance to invasion,

narration finds in Florida. Here Ribaud is said to have built a fort, and by him the country was called Carolina. May river, another alleged place of original location for this colony, has been sometimes identified with the St. John's and other waters of Florida or Virginia; but opinion in Carolina settles down in favour of a stream still bearing that name, and in Beaufort District, not far from the subsequent permanent settlement. Old ruins, evidently French in their origin, still exist in the neighbourhood.

but actually in most cases to move first in the assault. Their readiness for the field was one of their chief securities against attack; and their forward valour, elastic temper, and excellent skill in the rude condition of their warfare, enabled them to subject to their dominion most of the tribes around them, many of which were equally numerous with their own. Like the Romans, in this way they strengthened their own powers by a wise incorporation of the conquered with the conquerors; and, under the several names of Huspahs, Coosaws, Combahees, Stonoees, and Sewees, the greater strength of the Yemassees contrived to command so many dependants, prompted by their movements, and almost entirely under their dictation. Thus strengthened, the recognition of their power extended into the remote interior, and they formed one of the twenty-eight aboriginal nations among which, at its first settlement by the English, the province of Carolina was divided.

A feeble colony of adventurers from a distant world had taken up its abode alongside of them. The weaknesses of the intruder were, at first, his only but sufficient protection with the unsophisticated savage. The white man had his lands assigned him, and he trenched his furrows to receive the grain on the banks of Indian waters. The wild man looked on the humiliating labour, wondering as he did so, but without fear, and never dreaming for a moment of his own approaching subjection. Meanwhile the adventurers grew daily more numerous, for their friends and relatives soon followed them over the ocean. They too had lands assigned them, in turn, by the improvident savage; and increasing intimacies, with uninterrupted security, day by day, won the former still more deeply into the bosom of the forests, and more immediately in connexion with their wild possessors; until, at length, we behold the log-house of the white man, rising up amid the thinned clump of woodland foliage, within hailing distance of the squat, clay hovel of the savage. Sometimes their smokes even united; and now and

then the two, the "European and his dusky guide," might be seen, pursuing, side by side and with the same dog, upon the cold track of the affrighted deer or the yet more timorous turkey.

Let us go back an hundred years, and more vividly recall this picture. In 1715, the Yemasseees were in all their glory. They were politic and brave—their sway was unquestioned, and even with the Europeans, then grown equal to their own defence along the coast, they were ranked as allies rather than auxiliaries. As such they had taken up arms with the Carolinians against the Spaniards, who, from St. Augustine, perpetually harassed the settlements. Until this period they had never been troubled by that worst tyranny of all, the consciousness of their inferiority to a power of which they were now beginning to grow jealous. Lord Craven, the governor and palatine of Carolina, had done much in a little time, by the success of his arms over the neighbouring tribes, and the admirable policy which distinguished his government, to impress this feeling of suspicion upon the minds of the Yemasseees. Their aid had ceased to be necessary to the Carolinians. They were no longer sought or solicited. The presents became fewer, the borderers grew bolder and more incursive, and new territory, daily acquired by the colonists in some way or other, drove them back for hunting-grounds upon the waters of the Edisto and Isundiga.* Their chiefs began to show signs of discontent, if not of disaffection, and the great mass of their people assumed a sullenness of habit and demeanour, which had never marked their conduct heretofore. They looked, with a feeling of aversion which as yet they vainly laboured to conceal, upon the approach of the white man on every side. The thick groves disappeared, the clear skies grew turbid with the dense smokes rolling up in solid masses from the burning herbage. Hamlets grew into existence, as it were by magic, under their very eyes and in sight of

* Such is the beautiful name by which the Yemasseees knew the Savannah river.

their own towns, for the shelter of a different people ; and at length, a common sentiment, not yet imbodied perhaps by its open expression, prompted the Yemassees in a desire to arrest the progress of a race with which they could never hope to acquire any real or lasting affinity. Another and a stronger ground for jealous dislike, arose necessarily in their minds with the gradual approach of that consciousness of their inferiority which, while the colony was dependant and weak, they had not so readily perceived. But when they saw with what facility the new comers could convert even the elements not less than themselves into slaves and agents, under the guidance of the strong will and the overseeing judgment, the gloom of their habit swelled into ferocity, and their minds were busied with those subtle schemes and stratagems with which, in his nakedness, the savage usually seeks to neutralize the superiority of European armour.

The Carolinians were now in possession of the entire sea-coast, with a trifling exception, which forms the Atlantic boundary of Beaufort and Charleston districts. They had but few, and those small and scattered, interior settlements. A few miles from the seashore, and the Indian lands generally girdled them in, still in the possession as in the right of the aborigines. But few treaties had yet been effected for the purchase of territory fairly out of sight of the sea ; those tracts only excepted which formed the borders of such rivers, as, emptying into the ocean and navigable to small vessels, afforded a ready chance of escape to the coast in the event of any sudden necessity. In this way, the whites had settled along the banks of the Combahee, the Coosaw, the Pocota-ligo, and other contiguous rivers ; dwelling generally in small communities of five, seven, or ten families ; seldom of more, and these taking care that the distance should be slight between them. Sometimes, indeed, an individual adventurer more fearless than the rest, drove his stakes, and took up his lone abode, or with a single family, in some boundless contiguity of shade, several miles from

his own people, and over against his roving neighbour; pursuing in many cases the same errant life, adopting many of his savage habits, and this, too, without risking much, if any thing, in the general opinion. For a long season, so pacific had been the temper of the Yemassee towards the Carolinians, that the latter had finally become regardless of that necessary caution which bolts a door and keeps a watch-dog.

On the waters of the Pocota-lico,* or Little Wood river, this was more particularly the habit of the settlement. This is a small stream, about twenty-five miles long, which empties itself into, and forms one of the tributaries of, that singular estuary called Broad river; and thus, in common with a dozen other streams of similar size, contributes to the formation of the beautiful harbour of Beaufort, which, with a happy propriety, the French denominated Port Royal. Leaving the yet small but improving village of the Carolinians at Beaufort, we ascend the Pocota-lico, and still, at intervals, their dwellings present themselves to our eye occasionally on one side or the other. The banks, generally edged with swamp and fringed with its low peculiar growth, possess few attractions, and the occasional cottage serves greatly to relieve a picture, wanting certainly, not less in moral association than in the charm of landscape. At one spot we encounter the rude, clumsy edifice, usually styled the Block House, built for temporary defence, and here and there holding its garrison of five, seven, or ten men, seldom of more, maintained simply as posts, not so much with the view to war as of warning. In its neighbourhood we see a cluster of log dwellings, three or four in number, the clearings in progress, the piled timber smoking or in flame, and the stillness only broken by the dull, heavy echo of the axe, biting into the trunk of the tough and long-resisting pine. On the banks the

* The Indian pronunciation of their proper names is eminently musical; we usually spoil them. This name is preserved in Carolina, but it wants the euphony and force which the Indian tongue gave it. We pronounce it usually in common quantity. The reader will lay the emphasis upon the penultimate, giving to the *i* the sound of *e*.

woodman draws up his "dug-out" or canoe—a single cypress, hollowed out by fire and the hatchet;—around the fields the negro piles slowly the worming and ungraceful fence; while the white boy gathers fuel for the pot over which his mother is bending in the preparation of their frugal meal. A turn in the river unfolds to our sight a cottage, standing by itself, half finished, and probably deserted by its capricious owner. Opposite, on the other bank of the river, an Indian dries his bear-skin in the sun, while his infant hangs in the tree, wrapped in another, and lashed down upon a board (for security, not for symmetry), while his mother gathers up the earth, with a wooden drag, about the young roots of the tender corn. As we proceed, the traces of the Indians thicken. Now a cot, and now a hamlet, grows up before the sight, until, at the very head of the river, we come to the great place of council and most ancient town of the Yemassee—the town of Pocota-ligo.*

CHAPTER II.

"Not in their usual trim was he arrayed,
The painted savage with a shaven head,
And feature, tortured up by forest skill,
To represent each noxious form of ill—
And seem the tiger's tooth, the vulture's ravening bill."

THE "great town" of Pocota-ligo, as it was called by the Yemassee, was the largest in their occupation. Its pretensions were few, however, beyond its popu-

* It may be well to say that the Pocota-ligo river, as here described, would not readily be recognised in that stream at present. The swamps are now reclaimed, plantations and firm dwellings take the place of the ancient groves; and the bald and occasional tree only tells us where the forests have been. The bed of the river has been narrowed by numerous encroachments; and, though still navigable for sloop and schooner, its fair proportions have become greatly contracted in the silent but successful operation of the last hundred years upon it.

lation, to rank under that title. It was a simple collection of scattered villages, united in process of time by the coalition with new tribes and the natural progress of increase among them. They had other large towns, however, nor least among these was that of Coosaw-hatchie, or the "refuge of the Coosaws," a town established by the few of that people who had survived the overthrow of their nation in a previous war with the Carolinians. The "city of refuge" was a safe sanctuary, known among the greater number of our forest tribes, and not less respected with them than the same institutions among the Hebrews.* The refuge of the Coosaws, therefore, became recognised as such by all the Indians, and ranked, though of inferior size and population, in no respect below the town of Pocota-ligo. Within its limits—that is to say, within the circuit of a narrow ditch, which had carefully prescribed the bounds around it—the murderer found safety; and the hatchet of his pursuer, and the club of justice, alike, were to him equally innocuous while he remained within its protection.

The gray, soft tints of an April dawn had scarcely yet begun to lighten the dim horizon, when the low door of an Indian lodge that lay almost entirely imbowered in the thick forest, about a mile from Pocota-ligo, was seen to unclose, and a tall warrior to emerge slowly and in silence from its shelter, followed by a handsome dog, something of a hound in his gaunt person, but differing from the same animal in the pos-

* These cities of refuge are, even now, said to exist among the Cherokees. Certain rites, common to most of the Indian tribes, are so clearly identical with many of those known to the Asiatics, that an opinion has been entertained, with much plausibility and force, which holds the North Americans to have come from the lost tribes of Israel. Dr. Barton, in his *Materia Medica*, referring to some traditions of the Carolina Indians respecting their medical knowledge of certain plants, holds it to be sufficient ground for the conjecture. The theorists on this subject have even pointed out the route of emigration from the east, by the way of Kamtschatka, descending south along the shores of the Pacific to Cape Horn. The great difficulty, however, is in accounting for the rapid falling back of any people into such extreme barbarism, from a comparative condition of civilization.

session of a head exceedingly short and compact. The warrior was armed after the Indian fashion. The long straight bow, with a bunch of arrows, probably a dozen in number, suspended by a thong of deerskin, hung loosely upon his shoulders. His hatchet or tomahawk, a light weapon introduced by the colonists, was slightly secured to his waist by a girdle of the same material. His dress, which fitted tightly to his person, indicated a frequent intercourse with the whites; since it had been adapted to the shape of the wearer, instead of being worn loosely as the bearskin of preceding ages. Such an alteration in the national costume was found to accord more readily with the pursuits of the savage than the flowing garments which he had worn before. Until this improvement he had been compelled, in battle or the chase, to throw aside the cumbrous covering which neutralized his swiftness, and to exhibit himself in that state of perfect nudity, scarcely less offensive to the Indians than to more civilized communities. The warrior before us had been among the first to avail himself of the arts of the whites in the improvement of the costume; and though the various parts of the dress were secured together by small strings of the deer sinew, passed rudely through opposite holes, every two having their distinct tie, yet the imitation had been close enough to answer all purposes of necessity, and in no way to destroy the claim of the whites to the originating of the improvement. He wore a sort of pantaloons, the seams of which had been permanently secured in this manner, made of tanned buckskin of the brightest yellow, and of as tight a fit as the most punctilious dandy in modern times would insist upon. An upper garment, also of buckskin, made with more regard to freedom of limb, and called by the whites a hunting-shirt, completed the dress. Sometimes, such was its make, the wearer threw it as a sort of robe loosely across his shoulders; secured thus with the broad belt, either of woollen cloth or of the same material, which usually accompanied the garment.

In the instance of which we speak, it sat upon the form of the wearer pretty much after the manner of a modern gentleman's frock. Buskins, or as named among them, *mocquasins*, also of the skin of the deer, tanned, or in its natural state, according to caprice or emergency, enclosed his feet tightly; and without any other garment, and entirely free from the profusion of gaudy ornaments so common to the degraded Indians of modern times, and of which they seem so extravagantly fond, the habit of our new acquaintance may be held complete. Ornament, indeed, of any description, would certainly have done little, if any thing, towards the improvement, in appearance, of the individual before us. His symmetrical person—majestic port—keen, falcon eye—calm, stern, deliberate expression, and elevated head—would have been enfeebled, rather than improved, by the addition of beads and gauds,—the tinsel and glitter so common to the savage now. His form was large and justly proportioned. Stirring event and trying exercise had given it a confident, free, and manly carriage, which the air of decision about his eye and mouth admirably tallied with and supported. He might have been about fifty years of age; certainly he could not have been less; though we arrive at this conclusion rather from the strong, acute, and sagacious expression of his features than from any mark of feebleness or age. Unlike the Yemassee generally, who seem to have been of an elastic and frank temper, the chief—for he is such—under our view, seemed one, like Cassius, who had learned to despise all the light employs of life, and now only lived in the constant meditation of deep scheme and subtle adventure. He moved and looked as one with a mind filled to overflowing with restless thought, whose spirit, crowded with impetuous feelings, kept up constant warfare with the more deliberate and controlling reason.

Thus appearing, and followed closely by his dog, advancing from the shelter of his wigwam, he drew tightly the belt about his waist, and feeling carefully

the string of his bow, as if to satisfy himself that it was unfrayed and could be depended upon, prepared to go forth into the forest. He had proceeded but a little distance, however, when, as if suddenly recollecting something he had forgotten, he returned hurriedly to the dwelling, and tapping lightly upon the door which had been closed upon his departure, spoke as follows to some one within:—

“The knife, Matiwan, the knife.”

He was answered in a moment by a female voice; the speaker, an instant after, unclosing the door and handing him the instrument he required—the long knife, something like the modern case-knife, which, introduced by the whites, had been at once adopted by the Indians, as of all other things that most necessary to the various wants of the hunter. Sometimes the name of the Long Knife was conferred by the Indians, in a complimentary sense, upon the English, in due acknowledgment of the importance of their gift. Protected, usually, as in the present instance, by a leathern sheath, it seldom or never left the person of its owner. The chief received the knife, and placed it along with the tomahawk in the belt around his waist. He was about to turn away, when the woman, but a glimpse of whose dusky but gentle features and dark eyes, appeared through the half-closed door, addressed him in a sentence of inquiry, in their own language, only remarkable for the deep respectfulness of its tone.

“Sanutee,—the chief, will he not come back with the night?”

“He will come, Matiwan—he will come. But the lodge of the white man is in the old house of the deer, and the swift-foot steals off from the clear water where he once used to drink. The white man grinds his corn with the waters, and the deer is afraid of the noise. Sanutee will hunt for him in the far swamps—and the night will be dark before he comes back to Matiwan.”

“Sanutee—chief,” she again spoke in a faltering accent, as if to prepare the way for something else,

of the success of which she seemed more doubtful; but she paused without finishing the sentence.

"Sanutee has ears, Matiwan—ears always for Matiwan," was the encouraging response, in a manner and tone well calculated to confirm the confidence which the language was intended to inspire. Half faltering still, she however proceeded:—

"The boy, Sanutee—the boy, Occonestoga—"

He interrupted her, almost fiercely.

"Occonestoga is a dog, Matiwan; he hunts the slaves of the English in the swamp, for strong drink. He is a slave himself—he has ears for their lies—he believes in their forked tongues, and he has two voices for his own people. Let him not look into the lodge of Sanutee. Is not Sanutee the chief of the Yemassee?"

"Sanutee is the great chief. But Occonestoga is the son of Sanutee—"

"Sanutee has no son—"

"But Matiwan, Sanutee—"

"Matiwan is the woman who has lain in the bosom of Sanutee; she has dressed the venison for Sanutee when the great chiefs of the Charriquees* sat at his board. Sanutee hides it not under his tongue. The Yemassee speak for Matiwan—she is the wife of Sanutee."

"And mother of Occonestoga," exclaimed the woman, hurriedly.

"No! Matiwan must not be the mother to a dog. Occonestoga goes with the English to bite the heels of the Yemassee."

"Is not Occonestoga a chief of Yemassee?" asked the woman.

"Ha! look, Matiwan—the great Manneyto has bad spirits that hate him. They go forth and they fear him, but they hate him. Is not Opitchr-Manneyto† a bad spirit?"

"Sanutee says."

* The name of the Cherokees is thus written in some of the old documents of South Carolina.

† The Yemassee Evil Principle.

“But Opitchi-Manneyto works for the good spirit. He works, but his heart is bad—he loves not the work, but he fears the thunder. Occonestoga is the bad servant of Yemassee: he shall hear the thunder, and the lightning shall flash in his path. Go, Matiwan, thou art not the mother of a dog. Go—Sanutee will come back with the night.”

The eye of the woman was suffused and full of appeal, as the chief turned away sternly, in a manner which seemed to forbid all other speech. She watched him silently as he withdrew, until he was hidden from sight by the interposing forest, then sunk back sorrowfully into the lodge to grieve over the excesses of an only son, exiled by a justly incensed father from the abode of which he had been the blessing and the pride.

Sanutee, in the meanwhile, pursued his way silently through a narrow by-path, leading to the town of Pocotaligo, which he reached after a brief period. The town lay in as much quiet as the isolated dwelling he had left. The sun had not yet arisen, and the scattered dwellings, built low and without closeness or order, were partly obscured from sight by the untrimmed trees, almost in the original forest, which shut them in. A dog, not unlike his own, growled at him as he approached one of the more conspicuous dwellings, and this was the only sound disturbing the general silence. He struck quickly at the door, and inquired briefly—

“Ishiagaska—he will go with Sanutee.”

A boy came at the sound, and in reply, pointing to the woods, gave him to understand—while one hand played with the handle of the chief's knife, which he continued to draw from and thrust back into its sheath, without interruption from the wearer—that his father had already gone forth. Without further pause or inquiry, Sanutee turned, and taking his way through the body of the town, soon gained the river. Singling forth a canoe, hollowed out from a cypress, and which lay with an hundred others drawn up upon the miry

bank, he succeeded with little exertion in launching it forth into the water, and taking his place upon a seat fixed in the centre, followed by his dog, with a small scull or flap-oar, which he transferred with wonderful dexterity from one hand to the other as he desired to regulate his course, he paddled himself directly across the river, though then somewhat swollen and impetuous from a recent and heavy freshet. Carefully concealing his canoe in a clustering shelter of sedge and cane, which grew along the banks, he took his way, still closely followed by his faithful dog, into the bosom of a forest much more dense than that which he had left, and which promised a better prospect of the game which he desired.

CHAPTER III.

"The red-deer pauses not to crush
 The broken branch and withered bush,
 And scarcely may the dry leaves feel
 His sharp and sudden hoof of steel;
 For, startled in the scatter'd wood,
 In fear he seeks the guardian flood,
 Then in the forest's deepest haunt,
 Finds shelter and a time to pant."

WHAT seemed the object of the chief Sanutee, the most wise and valiant among the Yemassee? Was it game—was it battle? To us objectless, his course nevertheless lay onward and alone. It was yet early day, and though here and there inhabited, no human being save himself seemed stirring in that dim region. His path wound about and sometimes followed the edge of a swamp or bayou, formed by a narrow and turbid creek, setting in from the river and making one of the thousand indentions common to all streams coursing through the level flats of the southern country. He occupied an hour or more in rounding this

bayou; and then, with something of directness in his progress, he took his way down the river bank and towards the settlement of the whites. Yet their abodes or presence seemed not his object. Whenever, here and there, as he continued along the river, the larger clay hovel of the pioneer met his sight, shooting up beyond the limits of civilization, and preparing the way for its approach, the Indian chief would turn aside from the prospect with ill-concealed disgust.

“———He would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.”

Now and then, as—perched on some elevated bank, and plying the mysteries of his woodcraft, hewing his timber, clearing his land, or breaking the earth—the borderer rose before his glance, in the neighbourhood of his half-finished wigwam, singing out some cheery song of the old country, as much for the strengthening of his resolve as for the sake of the music, the warrior would dart aside into the forest, not only out of sight but out of hearing, nor return again to the road he was pursuing until fairly removed from the chance of a second contact. This desire, however, was not so readily indulged; for the progress of adventure and the long repose from strife in that neighbourhood had greatly encouraged the settlers; and it was not so easy for Sanutee to avoid the frequent evidences of that enterprise among the strangers, which was the chief cause of his present discontent. Though without any thing which might assure us of the nature or the mood at work within him, it was yet evident enough that the habitations and presence of the whites brought him nothing but disquiet. He was one of those persons, fortunately for the species, to be found in every country, who are always in advance of the masses clustering around them. He was a philosopher not less than a patriot, and saw, while he deplored, the destiny which awaited his people. He well knew that the superior must necessarily be the ruin of the race which is inferior—that the one must either sink its

existence in with that of the other, or it must perish. He was wise enough to see, that in every case of a leading difference betwixt classes of men, either in colour or organization, such difference must only and necessarily eventuate in the formation of castes; and the one conscious of any inferiority, whether of capacity or of attraction, so long as they remain in propinquity with the other, will tacitly become instruments and bondmen. Apart from this foreseeing reflection, Sanutee had already experienced many of those thousand forms of assumption and injury on the part of the whites, which had opened the eyes of many of his countrymen, and taught them, not less than himself, to know, that a people, once conscious of their superiority, will never be found to hesitate long in its despotic exercise over their neighbours. An abstract standard of justice, independent of appetite or circumstance, has not often marked the progress of Christian (so called) civilization, in its proffer of its great good to the naked savage. The confident reformer, who takes sword in one hand and sacrament in the other, has always found it the surest way to rely chiefly on the former agent. Accordingly, it soon grew apparent to the Yemassees, that, while proposing treaties for the purchase of their lands, the whites were never so well satisfied, as when, by one subtlety or another, they contrived to overreach them. Nor was it always that even the show of justice and fair bargaining was preserved by the new comer to his dusky brother. The irresponsible adventurer, removed from the immediate *surveillance* of society, committed numberless petty injuries upon the property, and sometimes upon the person of his wandering neighbour, without being often subject to the penalties awarded by his own people for the punishment of such offenders. From time to time, as the whites extended their settlements, and grew confident in their increasing strength, did their encroachments go on; until the Indians, originally gentle and generous enough, provoked by repeated aggression, were not unwilling to change their habit for one of

strife and hostility, at the first convenient opportunity. At the head of those of the Yemasseees entertaining such a feeling, Sanutee stood pre-eminent. A chief and warrior, having influence with the nation, and once exercising it warmly in favour of the English, he had, however, come to see farther than the rest of his people the degradation which was fast dogging their footsteps. To the ultimate consequences his mind therefore gave itself up, and was now employed in the meditation of all those various measures of relief and redress, which would naturally suggest themselves to a resolute and thinking spirit, warmed by patriotism and desirous of justice. We shall see, in the sequel, how deeply he had matured the remedy, and how keenly he had felt the necessity calling for its application.

At length he came to a cottage more tastefully constructed than the rest, having a neat veranda in front, and half concealed by the green foliage of a thickly clustering set of vines. It was the abode of the Rev. John Matthews,* an old English Puritan, who had settled there with his wife and daughter, and officiated occasionally as a pastor, whenever a collection of his neighbours gave him an opportunity to exhort. He was a stern and strict, but a good old man. He stood in the veranda as Sanutee came in sight. The moment the chief beheld him, he turned away with a bitter countenance, and resolutely avoiding the house until he had gone around it, took no manner of heed of the friendly hail which the old pastor had uttered on seeing him approach.

Thus pursuing a winding route, and as much as possible keeping the river banks, while avoiding the

* One of the express conditions upon which the original patent of Charles II. was granted to the lord proprietors of Carolina, was their promulgation of the gospel among the Indians. Upon this charitable object the mission of Mr. Matthews was undertaken, though it may be well to add, that one of the grounds of objection made subsequently to the proprietary charter was the neglect of the duty. An objection not so well founded when we consider the difficulties which the roving habits of the savages must at all times and of necessity throw in the way of such labours.

white settlements, the Indian warrior had spent several hours since his first departure. He could not well be said to look for game, though, possibly, as much from habit as desire, he watched at intervals the fixed gaze of his keenly scented dog, as it would be concentrated upon the woods on either side—now hearing and encouraging his cry, as he set upon the track of deer or turkey, and pursuing digressively the occasional route of the animal whenever it seemed to the chief that there was any prospect of his success. As yet, however, the chase, such as it was, had resulted in nothing. The dog would return from cover, forego the scent, and sluggishly, with drooping head and indolent spirit, silently trip along either before or behind his master.

It was about mid-day when the chief rested beside a brooklet, or, as it is called in the south, a branch, that trickled across the path; and taking from the leathern pouch which he carried at his side a strip of dried venison, and a small sack of parched Indian meal, he partook of the slight repast which his ramble had made grateful enough. Stooping over the branch, he slaked his thirst from the clear waters, and giving the residue of his eatables to the dog, who stood patiently beside him, he prepared to continue his forward progress.

It was not long before he reached the Block House of the settlers—the most remote garrison station of the English upon that river. It had no garrison at this time, however, and was very much out of repair. Such had been the friendship of the Yemassee heretofore with the Carolinians, that no necessity seemed to exist, in the minds of the latter, for maintaining it in better order. The Block House marked the rightful boundary of the whites upon the river. Beyond this spot, they had as yet acquired no claim of territory; and hitherto the Indians, influenced chiefly by Sanutee and other of their chiefs, had resolutely refused to make any further conveyance, or enter into any new treaty for its disposal. But this had not deterred the settlers, many of whom had gone consider-

ably beyond the limit, and suffered no interruption. All of these were trespassers, therefore, and in a matter of right would have been soon dispossessed; but in the event of such an effort, no treaty would have been necessary to yield sufficient sanction to the adventurers for a defence by arms of their possessions; and many of the borderers so obtruding were of a class to whom the contiguity of the Indians was quite as grateful, and probably as safe, as that of their own colour. In the neighbourhood of the Block House, however, the settlements had been much more numerous. The families, scattered about at a distance of two, three, or four miles from one another, could easily assemble in its shelter in the chance of any difficulty. The fabric itself was chiefly constructed for such uses; and could with comparative ease be defended by a few stout hearts and hands, until relief could reach them from their brethren on the coast. Though not upon the river, yet the distance of this fortress from it was inconsiderable—a mile or more, perhaps, and with an unobstructed path to a convenient landing. Retreat was easy, therefore, in this way, and succours by the same route could reach them, though all the woods around were filled with enemies. It was built after a prevailing fashion for such buildings at the time. An oblong square of about an acre was taken in by a strong line of pickets, giving an area upon either end of the building, but so narrow that the pickets in front and rear actually made up parts of the fabric, and were immediately connected with its foundation timbers. The house consisted of two stories, the upper being divided by a thick partition into two apartments, with a clumsy window of about three feet square in each. These two windows fronted either end of the building, and beyond these there were no other apertures than those provided for musket shooting. The lower story formed but a single hall, from which ladders ascended by distinct openings into the upper apartments. A line of small apertures, made at proper intervals in the walls below, served also for the use of

muskets against an approaching enemy. The house was built of pine logs, put together as closely as the nature of the material and the skill of the artificers would permit; and, save through the apertures and windows described, was impervious to a musket bullet. It was sufficiently spacious for the population of the country, as it then stood, and the barrier made by the high pickets on either side was itself no mean resistance in a sudden fray. A single entrance to the right area gave access to the building, through a door, the only one which it possessed, opening in that quarter. The gate was usually of oak, but in the present instance it was wanting entirely, having been probably torn off and carried away by some of the borderers, who found more use for it than for the fortress. In sundry respects besides, the friendly relations existing between the whites and Indians had contributed to its dilapidation, and the want of trifling occasional repairs had not immaterially helped its decay.

From the Block House, which Sanutee examined both within and without with no little attention and some show of discontent, he proceeded towards the river. A little duck-like thing—a sort of half schooner, but of very different management and rigging, lay in the stream, seemingly at anchor. There was no show of men on board, but at a little distance from her a boat rowed by two sailors, and managed by a third, was pulling vigorously up stream. The appearance of this vessel, which he had now seen for the first time, seemed to attract much of his attention; but as there was no mode of communication, and as she showed no flag, he was compelled to stifle his curiosity, from whatever cause it might have sprung. Leaving the spot, therefore, after a brief examination, he plunged once more into the forest, and as he took his way homeward, with more seeming earnestness than before, he urged his dog upon the scent, while unslinging his bow, and tightening the sinew until the elastic yew trembled at the slight pressure which he gave it; then

choosing carefully the arrows, three in number, which he released from the string which bound the rest, he seemed now for the first time to prepare himself in good earnest for the hunt. In thus wandering from cover to cover, he again passed the greater number of the white settlements, and in the course of a couple of hours, had found his way to a spacious swamp, formed by the overflow of the river immediately at hand, and familiarly known to the warrior as a great hiding-place for game. He perceived at this point that the senses of the intelligent dog became quickened and forward, and grasping him by the slack skin of the neck, he led him to a tussock running along at the edge of the swamp, and in a zigzag course passing through it, and giving him a harking cheer common to the hunters, he left him and made a rapid circuit to an opposite point, where a ridge of land, making out from the bosom of the swamp, and affording a freer outlet, was generally known as a choice stand for the affrighted and fugitive deer. He had not long reached the point and taken cover, before, stooping to the earth, he detected the distant baying of the dog, in anxious scent, keeping a direct course, and approaching, as was the usual habit, along the little ridge upon the border of which he stood. Sinking back suddenly from sight, he crouched beside a bush, and placing his shaft upon the string, and giving all ear to the sounds which now continued to approach, he stood in readiness for his victim. In another moment and the boughs gave way, the broken branches were whirled aside in confusion, and breaking forth with headlong bound and the speed of an arrow, a fine buck of full head rushed down the narrow ridge and directly on the path of the Indian. With his appearance the left foot of the hunter was advanced, the arrow was drawn back until the barb chafed upon the elastic yew, then whizzing, with a sharp twang and most unerring direction, it penetrated in another instant the brown sides of the precipitate animal. A convulsive and upward leap testified the sudden and sharp pang which he felt; but he kept on, and just at the moment when

Sanutee, having fitted another arrow, was about to complete what he had so well begun, a gunshot rung from a little copse directly in front of him, to which the deer had been flying for shelter; and, with a reeling stagger which completely arrested his unfinished leap, the victim sunk, sprawling forward upon the earth, in the last agonies of death.

CHAPTER IV.

} "This man is not of us—his ways are strange,
 And his looks stranger. Wherefore does he come—
 What are his labours here, his name, his purpose,
 And who are they that know and speak for him?"

THE incident just narrated had scarcely taken place, when the dog of the Indian chief bounded from the cover, and made towards the spot where the deer lay prostrate. At the same instant, emerging from the copse whence the shot had proceeded, and which ran immediately alongside the victim, came forward the successful sportsman. He was a stout, strange looking person, rough and weather-beaten, had the air, and wore a dress fashioned something like that of the sailor. He was of middle stature, stout and muscular, and carried himself with the yawing, see-saw motion, which marks the movements generally upon land of that class of men. Still, there was something about him that forbid the idea of his being a common seaman. There was a daring insolence of look and gesture, which, taken in connexion with the red, full face, and the watery eye, spoke of indulgences and a habit of unrestraint somewhat inconsistent with one not accustomed to authority. His dress, though that of the sailor—for even at that early period the style of garment worn by this, differed from that of all other classes—was yet clean, and made of the

finest material. He wore a blue jacket, studded thickly with buttons that hung each by a link, and formed so many pendent knobs of solid gold; and there was not a little ostentation in the thick and repeated folds of the Spanish chain, made of the same rich material, which encircled his neck. His pantaloons, free like the Turkish, were also of a light blue cloth, and a band of gold lace ran down upon the outer seam of each leg, from the hip to the heel. A small dirk, slightly curved, like that worn by the young officers of our navy in modern times, was the only apparent weapon which he carried, beyond the short, heavy Dutch fusil he had just used so successfully.

The deer had scarcely fallen when this personage advanced towards him from the wood. The shot had been discharged at a trifling distance from the object, which was pushing for the direct spot where the stranger had been stationed. It had penetrated the breast, and was almost instantly fatal. A few moments served to bring him to his victim, while Sanutee from the other end of the copse also came forward. Before either of them had got sufficiently nigh to prevent him, the dog of the chief, having reached the deer, at once, with the instinct of his nature, struck his teeth into his throat, tearing it voraciously for the blood, which the Indian sportsmen invariably taught him to relish. The stranger bellowed to him with the hope to arrest his appetite, and prevent him from injuring the meat; but, accustomed as the dog had been to obey but one master, and to acknowledge but a single language, he paid no attention to the cries and threats of the seaman, who now, hurrying forward with a show of more unequivocal authority, succeeded only in transferring the ferocity of the dog from his prey to himself. Lifting his gun, he threatened but to strike, and the animal sprang furiously upon him. Thus assailed, the stranger, in good earnest, with a formidable blow from the butt of his fusil, sent the enemy reeling; but recovering in an instant, without any seeming abatement of vigour, with a ferocity duly increased from

his injury, he flew with more desperation than ever to the assault, and, being a dog of considerable strength, threatened to become a formidable opponent. But the man assailed was a cool, deliberate person, and familiar with enemies of every description.—Adroitly avoiding the dash made at his throat by the animal, he contrived to grapple with him as he reached the earth, and by a single hand, with an exercise of some of the prodigious muscle which his appearance showed him to possess, he held him down, while with the other hand he deliberately released his dirk from its sheath. Sanutee, who was approaching, and who had made sundry efforts to call off the infuriated dog, now cried out to the seaman in broken English, “Knife him not, white man—it is good dog, knife him not.” But he spoke too late; and in spite of all the struggles of the animal, with a fierce laugh of derision, the sailor passed the sharp edge of the weapon over his throat; then releasing his hold upon him, which all the while he had maintained with the most iron inflexibility of nerve, he left the expiring dog, to which the stroke had been fatal, to perish on the grass.

It was fortunate for himself that he was rid of the one assailant so soon; for he had barely returned his knife to its sheath, and resumed his erect posture, when Sanutee, who had beheld the whole struggle—which, indeed, did not occupy but a few minutes—plunged forward as furiously as the animal had done, and the next instant was upon the stranger. The Indian had hurried forward to save his dog; and his feelings, roused into rage by what he had witnessed, took from him much of that cautious consideration, at the moment, which an Indian commonly employs the more securely to effect his revenge; and with a cry of ferocious indignation, throwing aside the bow which rather impeded his movements, he grappled the seaman with an embrace which might have compelled even the native bear to cry quarter. But the sailor was bold and fearless, and it was soon evident that Sanutee, though muscular and admirably built, but tall and less com-

fact, laboured of necessity under a disadvantage in the close struggle which ensued, with one so much shorter and more closely set. The conditions of the combat seemed to be perfectly well understood by both parties; for, with the exception of an occasional exclamation from one or the other in the first movements of the struggle, no words passed between them. Their arms were interlaced, and their bodies closely locked for a desperate issue, without parley or preparation. At first it would have been difficult to say which of the two could possibly prove the better man. The symmetry of the Indian, his manly height, and free carriage, would necessarily incline the spectator in his favour; but there was a knotted firmness, a tough, sinewy bulk of body in the whole make of his opponent, which, in connexion with his greater youth, would bring the odds in his favour. If the sailor was the stronger, however, the Indian had arts which for a time served to balance his superiority; but Sanutee was exasperated, and this was against him. His enemy had all the advantage of perfect coolness, and a watchful circumspection that seemed habitual, still defeated in great part the subtleties of his assailant. The error of Sanutee was in suffering impulse to defeat reflection, which necessarily came too late, once engaged in the mortal struggle. The Indian, save in the ball-play, is no wrestler by habit. There he may and does wrestle, and death is sometimes the consequence of the furious emulation;* but such exercise is otherwise unpractised with the aborigines. To regret his precipitation, however, was now of little avail—to avoid its evils was the object.

One circumstance now gave a turn to the affair, which promised a result decisive on one side or the other. So close had been the grasp, so earnest the struggle, that neither of them could attempt to free and employ his knife without giving a decided ad-

* In a fair struggle, engaged in this manly exercise, to kill the antagonist is legitimate with the Indians generally; all other forms of murder call for revenge and punishment.

vantage to his enemy; but in one of those movements which distorted their bodies, until the ground was nearly touched by the knees of both, the knife of the Indian warrior fell from its sheath, and lay beside them upon the turf. To secure its possession was the object, upon which, simultaneously as it were, their eyes were cast; but duly with the desire came the necessity of mutual circumspection, and so well aware were they both of this necessity, that it is probable, but for an unlooked-for circumstance, the battle must have been protracted sufficiently long, by exhausting both parties, to have made it a drawn one. The affair might then have ended in a compromise; but it so happened, that in the perpetual change of ground and position by the combatants, the foot of Sanutee at length became entangled with the body of his dog. As he felt the wrinkling skin glide, and the ribs yield beneath him, an emotion of tenderness, a sort of instinct, operated at once upon him; and, as if fearing to hurt the object, whose utter insensibility he did not seem at that moment to recollect, he drew up the foot suddenly, and endeavoured to throw it over the animal. By separating his legs with this object, he gave his adversary an advantage, of which he did not fail to avail himself. With the movement of Sanutee, he threw one of his knees completely between those of the warrior, and pressing his own huge body at the same time forward upon him, they both fell heavily, still interlocked, upon the now completely crushed carcass of the dog. The Indian chief was partially stunned by the fall, but being a-top, the sailor was unhurt. In a moment, recovering himself from the relaxed grasp of his opponent, he rose upon his knee, which he pressed down heavily upon Sanutee's bosom; the latter striving vainly to possess himself of the tomahawk sticking in his girdle. But his enemy had too greatly the advantage, and was quite too watchful to permit of his succeeding in this effort. The whole weight of one knee rested upon the instrument, which lay in the belt innocuous. With a fearful

smile, which spoke a ferocious exultation of spirit, in the next moment the sailor drew the dirk knife from his own side, and flourishing it over the eyes of the defenceless Indian, thus addressed him :—

“ And what do you say for yourself now, you red-skinned devil? Blast your eyes, but you would have taken off my scalp for little or nothing—only because of your confounded dog, and he at my throat too. What if I take off yours?”

“ The white man will strike,” calmly responded the chief, while his eyes looked the most savage indifference, and the lines of his mouth formed a play of expression the most composed and natural.

“ Ay, damme, but I will. I'll give you a lesson to keep you out of mischief, or I've lost reckoning of my own seamanship. Hark ye now, you red devil—wherefore did you set upon me? Is a man's blood no better than a dog's?”

“ The white man is a dog. I spit upon him,” was the reply; accompanied, as the chief spoke, with a desperate struggle at release, made with so much earnestness and vigour as almost for a few moments to promise to be successful. But failing to succeed, the attempt only served seemingly to confirm the savage determination of his conqueror, whose coolness at such a moment, more perhaps than any thing beside, marked a character to whom the shedding of blood seemed a familiar exercise. He spoke to the victim he was about to strike fatally, with as much composure as if treating of the most indifferent matter.

“ Ay, blast you, you're all alike—there's but one way to make sure of you, and that is, to slit your gills whenever there's a chance. I know you'd cut mine soon enough, and that's all I want to know to make me cut yours. Yet, who are you—are you one of these Yemasseees? Tell me your name; I always like to know whose blood I let.”

“ Does the white man sleep?—strike, I do not shut my eyes to your knife.”

“ Well, d—n it, red-skin, I see you don't want to

get off, so here's at you," making a stroke of his knife, seemingly at the throat of his victim. Sanuteé threw up his arm, but the aim in this quarter had been a feint; for, turning the direction of the weapon, he passed the sharp steel directly upon the side of the warrior, and almost immediately under his own knee. The chief discovered the deception, and feeling that all hope was over, began muttering, with a seeming instinct, in his own language, the words of triumphant song, which every Indian prepares beforehand for the hour of his final passage. But he still lived. The blow was stayed: his enemy, seized by some one from behind, was dragged backward from the body of his victim by another and a powerful hand. The opportunity to regain his feet was not lost upon the Indian, who, standing erect with his bared hatchet, again confronted his enemy, without any loss of courage, and on a more equal footing.

CHAPTER V.

"His eye hath that within it which affirms
The noble gentleman. Pray you, mark him well;
Without his office we may nothing do
Pleasing to this fair company."

THE sailor turned fiercely, dirk in hand, upon the person who had thus torn him from his victim; but he met an unflinching front, and a weapon far more potent than his own. The glance of the new comer, not less than his attitude, warned him of the most perfect readiness; while a lively expression of the eye, and the something of a smile which slightly parted his lips, gave a careless, cavalier assurance to his air, which left it doubtful whether, in reality, he looked upon a contest as even possible at that moment. The stranger was about thirty years old, with a rich European complexion, a light blue eye, and features moulded

finely, so as to combine manliness with so much of beauty as may well comport with it. He was probably six feet in height, straight as an arrow, and remarkably well and closely set. He wore a dress common among the gentlemen of that period and place—a sort of compound garb, in which the fashion of the English cavalier of the second Charles had been made to coalesce in some leading particulars with that which, in the American forests, seemed to be imperatively called for by the novel circumstances and mode of life prevailing in that region. The over-coat was of a dark blue stuff, usually worn open at the bosom, and displaying the rich folds of the vest below, of a colour suited to the taste of the wearer, but which on the present occasion was of the purest white. The underclothes were of a light gray, fitting closely a person which they happily accommodated and served admirably to display. His buskins were like those worn by the Indians, but coming higher up the leg; and with a roll just above the ankle, rather wider, but not unlike that common to the modern boot. A broad buckskin belt encircled his waist, and secured the doublet which came midway down his thigh. In his hand he carried a light musketoon, or smoothbore, of peculiarly graceful make for that period, and richly ornamented with drops of silver let in tastefully along the stock, so as to shape vaguely a variety of forms and figures. The long knife stuck in his belt was the only other weapon which he appeared to carry; and forming, as it does, one of the most essential implements of woodcraft, we may scarcely consider it under that designation. A white Spanish hat, looped broadly up at one of the sides, and secured with a small button of gold, rested slightly upon his head, from which, as was the fashion of the time, the brown hair in long clustering ringlets depended about the neck.

The sailor, as we have said, turned immediately upon the person who, so opportunely for Sanutee, had torn him from the body of the Indian; but he encountered the presented rifle, and the clicking of the cock assured

him of the readiness of him who held it to settle all further strife. Apart from this, he saw that the new comer was no child—that he was of not less powerful make than the Indian, and with fewer years to subtract from it. The single effort, too, by which he had been drawn away from his victim, indicated the possession of a degree of strength which made the sailor pause and move cautiously in his advance upon the intruder.

“Well, master,” said the seaman, “what is this matter to you, that you must meddle in other men’s quarrels? Have you so many lives to spare that you must turn my knife from the throat of a wild savage to your own?”

“Put up your knife, good Pepperbox—put it up while you have permission,” said the person so addressed, very complaisantly, “and thank your stars that I came in time to keep you from doing what none of us might soon undo. Know you not the chief—would you strike the great chief of the Yemassee—our old friend Sanutee—the best friend of the English?”

“And who the devil cares whether he be a friend to the English or not? I don’t; and would just as lief cut his throat as yours, if I thought proper.”

“Indeed—why you are a perfect Trojan—pray who are you, and where did you come from?” was the cavalier’s response to the brutal speech of the sailor, whom every word of the last speaker seemed to arouse into new fury, which he yet found it politic to restrain; for a sense of moral inferiority, in breeding or in station, seemed to have the effect of keeping down and quelling in some sort the exhibitions of a temper which otherwise would have prompted him again to blows. The pause which he made before responding to the last direct inquiry, seemed given to reflection. His manner became suddenly more moderate, and his glance rested frequently and with an inquiring expression upon the countenance of the Indian. At length, giving a direct reply to the interrogatory which seemed a yielding of the strife, he replied,

"And suppose, fair master, I don't choose to say who I am, and from whence I came.—What then?"

"Why then let it alone, my Hercules. I care little whether you have a name or not. You certainly cannot have an honest one. For me you shall be Hercules or Nebuchadnezzar—you shall be Turk, or Ishmaelite, or the devil—it matters not whence a man comes when it is easily seen where he will go."

The countenance of the sailor grew black with rage at the language of the speaker, not less than at his cool, laughing, contemptuous manner. But the process of thinking himself into composure and caution, going on in his mind for necessary purposes, seemed to teach him consideration; and leisurely proceeding to reload his fusil, he offered no interruption to the Englishman, who now addressed himself to the Indian.

"You have suffered a loss, Sanutee, and I'm sorry for it, chief. But you shall have another—a dog of mine,—a fine pup which I have in Charlestown. When will you go down to see your English brother at Charlestown?"

"Who is the brother of Sanutee?"

"The governor—you have never seen him, and he would like to see you. If you go not to see him, he will think you love him not, and that you lie on the same blanket with his enemies."

"Sanutee is the chief of the Yemassees—he will stay at Pocota-ligo with his people."

"Well, be it so. I shall bring you the dog to Pocotaligo."

"Sanutee asks no dog from the warrior of the English. The dog of the English hunts after the dark-skin of my people."

"No, no—chief. I don't mean to give you Dugdale. Dugdale never parts with his master, if I can help it; but you say wrong. The dog of the English has never hunted the Yemassee warrior. He has only hunted the Savannahs and the Westoes, who were the enemies of the English."

"The eyes of Sanutee are good—he has seen the dog of the English tear the throat of his brother."

"Well, you will see the dog I shall bring you to Pocota-ligo."

"Sanutee would not see the young brave of the English at Pocota-ligo. Pocota-ligo is for the Yemassee. Let the Coosaw-killer come not."

"Hah! What does all this mean, Sanutee? Are we not friends? Are not the Yemassee and the English two brothers, that take the same track, and have the same friends and enemies? Is it not so, Sanutee?"

"Speaks the young chief with a straight tongue—he says."

"I speak truth; and will come to see you in Pocota-ligo."

"No—the young brave will come not to Pocota-ligo. It is the season of the corn, and the Yemassee will gather to the festival."

"The green corn festival! I must be there, Sanutee, and you must not deny me. You were not wont to be so inhospitable, chief; nor will I suffer it now. I would see the lodge of the great chief. I would partake of the venison—some of this fine buck, which the hands of Matiwan will dress for the warrior's board at evening."

"You touch none of that buck, either of you; so be not so free, young master. It's my game, and had the red-skin been civil, he should have had his share in it; but, as it is, neither you nor he lay hands on it; not a stiver of it goes into your hatch, d—n me."

The sailor had listened with a sort of sullen indifference to the dialogue which had been going on between Sanutee and the new comer; but his looks indicated impatience not less than sullenness; and he took the opportunity afforded him by the last words of the latter, to gratify, by the rude speech just given, the malignity of his excited temper.

"Why, how now, churl!" was the response of the Englishman, turning suddenly upon the seaman, with a haughty indignation as he spoke—"how now, churl? is this a part of the world where civility is so plenty that you must fight to avoid a surfeit. Hear you,

sirrah ; these woods have bad birds for the unruly, and you may find them hard to get through if you put not more good-humour under your tongue. Take your meat, for a surly savage as you are, and be off as quick as you can ; and may the first mouthful choke you. Take my counsel, Bully-boy, and clear your joints, or you may chance to get more of your merits than your venison."

"Who the devil are you, to order me off? I'll go at my pleasure ; and as for the Indian, and as for you—"

"What, Hercules?"

"I'll mark you both, or there's no sea-room."

"Well, as you please," coolly replied the Englishman to the threat,—“as you please ; and now that you have made your speech, will you be good-natured for a moment, and let your absence stand for your civility?"

"No—I'll be d—d if I do, for any man."

"You'll be something more than d—d, old boy, if you stay. We are two, you see ; and here's my Hector, who's a little old to be sure, but is more than your match now"—and as the Englishman spoke, he pointed to the figure of a sturdy black, approaching the group from the copse:

"And I care not if you were two dozen. You don't capsize me with your numbers, and I shan't go till it suits my pleasure, for either red-skin, or white skin, or black skin ; no, not while my name is—"

"What?" was the inquiry of the Englishman, as the speaker paused at the unuttered name ; but the person addressed smiled contemptuously at the curiosity which the other had exhibited, and turned slightly away. As he did so, the Englishman again addressed Sanutee, and proposed returning with him to Pocota-ligo. His anxiety on this point was clearly enough manifest to the Indian, who replied sternly,

"The chief will go alone. He wants not that the Coosaw-killer should darken the lodge of Matiwán. Let Harrison"—and as he addressed the Englishman by his name, he placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder, and his tones were more conciliatory—"let Har-

rison go down to his ships—let him go with the pale-faces to the other lands. Has he not a mother that looks for him at evening?”

“Sanutee,” said Harrison, fixing his eye upon him curiously—“wherefore should the English go upon the waters?”

“The Yemassees would look on the big woods, and call them their own. The Yemassees would be free.”

“Old chief—” exclaimed the Englishman, in a stern but low tone, while his quick, sharp eye seemed to explore the very recesses of the Indian’s soul—“Old chief—thou hast spoken with the Spaniard.”

The Indian paused for an instant, but showed no signs of emotion or consciousness at a charge, which, at that period, and under the then existing circumstances, almost involved the certainty of his hostility towards the Carolinians, with whom the Spaniards of Florida were perpetually at war. He replied, after an instant’s hesitation, in a calm, fearless manner:—

“Sanutee is a man—he is a father—he is a chief—the great chief of the Yemassee. Shall he come to the Coosaw-killer, and ask when he would loose his tongue? Sanutee, when the swift hurricane runs along the woods, goes into the top of the tall pine, and speaks boldly to the Manneyto—shall he not speak to the English—shall he not speak to the Spaniard? Does Harrison see Sanutee tremble, that his eye looks down into his bosom? Sanutee has no fear.”

“I know it, chief—I know it—but I would have you without guile also. There is something wrong, chief, which you will not show me. I would speak to you of this, therefore I would go with you to Pocotaligo.

“Pocotaligo is for the Manneyto—it is holy ground—the great feast of the green corn is there. The white man may not go when the Yemassee would be alone.”

“But white men are in Pocotaligo—is not Granger there, the fur trader?”

“He will go,” replied the chief, evasively, and turn-

ing away, as he did so, to depart ; but suddenly, with an air of more interest, returning to the spot where Harrison stood, seemingly meditating deeply, he again touched his arm, and spoke—

“Harrison will go down to the great lakes with his people. Does the Coosaw-killer hear? Sanutee is the wise chief of Yemassee.”

“I am afraid the wise chief of Yemassee is about to do a great folly. But, for the present, Sanutee, let there be no misunderstanding between us and our people. Is there any thing of which you complain?”

“Did Sanutee come on his knees to the English? He begs not bread—he asks for no blanket.”

“True, Sanutee, I know all that—I know your pride, and that of your people; and because I know it, if you have had wrong from our young men, I would have justice done you.”

“The Yemassee is not a child—he is strong, he has knife and hatchet—and his arrow goes straight to the heart. He begs not for the justice of the English—”

“Yet, whether you beg for it or not, what wrong have they done you, that they have not been sorry?”

“Sorry—will sorry make the dog of Sanutee to live?”

“There you are wrong, Sanutee; the dog assaulted the stranger, and though he might have been more gentle, and less hasty, what he did seems to have been done in self-defence. The deer was his game.”

“Ha, does Harrison see the arrow of Sanutee?” and he pointed to the broken shaft still sticking in the side of the animal.

“True, that is your mark, and would have been fatal after a time, without the aid of gunshot. The other was more immediate in effect.”

“It is well. Sanutee speaks not for the meat, nor for the dog. He begs no justice from the English, and their braves may go to the far lands in their canoes, or they may hold fast to the land which is the Yemassee's. The sun and the storm are brothers—Sanutee has said.”

Harrison was about to reply, when his eye caught the outline of another person approaching the scene. He was led to observe him, by noticing the glance of the sailor anxiously fixed in the same direction. That personage had cooled off singularly in his savageness of mood, and had been a close and attentive listener to the dialogue just narrated. His earnestness had not passed unobserved by the Englishman, whose keenness of sense, not less than of vision, had discovered something more in the manner of the sailor than was intended for the eye. Following closely his gaze, while still arguing with Sanutee, he discovered in the new comer the person of one of the most subtle chiefs of the Yemassee nation—a dark, brave, collected malignant, by name Ishiagaska. A glance of recognition passed over the countenance of the sailor, but the features of the savage were immovable. Harrison watched both of them, as the new comer approached, and he was satisfied from the expression of the sailor that they knew each other. Once assured of this, he determined in his own mind that his presence should offer no sort of interruption to their freedom; and, with a few words to Ishiagaska and Sanutee, in the shape of civil wishes and a passing inquiry, the Englishman, who, from his past conduct in the war of the Carolinians with the Coosaws, had acquired among the Yemassees, according to the Indian fashion, the imposing epithet, so frequently used in the foregoing scene by Sanutee, of *Coosah-moray-te*—or, as it has been Englished, the killer of the Coosaws—took his departure from the scene, followed by the black slave Hector. As he left the group he approached the sailor, who stood a little apart from the Indians, and with a whisper, addressed him in a sentence which he intended should be a test.

“Hark ye, Ajax; take safe advice, and be out of the woods as soon as you can, or you will have a long arrow sticking in your ribs.”

The blunt sense of the sailor did not see further than the ostensible object of the counsel thus conveyed,

and his answer confirmed, to some extent, the previous impression of Harrison, touching his acquaintance with Ishiagaska.

"Keep your advice for a better occasion, and be d—d to you, for a conceited whipper-snapper as you are. You are more likely to feel the arrow than I am, and so look to it."

Harrison noted well the speech, which in itself had little meaning; but it conveyed a consciousness of security on the part of the seaman, after his previous combat with Sanutee, greatly out of place, unless he possessed some secret resources upon which to rely. The instant sense of Harrison readily felt this; but apart from that, there was something so sinister and so assured in the glance of the speaker, accompanying his words, that Harrison did not longer doubt the justice of his conjecture. He saw that there was business between the seaman and the last-mentioned Indian. He had other reasons for this belief, which the progress of events will show. Contenting himself with what had been said, he turned away with a lively remark to the group at parting, and, followed by Hector, was very soon deeply buried in the neighbouring forest.

CHAPTER VI.

"Go—scan his course, pursue him to the last,
Hear what he counsels, note thou well his glance,
For the untutored eye hath its own truth;
When the tongue speaks in falsehood."

HARRISON, followed closely by his slave, silently entered the forest; and was soon buried in subjects of deep meditation, which, hidden as yet from us, were in his estimation of paramount importance. His elastic temper and perceptive sense failed at this

moment to suggest to him any of those thousand objects of contemplation in which he usually took delight. The surrounding prospect was unseen—the hum of the woods, the cheering cry of bird and grasshopper, equally unheeded; and for some time after leaving the scene and actors of the preceding chapter, he continued in a state of mental abstraction, perfectly mysterious to his attendant. Hector, though a slave, was a favourite, and his offices were rather those of the humble companion than of the servant. He regarded the present habit of his master with no little wonderment. In truth, Harrison was not often in the mood to pass over and disregard the varieties of the surrounding scenery, in a world so new, as at the present moment. On the contrary, he was one of those men, of wonderful common sense, who could readily, at all times, associate the mood of most extravagance and life with that of the most every-day concern. Cheerful, animated, playfully and soon excited, he was one of those singular combinations we do not often meet with, in which constitutional enthusiasm and animal life, in a development of extravagance sometimes little short of madness, are singularly enough mingled up with a capacity equal to the most trying requisitions of necessity, and the most sober habits of reflection. Unusually abstracted as he now appeared to the negro, the latter, though a favourite, knew better than to break in upon his mood, and simply kept close at hand, to meet any call that might be made upon his attention. By this time they had reached a small knoll of green overlooking the river, which, swollen by a late freshet, though at its full and falling, had overflowed its banks, and now ran along with some rapidity below them. Beyond and down the stream, a few miles off, lay the little vessel to which we have already given a moment's attention. Her presence seemed to be as mysterious in the eye of Harrison, as in a previous passage it had appeared to that of Sanutee. Dimly outlined in the distance, a slender shadow darkening an otherwise clear and

mirror-like surface, she lay sleeping, as it were, upon the water, not a sail in motion, and no gaudy ensign streaming from her tops.

"Hector," said his master, calling the slave, while he threw himself lazily along the knoll, and motioned the negro near him: "Hector."

"Sa—Mossa."

"You marked that sailor fellow, did you?"

"Yes, Mossa."

"What is he; what do you think of him?"

"Me tink noting about 'em, sa.—Nebber see 'em afore—no like he look."

"Nor I, Hector—nor L. He comes for no good, and we must see to him."

"I tink so, Mossa."

"Now—look down the river. When did that strange vessel come up?"

"Nebber see 'em till dis morning, Mossa, but speck he come up yesserday. Mass Nichol, de doctor, wha' talk so big—da him fuss show 'em to me dis morning."

"What said Nichols?"

"He say 'twas English ship; den he say 'twas no English, 'twas Dutch—but he soon change he mind, and say 'twas little Dutch and little Spaniard: after dat he make long speech to young Mass Grayson."

"What said Grayson?"

"He laugh at de doctor, make de doctor cross, and den he cuss me for a dam black rascal."

"That made you cross too, eh?"

"Certain, Mossa; 'cause Mass Nichol hab no respectability for nigger in 'em, and talk widout make proper osservation."

"Well, no matter. But did Grayson say any thing of the vessel?"

"He look at 'em well, Mossa, but he no say noting; but wid long stick he write letters in de sand. Dat young Grayson, Mass Charles—he strange gentleman—berry strange gentleman."

"How often must I tell you, Hector, not to call me

by any name here but Gabriel Harrison? will you never remember, you scoundrel?"

"Ax pardon, Mossa—'member next time."

"Do so, old boy, or we quarrel:—and now, hark you, Hector, since you know nothing of this vessel, I'll make you wiser. Look down over to Moccasin Point—under the long grass at the edge, and half-covered by the canes, and tell me what you see there?"

"Da boat, Mossa.—I swear da boat. Something dark lie in de bottom."

"That is a boat from the vessel, and what you see lying dark in the bottom, are the two sailors that rowed it up. That sailor-fellow came in it, and he is the captain. Now, what does he come for, do you think?"

"Speck, sa, he come for buy skins from de Injins."

"No:—that craft is no trader. She carries guns, but conceals them with box and paint. She is built to run and fight, not to carry. I looked on her closely this morning. Her paint is Spanish, not English. Besides, if she were English, what would she be doing here? Why run up this river, without stopping at Charlestown or Port Royal—why keep from the landing here, avoiding the whites; and why is her officer pushing up into the Indian country beyond our purchase?"

"He hab 'ting for sell de Injins, I speck, Mossa."

"Scarcely—they have nothing to buy with; it is only a few days since Granger came up from Port Royal, where he had carried all the skins of their last great hunt, and it will be two weeks at least before they go on another. No—no. They get from us what we are willing to sell them; and this vessel brings them those things which they cannot get from us—fire-arms and ammunition, Hector."

"You tink so, Mossa."

"You shall find out for both of us, Hector. Are your eyes open?"

"Yes Mossa, I can sing—

“ ‘ Possum up a gum-tree,
Raccoon in de hollow,
In de grass de yellow snake,
In de clay de swallow.’ ”

“ Evidence enough—now, hear me. This sailor fellow comes from St. Augustine, and brings arms to the Yemassee. I know it, else why should he linger behind with Sanutee and Ishiagaska, after his quarrelling with the old chief, unless he knew of something which must secure his protection? I saw his look of recognition to Ishiagaska, although the savage, more cunning than himself, kept his eye cold—and—yes, it must be so. You shall go,” said his master, half musingly, half direct. “ You shall go. When did Granger cross to Pocota-ligo ?”

“ Dis morning, Mossa.”

“ Did the commissioners go with him ?”

“ No, Mossa—only tree gentlemans gone wid him.”

“ Who were they ?”

“ Sir Edmund Bellinger, sa—lib close 'pon Asheepoh—Mass Stephen Latham, and nodder—I no hab he name.”

“ Very well—they will answer well enough for commissioners. Where have you left Dugdale ?”

“ I leff um wid de blacksmith, Mossa—him dat lib down pass de Chief Bluff.”

“ Good ; and now, Hector, you must take track after this sailor.”

“ Off hand, Mossa ?”

“ Yes, at once. Take the woods here, and make the sweep of the cypress, so as to get round them. Keep clear of the river, for that sailor will make no bones of carrying you off to St. Augustine, or to the West Indies. Watch if he goes with the Indians. See all that you can of their movements, and let them not see you. Should they find you out, be as stupid as a pine stump.”

“ And whay I for find you, Mossa, when I come back? At de parson's, I speck.”—The slave smiled

knowingly as he uttered the last member of the sentence, and looked significantly into the face of his master, with a sidelong glance, his mouth at the same time showing his full white *tuscular* array from ear to ear.

"Perhaps so," said his master, quietly and without seeming to observe the peculiar expression of his servant's face—"perhaps so, if you come back soon. I shall be there for a while, but to-night you will probably find me at the Block House. Away now, and see that you sleep not with your eye open till they trap you."

"Ha, 'Mossa. Dat eye must be bright like de moon for trap Hector."

"I hope so—keep watchful, for if that sailor fellow puts hands upon you, he will cut your throat as freely as he did the dog's, and probably a thought sooner."

Promising strict watchfulness, the negro took his way back into the woods, closely following the directions of his master. Harrison, in the meanwhile, having despatched this duty so far, rose buoyantly from the turf, and throwing aside the air of sluggishness which for the last half hour had invested him, darted forward in a fast walk in the direction of the white settlements; still, however, keeping as nearly as he might to the banks of the river, and still with an eye which closely scanned at intervals the appearance of the little vessel which, as we have seen, had occasioned so much doubt and inquiry. It was not often that a vessel of her make and size had been seen up that little, insulated river; and as, from the knowledge of Harrison, there could be little or no motive of trade for such craft in that quarter—the small business intercourse of the whites with the Indians being soon transacted, and through mediums far less imposing—the suspicions of the Englishman were not a little excited, particularly as he had known for some time the increasing discontent of the savages. The fact, too, that the vessel was a stranger, and that her crew

and captain had kept studiously aloof from the whites, and had sent their boat to land at a point actually within the Indian boundary, was of itself enough to instigate such surmises. The ready intelligence of Harrison at once associated the facts and inferences with a political object: and being also aware by previous information that Spanish guarda-costas, as the cutters employed at St. Augustine for the protection of the coast were styled, had been seen to put into almost every river and creek in the English territory from St. Mary's to Hatteras, and within a short period of time, the connected circumstances were well calculated to excite the scrutiny of all well-intentioned citizens.

The settlement of the English in Carolina, though advancing with wonderful rapidity, was yet in its infancy; and the great jealousy which their progress had occasioned in the minds of their Indian neighbours, was not a little stimulated in its tenour and development by the artifices of the neighbouring Spaniards, as well of St. Augustine as of the Island of Cuba. The utmost degree of caution against enemies so powerful and so acted upon was absolutely necessary, and we shall comprehend to its full the extent of this consciousness, after repeated sufferings had taught them providence, when we learn from the historians that it was not long from this period when the settlers upon the coast were compelled to gather oysters for their subsistence with one hand, while carrying fire-arms in the other for their protection. At this time, however, unhappily for the colony, such a degree of watchfulness was entirely unknown. Thoughtless as ever, the great mass is always slow to note and prepare against those forewarning evidences of that change which is at all times going on around them. The counsellings of nature and of experience are seldom heeded by the inconsiderate many until their promises are realized, and then beyond the control which would have converted them into agents with the almost certain prospect of advantageous results. It is fortunate, perhaps, for mankind, that there are some few

minds always in advance, and for ever preparing the way for society, perishing freely themselves that the species may have victory. Perhaps, indeed, patriotism itself would lack something of its stimulating character, if martyrdom did not follow its labours and its love for man.

Harrison, active in perceiving, decisive in providing against events, with a sort of intuition, had traced out a crowd of circumstances, of most imposing character and number, in the coming hours, of which few if any in the colony beside himself had any idea. He annexed no small importance to the seeming trifle; and his mind was deeply interested in all the changes going on in the province. Perhaps it was his particular charge to note these things—his station, pursuit—his duty, which, by imposing upon him some of the leading responsibilities of the infant society in which he lived, had made him more ready in such an exercise than was common among those around him. On this point we can now say nothing, being as yet quite as ignorant as those who go along with us. As we proceed we shall probably all grow wiser.

As Harrison thus rambled downwards along the river's banks, a friendly voice hallooed to him from its bosom, where a pettiauger, urged by a couple of sinewy rowers, was heaving to the shore.

"Halloo, captain," cried one of the men—"I'm so glad to see you."

"Ah, Grayson," he exclaimed to the one, "how do you fare?"—to the other, "Master Grayson, I give you courtesy."

The two men were brothers, and the difference made in Harrison's address between the two, simply indicated the different degrees of intimacy between them and himself.

"We've been hunting, captain, and have had glorious sport," said the elder of the brothers, known as Walter Grayson—"two fine bucks and a doe—shall we have you to sup with us to-night?"

"Hold me willing, Grayson, but not ready. I have

labours for to-night will keep me from you. But I shall tax your hospitality before the venison's out. Make my respects to the old lady, your mother; and if you can let me see you at the Block House to-morrow, early morning, do so, and hold me indebted."

"I will be there, captain, God willing, and shall do as you ask. I'm sorry you can't come to-night."

"So am not I," said the younger Grayson, as, making his acknowledgments and farewell, Harrison pushed out of sight and re-entered the forest. The boat touched the shore, and the brothers leaped out, pursuing their talk, and taking out their game as they did so.

"So am not I," repeated the younger brother, gloomily:—"I would see as little of that man as possible."

"And why, Hugh? In what does he offend you?" was the inquiry of his companion.

"I know not—but he does offend me, and I hate him, thoroughly hate him."

"And wherefore, Hugh? what has he done—what said? You have seen but little of him to judge. Go with me to-morrow to the Block House—see him—talk with him. You will find him a noble gentleman."

And the two brothers continued the subject while moving homeward with the spoil.

"I would not see him, though I doubt not what you say. I would rather that my impressions of him should remain as they are."

"Hugh Grayson—your perversity comes from a cause you would blush that I should know—you dislike him, brother, because Bess Matthews does not."

The younger brother threw from his shoulder the carcass of the deer which he carried, and with a broken speech, but a fierce and fixed gesture, confronted the speaker.

"Walter Grayson—you are my brother—you are my brother;—but do not speak on this subject again. I am perverse—I am unreasonable—be it so—I cannot be other than I am; and, as you love me, bear with it while you may. But urge me no more in this

matter. I cannot like that man for many reasons, and not the least of these is, that I cannot so readily as yourself acknowledge his superiority, while, perhaps, not less than yourself, I cannot help but know it. My pride is to feel my independence—it is for you to desire control, were it only for the connexion and the sympathy which it brings to you. You are one of the million who make tyrants. Go—worship him yourself, but do not call upon me to do likewise.”

“Take up the meat, brother, and be not wroth; above all things try and remember, in order that your mood may be kept in subjection—try and remember our old mother.”

A few more words of sullen dialogue between them, and the two brothers passed into a narrow pathway leading to a cottage, where, at no great distance, they resided.

CHAPTER VII.

“Ye may not with a word define
 The love that lightens o'er her face,
 That makes her glance a glance divine,
 Fresh caught from heaven, its native place—
 And in her heart, as in her eye,
 A spirit lovely as serene—
 Makes of each charm some deity,
 Well worshipp'd, though perhaps unseen.”

THE soft sunset of April, of an April sky in Carolina, lay beautifully over the scene that afternoon. Imbowered in trees, with a gentle esplanade, running down to the river, stood the pretty yet modest cottage, in which lived the pastor of the settlement, John Matthews, his wife, and daughter Elizabeth. The dwelling was prettily enclosed with sheltering groves—through which, at spots here and there, peered forth its well whitewashed veranda. The river, a few hundred yards in front, wound pleasantly along, making

a circuitous sweep just at that point, which left the cottage upon something like an isthmus, and made it a prominent object to the eye in an approach from either end of the stream. The site had been felicitously chosen; and the pains taken with it had sufficiently improved the rude location to show how much may be effected by art, when employed in arranging the toilet, and in decorating the wild beauties of her country cousin. The house itself was rude enough—like those of the region generally, having been built of logs, put together as closely as the material would permit, and affording only a couple of rooms in front, to which the additional shed contributed two more, employed as sleeping apartments. Having shared, however, something of the whitewash which had been employed upon the veranda, the little fabric wore a cheerful appearance, which proved that the pains taken with it had not been entirely thrown away upon the coarse material of which it had been constructed. We should not forget to insist upon the porch or portico of four columns, formed of slender pines decapitated for the purpose, which, having its distinct roof, formed the entrance through the piazza to the humble cottage. The clustering vines, too, hanging fantastically over the entrance, almost forbidding ingress, furnished proof enough of the presence and agency of that sweet taste, which, lovely of itself, has yet an added attraction when coupled with the beauty and the purity of woman.

Gabriel Harrison, as our new acquaintance has been pleased to style himself, was now seen emerging from the copse which grew alongside the river, and approaching the cottage. Without scruple lifting the wooden latch which secured the gate of the little paling fence running around it, he slowly moved up to the entrance. His approach, however, had not been entirely unobserved. A bright pair of eyes, and a laughing, young, even girlish face were peering through the green leaves which almost covered it in. As the glance met his own, the expression of sober

gravity and thoughtfulness departed from his countenance; and he now seemed only the playful, wild, thoughtless, and gentle-natured being she had been heretofore accustomed to regard him.

"Ah, Bess; dear Bess—still the same, my beauty; still the laughing, the lovely, the star-eyed—"

"Hush, hush, you noisy and wicked—not so loud; mother is busily engaged in her evening nap, and that long tongue of yours will not make it sounder."

"A sweet warning, Bess—but what then—if we talk not, we are like to have a dull time of it."

"And if you do, and she wakes without having her nap out, we are like to have a cross time of it; and so, judge for yourself which you would best like."

"I'm dumb,—speechless, my beauty, as a jay on a visit; and see then what you'll lose."

"What?"

"My fine speeches—your own praise—no more dears, and loves, and beauties. My tongue and your ears will entirely forget their old acquaintance; and there will be but a single mode of keeping any of our memories alive."

"How is that—what mode?"

"An old song tells us—

"The lips of the dumb may speak of love,
Though the words may die in a kiss—
And—"

"Will you never be quiet, Gabriel?"

"How can I, with so much that is disquieting near me? Quiet, indeed,—why Bess, I never look upon you—ay, for that matter, I never think of you, but my heart beats, and my veins tingle, and my pulses bound, and all is confusion in my senses. You are my disquiet, far and near—and you know not, dear Bess, how much I have longed, during the last spell of absence, to be near, and again to see you."

"Oh, I heed not your flattery. Longed for me, indeed, and so long away. Why, where have you

been all this while, and what is the craft, Gabriel, which keeps you away?—am I never to know the secret?"

"Not yet, not yet, sweetest; but a little while, my most impatient beauty; but a little while, and you shall know all and every thing."

"Shall I? but, ah! how long have you told me so—years, I'm sure—"

"Scarcely months, Bess—your heart is your book-keeper."

"Well, months—for months you have promised me—but a little while, and you shall know all; and here I've told you all my secrets, as if you had a right to know them."

"Have I not?—if my craft, Bess, were only my secret—if much that belongs to others did not depend upon it—if, indeed, success in its pursuit were not greatly risked by its exposure, you should have heard it with the same sentence which just told you how dear you were to me. But only by secrecy can my pursuit be successfully accomplished. Besides, Bess, as it concerns others, the right to yield it, even to such sweet custody as your own, is not with me."

"But, Gabriel, I can surely keep it safely."

"How can you, Bess—since, as a dutiful child, you are bound to let your mother share in all your knowledge? She knows of our love; does she not?"

"Yes, yes, and she is glad to know—she approves of it. And so, Gabriel—forgive me, but I am very anxious—and so you can't tell me what is the craft you pursue?" and she looked very persuasive as she spoke.

"I fear me, Bess, if you once knew my craft, you would discover that our love was all a mistake. You would learn to unlove much faster than you ever learned to love."

"Nonsense, Gabriel—you know that is impossible."

"A thousand thanks, Bess, for the assurance; but are you sure—suppose now, I may be a pedler, doing the same business with Granger, probably his partner—only think."

"That cannot be—I know better than that—I'm certain it is not so."

"And why not, Beautiful?"

"Be done,—and, Gabriel, cease calling me nick-names, or I'll leave you. I won't suffer it. You make quite too free."

"Do I, Bess,—well, I'm very sorry—but I can't help it, half the time, I assure you. It's my nature—I was born so, and have been so from the cradle up. The very first words I uttered, were so many nick-names, and in calling my own papa, would you believe it, I could never get farther than the pap."

"Obstinate—incorrigible man!"

"Dear, delightful, mischievous woman.—But, Bess, by what are you assured I am no trader?"

"By many things, Gabriel—by look, language, gesture, manner—your face, your speech.—All satisfy me that you are no trader, but a gentleman—like the brave cavaliers that stood by King Charles."

"A dangerous comparison, Bess, if your old Puritan sire could hear it. What! the daughter of the grave Pastor Matthews thinking well of the cavaliers—why, Bess, let him but guess at such irreverence, and he'll be down upon you, thirty thousand strong, in scolds and sermons."

"Hush—don't speak of papa after that fashion. It's true, he talks hardly of the cavaliers—and I think well of those he talks ill of—so much for your teaching, Gabriel—you are to blame. But he loves me; and that's enough to make me respect his opinions, and to love him, in spite of them."

"You think he loves you, Bess—and doubtless he does, as who could otherwise—but, is it not strange that he does not love you enough to desire your happiness?"

"Why, so he does."

"How can that be, Bess, when he still refuses you to me?"

"And are you so sure, Gabriel, that his consent would have that effect?" inquired the maiden, slowly,

half pensively, half playfully, with a look nevertheless downcast, and a cheek that wore a blush after the prettiest manner. Harrison passed his arm about her person, and with a tone and countenance something graver than usual, but full of tenderness, replied :—

“ You do not doubt it yourself, dearest. I'm sure you do not. Be satisfied of it, so far as a warm affection, and a thought studious to unite with your own, can give happiness to mortal. If you are not assured by this time, no word from me can make you more so. True, Bess—I am wild—perhaps rash and frivolous—foolish, and in some things, headstrong and obstinate enough ; but the love for you, Bess, which I have always felt, I have felt as a serious and absorbing concern, predominating over all other objects of my existence. Let me be at the wildest—the waywardest—as full of irregular impulse as I may be, and your name, and the thought of you, bring me back to myself, bind me down, and take all wilfulness from my spirit. It is true, Bess, true, by the blessed sunlight that gives us its smile and its promise while passing from our sight—but this you knew before, and only desired its re-assertion, because—”

“ Because what, Gabriel ?”

“ Because the assurance is so sweet to your ears, that you could not have it too often repeated.”

“ Oh, abominable—thus it is, you destroy all the grace of your pretty speeches. But, you mistake the sex, if you suppose we care for your vows on this subject—knowing, as we do, that you are compelled to love us, we take the assurance for granted.”

“ I grant you ; but the case is yours also. Love is a mutual necessity ; and were it not that young hearts are still old hypocrites, the general truth would have long since been admitted ; but—”

He was interrupted at this point of the dialogue, which, in spite of all the warnings of the maiden, had been carried on in the warmth of its progress somewhat more loudly than was absolutely necessary, and brought back to a perception of the error by a

voice of inquiry from within, demanding of Bess with whom she spoke.

“With Gabriel—with Captain Harrison,—mother.”

“Well, why don’t you bring him in? Have you forgotten your manners, Betsy?”

“No, mother, but—come in, Gabriel, come in:” and as she spoke she extended her hand, which he passionately carried to his lips, and resolutely maintained there, in spite of all her resistance, while passing into the entrance and before reaching the apartment. The good old dame, a tidy, well-natured antique, received the visiter with regard and kindness, and though evidently but half recovered from a sound nap, proceeded to chatter with him and at him with all the garrulous unscrupulosity of age. Harrison, with that playful frankness which formed so large a portion of his manner, and without any effort, had contrived long since to make himself a friend in the mother of his sweet-heart; and knowing her foible, he now contented himself with provoking the conversation, prompting the choice of material, and leaving the tongue of the old lady at her own pleasure to pursue it: he, in the meanwhile, contriving that sort of chat, through the medium of looks and glances with the daughter, so grateful in all similar cases to young people, and which at the same time offered no manner of obstruction to the employment of the mother. It was not long before Mr. Matthews, the pastor himself, made his appearance, and the courtesies of his reception were duly extended by him to the guest of his wife and daughter; but there seemed a something of backwardness, a chilly repulsiveness in the manner of the old gentleman, quite repugnant to the habits of the country, and not less so to the feelings of Harrison, which, for a brief period, had the effect of freezing not a little even of the frank exuberance of that personage himself. The old man was an ascetic—a stern Presbyterian—one of the ultra-non-conformists—and not a little annoyed at that period, and in the new country, by the course of government, and plan of legislation pursued by the proprietary

lor of the province, which, in the end, brought about a revolution in Carolina resulting in the transfer of their colonial right and the restoration of their charter to the crown. The leading proprietary lords were generally of the church of England, and with all the bigotry of the zealot, forgetting, and in violation of their strict pledges, given at the settlement of the colony, and through which they made the acquisition of a large body of their most valuable population, not to interfere in the popular religion—they proceeded, soon after the colony began to flourish, to the establishment of a regular church, and, from step to step, had at length gone so far as actually to exclude from all representation in the colonial assemblies, such portions of the country as were chiefly settled by other sects. The region in which we find our story, shared in this exclusion; and with a man like Matthews, a stern, sour stickler—a good man enough, but not an overwise one—wedded to old habits and prejudices, and perhaps like a very extensive class, one, who, preserving forms, might with little difficulty be persuaded to throw aside principles—with such a man, the native acerbity of his sect might be readily supposed to undergo vast increase and exercise, from the political disabilities thus warring with his religious professions. He was a bigot himself, and with the power, would doubtless have tyrannised after a similar fashion. The world with him was what he could take in with his eye, or control within the sound of his voice. He could not be brought to understand, that climates and conditions should be various, and that the popular good, in a strict reference to the mind of man, demanded that people should everywhere differ in manner and opinion. He wore clothes after a different fashion from those who ruled, and the difference was vital; but he perfectly agreed with those in power that there should be a prescribed standard by which the opinions of all persons should be regulated; and such a point as this forms the faith for which, forgetful all the while of propriety, not less than of truth, so many thousands are

ready for the stake and the sacrifice. But though as great a bigot as any of his neighbours, Matthews yet felt how very uncomfortable it was to be in a minority; and the persecutions to which his sect had been exposed in Carolina, where they had been taught to look for every form of indulgence, had made him not less hostile towards the government than bitter in his feelings and relationship to society. To him, the manners of Harrison,—his dashing, free, unrestrainable carriage, as it was directly in the teeth of Puritan usage, was particularly offensive; and at this moment some newly proposed exactions of the proprietors in England, having for their object something more of religious reform, had almost determined many of the Puritans to remove from the colony, and place themselves under the more gentle and inviting rule of Penn, then beginning to attract all eyes to the singularly pacific and wonderfully successful government of his establishment. Having this character, and perplexed with these thoughts, old Matthews was in no mood to look favourably upon the suit of Harrison. For a little while after his entrance the dialogue was strained and chilling, and Harrison himself grew dull under its influence, while Bess looked every now and then doubtfully, now to her father and now to her lover, not a little heedful of the increased sternness which lowered upon the features of the old man. Some family duties at length demanding the absence of the old lady, Bess took occasion to follow; and the circumstance seemed to afford the pastor a chance for the conversation which he desired.

“Master Harrison,” said he, gravely, “I have just returned from a visit to Port Royal Island, and from thence to Charlestown.”

“Indeed, sir—I was told you had been absent, but knew not certainly where you had gone. How did you travel?”

“By canoe, sir, to Port Royal, and then by Miller’s sloop to Charlestown.”

“Did you find all things well, sir, in that quarter, and was there any thing from England?”

"All things were well, sir; there had been a vessel with settlers from England."

"What news, sir—what news?"

"The death of her late majesty, Queen Anne, whom God receive—"

"Amen!—but the throne—" was the impatient inquiry. "The succession?"

"The throne, sir, is filled by the Elector of Hanover—"

"Now, may I hear falsely, for I would not heed this tale! What—was there no struggle for the Stuart—no stroke?—now shame on the people so ready for the chain;" and as Harrison spoke, he rose with a brow deeply wrinkled with thought and indignation, and paced hurriedly over the floor.

"You are fast, too fast, Master Harrison; there had been strife, and a brief struggle, though, happily for the nation, a successful one, to lift once more into the high places of power that bloody and witless family—the slayers and the persecutors of the saints. But thanks be to the God who breathed upon the forces of the foe, and shrunk up their sinews. The strife is at rest there; but when, oh Lord, shall the persecutions of thy servants cease here, even in thy own untrodden places!"

The old man paused, while, without seeming to notice well what he had last said, Harrison continued to pace the floor in deep meditation. At length the pastor again addressed him, though in a different tone and upon a very different subject.

"Master Harrison," said he, "I have told thee that I have been to Charlestown—perhaps I should tell thee that it would have been my pleasure to meet with thee there."

"I have been from Charlestown some weeks, sir," was the somewhat hurried reply. "I have had labours upon the Ashe-poo, and even to the waters of the Savannah."

"I doubt not—I doubt not, Master Harrison," was the sober response; "thy craft carries thee far, and

thy labours are manifold; but what is that craft, Master Harrison? and, while I have it upon my lips, let me say, that it was matter of strange surprise in my mind, when I asked after thee in Charlestown, not to find any wholesome citizen who could point out thy lodgings, or to whom thy mere name was a thing familiar. Vainly did I ask after thee—none said for thee, Master Harrison is a good man and true, and his works are sound and sightworthy.”

“Indeed—the savages”—spoke the person addressed with a most provoking air of indifference—“and so, Mr. Matthews, your curiosity went without profit in either of those places?”

“Entirely, sir—and I would even have sought that worthy gentleman, the Lord Craven, for his knowledge of thee, if he had aught, but that he was gone forth upon a journey;” replied the old gentleman, with an air of much simplicity.

“That would have been going far for thy curiosity, sir—very far—and it would be lifting a poor gentleman like myself into undeserving notice, to have sought for him at the hands of the Governor Craven.”

“Thou speakest lightly of my quest, Master Harrison, as, indeed, it is too much thy wont to speak of all other things,” was the grave response of Matthews; “but the subject of my inquiry was too important to the wellbeing of my family, to be indifferent to me.”

“And so, sir, there were no Harrisons in Charlestown—none in Port Royal?”

“Harrisons there were—”

“True, true, sir—” said Harrison, breaking in—“true, true—Harrisons there were, but none of them the true. There was no Gabriel among the saints of those places.”

“Speak not so irreverently, sir,—if I may crave so much from one who seems usually indifferent to my desires, however regardful he may be at all times of his own.”

“Not so seriously, Mr. Matthews,” replied the oth-

er, now changing his tone to a business and straightforward character. "Not so seriously, sir, if you please; you are quite too grave in this matter, by half, and allow nothing for the ways of one who, perhaps, is not a jot more extravagant in his than you are in yours. Permit me to say, sir, that a little more plain confidence in Gabriel Harrison would have saved thee the unnecessary and unprofitable trouble thou hast given thyself in Charlestown. I knew well enough, and should willingly have assured thee that thy search after Gabriel Harrison in Charlestown would be as wild as that of the old Spaniard among the barrens of Florida for the waters of an eternal youth. He has neither chick nor child, nor friend nor servant, either in Charlestown or in Port Royal, and men there may not well answer for one whom they do not often see unless as the stranger. Gabriel Harrison lives not in those places, Master Matthews."

"It is not where he lives not, that I seek to know—to this thou hast spoken only, Master Harrison—wilt thou now condescend to say where he does live, where his name and person may be known, where his dwelling and his connexions may be found—what is his craft, what his condition?"

"A different inquiry that, Mr. Matthews, and one rather more difficult to answer—now, at least. I must say to you, sir, as I did before, when first speaking with you on the subject of your daughter, I am of good family and connexions, drive no servile or dishonourable craft, am one thou shalt not be ashamed of, neither thou nor thy daughter; and though now engaged in a pursuit which makes it necessary that much of my own concerns be kept for a time in close secrecy, yet the day will come, and I look for it to come ere long, when all shall be known, and thou shalt have no reason to regret thy confidence in the stranger. For the present, I can tell thee no more."

"This will not do for me, Master Harrison—it will not serve a father. On a promise so imperfect, I cannot risk the good name and the happiness of my child;

and, let me add to thee, Master Harrison, that there are other objections which gather in my mind, hostile to thy claim, even were these taken away."

"Ha! what other objections, sir—speak."

"Many, sir, nor the least of these, thy great levity of speech and manner, which is unbecoming in one having an immortal soul, and discreditable to one of thy age."

"My age, indeed, sir—my youth you will surely phrase it upon suggestion, for I do not mark more than thirty, and would have neither Bess nor yourself count upon me for a greater supply of years."

"It is unbecoming, sir, in any age, and in you shows itself quite too frequently. Then, sir, your tone and language, contemptuous of many things which the lover of religion is taught to venerate, too greatly savour of that ribald court and reign which made merry at the work of the Creator, and the persecution of his creatures, and drank from a rich cup where the wine of drunkenness and the blood of the saints were mixed together in most lavish profusion. You sing, sir, mirthful songs, and sometimes, though, perhaps, not so often, employ a profane oath, that your speech, in the silly thought of the youthful, may have a strong sound and a greater emphasis—"

"Enough, enough, good father of mine that is to be, —you have said quite enough against me, and more, rest you thankful, than I shall ever undertake to answer. One reply, however, I am free to make you."

"I shall be pleased to hear you, sir."

"That is gracious; and now, sir, let me say, I admit the sometime levity—the playfulness and the thoughtlessness, perhaps. I shall undertake to reform these, when you shall satisfy me that to laugh and sing, and seek and afford amusement, are inconsistent with my duties either to the Creator or the creature. On this head, permit me to say that you are the criminal, not me. It is you, sir, and your sect, that are the true criminals. Denying, as you do, to the young, all those natural forms of enjoyment and amusement which the

Deity, speaking through their own nature, designed them, you cast a gloomy despondency over all things around you. In this way, sir, you force them upon the necessity of seeking for less obvious and more artificial enjoyments, which are not often innocent, and which are frequently ruinous and destructive. As for my irreverence, and so forth—If it be so, it were a grievous fault, and I am grievously sorry for it. But I am free to say that I am not conscious of it. If you make a saint out of a murderer, as the Yemassee makes a God out of the devil, whom he worships as frequently and with more fervour than he does any other, I am not therefore irreverent when I doubt and deny. I do not, however, pretend, sir, to defend myself from the charge of many errors and some vices perhaps. I will try and cure these as I go on. I am not more fond of them, I honestly think, than the rest of my neighbours; and hope, some day, to be a better and a wiser man than I am. That I shall never be a Puritan, however, you may be assured, if it be only to avoid giving to my face the expression of a pine bur. That I shall never love Cromwell the better for having been a hypocrite as well as a murderer, you may equally take for granted; and, that my dress, unlike your own, sir, shall be fashioned always with a due reference to my personal becomingness, you and I, both, may this day safely swear for. These are matters, Mr. Matthews, upon which you insist with too much solemnity. I look upon them, sir, as so many trifles, not worthy the close consideration of thinking men. I will convince you before many days perhaps, that my levity does not unfit me for business—never interferes with my duties. I wear it as I do my doublet; when it suits me to do so, I throw it aside, and proceed, soul and body, to the necessity which calls for it. Such, sir, is Gabriel Harrison—the person for whom you can find no kindred—no sponsor—an objection, perfectly idle, sir, when one thing is considered.”

“And pray, sir,” said the pastor, who had been

stricken dumb by what seemed the gross irreverence of his companion's speech, "and pray, sir, what may that be?"

"Why, simply sir, that your daughter is to marry Gabriel Harrison himself, and not his kindred."

"Let Gabriel Harrison rest assured, that my daughter does no such thing."

"*Cha-no-selonee*, as the Yemassees say. We shall see. I don't believe that. Trust not your vow, Master Matthews—Gabriel Harrison will marry your daughter, and make her an excellent husband, sir, in spite of you. More than that, sir, I will for once be a prophet among the rest, and predict that you too shall clasp hands on the bargain."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, indeed, sir. Look not so sourly, old man, upon the matter. I am bent on it. You shall not destroy your daughter's chance of happiness in denying mine. Pardon me if my phrase is something audacious. I have been a rover, and my words come with my feelings—I seldom stop to pick them. I love Bess, and I'm sure I can make her happy. Believing this, and believing too that you shall be satisfied after a time with me, however you dislike my name, I shall not suffer myself to be much troubled on the score of your refusal. When the time comes—when I can see my way through some few difficulties now before me, and when I have safely performed other duties, I shall come to possess myself of my bride—and, as I shall then give you up my secret, I shall look to have her at your hands."

"We shall see, sir," was all the response which the bewildered pastor uttered to the wild visitor who had thus addressed him. The character of the dialogue, however, did not seem so greatly to surprise him, as one might have expected. He appeared to be rather familiar with some of the peculiarities of his companion, and however he might object to his seeming recklessness, he himself was not altogether insensible to the manly fearlessness which marked Har-

rierson's conduct throughout. The conversation had fairly terminated; and following his guest to the doorway, the pastor heard his farewell with a half unconscious spirit. But he was aroused by Harrison's return. His expression of face, no longer laughing, was now singularly changed to a reflective gravity.

"Mr. Matthews," said he—"one thing—let me not forget to counsel you. There is some mischief afoot among the Yemassees. I have reason to believe that it has been for some time in progress. We shall not be long, I fear, without an explosion, and must be prepared. The lower Block House would be your safest retreat in case of time being allowed you for flight; but I pray you reject no warning, and take the first Block House if the warning be short. I shall probably be nigh, however, in the event of danger, and though you like not the name of Gabriel Harrison, its owner has some ability, and wants none of the will to do you service."

The old man was struck, not less with the earnest manner of the speaker, so unusual with him, than with his language; and with something more of deference in his own expression, begged to know the occasion of his apprehensions.

"I cannot well tell you now," said the other, "but there are reasons enough to render caution advisable. Your eye has probably before this beheld the vessel in the river—she is a stranger, and I think an enemy. But as we have not the means of contending with her, we must watch her well, and do what we can by stratagem. What we think, too, must be thought secretly; but to you I may say, that I suspect an agent of the Spaniard in that vessel, and will do my utmost to find it out. I know that sundry of the Yemassees have been for the first time to St. Augustine, and they have come home burdened with gauds and gifts. These are not given for nothing. But enough—be on your watch—to give you more of my confidence, at this moment, than is called for, is no part of my vocation."

"In heaven's name who are you, sir?" was the earnest exclamation of the old pastor.

"Gabriel Harrison, sir," was the reply, with the most profound gravity of expression, "the future husband of Bess Matthews."

Then, as he caught a glance of the maiden's eye peering through a neighbouring window, he kissed his hand to her twice and thrice, and with a hasty nod to the wondering father, who now began to regard him as a madman, he dashed forward through the gate, and was soon upon the banks of the river.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The nations meet in league—a solemn league,
This is their voice—this their united pledge,
For all adventure."

SANUTEE turned away from the spot whence Harrison had departed, and was about to retire, when, not finding himself followed by Ishiagaska, and perceiving the approach of the sailor, his late opponent, and not knowing what to expect, he again turned, facing the two, and lifting his bow, and setting his arrow, he prepared himself for a renewal of the strife. But the voice of the sailor and of Ishiagaska, at the same moment, reached his ears in words of conciliation; and resting himself slightly against a tree, foregoing none of his precautions, however, with a cold indifference he awaited their approach. The seaman addressed him with all his usual bluntness, but with a manner now very considerably changed from what it was at their first encounter. He apologized for his violence and for having slain the dog. Had he known to whom it belonged, so he assured the chief, he had not been so hasty in despatching it; and as some small amends, he begged the Indian to do with the venison as he thought proper, for it was now his own. During the utterance of this uncouth apology, mixed up as it

was with numberless oaths, Sanutee looked on and listened with contemptuous indifference. When it was done, he simply replied—

“It is well—but the white man will keep the meat, it is not for Sanutee.”

“Come, come, don’t be ill-favoured now, warrior. What’s done can’t be undone, and more ado is too much to do. I’m sure I’m sorry enough I killed the dog, but how was I to know he belonged to you?”

The sailor might have gone on for some time after this fashion, had not Ishiagaska, seeing that the reference to his dog only the more provoked the ire of the chief, interposed by an address to the sailor which more readily commanded Sanutee’s consideration.

“The master of the big canoe—is he not the chief that comes from St. Augustine? Ishiagaska has looked upon the white chief in the great lodge of his Spanish brother.”

“Ay, that you have, Indian, I’ll be sworn; and I thought I knew you from the first. I am the friend of the Spanish governor, and I come here now upon his business.”

“It is good,” responded Ishiagaska—and he turned to Sanutee, with whom, for a few moments, he carried on a conversation in their own language, entirely beyond the comprehension of the sailor, who nevertheless gave it all due attention.

“Brings the master of the big canoe nothing from our Spanish brother? Hides he no writing in his bosom?” was the inquiry of Ishiagaska, turning from Sanutee, who seemed to have prompted the inquiry.

“Writing indeed—no—writing to wild Indians,” and he muttered to himself the last clause, at the conclusion of his reply to their question. “No writing, but something that you may probably understand quite as well. Here—this is what I have brought you. See if you can read it.”

As he spoke, he drew from his bosom a bright red cloth—a strip, not over six inches in width, but of several yards in length, worked over at little intervals

with symbols and figures of every kind and of the most fantastic description—among which were birds and beasts, reptiles and insects, uncouthly delineated, either in shells or beads, which, however grotesque, had yet their signification; and under the general name of wampum, among all the Indians formed a common language, in which their treaties, whether of peace, war, or alliance, were commonly effected. Each tribe, indicated by some hieroglyphic of this sort, supposed to be particularly emblematic of its general pursuit or character, pledges itself and its people after this fashion, and affixes to the compact agreed upon between them a seal, which is significant of their intentions, and as faithfully binding as the more legitimate characters known among the civilized. The features of Sanutee underwent a change from the repose of indifference to the lively play of the warmest interest, as he beheld the long folds of this document slowly unwind before his eyes; and without a word hastily snatching it from the hands of the seaman, he had nearly brought upon himself another assault from that redoubted worthy. But as he made a show of that sort, Ishiagaska interposed.

“How do I know that it is for him—that treaty is for the chiefs of the Yemassee; and blast my eyes if any but the chiefs shall grapple it in their yellow fingers.”

“It is right—it is Sanutee, the great chief of the Yemassee; and is not Ishiagaska a chief?” replied the latter, impressively. The sailor was somewhat pacified, and said no more; while Sanutee, who seemed not at all to have heeded this latter movement, went on examining each figure upon its folds in turn, numbering them carefully upon his fingers as he did so, and conferring upon their characters with Ishiagaska, whose own curiosity was now actively at work along with him in the examination. In that language which from their lips is a solemn melody, they conversed together, to the great disquiet of the seaman, who had no less curiosity than themselves to know

the features of this treaty, but who understood not a word they said.

"They are here, Ishiagaska, they have heard the speech of the true warrior, and they will stand together. Look, this green bird is for the Estatoe;* he will sing death in the sleeping ear of the pale warrior of the English."

"He is a great brave of the hills, and has long worn the blanket of the Spaniard. It is good," was the reply.

"And this for the Cussoboe—it is burnt timber. They took the totem from the Suwannee, when they smoked him out of his lodge. And this for the Alatomaha, a green leaf of the summer, for the great prophet of the Alatomaha never dies, and looks always in youth. This tree snake stands for the Serannah; for he watches in the thick top of the bush for the warrior that walks blind underneath."

"I have looked on this chief in battle—the hill chief of Apalachy. It was the fight of a long day, when we took scalps from their warriors, and slew them with their arms about our necks. They are brave—look, the mark of their knife is deep in the cheek of Ishiagaska."

"The hill is their *totem*. It stands, and they never lie. This is the wolf tribe of the Cherokee—and this the bear's. Look, the Catawba, that laughs, is here. He speaks with the trick-tongue of the Coonee-lattee;† he laughs, but he can strike like a true brave, and sings his death-song with a free spirit."

"For whom speaks the viper-snake, hissing from under the bush?"

"For the Creek warrior with the sharp tooth, that tears. His tooth is like an arrow, and when he tears away the scalp of his enemy, he drinks a long drink

* A tribe of the Cherokees, living in what is now Pendleton district.

† The mocking-bird. The Catawbas were of a generous, elastic, and lively temperament, and until this affair, usually the friends of the Carolinians.

of his blood, that makes him strong. This is their *totem*—I know them of old; they gave us six braves when we fought with the Chickquasays.”

The sailor had heard this dialogue without any of the advantages possessed by us. It was in a dead language to him. Becoming impatient, and desiring to have some hand in the business, he took advantage of a pause made by Sanutee, who now seemed to examine with Ishiagaska more closely the list they had read out—to suggest a more rapid progress to the rest.

“Roll them out, chief; roll them out; there are many more yet to come. Snakes, and trees, and birds, and beasts enough to people the best *show-stall* of Europe.”

“It is good,” said Sanutee, who understood in part what had been said, and as suggested, the Yemassee proceeded to do so, though exhibiting something less of curiosity. The residue of the hieroglyphics were those chiefly of tribes and nations of which he had been previously secure. He proceeded however, as if rather for the stranger’s satisfaction than his own.

“Here,” said he, continuing the dialogue in his own language with Ishiagaska, “here is the Salutah* that falls like the water. He is a stream from the rock. This is the Isundiga† that goes on his belly, and shoots from the hollow—this is the Santee, he runs in the long canoe, and his paddle is a cane, that catches the tree top, and thus he goes through the dark swamps of Serattaya.‡ The Chickaree stands up in the pine—and the Winyah is here in the terrapin.”

“I say, chief,” said the sailor, pointing to the next symbol, which was an arrow of considerable length, and curved almost to a crescent, “I say, chief, tell us what this arrow means here—I know it stands for some nation, but what nation? and speak now in plain English, if you can, or in Spanish, or in French, which I can make out, but not in that d—d gibberish which

* Salutah, now written Saluda, and signifying Corn river.

† Isundiga, or Savannah.

‡ Near Nelson’s ferry and Scott’s lake on the Santee.

is all up side down and in and out, and no ways at all, in my understanding."

The chief comprehended the object of the sailor, though less from his words than his looks; and with an elevation of head and gesture, and a pleasant kindling of the eye, he replied proudly:—

"It is the arrow, the arrow that came with the storm—it came from the Manneyto, to the brave, to the well-beloved, the old father-chief of the Yemassee."

"Ah, ha! so that's your mark—totem, do you call it?—Well, its a pretty long matter to burrow in one's ribs, and reminds me of the fellow to it, that you so kindly intended for mine. But that's over—so no more of it, old chief."

Neither of the Indians appeared to heed this latter speech of the sailor, for they seemed not exactly to comprehend one of the symbols upon the wampum which now met their eyes, and called for their closest scrutiny. They uttered their doubts and opinions in their own language with no little fluency; for it is something of a popular error to suppose the Indian that taciturn character which he is sometimes represented. He is a great speech maker, and when business claims him not, actually and exceeding fond of a jest; which, by the way, is not often the purest in its nature. The want of our language is a very natural reason why he should be sparing of his words when he speaks with us.

The bewilderment of the chiefs did not escape the notice of the sailor, who immediately guessed its occasion. The symbol before their eyes was that of Spain; the high turrets, and the wide towers of its castellated dominion, frowning in gold, and finely embroidered upon the belt, directly below the simpler ensign of the Yemassees. Explaining the mystery to their satisfaction, the contrast between its gorgeous imbediments and vaster associations of human agency and power, necessarily influenced the imagination of the European, while wanting every thing like force to the Indian, to whom a lodge so vast and cheerless in its

aspect seemed rather an absurdity than any thing else ; and he could not help dilating upon the greatness and magnificence of a people dwelling in such houses.

"That's a nation for you now, chiefs—that is the nation after all."

"The Yemassee is the nation," said one of the chiefs proudly.

"Yes, perhaps so, in this part of the world, a great nation enough ; but in Europe you wouldn't be a mouthful—a mere drop in the bucket—a wounded porpoise, flirting about in the mighty seas that must swallow it up. Ah ! it's a great honour, chiefs, let me tell you, when so great a king as the King of Spain condescends to make a treaty with a wild people such as you are here."

Understanding but little of all this, Sanutee did not perceive its disparaging tendency, but simply pointing to the insignia, inquired—

"It is the Spanish totem."

"Ay, it's their sign—their arms—if that's what you mean by totem. It was a long time before the Governor of Saint Augustine could get it done after your fashion, till an old squaw of the *Charriquees** fixed it up, and handsomely enough she has done it too. And now, chiefs, the sooner we go to work the better. The governor has put his hand to the treaty, he will find the arms, and you the warriors."

"The Yemassee will speak to the governor," said Sanutee.

"You will have to go to Saint Augustine, then, for he has sent me in his place. I have brought the treaty, and the arms are in my vessel ready for your warriors, whenever they are ready."

"Does Sanutee speak to a chief?"

"Ay, that he does, or my name is not Richard Chorley. I am a sea chief, a chief of the great canoe, and captain of as pretty a crew as ever riddled a merchantman."

* Thus written for Cherokees, in many of the old state papers.

"I see not the totem of your tribe."

"My tribe?" said the sailor, laughingly—"My crew, you mean. Yes, they have a totem, and as pretty a one as any on your roll. There, look," said he, and as he spoke, rolling up his sleeve, he displayed a huge anchor upon his arm, done in gunpowder—a badge so much like their own, that the friendly regards of the Indians became evidently more active in his favour after this exhibition.

"And now," said Chorley, "it is well I have some of my marks about me, for I can easily put my signature to that treaty without scrawl of pen, or taking half the trouble that it must have given the worker of these beads. But, hear me, chiefs, I don't work for nothing; I must have my pay, and as it don't come out of your pockets, I look to have no refusal."

"The chief of the great canoe will speak."

"Yes, and first to show that I mean to act as well as speak, here is my *totem*—the *totem* of my crew or tribe as you call it. I put it on, and trust to have fair play out of you." As he spoke, he took from his pocket a small leaden anchor, such as are now-a-days numbered among the playthings of children, but which at that period made no unfrequent ornament to the seaman's jacket. A thorn from a neighbouring branch secured it to the wampum, and the engagement of the sea chief was duly ratified. Having done this, he proceeded to unfold his expectations. He claimed, among other things, in consideration of the service of himself and the fifteen men whom he should command in the insurrection, the possession of all slaves who should be taken by him from the Carolinians; and that unless they offered resistance, they should not be slain in the war.

"I don't want better pay than that," said he, "but that I must and will have, or d—n the blow I strike in the matter."

The terms of the seaman had thus far undergone development, when Sanutee started suddenly, and his eyes, flushed seemingly with some new interest, were

busied in scrutinizing the little circuit of wood on the edge of which their conversation had been carried on. Ishiagaska betrayed a similar consciousness of an intruder's presence, and the wampum belt was rolled up hurriedly by one of the chiefs, while the other maintained his watchfulness upon the brush from whence the interruption had come. There was some reason for the alarm, though the unpractised sense of the white man had failed to perceive it. It was there that our old acquaintance, Hector, despatched as a spy upon the progress of those whom his master suspected to be engaged in mischief, had sought concealment while seeking his information. Unfortunately for the black, as he crept along on hands and knees, a fallen and somewhat decayed tree lay across his path, some of the branches of which protruded entirely out of the cover, and terminated within sight of the three conspirators, upon the open plain. In crawling cautiously enough over the body of the tree, the branches thus exposed were agitated, and though but slightly, yet sufficiently for the keen sight of an Indian warrior. Hector, all the while, ignorant of the protrusion within their gaze of the agitated members, in his anxiety to gain more of the latter words of the sailor, so interesting to his own colour, and a portion of which had met his ear, incautiously pushed forward over the tree, crawling all the way like a snake, and seeking to shelter himself in a little clump that interposed itself between him and those he was approaching. As he raised his head above the earth, he beheld the glance of Sanutee fixed upon the very bush behind which he lay; the bow uplifted, and his eye ranging from stem to point of the long arrow. In a moment the negro sunk to the level of the ground; but in doing so precipitately, disturbed still more the branches clustering around him. The lapse of a few moments without any assault, persuaded Hector to believe that all danger was passed; and he was just about to lift his head for another survey, when he felt the entire weight of a heavy body upon his back. While the black had lain quiet, in those few moments,

Sanutee had swept round a turn of the woods, and with a single bound after noticing the person of the spy, had placed his feet upon him.

“Hello, now, who de debble dat? Get off, I tell you. Wha’for you do so to Hector?” Thus shouting confusedly, the negro, taken in the very act, with a tone of considerable indignation, addressed his assailant, while struggling violently all the time at his extrication. His struggles only enabled him to see his captor, who, calling out to Ishiagaska, in a moment, with his assistance, dragged forth the spy from his unconcealing cover. To do Hector’s courage all manner of justice, he battled violently; threatening his captors dreadfully with the vengeance of his master. But his efforts ceased as the hatchet of Ishiagaska gleamed over his eyes, and he was content, save in words, which he continued to pour forth with no little fluency, to forego his further opposition to the efforts which they now made to keep him down, while binding his arms behind him with a thong of hide which Ishiagaska readily produced. The cupidity of Chorley soon furnished them with a plan for getting rid of him. Under his suggestion, driving the prisoner before them, with the terrors of knife and hatchet, they soon reached the edge of the river; and after some search, found the rattlesnake’s point, where the boat had been stationed in waiting. With the assistance of the two sailors in it, the seats were taken up, and the captive, kicking, struggling, and threatening, though all in vain, was tumbled in; the seats replaced above him, the seamen sitting upon them; and every chance of a long captivity, and that foreign slavery against which his master had forewarned him, in prospect before his thoughts. The further arrangements between the chiefs and the sailor took place on shore, out of Hector’s hearing. In a little while, it ceased—the Yemassee took their way up the river to Pocotaligo, while Chorley, returning to his boat, bringing the deer along, which he tumbled in upon the legs of the negro, took his seat in the stern, and the men pulled steadily off for the

vessel, keeping nigh the opposite shore, and avoiding that side upon which the settlements of the Carolinians were chiefly to be found. As they pursued their way, a voice hailed them from the banks, to which the sailor gave no reply; but immediately changing the direction of the boat, put her instantly into the centre of the stream. But the voice was known to Hector as that of Granger, the Indian trader, and with a desperate effort, raising his head from the uncomfortable place where it had been laid on a dead level with his body, he yelled out to the trader, with his utmost pitch of voice, vainly endeavouring through the mists of evening, which now hung heavily around, to make out the person to whom he spoke. A salutary blow from the huge fist of the sailor, driven into the up-rising face of the black, admonished him strongly against any future imprudence, while driving him back with all the force of a sledge-hammer to the shelter of his old position. There was no reply that the negro heard to his salutation; and in no long time after, the vessel was reached, and Hector was soon consigned to a safe quarter in the hold, usually provided for such freight, and kept to await the arrival of as many companions in captivity, as the present enterprise of the pirate captain, for such is Master Richard Chorley, promised to procure.

CHAPTER IX.

“Why goes he forth again—what is the quest,
That from his cottage home, and the warm heart,
Blest that its warmth is his, carries him forth
By night, into the mazy solitude?”

THE boats, side by side, of Sanutee and Ishiagaska, crossed the river at a point just below Pocotaligo. It was there that Sanutee landed—the other chief con-

tinued his progress to the town. But a few words, and those of stern resolve, passed between them at separation; but those words were volumes. They were the words of revolution and strife, and announced the preparation of the people not less than of the two chiefs, for the commencement, with brief delay, of those terrors which were now the most prominent images in their minds. The night was fixed among them for the outbreak, the several commands arranged, and the intelligence brought by the sailor, informed them of a contemplated attack of the Spaniards by sea upon the Carolinian settlements, while at the same time another body was in progress over land to coalesce with them in their operations. This latter force could not be very distant, and it was understood that when the scouts should return with accounts of its approach, the signal should be given for the general massacre.

"They shall die—they shall all perish, and their scalps shall shrivel around the long pole in the lodge of the warrior," exclaimed Ishiagaska, fiercely, to his brother chief in their own language. The response of Sanutee was in a different temper, though recognising the same necessity.

"The Yemassee must be free," said the elder chief, solemnly, in his sonorous tones—"the Manneyto will bring him freedom—he will take the burden from his shoulders, and set him up against the tree by the wayside. He will put the bow into his hands—he will strengthen him for the chase; there shall be no pale-faces along the path to rob him of venison—to put blows upon his shoulders. The Yemassee shall be free."

"He shall drink blood for strength.—He shall hunt the track of the English to the sounds of the big waters; and the war-whoop shall ring death in the ear that sleeps," cried Ishiagaska, with a furious exultation.

"Let them go, Ishiagaska, let them go from the Yemassee—let the warrior have no stop in the chase, when he would strike the brown deer on the edge of

the swamp. Let them leave the home of the Yemassee, and take the big canoe over the waters, and the tomahawk of Sanutee shall be buried—it should drink no blood from the English.”

“They will not go,” exclaimed the other fiercely—“there must be blood—the white man will not go. His teeth are in the trees, and he eats into the earth for his own.”

“Thou hast said, Ishiagaska—there must be blood—they will not go. The knife of the Yemassee must be red. But—not yet—not yet! The moon must sleep first—the Yemassee is a little child till the moon sleeps, but then—”

“He is a strong man, with a long arrow, and a tomahawk like the Manneyto.”

“It is good—the arrow shall fly to the heart, and the tomahawk shall sink deep into the head. The Yemassee shall have his lands, and his limbs shall be free in the hunt.” Thus, almost in a strain of lyric enthusiasm, for a little while they continued, until, having briefly arranged for a meeting with other chiefs of their party for the day ensuing, they separated, and the night had well set in before Sanutee reappeared in the cabin of his wife.

He returned gloomy and abstracted—his mind brooding over schemes of war and violence. He was about to plunge his nation into all the difficulties and dangers of a strife with the colony, still in its infancy, but even in its infancy, powerful to the Indians—with a people with whom they had, hitherto, always been at peace and on terms of the most friendly intercourse. Sanutee felt the difficulties of this former relation doubly to increase those which necessarily belong to war. He had, however, well deliberated the matter, and arrived at a determination, so fraught with peril not only to himself but to his people, only after a perfect conviction of its absolute necessity. Yet such a decision was a severe trial to a spirit framed as his—a spirit, which, as in the case of Logan, desired peace rather than war. The misfortune with him, however

consisted in this—he was a patriot rather than a sage, and though lacking nothing of that wisdom which may exist in a mind not yet entirely stripped of all warmth—all national veneration,—he could not coldly calculate chances and changes, injurious and possibly fatal to his people, tamely to predict, without seeking also to divert them. At the first, misled as were the Indians generally, he had been friendly to the settlers—he had cordially welcomed them—yielded the lands of his people graciously, and when they were assailed by other tribes, had himself gone forth in their battle even against the Spaniards of St. Augustine, with whom he now found it politic to enter into alliance. But his eyes were now fully opened to his error. It is in the nature of civilization to own an appetite for dominion and extended sway, which the world that is known will always fail to satisfy. It is for her, then, to seek and to create, and not with the Macedonian barbarian, to weep for the triumph of the unknown. Conquest and sway are the great leading principles of her existence, and the savage must join in her train, or she rides over him relentlessly in her for-ever-onward progress. Though slow, perhaps, in her approaches, Sanutee was sage enough at length to foresee all this, as the inevitable result of her progressive march. The evidence rose daily before his eyes in the diminution of the game—in the frequent insults to his people, unredressed by their obtrusive neighbours—and in the daily approach of some new borderer in contact with the Indian hunters, whose habits were foreign, and whose capacities were obviously superior to theirs. The desire for new lands, and the facility with which the whites, in many cases, taking advantage of the weaknesses of their chiefs, had been enabled to procure them, impressed Sanutee strongly with the melancholy prospect in reserve for the Yemassee. He, probably, would not live to behold them landless, and his own children might, to the last, have range enough for the chase; but the nation itself was in the thought of the unselfish chieftain, upon whom its general voice

had conferred the title of "the well-beloved of Manneyto."

He threw himself upon the bearskin of his cabin, and Matiwan stood beside him. She was not young—she was not beautiful, but her face was softly brown, and her eye was dark, while her long black hair came down her back with a flow of girlish luxuriance. Her face was that of a girl, plump, and though sorrow had made free with it, the original expression must have been one of extreme liveliness. Even now, when she laughed, and the beautiful white teeth glittered through her almost purple lips, she wore all the expression of a child. The chief loved her as a child rather than as a wife, and she rather adored than loved the chief. At this moment, however, as she stood before him, robed loosely in her long white garment, and with an apron of the soft skin of the spotted fawn, he had neither words nor looks for Matiwan. She brought him a gourd filled with a simple beer common to their people, and extracted from the pleasanter roots of the forest, with the nature of which, all Indians, in their rude pharmacy, are familiar. Unconsciously he drank off the beverage, and without speaking returned the gourd to the woman. She addressed him inquiringly at last,

"The chief, Sanutee, has sent an arrow from his bow, yet brings he no venison from the woods?"

The red of his cheek grew darker, as the speech reminded him of his loss, not only of dog, but deer; and though the sailor had proffered him the meat, which his pride had compelled him to reject, he could not but feel that he had been defrauded of the spoils which had been in reality his own, while sustaining a severe loss beside: querulously, therefore, was the manner of his reply:—

"Has Matiwan been into the tree-top to-day, for the voice of the bird which is painted, that she must sing with a foolish noise in the ear of Sanutee?"

The woman was rebuked into silence for the moment, but with a knowledge of his mood, she sunk back directly behind him, upon a corner of the bear-

skin, and after a few prefatory notes, as if singing for her own exercise and amusement, she carolled forth in an exquisite ballad voice, one of those little fancies of the Indians, which may be found among nearly all the tribes from Carolina to Mexico.—It recorded the achievements of that Puck of the American forests, the mocking-bird; and detailed the manner in which he procured his imitative powers. The strain, playfully simple in the sweet language of the original, must necessarily lose in the more frigid verse of the translator.

THE "COONEE-LATEE," OR "TRICK-TONGUE."

I.

"As the Coonee-latee looked forth from his leaf,
He saw below him a Yemasee chief,
In his war-paint, all so grim—
Sung boldly, then, the Coonee-latee,
I, too, will seek for mine enemy,
And when the young moon grows dim,
I'll slip through the leaves, nor shake them,—
I'll come on my foes, nor wake them,—
And I'll take off their scalps like him.

II.

"In the forest grove, where the young birds slept,
Slyly by night, through the leaves he crept
With a footstep free and bold—
From bush to bush, and from tree to tree,
They lay, wherever his eye could see,
The bright, the dull, the young, and the old;
I'll cry my war-whoop, said he, at breaking
The sleep, that shall never know awaking,
And their hearts shall soon grow cold.

III.

"But, as nigher and nigher, the spot he crept,
And saw that with open mouth they slept,
The thought grew strong in his brain—
And from bird to bird, with a cautious tread,
He unhook'd the tongue, out of every head,
Then flew to his perch again;—
And thus it is, whenever he chooses,
The tongues of all the birds he uses,
And none of them dare complain."*

The song had something of the desired effect, though still the chief said nothing. He seemed

* The grove is generally silent when the mocking-bird sings.
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soothed, however, and as a beautiful pet fawn bounded friskingly into the lodge, from the enclosure which adjoined it, and leaped playfully upon him, as, with an indulged habit, he encouraged its caresses; while, also encouraged by this show, Matiwan herself drew nigher, and her arm rested upon his shoulder. The chief, though still silent and musing, suffered his hand to glide over the soft skin and shrinking back of the animal, which, still more encouraged by his caress, now thrust its head into his bosom, while its face was even occasionally pressed upon his own. On a sudden, however, the warrior started, as his hand was pressed upon a thick cluster of large and various beads, which had been wound about the neck of the playful favourite; and, as if there had been contamination in the touch, thrusting the now affrighted animal away, he cried out to the shrinking woman, in a voice of thunder:—

“Matiwan, the white trader has been in the lodge of Sanutee!”

“No, chief—Sanutee—not Granger—he has not been in the lodge of the chief.”

“The beads! Matiwan—the beads!” he cried, furiously, as he tore the cluster from the neck of the fawn, and dashing them to the ground, trampled them fiercely under his feet.

“The boy,—Sanutee—the boy, Occonestoga—”

“The dog! came he to the lodge of Sanutee when Sanutee said no! Matiwan—woman! Thy ears have forgotten the words of the chief—of Sanutee—thine eyes have looked upon a dog.”

“’Tis the child of Matiwan—Matiwan has no child but Occonestoga.” And she threw herself at length, with her face to the ground, at the foot of her lord.

“Speak, Matiwan—darkens the dog still in the lodge of Sanutee?”

“Sanutee, no! Occonestoga has gone with the chiefs of the English, to talk in council with the Yemassee.”

“Ha—thou speakest!—look, Matiwan—where stood the sun when the chiefs of the pale-faces came? Speak!”

"The sun stood high over the lodge of Matiwan, and saw not beneath the tree top."

"They come for more lands—they would have all; but they know not that Sanutee lives—they say he sleeps—that he has no tongue,—that his people have forgotten his voice! They shall see." As he spoke, he pointed to the gaudy beads which lay strewed over the floor of the cabin, and, with a bitter sarcasm of glance and speech, thus addressed her:—

"What made thee, a chief of the Yemassee, Matiwan, to sell the lands of my people to the pale-faces for their painted glass? They would buy thee, and the chief, and the nation—all; and with what? With that which is not worth, save that it is like thine eye. And thou—didst thou pray to the Manneyto to send thee from thy people, that thou mightst carry water for the pale-faces from the spring? Go—thou hast done wrong, Matiwan."

"They put the painted glass into the hands of Matiwan, but they asked not for lands; they gave it to Matiwan, for she was the wife of Sanutee, the chief."

"They lied with a forked tongue. It was to buy the lands of our people; it was to send us into the black swamps, where the sun sleeps for ever. But I will go—where is the dog—the slave of the pale-faces! where went Oconestoga with the English?"

"To Pocota-ligo—they would see the chiefs of Yemassee."

"To buy them with the painted glass, and red cloth, and strong water. Manneyto be with my people, for the chiefs are slaves to the English; and they will give the big forests of my fathers to be cut down by the accursed axes of the pale-face. But they blind me not—they buy not Sanutee! The knife must have blood—the Yemassee must have his home with the old grave of his father. I will go to Pocota-ligo."

"Sanutee, chief—'tis Matiwan, the mother of Oconestoga that speaks; thou wilt see the young chief—thou wilt look upon the boy at Pocota-ligo. Oh! well—

beloved of the Yemassee—look not to strike.” She sunk at his feet as she uttered the entreaty, and her arms clung about his knees.

“I would not see Occonestoga, Matiwan—for he is thy son. Manneyto befriend thee ; but thou hast been the mother to a dog.”

“Thou wilt not see to strike—”

“I would not see him ! but let him not stand in the path of Sanutee. Look, Matiwan—the knife is in my hands, and there is death for the dog, and a curse for the traitor, from the black swamps of Opitchi-Manneyto.”*

He said no more, and she, too, was speechless. She could only raise her hands and eye, in imploring expressions to his glance, as, seizing upon his tomahawk, which he had thrown beside him upon the skin, he rushed forth from the lodge, and took the path to Pocota-ligo.

CHAPTER X.

———“Ye shall give all
The old homes of your fathers, and their graves,
To be the spoils of strangers, and go forth
A Seminole.”†

THE house of council, in the town of Pocota-ligo, was filled that night with an imposing conclave. The gauds and the grandeur—the gilded mace, the guardian sword, the solemn stole, the rich pomps of civilization were wanting, it is true ; but how would these have shown in that dark and primitive assembly ! A single hall—huge and cumbrous—built of the unhewn trees of the forest, composed the entire building. A single door furnished the means of access and departure.

* The evil principle of the Yemassee.

† i. e. an exile.

The floor was the native turf, here and there concealed by the huge bearskin of some native chief, and they sat around, each in his place, silent, solemn, but with the sagacious mind at work, and with features filled with the quiet deliberateness of the sage. Motionless like themselves, stood the torch-bearers, twelve in number, behind them—standing, and observant, and only varying their position when it became necessary to renew with fresh materials the bright fires of the ignited pine which they bore. These were all the pomps of the savage council—but the narrow sense, alone, would object to their deficiency. The scene is only for the stern painter of the dusky and the sublime—it would suffer in other hands.

Huspah was at this time the superior chief—the reigning king, if we may apply that title legitimately to the highest dignitary of a people with a form of government like that of the Yemassee. He bore the name, though in name only might he claim to be considered in that character. In reality, there was no king over the nation. It was ruled by a number of chiefs, each equal in authority, though having several tribes for control, yet the majority of whom were required to coalesce in any leading national measures. These chiefs were elective, and from these the superior, or presiding chief, was duly chosen; all of these without exception were accountable to the nation, though such accountability was rather the result of popular impulse than of any other more legitimate or customary regulation. It occurred sometimes, however, that a favourite ruler, presuming upon his strength with the people, ventured beyond the prescribed boundary, and transcended the conceded privileges of his station; but such occurrences were not frequent, and when the case did happen, the offender was most commonly made to suffer the unmeasured penalties always consequent upon any outbreak of popular indignation. As in the practices of more civilized communities, securing the mercenaries, a chief has been known to enter into treaties, unsanctioned by his

brother chiefs ; and, forming a party resolute to sustain him, has brought about a civil war in the nation, and, perhaps, the secession from the great body of many of its tribes. Of this sort was the case of the celebrated Creek chief, Mackintosh—whose summary execution in Georgia, but a few years ago, by the indignant portion of his nation, disapproving of the treaty which he had made with the whites for the sale of lands, resulted in the emigration of a large minority of that people to the west.

Among the Yemasseees, Huspah, the oldest chief, was tacitly placed at the head of his caste, and these formed the nobility of the nation. This elevation was nominal, simply complimentary in its character, and without any advantages not shared in common with the other chiefs. The honour was solely given to past achievements ; for at this time, Huspah, advanced in years and greatly enfeebled, was almost in his second infancy. The true power of the nation rested in Sanutee—his position was of all others the most enviable, as upon him the eyes of the populace generally turned in all matters of trying and important character ; and his brother chiefs were usually compelled to yield to the popular will as it was supposed to be expressed through the lips of one styled by general consent, the “well-beloved” of the nation. A superiority so enviable with the people had the unavoidable effect of subtracting from the favourable estimate put upon him by his brother chiefs ; and the feelings of jealous dislike which many of them entertained towards him, had not been entirely concealed from the favourite himself. This was shown in various forms, and particularly in the fact that he was most generally in a minority, no ways desirable at any time, but more particularly annoying to the patriotic mind of Sanutee at the present moment, as he plainly foresaw the evil consequences to the people of this hostility on the part of the chiefs to himself. The suggestions which he made in council were usually met with decided opposition by a regularly combined party,

and it was only necessary to identify with his name the contemplated measure, to rally against it sufficient opposition for its defeat in council. The nation, it is true, did him justice, but, to his thought, there was nothing grateful in the strife.

Under this state of things at home, it may be readily understood why the hostility of Sanutee to the fast-approaching English, should find little sympathy with the majority of those around him. Accordingly, we find, that as the jealousy of the favourite grew more and more hostile to the intruders, they became, for this very reason, more and more favoured by the party most envious of his position. No one knew better than Sanutee the true nature of this difference. He was a far superior politician to those around him, and had long since foreseen the sort of warfare he would be compelled to wage with his associates when aiming at the point to which at this moment every feeling of his soul and every energy of his mind was devoted. It was this knowledge that chiefly determined upon the conspiracy—the plan of which, perfectly unknown to the people, was only intrusted to the bosom of a few chiefs having like feelings with himself. These difficulties of his situation grew more fully obvious to his mind, as, full of evil auguries from the visit of the English commissioners, he took the lonely path from his own lodge to the council-house of Pocota-ligo.

He arrived just in season. As he feared, the rival chiefs had taken advantage of his absence to give audience to the commissioners of treaty from the Carolinians, charged with the power to purchase from the Yemassee a large additional tract of land, which, if sold to the whites, would bring their settlements directly upon the borders of Pocota-ligo itself. The whites had proceeded, as was usual in such cases, to administer bribes, of one sort or another, in the shape of presents, to all such persons, chiefs, or people, as were most influential and seemed most able to serve them. In this manner had all in that assembly been appealed to. Huspah, an old and drowsy Indian,

tottering with palsy from side to side of the skin upon which he sat, was half smothered in the wide folds of a huge scarlet cloak which the commissioners had flung over his shoulders. Dresses of various shapes, colours, and decorations, such as might be held most imposing to the Indian eye, had been given to each in the assembly, and put on as soon as received. In addition to these, other gifts, such as hatchets, knives, beads, &c. had been made to minister to the craving poverty of the people, so that before the arrival of Sanutee, the minds of the greater number had been prepared for a very liberal indulgence of any claim or proffer which the commissioners had to make.

Sanutee entered abruptly, followed by Ishiagaska, who, like himself, had just had intelligence of the council. There was a visible start in the assembly as the old patriot came forward, full into the centre of the circle,—surveying, almost analyzing every feature, and sternly dwelling in his glance upon the three commissioners, who sat a little apart from the chiefs, upon a sort of mat to themselves. Another mat held the presents which remained unappropriated and had been reserved for such chiefs, Ishiagaska and Sanutee among them, as had not been present in the first distribution. The survey of Sanutee, and the silence which followed his first appearance within the circle, lasted not long: abruptly, and with a voice of strong but restrained emotion, addressing no one in particular, but with a glance almost exclusively given to the commissioners, he at length exclaimed as follows, in his own strong language:—"Who came to the lodge of Sanutee to say that the chiefs were in council? Is not Sanutee a chief?—the Yemassee call him so, or he dreams. Is he not the well-beloved of the Yemassee, or have his brothers taken from him the totem of his tribe? Look, chiefs, is the broad arrow of Yemassee gone from the shoulder of Sanutee?" and as he spoke, throwing the loose hunting shirt open to the shoulder, he displayed to the gaze of all, the curved arrow which is the badge of the Yemassee. A general

silence in the assembly succeeded this speech—none of them caring to answer for an omission equally chargeable upon all. The eye of the chief lowered scornfully as it swept the circle, taking in each face with its glance; then, throwing from his arm the thick bearskin which he carried, upon a vacant spot in the circle, he took his seat with the slow and sufficient dignity of a Roman senator, speaking as he descended.

“It is well—Sanutee is here in the council—he is a chief of the Yemassee. He has ears for the words of the English.”

Granger, the trader and interpreter, who stood behind the commissioners, signified to them the willingness conveyed in the last words of Sanutee, to hear what they had to say, and Sir Edmund Bellinger—then newly created a landgrave, one of the titles of Carolinian nobility—the head of the deputation, arose accordingly, and addressing himself to the new comer, rather than to the assembly, proceeded to renew those pledges and protestations which he had already uttered to the rest. His speech was immediately interpreted by Granger, who, residing in Pocotaligo, was familiar with their language.

“Chiefs of the Yemassee,” said Sir Edmund Bellinger—“we come from your English brothers, and we bring peace with this belt of wampum. They have told us to say to you that one house covers the English and the Yemassee. There is no strife between us—we are like the children of one father, and to prove their faith they have sent us with words of good-will and friendship, and to you, Sanutee, as the well-beloved chief of the Yemassee, they send this coat which they have worn close to their hearts, and which they would have you wear in like manner, in proof of the love that is between us.”

Thus saying, the chief of the deputation presented, through the medium of Granger, a rich but gaudy cloak, such as had already been given to Huspah;—but putting the interpreter aside and rejecting the gift, Sanutee sternly replied—

"Our English brother is good, but Sanutee asks not for the cloak. Does Sanutee complain of the cold?"

Granger rendered this, and Bellinger addressed him in reply—

"The chief Sanutee will not reject the gift of his English brother."

"Does the white chief come to the great council of the Yemassee as a fur trader? Would he have skins for his coat?" was the reply.

"No, Sanutee—the English chief is a great chief, and does not barter for skins."

"A great chief?—he came to the Yemassee a little child, and we took him into our lodges. We gave him meat and water—"

"We know this, Sanutee." But the Yemassee went on without heeding the interruption.

"We helped him with a staff as he tottered through the thick wood."

"True, Sanutee."

"We showed him how to trap the beaver,* and to hunt the deer—we made him a lodge for his woman; and we sent our young men on the war-path against his enemy."

"We have not forgotten, we have denied none of the services, Sanutee, which yourself and people have done for us," said the deputy.

"And now he sends us a coat!" and as the chief uttered this unlooked-for anti-climax, his eye glared scornfully around upon the subservient portion of the assembly. Somewhat mortified with the tenour of the sentence which the interpreter in the meantime had repeated to him, Sir Edmund Bellinger would have answered the refractory chief—

"No, but, Sanutee—"

Without heeding or seeming to hear him, the old warrior went on—

"He sends good words to the Yemassee, he gives him painted glass, and makes him blind with a water

* The beaver, originally taken in Carolina, is now extinct.

which is poison—his shot rings over our forests—we hide from his long knife in the cold swamp, while the copper snake creeps over us as we sleep.”

As soon as the deputy comprehended this speech, he replied—

“You do us wrong, Sanutee,—you have nothing to fear from the English.”

Without waiting for the aid of the interpreter, the chief, who had acquired a considerable knowledge of the simpler portions of the language, and to whom this sentence was clear enough, immediately and indignantly exclaimed in his own—addressing the chiefs, rather than replying to the Englishman.

“Fear,—Sanutee has no fear of the English—he fears not the Manneyto. He only fears that his people may go blind with the English poison drink,—that the great chiefs of the Yemassee may sell him for a slave to the English, to plant his maize and to be beaten with a stick. But let the ears of the chiefs hear the voice of Sanutee—the Yemassee shall not be the slave of the pale-face.”

“There is no reason for this fear, Sanutee—the English have always been the friends of your people,” said the chief of the deputation.

“Would the English have more land from the Yemassee? Let him speak, Granger—put the words of Sanutee in his ear. Why does he not speak?”

Granger did as directed, and Sir Edmund replied:—

“The English do want to buy some of the land of your people—”

“Did not Sanutee say? And the coat is for the land,” quickly exclaimed the old chief, speaking this time in the English language.

“No, Sanutee,” was the reply—“the coat is a free gift from the English. They ask for nothing in return. But we would buy your land with other things—we would buy on the same terms with that which we bought from the Cassique of Combahee.”

“The Cassique of Combahee is a dog—he sells the grave of his father. I will not sell the land of my peo-

ple. The Yemassee loves the old trees, and the smooth waters where he was born, and where the bones of the old warriors lie buried. I speak to you, chiefs—it is the voice of Sanutee. Hear his tongue—it has no fork—look on his face, it does not show lies. These are scars of battle, when I stood up for my people. There is a name for these scars—they do not lie. Hear me, then.”

“Our ears watch,” was the general response, as he made his address to the council.

“It is good.—Chiefs of the Yemassee, now hear. Why comes the English to the lodge of our people? Why comes he with a red coat to the chief—why brings he beads and paints for the eye of a little boy? Why brings he the strong water for the young man? Why makes he long speeches, full of smooth words—why does he call us brother? He wants our lands. But we have no lands to sell. The lands came from our fathers—they must go to our children. They do not belong to us to sell—they belong to our children to keep. We have sold too much land, and the old turkey, before the sun sinks behind the trees, can fly over all the land that is ours. Shall the turkey have more land in a day than the Yemassee has for his children? Speak for the Yemassee, chiefs of the broad-arrow—speak for the Yemassee—speak Ishiagaska—speak Choluculla—speak, thou friend of Manneyto, whose words are true as the sun, and whose wisdom comes swifter than the lightning—speak, prophet—speak Enoree-Mattee—speak for the Yemassee.”

To the high-priest, or rather the great prophet of the nation, the latter portion of the speech of Sanutee had been addressed. He was a cold, dark, stern looking man, gaudily arrayed in a flowing garment of red, a present from the whites at an early period, while a fillet around his head, of cloth stuck with the richest feathers, formed a distinguishing feature of dress from any of the rest. His voice, next to that of Sanutee, was potential among the Indians; and the chief well knew, in appealing to him, Choluculla and Ishiagaska,

that he was secure of these, if of none other in the council.

“Enoree-Mattee is the great prophet of Manneyto—he will not sell the lands of Yemassee.”

“’Tis well—speak, Ishiagaska—speak, Choluculla”
—exclaimed Sanutee.

They replied in the same moment:—

“The English shall have no land from the Yemassee. It is the voice of Ishiagaska—it is the voice of Choluculla.”

“It is the voice of Sanutee—it is the voice of the prophet—it is the voice of the Manneyto himself,” cried Sanutee, with a tone of thunder, and with a solemn emphasis of manner that seemed to set at rest all further controversy on the subject. But the voices which had thus spoken were all that spoke on this side of the question. The English had not been inactive heretofore, and what with the influence gained from their numerous presents and promises to the other chiefs, and the no less influential dislike and jealousy which the latter entertained for the few more controlling spirits taking the stand just narrated, the minds of the greater number had been well prepared to make any treaty which might be required of them, trusting to their own influence somewhat, but more to the attractions of the gewgaws given in return for their lands, to make their peace with the great body of the people in the event of their dissatisfaction. Accordingly, Sanutee had scarcely taken his seat, when one of the most hostile among them, a brave but dishonest chief, now arose, and addressing himself chiefly to Sanutee, thus furnished much of the feeling and answer for the rest:—

“Does Sanutee speak for the Yemassee—and where are the other chiefs of the broad-arrow? Where are Metatchee and Huspah—where is Oonalatchie, where is Jarratay—are they not here? It is gone from me when they sung the death-song, and went afar to the blessed valley of Manneyto. They are not gone—they live—they have voices and can speak for the Ye-

massee. Sanutee may say, Ishiagaska may say, the prophet may say—but they say not for Manneywanto. There are brave chiefs of the Yemassee, yet we hear only Sanutee. Sanutee! cha! cha! I am here—I—Manneywanto. I speak for the trade with our English brother. The Yemassee will sell the land to their brothers.” He was followed by another and another, all in the affirmative.

“Metatchee will trade with the English. The English is the brother to Yemassee.”

“Oonalatchie will sell the land to the English brothers.”

And so on in succession, all but the four first speakers, the assembled chiefs proceeded to sanction the proposed treaty, the terms of which had been submitted to them before. To the declaration of each, equivalent as it was to the vote given in our assemblies, Sanutee had but a single speech.

“It is well! It is well!” And he listened to the votes in succession approving of the trade, until, rising from a corner of the apartment in which, lying prostrate, he had till then been out of the sight of the assembly and entirely concealed from the eye of Sanutee, a tall young warrior, pushing aside the torch-bearers, staggered forth into the ring. He had evidently been much intoxicated, though now recovering from its effects; and, but for the swollen face and the watery eye, the uncertain and now undignified carriage, he might well have been considered a fine specimen of savage symmetry and manly beauty. When his voice, declaring also for the barter, struck upon the ear of the old chief, he started round as if an arrow had suddenly gone into his heart—then remained still, silently contemplating the speaker, who, in a stupid and incoherent manner, proceeded to eulogize the English as the true friends and dear brothers of the Yemassee. Granger, the trader and interpreter, beholding the fingers of Sanutee gripe the handle of his tomahawk, whispered in the ears of Sir Edmund Bellinger—

“Now would I not be Occonestoga for the world.

Sanutee will tomahawk him before the stupid youth can get out of the way."

Before the person addressed could reply to the interpreter, his prediction was in part, and, but for the ready presence of the Englishman, would have been wholly, verified. Scarcely had the young chief finished his maudlin speech, than, with a horrible grin, seemingly of laughter, Sanutee leaped forward, and with uplifted arm and descending blow, would have driven the hatchet deep into the scull of the only half-conscious youth, when Sir Edmund seized the arm of the fierce old man in time to defeat the effort.

"Wouldst thou slay thy own son, Sanutee?"

"He is thy slave—he is not the son of Sanutee. Thou hast made him a dog with thy poison water, till he would sell thee his own mother to carry water for thy women. Hold me not, Englishman—I will strike the slave—I will strike thee too, thou that art his master;" and with a fury and strength which required the restraining power of half a dozen, he laboured to effect his object. They succeeded, however, in keeping him back, until the besotted youth had been safely hurried from the apartment; when, silenced and stilled by the strong reaction of his excitement, the old chief sunk down again upon his bearskin seat in a stupor, until the parchment conveying the terms of the treaty, with pens and ink, provided by Granger for their signatures, was handed to Huspah, for his own and the marks of the chiefs. Sanutee looked on with some watchfulness, but moved not until one of the attendants brought in the skin of a dog filled with earth and tightly secured with thongs, giving it the appearance of a sack. Taking this sack in his hands, Huspah, who had been half asleep during the proceedings, now arose, and repeating the words of general concurrence in the sale of the lands, proceeded to the completion of the treaty by conveying the sack which held some of the soil to the hands of the commissioners. But Sanutee again rushed forward; and seizing the sack from the proffering hand of Huspah, he hurled it to the ground,

trampled it under foot, and poured forth, as he did so, an appeal to the patriotism of the chiefs, in a strain of eloquence in his own wild language which we should utterly despair to render into ours. He implored them, holding as they did the destinies of the nation in their hands, to forbear its sacrifice. He compared the wide forests of their fathers, in value, with the paltry gifts for which they were required to give them up. He dwelt upon the limited province, even now, which had been left them for the chase; spoke of the daily incursions and injuries of the whites, and with those bold forms of phrase and figure known among all primitive people, with whom metaphor and personification supply the deficiency and make up for the poverty of language, he implored them not to yield up the bones of their fathers, nor admit the stranger to contact with the sacred town, given them by the Manneyto, and solemnly dedicated to his service. But he spoke in vain; he addressed ears more impenetrable than those of the adder. They had been bought and sold, and they had no scruple to sell their country. He was supported by the few who had spoken with him against the trade, but what availed patriotism against numbers? They were unheeded, and beholding the contract effected which gave up an immense body of their best lands for a strange assortment of hatchets, knives, blankets, brads, beads, and other commodities of like character, Sanutee, followed by his three friends, rushed forth precipitately, and with a desperate purpose, from the traitorous assembly.

CHAPTER XI.

"A vengeance for the traitors; vengeance deep as their ven-
 geance—curses loud, and long, as theirs—surpassing their own
 infamy and guilt." ; and trust-

BUT the "Well-Beloved" was not disposed to be quieted, the territory of his forefathers without farther delay. Though governed by chiefs, the Yemassee was something of a republic, and the patriot now lay with the people. He acquainted with the popular feeling had so far sacrificed it; and though indignation, he was yet sufficiently sagacious to the most effectual course for the object. Not suspecting his design, chiefs continued in council, in deliberation, sort or another, probably in adjusting distributing their spoils; while the English, having succeeded in their object, the night to the dwelling of Granger, the Indian and a Scotch adventurer, who had been permitted to his abode in the village, and from his quiet, unobtrusive, and conciliatory habits, had contrived to secure much of the respect and good regard of the Yemassees. Sanutee, meanwhile, dividing his proposed undertaking with his three companions, Enoree-Mattee the prophet, Ishiagaska, and Choluculla, all of whom were privy to the meditated insurrection, went from lodge to lodge of the most influential and forward of the Yemassees. Nor did he confine himself to these. The rash, the thoughtless, the ignorant—all were aroused by his eloquence. To each of these he detailed the recent proceedings of council, and, in his own vehement manner, explained the evil consequences to the people of such a treaty; taking care to shape his information to the mind or mood of each

trampled it under foot, whom he spoke. To one, he an appeal to the insolence of the whites, increasing eloquence in his rising strength, almost too great, utterly despoiled of control or management from them. He described the ancient glories of his them, boldly departing in the subservience with in their chiefs acknowledged the influence, and the wide desires of the English. To a third, try gifts for the loss of the noble forests of his fore- He dwelt upon the loss of the noble forests of his fore- had been left down by the axe, to make way for the incursions of the settler; despoiled of game, and the bold forms of mans of life utterly problematical to the itive people, his way, with a speech accommodated to supply the deficiency, and understanding, he went over the language, he dwelt with Indian emphasis upon of their fathers, appropriation of the old burial-places the sacred town, one of which, a huge tumulus upon solemnly dedicated, survive to this day, in melancholy at- of the address, past history. The effect of these repre- they had made of these appeals—coming from one so supported by, and so highly esteemed for wisdom and the trade, country, as Sanutee, was that of a moral They were; and his soul triumphed with hope, as he fected them rushing onwards to the gathering crowd, land hunting furiously, as they bared the knife, and took the tomahawk in air—"Sangarrah, Sangarrah-me, Yemassee—Sangarrah, Sangarrah-me, Yemassee—" the bloody war-cry of the nation. To overthrow the power of the chiefs, there was but one mode; and the impelling directions of Sanutee and the three coadjutors already mentioned, drove by concert the infuriated mob to the house of council, where the chiefs were still in session.

"It is Huspah, that has sold the Yemassee to be a woman," was the cry of one—"Sangarrah-me—he shall die."

"He hath cut off the legs of our children, so that they walk no longer—he hath given away our lands to the pale-faces—Sangarrah-me—he shall die!"

“They shall all die—have they not planted corn in the bosom of my mother?”—cried another, referring, figuratively, to the supposed use which the English would make of the lands they had bought; and, furiously aroused, they struck their hatchets against the house of council, commanding the chiefs within to come forth, and deliver themselves up to their vengeance. But, warned of their danger, the beleaguered rulers had carefully secured the entrance; and trusting that the popular ebullition would soon be quieted, they fondly hoped to maintain their position until such period. But the obstacle thus offered to the progress of the mob, only served the more greatly to inflame it; and a hundred hands were busy in procuring piles of fuel, with which to fire the building. The torches were soon brought, the blaze kindled at different points, and but little was now wanting to the conflagration which must have consumed all within or driven them forth upon the weapons of the besiegers; when, all of a sudden, Sanutee made his appearance, and with a single word arrested the movement.

“Manneyto, Manneyto—” exclaimed the old chief, with the utmost powers of his voice, and the solemn adjuration reached to the remotest incendiary and arrested the application of the torch. Every eye was turned upon him, curious to ascertain the occasion of an exclamation so much at variance with the purpose of their gathering, and so utterly unlooked-for from lips which had principally instigated it. But the glance of Sanutee indicated a mind unconscious of the effect which it had produced. His eye was fixed upon another object, which seemed to exercise a fascinating influence upon him. His hands were outstretched, his lips parted, as it were, in amazement and awe, and his whole attitude was that of devotion. The eyes of the assembly followed the direction of his, and every bosom thrilled with the wildest throes of natural superstition, as they beheld Enoree-Mattee the prophet, writhing upon the ground at a little distance in the most horrible convulsions. The glare of the torches

around him showed the angry distortions of every feature. His eyes were protruded, as if bursting from their sockets—his tongue hung from his widely distended jaws, covered with foam—while his hands and legs seemed doubled up, like a knotted band of snakes, huddling in uncouth sports in midsummer.

“Opitchi-Manneyto—Opitchi-Manneyto—here are arrows—we burn arrows to thee; we burn red feathers to thee, Opitchi-Manneyto”—was the universal cry of deprecatory prayer and promise, which the assembled mass sent up to their evil deity, whose presence and power they supposed themselves to behold, in the agonized workings of their prophet. A yell of savage terror then burst from the lips of the inspired priest, and rising from the ground, as one relieved, but pregnant with a sacred fury, he waved his hand towards the council-house, and rushed headlong into the crowd, with a sort of anthem, which, as it was immediately chorused by the mass, must have been usual to such occasions.

“The arrows—
The feathers—
The dried scalps, and the teeth,
The teeth from slaughtered enemies—
Where are they—where are they?
We burn them for thee,—black spirit—
We burn them for thee, Opitchi-Manneyto—
Leave us, leave us, black spirit.”

The crowd sung forth this imploring deprecation of the demon's wrath; and then, as if something more relieved, Enoree-Mattee uttered of himself—

“I hear thee, Opitchi-Manneyto—
Thy words are in my ears,
They are words for the Yemassee;
And the prophet shall speak them—
Leave us, leave us, black spirit.”

“Leave us, leave us, black spirit. Go to thy red home, Opitchi-Manneyto—let us hear the words of the prophet—we give ear to Enoree-Mattee.”

Thus called upon, the prophet advanced to the side of Sanutee, who had all this while preserved an atti-

tude of the profoundest devotion. He came forward, with all the look of inspiration, and his words were poured forth in an uncouth rhythm, which was doubtless the highest pitch of lyric poetry among them.

“ Let the Yemassee have ears,
For Opitchi-Manneyto—
’Tis Opitchi-Manneyto,
Not the prophet, now that speaks,
Hear Opitchi-Manneyto.

“ In my agony, he came,
And he hurl’d me to the ground ;
Dragged me through the twisted bush,
Put his hand upon my throat,
Breathed his fire into my mouth—
That Opitchi-Manneyto.

“ And he said to me in wrath,—
Listen, what he said to me ;
Hear the prophet, Yemassee—
For he spoke to me in wrath ;
He was angry with my sons,
For he saw them bent to slay,
Bent to strike the council-chiefs,
And he would not have them slain,
That Opitchi-Manneyto.”

As the prophet finished the line that seemed to deny them the revenge which they had promised themselves upon their chiefs, the assembled multitude murmured audibly, and Sanutee, than whom no better politician lived in the nation, knowing well that the show of concession is the best mode of execution among the million, came forward, and seemed to address the prophet, while his speech was evidently meant for them.

“ Wherefore, Enoree-Mattee, should Opitchi-Manneyto save the false chiefs who have robbed their people? Shall we not have their blood—shall we not hang their scalps in the tree—shall we not bury their heads in the mud? Wherefore this strange word from Opitchi-Manneyto—wherefore would he save the traitors?”

“ It is the well-beloved—it is the well-beloved of Manneyto—speak, prophet, to Sanutee,” was the general cry; and the howl, which at that moment had been

universal, was succeeded by the hush and awful stillness of the grave. The prophet was not slow to answer for the demon, in the style of his previous harangue."

" 'Tis Opitchi-Manneyto,
Not the prophet now that speaks,
Give him ear then, Yemassee,
Hear Opitchi-Manneyto.

" Says Opitchi-Manneyto,
Wherefore are my slaves so few—
Not for me the gallant chief,
Slaughtered by the Yemassee—
Blest, the slaughtered chief must go,
To the happy home that lies
In the bosom of the hills,
Where the game is never less,
Though the hunter always slays—
Where the plum-groves always bloom,
And the hunter never sleeps.

" Says Opitchi-Manneyto—
Wherefore are my slaves so few ?
Shall the Yemassee give death—
Says Opitchi-Manneyto—
To the traitor, to the slave,
Who would sell the Yemassee—
Who would sell his father's bones,
And behold the green corn grow
From his wife's and mother's breast.

" Death is for the gallant chief,
Says Opitchi-Manneyto.—
Life is for the traitor slave,
But a life that none may know—
With a shame that all may see.

" Thus, Opitchi-Manneyto,
To his sons, the Yemassee—
Take the traitor chiefs, says he,
Make them slaves, to wait on me.
Bid Malatchie take the chiefs,
He, the executioner—
Take the chiefs and bind them down,
Cut the totem from each arm,
So that none may know the slaves,
Not their fathers, not their mothers—
Children, wives, that none may know—
Not the tribes that look upon,
Not the young men of their own,
Not the people, not the chiefs—
Not the good Manneyto know.

“ Thus Opitchi-Manneyto,
Make these traitors slaves for me :
Then the blessed valley lost,
And the friends and chiefs they knew,
None shall know them, all shall flee,
Make them slaves to wait on me—
Hear Opitchi-Manneyto,
Thus, his prophet speaks for him,
To the mighty Yemassee.”

The will of the evil deity thus conveyed to the Indians by the prophet, carried with it a refinement in the art of punishment to which civilization has not often attained. According to the pneumatology of the Yemassees, the depriving the criminal of life did not confer degradation or shame ; for his burial ceremonies were precisely such as were allotted to those dying in the very sanctity and fullest odour of favourable public opinion. But this was not the case when the totem or badge of his tribe had been removed from that portion of his person where it had been the custom of the people to *tattoo* it ; for without this totem, no other nation could recognise them, their own resolutely refused to do it, and, at their death, the great Manneyto would reject them from the plum-groves and the happy valley, when the fierce Opitchi-Manneyto, the evil demon, whom they invoked with as much, if not more earnestness than the good, was always secure of his prey. A solemn awe succeeded for a moment this awful annunciation among the crowd ; duly exaggerated by the long and painful howl of agony with which the doomed traitors within the council-house, who had been listening, were made conscious of its complete purport. Then came a shout of triumphant revenge from those without, who now, with minds duly directed to the new design, were as resolute to preserve the lives of the chiefs as they had before been anxious to destroy them. Encircling the council-house closely in order to prevent their escape, they determined patiently to adopt such measures as should best secure them as prisoners. The policy of Sanuttee, for it will scarcely need that we point to him as the true deviser of the present scheme, was an admi-

rable one in considering the Indian character.—To overthrow the chiefs properly, and at the same time to discourage communication with the English, it was better to degrade than to destroy them. The populace may sympathize with the victim whose blood they have shed, for death in all countries goes far to cancel the memory of offence; but they seldom restore to their estimation the individual they have themselves degraded. The mob, in this respect, seems to be duly conscious of the hangman filthiness of its own fingers.

CHAPTER XII.

“This makes of thee a master, me a slave,
And I destroy it; we are equal now.”

A NOT less exciting scene was now going on within the council-chamber. There, all was confusion and despair. The shock of such a doom as that which the chiefs had heard pronounced by the people, under the influence of the prophet, came upon them like a bolt of thunder. For a moment it paralyzed with its terrors the hearts of those who had no fear of death. The mere loss of life is always an event of triumph with the brave of the Indians, and for the due ennobling of which, his song of past victories and achievements, carefully chronicled by a memory which has scarcely any other employment, is shouted forth in the most acute physical agony, with a spirit which nothing can bend or conquer. But to deprive him of this memory—to eradicate all the marks of his achievements—to take from him the only credential by which he operates among his fellows and claims a place in the ranks of the illustrious dead—was a refinement upon the terrors of punishment, which, unfrequently practised, was held as a terror, intended to paralyze, as in the present instance, every thing of moral courage which

the victim might possess. For a moment such was its effect in the assembly of the chiefs. The solitary howl of despair which their unanimous voices sent up as the first intimation of the decree met their ears, was succeeded by the deepest silence, while they threw themselves upon their faces, and the torch-bearers, burying their torches in the clay floor of the building, with something of that hate and horror which seemed to distinguish the body of the Indians without, rushed forth from the apartment and joined with the assembled people. Their departure aroused the despairing inmates, and while one of them carefully again closed the entrance before the watchful mass without could avail themselves of the opening, the rest prepared themselves with a renewed courage to deliberate upon their situation.

“There is death for Manneywanto,” exclaimed that fierce warrior and chief—“he will not lose the arrow of his tribe. I will go forth to the hatchet. I will lift my arm, and strike so that they shall slay.”

“Let them put the knife to the heart of Oonalatchie,” cried another—“but not to the arrow upon his shoulder. He will go forth with Manneywanto.”

The determination of the whole was soon made. Huspah, the superior but superannuated chief, tottering in advance, and singing mournfully the song of death with which the Indian always prepares for its approach. The song became general with the victims, and with drawn knives and ready hatchets, they threw wide the entrance, and rushing forth with a fury duly heightened by the utter hopelessness of escape, they struck desperately on all sides among the hundreds by whom they were beleaguered. But they had been waited and prepared for, and forbearing to strike in return, and freely risking their own lives, the Indians were content to bear them down by the force of numbers. The more feeble among them fell under the pressure. Of these was Huspah the king, whom the crowd immediately dragged from the press, and in spite of the exertions of Sanutee, who desired the observance of

some formalities which marked the ceremony, they fiercely cut away the flesh of the arm bearing the insignia, while his shrieks of despair and defiance, reaching the ears of his comrades, still struggling, heightened their desperation and made their arrest the more difficult. But the strife was in a little time over. The crowd triumphed, and the chiefs, still living and unhurt, saving only a few bruises which were unavoidable in the affray, were all secured but Manneywanto. That powerful and ferocious chief manfully battled with a skill and strength that knew no abatement from its exercise, and seemed only heightened by the opposition. A friendly hand, at length, whose stroke he blessed, encountered him in the crowd and severed his scull with a hatchet. He was the only individual of the traitors by whom the vengeance of the Indians was defrauded; not another of the clan proved fortunate in his desperation. The survivors were all securely taken, and, carefully bound with thongs, were borne away to the great tumulus, upon which the doom was to be put in execution. In an hour after they were expatriated men, flying desperately to the forests, homeless, nationless, outcasts from God and man, yet destined to live. It is remarkable that in all this time, suicide never entered the thoughts of the victims. It forms no part of the Indian's philosophy, and the Roman might have won a lesson from the Yemassee, in this respect, which would have ennobled his Catos.

Meanwhile the deputation of the Carolinians lay at the house of Granger, full of apprehensions for their common safety. Nor was Granger himself less so. He felt assured of the danger, and only relied upon the interposition of Sanutee, which he knew to be all-powerful, and which, looking on the outbreak of the people as the result of their own impulse, he saw no reason to imagine would be denied on the present occasion. From their place of retreat, which lay on the skirts of the town and nigh the river, the embassy could hear the outcries and clamours of the Indian

without being acquainted with particulars; and when at length they beheld the flames ascending from the house of council, which, when they had seized upon the chiefs, the rioters had fired, believing the chiefs consumed in the conflagration, they gave themselves up for lost. They did not doubt that the fury which had sacrificed so many and such influential persons would scarcely be satisfied to allow of their escape; and firmly impressed with the conviction that their trial was at hand, Sir Edmund Bellinger drew his sword, and, followed by the rest of the deputation, prepared for a conflict in which they had but one hope, and that lay in selling the life dearly, which seemed so certainly forfeited.

In this mood of mind they waited the coming of the storm, nor were they long kept in suspense. Having beheld the fearful doom carried into effect, and seen their ancient rulers scourged out of the town, the revolutionists rushed headlong, and with an appetite for blood duly heightened by the little they had seen, to the dwelling of the trader—vowing as they hurried along, to their infernal deity, Opitchi-Manneyto, an increase of slaves in the persons of the Englishmen, whom they proposed to sacrifice by fire. On their way, mistaking one of their own people who had dressed himself somewhat after the fashion of the English, in a dress which had been discarded by some white man, they dashed him to the earth, trampled and nearly tore him into pieces before discovering the mistake. In such a temper, they appeared before the dwelling of the trader, and with loud shouts demanded their prey.

Determined upon stout resistance to the last, the commissioners had barricadoed the little dwelling as well as they could; and doubtless, for a small space of time, would have made it tenable; but fortunately for them, just as the furious savages were about to apply the fatal torch to the building, the appearance of Enoree-Mattee and Sanutee, spared them an issue which could have only terminated in their murder. Sanutee

had his game to play, and though perfectly indifferent as to the fate of the commissioners, yet, as his hope in the forthcoming insurrection lay in taking the Carolinians by surprise, it was his policy to impress confidence rather than distrust upon them. He aimed now to divest the embassy of all suspicion, and to confine the show of indignation made by the Yemassees, entirely to the chiefs who had so abused their power.

Addressing the mob, he controlled it in his own manner, and telling them that they wanted nothing from the English but the treaty which had so fraudulently been entered into by their chiefs, he engaged to them to effect its restoration, along with the skin of earth, which, completing the bargain, was equivalent in their estimation, not less to legal right than to actual possession. After some demur, Granger admitted the chief, who came alone to the presence of the deputation, the chairman of which thus sternly addressed him:—

“Are the English dogs,” said Sir Edmund Bellinger, “that thy people hunt them with cries and fire? Wherefore is this, Sanutee?”

“The English have the lands of my people, and therefore my people hunt them. The bad chiefs who sold the land as chiefs of the Yemassee, are chiefs no longer.”

“Thou hast slain them?” inquired Sir Edmund.

“No, but they are dead—dead to Sanutee—dead to the Yemassee—dead to Manneyto. They are dogs—the English have slaves in the woods.”

“But their acts are good with us, and the English will protect them, Sanutee, and will punish their enemies. Beware, chief—I tell thee there is danger for thy people.”

“It is good. Does the white chief hear my people? They cry for blood. They would drink it from thy heart, but Sanutee is the friend of the English. They shall touch thee not, to harm.”

“Thou hast said well, Sanutee, and I expected no less from thee; but why do they not go? Why do they still surround our dwelling?”

"They wait for the wampum—they would tear the skin which carries the land of the Yemassee;" and the chief, as he spoke, pointed to the treaty and the sack of earth which lay by the side of Bellinger. He proceeded to tell them that they should be secure when these were re-delivered to the Indians. But with the commissioners it was a point of honour not to restore the treaty which they had obtained from the rulers *de facto* of the people—certainly, not to a lawless mob; and regarding only the high trust of which he had charge, the speech of the chief commissioner was instantaneous:—

"Never, Sanutee, never—only with my blood. Go—you have my answer. We shall fight to the last, and our blood be upon the heads of your people. They will pay dearly for every drop of it they spill."

"It is well—" said Sanutee, "It is well: Sanutee will go back to his people, and the knife of the Yemassee will dig for his land in the heart of the English." He left the house, and with gloomy resignation, Bellinger, with the other commissioners and Granger, prepared for the coming storm with all their philosophy. In a few moments the anticipated commotion began. The populace, but a little before silent and patient, now chafed and roared like a stormy ocean, and the fierce cry of Sangarrah-me, the cry for blood, went up from a thousand voices. The torches were brought forward, and the deputies, firm and fearless enough, saw no hope even of a chance for the use of their weapons. The two subordinates, with Granger, looked imploringly to Bellinger, but the stern chief paced the apartment unbendingly, though seemingly well aware of all the dangers of their situation. At that moment the wife of Granger—a tall, fine looking woman, of much masculine beauty, appeared from an inner apartment, and before she had been observed by either of the commissioners, seizing upon the little skin of earth and the parchment at the same moment, without a word, she threw open the door, and cried out to Sanutee to receive them. This was all done in an instant, and before the

stern commissioner could see or interfere, the deposits, placed in the grasp of the savages, were torn into a thousand pieces.

“Woman, how darest thou do this!”—was the first sentence of Bellinger to the person who had thus yielded up his trust. But she fearlessly confronted him—

“My life is precious to me, my lord, though you may be regardless of yours. The treaty is nothing now to the Yemassee, who have destroyed their chiefs on account of it. To have kept it would have done no good, but must have been destructive to us all. Sanutee will keep his word, and our lives are now saved.”

It was evident that she was right, and Bellinger was wise enough to see it. He said nothing farther, glad, perhaps, that the responsibility of the trust had been thus removed from him—and, true to his word, Sanutee now reappeared among them. The crowd was pacified by his exhortations rather than by the concession, and the storm was rapidly subsiding. A little delay followed, in which the commissioners were busy in making preparations for their departure, and waiting, under Sanutee's suggestion, the disappearance of the people, which he assured them would take place soon. The clamour having subsided, they prepared to go forth under the protection and presence of the old chief, which the proud Sir Edmund Bellinger indignantly, but in vain, refused. Seeing that Granger and his wife remained, Sanutee turned suddenly upon him, and in a low tone, unheard by the commissioners, asked why he did not prepare to go also. He answered by avowing his willingness still to remain in Pocota-ligo as before, for the purposes of trade.

“Go—Sanutee is good friend to Granger, and to his woman. Go all—there is fire and a knife in the hand of the Yemassee, and they will drink a deep draught from the heart of the pale-faces. If Granger will not go from Yemassee, look, the hatchet of Sanutee is ready;” and he raised it as he spoke—“Sanutee will save Granger from the fire-death.”

This is the last service which the Indian warrior

may do his friend, and Granger understood the extent of his danger from this proffer, meant as a kindness on the part of the old chief. He needed no second exhortation to a remove, and though the hope of gain and a prosperous trade had encouraged him hitherto to risk every thing in his present residence, the love of life proved stronger; for he well knew that Sanutee seldom spoke without reason. Packing up, therefore, with the aid of his wife, the little remaining stock in trade which he possessed, and which a couple of good-sized bundles readily comprised, they took their way along with the commissioners, and, guided by Sanutee, soon reached the river. Choosing for them a double canoe, the old chief saw them safely embarked. Taking the paddles into their own hands, the midnight wayfarers descended the stream on their way towards the Block House, while, surrounded by a small group of his people, Sanutee watched their slow progress from the banks.

CHAPTER XIII.

"And merrily, through the long summer day,
The southern boatman winds his pliant horn,
As sweeping with the long pole down his streams,
He cheers the lazy hours, and speeds them on."

THE fugitives reached the Block House in safety, and found the few hours of repose which they could snatch between the time of their midnight escape and daylight, highly grateful from the fatigues which they had undergone. The upper apartments were appropriately divided between the commissioners and Granger, who, with his wife, instead of seeking sleep on their arrival, proceeded with all the usage of the trader, to attend, first, to the proper safety and arrangement of his stock in trade; which, consisting of a few unsold goods, of a description adapted to the wants

of that region, and some small bundles of furs, intrinsically of little value, were yet to the selfish tradesman of paramount importance.

It was early sunrise on the morning following the wild events narrated in our last chapter, when Gabriel Harrison, of whom we have seen little for some time past, appeared on the edge of the little brow of hill, known as the Chief's Bluff, which immediately overlooked the Pocota-ligo river. In the distance, some ten or twelve miles, unseen, lay the Indian village or town of the same name. Immediately before him, say one or two miles above, in the broadest part of the stream, rested motionless as the hill upon which he stood, the sharp clipper-built vessel, which has already called for some of our attention, and which at this moment seemed to attract no small portion of his. Sheltered by the branches of a single tree, which arose from the centre of the bluff, Harrison continued the scrutiny, with here and there a soliloquizing remark, until interrupted by the presence of the commissioners, who, with Granger, now came towards him from the Block House.

"Ha, Sir Edmund—gentlemen—how fares it, and when came you from Pocota-ligo?" was the salutation of Harrison to the deputation.

"At midnight, my lord—at midnight, and in a hurry; we had the nation upon us. There has been a commotion, and by this time, I doubt not, the Yemassees have cut the throats of all the chiefs friendly to our proposed treaty."

"Indeed, but this is worse and worse. I feared something, and warned the assembly against this movement. But their cursed desire to possess the lands must precipitate all the dangers I have been looking for. I told them that the Yemassees were discontented, and that the utmost care must be taken not to goad them too greatly. I saw this in the sullenness of old Sanutee himself, and they have given wings to the mischief by their imprudence. But how was it, Sir Edmund?" let us have particulars.

The circumstances, as already narrated, were soon told, and the countenance of Harrison bespoke the full thoughts in his bosom. Turning to Granger, at length he addressed the trader inquiringly :

“Can you say nothing more than this—what have you learned touching Ishiagaska? Was it as I feared? Had he been to St. Augustine?”

“He had, my lord,—”

“Harrison—Harrison—Captain Harrison,” impatiently exclaimed the person addressed—“forget not that here I have no other title. Go on.”

“Ishiagaska, sir, and old Choluculla, both of them have been to St. Augustine, and but a week ago returned, loaded with presents.”

“Ay, ay, the storm gathers, and we must look to it, gentlemen commissioners. This matter hurries it onward. They were making their preparations fast enough before, and they will now see no reason in this to pause. Yet you say that Sanutee saved you.”

“He did, and seemed friendly enough.”

“Said he aught of disapproval to their proceedings?—made he any professions of regard to the English?”

“He said little, but that was friendly, and his interposition for our safety—”

“Was his policy. He is a cunning savage, but I see through him. He does not wish to alarm us, for they can only conquer by disarming our caution; and this is my greatest fear. Our people are so venturesome that they refuse to believe any evidence short of actual demonstration, and every day finds them thrusting their heads and shoulders farther and farther into the mouth of the enemy, and without the chance of support from their friends. They will grow wise at a fearful price, or I am greatly deceived.”

“But what do you propose, my lord, if you look for an insurrection near at hand?” asked Sir Edmund Bellinger.

“I might answer you readily enough, Sir Edmund, by asking you wherefore I am here. But please style me Harrison, and if that be too abrupt in its

expression, Master or Captain Gabriel Harrison. It is something of my game to see for myself the difficulties and the dangers at hand, and for this reason I now play the spy. Here, I am perfectly unknown, save to one or two;—except as the captain of a little troop, whose confidence I secured in the affair with your Coosaws and Ashepoos, and which I imbodyed on that occasion. Still they only know me as Captain Harrison, and somehow or other, they are well enough content with me in that character.”

“And think you this insurrection nigh at hand?”

“Nay, Sir Edmund, that is the question, and it is exceedingly important to know. Our borderers are not willing to come out, unless for serious cause, and to call them out prematurely would not only tax the colony beyond its resources, but would dismiss the present rulers of the people, with curses both loud and deep, to the unambitious retreats of home and fireside. They are turbulent enough now, and this matter of religion, which our lords proprietors in England, the bigoted old Granville in particular, seem so willing with all their usual tyranny to meddle with, has completely maddened these same people, in whose watery county of Granville we now stand.”

“And what do you propose to do?”

“Why, surely, to gain what information we can, before calling the people to arms. To make them cautious, is all that we can do now. The evidence which I have of this approaching insurrection, though enough for suspicion, will scarcely be considered enough for action; and I must spy myself, and engage others in the work, so as to keep pace with their movements. They must be watched closely,—ay, and in every quarter, Sir Edmund, for let me tell you, that in your own barony of Ashepoo, they are quite as devilishly inclined as here. They are excited all around us.”

“But I have seen nothing of all this,” was the reply of the landgrave. “The Ashepoos, what are left of them, seem quiet enough in my neighbourhood.”

"To be sure they are, in the presence of Sir Edmund Bellinger, the immediate authority of the English in their country. But did you strip yourself of your authority, as I have done, for I am just from that very quarter; put on the dress, and some of the slashing and bilbo swagger of a drunken captain from the Low Countries, to whom a pot of sour ale was the supreme of felicity, they had shown you more of their true nature. Some of my evidence would amuse you. For example, I crossed the river last night to the house of Tamaita, an old squaw who tells fortunes in the very centre of Terrapin swamp, where she is surrounded by as damnable an assemblage of living alligators, as would have made happy all the necromancers of the past ages, she told me my fortune, which she had ready at my hand, and which, if true, will certainly make me a convert to her philosophy. But, with her predictions, she gave me a great deal of advice, probably with the view to their being more perfectly verified. Among other things, she promised me a great deal of lightning, a promise which you would naturally enough suppose, meant nothing more than one of our summer afternoon thunder storms, which, by the way, are terrible enough."

"What else should she mean?"

"Her lightning signified the arrows of the Yemassees. In this way, they figure the rapidity and the danger attending the flight of their long shafts. The promise tallied well with the counsel of Sanutee, who advised me yesterday to be off in the big canoe."

"Which advice you decline—you propose still to continue here, my lord—Captain Harrison, I mean," replied Sir Edmund.

"Of God's surety, I will, Sir Edmund. Can I else now? I must watch this movement as well as I can, and make our people generally do so, or the tomahawk and fire will sweep them off in a single night. Apart from that, you know this sort of adventure is a pleasure to me, and there is a something of personal interest in some of my journeyings, which I delight to see ripen."

Bellinger smiled, and Harrison continued with an air of the most perfect business.

"But go on, gentlemen—the sooner, the better. Make the best of your way to Charlestown, but trust not to cross the land as you came. Keep from the woods, for the journey that way is a slow one, and if things turn out as I fear, they will swarm before long with enemies, even to the gates of Charlestown. Do me grace to place these despatches safely with their proper trusts. The assembly will read these in secret. This to the lieutenant-governor, who will act upon it immediately. Despatch now, gentlemen—I have hired boat, which Granger will procure for you from Grimstead."

The commissioners were soon provided, and took their departure at once for the city. Granger, after this, returned to the conference with Harrison at the Chief's Bluff, where the latter continued to linger.

"Have you seen Hector?" asked the latter.

"I have not, sir."

"Indeed. Strange! He had a charge from me yesterday to take the track of a sea-faring fellow, whom I encountered, and of whom I had suspicions—after that, he was to cross, and give you intelligence of my being here."

"I have seen nothing of him."

"The blockhead has plunged into trap then, I doubt not. Confound him, for a dull beast. To be absent at this time, when I so much want him."

While Harrison thus vented his anger and disquiet, Granger, suddenly recollecting that he was called to the afternoon before, by one in a boat, as he was proceeding rapidly to join the commissioners in Potocotigo, though without knowing the voice or hearing it repeated, now related the circumstance, and at once satisfied the person he addressed of the correctness of his apprehensions.

"Ha—he is then in that sailor's clutches. But he shall disgorge him. I'll not lose Hector, on any terms. He's the very prince of body servants, and

loves me, I verily believe, as I do my mistress. He must not suffer. Look forth, Granger, you have sharp eyes—look forth, and say what you think of the craft, lying there at the Broad-bend.”

“I have watched her, sir, for the last hour, but can’t say for certain what to think. It is easier to say what she is not, than what she is.”

“That will do—say what she is not, and I can readily satisfy myself as to what she is.”

“She has no colours—her paint’s fresh, put on since she’s been in these waters. She is not a Spaniard, sir, nor is she English, that’s certain.”

“Well, what next, Sagacity?”

The trader paused a few moments, as if to think, then, with an assured manner, and without seeming to annex any great importance to the communication which he made, he dryly replied—

“Why, sir, she’s neither one thing nor another in look, but a mixture of all. Now, when that’s the case in the look of a vessel, it’s a sign that the crew is a mixture, and that there is no one person regulating. It’s left to them to please their taste in most things, and so that paint seems put on as if Dutch, and French, Spanish, and Portuguese, and English, all had some hand in it. There’s yellow and black, red and green, and all colours, I make out, where no one nation would employ more than one or two of them.”

“Well, what do you infer from all that?”

“I think, sir, she’s a pirate, or what’s no better, a Spanish guarda-costa.”

“The devil you do, and Hector is in her jaws. But what other reasons have you for this opinion?”

“What is she doing here—having no intercourse with the people—keeping off from the landing—showing no colours, and yet armed to the teeth? If there be nothing wrong, sir, why this concealment and distance?”

“You jump readily and with some reason to a conclusion, Granger, and you may be right. Now hear my thought. That vessel comes from Saint Augustine,

and brings arms to the Yemassee, and urges on this very insurrection of which you had a taste last night."

"Very likely, and she may be a pirate too. They are thick about the coast."

"Ay, Granger, as the contents of some of your packages might tell if they had tongues," said Harrison, with a smile.

"God forbid, captain," exclaimed the trader, with a simple gravity, which rose into honest dignity as he continued—"I can show bills for all my goods, from worthy citizens in Charlestown and elsewhere."

"No matter, I charge you not. But you may be right. To be a pirate and a Spaniard are not such distinct matters, and now I think with you, the probability is, she is both. But what I mean to say, Granger, is this—that now she comes here with no piratical intent, but to serve other and perhaps worse purposes—else, what keeps her from plundering the shore?"

"The best reason in the world, sir; it's a long reach she must go through before she safely keels the sea. It's slow work to get from the bay of the Broad, and a wind takes its pleasure in conting to fill up a sail in this crooked water. Let them once do what they came for, and make the coast, then look out for the good merchantmen who find their way into the Gulf of Mexico."

"Well, whether Spaniard or pirate, or Dutch Fly-away, we must get Hector out of her jaws, if it's only to keep him a gentleman. And—but stay, she drops a boat. Do you make out who comes in it?"

"Two men pull—"

"Certain. Who again, Mercury?"

"A bluff, stout fellow, sits astern, wears a blue jacket, and—"

"A gold chain?"

"He does, sir, with thick-hanging shining buttons."

"The same. That's Hercules."

"Who, sir?"

"Hercules or Ajax, I don't remember which. I gave him one or other, or both names yesterday, and shall probably find another for him to-day, for I must have Hector. He shapes for the shore—does he?"

"Yes, sir; and, from his present course, he will make the Parson's landing."

"Ha! say you so, most worthy trader—we shall be at the meeting."—"Yes," muttered the speaker, rather to himself than to his companion—"we shall be at the meeting! He must not look upon my pretty Bess without seeing the good fortune which the fates yield her, in the person of her lover. We shall be there, Granger; and, not to be unprovided with the means for effecting the escape of Hector, let us call up some of our choice spirits—some of the Green Foresters—they know the signal of their captain, and, thanks to fortune, I left enough for the purpose at the smithy of Dick Grimstead. Come, man of wares and merchandises—be packing."

Leading the way from the hill, Harrison, followed by Granger, descended to the level forest about a mile off, in the immediate rear of the Block House, and placing his hunting horn to his lips, he sounded it thrice with a deep clear note, which called up a dozen echoes from every dell in the surrounding woods. The sounds had scarcely ceased to reverberate, before they were replied to, in a long and mellow roll, from one, seemingly a perfect master of the instrument, who, even after the response had been given, poured forth a generous blast, followed by a warbling succession of cadences, melting away at last into a silence which the ear, having carefully treasured up the preceding notes, almost refused to acknowledge. From another point in the woods, a corresponding strain thrice repeated, followed soon after the first, and announced an understanding among the parties, to which the instrument had been made ably subservient.

"These are my Green Jackets, Granger, you have made money out of that colour, my Plutus—my own green jacket boys, true as steel, and swift as an Indian arrow. Come, bury deeper in the thick woods, where, in half an hour, you may see a dozen of the same colour at the gathering."

CHAPTER XIV.

“I know thee, though the world’s strife on thy brow
: Hath beaten strangely. Altered to the eye,
Methinks I look upon the self-same man,
With nature all unchanged.”

THE boat from the unknown vessel reached the point jutting out into the river, in front of the dwelling of the old pastor; and the seaman, already more than once introduced to our notice, leaving the two men in charge of it, took his way to the habitation in question. The old man received the stranger with all the hospitalities of the region, and ushered him into the presence of his family with due courtesy, though as a stranger. The seaman seemed evidently to constrain himself while surveying the features of the inmates, which he did with some curiosity; and had Harrison been present, he might have remarked, with some dissatisfaction, the long, earnest, and admiring gaze which, in this survey, the beautiful features of Bess Matthews were made to undergo, to her own evident disquiet. After some little chat, with that bluff, free, hearty manner which is the happy characteristic of the seafaring man, the stranger contrived to remove much of the unfavourable impression which his gross and impudent cast of face had otherwise made, and in reply to the natural inquiry of the pastor to that effect, he gave a brief account of the nature of his pursuits in that quarter,—and though a close and scrutinizing mind might have picked out no small number of flaws in the yarn which he spun, yet to the unsophisticated sense of the little family, the story was straight forward and clear enough. The trade in furs and skins usually carried on with the Indians was well known to be exceedingly valuable in many of the European

markets, and with this object the seaman accounted for his presence in a part of the world, not often honoured with the visit of a vessel of so much pretension as that which he commanded. From one thing to another, with a fluent, dashing sort of speech, he went on—now telling of his own, and now commenting on their adventures, and, bating an occasional oath, which invariably puckered up the features of the old Puritan, he contrived to make himself sufficiently agreeable, and after a very passable fashion. Bessy did not, it is true, incline the ear after the manner of Desdemona to her Blackamoor, but in the anecdote, hurried and rash, which every now and then enriched the rambling speech of their guest, either in the tale of his own, or of the achievement of others, she found much, in spite of herself, to enlist her curiosity and command her attention. Nor was he less influenced by her presence than she by his narrative. Though spoken generally, much of his conversation was seemingly addressed in especial to the maiden. With this object, he sprinkled his story full of the wonders of the West Indies, with all of which he appeared familiar—spoke of its luscious fruits and balmy climates—its groves of lemon and of orange—its dark-eyed beauties, and innumerable productions of animate and vegetable life. Then of its gold and jewels, the ease of their attainment, and all that sort of thing, which the vulgar mind would be apt to suppose exceedingly attractive and overcoming to the weak one. Having said enough as he thought, fairly and fully to dazzle the imagination of the girl—and secure now of a favourable estimate of himself, he drew from his bosom a little casket, containing a rich gold chain of Moorish filigree work, arabesque wrought, and probably a spoil of Grenada, and pressed it on her acceptance. His manner was so assured, that her refusal to do so called for the open expression of his astonishment.

“And wherefore not—young lady? The chain is not unbecoming for the neck, though that be indeed

the whitest. Now, the girls of Spain, with a skin nothing to be compared with yours, they wear them thick as grape vines. Come, now—don't be shy and foolish. The chain is rich, and worth a deal of money. Let me lock it now. You will look like a queen in it—a queen of all the Indies could not look more so."

But the sailor blundered grossly. Bess Matthews was a thinking, feeling woman, and he addressed her as a child. She had now recovered from the interest which she had shown while he narrated adventures which excited her imagination, and set her fancy in glow, conjuring up and putting into activity many of those imaged dreams which the young romancer has so ready at all times in thought—and she soon convinced him that he had greatly mistaken her, when he was so willing to transfer to himself the attention which she had simply yielded to his stories. He now almost shrunk at the gentle but lofty tone in which she reiterated her refusal to accept the proffered ornament. But the next moment with visible vexation, to the astonishment of the old pastor, he thus addressed him:—

"Why, Matthews, you have made your daughter as great a saint as yourself. Ha! I see you stagger. Didn't know me, eh! Didn't remember your old parish acquaintance, Dick Chorley."

The pastor looked at him with some interest, but with more seeming commiseration.

"And are you little Richard?"

"Little, indeed—that's a good one. I was once little, and little enough, when you knew me,—but I am big enough now, John Matthews, to have myself righted when wrong is done me. It is not now, that the parish beadle can flog little Dick Chorley. Not now, by God!—and it's been a sore sorrow with some of them, I think, that it ever was the case."

"Well Richard, I'm glad to find you so much better off in the world, and with a better disposition to work for yourself honestly, than in old times," said the pastor.

"Hark ye, Matthews—no more of that. That's as it may be. Perhaps I'm better—perhaps I'm not. It's none of your business either one way or the other; and to look back too closely into old time doings, ain't a friend's part, I'm thinking. Blast me! old man, but you had nearly made me forget myself; and I wouldn't like to say rough things to you or any of yours, for I can't but remember you were always more kind to me than the rest, and if I had minded you I had done better. But what's done can't be undone, and the least said is soonest mended."

"I meant not to speak harshly, Richard, when I spoke of the past," said the pastor, mildly, "but the exile finds it sweet to remember, even those things which were sorrows in his own land. I find it so with me; and though to speak plainly, Richard, I would rather not see to know you as of old, yet the recognition of your person, for a moment, gave me a sentiment of pleasure."

"And why should it not—and why should it not? Blast me, old man, but you don't think I'm the same ragged urchin that the parish fed and flogged—that broke his master's head, and was the laughing stock, and the scapegoat of every rascality in the shire?—no, no. The case is changed now, and if I'm no better, I'm at least an abler man; and that stands for right and morality all the world over. I'm doing well in the world, Matthews—drive a good trade—own half in as handsome a clipper as ever swum like a gull in the blue waters of the gulf; and, if the world will let me, I shall probably in little time be as good—that is to say as rich a man—as any of them. If they won't, they must look out for themselves, that's all."

"One thing pleases me, at least, Richard," said the pastor, gravely, "and that is to find your pursuits such that you need not be ashamed of them. This should give you an honest pride, as it certainly yields me pleasure."

There was rather more of inquiry than of remark in this observation, and Chorley saw it.

"Ay, ay, if it pleases you I'm satisfied. You are a good judge of what's right, and can say. For my part, I make it a rule to boast nothing of my virtue. It takes the polish off a good action, to turn it over too often in one's mouth."

There was a satirical chuckle following the speech of the sailor which the pastor did not seem to relish. It seemed to sneer at the joint homilies which they had been uttering. The dialogue was changed by the pastor.

"And where is your mother now, Richard?"

"Ask the parish church-yard—it has one grave more, that I can swear for, than when you left it; and, though I'm bad at grammar, I could read the old woman's name upon the stick at the head. When she died I came off—I couldn't stand it then, though I stood it well enough before. They have not seen me since, nor I them—and there's no love lost between us. If I ever go back, it will be to see the old beadle and that grave stick."

"I hope you harbour no malice, Richard, against the man for doing his duty?"

"His duty?"

"Yes, his duty. He was the officer of the law, and compelled to do what he did. Wherefore then would you go back to see him simply, and then, so strangely associated with your mother's grave?"

"Ha! that's it. He broke her heart by his treatment to me, and I would break his scull upon her grave as a satisfaction to both of us. I did wrong when a boy, that's like enough, for older people did wrong daily about me, but was my public disgrace to cure me of my wrong? They put me in the stocks, then expected me to be a good citizen. Wise enough. I tell you what, Matthews, I've seen something more of the world than you, though you've seen more years than I; and mark my word, whenever a man becomes a bad man, a thief, an outlaw, or a murderer, his neighbours have to thank themselves for three fourths of the teachings that have made him so. But this is enough on this talk. Let

us say something now of yourself—and first, how do you like this part of the world?"

"As well as can be expected. I am indifferent to any other, and I have quiet here, which I had not always in the turbulent changes of England. My family too are satisfied, and their contentment makes the greater part of mine."

"You'd find it better and pleasanter in Florida. I drive a good business there with the Spaniard. I'm rather one myself now, and carry his flag, though I trade chiefly on my own log."

The dialogue was here broken in upon by the entrance of Harrison, who, in spite of the cold courtesies of the pastor, and the downcast reserve in the eyes of Bess Matthews, yet joined the little group with the composure of one perfectly satisfied of the most cordial reception.

CHAPTER XV.

"Thou shalt disgorge thy prey, give up thy spoil,
And yield thee prisoner. The time is short,
Make thy speech fitting."

To the green wood with Harrison and the trader. We have heard the merry horn responding freely to that of the former. "You shall see them," said he to Granger—"brave fellows and true, and sufficient for my purpose. I can rely upon Grimstead, the smith, and his brother, certainly, for I left them but a couple of hours ago at the smithy. Theirs was the first answer we heard. I know not from whom comes the second, but I look for Wat Grayson from that quarter, and sure enough, he is here. Ha! Grayson, you are true and in time, as usual. I give you welcome, for I want your arm."

"And at your service, captain, to strike deer or ene-

my, for fight or labour. Ha! Granger—but you have forgotten my knife, which I've sorely wanted."

"It is here, at the Block House, ready for you."

"Good! Well captain, what's the service now? I'm ready, you see, and glad that you feel able to count so free upon Wat Grayson."

"You shall soon see, Grayson. I wait but for a few more of the boys, to tell you our work; and in order not to waste more time, wind your horn, and let the men come freely."

The horn was wound, and but a few seconds had elapsed when a distinct reply from two other quarters acknowledged the potent summons. In a few moments the sturdy blacksmith, Grimstead, followed by his younger brother, burst into the little area, which was the usual point of assemblage. A moment after, a bustling little body, known as Dr. Nichols, the only medical man in that region, also entered the ring, mounted upon the little ambling pony, or tacky, from the marsh—a sturdy little animal in much use, though of repute infinitely below its merits.

"Ha! doctor—our worthy Esculapius—how fares it? You come in time, for we look to have some bones for your setting before long," exclaimed Harrison, addressing him.

"Captain Harrison," responded the little professional, with a most imposing manner, "it gives me pleasure at any moment to do my country service. I am proud that my poor ability may be called into exercise, though I should rather have you invoke my personal than professional offices."

"We shall need both, doctor, most probably. We must first risk our bones before the surgeon may hope to handle them; and in doing so, have no scruple that he should risk his along with ours."

"And wherefore, may I ask, Captain Harrison?"

"Simply, doctor, that he may be taught a due lesson of sympathy by his own hurts, which shall make him tender of ours. But we are slow. Who have we here to count on for a brush?"

"Count on Dick Grimstead, captain, and you may put down Tom with him, but not as doctors.—I'm not for the doctoring, captain."

"Irreverend fellow!" muttered Nichols.

Harrison laughed, and proceeded to enumerate and arrange his men, who now, with himself and Granger, amounted to seven. He himself carried pistols, and the short German rifle already described. The rest had generally either the clumsy muskets of the time, or the tomahawk, an instrument almost as formidable, and certainly quite as necessary in the forests. Some of them were dressed in the uniform of the "green-jackets," the corps which had been raised by Harrison in the Coosaw war, and which he commanded. Though ignorant entirely of his character and pursuits, yet his successful heading of them in that sudden insurrection, at a moment of great emergency, not less than the free, affable, and forward manner which characterized him, had endeared him to them generally; and, unlike the pastor, they were content with this amount of their knowledge of one whom they had learned not less to love than to obey.

Harrison looked round upon his boys, as he called them, not heeding sundry efforts which Nichols made to command his attention. Suddenly addressing Grayson, he asked—

"Where's Murray?"

"Sick, captain—on the flat of his back, or I had brought him with me. He lies sick at Joe Gibbons' up by Bates', where he's been running up a new house for Gibbons."

"He must come from that, Grayson. It is too far from the Block House for any of them, and for a sick man, it will be hopeless, if there should be war. He is not safe there, Grayson, you must move him."

"That's impossible, captain. He can't move, he's down flat with the fever."

"Then you must bring him off on your shoulders, or get a cart, for he is not safe where he is. I think so at least, for the Indians are at work, and we shall, be-

fore very long, have the war-whoop ringing in our ears. We must clear the borders, or the Yemasseees will do it for us."

"And I'm ready, captain, as soon as they," exclaimed Grayson; "and that's the notion of more than Wat Grayson. The boys, generally, long for something to do; and, as we go up the river, the Indians get too monstrous impudent to be borne with much longer."

"True, Grayson—but we must wait their pleasure. I only give you my suspicions, and they amount to nothing so long as the Yemasseees profess peace."

"Oh, hang their professions, captain, say I. I don't see why we should wait on them to begin the brush, seeing it must be begun. There's nothing like a dash forward, when you see you have to go. That's my notion; and, say but the word, we'll catch the weazel asleep when he thinks to catch us. All our boys are ready for it, and a ring of the horn round Alligator Swamp will bring a dozen; and by night we could have Dick Mason, and Spragg, and Baynton, who have gone up to the new clearing upon the fork of *Tuliffinee*."

"It is well," said Harrison—"well that you should be ready, but it is for the assembly to make war and peace,—not for us. We can only provide for our defence in case of assault, and against it I want to prepare you, for I greatly apprehend it. But, in the meantime, I have another job for execution."

Nichols new finding a favourable moment, in his usual swelling manner, addressed Harrison and the company:—

"Captain Harrison, understand me. I protest my willingness to volunteer in any matter for the good of the people. It is the part of the true patriot to die for the people, and I'm willing when the time comes. Prepare the block, unsheath the sword, and provide the executioner,—and I, Constantine Maximilian Nichols, medical doctor, well assured that in my death I shall save my country, will freely yield up my poor life, even as the noble Decius of old, for the securing

of so great a blessing for my people. But, captain, it must be clear to my mind that the necessity is such, the end to be attained is of so great moment, and the means to be employed are warranted by the laws, in letter and in spirit. Speak therefore, captain, the design before us. Let me hear your purpose—let my mind examine into its bearings and its tendencies, and I will then declare myself.”

Harrison, who knew the weak point of the speaker, with singular composure preserved his gravity, while the foresters laughed aloud.

“Come with us, Constantine Maximilian—your own mind shall judge.”

He led the party to the Chief’s Bluff, and from the eminence he pointed out to them at a little distance below, where lay the boat of the schooner, one of the seamen rambling upon the land at a little distance from it, while the other lay in its bottom.

“Now, Constantine,” said he, “behold those men. I want them secured, bound hand and foot, and kept until farther orders.”

“Show me, Captain Harrison, that the peace of the country, the lives of my fellow-countrymen, or the liberties of the people depend upon the measure, and I am ready to yield up my life in the attainment of your object. Until you do this, captain, I decline; and must, furthermore, lift up my voice in adjuration to those about me, against acting as you counsel, doing this great wrong to the men whom you have singled out for bondage, depriving them of their liberties; and possibly their lives.”

“You are scrupulous, doctor, and we shall have to do without you. We shall certainly secure those two men, though we meditate nothing against the liberties of the people.”

“I shall warn them by my voice of your design upon them,” was the dogged resolve of the doctor.

“Of God’s surety, if you dare, Nichols, I shall tumble you headlong from the bluff,” sternly responded Harrison; and the patriot, to whom the declamation was

enough of glory, shrunk back, in little, behind the rest, with whom the leader found no difficulty. He proceeded,—

“Those men must be secured—they are but two, and you are five. They are without arms, so that all you may look for in the affair, will be a black eye or bloody nose. This will trouble neither of you much, though less ready than Constantine Maximilian to die for the people. Tumble the dogs into the sand and rope them—but do them no more damage than is necessary for that.”

“Who are they, captain?” asked Grayson.

“Nay, I know not, but they come from that vessel, and what she is I know not. One thing is certain, however, and hence my proceeding: In that vessel they have safely put away my black fellow, Hector.”

“The devil they have—the kidnappers.”

“Ay have they, and unless I get him out, they will have him in the Cuba market, and heaven knows how many more beside him, in twenty days, and we have no vessel to contend with them. There is but one way to give them a taste of what they may expect. You secure these lads, and when you have done so, bring them to Parson Matthews, sound your horn, and I shall then do my share of the duty.”

Leaving them to the performance of this task, Harrison went forward to the cottage of the pastor; while, headed by Grayson, the whole party, Nichols not excepted, went down the bluff, and came by a circuitous route upon the seamen. One of them slept in the boat and was secured without any difficulty. His opening eyes found himself closely grappled by a couple of sturdy woodsmen, and he did not even venture to cry aloud, warned as he had been against such a measure, by the judicious elevation of a tomahawk above his head. The other took to his heels on seeing the capture of his companion, but stood no manner of chance with the fleet-footed foresters. He was soon caught, and Constantine Maximilian Nichols was the most adroit of the party in bandaging up the arms of both. The

truth is, the doctor was not content with one profession only. He aimed at popular favour. His speeches were framed solely with that end, and he accordingly prated for ever, as is the familiar custom always among the cunning, about those rights of man for which he cared but little. He was not judicious in his declamation, however,—he professed quite too largely; and, in addition to this misfortune, it grew into a faith among his neighbours, that, while his forms of speech were full of bloodshed and sacrifice, the heart of the doctor was benevolently indifferent to all the circumstances and the joys of strife. But the prisoners were now secured, and, under close guard, were marched agreeably to arrangement, to the cottage of the pastor.

CHAPTER XVI.

“’Tis the rash hand that rights on the wild sea,
Or in the desert—violence is law,
And reason, where the civil hand is weak—
Our hope is in it now.”

THE entrance of Harrison, alone, into the cottage of the pastor, put a stop to the dialogue which had been going on between himself and the seaman. The reception which the host gave the new comer, was simply and coldly courteous—that of his lady was more grateful, but still constrained, and Bess, she feared to look up at all, lest all eyes should see how much better her reception would have been. Harrison saw all this, but the behaviour of the pastor seemed to have no effect upon him. He rattled on in his usual manner, though with something of loftiness still, which appeared to intimate its character of condescension.

“Mr. Matthews, it gives me pleasure to find you well—better, I think, than when I had the pleasure to

see you last. You see, I tax your courtesies, though you could find no relatives of mine in Charlestown willing to extend you theirs. But the time will come, sir, and your next visit may be more fruitful. Ah! Mrs. Matthews, growing young again, surely. Do you know I hold this climate to be the most delightful in the world,—a perfect seat of health and youth, in which the old Spaniard, John Ponce, of Leon, would certainly have come nigher the blessed fountain he sought, than he ever could have done in Florida. And you, Bess—Miss Matthews I mean—still sweet, charming as ever. Ah! Mrs. Matthews, you are thrice fortunate—always blessed. Your years are all so many summers—for Providence leaves to your household, in all seasons, one flower that compensates for all the rest.”

And thus, half playful, half serious, Harrison severally addressed all in the apartment, the sailor excepted. That worthy looked on, and listened with no little astonishment.

“D—d easy to be sure,” he half muttered to himself. Harrison, without distinguishing the words, heard the sounds, and readily comprehending their tenour from the look which accompanied them, he turned as playfully to the speaker as he had done to all the rest.

“And you, my old Hercules—you here too?—I left you in other company, when last we met, and am really not sorry that you got off without the long arrow of the Yemassee. Pray, how came you so fortunate? Few men here would have killed the dog of an Indian, without looking for the loss of his scalp, and a broken head in requital. Give us your secret, Hercules.”

“Look ye, young one, my name, as I told you before, is not Hercules—”

“Not Hercules,—indeed!—then it must be Ajax—Ajax or Agamemnon. Well, you have your choice, for you look any of them so well, that one or other of these I must call you. I could not well understand you by any other.”

It seemed the policy of Harrison, or so he appeared to think, to provoke the person he addressed into something like precipitance, suspecting him, as he did, of a secret and unfriendly object; and finding him a choleric and rash person, he aimed so to arouse his passion, as to disarm his caution and defeat his judgment; but, though Chorley exhibited indignation enough, yet having his own object, and wishing at that time to appear as amiable as possible; in the presence of those who knew him as a different character in childhood, he moderated duly his anger to his situation and desires. Still, his reply was fierce enough, and much of it muttered in an under tone, heard only by the pastor and him he addressed.

"Hark ye, sir, I don't know what you may be, and don't much care; but blast my heart, if you don't mind your eyes, I'll take your ears off, and slit your tongue, or I'm no man. I won't suffer any man to speak to me in this manner."

"You won't—and you'll take my ears off and slit my tongue. Why, Hercules, you're decidedly dangerous. But I shall not tax your services so far."

"Shall have them, though, by G—d, whether you will or not. You are not two to one now, youngster, and shan't swing to-day at my cost, as you did yesterday."

"Pshaw—don't put on your clouds and thunder now, old Jupiter—you look, for all the world, at this moment like a pirate, and must certainly frighten the ladies should they dare to look on you."

Chorley started visibly, fierce yet agitated, while the close, dark, penetrating eye of Harrison was fixed sternly upon his own. Before he could recover in time for a reply in the same by-play manner—for the dialogue between the two had been carried on in under tone—Harrison went on, resuming that playfulness of speech and look from which he had in the last few remarks not a little departed.

"Don't mean to offend, Hercules, far from it. But really, when I spoke, your face did wear a most

Blifustier* expression, such an one as Black Beard himself might have put on while sacking a merchantman, and sending her crew on the plank."

"My name, young man, as I told you before," began the sailor, with a look and tone of forbearance and meekness that greatly awakened the sympathies of the pastor, to whom the playful persecution of Harrison had been any thing but grateful—"my name is—"

But his tormentor interrupted him—

"Is Jupiter Ammon, I know—give yourself no manner of trouble, I beg you."

"Master Harrison," said the pastor, gravely, "this is my guest, and so are you, and as such, permit me to say that mutual respect is due to my house and presence, if not to one another. The name of this gentleman is Chorley, Master Richard Chorley, whose parents I knew in England as well as himself."

"Ha! Chorley—you knew him in England—Master Chorley, your servant,—Hercules no longer. You will be pleased to forgive my merriment, which is scarce worth your cloud and thunder storm. Chorley, did you say—Chorley, a good name—the name of a trader upon the Spanish Islands. Said I right?" inquired the speaker, who appeared to muse somewhat abstractedly over his recent accession of intelligence while addressing the seaman. The latter sulkily assented.

"Your craft lies in the river, and you come for trade. You have goods, Master Chorley—fine stuffs for a lady's wear, and jewels—have you not jewels such as would not do discredit to a neck, white, soft—a glimpse, such as we sometimes have through these blessed skies, of a pure, glorious heaven smiling and wooing beyond them. Have you no such befitting gauds—no highly wrought gem and ornament—in the shape of cross and chain, which a sharp master of trade may have picked up, lying at watch snugly among the little Islands of the Gulf?"

"And if I have?" sullenly responded the seaman.

* *Blifustier* was one of the names conferred by the Dutch, by which the early bucaniers of America were known.

“I will buy, Hercules—Master Chorley I should say—I would buy such a jewel—a rich chain, or the cross which the Spaniard worships. Wouldst thou wear such a chain of my gift, sweet Bess—it would fit, because so far below, thy neck in its richness. Would take my purchase, Miss Matthews?” He looked tenderly to her eyes as he spoke, and the seaman, watching their mutual glance, with a curiosity which became malignant, soon discovered their secret, if so it may be called. Before his daughter could speak, the old pastor sternly answered for her in the negative. His feelings had grown more and more uncompromising and resentful at every word of the previous dialogue. In his eyes the cool composure of Harrison was the superb of audacity, particularly as, in the previous interview, he thought he had said and done enough to discourage the pretensions of any suiter—and one so utterly unknown to him as the present. Not that, there was not much in all that he knew of the person in question, to confound and distract his judgment. In their intercourse, and in all known intercourse, he had always proved brave, sensible, and generous. He had taken the lead among the volunteers, a short time previous, in defeating a superior Spanish force and driving them in disgrace from a meditated attack on Port Royal Island and Edisto. For this service he had received from the men he had then commanded, an application for the permanent continuance of his authority—an application neither declined nor accepted. They knew him, however, only as Gabriel Harrison, a man singularly compounded of daring bravery, cool reflection, and good-humoured vivacity, and knowing this, they cared for little more information. The farther mystery, knowing so much, was criminal in the eyes of the pastor, who had better reasons than the volunteers for desiring a greater share of confidence; and though really, when he could calmly reflect on the subject, uninfluenced by his prejudices of Puritanism, pleased with the individual, a sense of what he considered his duty compelled him to frown upon pretensions so perfectly

vague yet so confidently urged as those of his visiter. The course of the dialogue just narrated contributed still more to disapprove Harrison in the old man's estimation.

"My daughter wears no such idle vanities, Master Harrison," said he, "and least of all should she be expected to receive them from hands of which we know nothing."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Chorley, now in his turn enjoying himself at the expense of his adversary—"Oh, ho—sits the wind in that quarter of your sail, young master?"

"Well, Hercules, what do you laugh at? I will buy your chain, though the lady may or may not take it."

"You buy no chain of me, I think," replied the other—"unless you buy this, which I would have placed myself, as a free gift, upon the neck of the young lady, before you came."

"You place it upon Bessy's neck,—indeed. Why Bully-boy, what put that extravagant notion into your head?" exclaimed Harrison scornfully aloud.

"And why not, master; why not, I pray you?" inquired the seaman, at the same time not seeking to suppress his pique.

"Why not—indeed—but will you sell your chain?"

"Ay, that will I, but at a price something beyond your mark. What will you give now?"

"Put like a trader—Granger himself could not have said it with more grace. I will give——" at that moment a distinct blast of the horn, reverberating through the hall, announced to Harrison the success and approach of his party. Fixing his eye upon the person he addressed, and turning full upon him, he replied—

"I have the price at hand—a fitting price, and one that you seem already to have counted on. What say you then to my black fellow, Hector—he is a fine servant, and as you have already stowed him away safely in your hold, I suppose you will not hesitate to ask for him three hundred pieces in the Cuba market—something more than the value of your chain."

The seaman looked not less astounded than did the pastor and his family, at this unlooked-for charge.

"Where, Master Harrison, did you say?" inquired Matthews.

"In the hold of this worthy fur and amber trader's vessel—safe, locked up, and ready for the Spaniard."

"It's a d——d lie," exclaimed the ferocious seaman, recovering from his momentary stupor.

"Bah, Hercules—see you fool written in my face, that you suppose oaths go further with me than words? You are young, my Hercules, very young, to think so,"—then, as the accused person proceeded to swear and swagger, Harrison turned to the ladies who had been silent and astonished auditors—"Mrs. Matthews, and you Bess,—take your chambers, please you, for a while. This business may be unpleasant, and not suited to your presence."

"But Captain Harrison—my son," said the old lady, affectionately.

"Gabriel,—dear Gabriel," murmured the young one.

"No violence, gentlemen,—for heaven's sake, gentlemen," said the host.

Harrison kissed his hands playfully to the mother and daughter, as, leading them to an inner door, he begged them to have no apprehension.

"There is no cause of fear—be not alarmed. Hercules and myself would only determine the value of Hector, without unnecessary witnesses. Go now, and fear not."

Having dismissed the ladies, Harrison turned immediately to Chorley, and putting his hand with the utmost deliberation upon his shoulder, thus addressed him—

"Hark ye, Hercules, you can't have Hector for nothing. The fellow's in prime order—not old, and still active—besides he's the most trust-worthy slave I own, and loves me like a brother. It goes against me to part with him, but if you are determined to have him, you must give me an equivalent."

The seaman, with many oaths, denied having him.

"Spare your breath, man," said the other, impetuously—"I know you have him. Your swearing makes none of your lies true, and you waste them on me. Give up Hector, then——"

"And what if I say no?" fiercely replied the seaman.

"Then I keep Hercules!" was the response of Harrison.

"We shall see that," exclaimed the kidnapper—and drawing his cutlass, he approached the door of the cottage, in the way of which Harrison stood calmly. As he approached, the latter drew forth a pistol from his bosom, coolly cocked and presented it with one hand, while with the other raising his horn to his lips he replied to the previous signal. In another moment the door was thrown open, and Granger, with two of the foresters, appeared, well armed, and destroying any thought of an equal struggle, which might originally have entered the mind of Chorley. The three new comers ranged themselves around the apartment, so as to encircle the seaman.

"Captain Harrison," interposed the pastor—"this violence in my house——"

"I deeply regret, Mr. Matthews," was the reply, "but it is here necessary."

"It is taking the laws into your own hands, sir."

"I know it, sir, and will answer to the laws for taking Hector from the unlawful hands of this kidnapper. Stand aside, sir, if you please, while we secure our prisoner. Well, Hercules, are you ready for terms now?"

Nothing daunted, Chorley held forth defiance, and with a fierce oath, lifting his cutlass, he resolutely endeavoured to advance. But the extension of his arm for the employment of his weapon, with his enemies so near, was of itself a disadvantage. The sword had scarcely obtained a partial elevation, when the iron muscles of Dick Grimstead fixed the uplifted arm as firmly as if the vice of the worthy blacksmith had taken the grasp instead of his fingers. In another

moment he was tumbled upon his back, and spite of every effort at release, the huge frame of Grimstead maintained him in that humiliating position.

"You see, Hercules—obstinacy won't serve you here. I must have Hector, or I shall see the colour of every drop of blood in your body. I swear it, of God's surety. Listen, then—here are materials for writing. You are a commander—you shall forward despatches to your men for the delivery of my snow-ball. Hector I must have."

"I will write nothing—my men are in the boat,—they will soon be upon you, and by all the devils, I will mark you for this."

"Give up your hope, Bully-boy,—and be less obdurate. I have taken care to secure your men and boat, as comfortably as yourself. You shall see that I speak truth." Winding his horn as he spoke, the rest of the foresters appeared under the conduct of Nichols, who, strange to say, was now the most active conspirator seemingly of the party; and with them the two seamen well secured by cords. Ushering his prisoners forward, the worthy Constantine etc., seeing Harrison about to speak, hastily interrupted him—

"The great object of action, captain—the great object of human action—Mr. Matthews, I am your servant—the great object, Captain Harrison, of human action, as I have said before, is, or should be, the pursuit of human happiness. The great aim of human study is properly to determine upon the true nature of human action. Human reason being the only mode, in the exercise of which, we can possibly arrive at the various courses which human action is to take, it follows, in direct sequence, that the Supreme Arbiter in matters of moral, or I should rather say human propriety, is the universal reason—"

"Quod erat demonstrandum," gravely interrupted Harrison.

"Your approval is grateful, Captain Harrison—very grateful, sir—but I beg that you will not interrupt me."

Harrison bowed, and the doctor proceeded:—

“ Referring to just principles, and the true standard, which,—Master Matthews this may be of moment to you, and I beg your particular attention—I hold to be human reason,—for the government, the wellbeing of human society, I have determined—being thereto induced simply by a consideration of the good of the people—to lead them forth, for the captivity of these evil-minded men, who, without the fear of God in their eyes, and instigated by the devil, have feloniously kidnapped and entrapped and are about to carry away one of the lawful subjects of our king, whom Fate preserve.—I say subject, for though it does not appear that black has ever been employed, as a colour distinguishing the subjects of our master, the King of Great Britain, yet, as subject to his will, and the control of his subjects, and more than all, as speaking in the proper form of the English language, a little interpolated here and there, it may be, with a foreign coating or accent—which it may be well to recognise as legitimately forming a feature of the said language, which by all writers is held to be of a compound substance, not unlike, morally speaking, the sort of rock, which the geologists designate as pudding-stone—pudding being a preparation oddly and heavily compounded—and to speak professionally, indigestibly compounded—I say, then, and I call you, our pastor, and you, Captain Harrison, and, I say, Richard Grimstead, albeit you are not of a craft or profession which I may venture to style liberal, you too may be a witness,—and you will all of you here assembled take upon you to witness for me, that in leading forth these brave men to the assault upon and captivity of these nefarious kidnapers, rescue or no rescue, at this moment my prisoners, that, from the first and immutable principles which I have laid down, I could have been governed only by a patriotic desire for the good of the people. For, as it is plain that the man who kidnaps a subject has clearly none of those moral restraints which should keep him from kidnapping subjects, and as it is equally clear that subjects should

not be liable to abduction or kidnapping; so does it follow, as a direct sequence; that the duty of the good citizen is to prevent such nefarious practices. I fear not now the investigation of the people, for having been governed in what I have done simply by a regard for their good and safety, I yield me to their judgment, satisfied of justice, yet not shrinking, in their cause, from the martyrdom which they sometimes inflict."

The speaker paused, breathless, and looked round very complacently upon the assembly—the persons of which, his speech had variously affected. Some laughed, knowing the man; but one or two looked profound, and of these, at a future day, he had secured the suffrages. Harrison suffered nothing of risibility to appear upon his features, composing the muscles of which, he turned to the patriot;—

"Gravely and conclusively argued, doctor, and with propriety, for the responsibility was a weighty one of this bold measure, which your regard for popular freedom has persuaded you to adopt. I did not myself think that so much could be said in favour of the proceeding; the benefits of which we shall now proceed to reap. And now, Hercules," he continued, addressing the still prostrate seaman, "you see the case is hopeless, and there is but one way of effecting your liberty. Write—here are the materials; command that Hector be restored without stroke or strife, for of God's surety, every touch of the whip upon the back of my slave, shall call for a corresponding dozen upon your own. Your seamen shall bear the despatch, and they shall return with the negro. I shall place a watch, and if more than these leave the vessel, it will be a signal which shall sound your death-warrant, for that moment, of God's surety, shall you hang. Let him rise, Grimstead, but keep his sword, and tomahawk him if he stir."

Chorley saw that the case was hopeless on other terms, and wrote as he was required. Sullenly affix-

ing the signature, he handed it fiercely to Harrison, who coolly read over its contents.

"So your name is really not Hercules, after all," he spoke with his usual careless manner—"but Chorley?"

"Is it enough?" sullenly asked the seaman.

"Ay, Bully-boy, if your men obey it. I shall only take the liberty of putting a small addition to the paper, apprizing them of the prospect in reserve for yourself, if they steer awkwardly. A little hint to them," speaking as he wrote, "of new arms for their captain—swinging bough, rope pendant,—and so forth."

In an hour and the men returned, bringing the bone of contention, the now half frantic Hector, along with them. Chorley was instantly released, and swearing vengeance for the indignity which he had suffered, immediately took his way to the vessel, followed by his men. Unarmed, he could do nothing with the stronger force of Harrison, but his fierce spirit only determined upon a reckoning doubly terrible from the present restraint upon it.

"Keep cool, Hercules; this attempt to kidnap our slaves will tell hardly against you when going round Port Royal Island. The battery there may make your passage uncomfortable."

"You shall suffer for this, young one, or my name's not——"

"Hercules! well, well—see that you keep a close reckoning, for I am not so sure that Richard Chorley is not as great a sea-shark as Steed Bonnett himself."

The seaman started fiercely, as the speaker thus compared him with one of the most notorious pirates of the time and region, but a sense of caution restrained him from any more decided expression of his anger. With a word of parting to the pastor, and a sullen repetition of a general threat to the rest, he was soon in his boat and upon the way to his vessel.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Have the keen eye awake—sleep not, but hold
A perilous watch to-night. There is an hour
Shall come, will try the stoutest of ye all."

"I SAY it again, Captain Harrison—fortunate is it for mankind, fortunate and thrice happy—Mr. Matthews you will be pleased to respond to the sentiment—thrice fortunate, I say, is it for mankind—Richard Grimstead, this idea is one highly important to your class, and you will give it every attention—thrice fortunate for mankind that there are some spirits in the world, some noble spirits, whom no fear, no danger, not even the dread of death, can discourage or deter in their labours for the good of the people. Who nobly array themselves against injustice, who lift up the banners of truth, and, filled to overflowing with the love of their fellows, who yield up nothing of man's right to exaction and tyranny, but, shouting their defiance to the last, fear not to embrace the stake of martyrdom in the perpetuation of an immortal principle. Yes, captain—what,—will you not hear?—Mr. Matthews, venerable sir—Master Grayson, Master Walter Grayson, I say—and you, Richard Grimstead—will nobody hear?—thus it is,—the blind and insensible mass!—they take the safety and the service, but forget the benefactor. It is enough to make the patriot renounce his nature, and leave them to their fate."

"You had better go now, doctor, and see poor Murray, instead of standing here making speeches about nothing. Talk of the good of the people, indeed, and leave the sick man without physic till this time of day."

"You are right in that, Master Grayson, though scarcely respectful. It concerns the popular welfare, certainly, that men should not fall victims to disease ;

but you must understand, Master Grayson, that even to this broad and general principle, there are some obvious exceptions. One may and must, now and then, be sacrificed for the good of many—though to confess a truth, this can scarcely be an admitted principle, if such a sacrifice may tend in any way to affect the paramount question of the soul's immortal peace or pain. I have strong doubts whether a man should be hung at all. For, if it happen that he be a bad man, to hang him is to precipitate him into that awful abiding place, to which each successive generation has contributed a new assortment of dooms and demons; and if he should have seen the error of his ways, and repented, he ceases to be a bad man, and should not be hung at all. But, poor Murray, as you remind me, ought to be physicked—these cursed fevers hang on a man, as that sooty-lipped fellow Grimstead says, in a speech, uncouth as himself, like 'death to a dead negro.' - The only God to be worshipped in this region, take my word for it, Master Grayson, is that heathen god, Mercury. He is the true friend of the people, and as such I worship him. Captain Harrison—the man is deaf.—Ah, Mr. Matthews—deaf, too! Farewell, Master Grayson, or do you ride towards Gibbons'? He turns a deaf ear also. Human nature—human nature! I do hate to ride by myself."

And with these words, in obvious dissatisfaction—for Doctor Constantine Maximilian Nichols stood alone—he left the house and moved off to the wood where his little tacky stood in waiting. By this time the foresters generally had also left the old pastor's cottage. Giving them instructions to meet him at the Block House, Harrison alone lingered behind with the old Puritan, to whom the preceding events had somehow or other been productive of much sore disquietude. He had shown his disapprobation at various stages of their occurrence; and even now, when the restoration of Hector, more than ever, showed the propriety, or policy at least, of the course which had been pursued, the old man seemed still to maintain a decided hos-

tility to the steps which Harrison had taken for the recovery of his property. Having once determined against the individual himself, the pastor was one of those dogged and self-satisfied persons who can never bring themselves to the dismissal of a prejudice; who never permit themselves to approve of any thing done by the obnoxious person, and who studiously seek, in reference to him, every possible occasion for discontent and censure. In such a mood he addressed Harrison when the rest had departed:—

“This violence, Master Harrison,” said he, “might do in a condition of war and civil commotion; but while there are laws for the protection of the people and for the punishment of the aggressor, the resort to measures like that which I have this day witnessed, I hold to be highly indecorous and criminal.”

“Mr. Matthews, you talk of laws, as if that pirate fellow could be brought to justice by a sheriff.”

“And why should he not, Master Harrison?”

“My good sir, for the very best reason in the world, if you will but open your eyes, and take off some few of the scales which you delight to wear. Because, in that vessel, carrying guns and men enough to serve them, he could safely bid defiance to all the sheriffs you could muster. Let the wind but serve, and he could be off, carrying you along with him if he so thought proper, and at this moment nothing we could do could stop him. There is no defending Port Royal, and that is its misfortune. You must always call the force from Charlestown which could do so, and at this time there is not a single armed vessel in that port. No sir—nothing but manœuvring now for that fellow, and we must manage still more adroitly before we get our own terms out of him.”

“Why sir—where’s the battery at Port Royal?”

“Pshaw, Mr. Matthews—a mere fly in the face of the wind. The battery at Port Royal, indeed, which the Spaniards have twice already taken at noonday, and which they would have tumbled into nothing, but for Captain Godfrey and myself, as you should remem-

ber, for your own chance and that of your family were narrow enough. A good wind, sir, would carry this Blifustier beyond the fort before three guns could be brought to bear upon her."

"Well, Master Harrison, even if this be the case, I should rather the guilty should escape than that self-constituted judges should take into their own hands the administration of justice and the law."

"Indeed, Master Pastor, but you are too merciful by half; and Hector, if he heard you now, would have few thanks for a charity, which would pack him off to the Cuba plantations for the benefit of your bully-boy acquaintance. No, no. I shall always hold and recover my property by the strong arm, when other means are wanting."

"And pray, sir, what security have the people, that you, unknown to them as you are, may not employ the same arm to do them injustice, while proposing justice for yourself?"

"That is what Nichols would call the popular argument, and for which he would give you thanks, while using it against you. But, in truth, this is the coil, and amounts to neither more nor less than this, that all power is subject to abuse. I do not contend for the regular practice of that which I only employ in a last necessity. But, of this enough,—I am in no mood for hair splitting and arguing about trifling irregularities, when the chance is that there are far more serious difficulties before us. Hear me, then, Mr. Matthews, on a subject more important to yourself. You are here, residing on the borders of a savage nation, with an interest scarcely worth your consideration, and certainly no engrossing object. Your purpose is the good of those around you, and with that object you suffer privations here, to which your family are not much accustomed. I have an interest in your welfare, and—"

The lips of the pastor curled contemptuously into a smile. Harrison proceeded:

"I understand that expression, sir; and, contenting

myself with referring you for a commentary upon it to the sacred profession of your pursuit, I freely forgive it." The pastor's cheek grew crimson, while the other continued :—

"You are here, sir, as I have said, upon the Indian borders. There is little real affinity between you. The entire white population thus situated, and stretching for thirty miles towards the coast in this direction, does not exceed nine hundred, men, women, and children. You live remotely from each other—there is but little concert between you, and, bating an occasional musket, or sword, the hatchet and the knife are the only weapons which your houses generally furnish. The Indians are fretful and becoming insolent—"

"Let me interrupt you, Master Harrison. I believe not that; and so far as my experience goes, the Yemassee were never more peaceable than at this moment."

"Pardon me, sir, if I say, you know little of the Indians, and are quite too guileless yourself to comprehend the least portion of their deceitful character. Are you aware, sir, of the insurrection which took place in Pocota-ligo last night?"

"I am not—what insurrection?"

"The chiefs, deposed by the people, and by this time probably destroyed for selling their lands yesterday to the commissioners."

"Ah! I could have said the why and the wherefore, without your speech. This but proves, Captain Harrison, that we may, if we please, provoke them by our persecutions into insurrections. Why do we thus seek to rob them of their lands—when, oh! Father of mercies, when shall there be but one flock of all classes and colours, all tribes and nations, of thy people, and thy blessed Son, our Saviour, the good and guiding shepherd thereof?"

"The prayer is a just one, and the blessing desirable; but, while I concur with your sentiment, I am not willing to agree with you that our desire to procure their lands is at all inconsistent with the prayer. Un-

til they shall adept our pursuits, or we theirs, we can never form the one community for which your prayer is sent up; and so long as the hunting lands are abundant, the seductions of that mode of life will always baffle the approach of civilization among the Indians. But this is not the matter between us now. Your smile of contempt, just now, when I spoke of my regard for your family, does not discourage me from repeating the profession. I esteem your family, and a yet stronger sentiment attaches me to one of its members. Feeling thus towards you and it, and convinced, as I am, that there is danger at hand from the Indians, I entreat that you will remove at once into a close neighbourhood with our people. Go to Port Royal, where the means of escape are greater to Charlestown,—or, why not go to Charlestown itself?"

"And see your family," coolly spoke the pastor.

"It will be yours before long, and you will probably then know them," said the other with equal coolness. "But let not this matter affect the conviction in your mind, which is strong in mine. There is a near danger to be apprehended from the Indians."

"I apprehend none, Captain Harrison. The Indians have always borne themselves peaceably towards me and towards all the settlers—towards all who have carried them the words of peace. To me they have been more. They have listened patiently to my teachings, and the eyes of some of them, under the blessed influence of the Saviour, have been opened to the light."

"Be not deceived, Mr. Matthews. The Indian upon whom you would most rely, would be the very first to carry your scalp as a choice trimming for his mocquasin. Be advised, sir—I know more of this people than yourself. I know what they are when excited and aroused—deception with them is the legitimate morality of a true warrior. Nor will they, when once at war, discriminate between the good neighbour, like yourself, and the wild borderer who encroaches upon their hunting grounds and carries off their spoil."

"I fear not, sir—I know all the chiefs, and feel just

as secure here, guarded by the watchful Providence, as I possibly could do, in the crowded city, fenced in by mightiest walls."

"This confidence is rashness, sir, since it rejects a precaution which can do no harm, and offers but little inconvenience. Where is the necessity for your remaining here, where there is so little to attract, and so few ties to bind? Leave the spot, sir, at least until the storm is over-blown which I now see impending."

"You are prophetic, Master Harrison, but as I see no storm impending, you will suffer me to remain. You seem also to forget that in remaining in this region, which you say has few ties for me and mine, I am complying with a solemn duty, undertaken in cool deliberation, and which I would not, if I could, avoid. I am here, as you know, the agent of a noble Christian charity of England, as a missionary to the heathen."

"And nothing inconsistent with your duty to leave the spot for a season, in which, in the event of a war, you could pursue no such mission. Leave it for a season, only."

"Master Harrison, once for all, permit me to choose for myself, not only where to live, but who shall be my adviser and companion. I owe you thanks for your professed interest in me and mine; but it seems to me there is but little delicacy in thus giving us your presence, when my thoughts on the subject of my daughter and your claim, have been so clearly expressed. The violence of your course to-day, sir, let me add, is enough to strengthen my previous determination on that subject."

"Your determination, Mr. Matthews, seems fixed, indeed, to be wrong-headed and obstinate. You have dwelt greatly upon my violence to this sea-bear; yet, or I greatly mistake my man, you will come to wish it had been greater. But ask your own good sense whether that violence exceeded in degree the amount necessary to secure the restoration of my slave? I did only what I thought essential to that end, though something provoked to more. But this aside—if you

will not hear counsel, and determine to remain in this place, at least let me implore you to observe every precaution, and be ready to resort to the Block House with the first alarm. Be ready in your defence, and keep a careful watch. Let your nightbolts be well shot. I too, sir, will be something watchful for you. I cannot think of letting you sacrifice, by your ill-judged obstinacy, one, dear enough to me, at least, to make me bear with the discourtesies which come with such an ill grace from her sire."

Thus speaking, Harrison left the cottage abruptly, leaving the old gentleman, standing, somewhat dissatisfied with his own conduct, in the middle of the floor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Thou killest me with a word when thou dost say
She loves him. Better thou hadst slain me first;
Thou hadst not half so wrong'd me then as now,
For now, *I live to perish.*"

HECTOR met his master at the door of the cottage with tidings from the daughter which somewhat compensated for the harsh treatment of the father. She had consented to their meeting that afternoon in the old grove of oaks, well known even to this day in that neighbourhood, for its depth and beauty of shadow, and its sweet fitness for all the purposes of love. Somewhat more satisfied, therefore, he took his way to the Block House, where the foresters awaited him.

They met in consultation, and the duties before Harrison were manifold. He told the party around him all that it was necessary they should know, in order to ensure proper precautions; and having persuaded them of the necessity of this labour, he found no difficulty in procuring their aid in putting the Block

House in better trim for the reception of the enemy. To do this, they went over the fabric together. The pickets forming an area or yard on two of its sides, having been made of the resinous pine of the country, were generally in good preservation. The gate securing the entrance was gone, however, and called for immediate attention. The door of the Block House itself—for it had but one—had also been taken away, and the necessity was equally great of its restoration. The lower story of the fortress consisted of but a single apartment, in which no repairs were needed. The upper story was divided into two rooms, and reached by a ladder—a single ladder serving both divisions, and transferable to each place of access when their ascent was desirable. One of these apartments, built more securely than the other, and pierced with a single small window, had been meant as the retreat of the women and children, and was now in the possession of Granger, the trader, and his wife. His small stock in trade, his furs, blankets, knives, beads, hatchets, etc., were strewn confusedly over the clapboard floor. These were the articles most wanted by the Indians. Firearms it had been the policy of the English to keep from them as much as possible. Still, the intercourse between them had been such that this desire was not always practicable. Many of their principal persons had contrived to procure them, either from the English tradesmen themselves, or from the Spaniards of St. Augustine, with whom of late the Yemassees had grown exceedingly intimate; and though, from their infrequent use, not perfectly masters of the weapon, they were still sufficiently familiar with it to increase the odds already in their favour on the score of numbers. Apart from this, the musket is but little if any thing superior to the bow and arrow in the American forests. It inspires with more terror, and is therefore more useful; but it is not a whit more fatal. Once discharged, the musket is of little avail. The Indian then rushes forward, and the bayonet becomes innocuous, for the striking and sure distance for

the tomahawk in his hands is beyond the reach of its thrust. The tomahawk, with little practice, in any hand, can inflict a severe if not a fatal wound at twelve paces, and beyond ordinary pistol certainty. As long as his quiver lasts—say twelve or fifteen arrows—the bow in the close woods is superior to the musket in the grasp of an Indian, requiring only the little time necessary after the discharge of one, in fixing another arrow upon the elastic sinew. The musket too, in the hands of the Englishman, and according to his practice, is a sightless weapon. He fires in line, and without aim. The Anglo-American, therefore, has generally adopted the rifle. The eye of the Indian regulates every shaft from his bow with a rapidity given him by repeated, and hourly practice from his childhood, and he learns to take the same aim at his enemy which he would take at the smallest bird among his forests. But to return.

Harrison, with Grimstead, the smith, Grayson, Granger, and the rest, looked carefully to all the defences of the fortress, employing them generally in the repairs considered necessary, nor withholding his own efforts in restoring the broken timber or the maimed shutter. The tools of the carpenter were as familiar as the weapon of warfare to the hand of the American woodsman, and the aid of the smith soon put things in train for a stout defence of the fabric, in the event of any necessity. This having been done, the whole party assembled in Granger's apartment to partake of the frugal meal which the hands of the trader's wife had prepared for them. We have seen the bold step taken by this woman in delivering up to the Yemassee the treaty which conveyed their lands to the Carolinians, by which, though she had risked the displeasure of Sir Edmund Bellinger, whom the point of honour would have rendered obstinate, she had certainly saved the lives of the party. She was a tall, masculine, and well-made woman; of a sanguine complexion, with deeply sunken, dark eyes, hair black as a coal and cut short like that of a man.

There was a stern something in her glance which repelled ; and though gentle and even humble in her usual speech, there were moments when her tone was that of reckless defiance, and when her manner was any thing but conciliatory. Her look was always grave, even sombre, and no one saw her smile. She thus preserved her own and commanded the respect of others, in a sphere of life to which respect, or in very moderate degree, is not often conceded ; and though now she did not sit at the board upon which the humble meal had been placed, her presence restrained the idle remark which the wild life of most of those assembled around it, would be well apt to instigate and occasion. At dinner Hector was examined as to his detention on board of the schooner. He told the story of his capture as already given, and though the poor fellow had in reality heard nothing, or very little, of the conversation between the sailor and the Indians, yet the clear narrative which he gave, descriptive of the free intercourse between the parties, and the presence of the belt of wampum, were proofs strong as holy writ, conclusive to the mind of Harrison of the suspicion he had already entertained.

“And what of the schooner—what did you see there, Hector?”

“Gun, mosser—big gun, little gun—long sword, little sword, and hatchets plenty for Injins.”

“What sort of men?”

“Ebery sort, mosser, English, Dutch, French, Spanish,—ugly little men wid big whiskers, and long black hair, and face nebber see water.”

This was information enough, and with some further deliberation the parties separated, each in the performance of some duty which by previous arrangement had been assigned him. An hour after the separation, and Walter Grayson arrived at the landing upon the river, a few hundred yards from the cottage where he lived, in time to see his brother, who was just about to put off with several bundles of skins in a small boat towards the vessel of the supposed Indian trader. The manner

of the latter was cold, and his tone rather stern and ungracious.

"I have waited for you some hours, Walter Grayson," said he, standing upon the banks, and throwing a bundle into the bottom of the boat.

"I could come no sooner, Hugh; I have been busy in assisting the captain."

"The captain—will you never be a freeman, Walter—will you always be a water-carrier for a master? Why do you seek and serve this swaggerer, as if you had lost every jot of manly independence?"

"Not so fast, Hugh,—and my very good younger brother—not so fast. I have not served him, more than I have served you and all of us, by what I have done this morning."—He then went on to tell his brother of the occurrences of the day. The other seemed much astonished, and there was something of chagrin manifest in his astonishment—so much so indeed, that Walter could not help asking him if he regretted that Harrison should get his own again.

"No—not so, brother,—but the truth is, I was about to take my skins to this same trader for sale and barter, and my purpose is something staggered by your intelligence."

"Well, I don't know but it should stagger you; and I certainly shouldn't advise you, for the man who comes to smuggle and kidnap will scarcely heed smaller matters of trade."

"I must go—I want every thing, even powder and lead."

"Well, that's a good want with you, Hugh, for if you had none, you'd be better willing to work at home."

"I will not go into the field,"—said the other, haughtily and impatiently. "It will do for you, to take the mule's labour, who are so willing to be at the beck and call of every swaggering upstart, but I will not. No! Let me rather go with the Indians, and take up with them, and dress in their skins, and disfigure myself with their savage paint; but I will neither dig nor hew when I can do otherwise."

“Ay, when you can do otherwise, Hugh Grayson—I am willing. But do not deceive yourself, young brother of mine. I know, if you do not, why the labours of the field, which I must go through with, are your dislike. I know why you will rather drive the woods, day after day, in the Indian fashion, along with Chiparee or Occonestoga and with no better company, for now and then a buck or doe, in preference to more regular employment and a more certain subsistence.”

“And why is it then, Walter—let me have the benefit of your knowledge.”

“Ay, I know and so do you, Hugh, and shame, I say, on the false pride which regards the toil of your own father, and the labours of your own brother, as degrading. Ay, you blush, and well you may, Hugh Grayson. It is the truth—a truth I have never spoken in your ears before, and should not have spoken now but for the freedom and frequency with which you, my younger brother, and for whom I have toiled when he could not toil for himself, presume to speak of my conduct as slavish. Now examine your own, and know that as I am independent, I am not slavish—you can tell for yourself whether you owe as little to me, as I to you and to all other persons. When you have answered this question, Hugh, you can find a better application than you have yet made of that same word ‘slave.’”

The cheek of the hearer grew pale and crimson, alternately, at the reproach of the speaker, whose eye watched him with not a little of that sternness of glance, which heretofore had filled his own. At one moment, the collected fury of his look seemed to threaten violence, but, as if consideration came opportunely, he turned aside, and after a few moments’ pause, replied in a thick, broken tone of voice:—

“You have said well, my elder brother and my better. Your reproach is just—I am a dependant—a beggar—one who should acknowledge, if he has not craved for, charity. I say it—and I feel it, and the sooner I requite the obligation the better I will go to

this trader, and sell my skins if I can, kidnapper or pirate though he be. I will go to him, and beg him to buy, which I might not have done but for your speech. You have said harshly, Walter Grayson, very harshly, but truly, and—I thank you, I thank you, believe me—I thank you for the lesson.”

As he moved away, the elder brother turned quick upon him, and with an ebullition of feeling which did not impair his manliness, he grappled his hand—

“Hugh, boy, I was harsh and foolish, but you wrought me to it. I love you, brother—love you as if you were my own son, and do not repent me of any thing I have done for you, which, were it to be done over again, I should rejoice to do. But when you speak in such harsh language of men whom you know I love, you provoke me, particularly when I see and know that you do them injustice. Now, Captain Harrison, let me tell you——”

“I would not hear, Walter—nothing, I pray you, of that man!”

“And why not?—Ah, Hughey, put down this bad spirit—this impatient spirit, which will not let you sleep; for even in your sleep it speaks out, and I have heard it.”

“Ha!” and the other started, and laid his hand on the arm of his brother—“thou hast heard what?”

“What I will not say—not even to you, but enough, Hugh, to satisfy me, that your dislike to Harrison springs from an unbecoming feeling.”

“Name it.”

“Jealousy!—I have already hinted as much, and now I tell you that your love for Bess Matthews, and her love for him, are the cause of your hate to Harrison.”

“You mean not to say she loves him.”

“I do, Hugh—honestly I believe it.”

And as the elder brother replied, the other dashed down his hand, which, on putting the question, he had taken, and rushed off, with a feeling of desperation, to the boat. In a moment, seated centrally within it, he

had left the banks ; and the little flap oar was plied from hand to hand with a rapidity and vigour more than half derived from the violent boiling of the feverish blood within his veins. With a glance of sympathy and of genuine feeling, Walter Grayson surveyed his progress for a while, then turned away to the cottage and to other occupations.

In a little while, the younger brother, with his small cargo, approached the vessel, and was instantly hailed by a gruff voice from within.

"Throw me a rope," was the cry of Grayson.

"For what—what the devil should make us throw you a rope—who are you—what do you want?" was the reply. The speaker, who was no other than our old acquaintance Chorley, appearing at the same moment, and looking down at the visiter.

"You buy furs and skins, captain—I have both, and here is a bag of amber, fresh gathered, and the drops are large.* I want powder for them, and shot—some knives and hatchets."

"You get none from me, blast me."

"What, wherefore are you here, if not for trade?" was the involuntary question of Grayson. The seaman, still desirous of preserving appearances as much as possible, found it necessary to control his mood, which the previous circumstances of the morning were not altogether calculated to soften greatly. He replied therefore evasively.

"Ay, to be sure I come for trade, but can't you wait till I haul up to the landing? I am afraid there's not water enough for me to do so now, for the stream shoals here, as I can tell by my soundings, too greatly for the risk ; but to-morrow—come to-morrow, and I'll trade with you for such things as you want."

* Amber, in Carolina, was supposed to exist in such quantities, at an early period in its history, that among the laws and constitution made by the celebrated John Locke for the Province, we find one, regulating its distribution among the eight lords proprietors. At present we have no evidence of its fruitfulness in that quarter, and the probability is, that in the sanguine spirit of the time, the notion was entertained from the few specimens occasionally found and worn by the Indians

“And whether you haul to the landing or not, why not trade on board to-day? Let me bring my skins up; throw me a rope, and we shall soon trade. I want but few things, and they will require no long search; you can easily say if you have them.”

But this was pressing the point too far upon Chorley's good-nature. The seaman swore indignantly at the pertinacity of his visiter, and pouring forth a broadside of oaths, bade him tack ship and trouble him no longer.

“Be off now, young one, before I send you a supply of lead not so much to your liking. If you don't take this chance and put about, you'll never catch stays again. I'll send a shot through your timber-trunk and scuttle her at once.”

The fierce spirit of Grayson ill brooked such treatment, but he had no remedy save in words. He did not scruple to denounce the seaman as a low churl and an ill-natured ruffian. Coolly then, and with the utmost deliberation, paddling himself round, with a disappointed heart, he made once more for the cottage landing.

CHAPTER XIX.

“The hunters are upon thee—keep thy pace,
Nor falter, lest the arrow strike thy back,
And the foe trample on thy prostrate form.”

It was about the noon of the same day, when the son of Sanutee, the outcast and exiled *Oconestoga*, escaping from his father's assault and flying from the place of council as already narrated, appeared on the banks of the river nearly opposite the denser settlement of the whites, and several miles below *Pocotaligo*. But the avenger had followed hard upon his footsteps, and he had suffered terribly in his flight. His whole appearance was that of the extremest wretchedness. His dress was torn by the thorns of many a

thicket in which he had been compelled to crawl for shelter. His skin had been lacerated, and the brakes and creeks through which he had to plough and plunge, had left the tribute of their mud and mire on every inch of his person. Nor had the trials of his mind been less. Previous drunkenness, the want of food and extreme fatigue (for, circuitously doubling from his pursuers, he had run nearly the whole night, scarcely able to rest for a moment), contributed duly to the miserable figure which he made. His eyes were swollen—his cheeks sunken, and there was a wo-begone feebleness and utter *abandon* about his whole appearance. He had been completely sobered by the hunt made after him; and the instinct of life, for he knew nothing of the peculiar nature of the doom in reserve for him, had effectually called all his faculties into exercise.

When hurried from the council-house by Sir Edmund Bellinger, to save him from the anger of his father, he had taken the way under a filial and natural influence to the lodge of Matiwan. And she cheered and would have cherished him, could that have been done consistently with her duty to her lord. What she could do, however, she did; and though deeply sorrowing over his prostituted manhood, she could not at the same time forget that he was her son. But in her cabin he was not permitted to linger long. Watchful for the return of Sanntee, Matiwan was soon apprized of the approach of the pursuers. The people, collected to avenge themselves upon the chiefs, were not likely to suffer the escape of one, who, like Oconestoga, had done so much to subject them, as they thought, to the dominion of the English. A party of them, accordingly, hearing of his flight and readily conceiving its direction, took the same route; and, but for the mother's watchfulness, he had then shared the doom of the other chiefs. But she heard their coming and sent him on his way; not so soon, however, as to make his start in advance of them a matter of very great importance to his flight. They were close upon his heels, and when he cowered silently in the brake, they

took their way directly beside him. When he lay stretched alongside of the fallen tree they stepped over his body, and when, seeking a beaten path in his tortuous course, he dared to look around him, the waving pine torches which they carried, flamed before his eyes.—

“I will burn feathers, thou shalt have arrows, Opitchi-Manneyto. Be not wroth with the young chief of Yemassee. Make the eyes blind that hunt after him for blood. Thou shalt have arrows and feathers, Opitchi-Manneyto—a bright fire of arrows and feathers!”

Thus, as he lay beneath the branches of a fallen tree around which his pursuers were winding, the young warrior uttered the common form of deprecation and prayer to the evil deity of his people, in the language of the nation. But he did not despair, though he prayed. Though now easily inebriated and extremely dissolute in that respect, Occonestoga was a gallant and a very skilful partisan even in the estimation of the Indians. He had been one of the most promising of all their youth, when first made a chief, after a great battle with the Savannahs, against whom he first distinguished himself. This exceeding promise at first, made the mortification of his subsequent fall more exquisitely painful to Sanutee, who was proud and ambitious. Nor was Occonestoga himself utterly insensible to his degradation. When sober, his humiliation and shame were scarcely less poignant than that of his father; but, unhappily, the seduction of strong drink, he had never been able to withstand. He was easily persuaded and as easily overcome. He had thus gone on for some time; and, with this object, had sought daily communication with the lower classes of the white settlers, from whom alone liquor could be obtained. For this vile reward he had condescended to the performance of various services for the whites, held degrading by his own people; until, at length, but for his father's great influence, which necessarily restrained the popular feeling on the subject of the son's conduct,

he had long since been thrust from any consideration or authority among them. Originally, he had been highly popular. His courage had been greatly admired, and admirably consorted with the strength and beauty of his person. Even now, bloated and blasted as he was, there was something highly prepossessing in his general appearance. He was tall and graceful, broad and full across the breast, and straight as an arrow. But the soul was debased, and if it were possible at all, in the thought of an Indian, for a moment to meditate the commission of suicide, there was that in the countenance and expression of Occonestoga, as he rose from the morass, on the diversion from his track of the pursuers, almost to warrant the belief that his detestation of life had driven him to such a determination. But on he went, pressing rapidly forward, while the hunters were baffled in rounding a dense brake through which in his desperation he had dared to go. He was beyond them, but they were between him and the river; and for the white settlements, his course—the only course in which he hoped for safety—was bent. Day came, and still the shouts of the pursuers, and occasionally a sight of them, warned him into increased activity—a necessity greatly at variance with the fatigue he had already undergone. In addition to this, his flight had taken him completely out of his contemplated route. To recover and regain it was now his object. Boldly striking across the path of his hunters, Occonestoga darted along the bed of a branch which ran parallel with the course he aimed to take. He lay still as they approached—he heard their retreating footsteps, and again he set forward. But the ear and the sense of the Indian are as keen as his own arrow, and the pursuers were not long misled. They retrieved their error, and turned with the fugitive; but the instinct of preservation was still active, and momentary success gave him a new stimulant to exertion. At length, when almost despairing and exhausted, his eyes beheld and his feet gained the bank of the river, still ahead of his enemy; and grateful, but exhausted, he

lay for a few moments stretched upon the sands, and gazing upon the quiet waters before him. He was not long suffered to remain in peace. A shout arrested his attention, and he started to his feet to behold two of his pursuers emerging at a little distance from the forest. To be hunted thus like a dog was a pang, and previous fatigue and a strong impulse of desperation persuaded him that death were far preferable to the miserable and outcast life which he led. So feeling, in that one moment of despair, he threw open the folds of his hunting shirt, and placing his hand upon his breast, cried out to them to shoot. But the bow was unlifted, the arrow undrawn, and to his surprise the men who had pursued him as he thought for his blood, now refused what they had desired. They increased their efforts to take, but not to destroy him. The circumstance surprised him; and with a renewal of his thought came a renewed disposition to escape. Without further word, and with the instantaneous action of his reason, he plunged forward into the river, and diving down like an otter, reserved his breath until, arising, he lay in the very centre of the stream. But he arose enfeebled and overcome—the feeling of despair grew with his weakness, and turning a look of defiance upon the two Indians who still stood in doubt watching his progress from the banks which they had now gained, he raised himself breast high with a sudden effort from the water, and once more challenged their arrows to his breast, which, with one hand, he struck with a fierce violence, the action of defiance and despair. As they saw the action, one of them, as if in compliance with the demand, lifted his bow, but the other the next instant struck it down. Half amazed and wondering at what he saw, and now almost overcome by his effort, the sinking *Occonestoga* gave a single shout of derision, and ceased all further effort. The waters bore him down. Once, and once only, his hand was struck out as if in the act of swimming, while his head was buried; and then the river closed over him. The brave but desponding warrior sunk hopelessly, just as the little

skiff of Hugh Grayson, returning from his interview with Chorley, which we have already narrated, darted over the small circle in the stream which still bubbled and broke where the young Indian had gone down. The whole scene had been witnessed by him, and he had urged every sinew in approaching. His voice, as he called aloud to Occonestoga, whom he well knew, had been unheard by the drowning and despairing man. But still he came in time, for, as his little boat whirled about under the direction of his paddle and around the spot, the long black hair suddenly grew visible above the water, and in the next moment was firmly clutched in the grasp of the Carolinian. With difficulty he sustained the head above the surface, still holding on by the hair. The banks were not distant, and the little paddle which he employed was susceptible of use by one hand. Though thus encumbered, he was soon enabled to get within his depth. This done, he jumped from the boat, and by very great effort bore the unconscious victim to the land. A shout from the Indians on the opposite bank, attested their own interest in the result; and they were lost in the forest just at the moment when returning consciousness on the part of Occonestoga, had rewarded Grayson for the efforts he had made and still continued making for his recovery.

“Thou art better now, Occonestoga, art thou not?” was the inquiry of his preserver.

“Feathers and arrows for thee, Opitchi-Manneyto,” in his own language, muttered the savage, his mind recurring to the previous pursuit. The youth continued his services without pressing him for speech, and his exhaustion had been so great that he could do little if any thing for himself. Unlashing his bow and quiver, which had been tied securely to his back, and unloosing the belt about his body, Grayson still further contributed to his relief. At length he grew conscious and sufficiently restored to converse freely with his preserver; and though still gloomy and depressed, Occonestoga returned him thanks in his own way for the assistance which had been given him.

“Thou wilt go with me to my cabin, Occonestoga?”

“No! Occonestoga is a dog. The woods for Occonestoga. He must seek arrows and feathers for Opitchi-Manneyto, who came to him in the swamp.”

The youth pressed him farther, but finding him obdurate, and knowing well the inflexible character of the Indian, he gave up the hope of persuading him to his habitation. They separated at length after the delay of an hour,—Grayson again in his canoe, and Occonestoga plunging into the woods in the direction of the Block House.

CHAPTER XX.

“Thus nature, with an attribute most strange,
Clothes even the reptile. Desolate would be
The danger, were there not, in our own thoughts;
Something to win us to it.”

THE afternoon of that day was one of those clear, sweet, balmy afternoons, such as make of the spring season in the south, a holyday term of nature. All was life, animated life and freshness. The month of April, in that region, is, indeed,

“the time,
When the merry birds do chime
Airy wood-notes wild and free,
In secluded bower and tree.
Season of fantastic change,
Sweet, familiar, wild, and strange—
Time of promise, when the leaf
Has a tear of pleasant grief,—
When the winds, by nature coy,
Do both cold and heat alloy,
Nor to either will dispense
Their delighting preference.”

The day had been gratefully warm; and, promising an early summer, there was a prolific show of foliage throughout the forest. The twittering of a thousand

various birds, and the occasional warble of that Puck of the American forests, the mocker—the Coonee-latee, or Trick-tongue of the Yemassee—together with the gleesome murmur of zephyr and brook, gave to the scene an aspect of wooing and seductive repose, that could not fail to win the sense into a most happy unconsciousness. The old oaken grove which Bess Matthews, in compliance with the prayer of her lover, now approached, was delightfully conceived for such an occasion. All things within it seemed to breathe of love. The murmur of the brooklet, the song of the bird, the hum of the zephyr in the tree-top, had each a corresponding burden. The Providence surely has its purpose in associating only with the woods those gentle and beautiful influences which are without use or object to the obtuse sense, and can only be felt and valued by a spirit of corresponding gentleness and beauty. The scene itself, to the eye, was of like character. The rich green of the leaves—the deep crimson of the wild flower—the gemmed and floral-knotted long grass that carpeted the path—the deep, solemn shadows of evening, and the trees through which the now declining sun was enabled only here and there to sprinkle a few drops from his golden censer—all gave power to that spell of quiet, which, by divesting the mind of its associations of everyday and busy life, throws it back upon its early and unsophisticated nature—restoring that time in the elder and better condition of humanity, when, unchanged by conventional influences, the whole business of life seems to have been the worship of high spirits, and the exercise of living, holy, and generous affections.

The scene and time had a strong influence over the maiden, as she slowly took her way to the place of meeting. Bess Matthews, indeed, was singularly susceptible of such influences. She was a girl of heart, a wild heart—a thing of the forest,—gentle as its innocentest flowers, quite as lovely, and if, unlike them, the creature of a less fleeting life, one, at least, whose youth and freshness might almost persuade us

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to regard her as never having been in existence for a longer season. She was also a girl of thought and intellect—something too, of a dreamer:—one to whom a song brought a sentiment—the sentiment an emotion, and that in turn seeking an altar which called for all the worship of her spirit. She had in her own heart a far sweeter song than that which she occasionally murmured from her lips. She felt all the poetry, all the truth of the scene—its passion, its inspiration, and, with a holy sympathy for all of nature's beautiful, the associated feeling of admiration for all that was noble, awakened in her mind a sentiment, and in her heart an emotion, that led her, not less to the most careful forbearance to tread upon the humblest flower, than to a feeling little short of reverence in the contemplation of the gigantic tree. It was her faith with one of the greatest of modern poets, that the daisy enjoyed its existence; and that, too, in a degree of exquisite perception, duly according with its loveliness of look and delicacy of structure. This innate principle of regard for the beautiful forest-idiots, as we may call its leaves and flowers, was duly heightened, we may add, by the soft passion of love then prevailing in her bosom for Gabriel Harrison. She loved him as she found in him the strength of the tree well combined with the softness of the flower. Her heart and fancy at once united in the recognition of his claims upon her affections; and, however unknown in other respects, she loved him deeply and devotedly for what she knew. Beyond what she saw—beyond the knowledge gathered from his uttered sentiments, and the free grace of his manner—his manliness, and, at the same time, his forbearance,—he was scarcely less a mystery to her than to her father, to whom mystery had far less of recommendation. But the secret, so he had assured her, would be soon explained; and she was satisfied to believe in the assurance. She certainly longed for the time to come; and we shall be doing no discredit to her sense of maidenly delicacy when we say, that she longed for the development not

so much because she desired the satisfaction of her curiosity, as because the objections of her sire, so Harrison had assured her, would then certainly be removed, and their union would immediately follow.

"He is not come," she murmured, half disappointed, as the old grove of oaks with all its religious solemnity of shadow lay before her. She took her seat at the foot of a tree, the growth of a century, whose thick and knotted roots, started from their sheltering earth, shot even above the long grass around them, and ran in irregular sweeps for a considerable distance upon the surface. Here she sat not long, for her mind grew impatient and confused with the various thoughts crowding upon it—sweet thoughts it may be, for she thought of him—almost of him, only, whom she loved, and of the long hours of happy enjoyment which the future had in store. Then came the fears, following fast upon the hopes, as the shadows follow the sunlight. The doubts of existence—the brevity and the fluctuations of life; these are the contemplations even of happy love, and these beset and saddened her; till, starting up in that dreamy confusion which the scene not less than the subject of her musings had inspired, she glided among the old trees, scarce conscious of her movement.

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which she had no thought for at the moment. Things grew indistinct to

her wandering eye—the thought was turned inward—and the musing spirit denying the governing sense to the external agents and conductors, they failed duly to appreciate the forms that rose, and floated, and glided before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head—and the black-snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered but at its appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was singularly impressed with one object, peering out at intervals from the little bush beneath it. She saw or thought she saw, at moments, through the bright green of the leaves, a star-like glance, a small bright ray, subtile, sharp, beautiful—an eye of the leaf itself, darting the most searching looks into her own. Now the leaves shook and the vines waved elastically and in beautiful forms before her, but the star-like eye was there, bright and gorgeous, and still glancing up to her own. How beautiful—how strange, did it appear to the maiden. She watched it still with a dreaming sense, but with a spirit strangely attracted by its beauty—with a feeling in which awe and admiration were equally commingled. She could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and from which it gleamed so brilliantly; but once, as she approached, she heard a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it repelled her approach. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet

upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy;—but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light,—and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating light, such as gathers in vapour above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her own, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colours, bright, gay, various colours, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry, as it were of warning, above her, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence; but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and leaned backward against the neighbouring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support

which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now, but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had been associated. She was conscious enough to discriminate and to perceive, but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, he slowly unwound himself from his coil, then immediately, the next moment, again gathered himself into its muscular masses—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Then, the next moment, recovering quickly, it would resume its folds, and with arching neck, which now glittered like a bar of brazed copper, and fixed eye, continue, calmly as it were, to contemplate the victim of its secreted venom—the pendulous rattle still ringing the death-note as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is at hand. Its various folds were now

complete—the coil forming a series of knots—the muscles, now and then, rising rigidly into a hill, now corded down by the pressure of another of its folds into a valley. These suddenly unclasping, in the general effort to strike its enemy, give it that degree of impetus which enables it to make its stroke as fatal, at the full extent of its own length, as when, suddenly invaded, its head is simply elevated and the blow given.

The glance of Bess Matthews at this moment upon her enemy, assured her that the sport of the deadly reptile was about to cease. She could not now mistake the fearful expression of its eye. She strove to scream, but her voice died away in her throat. Her lips were sealed—she sought to fly, but her limbs were palsied—she had nothing left of life but its consciousness; and in despair of escape, with a single scream, forced from her by the accumulated agony, she sunk down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directed for ever upon them. She saw him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck was arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she saw the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed when about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she saw no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster. In that moment the copse parted—and an arrow, piercing him through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, resting upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Oconestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse, as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him

where he lay writhing upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, while shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavour; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned recklessly round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over upon his back with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead upon the person of the maiden.*

CHAPTER XXI.

"Come with me; thou shalt hear of my resolve,
Then hasten to thy labour."

WITHOUT giving more than a single glance to the maiden, Occonestoga approached the snake, and, drawing his knife, prepared to cut away the rattles, always a favourite Indian ornament, which terminated his

* The power of the rattlesnake to fascinate, is a frequent faith among the superstitious of the southern country-people. Of this capacity in reference to birds and insects, frogs, and the smaller reptiles, there is indeed little question. Its power over persons is not so well authenticated, although numberless instances of this sort are given by persons of very excellent veracity. The above is almost literally worded after a verbal narrative furnished the author by an old lady, who never dreamed, herself, of doubting the narration. It is more than probable, indeed, that the mind of a timid person, coming suddenly upon a reptile so highly venomous, would for a time be paralyzed by its consciousness of danger, sufficiently so to defeat exertion for a while, and deny escape. The authorities for this superstition are, however, quite sufficient for the romancer, and in a work like the present, we need no other.

elongated folds. He approached his victim with a deportment the most respectful, and, after the manner of his people, gravely, and in the utmost good faith, apologized in well set terms, in his own language, for the liberty he had already taken, and that which he was then about to take. He protested the necessity he had been under in destroying it; and urging his desire to possess the excellent and only evidence of his own prowess in conquering so great a warrior, which the latter carried at his tail, he proceeded to cut away the rattles with as much tenderness as could have been shown by the most considerate operator, divesting a fellow-creature, still living, of his limbs. A proceeding like this, so amusing as it would seem to us, is readily accounted for, when we consider the prevailing sentiment among the Indians in reference to the rattlesnake. With them he is held the gentleman, the nobleman—the very prince of snakes. His attributes are devoutly esteemed among them, and many of their own habits derive their existence from models furnished by his peculiarities. He is brave, will never fly from an enemy, and for this they honour him. If approached, he holds his ground and is never unwilling for the combat.—He does not begin the affray, and is content to defend himself against invasion. He will not strike without due warning of his intention, and when he strikes, the blow of his weapon is fatal. It is highly probable, indeed, that even the war-whoop with which the Indians preface their own onset, has been borrowed from the rattling warning of this fatal, but honourable enemy.*

* This respect of the Indians for the rattlesnake, leading most usually to much forbearance when they encountered him, necessarily resulted in the greater longevity of this snake than of any other. In some cases, they have been found so overgrown from this indulgence, as to be capable of swallowing entire a good-sized fawn. An instance of this description has been related by the early settlers of South Carolina, and, well authenticated, is to be found on record. The movements of the rattlesnake are usually very slow, and the circumstance of his taking prey so agile as the fawn, would be something in favour of an extensive fascinating faculty. That he takes birds with some such influence there is no sort of question.

Many minutes had not elapsed before the operation was completed, and the Indian became the possessor of the desired trophy. The snake had thirteen rattles, and a button, or bastard rattle; it was therefore fourteen years old—as it acquires the button during its first year, and each succeeding year yields it a new rattle. As he drew the body of the serpent from that of Bess Matthews, her eyes unclosed, though but for an instant. The first object in her gaze was the swollen and distorted reptile, which the Indian was just then removing from her person. Her terror was aroused anew, and with a single shriek she again closed her eyes in utter unconsciousness. At that moment, Harrison darted down the path. That single shriek had given wings to his movement, and rushing forward and beholding her clasped in the arms of Occonestoga, who, at her cry, had come to her support, and had raised her partially from the ground—he sprang fiercely upon him, tore her from his hold, and sustaining her with one hand, wielded his hatchet fiercely in the other above his own head, while directing its edge down upon that of the Indian. Occonestoga looked up indifferently, almost scornfully, and without exhibiting any desire or making any show for his own defence or protection. This exhibition of recklessness arrested the blow of Harrison, who now addressed him in tones of anxious inquiry:—

“Speak, what is this—speak, Occonestoga, or I strike.”

“Strike, Harrison!—the hatchet is good for Occonestoga. He has a death-song that is good. He can die like a man.”

“What hast thou done with the maiden—tell me, Occonestoga, ere I hew thee down like a dog.”

“Occonestoga is a dog. Sanutee, the father of Occonestoga, says he is the dog of the English. There is no fork in the tongue of Sanutee. The war-rattle put his eye on the girl of the pale-face, and she cried. Look, Harrison, it is the arrow of Occonestoga,” and as he spoke he pointed to the shaft which still stuck

in the neck of the serpent. Harrison, who before had not seen the snake, which the Indian had thrown aside under a neighbouring bush, now shivered as with a convulsion, while, almost afraid to speak, and his face paling like death as he did so, he cried to him in horror:—

“God of Heaven—speak, Occonestoga—speak—is she struck—is she struck?” and before he could hear the reply, his tremours were so great that he was compelled to lay the still insensible form of the maiden, unequal then to her support, upon the grass beside him.

The Indian smiled with something of a scornful satisfaction as he replied—

“It was the swift arrow of Occonestoga—and the war-rattle had no bite for the girl of the pale-faces. The blood is good in her heart.”

“Thank God—thank God! Young chief of the Yemassee, I thank thee—I thank thee, Occonestoga—thou shalt have a rich gift—a noble reward for this;” and seizing the hand of the savage wildly, he pressed it with a tenacious gripe that well attested the sincerity of his feelings. But the gloom of the savage was too deeply driven into his spirit by his recent treatment and fugitive privations, to experience much pleasure either from the proffered friendship or the promised reward of the English. He had some feeling of nationality left, which a return to sobriety always made active.

“Occonestoga is a dog,” said he, “death for Occonestoga!”

For a moment, Harrison searched him narrowly with his eye, but as he saw in his look nothing but the one expression with which an Indian in the moment of excitement conceals all others, of sullen indifference to all things around him, he forbore further remark, and simply demanded assistance in the recovery of the maiden. Water was brought, and after a few moments her lover had the satisfaction of noting her returning consciousness. The colour came back to

her cheeks, her eyes opened upon the light, her lips murmured in prayer,—a prayer for protection, as if she still felt the dangers from which she had escaped so happily. But the glance of her lover reassured her.

“Oh, Gabriel, such a dream—such a horrible dream,” and she shuddered and looked anxiously around her.

“Ay, dearest, such as I never desire that you shall have again. But fear not. You are now safe and entirely unhurt. Thanks to our brave friend Occonestoga here, whose arrow has been your safety.”

“Thanks, thanks to thee, chief—I know thee, I shall remember,” and she looked gratefully to the Indian, whose head simply nodded a recognition of her acknowledgment.

“But where, Gabriel, is the monster? Oh! how its eye dazzled and ensnared me. I felt as if my feet were tied, and my knees had lost all their strength.”

“There he lies, Bess, and a horrible monster indeed. See there, his rattles, thirteen and a button—an old snake whose blow had certainly been death upon the instant.”

The maiden shuddered as she looked upon the reptile to whose venom she had so nearly fallen a victim. It was now swollen to a prodigious size from the natural effects of its own poison. In places about its body, which the fatal secretion had most easily effected, it had bulged out into putrid lumps, almost bursting; while, from one end to the other of its attenuated length, the linked diamonds which form the ornament of its back, had, from the original dusky brown and sometimes bronze of their colour, now assumed a complexion of spotted green—livid and diseased. Its eyes, however, had not yet lost all of that original and awful brightness, which, when looking forth in anger, nothing can surpass for terrific beauty of expression. The powers of this glance none may well express, and few imagine; and when we take into consideration the feeling of terror with which

the timid mind is apt to contemplate an object known to be so fatal, it will not be difficult to account for its possession of the charm, commonly ascribed to this reptile in the interior of the southern country, by which, it is the vulgar faith, he can compel the bird from the highest tree to leave his perch, shrieking with fear and full of the most dreadful consciousness, struggling with all the power of its wings, and, at last, after every effort has proved fruitless, under the influence of that unswerving glance, to descend even into the jaws which lie waiting to receive it. Providence in this way has seemingly found it necessary to clothe even with a moral power the evanescent and merely animal nature of its creation; and, with a due wisdom, for, as the rattlesnake is singularly slow in its general movements, it might suffer frequently from want of food unless some such power had been assigned it. The study of all nature with a little more exactitude, would perhaps discover to us an enlarged instinct in every other form of life, which a narrow analysis might almost set down as the fullest evidence of an intellectual existence.

The interview between Harrison and Bess Matthews had been especially arranged with reference to a discussion of various matters, important to both, and affecting the relations which existed between them. But it was impossible in the prostrate and nervous condition in which he found her, that much could be thought or said of other matters than those which had been of the last few moments occurrence. Still they lingered, and still they strove to converse on their affairs; despite the presence of Occonestoga, who sat patiently at the foot of a tree without show of discontent or sign of hunger, though for a term of at least eighteen hours he had eaten nothing. In this lies one of the chief merits of an Indian warrior—

“ Severe the school that made him bear
 The ills of life without a tear—
 And stern the doctrine that denied
 The chieftain fame, the warrior pride ;

Who, urged by nature's wants, express'd
 The need that hunger'd in his breast—
 Or, when beneath his foeman's knife,
 Who utter'd recreant prayer for life—
 Or, in the chase, whose strength was spent,
 Or in the fight whose knee was bent,
 Or, when with tale of coming fight
 Who sought his allies' lodge by night,
 And ere his missives well were told,
 Complained of hunger, wet, and cold.
 A woman, if in fight his foe,
 Could give, yet not receive a blow—
 Or, if undext'rously and dull,
 His hand and knife had failed to win
 The dripping, warm scalp from the scull,
 To trim his yellow mocquasin."

Thus, a perfect imbodiment of the character, so wrought and so described, Occonestoga, calm, sullen, and stern, sat beneath the tree, without look or word significant of that fatigue and hunger under which he must have been seriously suffering. He surveyed with something like scorn those evidences between the lovers of that nice and delicate affection which belongs only to the highest grades of civilization. At length, bidding him wait his return, Harrison took the way with Bess, who was now sufficiently restored for that purpose, to the cottage of the pastor. It was not long before he returned to the savage, whose hand he again shook cordially and affectionately, while repeating his grateful promise of reward. Then turning to a subject at that time strongly present in his mind, he inquired into the recent demonstrations of his people.

"Occonestoga, what news is this of the Yemassee? He is angry, is he not?"

"Angry to kill, Harrison. Is not the scout on the path of Occonestoga—Occonestoga the son of Sanutee?—look! the tomahawk of Sanutee shook in the eyes of Occonestoga.—The swift foot, the close bush, the thick swamp and the water—they were the friends of Occonestoga. Occonestoga is a dog.—The scouts of Yemassee look for him in the swamps."

"You must be hungry and weary, Occonestoga. Come with me to the Block House, where there are meat and drink."

"Harrison is friend to Occonestoga."

"Surely I am," was the reply.

"The good friend will kill Occonestoga?" was the demand, uttered in tones of more solicitude than is common to the Indian.

"No; kill you—surely not—why should I kill you?"

"It is good! knife Occonestoga, Englishman; put the sharp tooth here, in his heart, for the father of Occonestoga has a curse for his name—" was the solemn imploration.

"No, Occonestoga—no.—I will do no such thing. Thou shalt live and do well, and be at friendship with thy father and thy people. Come with me to the Block House and get something to eat. We will there talk over this affair of thy people. Come;" and with an air of indifference, the melancholy savage followed his conductor to the Block House, where the trader and his wife received them.

CHAPTER XXII.

"And wherefore sings he that strange song of death,
That song of sorrow? Is the doom at hand?
Stand close and hear him."

THE wife of Granger soon provided refreshments for the young savage, of which he ate sparingly, though without much seeming consciousness of what he was doing. Harrison did not trouble him much with remark or inquiry, but busied himself in looking after some of the preparations for defence of the building; and for this purpose, Hector and himself occupied an hour in the apartment adjoining that in which the household concerns of Granger were carried on. In this apartment Hector kept Dugdale, a famous blood-hound, supposed to have been brought from the

Caribbees, which, when very young, Harrison had bought from a Spanish trader. This dog is a peculiar breed, and resembled in some leading respects the Irish wolf-hound, while, having all the thirst and appetite for blood which distinguished the more ancient *Slute* or Sleuth-hound of the Scots. It is a mistake to suppose that the Spaniards brought these dogs to America. They found them here, actually in use by the Indians and for like purposes, and only perfected their training, while stimulating them in the pursuit of man. The dog Dugdale had been partially trained after their fashion to hunt the Indians, and even under his present owner, it was not deemed unbecoming that he should be prepared for the purposes of war upon the savages, by the occasional exhibition of a stuffed figure, so made and painted as to resemble a naked Indian, around whose neck a lump of raw and bleeding beef was occasionally suspended. This was shown him while chained,—from any near approach he was withheld, until his appetite had been so wrought upon, that longer restraint would have been dangerous and impossible. The training of these dogs, as known to the early French and Spanish settlers, by both of whom they were in common use for the purpose of war with the natives, is exceeding curious; and so fierce under this form of training did they become in process of time, that it was found necessary to restrain them in cages while thus stimulated, until the call to the field, and the prospect of immediate strife should give an opportunity to the exercise of their unallayed rapacity. In the civil commotions of Hayti, the most formidable enemies known to the insurrectionists were the fierce dogs which had been so educated by the French. A curious work, found in the Charleston Library, devoted to the history of that time and province, is illustrated with several plates which show the training common with the animal. The dog of Harrison had not however been greatly exercised by his present owner after this fashion. He had been simply required to follow and attend upon his master, under the conduct

of Hector, for both of whom his attachments had been singularly strong. But the early lessons of his Spanish masters had not been forgotten by Dugdale, who, in the war of the Carolinians with the Coosaws, following his master into battle, proved an unlooked-for auxiliary of the one, and an enemy whose very appearance struck terror into the other. So useful an ally was not to be neglected, and the stuffed figure which had formed a part of the property of the animal in the sale by his Spanish master, was brought into occasional exercise and use, under the charge of Hector, in confirming Dugdale's warlike propensities. In this exercise, with the figure of a naked Indian perched against one corner, and a part of a deer's entrails hanging around his neck, Hector, holding back the dog by a stout rope drawn around a beam, the better to embarrass him at pleasure, was stimulating at the same time his hunger and ferocity.

"Does Dugdale play to-day, Hector?" inquired his master.

"He hab fine sperits, *mossa*—berry fine sperits. I kin hardly keep 'em in. See da, now,—” and, as the slave spoke, the dog broke away, dragging the rope suddenly through the hands of the holder, and, without remarking the meat, ran crouching to the feet of Harrison.

"Him nebbber forget you, *mossa*, ebbber sense you put you hand down he troat."

Harrison snapped his fingers, and motioning with his hand to the bleeding bowels of the deer around the neck of the figure, the hound sprung furiously upon it, and dragging it to the floor, planted himself across the body, while, with his formidable teeth, he tore away the bait from the neck where it was wound, lacerating the figure at every bite, in a manner which would have soon deprived the living man of all show of life. Having given some directions to the slave, Harrison returned to the apartment where he had left the Indian.

Oconestoga sat in a corner mournfully croaking over, in an uncouth strain, something of a song, rude, sanguinary, in his own wild language. Something of

the language was known to Harrison, but not enough to comprehend the burden of what he sung. But the look and the manner of the savage were so solemn and imposing, so foreign, yet so full of dignified thought, that the Englishman did not venture to interrupt him. He turned to Granger, who, with his wife, was partially employed in one corner of the apartment, folding up some of his wares and burnishing others.

"What does he sing, Granger?" he asked of the trader.

"His death-song, sir.—It is something very strange—but he has been at it now for some time; and the Indian does not employ that song unless with a near prospect of death. He has probably had some dream or warning, and they are very apt to believe in such things."

"Indeed—his death-song—" murmured Harrison, while he listened attentively to the low chant which the Indian still kept up. At his request, forbearing his labour, Granger listened also, and translated at intervals the purport of many of the stanzas.

"What is the Seratee," in his uncouth lyric; sung the melancholy Indian—

"What is the Seratee?—
 He is but a dog
 Sneaking in the long grass—
 I have stood before him,
 And he did not look—
 By his hair I took him, —
 By the single tuft—
 From his head I tore it,
 With it came the scalp,—
 On my thigh I wore it—
 With the chiefs I stood,
 And they gave me honour,
 Made of me a chief.
 To the sun they held me,
 And aloud the prophet
 Bade me be a chief—
 Chief of all the Yemassee—
 Feather chief and arrow chief—
 Chief of all the Yemassee."

At the conclusion of this uncouth verse, he proceeded in a different tone and manner, and his present

form of speech constituted a break or pause in the song.

“That Opitchi-Manneyto—wherefore is he wroth with the young chief who went on the war-path against the Seratee. He made slaves for him from the dogs of the long grass. Let Opitchi-Manneyto hear. Occonestoga is a brave chief,—he hath struck his hatchet into the lodge of the Savannah, when there was a full sun in the forests.”

“Now,” said Granger, “he is going to tell us of another of his achievements.” Occonestoga went on—

“Hear, Opitchi-Manneyto,
 Hear Occonestoga speak—
 Who of the Savannah stood
 In the council, in the fight—
 With the gallant Suwannee?—
 Bravest he, of all the brave,
 Like an arrow path in fight—
 When he came, his tomahawk—
 (Hear, Opitchi-Manneyto,
 Not a forked tongue is mine—)
 Frighted the brave Yemassee—
 Till Occonestoga came—
 Till Occonestoga stood
 Face to face with Suwannee,
 By the old Satilla swamp.
 Then his eyes were in the mud—
 With these hands, I tore away
 The war ringlet from his head—
 With it came the bleeding scalp—
 Suwannee is in the mud;
 Frighted back, his warriors run,
 Left him buried in the mud—
 Ho! the gray-wolf speaks aloud,
 Hear Opitchi-Manneyto;
 He had plenty food that night,
 And for me he speaks aloud—
 Suwannee is in his jaw—
 Look Opitchi-Manneyto—
 See him tear Suwannee's side,
 See him drink Suwannee's blood—
 With his paw upon his breast,
 Look, he pulls the heart away,
 And his nose is searching deep,
 Clammy, thick with bloody drink,
 In the hollow where it lay.
 Look, Opitchi-Manneyto,
 Look, the gray-wolf speaks for me.”

Then after this wild and barbarous chant which, verse after verse, Granger rendered to Harrison, a pause of a few moments was suffered to succeed, in which, all the while in the profoundest silence, the young warrior continued to wave his head backward and forward at regular intervals.

"He has had a warning certainly, captain,—I have seen them frequently go on so. Stop—he begins!"

Not singing; but again addressing the evil deity, Occonestoga began with the usual adjuration.

"Arrows and feathers, burnt arrows and feathers—a bright flame for thee, Opitchi-Manneyto. Look not dark upon the young brave of Yemassee: Hear his song of the war-path and the victory"—and again he chanted something which seemed to be more national, in a more sounding and elevated strain, and which, in the translation of Granger, necessarily lost much of its native sublimity.

"Mighty is the Yemassee,
Strong in the trial,
Fearless in the strife,
Terrible in wrath—
Look, Opitchi-Manneyto—
He is like the rush of clouds,
He is like the storm by night,
When the tree-top bends and shivers,
When the lodge goes down.
The Westo and the Edisto,
What are they to him?—
Like the brown leaves to the cold,
Look, they shrink before his touch,
Shrink and shiver as he comes—
Mighty is the Yemassee."

Harrison now ventured to interrupt the enthusiastic but still sullen warrior. He interrupted him with a compliment, confirming that which he had himself been uttering to the prowess of his nation.

"That is a true song, Occonestoga—that in praise of your nation. They are indeed a brave people; but I fear under wild management now. But come—here is some drink, it will strengthen you."

"It is good," said he, drinking—"it is good—good for strength. The English is a friend to Occonestoga."

"We have always tried to be so, Occonestoga, as you should know by this time. But speak to me of Pocota-ligo. What have the people been doing there? What maddens them, and wherefore should they grow angry with their English brothers?"

"The Yemassee is like the wolf—she smells blood on the track of the hunter, when the young cub is carried away. He is blind, like the rattlesnake, with the poison of the long sleep, when he first comes out in the time of the green corn. He wants blood to drink—he would strike the enemy."

"I see. The Yemassees are impatient of peace. They would go upon the war-path, and strike the English as their enemies. Is this what you think, Occonestoga?"

"Harrison speaks! The English is a friend to Yemassee, but Yemassee will not hear the word of Occonestoga. Sanutee says the tongue of Occonestoga has a fork—he speaks in two voices."

"They are mad, young brave—but not so mad, I think, as to go on the war-path without an object. At this moment they could not hope to be successful, and would find it destructive."

"The thought of Occonestoga is here. They will go on the war-path against the English."

"Ha!—If you think so, Occonestoga, you must be our friend."

"Cha! Cha! Occonestoga is too much friend to the English."

"Not too much, not too much—not more than they will reward you for."

"Will the strong water of the English make Occonestoga to be the son of Sanutee? Will the meat carry Occonestoga to the young braves of the Yemassee? Will they sleep till he speaks for them to wake? Look, Harrison, the death-song is made for Occonestoga."

"Not so—there is no cause yet for you to sing the death-song of the young warrior."

"Occonestoga has said!—he has seen—it came to him when he ate meat from the hands of the trader."

“ Ah ! that is all owing to your fatigue and hunger, Occonestoga. You have long years of life before you, and still have some services to perform for your friends the English. You must find out for us certainly whether your people mean to go on the war-path or not—where they will strike first, and when ; and above all, whether any other tribes join with them. You must go for us back to Pocota-ligo. You must watch the steps of the chiefs, and bring word of what they intend.”

An overpowering sense of his own shame as he listened to this requisition of Harrison, forced his head down his bosom, while the gloom grew darker upon his face. At length he exclaimed—

“ It is no good talk : Occonestoga is a dog. The tomahawk of Sanutee is good for a dog.”

“ Wherefore this, young chief of the Yemassee ?—What mean you by this speech ?”

“ Young chief of Yemassee !” exclaimed the savage, repeating the phrase of Harrison as if in derision—“ said you not the young chief of Yemassee should hunt his people like a dog in the cover of the bush ?”

“ Not like a dog, Occonestoga, but like a good friend, as well to the English as to the Yemassee. Is not peace good for both ? It is peace, not war, that the English desire ; but if there be war, Occonestoga, they will take all the scalps of your nation.”

“ The English must look to his own scalp,” cried the young man, fiercely,—“ the hand of Yemassee is ready ;—” and as he spoke, for a moment his eye lightened up, and his form rose erect from the place where he had been sitting, while a strong feeling of nationality in his bosom aroused him into something like the warlike show of an eloquent chief inspiring his tribe for the fight. But Granger, who had been watchful, came forward with a cup of spirits, which, without a word, he now handed him. The youth seized it hurriedly, drank it off at a single effort, and, in that act, the momentary enthusiasm which had lightened up, with a show of still surviving consciousness and

soul, the otherwise desponding and degraded features, passed away; and sinking again into his seat, he replied to the other portion of the remark of Harrison.

"It is well, what the English speaks. Peace is good—peace for the Yemassee—peace for the English—peace—peace for Occonestoga—Occonestoga speaks for peace."

"Then let Occonestoga do as I wish him. Let him go this very night to Pocota-ligo. Let his eye take the track of the chiefs, and look at their actions. Let him come back to-morrow, and say all that he has seen, and claim his reward from the English."

"There is death for Occonestoga if the Yemassee scout finds his track"

"But the young chief has an eye like the hawk—a foot like the sneaking panther, and a body limber as the snake. He can see his enemy afar—he can hide in the thick bush—he can lie still under the dead timber when the hunter steps over it."

"And rise to strike him in the heel like the yellow-belly moccasin. Yes! The young chief is a great warrior—the Seratee is a dog, the Savannah is a dog—Look, his legs have the scalp of Suwannee and Chareco. Occonestoga is a great warrior."

The vanity of the savage once enlisted, and his scruples were soon overcome. An additional cup of spirits which Granger again furnished him, concluded the argument, and he now avowed himself ready for the proposed adventure. His preparations were soon completed, and when the night had fairly set in, the fugitive was again within the boundary lines of his nation; and cautiously thridding his way, with all the skill and cunning of an Indian, among the paths of the people whom he had so grievously incensed: He knew the danger, but he was vain of his warrior and hunter skill.—He did not fear death, for it is the habitual practice of the Indian's thought to regard it as a part of his existence; and his dying ceremonies, otherwise, form no inconsiderable part of the legacy of renown which is left to his children. But had he

known the doom which had been pronounced against him, along with the other chiefs, and which had been already executed upon them by the infuriated people, he had never ventured for an instant upon so dangerous a commission.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“What love is like a mother's? You may break
The heart that holds it—you may trample it
In shame and sorrow; but you may not tear
One single link away that keeps it there.”

HALF conscious only of his design at starting, the young and profligate savage, on crossing to the opposite shore, which he did just at the Block House, grew more sensible, not only in reference to the object of his journey, but to the dangers which necessarily came along with it. Utterly ignorant, as yet, of that peculiar and unusual doom which had been pronounced against himself and the other chiefs, and already executed upon them, he had yet sufficient reason to apprehend that, if taken, his punishment, death probably, would be severe enough. Apprehending this probability, the fear which it inspired was not however sufficient to discourage him from an adventure which, though pledged for its performance in a moment of partial inebriation, was yet held by the unconventional and simple Indian to be all-binding upon him. Firmly resolved, therefore, upon the fulfilment of his promise to Harrison, who, with Granger and others, had often before employed him, though on less dangerous missions, he went forward, preparing to watch the progress of events among the Yemassee, and to report duly the nature of their warlike proceedings.

The aim of Harrison was preparation, and the purpose was therefore of the highest importance upon

which Occonestoga had been sent. The generally exposed situation of the whole frontier occupied by the whites, with the delay and difficulty of warlike preparation, rendered every precautionary measure essential on the part of the Carolinians. For this reason, a due and proper intelligence of the means, designs, and strength of their adversaries, became more absolutely important; particularly as the capricious nature of savage affections makes it doubtful whether they can, for any length of time, continue in peace and friendship. How far Occonestoga may stand excused for the part which he had taken against his countrymen, whatever may have been the character of their cause, is a question not necessary for our consideration here. It is certain that the degradation consequent upon his intemperance had greatly contributed towards blunting that feeling of nationality, which is no small part of the honest boast of every Indian warrior.

Night had fairly shrouded the forest when the young chief commenced his journey. But he knew the path, by night as by day, with a familiarity begun in childhood. His ear, quick, keen, and discriminating by his education, could distinguish between and identify the movement of every native of the woodland cover. He knew the slight and hurried rustle of the black snake, from the slow, dignified sweep of the rattle; and, drunk or sober, the bear in the thicket, or the buck bounding along the dry pine-land ridge, were never mistaken, one for the other, by our forest warrior. These, as they severally crossed or lay in his path—for the rattlesnake moves at his own pleasure—he drove aside or avoided; and when contradictory sounds met his ear, doubtful in character or significant of some dangerous proximity, then would the warrior sink down into the bush or under the cover of the fallen tree, or steal away into the sheltering shadow of the neighbouring copse, without so much as a breath or whisper. Such precautions as these became more and more necessary as he drew nigher to the homestead of his people. The traces of their presence thickened momentarily around

him. Now the torch flared across his eye, and now the hum of voices came with the sudden gust; and, more than once, moving swiftly across his path, wound a dusky figure like his own, bent upon some secret quest, and watchful like himself to avoid discovery. He too, perhaps, had been dimly seen in the same manner—not his features, for none in that depth of shadow in which he crept could well have made them out;—but such partial glances, though he strove to avoid all observation, he did not so much heed, as he well knew that the thought of others seeing him, without ascertaining who he was, would be apt to assign him a like pursuit with that which he assigned to those he saw—the nocturnal amour,—pursued by the Yemasseees with a fastidious regard to secrecy, not because of any moral reserve, but that such a pursuit savours of a weakness unbecoming to manhood.

On a sudden he drew back from the way he was pursuing, and sunk under the cover of a gigantic oak. A torch flamed across the path, and a dusky maiden carried it, followed by a young warrior. They passed directly beside the tree behind which Occonestoga had sought for shelter, and, at the first glance, he knew Hiwassee, the young maiden who was to have filled his own lodge, according to the expectations of the people. But he had lost sight of and forgotten her in the practices which had weaned him from his brethren and bound him to the whites. Yet he had regarded her with favour, and though he had never formally proposed to break with her the sacred wand of Checkamoysee,* which was to give her the title to his dwelling and make her his wife, yet, the public expectation had found sufficient warrant in his own feelings upon the subject. He now listened with something of disappointment, but more of self-reproach, to the proposition as it was made to her by another.

“It is a brave chief, Hiwassee—a brave chief that would have you enter his lodge. The lodge of Echotee

* Checkamoysee, the Yemassee Hymen.

is ready for Hiwassee. Look! this is the stick of Checkamoysee,—break it—take it in thy hands and break it, Hiwassee, and Echotee will quench the torch which thou bearest in the running water. Then shalt thou be the wife of a warrior, and the venison shall always be full in thy lodge. Break the stick of Checkamoysee, Hiwassee, and be the wife of Echotee.”

And the dusky maiden needed little wooing. She broke the stick, and as she did so, seizing the blazing torch with a ready hand, Echotee hurried with it to a brook that trickled along at a little distance, and in the next instant it hissed in the water, and all was darkness. Without regarding what he was doing, or thinking of his own risk, Oconestoga, in the absence of her accepted lover, could not forbear a word, something of reproach, perhaps, in the ear of Hiwassee. She stood but a few paces off, under the shadow and on the opposite side of the same tree which gave him shelter; with the broken stick still in her hand in attestation of her wild forest nuptial. What he said was unheard save by herself, but she screamed as she heard it; and, hearing her lover approach, and now duly conscious of his error, Oconestoga in the next moment had darted away from the place of their tryst, and was pursuing his path with all the vigour of a renewed and resolute spirit. At length he approached the town of Pocotaligo, but, at first, carefully avoiding its main entrance, which was upon the river, particularly as the throng of sounds reaching his ears from that quarter indicated a still active stir, he shot off circuitously into the thicker woods, so as to come into the immediate neighbourhood of his father's dwelling. From a neighbouring thicket, after a little while, he looked down upon the cabin which had given a birth-place and shelter to his infancy; and the feeling of shame grew strong in his bosom as he thought upon the hopes defeated of his high-souled father, and of the affections thrown away of the gentle mother, with whom, however mortified and fruitless, they still continued to flourish for the outcast. Such thoughts however were not permitted

to trouble him long; for, as he looked he beheld by the ruddy blaze of the pine torch which the boy carried before him, the person of his father emerge from the lodge, and take the well-known pathway leading to Pocota-ligo. If Occonestoga had no other virtue, that of love for his mother was, to a certain extent, sufficiently redeeming. His previous thoughts, his natural feeling, prepared him, whatever the risk, to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered him. In another instant, and the half penitent prodigal stood in the presence of Matiwan.

“Oh, boy—Occonestoga—thou art come—thou art come. Thou art not yet lost to Matiwan.” And she threw herself, with the exclamation, fondly, though but for a moment, upon his neck; the next, recovering herself, she spoke in hurried tones, full of grief and apprehension. “Thou shouldst not come—fly, boy—fly, Occonestoga—be a swift bird, that the night has overtaken far away from his bush. There is danger—there is death—not death—there is a curse for thee from Opitchi-Manneyto.”

“Let not the grief stand in the eye of Matiwan. Occonestoga fears not death. He has a song for the Manneyto of the blessed valley, the great warriors shall clap their hands and cry ‘Sangarra-me, Sangarra-me, Yemassee,’ when they hear. Let not the grief stand in the eye of Matiwan.”

“It is for thee, for thee, boy—for thee, Occonestoga. The sorrow of Matiwan is for thee. Thou hast been in this bosom, Occonestoga, and thine eyes came, when the green was on the young leaf and the yellow flower was hanging over the lodge in the strength of the sun.”

“Know I not the song of Enoree-Mattee, when the eyes of Occonestoga looked up? said he not, under the green leaf, under the yellow flower, the brave comes who shall have arrows with wings and a knife that has eyes? Occonestoga is here.”

“Matiwan was glad. Sanutee lifted thee to the sun, boy, and begged for thee his beams from the good Manneyto. The gladness is gone, Occonestoga—

gone from Sanutee, gone from Matiwan,—gone with thee. There is no green on the leaf—my eyes look upon the yellow flowers no longer. Occonestoga, it is thou,—thou hast taken all this light from the eye of Matiwan. The gladness and the light are gone.”

“Matiwan tells no lie—this dog is Occonestoga.” But the gentle parent, tender even in the utterance of truth, fearing she had gone too far, hastily and almost indignantly interrupted him in the melancholy self-condemnation he was uttering.

“No, no—Occonestoga is no dog. He is a brave—he is the son of Sanutee, the well-beloved of the Yemassee. Occonestoga has shut his eyes and gone upon the track of a foolish dream, but he will wake with the sun,—and Matiwan will see the green leaf and the yellow flower still hanging over the lodge of Sanutee;” and as she spoke she threw her arms about him affectionately, while the tears came to the relief of her heart and flowed freely down her cheeks. The youth gently but coldly disengaged her clasp, and proceeded to seat himself upon the broad skin lying upon the floor of the cabin; when, aroused by the movement, and with a return of all her old apprehensions, she thrust him from it with an air of anxiety, if not of horror, and shutting her eyes upon the wondering and somewhat indignant glance with which he now surveyed her, she exclaimed passionately—

“Go—fly—wherefore art thou here—here in the lodge of Sanutee—thou, the accursed—the—” and the words stuck in her throat, and, unarticulated, came forth chokingly.

“Is Matiwan mad—has the fever-pain gone into her temples?” he asked in astonishment.

“No, no, no—not mad, Occonestoga. But thou art cast out from the Yemassee. He does not know thee—the young warriors know thee not—the chiefs know thee not—Manneyto denies thee. They have said—thou art a Yemassee no longer. They have cast thee out.”

“The Yemassee is great, but he cannot deny Occonestoga. Thou art mad, Matiwan. Look, woman, here

is the broad arrow of Yemassee upon the shoulder of a chief."

"It is gone—it is gone from thee, Oconestoga. They have sworn by Opitchi-Manneyto, that Malatchie, the Clublifter, shall take it from thy shoulder."

The youth shrunk back, and his eyes started in horror, while his limbs trembled with a sentiment of fear not often felt by an Indian warrior. In another instant, however, he recovered from the stupor if not from the dread, which her intelligence occasioned.

"Ha, Matiwan, thou hast no fork in thy tongue. Thou speakest not to me with the voice of the Coonee-latee."

"Opitchi-Manneyto!—he hears the voice of Matiwan. The Yemassee has doomed thee."

"They dare not—they will not. I will go with them upon the war-path against the Santee and the Seratee. I will take up the hatchet against the English. I will lead the young warriors to battle. They shall know Oconestoga for a chief."

"Thou canst not, boy. They do not trust thee—they have doomed thee with the chiefs who sold the land to the English. Has not Malatchie cut with the knife, and burnt away with fire from their shoulders the sacred and broad arrow of Yemassee, so that we know them no more?—Their fathers and their sons know them no more—the mothers that bore them know them no more—the other nations know them no more—they cannot enter the blessed valley of Manneyto, for Manneyto knows them not when he looks for the broad arrow of Yemassee, and finds it not upon their shoulders."

"Woman! thou liest!—thou art hissing lies in my ears, like a green snake, with thy forked tongue. The Yemassee has not done this thing as thou say'st."

The voice of the woman sunk into a low and husky murmur, and the always melancholy tones of their language grew doubly so in her utterance, as she replied in a stern rebuke, though her attitude and manner were entirely passionless:—

“When has Matiwan lied to Occonestoga? Occonestoga is a dog when he speaks of Matiwan as the forked tongue.”

“He is a dog if thou hast not lied, Matiwan. Say that thou hast lied—that thou hast said a foolish thing to Occonestoga. Say, Matiwan, and the young arrow will be in thy hand even as the long shoots of the tree that weeps. Thou shalt be to him as thou wilt.”

With an expression the most humbled and imploring, and something more of warmth than is usually shown by the Indian warrior, the young chief took the hand of his mother, while uttering an appeal, virtually apologizing for the harsh language he had previously made use of. With the pause of an instant, and a passionate melancholy, almost amounting to the vehemence of despair, she replied:—

“Matiwan does not lie. The Yemassee has said the doom, which Enoree-Mattee, the prophet, brought from Opitchi-Manneyto. Has not Malatchie cut from the shoulders of the chiefs and burnt away with fire the broad arrow, and never more may they be known by the Yemassee—never more by the Manneyto! The doom is for thee, Occonestoga. It is true. There is no fork in the tongue of Matiwan. Fly, boy—fly, Occonestoga. It is thy mother, it is Matiwan that prays thee to fly. Matiwan would not lose thee, Occonestoga, from the happy valley. Be the swift arrow on the path of flight—let them not see thee—let them not give thee to Malatchie.”

Thus, passionately imploring him, the mother urged upon him the necessity of flight. But, for a few minutes, as if stunned by the intelligence which he could not now disbelieve, the young warrior stood in silence, with down-bending head, the very personification of despair. Then, quickly and fully recovering, with a kindling eye, and a manner well corresponding with his language, he started forward erectly, in his fullest height, and with the action of a strong mood, for a moment assumed the attitude of that true dignity from which in his latter days and habits he had but too much and too often departed.

“Ha! Is Occonestoga an arrow that is broken? Is he the old tree across the swamp that the dog’s foot runs over? Has he no strength—has the blood gone out of his heart? Has he no knife—where are the arrow and the tomahawk? They are here—I have them. The Yemassee shall not hold me down when I sleep. Occonestoga sleeps not. He will do battle against the Yemassee. His knife shall strike at the breast of Sanutee.”

“Thou hast said a folly, boy—Occonestoga, wouldst thou strike at thy father?” said the mother, sternly.

“His hatchet shook over the head of Occonestoga in the lodge of council. He is the enemy of Occonestoga—a bad thorn in the path, ready for the foot that flies. I will slay him like a dog. He shall hear the scalp-song of Occonestoga—I will sing it in his ears, woman, like a bird that comes with the storm, while I send the long knife into his heart;” and fiercely, as he concluded this speech, he chanted a passage of the famous scalp-song of the Yemassee—

“I go with the long knife,
On the path of my enemy—
In the cover of the brake,
With the tooth of the war-rattle,
I strike the death into his heel—
Sangarra-me, Sangarra-me.
I hear him groan, I see him gasp,
I tear his throat, I drink his blood,
He sings the song of his dying,
To the glory of Occonestoga.”

“Ha! thou hearest, Matiwan—this will I sing for Sanutee when my knee is upon his breast, when my knife is thick in his heart, when I tear the thin scalp from his forehead.”

Thus, in a deep, fiercely impressive, but low tone, Occonestoga poured forth in his mother’s ears the fulness of his paroxysm,—in his madness attributing, and with correctness, the doom which had been pronounced against him as coming from his father. In that fierce and bitter moment he forgot all the ties of consanguinity, and his look was that of the furious and

fearful savage, already imbruing his hands in parental blood, which, in his scalp-song, we have heard him describe. The horror of Matiwan, beyond expression, could not, however, be kept from utterance:—

“Thou hast drunk madness, boy, from the cup of Opitchi-Manneyto. The devil of the white man’s prophet has gone into thy heart. But thou art the child of Matiwan, and, though thou art in a foolish path, it is thy mother that would save thee. Go—fly, Occonestoga—keep on thy shoulder the broad arrow of Yemassee, so that thy mother may not lose thee from the blessed valley of Manneyto.”

Before the young warrior, somewhat softened by his speech, could find words to reply to it, his acute sense—acute enough at all times to savour of a supernatural faculty—detected an approaching sound; and, through an opening of the logs in the dwelling, the flare of a torch was seen approaching. Matiwan, much more apprehensive, with her anxieties now turned in a new direction, went quickly to the entrance, and returning instantly, with great alarm, announced the approach of Sanutee.

“He comes to the hatchet of Occonestoga,” cried the youth fiercely, his recent rage re-awakening.

“Wouldst thou slay Matiwan?” was the reply,—and the look, the tone, the words, were sufficient. The fierce spirit was quelled, and the youth suffered himself to follow quietly as she directed. She led him to a remote corner of the lodge, which, piled up with skins, furnished a fair chance and promise of security. With several of these, as he stretched himself at his length, she contrived to cover him in such a manner as effectually to conceal him from the casual observer. Having so done, she strove to resume her composure in time for the reception of the old chief, whose torch now blazed at the entrance.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ They bind him, will they slay him ? That old man,
His father, will he look upon and see
The danger of his child, nor lift his voice,
Nor lend his arm to save him ? ”

WITH a mind deeply taken up with the concerns of state, Sanutee threw himself upon the bearskin which formed a sort of carpet in the middle of the lodge, and failed utterly to remark the discomposure of Matiwan, which, otherwise, to the keen glance of the Indian, would not have remained very long concealed. She took her seat at his head, and croned low and musingly some familiar chant of forest song, unobtrusively, yet meant to sooth his ear. He heard—for this had long been a practice with her and a domestic indulgence with him—he heard, but did not seem to listen. His mind was away—busied in the events of the wild storm it had invoked, and the period of which was rapidly approaching. But there were other matters less important, that called for present attention; and turning at length to his wife, and pointing at the same time to the pile of skins that lay confusedly huddled up over the crouching form of Occonestoga, he gently remarked upon their loose and disordered appearance. The well-bred housewife of a city might have discovered something of rebuke to her domestic management in what he said on this subject; but the mind of Matiwan lost all sight of the reproach, in the apprehensions which such a reference had excited. He saw not her disorder, however, but proceeded to enumerate to himself their numbers, sorts, and qualities, with a simple air of business; until, suddenly labouring, as it appeared, under some deficiency of memory, he instructed her to go and ascertain the number of bearskins in the collection.

“The Spanish trader will buy from Sanutee with the next sun. Go, Matiwan.”

To hear was to obey; and half dead with fear, yet rejoiced that he had not gone himself, she proceeded to tumble about the skins, with ready compliance, and an air of industry, the most praiseworthy in an Indian woman. Her labour was lengthened, so Sanutee seemed to think, somewhat beyond the time necessary to enumerate a lot of skins not exceeding fifteen or twenty in number, and with some little sternness at last he demanded of her the cause of the delay. Apprehensive that he would yet rise, and seek for himself a solution of the difficulty, she determined, as she had not yet ascertained, to guess at the fact, and immediately replied in a representation which did not at all accord with the calculation of the chief's own memory on the subject. The impatience of Occonestoga, in the meantime, was not less than that of Sanutee. He worried his mother not a little in his restlessness while she moved about him; and once as she bent over him, removing this, and replacing that, he seized upon her hand, and would have spoken, but that so dangerous an experiment she would not permit. But she saw by his glance, and the settled firmness with which he grasped his hatchet, that his thought was that of defiance to his father and a desire to throw aside his restraining cover and assert his manhood. She drew away from him rapidly, with a finger uplifted as if in entreaty, while with one hand she threw over him a huge bearskin, which nearly suffocated him, and which he immediately, in part, threw aside. Sanutee in the meantime seemed very imperfectly satisfied with the representation which she had made, and manifesting some doubt as to the correctness of her estimate, he was about to rise and look for himself into the matter. But, in some trepidation, the wary Matiwan prevented him.

“Wherefore should the chief toil at the task of a woman? Battle for the chief—wisdom in council for the chief; and the seat under the big tree, at the

head of the lodge, when the great chiefs come to eat meat from his hands. Sit, well-beloved—wherefore should not Matiwan look for thee? The toil of the lodge is for Matiwan.”

“Sanutee will look, Matiwan—the bearskin is heavy on thy hands,” was the considerate reply.

“Go not, look not—” impatiently, rather too impatiently earnest, was the response of the woman; sufficiently so to awaken surprise, if not suspicion, in the mind of the old chief. She saw her error in the next instant, and, proceeding to correct it, without at the same time yielding up the point, she said :

“Thou art weary, chief—all day long thou hast been upon the track of toil, and thy feet need rest. Rest thee.—Matiwan is here—why shouldst thou not repose? Will she not look to the skins? She goes.”

“Thou art good, Matiwan, but Sanutee will look with the eye that is true. He is not weary as thou say’st. Cha!” he exclaimed, as she still endeavoured to prevent him—“Cha!—Cha!” impatiently putting her aside with the exclamation, and turning to the very spot of Occonestoga’s concealment. Hopeless of escape, Matiwan clasped her hands together, and the beatings of her heart grew more frequent and painful. Already his hands were upon the skins,—already had Occonestoga determined upon throwing aside his covering and grappling with his fate like a warrior, when a sudden yell of many voices, and the exciting blood-cry of Yemassee battle, “Sangarra-me, Sangarra-me,”—rung through the little apartment. Lights flared all around the lodge, and a confused, wild, and approaching clamour, as of many voices, from without, drew the attention of all within, and diverted Sanutee from a further search at that time, which must have resulted in a *denouement* severely trying if not dangerous to all parties.

“Sangarra-me—he is here—the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto is here.”

And a general howl, with a direct appeal to Sanutee, brought the old chief to the door of the lodge. Before

he could propose an inquiry into their business and desire, they poured that information upon him which shook and startled him. The indiscretion of Occonestoga when speaking in the ear of the Indian maiden Hiwassee, had brought about its legitimate consequences. In her surprise, and accounting for the shriek she gave, she had revealed the circumstance to her lover, and it was not long before he had again related it to another. The story flew, the crowd increased, and, gathering excitement from numbers, they rushed forward to the lodge of Matiwan, where, from his known love to his mother, they thought it probable he would be found, to claim the doomed slave of Opitchi-Manneyto. The old chief heard them with a stern and motionless calm of countenance ; then, without an instant of reflection, throwing open the door of the lodge, he bade them enter upon the search for their victim.

The clamour and its occasion, in the meantime, had been made sufficiently and fearfully intelligible to those within. Matiwan sunk down hopelessly and sad in a corner of the apartment, while Occonestoga, with a rapid recovery of all his energies, throwing aside his covering of skins, and rising from his place of concealment, stood once again an upright and fearless Indian warrior. He freed the knife from its sheath, tightened the belt about his waist, grasped the tomahawk in his right hand, and placing himself conspicuously in the centre of the apartment, prepared manfully for the worst.

Such was his position, when, leading the way for the pursuers of the fugitive, Sanutee re-entered the cabin. A moment's glance sufficed to show him the truth of the statement made him, and at the same time accounted for the uneasiness of Matiwan, and her desire to prevent his examination of the skins. He darted a severe look upon her where she lay in the corner, and as the glance met her own, she crept silently towards him and would have clasped his knees ; but the ire of Sanutee was too deeply awakened, and regarding his profligate son, not merely in that character, but as the

chief enemy and betrayer of his country to the English, he threw her aside, then approached and stretched forth his arm as if to secure him. But Occonestoga stood on the defensive, and with a skill and power, which, at one time, had procured for him a high reputation for warrior-like conduct, in a field where the competitors were numerous, he hurled backward the old chief upon the crowd that followed him. Doubly incensed with the resistance thus offered, Sanutee re-advanced with a degree of anger which excluded the cautious consideration of the true warrior,—and as the approach was narrow, he re-advanced unsupported. The recollection of the terrible doom impending over his head—the knowledge of Sanutee's own share in its decree—the stern denunciations of his father in his own ears,—the fierce feeling of degraded pride consequent upon his recent and present mode of life, and the desperate mood induced by his complete isolation from all the sympathies of his people, evinced by their vindictive pursuit of him,—all conspired to make him the reckless wretch who would rather seek than shrink from the contemplated parricide. His determination was thick in the glance of his eye; and while he threw back the tomahawk, so that the sharp pick on the opposite end rested upon his right shoulder, and its edge lay alongside his cheek, he muttered between his firmly set teeth, fragments of the fearful scalp-song which he had sung in his mother's ear before.

“ Sangarrah-me—Sangarrah-me,
I hear him groan, I see him gasp,
I tear his throat, I drink his blood—
Sangarrah-me—Sangarrah-me.”

This did not discourage the old chief, though the son, with a desperate strength, while singing the fierce anthem, grappled his father by his throat, and cried aloud to him, as he shook the hatchet in his eyes—

“ I hear thee groan—I see thee gasp—I tear thy throat—I drink thy blood; for I know thee as mine enemy. Thou art not Sanutee—thou art not the father of Occonestoga—but a black dog, sent on his

path to tear. Die, thou dog—thou black dog—die—thus I slay thee—thus I slay thee, thou enemy of Occonestoga.”

And handling the old man with a strength beyond his power to contend with, he aimed the deadly stroke directly at the eyes of his father. But the song and the speech had aroused the yet conscious but suffering Matiwan, and starting up from the ground where she had been lying, almost between the feet of the combatants, with uplifted hands she interposed, just as the fell direction had been given to the weapon of her son. The piercing shriek of that fondly cherishing mother went to the very bones of the young warrior. Her interposition had the effect of a spell upon him, particularly as, at the moment—so timely for Sanutee had been her interposition—he who gave the blow could with difficulty arrest the impulse with which it had been given, and which must have made it a blow fatal to her. The narrow escape which she had made, sent through the youth an unnerving chill and shudder. The deadly instrument fell from his hand, and now rushing upon him, the crowd drew him to the ground, and taking from him every other weapon, pinioned his arms closely behind him. He turned away with something of horror in his countenance as he met the second gaze of his father, and his eyes rested with a painful solicitude upon the wo-begone visage of Matiwan, who had, after her late effort, again sunk down at the feet of Sanutee. He looked fondly, but sadly upon her, and with a single sentence addressed to her, he offered no obstacle while his captors led him away.

“Matiwan—” said he,—“thou hast bound Occonestoga for his enemies. Thou hast given him to Opitchi-Manneyto.”

The woman heard no more, but as they bore him off, she sunk down in momentary insensibility upon the spot where she had lain through the greater part of the recent controversy. Sanutee, meanwhile, with much of the character of ancient Roman patriotism,

went forth with the rest, on their way to the council; one of the judges—indeed, the chief arbiter upon the destinies of his son.

CHAPTER XXV.

“The pain of death is nothing. To the chief,
The forest warrior, it is good to die—
To die as he has lived, battling and hoarse,
Shouting a song of triumph. But to live
Under such doom as this, were far beyond
Even his stoic, cold philosophy.”

It was a gloomy amphitheatre in the deep forests to which the assembled multitude bore the unfortunate Occonestoga. The whole scene was unique in that solemn grandeur, that sombre hue, that deep spiritual repose, in which the human imagination delights to invest a scene which has been rendered remarkable for the deed of punishment or crime. A small swamp or morass hung upon one of its skirts, from the rank bosom of which, in numberless millions, the flickering fire-fly perpetually darted upwards, giving a brilliance of animation to the spot, which, at that moment, no assemblage of light or life could possibly enliven. The ancient oak, a bearded Druid, was there to contribute to the due solemnity of all associations—the gnarled and stunted hickory, the ghostly cedar, and here and there the overgrown pine,—all rose up in their primitive strength, and with an undergrowth around them of shrub and flower, that scarcely at any time in that sheltered and congenial habitation had found it necessary to shrink from winter. In the centre of the area thus invested, rose a high and venerable mound, the tumulus of many preceding ages, from the washed sides of which might now and then be seen protruding the bleached bones of some ancient warrior or sage. A circle of trees, at a little distance, hedged

it in,—made secure and sacred by the performance there of many of their religious rites and offices,—themselves, as they bore the broad arrow of the Yemassee, being free from all danger of overthrow or desecration by Indian hands.

Amid the confused cries of the multitude, they bore the captive to the foot of the tumulus, and bound him backward, half reclining upon a tree. An hundred warriors stood around, armed according to the manner of the nation, each with tomahawk, and knife, and bow. They stood up as for battle, but spectators simply, and taking no part in the proceeding. In a wider and denser circle, gathered hundreds more—not the warriors, but the people—the old, the young, the women and the children, all fiercely excited and anxious to see and take part in a ceremony, so awfully exciting to an Indian imagination; conferring, as it did, not only the perpetual loss of human caste and national consideration, but the eternal doom, the degradation, the denial of, and the exile from, their simple forest heaven. Interspersed with this latter crowd, seemingly at regular intervals, and with an allotted labour, came a number of old women, not unmeet representatives, individually, for either of the weird sisters of the Scottish Thane,

“So withered and so wild in their attire—”

and, regarding their cries and actions, of whom we may safely affirm, that they looked like any thing but inhabitants of earth! In their hands they bore, each of them, a flaming torch, of the rich and gummy pine; and these they waved over the heads of the multitude in a thousand various evolutions, accompanying each movement with a fearful cry; which, at regular periods, was chorused by the assembled mass. A bugle, a native instrument of sound, five feet or more in length, hollowed out from the commonest timber, the cracks and breaks of which were carefully sealed up with the resinous gum oozing from their burning torches, and which, to this day, borrowed from the natives, our negroes employ on the southern waters with a peculiar

compass and variety of note—gave forth at intervals, timed with much regularity, a long, protracted, single blast, adding greatly to the solemnity of a scene, one of the most imposing among their customs. At the articulation of these sounds, the circles continued to contract, though slowly; until, at length, but a brief space lay between the armed warriors, the crowd, and the unhappy victim.

The night grew dark of a sudden, and the sky was obscured by one of the brief tempests that usually usher in the summer, and mark the transition, in the south, of one season to another. A wild gust rushed along the wood. The leaves were whirled over the heads of the assemblage, and the trees bent downward, until they cracked and groaned again beneath the wind. A feeling of natural superstition crossed the minds of the multitude, as the hurricane, though common enough in that region, passed hurriedly along; and a spontaneous and universal chorus of prayer rose from their lips, in their own wild and emphatic language, to the evil deity whose presence they beheld in its progress.—

“Thy wing, Opitchi-Manneyto,
It o'erthrows the tall trees—
Thy breath, Opitchi-Manneyto,
Makes the waters tremble—
Thou art in the hurricane,
When the wigwam tumbles—
Thou art in the arrow-fire,
When the pine is shiver'd—
But upon the Yemassee,
Be thy coming gentle—
Are they not thy well-beloved?
Bring they not a slave to thee?
Look! the slave is bound for thee,
'Tis the Yemassee that brings him.
Pass, Opitchi-Manneyto—
Pass, black spirit, pass from us—
Be thy passage gentle.”

And, as the uncouth strain rose at the conclusion into a diapason of unanimous and contending voices, of old and young, male and female, the brief summer tempest had gone by. A shout of self-gratulation, joined with warm acknowledgments, testified the popular sense

and confidence in that especial Providence, which even the most barbarous nations claim as for ever working in their behalf.

At this moment, surrounded by the chiefs and preceded by the great prophet or high-priest, Enoree-Mattée, came Sanutee, the well-beloved of the Yemassee, to preside over the destinies of his son. There was a due and becoming solemnity, but nothing of the peculiar feelings of the father, visible in his countenance. Blocks of trees were placed around as seats for the chiefs, but Sanutee and the prophet threw themselves, with more of imposing veneration in the proceeding, upon the edge of the tumulus, just where an overcharged spot, bulging out with the crowding bones of its inmates, had formed an elevation answering such a purpose. They sat directly looking upon the prisoner, who reclined, bound securely upon his back to a decapitated tree, at a little distance before them. A signal having been given, the women ceased their shoutings, and approaching him, they waved their torches so closely above his head as to make all his features distinctly visible to that now watchful and silent multitude. He bore the examination with a stern, unmoved cast of expression, which the sculptor of marble might well have desired for his block. While the torches waved, one of the women now cried aloud, in a barbarous chant, above him—

“ Is not this a Yemassee ?
Wherefore is he bound thus—
Wherefore, with the broad arrow
On his right arm growing,
Wherefore is he bound thus—
Is not this a Yemassee ?”

A second woman now approached him, waving her torch in like manner, closely seeming to inspect his features, and actually passing her fingers over the emblem upon his shoulder, as if to ascertain more certainly the truth of the image. Having done this, she turned about to the crowd, and in the same barbarous sort of strain with the preceding, replied as follows:—

"It is not the Yemassee,
But a dog that runs off.
From his right arm take the arrow,
He is not the Yemassee."

As these words were uttered, the crowd of women and children around cried out for the execution of the judgment thus given, and once again flamed the torches wildly, and the shoutings were general among the multitude. When they had subsided, a huge Indian came forward directly before the prisoner—smeared with blood and covered with scalps which, connected together by slight strings, formed a loose robe over his shoulders. In one hand he carried a torch, in the other a knife. This was Malatchie, the executioner of the nation. He came forward, under the instructions of Enoree-Mattee, the prophet, to claim the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto,—that is, in our language, the slave of hell. This he did in the following strain:—

"'Tis Opitchi-Manneyto
In Malatchie's ear that cries,
That is not the Yemassee—
And the woman's word is true—
He's a dog that should be mine,
I have hunted for him long.
From his master he hath run,
With the stranger made his home,
Now I have him, he is mine—
That Opitchi-Manneyto."

And, as the besmeared and malignant executioner howled his fierce demand in the very ears of his victim, he hurled the knife which he carried, upwards, with such dexterity into the air, that it rested, point downward, and sticking fast on its descent, into the tree and just above the head of the doomed Occonestoga. With his hand, at the next instant, he laid a resolute gripe upon the shoulder of the victim, as if to confirm and strengthen his claim by actual possession; while, at the same time, with a sort of malignant pleasure, he thrust his besmeared and distorted visage close into that of his prisoner. Writhing against the ligaments which bound him fast, Occonestoga strove

to turn his head aside from the disgusting and obtrusive presence; and the desperation of his effort, but that he had been too carefully secured, might have resulted in the release of some of his limbs; for the breast heaved and laboured, and every muscle of his arms and legs was wrought, by his severe action, into a rope, hard, full, and indicative of prodigious strength.

There was one person in that crowd who sympathized with the victim; and this was Hiwassee, the maiden in whose ears he had uttered a word, which, in her thoughtless scream and declaration of the event, for she had identified him, had been the occasion which led to his captivity. Something of self-reproach for her share in his misfortune, and an old feeling of regard for Oconestoga, who had once been a favourite with the young of both sexes among his people, was at work in her bosom; and, turning to Echotee, her newly-accepted lover, as soon as the demand of Malatchie had been heard, she prayed him to resist the demand. In such cases, all that a warrior had to do was simply to join issue upon the claim, and the popular will then determined the question. Echotee could not resist an application so put to him, and by one who had just listened to a prayer of his own, so all-important to his own happiness; and being himself a noble youth, one who had been a rival of the captive in his better days, a feeling of generosity combined with the request of Hiwassee, and he boldly leaped forward. Seizing the knife of Malatchie, which stuck in the tree, he drew it forth and threw it upon the ground, thus removing the sign of property which the executioner had put up in behalf of the evil deity.

“Oconestoga is the brave of Yemassee,” exclaimed the young Echotee, while the eyes of the captive looked what his lips could not have said. “Oconestoga is a brave of Yemassee—he is no dog of Malatchie. Wherefore is the cord upon the limbs of a free warrior? Is not Oconestoga a free warrior of Yemassee? The eyes of Echotee have looked upon a warrior like Oconestoga, when he took many scalps. Did not

Oconestoga lead the Yemassee against the Savannahs? The eyes of Echotee saw him slay the red-eyed Suwannee, the great chief of the Savannahs. Did not Oconestoga go on the war-path with our young braves against the Edistoes, the brown-foxes that came out of the swamp? The eyes of Echotee beheld him. Oconestoga is a brave, and a hunter of Yemassee—he is not the dog of Malatchie. He knows not fear. He hath an arrow with wings, and the panther he runs down in chase. His tread is the tread of a sly serpent that comes, so that he hears him not, upon the track of the red deer, feeding down in the valley. Echotee knows the warrior—Echotee knows the hunter—he knows Oconestoga, but he knows no dog of Opitchi-Manneyto.”

“He hath drunk of the poison drink of the pale-faces—his feet are gone from the good path of the Yemassee—he would sell his people to the English for a painted bird. He is the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto,” cried Malatchie, in reply. Echotee was not satisfied to yield the point so soon, and he responded accordingly.

“It is true. The feet of the young warrior have gone away from the good paths of the Yemassee, but I see not the weakness of the chief, when my eye looks back upon the great deeds of the warrior. I see nothing but the shrinking body of Suwannee under the knee, under the knife of the Yemassee. I hear nothing but the war-whoop of the Yemassee, when we broke through the camp of the brown-foxes, and scalped them where they skulked in the swamp. I see this Yemassee strike the foe and take the scalp, and I know Oconestoga—Oconestoga, the son of the well-beloved—the great chief of the Yemassee.”

“It is good—Oconestoga has thanks for Echotee—Echotee is a brave warrior!” murmured the captive to his champion, in tones of melancholy acknowledgment. The current of public feeling began to set strongly towards an expression of sympathy in behalf of the victim, and an occasional whisper to that effect might be heard here and there among the mul-

titude. Even Malatchie himself looked for a moment as if he thought it not improbable that he might be defrauded of his prey; and, while a free shout from many attested the compliment which all were willing to pay Echotee for his magnanimous defence of one, who had once been a successful rival in the general estimation, the executioner turned to the prophet and to Sanutee, as if doubtful whether or not to proceed farther in his claim. But all doubt was soon quieted, as the stern father rose before the assembly. Every sound was stilled in expectation of his words on so momentous an occasion. They waited not long. The old man had tasked all the energies of the patriot, not less than of the stoic, and having once determined upon the necessity of the sacrifice, he had no hesitating fears or scruples palsying his determination. He seemed not to regard the imploring glance of his son, seen and felt by all besides in the assembly; but with a voice entirely unaffected by the circumstances of his position, he spoke forth the doom in confirmation with that originally expressed.

“Echotee has spoken like a brave warrior with a tongue of truth, and a soul that has birth with the sun. But he speaks out of his own heart—and does not speak to the heart of the traitor. The Yemassee will all say for Echotee, but who can say for Occonestoga when Sanutee himself is silent? Does the Yemassee speak with a double tongue? Did not the Yemassee promise Occonestoga to Opitchi-Manneyto with the other chiefs? Where are they? They are gone into the swamp, where the sun shines not, and the eyes of Opitchi-Manneyto are upon them. He knows them for his slaves. The arrow is gone from their shoulders, and the Yemassee knows them no longer. Shall the dog escape, who led the way to the English—who brought the poison drink to the chiefs, which made them dogs to the English and slaves to Opitchi-Manneyto? Shall he escape the doom the Yemassee hath put upon them? Sanutee speaks the voice of the Manneyto. Occonestoga is a dog, who would sell

his father—who would make us women to carry water for the pale-faces. He is not the son of Sānutee—Sanutee knows him no more. Look,—Yemassee—the well-beloved has spoken!”

He paused, and turning away, sunk down silently upon the little bank on which he had before rested; while Malatchie, without further opposition—for the renunciation of his own son by one so highly esteemed as Sanutee, was conclusive against the youth—advanced to execute the terrible judgment upon his victim.

“Oh! father, chief, Sanutee”—burst convulsively from the lips of the prisoner—“hear me, father—Occonestoga will go on the war-path with thee, and with the Yemassee—against the Edisto, against the Spaniard—hear, Sanutee—he will go with thee against the English.”—But the old man bent not—yielded not, and the crowd gathered nigher.

“Wilt thou have no ear, Sanutee?—it is Occonestoga—it is the son of Matiwan that speaks to thee.” Sanutee’s head sunk as the reference was made to Matiwan, but he showed no other sign of emotion. He moved not—he spoke not, and bitterly and hopelessly the youth exclaimed—

“Oh! thou art colder than the stone-house of the adder—and deafer than his ears. Father, Sanutee, wherefore wilt thou lose me, even as the tree its leaf, when the storm smites it in summer? Save me,—father.”

And his head sunk in despair, as he beheld the unchanging look of stern resolve with which the unbending sire regarded him. For a moment he was unmanned; until a loud shout of derision from the crowd, regarding his weakness, came to the support of his pride. The Indian shrinks from humiliation, where he would not shrink from death; and, as the shout reached his ears, he shouted back his defiance, raised his head loftily in air, and with the most perfect composure, commenced singing his song of death, the song of many victories.

“Wherefore sings he his death-song?” was the general inquiry, “he is not to die!”

"Thou art the slave of Opitchi-Manneyto," cried Malatchie to the captive—"thou shalt sing no lie of thy victories in the ear of Yemassee. The slave of Opitchi-Manneyto has no triumph"—and the words of the song were effectually drowned, if not silenced, in the tremendous clamour which they raised about him. It was then that Malatchie claimed his victim—the doom had been already given, but the ceremony of expatriation and outlawry was yet to follow, and under the direction of the prophet, the various castes and classes of the nation prepared to take a final leave of one who could no longer be known among them. First of all came a band of young, marriageable women, who, wheeling in a circle three times about him, sung together a wild apostrophe containing a bitter farewell, which nothing in our language could perfectly embody.

"Go,—thou hast no wife in Yemassee—thou hast given no lodge to the daughter of Yemassee—thou hast slain no meat for thy children. Thou hast no name—the women of Yemassee know thee no more. They know thee no more."

And the final sentence was reverberated from the entire assembly—

"They know thee no more—they know thee no more."

Then came a number of the ancient men—the patriarchs of the nation, who surrounded him in circular mazes three several times, singing as they did so a hymn of like import.

"Go—thou sittest not in the council of Yemassee—thou shalt not speak wisdom to the boy that comes. Thou hast no name in Yemassee—the fathers of Yemassee, they know thee no more."

And again the whole assembly cried out, as with one voice—"they know thee no more, they know thee no more."

These were followed by the young warriors, his old associates, who now, in a solemn band, approached him to go through a like performance. His eyes sunk

gloomily as they came—his blood was chilled to his heart, and the articulated farewell of their wild chant failed seemingly to reach his ear. Nothing but the last sentence he heard—

“Thou that wast a brother,
Thou art nothing now—
The young warriors of Yemassee,
They know thee no more.”

And the crowd cried with them—“they know thee no more.”

“Is no hatchet sharp for Occonestoga?”—moaned forth the suffering savage. But his trials were only then begun. Enoree-Mattee now approached him with the words, with which, as the representative of the good Manneyto, he renounced him,—with which he denied him access to the Indian heaven, and left him a slave and an outcast, a miserable wanderer amid the shadows and the swamps, and liable to all the dooms and terrors which come with the service of Opitchi-Manneyto.

“Thou wast the child of Manneyto”—

sung the high-priest in a solemn chant, and with a deep-toned voice that thrilled strangely amid the silence of the scene.

“Thou wast a child of Manneyto,
He gave thee arrows and an eye,—
Thou wast the strong son of Manneyto,
He gave thee feathers and a wing—
Thou wast a young brave of Manneyto,
He gave thee scalps and a war-song—
But he knows thee no more—he knows thee no more.”

And the clustering multitude again gave back the last line in wild chorus. The prophet continued his chant:

“That Opitchi-Manneyto claims thee,
He commands thee for his slave—
And the Yemassee must hear him,
Hear, and give thee for his slave—
They will take from thee the arrow,
The broad arrow of thy people—
Thou shalt see no blessed valley,
Where the plum-groves always bloom—
Thou shalt hear no song of valour,
From the old time Yemassee—

Father, mother, name, and people,
Thou shalt lose with that broad arrow,
Thou art lost to the Manneyto—
He knows thee no more, he knows thee no more."

The despair of hell was in the face of the victim, and he howled forth, in a cry of agony, that for a moment silenced the wild chorus of the crowd around, the terrible consciousness in his mind of that privation which the doom entailed upon him. Every feature was convulsed with emotion—and the terrors of Opitchi-Manneyto's dominion seemed already in strong exercise upon the muscles of his heart, when Sanutee, the father, silently approached, and with a pause of a few moments, stood gazing upon the son from whom he was to be separated eternally—whom not even the uniting, the restoring hand of death could possibly restore to him. And he—his once noble son—the pride of his heart, the gleam of his hope, the triumphant warrior, who was even to increase his own glory, and transmit the endearing title of well-beloved, which the Yemassee had given him, to a succeeding generation. These promises were all blasted, and the father was now present to yield him up for ever—to deny him—to forfeit him, in fearful penalty, to the nation whose genius he had wronged, and whose rights he had violated. The old man stood for a moment, rather, we may suppose, for the recovery of resolution, than with any desire for his contemplation. The pride of the youth came back to him,—the pride of the strong mind in its desolation—as his eye caught the inflexible glance of his unswerving father; and he exclaimed bitterly and loud:—

"Wherefore art thou come—thou hast been my foe, not my father—away—I would not behold thee!" and he closed his eyes after the speech, as if to relieve himself from a disgusting presence.

"Thou hast said well, Oconestoga—Sanutee is thy foe—he is not thy father. To say this in thy ears has he come. Look on him, Oconestoga—look up, and hear thy doom. The young and the old of the

Yemassee—the warrior and the chief,—they have all forgotten thee. Oconestoga is no name for the Yemassee. The Yemassee gives it to his dog. The prophet of Manneyto has forgotten thee—thou art unknown to those who are thy people. And I, thy father—with this speech, I yield thee to Opitchi-Manneyto. Sanutee is no longer thy father—thy father knows thee no more”—and once more came to the ears of the victim that melancholy chorus of the multitude—“He knows thee no more—he knows thee no more.” Sanutee turned quickly away as he had spoken, and, as if he suffered more than he was willing to show, the old man rapidly hastened to the little mound where he had been previously sitting—his eyes diverted from the further spectacle. Oconestoga, goaded to madness by these several incidents, shrieked forth the bitterest execrations, until Enoree-Mattee, preceding Malatchie, again approached. Having given some directions in an under-tone to the latter, he retired, leaving the executioner alone with his victim. Malatchie, then, while all was silence in the crowd—a thick silence, in which even respiration seemed to be suspended—proceeded to his duty; and, lifting the feet of Oconestoga carefully from the ground, he placed a log under them—then addressing him, as he again bared his knife which he stuck in the tree above his head, he sung—

“ I take from thee the earth of Yemassee—
 I take from thee the water of Yemassee—
 I take from thee the arrow of Yemassee—
 Go—thou art no Yemassee,
 Yemassee knows thee no more.”

“Yemassee knows thee no more,” cried the multitude, and their universal shout was deafening upon the ear. Oconestoga said no word now—he could offer no resistance to the unnerving hands of Malatchie, who now bared the arm more completely of its covering. But his limbs were convulsed with the spasms of that dreadful terror of the future which was racking and raging in every nerve of his frame. The silence of all indicated the general anxiety; and Malatchie

prepared to seize the knife and perform the operation, when a confused murmur arose from the crowd around; the mass gave way and parted, and, rushing wildly into the area, came Matiwan, his mother—the long black hair streaming—the features, an astonishing likeness to his own, convulsed like his; and her action that of one reckless of all things in the way of the forward progress she was making to the person of her child. She cried aloud as she came—with a voice that rung like a sudden death-bell through the ring—

“Would you keep the mother from her boy, and he to be lost to her for ever? Shall she have no parting with the young brave she bore in her bosom? Away, keep me not back—I will look upon, I will love him. He shall have the blessing of Matiwan, though the Yemassee and the Manneyto curse.”

The victim heard, and a momentary renovation of mental life, perhaps a renovation of hope, spoke out in the simple exclamation which fell from his lips.

“Oh, Matiwan—oh, mother.”

She rushed towards the spot where she heard his appeal, and thrusting the executioner aside, threw her arms desperately about his neck.

“Touch him not, Matiwan,” was the general cry from the crowd.—“Touch him not, Matiwan—Manneyto knows him no more.”

“But Matiwan knows him—the mother knows her child, though the Manneyto denies him. Oh, boy—oh, boy, boy, boy.” And she sobbed like an infant on his neck.

“Thou art come, Matiwan—thou art come, but wherefore?—to curse like the father—to curse like the Manneyto,” mournfully said the captive.

“No, no, no! Not to curse—not to curse. When did mother curse the child she bore? Not to curse, but to bless thee.—To bless thee and forgive.”

“Tear her away,” cried the prophet; “let Opitchi-Manneyto have his slave.”

“Tear her away, Malatchie,” cried the crowd, impatient for the execution. Malatchie approached.

"Not yet—not yet," appealed the woman. "Shall not the mother say farewell to the child she shall see no more?" and she waved Malatchie back, and in the next instant, drew hastily from the drapery of her dress a small hatchet, which she had there carefully concealed.

"What wouldst thou do, Matiwan?" asked Occonestoga, as his eye caught the glare of the weapon.

"Save thee, my boy—save thee for thy mother, Occonestoga—save thee for the happy valley."

"Wouldst thou slay me, mother—wouldst strike the heart of thy son?" he asked, with a something of reluctance to receive death from the hands of a parent.

"I strike thee but to save thee, my son :—since they cannot take the totem from thee after the life is gone. Turn away from me thy head—let me not look upon thine eyes as I strike, lest my hands grow weak and tremble. Turn thine eyes away—I will not lose thee."

His eyes closed, and the fatal instrument, lifted above her head, was now visible in the sight of all. The executioner rushed forward to interpose, but he came too late. The tomahawk was driven deep into the scull, and but a single sentence from his lips preceded the final insensibility of the victim.

"It is good, Matiwan, it is good—thou hast saved me—the death is in my heart." And back he sunk as he spoke, while a shriek of mingled joy and horror from the lips of the mother announced the success of her effort to defeat the doom, the most dreadful in the imagination of the Yemassee.

"He is not lost—he is not lost. They may not take the child from his mother. They may not keep him from the valley of Manneyto. He is free—he is free." And she fell back in hysterics into the arms of Sanutee, who by this time had approached. She had defrauded Opitchi-Manneyto of his victim, for they may not remove the badge of the nation from any but the living victim.

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