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THE

# BEE-HUNTER;

OR,

# THE OAK OPENINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE PIONEERS," "LAST OF THE MOHICANS,"
"PATHFINDER," "DEERSLAYER,"
ETC., ETC.

There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Pour'd o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of Man
This thy devoted hour foresaw, and wept.——MILMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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# PREFACE.

It ought to be matter of surprise how men live in the midst of marvels, without taking heed of their existence. The slightest derangement of their accustomed walks in political or social life shall excite all their wonder, and furnish themes for their discussions, for months; while the prodigies that come from above are presented daily to their eyes, and are received without surprise, as things of course. In a certain sense, this may be well enough, inasmuch as all which comes directly from the hands of the Creator may be said so far to exceed the power of human comprehension, as to be beyond comment; but the truth would show us that the cause of this neglect

is rather a propensity to dwell on such interests as those over which we have a fancied control, than on those which confessedly transcend our understanding. Thus is it ever with men. The wonders of creation meet them at every turn, without awakening reflection, while their minds labour on subjects that are not only ephemeral and illusory, but which never attain an elevation higher than that the most sordid interests can bestow.

For ourselves, we firmly believe that the finger of Providence is pointing the way to all races, and colours, and nations, along the path that is to lead the East and the West alike, to the great goal of human wants. Demons infest that path, and numerous and unhappy are the wanderings of millions who stray from its course; sometimes in reluctance to proceed; sometimes in an indiscreet haste to move faster than their fellows, and always in a forgetfulness of the great rules of conduct that have been handed down from above. Nevertheless, the main course is onward; and the day, in the sense of time, is not distant, when the

whole earth is to be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, "as the waters cover the sea."

One of the great stumbling-blocks with a large class of well-meaning, but narrow-judging moralists, are the seeming wrongs that are permitted by Providence, in its control of human events. Such persons take a one-sided view of things, and reduce all principles to the level of their own understandings. If we could comprehend the relations which the Deity bears to us, as well as we can comprehend the relations we bear to Him, there might be a little seeming reason in these doubts; but when one of the parties in this mighty scheme of action is a profound mystery to the other, it is worse than idle, it is profane, to attempt to explain those things which our minds are not yet sufficiently cleared from the dross of earth to understand. Look at Italy, at this very moment. The darkness and depression from which that glorious peninsula is about to emerge, are the fruits of long-continued dissensions and an iron despotism, which is at length broken by the impulses left behind him by a ruthless con-

queror, who, under the appearance and with the phrases of Liberty, contended only for himself. A more concentrated egotism than that of Napoleon probably never existed; yet has it left behind it seeds of personal rights that have sprung up by the way-side, and which are likely to take root with a force that will bid defiance to eradication. Thus is it, ever, with the progress of society. Good appears to arise out of evil, and the inscrutable ways of Providence are vindicated by general results, rather than by instances of particular care. We leave the application of these remarks to the intelligence of such of our readers as may have patience to peruse the work that will be found in the succeeding pages.

There is nothing imaginary in the fertility of the West. Personal observation has satisfied us that it much surpasses anything that exists in the Atlantic states, unless in exceptions, through the agency of great care and high manuring, or in instances of peculiar natural soil. In these times, men almost fly. We have passed over a thousand miles of territory within the last few days, and

have brought the pictures at the two extremes of this journey in close proximity in our mind's eye. Time may lessen that wonderful fertility, and bring the whole country more on a level; but there it now is, a glorious gift from God, which it is devoutly to be wished may be accepted with due gratitude, and with a constant recollection of His unwavering rules of right and wrong, by those who have been selected to enjoy it.

New York,
18*th July*, 1848.

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# THE BEE-HUNTER;

OR,

# OAK OPENINGS.

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## CHAPTER I.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.
WATTS' *Hymns for Children.*

WE have heard of those who fancied that they beheld a signal instance of the hand of the Creator in the celebrated cataract of Niagara. Such instances of the power of sensible and near objects to influence certain minds, only prove how much easier it is to impress the imaginations of the dull with images that are novel, than with those that are less apparent, though of infinitely

greater magnitude. Thus, it would seem to be strange, indeed, that any human being should find more to wonder at in any one of the phenomena of the earth, than in the earth itself; or, should specially stand astonished at the might of Him who created the world, when each night brings into view a firmament studded with other worlds, each equally the work of His hands!

Nevertheless, there is (at bottom) a motive for adoration, in the study of the lowest fruits of the wisdom and power of God. The leaf is as much beyond our comprehension of remote causes, as much a subject of intelligent admiration, as the tree which bears it: the single tree confounds our knowledge and researches the same as the entire forest; and, though a variety that appears to be endless pervades the world, the same admirable adaptation of means to ends, the same bountiful forethought, and the same benevolent wisdom are to be found in the acorn, as in the gnarled branch on which it grew.

The American forest has so often been described, as to cause one to hesitate about reviving scenes that might possibly pall, and in retouching pictures that have been so frequently painted as

to be familiar to every mind. But God created the woods, and the themes bestowed by His bounty are inexhaustible. Even the ocean, with its boundless waste of water, has been found to be rich in its various beauties and marvels; and he who shall bury himself with us, once more, in the virgin forests of this wide-spread land, may possibly discover new subjects of admiration, new causes to adore the Being that has brought all into existence, from the universe to its most minute particle.

The precise period of our legend was in the year 1812, and the season of the year the pleasant month of July, which had now drawn near to its close. The sun was already approaching the western limits of a wooded view, when the actors in its opening scene must appear on a stage that is worthy of a more particular description.

The region was, in one sense, wild, though it offered a picture that was not without some of the strongest and most pleasing features of civilization. The country was what is termed "rolling," from some fancied resemblance to the surface of the ocean, when it is just undulating with a long "ground-swell." Although wooded, it was not

as the American forest is wont to grow, with tall straight trees towering towards the light, but with intervals between the low oaks that were scattered profusely over the view, and with much of that air of negligence that one is apt to see in grounds, where art is made to assume the character of nature. The trees, with very few exceptions, were what is called the "burr oak," a small variety of a very extensive genus; and the spaces between them, always irregular, and often of singular beauty, have obtained the name of "openings;" the two terms combined giving their appellation to this particular species of native forest, under the name of "Oak Openings."

These woods, so peculiar to certain districts of country, are not altogether without some variety, though possessing a general character of sameness. The trees were of very uniform size, being little taller than pear trees, which they resemble a good deal in form; and having trunks that rarely attain two feet in diameter. The variety is produced by their distribution. In places they stand with a regularity resembling that of an orchard; then, again, they are more scattered and less formal, while wide breadths of the land are occasionally

seen in which they stand in copses, with vacant spaces, that bear no small affinity to artificial lawns, being covered with verdure. The grasses are supposed to be owing to the fires lighted periodically by the Indians in order to clear their hunting-grounds.

Towards one of these grassy glades, which was spread on an almost imperceptible acclivity, and which might have contained some fifty or sixty acres of land, the reader is now requested to turn his eyes. Far in the wilderness as was the spot, four men were there, and two of them had even some of the appliances of civilization about them. The woods around were the then unpeopled forest of Michigan, and the small winding reach of placid water that was just visible in the distance, was an elbow of the Kalamazoo, a beautiful little river that flows westward, emptying its tribute into the vast expanse of Lake Michigan. Now, this river has already become known, by its villages and farms, and railroads and mills; but then, not a dwelling of more pretension than the wigwam of the Indian, or an occasional shanty of some white adventurer, had ever been seen on its banks. In that day, the whole of that fine

peninsula, with the exception of a narrow belt of country along the Detroit river, which was settled by the French as far back as near the close of the seventeenth century, was literally a wilderness. If a white man found his way into it, it was an Indian trader, a hunter, or an adventurer in some other of the pursuits connected with border life and the habits of the savages.

Of this last character were two of the men on the open glade just mentioned, while their companions were of the race of the aborigines. What is much more remarkable, the four were absolutely strangers to each other's faces, having met for the first time in their lives, only an hour previously to the commencement of our tale. By saying that they were strangers to each other, we do not mean that the white men were acquaintances, and the Indians strangers, but that neither of the four had ever seen either of the party until they met on that grassy glade, though fame had made them somewhat acquainted through their reputations. At the moment when we desire to present this group to the imagination of the reader, three of its number were grave and silent observers of the movements of the fourth. The fourth indivi-

dual was of middle size, young, active, and exceedingly well formed, and with a certain open and frank expression of countenance, that rendered him at least well-looking, though slightly marked with the small-pox. His real name was Benjamin Boden, though he was extensively known throughout the North-Western territories by the *sobriquet* of Ben Buzz—extensively as to distances, if not as to people. By the *voyageurs*, and other French of that region, he was almost universally styled *le Bourdon*, or the "Drone;" not, however, from his idleness or inactivity, but from the circumstance that he was notorious for laying his hands on the products of labour that proceeded from others. In a word, Ben Boden was a "Bee-hunter," and as he was one of the first to exercise his craft in that portion of the country, so was he infinitely the most skilful and prosperous. The honey of *le Bourdon* was not only thought to be purer and of higher flavour than that of any other trader in the article, but it was much the most abundant. There were a score of respectable families on the two banks of the Detroit, who never purchased of any one else, but who patiently waited for the arrival of the capacious bark canoe of Buzz, in the

autumn, to lay in their supplies of this savoury nutriment, for the approaching winter. The whole family of griddle cakes, including those of buckwheat, Indian rice, and wheaten flour, were more or less dependent on the safe arrival of *le Bourdon*, for their popularity and welcome. Honey was eaten with all; and *wild* honey had a reputation, rightfully or not obtained, that even rendered it more welcome than that which was formed by the labour and art of the domesticated bee.

The dress of *le Bourdon* was well adapted to his pursuits and life. He wore a hunting shirt and trowsers, made of thin stuff, which was dyed green, and trimmed with yellow fringe. This was the ordinary forest attire of the American rifleman; being of a character, as it was thought, to conceal the person in the woods by blending its hues with those of the forest. On his head Ben wore a skin cap, somewhat smartly made, but without the fur; the weather being warm. His moccasins were a good deal wrought, but seemed to be fading under the exposure of many marches. His arms were excellent; but all his martial accoutrements, even to a keen long-bladed knife, were suspended from the rammer of his rifle;

the weapon itself being allowed to lean, in careless confidence, against the trunk of the nearest oak as if their master felt there was no immediate use for them.

Not so with the other three. Not only was each man well armed, but each man kept his trusty rifle hugged to his person, in a sort of jealous watchfulness; while the other white man, from time to time, secretly, but with great minuteness, examined the flint and priming of his own piece. This second pale-face was a very different person from him just described. He was still young, tall, sinewy, gaunt, yet springy and strong, stooping and round-shouldered, with a face that carried a very decided top-light in it, like that of the notorious Bardolph. In short, whiskey had dyed the countenance of Gershom Waring with a tell-tale hue, that did not less infallibly betray his destination than his speech denoted his origin, which was clearly from one of the states of New England. But Gershom had been so long at the North-West us to have lost many of his peculiar habits and opinions, and to have obtained substitutes.

Of the Indians, one, an elderly, wary, expe-

rienced warrior, was a Pottawattamie, named Elksfoot, who was well known at all the trading houses and "garrisons" of the North-Western territory, including Michigan as low down as Detroit itself. The other red man was a young Chippewa, or O-jeb-way, as the civilized natives of that nation now tell us the word should be spelled. His ordinary appellation among his own people was that of Pigeonswing, a name obtained from the rapidity and length of his flights. This young man, who was scarcely turned of five-and-twenty, had already obtained a high reputation among the numerous tribes of his nation, as a messenger, or "runner."

Accident had brought these four persons, each and all strangers to one another, in communication in the glade of the Oak Openings, which has already been mentioned, within half an hour of the scene we are about to present to the reader. Although the rencontre had been accompanied by the usual precautions of those who meet in a wilderness, it had been friendly so far; a circumstance that was in some measure owing to the interest they all took in the occupation of the Bee-hunter. The three others, indeed, had come

in on different trails, and surprised le Bourdon in the midst of one of the most exciting exhibitions of his art,—an exhibition that awoke so much and so common an interest in the spectators, as at once to place its continuance for the moment above all other considerations. After brief salutations, and wary examinations of the spot and its tenants, each individual had, in succession, given his grave attention to what was going on, and all had united in begging Ben Buzz to pursue his occupation, without regard to his visitors. The conversation that took place was partly in English and partly in one of the Indian dialects, which luckily all parties appeared to understand. As a matter of course, with a sole view to oblige the reader, we shall render what was said, freely, into the vernacular.

"Let's see, let's see, *stran*ger," cried Gershom, emphasizing the syllable we have put in italics, as if especially to betray his origin, "what you can do with your tools. I've heer'n tell of such doin's, but never see'd a bee lined in all my life, and have a desp'rate fancy for larnin' of all sorts, from 'rithmetic to preachin'."

"That comes from your Puritan blood," an-

swered *le Bourdon*, with a quiet smile, using surprisingly pure English for one in his class of life. "They tell me you Puritans preach by instinct."

"I don't know how that is," answered Gershom, "though I can turn my hand to anything. I heer'n tell, across at Bob Ruly (*Bois Brulé**) of sich doin's, and would give a week's keep at Whiskey Centre, to know how 'twas done."

"Whiskey Centre" was a sobriquet bestowed by the fresh-water sailors of that region, and the few other white adventurers of Saxon origin who found their way into that trackless region, firstly on Gershom himself, and secondly on his residence. These names were obtained from the intensity of their respective characters, in favour of the beverage named. *L'eau de mort*, was the place termed by the *voyageurs*, in a sort of pleasant travesty on the *eau de vie* of their distant, but still well-remembered manufactures on the

* This unfortunate name, which it may be necessary to tell a portion of our readers means "Burnt Wood," seems condemned to all sorts of abuses among the linguists of the West. Among other pronunciations is that of "Bob Ruly;" while an island near Detroit, the proper name of which is "Bois Blanc," is familiarly known to the lake mariners by the name of "Bobolo."

banks of the Garonne. Ben Boden, however, paid but little attention to the drawling remarks of Gershom Waring. This was not the first time he had heard of "Whiskey Centre," though the first time he had ever seen the man himself. His attention was on his own trade, or present occupation; and when it wandered at all, it was principally bestowed on the Indians; more especially on the runner. Of Elk's foot, or Elksfoot, as we prefer to spell it, he had some knowledge by means of rumour; and the little he knew rendered him somewhat more indifferent to his proceedings, than he felt towards those of the Pigeonswing. Of this young red-skin he had never heard; and, while he managed to suppress all exhibition of the feeling, a lively curiosity to learn the Chippewa's business was uppermost in his mind. As for Gershom, he had taken *his* measure at a glance, and had instantly set him down to be, what in truth he was, a wandering, drinking, reckless adventurer, who had a multitude of vices and bad qualities, mixed up with a few that, if not absolutely redeeming, served to diminish the disgust in which he might otherwise have been held by all decent people. In the

meanwhile, the bee-hunting, in which all the spectators took so much interest, went on. As this is a process with which most of our readers are probably unacquainted, it may be necessary to explain the *modus operandi*, as well as the appliances used.

The tools of Ben Buzz, as Gershom had termed these implements of his trade, were neither very numerous nor very complex. They were all contained in a small covered wooden pail, like those that artisans and labourers are accustomed to carry for the purposes of conveying their food from place to place. Uncovering this, le Bourdon had brought his implements to view, previously to the moment when he was first seen by the reader. There was a small covered cup of tin; a wooden box; a sort of plate, or platter, made also of wood; and a common tumbler, of a very inferior, greenish glass. In the year 1812, there was not a pane, nor a vessel, of clear, transparent glass, made in all America! Now, some of the most beautiful manufactures of that sort, known to civilization, are abundantly produced among us, in common with a thousand other articles that are used in domestic economy. The tumbler of

Ben Buzz, however, was his countryman in more senses than one. It was not only American, but it came from the part of Pennsylvania of which he was himself a native. Blurred, and of a greenish hue, the glass was the best that Pittsburg could then fabricate, and Ben had bought it only the year before, on the very spot where it had been made.

An oak, of more size than usual, had stood a little remote from its fellows, or more within the open ground of the glade than the rest of the "orchard." Lightning had struck this tree that very summer, twisting off its trunk at a height of about four feet from the ground. Several fragments of the body and branches lay near, and on these the spectators now took their seats, watching attentively the movements of the Bee-hunter. Of the stump Ben had made a sort of table, first levelling its splinters with an axe, and on it he placed the several implements of his craft, as he had need of each in succession.

The wooden platter was first placed on this rude table. Then le Bourdon opened his small box, and took out of it a piece of honey-comb, that was circular in shape, and about an inch and

a half in diameter. The little covered tin vessel was next brought into use. Some pure and beautifully clear honey was poured from its spout, into the cells of the piece of comb, until each of them was about half-filled. The tumbler was next taken in hand, carefully wiped, and examined, by holding it up before the eyes of the Bee-hunter. Certainly, there was little to admire in it, but it was sufficiently transparent to answer his purposes. All he asked was to be able to look through the glass in order to see what was going on, in its interior.

Having made these preliminary arrangements, Buzzing Ben—for the *sobriquet* was applied to him in this form quite as often as in the other—next turned his attention to the velvet-like covering of the grassy glade. Fire had run over the whole region late that spring, and the grass was now as fresh, and sweet and short, as if the place were pastured. The white clover, in particular, abounded, and was then just bursting forth into the blossom. Various other flowers had also appeared, and around them were buzzing thousands of bees. These industrious little animals were hard at work, loading themselves with sweets;

little foreseeing the robbery contemplated by the craft of man. As le Bourdon moved stealthily among the flowers and their humming visiters, the eyes of the two red men followed his smallest movement, as the cat watches the mouse; but Gershom was less attentive, thinking the whole curious enough, but preferring whiskey to all the honey upon earth.

At length le Bourdon found a bee to his mind, and watching the moment when the animal was sipping sweets from a head of white clover, he cautiously placed his blurred and green-looking tumbler over it, and made it his prisoner. The moment the bee found itself encircled with the glass, it took wing and attempted to rise. This carried it to the upper part of its prison, when Ben carefully introduced the unoccupied hand beneath the glass, and returned to the stump. Here he set the tumbler down on the platter in a way to bring the piece of honey-comb within its circle.

So much done successfully, and with very little trouble, Buzzing Ben examined his captive for a moment, to make sure that all was right. Then he took off his cap and placed it over tumbler,

platter, honey-comb and bee. He now waited half a minute, when cautiously raising the cap again, it was seen that the bee, the moment a darkness like that of its hive came over it, had lighted on the comb, and commenced filling itself with the honey. When Ben took away the cap altogether, the head, and half the body of the bee was in one of the cells, its whole attention being bestowed on this unlooked-for hoard of treasure. As this was just what its captor wished, he considered that part of his work accomplished. It now became apparent why a glass was used to take the bee, instead of a vessel of wood or of bark. Transparency was necessary in order to watch the movements of the captive, as darkness was necessary in order to induce it to cease its efforts to escape, and to settle on the comb.

As the bee was now intently occupied in filling itself, Buzzing Ben, or le Bourdon, did not hesitate about removing the glass. He even ventured to look around him, and to make another captive, which he placed over the comb, and managed as he had done with the first. In a minute, the second bee was also buried in a cell, and the

glass was again removed. Le Bourdon now signed for his companions to draw near.

"There they are, hard at work with the honey," he said, speaking in English, and pointing to the bees. "Little do they think, as they undermine that comb, how near they are to the undermining of their own hive! But so it is with us all! When we think we are in the highest prosperity we may be nearest to a fall, and when we are poorest and humblest, we may be about to be exalted. I often think of these things, here out in the wilderness, when I'm alone, and my thoughts are ac*tyve*."

Ben used a very pure English, when his condition in life is remembered; but, now and then, he encountered a word which pretty plainly proved he was not exactly a scholar. A false emphasis has sometimes an influence on a man's fortune, when one lives in the world; but, it mattered little to one like Buzzing Ben, who seldom saw more than half a dozen human faces in the course of a whole summer's hunting. We remember an Englishman, however, who would never concede talents to Burr, because the latter said, *à l'Amèricaine*, Európean, instead of Européan.

"How hive in danger?" demanded Elksfoot, who was very much of a matter-of-fact person. "No see him, no hear him—else get some honey."

"Honey you can have for the asking, for I've plenty of it already in my cabin, though it's somewhat 'arly in the season to begin to break in upon the store. In general, the Bee-hunters keep back till August, for they think it better to commence work when the creatures,"—this word Ben pronounced as accurately as if brought up at St. James', making it neither 'creatur' nor 'crea-*toore*'—"to commence work when the creatures have had time to fill up, after their winter's feed. But I like the old stock, and what is more, I feel satisfied this is not to be a common summer, and so I thought I would make an early start."

As Ben said this, he glanced his eye at Pigeons-wing, who returned the look in a way to prove there was already a secret intelligence between them, though neither had ever seen the other an hour before.

"Waal!" exclaimed Gershom, "this is cur'ous, I'll allow *that;* yes, it's cur'ous—but we've got an article at Whiskey Centre that'll put the

sweetest honey bee that ever sucked altogether out o' countenance!"

"An article of which you suck your share, friend, I'll answer for it, judging by the sign you carry between the windows of your face," returned Ben, laughing; "but hush, men, hush. That first bee is filled, and begins to think of home. He'll soon be off for *Honey* Centre, and I must keep my eye on him. Now, stand a little aside, friends, and give me room for my craft."

The men complied, and le Bourdon was now all intense attention to his business. The bee first taken had, indeed, filled itself to satiety, and at first seemed to be too heavy to rise on the wing. After a few moments of preparation, however, up it went, circling around the spot, as if uncertain what course to take. The eye of Ben never left it, and when the insect darted off, as it soon did, in an air-line, he saw it for fifty yards after the others had lost sight of it. Ben took the range, and was silent fully a minute while he did so.

"That bee may have lighted in the corner of yonder swamp," he said, pointing, as he spoke, to a bit of low land that sustained a growth of

much larger trees than those which grew in the "opening;" "or it has crossed the point of the wood, and struck across the prairie beyond, and made for a bit of thick forest that is to be found about three miles further. In the last case, I shall have my trouble for nothing."

"What t'other do?" demanded Elksfoot, with very obvious curiosity.

"Sure enough: the other gentleman must be nearly ready for a start, and we'll see what road *he* travels. 'Tis always an assistance to a Bee-hunter to get one creature fairly off, as it helps him to line the next with greater sartainty."

Ben *would* say ac*tyve*, and *sar*tain, though he was above saying creatoore, or creatur. This is the difference between a Pennsylvanian and a Yankee. We shall not stop, however, to note all these little peculiarities in these individuals, but use the proper or the peculiar dialect, as may happen to be most convenient to ourselves.

But there was no time for disquisition, the second bee being now ready for a start. Like his companion, this insect rose and encircled the stump several times, ere it darted away towards its hive, in an air-line. So small was the object,

and so rapid its movement, that no one but the Bee-hunter saw the animal after it had begun its journey in earnest. To *his* disappointment, instead of flying in the same direction as the bee first taken, this little fellow went buzzing off fairly at a right angle! It was consequently clear that there were two hives, and that they lay in very different directions.

Without wasting his time in useless talk, le Bourdon now caught another bee, which was subjected to the same process as those first taken. When this creature had filled itself, it rose, circled the stump as usual, as if to note the spot for a second visit, and darted away, directly in a line with the bee first taken. Ben noted its flight most accurately, and had his eye on it, until it was quite a hundred yards from the stump. This he was enabled to do, by means of a quick sight and long practice.

"We'll move our quarters, friends," said Buzzing Ben, good humouredly, as soon as satisfied with this last observation, and gathering together his traps for a start. "I must angle for that hive, and I fear it will turn out to be across the prairie, and quite beyond my reach for to-day!"

The prairie alluded to was one of those small natural meadows, or pastures, that are to be found in Michigan, and may have contained four or five thousand acres of open land. The heavy timber of the swamp mentioned, jutted into it, and the point to be determined was, to ascertain whether the bees had flown *over* these trees, towards which they had certainly gone in an air-line, or whether they had found their hive among them. In order to settle this material question, a new process was necessary.

"I must 'angle' for them chaps," repeated le Bourdon; "and if you will go with me, strangers, you shall soon see the nicest part of the business of bee-hunting. Many a man who can 'line' a bee can do nothing at an 'angle.'"

As this was only gibberish to the listeners, no answer was made, but all prepared to follow Ben, who was soon ready to change his ground. The Bee-hunter took his way, across the open ground, to a point fully a hundred rods distant from his first position, where he found another stump of a fallen tree, which he converted into a stand. The same process was gone through as before, and le Bourdon was soon watching two bees that had

plunged their heads down into the cells of the comb. Nothing could exceed the gravity and attention of the Indians all this time. They had fully comprehended the business of "lining" the insects towards their hives, but they could not understand the virtue of the "angle." The first bore so strong an affinity to their own pursuit of game as to be very obvious to their senses, but the last included a species of information to which they were total strangers. Nor were they much the wiser after le Bourdon had taken his "angle;" it requiring a sort of induction, to which they were not accustomed, in order to put the several parts of his proceedings together and to draw the inference. As for Gershom, he affected to be familiar with all that was going on, though he was just as ignorant as the Indians themselves. This little bit of hypocrisy was the homage he paid to his white blood; it being very unseemly, according to his view of the matter, for a pale-face not to know more than a red-skin.

The bees were some little time in filling themselves. At length, one of them came out of his cell, and was evidently getting ready for his flight. Ben beckoned to the spectators to stand farther

back, in order to give him a fair chance, and just as he had done so the bee rose. After humming around the stump for an instant, away the insect flew, taking a course almost at right angles to that in which le Bourdon had expected to see it fly. It required half a minute for him to recollect that this little creature had gone off in a line nearly parallel to that which had been taken by the second of the bees which he had seen quit his original position. The line led across the neighbouring prairie, and any attempt to follow these bees was hopeless.

But the second creature was also soon ready, and when it darted away, le Bourdon, to his manifest delight, saw that it held its flight towards the point of the swamp *into* or *over* which two of his first captives had also gone. This settled the doubtful matter. Had the hive of these bees been *beyond* that wood, the angle of intersection would not have been there, but at the hive across the prairie. The reader will understand that creatures which obey an instinct, or such a reason as bees possess, would never make a curvature in their flights without some strong motive for it. Thus, two bees taken from flowers that stood half

a mile apart would be certain not to cross each other's tracks, in returning home, until they met at the common hive; and wherever the intersecting angle in their respective flights might be, there would that hive be also. As this repository of sweets was the game le Bourdon had in view, it is easy to see how much he was pleased when the direction taken by the last of his bees gave him the necessary assurance that its home would certainly be found in that very point of dense wood.

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## CHAPTER II.

How skilfully it builds its cell,
How neat it spreads the wax,
And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food it makes.

WATTS' *Hymns for Children.*

THE next thing was to ascertain which was the particular tree in which the bees had found a shelter. Collecting his implements, le Bourdon was soon ready, and, with a light elastic tread, he moved off towards the point of the wood followed by the whole party. The distance was about half a mile, and men so much accustomed to use their limbs made light of it. In a few minutes all were there, and the Bee-hunter was busy in looking for his tree. This was the consummation of the whole process, and Ben was not only provided for the necessities of the case, but

he was well skilled in all the signs that betokened the abodes of bees.

An uninstructed person might have passed that point of wood a thousand times, without the least consciousness of the presence of a single insect of the sort now searched for. In general, the bees flew too high to be easily perceptible from the ground, though a practised eye can discern them at distances that would almost seem to be marvellous. But Ben had other assistants than his eyes. He knew that the tree he sought must be hollow, and such trees usually give outward signs of the defect that exists within. Then, some species of wood are more frequented by the bees than others, while the instinct of the industrious little creatures generally enables them to select such homes as will not be very likely to destroy all the fruits of their industry by an untimely fall. In all these particulars, both bees and Bee-hunter were well versed, and Ben made his search accordingly.

Among the other implements of his calling, le Bourdon had a small spy-glass; one scarcely larger than those that are used in theatres, but which was powerful and every way suited to its purposes. Ben was not long in selecting a tree,

a half-decayed elm, as the one likely to contain the hive; and by the aid of his glass he soon saw bees flying among its dying branches, at a height of not less than seventy feet from the ground. A little further search directed his attention to a knot-hole, in and out of which the glass enabled him to see bees passing in streams. This decided the point; and putting aside all his implements but the axe, Buzzing Ben now set about the task of felling the tree.

"*Stran*ger," said Gershom, when le Bourdon had taken out the first chip, "perhaps you'd better let me do that part of the job. I shall expect to come in for a share of the honey, and I'm willing to 'arn all I take. I was brought up on axes and jack-knives, and sich sort of food, and can cut, *or* whittle, with the best chopper, or the neatest whittler, in or out of New England."

"You can try your hand, if you wish it," said Ben, relinquishing the axe. "I can fell a tree as well as yourself, but have no such love for the business as to wish to keep it all to myself."

"Waal, I can say, I *like* it," answered Gershom, first passing his thumb along the edge of the axe,

in order to ascertain its state: then swinging the tool, with a view to try its 'hang.'

"I can't say much for your axe, *stran*ger, for this helve has no tarve to't, to my mind; but, sich as it is, down must come this elm, though ten millions of bees should set upon me for my pains."

This was no idle boast of Waring's. Worthless as he was in so many respects, he was remarkably skilful with the axe, as he now proved by the rapid manner in which he severed the trunk of the large elm on which he was at work. He inquired of Ben where he should 'lay the tree,' and when it came clattering down, it fell on the precise spot indicated. Great was the confusion among the bees at this sudden downfall of their long cherished home. The fact was not known to their enemy, but they had inhabited that tree for a long time; and the prize now obtained was the richest he had ever made in his calling. As for the insects, they filled the air in clouds, and all the invaders deemed it prudent to withdraw to some little distance for a time, lest the irritated and wronged bees should set upon them, and have an ample revenge. Had they

known their power, this might easily have been done, no ingenuity of man being able to protect him against the assaults of this insignificant looking animal, when unable to cover himself, and the angry little heroes are in earnest. On the present occasion, however, no harm befel the marauders. So suddenly had the hive tumbled, that its late occupants appeared to be astounded, and they submitted to their fate as men yield to the power of tempests and earthquakes. In half an hour most of them were collected on an adjacent tree, where doubtless a consultation on the mode of future proceedings was held, after their fashion.

The Indians were more delighted with le Bourdon's ingenious mode of discovering the hive than with the richness of the prize; while Ben, himself, and Gershom, manifested most satisfaction at the amount of the earnings. When the tree was cut in pieces, and split, it was ascertained that years of sweets were contained within its capacious cavities, and Ben estimated the portion that fell to his share at more than three hundred pounds of good honey—comb included—after deducting the portions that were given to the Indians, and which were abstracted by Gershom.

The three last, however, could carry but little, as they had no other means of bearing it away than their own backs.

The honey was not collected that night. The day was too far advanced for that; and le Bourdon —certainly never was name less merited than this *sobriquet*, as applied to the active young Bee-hunter—but, le Bourdon, to give him his quaint appellation, offered the hospitalities of his own cabin to the strangers, promising to put them on their several paths the succeeding day, with a good store of honey in each knapsack.

"They do say there ar' likely to be troublesome times," he continued, with simple earnestness, after having given the invitation to partake of his homely fare; "and I should like to hear what is going on in the world. From Whiskey Centre I do not expect to learn much, I will own; but I am mistaken if the Pigeonswing, here, has not a message that will make us all open our ears."

The Indians ejaculated their assent; but Gershom was a man who could not express anything sententiously. As the Bee-hunter led the way towards his cabin, or shanty, he made his comments with his customary freedom. Before re-

cording what he communicated, however, we shall digress for one moment, in order to say a word ourselves concerning this term "shanty." It is now in general use throughout the whole of the United States, meaning a cabin that has been constructed in haste, and for temporary purposes. By a license of speech it is occasionally applied to more permanent residences, as men are known to apply familiar epithets to familiar objects. The derivation of the word has caused some speculation. The term certainly came from the west—perhaps from the north-west—and the best explanation we have ever heard of its derivation is to suppose "shanty," as we now spell it, a corruption of "*chienté*," which it is thought may have been a word in Canadian French phrase to express a "dog-kennel." "Chenil," we believe, is the true French term for such a thing, and our own word is said to be derived from it—"meute" meaning "a kennel of dogs," or "a pack of hounds," rather than their dwelling. At any rate, "chienté" is so plausible a solution of the difficulty, that one may hope it is the true one, even though he has no better authority for it than a very vague rumour. Curious discoveries are some-

times made by these rude analogies, however, though they are generally thought not to be very near akin to learning. For ourselves, now, we do not entertain a doubt that the *sobriquet* of "yankees," which is in every man's mouth, and of which the derivation appears to puzzle all our philologists, is nothing but a slight corruption of the word "yengeese," the term applied to the "English" by the tribes to whom they first became known. We have no other authority for this derivation than conjecture, and conjectures that are purely our own; but it is so very plausible as almost to carry conviction of itself*.

The "chienté," or shanty of le Bourdon, stood quite near to the banks of the Kalamazoo, and in a most beautiful grove of the burr oak. Ben had selected the site with much taste, though the proximity of a spring of delicious water had probably its full share in influencing his decision.

* Since writing the above, the author has met with an allusion that has induced him to think he may not have been the first to suggest this derivation of the word "yankee." With himself, the suggestion is perfectly original, and has long since been published by him; but nothing is more probable than the fact that a solution so very natural, of this long-disputed question in language, may have suggested itself to various minds.

It was necessary, moreover, that he should be near the river, as his great movements were all made by water, for the convenience of transporting his tools, furniture, &c., as well as his honey. A famous bark canoe lay in a little bay, out of the current of the stream, securely moored, head and stern, in order to prevent her beating against any object harder than herself.

The dwelling had been constructed with some attention to security. This was rendered necessary, in some measure, as Ben had found by experience, on account of two classes of enemies—men and bears. From the first, it is true, the Bee-hunter had hitherto apprehended but little. There were few human beings in that region. The northern portions of the noble peninsula of Michigan are somewhat low and swampy, or are too broken and savage to tempt the native hunters from the openings and prairies that then lay, in such rich profusion, further south and west. With the exception of the shores, or coasts, it was seldom that the northern half of the peninsula felt the footstep of man. With the southern half, however, it was very different; the "openings," and glades, and water-courses, offering almost as

many temptations to the savage, as they have since done to the civilized man. Nevertheless, the bison, or the buffalo, as the animal is erroneously, but very generally termed throughout the country, was not often found in the vast herds of which we read, until one reached the great prairies west of the Mississippi. There it was that the red men most loved to congregate; though always bearing, in numbers, but a trifling proportion to the surface they occupied. In that day, however, near as to the date, but distant as to the events, the Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottawattamies, kindred tribes, we believe, had still a footing in Michigan proper, and were to be found in considerable numbers in what was called the St. Joseph's country, or along the banks of the stream of that name; a region that almost merits the lofty appellation of the garden of America. Le Bourdon knew many of their warriors, and was much esteemed among them; though he had never met with either of those whom chance now had thrown in his way. In general, he suffered little wrong from the red men, who wondered at his occupation, while they liked his character; but he had sustained losses, and even ill treatment, from

certain outcasts of the tribes, as well as from vagrant whites, who occasionally found their way to his temporary dwellings. On the present occasion, le Bourdon felt far more uneasiness from the circumstance of having his abode known to Gershom Waring, a countryman and fellow-christian, in one sense, at least, than from its being known to the Chippewa and the Pottawattamie.

The bears were constant and dangerous sources of annoyance to the Bee-hunter. It was not often that an armed man—and le Bourdon seldom moved without his rifle—has much to apprehend from the common brown bear of America. Though a formidable-looking animal, especially when full grown, it is seldom bold enough to attack a human being; nothing but hunger, or care for its young, ever inducing it to go so much out of the ordinary track of its habits. But the love of the bear for honey amounts to a passion. Not only will it devise all sorts of bearish expedients to get at the sweet morsels, but it will scent them from afar. On one occasion, a family of Bruins had looked into a shanty of Ben's, that was not constructed with sufficient care, and consummated their burglary by demolishing the last

comb. That disaster almost ruined the adventurer, then quite young in his calling; and ever since its occurrence he had taken the precaution to build such a citadel as should at least set teeth and paws at defiance. To one who had an axe, with access to young pines, this was not a difficult task, as was proved by the present habitation of our hero.

This was the second season that le Bourdon had occupied "Castle Meal," as he himself called the shanty. This appellation was a corruption of "*Chateau au Miel*," a name given to it by a wag of a *voyageur*, who had aided Ben in ascending the Kalamazoo the previous summer, and had remained long enough with him to help him put up his habitation. The building was just twelve feet square, in the interior, and somewhat less than fourteen on its exterior. It was made of pine logs, in the usual mode, with the additional security of possessing a roof of squared timbers, of which the several parts were so nicely fitted together, as to shed rain. This unusual precaution was rendered necessary to protect the honey, since the bears would have unroofed the common bark coverings of the shanties, with the readiness

of human beings, in order to get at stores as ample as those which the Bee-hunter had soon collected beneath his roof. There was one window of glass, which le Bourdon had brought in his canoe; though it was a single sash of six small lights, that opened on hinges; the exterior being protected by stout bars of riven oak, securely let into the logs. The door was made of three thicknesses of oaken plank, pinned well together, and swinging on stout iron hinges, so secured as not to be easily removed. Its outside fastening was made by means of two stout staples, a short piece of ox-chain, and an unusually heavy padlock. Nothing short of an iron bar, and that cleverly applied, could force this fastening. On the inside three bars of oak rendered all secure, when the master was at home.

"You set consid'rable store by your honey, I guess, *stran*ger," said Gershom, as le Bourdon unlocked the fastenings, and removed the chain, "if a body may judge by the kear (care) you take on't! Now, down our way, we an't half so partic'lar; Dolly and Blossom never so much as putting up a bar to the door, even when I sleep out, which is about half the time, now the summer is fairly set in."

"And whereabouts is 'down our way,' if one may be so bold as to ask the question?" returned le Bourdon, holding the door half opened, while he turned his face towards the other, in expectation of the answer.

"Why, down at Whiskey Centre, to be sure, as the v'y'gerers and other boatmen call the place."

"And where is Whiskey Centre?" demanded Ben, a little pertinaciously.

"Why, I thought everybody would a' known that," answered Gershom; "sin' whiskey is as drawin' as a blister. Whiskey Centre is just where *I* happen to live; bein' what a body may call a travellin' name. As I'm now down at the mouth of the Kalamazoo, why Whiskey Centre's there, too."

"I understand the matter, now," answered le Bourdon, composing his well-formed mouth in a sort of contemptuous smile. "You and whiskey being sworn friends, are always to be found in company. When I came into the river, which was the last week in April, I saw nothing like whiskey, nor anything like a Centre at the mouth."

"If you'd a' be'n a fortnight later, *stran*ger,

you'd a' found both. Travellin' Centres, and stationary, differ somewhat, I guess; one is always to be found, while t'other must be s'arched a'ter."

"And pray who are Dolly and Blossom; I hope the last is not a *whiskey* blossom?"

"Not she—she never touches a spoonful, though I tell her it never hurt mortal! She tries hard to reason me into it that it hurts *me*—but that's all a mistake, as any body can see that jest looks at me."

Ben *did* look at him; and, to say truth, came to a somewhat different conclusion.

"Is she so blooming that you call her 'Blossom?'" demanded the Bee-hunter, "or is she so young?"

"The gal's a little of both. Dolly is my wife, and Blossom is my sister. The real name of Blossom is Margery Waring, but everybody calls her Blossom; and so I g'in into it, with the rest on 'em."

It is probable that le Bourdon lost a good deal of his interest in this flower of the wilderness, as soon as he learned she was so nearly related to the Whiskey Centre. Gershom was

so very uninviting an object, and had so many palpable marks that he had fairly earned the nickname which, as it afterwards appeared, the Western adventurers had given *him*, as well as his *abode*, wherever the last might be, that no one of decently sober habits could readily fancy anything belonging to him. At any rate, the Bee-hunter now led the way into his cabin, whither he was followed without unnecessary ceremony, by all three of his guests.

The interior of the "*chienté*," to use the most poetical, if not the most accurate word, was singularly clean for an establishment set up by a bachelor, in so remote a part of the world. The honey, in neat well-constructed kegs, was carefully piled along one side of the apartment, in a way to occupy the minimum of room, and to be rather ornamental than unsightly. These kegs were made by le Bourdon himself, who had acquired as much of the art as was necessary to that object. The woods always furnished the materials; and a pile of staves that was placed beneath a neighbouring tree, sufficiently denoted that he did not yet deem that portion of his task completed.

In one corner of the hut was a pile of well-dressed bear-skins, three in number, each and all of which had been taken from the carcasses of fallen foes, within the last two months. Three more were stretched on saplings, near by, in the process of curing. It was a material part of the Bee-hunter's craft to kill this animal, in particular; and the trophies of his conflicts with them were proportionably numerous. On the pile already prepared he usually slept.

There was a very rude table, a single board set up on sticks; and a bench or two, together with a wooden chest of some size, completed the furniture. Tools were suspended from the walls, it is true; and no less than three rifles, in addition to a very neat double-barrelled "shot-gun," or fowling-piece, were standing in a corner. These were arms collected by our hero in his different trips, and retained quite as much from affection, as from necessity, or caution. Of ammunition, there was no very great amount visible; only three or four horns and a couple of pouches being suspended from pegs: but Ben had a secret store, as well as another rifle, carefully secured, in a natural magazine and arsenal, at a distance sufficiently

great from the *chienté*, to remove it from all danger of sharing in the fortunes of his citadel, should disaster befall the last.

The cooking was done altogether out of doors. For this essential comfort, le Bourdon had made very liberal provision. He had a small oven, a sufficiently convenient fire-place, and a store-house, at hand; all placed near the spring, and beneath the shade of a magnificent elm. In the store-house he kept his barrel of flour, his barrel of salt, a stock of smoked or dried meat, and that which the woodsman, if accustomed in early life to the settlements, prizes most highly, a half-barrel of pickled pork. The bark canoe had sufficed to transport all these stores, merely ballasting handsomely that ticklish craft; and its owner relied on the honey to perform the same office on the return voyage, when trade or consumption should have disposed of the various articles just named.

The reader may smile at the word "trade," and ask where were those to be found who could be parties to the traffic. The vast lakes and innumerable rivers of that region, however, remote as it then was from the ordinary abodes

of civilized man, offered facilities for communication that the active spirit of trade would be certain not to neglect. In the first place, there were always the Indians to barter skins and furs against powder, lead, rifles, blankets, and unhappily "fire-water." Then, the white men who penetrated to those semi-wilds, were always ready to "dicker" and to "swap," and to "trade" rifles, and watches, and whatever else they might happen to possess, almost to their wives and children.

But, we should be doing injustice to le Bourdon, were we in any manner to confound him with the "dickering" race. He was a bee-hunter quite as much through love of the wilderness, and love of adventure, as through love of gain. Profitable he had certainly found the employment, or he probably would not have pursued it; but there was many a man who—nay, most men, even in his own humble class in life—would have deemed his liberal earnings too hardly obtained, when gained at the expense of all intercourse with their own kind. But Buzzing Ben loved the solitude of his situation, its hazards, its quietude, relieved by passing

moments of high excitement; and, most of all, the self-reliance that was indispensable equally to his success and his happiness. Woman, as yet, had never exercised her witchery over him, and every day was his passion for dwelling alone, and for enjoying the strange, but certainly most alluring, pleasures of the woods, increasing and gaining strength in his bosom. It was seldom, now, that he held intercourse even with the Indian tribes that dwelt near his occasional places of hunting; and frequently had he shifted his ground in order to avoid collision, however friendly, with whites who, like himself, were pushing their humble fortunes along the shores of those inland seas, which, as yet, were rarely indeed whitened by a sail. In this respect, Boden and Waring were the very antipodes of each other; Gershom being an inveterate gossip, in despite of his attachment to a vagrant and border life.

The duties of hospitality are rarely forgotten among border-men. The inhabitant of a town may lose his natural disposition to receive all who offer at his board, under the pressure of society; but it is only in the most extraordinary exceptions

that the frontier man is ever known to be inhospitable. He has little to offer, but that little is seldom withheld, either through prudence or niggardliness. Under this feeling, we might call it habit also, le Bourdon now set himself at work to place on the table such food as he had at command and ready cooked. The meal which he soon pressed his guests to share with him, was composed of a good piece of cold boiled pork, which Ben had luckily cooked the day previously, some bear's meat roasted, a fragment of venison steak, both lean and cold, and the remains of a duck that had been shot the day before, in the Kalamazoo, with bread, salt, and what was somewhat unusual in the wilderness, two or three onions, raw. The last dish was highly relished by Gershom, and was slightly honoured by Ben; but the Indians passed it over with cold indifference. The dessert consisted of bread and honey, which were very liberally partaken of by all at table.

Little was said by either host or guests, until the supper was finished, when the whole party left the chienté, to enjoy their pipes, in the cool evening air, beneath the oaks of the grove in

which the dwelling stood. Their conversation began to let the parties know something of each other's movements and characters.

"*You* are a Pottawattamie, and *you* a Chippewa," said le Bourdon, as he courteously handed to his two red guests pipes of their's, that he had just stuffed with some of his own tobacco—"I believe you are a sort of cousins, though your tribes are called by different names."

"Nation, Ojebway," returned the elder Indian, holding up a finger, by way of enforcing attention.

"Tribe, Pottawattamie," added the runner, in the same sententious manner.

"Baccy, good"—put in the senior, by way of showing he was well contented with his comforts.

"Have you nothin' to drink?" demanded Whiskey Centre, who saw no great merit in anything but 'fire-water.'

"There is the spring," returned le Bourdon, gravely; "a gourd hangs against the tree."

Gershom made a wry face, but he did not move.

"Is there any news stirring among the tribes?" asked the Bee-hunter, waiting, however, a decent

interval, lest he might be supposed to betray a womanly curiosity.

Elksfoot puffed away some time, before he saw fit to answer, reserving a salvo in behalf of his own dignity. Then he removed the pipe, shook off the ashes, pressed down the fire a little, gave a reviving draught or two, and quietly replied—

"Ask my young brother—he runner—he know."

But Pigeonswing seemed to be little more communicative than the Pottawattamie. He smoked on in quiet dignity, while the Bee-hunter patiently waited for the moment when it might suit his younger guest to speak. That moment did not arrive for some time, though it came at last. Almost five minutes after Elksfoot had made the allusion mentioned, the Ojebway, or Chippeway, removed his pipe, also, and looking courteously round at his host, he said with emphasis—

"Bad summer come soon. Palefaces call young men togedder, and dig up hatchet."

"I had heard something of this," answered le Bourdon, with a saddened countenance, "and was afraid it might happen."

"My brother dig up hatchet too, eh?" demanded Pigeonswing.

"Why should I? I am alone here, on the Openings, and it would seem foolish in me to wish to fight."

"Got no tribe—no Ojebway—no Pottawattamie, eh?"

"I have my tribe, as well as another, Chippewa, but can see no use I can be to it here. If the English and Americans fight, it must be a long way from this wilderness, and on or near the great salt lake."

"Don't know—nebber know, till see. English warrior plenty in Canada."

"That may be; but American warriors are not plenty, here. This country is a wilderness, and there are no soldiers, hereabouts, to cut each other's throats."

"What you t'ink him?" asked Pigeonswing, glancing at Gershom; who, unable to forbear any longer, had gone to the spring to mix a cup from a small supply that still remained of the liquor with which he had left home. "Got pretty good scalp?"

"I suppose it is as good as another's—but he

and I are countrymen, and we cannot raise the tomahawk on one another."

"Don't t'ink so. Plenty yankee, him!"

Le Bourdon smiled at this proof of Pigeonswing's sagacity, though he felt a good deal of uneasiness at the purport of his discourse.

"You are right enough in *that*," he answered; "but I'm plenty of yankee, too."

"No—don't say so," returned the Chippewa; "no, mustn't say *dat*. English; no yankee. *Him* not a bit like you."

"Why, we are unlike each other, in some respects, it is true, though we are countrymen notwithstanding. My Great Father lives at Washington, as well as his."

The Chippewa appeared to be disappointed; perhaps he appeared sorry, too; for le Bourdon's frank and manly hospitality had disposed him to friendship instead of hostility, while his admissions would rather put him in an antagonist position. It was probably with a kind motive that he pursued the discourse in a way to give his host some insight into the true condition of matters in that part of tue world.

"Plenty Breetish in woods," he said, with

marked deliberation and point. "Yankee no come yet."

"Let me know the truth at once, Chippewa," exclaimed le Bourdon. "I am but a peaceable bee-hunter, as you see, and wish no man's scalp, or any man's honey, but my own. Is there to be a war between America and Canada, or not?"

"Some say yes; some say no;" returned Pigeonswing, evasively. "My part, don't know. Go, now, to see. But plenty Montreal belt among red-skins; plenty rifle; plenty powder, too."

"I heard something of this as I came up the lakes," rejoined Ben; "and fell in with a trader, an old acquaintance, from Canada, and a good friend, too, though he is to be my enemy, accordin' to law, who gave me to understand that the summer would not go over without blows. Still, they all seemed to be asleep at Mackinaw (Michilimackinac) as I passed there!"

"Wake up pretty soon. Canada warrior take fort."

"If I thought that, Chippewa, I would be off this blessed night to give the alarm."

"No—t'ink better of dat."

"Go I would, if I died for it the next hour!"

"T'ink better—be no such fool, I tell you."

"And I tell you, Pigeonswing, that go I would, if the whole Ojebway nation was on my trail. I am an American, and mean to stand by my own people, come what will."

"T'ought you only peaceable Bee-hunter just now," retorted the Chippewa, a little sarcastically.

By this time le Bourdon had somewhat cooled, and he became conscious of his indiscretion. He knew enough of the history of the past, to be fully aware that, in all periods of American history, the English, and, for that matter, the French, too, so long as they had possessions on this continent, never scrupled about employing the savages in their conflicts. It is true that these highly-polished, and, we may justly add, humane nations—(for each is out of all question entitled to that character in the scale of comparative humanity as between communities, and each, if you will take its own account of the matter, stands at the head of civilization in this respect)—would, notwithstanding these high claims, carry on their *American* wars by the agency of the tomahawk, the scalping-knife, and the brand. Eulogies, though pro-

nounced by ourselves on ourselves, cannot erase the stains of blood. Even down to the present hour, a cloud does not obscure the political atmosphere between England and America, that its existence may not be discovered on the prairies, by a movement among the Indians. The pulse that is to be felt *there*, is a sure indication of the state of the relations between the parties. Every one knows that the savage, in his warfare, slays both sexes and all ages; that the door-post of the frontier cabin is defiled by the blood of the infant, whose brains have been dashed against it; and that the smouldering ruins of log-houses, oftener than not, cover the remains of their tenants. But, what of all that? Brutus is still "an honourable man," and the American, who has not this sin to answer for among his numberless transgressions, is reviled as a semi-barbarian! The time is at hand, when the Lion of the West will draw his own picture, too; and fortunate will it be for the characters of some who will gather around the easel, if they do not discover traces of their own lineaments among his labours.

The feeling engendered by the character of such a warfare, is the secret of the deeply-seated

hostility which pervades the breast of the *Western* American against the land of his ancestors. He never sees the Times, and cares not a rush for the mystifications of the Quarterly Review; but he remembers where his mother was brained, and his father or brother tortured; ay, and by whose instrumentality the foul deeds were mainly done. The man of the world can understand that such atrocities may be committed, and the people of the offending nation remain ignorant of their existence, and, in a measure, innocent of the guilt; but the sufferer, in his provincial practice, makes no such distinction, confounding all alike in his resentments, and including all that bear the hated name in his maledictions. It is a fearful thing to awaken the anger of a nation; to excite in it a desire for revenge; and thrice is that danger magnified, when the people thus aroused, possess the activity, the resources, the spirit, and the enterprise of the Americans. We have been openly derided, and that recently, because, in the fulness of our sense of power and sense of right, language that exceeds any direct exhibition of the national strength, has escaped the lips of legislators, and, perhaps justly, has exposed them to

the imputation of boastfulness. That derision, however, will not soon be repeated. The scenes enacting in Mexico, faint as they are in comparison with what would have been seen, had hostilities taken another direction, place a perpetual gag in the mouths of all scoffers. The child is passing from the gristle into the bone, and the next generation will not even laugh, as does the present, at any idle and ill-considered menaces to coerce this republic; strong in the consciousness of its own power, it will treat all such *fanfaronades*, if any future statesman should be so ill-advised as to renew them, with silent indifference.

Now, le Bourdon was fully aware that one of the surest pulses of approaching hostilities between England and America, was to be felt in the far West. If the Indians were in movement, some power was probably behind the scenes to set them in motion. Pigeonswing was well known to him by reputation; and there was that about the man which awakened the most unpleasant apprehensions, and he felt an itching desire to learn all he could from him, without

betraying any more of his own feelings, if that were possible.

"I do not think the British will attempt Mackinaw," Ben remarked, after a long pause, and a good deal of smoking, had enabled him to assume an air of safe indifference.

"Got him, I tell you," answered Pigeonswing, pointedly.

"Got what, Chippewa?"

"Him—Mac-naw—got fort—got so'gers—got whole island. Know dat, for been dere."

This was astounding news, indeed! The commanding officer of that ill-starred garrison could not himself have been more astonished, when he was unexpectedly summoned to surrender by an enemy who appeared to start out of the earth, than was le Bourdon, at hearing this intelligence. To western notions, Michilimackinac was another Gibraltar, although really a place of very little strength, and garrisoned by only one small company of regulars. Still, habit had given the fortress a sort of sanctity among the adventurers of that region; and its fall, even in the settled parts of the country, sounded like the loss of a

province. It is now known that, anticipating the movements of the Americans, some three hundred whites, sustained by more than twice that number of Indians, including warriors from nearly every adjacent tribe, had surprised the post on the 17th of July, and compelled the subaltern in command, with some fifty odd men, to surrender. This rapid, and highly military measure, on the part of the British, completely cut off the post of Chicago, at the head of Lake Michigan, leaving it isolated, on what was then a very remote wilderness. Chicago, Mackinac, and Detroit, were the three grand stations of the Americans on the upper lakes, and here were two of them virtually gone at a blow!

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## CHAPTER III.

——— Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend ———

*Cymbeline.*

Not another syllable did le Bourdon utter to the Chippewa, or the Chippewa to him, in that sitting, touching the important event just communicated. Each carefully avoided manifesting any further interest in the subject, but the smoking continued for some time after the sun had set. As the shades of evening began to gather, the Pottawattamie arose, shook the ashes from his pipe, gave a grunt, and uttered a word or two, by way of announcing his disposition to retire. On this hint, Ben went into the cabin, spread his skins, and intimated to his guests that their beds were ready for them. Few compli-

ments pass among border men on such occasions, and one after another dropped off, until all were stretched on the skins but the master of the place. He remained up two hours later, ruminating on the state of things; when, perceiving that the night was wearing on, he also found a nest, and sought his repose.

Nothing occurred to disturb the occupants of "Castle Meal," as le Bourdon laughingly called his cabin, until the return of day. If there were any bears scenting around the place, as often occurred at night, their instinct must have apprised them that a large reinforcement was present, and caused them to defer their attack to a more favourable opportunity. The first afoot next morning was the Bee-hunter himself, who arose and left his cabin just as the earliest streaks of day were appearing in the east. Although dwelling in a wilderness, the "openings" had not the character of ordinary forests. The air circulates freely beneath their oaks, the sun penetrates in a thousand places, and grass grows, wild but verdant. There was little of the dampness of the virgin woods; and the morning air, though cool, as is ever the case, even in midsummer, in

regions still covered with trees, was balmy; and, at that particular spot, it came to the senses of le Bourdon loaded with the sweets of many a wide glade of his favourite white clover. Of course, he had placed his cabin near those spots where the insect he sought most abounded; and a fragrant site it proved to be, in favourable conditions of the atmosphere. Ben had a taste for all the natural advantages of his abode, and was standing in enjoyment of its placid beauties, when some one touched his elbow. Turning, quick as thought, he perceived the Chippewa at his side. That young Indian had approached with the noiseless tread of his people, and was now anxious to hold a private communication with him.

"Pottawattamie got long ear—come fudder—" said Pigeonswing; "go cook-house—t'ink we want breakfast."

Ben did as desired; and the two were soon side by side at the spring, in the outlet of which they made their ablutions—the red-skin being totally without paint. When this agreeable office was performed, each felt in better condition for a conference.

"Elkfoot got belt from Canada Fadder," com-

menced the Chippewa, with a sententious allusion to the British propensity to keep the savages in pay. "*Know* he got him—*know* he keep him."

"And you, Pigeonswing—by your manner of talking I had set you down for a King's Injin, too."

"*Talk* so—no *feel* bit so. *My* heart Yankee."

"And have you not had a belt of wampum sent you, as well as the rest of them?"

"Dat true—got him—don't keep him."

"What! did you dare to send it back!"

"An't fool, dough young. Keep him; no keep him. Keep him for Canada Fadder; no keep him for Chippewa brave."

"What have you then done with your belt?"

"Bury him where nobody find him dis war. No—Waubkenewh no hole in heart to let king in."

Pigeonswing, as this young Indian was commonly called in his tribe, in consequence of the rapidity of his movements when employed as a runner, had a much more respectable name, and one that he had fairly earned in some of the forays of his people, but which the commonalty had just the same indisposition to use, as the

French have to call Marshal Soult the Duc de Dalmatie. The last may be the most honourable title, but it is not that by which he is the best known to his countrymen. Waub-ke-newh was an appellation, notwithstanding, of which the young Chippewa was justly proud; and he often asserted his right to use it, as sternly as the old hero of Toulouse asserted his right to his duchy, when the Austrians wished to style him "Le Maréchal *Duc* Soult."

"And you are friendly to the Yankees, and an enemy to the red-coats?"

Waubkenewh grasped the hand of le Bourdon, and squeezed it firmly. Then he said, warily—

"Take care—Elkfoot friend of Blackbird; like to look at Canada belt. Got medal of king, too. Have Yankee scalp, bye'm by. Take care—must speak low, when Elkfoot near."

"I begin to understand you, Chippewa; you wish me to believe that *you* are a friend to America, and that the Pottawattamie is not. If this be so, why have you held the speech that you did last night, and seemed to be on a war-path *against* my countrymen?"

"Dat good way, eh? Elkfoot den t'ink me *his* friend—dat very good in war-time."

"But is it true, or false, that Mackinaw is taken by the British?"

"Dat, too true—gone, and warrior all prisoner. Plenty Winnebago, plenty Pottawattamie, plenty Ottowa, plenty red-skin, dere."

"And the Chippewas?"

"Some Ojebway, too," answered Pigeonswing, after a reluctant pause. "Can't all go on same path, this war. Hatchets, somehow, got two handle—one strike Yankee; one strike King George."

"But what is your business here, and where are you now going, if you are friendly to the Americans? I make no secret of my feelings—I am for my own people, and I wish proof that you are a friend, and not an enemy."

"Too many question, one time," returned the Chippewa, a little distastefully. "No good have so long tongue. Ask one question, answer him—ask anoder, answer *him*, too."

"Well, then, what is your business, here?"

"Go to Chicago, for gen'ral."

"Do you mean that you bear a message from

some American general to the commandant at Chicago?"

"Just so—dat my business. Guess him, right off; he, he."

It is so seldom that an Indian laughs that the Bee-hunter was startled.

"Where is the general who has sent you on this errand?" he demanded.

"He at Detroit—got whole army dere—warrior plenty as oak in opening."

All this was news to the Bee-hunter, and it caused him to muse a monent, ere he proceeded.

"What is the name of the American general, who has sent you on this path?" he then demanded.

"Hell," answered the Ojebway, quietly.

"Hell! You mean to give his Indian title, I suppose, to show that he will prove dangerous to the wicked. But how is he called in our tongue?"

"Hell—dat he name—good name for so'ger, eh?"

"I believe I understand you, Chippewa—Hull is the name of the governor of the territory, and you must have mistaken the sound—is it not so?"

"Hull—Hell—don't know—just same—one good as t'other."

"Yes, one will do as well as the other, if a body only understands you. So Governor Hull has sent you here?"

"No gubbernor—gen'ral tell you. Got big army—plenty warrior—eat Breesh up!"

"Now, Chippewa, answer me one thing to my likin', or I shall set you down as a man with a forked tongue, though you do call yourself a friend of the yankees. If you have been sent from Detroit to Chicago, why are you as far north as this? Why are you here, on the banks of the Kalamazoo, when your path ought to lead you more towards the St. Joseph's?"

"Been to Mackinaw. Gen'ral say, first go to Mackinaw, and see wid own eye how garrison do; then go to Chicago, and tell warrior dere what happen, and how he best manage. Understan' dat, Bourdon?"

"Aye, it all sounds well enough, I will acknowledge. You have been to Mackinaw to look about you there, and having seen things with your own eyes, have started for Chicago to give your knowledge to the commandant at that

place. Now, red-skin, have you any proof of what you say?"

For some reason that the Bee-hunter could not yet fathom, the Chippewa was particularly anxious either to obtain his confidence or to deceive him. Which he was attempting was not yet quite apparent; but that one or other was uppermost in his mind Ben thought was beyond dispute. As soon as the question last named was put, however, the Indian looked cautiously around him, as if to be certain there were no spectators. Then he carefully opened his tobacco-pouch, and extricated from the centre of the cut weed a letter, that was rolled into the smallest compass, to admit of this mode of concealment, and which was encircled by a thread. The last removed, the letter was unrolled, and its superscription exposed. The address was to "Captain ——— Heald, U.S. Army, commanding at Chicago." In one corner were the words "On public service, by Pigeonswing." All this was submitted to the Bee-hunter, who read it with his own eyes.

"Dat good?" asked the Chippewa, pointedly. "Dat tell trut'—b'lieve *him?*"

Le Bourdon grasped the hand of the Indian

and gave it a hearty squeeze. Then he said frankly, and like a man who no longer entertained any doubts, "I put faith in all you say, Chippewa. That is an officer's letter, and I now see that you are on the right side. You played so deep a game at first hows'ever, that I didn't know exactly what to make of you. Now, as for the Pottawattamie, do you set him down as a friend or foe, in reality?"

"Enemy: take your scalp—take my scalp, in minute—only catch him. He got belt from Montreal, and it look handsome in his eye."

"Which way d'ye think he's travelling? As I understood you, he and you fell into the same path within a mile of this very spot. Was the meeting altogether friendly?"

"Yes, friendly. But ask too many question—too much squaw; ask one question, den stop for answer."

"Very true. I will remember that an Indian likes to do one thing at a time. Which way, then, do you think he's travelling?"

"Don't know; on'y guess. Guess he on path to Blackbird."

"And where is Blackbird, and what is he about?"

"Two question dat!" returned the Chippewa, smiling, and holding up two of his fingers at the same time by way of rebuke. "Blackbird on war-path. When warrior on dat path he take scalp if he can get him."

"But where is his enemy? There are no whites in this part of the country, but here and there a trader, or a trapper, or a bee-hunter, or a *voyageur*."

"Take *his* scalp: all scalp good in war-time. An't partic'lar down at Montreal. What you call garrison at Chicago?"

"Blackbird you then think may be moving upon Chicago. In that case, Chippewa, you should outrun this Pottawattamie, and reach the post in time to let his men know the danger."

"Start as soon as eat breakfast. Can't go straight, nudder, or Pottawattamie see print of moccasin. Must t'row him off trail."

"Very true. But I'll engage you're cunning enough to do that twice over, should it be necessary."

Just then Gershom Waring came out of the cabin, gaping like a hound, and stretching his arms as if fairly wearied with sleep. At the sight of this man the Indian made a gesture of caution, saying, however, in an undertone, "How his heart—Yankee or Breesh—love Montreal, eh? Pretty good scalp! Love King George, eh?"

"I rather think not; but am not certain. He is a poor pale-face however, and it's of no great account how he stands. His scalp would hardly be worth the taking whether by English or American."

"Sell, down at Montreal. Better look out for Pottawattamie. Don't like that Injin."

"We'll be on our guard against him; and there he comes, looking as if his breakfast would be welcome, and as if he was already thinking of a start."

Le Bourdon had been busy with his pots, during the whole time this discouse was going on, and had warmed up a sufficiency of food to supply the wants of all his guests. In a few minutes each was busy quietly eating his morning's meal, Gershom having taken his bitters aside, and as he fancied unobserved. This was not so much

owing to niggardliness, as to a distrust of his having a sufficient supply of the liquor that long indulgence had made, in a measure, necessary to him, to last until he could get back to the barrels that were still to be found in his cabin, down on the shore of the lake.

During the breakfast little was said, conversation forming no material part of the entertainment, at the meals of any but the cultivated. When each had risen however, and by certain preliminary arrangements it was obvious that the two Indians intended to depart, the Pottawattamie advanced to le Bourdon, and thrust out a hand.

"Thankee," he said, in the brief way in which he clipped his English. "Good supper—good sleep—good breakfast. Now go. Thankee. When any friend come to Pottawattamie village good wigwam dere, and no door."

"I thank you, Elksfoot; and should you pass this away ag'in soon, I hope you'll just step into this chienté and help yourself, if I should happen to be off on a hunt. Good luck to you, and a happy sight of home."

The Pottawattamie then turned, and thrust out a hand to each of the others, who met his offered

leave-taking with apparent friendship. The Bee-hunter observed that neither of the Indians said anything to the other touching the path he was about to travel, but that each seemed ready to pursue his own way as if entirely independent, and without the expectation of having a companion.

Elksfoot left the spot the first. After completing his adieus, the Pottawattamie threw his rifle into the hollow of his arm, felt at his belt, as if to settle it into its place, made some little disposition of his light summer covering, and moved off in a south-westerly direction, passing through the open glades and almost equally unobstructed groves, as steady in his movements as if led by an instinct.

"There he goes on a bee-line," said le Bourdon, as the straight form of the old savage disappeared at length behind a thicket of trees. "On a bee-line for the St. Joseph's river, where he will shortly be, among friends and neighbours, I do not doubt. What, Chippewa! are you in motion too?"

"Must go, now," returned Pigeonswing, in a friendly way. "Bye'm by come back and eat

more honey—bring sweet news, hope—no Canada here," placing a finger on his heart—"all yankee."

"God be with you, Chippewa—God be with you. We shall have a stirring summer of it, and I expect to her of your name in the wars, as of a chief who knows no fear."

Pigeonswing waved his hand, cast a glance, half friendly, half contemptuously, at Whiskey Centre, and glided away. The two who remained standing near the smouldering fire remarked that the direction taken by the Chippewa was towards the lake, and nearly at right angles to that taken by the Pottawattamie. They also fancied that the movement of the former was about half as fast again as that of the latter. In less than three minutes the young Indian was concealed in the "openings," though he had to cross a glade of considerable width in order to reach them.

The Bee-hunter was now alone with the only one of his guests who was of the colour and race to which he himself belonged. Of the three, he was the visiter he least respected; but the dues of hospitality are usually sacred in a wilderness and among savages, so that he could do nothing to get rid of him. As Gershom manifested no

intention to quit the place, le Bourdon set about the business of the hour, with as much method and coolness as if the other had not been present. The first thing was to bring home the honey discovered on the previous day, a task of no light labour, the distance it was to be transported being so considerable, and the quantity so large; but our Bee-hunter was not without the means of accomplishing such an object, and he now busied himself in getting ready. As Gershom volunteered his assistance, together they toiled in apparent amity and confidence.

The Kalamazoo is a crooked stream, and it wound from the spot where le Bourdon had built his cabin, to a point within a hundred yards of the fallen tree, in which the bees had constructed their hive. As a matter of course Ben profited by this circumstance to carry his canoe to the latter place, with a view to render it serviceable in transporting the honey. First securing everything in and around the *chienté*, he and Gershom embarked, taking with them no less than four pieces of fire-arms, one of which was, to use the language of the West, a double-barrelled "shot gun." Before quitting the place, however, the

Bee-hunter went to a large kennel made of logs, and let out a mastiff of great power and size. Between this dog and himself there existed the best possible intelligence, the master having paid many visits to the prisoner since his return, feeding and caressing him. Glad, indeed, was this fine animal to be released, bounding back and forth, and leaping about le Bourdon in a way to manifest his delight. He had been cared for in his kennel, and well cared for too, but there is no substitute for liberty, whether in man or beast, individuals or communities.

When all was ready, le Bourdon and Gershom got into the canoe, whither the former now called his dog, using the name of "Hive," an appellation that was doubtless derived from his own pursuit. As soon as the mastiff leaped into the canoe, Ben shoved off, and the light craft was pushed up the stream by himself and Gershom without much difficulty, and with considerable rapidity. But little drift-wood choked the channel; and, after fifteen minutes of moderate labour, the two men came near to the point of low wooded land in which the bee-tree had stood. As they drew nigh, certain signs of uneasiness in the dog

attracted his master's attention, and he pointed them out to Gershom.

"There's game in the wind," answered Whiskey Centre, who had a good knowledge of most of the craft of border life, notwithstanding his ungovernable propensity to drink, and who, by nature, was both shrewed and resolute. "I shouldn't wonder"—a common expression of his class—"if we found bears prowling about that honey!"

"Such things have happened in my time," answered the Bee-hunter; "and twice in my experience I've been driven from the field, and forced to let the devils get my 'arnin's."

"That was when you had no comrade, *stran*ger," returned Gershom, raising a rifle, and carefully examining its flint and its priming. "It will be a large family on 'em that drives *us* from that tree, for my mind is made up to give Doll and Blossom a taste of the sweets."

If this was said imprudently, as respects ownership in the prize, it was said heartily, so far as spirit and determination were concerned. It proved that Whiskey Centre had points about him which, if not absolutey redeeming, served in some

measure to lessen the disgust which one might otherwise have felt for his character. The Bee-hunter knew that there was a species of hardihood that belonged to border men as the fruits of their habits, and, apparently, he had all necessary confidence in Gershom's disposition to sustain him, should there be occasion for a conflict with his old enemies.

The first measure of the Bee-hunter, after landing and securing his boat, was to quiet Hive. The animal being under excellent command, this was soon done, the mastiff maintaing the position assigned him, in the rear, though evidently impatient to be let loose. Had not le Bourdon known the precise position of the fallen tree, and, through that, the probable position of his enemies, he would have placed the mastiff in advance as a pioneer or scout, but he deemed it necessary, under the actual circumstances, to hold him as a reserve, or a force to be directed whither occasion might require. With this arrangement, then, le Bourdon and Whiskey Centre advanced, side by side, each carrying two pieces, from the margin of the river towards the open land that commanded a view of the tree. On reaching the

desired point, a halt was called, in order to reconnoitre.

The reader will remember that the bee-elm had stood on the edge of a dense thicket, or swamp, in which the trees grew to a size several times exceeding those of the oaks in the openings; and le Bourdon had caused it to fall upon the open ground, in order to work at the honey with greater ease to himself. Consequently the fragments lay in full view of the spot where the halt was made. A little to Gershom's surprise, Ben now produced his spy-glass, which he levelled with much earnestness towards the tree. The Bee-hunter, however, well knew his business, and was examining into the state of the insects whom he had so violently invaded the night before. The air was filled with them flying above and around the tree; a perfect cloud of the little creatures hovering directly over the hole, as if to guard its treasure.

"Waal," said Gershom, in his drawling way, when le Bourdon had taken a long look with the glass, "I don't see much use in spy-glassin' in that fashion. Spy-glassin' may do out on the lake, if a body has only the tools to do it with;

but here, in the openin's, natur's eyes is about as good as them a body buys in the stores."

"Take a look at them bees, and see what a fret they're in," returned Ben, handing the glass to his companion. "As long as I've been in the business, I've never seen a colony in such a fever. Commonly, a few hours after the bees find that their tree is down, and their plans broken into, they give it up, and swarm; looking for a new hive, and setting about the making more food for the next winter; but here are the bees yet, buzzing above the hole, as if they meant to hold out for a siege."

"There's an onaccountable grist on 'em"—Gershom was never very particular in his figures of speech, usually terming anything in quantities a "grist;" and meaning, in the present instance by "onaccountable," a number not to be counted—"an onaccountable grist on 'em, I can tell you, and if you mean to charge upon sich enemies, you must look out for somebody besides Whiskey Centre for your van-guard. What in natur' has got into the critters! They can't expect to see that tree on its legs ag'in!"

"Do you see a flight of them just in the edge

of the forest—here, more to the southward?" demanded le Bourdon.

"Sure enough! There is a lot on 'em there, too, and they seem to be comin' and goin' to the tree, like folks"—Gershom *would* put his noun of multitude into the plural, *Nova-Anglicè*—"comin' and goin' like folks carryin' water to a fire. A body would think, by the stir among 'em, them critter's' barrel was empty!"

"The bears are there," coolly returned the Bee-hunter. "I've seen such movements before, and know how to account for them. The bears are in the thicket, but don't like to come out in the face of such a colony. I have heard of bears being chased miles by bees, when their anger was up!"

"Mortality! They have a good deal of dander (dandruff) for sich little vipers! But what are *we* to do, Bourdon? for Doll and Blossom *must* taste that honey! Half's mine, you know, and I don't like to give it up."

The Bee-hunter smiled at the coolness with which Gershom assigned to himself so large a portion of his property, though he did not think it worth his while, just then, to "demur to his declaration," as the lawyers might have it. There

was a sort of border rule, which gave all present equal shares in any forest captures, just as vessels in sight come in for prize-money, taken in time of war by public cruisers. At any rate, the honey of a single tree was not of sufficient value to induce a serious quarrel about it. If there should be any extra trouble or danger in securing the present prize, every craft in view might, fairly enough, come in for its share.

"Doll shall not be forgotten, if we can only house our honey," answered the Bee-hunter, "nor Blossom neither. I've a fancy already for that blossom of the wilderness, and shall do all I can to make myself agreeable to her. A man cannot approach a maiden with anything sweeter than honey."

"Some gals like sugar'd words better; but, let me tell you one thing, *stran*ger—"

"You have eaten bread and salt with me, Whiskey, and both are scarce articles in a wilderness; and you've slept under my roof: is it not almost time to call me something else than stranger?"

"Well, Bourdon, if you prefer that name; though *stran*ger is a name I like, it has sich an up

and off sound to it. When a man calls all he sees *stran*gers, it 's a sign he don't let the grass grow in the road for want of movin'; and a movin' man for me, any day, before your stationaries. I was born on the sea-shore, in the Bay State; and here I am, up among the fresh-water lakes, as much nat'ralized as any muskelunge that was ever cotch'd in Huron, or about Mackinaw. If I can believe my eyes, Bourdon, there is the muzzle of a bear to be seen, jist under that heavy hemlock—here, where the bees seem thickest!"

"No doubt in the world," answered le Bourdon, coolly; though he had taken the precaution to look to the priming of each of his pieces, as if he expected there would soon be occasion to use them. "But what was that you were about to say concernin' Blossom? It would not be civil to the young woman to overlook her, on account of a bear or two."

"You take it easy, *stran*ger—Bourdon I should say—you take it easy! What I was about to say was this: that the whull lake country, and that's a wide stretch to foot it over, I know; but, big as it is, the whull lake country don't contain Blossom's equal. I'm her brother, and perhaps

ought to be a little modest in sich matters; but I an't a bit, and let out jist what I think. Blossom's a di'mond, if there be di'monds on 'arth."

"And yonder is a bear, if there be bears on earth!" exclaimed le Bourdon, who was not a little amused with Gershom's account of his family, but who saw that the moment was now arrived when it would be necessary to substitute deeds for words. "There they come, in a drove, and they seem in earnest."

This was true enough. No less than eight bears, half of which, however, were quite young, came tumbling over the logs, and bounding up towards the fallen tree, as if charging the citadel of the bees by preconcert. Their appearance was the signal for a general rally of the insects; and by the time the foremost of the clumsy animals had reached the tree, the air above and around him was absolutely darkened by the cloud of bees that was collected to defend their treasures. Bruin trusted too much to the thickness of his hide and to the defences with which he was provided by nature, besides being too much incited by the love of honey, to regard the little heroes, but thrust his nose in at the hole, doubtless hoping to plunge it

at once into the midst of a mass of the sweets. A growl, a start backwards, and a flourishing of the fore-paws, with sundry bites in the air, at once announced that he had met with greater resistance than he had anticipated. In a minute, all the bears were on their hind-legs, beating the air with their fore-paws, and nipping right and left with their jaws, in vigorous combat with their almost invisible foes. Instinct supplied the place of science, and spite of the hides, and the long hair that covered them, the bees found the means of darting their stings into unprotected places, until the quadrupeds were fairly driven to rolling about on the grass in order to crush their assailants. This last process had some effect, a great many bees being destroyed by the energetic rolling and tumbling of the bears; but, as in the tide of battle the places of those who fell were immediately supplied by fresh assailants, until numbers seemed likely to prevail over power, if not over discipline. At this critical instant, when the bears seemed fatigued with their nearly frantic saltations, and violent blows upon nothing, le Bourdon deemed it wise to bring his forces into the combat. Gershom having been apprized of the plan, both fired at

the same instant. Each ball took effect; one killing the largest of all the bears, dead on the spot, while the other inflicted a grievous wound on a second. This success was immediately followed by a second discharge, wounding two more of the enemy, while Ben held the second barrel of his "shot-gun" in reserve. While the hurt animals were hobbling off, the men reloaded their pieces; and by the time the last were ready to advance on the enemy, the ground was cleared of bears and bees alike, only two of the former remaining, of which one was already dead and the other dying. As for the bees, they followed their retreating enemies in a body, making a mistake that sometimes happens to still more intelligent beings; that of attributing to themselves, and their own prowess, a success that had been gained by others.

The Bee-hunter and his friend now set themselves at work to provide a reception for the insects, the return of which might shortly be expected. The former lighted a fire, being always provided with the means, while Gershom brought dry-wood. In less than five minutes a bright blaze was gleaming upwards; and when the bees

returned, as most of them soon did, they found this new enemy entrenched, as it might be, behind walls of flame. Thousands of the little creatures perished by means of this new invention of man, and the rest soon after were led away by their chiefs to seek some new deposit for the fruits of their industry.

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## CHAPTER IV.

> The sad butterfly,
> Waving his lacker'd wings, darts quickly on,
> And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed
> For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet,
> Than these dear borders offer us to-night.
>
> SIMMS.

IT was noon before Ben and Gershom dared to commence the process of cutting and splitting the tree, in order to obtain the honey. Until then, the bees lingered around their fallen hive, and it would have been dangerous to venture beyond the smoke and heat, in order to accomplish the task. It is true, le Bourdon possessed several secrets, of more or less virtue, to drive off the bees when disposed to assault him, but no one that was as certain as a good fire, backed by a dense column of vapour. Various plants are thought to be so offensive to the insects, that they avoid even

their odour; and the Bee-hunter had faith in one or two of them; but none of the right sort happened now to be near, and he was obliged to trust, first to a powerful heat, and next to the vapour of damp wood.

As there were axes, and wedges, and a beetle in the canoe, and Gershom was as expert with those implements as a master of fencing is with his foil, to say nothing of the skill of le Bourdon, the tree was soon laid open, and its ample stores of sweets exposed. In the course of the afternoon the honey was deposited in kegs, the kegs were transferred to the canoe, and the whole deposited in the *chienté*. The day had been one of toil, and when our two bordermen sat down near the spring, to take their evening meal, each felt glad that his work was done.

"I believe this must be the last hive I line, this summer," said le Bourdon, while eating his supper. "My luck has been good so far, but in troublesome times one had better not be too far from home. I am surprised Waring, that you have ventured so far from your family, while the tidings are so gloomy."

"That's partly because you don't know *me*, and

partly because you don't know *Dolly*. As for leaving hum, with any body to kear for it, I should like to know who is more to the purpose than Dolly Waring? I haven't no idee that even bees would dare get upon *her!* If they did, they'd soon get the worst on't. Her tongue is all-powerful, to say nawthin' of her arm; and if the so'gers can only handle their muskets as she can handle a broom, there is no need of new regiments to carry on this war."

Now nothing could be more false than this character; but a drunkard has little regard to what he says.

"I am glad your garrison is so strong," answered the Bee-hunter thoughtfully; "but mine is to weak too stay any longer, out here in the openings. Whiskey Centre, I intend to break up, and to return to the settlements, before the red-skins break loose, in earnest. If you will stay, and lend me a hand to embark the honey and stores, and help to carry the canoe down the river, you shall be well paid for your trouble."

"Waal, I'd about as lief do that, as do anything else. Good jobs is scarce, out here in the wilder-

ness, and when a body lights of one, he ought to profit by it. I come up here thinkin' to meet you, for I heer'n tell from a voyager that you was a-beeing it, out in the openin's, and there's nawthin' in natur' that Dolly takes too with a greater relish than good wild honey. 'Try whiskey,' I've told her a thousand times, 'and you'll soon get to like *that* better than all the rest of creation;' but not a drop could I ever get her, or Blossom, to swallow. It's true, that leaves so much the more for me; but I'am a companionable crittur', and don't think I've drunk as much as I want, unless I take it society-like. That's one reason I've taken so mightily to you, Bourdon; you're not much at a pull, but you an't downright afeard of a jug, neither."

The Bee-hunter was glad to hear that all the family had not this man's vice, for he now plainly foresaw that the accidents of his position must bring him and these strangers much in contact, for some weeks at least. Le Bourdon, though not absolutely "afraid of a jug," as Whiskey Centre had expressed it, was decidedly a temperate man; dainking but seldom, and never to excess. He too well knew the hazards by which

he was surrounded, to indulge in this way, even had he the taste for it; but he had no taste that way, one small jug of brandy forming his supply for a whole season. In these days of exaggeration in all things, exaggeration in politics, in religion, in temperance, in virtue, and even in education, by putting "new wine into old bottles," that one little jug might have sufficed to give him a bad name; but five-and-thirty years ago men had more real independence than they now possess, and were not as much afraid of that *croquemitaine*, public opinion, as they are to-day. To be sure, it was little to le Bourdon's taste to make a companion of such a person as Whiskey Centre; but there was no choice. The man was an utter stranger to him; and the only means he possessed of making sure that he did not carry off the property that lay so much at his mercy, was by keeping near him. With many men, the Bee-hunter would have been uneasy at being compelled to remain alone with them in the woods; for cases in which one had murdered another, in order to get possession of the goods, in these remote regions, were talked of among the other rumours of the borders; but Gershom had that in his air and

manner that rendered Ben confident his delinquencies, at the most, would scarcely reach bloodshed. Pilfer he might; but murder was a crime which he did not appear at all likely to commit.

After supping in company, our two adventurers secured everything; and retiring to the *chienté*, they went to sleep. No material disturbance occurred, but the night passed in tranquillity; the Bee-hunter merely experiencing some slight interruption to his slumbers, from the unusual circumstance of having a companion. One as long accustomed to be alone as himself would naturally submit to some such sensation, our habits getting so completely the mastery, as often to supplant even nature.

The following morning the Bee-hunter commenced his preparations for a change of residence. Had he not been discovered, it is probable that the news received from the Chippewa would not have induced him to abandon his present position, so early in the season; but he thought the risk of remaining was too great, under all the circumstances. The Pottawattamie, in particular, was a subject of great distrust to him, and he believed it highly possible some of that old chief's tribe

might be after his scalp ere many suns had risen. Gershom acquiesced in these opinions, and, as soon as his brain was less under the influence of liquor than was common with him, he appeared to be quite happy in having it in his power to form a species of alliance, offensive and defensive, with a man of his own colour and origin. Great harmony now prevailed between the two, Gershom improving vastly in all the better qualities, the instant his intellect and feelings got to be a little released from the thraldom of the jug. His own immediate store of whiskey was quite exhausted, and le Bourdon kept the place in which his own small stock of brandy was secured, a profound secret. These glimmerings of returning intellect, and of reviving principles, are by no means unusual with the sot, thus proving that "so long as there is life, there is hope," for the moral, as well as for the physical being. What was a little remarkable, Gershom grew less vulgar, even in his dialect; as he grew more sober, showing that in all respects he was becoming a greatly improved person.

The men were several hours in loading the canoe,—not only all the stores and ammunition,

but all the honey being transferred to it. The Bee-hunter had managed to conceal his jug of brandy, reduced by this time to little more than a quart, within an empty powder-keg, into which he had crammed a beaver-skin or two, that he had taken, as it might be incidentally, in the course of his rambles. At length everything was removed and stowed in its proper place, on board the capacious canoe, and Gershom expected an announcement on the part of Ben, of his readiness to embark. But there still remained one duty to perform. The Bee-hunter had killed a buck only the day before the opening of our narrative, and shouldering a quarter, he had left the remainder of the animal suspended from the branches of a tree, near the place where it had been shot and cleaned. As venison might be needed before they could reach the mouth of the river, Ben deemed it advisable that he and Gershom should go and bring in the remainder of the carcase. The men started on this undertaking accordingly, leaving the canoe about two in the afternoon.

The distance between the spot where the deer had been killed, and the *chienté*, was about three miles; which was the reason why the Bee-hunter

had not brought home the entire animal the day he killed it; the American woodsman often carrying his game great distances in preference to leaving it any length of time in the forest. In the latter case there is always danger from beasts of prey, which are drawn from afar by the scent of blood. Le Bourdon thought it possible they might now encounter wolves; though he had left the carcase of the deer so suspended as to place it beyond the reach of most of the animals of the wilderness. Each of the men, however, carried a rifle; and Hive was allowed to accompany them, by an act of grace on the part of his master.

For the first half hour, nothing occurred out of the usual course of events. The Bee-hunter had been conversing freely with his companion, who, he rejoiced to find, manifested far more common sense, not to say good sense, than he had previously shown; and from whom he was deriving information touching the number of vessels, and the other movements on the lakes, that he fancied might be of use to himself when he started for Detroit. While thus engaged, and when distant only a hundred rods from the place where he had

left the venison, le Bourdon was suddenly struck with the movements of the dog. Instead of doubling on his own tracks, and scenting right and left, as was the animal's wont, he was now advancing cautiously, with his head low, seemingly feeling his way with his nose, as if there was a strong taint in the wind.

"Sartain as my name is Gershom," exclaimed Waring, just after he and Ben had come to a halt, in order to look around them,—"Yonder is an Injin! The crittur' is seated at the foot of the large oak;—hereaway, more to the right of the dog, and Hive has struck his scent. The fellow is asleep, with his rifle across his lap, and can't have much dread of wolves or bears!"

"I see him," answered le Bourdon, "and am as much surprised as grieved to find him there. It is a little remarkable that I should have so many visitors, just at this time, on my hunting-ground, when I never had any at all before yesterday. It gives a body an uncomfortable feeling, Waring, to live so much in a crowd! Well, well,—I'm about to move, and it will matter little twenty-four hours hence."

"The chap's a Winnebagoe by his paint,"

added Gershom,—"but let's go up, and give him a call."

The Bee-hunter assented to this proposal, remarking as they moved forward, that he did not think the stranger of the tribe just named; though he admitted that the use of paint was so general and loose among these warriors as to render it difficult to decide.

"The crittur' sleeps soundly!" exclaimed Gershom, stopping within ten yards of the Indian to take another look at him.

"He'll never awake?" put in the Bee-hunter, solemnly,—"the man is dead. See; there is blood on the side of his head, and a rifle-bullet has left its hole there."

Even while speaking, the Bee-hunter advanced, and raising a sort of shawl, that once had been used as an ornament, and which had last been thrown carelessly over the head of its late owner, he exposed the well-known features of Elksfoot, the Pottawattamie, who had left them little more twenty-four hours before! The warrior had been shot by a rifle-bullet directly through the temple, and had been scalped. The powder had been taken from his horn, and the bullets from his pouch; but, beyond this, he had not been plun-

dered. The body was carefully placed against a tree, in a sitting attitude, the rifle was laid across its legs, and there it had been left, in the centre of the opening, to become food for beasts of prey, and to have its bones bleached by the snows and the rains!

The Bee-hunter shuddered, as he gazed at this fearful memorial of the violence, against which even a wilderness could afford no sufficient protection. That Pigeonswing had slain his late fellow-guest, le Bourdon had no doubt, and he sickened at the thought. Although he had himself dreaded a good deal from the hostility of the Pottawattamie, he could have wished this deed undone. That there was a jealous distrust of each other between the two Indians had been sufficiently apparent; but the Bee-hunter could not have imagined that it would so soon lead to results as terrible as these!

After examining the body, and noting the state of things around it, the men proceeded, deeply impressed with the necessity, not only of their speedy removal, but of their standing by each other in that remote region, now that violence had so clearly broken out among the tribes. The

Bee-hunter had taken a strong liking to the Chippewa, and he regretted so much the more to think that he had done this deed. It was true, that such a state of things might exist as to justify an Indian warrior, agreeably to his own notions, in taking the life of any one of a hostile tribe; but le Bourdon wished it had been otherwise. A man of gentle and peaceable disposition himself, though of a profoundly enthusiastic temperament in his own peculiar way, he had ever avoided those scenes of disorder and bloodshed, which are of so frequent occurrence in the forest and on the prairies; and this was actually the first instance in which he had ever beheld a human body that had fallen by human hands. Gershom had seen more of the peculiar life of the frontiers than his companion, in consequence of having lived so closely in contact with the "fire-water;" but even *he* was greatly shocked with the suddenness and nature of the Pottawattamie's end.

No attempt was made to bury the remains of Elksfoot, inasmuch as our adventurers had no tools fit for such a purpose, and any merely superficial interment would have been a sort of invitation to the wolves to dig the body up again.

"Let him lean ag'in the tree," said Waring, as they moved on towards the spot where the carcase of the deer was left, "and I'll engage nothin' touches him. There's that about the face of man, Bourdon, that skears the beasts; and if a body can only muster courage to stare them full in the eye, one single human can drive before him a whull pack of wolves."

"I've heard as much," returned the Bee-hunter, "but should not like to be the 'human' to try the experiment. That the face of man may have terrors for a beast, I think likely; but hunger would prove more than a match for such fear. Yonder is our venison, Waring; safe where I left it."

The carcase of the deer was divided, and each man shouldering his burthen, the two returned to the river, taking care to avoid the path that led by the body of the dead Indian. As both laboured with much earnestness, everything was soon ready, and the canoe speedily left the shore. The Kalamazoo is not in general a swift and turbulent stream, though it has a sufficient current to carry away its waters without any appearance of sluggishness. Of course, this character is not

uniform, reaches occurring in which the placid water is barely seen to move; and others, again, are found, in which something like rapids, and even falls, appear. But, on the whole, and more especially in the part of the stream where it was, the canoe had little to disturb it, as it glided easily down, impelled by a light stroke of the paddle.

The Bee-hunter did not abandon his station without regret. He had chosen a most agreeable site for his *chienté*, consulting air, shade, water, verdure, and groves, as well as the chances of obtaining honey. In his regular pursuit he had been unusually fortunate; and the little pile of kegs in the centre of his canoe was certainly a grateful sight to his eyes. The honey gathered this season, moreover, had proved to be of an unusually delicious flavour, affording the promise of high prices and ready sales. Still, the Bee-hunter left the place with profound regret. He loved his calling; he loved solitude to a morbid degree, perhaps; and he loved the gentle excitement that naturally attented his "bee-lining," his discoveries, and his gains. Of all the pursuits that are more or less dependent on the chances of the hunt and

the field, that of the Bee-hunter is of the most quiet and placid enjoyment. He has the stirring motives of uncertainty and doubt, without the disturbing qualities of bustle and fatigue; and, while his exercise is sufficient for health, and for the pleasures of the open air, it is seldom of a nature to weary or unnerve. Then the study of the little animal that is to be watched, and if the reader will, plundered, is not without a charm for those who delight in looking into the wonderful arcana of nature. So great was the interest that le Bourdon sometimes felt in his little companions, that, on three several occasions that very summer, he had spared hives after having found them, because he had ascertained that they were composed of young bees, and had not yet got sufficiently colonized, to render a new swarming more than a passing accident. With all this kindness of feeling towards his victims, Boden had nothing of the transcendental folly that usually accompanies the sentimentalism of the exaggerated, but his feelings and impulses were simple and direct, though so often gentle and humane. He knew that the bee, like all the other inferior animals of creation, was placed at

the disposition of man, and did not scruple to profit by the power thus beneficently bestowed, though he exercised it gently, and with a proper discrimination between its use and its abuse.

Neither of the men toiled much, as the canoe floated down the stream. Very slight impulses served to give their buoyant craft a reasonably swift motion, and the current itself was a material assistant. These circumstances gave an opportunity for conversation, as the canoe glided onward.

"A'ter all," suddenly exclaimed Waring, who had been examining the pile of kegs for some time in silence—"a'ter all, Bourdon, your trade is an oncommon one! A most extr'ornary and oncommon callin'!"

"More so, think you, Gershom, than swallowing whiskey, morning, noon, and night?" answered the Bee-hunter, with a quiet smile.

"Ay, but that's not a rig'lar callin'; only a likin'! Now a man may have a likin' to a hundred things in which he don't deal. I set nothin' down as a business, which a man don't live by."

"Perhaps you're right, Waring. More die by whiskey than live by whiskey."

Whiskey Centre seemed struck with this remark, which was introduced so aptly, and was uttered so quietly. He gazed earnestly at his companion for near a minute, ere he attempted to resume the discourse.

"Blossom has often said as much as this," he then slowly rejoined; "and even Dolly has prophesized the same."

The Bee-hunter observed that an impression had been made, and he thought it wisest to let the reproof already administered produce its effect, without endeavouring to add to its power. Boden sat with his chin on his breast, in deep thought, while his companion, for the first time since they had met, examined the features and aspect of the man. At first sight, Whiskey Centre certainly offered little that was inviting; but a closer study of his countenance showed that he had the remains of a singularly handsome man. Vulgar as were his forms of speech, coarse and forbidding as his face had become, through the indulgence which was his bane, there were still traces of this truth. His complexion had once been fair almost to effeminacy, his cheeks ruddy with health, and his blue eye bright and full of hope. His hair

was light; and all these peculiarities strongly denoted the Saxon origin. It was not so much Anglo-Saxon as Americo-Saxon, that was to be seen in the physical outlines and hues of this nearly self-destroyed being. The heaviness of feature, the ponderousness of limb and movement, had all long disappeared from his race, most probably under the influence of climate, and his nose was prominent and graceful in outline, while his mouth and chin might have passed for having been under the chisel of some distinguished sculptor. It was, in truth, painful to examine that face, steeped as it was in liquor, and fast losing the impress left by nature. As yet, the body retained most of its power, the enemy having insidiously entered the citadel, rather than having actually subdued it. The Bee-hunter sighed as he gazed at his moody companion, and wondered whether Blossom had aught of this marvellous comeliness of countenance, without its revolting accompaniments.

All that afternoon, and the whole of the night that succeeded, did the canoe float downward with the current. Occasionally, some slight obstacle to its progress would present itself; but, on the

whole, its advance was steady and certain. As the river necessarily followed the formation of the land, it was tortuous and irregular in its course, though its general direction was towards the north-west, or west a little northerly. The river-bottoms being much more heavily "timbered"—to use a woodsman term—than the higher grounds, there was little of the park-like "openings" on its immediate banks, though distant glimpses were had of many a glade and of many a charming grove.

As the canoe moved towards its point of destination, the conversation did not lag between the Bee-hunter and his companion. Each gave the other a sort of history of his life; for, now that the jug was exhausted, Gershom could talk not only rationally, but with clearness and force. Vulgar he was, and as such uninviting and often repulsive; still his early education partook of that peculiarity of New England which, if it do not make her children absolutely all they are apt to believe themselves to be, seldom leaves them in the darkness of a besotted ignorance. As usually happens with this particular race, Gershom had acquired a good deal for a man of his class in life;

and this information, added to native shrewdness, enabled him to maintain his place in the dialogue with a certain degree of credit. He had a very lively perception—fancied or real—of all the advantages of being born in the land of the Puritans, deeming everything that came of the great "Blarney Stone" superior to everything else of the same nature elsewhere; and, while much disposed to sneer and rail at all other parts of the country, just as much indisposed to "take" as disposed to "give." Ben Boden soon detected this weakness in his companion's character, a weakness so very general as scarce to need being pointed out to any observant man, and which is almost inseparable from half-way intelligence and provincial self-admiration; and Ben was rather inclined to play on it, whenever Gershom laid himself a little more open than common, on the subject. On the whole, however, the communications were amicable; and the dangers of the wilderness rendering the parties allies, they went their way with an increasing confidence in each other's support. Gershom, now that he was thoroughly sober, could impart much to Ben that was useful; while Ben knew a great deal that even his

companion, coming as he did from a chosen people, was not sorry to learn. As has been already intimated, each communicated to the other, in the course of this long journey on the river, an outline of his past life.

The history of Gershom Waring was one of every-day occurrence. He was born of a family in humble circumstances in Massachusetts, a community in which, however, none are so very humble as to be beneath the paternal watchfulness of the state. The common schools had done their duty by him; while, according to his account of the matter, his only sister had fallen into the hands of a female relative, who was enabled to impart an instruction slightly superior to that which is to be had from the servants of the public. After a time, the death of this relative, and the marriage of Gershom, brought the brother and sister together again, the latter still quite young. From this period the migratory life of the family commenced. Previously to the establishment of manufactories within her limits, New England systematically gave forth her increase to the states west and south of her own territories. A portion of this increase still migrates, and will probably

long continue so to do; but the tide of young women, which once flowed so steadily from that region, would now seem to have turned, and is setting back in a flood of "factory girls." But the Warings lived at too early a day to feel the influence of such a pass of civilization, and went west almost as a matter of course. With the commencement of his migratory life, Gershom began to "dissipate," as it has got to be matter of convention to term 'drinking.' Fortunately, Mrs. Waring had no children, thus lessening in a measure the privations to which those most unlucky females were obliged to submit. When Gershom left his birthplace, he had a sum of money exceeding a thousand dollars in amount, the united means of himself and sister; but, by the time he had reached Detroit, it was reduced to less than a hundred. Several years, however, had been consumed by the way, the habits growing worse and the money vanishing, as the family went further and further towards the skirts of society. At length Gershom attached himself to a sutler, who was going up to Michilimackinac, with a party of troops; and finally he left that place to proceed, in a canoe of his own, to the head of Lake Michi-

gan, where was a post on the present site of Chicago, which was then known as Fort Dearborn.

In quitting Mackinac for Chicago, Waring had no very settled plan. His habits had completely put him out of favour at the former place; and a certain restlessness urged him to penetrate still farther into the wilderness. In all his migrations and wanderings, the two devoted females followed his fortunes; the one because she was his wife, the other because she was his sister. When the canoe reached the mouth of the Kalamazoo, a gale of wind drove it into the river; and finding a deserted cabin, ready built to receive him, Gershom landed, and had been busy with the rifle for the last fortnight, the time he had been on shore. Hearing from some voyagers who had gone down the lake, that a bee-hunter was up the river, he had followed the stream in its windings until he fell in with le Bourdon.

Such is an outline of the account which Whiskey Centre gave of himself. It is true he said very little of his propensity to drink, but this his companion was enabled to conjecture from the context of his narrative, as well as from what he

had seen. It was very evident to the Bee-hunter, that the plans of both parties for the summer were about to be seriously deranged by the impending hostilities, and that some decided movement might be rendered necessary, even for the protection of their lives. This much he communicated to Gershom, who heard his opinions with interest, and a concern in behalf of his wife and sister that at least did some credit to his heart. For the first time in many months, indeed, Gershom was now *perfectly* sober, a circumstance that was solely owing to his having had no access to liquor for eight-and-forty hours. With the return of a clear head, came juster notions of the dangers and difficulties in which he had involved the two self-devoted women who had accompanied him so far, and who really seemed ready to follow him in making the circuit of the earth.

"It's troublesome times," exclaimed Whiskey Centre, when his companion had just ended one of his strong and lucid statements of the embarrassments that might environ them, ere they could get back to the settled portions of the country—"it's troublesome times, truly! I see all you would say, Bourdon, and wonder I ever got my

foot so deep into it, without thinkin' of all beforehand! The best on us will make some mistakes, hows'ever, and I suppose I've been called on to make mine, as well as another."

"My trade speaks for itself," returned the Bee-hunter, "and any man can see why one who looks for bees must come where they're to be found; but I will own, Gershom, that your speculation lies a little beyond my understanding. Now, you tell me you have two full barrels of whiskey——"

"Had, Bourdon, *had;* one of them is pretty nearly used, I am afeard."

"Well, *had,* until you began to be your own customer. But here you are, squatted at the mouth of the Kalamazoo, with a barrel and a *half* of liquor, and nobody but yourself to drink it! Where the profits are to come from, exceeds Pennsylvany calculations; perhaps a Yankee can tell."

"You forgot the Injins. I met a man at Mackinaw, who only took out in his canoe *one* barrel, and he brought in skins enough to set up a grocery at Detroit. But I was on the trail of the soldiers, and meant to make a business on't, at Fort Dearborn. What between the soldiers and

the red-skins, a man might sell gallons a-day, and at fair prices."

"It's a sorry business at the best, Whiskey; and now you're fairly sober, if you'll take my advice you'll remain so. Why not make up your mind, like a man, and vow you'll never touch another drop?"

"Maybe I will, when these two barrels is emptied—I've often thought of doin' some sich matter; and ag'in and ag'in has Dolly and Blossom advised me to fall into the plan; but it's hard to give up old habits all at once. If I could only taper off on a pint a day, for a year or so, I think I might come round in time. I know as well as you do, Bourdon, that sobriety is a good thing, and dissipation a bad thing; but it's hard to give up all at once."

Lest the instructed reader should wonder at a man's using the term "dissipation" in a wilderness, it may be well to explain that, in common American parlance, "dissipation" has got to mean "drunkenness." Perhaps half of the whole country, if told that a man, or a woman, might be exceedingly dissipated and never swallow anything stronger than water, would stoutly deny

the justice of applying the word to such a person. This perversion of the meaning of a very common term, has probably arisen from the circumstance that there is very little dissipation in the country, that is not connected with hard drinking. A dissipated woman is a person almost unknown in America, or, when the word is applied, it means a very different degree of misspending of time, from that which is understood by the use of the same reproach, in older and more sophisticated states of society. The majority rules in this country, and with the majority excess usually takes this particular aspect; refinement having very little connection with the dissipation of the masses, anywhere.

The excuses of his companion, however, caused le Bourdon to muse, more than might otherwise have been the case, on Whiskey Centre's condition. Apart from all considerations connected with the man's own welfare, and the happiness of his family, there were those which were inseparable from the common safety, in the present state of the country. Boden was a man of much decision and firmness of character, and he was clear-headed as to causes and consequences. The

practice of living alone had induced in him the habits of reflection; and the self-reliance produced by his solitary life, a life of which he was fond almost to a passion, caused him to decide warily, but to act promptly. As they descended the river together, therefore, he went over the whole of Gershom Waring's case and prospects, with great impartiality and care, and settled in his own mind what ought to be done, as well as the mode of doing it. He kept his own counsel, however, discussing all sorts of subjects that were of interest to men in their situation, as they floated down the stream, avoiding any recurrence to this theme, which was possibly of more importance to them both, just then, than any other that could be presented.

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## CHAPTER V.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'T is pride that pulls the country down—
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE canoe did not reach the mouth of the river until near evening of the third day of its navigation. It was not so much the distance, though that was considerable, as it was the obstacles that lay in the way, which brought the travellers to the end of their journey at so late a period. As they drew nearer and nearer to the place where Gershom had left his wife and sister, le Bourdon detected in his companion signs of an interest in the welfare of the two last, as well as a certain feverish uneasiness lest all might not be well with them, that said something in favour of

his heart, whatever might be urged against his prudence and care in leaving them alone in so exposed a situation.

"I'm afeard a body don't think as much as he ought to do, when liquor is in him," said Whiskey Centre, just as the canoe doubled the last point, and the hut came into view; "else I never *could* have left two women by themselves in so lonesome a place. God be praised! there is the *chienté* at any rate; and there's a smoke comin' out of it, if my eyes don't deceive me! Look, Bourdon, for I can scarcely see at all."

"There is the house; and as you say, there is certainly a smoke rising from it."

"There's comfort in that!" exclaimed the truant husband and brother, with a sigh that seemed to relieve a very loaded breast. "Yes, there's comfort in that! If there's a fire, there's must be them that lighted it; and a fire at this season too, says that there's somethin' to eat. I should be sorry, Bourdon, to think I'd left the women folks without food; though to own the truth, I don't remember whether I did or not."

"The man who drinks, Gershom, has commonly but a very poor memory."

"That's true—yes, I'll own that; and I wish it warn't as true as it is; but reason and strong drink do *not* travel far in company——"

Gershom suddenly ceased speaking; dropping his paddle like one beset with a powerless weakness. The Bee-hunter saw that he was overcome by some unexpected occurrence, and that the man's feelings were keenly connected with the cause, whatever that might be. Looking eagerly around in quest of the explanation, le Bourdon saw a female standing on a point of land that commanded a view of the river and its banks for a considerable distance, unequivocally watching the approach of the canoe.

"There she is," said Gershom, in a subdued tone—"that's Dolly; and there she has been, I'll engage, half the time of my absence, waitin' to get the first glimpse of my miserable body, as it came back to her. Sich is woman, Bourdon; and God forgive me, if I have ever forgotten their natur', when I was bound to remember it. But we all have our weak moments, at times, and I trust mine will not be accounted ag'in me more than them of other men."

"This is a beautiful sight, Gershom, and it almost

makes me your friend! The man for whom a woman can feel so much concern—that a woman—nay, women; for you tell me that your sister is one of the family—but the man whom *decent* women can follow to a place like this, must have some good p'ints about him. That woman is a weepin'; and it must be for joy at your return."

"'Twould be jist like Dolly to do so—she's done it before, and would be likely to do it ag'in," answered Gershom, nearly choked by the effort he made to speak without betraying his own emotion. "Put the canoe into the p'int, and let me land there. I must go up and say a kind word to poor Dolly; while you can paddle on, and let Blossom know I'm near at hand."

The Bee-hunter complied in silence, casting curious glances upwards at the woman while doing so, in order to ascertain what sort of a female Whiskey Centre could possibly have for a wife. To his surprise, Dorothy Waring was not only decently, but she was neatly clad, appearing as if she had studiously attended to her personal appearance, in the hope of welcoming her wayward and unfortunate husband back to his forest home. This much le Bourdon saw, by a hasty glance, as his

companion landed, for a feeling of delicacy prevented him from taking a longer look at the woman. As Gershom ascended the bank to meet his wife, le Bourdon paddled on, and landed just below the grove in which was the *chienté*. It might have been his long exclusion from all of the other sex, and most especially from that portion of it which retains its better looks, but the being which now met the Bee-hunter, appeared to him to belong to another world, rather than to that in which he habitually dwelt. As this was Margery Waring, who was almost uniformly called Blossom by her acquaintances, and who is destined to act an important part in this legend of the "openings," it may be well to give a brief description of her age, attire, and personal appearance, at the moment when she was first seen by le Bourdon.

In complexion, colour of the hair, and outline of face, Margery Waring bore a strong family resemblance to her brother. In spite of exposure, and the reflection of the sun's rays from the water of the lake, however, *her* skin was of a clear transparent white, such as one might look for in a drawing-room, but hardly expect to find in a wilderness; while the tint of her lips, cheeks, and,

in a diminished degree, of her chin and ears, were such as one who wielded a pencil might long endeavour to catch without succeeding. Her features had the chiselled outline which was so remarkable in her brother; while in *her* countenance, in addition to the softened expression of her sex and years, there was nothing to denote any physical or moral infirmity, to form a drawback to its witchery and regularity. Her eyes were blue, and her hair as near golden as human tresses well could be. Exercise, a life of change, and of dwelling much in the open air, had given to this unusually charming girl, not only health, but its appearance. Still, she was in no respects coarse, or had anything in the least about her that indicated her being accustomed to toil, with some slight exception in her hands, perhaps, were those of a girl who did not spare herself, when there was an opportunity to be of use. In this particular, the vagrant life of her brother had possibly been of some advantage to her, as it had prevented her being much employed in the ordinary toil of her condition in life. Still, Margery Waring had that happy admixture of delicacy and physical energy, which is, perhaps, oftener to be

met in the American girl of her class, than in the girl of almost any other nation; and far oftener than in the young American of her sex, who is placed above the necessity of labour.

As a stranger approached her, the countenance of this fair creature expressed both surprise and satisfaction; surprise that any one should have been met by Gershom, in such a wilderness, and satisfaction that the stranger proved to be a white man, and seemingly one who did not drink.

"You are Blossom," said the Bee-hunter, taking the hand of the half-reluctant girl, in a way so respectful and friendly, that she could not refuse it, even while she doubted the propriety of thus receiving an utter stranger—"the Blossom of whom Gershom Waring speaks so often, and so affectionately?"

"You are then my brother's friend," answered Margery, smiling so sweetly, that le Bourdon gazed on her with delight. "We are *so* glad that he has come back! Five terrible nights have sister and I been here alone, and we have believed every bush was a red man!"

"That danger is over now, Blossom; but there

is still an enemy near you that must be overcome."

"An enemy! There is no one here but Dolly and myself. No one has been near us, since Gershom went after the Bee-hunter, whom we heard was out in the openings. Are you that Bee-hunter?"

"I am, beautiful Blossom; and I tell you there is an enemy here, in your cabin, that must be looked to."

"We fear no enemies but the red men, and we have seen none of them since we reached this river. What is the name of the enemy you so dread, and where is he to be found?"

"His name is Whiskey, and he is kept somewhere in this hut, in casks. Show me the place, that I may destroy him, before his friend comes to his assistance."

A gleam of bright intelligence flashed into the face of the beautiful young creature. First she reddened almost to scarlet; then her face became pale as death. Compressing her lips intensely, she stood irresolute—now gazing at the pleasing, and seemingly well-disposed stranger before her, now lookingearnestly towards the still dis-

tant forms of her brother and sister, which were slowly advancing in the direction of the cabin.

"Dare you?" Margery at length asked, pointing towards her brother.

"I dare: he is now quite sober, and may be reasoned with. For the sake of us all, let us profit by this advantage."

"He keeps the liquor in two casks that you will find under the shed, behind the hut."

This said, the girl covered her face with both her hands, and sunk on a stool, as if afraid to be a witness of that which was to follow. As for le Bourdon, he did not delay a moment, but passed out of the cabin by a second door, that opened in its rear. There were the two barrels, and by their side an axe. His first impulse was to dash in the heads of the casks where they stood; but a moment's reflection told him that the odour, so near the cabin, would be unpleasant to every one, and might have a tendency to exasperate the owner of the liquor. He cast about him, therefore, for the means of removing the casks, in order to stave them, at a distance from the dwelling.

Fortunately, the cabin of Whiskey Centre stood on the brow of a sharp descent, at the bot-

tom of which ran a brawling brook. At another moment, le Bourdon would have thought of saving the barrels; but time pressed, and he could not delay. Seizing the barrel next to him, he rolled it without difficulty to the brow of the declivity, and set it off with a powerful shove of his foot. It was the half-empty cask, and away it went, the liquor it contained washing about as it rolled over and over, until hitting a rock about half-way down the declivity, the hoops gave way, when the staves went over the little precipice, and the water of the stream was tumbling through all that remained of the cask, at the next instant. A slight exclamation of delight behind him caused the Bee-hunter to look round, and he saw that Margery was watching his movements with an absorbed interest. Her smile was one of joy, not unmingled with terror; and she rather whispered than said aloud—"The other—the other—*that* is full—be quick; there is no time to lose." The Bee-hunter seized the second cask and rolled it towards the brow of the rocks. It was not quite as easily handled as the other barrel, but his strength sufficed, and it was soon bounding down the declivity after its companion. This second

cask hit the same rock as the first, whence it leaped off the precipice, and, aided by its greater momentum, it was literally dashed to pieces at its base.

Not only was this barrel broken into fragments, but its hoops and staves were carried down the torrent, driving before them those of the sister cask, until the whole were swept into the lake, which was some distance from the cabin.

"That job is well done!" exclaimed le Bourdon, when the last fragment of the wreck was taken out of sight. "No man will ever turn himself into a beast by means of *that* liquor."

"God be praised!" murmured Margery. "He is *so* different, stranger, when he has been drinking, from what he is when he has not! You have been sent by Providence to do us this good!"

"I can easily believe that, for it is so with us all. But you must not call me stranger, sweet Margery; for, now that you and I have this secret between us, I am a stranger no longer."

The girl smiled and blushed; then she seemed anxious to ask a question. In the meantime they left the shed, and took seats, in waiting for the

arrival of Gershom and his wife. It was not long ere the last entered; the countenance of the wife beaming with a satisfaction she made no effort to conceal. Dolly was not as beautiful as her sister-in-law; still, she was a comely woman, though one who had been stricken by sorrow. She was still young, and might have been in the pride of her good looks, had it not been for the manner in which she had grieved over the fall of Gershom. The joy that gladdens a woman's heart, however, was now illuminating her countenance, and she welcomed le Bourdon most cordially, as if aware that he had been of service to her husband. For months she had not seen Gershom quite himself, until that evening.

"I have told Dolly all our adventures, Bourdon," cried Gershom, as soon as the brief greetings were over, "and she tells me all's right, hereabouts. Three canoe-loads of Injins passed along shore, goin' up the lake, she tells me, this very a'ternoon; but they didn't see the smoke, the fire bein' out, and must have thought the hut empty; if, indeed, they knew anythin' of it, at all."

"The last is the most likely," remarked Mar-

gery; "for I watched them narrowly from the beeches on the shore, and there was no pointing, or looking up, as would have happened had there been any one among them who could show the others a cabin. Houses an't so plenty, in this part of the country, that travellers pass without turning round to look at them. An Injin has curiosity as well as a white man, though he manages so often to conceal it."

"Didn't you say, Blossom, that one of the canoes was much behind the others, and that a warrior in that canoe *did* look up towards this grove, as if searching for the cabin?" asked Dorothy.

"Either it was so, or my fears made it *seem* so. The two canoes that passed first were well filled with Injins, each having eight in it; while the one that came last held but four warriors. They were a mile apart, and the last canoe seemed to be trying to overtake the others. I did think that nothing but their haste prevented the men in the last canoe from landing; but my fears may have made that seem so that was not so."

As the cheek of the charming girl flushed with excitement, and her face became animated, Margery appeared marvellously handsome; more so,

the Bee-hunter fancied, than any other female he had ever before seen. But her words impressed him quite as much as her looks; for he at once saw the importance of such an event, to persons in their situation. The wind was rising on the lake, and it was ahead for the canoes; should the savages feel the necessity of making a harbour, they might return to the mouth of the Kalamazoo; a step that would endanger all their lives, in the event of these Indians proving to belong to those, whom there was now reason to believe were in British pay. In times of peace, the intercourse between the whites and the red men was usually amicable, and seldom led to violence, unless through the effects of liquor; but, a price being placed on scalps, a very different state of things might be anticipated, as a consequence of the hostilities. This was then a matter to be looked to; and, as evening was approaching, no time was to be lost.

The shores of Michigan are generally low, nor are harbours either numerous, or very easy of access. It would be difficult, indeed, to find, in any other part of the world, so great an extent of coast that possesses so little protection for the

navigator, as that of this very lake. There are a good many rivers, it is true, but usually they have bars, and are not easy of entrance. This is the reason why that very convenient glove, the Constitution, which can be made to fit any hand, has been discovered to have an extra finger in it, which points out a mode by which the Federal Government can create ports wherever nature has forgotten to perform this beneficent office. It is a little extraordinary that the fingers of so many of the great "expounders" turn out to be "thumbs," however, exhibiting clumsiness, rather than that adroit lightness which usually characterizes the dexterity of men who are in the habit of rumaging other people's pockets for their own especial purposes. It must be somewhat up-hill work to persuade any disinterested and clear-headed man, that a political power to "regulate commerce" goes the length of making harbours; the one being in a great measure a moral, while the other is exclusively a physical agency; any more than it goes the length of making warehouses, and cranes, and carts, and all the other physical implements for carrying on trade. Now, what renders all this "thumbing" of the Consti-

tution so much the more absurd, is the fact, that the very generous compact interested does furnish a means, by which the poverty of ports on the great lakes may be remedied, without making any more unnecessary rents in the great national glove. Congress clearly possesses the power to create and maintain a navy, which includes the power to create all sorts of necessary physical appliances; and, among others, places of refuge for that navy, should they be actually needed. As a vessel of war requires a harbour, and usually a better harbour than a merchant-vessel, it strikes us the "expounders" would do well to give this thought a moment's attention. Behind it will be found the most unanswerable argument in favour of the light-houses, too.

But, to return to the narrative: The Kalamazoo could be entered by canoes, though it offered no very available shelter for a vessel of any size. There was no other shelter for the savages for several miles to the southward; and, should the wind increase, of which there were strong indications, it was not only possible, but highly probable, that the canoes would return. According to the account of the females, they had passed

only two hours before, and the breeze had been gradually gathering strength ever since. It was not unlikely, indeed, that the attention paid to the river by the warrior in the last canoe, may have had reference to this very state of the weather; and his haste to overtake his companions been connected with a desire to induce them to seek a shelter. All this presented itself to the Bee-hunter's mind at once, and it was discussed between the members of the party freely, and not without some grave apprehensions.

There was one elevated point—elevated comparatively, if not in a very positive sense—whence the eye could command a considerable distance along the lake-shore. Thither Margery now hastened to look after the canoes. Boden accompanied her; and together they proceeded, side by side, with a new-born, but lively and increasing confidence, that was all the greater, in consequence of their possessing a common secret.

"Brother must be much better than he was," the girl observed, as they hurried on, "for he has not once been into the shed to look at the barrels! Before he went into the openings, he never entered the house without drinking; and, some-

times, he would raise the cup to his mouth as often as three times in the first half hour. Now, he does not seem even to think of it!"

"It may be well that he can find nothing to put into his cup, should he fall into his old ways. One is never sure of a man of such habits, until he is placed entirely out of harm's way."

"Gershom is such a different being when he has not been drinking!" rejoined the sister, in a touching manner. "We love him, and strive to do all we can to keep him up, but it *is* hard."

"I am surprised that *you* should have come into this wilderness with any one of bad habits."

"Why not? He is my brother, and I have no parents—he is all to me: and what would become of Dorothy if I were to quit her, too! She has lost most of her friends, since Gershom fell into these ways, and it would quite break her heart did I desert her."

"All this speaks well for you, pretty Margery, but it is not the less surprising—ah, there is my canoe, in plain sight of all who enter the river; *that* must be concealed, Injins or no Injins."

"It is only a step further to the place where we can get a look out. Just there beneath the burr

oak. Hours and hours have I sat on that spot, with my sewing while Gershom was gone into the openings."

"And Dolly—where was she while you were here?"

"Poor Dolly!—I do think she passed quite half of her time up at the beech-tree, where you first saw her, looking if brother was not coming home. It is a cruel thing to a wife to have a truant husband!"

"Which I hope may never be your case, pretty Margery, and which I think never *can*."

Margery did not answer, but the speech must have been heard, uttered as it was in a much lower tone of voice than the young man had hitherto used; for the charming maiden looked down and blushed. Fortunately, the two now soon arrived at the tree, and their conversation naturally reverted to the subject which had brought them there. Three canoes were in sight, close in with the land, but so distant as to render it for some time doubtful which way they were moving. At first, the Bee-hunter said that they were still going slowly to the southward; but he habitually carried his little glass, and, on levelling that, it was quite

apparent that the savages were paddling before the wind, and making for the mouth of the river. This was a very grave fact; and, as Blossom flew to communicate it to her brother and his wife, le Bourdon moved towards his own canoe, and looked about for a place of concealment.

Several considerations had to be borne in mind, in disposing of the canoes; for that of Gershom's was to be secreted as well as the Bee-hunters. A tall aquatic plant, that is termed wild rice, and which we suppose to be the ordinary rice-plant, unimproved by tillage, grows spontaneously about the mouths and on the flats of most of the rivers of the part of Michigan of which we are writing; as, indeed, it is to be found in nearly all the shallow waters of those regions. There was a good deal of this rice at hand; and the Bee-hunter paddling his own canoe and towing the other, entered this vegetable thicket, choosing a channel that had been formed by some accident of nature, and which wound through the herbage in a way soon to conceal all that came within its limits. These channels were not only numerous, but exceedingly winding, and the Bee-hunter had no sooner brought his canoes to the firm ground and

fastened them there, than he ascended a tree, and studied the windings of these narrow passages, until he had got a general idea of their directions and characters. This precaution taken, he hurried back to the hut.

"Well, Gershom, have you settled on the course to be taken?" were the first words uttered by the Bee-hunter when he rejoined the family of Whiskey Centre.

"We haven't," answered the husband. "Sister begs us to quit the *chienté*, for the Indians must soon be here; but wife seems to think that she *must* be safe, now I'm at home ag'in."

"Then wife is wrong, and sister is right. If you will take my advice, you will hide all your effects in the woods, and quit the cabin as soon as possible. The Injins cannot fail to see this habitation, and will be certain to destroy all they find in it, and that they do not carry off. Besides, the discovery of the least article belonging to a white man will set them on our trail; for scalps will soon bear a price at Montreal. In half an hour, all that is here can be removed into the thicket that is luckily so near; and by putting out the fire with care, and using proper caution, we may

give the place such a deserted look that the savages will suspect nothing."

"If they enter the river, Bourdon, they will not 'camp out with a wigwam so near by; and should they come here, what is to prevent their seein' the foot-prints we shall leave behind us?"

"The night, and that only. Before morning their own footsteps will be so plenty as to deceive them. Luckily we all wear moccasins, which is a great advantage just now. But every moment is precious, and we should be stirring. Let the women take the beds and bedding, while you and I shoulder this chest. Up it goes, and away with it!"

Gershom had got to be so much under his companion's influence, that he complied, though his mind suggested various objections to the course taken, to which his tongue gave utterance as they busied themselves in this task. The effects of Whiskey Centre had been gradually diminishing in quantity, as well as in value, for the last three years, and were now of no great amount, in any sense. Still there were two chests, one large and one small. The last contained all that a generous regard for the growing

wants of the family had left to Margery; while the first held the joint wardrobes of the husband and wife, with a few other articles that were considered as valuable.—Among other things were half a dozen of very thin silver tea-spoons, which had fallen to Gershom on a division of the family plate. The other six were carefully wrapped up in paper and put in the till of Margery's chest, being her portion of this species of property. The Americans, generally, have very little plate; though here and there marked exceptions do exist; nor do the humbler classes lay out much of their earnings in jewellery, while they commonly dress far beyond their means in all other ways. In this respect, the European female of the same class in life frequently possesses as much in massive golden personal ornaments as would make an humble little fortune, while her attire is as homely as cumbrous petticoats, coarse cloth, and a vile taste can render it. On the other hand, the American matron that has not a set—one half-dozen—of silver tea-spoons must be poor indeed, and can hardly be said to belong to the order of housekeepers at all. By means of a careful mother, both Gershom and his sister

had the half-dozen mentioned; and they were kept more as sacred memorials of past and better days than as articles of any use. The household goods of Waring would have been limited by his means of transportation, if not by his poverty. Two common low-post maple bedsteads were soon uncorded and carried off, as were the beds and bedding. There was scarcely any crockery, pewter and tin being its substitutes; and as for chairs there was only one, and that had rockers: a practice of New England that has gradually diffused itself over the whole country, looking down ridicule, the drilling of boarding-schools, the comments of elderly ladies of the old school, the sneers of nurses, and, in a word, all that venerable ideas of decorum could suggest, until this appliance of domestic ease has not only fairly planted itself in nearly every American dwelling, but in a good many of Europe also!

It required about twenty minutes for the party to clear the cabin of every article that might induce an Indian to suspect the presence of white men. The furniture was carried to a sufficient distance to be safe from everything but a search; and care was had to avoid as much as possible

making a trial, to lead the savages to the place selected for the temporary store-room. This was merely a close thicket, into which there was a narrow but practicable entrance on the side the least likely to be visited. When all was accomplished the four went to the look-out to ascertain how far the canoes had come. It was soon ascertained that they were within a mile, driving down before a strong breeze and following sea, and impelled by as many paddles as there were living beings in them. Ten minutes would certainly bring them up with the bar, and five more fairly within the river. The question now arose, where the party was to be concealed during the stay of the savages. Dolly, as was perhaps natural to the housewife, wished to remain by her worldly goods, and pretty Margery had a strong feminine leaning to do the same. But neither of the men approved of the plan. It was risking too much in one spot; and a suggestion that the Bee-hunter was not long in making, prevailed.

It will be remembered that le Bourdon had carried the canoes within the field of wild rice, and bestowed them there with a good deal of attention to security. Now these canoes offered,

in many respects, better places of temporary refuge under all the circumstances than any other that could readily be found on shore. They were dry; and by spreading skins, of which Boden had so many, comfortable beds might be made for the females, which would be easily protected from the night air and dews by throwing a rug over the gunwales. Then, each canoe contained many articles that would probably be wanted; that of the Bee-hunter in particular furnishing food in abundance, as well as divers other things that would be exceedingly useful to persons in their situation. The great advantage of the canoes, however, in the mind of le Bourdon, was the facilities they offered for flight. He hardly hoped that Indian sagacity would be so far blinded as to prevent the discovery of the many footsteps they must have left in their hurried movements, and he anticipated that with the return of day something would occur to render it necessary for them to seek safety by a stealthy removal from the spot. This might be done, he both hoped and believed, under cover of the rice, should sufficient care be taken to avoid exposure. In placing the canoes, he had used the precau-

tion to leave them where they could not be seen from the cabin or its vicinity, or, indeed, from any spot in the vicinity of the ground that the savages would be likely to visit during their stay. All these reasons le Bourdon now rapidly laid before his companions, and to the canoes the whole party retired as fast as they could walk.

There was great judgment displayed on the part of the Bee-hunter in selecting the wild rice as a place of shelter. At that season it was sufficiently grown to afford a complete screen to everything within it that did not exceed the height of a man, or which was not seen from some adjacent elevation. Most of the land near the mouth of the river was low, and the few spots which formed exceptions had been borne in mind when the canoes were taken into the field. But just as Gershom was on the point of putting a foot into his own canoe, with a view to arrange it for the reception of his wife, he drew back, and exclaimed after the manner of one to whom a most important idea suddenly occurs—

"Land's sake! I've forgotten all about them barrels! They'll fall into the hands of the

savages, and an awful time they'll make with them! Let me pass, Dolly; I must look after the barrels this instant."

While the wife gently detained her eager husband, the Bee-hunter quietly asked to what barrels he alluded.

"The whiskey casks," was the answer. "There's two on 'em in the shed behind the hut, and whiskey enough to set a whole tribe in commotion. I wonder I should have overlooked the whiskey!"

"It is a sign of great improvement, friend Waring, and will lead to no bad consequences," returned le Bourdon, coolly. "I foresaw the danger, and rolled the casks down the hill, where they were dashed to pieces in the brook, and the liquor has long since been carried into the lake in the shape of grog."

Waring seemed astounded; but was so completely mystified as not to suspect the truth. That his liquor should be hopelessly lost was bad enough; but even that was better than to have it drunk by savages without receiving any returns. After groaning and lamenting over the loss for a

few minutes, he joined the rest of the party in making some further dispositions, which le Bourdon deemed prudent, if not necessary.

It had occurred to the Bee-hunter to divide his own cargo between the two canoes, which was the task that the whole party was now engaged in. The object was to lighten his own canoe in the event of flight, and, by placing his effects in two parcels, give a chance to those in the boat which might escape, of having wherewithal to comfort and console themselves. As soon as this new arrangement was completed, le Bourdon ran up to a tree that offered the desired facilities, and springing into its branches, was soon high enough to get a view of the bar and the mouth of the river. By the parting light of day, he distinctly saw *four* canoes coming up the stream; which was one more than those reported to him by Margery as having passed.

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## CHAPTER VI.

And long shall timorous fancy see,
The painted chief and pointed spear;
And reason's self shall bow the knee,
To shadows and delusions here.

FRENEAU.

A BRIGHT moon reflected on the earth for about an hour the light of the sun, as the latter luminary disappeared. By its aid the Bee-hunter, who still continued in the tree, was enabled to watch the movements of the canoes of the Indians, though the persons they contained soon got to be so indistinct as to render it impossible to do more than count their numbers. The last he made out to be five each in three of the canoes, and six in the other, making twenty-one individuals in all. This was too great odds to think of resisting, in the event of the strangers turning out to be hostile; and the knowledge of this disparity

in force admonished all the fugitives of the necessity of being wary and prudent.

The strangers landed just beneath the hut, or at the precise spot where Whiskey Centre was in the habit of keeping his canoe, and whence Boden had removed it only an hour or two before. The savages had probably selected the place on account of its shores being clear of the wild rice, and because the high ground near it promised both a look-out and comfortable lodgings. Several of the party strolled upward, as if searching for an eligible spot to light their fire, and one of them soon discovered the cabin. The warrior announced his success by a whoop, and a dozen of the Indians were shortly collected in and about the *chienté*. All this proved the prudence of the course taken by the fugitives.

Blossom stood beneath the tree, and the Bee-hunter told her, as each incident occurred, all that passed among the strangers, when the girl communicated the same to her brother and his wife, who were quite near at hand in one of the canoes. As there was no danger of being over heard, conversation in an ordinary tone passed

between the parties, two of whom, at least, were now fond of holding this sort of communion.

"Do they seem to suspect the neighbourhood of the occupants of the cabin?" asked Margery, when the Bee-hunter had let her know the manner in which the savages had taken possession of her late dwelling.

"One cannot tell. Savages are always distrustful and cautious when on a war-path; and these seem to be scenting about like so many hounds which are nosing for a trail. They are now gathering sticks to light a fire, which is better than burning the *chienté*."

"*That* they will not be likely to do until they have no further need of it. Tell me, Bourdon, do any go near the thicket of alders where we have hidden our goods?"

"Not as yet; though there is a sudden movement and many loud yells among them!"

"Heaven send it may not be at having discovered anything we have forgotten. The sight of even a lost dipper or cup would set them bloodhounds on our path, as sure as we are white and they are savages!"

"As I live, they scent the whiskey! There is a rush towards, and a pow-wow in and about the shed—yes, of a certainty they smell the liquor! Some of it has escaped in rolling down the hill, and their noses are too keen to pass over a fragrance that to them equals that of roses. Well, let them *scent* as they may—even an Injin does not get drunk through his *nose*."

"You are quite right, Bourdon: but is not this a most unhappy scent for us, since the smell of whiskey can hardly be there without their seeing it did not grow in the woods of itself, like an oak or a beech?"

"I understand you, Margery, and there is good sense in what you say. They will never think the liquor grew there, like a blackberry or a chestnut, though the place *is* called Whiskey Centre!"

"It is hard enough to know that a family has deserved such a name, without being reminded of it by those that call themselves friends," answered the girl pointedly, after a pause of near a minute, though she spoke in sorrow rather than in anger.

In an instant the Bee-hunter was at pretty

Margery's side, making his peace by zealous apologies and winning protestations of respect and concern. The mortified girl was soon appeased; and, after consulting together for a minute, they went to the canoe to communicate to the husband and wife what they had seen.

"The whiskey, after all, is likely to prove our worst enemy," said the Bee-hunter as he approached. "It would seem that in moving the barrels some of the liquor has escaped, and the nose of an Injin is too quick for the odour it leaves not to scent it."

"Much good may it do them," growled Gershom; "they've lost me that whiskey, and let them long for it without gettin' any as a punishment for the same. My fortun' would have been made could I only have got them two barrels as far as Fort Dearborn before the troops moved!"

"The *barrels* might have been got there, certainly," answered le Bourdon, so much provoked at the man's regrets for the destroyer which had already come so near to bringing want and ruin on himself and family, as momentarily to forget his recent scene with pretty Margaret; "but whether anything would have been *in* them is

another question. One of those I rolled to the brow of the hill was half empty as it was."

"Gershom is so troubled with the ague, if he don't take stimulants in this new country," put in the wife, in the apologetic manner in which woman struggles to conceal the failings of him she loves. "As for the whiskey, I don't grudge *that* in the least; for it's a poor way of getting rich to be selling it to the soldiers, who want all the reason liquor has left 'em, and more too. Still, Gershom needs bitters; and ought not to have every drop he has taken thrown into his face."

By this time le Bourdon was again sensible of his mistake, and he beat a retreat in the best manner he could, secretly resolving not to place himself any more between two fires, in consequence of further blunders on this delicate subject. He now found that it was a very different thing to joke Whiskey Centre himself on the subject of his great failing, from making even the most distant allusion to it in the presence of those who felt for a husband's and a brother's weakness, with a liveliness of feeling that brutal indulgence had long since destroyed in the object of their solicitude. He accordingly pointed out the risk there was

that the Indians should make the obvious inference, that human beings must have recently been in the hut, to leave the fresh scent of the liquor in question behind them. This truth was so apparent that all felt its force, though to no one else did the danger seem so great as to the Bee-hunter. He had greater familiarity with the Indian character than any of his companions, and dreaded the sagacity of the savages in a just proportion to his greater knowledge. He did not fail, therefore, to admonish his new friends of the necessity for vigilance.

"I will return to the tree and take another look at the movements of the savages," le Bourdon concluded by saying. "By this time their fire must be lighted; and by the aid of my glass a better insight may be had into their plans and feelings."

The Bee-hunter now went back to his tree, whither he was slowly followed by Margery; the girl yielding to a feverish desire to accompany him, at the very time she was half restrained by maiden bashfulness; though anxiety and the wish to learn the worst as speedily as possible prevailed.

"They have kindled a blazing fire, and the whole of the inside of the house is as bright as if illuminated," said le Bourdon, who was now carefully bestowed among the branches of his small tree. "There are lots of the red devils moving about the *chienté*, inside and out; and they seem to have fish as well as venison to cook. Ay, there goes more dry brush on the fire to brighten up the picture, and daylight is almost eclipsed. As I live, they have a prisoner among 'em!"

"A prisoner!" exclaimed Margery, in the gentle tones of female pity. "Not a white person, surely?"

"No—he is a red-skin like all of them—but—wait a minute, till I can get the glass a little more steady. Yes—it is so—I was right at first!"

"What is so, Bourdon—and in what are you right?"

"You may remember, Blossom, that your brother and I spoke of two Injins who visited me in the openings. One was a Pottawattamie and the other a Chippewa. The first we found dead and scalped, after he had left us; and the last is now in yonder hut, bound and a prisoner. He has taken to the lake on his way to Fort Dearborn,

and has, with all his craft and resolution, fallen into enemies' hands. Well will it be for him if his captors do not learn what befel the warrior who was slain near my cabin, and left seated against a tree!"

"Do you think these savages mean to revenge the death of their brother on this unfortunate wretch?"

"I know that he is in the pay of our general at Detroit, while the Pottawattamies are in the pay of the English. This of itself would make them enemies, and has no doubt been the cause of his being taken; but I do not well see how Injins on the lake here can know anything of what has happened some fifty miles or so up in the openings."

"Perhaps the savages in the canoes belong to the same party as the warrior you call Elksfoot, and that they have had the means of learning his death, and by whose hand he fell."

The Bee-hunter was surprised at the quickness of the girl's wit, the suggestion being as discreet as it was ingenious. The manner in which intelligence flies through the wilderness had often surprised him, and certainly it was possible that

the party now before him might have heard of the fate of the chief whose body he had found in the openings, short as was the time for the news to have gone so far. The circumstance that the canoes had come from the northward was against the inference, however, and after musing a minute on the facts, le Bourdon mentioned this objection to his companion.

"Are we certain these are the same canoes as those which I saw pass this afternoon?" asked Margery, who comprehended the difficulty in an instant. "Of those I saw, two passed first, and one followed; while here are *four* that have landed."

"What you say may be true enough. We are not to suppose that the canoes you saw pass are all that are on the lake. But let the savages be whom they may, prudence tells us to keep clear of them if we can; and this more so than ever, now I can see that Pigeonswing, who I know to be an American Injin, is treated by them as an enemy."

"How are the savages employed now, Bourdon? Do they prepare to eat, or do they torture their prisoner?"

"No fear of their attempting the last to-night. There is an uneasiness about them, as if they still smelt the liquor; but some are busy cooking at the fire. I would give all my honey, pretty Margery, to be able to save Pigeonswing! He is a good fellow for a savage, and is heart and hand with us in this new war, that he tells me has begun between us and the English!"

"You surely would not risk your own life to save a savage, who kills and scalps at random, as this man has done!"

"In that he has but followed the habits of his colour and race. I dare say *we* do things that are quite as bad, according to Injin ways of thinking. I *do* believe, Margery, was that man to see *me* in the hands of the Pottawattamies, as I now see *him*, he would undertake something for my relief."

"But what can you, a single man, do when there are twenty against you?" asked Margery, a little reproachfully as to manner, speaking like one who had more interest in the safety of the young Bee-hunter than she chose very openly to express.

"No one can say what he can do till he tries.

I do not like the way they are treating that Chippewa, for it looks as if they meant to do him harm. He is neither fed, nor suffered to be with his masters; but there the poor fellow is, bound hand and foot near the cabin door, and lashed to a tree. They do not even give him the relief of suffering him to sit down."

The gentle heart of Margery was touched by this account of the manner in which the captive was treated, and she inquired into other particulars concerning his situation, with a more marked interest than she had previously manifested in his state. The Bee-hunter answered her questions as they were put; and the result was to place the girl in possession of a minute detail of the true manner in which Pigeonswing was treated.

Although there was probably no intention on the part of the captors of the Chippewa to torture him before his time, tortured he must have been by the manner in which his limbs and body were confined. Not only were his arms fastened behind his back at the elbows, but the hands were also tightly bound together in front. The legs had ligatures in two places, just above the knees and just below the ancles. Around the body was

another fastening, which secured the captive to a beech that stood about thirty feet from the door of the cabin, and so nearly in a line with the fire within and the look-out of le Bourdon, as to enable the last distinctly to note these particulars, aided as he was by his glass. Relying on the manner in which they had secured their prisoner, the savages took little heed of him; but each appeared bent on attending to his own comfort, by means of a good supper, and by securing a dry lair in which to pass the night. All this le Bourdon saw and noted too, ere he dropped lightly on his feet by the side of Margery, at the root of the tree.

Without losing time that was precious, the Bee-hunter went at once to the canoes and communicated his intention to Waring. The moon had now set, and the night was favourable to the purposes of le Bourdon. At the first glance it might seem wisest to wait until sleep had fallen upon the savages, ere any attempt were made to approach the hut; but Boden reasoned differently. A general silence would succeed as soon as the savages disposed of themselves to sleep, which would be much more likely to allow his footsteps to be overheard, than when tongues and

bodies and teeth were all in active movement. A man who eats after a long march, or a severe paddling, usually concentrates his attention on his food, as le Bourdon knew by long experience; and it is a much better moment to steal upon the hungry and weary, to do so when they feed, than to do so when they sleep, provided anything like a watch be kept. That the Pottawattamies would neglect this latter caution le Bourdon did not believe; and his mind was made up, not only to attempt the rescue of his Chippewa friend, but to attempt it at once.

After explaining his plan in a few words, and requesting Waring's assistance, le Bourdon took a solemn leave of the party, and proceeded at once towards the hut. In order to understand the movements of the Bee-hunter, it may be well now briefly to explain the position of the *chienté*, and the nature of the ground on which the adventurer was required to act. The hut stood on a low and somewhat abrupt swell, being surrounded on all sides by land so low, as to be in many places wet and swampy. There were a good many trees on the knoll, and several thickets of alders and other bushes on the lower ground;

but, on the whole, the swamps were nearly devoid of what is termed "timber." Two sides of the knoll were abrupt; that on which the casks had been rolled into the lake, and that opposite, which was next to the tree whence Boden had so long been watching the proceedings of the savages. The distance between the hut and this tree was somewhat less than a mile. The intervening ground was low, and most of it was marshy; though it was possible to cross the marsh by following a particular course. Fortunately this course, which was visible to the eye by daylight, and had been taken by the fugitives on quitting the hut, might be dimly traced at night by one who understood the ground, by means of certain trees and bushes, that formed so many finger-posts for the traveller. Unless this particular route were taken, however, a circuit of three or four miles must be made, in order to pass from the *chienté* to the spot where the family had taken refuge. As le Bourdon had crossed this firm ground by daylight, and had observed it well from his tree, he thought himself enough of a guide to find his way through it in the dark, aided by the marks just mentioned.

The Bee-hunter had got as far as the edge of the marsh on his way towards the hut, when pausing an instant to examine the priming of his rifle, he fancied that he heard a light footstep behind him. Turning, quick as thought, he perceived that pretty Margery had followed him thus far. Although time pressed, he could not part from the girl without showing that he appreciated the interest she manifested in his behalf. Taking her hand, therefore, he spoke with a simplicity and truth, that imparted to his manner a natural grace that one bred in courts might have envied. What was more, with a delicacy that few in courts would deem necessary under the circumstances, he did not in his language so much impute to concern on his own account this movement of Margery's, as to that she felt for her brother and sister; though in his inmost heart a throbbing hope prevailed that he had his share in it.

"Do not be troubled on account of Gershom and his wife, pretty Margery," said the Bee-hunter, "which, as I perceive, is the main reason why you have come here; and as for myself, be certain that I shall not forget who I have left behind, and how much her safety depends on my prudence."

Margery was pleased, though a good deal confused. It was new to her to hear allusions of this sort, but nature supplied the feeling to appreciate them.

"Is it not risking too much, Bourdon?" she said. "Are you sure of being able to find the crossing in the marsh, in a night so very dark? I do not know but looking so long at the bright light in the cabin may blind me, but it *does* seem as if I never saw a darker night!"

"The darkness increases, for the star-light is gone; but I can see where I go, and so long as I can do that there is not much fear of losing my way. I do not like to expose you to danger, but——"

"Never mind me, Bourdon—set me to do anything in which you think I can be of use!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly.

"Well then, Margery, you may do this: Come with me to the large tree in the centre of the marsh, and I will set you on a duty that may possibly save my life. I will tell you my meaning when there."

Margery followed with a light, impatient step; and, as neither stopped to speak or to look

around, the two soon stood beneath the tree in question. It was a large elm that completely overshadowed a considerable extent of firm ground. Here a full and tolerably near view could be had of the hut, which was still illuminated by the blazing fire within. For a minute both stood silently gazing at the strange scene; then le Bourdon explained to his companion the manner in which she might assist him.

Once at the elm, it was not so difficult to find the way across the marsh, as it was to reach that spot, coming *from* the *chienté*. As there were several elms scattered about in the centre of the marsh, the Bee-hunter was fearful that he might not reach the right tree; in which case he would be compelled to retrace his steps, and that at the imminent hazard of being captured. He carried habitually a small dark-lantern, and had thought of so disposing of it in the lower branches of this very elm, as to form a focus of it, but hesitated about doing that which might prove a guide to his enemies as well as to himself. If Margery would take charge of this lantern, he could hope to reap its advantages without incurring the hazard of having a light suspended in the tree for

any length of time. Margery understood the lessons she received, and promised to obey all the injunctions by which they were accompanied.

"Now, God bless you, Margery," added the Bee-hunter. "Providence has brought me and your brother's family together in troublesome times; should I get back safe from this adventure, I shall look upon it as a duty to do all I can to help Gershom place his wife and sister beyond the reach of harm."

"God bless you, Bourdon!" half whispered the agitated girl. "I know it is worth some risk to save a human life, even though it be that of an Injin, and I will not try to persuade you from this undertaking; but do not attempt more than is necessary, and rely on my using the lantern just as you have told me to use it."

Those young persons had not yet known each other a single day, yet both felt that confidence which years alone, in the crowds of the world, can ordinarily create in the human mind. The cause of the sympathy which draws heart to heart, which generates friendships, and love, and passionate attachments, is not obvious to all who choose to talk of it. There is yet a profound

mystery in our organization, which has hitherto escaped the researches of both classes of philosophers, and which it probably was the design of the Creator should not be made known to us until we draw nearer to that great end which, sooner or later, is to be accomplished in behalf of our race, when "knowledge will abound," and we shall better understand our being and its objects than is permitted to us in this our day of ignorance. But while we cannot trace the causes of a thousand things, we know and feel their effects. Among the other mysteries of our nature is this of sudden and strong sympathies, which, as between men for men, and women for women, awaken confidence and friendship; and as between those of different sexes, excite passionate attachments that more or less colour their future lives. The great delineator of our common nature, in no one of the many admirable pictures he has drawn of men, manifests a more profound knowledge of his subject, than in that in which he pourtrays the sudden and nearly ungovernable inclination which Romeo and Juliet are made to display for each other; an inclination that sets reason, habit, prejudice, and family enmities, at defiance. That

such an attachment is to be commended, we do not say; that all can feel it we do not believe; that connexions formed under its influence can always be desirable, we are far from thinking: but that it may exist we believe is just as certain as any of the incomprehensible laws of our wayward and yet admirable nature. We have no Veronese tale to relate here, however, but simply a homely legend, in which human feeling may occasionally be made to bear an humble resemblance to that world-renowned picture which had its scenes in the beautiful capital of Venetian Lombardy.

When le Bourdon left his companion, now so intensely interested in his success, to pick his way in the darkness across the remainder of the marsh, Margery retired behind the tree, where the first thing she did was to examine her lantern, and to see that its light was ready to perform the very important office which might so speedily be required of it. Satisfied on this point, she turned her eyes anxiously in the direction of the hut. By this time every trace of the Bee-hunter was lost, the hillock in his front forming too dark a back-ground to admit of his being seen. But the fire still blazed in the *chienté*, the savages not

having yet finished their cooking, though several had satisfied their appetites, and had already sought places where they might stretch themselves for the night. Margery was glad to see that these last individuals bestowed themselves within the influence of the fire, warm as was the night. This was done most probably to escape from the annoyance of the musquitoes, more or less of which are usually found in the low lands of the new countries, and near the margins of rivers.

Margery could distinctly see the Chippewa, erect and bound to his tree. On him she principally kept her looks riveted, for near his person did she expect first again to find the Bee-hunter. Indeed, there was no chance of seeing one who was placed beneath the light of the fire, since the brow of the acclivity formed a complete cover, throwing all below it into deep shade. This circumstance was of the greatest importance to the adventurer, however, enabling him to steal quite near to his friend, favoured by a darkness that was getting to be intense. Quitting Margery, we will now rejoin le Bourdon, who by this time was approaching his goal.

The Bee-hunter had some difficulty in finding

his way across the marsh; but floundering through the impediments, and on the whole preserving the main direction, he got out on the firm ground quite as soon as he had expected to do. It was necessary for him to use extreme caution. The Indians according to their custom had dogs, two of which had been in sight, lying about half-way between the prisoner and the door of the hut. Bourdon had seen a savage feeding these dogs; and it appeared to him at the time as if the Indian had been telling them to be watchful of the Chippewa. He well knew the services that the red men expected of these animals, which are kept rather as sentinels than for any great use they put them to in the hunts. An Indian dog is quick enough to give the alarm, and he will keep on a trail for a long run and with considerable accuracy, but it is seldom that he closes and has his share in the death, unless in the case of very timid and powerless creatures.

Nevertheless, the presence of these dogs exacted extra caution in the movements of the Bee-hunter. He had ascended the hill a little out of the stream of light which still issued from the open door of the hut, and was soon high enough

to get a good look at the state of things on the bit of level land around the cabin. Fully one-half of the savages were yet up and in motion; though the processes of cooking and eating were by this time nearly ended. These men had senses almost as acute as those of their dogs, and it was very necessary to be on his guard against them also. By moving with the utmost caution, le Bourdon reached the edge of the line of light, where he was within ten yards of the captive. Here he placed his rifle against a small tree, and drew his knife, in readiness to cut the prisoner's thongs. Three several times, while the Bee-hunter was making these preparations, did the two dogs raise their heads and scent the air; once the oldest of the two gave a deep and most ominous growl. Singular as it may seem, this last indication of giving the alarm was of great service to le Bourdon and the Chippewa. The latter heard the growl, and saw two of the movements of the animals' heads, from all which he inferred that there was some creature or some danger behind him. This naturally enough induced him to bestow a keen attention in that direction, and being unable to turn body, limbs,

or head, the sense of hearing was his only means of watchfulness. It was while in this state of profound listening that Pigeonswing fancied he heard his own name, in such a whisper as one raises when he wishes to call from a short distance with the least possible expenditure of voice. Presently the words "Pigeonswing" and "Chippewa" were succeeded by those of "Bee-hunter," "Bourdon." This was enough: the quick-witted warrior made a low ejaculation, such as might be mistaken for a half-suppressed murmur that proceeded from pain, but which one keenly on the watch, and who was striving to communicate with him, would be apt to understand as a sign of attention. The whispering then ceased altogether, and the prisoner waited the result with the stoic patience of an American Indian. A minute later the Chippewa felt the thongs giving way, and his arms were released at the elbows. An arm was next passed round his body, and the fastenings at the wrists were cut. At this instant a voice whispered in his ear—"Be of good heart, Chippewa,—your friend Bourdon is here. Can you stand?"

"No stand," answered the Indian in a low whisper—"too much tie."

At the next moment the feet of the Chippewa were released, as were also his knees. Of all the fastenings none now remained but that which bound the captive to the tree. In not cutting this, the Bee-hunter manifested his coolness and judgment; for were the stout rope of bark severed, the Indian would have fallen like a log, from total inability to stand. His thongs had impeded the circulation of the blood, and the usual temporary paralysis had been the consequence. Pigeonswing understood the reason of his friend's forbearance, and managed to rub his hands and wrists together, while the Bee-hunter himself applied friction to his feet, by passing his own arms around the bottom of the tree. The reader may imagine the intense anxiety of Margery the while; for she witnessed the arrival of le Bourdon at the tree, and could not account for the long delay which succeeded.

All this time, the dogs were far from being quiet or satisfied. Their masters, accustomed to being surrounded at night by wolves and foxes, or other beasts, took little heed, however, of the discontent of these creatures, which were in the habit of growling in their lairs. The Bee-

hunter, as he kept rubbing at his friend's legs, felt now but little apprehension of the dogs, though a new source of alarm presented itself by the time the Chippewa was barely able to sustain his weight on his feet, and long before he could use them with anything like his former agility. The manner in which the savages came together in the hut, and the gestures made by their chief, announced pretty plainly that a watch was about to be set for the night. As it was probable that the sentinel would take his station near the prisoner, the Bee-hunter was at a loss to decide whether it were better to commence the flight before or after the rest of the savages were in their lairs. Placing his mouth as close to the ear of Pigeonswing as could be done without bringing his head into the light, the following dialogue passed between le Bourdon and the captive.

"Do you see, Chippewa," the Bee-hunter commenced, "the chief is telling one of his young men to come and keep guard near you?"

"See him, well 'nough. Make too many sign, no to see."

"What think you—shall we wait till the warriors are asleep, or try to be off before the sentinel comes?"

"Bess wait, if one t'ing. You got rifle—got tomahawk—got knife, eh?"

"I have them all, though my rifle is a short distance behind me, and a little down the hill."

"Dat bad—nebber let go rifle on war-path. Well, *you* tomahawk him—*I* scalp him—dat'll do."

"I shall kill no man, Chippewa, unless there is great occasion for it. If there is no other mode of getting you off, I shall choose to cut this last thong, and leave you to take care of yourself."

"Give him tomahawk, den—give him knife, too."

"Not for such a purpose. I do not like to shed blood without a good reason for it."

"No call war good reason, eh? Bess reason in world. Pottawattamie dig up hatchet ag'in Great Fadder at Wash'ton—dat no good reason why no take his scalp, eh?"

In whispering these last words the Chippewa used so much energy, that the dogs again raised their heads from between their fore paws and growled. Almost at that instant the chief and his few remaining wakeful companions laid themselves down to sleep, and the young warrior designated as the

sentinel left the hut and came slowly towards the prisoner. The circumstances admitted of no delay; le Bourdon pressed the keen edge of his knife across the withe that bound the Indian to the tree; first giving him notice, in order that he might be prepared to sustain his own weight. This done, the Bee-hunter dropped on the ground, crawling away out of the light; though the brow of the hill almost immediately formed a screen to conceal his person from all near the hut. In another instant he had regained his rifle, and was descending swiftly towards the crossing at the marsh.

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## CHAPTER VII.

We call them savage—Oh, be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth, 't is from the dust—
The savage was a man!

SPRAGUE.

As soon as le Bourdon reached the commencement of that which might be called his path across the marsh, he stopped and looked backward. He was now sufficiently removed from the low acclivity to see objects on its summit, and had no difficulty in discerning all that the waning fire illuminated. There stood the Chippewa erect against the tree as if still bound with thongs, while the sentinel was slowly approaching him. The dogs were on their feet, and gave two or three sharp barks, which had the effect to cause five or six of the savages to lift their heads in their lairs.

One arose even, and threw an armful of dried branches on the fire, producing a bright blaze, that brought everything around the hut, and which the light could touch, into full view.

The Bee-hunter was astonished at the immovable calmness with which Pigeonswing still stood to his tree, awaiting the approach of the sentinel. In a few moments the latter was at his side. At first the Pottawattamie did not perceive that the prisoner was unbound. He threw him into shadow by his own person, and it required a close look to note the circumstance. Boden was too far from the spot to see all the minor movements of the parties, but there was soon a struggle that could not be mistaken. As the Pottawattamie was examining the prisoner, an exclamation that escaped him betrayed the sudden consciousness that the Chippewa was unbound. The sound was no sooner uttered than Pigeonswing made a grasp at the sentinel's knife, which however he did not obtain, when the two closed and fell, rolling down the declivity into the darkness. When the Pottawattamie seized the Chippewa, he uttered a yell, which instantly brought every man of his party to his feet. As the savages now

united in the whoops, and the dogs began to bark wildly, an infernal clamour was made.

At first, le Bourdon did not know how to act. He greatly feared the dogs, and could not but think of Margery and the probable consequences, should those sagacious animals follow him across the marsh. But he did not like the idea of abandoning Pigeonswing, when a single blow of his arm, or a kick of his foot, might be the cause of his escape. While deliberating in painful uncertainty, the sounds of the struggle ceased, and he saw the sentinel rising again into the light, limping like one who had suffered by a fall. Presently he heard a footstep near him, and, calling in a low voice, he was immediately joined by Pigeonswing. Before the Bee-hunter was aware of his intention, the Chippewa seized his rifle, and levelling it at the sentinel, who still stood on the brow of the hill, drawn in all his savage outlines distinctly in the light of the flames, he fired. The cry, the leap into the air, and the fall, announced the unerring character of the aim. In coming to the earth, the wounded man fell over the brow of the sharp acclivity, and was heard rolling towards its base.

Le Bourdon felt the importance of now improving the precious moments, and was in the act of urging his companion to follow, when the latter passed an arm around his body, whipped his knife from the girdle and sheath, and dropping the rifle into his friend's arms, bounded away in the darkness, taking the direction of his fallen enemy. There was no mistaking all this; the Chippewa, led by his own peculiar sense of honour, risking everything to obtain the usual trophy of victory. By this time a dozen of the savages stood on the brow of the hill, seemingly at a loss to understand what had become of the combatants. Perceiving this, the Bee-hunter profited by the delay, and reloaded his rifle. As everything passed almost as swiftly as the electric spark is known to travel, it was but a moment after the Pottawattamie fell ere his conqueror was through with his bloody task. Just as le Bourdon threw his rifle up into the hollow of his arm, he was rejoined by his red friend, who wore the reeking scalp of the sentinel at his belt; though fortunately the Bee-hunter did not see it, on account of the obscurity, else might he not have been so willing to continue to act with so ruthless an ally.

Further stay was out of the question, for the Indians were now collected in a body on the brow of the hill, where the chief was rapidly issuing his orders. In a minute the band dispersed, every man bounding into the darkness, as if aware of the danger of remaining within the influence of the bright light thrown from the fire. Then came such a clamour from the dogs, as left no doubt in the mind of the Bee-hunter that they had scented and found the remains of the fallen man. A fierce yell came from the same spot, the proof that some of the savages had already discovered the body; and le Bourdon told his companion to follow, taking his way across the marsh as fast as he could overcome the difficulties of the path.

It has already been intimated that it was not easy, if indeed it were possible, to cross that piece of low wet land in a direct line. There was tolerably firm ground on it, but it lay in an irregular form, its presence being generally to be noted by the growth of trees. Le Bourdon had been very careful in taking his land-marks, foreseeing the probability of a hasty retreat, and he had no difficulty for some time in keeping in the right direction. But the dogs soon left the dead body, and

came bounding across the marsh, disregarding its difficulties, though their plunges and yells soon made it apparent that even they did not escape altogether with dry feet. As for the savages, they poured down the declivity in a stream, taking the dogs as their guides, and safe ones they might well be accounted, so far as the *scent* was concerned, though they did not happen to be particularly well acquainted with all the difficulties of the path.

At length le Bourdon paused, causing his companion to stop also. In the hurry and confusion of the flight, the former had lost his land-marks, finding himself amidst a copse of small trees, or large bushes, but not in the particular copse he sought. Every effort to get out of this thicket, except by the way he had entered it, proved abortive, and the dogs were barkin gat no great distance in his rear. It is true that these animals no longer approached, for they were floundering in the mud and water; but their throats answered every purpose to lead the pursuers on, and the low calls that passed from mouth to mouth, let the pursuers understand that the Pottawattamies were at their heels, if not absolutely on their trail.

The crisis demanded both discretion and decision; qualities in which the Bee-hunter, with his forest training, was not likely to be deficient. He looked out for the path by which he had reached the unfortunate thicket, and having found it, commenced a retreat by the way he had come. Nerve was needed to move almost in a line towards the dogs and their masters; but the nerve was forthcoming, and the two advanced like veterans expecting the fire of some concealed but well-armed battery. Presently, le Bourdon stopped, and examined the ground on which he stood.

"*Here* we must turn, Chippewa," he said, in a guarded voice. "This is the spot where I must have missed my way."

"Good place to turn 'bout," answered the Indian—"dog too near."

"We must shoot the dogs if they press us too hard," returned the Bee-hunter, leading off rapidly, now secure in the right direction. "They seem to be in trouble, just at this time; but animals like them will soon find their way across this marsh."

"Bess shoot Pottawattamie," coolly returned

Pigeonswing. "Pottawattamie got capital scalp—dog's ears no good for nuttin', any more."

"Yonder, I believe is the tree I am in search of!" exclaimed le Bourdon. "If we can reach that tree, I think all will go well with us."

The tree was reached, and the Bee-hunter proceed to make sure of his course from that point. Removing from his pouch a small piece of moistened powder he had prepared ere he liberated the Chippewa, he stuck it on a low branch of the tree he was under, and on the side next the spot where he had stationed Margery. When this was done, he made his companion stand aside, and light some spunk with his flint and steel, he fired his powder. Of course, this little preparation burned like the fire-works of a boy, making sufficient light, however, to be seen in a dark night for a mile or more. No sooner was the wetted powder hissing and throwing off its sparks, than the Bee-hunter gazed intently into the now seemingly tangible obscurity of the marsh. A bright light appeared and vanished. It was enough; the Bee-hunter threw down his own signal and extinguished it with his foot; and, as he wished, the lantern of Margery ap-

peared no more. Assured now of the accuracy of his position, as well as of the course he was to pursue, le Bourdon bade his companion follow, and pressed anew across the marsh. A tree was soon visible, and towards that particular object the fugitives steadily pressed, until it was reached. At the next instant Margery was joined; and the Bee-hunter could not refrain from kissing her, in the excess of his pleasure.

"There is a dreadful howling of dogs," said Margery, feeling no offence at the liberty taken, in a moment like that, "and it seems to me that a whole tribe is following at their heels. For Heaven's sake, Bourdon, let us hasten to the canoes; brother and sister must think us lost!"

The circumstances pressed, and the Bee-hunter took Margery's arm, passing it through one of his own, with a decided and protecting manner, that caused the girl's heart to beat with emotions not in the least connected with fear, leaving an impression of pleasure even at that perilous moment. As the distance was not great, the three were soon on the beach and near to the canoes. Here they met Dorothy, alone, and pacing to and fro like a person distressed. She had doubtless heard the

clamour, and was aware that the savages were out looking for their party. As Margery met her sister, she saw that something more than common had gone wrong, and in the eagerness of her apprehensions did not scruple about putting her questions.

"What has become of brother?—Where is Gershom?" demanded the sensitive girl, at once.

The answer was given in a low voice, and in a sort of manner with which woman struggles to the last to conceal the delinquencies of him she loves.

"Gershom is not himself, just now," half whispered the wife—"he has fallen into one of his old ways, ag'in."

"Old ways!" slowly repeated the sister, dropping her own voice to tones similar to those in which the unpleasant news had just been communicated. "How is that possible, now that all the whiskey is emptied?"

"It seems that Bourdon had a jug of brandy among his stores, and Gershom found it out. I blame no one; for Bourdon, who never abuses the gifts of Providence, had a right to his comforts at least; but it is a pity that there was anything of the sort in the canoes!"

The Bee-hunter was greatly concerned at this unwelcome intelligence, feeling all its importance far more vividly than either of his companions. They regretted as women; but he foresaw the danger, as a man accustomed to exertion in trying scenes. If Whiskey Centre had really fallen into his old ways, so as to render himself an incumbrance, instead of being an assistant at such a moment, the fact was to be deplored, but it could only be remedied by time. Luckily they had the Indian with them, and he could manage one of the canoes, while he himself took charge of the other. As no time was to be lost, the barking of the dogs and the cries of the savages too plainly letting it be known that the enemy was getting through the marsh by some means or other, he hurried the party down to the canoes, entering that of Whiskey Centre at once.

Le Bourdon found Gershom asleep, but with the heavy slumbers of the drunkard. Dolly had removed the jug and concealed it, as soon as the state of her husband enabled her to do so, without incurring his violence. Else might the unfortunate man have destroyed himself, by indulging in a liquor so much more palatable than

that he was accustomed to use, after so long and compelled an abstinence. The jug was now produced, however, and le Bourdon emptied it in the river, to the great joy of the two females, though not without a sharp remonstrance from the Chippewa. The Bee-hunter was steady, and the last drop of the liquor of Gascony was soon mingling with the waters of the Kalamazoo. This done, the Bee-hunter desired the women to embark, and called to the Chippewa to do the same. By quitting the spot in the canoes, it was evident their pursuers would be balked, temporarily at least, since they must recross the marsh in order to get into their own boats, without which further pursuit would be fruitless.

It might have been by means of a secret sympathy, or it was possibly the result of accident, but, certain it is, that the Chippewa was placed in the stern of Gershom's canoe, while Margery found a place in that of le Bourdon. As for Whiskey Centre, he lay like a log in the bottom of his own light bark, cared for only by his affectionate wife, who had made a pillow for his head; but, fortunately, if no assistance just then, not any material hindrance to the movements of his

friends. By the time le Bourdon and the Chippewa had got their stations, and the canoes were free of the bottom, it was evident by the sounds, that not only the dogs; but divers of their masters had floundered through the swamp, and were already on the firm ground east of it. As the dogs ran by scent, little doubt remained of their soon leading the savages down to the place of embarkation. Aware of this, the Bee-hunter directed the Chippewa to follow, and urged his own canoe away from the shore, following one of three of the natural channels that united just at that point.

The clamour now sensibly increased, and the approach of the pursuers was much faster than it had previously been, in consequence of there no longer being wet land beneath their feet. At the distance of fifty yards from the shore, however, the channel, or open avenue among the rice plants, that the canoes had taken, made a short turn to the northward; for all the events we have just been recording occurred on the northern, or leeward side of the river. Once around this bend in the channel, the canoes would have been effectually concealed from those on the beach

had it even been broad daylight, and, of course, were so much more hidden from view under the obscurity of a very dark night. Perceiving this, and fearful that the dip of the paddles might be heard, le Bourdon ceased to urge his canoe through the water, telling the Chippewa to imitate his example, and let the boats drift. In consequence of this precaution the fugitives were still quite near the shore when, first, the dogs, and then a party of their masters, came rushing down to the very spot whence the canoes had departed two minutes before. As no precautions were taken to conceal the advance of the pursuers, the pursued, or the individuals among them who alone understood the common language of the Great Ojebway Nation well, had an opportunity of hearing and understanding all that was said. Le Bourdon had brought the two canoes together; and the Chippewa, at his request, now translated such parts of the discourse of their enemies as he deemed worthy of communicating to the females.

"Say, now, nobody dere," commenced the Indian, coolly. "T'ink he no great way off—mean to look for him—t'ink dog uneasy—won'er why dog so uneasy."

"Them dogs are very likely to scent us here in the canoes, we are so near them," whispered le Bourdon.

"S'pose he do, can't catch us," coolly answered the Chippewa. "Beside, shoot him, don't take care—bad for dog to chase warrior too much."

"There is one speaking now who seems to have authority."

"Yes—he chief—know he voice—hear him too often—he mean to put Pigeonswing to torture. Well, let him catch Pigeonswing fust—swift bird do dat, eh?"

"But what says he? It may be of importance to learn what the chief says just now."

"Who care what he *say*—can't *do* nuttin'. If get good chance take *his* scalp too."

"Aye, that I dare say; but he is speaking earnestly and in a low voice; listen, and let us know what he says. I do not well understand at this distance."

The Chippewa complied, and maintained an attentive silence until the chief ceased to speak. Then he rendered what had been said into such English as he could command, accompanying the

translation by the explanations that naturally suggested themselves to one like himself.

"Chief talk to young men," said the Chippewa; "all chief talk to young man—tell him dat Pigeonswing muss get off in canoe—don't see canoe, nudder—but muss be canoe, else he swim. T'ink more dan one Injin here—don't know, dough—maybe, maybe not—can't tell, till see trail, morrow mornin'——"

"Well, well: but what does he tell his young men to *do?*" demanded the Bee-hunter impatiently.

"Don't be squaw, Bourdon—tell all by'em bye. Tell young men s'pose he get canoe, den he may get *our* canoe, and carry 'em off; s'pose he swim, dat Chippewa devil swim down stream and get *our* canoe dat fashion—bess go back, some of you, and see arter *our* canoe—dat what he tell young men most."

"That is a lucky thought!" exclaimed le Bourdon. "Let us paddle down at once, and seize all their canoes before they can get there. The distance by water, owing to this bend in the river, is not half as great as that by land, and the marsh will double the distance to them."

"Dat good council," said Pigeonswing. "You go—I follow."

This was no sooner said, than the canoes were again got into motion. The darkness might now have been a sufficient protection had there been no rice, but the plant would have concealed the movement even at noon-day. The fire in the hut served as a beacon, and enabled le Bourdon to find the canoes. When he reached the landing he could still hear the dogs barking on the marsh, and the voices of those with them, calling in loud tones to two of the savages who had remained at the *chienté*, as a sort of camp-guard.

"What do them chaps say?" asked le Bourdon of the Chippewa. "They yell as if striving to make the two men at the door of the hut hear them. Can you make out what they are bawling so loud?"

"Tell two warrior to come down and take care of canoe—dat all—let 'em come—find two here take care of *dem*—got good scalp, dem two rascal Pottawattamie!"

"No, no, Pigeonswing; we must have no more of that work to-night, but must set about towing

these four canoes off the shore as fast as we can. Have you got hitches on your two?"

"Fast 'nough—so fast, he follow," answered the Indian, who, notwithstanding his preparations to help to remove the canoes, was manifestly reluctant to depart without striking another blow at his enemies. "Now good time for dem rascal to lose scalp!"

"Them rascals, as you call them, begin to understand their friends in the marsh, and are looking to the priming of their rifles. We must be moving, or they may see us and give us a shot. Shove off, Chippewa, and paddle at once for the middle of the bay."

As le Bourdon was much in earnest, Pigeonswing was fain to comply. Had the last possessed a rifle of his own, or even a knife, it is highly probable he would have leaped ashore, and found the means of stealing on some one of his enemies unawares, and thus secured another trophy. But the Bee-hunter was determined, and the Chippewa, however reluctant, was compelled to obey; for not only had le Bourdon kept his rifle at his side, but he had used the precaution of securing

his knife and tomahawk, both of which he carried habitually, the same as a red man.

The canoes had now a somewhat difficult task. The wind still blew fresh, and it was necessary for one of these light craft, pretty well loaded with its proper freight, and paddled by only a single person, to tow two other craft of equal size dead to windward. The weight in the towing craft, and the lightness of those that were towed, rendered this task however easier than it might otherwise have proved. In the course of a couple of minutes all the canoes were far enough from the shore to be out of sight of the two Indians, who, by that time, had got down to the beach to look after their own craft. The yell these savages raised on finding themselves too late, not only announced their disappointment, but communicated the extent of the disaster to their friends, who were still floundering through the marsh.

The great advantage that the party of the Bee-hunter had now obtained must be very apparent to all. In possession of *all* the canoes, their enemies were, or would be for some time at least, confined to the northern side of the river, which was so wide near its mouth as to present an effec-

tual barrier between them and those who occupied the opposite bank. The canoes, also, enabled the weaker party to change their position at will, carrying with them as many of their effects as were on board, and which included the whole of the property of le Bourdon; while their loss deprived their enemies of all extra means of motion, and would be very likely to induce them to proceed on their expedition by land. The objects of that expedition could only be conjectured by the Bee-hunter until he had questioned the Chippewa; a thing he did not fail to do as soon as he considered the party quite safe under the south shore. Here the fugitives landed, proceeding up a natural channel in the wild rice in order to do so, and selecting a bit of dry beach for their purpose. Margery set about lighting a fire, in order to keep the musquitoes at a distance, selecting a spot to kindle it, behind a swell of the land, that concealed the light from all on the other shore. In the morning it would be necessary to extinguish that fire, lest its smoke should betray their position. It was while these things were in progress, and after le Bourdon had himself procured the fuel necessary to feed pretty

Margery's fire, that he questioned the Chippewa touching his captivity.

"Yes, tell all 'bout him," answered the Indian as soon as interrogated. "No good to hide trail from friend. 'Member when say good bye up in openin' to Bourdon?"

"Certainly. I remember the very instant when you left me. The Pottawattamie went on one path and you went on another. I was glad of that, as you seemed to think he was not your friend."

"Yes; good not to travel on same path as inimy, 'cause he quarrel sometime," coolly returned the Indian. "Dis time, path come togedder, somehow; and Pottawattamie lose he scalp."

"I am aware of all that, Pigeonswing, and wish it had not been so. I found the body of Elksfoot sitting up against a tree soon after you left me, and knew by whose hands he had fallen."

"Didn't find scalp, eh?"

"No, the scalp had been taken; though I accounted that but for little, since the man's life was gone. There is little gained in carrying on war in this manner, making the woods, and the openings, and the prairies alike unsafe. You see,

now, to what distress this family is reduced by your Injin manner of making war."

"How you make him, den—want to hear. Go kiss, and give venison to inimy, or go get his scalp, eh? Which bess fashion to make him afeard, and own you master?"

"All that may be done without killing single travellers, or murdering women and children. The peace will be made none the sooner between England and America, because you have got the scalp of Elksfoot."

"No haben't got him any longer; wish had—Pottawattamie take him away, and say he bury him. Well, let him hide him in a hole deep as white man's well, can't hide Pigeonwing honour dere, too. Dat is safe as notch cut on stick can make him!"

This notch on a stick was the Indian mode of gazetting a warrior; and a certain number of these notches was pretty certain to procure for him a sort of savage brevet, which answered his purpose quite as well as the modern mode of brevetting at Washington answers our purpose. Neither brings any pay, we believe, nor any command, except in such cases as rarely occur, and then only to the advantage of government. There

are varieties in honour, as in any other human interest: so are there many moral degrees in warfare. Thus, the very individual who admires the occupation of Algiers, or that of Tahiti, or the attack on Canton, together with the long train of Indian events which have dyed the peninsulas of the East in the blood of their people, sees an alarming enormity in knocking down the walls of Vera Cruz, though the breach opened a direct road into San Juan de Ulloa. In the eyes of the same profound moralists, the garitas of Mexico ought to have been respected, as so many doors opening into the boudoirs of the beautiful dames of that fine capital; it being a monstrous thing to fire a shot into the streets of a town, no matter how many came out of them. We are happy, therefore, to have it in our power to add these touches of philosophy that came from Pigeonswing to those of the sages of the old world, by way of completing a code of international morals on this interesting subject, in which the student shall be at a loss to say which he most admires—that which comes from the schools, or that which comes direct from the wilderness.

"So best," answered the Bee-hunter. "I wish

I could persuade you to throw away that disgusting thing at your belt. Remember, Chippewa, you are now among Christians, and ought to do as Christians wish."

"What Christians *do*, eh?" returned the Indian with a sneer. "Get drunk, like Whiskey Centre, dere? Cheat poor red man; den get down on knee, and look up at Manitou? *Dat* what Christian do, eh?"

"They who do such things are Christians but in name—you must think better of such as are Christians in fact."

"Ebbery body call himself Christian, tell you—all pale-face Christian, dey say. Now, listen to Chippewa. Once talk long talk wit' missionary—tell all about Christian—what Christian do—what Christian say—how he eat, how he sleep, *how* he drink!—all good—wish Pigeonwing Christian—den 'member so'ger at garrison—no eat, no sleep, no drink Christian fashion—do ebbery t'ing so'ger fashion—swear, fight, cheat, get drunk—wuss dan Injin—dat Christian, eh?"

"No, that is not acting like a Christian; and I fear very few of us who call ourselves by that name, act as if we were Christians, in truth," said

le Bourdon, conscious of the justice of the Chippewa's accusation.

"Just dat—now, I get him—ask missionary, one day, where all Christians go to, so that Injin can't find him—none in woods—none on prairie—none in garrison—none at Mack'naw—none at Detroit—where all go to, den, so Injin can't find him, on'y in missionary talk?"

"I am curious to know what answer your missionary made to that question."

"Well, tell you—say, on'y one in ten t'ousant *raal* Christian 'mong pale-face, dough all call himself Christian! *Dat* what Injin t'ink queer, eh?"

"It is not easy to make a red man understand all the ways of the pale-faces, Pigeonswing: but we will talk of these things another time, when we are more at our ease. Just now, I wish to learn all I can of the manner in which you fell into the hands of the Pottawattamies."

"Dat plain 'nough—wish Christian talk half as plain. You see, Bourdon, dat Elkfoot on scout, when we meet in openin', up river. I know'd his ar'nd, and so took scalp. Dem Pottawattamie his friend—when day come to meet ole chief, no find him; but find Pigeonwing; got me when tired and

'sleep; got Elkfoot scalp wid me—sorry for dat —know scalp by scalp-lock, which had grey hair, and some mark. So put me in canoe, and meant to take Chippewa to Chicago to torture him—but too much wind. So, when meet friend in t'odder canoe, come back here to wait a little while."

This was the simple explanation of the manner in which Pigeonswing had fallen into the hands of his enemies. It would seem that Elksfoot had come in a canoe from the mouth of the St. Joseph's to a point about half-way between that river and the mouth of the Kalamazoo, and there landed. What the object of the party was, does not exactly appear, though it is far from being certain that it was not to seize the Bee-hunter, and confiscate his effects. Although le Bourdon was personally a stranger to Elksfoot, news flies through the wilderness in an extraordinary manner; and it was not at all unlikely that the fact of a white American being in the openings should soon spread, along with the tidings that the hatchet was dug up, and that a party should go out in quest of his scalp and the plunder. It would seem that the savage tact of the Chippewa detected that in the manner of the Pottawattamie chief, which

assured him the intentions of the old warrior were not amicable; and that he took the very summary process which has been related, not only to secure *his* scalp, but effectually to put it out of his power to do any mischief to one who was an ally, and, by means of recent confidence, now a friend. All this the Indian explained to his companion, in his usual clipped English, but with a clearness sufficient to make it perfectly intelligible to his listener. The Bee-hunter listened with the most profound attention, for he was fully aware of the importance of comprehending all the hazards of his own situation.

While this dialogue was going on, Margery had succeeded in lighting her fire, and was busy in preparing some warm compound, which she knew would be required by her unhappy brother after his debauch. Dorothy passed often between the fire and the canoe, feeling a wife's anxiety in the fate of her husband. As for the Chippewa, intoxication was a very venial offence in his eyes; though he had a contempt for a man who would thus indulge while on a war-path. The American Indian does possess this merit of adapting his deportment to his circumstances. When engaged

in war, he usually prepares himself in the coolest and wisest manner to meet its struggles, indulging only in moments of leisure, and of comparative security. It is true that the march of what is called civilization is fast changing the red man's character, and he is very apt now to do that which he sees done by the "Christians" around him.

Le Bourdon, when his dialogue with the Chippewa was over, and after a few words of explanation with Margery, took his own canoe, and paddled through the rice plants into the open water of the river, to reconnoitre. The breadth of the stream induced him to float down before the wind, until he reached a point where he could again command a view of the hut. What he there saw, and what he next did, must be reserved for a succeeding chapter.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

The elfin cast a glance around,
  As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
  And close to the river's brink he strode;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
  Above his head his arm he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
  And headlong plunged in the water blue.

DRAKE.

AN hour had intervened between the time when le Bourdon had removed the canoes of the Pottawattamies, and the time when he returned alone to the northern side of the river. In the course of that hour, the chief of the savages had time to ascertain all the leading circumstances that have just been related, and to collect his people in and around the hut, for a passing council. The moment was one of action, and not of ceremonies.

No pipe was smoked, nor any of the observances of the great councils of the tribe attended to; the object was merely to glean facts and to collect opinions. In all the tribes of this part of North America, something very like a principle of democracy is the predominant feature of their politics. It is not, however, that bastard democracy which is coming so much in fashion among ourselves, and which looks into the gutters solely for the "people," forgetting that the landlord has just as much right to protection as the tenant, the master as the servant, the rich as the poor, the gentleman as the blackguard. The Indians know better than all this. They understand fully, that the chiefs are entitled to more respect than the loafers in their villages, and listen to the former, while their ears are shut to the latter. They appear to have a common sense, which teaches them to avoid equally the exaggerations of those who believe in blood, and of those who believe in blackguardism. With them the doctrines of "new men" would sound as an absurdity, for they never submit to change for change's sake. On the contrary, while there is no positive hereditary rank, there is much hereditary considera-

tion; and we doubt if a red man could be found in all America, who is so much of a simpleton as to cite among the qualifications of any man for a situation of trust and responsibility, that he had never been *taught* how to perform its duties. They are not guilty of the contradiction of elevating men *because* they are self-taught, while they expend millions on schools. Doubtless they have, after a fashion of their own, demagogues and Cæsars, but they are usually kept within moderate limits; and in rare instances, indeed, do either ever seriously trespass on the rights of the tribe. As human nature is everywhere the same, it is not to be supposed that pure justice prevails even among savages; but one thing would seem to be certain, that, all over the world, man in his simplest and wildest state is more apt to respect his own ordinances, than when living in what is deemed a condition of high civilization.

When le Bourdon reached the point whence he could get a good view of the door of the hut, which was still illuminated by the fire within, he ceased using the paddle beyond the slight effort necessary to keep the canoe nearly stationary. He was quite within the range of a rifle, but

trusted to the darkness of the night for his protection. That scouts were out, watching the approaches to the hut, he felt satisfied; and he did not doubt that some were prowling along the margin of the Kalamazoo, either looking for the lost boats, or for those who had taken them away. This made him cautious, and he took good care not to place his canoe in a position of danger.

It was very apparent that the savages were in great uncertainty as to the number of their enemies. Had not the rifle been fired, and their warrior killed and scalped, they might have supposed that their prisoner had found the means of releasing his limbs himself, and thus effected his escape; but they knew that the Chippewa had neither gun nor knife, and as all their own arms, even to those of the dead man, were still in their own possession, it was clear that he had been succoured from without. Now, the Pottawattamies had heard of both the Bee-hunter and Whiskey Centre, and it was natural enough for them to ascribe some of these unlooked-for feats to one or other of these agents. It is true, the hut was known to have been built three or four years earlier, by an Indian trader, and no one of

the party had ever actually seen Gershom and his family in possession; but the conjectures on this head were as near the fact, as if the savages had passed and repassed daily. There was only one point on which these close calculators of events were at fault. So thoroughly had everything been removed from the *chienté*, and so carefully the traces of its recent occupation concealed, that no one among them suspected that the family had left the place only an hour before their own arrival. The Bee-hunter, moreover, was well assured that the savages had not yet blundered on the hiding-place of the furniture. Had this been discovered, its contents would have been dragged to light, and seen around the fire: for there is usually little self-restraint among the red men, when they make a prize of this sort.

Nevertheless, there was one point about which even those keen-scented children of the forest were much puzzled, and which the Bee-hunter perfectly comprehended, notwithstanding the distance at which he was compelled to keep himself. The odour of the whiskey was so strong in and about the *chienté*, that the Pottawattamies did not know what to make of it. That there should

be the remains of this peculiar smell,—one so fragrant and tempting to those who are accustomed to indulge in the liquor—in the hut itself, was natural enough; but the savages were perplexed at finding it so strong on the declivity, down which the barrels had been rolled. On this subject were they conversing, when le Bourdon first got near enough to observe their proceedings. After discussing the matter for some time, torches were lighted, and most of the party followed a grim old warrior, who had an exceedingly true nose for the scent of whiskey, and who led them to the very spot where the half-barrel had been first stove, by rolling off a rock, and where its contents had been mainly spilled. Here the earth was yet wet, in places, and the scent was so strong, as to leave no doubt of the recent nature of the accident which had wasted so much of a liquor, that was very precious in Pottawattamie eyes; for accident they thought it must be, since no sane man could think of destroying the liquor intentionally.

All the movements, gestures, and genuflections of the savages were plainly seen by the Bee-hunter. We say the genuflections, for nearly all

of the Indians got on their knees and applied their noses to the earth, in order to scent the fragrance of the beloved whiskey; some out of curiosity, but more because they loved even this tantalizing indulgence, when no better could be had. But le Bourdon was right in his conjectures, that the matter was not to end here. Although most of the Indians scented the remains of the whiskey out of love for the liquor, a few of their number reasoned on the whole transaction, with quite as much acuteness as could have been done by the shrewdest natural philosopher living. To them it was very apparent that no great length of time, a few hours at most, could have elapsed since that whiskey was spilled; and human hands must have brought it there, in the first place, and poured it on the ground, in the second. There must have been a strong reason for such an act, and that reason presented itself to their minds with unerring accuracy. Their own approach must have been seen, and the liquor was destroyed because it could not be removed in time to prevent its falling into their hands. Even the precise manner in which the whiskey had been disposed of, was pretty nearly

conjectured by a few of the chiefs, acute and practised as they were; who, accustomed to this species of exercise of their wits, had some such dexterity in examining facts of this nature, and in arriving at just results, as the men of the schools manifest in the inquiries that more especially belong to their habits and training. But their conclusions were confined to themselves; and they were also sufficiently enveloped in doubts to leave those who made them ready enough to receive new impressions on the same subject.

All this, moreover, le Bourdon both saw and understood; or, if not absolutely all, so much of it as to let him comprehend the main conclusions of the savages, as well as the process by which they were reached. To obtain light, the Indians made a fire near the charmed spot, which brought themselves and their movements into plain view from the canoe of the Bee-hunter. Curiosity now became strongly awakened in the latter, and he ventured in nearer to the shore, in order to get the best possible view of what was going on. In a manner, he was solving an enigma; and he experienced the sort of pleasure we all feel at exercising our wits on difficulties of that nature.

The interest he felt rendered the young man careless as respected the position of his canoe, which drifted down before the strong breeze, until le Bourdon found himself in the very edge of the wild rice, which at this point formed but a very narrow belt along the beach. It was this plant, indeed, that contributed to make the young man so regardless of his drift, for he looked upon the belt of rice as a species of land-mark to warn him when to turn. But, at no other spot along that whole shore, where the plant was to be found at all, was its belt so narrow as at this, immediately opposite to the new fire of the savages, and almost within the influence of its rays. To le Bourdon's surprise, and somewhat to his consternation, just as his little craft touched the rice, the forms of two stout warriors passed along the beach, between him and the light, their feet almost dipping in the water. So near were these two warriors to him, that, on listening intently, he heard not only their voices, as they communicated their thoughts to each other in low tones, but the tread of their moccasined feet on the ground. Retreat, under the circumstances, would not be safe, for it must have been made under

the muzzles of the rifles; and but one resource presented itself. By grasping in his hand two or three stalks of the rice-plant, and holding them firmly, the drift of the canoe was arrested.

After a moment's reflection, le Bourdon was better satisfied with this new station than he had been on first gaining it. To have ventured on such a near approach to his enemies, he would have regarded as madness; but now he was there, well concealed among the rice, he enjoyed the advantages of observation it gave him, and looked upon the chance that brought him there as lucky. He found a thong of buckskin, and fastened his canoe to the stalks of the plant, thus anchoring or mooring his little bark, and leaving himself at liberty to move about in it. The rice was high enough to conceal him, even when erect, and he had some difficulty in finding places favourable to making his observations through it. When the Bee-hunter made his way into the bow of his canoe, however, which he did with a moccasined and noiseless foot, he was startled at perceiving how small was his cover. In point of fact, he was now within three feet of the inner edge of the rice-plants, which grew within ten feet of the

shore, where the two warriors already mentioned were still standing, in close communication with each other. Their faces were turned towards the fire, the bright light from which, at times, streamed over the canoe itself, in a way to illumine all it contained. The first impulse of le Bourdon, on ascertaining how closely he had drifted to the shore, was to seize a paddle and make off, but a second thought again told him it would be far safer to remain where he was. Taking his seat, therefore on a bit of board laid athwart, from gunwale to gunwale, if such a craft can be said to have gunwales at all, he patiently awaited the course of events.

By this time, all or nearly all of the Pottawattamies had collected at this spot, on the side of the hill. The hut was deserted, its fire got to be low, and darkness reigned around the place. On the other hand, the Indians kept piling brush on their new fire, until the whole of that hill-side, the stream at its foot, and the ravine through which the latter ran, were fairly illuminated. Of course, all within the influence of this light was to be distinctly seen, and the Bee-hunter was soon

absorbed in gazing at the movements of savage enemies, under circumstances so peculiar.

The savages seemed to be entranced by the singular, and to most of them unaccountable circumstance of the earth's giving forth the scent of fresh whiskey, in a place so retired and unknown. While two or three of the numbers had certain inklings of the truth, as has been stated, to much the greater portion of their body it appeared to be a profound mystery; and one that, in some inexplicable manner, was connected with the recent digging up of the hatchet. Ignorance and superstition ever go hand in hand, and it was natural that many, perhaps that most of these uninstructed beings should thus consider so unusual a fragrance, on such a spot. Whiskey has unfortunately obtained a power over the red men of this continent that it would require many Fathers Matthew to suppress, and which can only be likened to that which is supposed to belong to the influence of witchcraft. The Indian is quite as sensible as the white man of the mischief that the "fire-water" produces; but, like the white man, he finds how hard it is to get rid of a master passion, when we

have once submitted ourselves to its sway. The portion of the band that could not account for the fact of the scent of their beloved beverage's being found in such a place, and it was all but three of their whole party, were quite animated in their discussions on the subject, and many and crude were the suggestions that fell from their lips. The two warriors on the beach were more deeply impressed than any of their companions, with the notion that some "medicine charm" was connected with this extraordinary affair.

The reader will not be surprised to hear that le Bourdon gazed on the scene before him with the most profound attention. So near did he seem to be, and so near was he, in fact, to the savages who were grouped around the fire, that he fancied he could comprehend what they were saying, by the expressions of their grim and swarthy countenances. His conjectures were in part just, and occasionally the Bee-hunter was absolutely accurate in his notions of what was said. The frequency with which different individuals knelt on the ground, to scent the odour that is always so pleasant to the red man, would of itself have given a clue to the general character of the dis-

course; but, the significant and expressive gestures, the rapid enunciation, and the manner in which the eyes of the speakers glanced from the faces near themselves to the spot consecrated by whiskey, pretty plainly told the story. It was while thus intently occupied in endeavouring to read the singular impression made on the minds of most of those wild beings, by an incident so much out of the usual track of their experience, that le Bourdon suddenly found the bow of his canoe thrusting itself beyond the inner margin of the rice, and issuing into open water, within ten feet of the very spot where the two nearest of the savages were still conferring together, apart. The buckskin thong which served as a fastening had got loosened, and the light craft was again drifting down before the strong southerly wind, which still continued to blow a little gale.

Had there been an opportunity for such a thing, the Bee-hunter would have made an effort to escape. But so sudden and unexpected was this exposure, that he found himself almost within reach of a rifle, before he was aware of his approaching the two warriors on the shore, at all. His paddle was in the stern of the canoe, and had

he used the utmost activity, the boat would have grounded on the beach, ere he could have obtained it. In this situation, therefore, he was absolutely without any other means than his hands of stopping the canoe, had there even been time.

Le Bourdon understood his real situation without stopping to reflect; and, though his heart made one violent leap as soon as he perceived he was out of cover, he immediately bethought him of the course he ought to pursue. It would have been fatal to betray alarm, or to attempt flight. As accident had thus brought him, as it might be on a visit, to the spot, he at once determined to give his arrival the character of a friendly call, and the better to support the pretension, to blend with it, if possible, a little of the oracular, or "medicine" manner, in order to impose on the imaginations of the superstitious beings into whose power he had so unwittingly fallen.

The instant the canoe touched the shore, and it was only a moment after it broke through the cover, le Bourdon arose, and extending his hand to the nearest Indian, saluted him with the mongrel term of "Sago." A slight exclamation from this warrior communicated to his companion an

arrival that was quite as much a matter of surprise to the Indians as to their guest, and through this second warrior, to the whole party on the side hill. A little clamour succeeded, and presently the Bee-hunter was surrounded with savages.

The meeting was marked by the self-command and dignified quiet that are so apt to distinguish the deportment of Indian warriors, when they are on the war-path, and alive to the duties of manhood. The Bee-hunter shook hands with several, who received his salutations with perfect calmness, if not with absolute confidence and amity. This little ceremony gave our hero an opportunity to observe the swarthy countenances by which he was surrounded, most of which were fierce in their paint, as well as to reflect a little on his own course. By a fortunate inspiration he now determined to assume the character of a "medicine man," and to connect his prophecies and jugglers with this lucky accident of the whiskey. Accordingly, he inquired if any one spoke English, not wishing to trust his explanations to his own imperfect knowledge of the Ojebway tongue, which is spoken by all the numerous tribes of that widely-extended nation. Several could render

themselves intelligible in English, and one was so expert as to render communication with him easy, if not very agreeable. As the savages, however, soon insisted on examining the canoe, and taking a look at its contents, previously to listening to their visitor's explanations, le Bourdon was fain to submit, and to let the young men satisfy their curiosity.

The Bee-hunter had come on his hazardous expedition in his own canoe. Previously to quitting the south shore, however, he had lightened the little craft, by landing everything that was not essential to his present purpose. As nearly half of his effects were in the canoe of Whiskey Centre, the task was soon performed, and lucky it was for our hero that he had bethought him of the prudence of the measure. His sole object had been to render the canoe swifter and lighter, in the event of a chase; but, as things turned out, he saved no small portion of his property by using the precaution. The Indians found nothing in the canoe, but one rifle, with a horn and pouch, a few light articles belonging to the Bee-hunter's domestic economy, and which he had not thought

it necessary to remove, and the paddles. All the honey, and the skins, and stores, and spare powder and lead, and, in short, every thing else that belonged to le Bourdon was still safe, on the other side of the river. The greatest advantage gained by the Pottawattamies was in the possession of the canoe itself, by means of which they would now be enabled to cross the Kalamazoo, or make any other similar expedition, by water.

But as yet, not a sign of hostility was betrayed by either party. The Bee-hunter seemed to pay no attention to his rifle and ammunition, or even to his canoe, while the savages, after having warily examined the last, together with its contents, returned to their visitor to re-examine him, with a curiosity as lively as it was full of distrust. At this stage in the proceeding, something like a connected and intelligible conversation commenced between the chief who spoke English, and who was known in most of the north-western garrisons of the Americans, by the name of Thundercloud, or Cloud, by way of abbreviation, on account of his sinister-looks, though the man actually sustained a tolerably fair reputation for

one of those who, having been wronged, was so certain to be calumniated. No man was ever yet injured, that he has not been slandered.

"Who kill and scalp my young man?" asked Cloud, a little abruptly.

"Has my brother lost a warrior?" was the calm reply. "Yes, I see that he has. A medicine-man can see that, though it is dark."

"Who kill him, if can see?—who scalp him, too?"

"An enemy did both," answered le Bourdon, oracularly. "Yes; 'twas an enemy that killed him; and an enemy that took his scalp."

"Why do it, eh? Why come here to take Pottawattamie scalp, when no war-path open, eh?"

"Pottawattamie, the truth must always be said to a medicine-man. There is no use in trying to hide truth from *him*. There *is* a war-path open; and a long and a tangled path it is. My Great Father at Washington has dug up the hatchet against my Great Father at Quebec. Enemies always take scalps when they can get them."

"Dat true—dat right, too—nobody grumble at *dat*—but who enemy? pale-face or red-skin?"

"This time it was a red-skin—a Chippewa—one of your own nation though not of your own tribe. A warrior called Pigeonswing, whom you had in thongs, intending to torture him in the morning. He cut his thongs, and shot your young man—after which he took his scalp."

"How know dat?" demanded the Cloud, a little fiercely. "You 'long, and help kill Pottawattamie, eh?"

"I know it," answered le Bourdon, coolly, "because medicine-men know most of what happens. Do not be so hasty, chief, for this is a medicine spot—whiskey *grows* here."

A common exclamation escaped all of the red men, who comprehended the clear, distinct, and oracular-like language and manner of the Bee-hunter. He intended to make an impression on his listeners, and he succeeded admirably; perhaps as much by means of manner as of matter. As has been said, all who understood his words—some four or five of the party—grunted forth their surprise at this evidence of the guest's acquaintance with the secrets of the place, in which they were joined by the rest of his companions, as soon as the words of the pale-face had been

ranslated. Even the experienced and wary old chiefs, who had more than half conjectured the truth, in connection with this mysterious odour of whiskey were much unsettled in their opinions concerning the wonder, and got to be in that condition of mind, when a man does not know what to think of any particular event. The Bee-hunter, quick-witted and managing for his life, was not slow to perceive the advantage he had gained, and he proceeded at once to clench the nail he had so skilfully driven. Turning from Cloud to the head chief of the party, a warrior whom he had no difficulty in recognizing, after having so long watched his movements in the earlier parts of the night, he pushed the same subject a little further.

"Yes; this place is called by the whites, Whiskey Centre," he added—"which means that it is the centre of all the whiskey of the country round about."

"Dat true," said Cloud, quickly—"I hear so'ger at Fort Dearborn call him Whiskey Centre."

This little circumstance greatly complicated the mystery, and le Bourdon perceived that he had hit on a lucky explanation.

"Soldiers far and near—soldiers drunk or sober

—soldiers with scalps, and soldiers without scalps —all know the place by that name. But you need not believe with your eyes shut and noses stopped, chief, since you have the means of learning for yourselves the truth of what I tell you. Come with me, and I will tell you where to dig in the morning for a Whiskey Spring."

This communication excited a tremendous feeling among the savages, when its purport came to be explained to the whole party. Apart from the extraordinary, miraculous nature of such a spring, which in itself was sufficient to keep alive expectation and gratify curiosity, it was so comfortable to have an inexhaustible supply of the liquor running out of the bowels of the earth, that it is no wonder the news spread infinite delight among the listeners. Even the two or three of the chiefs who had so shrewdly divined the manner in which the liquor had been spilled, were staggered by the solemnity and steadiness of the Bee-hunter's manner, and perhaps a little carried away by sympathy with those around them. This yielding of the human mind to the influence of numbers, is so common an occurrence as scarcely to require explanation, and is the source of half the evils that

popular associations inflict on themselves. It is not that men capable of *seeing* the truth are ever wanting; but men capable of *maintaining* it, in the face of clamour and collected power.

It will be readily conceived that a medicine-man, who is supposed to possess the means of discovering a spring that should overflow with pure whiskey, would not be left without urgent demands for a speedy exercise of his art. This was now the case with le Bourdon, who was called on from all sides, to point out the precise spot where the young men were to commence digging in order to open on the treasure. Our hero knew that his only hope of escape was connected with his steadily maintaining his assumed character; or of maintaining this assumed character, with his going on, at once, to do something that might have the effect, temporarily at least, of satisfying the impatience of his now attentive listeners. Accordingly, when the demand was made on him to give some evidence of his power, he set about the task, not only with composure, but with a good deal of ingenuity.

Le Bourdon, it will be remembered, had, with his own hands, rolled the two barrels of whiskey

down the declivity. Feeling the great importance of effectually destroying them, he had watched their descent, from the top to the bottom of the hill, and the final disappearance of the staves, &c. in the torrent which brawled at its foot. It had so happened, that the half filled cask broke and let out its liquor, at a point much more remote from the stream than the filled cask. The latter had held together until it went over the low rocky precipice just mentioned, and was stove at its base, within two yards of the torrent, which received all its fragments, and swept them away, including most of the liquor itself; but not until the last had been spilled. Now, the odorous spot which had attracted the noses of the savages, and near which they had built their fire, was that where the smallest quantity of the whiskey had fallen. Le Bourdon reasoned on these circumstances in this wise:—if half a barrel of the liquor can produce so strong a scent, a barrel filled ought to produce one still stronger; and I will manifest my medicine-character, by disregarding for the present moment the spot on the hill-side, and proceed at once to that at the foot of the rocks. To this latter point, therefore, did he direct all the

ceremony, as well as his own footsteps, when he yielded to the solicitations of the Pottawattamies, and undertook to point out the position of the Whiskey Spring.

The Bee-hunter understood the Indian character too well to forget to embellish his work with a proper amount of jugglery and acting. Luckily he had left in the canoe a sort of frock of mottled colours, that he had made himself, to wear in the woods in the autumn as a hunting-dress, under the notion that such a covering would conceal his approach from his game, by blending its hues with those of the autumn leaf. This dress he now assumed, extorting a good deal of half suppressed admiration from the younger warriors, by the gay appearance he made. Then he drew out his spy-glass to its greatest length, making various mysterious signs and gestures as he did so. This glass proved to be a great auxiliary, and possibly alone kept the doubters in awe. Le Bourdon saw at once that it was entirely new, even to the oldest chief, and he felt how much it might be made to assist him. Beckoning to Cloud, and adjusting the focus, he directed the small end of his glass to the fire and placed the large end to that Indian's

eye. A solitary savage, who loved the scent of whiskey too much to tear himself away from the spot, was lingering within the influence of the rays, and of course was seen by the chief, with his person diminished to that of a dwarf, and his form thrown to a seeming distance.

An eloquent exclamation followed this exhibition of the medicine-man's power; and each of the chiefs, and most of the other warriors, were gratified with looks through the glass.

'What dat mean?" demanded Cloud, earnestly. "See Wolfye well 'nough—why he so little?—why he so far off, eh?"

"That is to show you what a medicine-man of the pale-faces can do, when he is so minded. That Indian is named Wolfseye, and he loves whiskey too well. That I know, as well as I know his name."

Each of these exhibitions of intelligence extorted exclamations of wonder. It is true, that one or two of the higher chiefs understood that the name might possibly have been obtained from Cloud; but how was the medicine-man to know that Wolfseye was a drunkard? This last had not been said in terms; but enough had been said, to let

those who were aware of the propensity feel that more was meant than had been expressed. Before there was time, however, to deliberate on, or to dissect this specimen of mysterious knowledge, le Bourdon reversed the glass, and applied the small end to the eye of Cloud, after having given it its former direction. The Indian fairly yelled, partly with dread, and partly with delight, when he saw Wolfseye, large as life, brought so near himself that he fancied he might be touched with his own hand.

"What dat mean?" exclaimed Cloud, as soon as surprise and awe enabled him to find his voice. "Fuss he little, den he big—fuss he great way, den he close by—what dat mean, eh?"

"It means that I am a medicine-man, and this is a medicine-glass, and that I can see with it into the earth, deeper than the wells, or higher than the mountains!"

These words were translated, and explained to all there. They extorted many ejaculations of wonder, and divers grunts of admiration and contentment. Cloud conferred a moment with the two principal chiefs; then he turned eagerly to the Bee-hunter, saying—

"All good—but want to hear more—want to l'arn more—want to *see* more."

"Name your wants freely, Pottawattamie," answered le Bourdon, with dignity; "they shall be satisfied."

"Want to see—want to *taste* Whiskey Spring—see won't do—want to *taste*."

"Good—you shall smell first; then you shall see; after that you shall taste. Give me room, and be silent; a great medicine is near."

Thus delivering himself, le Bourdon proceeded with his necromancy.

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## CHAPTER IX.

He turn'd him round, and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet,
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.

*The Culprit Fay.*

THE first step in the conjuration of the Bee-hunter was, to produce an impression on the minds of his untutored observers, by resorting to a proper amount of mummery and mystical action. This he was enabled to do with some effect, in consequence of having practised as a lad, in similar mimicry, by way of pastime. The Germans, and the descendants of Germans in America, are not of a very high class, as respects education, taken as a body, and they retain many

of the most inveterate of the superstitions of their Teutonic ancestors. Although the Bee-hunter himself was of purely English descent; and, by intercourse with them, he had acquired a certain knowledge of their notions on the subject of necromancy, that he now found was of use. So far as gravity of mien, solemn grimaces, and unintelligible mutterings were concerned, le Bourdon played his part to admiration; and by the time he had led the party half the distance he intended to go, our necromancer, or "medicine-man," had complete possession of the imaginations of all the savages, the two or three chiefs already mentioned alone excepted. At this stage of the proceeding occurred a little incident, which goes to prove the disposition of the common mind to contribute in deceiving itself, and which was of considerable assistance to le Bourdon, in maintaining his assumed character.

It will be remembered that the place where the Indians had found their strongest scent was on the hill-side, or at the spot where the half-filled barrel had let out most of its contents. Near this spot their new fire was still brightly blazing, and there Wolfseye remained, regaling one of his senses, at

least, with an odour that he found so agreeable. But the Bee-hunter knew that he should greatly increase the wonder of the savages by leading them to a *new* scent-spot, one to which there was no visible clue, and where the odour was probably much stronger than on the hill-side. Accordingly he did not approach the fire, but kept around the base of the hill, just enough within the influence of the light to pick his way readily, and yet so distant from it, as to render his countenance indistinct and mysterious. No sooner, however, had he got abreast of the scent-spot known to the savages, than the crowd endeavoured to lead him towards it, by gestures and hints, and, finally, by direct intimations that he was going astray. All this our "medicine-man" disregarded; he held his way steadily and solemnly toward that place at the foot of the hill, where he knew that the filled barrel had let out its contents, and where he, reasonably enough, expected to find sufficient traces of the whiskey to answer his purposes. At first this pertinacity provoked the crowd, which believed he was going wrong; but a few words from Crowsfeather, the principal chief, caused the commotion to cease. In a few more

minutes le Bourdon stopped, near the place of his destination. As a fresh scent of whiskey was very perceptible here, a murmur of admiration, not unmixed with delight, passed among the attendants.

"Now, let the young men build a fire for *me*," said the Bee-hunter, solemnly—"not such a fire as that which is burning on the hill, but a medicine-fire. I *smell* the Whiskey Spring, and want a medicine-light to *see* it."

A dozen young men began to collect the brush; in a minute a pile of some size had accumulated on a flat rock, within twenty feet of the spot where le Bourdon knew that the cask had been dashed to pieces. When he thought the pile sufficiently large, he told Crowsfeather that it might be lighted by bringing a brand from the other fire.

"This will not be a medicine-light, for that can come only from 'medicine-matches,'" he added; "but I want a fire to see the shape of the ground. Put in the brand, let us have a flame."

The desire of the Bee-hunter was gratified, and the whole of the base of the hill, around the spot where the filled cask had broken, was illuminated.

"Now, let all the Pottawattamies stand back,"

added le Bourdon, earnestly. "It might cost a warrior his life to come forward too soon—or, if not his life, it might give a rheumatism that can never be cured, which is worse. When it is time for my red brothers to advance, they will be called."

As the Bee-hunter accompanied this announcement by suitable gestures, he succeeded in ranging all of the silent, but excited savages on three sides of his fire, leaving that next his mysterious spring to himself, alone. When all was arranged, le Bourdon moved slowly, but unaccompanied, to the precise spot where the cask had broken. Here he found the odour of the whiskey so strong, as to convince him that some of the liquor must yet remain. On examining more closely, he ascertained that several shallow cavities of the flat rock, on which the cask had been dashed, still contained a good deal of the liquor; enough to prove of great assistance to his medicine character.

All this while the Bee-hunter kept one portion of his faculties on the alert, in order to effect his escape. That he might deceive for a time, aided as he was by so many favourable circumstances,

he did not doubt; but he dreaded the morning and the results of a night of reflection and rest. Crowsfeather, in particular, troubled him; and he foresaw that his fate would be terrible, did the savages once get an inkling of the deception he was practising. As he stood there, bending over the little pools of whiskey, he glanced his eyes towards the gloom which pervaded the northern side of the hill, and calculated the chances of escape by trusting to his speed. All of the Pottawattamies were on the opposite side, and there was a thicket favourably placed for a cover, so near that the rifle would scarce have time to perform its fatal office, ere he might hope to bury himself within its leaves. So tempting did the occasion appear that, for a single instant, le Bourdon forgot his caution, and his mummeries, and had actually advanced a step or two, in the direction towards which he contemplated flight, when, on glancing an uneasy look behind him, he perceived Crowsfeather and his two intimate counsellors stealthily preparing their rifles, as if they distrusted his intentions. This at once induced a change of plan, and brought the Bee-hunter back to a sense of his critical position, and of the in-

dispensable necessity of caution, to a man in his situation.

Le Bourdon now seemingly gave all his attention to the rocks where he stood, and out of which the much-coveted liquor was expected to flow; though his thoughts were still busily employed in considering the means of escape, the whole time. While stooping over the different pools, and laying his plans for continuing his medicine-charms, the Bee-hunter saw how near he had been to committing a great mistake. It was almost as indispensable to carry off the canoe, as it was to carry off himself; since, with the canoe, not only would all his own property, but pretty Margery, and Gershom and his wife, be at the mercy of the Pottawattamies; whereas, by securing the boat, the wide Kalamazoo would serve as a nearly impassable barrier, until time was given to the whites to escape. His whole plan was changed by this suggestion, and he no longer thought of the thicket and of flight inland. At the same time that the Bee-hunter was laying up in his mind ideas so important to his future movements, he did not neglect the necessary examination of the means that might be required to extend and prolong his

influence over the minds of the superstitious children of the forest, on whom he was required to practise his arts. His thoughts reverted to the canoe, and he concocted a plan by which he believed it possible to get possession of his little craft again. Once on board it, by one vigorous shove he fancied he might push it within the cover of the rice-plant, where he would be in reasonable safety against the bullets of the savages. Could he only get the canoe on the outer side of the narrow belt of the plant, he should deem himself safe!

Having arranged his course in his own mind, le Bourdon now beckoned to Crowsfeather to draw near, at the same time inviting the whole party to approach within a few feet of the spot where he himself stood. The Bee-hunter had brought with him from the boat, a fragment of the larger end of end of a cane fishing-rod, which he used as a sort of wand. Its size was respectable, and its length about eight feet. With this wand he pointed out the different objects he named, and it answered the very important purpose of enabling him to make certain small changes in the formation of the ground, that were of the greatest ser-

vice to him, without permitting curious eyes to come so near as to detect his artifices.

"Now open your ears, Crowsfeather; and you, Cloud; and all of you, young braves," commenced the Bee-hunter solemnly, and with a steadiness that was admirable; "yes, open wide your ears. The Great Spirit has given the red man a nose that he might smell—does the Cloud smell more than common?"

"Sartain—smell whiskey—this Whiskey Centre dey say—nat'ral dat such smell be here."

"Do all the chiefs and warriors of the Pottawattamies who are present, also smell the same?"

"S'pose so—why he don't, eh? Got nose—can smell whiskey good way, tell you."

"It is right they should smell the liquor here, for out of this rock a whiskey spring will soon begin to run. It will begin with a very small stream, but soon will there be enough to satisfy everybody. The Great Manitou knows that his red children are dry; he has sent a 'medicine-man' of the pale-faces to find a spring for them. Now, look at this piece of rock—it is dry—not even the dew has yet moistened it. See—it is made like a wooden bowl, that it may hold the

liquor of the spring. Let Crowsfeather smell it—smell it, Cloud—let all my young men smell it, too, that they may be certain that there is nothing there."

On this invitation, accompanied as it was by divers flourishes of the wand, and uttered in a deep solemn tone of voice, the whole party of the Indians gathered around the small hollow basin-like cavity pointed out by the Bee-hunter, in order both to see and smell. Most knelt, and each and all applied their noses to the rock, as near the bowl as they could thrust them. Even the dignified and distrustful Crowsfeather could not refrain from bending in the crowd. This was the moment for which le Bourdon wished, and he instantly prepared to carry out his design.

Previously, however, to completing the project originally conceived, a momentary impulse prevailed which urged him to adopt a new mode of effecting his escape. Now, that most of the savages were on their hands and knees, struggling to get their noses as near as possible to the bowl, and all were intent on the same object, it occurred to the Bee-hunter, who was almost as active as

the panther of the American forest, that he might dash on towards the canoe, and make his escape without further mummery. Had it been only a question of human speed, perhaps such would have been the wisest thing he could do; but a moment's reflection told him how much swifter than any foot of man was the bullet of a rifle. The distance exceeded a hundred yards, and it was altogether in bright light, by means of the two fires, Wolfeye continuing to pile brush on that near which he still maintained his post, as if afraid the precious liquor would start out of the scent-spot, and be wasted should he abandon his ward. Happily, therefore, le Bourdon relinquished this dangerous project almost as soon as it was entertained, turning his attention immediately to the completion of the plan originally laid.

It has been said that the Bee-hunter made sundry flourishes with his wand. While the savages were most eager in endeavouring to smell the rock, he lightly touched the earth that confined the whiskey in the largest pool, and opened a passage by which the liquor could trickle down the side of the rock, selecting a path for itself, until

it actually came into the bowl, by a sinuous but certain channel.

Here was a wonder! Liquor could not only be smelled, but it could be actually seen! As for Cloud, not satisfied with gratifying the two senses connected with the discoveries named, he began to lap with his tongue, like a dog, to try the effect of taste.

"The Manitou does not hide his face from the Pottawattamies!" exclaimed this savage, rising to his feet in astonishment; "this is fire-water, and such as the pale-faces bring us for skins!"

Others imitated his example, and the exclamations of wonder and delight flew from mouth to mouth, in a torrent of vehement assertions and ejaculations. So great a "medicine" charm had never before been witnessed in that tribe, or in that region, and a hundred more might succeed, before another should equal this in its welcome character. There was whiskey, of a certainty, not much in quantity, to be sure, but of excellent quality, as several affirmed, and coming in a current that was slowly increasing! This last sign was owing to the circumstance that le Bourdon

had deepened the outlet of the pool, permitting a larger quantity to flow down the little channel.

The moment had now come for a decisive step. The Bee-hunter knew that his precious rivulet would soon cease to run, and that he must carry out his design under the first impressions of his charm, or that he probably would not be permitted to carry it out at all. At this moment even Crowsfeather appeared to be awed by what he had seen; but a chief so sagacious might detect the truth, and disappointment would then be certain to increase the penalties he would incur.

Making many sweeps of his wand, and touching various points of the rock, both to occupy the attention of the savages, and to divert it from his pool, the Bee-hunter next felt in his pocket and drew out a small piece of resin that he knew was there; the remains of a store with which he resined the bow of his fiddle; for our hero had a violin among his effects, and often used it in his solitary abodes in the openings. Breaking this resin on a coal, he made it flash and blaze; but the quantity was too small to produce the "medicine-fire" he wanted.

"I have more in my canoe," he said, addressing himself to the interpreter; "while I go for it, the red men must not stir, lest they destroy a pale-face's doings. Least of all must they go near the spring. It would be better for the chiefs to lead away their young men, and make them stand under that oak, where nothing can be done to hurt the 'medicine charm.'"

The Bee-hunter pointed to a tree that stood in the direction of the canoe, in order to prevent distrust, though he had taken care to select a spot, whence the little craft could not be seen, on account of an intervening swell in the land. Crowsfeather led his warriors to the indicated place, where they took their stations, in silent and grave attention.

In the mean while, le Bourdon continued his incantations aloud; walking towards his canoe, waving his wand, and uttering a great deal of gibberish as he slowly proceeded. In passing the tree, our hero, though he did not turn his head, was sensible that he was followed by the chiefs, a movement against which he did not dare to remonstrate, though it sadly disappointed him. Neither hastening nor retarding his steps, how-

ever, in consequence of this unpleasant circumstance, the young man continued on; once or twice sweeping the wand behind him, in order to ascertain if he could reach his followers. But Crowsfeather and his companions stopped when they reached the swell of land which concealed the canoe, suffering the "medicine-man" to move on, alone. Of this fact le Bourdon became aware, by turning three times in a circle, and pointing upwards at the heavens with his wand as he did so.

It was a nervous moment when the Bee-hunter reached the canoe. He did not like to look behind him again, lest the chiefs should suspect his motive, and, in shoving off from the shore, he might do so within a few yards of the muzzle of a hostile rifle. There was no time to lose, however, for any protracted delay on his part would certainly cause the savages to approach, through curiosity, if not through distrust of his motives. He stepped into his light craft, therefore, without any delay, still flourishing his wand and muttering his incantations. The first thing was to walk to the stern of the canoe, that his weight might raise the bow from the shore, and also that

he might have an excuse for turning round, and thus get another look at the Indians. So critical was his situation, and so nervous did it make our young hero, that he took no heed of the state of matters in the canoe until the last moment. When he had turned, however, he ascertained that the two principal chiefs had drawn so near as to be within twenty yards of him, though neither of them held his rifle at "ready," but each leaned on it in a careless manner, as if in no anticipation of any necessity to make a speedy use of the weapon. This state of things could not last, and le Bourdon braced his nerves for the final trial. On looking for his paddle, however, he found that of three, which the canoe had contained when he left it, not one was to be seen! These wily savages had, out of all question, taken their opportunity to remove and secrete these simple, but almost indispensable, means of motion.

At the instant when first apprised of the loss just mentioned, the Bee-hunter's heart sunk within him, and he fell into the seat in the stern of the canoe, nearly with the weight of so much lead. Then a species of desperation came over

him, and putting an end of his cane wand upon the bottom, with a vigorous shove, he forced the canoe swiftly astern and to windward. Sudden as was this attempt, and rapid as was the movement, the jealous eyes and ready hands of the chiefs seemed to anticipate it. Two shots were fired within a few seconds after the canoe had quitted the shore. The reports of the rifles were a declaration of hostilities, and a general yell, accompanied by a common rush towards the river, announced that the whole band now understood that some deception had been practised at their expense.

Although the two chiefs in advance had been so very prompt, they were not quick enough for the rapid movement of the canoe. The distance between the stern of the boat and the rice-plants, was so small, that the single desperate shove given by the Bee-hunter, sufficed to bury his person in the cover, before the leaden messengers reached him. Anticipating this very attempt, and knowing that the savages might get their range from the part of the canoe that was still in sight, le Bourdon bent his body far over the gunwale, grasping the rice-plants at the same time, and

hauling his little craft through them, in the way that sailors call "hand over hand." This expedient most probably saved his life. While bending over the gunwale, he heard the crack of the rifles, and the whizzing of two bullets that appeared to pass just behind him. By this time, the whole of the canoe was within the cover.

In a moment like that we are describing, incidents pass so rapidly as almost to defy decription. It was not twenty seconds from the instant when le Bourdon first put his wand down to push the canoe from the land, ere he found his person emerging from the cover, on its weather side. Here he was effectually concealed from his enemies, not only on account of the cover made by the rice-plants, but by reason of the darkness; the light not extending far enough from the fire to illumine objects on the river. Nevertheless, new difficulties presented themselves. When clear of the rice, the wind, which still blew strong, pressed upon his canoe to such a degree, as not only to stop its further movement from the shore, but so as to turn it broadside to, to its power. Trying with his wand, the Bee-hunter ascertained that it would no longer reach the bottom. Then

he attempted to use the cane as a paddle, but soon found it had not sufficient hold of the water to answer for such an implement. The most he could effect with it, in that way, was to keep the canoe for a short distance along the outer edge of the rice, until it reached a spot where the plant extended a considerable distance farther towards the middle of the river. Once within this little forest of the wild rice, he was enabled to drag the canoe further and further from the north shore, though his progress was both slow and laborious, on account of the resistance met.

All this time the savages were not idle. Until the canoe got within its new cover, it was at no instant fifty yards from the beach, and the yells, and orders, and whoopings sounded as if uttered directly in le Bourdon's ear. A splashing in the water soon announced that our fugitive was pursued by swimmers. As the savages knew that the Bee-hunter was without a paddle, and that the wind blew fresh, the expectation of overtaking their late captive, in this manner, was by no means chimerical. Half a dozen active young men would prove very formidable to one in such a situation, more especially while entangled in the

mazes of the rice-plant. The Bee-hunter was so well convinced of this circumstance, that no sooner did he hear the plashes of the swimmers, than he redoubled his exertions to pull his canoe farther from the spot. But his progress was slow, and he was soon convinced that his impunity was more owing to the fact that his pursuers did not know where to find him, than to the rapidity of his flight.

Notwithstanding his exertions, and the start obtained, le Bourdon soon felt assured that the swimmers were within a hundred feet of him, their voices coming from the outer margin of the cover in which he now lay, stationary. He had ceased dragging the canoe ahead, from an apprehension of being heard, though the rushing of the wind and the rustling of the rice might have assured him that the slight noises made by his own movements would not be very likely to rise above those sounds. The splashing of the swimmers and their voices gradually drew nearer, until the Bee-hunter took up his rifle, determined to sacrifice the first savage who approached; hoping, thereby, to intimidate the others. For the first time, it now occurred to him that the breech of

his rifle might be used as a paddle, and he was resolved to apply it to that service, could he once succeed in extricating himself from the enemies by whom he was nearly environed, and from the rice.

Just as le Bourdon fancied that the crisis had arrived, and that he should soon be called on to kill his man, a shout was given by a savage at some distance in the river, and presently calls passed from mouth to mouth, among the swimmers. Our hero now listened to a degree that kept his faculty of hearing at a point of painful attention. The voices and plashes on the water receded, and what was startling, a sound was heard resembling that which is produced by a paddle when struck incautiously against the side of a canoe. Was it then possible that the Chippewa was out, or had the Pottawattamies one boat that had escaped his attention? The last was not very probable, as he had several times counted their little fleet, and was pretty sure of having taken it all to the other side of the river. The sound of the paddle was repeated, however; then it occurred to the Bee-hunter that Pigeonswing might be on the scent for another scalp.

Although the conjecture just mentioned was exceedingly unpleasant to le Bourdon, the chase of the strange canoe gave him an opportunity to drag his own light craft ahead, penetrating deeper and deeper among the wild rice, which now spread itself to a considerable distance from the shore, and grew so thick as to make it impossible to get through the waving mass. At length, wearied with his exertions, and a little uncertain as to his actual position, our hero paused, listening intently, in order to catch any sounds that might direct his future movements.

By this time, the savages had ceased to call to each other; most probably conscious of the advantage it gave the fugitive. The Bee-hunter perfectly understood that his pursuers must be aware of its being entirely out of his power to get to windward, and that they would keep along the shore of the river, as he did himself, expecting to see his canoe, sooner or later, driven by the wind on the beach. This had made him anxious to drag his boat as much towards the outer edge of the rice as he could get it, and, by the puffs of wind that he occasionally felt, he hoped he had, in a great measure, effected his purpose. Still he

had his apprehensions of the savages; as some would be very apt to swim quite out into the stream, not only to look for him, but to avoid being entangled among the plants. It was only in the natural channels of the rice, of which there were a good many, that a swimmer could very readily make his way, or be in much safety. By waiting long enough, moreover, the Bee-hunter was sure he should tire out his pursuers, and thus get rid of them.

Just as le Bourdon began to think this last-mentioned purpose had been accomplished, he heard low voices directly to windward, and the plashing of water, as if more than one man was coming down upon him, forcing the stalks of the plants aside. He grasped the rifle, and let the canoe drift, which it did slowly, under the power of the wind, notwithstanding the protection of the cover. The swimmers forced their way through the stalks; but it was evident, just then, that they were more occupied by their present pursuit, than in looking for him. Presently a canoe came brushing through the rice, forced by the wind, and dragged by two savages, one of whom swam on each bow. The last did not see

the Bee-hunter, or his canoe, the one nearest having his face turned in the opposite direction; but they were distincly seen by the former. Surprized that a seizure should be made with so little fracas, le Bourdon bent forward to look the better, and, as the stern of the strange canoe came almost under his eyes, he saw the form of Margery lying in its bottom. His blood curdled at this sight; for, his first impression was, that the charming young creature had been killed and scalped: but there being no time to lose, he sprang lightly from one canoe to the other, carrying the rifle in his hand. As he struck in the bottom of the boat of Gershom, he heard his name uttered in a sweet female voice, and knew that Margery was living. Without stopping, however, to inquire more, he moved to the head of the canoe, and with a sharp blow on the fingers, made each of the savages release his grasp. Then, seizing the rice-plants, he dragged the little craft swiftly to windward again. All this was done, as it might be in an instant; the savages and the canoe being separated some twenty feet, in much less time than is required to relate the occurrence.

"Bourdon, are you injured?" asked Margery, her voice trembling with anxiety.

"Not in the least, dear Margery—and you, my excellent girl?"

"They caught my canoe, and I almost died of fright; but they have only dragged it towards the shore."

"God be praised! Is there any paddle in the canoe?"

"There are several—one is at your feet, Bourdon—and here, I have another."

"Then, let us search for my canoe, and get out of the rice. If we can but find my canoe, we shall be safe enough, for the savages have nothing in which to cross the river. Keep your eyes about you, Margery, and look among the rice for the other boat."

The search was not long, but it was intently anxious. At length Margery saw the lost canoe just as it was drifting past them, and it was secured immediately. In a few minutes, le Bourdon succeeded in forcing the two craft into open water, when it was easy for him to paddle both to windward. The reader can readily imagine that our hero did not permit many minutes to elapse,

ere he questioned his companion on the subject of her adventures. Nor was Margery reluctant to tell them. She had become alarmed at le Bourdon's protracted absence, and taking advantage of Pigeonswing lying down, she unloaded her brother's canoe, and went out into the river to look for the absent one. As a matter of course —though so feminine and far removed from all appearance of coarseness, a true American girl in this respect—Margery knew perfectly well how to manage a bark canoe. The habits of her life for the last few years made her acquainted with this simple art; and strength being much less needed than skill, she had no difficulty in going whither she wished. The fires served as beacons, and Margery had been a distant witness of the Bee-hunter's necromancy as well as of his escape. The instant the latter was effected, she endeavoured to join him; and it was while incautiously paddling along the outer edge of the rice, with this intention, that her canoe was seized by two of the swimmers. As soon as these last ascertained that they had captured a "squaw," they did not give themselves the trouble to get into the canoe—a very difficult operation with one

made of bark, and which is not loaded—but they set about towing the captured craft to the shore, swimming each with a single hand, and holding on by the other.

"I shall not soon forget this kindness of yours, Margery," said le Bourdon, with warmth, when the girl had ended her simple tale, which had been related in the most artless and ingenuous manner. "No man could forget so generous a risk on the part of a young woman in his behalf."

"I hope you do not think it wrong, Bourdon—I should be sorry to have you think ill of me!"

"Wrong, dear Margery!—but no matter. Let us get ourselves out of present difficulties, and into a place of safety; then I will tell you honestly what I think of it, and of you, too. Was your brother awake, dear Margery, when you left the family?"

"I believe not—he sleeps long and heavily after drinking. But he can now drink no more, until he reaches the settlements."

"Not unless he find the Whiskey Spring," returned the Bee-hunter, laughing.

The young man then related to his wondering companion the history of the mummery and in-

cantations of which she had been a distant spectator. Le Bourdon's heart was light, after his hazards and escape, and his spirits rose as his narrative proceeded. Nor was pretty Margery in a mood to balk his humour. As the Bee-hunter recounted his contrivances to elude the savages, and most especially when he gave particulars of the manner in which he managed to draw whiskey out of the living rock, the girl joined in his merriment, and filled the boat with that melody of the laugh of her years and sex, which is so beautifully described by Halleck.

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## CHAPTER X.

The things that once she loved are still the same
Yet now there needs another name
To give the feeling which they claim,
  While she the feeling gives;
She cannot call it gladness or delight;
And yet there seems a richer, lovelier light
  On e'en the humblest thing that lives.

WASHINGTON ALSTON.

THE history given by le Bourdon lasted until the canoes reached the south shore. Glad enough was Dorothy to see them both safe back, for neither of her companions had yet awoke. It was then midnight, and all now retired to seek the rest, which might be so needful to prepare them for the exertions of the next day. The Bee-hunter slept in his canoe, while Margery shared the buffalo-skin of her sister.

As perfect security, for the moment at least,

was felt by the sleepers, their slumbers were sound, and reached into the morning. Then le Bourdon arose, and withdrawing to a proper distance, he threw off his clothes and plunged into the stream, in conformity with a daily practice of his at that genial season of the year. After bathing, the young man ascended a hill, whence he might get a good view of the opposite shore, and possibly obtain some notion of what the Pottawattamies were about. In all his movements, however, the Bee-hunter had an eye to the concealment of his person, it being of the last importance that the savages should not learn his position. With the intention of concealment, the fire had been suffered to go down, a smoke being a sign that no Indian would be likely to overlook. As for the canoes and the bivouac of the party, the wild rice, and an intermediate hill, formed a perfect cover, so long as nothing was shown above them.

From the height to which he ascended, the Bee-hunter, aided by his glass, got a very clear view of Whiskey Centre and the parts adjacent. The savages were already stirring, and were busy in the various avocations of the red man on a

war-path. One party was disposing of the body of their dead companion. Several were cooking, or cleaning the wild fowl shot in the bay, while a group was collected near the spot of the wished-for spring, reluctant to abandon the hopes to which it had given birth, at the very moment they were plotting to obtain the scalp of the "medicine-man." The beloved "fire-water," that seduces so many to their destruction, who have enjoyed the advantages of moral teaching, and which has been a withering curse on the red man of this continent, still had its influence; and the craving appetites of several of the drunkards of the party brought to the spot, as soon as their eyes opened on the new day. The Bee-hunter could see some of this cluster kneeling on the rocks, lapping like hounds at the scattered little pools of the liquor, while others scented around in the hope of yet discovering the bird that laid the golden egg. Le Bourdon had now little expectation that his assumed character could be maintained among these savages any longer, did accident again throw him in their way. The chiefs, he saw, distrusted all along, but had given him an opportunity to prove what he could do, in

order to satisfy the more vulgar curiosity of their young men. He wisely determined, therefore, to keep out of the hands of his enemies.

Although le Bourdon could hold a conversation in the tongue of the Ojebways, he was not fond of so doing. He comprehended without difficulty nearly all of what was said by them, and had observed the previous night that the warriors made many allusions to a chief, whom they styled Onoah, but who he himself knew was usually called Scalping Peter, among the whites of that frontier. This savage had a fearful reputation at all the garrisons, though he never showed himself in them; and he was now spoken of by the Pottawattamies present, as if they expected to meet him soon, and to be governed by his commands or his advice. The Bee-hunter had paid great attention whenever this dreaded name was mentioned, for he was fully aware of the importance of keeping clear of an enemy, who bore so bad a reputation, that it was not considered prudent for a white man to remain long in his company, even in a time of peace. His English *sobriquet* had been obtained from the circumstance of its being reputed that this chief, who seemed to

belong to no tribe in particular, while he had great influence with all, had on divers occasions murdered the pale-faces who fell in his way, and then scalped them. It was added, that he had already forty notches on his pole, to denote that number of scalps taken from the hated whites. In short, this Indian, a sort of chief by birth, though of what tribe no one exactly knew, appeared to live only to revenge the wrongs done his colour by the intruders, who had come from towards the rising sun to drive his people into the great salt lake, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Of course there was a good deal that was questionable in these reports; a rumour in the "openings" and on the prairies, having this general resemblance to those that circulate in towns, and in drawing-rooms, and at feasts, that no one of them all can be relied on as rigidly exact. But le Bourdon was still young, and had yet to learn how little of that which we all hear is true, and how very much is false. Nevertheless, as an Indian tradition is usually more accurate than a white man's written history, so is a rumour of the forest generally entitled to more respect than the ceaseless gossippings of the beings

who would be affronted were they not accounted civilized.

The Bee-hunter was still on the elevated bit of ground, making his observations, when he was joined by Margery. The girl appeared fresh and handsome, after a night of sleep, and coming from her dressing-room in a thicket, and over a stream of sweet, running water; but she was sad and thoughtful. No sooner had le Bourdon shaken her hand, and repeated his thanks for the succour of the past night, than the full heart of Margery poured out its feelings, as the swollen stream overflows its banks, and began to weep.

"Brother is awake," she said, so soon as her sobs were quieted by a powerful effort; "but, as is usual with him after hard drinking, *so* stupid, that Dolly cannot make him understand our danger. He tells her he has seen too many Injins to be afraid of these, and that they will never harm a family that has brought so much liquor into their country."

"His senses must be at a low ebb, truly, if he counts on Injin friendship because he has sold fire-water to the young men!" answered le Bourdon, with a nice understanding of not only Indian

nature, but of human nature. We may like the sin, Margery, while we detest the tempter. I have never yet met with the man, pale-face or red skin, who did not curse, in his sober moments, the hand that fed his appetite while intoxicated."

"I dare say that may be very true," returned the girl, in a low voice; "but one has need of his reason to understand it. What will become of us now, it is hard to say!"

"Why *now*, Margery, more than yesterday, or the day before?"

"Yesterday there were no savages near us, and Gershom had all along told us he intended to start for the garrison, at the head of the lake, as soon as he got back from his visit to the openings. He *is* back; but not in a state to protect his wife and sister from the red men, who will be looking for us as soon as they can build a canoe, or anything that will do to cross the river with."

"Had they even a canoe," returned le Bourdon, coolly, "they would not know where to look for us. Thank Heaven! *that* will be a job that would take some time; nor is a bark canoe built in a minute. But, Margery, if your brother be a

little dull and heavy, after his debauch, *I* am sober, and as much awake as ever I was in my life."

"Oh! you have no weakness like that of poor brother's, to make you otherwise; but, Bourdon, you will naturally wish to take care of yourself and your property, and will quit us the first good opportunity. I'm sure that we have no right to expect you will stay a minute longer than it is your interest to do so, and I do not know that I wish it."

"Not wish it! Margery," exclaimed the Bee-hunter, in the manner of a disappointed man. "I had supposed you *would* have wished my company. But, now I know the contrary, I shall not much care how soon I go, or into whose hands I fall."

It is strange how apt are those who ought to understand one another so readily, to misinterpret each other's thoughts. Margery had never seen the Bee-hunter twenty-four hours before, though she had often heard of him, and of his success in his art; for the fame of a man of good reputation and active qualities spreads far on a frontier. The very individual whose existence would be

nearly overlooked in a crowded region shall be spoken of, and known by his qualities, a hundred leagues from his place of residence, when settlements are few and far apart. In this way, Margery had heard of Boden, or of "Bourdon," as she called him, in common with hundreds who, confounding his real name with his *sobriquet*, made the mistake of using the last, under the impression that it was the true appellation. Margery had no other knowledge of French than the few words gleaned in her slow progress along a frontier on which, it is true, more of that language than of any other was heard, but heard under circumstances that were not particularly favourable to the acquisition of a foreign tongue. Had she understood the real meaning of "Bourdon," she would have bitten off her tongue before she would have once called Boden by such an appellation; though the Bee-hunter himself was so accustomed to his Canadian nick-name, as to care nothing at all about it. But Margery did not like to give pain to any one; and, least of all, would she desire to inflict it on the Bee-hunter, though he were only an acquaintance of a day. Still, Margery could not muster sufficient courage

to tell her new friend how much he was mistaken, and that of all the youths she had ever met, she would most prefer to keep him near her brother and sister in their distress; while the young man, inspired by a pure and infant passion, was just in the frame of mind to believe the worst of himself, and of his claims to the attention of her who had begun to occupy so many of his thoughts.

No explanation occurring, our young people descended from the hill, misconceiving each other's meaning and wishes, and unhappy under the influence of an ideal source of misery, when actual circumstances created so many that were substantial and real. Gershom was found awake, but, as his sister had described him, stupid and lethargic. The Bee-hunter at once saw that, in his present condition, Whiskey Centre would still be an incumbrance rather than of any service, in the event of an occasion for extraordinary exertion. Margery had hinted that it usually took twenty-four hours to bring her brother entirely round, after one of his serious debauches; and, within that time, it was more than probable that the fate of the family would be decided.

Le Bourdon thought intently, during breakfast,

of the condition of his party, and of the best mode of proceeding, while the pallid and anxious young creature at his side, believed he was deliberating solely on the best means of extricating himself, and his store of honey, from the savages on the other shore. Had the acquaintance between these young people been of longer date than it actually was, Margery could not have entertained a notion so injurious to the Bee-hunter, for a single moment; but there was nothing either violent, or depreciating, in supposing that one so near being a total stranger would think first of himself and his own interests, in the situation in which this young man was now placed.

Little was said during the meal. Dorothy was habitually silent; the result of grief and care. As for her husband, he was too stupid to talk, though usually somewhat garrulous; while the Indian seldom did two things at the same time. This was the hour for acting; when that for talking should arrive, he would be found equal to its duties. Pigeonswing could either abstain from food, or could indulge in it without measure, just as occasion offered. He had often gone for days without tasting a mouthful, with the exception of

a few berries, perhaps; and he had lain about the camp-fire, a week at a time, gorging himself with venison, like an anaconda. It is perhaps fortunate for the American Indian, that this particular quality of food is so very easy of digestion, since his excesses on it are notorious, and so common to his habits as almost to belong to his nature. Death might otherwise often be the consequence.

When the breakfast was ended, it was time to consult about the future course. As yet, the Pottawattamies had made no new discovery; but the sagacity of the red man was ever to be feared, when it came to be merely a question of finding his foe in a forest.

"We have obtained one advantage over the enemy," said le Bourdon, "by crossing the river. Water leaves no trail; even had Crowsfeather a canoe, he might not know where to go in it, in order to find us."

"Dat not so," put in the Chippewa a little dogmatically; "know we hab canoe—know cross river in him."

"*Why* should they know this, Pigeonswing? We may have gone out upon the lake, or we may

have gone up into the oak openings again, for anything the Pottawattamies can know to the contrary."

"Tell you, not so. Know don't go on lake, cause wind blow. Know don't go up river, cause dat hard work; know come here, cause dat easy. Injin like to do what easy, and pale-face do just what Injin do. Crowsfeather make raft, pretty soon; *den* he come look arter scalp."

"Yes," said Margery, gently, "you had better load your canoe at once, and go on the lake, while the savages cannot reach you. The wind is fair for them that are to go north; and I have heard you say that you are bound to Mackinaw."

"I shall load my canoe, and I shall load *yours* too, Margery; but I shall not go away from this family, so long as any in it stand in need of my services."

"Brother will be able to help us by afternoon. He manages a canoe well, when himself; so go, Bourdon, while you can. I dare say you have a mother at home; or a sister—perhaps a wife——"

"Neither," interrupted the Bee-hunter, with emphasis. "No one expects me; no one has a *right* to expect me."

The colour stole into pretty Margery's cheeks as she heard these words, and a ray of comfort gleamed on an imagination that, for the last hour, had been pourtraying the worst. Still, her generous temper did not like the idea of the Bee-hunter's sacrificing himself for those who had so few claims on him, and she could not but again admonish him of the necessity of losing no time.

"You will think better of this, Bourdon," the girl resumed. "We are going south, and cannot quit the river with this wind; but you could not have a better time to go north, unless the wind blows harder than I think it does."

"The lake is a bad water for a canoe, when there is much wind," put in Gershom, yawning after he had spoken, as if the effort fatigued him. "I wonder what we're all doin' over on this side of the river! Whiskey Centre is a good enough country for me; I'm going back to look arter my casks, now I've breakfasted. Come, Doll, let's load up, and be off."

"You are not yourself yet, Gershom," returned the sorrowful wife, "or you would not talk in this way. You had better listen to the advice of Bourdon, who has done so much for us already,

and who will tell you the way to keep out of Injin clutches. We owe our lives to Bourdon, Gershom, and you should thank him for it."

Whiskey Centre muttered a few half-intelligible words of thanks, and relapsed into his state of drowsy indifference. The Bee-hunter saw, however, that the effects of the brandy were leaving him, and he managed to get him on one side, where he persuaded the fellow to strip and go into the water. The bath did wonders for the poor creature, who soon got to be so far himself again, as to be of use, instead of being an incumbrance. When sober, and more especially when sober for several consecutive days, Gershom was a man of sufficient energy, possessing originally great personal strength and activity, which had been essentially lessened, however, by his excesses in liquor. It has already been stated what a different being he became, in a moral point of view, after having been sober for any length of time.

On his return from the bathing, le Bourdon again joined the females. Margery had been weeping; but she smiled in a friendly way on meeting his eye, and appeared less anxious for his departure than she had been an hour before. As

the day advanced, and no signs of the savages were seen, a sense of greater security began to steal over the females, and Margery saw less necessity for the departure of their new friend. It was true, he was losing a wind; but the lake was rough, and after all it might be better to wait. In short, now that no immediate danger was apparent, Margery began to reason in conformity with her wishes, as is so apt to be the case with the young and inexperienced. The Bee-hunter perceived this change in the deportment of his fair friend, and was well enough disposed to hope it would admit of a favourable construction.

All this time, the Chippewa had taken little visible interest in the state of the party to which he had now attached himself. The previous evening had been fertile in excitement and in gratification, and he had since slept and ate to his entire content. He was ready to meet events as they might arise, and began to plot the means of obtaining more Pottawattamie scalps. Let not the refined reader feel disgust at this exhibition of the propensities of an American savage. Civilized life has had, and still has very many customs little less excusable than that of scalping. Without

dragging into the account the thousand and one sins that disgrace and deform society, it will be sufficient to look into the single interest of civilized warfare, in order to make out our case. In the first place, the noblest strategy of the art is, to put the greatest possible force on the least of the enemy, and to slay the weaker party by the mere power of numbers. Then, every engine that ingenuity can invent is drawn into the conflict; and rockets, revolvers, shells, and all other infernal devices, are resorted to, in order to get the better of an enemy who is not provided with such available means of destruction. And after the battle is over, each side commonly claims the victory; sometimes, because a partial success has been obtained in a small portion of the field; sometimes, because half a dozen horses have run away with a gun, carrying it into the hostile ranks; and again, because a bit of rag has fallen from the hands of a dead man, and been picked up by one of the opposing side. How often has it happened that a belligerent, well practised in his art, has kept his own colours out of the affair, and then boasted that they were not lost! Now, an Indian practises no such shame-

less expedients. His point of honour is not a bit of rag, but a bit of his skin. He shaves his head because the hair encumbers him; but he chivalrously leaves a scalplock, by the aid of which his conqueror can the more easily carry away the coveted trophy. The thought of cheating in such a matter never occurs to his unsophisticated mind; and as for leaving his "colours" in barracks, while he goes into the field himself, he would disdain it—nay, cannot practise it; for the obvious reason that his head would have been left with them.

Thus was it with Pigeonswing. He had made his toilet for the war-path, and was fierce in his paint, but honest and fair-dealing in other particulars. If he could terrify his enemies by looking like a skeleton, or a demon, it was well; his enemy would terrify him, if possible, by similar means. But neither would dream, or did dream, of curtailing, by a single hair, that which might be termed the flag-staff of his scalp. If the enemy could seize it, he was welcome to the prize; but if he could seize that of the enemy, no scruples on the score of refinement, or delicacy, would be apt to interfere with his movements. It was in

this spirit, then, that Pigeonswing came to the canoe, where le Bourdon was holding a little private discourse with Margery, and gave utterance to what was passing in his mind.

"Good time, now, get more scalp, Bourdon," said the Chippewa, in his clipping, sententious English.

"It is a good time, too, to keep our own, Chippewa," was the answer. "Your scalp-lock is too long, to be put before Pottawattamie eyes without good looking after it."

"Nebber mind him—if go, go; if stay, stay. Always good for warrior to bring home scalp."

"Yes; I know your customs in this respect, Pigeonswing; but ours are different. We are satisfied if we can keep out of harm's way, when we have our squaws and pappooses with us."

"No pappoose here," returned the Indian, looking around him—"dat your squaw, eh?"

The reader can readily imagine that this abrupt question brought blushes into the cheeks of pretty Margery, making her appear ten times more handsome than before: while even le Bourdon did not take the interrogatory wholly undisturbed. Still, the latter answered manfully, as became his sex.

"I am not so fortunate as to have a squaw, and least of all to have *this*," said le Bourdon.

"Why no hab her—she good squaw," returned the literal-minded Indian—"han'some 'nough for chief. *You* ask; *she* hab—know squaw well—always like warrior to ask him fuss; den say, yes."

"Ay, that may do with your red-skin squaws," le Bourdon hastily replied, for he saw that Margery was not only distressed, but a little displeased—"but not with the young women of the pale faces. I never saw Margery before last evening; and it takes time for a pale-face girl to know a youth."

"Just so wid red-skin—sometime don't know, till too late! See plenty dat in wigwam."

"Then it is very much in the wigwams as it is in the houses. I have heard this before."

"Why not same?—skin make no difference—pale-face spile squaw, too—make too much of her."

"That can *never* be!" exclaimed le Bourdon, earnestly. "When a pretty, modest, warm-hearted young woman accepts a youth for a husband, he can never make *enough* of her!"

On hearing sentiments so agreeable to a woman's ears, Margery looked down, but she looked

pleased. Pigeonswing viewed the matter very differently; and being somewhat of a partisan in matters relating to domestic economy, he had no thought of leaving a point of so much importance in so bad a way. Accordingly, it is not surprising that, in pursuing the subject, he expressed opinions in several essentials diametrically the reverse of those of the Bee-hunter.

"Easy 'nough spile squaw," rejoined the Chippewa. "What she good for, don't make her work? Can't go on war-path—can't take scalp—can't shoot deer—can't hunt—can't kill warrior—so *muss* work. Dat what squaw good for."

"That may do among red men, but we pale-faces find squaws good for something else—we love them and take care of them—keep them from the cold in winter, and from the heat in summer; and try to make them as comfortable and happy as we can."

"Dat good talk for young squaw's ear," returned the Chippewa, a little contemptuously as to manner; though his real respect for the Bee-hunter, of whose prowess he had so lately been a witness, kept him a little within bounds—"but

it bess not take nobody in. What Injin say to squaw, he do—what pale-face say, he no do."

"Is that true, Bourdon?" demanded Margery, laughing at the Indian's earnestness.

"I shall be honest, and own that there may be some truth in it—for the Injin promises nothing, or next to nothing, and it is easy to square accounts, in such cases. That white men undertake more than they always perform is quite likely to be the fact. The Injin gets his advantage in this matter, by not even thinking of treating his wife as a woman should be treated."

"How should treat woman?" put in Pigeonswing with warmth. "When warrior eat venison, gib her rest, eh? Dat no good—what you call good, den? If good hunter husband, she get 'nough—if an't good hunter, she don't get 'nough. Just so wid Injin—sometime hungry, sometime full. Dat way to live!"

"Ay, that may be your red man's ways, but it is not the manner in which we wish to treat our wives. Ask pretty Margery, here, if she would be satisfied to wait until her husband had eaten his dinner, and then come in for the scraps. No—

no—Pigeonswing: we feed our women and children *first*, and come in last ourselves."

"Dat good for pappoose—he little; want venison—squaw tough; use to wait. Do her good."

Margery now laughed outwright, at these specimens of Indian gallantry, which only too well embody the code of the red-man's habits. Doubtless the heart has its influence among even the most savage people, for nature has not put into our breasts feelings and passions to be discarded by one's own expedients or wants. But no advocate of the American Indian has ever yet been able to maintain that woman fills her proper place in his estimate of claims. As for Margery, though so long subject to the whims, passions, and waywardness of a drunkard, she had reaped many of the advantages of having been born in that woman's paradise, New England. We are no great admirers of the legacy left by the Puritan to his descendant, taken as an inheritance in morals, manners, and customs, and as a whole; though there are parts, in the way of codicils, that there is no portion of the Christian world which might not desire to emulate. In particular, do we al-

lude to the estimate put upon, and the treatment received by, their women. Our allusion is not to the refinement and gracefulness of polished intercourse, for of *them* the Blarney Rock of Plymouth has transmitted but a meagre account in the inventory, and perhaps the less that is said about this portion of the family property the better; but, dropping a few degrees in the social scale, and coming down to the level which we are accustomed to regard people merely as men and women, we greatly question if any portion of the world can furnish a parallel to the manly, considerate, rational, and wisely discriminating care, that the New England husband, as the rule, bestows on his wife; the father on his daughter; or the brother on his sister. Gershom was a living, and all things considered, a remarkable instance of these creditable traits. When sober, he was uniformly kind to Dorothy; and for Margery he would at any time risk his life. The latter, indeed, had more power over him than his own wife possessed, and it was her will and her remonstrances that most frequently led him back from the verge of that precipice over which he was so often disposed to cast himself. By some secret link she

bound him closest to the family dwelling, and served most to recall the days of youth and comparative innocence, when they dwelt together beneath the paternal roof, and were equally the objects of the affection and solicitude of the same kind mother. His attachment to Dorothy was sincere, and for one so often brutalized by drink, steady; but Dorothy could not carry him as far back, in recollections, as the one only sister who had passed the morning of life with him, in the same homely but comfortable abode.

We have no disposion to exaggerate the character of those whom it is the fashion to term the American yeomen, though why such an appellation should be applied to any in a state of society to which legal distinctions are unknown, is what we could never understand. There are no more of Esquires and Yeomen in this country than there are of Knights and Nobles, though the quiet manner in which the transition from the old to the new state of things has been made, has not rendered the public mind very sensible to the changes. But, recurring to the class, which is a positive thing, and consequently ought to have a name of some sort or other, we do not belong to

those that can sound its praises without some large reservations on the score of both principles and manners. Least of all, are we disposed to set up these yeomen as a privileged class, like certain of the titular statesmen of the country, and fall down and worship a calf—not a golden one by the way—of our own setting up. We can see citizens in these yeomen, but not princes, who are to be especially favoured by laws made to take from others to bestow on them. But, making allowances for human infirmities, the American freeholder belongs to a class that may justly hold up its head among the tillers of the earth. He improves daily, under the influence of beneficent laws, and if he don't get spoiled, of which there is some danger, in the eagerness of factions to secure his favour, and through that favour his *vote*,—if he escape this danger, he will ere long make a reasonably near approach to that being, which the tongue of the flatterer would long since have persuaded him he had already more than got to be.

To one accustomed to be treated kindly, as was the case with Margery, the Chippewa's theory for the management of squaws contained much to

excite her mirth, as well as her resentment, as she now made apparent by her remarks.

"You do not deserve to *have* a wife, Pigeons-wing," she cried, half-laughing, yet evidently alive to the feelings of her sex—"can have no gratitude for a wife's tenderness and care. I wonder that a Chippewa girl can be found to have you!"

"Don't want him," cooly returned the Indian, making his preparations to light his pipe—"got Winnebagoe squaw, already; good 'nough for me. Shoot her t'other husband and take his scalp—den she come into my wigwam."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Margery.

But this was a word the savage did not understand, and he continued to puff at the newly-lighted tobacco, with all of a smoker's zeal. When the fire was secured, he found time to continue the subject.

"Yes, dat good war-path—got rifle; got wife; got *two* scalp! Don't do so well, ebbery day."

"And that woman hoes your corn, and cooks your venison?" demanded the Bee-hunter.

"Sartain—capital good to hoe—no good to cook—make deer meat too dry. Want to be made to mind business. Bye'm by teach him. No

l'arn all at once, like pale-face pappoose in school."

"Pigeonswing, have you never observed the manner in which the white man treats his squaw?"

"Sartain—see him make much of her—put her in warm corner—wrap blanket round her—give her venison 'fore he eat himself—see all dat, often—what den? *Dat* don't make it right."

"I give you up, Chippewa, and agree with Margery in thinking you ought not to have a squaw, at all."

"T'ink alike den—why no get marry?" asked the Indian, without circumlocution.

Margery's face became red as fire; then her cheeks settled into the colour of roses, and she looked down, embarrassed. The Bee-hunter's admiration was very apparent to the Indian, though the girl did not dare to raise her eyes from the ground, and so did not take heed of it. But, this gossipping was suddenly brought to an end by a most unexpected cause of interruption; the manner and form of which it shall be our office to relate, in the succeeding chapter.

## CHAPTER XI.

So should it be—for no heart beats
Within his cold and silent breast;
To him no gentle voice repeats
The soothing words that make us blest.

PEABODY.

THE interruption came from Dorothy, who, on ascending the little height, had discovered a canoe coming into the mouth of the river, and who was running, breathless with haste, to announce the circumstance to the Bee-hunter. The latter immediately repaired to the eminence, and saw for himself the object that so justly had alarmed the woman.

The canoe was coming in from the lake, after running before the wind, which now began to abate a little in its strength, and it evidently had been endeavouring to proceed to the northward. The reason for its entering the river, was probably

connected with the cookery or food of the party, since the lake was each minute getting to be safer, and more navigable for so light a craft. To le Bourdon's great apprehension, he saw the savages on the north shore making signals to this strange canoe, by means of smoke, and he foresaw the probability of his enemies obtaining the means of crossing the stream, should the strangers proceed in the desired direction. To counteract this design, he ran down to a spot on the beach where there was no rice-plant, and showing himself to the strangers, invited them to land on the south side, which was much the nearest, and in other visible respects quite as convenient as the opposite bank of the river. One of the strangers soon made a gesture with an arm, implying assent, and the bows of this strange canoe were immediately turned toward the spot where the Bee-hunter stood.

As the canoe drew near, the whole party including Pigeonswing, came to the margin of the water to receive the strangers. Of the last, there were three; one paddling at each end of the light bark, and a third seated in its centre, doing nothing. As the Bee-hunter had his glass, with

which he examined these visitors, he was soon questioned by his companions concerning their character and apparent purposes.

"Who are they, Bourdon?" demanded the impatient Margery,—"and why do they come here?"

"The last is a question they must answer for themselves, but the person paddling in the bows of the canoe seems to be a white man, and a soldier—or a half-soldier, if one may judge from his dress. The man in the middle of the canoe is white, also. This last fellow seems to be a parson—yes, he *is* a clergyman, though pretty well used up in the wilderness, as to dress. The third man is a red-skin, beyond all doubt."

"A clergyman!" repeated Margery, in surprise. "What should a clergyman be doing here?"

"There are missionaries scattered about among the savages, I suppose you know, and this is probably one of them. A body can tell one of these parsons by his outside, as far as he can see him. The poor man has heard of the war, most likely, and is trying to get back into the settlements while his scalp is safe on his head."

"Don't hurt *him*," put in the Chippewa, pointedly. "Know *mean* well—talk about Great

Spirit—Injin don't scalp sich medicine-men—if don't mind what he say, no good to take his scalp."

"I'm glad to hear this, Pigeonswing, for I had begun to think *no* man's scalp was safe under *your* fingers. But what can the so'ger be doing down this a-way? A body would think there was business enough for all the so'gers up at the garrison, at the head of the lake. By the way, Pigeonswing, what has become of your letter to the captain at Fort Dearborn, to let him know of the war?"

"Chaw him up, like so much 'baccy," answered the Chippewa—"yes, chaw him up, lest Pottawattamie get hold on him, and ask one of King George's men to read him. No good to hab letter in sich times."

"The general who employed you to carry that letter, will scarce thank you for your care."

"Yes he do—t'ank the same—pay all same—letter no use, now."

"How can you know that? The letter might be the means of preventing the garrison from falling into the enemy's hands."

"Got dere, already. Garrison all kill, scalp, or prisoner. Pottawattamie talk tell me *dat*."

"Is this possible! Mackinaw and Chicago both gone, already! John Bull must have been at work among the savages a long time to get them into this state of readiness!"

"Sartain—work long as can 'member. *Alway* somebody talkin' for Great Montreal Fadder among red men."

"It must be as you say, Chippewa—but, here are our visitors—let us see what we can make of *them*."

By this time the canoe was so near as to render it easy to distinguish countenances and dress, without the aid of a glass—so near, indeed, that a swift-moving boat, like the canoe, might be soon expected to reach the shore. The truth of the observation of the Bee-hunter was confirmed, as the strangers approached. The individual in the bows of the canoe was clearly a soldier, in a fatigue dress, and the musket between his legs was one of those that Government furnishes to the troops of the line. The man in the middle of the boat could no more be mistaken than he in its bows. Each might be said to be in uniform:—the well-worn, nay, almost thread-bare black coat of the "minister," as much denoting him to be a

man of peace, as the fatigue-jaket and cap on the person of his hard-featured and weather-beaten companion was a man of war. As for the red man, Pigeonswing declared that he could not yet tell his tribe, though there was that about his air, attire, and carriage, that proclaimed him a chief—and, as the Chippewa fancied, a chief of note. In another minute the bows of the light craft grated gently on the shingle of the beach.

"Sago, sago," said the soldier, rising to step ashore—"sago all, friends, and I hope we come to a welcome camp."

"You are welcome," returned the Bee-hunter. "Welcome as strangers met in the wilderness, but more welcome, as I see by your dress that you are a veteran of one of Uncle Sam's regiments."

"Quite true, Mr. Bee-hunter; for such I see is *your* callin', by the honey vessel and glass you carry, and by the other signs about you. We are travelling towards Mackinaw, and hope to fare as friends, while we stay in your good company."

"In going to Mackinaw, do you expect to meet with an *American* or an *English* garrison?"

"One of our own to be sure," returned the soldier, looking up from his work, like one struck by the question.

"Mackinaw has fallen, and is now an English post, as well as Chicago."

"This, then, must alter our plans, Mr. Amen!" exclaimed the soldier, addressing the minister. "If the enemy has Mackinaw, it will not do for us to trust ourselves on the island."

"Amen" was not the real name of the missionary; but it was a *soubriquet* bestowed by the soldiers, on account of the unction with which this particular word was ordinarily pronounced, and quite likely too, because it was the word of all others most pleasant to their ears, after a sermon or a prayer. It had by long use got to be so familiar, that the men did not scruple to use it to the good man's face. This missionary was a Methodist; a sect that possessed in that day, very few clergymen of education, most of its divines coming of a class in life that did not predispose them to take offence at light invasions on their dignity, and whose zeal and habitual self-denial had schooled them into a submission to far more positive personal privations, than any

connected with the mere tongue. That there are "wolves in sheep's clothing" among the Methodists, as well as among the other religious sects of the country, our daily experience shows; but the mind must be sadly inclined to believe evil of others which does not see, in the humble and untiring efforts of this particular sect of Christians, more than mere fanaticism or hypocrisy can produce.

"You are right, corporal," returned the missionary; "since this is the case, I see no better course for us to pursue, than to put ourselves altogether in the hands of Onoah. He has counselled us well hitherto, and will do better by us than any other guide to be found, out in this wilderness."

Le Bourdon could scarcely trust his sense of hearing! Onoah was the Indian appellation of the terrible and much dreaded savage, who in English went by the name of Scalping Peter, or "Scalping Pete," among all the white dwellers on that frontier, and at all the garrisons of the Americans, far and near. The Indian name, indeed, was said to mean "scalp," in several of the dialects of the Iroquois. Perhaps it may be well also to explain here, that the term "garrison"

did not imply, in the language of that region, the troops only who garrisoned a post, but it was even oftener applied to the post itself, than to those who held it. Thus old, empty, and deserted forts, those that have actually been abandoned, and are devoted to decay, are almost universally styled the "garrisons," although a soldier has not put foot in them for a quarter of a century. This is one of the proofs of the controvertible nature of our language, of which the country affords so many, and which has changed the smaller-sized "rivers" into creeks," "lakes" into "ponds," "squares" into "parks," public promenades on the water into "batteries;" to all of which innovations, bad as they may be, and useless and uncalled for, and wanton as they are, we are much more willing to submit, than to the new-fangled and lubberly abomination of saying "*on* a steamboat," or "*on* a ship."

While le Bourdon was so much astounded at hearing the terrible name of Onoah, which was familiar enough to him, neither of his white companions betrayed any emotion. Had the Indian been termed "Scalping Peter," it is probable that both Dorothy and Margery would have screamed,

if not actually fled: but they knew nothing of the appellation that was given to this mysterious chief, in the language of the red men. To this circumstance, therefore, was it that the utterance of his name did not produce a general commotion. The Bee-hunter observed, nevertheless, a great change in the demeanour of the Chippewa, the instant the missionary had uttered the ominous word, though he did not seem to be alarmed. On the contrary, Boden fancied that his friend, Pigeonswing, was pleased, rather than terrified, at ascertaining the character of their visitor, though he no longer put himself forward, as had been the case previously; and from that moment the young warrior appeared to carry himself in a more subdued and less confident manner than was his wont. This unexpected demeanour on the part of his friend somewhat confounded le Bourdon, though it in a degree relieved his apprehensions of any immediate danger. All this time the conversation between the missionary and the corporal went on in as quiet and composed a manner, as if each saw no ground for any other uneasiness than that connected with the fall of Mackinaw.

"Yes, sir," returned the soldier; "Onoah is a

good guide, and a great hand at a council-fire; but these is war-times, and we must stand to our arms, each accordin' to his edication and temper —you, sir, with preachin' and prayin', and I with gun and baggonet."

"Ah! corporal, the preaching and praying would be of quite as much account with you men of war, as your arms and ammunition, if you could only be made to think so. Look at Fort Dearborn! It was defended by human means, having its armed band, and its guns and swords, and captains and corporals; yet you have seen their pride lowered, their means of defence destroyed, and a large part of your comrades massacred. All this has been done to armed men, while the Lord has brought *me*, an unarmed and humble teacher of his word, safely out of the hands of the Philistines, and placed me here in safety, on the shores of the Kalamazoo."

"For that matter, Mr. Amen, the Lord has done the same by *me*, with a musket on my shoulder and a baggonet by my side," returned the literal corporal. "Preachin' may be good on some marches; but arms and ammunition answers well enough on others. Hearken to the Hebrew,

who knows all the ways of the wilderness, and see if he don't give you the same opinion."

"The Hebrew is one of the discarded of the Lord, as he is one of the chosen of the Lord!" returned the missionary. "I agree with you, however, that he is as safe an adviser, for a human adviser, as can be easily found; therefore will I consult him. Child of the seed of Abraham," he added, turning to Onoah, "thou hast heard the tidings from Mackinaw; we cannot think any longer of pursuing our journey in that direction; whither then wouldst thou advise that we shall direct our steps? I ask this question of *thee* first, as an experienced and sagacious dweller in the wilderness: at a more fitting time, I intend to turn to the Lord, and seek divine aid for the direction of our footsteps."

"Ay," observed the corporal, who entertained a good deal of respect for the zealous, but slightly fanatical missionary, though he believed an Indian was always safe to consult in matters of this sort, "try *both*—if one staff should fail, it may be well to have another to lean on. A good soldier always keeps a part of his troops for a resarve. I remember when Mad Anthony gave the com-

mand to charge the inemy, at the Mawmee, we was all going forward like so many furious devils, but the old man said, 'No; keep these men in resarve,' he said, 'for no one knows when his flank may be turned, or he may catch a volley from his rear.' Well, what does Onoah tell you, Mr. Amen?"

By this time the strange Indian had landed, thus giving le Bourdon an opportunity of examining his person and attire more closely than he had hitherto done. This renowned savage—renowned, as fame is regarded on a frontier, where the posts of the whites were then a hundred leagues asunder—was in the summer dress of the woods, and any one acquainted with the customs of the North American Indian could at once perceive that he bore on his person the symbols of authority and rank. The insignia of the Golden Fleece, or of the Saint-Esprit, are not more infallible evidences of high personal degree among the nobles of Europe, than were the emblems borne by this savage, of his consideration among the people of his colour and origin, along the shores of the wild and inland seas of fresh water, which then were seldom ploughed by a keel;

which have since got to be familiar with the steamer, the propeller, brig, ship, and schooner; and which, ere the close of the present century, will, in all probability, be whitened, like the Mediterranean, with the canvass of the thousand craft that will be required for the navigation of their borders*. Around his neck Onoah wore what might be termed a gorget of tubes, made of the red pipe-stone of the west, and which were carved and wrought with care, if not with much skill. Above this he had a rude representation of a rattle-snake drawn on his breast with yellow paint. This was understood to be the "tolem," or "arms," of his tribe; though what that tribe was, where it dwelt, or whence it came, it was commonly believed among both the red-skins and pale-faces of the region, no one but himself knew. On a small silver medal that was suspended above the gorget was stamped the image of that cross on which the Son of God, in his human

* In crossing lake Erie, within the last few months, the writer, in a run of twenty-four hours, counted no less than sixty-three vessels, met, overtaken, and seen. He remembers that water, in the first ten years of the present century, when a single sail was an object of interest and curiosity. The change must have been witnessed to be appreciated.

character, suffered death for the redemption of men. It would seem that this savage, keen, sharp-witted, and observant as he was, though not a believer in the doctrines inculcated by the Bible, had none of that holy horror of this sacred emblem that so singularly besets the imaginations of many who profess to place all their hopes of salvation on the sacrifice that was made on its great original. He wore an ancient medal of the Jesuits, one that had passed through generations of his family, as a political rather than as a religious symbol, though perfectly aware of the spirit in which it had been first bestowed. He probably saw that the cross was revered by one class of missionaries, while another scarce endeavoured to conceal their distaste for it, a circumstance that might have confounded a neophyte of less acuteness than himself*.

* In the times of the crusades, the cross was adopted as an emblem of general use. All the castles and churches were adorned with this touching memorial of the origin of the Christian faith, in beautiful commemoration of the price paid for human salvation. Apertures were made for the windows, and a stone cross was erected in each, whence the French term of "*croisée.*" The same thing was done for the doors, which, by removing the panels, would be found to contain so many crosses. This last custom became general, and a cross, or crosses, are to be found at

Beneath the rattle-snake, or "tolem," of his tribe, Onoah had rudely drawn an expanded hand, in that attitude which denotes caution, or "beware." This might be termed the motto of his coat of arms; the "*gare à qui la touche*," or "noli me tangere," of his device.

The head was shaved, as is usual with a warrior, carrying only the chivalrous scalp-lock, but the chief was not in his paint. The outline of this celebrated savage's features was bold and eagle-like; a comparison that his steady, calm, piercing eye well sustained. The chin was full and expanded, the lips compressed and firm, the

this very hour in nearly every old panelled door in the country, even to the humblest dwellings of the descendants of the Puritans and Quakers. Ignorance preserved the emblems at the very moment these pious and critical saints were throwing aside gowns and cassocks, church music and kneeling, along with every thing else that, by the perversity of human ingenuity, could be made to appear connected, in the remotest degree, with the simplicity of human faith. There is something amusing in finding these quiet little material emblems of the crucifixion entrenching themselves in the very bed-rooms and "cupboards" (to use the vernacular) of "the saints," *par excellence*, at the precise period when not only their voices, but their hands were raised to dislodge them from that most appropriate of all positions, the summit of the church-spire—that "silent finger pointing to the skies"—in order to put (still in honour of the vernacular) a "rooster" in its stead!

teeth were short, but even and sound, his smile courteous, and, at times, winning.

In the way of attire, Onoah was simply dressed, consulting the season and his journey. He had a single eagle's feather attached to the scalp-lock, and wore a belt of wampum of more than usual value, beneath which he had thrust his knife and tomahawk; a light, figured, and fringed hunting-shirt of cotton covered his body, while leggings of deer-skin, with a plain moccasin of similar material, rose to his knee. The latter, with the lower part of a stout sinewy thigh, was bare. He also carried a horn and pouch, and a rifle of the American rather than of the military fashion—that is, one long, true, and sighted to the deviation of a hair.

On landing, Peter (for so he was generally called by the whites, when in courtesy they omitted the prefix of "scalping,") courteously saluted the party assembled around the bow of the canoe. This he did with a grave countenance, like a true American, but in simple sincerity, so far as human eye could penetrate his secret feelings. To each man he offered his hand, glancing merely at the two females; though it may be

questioned if he ever before had looked upon so perfect a picture of female loveliness as Margery at that precise instant presented, with her face flushed with excitement, her spirited blue eye wandering with curiosity, and her beautiful mouth slightly parted in admiration.

"Sago, sago!" said Peter, in his deep, guttural enunciation, speaking reasonably good English. "Sago, sago all, ole and young, friend come to see you, and eat in your wigwam—which head-chief, eh?"

"We have neither wigwam nor chief here," answered le Bourdon, though he almost shrunk from taking the hand of one of whom he had heard the tales of which this savage had been the hero; "we are common people, and have no one among us who holds the States' commission. I live by taking honey, of which you are welcome to all you can want, and this man is a helper of the suttlers at the garrisons. He was travelling south to join the troops at the head of the lake, and I was going north to Mackinaw, on my way in, towards the settlements."

"Why is my brother in such haste?" demanded Peter, mildly. "Bees get tired of making honey?"

"The times are troubled, and the red men have dug up the hatchet; a pale-face cannot tell when his wigwam is safe."

"Where my brodder wigwam?" asked Peter, looking warily around him. "See he an't here; where is he?"

"Over in the openings, far up the Kalamazoo. We left it last week, and had got to the hut on the other shore, when a party of Pottawattamies came in from the lake, and drove us over here for safety."

On hearing this, Peter turned slowly to the missionary, raising a finger as one makes a gesture to give emphasis to his words.

"Tole you so," said the Indian. "Know dere was Pottawattamie dere. Can tell 'em great way off."

"We fear them, having women in our party," added the Bee-hunter, "and think they might fancy our scalps."

"Dat like enough; all Injin love scalp in wartime. You Yankee, dey Br'ish; can't travel on same path now, and not quarrel. Muss not let Pottawattamie catch you."

"How are we to help it, now you have come in?

We had all the canoes on this side of the river, and were pretty safe, but should you cross and place your canoe in their hands, there is nothing to prevent them from doing what they please with us. If you will promise not to cross the river till we can get out well on the lake, we may shift our ground, however, and leave no trail."

"Muss cross over—yes, muss cross over, else Pottawattamie t'ink it strange—yes, muss cross over. Shan't touch canoe, dough."

"How can you help it, if they be so minded? You are but a single man, and they are twenty."

On hearing this, Corporal Flint pricked up his ears, and stood if possible more erect than ever, for he considered himself a part of a man at least, and one moreover who had served in all the wars of the West, from the great battle of St. Clair to that of Mad Anthony. He was spared the necessity of a reply, however, for Peter made a significant gesture which as much as told him that he would take that office on himself.

"No need be afeard," said Peter, quietly. "Know Pottawattamie—know all chief. Nobody touch canoe of Onoah when he say don't touch him."

"Yet they are Injins of the British, and I see you here in company with a soldier of Uncle Sam."

"No matter; Onoah go just where he please. Sometime to Pottawattamie; sometime to Iroquois. All Ojebways know Onoah. All Six Nation know him well. All Injin know him. Even Cherokee know him now, and open ears when he speak. Muss cross river, and shake hand with Crowsfeather."

There was nothing boastful, or vaunting, in Peter's manner while he thus announced his immunity or power, but he alluded to it in a quiet, natural way, like one accustomed to being considered a personage of consequence. Mankind, in general, make few allowances for the influence of habit; the sensibilities of the vain-glorious themselves being quite as often wounded by the most natural and direct allusions of those who enjoy advantages superior to their own, as by those that are intended to provoke comparisons. In the present instance, however, no such feeling could exist, the Indian asserting no more than his extended reputation would fully maintain.

When Peter had thus expressed himself, the

missionary thought it meet to add a few words in explanation. This he did, however, aside, walking a little apart with the Bee-hunter, in order so to do. As for Gershom, no one seemed to think him of sufficient importance to throw away any interest or care on him.

"You can trust to Peter, friend Bee-hunter," the missionary observed, "for what he promises he will perform. I know him well, and have put myself altogether in his hands. If he says that the Pottawattamies are not to have his canoe, the Pottawattamies will not get it. He is a man to be depended on."

"Is not this, then, Scalping Peter, who bears so terrible a name on all this frontier?" demanded le Bourdon.

"The same; but do not disturb yourself with *names;* they hurt no one, and will soon be forgotten. A descendant of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, is not placed in this wilderness by the hand of divine power for no purpose; since he is here, rely on it, it is for good."

"A descendant of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob! Is not Peter, then, a red-skin and an Injin?"

"Certainly; though no one knows his *tribe* but myself. I know it, friend Bee-hunter, and shortly will proclaim it throughout the length and breadth of the land. Yes, it has been given to *me* to make this important discovery, though I sometimes think that Peter himself is really as ignorant as all around him of the tribe to which he properly belongs."

"Do you wish to keep it a secret from me, too? I own that, in my eyes, the tribe of a red-skin goes a good way in making up my opinion of the man. Is he a Winnebagoe?"

"No, my friend, the Winnebagoes have no claims on him at all."

"Nor a Pottawattamie, Ottawa, or Ojebway of any sort?"

"He is none of these. Peter cometh of a nobler tribe than any that beareth such names."

"Perhaps he is an Injin of the Six Nations? They tell me that many such have found their way hither since the war of the revolution."

"All that may be true, but Peter cometh not of Pottawattamie, Ottawa, nor Ojebway."

"He can hardly be of the Sacs or the Foxes; he has not the appearance of an Injin from a region so far west."

"Neither, neither, neither," answered Parson Amen, now so full of his secret as fairly to let it overflow. "Peter is a son of Israel; one of the lost children of the land of Judea, in common with many of his red brethren—mind, I do not say *all*, but with *many* of his red brethren—though he may not know exactly of what tribe himself. This last point has exercised me greatly, and days and nights have I pondered over the facts. Turn to Genesis XLIX. and 14th, and there will you find all the authorities recorded. 'Zebulon shall dwell at the haven of the sea.' That refers to some other red brother, nearer to the coast, most clearly. 'Issachar is a strong ass, crouching down between two burdens;' 'and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute.' That refers, most manifestly to the black man of the southern states, and cannot mean Peter. 'Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path.' There is the red man for you, drawn with a pencil of truth! 'Gad, a troop shall overcome him.' Here, corporal, come this way and tell our new friend how Mad Anthony with his *troopers* finally routed the red-skins. You were there, and know all about it. No lan-

guage can be plainer: until the 'long-knives and leather-stockings' came into the woods, the red man had his way. Against *them*, he *could* not prevail."

"Yes," returned Corporal Flint, who delighted in talking of the wars, "it was very much as Parson Amen says. The savages, by their nimbleness and artifices, would first ambush us, and then break away from our charges, until the gin'ral bethought him of bringing cavalry into the wilderness. Nobody ever thought of such a plan, until old Anthony invented it. As soon as we got the fire of the savages, at the Mawmee, we charged with the baggonet, and put 'em up; and no sooner was they up, than away went the horse into them, flourishing the 'long knife,' and pressing the heel of the 'leather-stocking' into the flanks of their beasts. Mr. Amen has found a varse in Scriptur's that does come near to the pi'nt, and almost foretells our victory, and that, too, as plain as it stood in despatches, arterward, from head-quarters."

"'Gad, a *troop* shall overcome him,'" put in the missionary, triumphantly.

"That's it—that's it; there was just one troop

on 'em, and not a man more! Mad Anthony said a troop would answer, arter we had put the red-skins up out of their ambushes, or any other bushes; and so it did. I must acknowledge that I think more of the Scriptur's than ever, since Parson Amen read to me that varse."

"Hearken unto this, friend Bee-hunter," added the missionary, who by this time had fairly mounted his hobby, and fancied he saw a true Israelite in every other Indian of the West, "and tell me if words were ever more prophetic—'Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf; in the morning he shall devour his prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.' The art of man could not draw a more faithful picture of these Indians."

Boden was not much skilled in sacred lore, and and scarce knew what to make of all this. The idea that the American Indians were the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel was entirely new to him; nor did he know anything to boast of, touching those tribes, even in their palmiest days, and while in possession of the promised land; still he had some confused recollection of that which he had read when a child—what American has not?—and was enabled to put a question or

two, in return for the information now received.

"What, do you take the savages of America for Jews?" he asked, understanding the general drift of the missionary's meaning.

"As sure as you are there, friend Bee-hunter, though you are not to suppose that I think Peter Onoah of the tribe of Benjamin. No, I turn to the 21st verse for the tribe of Peter. Naphthali —Naphthalis, the root of his stock. 'Naphthali is a hind, let loose: he giveth goodly words.' Now, what can be plainer than this? A hind let loose is a deer running at large, and, by a metaphor, that deer includes the man that hunts him. Now Peter has been—nay, is still—a renowned hunter, and is intended to be enumerated among the hinds let loose: 'he giveth goodly words,' would set that point at rest, if anything were wanting to put it beyond controversy, or Onoah is the most eloquent speaker ear ever listened to. No one, that has ever heard him speak, can doubt that he is the one that 'giveth goodly words.'"

To what other circumstance the well-intentioned missionary would next have alluded, in the course of this demonstration of a theory that had got to

be a favourite with him, is more than can now be related, since the Indian himself drew near, and put an end to the conversation. Peter had made up his mind to cross the river at once; and came to say as much to his companions, both of whom he intended to leave behind him. Le Bourdon could not arrest this movement, short of an appeal to force; and force he did not like to use, doubting equally its justice and its prudence.

END OF VOL. I.

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