THE ERIE OBSERVER.

FORWARD!

VOLUME 19. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1848. NUMBER 10.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING JULY 22, 1848.

WHAT THE WHIGS SAID OF GEN. TAYLOR.

Since Gen. Taylor has *forced* the whigs to take him as their candidate against *the will* of nine-tenths of the party, and in the face of his own declaration that unless they should nominate him, he would run as an independent candidate, Democrats cannot be blamed for disentombing some of the sayings of those who now profess to regard him as the embodiment of all that is great as a statesman, soldier and scholar. But, say these consistent gentlemen, this is what we said before his nomination—having been nominated, we are bound as good party men, to waive our first preferences and support him.—Gentlemen whigs, every line that contained an argument against him then, is an argument against him now—a rebuke of the course of his present friends—a bitter insult to the brave man you now wish to make a tool of.—If Gen. Taylor was unfit for President six months since, he is unfit now. But we forbear comment, and leave the following from the Boston *Atlas, two weeks before* Gen. Taylor was nominated, to speak for itself. The *Atlas*, recollect, is the leading whig paper in New England, and now goes for Taylor, as this fully proves, without "why, or wherefore;"

"We belive it is well known by this time that we are not in favor of the nomination of Gen. Taylor.

We have done many things for our party not agreeable to us, but we never yet tried to delude any persons into informed than ourselves into the belief that a man with General Taylor's qualities ought to be President of the United States. We make no doubt that there are men in Mr. Bayly's district, Virginia, who believe that General Taylor is moderately well informed, but we shall not hazard our reputation, in this land of free schools, by stating that we believe there is ONE person in THIS Commonwealth, with a beard on, who believes any such thing.

But he is *available*, it is said. IGNORANCE has not unfrequently been considered as having some thing to do with availability. A certain man was once made EMPEROR, because of his STUPIDITY;—each one of his electors, desiring to be chosen, threw his vote for the weakest man in the assembly, electing him almost unanimously, to the astonishment of all.

We know there are men of good sense not able to write good English, but we do not think any such need to fear General Taylor as a rival, except in the latter respect. Men differ, it strikes us, as to what makes availability. Now the fact that a man introduced "bloodhounds" into the Florida war to hunt down the Seminoles, does not make him, in our mind, any *more* available as a candidate for the Presidency; nor is our enthusiasm awakened overmuch by the fact, that in this age a man owns two or three hundred slaves, and works them on such States as Louisiana and Mississippi. The fact that a man has not slept under a roof for some time, when he could have done so, might commend him to the Red-Heads or the Choctaws, but we really don't see how it is going to prepare him for the White House.

We don't mind a ROUSD OATH OR TWO when a man has the tooth-ache or the gout, but we cannot see how a habit of calling upon "Simboro" for aid, is going to make a man available with two or three hundred thousand freeman voters.

Consistency we know is not an available quality but a good *memory* is, and a seeming regard for the truth is desirable: The *intention*, however, governs; we can therefore overlook the directly opposite statements in Gen. Taylor's letters of August 3d, 1847, and April 20th, 1848. (one he says a man of some experience in state affairs would be selected, (as a candidate for the Presidency,) and that he would cheerfully *acquiesce* in such a choice—on the other, he says that the reports, that he *would* do so, circulating in the northern papers, have no foundation in "any verbal or written statement of (mine) his." The mistake was probably made by the letter-writers, who seem to be as careless of his interests as are some of the *editorial friends* of Mr. Webster of his.

It is rumored that there are men in Boston—WE have not seen them—who compare Gen. Taylor to Washington. All we have to say is, that such gentlemen are exceedingly *ironical*, and we are glad for their sakes that Washington left no immediate heir over-sensitive about his memory.

RESIGNATION OF GOVERNOR SHUNK.

From the Harrisburg Democratic Union.

It becomes our painful duty to announce to the people of Pennsylvania, that by an inscrutable decree of Providence, our most excellent Governor has been laid on a bed of sickness, from which there now seems to be no hope of restoration: and with that magnanimity which has characterised all his acts, of his own free will and accord, without a single suggestion having been made to him by any of his constitutional advisers, he has resigned in the hands of the people the trust with which they had clothed him, in order that they may choose a successor at the election to take place on the second Tuesday of October next.

In all his public acts the good of the people has been uppermost in the heart of the Governor, and this solemn duty—in all human probability the last public act of his life—evinces in its true light the character of Governor Shunk, whose dying prayer seems to be that the will of the people of this Commonwealth may be carried out. Our pen fails us to speak on this subject as we would desire; we therefore close with presenting to the public the resignation of the Governor, witnessed by Henry Buehler, Esq., and the Rev. Dr. DeWitt, Pastor of the Presbyterian church of our borough.

To the people of Pennsylvania:

It having pleased Divine Providence to deprive me of the strength necessary to the further discharge of the duties of your Chief Magistrate, and to lay me on a bed of sickness, from which I am admonished by my physicians, and my own increasing debility, I may, in all human probability, never rise, I have resolved, upon mature reflection under a conviction of duty, on this day, to restore to you, the trust with which your suffrages have clothed me, in order that you may avail yourselves of the provision of the Constitution, to choose a successor at the next general election. I therefore, hereby, resign the office of Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and direct this, my resignation, to be filed in the office of the Secretary of the commonwealth.

In taking leave of you, under circumstances so solemn, I accept my gratitude for the confidence you have reposed in me. My prayer is, that peace, virtue, intelligence and religion, may prevade all your borders—that the free institutions you have inherited from your ancestors, may remain unimpared till the latest posterity—that the same kind Providence, which has already, so signally, blessed us, may conduct you to a still higher state of individual and social happiness—and when the world shall close upon you, as I feel it is soon about to close upon me, that I may enjoy the consolations of the Christian's faith, and be gathered, without a wanderer lost, into the fold of the Great Shepherd above.

FRS. R. SHUNK.

HARRISBURG, *July* 9, 1848.

☞ The Boston Times assures the public that there were no Democrats among the ten thousand persons attending the late Worchester Convention. Not even the long Mr. Morton, the self-elected delegate to most of the recent bolting Conventions.

☞ We learn from Cincinnati, that no one who for the past had acted with the democratic party, participated in the recent Van Buren disunion meeting in that city, over which the federalists and sore-heads and just now "blowing." Chase, the orator for the occasion, has never voted a democratic ticket, and Taylor, of the Signal, who was the chief busy-body, voted for Birney in '44. So they go.

☞ The *Courier des Estats Unis*, the French paper published at New York, remarking upon Gen. Taylor's nomination for the Presidency, pays the following neat compliment to Gen. CASS:—"It will in all probability, result in giving to the Union a President of rare modesty and simplicity, of singularly correct judgment, and of tried sincerity."

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

FROM GALLIGNANI'S MESSENGER, JUNE 20.

The sitting of the National Assembly yesterday, was marked by a most important event—the presentation of the draft of the constitution for the French Republic.—This important document, which was read to the Assembly by M. Armand Marrast, the reporter of the special committee appointed to draw it up, excited the deepest interest, and was listened to in religious silence. It consists of one hundred and thirty-nine articles, and the following are the principal points set forth in them:

The Legislative power is to consist of one National Assembly, composed of 750 representatives, elected for three years, by universal suffrage. The head of the Republic is to be a President, nominated for four years by universal suffrage; any person can be elected who has attained the age of 30 years, and is a French citizen.—The President cannot be re-elected, unless four years have elapsed from having before held the chief office in the republic; the President to be lodged at the expense of the republic, with a salary of 600,000 fr. a year. A Vice President is to be named by the National Assembly, also for four years, out of a list presented by the President; he is to replace the President when absent; should the Presidentship become vacant by decease, resignation, or any other cause, the Vice President does not then take his place, but a new election is proceeded to within a period of one month. A Council of State, consisting of at least forty members, is to be elected by ballot for three years by the National Assembly, in the first month of each legislature; should any member of the Assembly be chosen, a new election shall be immediately proceeded to, to supply their place as representatives of the people; the Council of State are to draw up such bills as the government may think fit to submit to the Assembly; and to examine such bills as emanate from the Assembly itself; it is also to exercise full control over the departmental and municipal administrations—all courts of justice are to be open, and the jury system to be extended to certain correctional and civil matters, to be determined by law; the judges of *premiere* instance and appeal, are nominated by the President of the Republic, and the judges of the Court of Cassation by the National Assembly, and all for life; a high court of justice is to be appointed for the purpose of judging without appeal all accusations made by the National Assembly, either against one of its own members, or against the ministers, or against the President; also all persons accused of plots or treason against the state, are to be tried by this high tribunal. The practice of having substitutes in the army is interdicted—the punishment of death is abolished for political offences—slavery is abolished in all the French provinces—the press is free—and every man a right to print, or cause to be printed whatever he pleases, subject to such guarantees to the state as may be deemed necessary—the censorship is forever abolished—all religions are allowed in France, and the various ministers of the religions recognized by the state are to be paid—public instruction is to be free, but subject to the superintendence of the State. The national debt is guaranteed—property is inviolable—gratuitous education is to be given to the working classes, so as to prepare them for their different callings—labor is to be essentially guaranteed by equality of relations between the workmen and the employers by the establishment of great public works, Algeria and the colonies are French territory, and to be governed by special laws—the Legion of Honor is to be maintained. Such are the principal features of this all-important document.

A SCOUNDREL.

The New Orleans Evening Mercury gives the following instance of a man's rascality and a woman's folly.

A man at one time our schoolmate, chum, and bedfellow, by long labor had succeeded in educating himself, and was nearly prepared to enter upon the practice of the law. He received an appointment of Deputy Postmaster in a small town in Maine, and the next notice we had of him came in a letter of his own handwriting, dated in jail, praying for efforts in his behalf, to save him from the severe penalty which would follow his condemnation for robbing letters of their contents. Letters had been rifled, their contents stolen, the money identified and traced to him, and he was found guilty, in spite of all efforts to save him, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the penitentiary or county jail. He chose the latter. When first accused, he was engaged to a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, with a true woman's heart, clung to him and his fortunes, the more fortune seemed to frown upon him. With efforts worthy of manhood and a better cause, she struggled and toiled to avert the terrible verdict of "guilty," and its consequent punishment and infamy: but in vain. Through abuse, discouragement, and obloquy, she wavered not, till the fearful word fell from the court; and then, in a fit she fell upon the floor. Well had it been if she had passed away forever in that state of unconsciousness!

But condemnation and the sentence and the prison bars could not blot out the warmth and light and energy of her love. With ardor unabated she procured a petition, sought out many of the most influential men of the nation, obtained their signatures, went to Washington, saw the President, and her energy, perseverance, eloquence, beauty and distress, procured the pardon of her lover, after several years of his incarceration and her sorrow and heroism had been passed. She flew to his cell, she opened his prison door, she set the captive free, and he—deserted her, ruined in reputation and broken in heart, and married another.

When last we heard from the scoundrel he was living in Boston, Mass., where we hope he may have the pleasure of reading this true history of his villany. And if he feels any uncertainty of his identity, let him go to the town of Orono, Me., or to the recorder of the United States, and inquire for the name of one Mr. Woods, who figured conspicuously some ten or twelve years ago as a thief, mail robber, convict, seducer, and an ingrate.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.—It was one day during the present week, that two boys, sons of Seth Manes, of Bradford township, Pa., one perhaps fifteen and the other not over eight or ten years of age, discovered a very large bear carrying a sheep through one of the fields. The eldest boy ran to the house, got a gun, gave chase, and on coming up to it, shot, and wounded it in the nose. He then commenced reloading his gun, and whilst he was doing so, his little brother ran forward, or by some means (the particulars we did not learn,) became engaged with the bear. The older brother then ran to the relief of the little fellow, and when he reached him received a stroke from the bear on the arm, which knocked him down, and the three then rolled together, gun and all. Presently the older brother got loose, pulled the gun from under the bear, and, while it was holding the child in its arms, deliberately shot it dead. The bear is represented to have been a very large one, and to this fact, perhaps, the lesser boy is indebted for his life, and perhaps both of them, as his arms were too long to crush so small an object, and the wound in his nose and mouth prevented him from biting.—*Clearfield Banner.*

☞ Hon. Rich. Broadhead has published an address in the *Easton Argus*, to the Electors of the 10th district, declining a re-election to Congress. At the expiration of his present term, Mr. B. will have served six years in the National Councils, in which he has at all times sustained a high reputation as an able debater and consistent Democrat. He carries with him into his retirement the good wishes of all who share the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

HAIL, LEWIS CASS, OF MICHIGAN.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

Awake, old spirit of the past—
Awake and put thy armor on—
Nail freedom's ensign to the mast,
Nor falter till the fight is won.
Heed not disunion's croaking voice,
Expose each dark and damning plan;
Elect the leader of your choice—
The gallant Cass of Michigan.

The sky is thick, the stars grow dim,
The bark of freedom braves the lea,
Her hearts of steel put trust in Him
Who walked upon the midnight sea;
For they behold a beacon bright,
To cheer each faint and sinking man;
And o'er it, waving in the light,
The name of Cass of Michigan.

The grey-beard soldier leaps for joy,
The seamen on the deep is glad,
The old frontiersman, when a boy,
Remembers the adventurous lad
Who trod the wilderness alone
Where millions now adore the man,
And tell how proudly valor shone
In LEWIS CASS of Michigan.

What tho' no Buena Vista frowned
With cannons grim and glittering files,
There was a host in battle crowned;
An army from the British isles;
The brave of earth, who proudly sought
Our native soil with direful ban;
But they a lesson sad were taught
By LEWIS CASS of Michigan.

In princely Halls, by gilded thrones,
He stood the champion of the free;
He heard the fettered seaman's groan,
And oped the prisons of the sea.
The starry flag no longer bowed
To banners borne in Europe's van,
And freemen on their hills were proud
Of LEWIS CASS of Michigan.

Firm in the principles of right
By Democratic sages taught,
He keeps his sword and honor bright,
And wrongs us not in deed or thought;
As when the glittering blade was broke,
Before a base, dishonored man,
He stands, o'en now, our forest oak—
The gallant Cass of Michigan.

THE SAGAMORE OF SACO.

A Legend of Maine.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
[illegible]
My own green land forever. WHITTIER.

Never was country more fruitful than our own with rich materials of romantic and tragic interest, to call into excercise the finest talents of the dramatist, and novelist. Every cliff and headland has its aboriginal legend; the village, now thrifty and quiet, had its days of slaughter and conaflgration, its tale of devoted love or cruel teachery; while the city, now tumultuous with the pressure of commence, in its "day of small things," had its bombardment and foreign army, and its handful of determined freemen, who achieved prodigies of single handed valor.—Now that men are daily learning the worth of humanity, its hopes and its trials coming nearer home to thought and affection; now that the complicated passions of refined and artificial life are becoming less important than the broad, deep, genuine manifestations of the common mind, we may hope for a bolder and more courageous literature, we may hope to see the drama free itself from sensualism and frivolity, and rise to the Shaksperian dignity of true passion, while the romance will learn better its true ground, and will create, rather than portray—delineate, rather than dissect human sentiment and emotion.

The State of Maine is peculiarly rich in its historically romantic associations. Settled as it was prior to the landing of the Pilgrims, first under Raleigh Gilbert, and subsequently by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, whose colony it is fair, in the absense of testimony, to infer never left the country after 1616, but continued to employ themselves in the fisheries, and in some commerce with the West Indies, up to the time of their final incorporation with the Plymouth settlement. Indeed the correspondence of Sir Richard Vines, governor of the colony under Sir Ferdinando Gorges, with the Governor of Plymouth, leaves no doubt upon this head, and it is a well known fact that the two settlements of De la Tour at the mouths of the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers, even at this early age, were far from being contemptible, both in a commercial and numeric point of view. Added to these was the handful of Jesuits at Mont Desert, and we might say a colony of Swéedes on the sea cost, between the two large rivers just named, the memory of which is traditional, and the vestiges of which are sometimes turned up by the ploughshare. These people probably fell beneath some onsbreak of savage vengeance, which left no name or record of their existence.

Subsequently to these was the dispersion of the Acadians, that terrible and wanton piece of political policy which resulted in the extinction and denationalizing of a simple and pious people. The fugative Acadians found their way through a wilderness of forests, suffering and dying as they went, some landing in distant states, (five hundred having been consigned to Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia,) and others lonely and bereft, found a home with the humble and laborious farmers of this hardy state, whose finest quality is an open-handed hospitality. These intermarrying with our people here, have left traces of their blood and fine moral qualities to enhance the excellence of a pure and healthful population.

Then followed the times of the Revolution, when Maine did her part nobly in the the great and perilous work. Our own Knox was commandant of the artillery, and the bosom friend of Washington: our youth sunk into unknown graves in the sacred cause of freedom; and our people, poor as they were, for the resources of the state were then undeveloped, cast their mite of wealth into the national treasury. Northerly and isolated as she is, her cities were burned, and her frontiers jealously watched by an alert and cruel enemy. Here, too, Arnold sowed his last seeds of virtue and patriotism, in his ardious march through the wilderness of Maine to the capital of the Canadas, an exploit which, considering the season, the poverty of numbers and resouces, combined with the wild, unknown, and uncleared state of the country may compete with the heroic actions of any great leader of any people.

A maratime state, Maine suffers severely from the fluctations of commerce, but is the first to realize the reactions of prosperity. Her extended seaboard, her vast forests, her immense mineral resources, together with a population hardy, laborious, virtuous, and enterprising; a population less adulterated by foreign admixture than any state in the Union, all point to a coming day of power and prosperity which shall place per formost in the ranks of the states, in point wealth, as she is already in that of intelligence.

We have enumerated but a tithe of the intellectual resources of Maine—have given but a blank sheet as it were of the material which will hereafter make her renowned in story, and confine ourselves to but a single point of historic and romantic interest, connected with the earlier records of the country. We have alluded to the first governor, Sir Richard Vines, a right worthy and chavilric gentleman, the friend and agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, of Walter Raleigh, and other fine spirits of the day. His residence was at the Pool, as it it now called, or "Winter Harbor," from the fact that the winter fo 1616–17 was passed by Vines and his followers at this place. After a residence of eighteen or twenty years, devoted to the the interests of the colony, the death of his patron, the transfer of the Maine plantation to the Plymouth proprietors, together with domestic and pecuniary misfortune, induced Sir Richard Vines to retire to the Island of Barbadoes, where we find him prosperous and respected, and still mindful of the colony for which he had done and suffered so much.

Prior to his departure and probably not altogether unconnected with it, he had incurred the deadly hatred or John Bonyton, a young man of the colony, who in after years was called, and is still remembered in tradition as the "Sagamore of Saco." The cause of this hatred was in some way connected with the disappearance of Bridget Vines, the daughter of the governor, for whom John Bonyton had conceived a wild and passionate attachment. Years before our story she had been suddenly missing, to the permanent grief and dismay of the family, and the more terrible agony of John Bonyton, who had conceived the Idea that Bridget had been sent to a European convent, to save her from his presence. This idea he would never abandon, notwithstanding the most solemn denials of Sir Richard, and the most womanly and sympathizing asseverations of Mistress Vines. The youth listened with compressed lip, his large, remarkable eye fixed with stern and searching scrutiny upon the face of the speaker, and when he was done the reply was always the same, "God knows if this be true; but, true or false, my hand shall be against every man till she be found."

Accordingly we find the youth, who seems to have been possessed of those rare and strong points of character which go to make the hero, in constant collision with the people of the times. Moody and revengeful, he became an allien to his fathers house, and with gun and dog passed months in the wilderness regions of that wild country. With the savage he slept in his wigwam, he threaded the forest and stood upon the verge of the cataract; or penetrated up to the stormy regions of the White Mountains; and anon, hushed the tumultuous beating of heart in accordance with the stroke of his paddle; as he and his companions glided over their loveliest of lakes, Winnepisoge or "the smiles of the Great Spirit."

There seemed no rest for the unhappy man. Unable to endure the formalities and intermedlings, which so strongly mark the period, he spent most of his time on the frontiers of the settlement, admitting of little companionship, and yielding less of courtesy. When he first appeared in the colony, the women regarded his fine person, his smile, at once sorrowful and tender, and his free, noble bearing with admiration, not unmingled with terror; while men, even in that age of manly physique looked upon his frame, lithe yet firm as iron, athletic and yet graceful, with eyes of envious delight. Truth to say, John Bonyton had never impaired a fine developement by any useful employment, or any elaborate attempts at book-knowledge. He knew all that was esential for the times, or the mode of life which he had adopted, and further he cared not. His great power consisted in a passionate yet steady will, by which all who came within his sphere found themselves bent to his purpose.

The Filgrims even, unflinching and uncompromising as they were, felt the spell of his presence, and were content to spurn, to persecute, and set a price upon the head of a man whom they could not control. Yet for all this John Bonyton died quietly in his bed, no one daring to do to him even what the law would justify. He slept in perfect security, for he knew this, and knew, too, that the woods were alive with ardent and devoted adherents, who would have deluged the soil with blood had but a hair of his head been injured. The Sagamore of Saco was no ordinary man; and the men of these times, remarkable as they were felt this; and hence is it that even to this day his memory is held in remembrance with an almost superstituous awe, and people point out a barrow where lie the ashes of the "Sagamore," and show the boundaries of his land, and tell marvelous tales of his hardihood and self-possession.

They tell of a time when a price been set upon his head, how, when the people were assembled in the little church for worship, John Bonyton walked in with a gun in hand, and stood through the whole service, erect and stern as a man of iron, and no one dared scarcely look upon him, much less lift a finger against him; and how he waited till all had gone forth, even the oracle of God, pale and trembling, and then departed in silence as he came. Surely there was greatness in this—the greatness of a Napoleon, needing but a field for its excercise.

CHAPTER II.

Methought, within a desert cave,
Cold, dark, and solemn as the grave,
I suddenly awoke.
It seemed of sable night the cell,
Where, save when from the ceiling fell
An oozing drop, her silent spell
No sound had ever broke.—ALLSTON.

Among the great rivers of Maine the Penobscot and Kennebeck stand pre-eminent, on the account of their maritime importance, their depth and adaptability to the purposes of internal navigation; but there are others less essential to the wealth of the country, which, encumbered with falls and rapids, spurn alike ship and steamer, but are invaluable for the great purposes of manufacture. The Androcoggin is one of these, a river, winding, capricious and most beautiful; just the one to touch the fancy of the poet, and tempt the cupidity of a millwright. It abounds with scenery of the most lovely and romantic interest, and falls already in bondage to loom and shuttle. Lewistown Falls, or Pe-jip-scot, as the aboriginals called this beautiful place, are perhaps, among the finest water plunges in the country. It is not merely the beauty of the river itself, a broad and lengthened sheet of liquid in the heart of a fine country, but the whole region is wild and romantic. The sudden bends of the river present headlands of rare boldness, beneath which the river spreads itself into a placid bay, till ready to gather up its skirts again, and thread itself daintily amid the hills. The banks present slopes and savannas warm and sheltered, in which nestle away finely cultivated farms, and from whence arise those rural sounds of flock and herd so grateful to the spirit, and that primitive blast of horn, winding itself into a thousand echoes, the signal of the in-gathering of a household. Cliffs crowned with fir, overhang the waters; hills, rising hundreds of feet, cast their dense shadows quite across the stream; and even now the "slim canoe" of the Indian may be seen poised below, while some stera relic of the woods looks upwards to the ancient hunting sites of his people, and recalls the day when at the verge of this very fall, a populous village sent up its council smoke day and night, telling of peace and the uncontested power of his tribe.

But in the time of our story, the region stood in its untamed majesty; the whirling mass of waters tumbling and plunging in the midst of an unbroken forest, and the great roar of the cataract booming through the solitude like the unceasing voice of the eternal deep. Men now stand with awe and gaze upon those mysterious falls, vital with tradition, terribly beautiful, and again and again ask, "Can they be true? Can it be that beneath those waters, behind that sheet of foam is a room, spacious and vast, and well known, and frequented by the Indian."

Our story must establish the fact in regard to this cave—a fact well known in the earlier records of the country, more than one white man having found himself sufficiently athletic to plunge behind the sheet of water and gain the room.

It was mid-day, and the sun, penetrating the sheet of the falls, cast a not uncheerful light into the cave the size and gloom of which were still further relieved by a fire burning in the centre, and one or more torches stuck in the fissures of the rocks.—Before this fire stood a woman of forty or fifty years of age, gazing intently upon the white liquid, and tumultuous covering to the door of her home, and yet the expression of her eye showed that her thought were far beyond the place in which she stood.

She was taller than the wont of Indian women, more slender than is customary with them at her period of life, and altogether, presented a keenness and springiness of fibre that remainded one of Arab more than aboriginal blood. Her brow was high, retreating, and narrow, with arched and contracted brows, beneath which fairly burned a pair of intense restless eyes.

At one side, stretched upon skins, appeared what might have been mistaken for a white veil, except that a draft of air caused a portion of it to rise and fall, showing it to be a mass of human hair. Yet so motionless was the figure, so still a tiny moccasoned foot, just perceptible, and the hue and abundance of the covering, that all suggested an image of death.

At length the tall woman turned sharply round and addressed the object upon the mats.

"How much longer will you sleep, Skoke? Get up, I tell thee."

At this ungracious speech—for Skoke, means snake—the figure started slightly but did not obey. After some silence she spoke again, "Wa-in (white soul) get up and eat, our people will soon be here. Still no motion nor reply. At length the woman, in a sharper accent, resumed.

"Bridget Vines, I bid thee arise!" and she laughed in an under tone.

The figure slowly raised itself up and looked upon the speaker. "Ascashe, I will answer only to my own name."

"As you like," retorted the other. "Skoke is as good a name as Aseashe." A truism which the other did not seem disposed to question—the one meaning a snake, the other a spider, or "net-weaver."

Contrary to what might have been expected from the color of the hair, the figure from the mat seemed a mere child in aspect, and yet the eye, the mouth, and the grasp of her hand, indicated not only maturity of years, but the presence of deep and intense passions. Her size was that of a girl of thirteen years in our northern climate, yet the fine bust, the distinct and slender waist, and the firm pressure of the arched foot, revealed maturity as well as individualism of character.

Rising from her recumbent posture, she approached the water at the entrace of the cave till the spray mingled with her long, white locks, and the light falling upon her brow, revealed a sharp, beautiful outline of face scarcely touched by years, white even teeth, and eyes, of blue, yet so deeply and sadly kindling into intensity, that they grew momentarily darker, and darker, as you gazed upon them.

"Water, still water, forever water," she murmured. Suddenly turning round, she darted away into the recesses of the cave, leaping and flying, as it were, with her long hair tossed to and fro about her person. Presently she emerged, followed by a pet panther, which leaped and bounded in concert with his mistress. Seizing a bow, she sent the arrow away into the black roof of the cavern, waited for its return, and then discharged it again and again, watching its progress with eager and inpatient delight. This done, she cast herself again upon the skins, spread her long hair over her form, and lay motionless as marble.

Ascashe again called, "Why do you not come and eat, Skoke?"

Having no answer, she called out, "Wa-an, come and eat;" and then tired of this useless teasing, she arose, and shaking the white girl by the arm, cried, "Bridget Vines, I bid you eat."

"I will, Ascashe," answered the other, taking corn and dried fish, which the other presented.

"The spider caught a bad snake when she wove a net for Bridget Vines," muttered the tall woman.—The other covered her face with her hands, and the veins of her forehead swelled above her fingers; yet when she uncovered her eyes they were red, not with tears, but the effort to suppress their flow.

"It is a long, long time, that I have been here, Ascashe," answered Bridget, sorrowfully.

"Have you never been out since Samoret left you here?" asked the net-weaver; and she fixed her eyes searchingly upon the face of the girl, who never quailed nor changed color beneath her gaze, but replied in the same tone, "How should little Hope escape—where should she go!" Hope being the name by which Mistress Vines had called her child in moments of tenderness, as suggestng a mother's yearning hope that she would at some time be less capricious, for Bridget had always been a wayward, incoherent, and dimintive creature, and treated with great gentleness by the family.

"Do you remember what I once told you?" continued the other. "You had a friend—you have an enemy."

This time Bridget Vines started, and gave utterance to a long, low, plantive cry, as if her soul wailed, as if it flited from its frail tenement, for she fell back as dead upon the skins.

The woman muttered, "The white boy and girl shouldn't have scorned the red woman,' and she took her to the verge of the water and waited her recovery; when she opened her eyes, she continued, "Ascashe is content—she has been very, very wretched, but so has been her enemy. Look, my hair is black; Wa'uin's is like the white frost."

"I knew it would be so," answered the other, gently, "but it is nothing. Tell me where you have been, Ascashe, and how came you here? O-ya-ah died the other day." She alluded to an old squaw, who had been her keeper in the cave.

At this moment a shadow darkened the room, another, and another, and three stalwart savages stood before the two women. Each, as he passed, patted the head of Bridget, who shook them of with moody impatience.

They gathered about the coals in the centre, talking in under tones, while the woman prepared some venison which was to furnish forth the repast.

CHAPTER III.

And she who climbed the storm swept steep,
She who the foaming wave would dare,
So oft love's vigil here to keep,
Stranger, albeit thou think'st I doie;
I know, I know she watches there.—HOFFMAN.

That night the men sat long around the fire, and talked of a deadly feud and a deadly prospect of revenge. Ascashe listened and counseled, and her suggestions were often hailed with imitations of approval—for the woman possessed of a keen and penetrating mind, heightened by passions at once powerful and malevolent. Had the group observed the white occupant of the skins, they would have seen a pair of dark, bright eyes peering through those snowy locks, and red lips parted, in the eagerness of the intent ear.

"How far distant are they now?" asked the woman.

"A three hours walk down stream," was the answer. "To-morrow they will ascend the falls to surprise the people, and burn the village. To-night, when the moon is down, we are to light a fire at still-water *above* the falls, and the Terrentines will join us at the signal, leave their canoes in the care of the woman, and decend upon our foes. The fire will warn our people how near to approach the falls, for the night will be dark." This was told at intervals, and to the quesitionings of the woman.

"Where is the Sagamore of Saco," ask Ascashe.

"John Bonyton heads our foes, but to-night is the last one to Sagamore."

At this name the white hair stirred violently, and then a low wail escaped from beneath. The group started, and one of the men, with Ascashe, scanned the face of the girl, who seemed to sleep in perfect unconsciousness; but the panther rolled itself over, stretched out its claws, and thew back his head, showing his long, red tongue, and uttered a yawn so nearly a howl, that the woman declared the sounds must have been the same.

Presently the group disposed themselves to sleep till the moon should set, when they must once more be upon the trail. Previous to this, many were the charges enjoined upon the woman in regard to Bridget.

"Guard her well," said the leader of the band.—In a few suns more she will be a great medicine woman, foretelling things that shall come to the tribes!"

We must now visit the encampment of John Bonyton, where he and his followers slept, waiting till the first dawn of day should send them on their deadly path. The moon had set; the night was intensely dark, for clouds flitted over the sky, now and then disburdering themselves with gusts of wind, which swayed the old woods to and fro, while big drops of rain fell amid the leaves and were hushed.

Suddenly a white figure stood over the sleeping chief, so slight, so unearthly in its shroud of wet, white hair, that one might well be pardoned a superstitious tremor. She wrung her hands and wept bitterly as she gazed—then she knelt down and looked more closely; then, with a quick cry, she flung herself into his bosom.

"Oh, John Bonyton, did I not tell you this? Did I not tell you, years ago, that little Hope stood in my path, with hair white as snow?"

The man raised himself up, he gathered the slight figure in his arms—he uncovered a torch and held it to her face.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he cried—and his strength departed, and he was helpless as a child. The years of agony, the lapse of thirty years were concentrated in that fearful moment. Bridget, too, lay motionless and silent, clinging to his neck.—Long, long was the hour of suffering to the two.—What was life to them! stricken and changed, living and breathing, they only felt that they lived and breathed by the pangs that betrayed the beating pulse. Oh, life! life! thou art a fearful boon, and thy love not the least fearful of thy gifts.

At length Bridget raised herself up, and would have left his arms, but John Bonyton held her fast.

"Nay, Hope, never again. My tender, my beautiful bird, it has fared ill with thee," and smoothing her white locks, the tears gushed to the eyes of the strong man. Indeed, he, in his full strength and manhood, she, diminutive and bleached by solitude and grief, contrasted so powerfully in his mind, that a paternal tenderness grew upon him, and he kissed her brow reverently, saying,

"How have I searched for thee, my birdie, my child; I have been haunted by the furies, and goaded well-nigh to murder—but thou art here—yet not thou. Oh, Hope! Hope!"

The girl listened, intent and breathless.

"I knew it would be so, John Bonyton; I knew if parted, we could never be the same again—the same cloud returns not to the sky; the same blossom blooms not twice; human faces never wear twice the same look: and, alas alas! the heart of to-day is not that of to-morrow!"

"Say on, Hope—years are annihilated, and we are children again, hoping, loving children."

But the girl only buried her face in his bosom, weeping and sobbing. At this moment a red glare of light shot up into the sky, and Bridget sprung to her feet.

"I had forgotten. Come, John Bonyton, come and see the only work that poor little Hope could do to save thee," and she darted forward with the eager step which John Bonyton so well remembered. As they approached the falls, the light of the burning tree, kindled by the hands of Bridget *below* the falls, flickered and glared upon the waters; the winds had died away, the stars beamed forth, and nothing mingled with the roar of waters, save an occasional screech of some nocturnal creature prowling for its prey.

Ever and ever poured on the untiring flood, till one wondered it did not pour itself out; and the heart grew oppressed at the vast images crowding into it, swelling and pressing as did the tumultuous waves over their impediment of granite—water, still water, till the nerves ached from weariness at the perpetual flow, and the mind questioned if the sound itself were not silence, so lonely was the spell—questioned if it were stopped, if the heart would not cease to beat, and life become annihilate.

Suddenly the girl stopped with hand pointing to the falls. A black mass gleamed amid the foam—one wild, fearful yell arose, even above the roar of waters, and then the waves flowed on as before.

"Tell me, what is this?" cried John Bonyton, seizing the hand of Bridget, and staying her flight with a strong grasp.

"Acashe did not know I could plunge under the falls—she did not know the strength of little Hope, when she heard the name of John Bonyton." She then went on to tell how she had escaped the cave—how she had kindled a signal fire *below* the falls, in advance of that to be kindled above—and how she had dared, alone, the terrors of the forest, and the black night, that she might once more look upon the face of her lover. When she had finished, she threw her arms tenderly around his neck, she pressed her lips to his, and then, with a gentleness unwonted to her nature, would have disengaged herself from his arms.

"Why do you leave me, Hope—where will you go?" asked the Sagamore.

She looked up with a face so pale, so hopeless, so mournfully tender, as was most affecting to behold.

"I will go under the falls, and there sleep—oh! so long will I sleep, John Bonyton!"

He folded her like a little child to his bosom.—"You must not leave me, Hope—do you not love me?"

She answered only by a low wail, that was more affecting than any words; and when the Sagamore pressed her again to his heart, she answered, calling him John Bonyton, as she used to call him in the days of her childhood.

"Little Hope is a terror to herself, John Bonyton. Her heart is all love—all lost in yours; but she is a child, a child just as she was years ago; but you, you are not the same—more beautiful—greater; poor little Hope grows fearful before you;" and again her voice was lost in tears.

The sun now began to tinge the sky with his ruddy hue; the birds filled the woods with an outgush of melody; the rainbow, as ever, spanned the abyss of waters, while below, drifting in eddies, were fragments of canoes, and still more ghastly fragments, telling of the night's destruction. The stratagem of the girl had been entirely successful—deluded by the false beacon, the unhappy savages had drifted on with the tide, unconscious of danger, till the one terrible pang of danger, and the terrible plunge of death came at one and the same moment.

Upon a headland overlooking the falls, stood the group of the cavern, stirred with feelings to which words give no utterance, and which find expression in some deadly act. Acashe descended stealthily along the bank, watching intently the group upon the opposite shore, in the midst of which floated the white, abundant locks of Bridget Vines, visible at a great distance. She now stood beside the Sagamore, saying.

"Forget poor little Hope, John Bonyton, or only remember that her life was one long, long thought of thee."

"She started—gave one wild look of love and grief at the Sagamore—and then darted down the bank, marking her path with streams of blood, and disappeared under the falls. The aim of the savage had done its work.

"Acashe is revenged, John Bonyton," cried a loud voice—and a dozen arrows stopped it in its utterance. Fierce was the pursuit, and desperate the flight of the few surviving foes. The "Sagamore of Saco" never rested day nor night till he and his ollowers had cut off the last vestige of the Terantines, and avenged the blood of the unhappy maiden. Then for years did he linger about the falls, in the vain hope of seeing once more her wild, spectral beauty—but she appeared no more in the flesh; tho' to this, men not romantic or visionary, declare they have seen a figure, slight and beautiful, clad in robe of skin, with moccasoned feet, and long white hair, nearly reaching to the ground, hovering sorrowfully around the falls; and this strange figure they believe to be the wraith of the lost Bridget Vines.