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TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1845.

Gen. Jackson's Memoir.—The following monody to the memory of Gen. Jackson, written and spoken by Walter M. Leman, at the Walnut Street Theatre, on Thursday evening, June 26th, is the best among the numerous pieces of poetry, occasioned by and written upon, the death of the Old Hero. It portrays in beautiful language the martial and social qualities of the deceased veteran, lately departed for the spirit land, and whose obsequies are ever yet occupying the attention of his people.

Monody to the Memory of General Jackson.

What means the sad and solemn sound of woe
That comes upon us? What vindictive foe
Hath crushed a people's spirit, and repressed
The throbs of joy within a nation's breast?
"Thy Death's dark angel! His insatiate dart
Hath reached and quivers in a noble heart,
At last the hour is come—the bolt has flown,
And the Great Spirit hath reclaimed his own;
The firmest, truest, noblest one that trod
The earth, hath gone on high to meet his God.

That eye, whose glance no foe dared to brave
Is dimmed forever; and the mould'ring grave
Has closed upon that stern and manly form,
That never feared to breast the rattling storm
Of battle, when 'twas fierce: cold and still
Is that true arm: that stern and iron will,
Whose adamantine nerve alike defied
The soldier's steel and the civilian's pride,
When Albion thundered, and intestine foes
Added their treachery to his country's woes,
Is quelled—that mighty heart shall beat no more,
For Life's eventful pilgrimage is o'er.
Well may Columbia bow the head and mourn,
The Patriot—Hero—Statesman—Sage, is gone.

Born of a sire who scorned oppression's power,
And crossed the main, ere Freedom's natal hour,
And reared by one, within whose fragile breast
The sternest virtues blended with the best
That live in woman's soul, the impetuous youth
Burned for the hour to prove his zeal and truth,
Where freedom's banners couched first the air
Of freedom's land the gallant boy was there;
And when, in riper years, the savage yell
And the loud war-whoop rang the dying knell
Of slaughtered wives and mothers, Jackson came
To turn the tide of battle, and his name,
Like a volcano, swept the forest child,
Covering and crushed, back to his native wild.

But see! again the tempest lowers! The foe
Comes o'er the main! The last and deadly blow
Must now be met and parried; who shall stand
In the dark breach? Who most firm and steady hand
Shall stay the tempest? Who has power to save
"Beauty and Boon" from a common grave?

Thy Jackson!—ay—he's ready at the call;
He comes to win the battle, he to fall
In the last ditch. Hark! hark! that cannon's boom
Tells the dread tale!—the bloody strife comes
The serried ranks of England's bravest sons
Are swept to death, while o'er the brazen guns
His tall majestic form is seen to tower,
Unharm'd, untouched, in victory's chosen hour;
Then swells the cry from mountain to the sea,
And thousands join the shout—O'BELIXIS IS FREE!

Such was he in the field—the council board
Attest his wisdom; and the great reward,
Columbia tenders to her chosen sons,
Was given to him—none worthier! While runs
Time's everlasting course, shall surely stand
The seal his genius, stamped upon the land.

But he is gone for ever! Earthly love
Stays not the mighty mandate from above;
And while the nation gathers round to weep,
And infancy, and youth, and manhood keep
Their vigils at his tomb—if in one heart
The thought shall rise that lips may not impart—
That words or actions in his high career
Were rashly said or done—the falling tear
Shall blot his record; for that heart will glow
The love of country prompted them alone;
And while that country's flag waves o'er the free,
The People's Love will guard his memory.

Wigwam versus Almack's.

(concluded.)

Miss Trevanion (co-debutant Plymton) took my arm. Her companion was engaged to dance. Our meeting at Almack's was certainly one of the last evenings either could have expected when we parted—but Almack's is not the place to express strong emotions. We walked leisurely down the sides of the quadrilles to the tea-room, and between her bows and greetings to her acquaintances, she put me au courant of her movements for the last two years—Miss Trevanion being the name she inherited with the fortune from her mother's family, and her mother's high but distant connections having recognized and taken her by the hand in England. She had come abroad with the representative of her country, who had been at the trouble to see her installed in her rights, and had but lately left her on his return to America. A house in May Fair, and a chaperon in the shape of a cardplaying and aristocratic aunt, were the other principal points in her parenthetical narration. Her communicativeness, of course, was very gracious, and indeed her whole manner was softened and mellowed down, from the sharpness and hauteur of Miss Plymton. Prosperity had improved even her voice.

As she bent over her tea, in the ante room, I could not but remark how beautiful she was by the change usually wrought by the soft moisture of the English air, on persons from dry climates—Americans particularly. That filling out and rounding of the features, and softening of the skin, becoming and improving to all, had to her been like Juno's bath.—A circle of diamonds whose "water" was light silver, followed the fine bend on either side backward from her brows, supporting, at the parting of her hair, one large emerald,—

And on what neck (ay—even of age) is not a diamond necklace beautiful? Miss Trevanion was superb.

The house in Grosvenor place, at which I knocked the next morning, I well remembered as one of the most elegant and sumptuous in London. Lady L. had ruined herself in completing and furnishing it, and her parties "in my time" were called, by the most apathetic blase, truly delightful.

"I bought this house of Lady L.," said Miss Trevanion, as we sat down to breakfast, "with all its furniture, pictures, books, incense-brances, and trifles, even to the horses in the stables, and the coachman in his wig; for I had too many things to learn, to study furniture and appointments, and in this very short time, time so sadly wasted in beginnings. People are for ever getting ready to live. What think you? Is it not true in everything?"

"Not in love, certainly."
"Ah! very true!" And she became suddenly thoughtful, and for some minutes sipped her coffee in silence. I did not interrupt it for I was thinking of Shahatan, and our thoughts very possibly were on the same long journey.

"You are quite right," said I, looking round at the exquisitely-furnished room in which we were breakfasting, "you have bought these things at their intrinsic value, and you have all Lady L.'s taste, trouble, and vexation of twenty years, thrown into the bargain. It is a matter of a lifetime to complete a house like this, and just as it is all done, Lady L. retires, an old woman, and you come all the way from a country-inn on the Susquehanna to enjoy it. What a whimsical world we live in!"

"Yes!" she said, in a sort of soliloquizing tone, "I do enjoy it. It is a delightful sensation to take a long stride at once in the art of life—to have lived for years believing that the wants you felt could only be supplied in fairy-land, and suddenly to change your sphere, and discover that not only these wants, but a thousand others, more unreasonable, and more imaginary, had been the subject of human ingenuity and talent, till those who live in luxury have no wants—that science and chymistry and mechanics have left no nerve in the human system, no recess in human sense, unquestioned of its desire, and that every desire is supplied! What mistaken ideas most people have of luxury! They fancy the senses of the rich are over-pampered, that their zest of pleasure is always dull with too much gratification, that their health is ruined with excess, and their tempers spoiled with ease and subservency. It is a picture drawn by the poets in times when money could buy nothing but excess, and when those who were prodigal could only be gaudy and intemperate. It was necessary to practise upon the reverse, too; and hence all the world is convinced of the superior happiness of the ploughman, the absolute necessity of early rising and coarse food to health, and the pride that must come with the flaunting of silk and satin."

I could not but smile at this cool upset of all the received philosophy of the poets.

"You laugh," she continued, "but it is not true that in England, at this moment, luxury is the science of keeping up the zest of the senses rather than of pampering them—that the children of the wealthy are the healthiest and fairest, and the sons of the aristocracy are the most athletic and rational, as well as the most carefully nurtured and expensive of all classes—that the most costly dinners are the most digestible, the most expensive wines the least injurious, the most sumptuous houses the best ventilated and wholesome, and the most aristocratic habits of life the most conducive to the preservation of the constitution and consequent long life. There will be excesses, of course, in all spheres, but is not this true?"

"I am wondering how so gay a life as yours could furnish such very grave reflections."

"Pshaw! I am the very person to make them. My aunt (who, by-the-way, never rises till four in the afternoon) has always lived in this sublimated sphere, and takes all these luxuries to be matters of course, as much as I take them to be miracles. She thinks a good cook as natural a circumstance as a fine tree, and would be as much surprised and shocked at the absence of wax candles, as she would at the going out of the stars. She talks as if good dentists, good milliners, opera-singers, perfumers, etc., were the common supply of nature, like dew and sunshine to the flowers. My surprise and delight amuse her, as the child's wonder at the moon amuses the nurse."

"Yet you call this dull unconsciousness the perfection of civilized life."

"I think my aunt altogether is not a bad specimen of it, certainly. You have seen her, I think."

"Frequently."

"Well, you will allow that she is still a very handsome woman. She is past fifty, and has every faculty in perfect preservation; an erect figure, undiminished delicacy and quickness in all her senses and tastes, and is still an ornament to society, and an attractive person in appearance and conversation. Contrast her (and she is but one of a class) with the women past fifty in the middle and lower walks of life in America. At that age, with us, they are old women in the commonest acceptance of the term. Their teeth are gone or defective from neglect, their faces are wrinkled, their backs bent, their feet enlarged, their voices cracked, their senses impaired, their relish in the joys of the young entirely gone by. What makes the difference? Costly care. The physician has watched over her health at a guinea a visit. The dentist has examined her teeth at twenty a year. Expensive annual visits to the seaside have renewed her skin. The friction of the weary hands of her maid has kept down the swelling of her feet and preserved their delicacy of shape. Close and open carriages at will, have given her daily exercise, either protected from the damp, or refreshed with the fine air of the country. A good cook has

kept her digestion unjacked, and good wines have invigorated without poisoning her constitution."

"This is taking very unusual care of oneself, however."
"Not at all. My aunt gives it no more thought than the drawing on of her glove. It is another advantage of wealth, too, that your physician and dentist are distinguished persons who meet you in society, and call on you professionally, see when they are needed, and detect the approach of disease before you are aware of it yourself. My aunt, though "naturally delicate," has never been ill. She was watched in childhood with great cost and pains, and with the habit of common caution herself, she is taken such care of by her physician and servants, that nothing but some extraordinary fatality could bring disease near her."

"Blessed are the rich, by your showing?"

"Why, the beauties were not written in our times. If long life, prolonged youth and beauty, and almost perennial health, are blessings, certainly, now-a-days, blessed are the rich."

"But is there no drawback to all this?—Where people have surrounded themselves with such costly and indispensable luxuries, are they not made selfish by the necessity of preserving them? Would any exigence of hospitality, for instance, induce your aunt to give up her bed, and the comforts of her own room, to a stranger?"

"Oh dear, no!"

"Would she eat her dinner cold for the sake of listening to an appeal to her charity?"

"How can you fancy such a thing?"

"Would she take a wet and dirty, but perishing beggar-woman into her chariot on her way to a dinner-party, to save her from dying by the roadside?"

"Um—why, I fear she would be very near-sighted till she got fairly by."

"Yet these are charities that require no great effort in those whose chambers are less costly, whose stomachs are less carefully watched, and whose carriages and dresses are of a plainer fashion."

"Very true!"

"So far, then, "blessed are the poor!"—But is not the heart slower in all its sympathies among the rich? Are not friends chosen and discarded, because their friendship is convenient or the contrary? Are not many worthy people "ineligible" acquaintances, many near relations unwelcome visitors, because they are out of keeping with these costly circumstances, or involve some sacrifice of personal luxury? Are not people, who would not preserve their circle choice and aristocratic, obliged to inflict cruel insults on sensitive minds, to slight, to repulse, to neglect, to equivocate, to play the unfeeling and ungrateful, at the same time that to their superiors they must often sacrifice dignity, and contrive, and flatter, and deceive—all to preserve the magic charm of the life you have praised so attractive and enviable?"

"Heigho! it's a bad world, I believe!" said Miss Trevanion, betraying by that ready sight, that even while drawing the attractions of high life, she had not been blind to this more unobscure side of the picture.

"And, rather more important query still, for an heiress," I said, "does not an intimate acquaintance with these luxurious necessities, and the habit of thinking them indispensable, make all lovers in this class mercenary, and their admiration, where there is wealth, subject, at least, to scrutiny and suspicion?"

"A quick flush almost crimsoned Miss Trevanion's face, and she fixed her eyes upon me so inquisitively as to leave me in no doubt that I had inadvertently touched upon a delicate subject. Embarrassed by a searching look, and not seeing how I could explain that I meant no allusion, I said hastily, "I was thinking of swimming across the Susquehanna by moonlight."

"Puck is at the door, if you please, miss!" said the butler, entering at the moment.

"Perhaps while I am putting on my riding-hat," said Miss Trevanion, with a laugh, "I may discover the connexion between your last two observations. It certainly is not very clear at present."

I took up my hat.

"Stay—you must ride with me. You shall have the groom's horse, and we will go without him. I hate to be chased through the park by a flying servant—no English fashion, at least, that I think uncomfortable. They manage it better where I learned to ride," she added with a laugh.

"Yes, indeed! I do not know which they would first starve to death in the backwoods—the master for his insolence in requiring the servant to follow him, or the servant for being such a slave as to obey."

I never remember to have seen a more beautiful animal than the high-bred blood-mare on which my co-debutant hostess of the Plymton inn rode through the park gate, and took the serpentine path at a free gallop. I was as well mounted myself as I had ever been in my life, and delighted, for once, not to fret a hundred yards behind; the ambitious animal seemed to have wings to his feet.

"Who ever rode such a horse as this," said my companion, "without confessing the happiness of riches! It is the one luxury of this new life that I should find it misery to forego. Look at the eagerness of his ears! See his fine limbs as he strikes forward! What nostrils! What glossy shoulders! What bounding lightness of action! Beautiful Puck! I could never live without you! What a shame to nature that there are no such horses in the wilderness!"

"I remember seeing an Indian pony," said I, watching her face for the effect of my observation, "which had as many fine qualities, though of a different kind—at least when his master was on him."

"Yes, yes! I know. I remember. Shall we quickly our pace? I hear some one overtaking us, and to be passed with such horses as ours were a shame indeed."

We looked our bridles and flew away like the wind; but a bright tear was presently tugged from her dark eyelid, and fell glittering on the dappled shoulder of her horse.

"Her heart is Shahatan's," thought I, "whatever chance there may be that the gay honorable who is at our heels may dazzle her into throwing away her hand."

Mounted on a magnificent hazzler, whose powerful and straightforward leaps soon told against the lavish and high action of our more showy horses, the Hon. Charles—the gentleman who had engaged the attention of Miss Trevanion the night before at Almack's—was soon beside my companion, and leaning from his saddle, he was taking pains to address conversation to her in a tone not meant for my ear. The lady picked out her path with a marked preference for his side of the road, I of course rode with a free rein on the other, rather discontented, however, I must own, to be playing Monsieur de Trop. The Hon. Charles I very well knew, was enjoying a temporary relief from the most pressing of his acquaintances by the prospect of his marrying an heiress, and in a two years' gay life in London I had traversed his threads too often to believe that he had a heart to be redeemed from dissipation, or a soul to appreciate the virtues of a high-minded woman. I found myself, besides, without wishing it, attorney for Shahatan in the case.

Observing that I "sulked," Miss Trevanion, in the next round, turned her horse's head toward Serpentine Bridge, and we entered into Kensington Gardens. The band was playing in the other side of the ha-ha, and fashionable London was divided between the equestrians on the road, and the promenaders on the grassward. We drew up in the thickest of the crowd, and presuming that, by Miss Trevanion's tactics, I was to find some other acquaintance to chat with while our horses drew bread, I spurred to a little distance, and sat mum in my saddle with forty or fifty horsemen between me and herself. Her other companion hupped his horse as close by the side of Puck as possible; but there were other dancers at Almack's who had an eye upon the heiress, and their tele-graphic was interrupted presently by the how-d'ye-do's and attentions of a half-dozen of the gayest men about town. After looking back at them for a moment, Charles—drew bridle, and backing out of the press, he unceremoniously rode to the side of a lady who sat in her saddle with a mounted swan behind her, separated from me by only the trunk of a superb lime-tree. I was fated to see all the workings of Miss Trevanion's dejection.

"You see what I endure for you!" he said, as a flush crept and went in his pale face.

"You ardless! was the answer. "I saw you ride in—your eyes fastened to hers—your lips open with watching for her words—your horse up a gam with your agitated and nervous riding. Never call her a giraffe, or laugh at her again. Charles! she is handsome enough to be loved for herself, and you love her!"

"Noby Heaven!"

The lady made a gesture of impatience and whiplashed through the folds of her riding dress till it was heard even above the tinkling tangle of the band.

"No," he continued, "and you are less clever than you think, if you interpret my excitement to love. I am excited—most excited in my days after the good woman. You shall know why. But for herself—good heavens!—why, you have never heard her speak!"

"She is never done wondering at silver forks, never done with her spectacles about finger-glasses and pastilles. She is a bore—and you are silly enough to sit her beside yourself!"

The lady's frown softened, and she gave him her whip to hold while she imprisoned a stray ringle.

"Keep an eye of her, while I am talking to you," he continued, "for I must stick to her like her shadow. She is full of mistrust, and if I lose her for want of attention for a single hour, that hour will cost me yourself, dearest, first and most important of all, and will cost me England of my liberty—for falling this, I have not a chance."

"Go!" said the lady, in a new and now anxious tone, lurching his horse at the same time with the whip he had just restored to her. "she is off! Adieu!"

And with half a dozen attendants, Miss Trevanion took the road at a gallop, while her contented rival followed at a pensive amble, apparently quite content to waste the time as she best might till dinner. The handsome fortune-hunter watched his opportunity and regained his place at Miss Trevanion's side, and with an acquaintance, who was one of her self-selected troop, I kept in the rear, chatting of the opera, and enjoying the movement of a horse as free and admirable action as I had ever felt communicated, like inspiration, thro' my blood.

I was resumed as sole cavalier and attendant at Hyde Park gate.

"Do you know the Baroness?" I asked, as we walked our horses slowly down Grosvenor Place.

"Not personally," she replied, "but I have heard my aunt speak of her, and I know she is a woman of most seductive manners, tho' said to be one of very bad morals. But from what Mr. Charles—tells me, I fancy high play is her only vice. And meantime she is received everywhere."

"I fancy," said I, "that the Hon. Charles—is good authority for the number of her visits, and begging you, as a parting request, to make this remark the key to your next month's observation, I have the honor to return this fine horse to you, and make my adieu."

"But you will come to dinner!" And, by-the-by, you have not explained to me what you meant by "swimming across the Susquehanna," in the middle of your breakfast, this morning."

While Miss Trevanion gathered up her dress to mount the steps, I told her the story which I have already told the reader, of my involuntary discovery, while lying in that moonlit river, of Shahatan's unfortunate passion. Violently agitated by the few words in which I conveyed it, she insisted on my entering the house, and waiting while she recovered herself sufficiently to talk to me on the subject. But I had no fancy for mach-making or breaking it; I reiterated my caution touching the intimacy of her fashionable admirer with the baroness, and said a word of praise of the noble savage who loved her.

CHAPTER II.

In the autumn of the year after the events outlined in the previous chapter, I received a visit at my residence on the Susquehanna, from a friend I had never before seen a mile from St. James' street—a May-fair man of fashion who took me in his way back from Santa Fe. He stayed a few days to brush the cobwebs from a fishing-rod and gun which he found in inglorious retirement in the lumber-room of my cottage, and over our dinners, embellished with his trout and woodcock, the relations of his adventures (compared, as everything was, with London experience exclusively) were as delightful to me as the tales of Scheherazade to the eunuch.

"I have saved to the last," he said, pushing me the bottle, the evening before his departure, "a bit of romance which I stumbled over in the prairie, and I dare swear it will surprise you as much as it did me, for I think you will remember having seen the heroine at Almack's."

"At Almack's?"

"You may well stare. I have been afraid to tell you the story, lest you should think I drew too long a bow. I certainly should never be believed in London."

"Well—the story!"

"I told you of my leaving St. Louis with a trading party for Santa Fe. Our leader was a rough chap, big-boned, and ill put together, but honestly fond of fight, and never content with a stranger till he had settled the question of which was the better man. He refused at first to take me into his party, assuming me that his exclusive services and those of his company had been engaged at a high price, by another gentleman. By dint of drinking 'tules' with him, however, and giving him a thorough 'mill' (for though strong as a rhinoceros, he knew nothing of the 'science'), he at last elected me to the honor of his friendship, and took me into the party as one of his own men."

"I bought a strong horse, and on a bright May morning the party set forward, bag and baggage, the leader having stolen a march upon us, however, and gone ahead with the person who hired his guidance. It was five lun at first, as I have told you, to gallop away over the prairie without fence or ditch, but I soon tired of the slow pace and the monotony of the scenery, and began to wonder why the deuce our leader kept himself so carefully out of sight—for in three days' travel I had seen him but once, and then at our bivouac fire on the second evening. The men knew or would tell nothing, except that he had one man and packhorse with him, and that the 'gentleman' and he encamped farther on. I was under promise to perform only the part of the hired carrier of the party, or I should soon have made a push to penetrate 'the gentleman's' mystery."

"I think it was on the tenth day of our travels that the men began to talk of falling in with a tribe of Indians, whose hunting-grounds were close upon, and at whose village, upon the bank of a river, they usually got fish and buffalo-hump, and other luxuries not picked up on the wing. We encamped about sunset that night as usual, and after picketing my horse, I strolled off to a round, mound not far from the fire, and sat down upon the top to see the moon rise. The east was brightening, and the evening was delicious."

"Up came the moon, looking like one of the duke of Devonshire's gold plates (excuse the poetry of the comparison), and still the rosy color hung on in the west, and turning my eyes from one to the other, I at last perceived, over the southwestern horizon, a mist slowly coming up, which indicated the course of a river. It was just in our track, and the whim struck me to saddle my horse and ride on in search of the Indian village, which, by their description, must be on its banks."

"The men were singing songs over their supper, and with a flask of brandy in my pocket, I got off unobserved, and was soon in a flourishing gallop over the wild prairie, without guide or compass. It was a silly freak, and might have ended in an unpleasant adventure. Pass the bottle and have no apprehensions, however."

"For an hour or so, I was very much elated with my independence, and my horse too seemed delighted to get out of the slow pace of the caravan. It was as light as day with the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere, and the full moon and the coolness of the evening air made exercise very exhilarating. I rode on, locking up occasionally to the mist, which retreated long after I thought I should have reached the river, till I began to feel uneasy at last, and wondered whether I had not embarked in a very mad adventure. As I had lost sight of our own fires, and might miss my way in trying to retrace my steps, I determined to push on."

"My horse was in a walk, and I was beginning to feel very grave, when suddenly the best pecked up his ears and gave a loud neigh. I rose in my stirrups, and looked round in vain for the secret of his improved spirits, till with a second glance forward, I discovered what seemed the faint light reflected upon the smoke of a concealed fire. The horse took his own counsel, and set up a sharp gallop for the spot, and a few minutes brought me in sight of a fire half concealed by a clump of shrubs, and a white object near it, which to my surprise developed to a tent. Two horses picketed near, and a man sitting by the fire with his hands crossed before his shins, and

his chin on his knees, completed the very agreeable picture.

"Who goes there?" shouted this chap, springing to his feet as he heard my horse's feet sliding through the grass.

"I gave the name of the leader, comprehending at once that this was the advanced guard of our party; but though the fellow lowered his rifle, he gave me a very scant welcome, and motioned me away from the tent-side of the fire. There was no turning a man out of doors in the midst of a prairie; so, without ceremony, I tethered my horse to his stake, and getting out my dried beef and brandy, made a second supper with quite as good an appetite as had done honor to the first."

"My brandy-flask opened the lips of my only friend after a while, though he kept his carcass very obstinately between me and the tent, and I learned that the leader (his name was Rolfe, by-the-by) had gone on to the Indian village, and that 'the gentleman' had dropped the curtain of his tent at my approach, and was probably asleep. My word of honor to Rolfe that I would 'cut no capers' (his own phrase in administering the obligation,) kept down my excited curiosity, and prevented me, of course, from even pumping the man beside me, though I might have done so with a little more of the contents of my flask."

"The moon was pretty well overhead when Rolfe returned, and found me fast asleep by the fire. I awoke with the tramping and neighing of horses, and, springing to my feet, I saw an Indian dismounting, and Rolfe and the fire-tender conversing together while picketing their horses. The Indian had a tall feather in his cap, and trinkets on his breast, which glittered in the moon-light; but he was dressed otherwise like a white man, with a hunting-frock and very loose large trousers.—By the way, he had morcassins, too, and a wampum belt; but he was a clean-limbed, lithe, agile-looking devil, with an eye like a coal of fire."

"You've broke your contract, mister!" said Rolfe, coming up to me; "but stand by and say nothing!"

"He then went to the tent, gave an 'ehem!' by way of a knock, and retired."

"It's a fine night!" said the Indian, coming up to the fire and touching a brand with the toe of his morcassin.

"I was so surprised at the honest English in which he delivered himself, that I stared at him without answer."

"Do you speak English?" he said.

"Tolerably well," said I. "but I beg your pardon for being so surprised at your own accent that I forgot to reply to you. And now I look at you more closely, I see that you are rather Spanish than Indian."

"My mother's blood," he answered rather coldly, "but my father was an Indian, and I am a chief."

"Well, Rolfe," he continued, turning the next instant to the trader, who came toward us, "who is this that would see Shahatan?"

"The trader pointed to the tent. The curtain was put aside, and a smart-looking youth, in a blue cap and cloak, stepped out and took his way off into the prairie, motioning to the chief to follow."

"Go along! he won't eat ye," said Rolfe, as the Indian hesitated, from pride or distrust, and laid his hand on his tomahawk.

"I wish I could tell you what was said at that interview, for my curiosity was never so strongly excited. Rolfe seemed bent on preventing both interference and observation, however, and in his loud and coarse voice commenced singing and making preparations for his supper; and, persuading me into the drinking part of it, I listened to his stories and toasted my shins till I was too sleepy to feel either romance or curiosity; and leaving the moon to waste its silver on the wilderness, and the mysterious colloquy to ramble and finish their conference as they liked, I rolled over on my buffalo-skin and dropped off to sleep."

"The next morning I rubbed my eyes to discover whether all I have been telling you was not a dream, for tent and demopis had evaporated, and I lay with my feet to the smouldering fire, and all the trading party preparing for breakfast around me. Alarmed at my absence, they had made a start before sunrise to overtake Rolfe, and had come up while I slept. The leader after a while gave me a slip of paper from the chief, saying that he should be happy to give me a specimen of Indian hospitality at the Shawanee village, on my return from Santa Fe—a neat hint that I was not to intrude upon him at present."

"Which you took?"

"Rolfe seemed to have had a hint which was probably in some more decided shape, since he took it for us all. The men grumbled at passing the village without stopping for fish, but the leader was inexorable, and we left it to the right and 'made tracks,' as the hunters say, for our destination. Two days from there we saw a buffalo—"

"Which you demolished. You told me that story last night. Come, get back to the Shawanee! You called on the village at your return?"

"Yes and an odd place it was. We came upon it from the west, Rolfe having made a bend to the westward, on his return back. We had been travelling all day over a long plain, wooded in clumps, looking very much like an immense park, and I began to think that the trader intended to cheat me out of my visit—for he said we should sup with the Shawanees that night, and I did not in the least recognize the outline of the country. We struck the bed of a small and very beautiful river presently, however, and after following it through a wood for a mile, came to a sharp bend where the river suddenly descended to a plain at least two hundred feet lower than the table-land on which we had been travelling. The country below looked as if it might have been the bed of an immense lake, and we stood on the shore of it."

"I sat on my horse geologizing in fancy about this singular formation land, till, hearing a shout, I found the party had gone on, and Rolfe was hallooing to me to follow. As I was trying to get a glimpse of him through the trees,

[SEE FOURTH PAGE.]