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THE

SHOSHONEE VALLEY;

A ROMANCE.

'Dulcia linquimus arva ; nos patriam fugimus.'

IN TWO VOLUMES,

VOL. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANCIS BERRIAN.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY E. H. FLINT.

1830.

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District of Ohio, Sct.

***** BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fourteenth
L. S. day of March, A. D. 1830, and in the fifty-fourth year
***** of the American Independence, that E. H. FLINT, of
said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the
right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words and figures
following, to wit:

“The Shoshonee Valley; a Romance. ‘Dulcia linquimus arva;
nos patriam fugimus.’ By the author of Francis Berrian.”

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and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing,
engraving, and etching, historical and other Prints.”

WILLIAM MINER,
Clerk of the District of Ohio.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

I DESIRE not to despise the admonition of those, who, out of a tender regard to *bienseance*, have admonished me, that other themes, than the following, more befit my pen. A more impressive admonition, the voice of years in their flight, has inculcated the same warning. I do not pledge myself to have forsworn peccadillos of a similar character; but I mean never again to perpetrate offences of romance on a large scale. I hope, the reader will be more ready to accord indulgence in this case, as knowing, it will be his last opportunity. Criticism, of whatever character, cannot deprive me of one satisfaction,—the testimony of my inward consciousness, that whatever other demerit may attach to my writings in this walk, they are at least free from the inculcation of a single sentiment, that had not in my view the purest moral tendency.

With Elswatta, I deprecate the walking of little men over the graves of my romances; and I earnestly desire, that no one will intermeddle in this work, in the way of criticism, who has neither eyes to see, imagination to admire, or heart to feel simple nature, as I have communed with her in scenes, the memory of which is attempted to be transferred to these pages.

To those, who love forests, meadows, rivers and mountains, the gay April singers, who return to their forsaken groves, to chirp the tune of the melting snows, the yellow cup of the cowslip, the renovated croaking of the water-dwellers, and the breathing odors of the first vernal vegetation, to whomsoever any touch of sensibility of this sort appertains, to him, to her I dedicate this book; and I will meekly abide their award, be it for good, or evil. I am sufficiently aware, that enough will be found to say backward prayers. I would comfort them by the information, that I have already gathered a reward, which is stored out of their reach, the pleasure of contemplating these pictures, as they rose in my mind, beguiling me of many an hour of pain; and soothing many an anxiety and care, excited by far other associations.

In relation to the materials of this tale, I would only remark, that many years past, I had the pleasure to be present, where M. Mackay, the venerable commandant, under the Spanish regime in Louisiana, of the district of *Catondelet*, or 'Vide Poche,' below St. Louis, made one of a company of several travellers, who had each crossed the Rocky Mountains to the Western sea. He had himself been an extensive traveller in the interior of our continent, and was one of the most intelligent, with whom I have ever met. Their conversation chiefly fell upon the adventures, which had befallen them in their trips over the rugged and nameless mountains, between that place and the Pacific. These narratives of surpassing interest of the spectacles, rencontres and accidents, by flood and

field, which naturally befel them in a journey of such immense length, and in such wild regions, planted in my memory the germ and the stamina of the following tale. Elder Wood and Baptiste, Ellswatta, Areskoui, Manitouna, the self immolation, and even Jessy, *mutato nomine*, are no fictions. I have only to apprehend, that their intrinsic interest will have been diminished, in passing through my version. To those, who find me in any instances minute and prolix, I offer the admirable apology of the minister, who replied to the charge of delivering too long sermons, that he had not time to make them shorter. I felt myself almost constrained by necessity to sketch similar landscapes, which presented on the different wanderings of the Shoshonee, which there will not be wanting wise ones to stamp with the opprobrium of repetition. In classical humility I remind them, that Homer is famous for repeating a good thing, *verbatim et literatim*, seven times. If I am not always alike, they will remember, that Horace says

' Aliquando bonus Homerus dormitat.'

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THE
SHOSHONEE VALLEY.

CHAPTER I.

There unnamed mountains hide their peaks in mist,
And devious wild streams roll.

THE SHOSHONEE are a numerous and powerful tribe of Indians, who dwell in a long and narrow vale of unparalleled wildness and beauty of scenery, between the two last western ridges of the Rocky Mountains, on the south side of the Oregon, or as the inhabitants of the United States choose to call it, the Columbia. They are a tall, finely formed, and comparatively fair haired race, more mild in manners, more polished and advanced in civilization, and more conversant with the arts of municipal life, than the contiguous northern tribes. Vague accounts of them by wandering savages, hunters, and *coureurs du bois*, have been the sources, most probably, whence have been formed the western fables, touching the existence of a nation in this region, descended from the Welsh. In fact many of the females, unexposed by their condition to the sun and inclemencies of the seasons, are almost as fair, as the whites. The contributions, which the nation has often levied from their neighbors the Spaniards, have introduced money and factitious wants, and a consequent impulse to build after the fashions, to dress in the clothes, and to live after the modes of civilized people, among them. From them they have obtained either by barter or war, cattle, horses, mules, and the other domestic animals, in abun-

dance. Maize, squashes, melons and beans they supposed they had received as direct gifts from the Wahcondah, or Master of Life. The cultivation of these, and their various exotic exuberant vegetables, they had acquired from surveying the modes of Spanish industry and subsistence. Other approximations to civilization they had unconsciously adopted from numerous Spanish captives, residing among them, in a relation peculiar to the red people, and intermediate between citizenship and slavery. But the creole Spanish, from whom they had these incipient germs of civilized life, were themselves a simple and pastoral people, a century behind the Anglo Americans in modern advancement. The Shoshonee were, therefore, in a most interesting stage of existence, just emerging from their own comparative advancements to a new condition, modelled to the fashion of their Spanish neighbors.

Their common hunting grounds are on the wide grass plains, stretching from their native mountains to the western sea. Elk, antelopes, mountain sheep, deer and water fowls are their most abundant game on their own side of the mountains. Along their smaller streams and mountain torrents they trap the beaver, otter and muskrat. Ermine, sables, and four species of foxes, constituted the chief material of their peltries. They had often descended the Oregon to pursue seals and the other hairy dwellers in the depths of the sea. The traces of their footsteps, and their temporary huts were frequently seen amidst the dark hemlock forests on the Pacific shore. These free rangers of the deserts, as they saw the immense fronts, range behind range, of the ocean surf rolling onward, to whiten, and burst on the sand at their feet, had their own wild conceptions of the illimitable grandeur, and the mysterious and resistless power of the ever heaving element. They nerved their Herculean frames by bathing in the pure waters,

Variety and change are indispensables in the sum of their wants. To diversify their range and their monotonous thoughts, they set their faces towards the rising sun, and marched gaily along the grass plains, to scale the cold summits and breast the keen air of the mountains interposing between them and the hundred branches of the long Missouri, along whose valleys they purposed to course the buffalo. Hence their wide range of survey, the variegated modes of their existence, their different objects of pursuit, their alternate converse with ocean, river, valley and mountain, and the various mental tension necessary to diversify their meditations, according to their range and object, gave them the intellectual superiority, in comparison with the more stationary Indians, of travellers capable of a certain amount of reasoning, comparison and abstraction.

Their chief village, or metropolis, will be hereafter described. The great body of their nation dwelt near it, so that the mass of the people could be assembled, on an emergency, in half a day. Their free domain comprised an extent of five hundred leagues. The country of their compact and actual settlement is a vale, than which the earth cannot show one more beautiful or more secluded, the vale of the Sewasser-na. This stream, in which the poets would have placed the crystal caves of the Naiads of the ancient days, comes winding down in a clear, full, strong, and yet equable and gentle tide, from the mountains. Up its pure and ice formed waters ascend, in their season, countless numbers of the finest salmon; and in its deep and circling eddies play trout, pike, carp, tench, and all the varieties of fish of cold mountain rivers. The Indian, as he glides down the stream, sees the shining rocks at the bottom, covered with tresses of green waving moss, at the depth of twenty feet. This circumstance, along with its transparency, unquestionably furnishes the etymology of its name, which im-

ports the sea green river. Streaked bass, shiners, gold fishes, and beautiful and undescribed finny tribes, dart from their coverts along the white sand, flit from the shadow of the descending canoe, or turn their green and gold to the light, as they fan, as it were, with their purple wings, or repose in the sun beams that find their way through the branches that overhang the banks.

A splendid variety of wild ducks, the glossy grey mallard, the beautiful, blue winged teal, the green crested widgeon, the little active dippers, the brilliant white diver, appropriate to those waters, in numbers and diversities, which the naturalist only could class, the solitary loon, raising his lugubrious and ill omened note in unsocial seclusion, the stately swan, sailing in his pride and milky lustre slowly along the stream, the tall, sand hill crane, looking at a distance precisely like a miniature camel, the white pelican with his immense pouch in front, innumerable flocks of various species of geese, in short an unknown variety of water-fowls with their admirable sailing structures, their brilliant, variegated and oiled vestments, their singular languages and cries, were seen gliding among the trees, pattering their broad bills amidst the grasses and weeds on the shores; or, roused by the intrusion of man among them, their wings whistle by in two departing flocks, the one tending up, and the other down the stream.

It would be useless to think of enumerating the strange and gay birds, that sing, play, build, chide and flutter among the branches of the huge sycamores and peccans. Among the more conspicuous is the splendid purple cardinal, with its glossy and changeable lustre of black crest, the gold colored oriole, looking down into its long, hanging nest, the flamingo darting up the stream, like an arrow of flame, the little peacock of trees, the wakona, or bird of paradise, the parti-colored jay, screaming its harsh notes, as in

every portion of our continent, the red winged woodpecker, 'tapping the hollow beech tree,' the ortolan in countless flocks, in plumage of the most exquisite softness of deep, shining black, the paroquets with their shrill screams, and their splendor of green and gold, numberless humming birds, plunging their needle-shaped bills into the bignonia, bustards, grouse, turkies, partridges, in a word an infinite variety of those beautiful and happy tenants of the forest and the prairie, that are formed to sing through their transient, but happy day among the branches.

The mountains, on either side of the valley, tower into a countless variety of peaks, cones, and inaccessible rocky elevations, from six to ten thousand feet high. More than half of them are covered with the accumulated snows and ices of centuries, which, glittering in mid air, show in the sun beams in awful contrast with the black and rugged precipices, that arrest the clouds. From these sources pour down the thousand mountain torrents, that fill the Sewasserna with waters of such coldness, that, even in the high heats of summer, if you bend from your position under the shade of the peccan, and dip your hand in the water, thus collected from numberless and nameless mountains, the invigorating chill is, as if you plunged it in ice-water. The rocks, cliffs and boulders, partly of granite and partly of volcanic character, black and rugged in some places; in others porphyritic, needle, or spire shaped, shoot up into pinnacles, domes and towers, and still in other places, lie heaped up in huge masses, as though shook by earthquakes from the summits, where they had originally defied the storms; and now show, as the ruins of a world. Yet between these savage and terrific peaks, unvisited, except by the screaming eagle, are seen the most secluded and sweet valleys in the world. Here and there appear circular clumps of hemlocks, spruces, mountain cedars, silver firs, and above all the glorious Norwe-

gian pines. They dot the prairie in other places, showing like a level, cultivated meadow, covered with a rich and short grass, an infinite variety of plants and flowers, among which wild sage, ladies' slippers, columbines, and blue violets are the most conspicuous. The breeze, that is borne down from the mountains, always sighs through these ever-green thickets, playing, as it were, the deep and incessant voluntary of nature to the Divinity. Under the dark brown shade of these noble trees repose, or browse, elk, antelopes and mountain sheep. In numerous little lakes and ponds, where the trout spring up, and dart upon the fly and grasshopper, the verdure of the shores is charmingly re-painted, in contrast with the threatening and savage sublimity of the mountain, whose summits shoot down as deep in the abyss, as they stand forth high in the air. As you turn your eyes from the landscape, so faithfully pencilled on these sleeping waters, to see the substance of these shadows, the view dazzled with the radiance of the sun beams, playing on the perpetual snows in the regions of mid air, reposes with solace and delight on the deep blue of the sky, that is seen between, undimmed, except by the occasional passing of the bald eagle, or falcon hawks, as they cross your horizon, sailing slowly from the summit of one mountain to another.

In a valley of this sort, spreading ten leagues in length, from south to north, and sustaining an average width of a league, dwelt the Shoshonee, and their subdued allies, the Shienne. Beside the bisection of the Sewasserna, it is separated into two regular belts, or terrace plains. The partition between the two terraces is a prodigious, brilliant colored lime stone wall, rising fifty paces east of the Sewasserna, which meanders through the valley from south to north, seeking its junction with the Oregon. This singular wall, from a tradition, that a large party of Black-feet savages were once driven, after a severe defeat, to

leap it in their escape from their foe, and in which leap more than fifty of them were dashed in pieces, is called in Shoshonee *Wes-ton-tchalee*, or the fatal leap. It has a general elevation of at least three hundred feet; and shoots up among the hemlocks and cedars into turrets, pinnacles, spires, cupolas and domes, as though here were the remains of some ancient and depopulated city, with its temples and towers, defying time, in everlasting stone. Conforming to a common analogy of such walls, when they form the bluff of a river in an alluvial valley, it had an immense curvature within, and the summit projected in the form of a half arch, nearly a hundred feet beyond the perpendicular of the base, forming for a distance of many miles an alcove of inexpressible grandeur, shielded from all the inclemencies of the seasons, except in front, and even that was walled in with the ever-green branches and the lofty columns of hemlocks and pines, of a thickness and depth of verdure, to create a solemn twilight at noon day. One would think, that the very court and throne of echo was held in this vast rotunda. The solemn and swelling whisper of the breeze, as it rose, and sunk away in the ever-greens, was magnified here to the anthem stops of an organ. The traveller in the wilderness sees a thousand places, where nature has method in her seeming play. The showing in this strange spot was, as of a succession of ancient castles and alcoves, the grandeur and extent of which mocked all the petty contrivances of human art.

The Shoshonee and Shienne, with a tact and calculation very unlike the general heedlessness and want of forecast of the savages, had selected their winter, and what might be called their permanent habitations, in this noble range of rotundas. Trees, with straight and branchless shafts of an hundred feet, marked the divisions between family and family. A

frame of wicker work within corresponded with the divisions, and extended to the base. The ceiling was of bark, and wrought with that dexterity and neatness, which that people always put in requisition, when they intend ornament. Vistas, cut at regular intervals through the thicket and quite to the banks of the Sewasserna, at once gave light to the dwellings, furnished a view and a path to the river and the green and open plain on the opposite bank, and marked off the bounds and the compartments of the different families. Screens of beautifully painted rush work were sometimes used to exclude the inclemency of some of the winter days. But, such was the depth and security of the shelter from the extremes of heat, or cold, such the extent of the provision in this work of nature for habitancy, that the temperature in this generally equable climate must be severe indeed, when artificial exclusion of the cold, or kindling of fires was necessary for comfort. Such were their winter dwellings. Their summer houses were on the upper belt, overhung by the eastern mountains on the right, and looking down upon the Sewasserna and the green vale below on the left. Here they pitched large and cone-shaped tents, neatly formed either of rushes, or buffalo skins. The terrace above was an alluvial plain of a soil still richer, and of a mould still blacker and more tender, than that below. Noble peccan and persimon trees shaded their tents. Paw-paw shrubberies marked off their limits in long squares; and here, amidst a profusion of wild flowers, and under the embowering foliage of wild grapevines, they passed their summers. At present they dwelt secure from the fear of any foe. But it had not always been so. The Indians of the remote north, united with the Blackfeet, and finding friends in their immediate neighbors, the Shienne, had formerly been formidable enemies; and in the days of their fore-

fathers, rude ladders had been formed by thongs of hide, and, appended from the hemlock trunks above, had constituted a rope ladder, by which, when danger was apprehended, they fled from their summer tents to their ropes, and, like opossums evading their pursuers, they all dropped in a few moments to the unassailable fastnesses of their winter retreats.

Nature furnished them with inexhaustible supplies of prairie potatoes and other esculent roots, grapes, wild fruits, and strawberries. In summer they speared an ample supply of salmon, with which the Sewaserna abounded, pickled their buffalo humps and tongues, and smoked and jerked their elk and deer's flesh and hams. Sea fowl, turkies, bustards, and the smaller kinds of game and fresh venison rarely failed them at any period of the year. But in the winter, their provisions all laid in, their tallow, their seal and sea lion's oil provided for lights, and, in addition, a huge supply of the splinters of fat pine, they gave themselves up to visiting, journies of amusement, trapping the otter, beaver and muskrat, and just so much hunting, as furnished fresh venison, and offered diversion. The vast alcove, that arched over them, defied the storms; and during the long evenings, was brightly illuminated by the burning pine, and their lamps, formed of the large, purple sea-shells. Here the old men smoked, talked over the story of their young days, and settled in council, when the moon of flowers should return, whether they had best pursue seals in the great salt lake, or scale the mountains, and follow the buffalo over the measureless verdure of the Missouri prairies. The young men and women sat apart, and whispered, and laughed and made appointments, and circulated scandal, and managed love much in the same way, and to the same effect, as white people in towns during the same season.

The Shienne, incorporated, intermarried and amal-

garnated with them, still preserved recollections, that they had once been a powerful people. But they were subdued, and compelled to live in the immediate vicinity and constant survey of their conquerors; and necessity and policy taught them to smother deep in their bosoms their proud and revengeful feelings, and to wait for a time auspicious to more decisive manifestation. The chief town, if four hundred habitations, ranging under this arching battlement of stone might be so called, was nearly in the central point of the valley. An interval of a mile divided between it, and the central residences of the Shienne. But, as happens among the whites, there were clans within clans; there were large family connexions; there were associations of like-minded people; there were single solitary families, that preferred to live alone; there were families, who could not endure the more comfortable dwellings of the villages, and chose to live in rude bark or log cabins, like the Black-feet. Hence there were villages on the declivities of the mountains, and on the margins of the streams, that entered the Sewasserna from them; and there were hamlets, and detached and solitary habitations sprinkled over the whole extent of the valley.

In summer the numerous tents on the upper terrace showed at a distance, like communities of bee hives. In winter, the traveller, who sauntered along the eastern bank of the Sewasserna, marking the flights of wild fowls, hovering over the dark-rolling stream, or the summits of the mountains alternately showing black peaks, or glittering masses of ice, observed, indeed, this grand and singularly curved wall on the right. He marked numberless smokes streaming above the tops of the pines. He noted the straight columns of their trunks in front of the nature-built battlement. He saw from this grand and enduring structure spires and domes of stone surmount the

wall. He traced the straight avenues cut through the pines and the frequent tracks of human feet. He saw cattle, asses, mules and horses grazing, or browsing on the upper and lower terraces. He heard the shrill notes of domestic fowls, and the barking and baying of numberless dogs. But, were it not, that here and there Indian boys were seen shooting with the bow, a woman passing to the river for water, or a warrior listlessly stretching his arms in the sun, he would not have known, that he was passing by the proud metropolis of the Shoshonee, which, like Rome, had its tributary and subdued nations; which, like every place, where men and women congregate, had its ambition, intrigue, love, broil, exalted and humble aspirations, in short the real, equal, though miniature correspondence—as the Swedenborgians say—of all, that was in Rome, or is in Pekin or Petersburg, Paris, London, or Washington.

The Shoshonee *capitol* ought not, however, to be altogether pretermitted in description. Being the only permanent building, that was entirely artificial, they had exhausted their industry, skill, wealth and ornament upon it. It was at least three hundred feet in length, its centre resting upon the trunks of lofty pines; its sides supported by shafts of cedar trunks, planted deep in the earth. It was roofed with bark; and elsewhere covered with boards, split from the pine. Every idea of Indian taste had been put in requisition, to embellish the Shoshonee council-house. Beautifully painted buffalo robes, ornamented with the *totems* of the chiefs and of the tribe, were suspended as a kind of interior hangings from the walls. Articles of Spanish furniture—Spanish flags, crucifixes and other church ornaments, attested that they had made successful incursions into the Spanish settlements. Every thing, in fact, that Indian ingenuity could invent, or Indian wealth supply,

had been lavished in the fitting up of the interior. It was all neatly carpeted with rush matting, marked off in compartments of blue and red, except a large circle round the council fire in the centre, which was *medicine ground*, and within which none but the aristocracy of the tribe might enter.

A more important appendage still to their establishment was the common field. It was along the western bank of the Sewasserna, some miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in depth. A living hedge of pawpaw fenced it on three sides, and the river on the fourth. It was a friable, black, level alluvion, inexhaustibly fertile, and of a loamy and tender texture, easy to be tilled. At intervals nature planted sycamores, and peccans threw out their verdant and sheltering arms, to shade the weary laborers, as they tended their maize under the high heats of summer. Here waved their maize. Here were their squashes and melons, and such other esculent plants, as they cultivated; and every Shoshonee had his limits marked off, and was assessed an amount of labor, corresponding to his extent of ground. Those, who were too indolent to labor, shared not in the harvest. Those, who preferred solitary and individual exertion, selected such a spot, as pleased them, and cultivated, and labored little or much, at their own choice. The same council-house was common to the Shoshonee and Shienne; but the latter with their sympathies of nationality, cultivated a second common field, in front of their own chief village.

Here would be the place, to describe their government, in form a fierce democracy; but in efficiency a strong monarchy, or rather despotism, in which all the emblems of power, all the badges of authority, and all the words of injunction, and prescriptions of law were inaudible and invisible. Here might be given the ceremonies of their worship of the Wah-con-dah, or

Master of life, a ritual simple, mild and unpersecuting, their marriages, their modes, their traditions, their manner of intercourse, and the numberless details; that belonged to their interior and domestic existence. But this would require an extent and compass of details foreign to the purpose of this history; and besides such development of these subjects, as is material to the narrative, will naturally be interwoven with it in the proper place.

Here, in these quiet and green retreats, secluded from that world, which calls itself civilized, and by eminence the great world, by nameless inaccessible peaks of a line of mountains, stretching along the western front of the American continent, had lived successions of the Shoshonee for countless generations. Their traditions reached not to the time, when their tribe had a commencement. Their minds had not grasped the idea, that it had not been, as they believed, an eternal chain. Their recent history, in its public details, showed almost unbroken annals of successful incursions and attacks, or of peace, abundance and prosperity, and their general holiday was the whole period of the year.

Happy for them, if an impassable gulf, a Chinese wall, an adamant barrier could for ever have protected them from the ingress and communication of the white race, their gold and their avarice, their lawless love and their withering influence, their counsels and their new train of thoughts, their excitements, schemes and passions, their new habits and necessities originating from them; their power to inspire in these simple people disrelish and disgust with their ancient ways, without imparting better, and, above all, their accursed besom of destruction, in the form of ardent spirits. But, in a disastrous era for them, the white men had found their way into these mysterious hiding places of nature. Their ever restless

feet had scaled these high and snow-clad mountains. Their traps had been already set upon the remotest mountain torrent of the Sewasserna. This ingress had been cloaked by as many ostensible pretexts as there had been immigrants. But every motive had been a direct appeal to the unsuspecting, instinctive and ample hospitality of the Shoshonee. Some had come among them, as suppliants, and really emaciated with hunger; and perishing with exposure, toil and disease, had appealed to their pity and humanity. The unwieldy Spanish fire arms, with which they had been partially supplied, were exchanged for British guns and American yagers, brought among them by itinerant trapping traders. Guns and gunpowder and blankets and trinkets and vermilion and looking glasses were in a little time almost regular articles of supply from the mouth of the Oregon. Unhappily, all the visitants concurred in bringing ardent spirits, to neutralize, and mar all the questionable advantages of their intercourse.

For some years their most frequent visitants had been of those strange, fearless, and adamant men, the hunters and trappers of the Rocky Mountains, who followed the steps of the intrepid Lewis and Clarke from the regions of the rising sun. Wandering alone, or in pairs, eight hundred leagues from the habitations of civilized men, renouncing society, casting off fear, and all the common impulses and affections of our nature—seeing nothing but mountains, trees, rocks, and game, and finding in their own ingenuity, their knife, gun and traps, all the Divinity, of which their stern nature and condition taught them the necessity, either for subsistence or protection, they became almost as inaccessible to passions and wants, and as sufficient to themselves, as the trees, or the rocks with which they were conversant; they came among the Shoshonee more adroit, and more capable of endurance, than themselves.

Not long after, boats rowed by white men, were seen ascending the Oregon and the Sewasserna, from the Western sea. The dwellers in these secluded valleys, though separated by immense distances from the Spaniard on the one hand, and the Muscovite on the other, and the shores of the widest sea on the globe at the west, and the eight hundred leagues of the lower courses of the Missouri on the east, from other inhabited regions, began to find it necessary, in order to account for these strange visits of different people from such remote and opposite quarters, to resort to their ancient and vague traditions, that 'the little white men of the mountains,' had filled all the world with pale faces; and had left them, the Blackfeet, and the other tribes of red men, with whom they were acquainted, in these delightful solitudes—as in a vast and happy island, to which the restless pale faces were laboring to attain from all points of the compass.

The views of these visitants were as various, as their characters. Most came to hunt, and trap, and trade, and barter with the Indians, and gather peltries and furs, with the leading inducement to make money. Some of these sojourners, no doubt, looked about them with a certain degree of enthusiasm and excited thought, a certain half chill sensation of the awful and sublime, as from the green vale and its devious stream they surveyed the frowning peaks, rising in their savage grandeur to the region of eternal storm and ice. Others saw all this with perceptions, probably, less keen, than the wild deer, that bounded among the trees. Some loved the images of unrestricted love, of licensed polygamy, of freedom from the legal ties of marriage, of free and untrammelled roving. But all the adventurers were, more or less, imbued with an instinctive fondness for the reckless savage life, alternately indolent and laborious, full and

fasting, occupied in hunting, fighting, feasting, intriguing, and amours, interdicted by no laws, or difficult morals, or any restraints, but the invisible ones of Indian habit and opinion. None know, until they have experimented, for how many people, who would be least suspected to be endowed with such inclinations, this life has its own irresistible charms. People, who have long been soldiers, it is well known, are spoiled for every other profession. They, too, who have long reclined on the grass in Indian tents, who have gambled, and danced, and feasted, and jeopardized life in murderous rencounters and unforeseen battles and exterminating wars, and who have contemplated the varieties of prospect and event in their interminable expeditions, seldom return with pleasure to the laborious and municipal life of the whites.

Among the traders, some had come up the Sewaserna with an assortment, such as they could bring in one, or perhaps two periogues, rowed by hired Indians. Others had packed their commodities, brought by water to the sources of the Missouri, on horses over the mountains. A new, and previously unknown avenue to their country had been recently practised, through a singular gap, or chasm in the Rocky Mountains, and over the wide and beautiful lake of Bueneventura. By far the most abundant supply of goods, however, arrived from the mouth of the Oregon, to which the Indians made frequent trips, to sell furs, and bring back goods, and trade with the ships in the river, and supply themselves with ardent spirits. The frequency and uniformity of this intercourse almost equalled the regularity of a mail. The great amount of furs, peltries, dried salmon, jerked venison and smoked deer's hams, though sold for very inadequate values of barter, in a short time introduced among the Shoshonee most of the common and

cheap articles of prime necessity in the domestic wants of such a people.

But though, what is known in these countries by the common term Indian goods, made a considerable proportion of the stock in this trade, the greatest amount, cost and consumption was still in the article of ardent spirits. They, who brought the greatest abundance of that, were always most welcome. It was to no purpose, that an occasional white sojourner, of higher principles and better thoughts, warned them of the fatal influence of that seductive poison upon their race. It was in vain, that their intelligent and moral chief remonstrated against the introduction and use of the bewitching mischief. The Indian trader had not yet been seen among them, who possessed sufficient amount of principle, or capability of moral resistance, to stand out against the entreaties and menaces of the Indians, and the profits of the trade. Whatever quantity of this article he brought, it was soon consumed. But the quantity was generally so small, in comparison to the multitudes, among whom it was to be distributed, that individual intoxication, for a considerable time after the introduction of ardent spirits, was an uncommon spectacle. Enough was drunk for the most part, only to thaw out the cold, stern and saturnine bosoms of this strange people to unwonted hilarity, ardor, and kindness of feeling. Hence the coming of a new trader among them, who brought a quantity of this pernicious beverage, not unaptly denominated in their language, 'the fire medicine,' was an era of general excitement and festivity. Hence, too, the visits of the whites to their nation were always associated with these ideas, and were eagerly welcomed. The visitants, of course, were always at first in high favor. A temporary wife from the tribe was either offered by the chiefs, who regulated the introduction and citizenship of the

whites, or easily obtained, after the selection of survey. If he conducted with any degree of decent conformity to their immemorial customs and modes of thinking, the stranger was at once free of the tribe, and had a range of inclination and choice, as wide and unmolested, as the Indians themselves. As furs, peltries and salmon were quite abundant, and easily transported down the Sewasserna and Oregon, the traders were seldom long, in selling out their stock of goods and spirits, at a profit almost to the extent of their very flexible consciences.

CHAPTER II.

'Tis just, though stern,
 That race o'erwhelmed by race, in turn
 Should pass away.
 And soon, themselves to ruin borne,
 The present, like the past, shall mourn ;
 Like them decay. M. P. F.

WHITE PEOPLE had been seen among the Shoshonee, ever since the Spanish establishments on the gulf of California. In their excursions to those settlements, they had often brought prisoners, generally of the lower class of the people. These prisoners for the most part became attached to the Indian ways of life, remained voluntarily among them, and soon were only distinguished from them by their European countenance. Muscovite rovers, traders, and sailors had more recently appeared in the Oregon; and now and then one had stolen into the valley. They had also seen samples of those wonderful people, the Canadian *coureurs du bois*. But at the time, when this history commences, they might still have been considered

a simple, unchanged and unsophisticated people. This narrative contemplates them at the point of the first palpable influence of the introduction of money, and what we call civilization. It cannot fail to present a spectacle of great moral interest. With an apparent accession of new ideas, new comforts, new wants, and new views of things present and to come, these simple people are always seen to forego their simplicity, and become less wise; to change their skins for dresses of cloth, and to begin to suffer from the inclemency of the seasons; and to learn the use of our medicines and modes of applying them, and to become subject to new and more mortal diseases; in short, to melt away, through the influence of our boasted civilization, like the snow wreath of their hills, when a clear sun rises on their southern exposure.

At the point of time in question, the paramount council chief of the Shoshonee was Ellswatta; in person tall, venerable, muscular and noble looking, with a long face, aquiline nose, and the customary Indian deep black eye. He was full blooded, and descended from a line of chiefs, distinguished alike for valor and beneficence. He, too, united, in an uncommon degree, courage and enterprize with wisdom and firmness. He evinced a character of calmness on common occasions, which might have been mistaken for want of sensibility and quick perceptions, had not the deep furrows in his cheek, and the occasional expression of his countenance and flashing of his eye manifested, that it was the result of long struggle with himself, for entire self command and a strong and right estimate of the claims of true wisdom and dignity. Though turned of sixty years, he bet ayed no abatement of faculties; but bore himself in a vigorous, muscular and green old age, on which worth and authority had set the right impress and seal of

years. His patriarchal authority was at once energetic and mild, and though he had no guards, lictors, sheriffs, insignia, emblazonings, or visible display of office and power, his rule was a simple, though unseen and purposely concealed despotism. Ellswatta was one of nature's nobles, and there was nothing about him of the savage, but his not possessing the advantage of letters.

During the instinctive and fervid aspirings of his youthful days, he had been a conqueror. He had impressed the terror of his arms upon the Spaniard at the south; and even the frozen precincts of the immeasurable distance of the Muscovite at the north had not shielded him from the successful inroads of the warriors of the young Shoshonee chief. He had severely humbled the cruel and terrible Blackfeet on the eastern side of the mountains. From his father he had inherited the feudal homage of the Shienne. But he achieved the more important task of breaking down their refractory spirit, of removing them from their remote and scattered villages, and congregating the mass and strength of the tribe in a town, second only to the metropolis in size, removed from it but a short distance, and established in the same style, under the curvature of the continued dome of nature, that skirted the Sewasserna for an extent of ten leagues. They had formerly been as numerous as the Shoshonee; and though now subdued, proud and resisting blood ran in their veins. Their dialect and customs differed enough from those of their conquerors to keep alive a national spirit and remembrance of what they had been. Their chief Tonggat-see, or the Snow whirlwind, was old and infirm, but had a son, Nelesho, gigantic and powerful in form, fierce and ambitious in thought and purpose, cunning and resolved in intellectual character, and in symmetry of structure a perfect Apollo Belvidere

of the wilderness. Aspiring, artful, cruel, passionate, he was the secret idol of the Shienne, who looked to him, as the future instrument of their emancipation from Shoshonee thralldom. He governed his dotting father, the nominal sub-chief, and cherished in his bosom a burning and deeply fostered hatred towards the only son of Ellswatta, kept continually in action by envy, rivalry, ambition, and all the torturing and exciting passions of the human heart.

By concentrating the Shienne in his immediate vicinity, Ellswatta had them continually under his eye, and could note, and extinguish the first sparks of insurrection. On issuing his orders, he could see them carried into immediate execution, or punish disobedience with instant promptness. The continued, and unresisting quietness of the Shienne, and their docility and loyalty to his sway under such circumstances, were abiding proof of the wisdom of this arrangement.

Ellswatta, as has been said, had been a conqueror in his youth, and had won even his wife by dint of arms. Among a people, whose chief and absorbing pastime is war, and who nurse from their mother's breast unshrinking hardihood of character and purpose, and an instinctive love of the terror and excitement of battle, frequent expeditions are necessary, as modes of giving utterance and scope to the warlike musings of the untamed spirits of the young, through the only natural channel. A long peace had accumulated an unnatural and dangerous amount of this elastic and exciting impulse. He felt a full share of it in his own bosom. On some alleged aggression of the Spaniards upon a hunting party of his people, the prime and select of his young warriors, along with a proper conscription from the Shienne, ranged themselves under his standard, and prepared to follow him against the Spanish mission of St. Peter and St. Paul, three hun-

dred leagues south of the Oregon. Ellswatta had sufficient foresight not to march, until he had ascertained, that his force was well appointed, and fore armed against defeat and disaster, as far as precaution and preparation could provide. The war song was sung; and the young mounted warriors dashed away over torrent, mountain ravine, valley, forest and prairie, to the orange groves and vineyards of their southern borderers. The spirited and nimble squadron swept over the wide interval, like a cloud of locusts, and commenced plundering their unprepared enemy. All the detached and remote settlements and plantations were visited in turn with this desolating scourge. But Ellswatta was the most generous and gallant of Indian invaders, and much of terror, as preceded him, he inflicted no misery or cruelty, beyond what was indispensable to carry his purposes into effect. Women and children, the old, feeble, and rich he permitted to ransom themselves, always proportioning the sum to the ability. Of pretty women he found few, or none; or, perhaps, he would not have been always so forbearing.

He did not deem his force sufficient to assail the fortified towns. But he overran the unfortified places, as a whirlwind; and the expedition was absolutely loaded with plunder; nor did they spare in the least the well stored wine cellars. Plate, dresses, money, provisions, horses, mules and asses, in short, whatever they could with any convenience carry away, made up the amount of their collection. Before they could be attacked in one place, they had levied contributions upon another, and the objects of the expedition were completed in one week.

Among the few prisoners, that were not ransomed, and that followed them back to their country, was Josepha Estevanna, the daughter of an opulent grazer, with a numerous family. She belonged to the

town of St. Joseph, and had come, attended with a curé and servants, on a visit to an uncle, who lived on this northern frontier of the mission. She had been reared by a father, who knew little, beside the art of taking charge of a vacherie, and valued nothing, but money. This favorite child possessed the only pretty face in the family, and had been reared, or rather spoiled, in misguided and weak fondness. Her mind and heart, respectable in native endowment, had been suffered to develope at will, without any efficient discipline. Suffered thus to grow up, like a prairie plant, she would have been ruined by opulence and indulgence, had not touches of native sense and amiability interposed some redemption of character. As it was, she was a far famed Creole belle, an object of competition with all the young Spaniards, who might pretend to it, within sixty leagues. She sung, played the guitar, danced to a charm, was passably able to read a romance, and spell a billet of assignation, so as to have it take effect, though not exactly in the orthography of the royal academy of Madrid. She had a fine Italian countenance, of infinite spirit and vivacity, an olive complexion, keen black eyes, a high forehead, shaded with curling ringlets of jetty blackness, and a tall and commanding figure. Moreover, she was seventeen, and had been, more than once, on the brink of marriage; and had failed to obtain the first object of her pursuit, a husband, not from her own choice, but from the difficulty, which her father made, touching the point of dower.

Along with the great mass of plunder, amidst the bleating of flocks and lowing of herds, and the wreck of whatsoever could enter into a Spanish establishment, and the shrieks and sobs of some twenty or thirty female captives, the proud beauty was brought forward. The conqueror dismounted from a noble

horse, and in the narrow compass of Spanish, which he possessed, uttered a few brief words, at once respectful, complimentary, and conveying assurance of kind treatment, and the most inviolate decorum of observance;—the more easily promised, as it was known even to Josepha, to be guaranteed by the invariable usages of the Indians. He somewhat sternly ordered the other prisoners to desist from their wailings, while the fair captive told her story. The burden of it was, to request that she might remain at a stipulated ransom, which her uncle offered security to pay, as soon as it could be remitted from her father, then on a journey to San Blas. But Josepha, though she understood not Shoshonee speech, readily interpreted the language of the eye and the countenance; and she saw in a moment, that she had most completely conquered the conqueror. Unaccustomed to control, or put rein to his inclinations, Ellswatta had only taken one full survey of his prize, before he had determined, that she should accompany him to the banks of the Sewasserna. It was a difficult business for the gallant young Indian, to make this purpose categorically known. But he found words, in which to be understood to that effect; and moreover to add to the information reasons for his resolve, as likely to be satisfactory to Josepha, as any that could be imagined. Indulgent on every other point, and ready on the easiest ransom to dismiss to their homes the old and the ugly, and even the greater number of the young men, it was in vain that Josepha folded her hands, fell gracefully on her knees, and raised her fine eyes to heaven, imploring God, the Virgin and the young chief, to have mercy upon her. It was in vain that all her friends, the curé and the uncle among the rest, crowded round him, wept, entreated, and doubled the offers of ransom. It was in vain, that Josepha, taking advantage of an appearance of his being

softened and subdued, made the welkin ring with supplications and cries. The impatience of the young chief waxed towards sternness and wrath. 'I could easier take my heart from my bosom,' he said, 'than grant this request; and if you cease not these troublesome importunities, by the Master of Life I swear, I will carry you all away to keep her company. Disperse to your homes. This bird of paradise must see the Sewasserna. She shall dwell with my mother. She shall be regarded as the medicine of the Wahcondah. If, when she shall have remained with us through the three moons of flowers, she shall choose to return, I swear she shall be sent back in honor, and without ransom, to this place.'

Her friends trembled at the determined tones, and quailed under the flashing eye of the chief, and scattered, like leaves in the wind. His orders were peremptory; and in one hour the plunder was packed on mules and horses, or loaded in Spanish carts. Whole flocks and herds, cattle, sheep and swine, were started away over the plain; and Josepha, alternately weeping, and praying, mounted the same charger, on which she had come on this ill-omened visit. She was allowed a single confidential female servant to attend her; and in a short time, the procession was moving away over the prairie. She saw, that she was treated by the chief and his warriors with a propriety and respect, which even surpassed that of her own people; nor could the visible homage to her charms fail to mitigate in some degree the painful thoughts of captivity. No alleviations of the incidental fatigue of the way, no comforts, which such a position might furnish, were wanting. When they passed a mountain, or a ravine, Ellswatta was at hand with respectful assiduity, to help her dismount, to lead her horse, and, when she was fatigued, to order his warriors to bear her on a litter of vine branches;

or when the smoothness of the country through which they passed admitted, to give her a place in the best of the carriages which they had plundered from the Spaniards.

Josephah thus saw herself still surrounded by homage, still supplied with comforts and indulgencies; and with less change in her circumstances, than could have been imagined; except, that she journeyed leisurely in a new and beautiful country, heard a new language, and constantly saw finer forms and a more gallant and spirited people, than her own. As her steed ambled along the flowering prairies, she had abundant leisure to compare Ellswatta, leading his warriors in triumph, and in native grandeur and dignity towards home, with the numerous suitors, who left her to wear the willow, merely because her father demurred to bribe them to close the contract by a sum of money sufficiently large. She sometimes thought keenly, it is true, of her home and her father. But it was, on the whole, a journey in itself not unpleasant. She had heard a promise, in which she had every reason to confide, that she should be allowed to return, after three months, if she chose; and in view of all these circumstances she found means and summoned motives, that operated to make her sorrow much less real than seeming. She still availed herself of the opportunities, in which Ellswatta came to aid her, and enquire about her comforts and wants, to place herself in graceful attitudes, and implore him, to send her home. But he saw that she found it more and more difficult, to invoke the accustomed accompaniment of tears. In short, his keen discernment and tact, sharpened by love, opened his eyes to perceive clearly, that at every interview, and at every remove to the north, her grief was less true and deep, though it was still sufficiently extravagant in demonstration of external show.

The expedition crossed the last mountain, the immediate boundary of the Shoshonee valley, in safety, and the lady Josepha might have told enquiring friends, in the customary phrase, that she found herself as well *as could be expected*. The most glorious of all the Indian solemnities is the triumphal return of a successful expedition. This had every feature, to mark it with the highest festivity. It had been distant. Not a warrior had fallen. It had brought back a prodigious booty. The flocks and herds, that the warriors drove before them, filled all the plain. The whole united people of the two tribes received them, as they came down the mountains, and instantly undeceived those of their captives, who had been taught to consider them a callous, cold and insensible race. Wives embraced their husbands, parents their children, and maidens their elected warriors. The old people walked in procession before them. The drums beat. Fire arms were discharged; and as soon as they arrived at the council house, the medicine dance took place, and due thanks were returned to the Master of Life. As not a person of the expedition had fallen, even the captives were treated with the utmost kindness. They were all distributed, and assigned according to immemorial usage, and Josepha, with every mark of tenderness and respect, was passed over to the keeping of the aged mother of Ellswatta. Here every amusement and gratification, which the means of the valley could furnish, were put in requisition by Ellswatta. In the energetic and beautiful phrase of his native vale, he declared unbounded love for his fair captive. He strove to enlist her ambition to swerve her to become the wife of the chief. She saw him adored by his people. She observed him intelligent and generous, of an admirable form and noble spirit. She discovered, too, that she held her conqueror in chains, and could impose such conditions, as

pleased her. She still wept at times, and talked of her dear country, as Ellswatta showed her the beautiful domain of his people. She teased him, vexed him, pouted, and flung at times, and threatened in Shoshonee, for she had shown an admirable quickness in learning the language, to return at the expiration of the moon of flowers. In short, she tormented the young Indian in all conceivable ways, and her combinations of that sort were quite respectable in number.

But when the first fine day of summer came, and Ellswatta, true to his word, and trembling through fear, that there were more female mysteries yet to learn, came to inform her that he was ready to accomplish his promise, and to conduct her back to her people,—if Josepha had balanced in time past between returning to her father, perhaps to spend her days in single blessedness, and the certainty of a generous and noble husband, chief of two nations, she did so no longer. She thought of the tawny, mean looking, and timid young Creoles who had been her mercenary suitors, as the chief in the form and majesty of an Apollo stood before her. ‘Bird of paradise,’ said he, ‘thou art as free as yon eagle that is soaring over the mountain, toward thy country, and Ellswatta has strength from the Wahcondah to offer to accompany thee to thy home.’

Josepha replied with all the affected modesty and holding back, that might seem to suit the occasion, that she had changed her mind, in regard to returning to her own people. She told him, ‘that she felt as though she ought to punish him for the rudeness and cruelty of bringing her away from her dear parents and country, by returning to them; but as she could not bring herself to endure the mortification and wounded feeling, which, she knew, awaited her among her own race, where she would be pointed at, and pitied by every one, as having been subject to

the control and caprice of an Indian chief for three whole months, she should be obliged to live among the Shoshonee. Not at all, she added, that she wished him to marry her, because she chose to remain, and thus avoid this bitter but now unavoidable consequence of his cruelty.'

In short, the chief guaranteed her the free and unmolested exercise of her worship, and they were married after the most splendid Indian ceremonial. Josepha, on this occasion, received a Shoshonee name, equivalent to 'Moss Rose,' and the rejoicing and festivities on this happy event are still recounted by the elders of the tribe, in proof of the degeneracy and decreasing refinement of the younger generation, as evinced in the comparative insignificance of their festivals. Josepha became a good and affectionate wife, identifying her interests, henceforward, with those of her husband, in many points conforming to the ways of her adopted people; and reciprocally fostering in the bosom of her husband no small tendency towards the Spanish habits and ways of thinking. Nor was Josepha ever heard to complain, that this marriage had not rendered her happy.

The other Spanish captives were adopted into different families, and in no great length of time had intermarried with the Shoshonee or Shienne, and were so effectually incorporated with them, as to bear no other trace of distinction, save their European countenances.

The first white family, that established itself among them, in such a way, as to sustain its distinct identity, was that of William Weldon. It was a family, which would have been considered so rare and unique in any place, that it will be necessary to go back to its origin, as far as its peculiar circumstances may serve to explain its peculiarities. Never example afforded a more ample confirmation of the thought in

the beautiful verses of Gray, touching the gems that blaze unseen in the dark caverns of the ocean, and the roses, that waste their fragrance on the desert air.—The head of this family was originally a New England mariner, of a highly respectable family, accustomed to the most careful domestic discipline, and receiving the advantages of the best education, which that country could furnish. The family had once been opulent, and had experienced reverses. The son early manifested buddings of the highest order of talent; and the parents looked forward with the usual fondness of parental affection to this son, as the means of retrieving their fortunes, and redeeming their circumstances. He was sent to a university, and intended for the law. But William was cursed, in a very uncommon measure of endowment, with genius, and the blighting influence of what seems to have been an evil star. He grew up a musing, poetry-loving, sensitive, capricious, irritable and jealous being, holding little converse, except with inanimate nature, and the ideal world within himself. When he should have been thinking about his lessons, gaining the good will of his instructors, and attending to his present and future interests, his imagination, perhaps, was rioting with the fool's thoughts at the ends of the earth. He knew every thing, but what was useful for him to know. Neither his reasonings, his actions, or calculations were like those of any body about him. He laughed without seeming reason, and was sad without visible cause; and generally preserved uncommon taciturnity, and a countenance clouded with thought and dark musings, frequently mistaken for ill temper. He was constantly advancing paradoxical opinions, which he defended with so many arguments and so much acuteness, that he confounded, if he confuted not his adversaries. Among those of his opinions, that had really operated deep conviction, was the wild and pernicious

cious sophism of Rosseau, that the savage is happier, than the social state. The sequel will explain what an influence this deep and absorbing conviction operated upon his subsequent life.

William graduated from the university, with the estimation by the faculty of an odd, original and rather refractory subject. Still they admitted, that he had genius; and he was a most persevering and indefatigable student. His parents began to distrust his success in life, for he only now and then acquired a warm friend at the expense of a host of enemies; though every one of them was obliged to admit, that he was irreproachable. The sanguine hope of his parents received the final extinguisher, when they discovered in him an unconquerable propensity to the sea. They reasoned, remonstrated, and struggled. But he felt the leading of his star, and went to sea. Master of the higher mathematics and of navigation, in the first voyage he became an admirable practical sailor. The parents, with the common versatility of the power of creating illusions, welded their broken chain of hopes anew; and now promised themselves, that they should soon see him an India captain, and thereafter a first rate merchant. He commenced his second voyage, as second mate of a China ship. But, with more acquaintance with navigation, and with an unimpeached reputation, as a man, and a sailor, no one spoke of his advancement. He seemed to be fixed at the scale of second mate. Again and again he sailed on the same voyage, with the same result. The stripling and the novice were exalted over his head. William had keen feelings and a bottomless fund of tortured pride. He cursed civilization in his heart, and charged his want of success to the evil influence of social life. Disappointed hopes, humbled pride, and a consciousness of ill requited merit, continually corroded his nerves. His parents unreasonably com-

plained, and he fled, a self resolved exile, from his country. He still went to sea second mate, and bowed to young men, every way his inferiors, in proud humility, and in stern and uncomplaining taciturnity of professional subordination. The sailors avoided and almost dreaded him, they knew not why. His intellectual powers, his mathematical knowledge, his nautical learning and his seamanship, along with his silent and thoughtful manner, caused strange and almost superstitious views of him to be entertained on ship board, and he was generally designated by the name, Sulky Will.

A deep and inexhaustible fund of friendship and good feelings was thus locked up in his heart, for want of a congenial friend, and the right kind of society and circumstances to draw it forth. But indignant, that every one misapprehended, and showed dispositions to shun him, he finally grew misanthropic, wrote verses and threw them in the sea; and determined, the next time he should sail to the north-west coast, to join the Indians in the interior.

It happened on his last outward bound voyage, that a young gentleman went out passenger, with a handsome capital, to establish himself in business at Canton. He was an unconnected, studious and amiable man, of feeble health. He was ill of a hectic complaint, and in the ennui of a long voyage, circumstances brought him intimately acquainted with William. They soon found in each other the elective attraction, delight and advantage of congenial minds. How delightful is the sensation, on making such a discovery any where! How much more so, when made on ship board, while the frail vessel is ploughing its solitary path along the trackless wastes of Ocean! And most of all so, when one of the parties was imperceptibly sinking under the influence of that insidious and terrible disorder which,

while it precludes all hope of overcoming it, heightens the sensibilities, and gives new tension to the ties of the heart. All, that had understood William Weldon, loved him; and this young gentleman became deeply attached to him. The ship was becalmed in the tropical latitudes. The invalid began to sink rapidly; and it soon became evident, that he would not survive, to reach his destination. William Weldon spent every moment, that was not devoted to his proper duties, with him. He watched over him with tender and unabating care, read to him, conversed with him, and said much to cheer, and sustain him, and solace his last hours. In a long and affectionate conversation with him, two days before his death, the young man told him, that he had no near connexions; and that in consideration of his friendship for him, and his gratitude for his kind assiduities, he intended to make him his sole heir. This he declared verbally, before the captain and crew. After his death a will was found to the same effect; and William Weldon became possessed of ten thousand dollars. He henceforward passed by the name of 'rich Sulky Will,' without seeming to have propitiated the good will of the officers, or brightened in the slightest degree his prospects of advancement.

While he was discharging his duty of second mate, for this office was still the cap of his climax of promotion, and while his ship was lying in the river, half a league below Canton, there arose a sudden and violent squall, attended with thunder, lightning and hail. Many Chinese vessels in sight were capsized by the suddenness of the gale; and among others a large custom house junk, used by its officer, as a place of habitation. Three or four persons were seen to escape from this vessel, as it lay close by the ship. They swam with perfect ease towards a British ship, at no great distance. Not so a single young woman,

who was observed to struggle with the waves for a moment, and then to sink with a shriek, but a few yards from the ship, towards which she seemed to be making. This was plainly apparent amidst all the commotion and uproar; and excited a general cry of sympathy. The fierceness of the storm, the beating of the hail, the screaming of the winds in the ropes, and the waves lashed to a fury, rendered it a fearful chance for any one, to commit himself at that moment to the raging element. The thoughts of William Weldon, it may be, were a thousand leagues away, when the storm commenced. The sight of this drowning woman and the general cry of sympathy concentrated his scattered thoughts. As she arose, holding to an oar with one hand, and reaching the other for help to the ship's crew, William plunged overboard. The uproar of the elements and the commotion of the water were terrible. At the same time all the idolatrous fondness of sailors for manifestation of generous feeling, reckless intrepidity, and disregard for self was kindled, and directed towards the adventurer, as by an electric spark. William Weldon became popular and a favorite in a moment. 'God bless you, Sulky Will,' they cried, 'Who would have thought, it had been in you'! He had nearly reached the woman, when she sunk a second time. He was seen to descend, at the point where she sunk. The lightning glared. The rain fell in sheets, and for half a minute, it was thought, that both were forever whelmed in the abyss. But a moment afterwards, he was seen rising with the drowning woman. Coops and casks were thrown over towards them. A general shout arose. 'Hurra, my noble lad! Hold to her. The gale is falling. We will have you a rope in a moment.' Meanwhile another intrepid tar had sprung overboard, and reached him, when nearly exhausted, with a rope. William caught it, and they were drag-

ged on board, the woman in a state of entire insensibility, and her preserver apparently exhausted.

The squall passed away. By proper exertions the woman was recovered, and was found to be a Chinese lady of a most interesting appearance, and the daughter of a Mandarin of considerable rank, and holding an office in the customs of no mean importance. Her father, accompanied by many friends, came on board, for her; and William received many grateful thanks, and offers of reward, which he, of course, declined.— But William had won the acclamations of officers and crew by an act, of a character always to go directly to a sailor's heart. 'You shall be promoted, my brave lad,' they said, and a clear vista was now opened to promotion.

But their voyage was destined to be continued to the Oregon, before their return. It happened, while they lay in the river, that one of the hands died.— The captain immediately advertised for another hand, by distributing cards among the American and English ships in the river. The evening before the ship was to sail on her voyage to the north west coast, a young Chinaman of a singularly interesting and pleasant countenance, and speaking the usual amount and dialect of English, appeared on deck, and offered himself to the captain for the advertised sailor. The captain looked at him with the common kind of scrutiny in such cases, and objected to the slenderness and delicacy of his form, as not promising sufficient muscle, power and endurance for a sailor's duty.— The countenance of the interesting young Chinaman sank, and became overclouded with distress; and his extreme anxiety and earnestness to be engaged was palpably manifest. The captain proposed some trials of his skill and adroitness, through which he passed with competent facility. His gentleness and docility, the earnest sweetness of his countenance, and

a certain urbanity of manners, gained on the good will of the captain. But he said, 'my good lad, your face looks very little like having been weather beaten, or your hands like handling ropes.' His whimsical way of speaking English, and the pleasant tones of his voice had won him the warm heart of the sailors. William Weldon, too, in this case, seemed to have aroused from his wonted apathy and indifference to what was passing. He asked, as a favor to him, that the young Chinaman might be employed; and remarking, that the captain knew, that he had in him the power to perform the duty of three men, he pledged himself, that he would supply the deficiency of the Chinaman's duty, when it resulted from his inability to perform it himself. In short, Yensi, for so the Chinaman was called; was shipped, and, apparently delighted to have obtained his point, left the matter of his wages entirely to the will of the captain.

The foreigner proved to be more slender and delicate, than had been apprehended; and the little white hands, taper fingers, and fairy feet of the Chinaman were a matter of most amusing speculation to the sailors. But his manners were modest and elegant; his temper mild and affectionate; and he was untiring in his efforts to learn, and accomplish his duty. His musical tones of voice, and monosyllabic dialect delighted the crew from their novelty. There was a charm in his whole deportment, which won him general favor; and there were others of the crew as ready, as William, in cases of severe, or extra duty, to perform those services, for which his want of strength, or skill, disqualified him. But Yensi, though civil and obliging to all, was observed from the first day to attach himself almost exclusively to the society of Sulky Will. This was an inexplicable mystery to the crew; for William was naturally as silent and reserved, as Yensi was affable and colloquial. But

so it was, that, while they evidently sought to avoid manifestations of particular liking for each other in the observation of the ship's company, they chose contiguous births, cooked and messed together; and while, publicly, they strove to seem no more particular to each other, than to the rest, they always seized the first decent opportunity for retirement, to be apart by themselves; and it was remarked, that, silent as William was with the rest, with Yensi he was as colloquial and voluble, as a Frenchman.

While the ship sped before as gentle and steady gales as ever blew, and while the bland atmosphere of the tropics and mid ocean encircled them, when the rest of the crew drank their grog, pledged their sweethearts, sang their songs, and told their stories, under the radiance of the moon tempered by the fleecy clouds, William and Yensi, on the extreme stern, or bow, courted seclusion, and never tired of each other's society; and this companionship seemed to have ripened into a mysterious friendship. The sailors soon learned to find amusement in teasing Yensi, by ridiculing his friend. He had learned the exact import of the name 'Sulky Will;' and nothing so soon overcame his customary placidity, as to hear them apply the term 'Sulky' to his friend. On the other hand, William had shown no pugnacious dispositions, until some of the crew began to talk scoffingly about Yensi's little feet, slender hands, and beardless face. William begged them to desist from such conversation, in a manner that obtained his purpose at once. A slight gale arose, and Yensi was severely sea-sick. He would accept no nursing, but that of William. In short, sick or well, on duty or at leisure, William and Yensi were inseparable companions. This unheard of kind of Platonic sentimentality between a Yankee sailor and a Chinaman, naturally became a subject of conversation and curiosity.

Three days before the ship reached the mouth of the Oregon, it was remarked, that William had never shown so much wrath, as at an insinuation, apparently thrown out at hazard, that Yensi was a woman concealed in a sailor's habit.

William's extreme agitation strengthened, and fixed the suspicion; and the rumor was soon afloat, that Yensi was in fact a woman. Such a fine subject for ship gossip could not be long in reaching the ears of the captain, who gaily proposed to William, to clear himself from suspicion by submitting the premises to the test of search. But the wit, if wit it was intended to be, was met by him with such a look, as gave the captain no disposition to repeat the proposition. If a more formal investigation had been contemplated by the captain, it was prevented by squalls and stormy weather, which betokened their approach to the north west coast. The captain and crew were too much occupied by a sense of danger and the bustle of duty, to pursue the rumor further, either in jest or earnest. But the parties had been made most painfully aware, that the report was afloat, and on the return of pleasant weather would, probably, lead to unpleasant consequences.

The moment the ship anchored in the Oregon, and put out her plank on the bluff shore, fearful of some officious interference, and sensible that the secret could not be longer concealed, William Weldon took the first opportunity to inform the captain, in private, that the sailors had divined rightly, and that Yensi was in fact a Chinese girl. He informed him further, that there was an indissoluble attachment between them; that both were alike disgusted with social and civilized life, and had resolved to join the Indians in the interior. He, therefore, demanded the discharge of both. The captain at first demurred, remonstrating that such desertion would leave him without

sufficient hands to work the ship. A remedy was found for that difficulty in the fact, that there were many discharged sailors in the settlement at the mouth of the river, who wished to hire. They would, of course, make common cause with William, whose resolute, persevering, and fearless character was well known. The captain saw his predicament, and deemed it best to comply, without attempting compulsion. So William Weldon and Yensi were paid and discharged. A colony of adventurers had already formed a kind of rude town on the banks, whose inhabitants pursued sea lions, otters and seals on the shore, and drove a very considerable trade with the Indians up the Oregon and its branches. William and Yensi immediately moved their effects on board another ship in the river. That ship had on board a well known factor, bound in a few days to Canton. With him William deposited his money, on interest, to be paid him on personal demand, or to be remitted at his order to the chief inhabitant of the settlement for his use. His own wages and earnings were expended in guns, powder, lead, traps, clothing of various kinds, and, in general, in an ample supply of such articles, as his foresight taught him would be necessary in the new position, in which he expected to place himself. Yensi, among other things, had brought trunks and boxes of Chinese silks, and all her own articles of dress, comprising an extensive wardrobe, adjusted to the wealth and standing of her father. She had not forgotten, at the same time, Chinese books, paintings and a considerable weight of ingots of silver. From the first, William had always carried with him a respectable select assortment of the best of books. It was matter of sufficient astonishment, and furnished abundant ground for gossip and conjecture, and a thousand extravagant versions of the affair, to remark two people in the

prime of youth, with comparative wealth, and such abundant means, making arrangements to bury themselves among the savages in the interior.

As soon, as they were on board the other ship, Yensi changed her sailor dress for an appropriate one of her own country; and appeared in her proper character, a lovely young woman, habited as the daughter of a Chinese Mandarin. She was, in fact, the very Chinese girl, whom William had saved from drowning in the storm. A young woman, who has a heart, whether she appear with the complexion and dress, and speak the language of Boston or Canton, whether she wear India rubber shoes, or have her feet crimped in those of China, has the same grateful nature over the globe. William's vessel and the Chinese junk had been moored within half a cable's length of each other for weeks. The Chinese lady was often on deck; and William, who had made a covenant with his eyes, in regard to ladies of his own country, was struck with the air and figure of this foreign girl. Certain bows, and looks, that speak the universal language, had been exchanged between them, before his intrepid exploit. That settled the relationship of affection between them. As soon as she recovered consciousness on the American ship, she and her deliverer interchanged vows with their eyes. She loved William, as one loves, to whom that sentiment is every thing. They contrived an interview. They arranged together the plan for elopement, the success of which has been related.

Her father, as an inspector of the port, and a collector of the customs, resided in a large junk on the river; and the daughter officiated, as his house, or boat keeper. He was avaricious, and proud, and had shown towards his amiable child total destitution of the common sympathies of parental affection. Love was an entirely new perception to this inexperienced

girl, which, deeply as it burned in her bosom, she would sooner have died, than have disclosed to her father. Her first efforts at reasoning, and framing syllogisms, were spent in excusing her rashness and departure from all Chinese customs, to her own conscience. But the first step was taken, and love made the remaining ones easy. William assured her, that at the first leisure hour, which they should have together, he could satisfy all her remaining scruples. She had been taught to believe in the inevitable decrees of fate, and she was convinced, that she felt the leading and the consent of the 'Universal Tien' in the new and tumultuous sensations, which agitated her bosom. She gathered up all, that she conceived, belonged to her of right, and effected her elopement as has been related.

In presence of William's banker, a distinguished merchant, whom he had formerly known, and the chief settler of the colony, who acted as a kind of self appointed magistrate, they were privately married, the one appealing to angels and God, and the other to the 'Universal Tien,' that they made their vows in full sincerity of heart; and that they would forsake each other only in death. William's first effort upon the mind of his bride was, to prove to her the superiority and advantages of savage over social life; and to persuade her, to approve his plan of renouncing society, and joining himself to the Indians. In the freshness and vigor of a first love, for such was his new born affection for Yensi, he offered to abide her decision, either for or against his project. But the heart of Yensi overflowed with love and confidence. She dreamed not, that she should ever wish to see, or converse with any other, than William. She assured him, that the place of his choice was hers; and had she known the language, she would have said with the generous and confiding Ruth, 'where thou goest,

I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God, and where thou diest, there also will I die.'

In a few days their arrangements and purchases were made; and they were of an extent utterly unlike any thing of the kind, that had ever ascended the river before. Cutlery and materials for a house, cloths, books, a telescope, a microscope, implements and materials for drawing and painting, together with the requisite provisions, were loaded into three or four large periogues, rowed by hired Shoshonee and Shienne, and accompanied by a young half breed, who understood English and Shoshonee. The young bridegroom and bride took their last look of civilized men, and started away up the river. The season and weather were temperate and propitious; and the wild and beautiful nature, that continually opened in incessant variety upon them, as they moved up the broad and noble stream, and looked abroad upon the flowery plains, or the magnificent hills, or the elevated bluffs, or the millions of sea fowls, or the herds of wild animals, prospects so utterly unlike any thing, that Yensi had seen, were sources of new and continual delight. She was charmed, too, with the simple manners and the kindness of their Indian conductors. William's heart exulted, as they advanced deeper into the beautiful solitudes, and interposed wider distances between them and social life. They felt, as if they were all the world to each other; and their first acquaintance with the wilderness was calculated to confirm their expectations.

To be brief, they reached the vale of the Sewaserna, without material adventure; and were most hospitably received by the Shoshonee. William understood Spanish; and this brought him in direct communication with the wife of the chief, and various other persons of the tribe. A most lovely spot, in-

termediate between the Shoshonee and Shienne, was assigned them, where to fix their dwelling place.— William had brought trinkets and Indian goods, but no ardent spirits. This circumstance raised him in the estimation of Ellswatta, the determined enemy of the introduction of that article among them. Money and articles of barter already had their value with this people; and William, with the aid of Ellswatta, and the hire of as many Indians, as he chose to employ, prepared a commodious dwelling, accommodated to the admirable outline, which nature had already formed to his hands. The saw and the plane, the plum and the square yielded their aid—for William knew their use, and the Indians readily acquired it. A circular clump of noble pines caught the moaning breeze in its summits, in front of the dwelling—above them towered the wall three hundred feet in height. A considerable stream, tumbling from the mountains, meandered through the terrace plain above, and fell in a sheet from the bluff, a little to the right of their dwelling, and joined the Sewasserna. Fenced by this stream, and the bluff on three sides, a substantial fence from the bluff to the river enclosed it on the fourth. Beyond the clump of pines, a fertile and level portion of the prairie was formed into a garden and a field.

In like manner three sides of his dwelling were prepared in the majestic arch of lime stone, under which he built. Nor did he intermit his labors, and the services of his hired Indians, until he had a habitation, neat, comfortable and commodious. The luxury of windows of glass, of doors, and plastered walls, were here seen by the Indians for the first time. Comfortable furniture had been brought from the Oregon. The floors were beautifully covered with rich Chinese matting; and the walls hung with Chinese pictures, so that Yensi could refresh her memory with views of the scenery of her native country. Nature

thus united with art, to render the abode, and its accompaniments of scenery, pleasant, convenient, and in some degree even impressive and sublime. Flocks and herds and horses and mules and domestic fowls were purchased, and added to the establishment.— The half-breed and a young Spanish widow of a deceased Indian were their domestics. In an apartment, looking upon the falling sheet of water, the Sewasser-na, the opposite plain and mountains, and at a point, where the breezy influences in the tops of the pines, the dash of the near water fall, and the deep roar of mountain torrents and the song of the wild birds, united to form the simple Æolian hymn of nature, was his library.

Such were the circumstances, under which William and Yensi fixed their abode in the Shoshonee Valley. Mild in their tempers, happy in themselves, satisfied with every thing about them, and the munificent bounty of nature, they quickly learned the speech of the two tribes, and became general favorites. Yensi and Josepha, from many points of resemblance, that they had in common, were sworn and inseparable friends; while Ellswatta took no important projects in hand without the counsel of William. They thus had honor, influence, aid and friendship, without responsibility, or a visible show of place and office, to create envy.

As William had frequent intercourse with the mouth of the Oregon by letters, from his agent there, brought up by the parties of Indians, continually descending the river to trade, he ordered such articles, and especially books, from time to time, as his wants required, and the means of his agent could furnish. He became a successful farmer; and in that exuberant soil raised an abundance of whatever the climate brings to maturity. Yensi had charge of the garden; and Chinese and New-England ideas were

curiously blended in its pawpaw shrubberies, and in its grape, multiflora rose, bignonia, and honey suckle bowers; and in all the splendid plants or flowers, that were yielded by the various temperatures and soils of mountain and hill side, deep glen, prairie and river bank. Portions of the sheet of water, which always poured from the terrace above, disparted in numerous rills, and wound through the lawn in front of their dwelling, tending either to ornament or convenience, as they were directed to different points of the garden. Here, in ease and alternate labor, in study, meditation, or active pursuits with the Indians, William tasted the rural life in all its joy, and seldom failed, at the close of the day, to felicitate himself and his wife in the wisdom of his choice, and the unanswerable truth of his position, that the savage was happier, and every way better, than the social life.

Sometimes, as the humor came over him, he hunted, and trapped with the Indians. Sometimes, catching their habits and ways, he scaled the seemingly inaccessible mountains, to the cruel disquietude of Yensi. At other times, he followed a trapping party to some remote and roaring torrent, and under the light of the moon, illumining the wild scenery, surveyed the wonderful amphibious cities, where the beavers build, and rear their young. With the whole nation he kept the jubilee of the return of salmon—and the freedom and abundance and loveliness of this illimitable range of valleys and mountains, with their increasing mutual affection, and the unbroken friendship of the Indians, rendered this beautiful desert all that his fancy had imaged of happiness on the earth.

Yensi was happy—for although she saw not the Indian life with the eyes of her husband, he continued to manifest unabated love; and this was all, that was requisite to render her heart content. He had none, with whom to compare her; and she needed not

have feared even that trial. For he was one of those, whose deep affections had been long nurtured in solitude, by having no object, upon which to fix. Her image was first reflected in the fountains of his heart; and no other could ever have replaced it. In her he saw with the poet, 'whatever good or fair high fancy forms, or lavish hearts can wish.'

They early began to converse with each other, touching the great object of worship, and the all absorbing interests, hopes and fears of the eternal future. William worshipped after the custom of his fathers, and hallowed the Sabbath. Yensi at first burned fragrant woods to the 'Universal Tien,' as her ancestors had done. But, the more the scriptures were expounded to her, the more she inclined to the holier religion and worship of the Christians.

To those, who dwell in the mansions of cities, amidst the feverish excitements and the artificial splendor and wants of those abodes, it may seem no more than the language of romance, to say, that William and Yensi were happy in this vale, as man can hope to be here below. They would have asked for nothing more, than thousands of years of this same half dreaming, and yet satisfying existence. A daughter was born to them—a desert flower of exquisite beauty, even from its birth. New and unmoved fountains of mysterious and slumbering affections were awakened in the deepest sanctuary of their hearts. In the clear waters of the brook, which chafed over pebbles, between banks turfed with wild sage and numberless desert flowers, and under the overhanging pines, in the tops of which the southern breeze played the grand cathedral service of the mountain solitudes, William performed, as father, priest and Christian, the touching ceremony of baptising his babe. Adding the name Jessy to that of the mother, it was called Jessy Yensi. This sacred rite was per-

formed on the Sabbath, as the sun was sinking in cloud-curtained majesty behind the western mountains. The domestics, Ellswatta, and Josepha, looked on with awe. William read the scriptures, prayed and sang, baptised his babe, and handed the nursling of the desert to Yensi. As she received the beloved infant in her arms, after it had been consecrated, as an inmate in the family of the Redeemer, while tears of tenderness and piety filled her eyes, and fell on her cheeks, she declared, that she would no longer invoke the 'Universal Tien,' that the God of William and her babe should be her God; and that they would both call on the same name, when they prayed together for their dear babe, even unto death.

As the infant Jessy grew to be a child, not only did she become an idol to the fond parents, but her exquisite beauty, her speaking countenance, her perfect symmetry of feature and form, her richly intelligent eye, the silken and clustering curls of auburn, that hung over the alabaster shoulders of the charming little girl, gained for her the appellation among the Indians, whose common parlance was poetry, of 'Wakona,' or the bird of paradise. There have been philosophers, who have prosed gravely, and have said, that children are all endowed alike, and that education makes the difference. There are those too, who believe these absurd assertions; but there is more difference between the endowments of individuals of our race, than there is between some of the lower grade of rationals and the higher orders of brutes. All the ideal forms of beauty, that had ever been painted on the teeming imagination of her father, during his life of silent meditation, were embodied in the little Jessy. From her mother she inherited an oriental imagination, sensitiveness and ardor. She was, intellectually and in person, just what her fond father had wished his first born might be.

As soon as her instruction commenced, the parents laid down the plan for her discipline in perfect accordance. Each was to teach her, what each could impart. Yensi had been instructed in all, that females were allowed to learn in China. When her father's lessons were completed, the child went to the study of the Chinese lore of her mother. She was particularly qualified to teach her precision of outline and beauty of coloring, in drawing and painting, to which she showed an uncommon aptitude from her earliest years. William now rejoiced for the first time in the fruit of the severe studies of his early years. It would the better qualify him to train the mind of his daughter. The beautiful child drank instruction, as the flowers of the valley absorbed the dew. Generous instructors have felt the high pleasure of training minds, that expand with eager elasticity to meet instruction, minds that anticipate the thoughts of the teacher, and upon which new truths fall as the electric spark upon the receiver. To conceive of this pleasure in this case, we must call to mind, that the instructor was a man of the highest order of genius, whose affections and thoughts had been concentrated by study and silence and reflection from his earliest years; that it was the father teaching the child, the child of her, whom alone he had loved among women, a child the very seal and impress of his own character, and whose loveliness and intelligence extorted the admiration of even Indians, so little prone to admiration; that the parents, though they lived in primeval simplicity, had the means of affluence, had no absorbing pursuit or pleasure in the world, but the rearing this daughter, and that they were placed amidst scenery, as romantic and sublime, as any which the earth could furnish. In this way, we may arrive at some vague views of the zeal of the instructor, and the progress of the pupil. Cherished by Josepha and the Spanish

mothers in the tribe, and accustomed to a Spanish domestic in the family, she learned Spanish, Shoshonee and English at the same time. At eight she had mastered all the simple books of her father's collection, and drew flowers, to vie in truth and freshness with those of nature. But among all her books, the fervor, simplicity, grandeur, truth and nature of the bible most delighted her; and while her imagination was imbued with its sublime poetry, her heart was early affected with its precepts and its spirit.

In the more important hunting and trapping expeditions of the two tribes, it was their immemorial custom to emigrate in a body, leaving only a few behind, to protect their habitations. William Weldon soon caught the Indian propensity to long and distant excursions. His family had every facility for journeying, which wealth, the favor of Ellswatta, and droves of horses and mules, like him of Uz, could furnish. The nation journeyed by easy stages; and the little Jessy and her mother were thus accustomed to the most varied aspects of nature, as she shows herself in that country of valleys, torrents and mountains. In this perpetual change of place and scene, the young Jessy spent a portion of every summer, at that period, when the heart and character are developing together. The first objects, that impressed her opening mind, were soft grass plains, foaming mountain torrents, snow-clad peaks soaring above the clouds, the lovely and the awful of nature always grouped in the same view. When she tented for the night, she heard her father's hymn, the solemn words of the bible, the voice of prayer, the songs of the savages, the howling of wolves, and the distant dash of streams among the mountains. The bright fire blazed. The evening comforts were arranged. Milton or Byron or Shakspeare were read. The itinerary of the child, and her comments were recited. Or her sketches of

the grandeur and beauty of the country, through which they had passed, examined. When they paused, as they sometimes did for days in some valley, scooped out among the mountains, or beside a stream rolling through a prairie, boundless to the sight, she culled flowers, and painted them, sat by the cataracts listening to their roar, or admiring the snowy whiteness of their spray, or imitated the sweet notes of the birds, as she traced them to their embowered haunts at the sources of springs, or listened to the tales of the Indian girls told in simple words, and painting affection in the figurative diction of the desert.

Though her parents had no other child, she was by no means alone. The little Wakona, as the Indians always called her, was regarded by them with an almost superstitious affection. Her beauty, her amiability, her rare, and premature intelligence threw over her, in their view, associations of something not exactly, and altogether of the earth; and every child, male or female, was ambitious of the honor of ministering to her wants, or contributing to her pleasures.

But the usages of the tribes, and the estimation of the people allowed but two children among them unrestrained intercourse with her, as equals. The first was Areskoui. Of all the children, whom Josepha had borne to the chief, this child alone survived.—From infancy he had put forth the buddings of endowment almost as singular, as that of Jessy. Though retaining a touch of the copper visage and the distinct black lank locks of his father, his countenance was noble and Italian; his forehead high, his eye, like that of the eagle, capable of drinking in the sunbeams; his form tall, agile, graceful, though rather inclined to slender; with the clean limbs and lofty port of his father; like him rather inclining to silence, sternness and passionate perseverance in his opinions and purposes. From his mother he was ardent, impetuous,

and addicted to the gratification of his propensities. Never was child regarded by parents with more idolatrous fondness. The tribe beheld in him the miniature of all, that they could imagine of great and noble. Such was the young and interesting son of the chief. Scarcely two years older than Jessy, they had played together from infancy; and had learned, in the affectionate speech of the Shoshonee, to call each other by appellations equivalent to brother and sister.

This intimacy of the children naturally grew out of the intimacy of the parents. As has been seen, a strict friendship subsisted between them. The early predilection of William Weldon for savage life fostered feelings, that tended to keep up this affectionate intercourse. When at home, no day passed, in which Ellswatta did not look in upon William Weldon, and spend part of it with him. In encampments abroad, a tent was always assigned him near that of the chief. Josepha and Yensi, too, from various circumstances, were equally intimate; for they had a thousand thoughts and ways in common, which, they could never expect, would be shared with any of the women of the Shoshonee. Hence, while their husbands hunted, trapped, planned, and made excursions together, the mothers met, and brought their children to play together in the shade among the flowers, while they talked over the incidents and gossip of the tribe, as they drank their coffee together, for that luxury had already found its way into their families; as they discussed the secrets of state, which they had gleaned from their husbands, and each extolling the child of the other to the skies, in order to have the pleasure of hearing their own praised back again in terms equally extravagant.

The two children were thus reared, as though they had been twins. Josepha, though anxious, that her son should be taught in the learning of the whites,

was poorly able to impart him that instruction herself. William Weldon most cheerfully undertook to give him lessons along with his daughter. By dint of great exertion Areskoui learned to read, and write. But, although apparently possessing the finest order of intellect, learning from the beginning was his strange work. The first distinct indication of his strong character was love for his foster-sister. The second was hatred to Nelesho, son of the sub-chief of the Shienne, who frequently came, also, to play with Jessy, and who was of the same age with himself. The third was a gloomy and desponding feeling, compounded perhaps of envy and shame, to see his foster-sister, younger than himself, comprehend lessons with perfect ease, of which, he said, his poor head could make nothing.

Nelesho was a full blooded Indian boy, Herculean in mould, proud, fierce, of a courage wholly devoid of fear, subtle, passionate and vindictive. The Shienne looked forward to him, as their deliverer from the thralldom of the Shoshonee; and the boy himself, catching their feelings in secret, regarded himself as one, who might entertain equal aspirations with Areskoui. The Indians have been described, as incapable of love, and having no eye or taste to admire beauty. Nothing is more foreign from their real character, than both these estimates. No where does beauty give higher claims. No people are more passionately subservient to it. Nelesho loved Jessy, as early as Areskoui, and as early gave him to understand, that he should always be in the way to compete with him for her favor. Before she had yet seen ten years, she had turned pale at seeing the young chiefs fight to the point of shedding each other's blood; and been made conscious the while, that the question of her favor was the exciting cause of the quarrel.

Very early had the feelings of Jessy inclined her to

take part with Areskoui. A thousand times had Josepha half intimated the wish to Yensi, that her beautiful daughter might become the wife of her son, a wish which Yensi never appeared to understand.—The boy himself thus naturally imbibed the impression, that this fair child was destined for him; and radically was this infant propensity nursed in his bosom, and incorporated with every fibre of his frame. Her persuasion was seen to exercise an unbounded influence over him. She alone could persuade him to desist from fighting Nelesho. She alone could induce him to resume the lessons, which he had abandoned in discouragement; though he would say as he resumed them, ‘Wakona, the young eagle loves most to soar above the mountains, and look at the sun.’ He never could be persuaded to love these perplexing medicines, and blear his bright eye by poring upon books. But for her sake he made unremitting efforts to acquaint himself with them; though no pursuit clothed his brow in such unalterable gloom. When she smiled upon him, and told him, it was necessary, his restless spirit became composed; and he settled down to his task. When she wept, he clenched his fists, knit his brows, and was angry with every thing around him. This feeling grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. There was much of native nobleness in his character; and it could not but be, that the intimate relations, subsisting between the parents, and these earnest and daily manifestations of the most generous affection for her, should create in her young bosom feelings of sisterly regard in return.

CHAPTER III.

When all around was dark and drear,
 He turned to that sequestered vale ;
 And there he found, at least in thought,
 The very refuge, that he sought.
 Nature's broad path he sought to scan,
 In wilds, untrodden yet by man ;
 Where virgin plants their leaves unfold ;
 Where unknown warblers tune their song ;
 And unnamed rivers roll along ;
 From nameless mountains, to behold
 Plain after plain beneath them rolled ;
 Where, since the birth of infant time,
 In silent boundlessness sublime,
 Nature hath reared her awful throne,
 And reigned majestic and alone. M. P. F.

THE second white family, established in the vale of the Shoshonee, was that of Trader Hatch. This man was a descendant of one of the ancient Dutch 'residentifier' families, in New-York, in person square-shouldered, short-necked, thick-headed, and every way Dutch built. He had a round red face, apparently fashioned in contour to the model of a full rising moon; with bushy yellow whiskers, red hair, little deep set grey eyes, that twinkled with a certain degree of shrewdness and good nature, and keen and close fistled love of money getting. Indeed his coat of arms bore the Dutch family motto, which reads in English 'money is the main chance.' In morals he was a voluptuary, of a coarseness of appetite, which heeded not so much the quality, as the amount of gratification. He was generally clad in a roundabout jacket and pantaloons of that substantial fabric, called Fearnought, and every thing to match; and the expression of his countenance usually wore a half grin of joyousness, chiefly compounded of insensibility. He was seldom seen drunk; but constantly kept himself up

to the point of high comfort; and for passing the time, eating and smoking occupied twelve hours of the day; and he slept or dozed through the rest.

Such was the man, who arrived in the Oregon from New-York, with a capital of ten thousand dollars invested in Indian goods, of which the half was in the substantial articles of whiskey and rum. Never had so many barrels of that article been rolled out upon the soil of the North West coast. It happened, that a party of Shoshonee and Shienne were there; and they raised at the sight a whoop of joy, that made strong work for echo among the forests. These Indians were engaged to carry the liquid joy up the stream to their country; and all the periogues were accordingly put in requisition. Trader Hatch, placed in the bow of the rear periogue of the squadron, smoked most profoundly, during the passage, made many enquiries touching the value of furs and peltries which the country could furnish, and the amount of goods it would probably consume. He was particular, too, in hunting up information in relation to the probable chances of competition from any other quarter. When he saw fine prairies, he regretted, that so much grass should be produced to no purpose; and that the gypsum, lime stone and coal could find no market, when he was called to admire the noble bluffs. The terrific mountains, he exclaimed with an oath, were fine—for they kept back traders, and furnished beaver streams. The Sewasserna was not without charms in his eye, for it yielded immense supplies of salmon. The awful piles of Rock fort at the gap were matter of eulogy, for they would make, he said, an admirable trader's fort, where a few men could defy the besieging of a whole tribe. Such were the reflections, with which Trader Hatch made the interesting voyage from the mouth of the Oregon to the vale of the Shoshonee.

The arrival of this great supply of goods, and ardent spirits, made an era in the annals of the tribe.— Gladly would Ellswatta have committed all the liquid poison to the flames. But he knew, that in his government popular sentiment was every thing, and that he might as soon have thought to arrest one of his native mountain torrents, as resist the introduction of the ardent spirits among them. Yielding, therefore, quietly to what he could not safely resist, he made the necessary arrangements for the joyful reception of Trader Hatch, which, he foresaw, the impulse of the united tribes would exact. The chief English interpreter, William Weldon's half-breed domestic, was put in requisition, and in no great length of time, the mass of the two tribes was on the banks of the Sewasserna, to welcome the arrival of a fixed trader among them, who would furnish regular and inexhaustible supplies of spirits. After consulting with the trader, the interpreter informed the crowd, that the 'pale face' trader, as by a considerable stretch of figure he called Hatch, had come to domiciliate himself among them, and claimed adoption into the tribe. They were instructed, that he had brought a great supply of guns, traps, powder, lead, beads, looking glasses, vermilion, blue and scarlet strouding, blankets, and in short, a general assortment of Indian goods and arms, together with a full cargo of the element of joy; and that they were not, henceforth, to have a desultory and irregular supply; but a constant and uninterrupted replenishing, as the present stock was exhausted; and that all these things would be sold by the trader, out of his particular fondness for the Indians, cheaper, than they had ever obtained such things before; that is to say, for about six times their fair value. To all this Ellswatta added, in a few words, that the pale face was a great and a rich man, possessing a large amount of the white medicine

pieces of trade; that he earnestly hoped, his red children would be cautious in the use of the medicine drink, which, if used in excess, they could not but know, was poison, fire and ruin; and that they would now adopt him, as a son of the noble Shoshonee, according to the ancient ceremonial, and with all the due demonstrations of joy.

Accordingly the adoption took place, after the most brilliant and approved ancient rites. The details are not material. In general, it may be said, that the medicine men strove to look severely terrible—that the old men laboriously beat their drums; and that the young men, painted in their gayest, and danced the kettle and dog dance, in unusually grand style. When to this it is added, that three barrels of rum were distributed in energetic drams among all the males, and most of the women, that no one refused to partake, but William Weldon's and Ellswatta's family, it need not be remarked, that a happier festival had never dawned upon the vale. Most of the Indians, by the secret measures of Ellswatta, were kept short of the limits of gross intoxication. But nine-tenths of them were glorious, and happy;—and saw the mountains reel, and had visions of paradise and a double sun. A greater amount of whooping, songs and dancing certainly was never before achieved there in one day; and never had Trader Hatch been caressed with such energetic marks of affection.

To settle all the circumstances of citizenship at once, and to identify him as soon as possible with the tribe, as the sun began to decline, Ellswatta announced, that the trader wished immediately to take him a wife from the Shoshonee, submitting it entirely to the council-chiefs, to select such a one as they in their wisdom might deem proper for him. A few match-making squaws, of matronly and approved prudence in such transactions, were consulted on the

spot by the council-chiefs. After a low discussion of ten minutes, this important choice was made with that prompt celerity which distinguishes most Indian decisions. A fine young squaw of sixteen, daughter of a sub-chief, was consulted, and after whispering a moment with some of her confidential damsels, and surveying the exhilarated trader with a scrutiny evidently favorable to him, she declared herself 'nothing loath.' She was therefore presented, as the wife who had been selected for him by the proper authorities.

The happy young animal would have blushed above her burnished copper complexion, had not her perfectly circular cheeks been rouged too highly with vermilion. The club of black, straight hair, skewered on the centre of her crown, was of the thickness of a man's wrist. For costume, her chief article was a scarlet cloth petticoat, hooped out after the fashion of the whites, at the commencement of the last century. At present, she was only a little glorious. But it was deemed an omen and a promise of future courtesy to his bride, that Trader Hatch, when she was led up to him, after taking a copious dram himself, offered the cup to her. Report had it, that her eyes soon afterwards first sparkled, and then became maudlin; and that after cutting a few capers of extraordinary flourish, she laid herself quietly down upon the green grass, requiring strong efforts to awaken her, when the hour for retiring with the bridegroom was announced.

The annals of the Shoshonee recorded this day, as having witnessed the most powerful dances, and the loudest acclamations, that had yet been seen, or heard in the valley. As the night came over the scene of enjoyment, the stars blinked; the moon reeled, as she rode down the firmament; the dances became more and more confused and mazy; and even the favorite kettle song and dance gradually died away. Trader

Hatch, however, in the Kentucky phrase, was wide awake and duly sober, to the end of the carouse. He was thus enabled, with due courtesy, to support his young bride to the stranger's cabin, or tent, assigned to him on the upper terrace.

In less than a year, Trader Hatch was quietly domiciliated in a second house, after the American fashion, under the bluff alcove, and thriving apace in the line of acquiring beaver, peltries, money and wide influence among the Shoshonee. The annals of the nation record, at this period, the arrival of two other white people, who were destined to occupy a conspicuous place among the characters and incidents of this history. They were Elder Wood, a Baptist minister from Kentucky, and Baptiste Dettier, from Canada. St. Pierre has said, that the most opposite natures and incongruous habits are the most likely to consort, and form attachments. No partnership could have been selected more strongly in point, to verify the maxim of the French philosopher, than the companionship, which existed between these two men. No two beings could be imagined more unlike each other, both in nature and education. They were never known to agree in any point, except that of hunting, marching, and tending their traps. They differed in nation, religion, temperament, form, person, likes and dislikes. Yet all this notwithstanding; if, in the bitterness of some of their altercations, they separated for a day or two, they were soon seen lovingly hunting, and trapping together again.

Dettier was a spruce, slim, erect Canadian Frenchman, so perpendicular, that his inclination, if he had any, was backwards. He was habited in Indian dressed deer skin, in the form of a close jacket, with a collar and facings of red hunting shirt fringe; and notwithstanding the material and form smacked strongly of Indian costume, his whole dress struck the

eye with an air of smartness, exactly in keeping with his national and personal character. His nice cap of sable fur was always garnished in front, during the summer, with a bouquet of roses; and in winter with a knot of pink ribbands. A nervous and jerky bow, but still graceful and winning, was at the service of every one who passed or spoke to him; and he was always gay and on the alert, either for good or mischief. From innate propensity a *coureur du bois*, he had wandered from Montreal to the lakes, and from the lakes to the Missouri, where his star brought him in contact with Elder Wood.

Elder Wood was a Baptist clergyman, a native of Kentucky, and when he joined the Shoshonee with Baptiste, turned of forty years. He was a tall, muscular, square man of the largest dimensions, a little stooping, with bushy hair, slightly sprinkled with snow, and curling canonically on his shoulders. His deep, keen, black eye, his high, bold forehead, and that *tout ensemble* of countenance, which the eye comprehends in a moment, indicated no small amount of what is commonly called genius, compounded with a dogged pertinacity of adherence to his opinions, that told you at once to save all the breath of argument, touching all opinions, in which you differed from him. He had been a firm and well principled, as he was a talented preacher in his own country. With strong passions, he possessed a rude and undisciplined, but energetic and impressive native eloquence. Devotion to the peculiar tenets of his profession was conscientiously incorporated with his convictions. But, though a Baptist by profession, and a stern Calvinist in doctrine, he was at once too much enlarged in intellect, and too free from bigotry and hypocrisy, to go all lengths in bitterness and denunciation. Along with his other qualities of mind and heart, he had no small admixture of earthly vanity and ambition; and a desire for fame and distinction.

not the less powerful in its action, for being unsuspected by himself. But with these endowments, which, he could not but feel, placed him above most of his brethren, and notwithstanding reputation and fame, as a preacher, followed him, wherever he preached, the wished consummation of an adequate settlement followed not. He often troubled the waters of popularity, and was the instrument of starting various revivals, while another availed himself of the movement, and stepped into the place. Nothing is more certain, than that there are doomed outcasts from the smiles of fortune, and he was one of them. For the first two or three disappointments in this way, he affected with his religious friends an air of meek and resigned submission; and said, in the customary phrase, that it was the will of God, and that he had received better than he deserved. Another and another moving of the water, and stepping in before him occurred. His temper gradually acquired a certain smack of disappointment and acidity. He still continued to anoint his sore feelings with the proper unction, that it was a righteous discipline, to try him. But, like many others, who salve over their wounded feelings with these seeming saintlike saws, and appliances, he felt keenly, and as another man, that even among the pious, piety has much less to do, than human intrigue, in arranging and settling these matters. He was intrinsically too virtuous and noble minded to give himself up to the baseness of malignant misanthropy. Because he had been wronged, and supplanted, he did not declare war against human nature; or allow either his faith or his principles to relax. On the contrary, there remained to him a heroism equally compounded of principle, unwavering pertinacity of character, and stubbornness of disappointed ambition, which on the proper emergency would no doubt have sustained him to the point of martyrdom.

Thinking that this ill fortune might be peculiar to his position in Kentucky, he accepted a mission from a missionary society to Missouri. Here he labored, 'in season and out of season;' and fame followed him, as before. 'A great preacher this,' they said; but no society made any movement to settle him. He was engaged to an amiable woman, whom he sincerely loved, and who waited only to see him settled in the ministry, to marry him. This circumstance added not a little to his impatience to be settled. Two or three times, the boon mocked him, by seeming just within his grasp. But he found, in Napoleon's phrase, that his destiny followed him. Still it was his lot, in his phrase, to shake the bush, and see others catch the game. Preach as powerful sermons as he would, play the popular and amiable as he might, whatever fame as a talented and pious man, followed him, some meeker brother came after him, gained the favor of the ladies, and reaped the fruit of his labors.

Money for the supply of even his individual wants ran low. He underwent a long acclimation of fever and ague in a remote frontier cabin, with sordid and ignorant inmates; and he would have died unwept, and unsolaced upon his straw, had he not possessed a Herculean constitution. Meantime, his beloved, tired of waiting for him, had married another minister, and proved a thrifty house-wife, and began to rear a family. He could easily number a dozen cotemporary ministers, in advantages and talents, natural and acquired, infinitely his inferiors, with warm and snug houses, with loving wives, who reared children and made cheeses in peace and privacy, while their husbands saw revivals in their societies; and he, meanwhile tossed, an isolated, unconnected being, without local habitation, or official dignity, on the sea of popular discussion, to be weighed in the scales by old ladies and wiseacres, without other than the barren meed of being called a great preacher.

Such were his sad ruminations, as he arose from the terrible discipline of the ague every other day, for a hundred days in succession. His poney had died, during his illness. His physician's and his host's bills would swallow up his last dollar, his books, every article of his clothes, which he did not wear, and his manuscripts into the bargain. Alas! he rated them at a thousand dollars; and he had said of them, as he turned them over, 'here is fame. No heart can resist this. Is not this great Babylon, which I have built?' He gave up even his manuscripts, the result of his treasured learning, deep thoughts and perennial fame. The rustic auctioneer made the most ludicrous faces imaginable, as in backwoods phrase, he extolled the inestimable worth of a barrel of manuscripts, skeleton sermons of Elder Wood. The whole lot, however, went off under the hammer, to a sleek young divine, for nine dollars and fifty cents. It was too much for even Elder Wood's humility. He admitted in his own phrase, that this was 'a mighty heavy judgment, almost too severe to be borne.'

He had a missionary journey before him to the savages, far up the river Platte. When he should have performed this duty, he would have a claim for two hundred dollars, which he was to receive in an order upon the Indian agent at that place. Still feeble, and only partially recovered from his late illness, his mind overcast at once with physical dejection and the gloom of his circumstances, his last black suit getting threadbare, his shoes 'old and clouted,' the Kentucky minister set forth on his tour of two hundred leagues up the uninhabited prairies of the Platte, on foot and alone.

On a gloomy March morning, he left the last American cabin; and emerged from the deep Missouri bottom forest upon a prairie, where the eye traced no limits before him, but the western horizon. To a

genuine Kentuckian a deep-forest brings pleasant associations. The heart of the feeble and solitary minister sunk within him, as his eye vainly strove to descry some traces of woods in the distance. He sighed, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and said to himself, 'God is every where. I shall see trees again.' As he said this to himself, Baptiste Dettier emerged from another point of the forest, mounted on the same conveyance with Elder Wood. But the heart and the heels of the Frenchman were alike light. He moved on, humming a boat song, as straight as an arrow, and as brisk as a hare. 'Bon jour, Monsieur étranger,' cried Baptiste. The sight of a man on the verge of such a prairie operated as a cordial upon the heart of Elder Wood, and with more than his wonted vivacity, he responded in the customary American French, boo joo! No contrasts could have been selected seemingly more whimsically unlike each other, than the straight, buoyant Frenchman, and the gloomy, broad shouldered, and stooping minister, in whose dress, port and countenance 'hands off' struck the quick eye of the Frenchman at a glance. They entered into conversation, and learned that they were both bound to the same place. As they walked on, each cheered with having found a companion in the other, and continued to communicate thoughts, they began to unfold to each other strong points of community of feeling. In a hidden nook of his brain, Elder Wood had a hunter's and trapper's protuberance strongly developed. It had been fostered by the circumstances of his birth and residence. From infancy his ear had drunk in the tales, exploits and fortunes of frontier's men, and men who had hunted and sojourned among the Indians. Tedious and interminable stories of boating, trapping, hunting and Indian incidents displayed the ruling propensity of Baptiste. A kindred string was harped in each mind;

and a feeling of mutual liking was the consequence. The morning had been cloudy and the western horizon obscured by fogs. The effulgence of the sun at length burst from the clouds on the wide plain. In the farthest verge of the western horizon, pencilled along from north to south, the dark blue ridges of the Rocky mountains showed in the grand relief of mirage. 'Voila mon pays,' cried Baptiste, pointing in exultation to the west. All the Kentucky hunter mustered in the heart of Elder Wood. His imagination soared beyond the hills, and he inly exclaimed, 'O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away' to them. There must be glorious hunting there, beyond doubt, exclaimed Elder Wood, as his eye kindled. 'Superbe,' responded Baptiste, and began to chatter about his plans and intentions for the future. The customary French English, which he spoke, was a dialect familiar to the ear of Elder Wood, and he learned that Baptiste had started alone to hunt, and that among the Rocky mountains, and was making his way there through the country of the Pawnee Loups, where the mission of Elder Wood terminated, and where he had a countryman, whom he hoped to persuade to join him. One must travel on these wide deserts, where the traveller may pass fifty leagues without finding water, and over a plain inhabited only by wild beasts and savages, to feel the full value of companionship. The garrulity of the Frenchman matched the taciturnity of the minister, like groove and screw. Their hunter protuberances brought them into closer affinity. The French trapper commenced upon his inexhaustible narrative, in his wonted loquacious buoyancy. His adventures by wood, flood, lake and prairie, sunk down concentrated into the wandering development of the Kentuckian, and ever and anon the minister looked wistfully towards the blue mountains, looming in the horizon,

towards which the Frenchman was bound. Baptiste was not slow to discover, what string he had touched. Without a thought or a desire to obtain the partnership of the Kentuckian, and prompted only by native vivacity and disposition to talk, he had imprinted upon the minister's imagination a vivid picture of the mingled profit, boundless range and adventurous pleasure of a trapper's life. 'I am weary of the past,' said Elder Wood in his heart with a sigh—and he added audibly, 'I have the heart of a hunter and trapper also. Prove two things to me, that I can earn money by this way of life, and that I can serve God in it, and I will join you.' Baptiste almost recoiled from the thought of such an associate. But vanity, politeness and loquacity urged him on; and the crafty Frenchman proved by a host of arguments, that it was a short and sure route to wealth; that in a few years, they might both become so rich, as to return to the old settlements with the ability to live, as they would. As to the other matter, Baptiste shrewdly remarked, 'that he was now on the way, as it appeared, to preach to the savages. What would hinder preaching to the numerous tribes, dwelling on the borders of the mountains?' Elder Wood stated the preliminary difficulty, of not knowing their language. The other demonstrated, that it would only be necessary to reside among the Indians a few weeks, to be able to preach to them in their own speech. 'If you wish,' he continued, 'to preach to Indians, why go to these miserable people half way between the Indians and whites? Why not become an apostle among people, who have never heard any thing about the Christian religion? There will be so much the more honor in being the first apostle among such a people.' He added, that he had every where seen *Messieurs Sarrasin* fond of becoming *des bons catholiques* to a passion.

Baptiste here unconsciously hit another nail on the head. The word *Apostle* conjured images of the highest glory and fame in the brain of Elder Wood, that operated almost like the exhilarating gas. An Apostle! the very word entered his imagination in a halo of glory. His eye kindled, and he said with unwonted vivacity, 'my friend, you have almost persuaded me to ask you, to receive me as a partner. My father before me was a hunter. I incline to think, that I inherit something of his skill, courage and endurance. Indeed, it would be a glorious thought, that of converting the savages of the Rocky Mountains. Verily, it occurs to me now, that I have read, that the Indians are easily converted to the catholic worship. If they can be brought over to a false, fabulous and idolatrous religion, how much easier must it be, to persuade whole tribes to the perfect truth of our church?'

Baptiste, with all his reckless levity of character, and ignorance of religion in the abstract, was as rigid a devotee to the catholic ceremonial, as the other was to the baptist faith. The unfeeling bigotry of Elder Wood scandalized him, and he shrugged twice, as he meditated a purpose of replying in the same strain. French civility prevailed. He passed by the offensive reference to his worship, and, without clearly feeling his own motive, ran over anew the pleasures and advantages of the expedition. In one of those moods and hours, which determine the color of the future, Elder Wood said, 'that if he so consented, he would throw in his two hundred dollars to the common stock, and join him to the Rocky mountains, for better or for worse.' Baptiste smiled internally at the idea of such a strange associate, so easily attached to his fortunes; but no Frenchman would have had the rudeness to refuse a partnership, so offered. He shrugged, bowed, said, 'you do me *trop d'honneur*,'

and consented. He added 'Monsieur Kentuck always good for hunt. In a leet time, me learn you to trap, too, comme un diable! But, sare,' he continued, 'please take notice, dat I hab noting to do with your dem religion.' The minister as little liked this profane allusion to his profession, as the other had his notion of the catholic faith; but he said internally, 'I shall be able to bring him, also, out of heathenish darkness;' and thus their contrarieties neutralized, and balanced each other.

The partnership was formed. The Frenchman remained among the Pawnee Loups, until the services of Elder Wood were completed, and he had received his order. The Pawnee Frenchman declined leaving that tribe; and the two partners set forth alone, with such equipments, as were necessary, towards the Rocky mountains. In a more extended and intimate acquaintance, the two strange partners found, that they were made for each other, and the union, which commenced by accident, and in caprice and vanity, was cemented alike by the points, in which they agreed, and in which they differed. They pushed on, with stout hearts, beguiling the long way with stories and disputes. And not unfrequently, while the Frenchman chattered on for hours in mere babble of words, the minister was musing about hunting, exploring, gaining wealth by trapping, converting whole tribes of Indians, and returning in ease, affluence and honor to his own people and kindred, with the title of Apostle of the tribes of the Rocky mountains. Last, though not least, he saw himself in the future invited to religious gatherings, to relate in presence of those, who had supplanted him, and the truant spouse of his reverend friend, what he had seen, suffered and achieved. Still beyond all that, he raised himself a monument more durable than brass, in working the whole into a book, that should go down, and with it

carry down his name to the generations to come. The Omniscient only knoweth all the movements of the human heart; and He, doubtless, saw, that the views of the minister were as unmixed and pure, as usually appertain to those, who lay much higher claims to disinterested sanctity.

They made their way from mountain to valley, and from valley to mountain, hunting and trapping, and enduring, and encountering much; but growing every day more firmly attached to their wandering and dangerous mode of life, until they reached the vale of the Shoshonee; and, struck with its beauty, and facility for their pursuits, they requested, and obtained domestication among that primitive people. They received not the boisterous welcome of Trader Hatch, for they brought no spirits with them. But Baptiste was directly a favorite with the women, and the common and more trifling class of the people, from the civility and inexhaustible gaiety of his nature, and his talent at playing among the females the part of general gallant.

Elder Wood could not be said to be popular. He became a considerable hunter and trapper; and in a most memorable and fierce encounter with a grizzly bear, recommended himself to the tribes as a man of undoubted courage. He wore in his general deportment a silent and solemn reserve, a trait always held in high homage among the Indians. The deep seriousness of his physiognomy spoke a language, alike understood by them and Christians. With their keen tact and instinctive perception of character, they soon discovered, that he was genuine and real, and exactly what he professed to be. Thus, if he gained not that poor estimation, designated by the term popular, he had the deeper hold of their feelings, which consists in unqualified respect. As soon as he had acquired enough of their language to understand, and be under-

stood, he obtained leave of Ellswatta and the council chiefs to commence missionary labors among them. They listened to him with that apparent seriousness and earnestness of attention, which missionaries among the Indians generally witness. This happens, partly from the indulgent liberality, with which they listen to new religious opinions; partly from strong native decorum; partly from curiosity, and, more than all, from an indifference to every thing, that is not tangible, visible and in immediate prospect. They saw, with unequivocal respect, the singleness of his views and the sanctity of his character, compared with that of his frivolous and unprincipled companion, and the avaricious Trader Hatch. His peculiar dress, the earnestness of his prayers, his upward look, a cast of deportment, growing out of the general tenor of his thoughts, gradually acquired among a people strangely prone to superstition, something of their prescribed veneration for a medicine man, or one who holds communications with the Wah-con-dah. Thus Elder Wood became a privileged character among the Shoshonee. But, though in many respects he found himself pleasantly situated, he every day saw much to vex, and discipline his righteous spirit. He rebuked the licentious excesses of his trapping companion, and of Trader Hatch, to little more effect, than to be ridiculed, the moment he was out of sight. If he was sometimes deceived by the grave and decorous attention of the Indians to his discourses, into the belief, that they were on the verge of conversion, he was soon vexatiously enlightened to his real progress, by perceiving, that they expected, and almost exacted from him the same credibility for their wild fictions, touching the Master of Life and the little white men of the mountains.

In the family of William Weldon he felt himself at home. Every thing in this quiet and regulated abode

partook of order, plenty and peace. Here he found books. Here he partook of most of the comforts of civilized life. Yensi and her daughter equipped him anew with a full suit of solemn black, made after the fashion, which he brought with him. William Weldon, it is true, held not to his Calvinistic interpretations of the Christian religion. But he saw, and respected the purity of his life, and the dignity and uprightness of his motives. For Jessie he early contracted an absorbing and parental fondness; and she repaid it by listening with untiring attention to his exposition of the scriptures, and a filial confidence bounding on veneration. As William Weldon was in circumstances of comparative affluence, constantly increasing, he found no inconvenience, in fitting up an apartment for Elder Wood, at his own house, so that, when not absent on trapping excursions with his companion, he enjoyed here a society, infinitely more congenial, than that of Baptiste and Trader Hatch, from whom he gradually withdrew himself.

CHAPTER IV.

Yes ; she was lovely ; but you felt,
 That beauty was but half the spell.
 It was the look, so free from guile,
 The modest blush ; the playful smile,
 That seemed to breathe an air of heaven.

M. P. F.

WHEN Elder Wood became domesticated in William Weldon's family, the daughter had reached the age of twelve years; and in intelligence and beauty surpassed not only any thing, that the minister had seen, but even conceived. The parents, in their

pride and affection, often talked over the position of the charming girl, with a confidence in his opinions and advice, which they could no where else expect to repose in the valley. The Indians in general regarded the Wakona, as they called her, tripping along the valley in the joyousness of innocence, and in the loveliness of a nymph of ancient fable, with a superstitious delight in her beauty, as a kind of charmed thing. Two only of the sons of that people, as has been seen, looked upon her with other eyes. Invincible circumstances precluded her parents from interdicting them from her society. William Weldon could not have hoped the continued consideration and protection of the united tribe, if he had for a moment been seen to withhold his daughter from the occasional companionship of Areskoui and Nelesho. Indeed the former had grown, so far into life, with her, as a brother with a sister. Until the age of ten, Jessy had felt towards him sentiments of infantine fondness, which inclined her to expect, and desire his society in her childish sports. She had taken a natural pleasure, in teaching him lessons, in which he was slow. Even Jessy, amiable as she was, felt, in such cases, the pride of conscious superiority. But so entire and absorbing was the affection of Areskoui, that his proud and sensitive nature was not humbled, in yielding the palm to her, to whom he was willing to allow all kinds of superiority belonged by right. Until ten, the absence of Areskoui from her excursions or amusements had been viewed as a misfortune. But from that time his visits, and especially those of Nelesho, were often felt as an annoyance. He sometimes ventured to show her some of the accustomed marks of Indian civility and preference. A fight between him and Areskoui was the frequent consequence. Cautioned by her parents, and counselled by Elder Wood, she dared not manifest her

dislike to the latter; and to manage her looks and intercourse prudently between these boys, who ruled parents, that governed the tribes, was soon found to be a task of endless perplexity, and chagrin. A thousand times she urged, with the confidence of their earlier years, upon Areskouï forbearance, in relation to Nelesho. A thousand times had she reconciled them, and sent each away content, only to see their quarrels, on the same score, renewed the next time they met.

For the parents and the son she was alike an object of idolatrous fondness. Nothing, that the chief or his wife could procure, was too good for the beautiful Wakona. To caress her, to fold her in her arms, and to feel her silken curls, was one of the chief pleasures of Josepha. For her son, if there were richer fruits, larger and more luxurious strawberries, or more brilliant flowers, no matter where they grew, or at what peril, labor or difficulty obtained. Mountains, precipices, valleys, and distance opposed no effectual obstacle. No Wakon bird, or Flamingo could be seen in the valley, without exciting on the part of the young chief a pursuit, which finally brought down the prize, that the gay plumage might add to her stock of ornaments. The softest fawn skins, the whitest ermine, the most costly furs were purchased from the hunt, or trapping, to be presented to her.

Such were the relations, which these children sustained to each other. Elder Wood saw in them the harbingers of future difficulties and storms; and while the lovely child fell on her knees before him, repeating her evening prayers, most earnestly did he commend the case of the valley flower to the Almighty. Josepha, too, imparted to her beloved son all the treasured lore of her early years, to put him on the ways, that might tend to gain her love in return. She regularly told her beads, and prayed the Virgin, to incline the

heart of the Wakona towards that of her son. William Weldon saw all; and his misanthropic associations with the white races, his perfect satisfaction with the course of life, which he now led, and the common respect of human nature for whatever is in power, caused him to see it with a kind of vague approval, fortified by ignorance of any fairer prospect for his daughter, without removing from the vale—an idea from which his whole mind recoiled. Yensi saw it, too; and saw, that the heart, which should be worthy of her daughter's, ought to possess a far different refinement, tenderness and cultivation of intellect, from that, which could be expected from Areskoui, noble and worthy as she viewed him. Besides, she endured savage life, only because she loved her husband. Often had she argued, to the extent of all her casuistry, with her husband and Elder Wood, who alike maintained the wild sophism of Rousseau, in regard to the superiority of savage over social life. She had besieged heaven with prayers, that God would incline her husband's heart to remove from the Shoshonee to his country or hers; that they might spend their days in the security of law and order. Nelesho saw it, and his proud and revengeful heart inly determined, that if he might not hope the favor of Jessy, at least the son of his liege chief should not enjoy it.

Jessy, too, began by degrees to comprehend all this; and the attentions and marks of affection from Areskoui, which had formerly been matter of gratification, or indifference, began to excite recoil and pain. She comprehended, that Areskoui was noble in many respects. She repeated incessantly to herself, that his mother was a Christian and of the white race. She saw him as the rising sun to all the young of two tribes, and invested with all the homage, paid to one, soon to be in power. But her imagination painted

in colors of light. She had already a beau ideal, partly found in her father's library, partly in her creative mind, and partly in her heart, with which, to her misfortune, Areskoui held no comparison.

Little, that finds a place in history occurred, to diversify the annals of the Shoshonee for a period of some years. As formerly, they sometimes hunted towards the western ocean, and sometimes on the Missouri side of the mountains. Sometimes they wandered on the shores of the Bueneventura, and sometimes towards the arctic sea, as game, or fish, or mere amusement and variety were their object. In the summer they regularly made distant excursions, some of which William Weldon's family accompanied, and some it did not. Births, marriages and deaths occurred, as in the generations of the past. Intrigues, amours, quarrels, gossip, scandal, and all the incidents and shades of human variety of enjoyment and suffering had their hours in the Shoshonee Valley, as in the great civilized world. The incorporation with the tribe of Trader Hatch, Elder Wood and his partner had, indeed, produced a marked era in the annals of the nation. The simplicity of their ancient manners sunk under the reign of avarice and artificial wants, the natural result of the general introduction of money among such a simple people.

From Elder Wood's deep and solemn words, they heard that there was a life after this, not such, as their shadowy traditions dimly showed; but a life of retribution without end; a heaven, a hell, an eternity, a Saviour, and a dread alternative of being saved or lost. In opposition to all this, Trader Hatch taught them by palpable experiment, that for a given amount of beaver, peltries, or money, they could at any time purchase a liquid 'medicine,' which first maddened their musing brain to a demoniac phrenzy of joy; and

then, by repetition, and in its ultimate consequences, transformed them to stupified and degraded brutes.

Areskouï was elected at eighteen to the trust of first war chief of the united tribes; and he now loved Jessy with a fervor and vehemence of passion, which had matured with the developement of his mental and physical powers. They, who live in the society of the world, and feel the distraction of the thousand pursuits that dissipate deep thought, and weaken the current of the passions, by separating them into numberless channels, and that produce feeble and voluptuous character, will conceive with difficulty, or doubt, the nature of this absorbing affection. From his father he carried in himself deep and unchangeable purpose; and from his mother the southern fire, and aptitude to passion. The Wakona was to him, as she was to all, a finished model of whatever is lovely in person or mind. Amidst rocks, woods and mountains, this feeling was nurtured by all that he saw, or imagined.

Love had he learned in cots, where Indians lie.
His constant teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence, that is in the starry sky,
The sleep, that is among the lonely hills.

Ellswatta, absorbed by his employments, and formed, indeed, of sterner stuff, did not so keenly sympathise with this spell of his son. When he noted his dejection, he sometimes, and in no very complacent tone, commanded him to shake off the enervating influence. 'Son,' he would say, 'thou art not born chief of the red men among these mountains, to be sad, or joyful at the varying countenance of a girl of the pale face. Thou art called to dare the deadly encounter, to chafe the grizzly bear in his den, and, like thy forefathers, to scorn danger and death. It would grieve thy father, to see thee wither, through

love of the fair one, and become like a woman.' Far different reception gave the ear of his mother to the tale of his love, and his hopelessness of return. 'Son,' she said, 'I would that thou knewest our race, as I know them. Seize the first time, when thou art alone with her. Pour into her ear the tale of thy love.— Be sure, that thou lessen not the account of the tortures of thy bosom. If she turn from thee in seeming disdain, ply the same story over anew. More than all, be sure, that thou call forth thy whole store of images, to vaunt her beauty. Compare her to roses, to lilies, the bird of paradise, the full moon of the firmament; in short, to whatever thou canst imagine of the most beautiful in nature. If neither thy words, nor thy wit, thy courage, nor thy perseverance fail thee, she is more or less than her race, if in due time she yield not to thy suit.'

Such counsel was too pleasant to the young warrior, not to be immediately put in practice. Accordingly, as they were soon after alone, in returning together from angling in an adjacent lake, he startled her by abruptly saying, 'Wakona, my sister, thine eye discerneth every thing, like that of the Wah-condah; and thou needest not be told, that thy brother loveth thee, not as the cold, pale faces love—but with the truth and fervor of the red men. Couldst thou return my love, and confine thy thoughts to me and these mountains, as my mother to my father, I should be happier, than the spirits of the free and the brave in the land of souls. Bird of paradise, thou canst not bear the brightness of the daughters of the sun in thy face, and cruelty to thy suffering brother, who has played with thee from infancy, in thy heart.'

With many a strong figure, with much vehement adjuration, with earnest appeals to their solitude spent together, to the tenderness of their early years, to the friendship of their parents, and his power to

protect her, did the young chief paint the depth of his love and despair, with an energy and eloquence inspired only by truth and nature. His proud eye quailed as he spoke; and filled with unwonted moisture, and the vehemence of his feelings shook his whole frame, as he ceased, and apparently waited her reply.

What a trial for this inexperienced girl! True, she had in some way divined, that such a disclosure from him was to be feared. It brought the paleness of death to her cheek, and her eye filled with tears, for the young chief was to her, as a brother. 'Why, Areskoui,' she replied, in words interrupted by the tumultuous thoughts that rushed upon her, 'why not remain, as thou hast been, without speaking such words, and without these looks, that terrify me? Why wilt thou cause thy sister to dread thee, by speech and action, so strange and new? The only use of such wild and unkind behaviour will be to cause thy sister henceforward to avoid thee.'

The sight of the companion of his infancy in tears was one that no training of his mother could bring him to sustain. He timidly took her hand. 'Pardon,' he said, 'pardon this one fault, Wakona; and the heart of thy brother shall break before I vex thee again with my foolish words.'

She gave him the accustomed sign of pardon among his people, as she received his burning hand, and marked his visible agony and effort at self control. In proof, that he had conquered for this time, he tore himself away from her, and left her alone. 'He has a noble and a good heart,' she thought, 'and is worthy to govern this people, and able to protect my parents and me. Why have I sent him away in sorrow? Why not become to him, what he desires?' She knew but too well her father's wishes. She was not incapable of the views presented by expediency. She

began distinctly to contemplate the subject for the first time; and made efforts to think of him, as she had reason to suppose, would be agreeable to her father, and the avoidance of future trouble and danger to herself. But though her young thoughts were sufficiently vague, she could not bring herself to the near contemplation of such a relation. It was night fall. The breezy breath of the south fanned her, as it discoursed solemn music in the pines, under which she sat herself down. The oriole sang sweetly in the branches; and a thousand birds were hymning the requiem of the fading day. New ideas had received birth, and undiscovered fountains of feeling had been ruffled. Vague thoughts arose within her, that there might be of her own race some of those noble and matchless ones, equally perfect in form and mind, adding to all the native nobleness of Areskoui, polish, accomplishments and discipline, as much superior to hers, as that was superior to his. Of such peerless men she had read in her father's romances. Her own brilliant and glowing imagination had added a thousand colors from its own treasures. The round and silver orb of the moon began to be visible over the misty summits of the mountains. As she steadily contemplated the queen of the night, marching along the blue of the firmament, intensely occupied with her own imaginings, she almost waited to see one of those noble forms arise with the moon and descend towards the valley. She tasked the utmost effort of her fancy to sketch resemblances of those wise, heroic and amiable men, with whom it might be pleasant to spend life, in the relation of which Areskoui had spoken. By comparing the members of her small circle, among whom Areskoui was the most interesting, she could form associations more or less pleasant with the idea of more distant relations with them. But to spend life in the most intimate of all the ties of

affection with either! Her heart withered at the idea. 'Oh!' she thought, 'that I could compare for myself, and see, if all these seductive pictures are not an illusion; and if life be not a cold and heartless mockery of the affections, passed as well with one as another.' Soon she had that range of comparison she desired.

It is believed, that the interesting little village on the Oregon, called Astoria, received its name from the circumstance, that the celebrated company, which collects furs on that river, and sends them to China, was founded by John Jacob Astor. A thousand circumstances, appended to this village, concur, to furnish inexhaustible food for the imagination. Not far from the calm bosom of the widest sea on the globe, it rises from the shores of one of the noblest of rivers. Thick and dark forests of pines and hemlocks, seen in the distance, skirt it seaward. Flowering, and to the eye interminable prairies, stretch away from it towards the Rocky Mountains. Log houses, tents, Indian huts, a number of stores, and a cluster of various buildings, intended for fur ware houses, and a few commodious dwellings, enclosed with a high palisade, and fortified with cannon, constitute the place.

The earth sees no place, called a town, more lonely, or more romantic in its situation. Yet here in this distant spot, apparently isolated from social nature, the fluttering pennons of ships from different nations remind the visitant of the all-searching eye and enterprise of commerce. Here is seen the Yankee ship with its motley crew, with quick step and eye, all hands in motion, and all hearts keenly attached by the fur gathering and money getting impulse. Here is the large English ship, manned by sailors with round and ruddy faces, and the captain wearing on his brow, and in his port, the impress of taciturnity and national pride. Here is the uncouth Russian

ship, with its German captain, and its crew, half Muscovites, and half Kamschadales. Here may be, also, sometimes seen the Spanish fellucca, with its swarthy crew, occupied in bartering jerked beef, hides and fruits, for peltries, furs and smoked salmon. The *melee* is rendered more striking by greater or less sprinklings of Chinese, distinguished in a moment by their national look and manners.

At a little distance, encamped without the town, is another group of beings, apparently of another world. It would be hard to say, whether their copper complexions, their stern and ruminating countenances show thoughtlessness, or the depth of thought. Whether they are meditating or half asleep, whether they survey all this bustle of commerce, this assemblage of representatives from so many countries, that have been borne, they know, and enquire not how, over the dark bosom of the sea, with the look of meditation, or indifference; whether they disregard these strange objects from pride, or from a consciousness of their native independence and ability to get along without them. Their dogs, faithful in companionship, are seen sleeping beside them; and the squaws play with their naked children, as they caper and tumble about on the buffalo robes.

It often happens, that three or four ships are lying in the river at the same time. The British and Americans, the Muscovites and the Creole Spanish, meet with the Indians on these distant shores in the most perfect accord, and pursue the deer and elk on the plains; or the monsters of the deep in the seas; or trade with the Indians, join in their sports, and converse with their wives and daughters, as though they were all brethren, and of one race. At these immense removes from all civilization, whatever appears in the form of woman, in their eyes becomes beautiful. In truth, as has been seen, the Shoshonee are the

fairest of Indians. Laying the roundness of their faces, their Indian noses, and a slight tinge of copper out of the question, many of them are in fact pretty. All have a look of high health and elasticity, which gives them a certain air of interest.

At the time, of which we speak, there was in the river a large ship, partly English, and partly American, which brought from Canton two young men, as companions, almost as much unlike in disposition and character, as Baptiste Dettier and Elder Wood. Yet they associated, and, notwithstanding their dissimilarity of mind and disposition, were set down by opinion, as intimate and almost inseparable friends. The one was remarkable for the extreme fashion of his appearance and the unrivalled beauty of his person; and the other for the nobleness and dignity of his form, his high forehead, and a countenance marked with decision, almost to harshness. From a thousand circumstances, they would both have been selected, as uncommonly striking young gentlemen, each in his peculiar way.

At the same time it happened, that a large party of Shoshonee and Shienne, male and female, accompanied by Baptiste and Elder Wood, and two sub-chiefs, were at Astoria, with a view to dispose of their winter's hunt and trapping. Julius Landino, and Fred-eric Belden, for so the young men in question were named, manifested great delight, in making the acquaintance of these Indians. They were constantly about their camp, to witness their manners and dances, and striving to converse by signs with the women. The pleasure of this intercourse was heightened, when they became acquainted with the Baptist minister, and Baptiste, who spoke Shoshonee with great fluency, and thus acted as interpreter between them and the Indians. They affected to be in raptures with the simplicity of Indian manners; and even

admired the healthy copper cheeks, as circular as the orb of the moon, and highly painted with vermilion, of the Indian girls. Upon this word Baptiste opened, in his usual style of overflowing exuberance, upon the beauty of the country above, the unequalled sublimity and delightfulness of the Shoshonee valley, and the simplicity and hospitality of the natives, and the kindness, which they always showed to strangers. He descanted upon the abundance of game, the shoals of salmon in the rivers, and the surface of the verdant prairies covered with strawberries. He added, in his usual enthusiasm and vehement gesticulation, '*c'est un paradis terrestre.*' 'But,' he continued, 'you call these squaws pretty. They are well enough for squaws, and kind hearted too. You should see our Jessy, or Wakona, as the Indians have named her. Mon Dieu,' he cried, folding his hands, and looking upwards, '*c'est une ange celeste;*' and Baptiste proceeded, to paint the valley flower, as possessing charms far beyond any thing, that had yet been seen on the earth. When they laughed at his enthusiasm, and charged him with incredible extravagance, he shrugged, exclaimed with his accustomed *sacre!* and referred them for confirmation to Elder Wood. The grave manner and tones of the minister were warrant for him, that he would utter neither hyperbole, nor extravagance; and he assured them, 'that to have any idea of the scenery of the Shoshonee valley, and the unrivalled loveliness of Jessy Weldon, they must see, for that words gave no idea of it.' 'Suppose we were to go up with these people, and see the fine country, and the pretty girl among the Indians,' said Julius Landino. 'I should like it of all things,' replied Frederic; 'and as our ship remains in the river five weeks, and we have nothing, meanwhile, to amuse us here, but hunting, it would beguile the time,

and we should have, no doubt, very interesting matter to record in our tablets, from a voyage into the interior of two hundred leagues. We should explore a new country and a new people, visited for the first time by such scientific travellers.'

They were both young gentlemen of pleasure, who, as yet, seemed to have 'been born to eat up the corn,' and with no other object, than to amuse themselves. A finer wild goose chase could have never entered their imagination. The season, their circumstances, and those of the ship, favored the project. It was the time of strawberries, salmon, flowers and the whispering south west breeze. Baptiste had been invited on board their ship, had eaten soup, and drunk wine, and was as happy and loquacious as a Frenchman could be. Elder Wood had preached in the town, and all the ship's crews had attended. Those, who slept, had the politeness to turn the other way; and those who had not understood a word, nodded their heads as though from edification and assent; and Elder Wood, having set this down as a very encouraging meeting, was happy, and in uncommon spirits. The Indians were happy, for they had obtained plenty of rum, for six times its value in beaver. The girls were happy; for they had obtained red chintz robes, beads, necklaces, looking glasses and nose and ear jewels; besides the admiration of the gay young strangers. All parties seemed alike delighted with the idea of such an excursion. The glowing descriptions of the voluble Frenchman, and the more staid and credible narrative of Elder Wood, alike concurred to fill the minds of the young men with the delight of the contemplated river voyage. The trees and nature, in their most seducing array on the shore, aided to raise the charm of association. At intervals an Indian canoe, with its red young oc-

cupants, who raised the joyous whoop, and dipped their paddles into the gently rippling bosom of the stream, was seen gliding away behind the verdure of the trees.

'*Omnis ager est ver,*' cried Julius. 'I should delight to follow.' 'A rush for Latin,' responded Frederic. 'In plain English, the time, the country, the river, the girls, every thing is delightful. If you will accompany me, we will go. We will spear salmon, eat strawberries, hunt the deer, and the girls; and, no doubt, we could collect furs, hams, and dried salmon on speculation into the bargain. Amidst such an abundance of game, we shall certainly find some adventures worthy of record. Even if we fail, the Shoshonee will not write our history; and we can tell our own story. Besides, I have a prodigious curiosity to see this strange family of whites and their thrice beautiful daughter.'

Baptiste, charmed with the project, absolutely capered for joy. '*Il fait,*' he cried, '*tems superbe, pour monter la fleuve, manger des fraises, attrapper des poissons, et des jeunes demoiselles Shoshonee.*' Even Elder Wood manifested unwonted hilarity at the idea of such companions for the long voyage. Thus every thing united, to arouse in the minds of these unoccupied young men a curiosity, to accompany the returning party of Indians to their country. The captain proposed to send with them a factor, to collect furs, hams and dried salmon. Instead of being of any use to him, idle young men, like these, were rather a hindrance and annoyance. He gave a full consent; and in half a day the preparations for carrying the project into execution were completed. A few books, a pocket telescope, and materials for drawing composed the scientific arrangements. A fine swift sailing yawl accompanied the expedition, provided with two tents, and every requisite appointment, that their own

judgment, fortified by that of Baptiste and Elder Wood, could suggest as necessary. It was manned by four rowers, two of them from other ships in the river, and each of whom played an instrument of the band. The two young gentlemen each played the flute. An American factor, and captain Wilhelm, commander of a Russian ship, that would stay three months in the river, accompanied the party. They were well armed, and provided with ammunition; that they might be alike prepared for pleasure or battle; to join in the sports of the Indians, or set them at defiance. The day was set for their return; and the yawl, preceded by the Shoshonee in their periogues, moved from the ship, under the discharge of cannon, by way of parting salute, and the acclamations and good wishes of those who remained. A gentle breeze filled the sails of the yawl; and the oarsmen, instead of their oars, plied their musical instruments, to which the Indians responded, in repeated bursts of whooping, that rung far away over the grassy plains.

If such music always thrills the heart, even in those places, where it is natural to expect it, still sweeter were the notes, as the strain was heard, reverberating from the woods across silent and flowering plains, where the echo of music, like this, had slumbered from the creation; and now swelled and died away in the distance of the verdant solitudes. The distinctness of the ocean outline gradually faded from the view of the voyagers; and the blue of the distant mountains grew more visible, like undulating ridges of clouds in the sky. They were soon in a region where all was new. Every strong bend of the river brought to sight the different configurations and aspects of the prairies, and the hoar limestone cliffs; or the remote wooded points, that indented the shores. Sometimes the moving pageant glided along under the shades of green trees, or high banks, covered with

wild sage, gooseberry bushes, or the gaudiest classes and varieties of flowers. A youthful mind, not wholly destitute of the power of contemplation, could not but enjoy this ever varying charm of nature, thus seen for the first time; and a curiosity not painfully excited, and continually gratified with the untiring novelty of the ever varying aspects of nature; every moment giving fresh inclination to mark, what diversities of the grand and lonely scenery would next open upon the eye. The heart that does not exquisitely enjoy this satisfaction, must be dead to pleasure. When they paused, to take their food under the shade of a tree upon the green shores, Elder Wood said his long grace, according to his prescribed form. Baptiste chattered in half French half English, and the Indians ruminated, after they had finished their short meal, put their fingers to their mouths, and moved them rapidly up and down; sprang from the ground, and uttered their peculiar short, quick and wild exclamations.

They left the smoke of their camp fires undulating far over the plain; and the steady breeze, blowing from the south west, filled their sails, and wafted them rapidly, and without labor against the current of the bold stream. The unwearying variety of a nature, alternately sublime or beautiful, was continually spread before them. Sometimes they walked along the banks, and made a shorter route across the bends, anticipating the progress of the yawl, and feasting on the millions of strawberries, that reddened whole patches of their path. Sometimes nature slept in a dead calm on the prairies, around them. Sometimes a slight breeze stole upon their senses from the acacias, catalpas, and flowering locusts, the mingled fragrance and odour of a thousand flowers, like those, from 'Araby the blest.' At night they spread their tents under the open sky. The Indians were encamped

around them. As the twilight faded, they fed together, as one family, upon the flesh of elk and deer; and when in the different languages, they had chatted, and sung, and told tales, and laughed, and anticipated the voyage of the morrow, they sunk to deep sleep, with an ocean of grass spread around, violets and strawberries beneath their buffalo robes, and the blue and stars above.

On the evening of the fourth day, the voyagers arrived at the great falls of the Oregon. The yawl was to be left here, and exchanged for Indian pe-riogues above the falls. The Indian water crafts, too, were left, and all walked together round the falls. The scenery here shows dismantled hills, and huge boulders of rocks, scattered in promiscuous confusion; and affords a grand and inspiring prospect. Amidst the incessant and deafening roar, as the waters whiten in sheets, and pour along the rocks, the Sewasserna, as it comes dashing down from its dark green hanging hills and woods, brings in its lateral tribute, and is lost in the mighty Oregon.

The plain country on the Oregon, or Columbia, slopes from the Rocky mountains to the wide Pacific by two immense plains, that lie, one above another, after the form of a prodigious terrace or glacis. The great falls occur nearly at the point, where the upper terrace rises from the lower. This terrace is marked, and for a great distance, at right angles from it, by a regular, but stupendous mass of huge lime stone blocks and columns, that seem, as if giants had detached them from their bed in the mountains. At the distance of a league on the south side of the Oregon, this mass of pillars and columns gives place to an almost perpendicular wall of stone, from two to five hundred feet high, which continues to mark the terrace, as you proceed up the Sewasserna. At unequal distances, from fifty paces to half a mile from this

hoar and magnificent wall of nature, flows the Sewasserna, a most beautifully smooth and transparent river in its whole course above. At the distance of a league from the point where it unites with the Oregon, it loses its precipitous character and foamy whiteness, and is a calm and boatable stream, quite to its recesses in the Rocky mountains, where a hundred mountain streams and cascades rush down, and unite with it from every side.

The river is skirted with a belt of tall, straight trees, seldom more than a few rods in width. They are plane, cotton, peccan, sycamore and black walnut, with cones of verdure at the top, and of an arrowy straightness from the ground to the first limbs. Ascend to the upper glacis, and the country opens on either side a boundless level to the Rocky mountains; while in front you look down, three or four hundred feet upon a smooth plain, covered with grass and flowers, whose western verge is laved by the wave of the Pacific.

Never was water travelling more delightful, than a spring passage, chiefly by sailing, in an Indian periogue up the beautiful Sewasserna. The very breeze was charged with aroma—as the prospect was every where with sublimity, verdure and flowers. The river is just of a width, and the skirts of trees on either bank of a height to render its whole course an alcove of shade. The oriole and red bird sing for you, and the mocking bird imitates them on the grand and branchy plane. The paroquets scream, and flutter, in lightning lines of green and gold, from tree to tree. The turtles incessantly coo over your head on the peccans. A gentle breeze from the south just ripples the foliage, and fans your temples. The repose of nature invites the repose of the passions, and when you sleep, after the exercise of the day, it is balmy and medicinal.

When the exploring company at length arrived in the centre of this fairest valley of the west, and saw the smokes streaming aloft from the Shoshonee town below the wall, and from the tents above, and heard the dogs bark, and the joyous whoops, and noisy gratulations of thousands of Indians, who crowded about the landing periogues, to welcome back their friends and the new visitants,—they almost regretted the termination of a voyage, which had been such a scene of continued and high enjoyment. But they were aroused from all reflections of that sort, by the necessity of receiving ceremonial welcomes, and returning them by set speeches. This finished in due form, they were invited to different feasts. Some offered them strawberries and cream; some the most delicious fresh salmon, which was at this time in its utmost excellence; and others Indian soup, made of dried and pounded deer's flesh, sage and sassafras leaves, and prairie potatoes, all mixed together. Trader Hatch invited them to drink wine, and take coffee, the luxuries of civilization. But the wines of foreign countries gave place on this occasion to the rich mead, or hydromel, which the Shoshonee prepare from their countless swarms of wild bees, and the aromatic and medicated herbs of the country. While they feasted, and drank, the drums beat. The young warriors wagged their heads, as they danced, and whooped. The council fires blazed high, and the old council chiefs, with Ellswatta at their head, looked on, and smoked the pipe with calm satisfaction visibly impressed upon their countenances. Hundreds of Shoshonee girls eyed the visitants and the fine young men askance, and looked their loveliest from their round and vermilion countenances.

After the party had feasted, and been introduced to the chiefs, and had gone over the first ceremonial of hospitality, they began to enquire, why they had

not seen the singular white family, of which they had heard so much? Trader Hatch explained to them, that this family cultivated more retiring and distant habits and manners, and would not be seen upon any other terms, than a first visit to them. Elder Wood had gone, immediately on landing, to announce his return, and greet his beloved friends. Of course William Weldon's family was apprised of the arrival of the two fine young gentlemen, of whose beauty of person, and polish of manners and intellectual improvement he unwittingly said enough, to bring a full tinge of the rose on the lily ground of Jessy's cheek, and a curiosity that reached quite to the limits of being pleasant. 'What fine young men must they be,' she thought, 'who drew such warm encomiums from Elder Wood, so little addicted to such modes of speech!'

The young men, mean while, went to the house of Trader Hatch, to dress and prepare to visit William Weldon. Elder Wood, as the most confidential inmate of the family, was sent for, and requested to introduce them. Ellswatta and Josepha and Areskoui and Nelesho were already at the house. Preceded by Hatch and Baptiste, and accompanied by Elder Wood, and followed by hundreds of the young warriors and women of the tribe, they moved from the house of the trader, towards the abode of William Weldon.

The sun, enthroned in purple, had sunk away behind the smoking summits of the mountains, and distant thunder was heard, as of thunder-clouds, that had passed away. The Indian cries were still, and in their stead was heard the screaming of the countless wild water fowls returned from the ocean to their green summer retreats. The mellow song of the oriole could be distinguished over the thousand mingled notes of the other songsters. While

the wild and plaintive cries of the loon, up the wave of the Sewasserna, added a solemn plaintiveness to the adieu of nature to the passing day. It was an evening, to soften every heart, not made of stone, to emotions of gladness.

The strangers were by no means prepared for the sight, that offered, as they crossed on a fallen tree the little stream, that descended from the mountains in a cascade, and fenced one side of William Weldon's grounds. The roar of this cascade mingled in their ears with the breezy moan in the tops of the lofty pines, that rose in front of the dwelling. Back of these pines, and under the magnificent alcove, its front was seen. It was large, plastered neatly, and painted of a deep green. The grounds were tastefully laid out in Chinese style. Here was the just starting field of maize. In another compartment was the patch of sweet potatoes. Elsewhere were garden spots of vegetables, that had recently been planted, or were just appearing. The delicious verdure of pawpaw hedges marked off the compartments. A few sugar maples, whose summits had not yet parted with their red blossoms, were embowered by grape vines. Clumps of vines, and flowering shrubs were distributed at intervals; and a number of rivulets, winding through the grounds, served to water them, when they were parched; and now gurgled over white sands, as they wound towards their confluence, before they entered the Sewasserna.

The visitants often paused to admire. They exclaimed in admiration of the taste and loveliness of the scene, where nature had commenced all the rudiments in her own simplicity and beauty; and art had seemed disposed to enter into a mimic and playful competition. One compared the place to the grounds of the enchanted palace of Armida—another to the bower of Adam and Eve, before sin had withered it.

One estimate was common to all. Here was true taste, and labor, guided by art, and that in no ordinary degree. Nor would these grounds have shamed the front of the palace of an Italian prince. There was that in the scene, which inspired respect, and checked careless advance. They had loitered about the grounds, without passing the outer boundary of the pines, until the dusk of evening began to obscure the landscape, though it took nothing from the fragrance of the acacias and meadow pinks, that adorned the spot. All the birds were hushed, but the oriole on the shrubs, and the loon in the river. 'Suppose,' said Julius Landino, 'we serenade the fair nymph of the rocks.' 'It would be the right mode of attack,' replied Frederic Belden. '*Ma foi,*' exclaimed Baptiste, '*c'est une ange, la plus belle demoiselle dans l'univers.*' Hatch declared, that Jessy Weldon was, indeed, a *severe* beauty, well known to be his last superlative.

To serenade the beauty of the enchanted mansion among the rocks seemed to all an appropriate method of announcing their approach. The four musicians sat down on a rustic bench surmounted by bowers of Multiflora roses in full bloom, and a rill of water murmuring just at their feet. The air selected was a beautiful Scotch lament. They played it at first soft and low, accompanied with the voice of one of the young men, and the flute of the other. The words were from the prince of the Scottish bards; and the music, so heard, so accompanied, and at such a place, was of that kind, that goes straight to the heart, first softening it; then filling it with the enthusiasm of virtue, tenderness and glory; and finally elevating the best and noblest thoughts of our nature to heaven. The wall above just caught the echoes, and sweetly returned them. William Weldon, his wife and daughter, not expecting to see the visitants that evening,

had just risen from their supper. The bible lay open before them. Ellswatta and his wife and the two young chiefs sat on a low settee, covered with elk skin, listening to the evening hymn of the family, that regularly preceded their worship. The tremulous voice of Jessy was mingled with that of her father and mother, as sweet and soft as the breezy influence upon the strings of the Æolian harp, as they chaunted their praises of the Living God. The notes of the Scotch lament upon the band and accompaniments from abroad mingled with those of the evening hymn within. The Indians, alive to the influences of music, arose from their seat of skins, and looked wistfully in the direction. It would be difficult to imagine the feelings of Jessy, as she heard perfect music, for the first time, discoursing the mournful and low notes of lamentation and grief. The father laid the open bible aside, and looked in the face of his lovely daughter, whose fair locks arose on her head, as the tears streamed down her cheeks. The eyes of the mother, too, glistened with the full inspiration. Suddenly the air changed. The musicians stood up; and each one swelling his instrument to its utmost power, they played a grand march. The Indians sprang erect, threw their robes over their shoulders, and extended their arms, as rapt with the effect. Yensi in her own country had heard the noisy music of China, set off by the terrific bursts of the gong. William Weldon remembered, how he had kindled, in the days of other years, with the music of the full band in the military procession. He recollected the tenderness and enthusiasm of his morning of life. But Jessy, with a frame, in which every nerve was attuned to music, and its consequent enthusiasm, and over whose soul it brought in a moment, countless shadowy imaginings and thoughts of heaven, listened with an excitement almost painful; watching the ineffable surprise marked

upon the countenances of her parents. 'What sweet music the fair haired people discourse,' exclaimed Yensi! 'It does, indeed,' replied her husband, 'bring over my thoughts images of heaven. God grant, it may bode us good, to hear such music in these valleys!' 'Why should we fear any thing from the people of my father's kindred?' asked Jessy. 'Listen, oh! listen. What a people must they be, who have invented such a music! Can it be possible, that bad omens can steal upon the ear, in such sounds of heaven? This indeed excels the tales of the red people, about the music of the lakes in the islands of the happy mansions.' The strain paused. It swelled, and died away again, closing in a strain of sacred music. Elder Wood now led forward the party to the house. The door was opened, and they stood in presence of William Weldon's family.

They looked round upon the scene before them with undisguised astonishment. They had fancied a rude hut of the backwoods; and part of the large apartment before them was fitted up with taste, not unmixed with touches of grandeur; which the admirable matching of art to nature gave the dark purple vault, that sprang up, as it were, to heaven. The whole view spread over the apartment an indescribable air of nobleness. Ellswatta, tall, muscular, noble, with dignity, command and generous thought written upon his brow, sat on his seat of elk skin, one shoulder and one muscular arm bare, and the other enclosed with a buffalo robe, beautifully dyed and ornamented, and enclosing his fine manly form, as in a mantle. No one needed point out to them Areskoui. His resemblance to his father, and the indescribable mixture of European and Indian in his expressive face, designated him in a moment to the most cursory beholder. Nelesho, in the pride of his youth, and his Herculean form, carried the impress of disdain, and the burning

thoughts in his bosom, in visible impress upon his countenance. William Weldon appeared turned of fifty, and, though with some touches of the hermit, still a gentleman in appearance, dress and manners, with keen intellect and melancholy thoughts upon his interesting face. Josepha, though still wearing an European countenance, was dressed in the gaudy magnificence, that might be expected to result from the taste of the wife of an Indian chief. The foreign countenance and air of Yensi, an eye that glistened, and melted, and told of fathomless love, and acute intellect, designated her by the resemblance of the forehead and the eye, as the mother of Jessy.

But if the apartment and the group impressed them with awe and astonishment, what were their thoughts, when, instead of the Indian dressed rustic beauty, whom they expected to see in her, a vision of intelligence, youth and loveliness was before them, which awed, quite as much as it attracted. The lily and the rose could not have been more happily blended, than in her complexion. Her chesnut curls clustered upon her perfectly moulded shoulders in a richness, which neither words nor pencil might reach. Her eye showed, as though you looked down transparent depths of water, and saw the images of her thoughts, as they were painted in the fountains. At the same time there was archness combined with pensiveness, brilliant intellect with meekness and simplicity; and, taken altogether, there was such a person and form, as instantly surprises an imaginative eye with the humbling discovery that no conception, no beau ideal, reaches the actual power of Omnipotence to mould, and paint his own picture. Each of the beholders rejected all previous imaginings, and remembrances of loveliness, as a talented, but untrained statuary would his own imperfect models, when first brought in view of the Venus de Medici. She was dressed in

Chinese silk, simple, but with taste, and even magnificence. But no one who saw **Jessy Weldon**, thought much of her dress. The young men, too, noted conscious dignity in her manner; and though a passing glow stained her cheek with a deeper tinge of the rose for a moment, she almost instantly resumed her calmness, and received their compliments, as though she had been long accustomed to society. The fond and delighted consciousness of the parents, too, was obvious. They well, and readily comprehended the admiration of the youthful strangers; nor seemed in the slightest degree to consider it unnatural or misplaced. Indeed, it was a vision of beauty to inspire a poet. Nor will they, who have travelled much, and seen strange things bestowed in strange places, admire, that such an one as **Jessy** grew up in the valleys of the Oregon among the Shoshonee. The American Aloe has been generally found in the deepest deserts, where none but denizens of the wilderness behold. The Nymphaea spreads its surpassing cup in mephitic cypress swamps, amidst the most loathsome and noxious animals. Providence seems often to have had for plan, to hide its fairest and most resplendent productions in the depths of the unpeopled desert.

CHAPTER V.

To fancy's eye, it might have seem'd,
 As though the golden days of yore
 Had circled back once more,
 And brought again that guileless mirth,
 Which bards have sung, and sages dreamed
 In bright reversion yet for earth. M. P. F.

THE youthful visitants, who thus so unexpectedly perceived themselves in a place, and in presence of society so different from their previous conceptions, did not at once comprehend, how to deport themselves in their new train of feelings. All ideas of being familiar, and accounting for their visit and its motives in such words and manner, as would have answered, for what they expected to see, were abandoned, and each of the young men moved the other, to explain the purpose of their visit. To crown their confusion, they apprehended, that Jessy saw it, and made efforts not to smile, in view of, their confusion. Even the tall and stern Indians seemed to be transformed in their eyes to superior beings; and they might have reported their estimate of this spectacle, as the ambassador of Pyrrhus did his impression of the Roman senate, when he saw it for the first time. Wilhelm, the Russian captain, appeared most calm. He made blunt, but respectful compliments in bad French, easily, and fluently explaining the objects of the party, in coming to the Shoshonee. He said, 'that they should have held themselves inexcusable, having come here to hunt, eat strawberries, spear salmon, and spend a few days in exploring the beautiful valley, not to have paid their respects to Mr. Weldon, and to his family. He was sure they would all be happy, on their return to declare, that fame, instead

of having done too much justice to the loveliness of their residence, and the interest excited by the appearance of its inmates, had not related a tenth part of either.' The factor and the musicians were then named; and a general and easy conversation ensued, turning upon the pleasantness of the trip, and the satisfaction of the visitants, and making enquiries, touching the country beyond, the strength and number of the Indians, and discussions of that sort. Supper, coffee and tea, strawberries and cream, were speedily prepared; and the two young strangers could not at all reconcile their previous conceptions of extreme awkwardness, annexed to Indian character, with their present feelings, as they saw with how much decorum and propriety of manners Ellswatta and the two young chiefs partook of it with the rest. The elder chief was both gracious and communicative; and told the young men, 'that the Master of Life had shown them singular good fortune, in giving them fine weather and a south wind, to waft them up without the labor of the oar; and in having brought them among his people on the day previous to the evening when the great annual festival, of spearing the salmon was to take place.'

It was understood, that the united tribe would celebrate a great feast, and the kettle dance, as customary, previous to the religious solemnity of the salmon spearing. The young strangers announced to William Weldon's family, and the rest of the people at table, 'that they desired much, to travel up the plain on the morrow; and hoped, they might have the pleasure of their society, in exploring the vicinity; and to show them where were those fine strawberries, of which they had heard.' This was a civility, which could not be denied; and Ellswatta told them, that, after the feast and dance of the morning, himself, his wife and son would accompany them to the straw-

berry fields. 'And may we expect your company, that of your lady and lovely daughter?' somewhat timidly asked Julius, turning to William Weldon. Jessy stole a look at her father's countenance, and a volume of words could not have explained more explicitly, what was passing in his mind. After a moment of seemingly earnest deliberation, and looking intensely in the face of his wife, he hesitatingly gave consent to the request.

It would be unnatural to suppose, that the eye of Jessy had not perceived, in a moment, that Julius Landino was a youth, that equalled in person, manners and dress, or rather transcended any of all the heroes in her father's romances. Frederic, though by no means so striking at first view, under less showy person and manners, under a certain silence and reserve, concealed a something, that created interest and curiosity, exciting the wish to study him further, and the impression, that he concealed still more, than he put forth. Perhaps, this influence, when allowed scope for display, is on the whole more favorable to the party, than the striking person and manners, that achieve their greatest result at first sight.

It would be equally unnatural to imagine, that Jessy Weldon, thus singularly brought in contact with these young strangers, one of them at least most elegant in person and manners, did not find her curiosity and interest piqued, did not feel a novel and keen sensation of wonder and delight, in being thus enabled to form those estimates and comparisons, which the creations of her imagination had so often inclined her to wish to institute. After a long and delightful conversation, in which all parties, save Areskouï and Nelesho, had been called forth in the display of their utmost conversational talents, the evening closed by a proposition on the part of Hatch, disposed to be magnificent on this occasion, that the whole party should

take breakfast with him on the following morning. They all consented. The musicians proposed to close the evening with a serenade. Julius Landino played the flute, Frederic Belden the clarionet, and the band gave two or three of the popular airs of the day. In mother and daughter the predominant impression from the music and the scene certainly was dissatisfaction with the rude and simple people and manners, among which they lived, and indefinite longings after that society, where such music and such visitants were the natural order of things.

It would be difficult to analyze the feelings of the different parties, as they severally retired to their rest. Areskoui, good and magnanimous, as he was, had groaned inwardly; and all the demons of jealousy tugged at his heart. He had not had chances of comparison; but he comprehended by a glance, that the young men were of the higher class; that they were of uncommon beauty of person. All this he discovered through the magnifying medium of his apprehensions. He went, by the torch light of his own humble partition of his father's tent, to his little looking glass, and compared his own copper visage with the blooming faces, and the high finish of deportment, which, he perceived, belonged to these strangers, 'What am I?' he asked, 'what chances have I, who am but a wild, untrained animal of the woods, in her eye, compared with men, like these?' The unhappy young chief had noted all the eagerness of pleasure, sparkling in the eye of his foster sister. He understood, too, the speaking countenance, the delicate attentions, the soft and low words, the respectful admiration of the young men. He noted every turn of the liquid lustre of her eye upon them; and for the first time, he thought, he discovered on her part a clear effort, to display herself to advantage, and to practise the arch looks and the proud and conscious triumph

of beauty. He groaned in sleepless agitation. 'Accursed be the day,' he said, 'when these fascinating white men first appeared in our valley!' Then another thought came over his mind. 'They call us savages. Why not show ourselves so? Why not persuade my mother, and through her my father, to expel them at once from our country? Or if they refuse to go, act the part of savages, which they assign us, and kill them?' Better and nobler thoughts replaced these meditations; and his generous heart recalled all such unworthy measures. Besides, that, he saw clearly, would incur her eternal hatred and disgust. 'Let her be happy,' he said. 'Let the Master of Life determine between us. I will show more generous love. I will display more efficient power to protect her and her father's family. I will make her see that I deserve her love, and let the Wacondah decide the rest. Such were the final thoughts of Areskoui, in view of the new guests, and the expected festivities of the morrow.

Nelesho retired from the abode of Elder Wood, with a malignant and gloomy joy. Not, that he had not seen with the same eyes with Areskoui. Not, that his hate was not of a more depraved character. Not, that he did not feel how the young warriors, and himself among them, would compare with the new visitants. But his jealousy and his hatred towards Areskoui were of longer standing, and had deeper and firmer hold of his thoughts. 'No matter,' he thought. 'Areskoui will lose all chances of her love—and any thing would be tolerable, rather than see her become the wife of Areskoui. I am ready to thank the Wacondah for tortures, which he is obliged to share with me.'

The factor and musicians, as they retired to spend the night with Trader Hatch, the publican of the village, discussed the beauty of Jessy Weldon, in the

use of all their superlatives. The enchantment of loveliness directed by intelligence, and kindness, had been cast, as a spell, even over the rough bosoms of these mariners. Baptiste had never been in more request, as Cicerone and interpreter. He had partaken liberally, too, of Trader Hatch's *l'eau de vie*, and he had been complaisant and voluble to a charm.— Even the habitually pensive countenance of William Weldon had caught the smile of hilarity, and the electric sympathy of mutual pleasure, Yensi, to whom savage life had never possessed charms, had been transported this evening to a new world, and a new order of things. Such were the men, whom she had seen, and admired in her own country. Such was the society, for which her daughter had been formed. She drank in the words, as she was charmed with the beauty of Julius. How exactly he was formed for her dear daughter; and in the revival of her early associations and remembrances, she invoked the Universal Tien, to incline the hearts of the two young people towards each other; and that of her husband to return to Macoa, the country of Julius. Discouragement came over her mind, as she remembered the downcast looks of her husband, during the evening, and imagined him giving himself up to see dark omens, and anticipations of evil in this visit of the young strangers.

What were the thoughts of Jessy Weldon, as she retired to her bed? This evening had introduced her to a new world, and a new order of realities instead of ideal imaginings. Her innocent and joyous nature saw good and happiness in every thing. Experience of the deceptiveness of external show, an unhappy power of piercing through appearances, and interpreting the real character and motive at the heart, had not yet spoiled the painted vision of life, and replaced its illusions by the sad reality. What a city of fairy

palaces arose in prospect before her. 'This,' she thought, 'is existence. This is reality. This is happiness. How little have I tasted yet!' She loved her parents with all her heart. Elder Wood had at times uttered words in his religious exercises, that had softened, and affected her. Areskoui had sometimes made a remark, or performed an action, that had called forth the admiration of the moment; and had given her a transient impression, that it would not be difficult to love him. But here had been drawn forth a long associated chain of sensations, that were either born for the first time, or had hitherto slumbered.— Here her intellect had been easily, and delightfully drawn out. Here were persons, in the same period of life, with the same kind of training, with minds in a temperament, by the unchangeable laws of nature, to think the same thoughts, and weave the same dreams with herself. For the first time she had felt her thoughts anticipated; and perceived, that they, who conversed with her, comprehended exactly what to say, in order to give birth to the proper train of thoughts on her part. Then she remembered the charm of their civility, their deference, and the homage of their eye and manner! In books, and from the conversation of her father, she had learned, that men were addicted to flattery, and that there was no necessary connexion between their words and intentions. But there could be no deception in the bland unction of such soft and flattering words, to which look, manner and tone gave such unequivocal marks of sincerity. Then she thought of the young chief, the playmate of her early years, the nobleness of his way of thinking, the energy of his mind, the charm of his simple and natural figures, drawn direct from truth and nature. She had seen the paleness, that crossed his brow that evening. She understood, what he had felt, and what he had suffered; and pity began to pre-

dominate. Her father depended on him, and, probably, wished, that she might be united to him. Here the dreadful word '*savages*' came over her thoughts. Savages! She felt the import of the word as strongly, as if she had been educated in the most polished society. Though reared among them, she felt that she was not of them, and that there was little more sympathy between her and them, than with the lower orders of being.

Then a sketching of to-morrow's festival floated through her mind. She was to accompany these strangers to the Indian sports, and the great solemnity of the Salmon spearing. They would see the dances, hear the whoops, witness the extreme rudeness of the savages, among whom she had been reared, and where she had received all her ideas! There was humiliation in the thought; and she was exactly aware, how they would view all this matter. To counterbalance this thought, she endeavored to recall their respectful words and actions. She should carry there the same person to renew the same claims upon their continued respect. The transition was natural, to busy her thoughts, and task her invention, touching the dress, that would be most calculated to concur with her appearance, to prevent their remembering, where she had been brought up. 'They shall see,' she thought, as this subject floated through her mind, 'they shall acknowledge, that I am not an Indian girl, at least in the taste and arrangement of my dress.'

It required less, than her native quickness of apprehension to foresee, that her predicament, and that of her father's family, was one of extreme delicacy for right management. It had often occurred to her, that the very existence of her family, depended upon the good will of Ellswatta and Josepha, and that this was suspended, as a matter of course, upon that of Areskoui. She reposed much upon the magnanimous for-

bearance of the young chief. But would it always triumph? Would not jealousy finally vanquish it, as it became more and more excited by comparison with these strangers? She had noted him that very evening, struggling with the risings of his spirit. She was painfully aware, notwithstanding the long season of tranquility, that had passed over the tribe, how their singular government was exposed to sudden storms and a fierceness of popular fury, that swept every thing before it, with the besom of destruction. Fatal riots and insurrections were but too recent events in the history of the tribe. She felt, in common with her mother, the utter insecurity of things, where there were no fixed laws. She had often heard her father and Ellswatta express fearful surmises, that the Shienne meditated a revolt, through the instrumentality of Nelesho. The laboring and thoughtful countenance of her father, during the highest hilarity of the evening, was to her an ominous token, that he saw harbingers of coming storms.

She had thrown herself upon her bed, to court sleep. But these, and a thousand undefined and agitating subjects of reflection, passed over her mind, like gleams of lightning upon the summer clouds. Sleep fled from her eyelids. She opened her window, that looked out upon the pine tops, in which the night breeze was swelling, and sinking away, in strains, that inspired 'solemn thought and heavenly musing.' The breath of spring came fresh from the flowering forests and valleys. The trees scintillated with millions of fire flies. On the peaks of some of the mountains in view, the unmelted snows of ages glistened in the moon-beams; and the moon was half obscuring her enlarged and crimsoned disk behind the mists, that curled in prodigious folds, as they sprang up from the mountain tops. The nightingale sparrow sang its little dirge in the adjoining tree. The loons screamed

● on the river; and the far roar of falling mountain streams, swollen with the melting ice of spring, discoursed deep and hollow notes amidst the stillness of night. In the dome of the firmament, clouds more ethereal than the muslins of India, were rolled, mass over mass, showing a few stars beyond them. As she sat at the window, inhaling the aroma of spring, and contemplating this magnificent night scene, and reflected, that a new leaf in the great volume of life was just unfolded for her reading, religious awe came upon her. 'Oh,' she said, 'that I could foresee the hidden future.' Dear parents, doubtless ye sleep. Venerable servant of God, thou too, art at rest, unconscious, that such thoughts could ever have floated through the mind of one, to whom you have shown fatherly kindness. 'But Thou,' she said, as she looked beyond the clouds, 'Thou slumberest not, neither sleepest;' and her young heart deeply, and confidentially communed with the best of beings; and the result of that communion was, that she slept after it profoundly, until morning.

The expected morning, that was to usher in the first festival day of a similar character, that had ever been witnessed by the white and red men in the valley of the Shoshonee, arose upon the dark green solitudes, in the splendor of a cloudless May day. The cool breath of the south only breezed from the direction of the Pacific, and came charged with the delightful coolness of the sea, and the blended odours, which it had taken, in passing over a hundred leagues of plains covered with flowers. Fleecy wreaths of clouds, spread at intervals over all the hemisphere, just tempered the radiance of the morning and the glow of the sun to a voluptuous softness of light. The air, which gently rustled the tender and not fully formed leaves, had a feeling of blandness, that can only be known by sensation. When it swelled a lit-

tle, the dew fell as rain drops from every leaf. Animated nature felt all the charmed influence of morning and spring. The birds trilled their long drawn, half gay, half plaintive songs, as if languid from the excess of the inspiration of the new born day. The bees shook the dew drops from the cups of the flowers, as they closed their hum of approach and entered, bending down the cups to plunder from the gaudy cells their nectar. The snows and ices of the ancient mountains, lighted up by the brilliance of a morning sun, glittered with a gorgeousness of gold and crimson, to which all the magnificence of an oriental palace is but a feeble imitation. The dogs were baying on the sides of the mountains, inviting their masters out to hunt. The domestic animals vied with the tenants of the branches in notes of joyousness. Every thing in which was the breath of life, felt the call of a spring morning to rejoice.

Such was the time, in which the family of William Weldon, accompanied by Elder Wood, and Jessy, adorned in the dress which had been selected in her night meditations, brushed away the dews of morning from their path, as they set forth to meet the new guests of the valley at the house of Trader Hatch. The square and ruddy cheeked Dutchman and his Indian wife were in readiness to receive them, and they were ushered into a large apartment, which served various uses. In winter divine service was performed there. At all times, except during the Sabbath, it was a store, a tavern and an eating hall. It was plastered, and painted in front, and like the abode of William Weldon, the roof was the arching vault of nature's masonry in everlasting stone; and the wall in the rear was formed in the same way. It was commodiously fitted up with benches and chairs, covered with skins, and all arranged with especial reference to Indian ideas of taste, comfort and utility. Hatch

welcomed them in the best style of his people in New York. The young men came forward, and paid the compliments of the morning. Neither they nor Jessy felt, as often has happened in such cases, that the highly colored imaginings of the night ended in disappointed convictions of illusion in the morning. Neither abated aught of what they had thought of each other, when seen by the glare of artificial light of the evening before. Jessy, glowing with the excitement of the occasion and the influence of youth and spring, was dressed in a green Chinese silk, of the texture of those dresses, intended for the daughter of a Mandarin, and such as would have been worn by her mother in her own country. Her fawn skin sandals had been wrought with a care and art of mixing different colors of feathers and porcupine quills with the interwoven ornaments, which had cost Josepha many an anxious day. Her flowing curls were adorned with just opening rose buds, which seemed to have imparted their coloring to her cheeks, their dew to her lips, and their brilliance to her eyes. The young strangers, refreshed from the fatigues of their journey, not by repose, but by having talked of the fair girl through the night, and dressed with particular care, showed not less attractions in the severe scanning of sun light, than they had the evening before. Ellswatta, his wife, and three of the leading chiefs of the Shoshonee and Shienne, and the young chiefs, Areskoui and Nelesho, were also there, with countenances indicating either pensiveness or dissatisfaction; though each, without any faltering of bashfulness, advanced to offer Jessy the customary morning salutations of their people.

Breakfast being announced, a long grace was said by Elder Wood; and all the guests were socially arranged at a table, where coffee and tea, and salmon and wild fowls and venison and various vegetables,

cakes and pies, were served up, after the most approved cookery, that could result from the united experience and mother wit of **Trader Hatch** and his Indian wife. The restraint, imposed by the presence of such a mixed assemblage of guests, prevented any other intercourse, than the common civilities; and any other reflection, than admiration in view of the stern and silent propriety of deportment manifested by the Indian guests.

From the breakfast table they adjourned to the council house, into which they were introduced with the wonted ceremony by **Ellswatta**. Every portion of it was hung with ever greens and flowers. The council fire blazed in the centre. A medicine circle was drawn round the fire, within which sat **Ellswatta** at the head of the council chiefs. The war chiefs, painted, and dressed in their gayest, sat below them. **Areskoui** wore a costume compounded, like his blood, of Spanish and Shoshonee. A certain paleness of evident, though suppressed emotion, imparted to him such an interest, so well sustained by his picturesque dress, that **Jessy**, as she glanced a look upon him, internally remarked, that she had never seen him to so much advantage. And beneath, she thought, there is a noble heart too. She drew a deep and painful sigh, as she compared this untrained son of the forest with **Julius**, in all the pride of beauty, and all the elegance of a countenance exactly matched to his fine person. She glanced a comparing look, too, upon the other. In the countenance of **Frederic**, along with the reserve and sternness, there was a moral interest, that elicited curiosity.

Outside of the medicine circle the Shoshonee and Shienne, young and old, male and female, to the number of thousands, were congregated, and filled the council house, and all the green area about it. The tents of the tribes, on this festival, had all been re-

moved to the lower terrace about the council house, and afforded a spectacle at once unique and impressive. They were, as has been remarked, circular, composed of buffalo robes, or beautifully fabricated of rushes. The women were universally habited in their best. Every one, who could afford it, wore a belted cloth petticoat, either of scarlet, or blue. The unmarried girls were painted high with rouge of red lead and vermilion. The married women had the compartments of red, marked with blue, and here and there, a supplementary line of Chrome yellow. In the intervals of the paint, on their clear, burnished, copper cheeks might be seen the native flush of youthful expectation. The tall, clean-limbed urchin boys displayed their bare shoulders and breasts, painted blue. Most of them carried a bow and quiver, gracefully hung over their shoulders. Half a dozen favored sons of chiefs, or richer warriors, carried yagers. The old men wore the medicine festival paint, vermilion and pale green, emblems of peace and joy. The Russian captain was dressed in his proper costume of office, and the flag of his nation waved, in union with the stars and stripes, under the shade of a noble sycamore, just on the verge of the Sewasserna. The musicians wore a badge, and sat on a raised turf seat in the shade, without the council house. When all were hushed to silence and expectation, Josepha, in a gorgeous, half Spanish, half Indian dress, preceded Yensi and her daughter into the council house; and the general buz of delight and affectionate greeting of her, whom they called Wakona, showed not only the deep Indian homage to beauty, but intimated a still deeper regard for her virtues.

As soon as his wife, Yensi and her daughter were seated, Ellswatta came forward, threw his robe from his muscular right arm, and with an attitude of calm dignity addressed a short harangue to the assembled

tribe. 'My red children,' he said, 'we are met to feast, and bless the Master of Life. Twelve moons have seen the passing away of maize, flowers, and snow; and the moon of green leaves, and the period to spear the salmon in honor of the Wakondah has returned once more; and as soon as the stars of evening are in the sky, we mean to celebrate it. The Master of Life has thrown peculiar light upon this day. Our brethren of the pale face have come up our great rivers, from the setting sun, and the shore of the boundless salt lake. We bless the Wakondah, that he hath sent them—that his own breeze blew them against the current—that grass and flowers sprang up beneath their feet—and that their fair young men have brought hither words and thoughts of peace. They will first smoke the calumet, then taste our salmon and venison. They will speak good words about their red brethren, when they are far away in their own country, and when they are grey, they will talk of this day to their children. We salute them. Let us bind them to our hearts by the chain of peace. We invite them to eat our strawberries, look upon the fair valleys, that enclose the bones of our forefathers, and be present at our great salmon festival. While they are here, may our daughters smile upon them. When they go, may the Master of Life shine upon them in a clear sun, and blow upon them in the breeze of the mountains, to waft them back to their friends. Let no sounds, but those of peace, meet their ears; and when their children meet ours in this valley, may they smoke the calumet, after we shall have gone to the sunny mountains of the land of spirits, and say 'our fathers did so before us.' The calumet was then passed round, and the stranger guests each smoked a few whiffs in turn. Eliswatta afterwards announced, that the festival was begun.

Instantly such a long, loud and continued cry of

joy was raised by the whole multitude, without and within, as reverberated back from the ancient mountains. Repeatedly, the shout rose and sunk away, and the deep notes of the kettle dance rung from a thousand voices. Whence is the impression, that the united voices of the multitudes, in their festivals, loud, shrill, discordant, though they may be, thrills the heart, and produces a feeling of the sublime? The men of all ages have felt, and later times have explained it, in saying, 'that the voice of the people is the voice of God.' The young strangers forgot, that the people were called savages. They had united their power and their voices; and their deep song raised in the hearts of these foreign guests a feeling of awe and respect. At a pause in the song, a thousand yagers were discharged. When the explosion was passed, at the request of Ellswatta, the band played a march; and the electric effect, in its mysterious and sympathetic influence, which is found to operate deeply even upon the lower orders of animal life, had its full impression upon those sons of the forest. The warriors formed into small circles, and began to dance with the wonted Indian vehemence. Four aged chiefs, surrounded by as many medicine men, most fantastically dressed, beat their drums, moving their heads in time, and uttering in cadence a low guttural note or two, at every beat of the drum. Their countenances wore an invincible and religious gravity; while the dancing warriors laughed, as if in convulsions; and the young women, though they joined not in the dance, chimed in a note or two at the close of each strain of the song, and clapped their hands, and cheered the dancing warriors. Such was the extent of the hilarity and jubilee, that even the thousand Indian dogs, that sat beyond the circles of the dance, raised their sharp and bristled noses, and barked in concert.

Areskoui and Nelesho necessarily headed the dances of the select warriors; and the white inhabitants of the valley, and the strangers, were invited to walk round, and survey the several groups, both within and without the council house. Elder Wood and Baptiste named to them the several chiefs and warriors, their standing, influence and achievements; and Baptiste, in particular, went into the history of the young women, their loves, and the matrimonial alliances, that were on the tapis; and in the course of his long and fluent colloquy, it became an obvious fact, that there was as much gossip and scandal, as much incident, and as deep an impression, that the events here taking place, and about to take place, were the most important, that had been, or would be; as if it all belonged to a civilized, and not a savage community.

During these promenades, the young strangers and Jessy began to acquire that tone of intercourse, which resulted from their having a position that gave decorum to a familiarity, which they would not have meditated, or Jessy allowed, had not her parents been present, to see, but not to hear. Under such circumstances, conversation between persons of such an age soon becomes confidential. The strangers, in half an hour after the babbling Baptiste had left them to themselves, had already begun to discuss their modes of life, their pleasures, the cities where they had been born, and educated; what were the pleasures and shows and amusements, the splendor of the dresses of the ladies, the balls, masquerades, and theatrical entertainments, the operas and concerts, the literary pursuits and fashions, the famous blue stocking ladies—in short, a panorama of the distractions and enjoyments of the great world. Half a dozen times, they had verged to the point of hinting at the necessary comparative barrenness and monotony of a life, spent among rocks and mountains, with no other changes

than those of the seasons, and no other companions than the Shoshonee, and no other spectacles but such as these. Though Jessy sometimes replied to them, and with great discretion and propriety, and at times threw into her comments upon their accounts of their country and hers a considerable degree of arch irony, her general purpose was to hear, rather than answer; and to call them out, and learn their leading impressions; and if they had character, to satisfy herself what it was.

Thus passed away the hours of the kettle song and dance, which could have very little interest for any but Indians, after the first inspection. To an enquirer, touching the import and origin of the Indian religious rites and ceremonies, it would be a spectacle of pleasure; for to him it would have explained many of their mysteries of worship; and would have thrown strong light upon their manners. But for the two young gentlemen, nothing would have offered sufficient excitement to have turned their attention for a moment from the chief object of their pursuit,—unwitnessed, and unmolested conversation with Jessy. Captain Wilhelm, indeed, had found one of the prettiest of the young Indian girls, disposed to smile upon him; and Baptiste, who generally carried on some little sub-plots for his own especial behoof, was willing to turn aside from them, to show his consequence, by acting as interpreter between Captain Wilhelm and his inamorata. Each of the musicians, too, had found Indian damsels, not disposed to be disdainful. Trader Hatch was, all the while, arranging his plans, and driving his bargains, at one of those opportune occasions, that brought so many of his debtors and customers together. Elder Wood was more worthily, and appropriately engaged, in conversing with the few persons of the tribes, who had manifested some excitement, or interest in relation to the subjects of

his ministry. All the chiefs and warriors had their official functions in the ceremonies, from which they could not be spared a moment. Josepha and Yensi wandered about together, the one entering with all her heart into ceremonies, which had from long habit as deep an interest in her thoughts, as though she had been born a Shoshonee. Yensi watched the countenance of her daughter, as it kindled with the delighted influence of such associates and conversations. Even Josepha, thoughtless as she was, and occupied with the present, could not prevent feeling a pang of jealousy, as she compared the present intercourse between Jessy and the young gentlemen, with that, which she had so often witnessed between her and her son. Alas! Poor Areskoui, she thought, this bodes no good to his hopes of gaining the ultimate affection of the Wakona.

The dinner was given by Ellswatta; but he had had all the counsel and assistance of Yensi and her domestics. The table was spread under the shade of the huge sycamore. It was a long line of raised benches, covered with neat painted rush matting.—Sod seats were raised for the whites, and the stranger guests; and they were literally strewed with roses. The white guests were served from China, and the Indians with wooden trenchers, such as had been used among them from time immemorial. Every luxury, that the valley could supply, was upon it. Meats, salmon, broths, pies and puddings, prepared in Yensi's kitchen, were there to profusion. More than all, there was 'London Particular' from the cellar of Trader Hatch. The dinner was not only substantial, but magnificent; and it was contrived, that the valley flower sat between the young gentlemen, and Captain Wilhelm near his elected damsel. The musicians stood, and played awhile, to the great delight of the Indians, and then sat down with the rest. The

whole group, dining together under such circumstances of novelty and interest, would have formed a fine subject for a painter. The young gentlemen were lavish in all the customary civilities of the table; conversed with Jessy in half whispers, not unfrequently put to the blush by the felt superiority of the intelligence and ready irony of her remarks. Areskoui and Nelesho contemplated from their assigned point of the table, with what satisfaction they might, her frequent smiles and blushes, and the visible and sparkling delight of her countenance. William Weldon, alone, of all the group, sat silent and thoughtful, and as though afraid to indulge in joy.

After dinner, war and medicine dances were exhibited. War and death songs were sung. The Indians then displayed their astonishing dexterity at the game of Indian ball. In another place they were shooting at a target with their yagers; and the younger Indians put forth the inconceivable sureness of their mark in trials of archery.

Enough of spirits had been distributed, to excite merriment, and banish that moodiness, which would have ensued, had there been an entire interdiction. Ellswatta had so well taken his precautions, that no person could be seen intoxicated. The plain presented the fairest sample of the joyous hilarity of the red men. Some were sauntering and singing beside the stream. Others were stretched in pairs on the grass, conversing together. The aged parents surveyed their children with a look of ineffable satisfaction. The strangers felt, as if transported to a new world, and Arcadian scenes.

The rays of the declining sun abated of their fervor, before they went forth to the Strawberry prairie. Ellswatta and Josepha led the way; and the white guests were mixed with the red people, as they dispersed over the reddened surface. The large and

delicious strawberries for a while occupied them, to the exclusion of other matter of interest. But Areskoui devised the means to draw the daughter of Yensi apart from the rest, and the following conversation ensued. 'I well know,' said Areskoui, 'that in separating thee from the two handsome strangers, I am giving thee pain. It is not with such intent, as thou wilt believe, that I have sought for a moment, to speak to thee alone. Thou hast seen me suffer, and thou well knowest, that it is not a slight suffering, that will make itself visible in my countenance. I had determined to be silent, but I am weak from the share of the blood of the pale face in my veins. I could not endure to see thee giving up thy whole thoughts to these acquaintances of a day. Thou hast taught thy ignorant brother thyself, that beauty is not of the face or the form. Will these fair strangers vie with me in courage? Would they sooner suffer and die for thee? On thy fair forehead is painted the joy, with which their flattering speeches fill thy mind. But can they love, as I do, who have loved from the first hour, in which I had memory? Art thou sure, that these men are good and true, and speak only the thing, that is? Thy parents belong to these valleys. Will either of them share this solitude with thee; or wilt thou leave thy parents to follow them to the world of the pale face? In a few days they will be gone. Will they return for thee, as the birds come back with the spring to seek the bowers and the nests of the past year? Oh! that the Master of Life had walled up these valleys with battlements to the clouds against the approach of these flattering pale faces, who will steal from thy heart any remaining kindness, thou mightest once have felt for thy brother. Would, that the Wahcondah might strengthen me to triumph over these thoughts that burn within my bosom, and to look up to that land of souls, where thy medicine man

declares, there is the only resource of the wretched.'

She was at once affected and rebuked with the justice of the charge. But, she gently parried the complaint. 'Didst thou not promise me,' she said, 'that thou wouldst not annoy me again with such language? Do not the tenants of the air and of the plains consort with those of their kind? Findest thou not thy pride and pleasure, in being the chief of these red people? Why shouldst thou not find it natural, that I should not rudely avoid the converse of these sons of my own race? Will it comfort thee to be assured, that I know not of love, except for my parents, and my Creator? It was thy generous forbearance, and thy self-control, which taught me respect for thee. Thou must continue it, or that respect will cease. I request thee, to view the visit of these strangers, as I do, with pleasure. I well know, that they will leave us after a few days, and we shall return to our former course of life—and their coming among us will be, as though it had not been.'

'Could it be so,' he replied, 'I should again think of happiness. But do not I know, that this fatal visit has forever dispelled all chance, that thou shouldst regard me and my people, except with disgust and aversion? Accursed be the day, that gave me life, partly of the red race, to be the object of thy dislike, and yet with the spell of the pale face upon me, to love thee, were it even unto death. Were I not born chief, thou couldst not hinder, that I would not have followed thee to the cities of thy people, where I would have learned their ways, and have rendered myself worthy of thee. But the Wahcondah has not only formed me of the red race, and made me a chief, but he has given me the heart and the purpose of a chief, and I feel, that I may not leave my duties. It would kill my parents, to say our son was given by the Wahcondah, to soar, like the eagle, in the flight

of his forefathers, and he has made his nest in the grass, like a sparrow. Oh! my sister, that thou couldst love these mountains, as the birds do the groves, in which are their nests; and that thou couldst find pride in the affection of the young chief, instead of that of the perfidious strangers, who come here only to disturb our repose.'

'I implore thee, chief,' she replied, 'to banish these dark thoughts forever from thy mind. Be content with the same kind feelings from the daughter of Yensi, which thou hast always shared. Do I not remember, that my parents owe their home and protection to thy father? Need I be reminded, that thy influence might have been exerted against both the parents and the daughter; and that, sojourning among a people, who have no other law, than the will of their chief, we owe every thing to thy noble forbearance?'

'Ah, Wakona,' he rejoined, 'I see the hateful images, that are in thy breast. Thou viewest us as lawless and fierce animals of the forest; and thou art grateful, that we do not, like them, tear, and devour. Knowest thou not, that of all people, the red men are first to hold thy race inviolate, and as sacred and medicine things? It is no virtue, but the immemorial custom of our race, so to regard thine. Beware of Nelesho. But I swear to thee, that thy brother would burn at the slow fire, sooner than obtain aught of favor from thee through fear, or in any way, except from thy free thoughts. I will prove to thee, that in forbearance, and self-mastery, the pale face has yet to learn of us. One only violence, Wakona, will I practise on thee. I know, that thou hast an eye to see, what is great and glorious. These flattering strangers may smile, and flatter, and dazzle thee with the arts and manners of their cities. But I will compel thee, my sister, to see, that in stern truth, in noble daring, and resigning every thing for the love of thee, they shall not be able to compete with the son of Ellswatta.'

In conversations, like these, Jessy had imperceptibly led the way to rejoin their parents and the strangers. All had feasted to satiety on the rich fruit, that so covered the prairie, that it seemed another layer of purple flowers beneath the upper stratum of flowers and grass. The young warriors, and their girls, intermixed with the foreign guests, were engaged in the last scene of the entertainment. The plain echoed with their shouts of laughter, as each, in frolic violence, was painting the face of the other with the crimson of the rich berries. All faces were soon alike red. Some of the Indian girls, most intimate with Jessy, were approaching to rouge her fair cheeks in the same way. To avoid the custom-honored violence, she took of the large and almost melting fruit, and soon was as highly rouged, as the rest, while the mountains echoed with the acclamations and shouts of laughter. 'You see,' said Jessy to the strangers, 'how cheaply we make ourselves happy.' Meanwhile, it was a kind of Indian Saturnalia, in which the usages of the people dispensed with their customary reserve and taciturnity. That white guest was either awkward or unfortunate, who had not his romping Indian girl, sufficiently disposed to save him the trouble of making advances. Not one of the visitants from Astoria had reason to complain, or wear a willow. Baptiste, who acted as a kind of master of ceremonies, was interpreter between the two races, and continually in employment. Never had he appeared a personage of so much consequence, or capered with so much elasticity. Elder Wood bore a grave, and William Weldon a sad, countenance, through the whole scene. Julius and Frederic surveyed the plain covered with these savage Arcadians, so joyous, apparently so gentle and courteous, and in admiration of the freshness and novelty of the picture, expressed regret, that they had not been born to a partnership in the joys of this happy valley.

It need not be remarked, that much was said in this interview, that was appropriate in that place, which would have little interest, when separated from the circumstances, which gave it value. The two young strangers seemed the most limited of any of their company in range. For, avoiding all advances from the Indian girls, they confined themselves assiduously to Jessy, around whose steps constantly hovered not only her parents, and those of the two young chiefs, but Areskoui and Nelesho themselves. The countenance of the former was thoughtful; of the latter decidedly stern and proud. Nor was it among the least of their vexations, that the young strangers could carry on a conversation with Jessy in English, not a word of which they could understand, and the meaning and purport of which they could only divine by the effect upon the countenance of the parties.

After expressing themselves with youthful and somewhat extravagant enthusiasm, in regard to the pleasures of the strawberry party, they turned the conversation upon the amusements and pursuits of the great world, in which they had lived. Julius Landino, though born in Macoa, had resided both in London and Paris. He discussed these places, as one, who had many masonic words, intelligible only to the initiated. Through all his affected humility, Jessy failed not to perceive, with something like pique, that he strongly felt, that they were to be pitied, as ignorant of true enjoyment and of all grace and polish, who had not been trained in these places. Frederic, with real modesty, brought forward the humbler pretensions of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, the most considerable cities, in which he had sojourned. Each put forth his most ambitious eloquence to place the attraction of these places in their fairest light, and in their strongest contrast with the solitude, wildness, and rude features of the scene before them. They

admitted the grandeur and the charms of the Shoshonee valley, and declared themselves happy and abundantly compensated in having visited it. They hinted with as much address, as they could command, at the witchery of one of the spells of the valley, which, they expressed their apprehensions, they should never be either able, or disposed to cast off. But the drift of their conversation evidently had for object, to render her dissatisfied with her abode in such a place, by painting the superior pleasures and advantages of social life. In an under tone, not to be heard by her parents, they expressed the utmost astonishment, that a family, which, they understood, had such ample means of returning to society, should choose to lead an obscure and lonely existence in such a place. They spoke alternately; the one resumed the conversation, as the other paused. They did not fail finally to add ironical hints, that the daughter might not possibly be without a motive, in having an election before her between two such fine fellows, as the young chiefs.

Areskoui observed, that her countenance was here marked with irrepressible dissatisfaction; and perceived, that they had in some way harped a grating string. With affectionate earnestness, he requested her to translate what they had said, in his own speech. She told him, it was impossible. 'See then,' said he, 'Wakona, the difference between the talks of the white and red people. Have I ever said a word to thee, which thou mightest not at once convey to these pale faces in their own tongue?'

In reply to the strangers, she remarked, that she owed no thanks for the rude allusion, with which they had closed; nor could she see kindness in an effort to render her dissatisfied with the residence, which providence had assigned her. 'Of the millions,' she continued, 'who dwell on the earth, what the bible calls the bounds of their habitation seem to be fixed almost

without their consent, and by circumstances beyond their control. I have here before me sublime views, an imposing and beautiful nature, a happy valley, a commodious dwelling, ample range of books, dear parents, and a simple, ancient and affectionate people, the study of whom is by no means destitute of interest. All my humble wishes have hitherto been bounded by this vale. It is not your part to ask, what circumstances have fixed us here. It is sufficient for you to know, that they are such, as will not be likely to change. For one at least of the young chiefs, I may be allowed to say, in answer to your polite insinuation, that I have no doubt, that multitudes of the young men in the great cities, where you have resided, might learn not only courage and truth, but even gentlemanly feeling from him.'

'Rose of the prairie,' said Areskouï, as he noted the sparkling of her eye, 'what sayest thou. I beseech thee, declare it in my speech.'

'They would tell me,' she answered, 'that there is no true joy, but in the polished cities of the white people. I have told them, that I am happy here, and find sufficient objects of interest to satisfy all my desires. I have told them too, son of Ellswatta, that thou art generous and noble in thy nature.'

Tears rushed to the glistening eyes of the young chief. Pride struggled with love, as he seemed in search of the way, in which to manifest his gratitude to her. The polished young men stood rebuked before this noble, who had his patent from nature.

'Fair sons of the pale face,' he said, as Jessy translated, 'I keep kind thoughts of you in my bosom; for Wakona is of your race. We have invoked the Master of Life, to bestow good things upon you. Our chiefs have smoked with you the calumet of peace; and we have spread before you, of the best, that we have to impart. If ye would return our kindness, by

stealing away the heart of Wakona, or rendering her dissatisfied with her residence among the red people, who cherish her, as a daughter of the Great Spirit, I can only declare to you, that the red men do not so requite the hospitality, which they have received.'

There was a noble simplicity and force of truth in the words and gestures of the young chief, that added grace invincible. Jessy blushed of course, as she rendered his energetic compliment into English; smiling as she told them, that the first duty of a translator was fidelity to the meaning. The occasion was opportune, for expressing the apologies of the young strangers, which they did by declaring, that they were most thankful for the hospitalities, which had been shown them, and entertained the kindest and most respectful feelings towards the young chief. He must excuse them, if they could not but feel some envy in view of the incomparable gem of the valley. [Here Jessy refused to translate, as pretending not to understand.] They were ready to ask pardon, if they had given the slightest unintentional offence. A reconciliation ensued, like the contests of lovers, only rendering the subsequent intercourse more cordial. The young chief shook hands with them in token of reconciliation. His brow relaxed, and all seemed forgotten.

A delightful conversation ensued; and Jessy, notwithstanding she had rebuked the strangers, keenly felt, that the converse, alternately witty, and tender, affectionate and polite, now narrative, and then description, of these intelligent and graceful young men, was a treat, as high, as it was new. Young hearts involuntarily open to the delights of such intercourse. Delightful associations with that society, to which they belonged, clustered about her imagination. The manners of Julius, educated in Europe, possessed a glittering artificial finish. All was cold, studied, and for effect. The manners of the other had greater

plainness and simplicity, and struck more, the longer they were observed. To compare, and discriminate between them, soon became a study for Jessy. A volume would scarcely contain the conversation of this strawberry party. Frederic declared, that he should say to his companions on his return, that none, but they who had been at the Shoshonee valley, could know the luxury of strawberries. Julius, in phrase more appropriate to his character, averred, that he should say nothing of what he had seen and enjoyed, through fear, that all the world would be tempted to make the same discovery; and take from what he had seen its delightful charm of privacy. Areskouï, on his part, named the different grand peaks, that stood forth before them in the blue of the firmament. This one marked the scene of some memorable battle, or incident in their history. Near the valley of another, some of the bravest of his warriors had had contests with the grizzly bear. One peak, pre-eminently high, above the rest, was consecrated in the religious feelings of his tribes. It was a medicine mountain, and supposed to be the favorite residence of 'the little white men of the mountains.'

The pleasant hours had elapsed, and the sun hung over the verge of the mountains, though each, save Areskouï, had they been able, would have suspended the sign of day immovable in the firmament. They were beginning sorrowfully to number the days of the visit.

From the prairie of strawberries, they walked to the banks of the Sewasserna, and found seats on the flowering turf, whence they contemplated the scenes of preparation going on over all the plain for the great achievements of the evening. Every individual of both tribes, that was neither too old, too young, or infirm to arrive there, was on the plain, which literally rung with the note of preparation. The young

strangers remarked, that it seemed, as if the mountains and the woods only could have given birth to the thousands, which were congregated. From this spectacle, Areskoui called their attention to the bosom of the pellucid stream, on whose shores they sat. The large salmon, that were to constitute the sport of the evening, were seen in their brilliant colors, either gliding from the shadow of the beholders under the bank, or slightly moving their fins, and playing with swallowing the passing notes. Some seemed to be asleep in the sun beams. Some were moving in one direction, and some in another. Some were apparently making love, and others battle; and in whatever direction those tyrants of the river moved, the countless swarms of smaller fishes, in all the colors of the bow, darted from their path, like gleams of light. The sun was below the mountains; and the cylindrical curling of the mists from their summits, along with the long parallel lines of red clouds, in which the sun descended, betokened that a beautiful evening for the contemplated sport, was drawing on.

The salmon spearing commenced not in form, until the first star was in the sky. Jessy requested the party, meanwhile to accompany her to her favorite and well known haunt, the 'blue lake.' It was a little distance from the west bank of the Sewasserna, and its surface elevated two hundred feet above the level of the river. Two enormous sycamores, that had fallen from either bank across the stream, and met in the centre, formed a rustic bridge of the most perfect security for crossing. The parties crossed the stream, traversed the vale, and ascended the craggy sides of the mountain, until they arrived at the beautiful table terrace, which nature had scooped out, as a vase for the transparent little lake, that slept there. The lake had its hundred traditions in Shoshonee story. A despairing maiden had thrown herself from one of

the cliffs, that impended it, into its peaceful bosom. It was half a mile in length, and of fathomless depth. From its singular position on the side of the mountain, by a curious and unexplained optical fallacy, it showed the mountains, and the plains and the people and the animals below grouped together, as in the most polished mirror. The Indians looked down these transparent depths in superstitious reverence, and saw other suns and worlds, the creation of their own excited imaginations, and they regarded the place with awe, as a grand medicine, and the image of the world of souls. Areskouï laughingly told them, that it was the belief among his people, that whoever looked into the depths, for the first time, saw the image of the person, with whom the party was to marry. This, of course, produced not a little merriment, as the young men cautiously stepped up the rocks, and looked over, insisting, that Jessy should make trial of her fortune at the same time. She declined, on the ground, that the charm only lasted for the first look, and that she had made the experiment a thousand times.

On the western shore of the blue lake, a singular cascade, which showed at the distance where they stood, like a broad, white silk ribband suspended in the air, fell perpendicularly a thousand feet from the cliffs above, into the lake. Jessy called them to her grotto, where was the finest point of view, in which to contemplate this grand spectacle. A beautiful little arch, partly scooped out by nature, and partly by the labor of Areskouï, under the cliffs, embowered on three sides by bignonias and grape vine, on which the humming birds were swarming, was called 'Wakona's bower.' There were her drawing materials. There were the books which she was reading at the time. There, with the village, the smoke of her father's abode, the scenes of humble life on the plains,

and the grandeur of the everlasting mountains above—and the mimic paradise in the lake continually under her eye, she had spent many of her happiest days alone. Areskoui showed them Wakona's bower—and the unrivalled beauty and repose of the place might well call forth some of the exclamations of delight and surprize, with which the young men regarded it. Here the hollow roar of the wind in the mountains, mingling with the unremitting dash of the cascade, produced a harmony of tones, the character and power of which no words could reach. Here she had commenced her first efforts at imitating nature with the pencil. The young gentlemen surveyed many of her landscapes. As a copyist of nature, she could have formed no other, than those, in which sublimity and beauty were blended. The two guests vied with each other in applauses and admiration of the genius, imagination and power of the young and beautiful artist. All their terms of connoisseurship were exhausted in pointing out the *virtu* and skill and richness of the execution. In the course of this discussion, it appeared, that both the young gentlemen were artists, who had made respectable proficiency in this delightful pursuit. This circumstance at once induced another tie of interest and community of feeling between them. As either of them had received much higher aid from art and discipline, than herself, and as she manifested stronger natural talent and predilection for the pursuit, each had a peculiar advantage in the intercourse, and each received new ideas from the views of the other. In this way a conversation, inspections and comparisons were introduced, which detained them, until a message came from her father to summon them to supper.

The ceremonial on this occasion did not differ materially from those of breakfast and dinner, except that the parties, now more acquainted, were throwing off

the restraint and distance of strangers. It will be superfluous to those, acquainted with Indian manners, to remark, that each of the stranger guests, except the two young gentlemen, who seemed solely devoted to Jessy, were assiduously attended with store of young women of the valley, who expected to accompany them to the show of the evening; and the voice of shouting and laughter was heard; and the ancient walls of the abode echoed from every side sounds of hilarity and mirth.

From the table the parties walked to the Sewasser-na, on whose banks thousands of Indians were already assembled. For a distance of a mile up and down the river, brilliant streams of light arose from fat splits of the pitch pine. Apart from the peculiar circumstances of the festival, such as its being a Shoshonee solemnity of the highest import, and that the warrior, whoever he might be, who should take the largest salmon of the evening, was by immemorial usage, king of the wake, and was supposed to have peculiar claims, and to lay a kind of charm upon the unengaged, and marriageable girl, whoever she might be, at at whose feet he should lay this prize—apart from these circumstances, the fish to be taken this evening were contracted to the visitants from Astoria upon certain stipulated terms. A thrill of expectation and excitement ran through the whole assembled multitude; and here might be seen the natural impression of festival solemnities, which had been time-honored for unknown ages. A far greater number of Indians were here, than the strangers had yet seen together. We are so simply and naturally imitative and sympathetic, that Jessy herself, with whatever associations she generally thought of this people, caught the enthusiasm from the rest, and waited with a feeling, which can only be known by sensation, for the expected sport. She failed not to hear from the young

gentlemen abundance of remarks, intended to be witty, touching the ceremony of laying the prize fish at the feet of the lady love of the winner; and upon the probability of her receiving this most flattering mark of favor. She answered them, in the same tone; and in the gay conversation, which ensued, brought forth the long hoarded treasures of her youthful meditations, of a life of reading and converse with nature, of extraordinary endowments of talent, quickness and sensibility. The young men saw, that she knew, in this encounter of mind, to foil them at their own weapons. They exchanged meaning glances, which told delight and astonishment, not unmixed with dismay. They would have shrunk from her with that reluctance, with which most men contemplate learned and talented women, had not the party been still more beautiful, than talented; and had she not tempered the brightness of intellectual display with a playfulness of voice and manner, a naivete of youthful simplicity, a certain original and picturesque manner of coloring her thoughts with words, which she had acquired from the modes of the Shoshonee, and the scenes, amidst which she had been reared.

The last ruddy glories, which the sun had left behind him, in a golden set behind the western mountains, had disappeared. The evening was warm, and the atmosphere had a feeling of the breezy south. A beautiful play of evening lightning flashed, like prolonged gold wires, across the whole western hemisphere. In the cloudless blue of the zenith appeared that host of stars, which announced, according to usage, that the time to commence the sport had come. The moon came up in her evening chariot, from behind the dark mountains of the east, to replace, with beams more fitted for these solemnities, the departed light of day. Her cool attendant breezes came with her.

Ellswatta came forth from the council house, habited in his most splendid costume. As soon as he appeared, on the margin of the river, the tumultuous buzz of voices was as hush as death. He bared his sinewy arm, and raised it towards the sky. 'The evening has come,' he said, 'the glorious evening of the maize and salmon festival, those bountiful gifts of the Master of Life. He hath sent us his moon over the mountains. He hath kindled the stars in the sky. He hath brought our white friends to join with us in our songs and our joys. Let us bless the Master of Life—and, my red children, now rush into the stream. Bring forth the salmon. Seek the first honor of the greatest salmon, the next of the greatest weight, and the last of the greatest number.'

At the word, every warrior of sure hand and foot, of quick eye and strong purpose, rushed to the sport; for to all others it was as dangerous, as it would be unavailing. They formed into pairs, in which the dearest friends, and those used to stand by each other as friends in danger or in battle, rushed into the stream, the one with a torch pan, full of burning splinters of pine on his back, and the other equipped with a simple spear, not unlike the trident of Neptune. The effect of this sudden and dispersed illumination was inconceivable. The whole surrounding prospect with all its scenery became a bright glare, in which every object was distinctly visible. The effect upon the opening verdure and the dark sides of the mountains, compared with the pale gleams of the moon upon their icy summits, was of incomparable grandeur. As soon as the warriors had rushed into the stream, a general rush of the assembled multitudes to the bank took place, exhibiting an eagerness of interest, only second to that, which belongs to the commencement of a battle. While the warriors were struggling for foot-hold in the almost icy waters, deeper in general than their

middle, and of a strong current, Jessy was relating to the young gentlemen the origin, purpose, history and circumstances of this ceremonial. To these Indians, the Sewasserna was as the Ganges to the Hindoos, a beneficent divinity, their path way to the sea, the supply of their waters, the home of their sea-fowl, the liquid pastures of their fish, the nourisher of the fertility of the valley, and the embodied image of usefulness and beauty most deeply impressed on their thoughts. Its crystal waters at this moment by the glare of torches showed them the countless millions of the finny tribe, that were making their way up the devious stream to its most icy mountain source. The stream was seen, too, in the light of producing at least half the animal subsistence of the two tribes. The spectacle, so contemplated, as Jessy remarked, presented the eager excitement of the Indians, on this occasion, in a light neither unreasonable nor without motives.

The young visitants declared, that they had never contemplated so striking and interesting a spectacle. 'They could hardly believe,' they said, 'that they were looking on reality. The whole seemed to them enchantment; and the vale and the mountains, and the moon and stars, the men and women, as the illusions of magic.' They expressed complimentary and poignant regrets, that they had not the requisite experience, to enable them to plunge into the stream, and take their chance for the prize with the rest. Jessy gaily replied, 'that whoever might have the honor, that evening, of being elected lady-love by the winner, she had no doubt, that the honored person would receive it from the hand of an Indian, even though they should have entered themselves as competitors.'

Meantime, the dashing of warriors in the stream, the shouts of laughter or surprize, when a warrior, as

often happened, was borne down the current, the cheering of friends, the sudden and spasmodic bound in the water, the cries of pursuit, the leaping of the large fish, thrown on the shore, presented a show of mingled and indescribable interest. This was the time, when a person acquainted with their manners, as Jessy explained, might see the portraiture of their strong nationality. The Shienne were observed to be constantly consorting together, and aiding each other; and when a larger fish was taken by either nation, the cry of acclamation only arose from people of that nation. Here, too, was an impressive display of the Indian custom of sworn companionship and help to the last between the pairs of warriors, who, when they pass the solemnity of assuming arms, agree to subserve each other's interest and glory, and stand by each other even to death. The intimacy, thus induced, is like that between members of the sacred band of Thebes. An Indian, so allied, who should desert his friend in the talons of a grizzly bear, or surrounded by a host of enemies, would be considered, as having forever dishonored his *totem*, and as a recreant to be ever after abandoned to the infamy of having shown selfish cowardice.

The salmon of this river are of an uncommon size; and swift and powerful in proportion to their dimensions. Hence there is no inconsiderable danger, when a fish of very great size and power is struck, that the spear will be carried away by it, a loss disgraceful to the loser, or that himself will be borne down the stream into the deep water. These sworn friends, fish, as has been seen, in partnerships. The one bears the torches, and the other the spear. The current, as was remarked, is powerful; and the stones covered with a green and slippery moss. If the party striking a fish, is borne by the fish with his spear into the deep waters, the torch bearer throws his torch

pan on shore, and plunges in to help recover the spear. Thus there is requisite in this fishery great muscular strength, a keen discernment, and tact of experience, and knowledge of the habits of the fish; and last of all, unshrinking courage and firmness.

The visitants needed not magnify to their host the unexampled interest and grandeur of this spectacle. The stream, illuminated by innumerable moving torches, became a wide crimson sheet, flashing with diamond radiance, from the numberless ripples of its current, in which the dark mountains with their rocks, peaks, trees, and ices were gorgeously repainted in a crimson ground. Not only the long and brilliant salmon, darting like lightning from one covert to another, were seen in the transparent water, but, by a curious optical illusion, all the bright varieties of the finny races showed in their darting flight, reflected on the green leaves of the trees. The large and full formed foliage of the cucumber tree, in particular, showed all these movements in the transparent waters, as though each leaf had been a magic lantern. The young men, as they beheld, exclaimed in constant astonishment, that nothing could compare with the beauty of the Shoshonee fishery of salmon by torchlight.

The fish were leaping at every point along the grassy shore; and few spearings recorded had been more ample, or successful for the time. On a given signal from Ellswatta, some yagers were fired, and in an instant the dusky forms of the young warriors, only covered to the loins with a kind of close leathern pantaloons, were seen springing to the shore, accompanied by their sworn companions, the torch bearers. In a moment every thing was as hush, as the grave. The eldest medicine man of the tribe advanced to the bank, and began a prayer to the Master of Life. He thanked the Wahcondah for the

pleasant evening, the fine promise of the green maize, just sprung from the earth, for the abundant supply of salmon, and for the fortunate spearing of this evening. 'Thou,' he continued, 'Master of Life, hast given us stream, fish, fowl, buffaloes, deer, the sheltering mountains and the fertile valleys, and all good things for thy red children. May they be this night magnified in the eyes of their guests of the pale face. May the tree of peace, under which we have feasted together, reach the clouds, and never wither.'

He ceased, and at Ellswatta's request, the band struck up a loud and cheering march, and the united acclamations of the whole assembled multitude rent the sky, and came back broken into innumerable sharp echoes from the mountains. When the band ceased, the Indian maize song rang from the voice of every man, woman and child. The burden of the song was to this import.

The great Wahcondah gives us maize ;
 He fills the streams ;
 He gives us game ;
 He hears our praise with joy.

The deep chewonna! hah! hah! hum! the invariable Indian chorus, sounded loud and not unimpressive, as it rang through the forests. The old medicine men assembled round the drummers of the tribe; and while they continued the monotonous chorus, and beat upon their drums, the warriors again rushed into the stream, and the spearing was renewed with redoubled eagerness. Some of the warriors were soon borne down into the deep waters. Shouts of joy and triumph, and cries for help, were mingled. One collected all his force, and putting his eye, his heart and power to the stroke, darted his spear into the back of a huge salmon, and instantly dived to bring it up to the surface. In another place, one warrior, in the eagerness of his pursuit, ran upon another, and both

slipped, and sunk into the stream. Had it not been, that the cheering and the shouts and the cries had a general tone of hilarity and merriment, it might have been deemed at a distance, the sound of two armies engaged in battle. The dogs, in their sympathy with their masters, sprang into the water, and were seen diving down at the point, where the spear had been struck. Shouts and acclamations of praise testified of those, who manifested peculiar dexterity and success, and, particularly, of those, who remained longest under water. The banks were every where alive with these large and powerful fish; and the torch bearers were continually springing on shore, to keep the piles of their companions separate from all others.

It excited frequent shouts among the people on the banks, to see Baptiste in the water, and more noisy and loquacious, if not more efficient than any other. He was often under the water; but recovered himself with great nimbleness, amidst bursts of laughter from the beholders. So joyous was the effect of the spearing of the Frenchman, that even William Weldon was heard to cry, excellent! excellent! in sympathy with the rest. Elder Wood repeatedly showed the movements of Kentucky blood, clapped his hands, and said, that 'the sport was worthy of being canonical.' The guests from Astoria had no need to feign the semblance of ecstasy; for their youthful admiration of exciting and dangerous sport partially transferred their thoughts from Jessy. They sprang as nimbly, as the Indians, when an unusually large fish was thrown out, to learn, who had been the successful taker. They even expressed surprise, while Josepha and Yensi gave their whole interest to the spectacle, that Jessy turned away with aversion from this scene of bustle and shouting. When asked, why she alone appeared not to partake the intense excitement of interest with the rest, she answered, 'that she had always consid-

ered it a sublime and striking spectacle, particularly the reflection of the mountain and valley scenery in the crimson waters, and the magic picture of the fishes, the rocks and mosses on the leaves.' 'But I cannot forget,' she added, 'that the sport, however necessary, is purchased by agony and death. Can I avoid seeing these fishes, so happy in their own element, struggle, and agonize, when thrown, bleeding, and wounded on the bank? Can I be blind to their spasms, and their show of torture? Alas! that so much of our enjoyment can only be purchased with misery!'

Frederic replied, that he had experienced at first, and had often felt before, similar sensations; but that he strove to overcome this sensitiveness; that since such inflictions were necessary, it seemed right, that they who were compelled to make them, should not be conscious, or at least not painfully conscious, of the suffering, they cause. Elder Wood, who listened to the conversation, consented, that it was not right, to indulge such feelings. He contended, that man had a particular and special grant from the Almighty, in the scriptures, so to make use of animals; and that since such use was lawful, it ought to be resorted to without pain. She answered, that for her it was useless to reason against feeling. She admitted, that she had felt great pleasure in seeing them pleased; that the scene, though no novelty to her, was one of extreme intrinsic interest. She was delighted to see, that they had by thus entering into the sport strongly recommended themselves to the dwellers in the valley, showing, that they took an interest in the simple and cheap enjoyments of these children of nature.

A conversation, thus commenced, called off their attention from the scene before them, and soon led to points of confidential discussion, not unlike those, which had been more than once agitated, during the day. It turned once more on the regrets of the

strangers that their stay in the valley must of necessity be so short. They wished, they never had come, or could remain for life; or persuade her parents to return with them to society. They added flattering remarks, touching the conquest of hearts, that would ensue on the one part, and the envy on the other, from such a step.

People of such an age, and so circumstanced, know, that such a conversation, which plays pleasantly on the fancy, and draws lightly on the understanding, half jest and half earnest, may be prolonged forever with untiring interest. One compliment on the part of the gentlemen provoked another; and one ironical reply made room for another, and they were so deeply engaged in their discussions, that they forgot the solemnity of the salmon spearing, and remembered only their own share of enjoyment. Captain Wilhelm, too, and the other portion of the party from Astoria, had not been without their own individual moiety of enjoyment. They had been pleasantly occupied with Indian belles, little afflicted with bashfulness or coyness, who knew not the oral language of their admirers. But they proved merry and communicative by the Indian language of signs; and as the German Wilhelm was a little merry, he handled his fair one, bearing in her own language a name, which imported 'Spotted Turtle,' with very little ceremony. The musicians following the example, solaced themselves with the smiles of their selected Indian girls, each rouged to the last finish of vermilion.

The Indians, on ordinary occasions, are sober observers of early hours. On this annual solemnity, the sport was prolonged, until near eleven at night—an unusually late hour for that people. Ellswatta then announced, that the spearing was closed, and that the prizes were to be awarded. The drums were beaten with renewed vigor, and the customary deep notes of

the Indian song for the occasion sounded through the woods. The warriors sprang ashore, and their mothers and sisters provided them, as usual, with fresh and dry clothes, and they retired into the deep woods to dress. The lights were conveyed round the seats of the council chiefs, who gravely sat under a lofty tree, to hear, and determine the claims, and award the prizes of the evening. The countenance of Areskoui, as he took his seat below his father, was clouded with unwonted gloom. Successful on former occasions, he had been particularly unfortunate, having no ground to expect either of the prizes of the evening. It happened, that Jessy stood near him. He asked her how she had passed the evening? She questioned him in return, what success had attended his spear? He replied, in his own speech, 'Wakona, thy brother has been under the influence of a malign star. I have done no more, than the work of an old woman. Knowest thou not, Wakona, that this sport requires all the eye, and all the mind? That my eye was charmed, thou canst believe. I saw thee wandering about, so happy with the fair pale faces, that I had neither eye nor hand. My heart, thou knowest, is always with thee.' 'My father,' he added, addressing Ellswatta, 'thy son this night has done thee no honor.' His brother of the torch wore on his copper visage a deep touch of gloom. After a silent assorting, and counting, the humblest of the three prizes, that of having taken the greatest number of salmon, was awarded to a middle aged Shienne warrior.— To another Shienne, also, little known, was assigned the second prize, that of having taken the greatest weight. A shout of acclamation filled all the valley, as it arose from the Shienne, and was but faintly echoed by the Shoshonee, who thus evinced the sullenness of jealousy, that the two prizes should have been carried off by their humble, and subdued allies.

A general burst of laughter from the whole crowd, that seemed for a moment to restore good feeling to the two races, was occasioned by the coming forward of Baptiste, a little merry, to enquire if there could be no prize for the only white man, who had had the courage to go into the water. He had been more conspicuous and noisy, than any other aspirant, and quite ready to plunge in the water. He had taken, however, but two or three fish, and those of the meanest class. He insisted, earnestly, that the white man's fish should be weighed. This claim overcame even the stern gravity of Ellswatta. He could not resist partaking in the continued and renewed bursts of laughter, that began with the chiefs and warriors, and was prolonged even through the crowds of women and children in the rear, who laughed, they knew not at what. He had intended the claim to be considered, as a stroke of wit. But even the self-complacency of Baptiste was overcome, when, as Ellswatta held up the mean fish of the white skin of quick movement and babbling tongue, instead of laughing with him, as he intended, every man, woman and child laughed at him. He exhibited visible chagrin, as the shouts died away, only to be renewed again. He exclaimed, 'riz, s'il vous plait. Diable! me no bon fisherman, certainment; eh bien, sacre, Messieurs, sauvages. De Frenchman bon pour attrapper des filles, if no bon for take de fish. Sacre! vos filles savent toute ca!'

More serious thoughts again engaged the attention of the multitude. A Shoshonee warrior, attended by his torch bearer, produced an uncommonly large and fine salmon, but slightly wounded. All present deemed it the one, that would carry the prize. The plaudits of the Shoshonee rang through the woods. Baptiste instantly pointed out the girl, that the taker was known to love, and at whose feet apparently the prize would be laid. He turned an exulting eye towards

A good looking Indian girl, that seemed fifteen. His look told, that he intended the fish as an offering to her. The admiration of Ellswatta and the other chiefs, while they weighed the fish, clearly gave countenance to the acclamations, which considered the Shoshonee warrior as the winner. Nelesho, to gain greater effect to his intended triumph, kept back to the last. At length he advanced with a large salmon, at view of which the Shoshonee warrior's countenance fell, and the reiterated cries of joy of the Shienne arose again. Areskoui, Josepha, and all the Shoshonee surveyed the fish with downcast and disappointed looks. Even Yensi showed chagrin and vexation, while the young men remarked, with painful surprize, that Jessy turned as pale as death. But Ellswatta, whatever he thought, and felt, weighed the fish with the inflexible calmness of Indian justice. It was unequivocally, the largest and finest fish, that had been taken. Never was proud exultation and triumph more strongly marked on human countenance. His fierce eye glistened, and various shades of satisfaction sat on his countenance, as it recognized, caught, and communicated the satisfaction of his own Shienne. His admirable form seemed to be drawn up to super-human height, as, amidst a silence of ecstasy, he held up the shining salmon, exhibiting not a wound or a trace of blood, and measuring more than half the length of the tall chief. Ellswatta awarded the first prize of the salmon spearing to Nelesho, amidst acclamation upon acclamation. Ellswatta and Josepha stole looks of pity at Areskoui, who waited in apparent strong effort at the seeming savage insensibility to mark where Nelesho would bestow the prize.

To judge of the importance, attached to the bestowment of this palm, a thousand circumstances must be understood, which could only be adequately apprehended by living long among that people. To

them it was more, than the palm of the Olympian games, for it was identified with religious feeling, and with supposed bearings upon the fortune of him, who granted, and her, who received it. Though presenting the fish at the feet of the favorite girl, according to the rites of the tribe, gave him no exclusive claims to her love, there was a deeply prevalent superstitious persuasion among them, that the girl, who refused the proffered love of one, thus favored of the Wahcondah, would never prosper. A hundred girls beheld the shining prize with eyes of desire, for Nelesho was a general favorite with the girls of unmixed Indian blood. It was hard to say, who suffered most, while the decision of Nelesho was pending, Jessy or Areskoui. Every circumstance concurred to fill the mind of the latter with gloomy presages. Though belonging, in the general range of his thoughts, to the white race, in his superstitious veneration for this kind of success, he was altogether a red man. Nor could he imagine, that this triumph had not as much importance in the mind of Jessy and the young stranger guests, as it had in his own. But he struggled with himself, and became calm, as he would have been, had he been about to be bound to the stake. Every eye, especially every female eye, was fixed upon Nelesho, his rival, who cherished for him a deadly, and concealed hatred, not the less so, because political motives induced both to smother it. His eye quailed, as he noted the young Shienne directing his course to the point, where Jessy stood. As he moved through the crowd, cheered by deafening acclamations, especially of his own people, the proud spirit of Areskoui suffered inexpressible tortures.

Nelesho moved calmly on amidst the crowd. The heart of Jessy beat quick, almost to suffocation. The chief stood with a look of defying dignity in front of Yensi. He whispered words in her ear for a mo-

ment. Even the young visitants from Astoria caught the infectious impulse of the multitude, and the thrill of sensation was not wholly unaccompanied by envy, as the haughty chief gracefully laid the prize on the grass at the feet of Jessy. 'Receive,' he said, 'Wakona, the gift of Nelesho, who received it himself from the Master of Life. From thy young days, thou hast well known, and thou hast despised the feeling, that has been burning here;' and as he said, he laid his hand on his bosom. 'I am a red man, and the son of a red man, and I am worthy of thee. I know none greater, except the Wahcondah. If thou returnest not the love of the young Shienne chief, may thy star wither thy fair face. Mayest thou never know peace; and may the little white men of the mountains torment thee, till thou desire death. Take thy choice between the love and the curse of Nelesho.' The glowing countenance and the flashing eye were seen by all. The fierce energy of his manner sufficiently indicated the general tenor of his speech. The closing words met only the ear of Jessy.

It would need no effort of the imagination to paint the situation of Jessy, as a thousand female voices cried, 'Wakona, accept the love of the young chief.' The rose and the lily chased each other away in her fair cheek. A faintness, as of death, came over her. She felt, that dearer interests, than her own were involved in her deportment. She exchanged glances with her father. She consulted the countenance of Elder Wood, and she made her election with instant firmness. She arose, as she had marked the custom on former occasions, and put her hand upon the fish. She then inclined herself towards the moon, and thence, to the chief, according to the prescribed ceremonial. 'I accept thy gift, chief of the Shienne, she said, with thankfulness. 'But love,' Nelesho, she added in an under tone, 'is never granted, that is demanded with a

curse.' The shrill female cry burst from the girls of the Shienne, 'Wakona, the Wahcondah has given thee to our chief.'

All this was explained, and translated by Baptiste to the young strangers; nor could a more trying position be imagined for the daughter of Yensi. It called forth humiliation, ridicule, shame, disgust and abhorrence. She could read in the pale and agonizing countenance of Areskoui the gnawing of the vultures at his heart. She felt, in all its bitterness, what it was to live among Indians, to see lives, dearer than her own, involved in their loves, quarrels and caprices. She turned a glance upon the polished young visitants, in whose person and manner the trace of civilization and high training were so visibly written. Shame, natural, instinctive, burning, female shame glowed in her cheek, to have these fine young strangers, and so many white inhabitants witness this scene, without knowing her reasons for acquiescing in the degradation. She could not have spoken her feelings. Her fevered voice would not have allowed her utterance; and the guests had sufficient tact to see, that any words of gay raillery, or ironical comment would have been misplaced, and they had the discretion to keep silence. The chief, retired at a little distance, remained attentively surveying the changes of her countenance, as he stood at the head of his Shienne. Ellswatta dismissed the assemblage with these words. 'The maize dance and the salmon spearing are past. Let my red children retire to their homes, and come to the council-house to-morrow evening, as soon as the stars are in the sky, to hear the words of the medicine man of the pale face, Elder Wood. He will declare to us the good words of the Wahcondah of the pale face. May the Master of Life send you sweet sleep.'

The Indians instantly began to file off to their tents; and the lovers to their assignations. Wilhelm

was invited home to share the hospitality of a chief, and each of the whites had the same proffer from many hands. Better feelings had come to the relief of Jessie. As she passed Areskoui, and saw the deep and poignant suffering on his brow, she said to herself, 'shall I basely forego all good feelings, because these strangers behold me? He has shown me the confirmed kindness of years, and these men are, as he says, the acquaintances of a day. Let humanity triumph over pride.' She bestowed in passing a look of unwonted kindness upon him. She said, 'chief, I am full of sorrow, that this has been a dark evening to thee. Accompany us home, and in all thy fortunes, know, that thou hast the entire respect of thy sister. Be calm, chief. The Author of Good, sends clouds one day, and a clear sky the next.' 'Wakona,' replied Areskoui, 'art thou still kind, as always? This talk goes to my heart. If thou smile upon me, I can sustain all the rest. Thou hast seen this a dark night for thy brother. Thou knowest, Wakona, that rebellion and blood are in the thoughts of the Shienne. I owe forbearance to my people. But thou owest none to Nelesho. Oh! that the Master of Life had given thee purpose, to reject his medicine gift. Let him but have looked resentment, and I would have settled our ancient grudge on the spot.' 'And, it was, therefore, chief,' she replied, 'that I yielded, and accepted the hateful gift. Thou needest not, that I tell thee, in what light I look upon that proud and revengeful man. Thou knowest the customs of thy people. I longed, and yet dreaded to refuse the gift. But it was a rite consecrated, as thou knowest, by the ceremonial of ages, and I conceded out of tenderness for thy peace and welfare.' 'Sayest thou so,' he eagerly asked; 'sayest thou so, Wakona, daughter of the sun? Thy words are as the south wind, breezing on the first flowers of the spring, Thou hast

chased all the clouds from the heart of thy brother. Let the Master of Life send what signs he may to Nelesho, so that Wakona continue to smile on Areskoui.'

It was not the least embarrassing trial of this day, that, thus accompanied on her way home by the guests from Astoria, and by Areskoui, she saw the lowering countenance of Nelesho, saw his knit brows, and heard him murmur, as she passed him, low imprecations to the little white men of the mountains. Something of the superstitious dread of the supposed power and influence of these mysterious personages of Shoshonee fancy, had been imbibed from them, and thrilled through her frame. It placed her, too, in a dilemma sufficiently perplexing, that she conversed in one language with Areskoui, and in another with the Astorians, neither understood by the other. They jested with her upon the convenience of being able to utter backward compliments upon either party, without consciousness of the purport by the other. They gaily insisted on a translation of Areskoui's confabulation. Ironical allusion to him and the claims of Nelesho ensued, which she could well have spared. She however, rallied with them in their own tone, as long as her drooping spirits would allow. As they still showed inclination to place each of the chiefs in a ludicrous light, she menaced them with faithful translation. But she was unable to put an end to this unpleasant theme, in any other way, than by showing herself in earnest, as she requested them to spare her feelings by never speaking of Areskoui, either in his presence or absence, except with respect. 'Think of the chief,' she said, 'as you please—and be as merry, in speaking of any relations with him, as you may. I best know his noble nature. I may not forget his kindnesses to all I love. I ought not to endure, to hear any one place him in a ridiculous light in my presence.'

Both the young gentlemen once more apologized, and promised never to repeat their offence.

Next day was devoted to no set festival; and all parties were at liberty to make arrangements for spending it, as they chose. Captain Wilhelm and the musicians joined a hunting party, requesting Areskoui to head them, to hunt the grizzly bear. Julius and Frederic declined being of the party. 'I leave you,' said Areskoui, 'with Wakona. Allow, that the young chief is generous and confiding, not to disturb your enjoyments by his presence.'

A party of mounted Indians moved off, after breakfast, for the haunts of the grizzly bear, in the dens of the mountains. Josepha, Yensi, William Weldon, and Elder Wood, formed one party, and the two young gentlemen, a half breed domestic girl of William Weldon's, and Jessy, another, for a long promenade to survey various interesting points of the valley. They first visited the blue lake, whence was presented one of the noblest views of the valley and the mountains. There was an indescribable charm from this point, in tracing the winding course of the Sewasserna among the mountains, bringing irrigation, cherishing plants, flowers, fertility and verdure along the feet of these precipitous and awful piles. The domestic smokes arose; and the low of the cattle, and the hatchet of the wood-cutter, the hum of life, and the baying of the dogs, came up delightfully mixed, and softened upon the ear. The grand mountains soared aloft in the transparent blue on every side. The passing shadows flitted over them in one point. Deep chasms vocal with the war of winds or the fall of waters were seen in another, and the snows and ices on the tops of all the higher peaks glittered in cloudless brilliance.

The parents were intently engrossed in their own separate themes of conversation, kindly aware, that

the best way, to render the younger party happy, would be to leave them to themselves. They admired the views, that spread before them. They compared their own drawings, and those of Jessy, of course with infinite praise to the latter, and discussed the comparative advantages of genius, endowment, discipline, and the direct imitation of nature, with that of the finest models of art. Each saw, that an endless field of improvement was open from the advantage, which each could derive from the other. All were enthusiasts in their admiration of the delightful art, which is able to trace the grand and beautiful of nature, and give it the fidelity of life, without any of its harshness and deformity.

After a long survey from this point, they climbed to a charming terrace plain, still higher up the mountain. As they passed through a thick grove of ancient and immensely large chesnuts, William Weldon pointed out to them the place where he had come in just at the seasonable moment to save Ellswatta from the talons of an enormous grizzly bear. He gave a most graphic description of the deadly struggle between them, the terrific form of the savage monster, and the calm intrepidity of the warrior, though streaming with the blood of numerous wounds, inflicted by the fierce animal. The parties involuntarily shivered. It led to a discussion of the noble forbearance, the calm wisdom and untiring benevolence of the excellent chief, and the young men admitted, that they had been impressed from the beginning with his intrinsic dignity, shrewdness and native eloquence.

This easy and untrammelled intercourse, this succession of new and imposing scenery, this commemoration of various spots, by some striking event, connected with them, gave this promenade every conceivable interest. Inspiring prospects, were before them. Youth and beauty were on their foreheads, and all the

consequent associations in their hearts. The powers of thought, feeling, and wit, fancy, eloquence and enthusiasm were all stirred in their secret cells, and each one not only admired, that the other at once became endowed with eloquence, but felt new resources moved within themselves. Each one experienced that delicious sensation, of finding not only the very thoughts, they wished, arise unconsciously, but the very words, in which to clothe them, flowed equally unsought to their lips. Each one, too, felt called out in his own appropriate way of thinking and speaking. Hence the pleasure of the mutual survey of distinctive character. There was the warm internal thrill of surprize and admiration in the strangers at the alternate strokes of talent, thought, earnest feeling, delightful and benevolent wit, and a calm joyousness peculiarly her own, in their fair companion. The result of much reading and study, the scintillations of genius, the native superiority of strong intellect, would have showed her in a light too like ostentation of talent, had not the unrestrained familiarity of the ramble placed them all so perfectly at their ease, that the careless simplicity of her manner took from her sayings all appearance of dogmatism, and a desire of display. Her countenance glowed with the exercise. Her eye glistened with fullness of satisfaction, and the lustre of her beauty showed in its utmost richness.

The dinner, that ensued the mountain scramble, was equally delightful. They entered the charming grounds of William Weldon. The clear sun shone; and the privet and pawpaws were habited in their brightest green. The rivulets tinkled through the garden. The meadow pinks and acacias poured their fragrance and beauty on the senses. 'What an enchanted mansion is this, which you inhabit,' the young men exclaimed. 'What a scene! What a conception for a house! The valley, the inmate, the abode, are

all enchantment; a miracle to see in these solitudes, the ultima Thule of the world.' 'Thank you,' replied Jessy gaily, 'what astonishingly polite and complimentary guests. For my part, I am both fatigued and hungry, like a common mortal;' and they entered to a table spread with the rural abundance of the valley, and no other company to create restraint, than Elder Wood.

In the afternoon the same party wandered forth again, to visit many beautiful spots, which they had not yet seen. They traversed flowering thickets, consecrating each charming place by its appropriate history. At one point they listened to the deep tumbling of a large water fall, descending from the mountains into a prodigious ravine, where the astonished eye looked down hundreds of feet on the dark rolling waters in the channel, and the roots, as it were, of the mountain laid bare, and its huge spoils torn away, and swept down to the base. As they returned, in the cool of the declining sun, they attempted to take a review of the subjects of their multifarious conversations of the afternoon. Each admitted, that, if an enemy had made a book, and put it all down, it would have been a very voluminous one; and though it might not be creditable to them in the eye of critical readers, that it had been most delightful, while fabricating by the authors.

The evening reassembled Captain Wilhelm, the musicians, Baptiste, William Weldon's family, Elder Wood, and the customary select number of Shoshonee, at the house of Trader Hatch, for supper. The hunting party, and Trader Hatch among them, had been not a little glorious by the aid of the water of life, and they were quite as merry on this occasion, as comported with the more sober and chastised thoughts of William Weldon's circle. The roar went round, as they recounted, that Baptiste had fixed upon a calf

for a deer; that Hatch had mistaken a hornless steer for a grizzly bear; and that one of their Indians had bestridden a log, instead of his horse. In the noisy dialect of huntsmen, they had many merry feats of that sort, to recount. They had, moreover, killed elk, deer, and other game, though they had met no grizzly bear. The supper table was vocal with the praises of the Shoshonee valley. Wilhelm averred, in broken English, that he had a strong desire to return to his own country, gather all together, and come, and offer himself for adoption in the tribe. The musicians had found the venison fine, the girls charming, and saw nothing to make man happy on the earth, that might not be enjoyed here. Baptiste was absolutely in ecstasy, for he was confidante, translator, Cicero, and factotum for every one; and in the midst of shouts of laughter, he proposed a *pas des deux* with a favorite Shoshonee girl, who was present. Elder Wood interposed, and begged, with due submission, to know, whether so much merriment would be calculated to put the parties in a right frame of mind, to attend the solemn duties of the evening before them? The grave look of the minister restored order. The project was silently abandoned.

This evening was the reign of Elder Wood. He had gradually prevailed, to be able to introduce regular religious exercises, when the tribes were stationary in their towns, twice in a week; on the Sabbath, and on Wednesday evening. As the Indians have much leisure, and spend but a small portion of their time in labor, they naturally covet holidays. Any thing, that creates a distraction for the wearying monotony of their thoughts, is a relief to them. Gatherings to attend Elder Wood's worship were additional holidays grafted upon their ancient stock. His services were not without their effect. Most of them spent no profound or painful thoughts upon the

subject; though all thrilled at the grave and serious presence, the deep words and solemn tones of the minister. To some, who reasoned with him, and were capable of that exercise, the exposition of some of his dogmas was positively revolting. But he visited the sick, and prayed with all, who would allow him. He relieved the wants of those, who failed in their hunt or supplies, or were in any way poor and destitute. He cultivated peace and good will among them; reconciled, as far as they would allow him, their quarrels, gave always good counsels; and on the whole, exercised in the tribe a high, salutary moral influence. There was of course a general and unequivocal feeling of respect towards him. Partly from that feeling, partly from curiosity, and partly from their natural love of a festival, or any kind of distraction, they generally attended his meetings with a great degree of punctuality. Two or three Indian women had professed themselves serious, and were now catechumens, under his especial care, as preparatory for administering to them the ordinance of baptism.

To attend upon the service of the evening, to talk over the preceding evening's circumstances, and to see and communicate with the strangers, once more brought a numerous concourse together. The preacher was clad in a full black suit of canonicals, put in order by Jessy and her mother. The added number of distinguished strangers, and the nearness of the time to the great Indian religious festival of the preceding day, concurred to make this a season of peculiar display. Long and deeply had he meditated his subject; and while he would have severely tasked Jessy and the young men, for devoting midnight vigils to considering, in what dress they should appear next day, he overlooked his own night-watchings, where the All Seeing Eye, probably, discovered, that the

chief element in his meditations, was to produce an imposing display of oratory this evening. It must be allowed, that the scene was one of most impressive and touching interest. In a deep grove, God's first temple, under the huge 'medicine' sycamore, beside the Sewasserna, the same calm rolling river, that was the night before broken by the movements of a thousand warriors, and flowing in crimson with the light of as many torches, was the place of worship. Beneath its long, lateral, white arms, held out as if in shelter, were collected thousands of these simple people, of every age. Their uncovered heads, their ever grave copper faces, their stillness, and the intense interest in their countenances, the earnestness of their efforts to hush the cries of their children, all united to give deep interest to the occasion. Half formed leaves rustled over their heads; and through the branches, the blue and the stars were seen twinkling in the high dome of the firmament. The sighing of the evening breeze, as it came down the mountains, over the hemlocks and pines on their sides, sounded in the ear like the deep whisperings of communication of heaven with earth. The ancient mountains, with their hundred peaks, stood forth in the light of the moon, to testify the eternity of that Power, who had reared these enduring and sublime piles, and to bear concurrent witness with Elder Wood.

Under such circumstances, the minister appeared before them, venerable in form and person, serious and thoughtful in his manner, and with enough of the peculiar temperament of his country, to be not only perfectly composed, but even to feel the full influence of an excitement, which imparts to a person, so constituted, the power of achieving something more, on the spur of the occasion, than he could have accomplished in the silence of his closet. It has been remarked, that the Indians are singular for the decorous atten-

tion with which they listen to whatever purports to be worship. The arrangement was in semi-circles, commencing a few feet from the preacher, who sat central to the smallest. On the first were the white people, the visitants, and Jessy in the brightness of her beauty, but with the thoughtful look, which she always bore at divine service, as if waiting to hear. Next were the chiefs and their families; and beyond them, circle after circle, until the outer circumference of the multitude was lost in the darkness.

The most conspicuous influence, which Elder Wood could be said to have wrought upon this people, was in having inspired in them a taste for psalm singing. The Indians, it is well known, as a race, are keenly alive to the influence of music. Though it may be presumed, that Elder Wood had thoughts above the sleeping majesty of the eternal mountains, that constituted the glorious outer walls of his temple; yet, no doubt, he felt some leaven of earthly mould, in a disposition to display to the best effect, the proficiency of his red pupils in psalmody, in proof of his own industry, and that a part, at least, of his apostolic labors, had prospered. It must be admitted, that the heart of this good man kindled with rapture, as well as pride, while he heard his catechumens sing.

He arose, after the fashion of his country, without note or book, save the bible and a collection of hymns. 'The Eternal,' he said, 'dwelleth not in temples made with hands. In ancient days, the pure in heart worshipped Him in the covert of groves, as we do. Yonder are his goings above the mountains. We have met in his unwall'd temple, to show forth his praise. He hath sent me to proclaim redemption for sinners, even for the red dwellers in the wilderness, 'who were once afar off, but now are nigh.' There is hope in the eternal mercy of God, of the pardon of sin, beyond the grave. We are all journeying to the com-

mon place of meeting in the dust. Beyond is eternal retribution. Let us then, with true hearts, worthily celebrate the praises of the Eternal. Let us invoke his mercy, pray for deliverance from sin, and for a never-ending life of glory and felicity beyond the stars, and beyond the grave.' Such was his exordium, delivered slowly, and with deep intonation, uttered first in English, and then with deliberate and distinct enunciation rendered into Shoshonee. In the same impressive manner, he recited first in English, and then in Indian, the following lines of a hymn:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place.

Sun and moon and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stop in all their course;
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source, &c.

These simple children of nature caught the strain of this beautiful hymn, as he raised the first notes himself. The very trees seemed to have become vocal. There was an awful key in the wild sound, as it rose loud, full and clear in the peculiar accent and tones of these native dwellers of the forest. No other people could have produced such music, and in no other place would it have been so appropriate. The singing had in itself a wild grandeur; but the circumstances would have rendered any singing, from such people, grand. The music of the hymn was in itself of the richest; and they sung it with an enthusiasm, that gave it the fullest effect. As the song was repeated, in bursts and cadences, sent back by echo

from the mountains, it almost raised the impression, that these venerable witnesses for God had joined in the strain. The frame, that would not have thrilled, the heart, that would not have softened, the soul, that would not have felt the upward movement of religious enthusiasm, as these simple sons of the forest followed Elder Wood through the strains of this anthem, must have been obtuse and insensible. Frederic felt the moisture rush to his eye, and the chill of holy feeling run over his frame. Even the dissipated heart of Julius Landino acknowledged the painful compunctious visitings of a moment.

Elder Wood rose to pray, and the vast audience reverently stood up, listening with grave attention. Prayer finished, he commenced his sermon, translating, as before, sentence by sentence. The intonation in Shoshonee showed the hearers the point, on which it had been laid in English, serving as a kind of interpretation, and giving a singular impressiveness to the sentences. The discourse was sensible, fervid and eloquent; for these were attributes, that belonged to his genius and character. He manifestly strove to be simple, and to use Indian figure and illustration. In this effort he was only partially successful; for full success of this sort can be the result only of the training of a life. In the doctrinal part of his sermon, he evidently failed; for, instead of dwelling on the simple and universal, but all important points, in which thinking beings must agree, he very inappropriately selected a doctrinal subject, not only wholly unfit for the Shoshonee, but one deemed equally unscriptural and unreasonable by the greater portion of professed Christians. The tenor of his reasoning upon his subject was abstruse, abstract, and out of the range of thought of his simple audience, to whom there was but one way of becoming usefully intelligible; and that was to address them in simple ideas, clothed in

language and figures drawn from their daily train of thought, and modes of conversing with visible nature. Unfortunately, the preacher had deemed it a matter of duty, to ground these simple Indians in the first points, of what he considered the only true orthodoxy. These points had hitherto constituted the chief burden of his theme. They were the absolute and total depravity of human nature, its entire impotence and helplessness previous to grace, unconditional election, and the certain and inevitable destruction of all those, who did not receive all these doctrines and act upon them, as well those who had never had an opportunity to hear the gospel, as those who had heard and rejected it. There was power, and strong though undisciplined eloquence, in his way of stating these dogmas. But those of his white hearers, who attended to his discourse, and cared enough about the subject of his discussion, to deliberate and weigh it, clearly dissented from both his positions and conclusions, as equally revolting to Scripture and common sense. Still there was a serious earnestness and simplicity of truth in his manner, that caused the hearer, while he disliked the general doctrine of the discourse, to feel respect for the preacher. Occasionally, the deep guttural ugh! the note of doubt and dissent, arose from some of the council chiefs, as some of the stronger and more intelligible points of the discourse were rendered into their own speech.

A short extract is given, as a sample of the whole discourse. 'This book came from God; and He hath given me a spiritual understanding to comprehend its true meaning. Whosoever believeth not all these doctrines, contained in it, will suffer eternally in hell, that eternal and bottomless lake of brimstone and fire, of which I have so often spoken to you. It declares, that the white men in their cities of splendor, the simple and moral people of the country, the inhabit-

ants of the east and the west, the people of all languages and climes, children as beautiful and seemingly as spotless as meadow lilies or the mountain snow, are born wholly corrupt, entirely depraved and sinful, black with native pollution, at war with the Great Spirit, and receiving life under his everlasting wrath and curse. The infant of a span long, who dies out of Christ, and the hoary sinner of four score, who has rejected him, will alike wail forever in the bottomless pit, kindled to tenfold fierceness and fury by the wrath of an incensed God.' This declaration was followed by an immediate and general *ugh!* The preacher paused a moment, a little disconcerted. But his native firmness came to his aid. 'I know,' he continued, 'my dear red brethren, I know, that this is a hateful truth to flesh and blood. I know, that it runs counter to all the wicked passions of depraved nature. I know well, that this preaching does not agree with carnal and corrupt human nature. This is the preaching, that in all time has roused up all the opposition of man against God's eternal truth. For preaching these truths, missionaries and martyrs have died among the heathens. For these truths the prophets were stoned; the apostles crucified, and the Son of God bled on the accursed tree.' This too, was followed by a gentle *ugh!*

'The Great Spirit, from the depths of his own eternity, and to magnify his own glory and the riches of his mercy in Jesus Christ, did of his free and sovereign grace, and without reference to merit, seen or foreseen, to good or evil works, done, or to be done, and without any regard to difference of character, elect from all eternity a few—a very few—I know not how many. God, who chose them from everlasting, only knoweth. They were elected to everlasting life; and the rest, being reprobate, and passed over, must and will inevitably perish. The elect were chosen

by infinite mercy, 'before the morning stars sang together, or the sons of God shouted for joy.' In the fulness of time they were to be sprinkled from the native corruption of their hearts, by the blood of the Son of God, the second person in the adorable Trinity. They were to be renewed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, the third glorious person of the Godhead. Bought by the blood of the Son of God, elected by the Eternal Father, and their salvation sworn by the oath of Him, who cannot lie, not one of them can be lost. Not one of them can ever stray from the heavenly mansions. The rest, the countless millions of the reprobate, are passed by, and sealed up, as vessels of wrath, and reserved for the eternal malediction of the triune Jehovah! The spotless throne of the Eternal is guiltless of their blood, and their destruction, and will be equally glorified with their execrations, as heard from the depths of the bottomless pit, as with the hosannahs and hallelujahs of the choral anthems of the blood-purchased elect, who shall praise Him in the heaven of heavens.' Here was a long and full drawn *ugh!*

He paused a moment, and resumed. 'The last and most solemn head of my discourse is, there is but one way, truth and life, but one baptism by immersion, one fold and one shepherd. All, that belong to this fold and shepherd, and have received this baptism, are saved. The rest perish everlastingly. Of the countless millions, who have never heard the gospel—all—all will perish everlastingly. This brings me to my grand point. It is to declare the great truths, my dear red brethren, for whom Christ died, that I have put my life in my hand, and come among you. It is for this, that prophets, and apostles, and evangelists, have gone into heathen lands, and have braved every form of torture and death. It is for this, that my soul is in trouble, that rivers of tears run

down my eyes, that I besiege the throne of God day and night, that he would give me the souls at least of some of you, my dear red brethren, in answer to my prayers and cries, as my crowns of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus; that he would give me your souls, my white brethren according to the flesh, that you may hear, believe and be saved, and shine with me, as stars in the diadem of the Redeemer. The case would not be so terrible, so worthy of labor, pity and tears, if it were not, that every one, who doth not receive this gospel, in its full import, truth and simplicity, into a new and converted heart, will be everlastingly scorched in the flames of the bottomless pit, under the inexorable doom of a just and benevolent God. By what motives, ye children of wrath, ye dead in trespasses and sins, shall I warn, and adjure you, to arise, and call upon Christ to give you light and life!

Here the preacher commenced a simple, fervid and affectionate adjuration. It was earnest and solemn, and in some points even thrilling and of the most touching pathos. He continued to kindle his own feelings with the subject, until, stern and little addicted to the melting mood as he was, his voice quivered with emotion, and his eyes streamed with tears. This part of his address went home even to the hearts of the Shoshonee, and many a hard featured warrior, who had brandished the hatchet, or drawn the yager with an unblenching eye and an unfaltering hand, was seen to drop tears in silent sympathy with the preacher.

Such was the scope of a sermon, not without sense and eloquence, but without judgment and discrimination, which produced little impression upon most of the white people, which operated in the naturally acute and discerning intellects of the Indians positive dislike, and unbelief, and which confounded the docile, but enquiring spirit of Jessy. Having finished, as

was his custom, he called upon any of the hearers, if they had any thing on their minds relating to religion, to declare it; and if they had any thing to object, he would be willing to hear them state their objections, that at the next meeting he might be ready to obviate them.

Tutsaugee, or The Changing Wind, was the chief reasoner among this people; and to him was generally assigned the part of reasoning, and commenting upon points, which, it was expected, the Indians would answer. He had acquired great readiness and acuteness at this kind of exercise, and was the professed debater and disputant of the Shoshonee. When Elder Wood gave out the challenge, a number of the chiefs, disposed, as it appeared, to have the amusement of a little wind in the form of religious disputation, looked round to Tutsaugee, and gave the usual *ugh!* in token, that it was expected, he would reply to the positions of Elder Wood. Tutsaugee arose, showing a calm and plausible countenance, and an admirable sly natural physiognomy for a lawyer. He reached forth his brawny right arm from the folds of his buffalo robe, and began raising himself to his utmost height, and speaking gracefully, and with vehement gesticulation. 'Our white father will forgive the ignorant words of his untaught red brethren. We are sensible, that we know nothing, and that the pale faces know all deep things. Still it seems to us, that all the talk of our white medicine father, this evening, is not good talk. It is a strange and strong talk, and our red men are too ignorant, to understand it. Harken, white father, and explain. You say, that the little babes of the white and red people are born under the wrath and curse of the Master of Life. Your Wahcondah, then, must be quite different from ours. Our Master of Life is too good to send little, innocent babes, who have no strength, nor understanding to do wrong, into life, to make them bad, and then

bestow his curse upon them for being so. Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that the Master of Life chose, before the sun and moon rolled in the firmament, a few to go to the good place; and chose them, not because they were good, or would be good; and passed by the rest, not because they were bad, or would be bad; but merely for his will and pleasure; that the chosen will surely go to the good place; and the reprobate forever burn in the brimstone lake. This seems to us not a good talk, father. The worst red men in our nation would not act so cruelly, and our Wakondah is far better, than the best of our men. We have even seen no pale faces so bad, as that. The Wakondah of red men chooses, and sends to the shadowy land of souls brave and free spirits, because they are brave, true and good. We do not feel, as if we could love, and trust the Wakondah of the pale face, if he conducts in a way, that seems to us so partial and cruel, merely to show his power. We may fear his power; but if he so shows it, we cannot love him. Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that your Master of Life hears the groans of the damned, making as pleasant sounds in his ears, as the hosannahs and praises of the blessed. Ah! father, is it because the pale faces worship such a being, that we have heard, that they are all so hard-hearted, cruel, and unjust? Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that the brown faces and the red skins, and the black people, and all the strange people in the far countries, and the islands of the great salt lake, who have not heard of the Wakondah of the pale face, will be damned, and burned forever in the brimstone lake. Ah! because they never heard of him? Father, will the Great Spirit of the white men punish the ignorant red men, because they never heard a talk, that no body was able to tell them. The red men are ignorant. The Master of Life placed them where they

must be ignorant, and ought to pity them for their want of knowledge. But do you say, father, that he first makes them ignorant, and then damns them for being so? Father, that seems to us a bad talk. We fear, that you do not say right words of the Wahcondah. We think you slander him, and that he will be angry with you. Put your ears to your medicine book again, and be sure that it speaks just such words as you declare. Father, explain. We are ignorant; but we believe, that the Master of Life has always had kind thoughts in his heart, and kind deeds in his hands. You ask, since we so think of the words, which you find in the book of the Wahcondah, why we so respectfully hearken to our white father, and love him, as a wise man, and give heed to him, as a medicine man? Father, we hear you speak strange words of the Wahcondah, which we neither understand nor believe. But we see you doing good deeds. We think, you must be a very good medicine man, if you worship a strange and cruel Wahcondah, and yet always do good. We love our white father, because he does not act like the other white men. We know, that words are wind. Deeds stand fast like the mountains. Father, next time you declare to us a medicine talk, we hope you will explain. I have done.'

Most who heard, were convinced, that missionaries, who preach the mild and sublime truths of the gospel, to simple and ignorant people, ought to dwell chiefly on the clear and innate truth of that divine system, and not strive to perplex these children of nature with abstract, not to say revolting doctrines. Some took the preacher at his literal word, and others cared for none of these things.

The moon was nearly at her zenith, when the service was closed. The breaking up was attended by circumstances not unlike those, which mark the close of the solemnities of the whites. Human nature

shows much more nearly the same actings every where, than we are ready to imagine. The Captain and the musicians walked home, each striving to make himself understood by his elected damsel. Areskoui and Nelesho lingered near the daughter of Yensi, as was their custom. She walked thoughtfully, between her father and mother, with the young strangers at their side. Some of the women of the tribe commented on the talk of Elder Wood, and found it good and reasonable. Others among the whites pronounced it both unreasonable and unscriptural, as their previous habits of thinking and education had been. All criticised more in fault, than praise. But their present pleasures, passions and pursuits soon banished Elder Wood and his subject from their mind. He, on his part, walked home, musing in sadness and discouragement upon the hardness of heart, and stiffness of neck of those, who would not at once give full credence to the doctrines of the five points. Jessy, too, as she retired to her rest, could not but admit with Tutsagee, that his doctrines were hard to understand, and revolting to the common apprehension. But the tones of his voice and his look of purity and his life of sanctity, so well remembered, came in aid of her confidence, and unabating respect for him. The past, the present, and the future floated before her. This passing moment of existence is all a dream, she said. Not so with these awful realities of the future—about which this good man speaks with so much confidence. Let me banish all illusions, and give myself up to meditations upon the eternal concerns of the soul. But after her simple prayers were said, earthly visions again rushed upon her. The honied words, the fascinating manners of Julius—of countenance, form and deportment so captivating—revisited her memory. What beauty in his countenance! What sweetness in his tones, and how irresistibly easy and

graceful in manners! Still, it struck her, that there was insidiousness lurking in his eye; and that a want of principle, a slighting of the sanctions of conscience, moral obligation and the scriptures, had occasionally, though almost covertly, crept into his discourse. Might not the most real worth, the most sound understanding, the most generosity and good feeling be concealed under the sterner manner, the less striking countenance of Frederic? The more closely she contemplated him, in the more interesting light he appeared. 'I would be glad,' she thought, 'that his abode among us might give time to study his character.' Then the transition was natural to the magnanimous forbearance, the constant struggle for self control in Areskoui. 'I am destined to these valleys,' she thought. 'I can never hope to go forth to the paradise, which these fair young men inhabit. Why can I not command the discretion to control my imagination, and see the chief, as my dear father would wish?' As her mind, her imagination and her heart alternately had the ascendancy, her thoughts floated in vague confusion, and sleep fled her eye lids. She arose, went to the window, looked up to the blue and star bespangled arch. 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' she said, and fixed, and devout communion with the Father of Spirits composed her mind. The repose that ensued was the deep sleep of innocence and prayer.

Such is an outline of the intercourse of the visitants from Astoria with the Shoshonee, during the allotted time of their visit. The young gentlemen had spent as great a portion of it with Jessy, as William Weldon's stern interpretation of propriety would allow. They had hunted, and angled, and walked, and conversed together, or in company with the Indians; and upon every allowed pretext had walked with Jessy, accompanied by her mother, or Josepha, or their half breed female domestic. Much of this time passed in

a guardian angel, between her, and your libertine principles. I rely upon truth, honor and love. If I have rightly divined her character, I shall carry the prize.'

'Agreed to all that,' replied the other. 'You have added another motive. A glorious mark and marplot! We can hunt, spear salmon, and episode it with the red skin damsels, by way of variety of divertisement. My serious business shall be to make love in my way, put the young savage on the gridiron of jealousy, and circumvent a simple yankee, who thinks to win a girl's heart by downright honesty, and love to the point of marriage for life.'

Such was the momentary project of these idle young men—a project, partaking of their character of indolence and recklessness; but colored in each mind by their peculiar temperament. In furtherance of their plan, when the guests descended the Sewasserna, they proposed to row, when the wind and current bore them not with sufficient rapidity, and to move in advance in their Indian periogue. It would require little effort to keep forward of the squadron of heavily laden boats. Their party consented to this arrangement, giving them many cautions not to keep too far ahead, nor to capsize their frail craft, and get drowned.

According to their arrangement, the first point, which they turned, being nearly a mile in advance of the other boats, and at a place where the river was broad and deep, they paddled ashore, and overturning their periogue, left their hats swimming in the water, pushed the canoe into the river, and concealed themselves among hemlocks, of an umbrageous compactness, to make it dark at noon-day. Suppressing their laughter as they might, they remained within hearing of what might transpire. The other boats in a few minutes floated on. The party exclaimed, as might be expected in such a case, as they saw the capsized

perioques and the floating hats. 'The lads have taken the short cut to the lower country!' they cried, as they sprang on shore. It struck them with surprize, indeed, that both should have been drowned. But there were eddies in this deep and wide space, which would naturally whirl them from the shore. At any rate, they were evidently both drowned, and all speculation, as to the mode, was alike gratuitous and unavailing. The water was deep, and there was little chance, that their bodies would be found. But the party humanely paused, came to land, and sent their Indian rowers back to bring assistance from the town to search for the bodies.

While the Indians were out on this errand, the party fired funeral minute guns. The band played a dirge, and different persons occasionally shouted, so that if they had gained the shore any where below, they might reply. No noise was heard in answer, but the echoes. After satisfying themselves of the fruitlessness of such efforts, they fell into a strain of moralizing over the untimely fate of these young men, with the indifferent tone of those who inwardly congratulated themselves, that if others were dead, they were alive. 'A pretty fellow, and a rich,' said they, 'that Julius, and a great libertine to boot. He has lost a fine estate, and the ladies a charming fellow. But Frederic, though not the likeliest, was a thousand times the cleverest lad. Neither of them, however, will be much missed in the world. There is some comfort in that.' In a hundred grave remarks, of this general import, did these people discuss the premature fate of the young men, who were so near at hand, as to hear every word, and gain the practical conviction of the depth and reality of that sorrow and lamentation, they would have caused, had they been really drowned.

A concourse of Indians soon arrived at the spot,

and with them all the resident whites. Each contemplated the catastrophe with different emotions. Areskoui looked intently on the countenance of Jessy, to estimate how deeply her short acquaintance with them had graven their remembrance in her thoughts. He saw a distinct impress of sadness upon her face, which served in no degree to increase his own regrets. Elder Wood took up his own burden of thought, and discoursed solemnly upon the uncertainty of life. 'But two hours since, and no hearts were more gay or glad on this side of the grave; and now the Sewasserna, a river unknown to geography or song, will roll over their sleeping dust, till time shall be no more.' Hatch scratched his head, and talked about the immense estate, to which Julius was heir. Baptiste insisted, that they who would be drowned from such a perigogue, and in such a place, ought to be drowned for fools. Josepha and Yensi spake with moistened eyes of their beauty and youth, and pitied their mothers, when they should hear of it. Nelesho whispered half articulated curses upon the whole white race, and wished they might all have thus perished together. Ellswatta said, 'they were noble young warriors, and it was a pity, such brave and free spirits should so early have taken the last journey to the land of souls.' 'Pale faces,' he continued, 'sing your deepest death song. Let their spirits enter into the land of shadows, cheered by the pleasant sounds, in which they delighted, while alive.' The place, meanwhile, was dragged in every direction for the bodies, while dirges were played on the shore.

The sun had past the meridian, before the exertions were discontinued. The Astorian party, hopeless of finding their bodies, concluded to resume their descent of the river. The Shoshonee and the whites returned, some in sadness, some joyful, and some indifferent, retaining such impressions and discoursing

such reflections, touching the supposed catastrophe, as would have been drawn forth, had a similar event occurred in a civilized country.

The two sojourners in the hemlocks, meanwhile, began to find the clamors of hunger no small drawback from the amusement of listening to their own funeral eulogy and obsequies. They were nothing loth to leave their lurking place, and set forth towards the town. They thought it expedient, not to appear there until the shades of the evening would screen them from observation. They then presented themselves at the door of Hatch, who having very little faith in ghosts, was startled indeed, but not much frightened, when he saw, and recognized them. It was not difficult, to make him comprehend their project; nor, as they would be likely to be profitable customers, to obtain his hearty consent to the plan, and his promised aid, that they should remain incog. until it should be ascertained, what reception they might expect from the tribe.

Next day the project was known, and discussed in the family of William Weldon. As might be expected, he saw no harbingers of good in the event. Yensi was clearly delighted, and not backward in expressing it, that the young men had been so well pleased with their excursion, as thus to choose to domesticate themselves in this valley. If they could not remove to civilization and society, she rejoiced, that it was coming to them. Elder Wood protested against the deception; but was too much a Kentuckian at heart to be severe upon such clever management, to carry into effect a project so natural to a hunter and backwoodsman. Jessy thought something of the morality of their project, as Elder Wood had done; but her heart was relieved, when she learned, that they were not drowned. Neither in truth was she sorry, when advised, that their intent was to domesticate them-

ted to be under the influence of heretical sentiments. The pastor, by correspondents, exercised a constant espionage upon the young student. His faults, and he had faults, were magnified. Under such construction, venial errors became crimes. Liberal enquiry was considered, and represented to his parents, as the buddings of infidelity and atheism. Every thing, that he did, seen through this medium, was misconstrued. His parents became suspicious and soured towards him. When he came home, in his vacations, he was preached at in church, and treated as an irreclaimable reprobate and prodigal son. He first became dejected and unhappy; then threw himself upon the good feeling of his parents, and pointed out the injustice, the minister had done him. But this only drew on him a more aggravated condemnation, as a graceless and hardened unbeliever, who wished to alienate the hearts of his parents from their excellent pastor. His filial piety was finally worn out in resentment of unrelenting injustice. Detesting the minister, and miserable at home, he left college, and through the kindness of remote family connexions of a more liberal mind, obtained the place of a kind of sinecure supercargo in a China ship, that traded between Canton and the North-West coast. His place on trial was disagreeable. He left it at Macoa.

Such was the narrative of the two young men, at mutual confession. At least such was the purport of their story, when divested of circumlocution, foreign matter, and the colorings of self flattery. They both seemed to have steered thus far on the course of life, without chart or compass. On board the ship was a person placed over Julius, as a spy, who discharged an office naturally odious, and the latter had proved himself such a refractory and troublesome subject, that provided only he could give a satisfactory account of his stewardship, to his parents, he cared little what

became of his charge. The other had been abandoned by his friends, as a hopeless outcast from grace, and neither of them had any pole star, or fixed purpose for the future. They were both of an age, discipline and temperament to predispose them, to admire the boundless range and the wild license of Indian life and manners. They compared their sensations from these few holidays, in the most beautiful vale of the west, with the hackneyed, and commonplace enjoyments in social life; and viewed the happy dream of the few past days, with the beautiful daughter of Yensi to make part of the picture, as a fair sample of Indian life, and a steady residence among them. In the discussion and the comparison, with the different views resulting from their different temperament and education, they agreed in declaring, that they had seen more enjoyment here in a week, than they had felt in cities in a year, and they sustained William Weldon, in saying that Rosseau had reason, when his eloquent pen portrayed the advantages of savage over social life. They dwelt in terms of enthusiasm upon the wild, sublime, and yet soft landscape, the Sewasserna, the most devious and beautiful of rivers, upon the fine old philosopher William Weldon, and the striking physiognomy of his pretty Chinese wife, the Kentucky minister, with his orthodoxy, his broad back, and warm heart, the jolly Dutch trader, the fine family of the chief, admitting by way of parenthesis, that Josepha herself had not ceased to be pretty, and drawing young men's inferences in the case, the capering, mischievous and diverting Frenchman—all these things were as they should be. To crown all, there was the divine Jessy, a thing of another world—an ethereal exhalation, an angel, an image of beauty, to which there was no likeness in heaven or earth or waters, or even the world of imagination. Such, including the whole host of

superlatives and comparisons, were all put in requisition by Frederic, as he spoke of her, and added with a long sigh, 'that he wished, he had never seen her, or that, having seen her, he might never cease to behold her.'

Julius went with him certain lengths, admiring the valley, allowing that he had there got rid of ennui, and expressing reluctance to return to the dull, drudging, and money-getting world. But his friend's eloquent and rather extravagant eulogy of the daughter of Yensi drew him from a seeming reverie. 'In truth, my yankee friend,' he said, 'Wakona, as they call her, has in fact put you hors du combat; and I doubt not, we shall have your silken chains done into most harmonious verse. She is beautiful, I grant you; and has a kind of piquant loveliness, which perplexes you more, from not knowing to what class to refer it. I suspect, though, that much of her fascination depends upon the effect, it has upon the imagination, to find such a singular production in so strange and savage a place.'

'You will give us a new theory upon beauty and taste,' said Frederic, 'will you?' 'No doubt Alison and the rest will go into disuse, when your views appear. I, for my part, made the same allowances; and I endeavored critically to scrutinize the premises. I found it, like an intense view of the mid-day sun, rather an infliction upon the beholder, than a diminution of the object contemplated.' 'Better and better, 'pon honor, Frederic. But, sir, this sweet essence of roses, this super angelic double-distilled, ethereal sublimate of the spheres, oh, my dear friend! is—a little squaw! Now redden, will you? Not exactly a squaw—but destined to be the wife of an Indian. We, my good fellow, are a kind of episode, a new dish, with a new garnish of spice for the girl's curiosity. The young chief is the standing article. As soon as her eye

becomes familiar with us, she will, unquestionably, return to her Indian.' 'Never! never, Julius! Areskoui is a fine fellow, for an Indian, that we must allow. But there is sacrilege and murder in the thought, that Jessy should become the wife of a savage. Do not desecrate your imagination by such a vile idea. I have been tasking my poor brain to the utmost, to invent some pretext to remain behind, and see the end of this drama, to which we have been so strangely introduced!'

'My good fellow,' replied the other, 'you have hit my own fancy, and have anticipated my own thought. What should we do at Astoria? What pleasure is there in tumbling about upon the stormy sea, and doing penance in sea sickness? What novelty is there in the yellow frights at Macoa and Canton? Here every thing is at least green and fresh, and one snuffs with the mountain air a keen relish even for the comely red skins. By heaven, the same thought has occurred to me, to turn Shoshonee by way of variety. When I am weary of playing that part, and return to the pleasures of affluence, I shall have something in the past, of which to think pleasantly. I should like to operate upon the triumph and saucy defiance in the eye of this little Indian witch. With what easy sang froid she receives us, as though she had been perfectly used to fine gentlemen, and felt all the consequence of being a belle! Would it not be an achievement worthy of a romance, to win her love, steal her away, and carry her to London, as a show of the American flower 'of the wilderness.' 'What would you do with her?' asked the other impatiently. 'My good fellow, you ask the question with a very impertinent look. What would I do with her? What would you do with her? I am the only child of an ancient and opulent family, and I conceive I have some claims to amuse myself. What would I do with

her? I would render her as happy, as money and love could make her, until we had both pursued the partnership to satiety; and then I would put her in the way of rendering some other person as happy, as she had made me.'

'I will not be offended with you, Julius, for you can only be jesting. It is impossible, that a gentleman of your appearance can be really actuated by the principles of'— 'Of what? Speak out, my pious yankee friend.' 'The principles of a fiend, then! I would be content, to spend my days in this valley, and hunt buffaloes and deer, and never speak with any person again, but an Indian, so that Jessy Weldon loved me, and would share my fortunes with me. This would crown all my wishes on this side the grave. Practise seduction with Jessy Weldon, and abandon her!— There is horror in the thought!' 'Indeed,' replied the other, laughing, 'Sir moralist, we will not fight about her yet. All in good time, after we have won her love, we shall come to that point. It seems to me, you had better join yourself to the baptist minister, go under the water, turn missionary, and sing psalms with Wakona! What charming alternate strains you would sing! Would you really, Frederic, join yourself to her in holy and everlasting wedlock?'— 'Indeed would I, and feel too happy in the bond.' 'Come on then, Frederic. Let us be good friends. They will be glad to get rid of us at Astoria. We may as well stay here, until the return of our ship from Canton, as at that miserable place of sailors and desperadoes. I will make love to Jessy on my principles. You shall do the same on yours. Her natural predilection for Areskoui shall have scope, and be watched. That racy devil, Nelesho, shall make a copper colored episode. We will turn Shoshonee, and be adopted, until our ship returns to Astoria. If we are sick of our country, or too impatient, to wait

for the winding up of the plot, we will be off in her next voyage. There is my plan. I mean to remain, whether you do, or not.'

'Then, Julius, I will remain too. I would not trust such a flower, to be handled by such a personage without witness. If you stay to plot, I will stay to counter plot. I understand well your personal advantages. It will be a study to me to mark how the gradual developement of such principles, in such a seductive shape, will affect her. Although I was deemed, in my own country, a recreant to grace and goodness, comparison has taught me to discover in myself a half formed saint. You will play before her the polished and seductive Lothario. I, the plain, honest North-American, will place before her the embodied truth and sincerity of love. If she should not prefer either Areskoui, or me, to a man with your principles, then I shall be convinced, that I have adored an illusion. I shall no longer believe the characters traced by heaven itself.'

'Your humble servant, my yankee Mentor! You are exceedingly complimentary, and you have piqued me, to show you the fabric, of which a woman is made, touching her regard to principles, as you call them. I will cause you to feel the texture of the article in general. I will exert myself to the utmost, I assure you.' The other replied with eager vivacity, 'if you play temptor in this paradise, I will play Argus, and be her good angel. I am aware, that her trial must be a fearful one. At any rate, we must seem to be friends, or our project, which smacks not a little of insanity, will fail at the very outset. If Areskoui or Nelesho were to divine our purpose, they would, probably, mince us with their tomahawks, or roast us for a supper for some of their fair red skins. It is easy to see, that we have tortured them with jealousy already. It would be a charming affair, I confess, to

steal this sweet girl away from these brutes. But we must manage every thing cautiously, until our project, whatever it may be, is ripe for effect.'

'Bravely said, my yankee moralist. You are now discoursing to some purpose. It were pity, if we, who have the adroitness and training of society, could not play our part with a brood of savage cubs, and a fair faced little rustic, who has no more experience than a heath partridge. She is amply endowed with the Scotch gift, I admit, as women naturally are. But I have played my part with the most wily of the whole of them, aided with all the trick and cunning of society to boot. You will see, how easily I will manage this matter.' 'One thing I forewarn you, Julius, if we are to act our parts in this affair in good temper, you must learn always to speak with respect of Jessy Weldon. There is another difficulty to be overcome. I do not see under what pretext we can desert our companions, and remain behind.'

'Sir, as to Miss Weldon, the divine, henceforward, when I speak of her, I will always move my hat. I will perform a genuflection, as thus, and do as is my duty, my humble service to her shoe tie. As to clearing out from the sea-monsters, leave all that to me. In the first place they have found neither use nor comfort in us, and will be glad to get rid of us. In the next place, they have no control over us. In the third place, my guardian will be rejoiced, to be able to give such a clear account of his stewardship, as I will put him in the way to prepare in this event; and lastly, we had our option to remain at Astoria, during the present voyage of our ship, if we chose. As to getting off from our companions, hearken to my plan. We are expected to go forward of them in our periogue. When we have turned the wooded point, below the town, we will spring on shore, among the thick hemlocks, capsize our periogue, push it into the

stream, hide ourselves in the dark forest, and have the pleasure of hearing our own funeral oration, and dirge; and knowing what they think of us, and how much sorrow they will feel at the supposed drowning of two such hopeful youths. We will remain, in du-rance vile, until the party descends the river. We will then return to the village, and offer ourselves for adoption. It is evident, they are delighted with the coming of white people among them. Areskoui will be jealous of us, and will wish us at the devil. But he is evidently playing the magnanimous in the eye of Jessy. We will kindly aid him with real torture, and accommodate him with the poisonous shirt of Hercules, and have the pleasure of seeing him writhe and struggle, and attempt to conceal his agony. You can easily see, that his mother governs him; and he governs his father, and his father governs the tribe. If we wish to manage him, observe, that his mother yet retains a full Spanish eye, and a ripe cheek. I will make love to her, by way of underplot. Do you smoke me! What a pity, the young copper colored fiend has such an admirable form! The young prince has a fine face, too, it must be allowed. So much the better. All will make the right sort of material, to effervesce our cauldron of Hecate.'

'Upon my truth, Julius, I startle at you. I discover neither tail nor cloven foot. It cannot be that one of the dark spirits has taken such a form; neither can I realize, that all this ready contrivance can be indigenous in the brain of a mere son of the earth. You are a perfect Machiavel at an intrigue. After all, we may be too cunning for ourselves, and it is not at all improbable, that we shall pay the penalty by being roasted alive. Mark you, my chief motive, in consenting to this hopeful plan, is, to guard your intercourse with Jessy. You place before her the seduction of a fascinating person and manners. I stand, as

a guardian angel, between her, and your libertine principles. I rely upon truth, honor and love. If I have rightly divined her character, I shall carry the prize.'

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selves among the Shoshonee. The views of Areskoui and his parents may be easily imagined.

On the morning of the third day a council was convened, in the great council wigwam. The young men announced, by their interpreter, that they had voluntarily absconded from their friends, with a purpose to dwell among the Shoshonee; and if on trial, they should be found active hunters and trappers, and brave warriors, they desired to be adopted into the tribe.

Accustomed to the practice of self control, Areskoui determined, that Jessy should see him neither showing selfishness, nor wanting in magnanimity and forbearance in this decisive trial. Nelesho, comprehending the position of Areskoui, and anticipating the tortures of jealousy he would suffer, was decided, in expressing his wish to receive them. The whites were as yet a novelty; and their arrival in the tribe was associated with the pleasant ideas of ardent spirits. All the influence of the squaws was in their favor. On the whole, the two tribes were unequivocal, in manifesting their wishes to welcome the young strangers, and grant their request. Elder Wood, whose influence among them was distinctly felt, had been won to be favorable to their desire, by the intimation on their part, that in the retirement of the valley they intended to find time, to examine the claims of religion, and to consult him on the concerns of their salvation. Baptiste, who also exercised his appropriate bearing upon the lower classes, was charmed with the idea of such an addition to the gaiety of the Shoshonee circle.

When in council it came the turn of Areskoui to speak, after his father, no one but Jessy could have divined from his thoughtful but composed visage, with what feelings he regarded the measure. In a few significant words he gave his assent to their request.

All, who had any claim to the expression of an opinion, having spoken, the executive council chiefs smoked awhile, as if in profound meditative deliberation. A word or two, and a significant gesture passed between them, when Ellswatta arose, and declared the sense of the council in the usual Indian phrase, which would import in English, 'stay with us, and welcome.'

Certain ceremonies of admission to the tribe, in the customary form, took place, and the council broke up. The young men became boarders with Trader Hatch, the publican of the tribe. They had now before them a most perplexing task, to arrange their future plan of operations in relation to their intercourse with William Weldon's family. They needed not be told, that the management required infinite policy, prudence and forbearance. The head of this family had both sense and dignity. The moment any step on their part, that had the slightest aspect of indecorum, or officiousness, or of such a character as would affect the reputation of Jessy in the most scrupulous circles in society, should be taken by them, they were but too well forewarned, that a final interdict would be put upon their intercourse. They were equally well instructed, that the jealous eyes of Areskoui, and the vindictive inspection of Nelesho, were upon them. They covenanted, therefore, to be exceedingly cautious, in soliciting, or indulging in the pleasure, or hastily urging the effort, which was their chief object in joining the Shoshonee. They laid down a plan which, whether sagacious or not, was the result of their severest studies, the issue of which will hereafter appear.

At this time occurred an affecting incident, which, though it does not necessarily belong to these annals, ought, perhaps, to be related, as tending to throw light upon the influence and character of the intercourse of the American people, with the primitive

and unsophisticated Indians. Shortly after the adoption of these young men into the tribe, and while they were absent on a trapping expedition, to which it was necessary for them at this early stage of their habitancy, to join themselves to save appearances, the New-York white wife of Hatch arrived at Shoshonee town from Astoria, to reclaim her truant husband. He had been forewarned of the prospect, that his first spouse was coming to join him. But with the natural disinclination to think of a disagreeable affair, no previous arrangement had been made for this event. His devoted and faithful red skin wife was first admonished of the existence of this rival in claims upon her husband, by seeing her actually land from a periogue. It might have been supposed, that this daughter of a chief, by whom he had two children, would have taken deep umbrage, on learning this painful fact. But the usages of the people regarded polygamy as no crime, or as honorable, rather than otherwise. The only limit fixed by opinion was inability to maintain more than one wife. As Hatch was well known to be rich, this arrival was considered by the father and brother of the Indian wife an affair between the husband and the wives. The incident, that follows, is recorded in commemoration of the deep and heroic attachment, of which Indian women are often seen capable, and in consequent proof of the guilt of those white sojourners among them, who trifle with such attachment, and abuse such confidence.

As soon as the Shoshonee wife was told of the arrival of the white claimant of her husband, she shed some tears, assured him, that she was ready to offer her the first place of love and authority, consented to resign her charge as mistress, and only requested, that she might remain, as a kind of servant, to take care of her children, and share such transient marks of his kindness, as he could spare from her favored rival.—

All this she stated in a subdued and quiet tone, that won strongly on the heart of her husband, who, in truth, liked his Indian wife best. But the new comer was a small, brisk, sharp-faced woman, with red hair, a curved nose, and thin lips, who had, in bygone days in New York, drawn forth upon Hatch the famous proverb, touching the superior points of the gray nag. As the petition of the red skin wife and mother was stated to her, the object of debate stood before her, meekly holding one of her children in one hand and the other at the breast, looking steadily in her face with intense interest, to divine by her looks and tones, for her language she understood not, what fate was in reserve for her. The white wife required no time for deliberation. She raised her shrill voice, and peremptorily insisted, as a preliminary step in the new domestic arrangement, that her red rival should be discharged, in her phrase, bag and baggage. Perhaps, it was the first time in his life, that Hatch blushed in earnest, and his face glowed to the color of his red whiskers, when he explained this hard necessity to his Shoshonee wife, in her own speech. Obedience in these usages is implicit and without reserve. She once more shed silent tears, turned round, and wistfully surveyed her late peaceful and happy empire, as if taking a final leave. Wiping her eyes, with her long black locks, she then sternly walked forth, leading one child, and holding the other to her breast. As soon as she was abroad, she began, in the deep, monotonous Indian death wail, to sing, 'The proud white skin has come, and my poor babes and I go to the land of spirits.' Such was the burden of her strain, as she walked on with her charge to the Sewasserna. She paused a moment on the bank. She kissed her little ones, and the tears streamed down her cheeks, while she looked alternately in their faces, and then towards her late residence, the domestic smoke of which was

peacefully curling aloft. Her purpose for a moment seemed to falter. But the lament arose strong and full again. 'We go to the land of spirits,' she said, and threw herself into the stream, with both her babes in her arms. Her husband and a number of Indians had observed her departure, and divining her purpose, had followed her at a distance. In a moment some of the best swimmers plunged in after her.— They drew her up by the locks, holding in the spasmodic grasp of affection and death, fast to her babes. The three were brought, though apparently lifeless, to the bank. All soon gave proofs of resuscitation. The first movement of returning life in the mother was, to raise herself a little from her recumbent posture, open the blue lips of her half expiring babe, and give it the breast, imploring the husband not to drive her from him. 'See,' said she, 'the pretty one looks like its father. Why will you have me kill it? Only let me remain in the house, and tend my little ones, and I will be as a faithful slave to the proud white skin.' It was a scene to move the hearts of the Shoshonee. Tears even started under the red eye lashes of Hatch. A harsh, but decisive murmur from all the Indians present, the purport of which he but too well understood, notified him, that, in this case, he no longer had an alternative. He uttered an oath, 'that the white wife should know her driver for this once.' He did more. He took the eldest child in his arms, and gallantly led on his Shoshonee spouse, now gaily holding the other to her bosom. The Indians followed, murmuring applauses. He arrived at the house, and saluted his white wife, who had come to the door, to learn the object of this triumphal procession. 'Mein Gott and Saviour,' said he, 'dey will roast me alive. You take her in, madam, well and good; you refuse, and by mein Gott and Saviour, I trive you off, and keep mein good red skin.' The

New York madam saw the aspect of things, and well understood the looks and gestures of the listening Indians. Her terrified consent was prompt and ample. The recovered mother and children re-entered the house, and Baptiste observed with a knowing shrug, 'Ma foi, Hatch no need go to l'infer for his purgatory. He get him between he's two vives.' At the joyful termination of this affair, the Indians marched off with acclamations.

The object, for which the young men had stationed themselves in the valley, had not escaped the penetration of the family of the chief. A private conclave was held between the father and mother and son. 'What shall we do, how shall we conduct towards the fair sons of the pale face?' Was the question of Ellswatta, as he beheld the downcast countenance of his son. 'Thou canst not doubt, that they are watching to gain the favor of Wakona, as the eagles scale aloft, to survey their prey beneath them. Would, that the Wahcondah had given thee a heart, my son, not to be moved with the witching influence of the daughter of Yensi. A warrior should have a heart too proud, a chief should look too much towards the sun, to allow his manhood to droop as thine. It is fit only for squaws, and babbling men, like squaws, to prate about beauty. Yet since the mischief has been wrought, since thoughts of Wakona make thee always look sad, what is to be done?' 'Ellswatta, my husband, has forgotten all, that he once said to me about my charms,' drily said Josepha. 'Have all thy fine words passed away, as it had been a dream? Thou couldst then talk about beauty, as fluently as a young Spaniard, serenading his mistress beneath her lattice. No, Areskoui—It is right, it is natural, and the pitying Mother of God allows, that we should love what is lovely. Thou shouldst rather, my husband, guide our son on the way to win the love of Wakona, or put

forth thy power, to drive these deceitful though fair young guests from our nation.'

'That I will never consent to have done,' replied Areskoui. 'From my parents I have inherited a nature too noble, to wish the favor of Wakona upon any other terms, than her voluntary consent. Neither my father nor my mother could counsel me, to adopt other measures, than those of kindness and honor. If she be inclined already to love these young men of the fair face, what would she think of me in comparison, were my father, my mother, or myself to resort to violent and cruel measures? The first movement of that kind would forever incur for me the hate of Wakona. All else I could endure. But her hate would be insupportable. No. My purpose is fixed, as yonder mountain. I will offer no hindrance, to their intercourse. Let them exult in the light of her beauty. Let her smile continually upon them, since the Master of Life will have it so; and if it be necessary, let Areskoui die. But counsel him not, my father and mother, to put forth the strong arm against these happy pale faces.'

Such were the thoughts of Areskoui, in reference to the strangers; and from that time his conduct was observed invariably to square with his magnanimous purpose. But the smile, that had formerly played on his noble countenance, wholly disappeared. A pensive and subdued gloom was indelibly fixed there in its stead. When he met Jessy by accident, there was something difficult to describe in his manner. It was not reproach; nor did it ask either love or pity. But the conflict of different emotions, pride, forbearance and magnanimity imparted the predominant coloring. Jessy interpreted it, and was infinitely more affected than she would have been either by entreaties or complaints. It did not diminish her pity, to learn, that he was often with Elder Wood; and con-

versed much and seriously with him about the truths and mysteries of the Christian religion. The minister was himself affected, as he remarked the gloomy temperament of his mind. He was often heard to declare, that he found all empty and unsatisfactory on this side the grave; and that if religion offered such infinite satisfaction and joy beyond it, it became him, who was compelled to renounce his hopes here, to enquire into his chances in the land of souls. Elder Wood, with the unconsciousness of perfect simplicity, proceeded to express his surprize, what could have happened to the young chief, in the pride of his youth and expectations, to render him so dissatisfied with life. Whoever had marked the countenance of Jessy, alternately pale and scarlet, would have perceived the tenor of her thoughts.

Meanwhile the adopted guests were tasking their powers, to acquire the necessary semblance of Indian habits. They trapped, and hunted, however involuntarily, with the best. At the points in the dashing and precipitous mountain streams, where they broadened and slept in quietness, where the beavers built their magic dams and cities, and expanded their little lakes in the depths of the mountain forest, they learned to watch these sagacious and happy animals, to ambush their domestic paths and the highways of their towns; and, as though fortune was disposed to smile upon their freaks, or as if she were uniformly disposed to dispense her favors to the young and the happy, they were singularly successful, both in their hunting and trapping. This ingratiated them with the Indians at once; and disappointed the hopes of Areskoui, that their awkwardness and indolence, in the appropriate pursuits of his people, would leave them no consideration with the tribe on that score. But the young men were frank, jovial, in high health, and in furtherance of their plan, took incessant pains

to be popular with the Indians, to caress their wives and daughters, and to gain, as they eminently did gain, the character of brave and free spirits.

Jessy and her mother exchanged words of gratified surprise, to perceive that the young men were wise, to divine the proper steps in their new line of march. Elder Wood was equally astonished. 'They could not have promised better,' he said, 'as hunters and trappers, had they been raised in Kentucky. He had thought, in coming there, that they were only sowing wild oats most foolishly. They had redeemed his good opinion, and he had no doubt, that they had asked adoption from the honest love of Indian life.'

Relations of unquestioned intimacy being once established with the family of William Weldon, it was easy to draw them closer by imperceptible degrees. To take tea with them, two or three times in a week, was very natural. To have new books, engravings, publications, journals and magazines brought, by every arrival from Astoria, would be a compliment, and give a pleasant variety to their intercourse. They played duets most charmingly on the flute. Jessy ordered a harp from Canton. Julius had learned but one thing thoroughly, and that was music. He was one of those nature taught musicians, who furnish to phrenologists their soundest argument, that the strong points of character and development are laid in the unchangeable organization of the brain. He played the harp admirably; and in teaching it to Jessy, when he laid his own master hand upon the strings, he had a very marked advantage over his companion, who understood music but imperfectly, and only played the flute. Both painted, and Jessy was, as has been seen, an enthusiast in that pursuit. They philosophized, and were misanthropic with William Weldon. With him they found Rousseau in the right; and thus extolled the free and independent life of the Shosho-

nee valley, as infinitely more pleasant than any thing, which social life could offer. And they extolled their present mode of life as a kind of antepast of paradise. William Weldon found them rapidly drawing upon the untouched stores of confidence, in his bosom, 'and was astonished,' as he said, 'to learn, that such handsome young men, so spoiled in society, could thus early become such sound and practical philosophers.' With Yensi they held conversations upon the tea fields, the cane patches, and the spice gardens, the pagodas and pavillions, the cities, canals, and miracles of nature and art, in her wonderful native country; and Yensi allowed, in grateful return for their winning politeness, 'that she had admired the 'red heads,' as the Chinese call the European people, from her girlish days.' With Elder Wood, they spake of the dignity and the eternal obligations of the Christian religion, and hoped soon to find a time at the foot of those heaven-pointing and religion-inspiring mountains, to investigate its claims, and study its duties. With Baptiste they babbled bad French, and talked over the everlasting chapter of the Shoshonce gossip. With Hatch they debated the means and the mysteries of money getting, and the profits and per cent. of a continued voyage from Boston to China—from China to the North-West coast—and thence with silks and teas back to Boston. Josepha they gained, especially Julius, by playing the guitar, talking of Spanish romances, and canzonettas, many of which Julius, who was Portuguese on his father's side, could both say, and sing.

Thus studying every character, and becoming all things to each, they won universal favor. For variety, they taught Jessy to dance; and oftentimes, while the Indians held their war or rejoicing dance by moonlight under the sycamores and pines of William Weldon's grounds, did Josepha, Yensi, Jessy, the adopted

guests, and Baptiste, join in joyous accompaniment under the shadow of the over-arching cliffs, making the ancient valley glad with these sounds and movements of interior and secluded joy. From beginning with the occupancy of two days in a week, these parties shortly extended to four, and imperceptibly to every evening, save that of the sabbath. And, when the sun began to bend his broad disk behind the mountains, shedding a delicious coolness in his departure, not only Jessy, but her mother, and even William Weldon, from habit and the expected pleasure, turned their eyes in the direction of the cascade; impatient, without avowing it, to see the elastic bound of the young men, as they cleared the pawpaw hedge, and walked up the alleys of multiflora roses. Even Josepha and Ellswatta felt the charm of their insinuating manner subduing their jealousy, and would have entered into the spirit of gladness in their society, had they not too keenly felt, with what sorrow for their son it was purchased. He too, sometimes came generously with the rest, and strove in vain to seem to take an interest in their pleasures.

‘Well,’ said the adopted guests, as they walked alone one morning, ‘let us report progress in this hopeful project of ours. We have had no chance of being alone, and putting our scheme in operation, with Wakona. ‘For my part,’ said Frederic, ‘I find myself sufficiently in danger, when we are surrounded by inspection. I should not dare encounter the fascination alone in these charming and love inspiring solitudes. Did your fancy ever picture such a shading of glossy curls? Have you ever conceived such an expression, such a charm of manner, at once the endowment of nature, and the highest reach of refinement? Where did she obtain it, and how?’

‘I grant you,’ replied Julius, ‘it is a singular, what do they call it, *lusus natura*. The enchantress, too,

has a certain pretty quaintness and rusticity, with which she sometimes conceals her art. But the wicked archness, with which she parries my compliments, and causes me to doubt, whether she is making me a study, or a mockery, absolutely provokes me.'

Frederic, in turn, proceeded to discuss the enraptured glance of her eye. He expatiated on the air of saintly innocence, with which she manifested her glowing approval of whatever was generous and noble, in the moral and intellectual scale. He lauded her ever-changing versatility, in varying the shades of her loveliness—and closed by affirming, that she not only filled out his *beau ideal*, of whatever imagination had associated with beauty and loveliness, but infinitely transcended it.

The other, not to be outdone in this strain, with a slight air of ridicule thrown over what he said, expatiated on the same text in terms of the most extravagant admiration.

They finally interrupted this series of alternate eulogy, each by laughing at the other, and regretting that they had no umpire to determine which of the two, had sung her praises best. 'But, *au fait*,' said Julius, 'what are her beauty and perfections to us? Born among these Indians, among them she will die. With all her seeming polish and high breeding, and astonishing tact, touching what, it would be thought, could have been only the forming and teaching of society, she is clearly an Indian at heart. Did you not observe what an infernally melting and pitying look she gave that haughty looking Areskouï, last evening, when he parted from us? I could have knocked the teeth out of the brute's head. I admire, if she thinks it civil treatment, to bestow such looks upon another, and that other an Indian, in our presence. Were we all three on our knees before the beautiful rustic, and she compelled to select one of us,

I dare swear Areskoui would be the man. Who of us, think you, Frederic, would be her second choice?

‘You,’ replied the other, ‘clearly, if she chose by the eye, at present. But me, pardon my presumption, when she shall have been acquainted with us longer, and known us better.’ ‘Indeed, my very polite and dear friend and Mentor, Mr. Frederic, I say again, you are most soothingly flattering, and I feel my spirit warmed to attempt my best efforts to bring the alternative to experiment.’

‘Is it fact, Julius, that we are verging from jest to earnest in this talk? I should judge so, just now. If it be, we had best drop the subject altogether. Allow me to explain. You are too much a libertine, in principles and conduct, to win the affections of such a girl as Jessy Weldon. I generously forewarn you of the advantage, you are giving me. Do you not remark something about her of sanctity mingled with her gaiety, that awes and perplexes one? When I catch the calm sanctity of her eye, I despise myself for ever having had a low, impure, or unworthy thought. It strikes me, as a mystery, almost a fearful one, that we should have found such an astonishing girl in such a place. We have all read of such personages in romance; but here we have found the living model, that outruns all my imaginings; and we have come from a remote and desert sea shore to the barriers of nameless mountains, to contemplate this marvel among an undescribed tribe of Indians. On my conscience, Julius, as I have looked on this beautiful vision, I have felt my own hands, to determine, if I were not under the influence of enchantment.’

‘In truth, most worthy and most pious Frederic, I design to woo her for mere earthly love, and you may play pipe and whistle to entertain us, if you choose. Or you shall drive up the cattle and pen the flocks of Areskoui, if he marries her, and you may undoubted-

ly be privileged, to carry the quarteroon children for them; and learn, the while, to sing psalms for Elder Wood. This copper devil Areskouï, too, is a marvel to me. If I were he, though, I would give my Indians a wink, and deprive both of us of the honor of our crowns. He is either an immeasurable blockhead, or magnanimous beyond all my conceptions, to allow us such opportunities with his idol. But suppose, Frederic, she should be pleased with one of us, suppose it were you, seriously, what would you do in the case? How would you dispose of your conquest? Do you remain of the same opinion, as formerly?

‘Sir, I will answer you in a moment, I love this daughter of Yensi sincerely, and honorably. If she would return my love, and share my humble condition, I would be content to live with her in the gloomiest spot on the globe, and earn my subsistence by my daily toil. But this valley seems to me the pleasantest spot on the whole earth. I would marry her, be a son to her parents, and a peaceful and unambitious hunter and trapper among the Shoshonee. Or perhaps; on second thought, with such a wife, I would persuade her parents to return with me to my own dear country, and the possession of such a treasure would give me faith and industry, to remove mountains.’

‘Well done, Master Frederic Mentor, shall we not sing a psalm, after such a collect? But we are both of us wandering from the main point in hand. How are we to bring about some interviews of greater privacy with her?’ This question led to a long discussion, ending in a well devised plan, to obtain her society with only the attendance of her half-breed girl, who resided in her father’s family, as a domestic, and who, from her smartness, had been selected as a kind of companion for her.

Another part of their project took hopeful effect. It

was to fit up the bower on the shore of the blue lake. All the skill and industry of the Indians were silently put in requisition for a number of days; during which circumstances called her away from it. Under the direction and taste of the two companions, aided by the labor and money of Hatch, a neat pavillion, impervious to the rain, and finely covered within with Chinese hangings adorned with landscapes, was fitted up. They then invited William Weldon's family to take tea there. All their paintings and drawings and books had been transported there, and all was charmingly arranged with reference to the purposes of a reading, painting and music room. It had been the work of a week, and the progress had been kept wholly a secret. The delighted surprize of Jessy, when she saw the magic erection, may be imagined. The face of William Weldon became once more animated with the sunny smile of pleased astonishment. All the accustomed inmates of the family, with the dark and frowning face of Nelesho among them, were there; and a beautiful summer evening passed away pleasantly. In the course of the evening, it became the subject of remark, how much more pleasant and convenient that place would be for painting, than William Weldon's habitation, where part of the valley prospect was bounded by the arching bluff, that rose directly in the rear of it. The father was in a mood of uncommon cheerfulness. The countenance of Areskoui fell at the proposition. But, may it be told, or forborne? The heart of Jessy was in the plan. The bower, rude as it had been, had always been her favorite spot for meditation and painting. It was doubly so, when it was fitted up with taste and magnificence, with all the books and paintings and engravings, which the young men could furnish. They informed her at the same time, that a much larger collection had been ordered. It need scarcely be added, that what Jessy wished, she so

arranged, that her fond parents consented. Thither, then, her own drawing apparatus was removed; and there she was, henceforward, to receive her lessons from Julius on the harp.

Sometimes the parents, sometimes Areskouï and his parents, and generally Elder Wood, accompanied them. But, as they had planned, and as it happened, they were frequently left to themselves, with no other companion than the half breed domestic girl; and as she understood little English, her presence had no effect, to repress the confidential character of the conversation.

The first time that they were together there, in pursuit of her plan of taking lessons, Elder Wood and her father had walked with them to the bower. They had commenced their several pursuits with a seriousness, that left them no attention for the father or the minister. They both alleged an engagement; and remarking, that they were of no use there, charged the girl to remain with her mistress, and be home at early tea, and left them.

The hearts of the young men throbbed, until they saw the father and the minister fairly out of sight. Nor may it be presumed, that Jessy Weldon perceived herself alone with these two fine young men for the first time, without similar palpitations. Each was silent, as might have been expected, for some time. The half-breed girl busied herself in weaving eglantines in the glossy locks of her mistress, and singing wild snatches of Indian songs.

The three were painting, and two were stealing looks from the landscape, the mountains and the sky, upon the fair face of their pupil. Jessy threw down her pencil, in seeming embarrassment. 'Your labor is lost, gentlemen,' she said, 'in fitting up this charming place. I cannot paint here. I look upon that beautiful vale, its deep green, the wood-fringed and wind-

ing river, the columns of smoke, the flocks and herds, these hundred blue peaks, those eagles, sea-fowls, and that sky, and so many thoughts rush upon my mind, that I am unable to seize the right one. I wish for new powers, of which I am thus taught the need. I am obliged to throw down my pencil, and give up my mind to the thousand mingled meditations, that crowd, one upon the other. I see clearly, that my own dear home is a better place for painting.—The view indeed is more confined. But I have better chances to collect my thoughts, and catch individual features. Look now, gentlemen. Who could think of fixing with the pencil, that mass of rolling mist, that half wraps the dark peaks of yonder mountain? Look at the enchanted world, that sleeps, as if a thousand leagues below us, in those depths of the lake! Mark the shades of the clouds, sailing off in the distance, and, as they pass, scattering sunshine behind them in the hollows of those far mountains! The beautiful Sewasserna, too, see how it winds away, seeking its devious channel among the mountains to the sea, and bearing my thoughts on its bosom to the great ocean! Hear the eagles scream, the herds low, and the birds sing in mingled harmony. What a bass in that deep hollow roar of the winds, rushing down the defiles of the mountains! Who, that had ever seen, and felt nature, would sigh for the poor contrivances of art! Indeed I am sensible, that you will never teach me to paint in this place.'

'For my part,' said Julius, throwing down an outline, evidently intended to be the form of the countenance of Jessy, 'I find myself just as unable to class, and fill up my conceptions, as you do yours. Every thing is beautiful—some parts of the view too much so. But it is certainly a fine place for music, if not for painting.' So saying, he laid his hand on the harp, and swept its chords with his own appropriate inspi-

ration, while Frederic accompanied the strain with his flute.

When the piece closed, Jessy evinced by the rapt attention, which she had given to it, that she entered sufficiently into the music, if not the painting, of the afternoon. A silence of some length again ensued. It was broken by Julius. 'This precious time is passing in silence. We two have been contriving laboriously, and waiting patiently, for this interview; and now we seem neither of us to know what to say.'— 'Indeed,' she answered Julius, 'I am sorry for that. You ought to have been perfectly aware, that nothing may be uttered here, which might not as well have been said at any time within the walls of my father's dwelling.' 'Certainly, Miss Weldon,' he replied, 'much as you seem of another order of being, you cannot be so wholly devoid of human sympathies, as not to admit, that we may innocently, and properly advance much here, which we would not choose to say in the presence, for instance, of Elder Wood, or Areskoui, if he comprehended our language.' She answered, 'plain and simple thoughts and words only are in keeping with this scenery and the humble personage before you. I comprehend not what you mean, by classing me with another order of beings. We know only of two kinds here, the simple inhabitants of this valley, and the little white men of the mountains, deemed not a respectable rank of existences, in the estimation of the Shoshonee. I hope you do not class me in that order.' 'I see, Miss Weldon,' said Julius, 'that we shall never reach our purpose in this way. Have you not divined our object, in domesticating ourselves in this valley?' 'Indeed, Sir, I have not felt it necessary to bring the sickly hue of thought over my face, by entering into any deep or painful enquiries on the subject. I have been willing to hold the thing explained, as it is on the face of it. I thought

it probable, that you were two persons, who could be spared without any particular inconvenience, from your place in society—that your time hung heavy on your hands—and that you came here, as the poet makes a certain personage whistle, ‘for want of thought.’ ‘Miss Weldon is pleased to be merry at our expense,’ said Frederic, thoughtfully. ‘We can both assure you, that, senseless and wanting in plan and self-respect, as we may have seemed to you, we have an object, and a serious one.’ ‘Very probably, gentlemen. I am surely inclined to a charitable interpretation. I have not considered the matter deeply. I think, you would not have come here, to see men and cities, to study laws and modes of government, or the professions of law, medicine or divinity, to obtain fame or wealth; or to strike out any particular career. I do not deem, that you will ever distinguish yourselves, as trappers or hunters, the only professions, that it would seem, you could have thought of fully acquiring here. I am passionately fond of music. I should be delighted to learn that of you. You can improve my painting. I am selfish enough, to be pleased at the prospect of such advantages. But allow me to be frank, peremptory, and, I may add, final, upon the terms, upon which we are to meet hereafter. You must always speak to me, when alone, as you would, were my parents present, and treat Areskoui with undissembled consideration. We must not often meet in this way; and then our conversation must be general. Such are the terms. Will you ratify the treaty, and conform to every tittle upon your honor? I am as peremptory, as an empress, if you do not, and you never meet me alone again.’

The young men yielded a kind of awkward consent, as they exchanged glances, and felt in the necessity of such a constant restraint imposed, what, perhaps, piqued their interest and curiosity, more than the most

unrestrained intimacy. The afternoon passed in such pursuits, as befitted the restraints prescribed. It would be absurd to suppose, that such interviews had not charms for her, as well as them; and under different pretexts they were repeated, until the idea of danger, or impropriety, was gradually obliterated from her mind and that of her parents, according to their anticipations. In fact, they marked the respectful forbearance and rigidly decorous deportment of the young men, noted nothing reprehensible in it, and perceived, that it brought at once instruction and pleasure to their daughter; and they rather encouraged, than repressed it. The espionage of Areskouï and Nelesho was a drawback only of occasional recurrence. They were ready to endure the restraint, for the sake of the pleasure of being at times free from observation. Reserve was gradually banished; and conversations were incidentally and naturally introduced, which had verged to subjects and points, that would have been interdicted at first. So certain it is, that every where the natural order of things will take place; the most rigid resolves against it notwithstanding. The respective character of the two young men was marked constantly with stronger development. The good sense, native integrity and moral dignity of the one gradually disclosed. The covert advances of ingenious and seductive flattery, the insidious approaches of licentious and unprincipled selfishness in the other, stole upon her almost in imperceptible progress. At first she had felt the natural juvenile admiration of his perfect face and form; and the high polish of his insinuating manners. The stern and uncompromising decision, and the silent dignity of the other, steadily acquired that preference with her, which in a virtuous, instructed and regulated mind, moral always obtains over mere corporeal beauty.

If the young men had commenced this project in play, it soon became to them a matter of sober and absorbing interest. Constant and daily intercourse with the daughter of Yensi, and deeper acquaintance with the treasures of her mind and heart, kindled the first impulses of admiration in the heart of Frederic into deep and impassioned love. He painfully discovered, too late, that his hopes and his happiness for life had been rashly committed in this youthful freak of folly. But with the insane calculation, generally inspired in such cases, the deep draughts, he had already drunk, only inspired an unnatural thirst for more. One day after another wore slowly away in the semblance of pursuit and employment, until the usual time when he was again with Jessy; and then, although interdicted, equally by her explicit words, and by his own fears and humble estimates of his standing in her good opinion from any, but general conversation, he saw her, was satisfied, and respired happily in her presence. The other, too, although he might not be said to be capable of love, in the high and proper sense of the term, for the first time in his life imbibed a passion amounting to pain, constantly accumulating power, which in a more principled mind would have been called love. Without understanding very definitely his own motives, or questioning his own ends, he felt as restless a desire for her society, as the other; at the same time mingled with infinitely more of the bitterness of jealousy, and the conflicts of wounded vanity.

When Areskoui came among the rest, he was uniformly reserved; though he intermitted none of his former courtesies, nor omitted any opportunities to perform kind actions, for her family. He evidently acted upon the presumption, that he was considered an unwelcome guest. Jessy one day kindly inquired of him, why they saw him more seldom than formerly? 'Thou

smilest,' he replied, 'thou smilest, Wakona, on thy brother as formerly; but do not I know, that thy heart is not in the smile? Thy brother understands too well, that thy thoughts are with thy new fair faced friends of a day. I neither blame thee, nor repine. It is the misfortune of the red men, that they know not to move pleasant sounds from instruments, nor the flattering words, nor the polished and dissembling ways of the pale face. But I will watch thee from afar, Wakona. The time may come, when thou wilt need the heart and the arm of thy brother, and then thou shalt know, who loved thee best. Until that time, thy brother will redouble his diligence, in discharging his duties to his own people.'

Meanwhile the elements of all degrees of excitement, that could have been called forth in the annals of a polished and civilized community, were strongly fermenting, and in constant action in the republic of Ellswatta. While Julius, Frederic and Jessy, with her gay and unconscious attendant girl, as a duenna, had their long walks, in this secluded retreat, their interesting conversation, their concerts, and trial of skill at painting; while the young gentlemen recited, or played duets on their flutes with her, Areskoui performed his warrior-duties, at one time planning employment and pursuit for the restless spirits of his own tribe, and at another counteracting in secrecy and silence the plottings and machinations of Nelesho. He dwelt in fancy upon the enjoyments of Jessy and her friends, and meditated within himself gloomy thoughts, and suffered so much the more bitterly the tortures of jealousy and hopeless love, as he said less, and struggled more to conceal his feelings. The unhappy young chief was precisely at that crisis of thought and of suffering, which would have caused him to pour his complaints to echo in song, had he been trained to books, and the cunning and clerkship

of the white race. Such thoughts, as beseemed the relation, he did indeed commit to the faithful and untiring ear of his mother. Never mother more affectionately loved a son. They talked over his prospects and his despair together. She, too, had felt the charm of the appearance and manners of the young men. They had paid particular court to her. She could point to no part of their conduct, that had not been soothing and respectful. She admitted the natural influence of their beauty, their complection, their advantages of education, and the observances of the whites. But they were humble, for aught that appeared, and undistinguished. Had they the port of command? Could they guide the storm of battle? Were they born to authority? Had they the lofty look and noble form of her dear son? Sometimes Wakona seemed to have her share of ambition and pride. Would it be nothing to be wife of a chief of two nations? Such were the words of Josepha to her son. She told him, that she could not longer endure, to see him daily drinking the wormwood and gall of jealousy and hopeless love. She spoke of philtres and medicated drinks, that in her own country, and in her young days, she had been taught by women learned in the mystery of the art of love, were of potency to inspire corresponding love in the man or maiden, who should drink of them. She assured him, that she had a thousand times fallen on her knees, and implored the Virgin mother of God, by all her own tenderness of heart, to have pity upon the sorrows of the mother of an only son, and inspire mutual love for that son in the bosom of Wakona. Then waxing in wrath with her own theme, she counselled him if nothing would influence her inflexible bosom, either to destroy his rivals, or to fly with her to the Blackfeet, compel her companionship, if not her love, and forever leave his own tribe.

The son was deeply affected with the tender interest of his mother; but he assured her, that since he could not follow the noble counsels of his father, and rise above this passion, he could not sink to listen for a moment to such unworthy thoughts from his mother.

While they held earnest conversation together, the young gentlemen, accompanied by Jessy and her attendant girl, were seen gaily directing their steps for the bower. Josepha turned pale at the sight. Her son cast a glance upon her countenance. 'My mother,' he said, 'I have heard speak of Him, whom I know not, but whose name and religion I revere; of Him who felt no revenge towards those, who caused Him to hang bleeding on the tree.' The mother looked upwards, crossed herself, and bowed her head submissively. Her purposes of revenge were abandoned, and she murmured to herself, as her son walked silently away, 'he is far more of a Christian than his mother.'

In the mean time an incident occurred, which produced laughter even among the stern and musing Indians, for the most part not much addicted to merriment. It operated to diversify a little the monotonous tenor of present events among the Shoshonee. The tribes had been for some time occupied in tilling their grounds. Even the customary intercourse with Astoria had been in a measure suspended; a single periogue only, laden for the young men, having arrived thence for some time. There had been no striking amours terminating in quarrels; no news of their enemies, the Blackfeet; and if Nelesho brooded revolt, it was without any overt manifestations. They were, therefore, in pressing want of the customary materials for gossip. The festival of the corn dance, when the first green corn was fit for eating, had taken place, and had been celebrated with the usual splendor and rejoicing. The wonted sounds of dancing

and feasting had been heard. The whole had been concluded with a religious exercise by Elder Wood. The first fruits of his ministry had been gathered. An Indian girl, it was thought, had fostered designs upon him, as a husband; but more intimate acquaintance with him had ended in her conversion and baptism. On an occasion so new, solemn and affecting, he delivered a more eloquent and impressive discourse than he had ever pronounced before. It was free from sectarian views, pathetic and exciting, for the reason, that the fountains of feeling in his own heart were deeply moved. Both Julius and Frederic had remarked, that Jessy and the young chief had shown strong marks of being impressed; while Nelesho arose at the close of the discourse, when the customary permission had been given for any one to make remarks, or enter objections, against what had been said, 'He was averse,' he said, 'to these innovations. He wished to see no new religion. The Wakondah would look upon them in wrath, if the red men turned away from him to the God of the pale face. The turning seemed begun. He feared, the superstition would spread. He had seen some of his young warriors shed tears, like squaws. For his part, he should abstain from these meetings in future; and he hoped, that all, who were in favor of the good old ways, would follow his example.'

The collection returned, as usual, some approving, some blaming, some deeply affected, and some taking part with Nelesho. Baptiste, always a standing lover and gallant for all the undistinguished Indian girls of the nation, had been observed, at the close of the services to walk off, in earnest dialogue with T'selle'nee, or *the Piony*, the pretty daughter of Mon-son-sah, or *the Spotted Panther* a vindictive, proud and fierce Shienne warrior, who doted on this, his only child. Whatever injury or insult was offered the belle of round

and vermillion rouged cheek, does not appear. But next morning, it was the current gossip among the fair of the nation, that T'selle'nee had had a medicine dream. At any rate, she was reported to be in tears, shut up under the customary and severest interdiction of Indian usage, and her cheeks painted black. There was great trouble in the wigwam. The fierce father ventured through the interdict, and forced his daughter to confession. The story of the wrongs and injuries of Baptiste proved to be a medicine secret. But the smooth-tongued and voluble Canadian had vague intimations, that this affair was likely to bring no good to him. Truth was, as a general lover, he had the reputation of being particularly slippery and unworthy of confidence. Various girls had made particular calculation upon him, for a husband. But Baptiste had a manifest preference for being a general lover, and a specific aversion to matrimony in particular.

Whoever among this people has had a dream of sufficient import, to cause the dreamer to wear black paint, and to proclaim an interdict, becomes for the time a subject of universal speculation and remark. The general whisper, especially among the women, was, what has Baptiste done, and what has caused the interdict of T'selle'nee?

Mon-son-sah, meanwhile, was not idle. The deepest indignation of his burning spirit was called forth. The frequent amours and infidelities of Baptiste were circulated, and generally not at all to his advantage, by the Indian post office establishment, the female tongues. A medicine outrage and infidelity of his, touching a Shoshonee girl, was blazoned with many a minute circumstance of wanton cruelty. 'What right,' they said 'had the proud and babbling pale face to conduct after this fashion towards the red skin girls?' 'They would learn him to repent such

courses.' The cunning young T'selle'nee, though interdicted, and of course supposed to be unable to see or converse with any one, was, in fact, at the bottom of all this. The result of the long brooded mischief for poor Baptiste was at length disclosed to the day.

Hatch was the envoy of Mon-son-sah to Baptiste Dettier, to make known to him the purposes, that were settled in respect to his case. Hatch, Dutch though he was, enjoyed a comfortable broad joke, to a luxury. His internal enjoyment was concealed under an elongated and tristful visage, which seemed by its gravity to carry the fate of an empire. Baptiste, in passing, heard him call him to stop, with a pale face and palpitating heart. Baptiste seemed disposed to walk on. 'Will you stop, Mynheer Baptiste,' said the Dutchman, with a visage of mysterious importance? 'Perhaps you will find it your interest, to hear what I have to say to you.' 'Vell, sare,' said Baptiste, stopping, and squaring himself, 'suppose you tell me, vat for you stop me from mine promenade? Is it von mighty dem big ting, dat you hab to tell me?' 'Oh no, Mynheer Baptiste, it is no great matter. It only conzarns your life. Sacre! Monsieur Dutchman,' cried Baptiste, shrugging and turning pale; 'Spose, you tink it von mighty dem leet ting, to concern my life.' 'Sacre! Monsieur Dutchman, vat for make you look so dem big? I pray you, sare, speak out vat for you stop me?' The Dutchman continued to economize the luxury of his joke, as long as possible; and proceeded in his customary dialect, and with the most perfect *sang froid*, to ask him, if he had ever known such an Indian demoiselle, as T'selle'nee? 'Sare, vat for you axe me dat? Tis mine own affair, sare!' 'Well, Baptiste, they say, she has had a dream, and that her face is painted as black, as a thunder cloud. It is common report, that the matter closely

concerns you. At any rate, the Spotted Panther is not to be trifled with, and he takes a deep interest in the business. You know the Spotted Panther?' 'Yes, Sare, dat garcon is one dem farouche villain, Sacre!' 'Perhaps you like his daughter, better?' 'Sacre! no. She is von dem—what you call him in Hinglees?' 'Never mind. She will make you the better wife for that. I have an errand to you from the Spotted Panther.' 'You make me frissonne all over my body,' said Baptiste, looking deadly pale. 'I have it in charge from the Spotted Panther, to ask you, Baptiste, if you are disposed to marry T'selle'nee, as soon as she is out of her black paint and her dream? They say she loves you to distraction.' 'Sez bien,' replied Baptiste, giving his wonted shrug of self complacency; 'so do twentee oder demoiselles of dese dem sauvages. Dat all for vat you stop me?' 'No. I am commissioned only to propose to you the simple question; do you choose to marry T'selle'nee, or not? and you are to let me report an immediate answer.' 'Parbleu! Monsieur Dutchman. Spose, I say no?' 'You will hear the consequences, and then I will say him no, if you wish it.' 'Vell, Sare, vat are de big consequence if I say no? 'Tis von dem farouche affair, ca!?' 'He proposes you one of two alternatives, to marry his daughter, or be roasted alive at a slow fire. It is no great matter, after all. The beautiful T'selle'nee, or a roasting, that's the alternative.' 'Tis von dem what you call him, alternateeve. O mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!' cried Baptiste, crossing himself, and seeming in an agony—'You dem Dutchman have no heart on your body, or you no tell me dat dem word, and half grin your teeth all the time, sacre! You call him heet matter to roast von Christian, like a pig, sacre!' 'Why, certainly, you don't think it so great a thing to be roasted? You know, Baptiste, that an Indian smokes his pipe, and sings songs, and tells stories, and

provokes his roasters, and thinks it little more than a comfort to be roasted.' 'O ciel!' cried Baptiste, apparently feeling faint at the horror of the idea. 'You are von dem hard heart Dutchman, to make sport of dis farouche affair.' 'Still, Baptiste, something must be done. You know the Spotted Panther is not a personage to be trifled with. Have you made up your mind for your answer?' 'Tis von dem sommaire business, ca! O mon Dieu, aidez moi. Oui, Oui. I vill marree dis dem crapeau. Spose, how like dem fool you talk, that it be von leet ting to be roast.— Certainment, me no make experimong.' 'Very good,' answered Hatch, with the same unmoved calmness. 'Then we need not discuss the matter of roasting at all. I thought you would prefer the wife. But you will please tell me the very words, I am to report to the Spotted Panther.' 'O mon Dieu,' cried Baptiste, wringing his hands. 'Tis trop dur, a ting tres miserable. Me love all de demoiselles. Dey all love me. Tis ver hard affair, to tie me up to von dem crapeau, like un chien in a string.' 'Are these the words, you wish me to carry back to the Spotted Panther?' 'No, certainment, no. You tell that sauvage gentilhomme, vid my best compliments, that I am trop sensible of de great honneur, which his belle fille hav don me. Spose his belle fille no say that word to me fuss, den I tell her, I offer my love and my devotions and my heart wid von satisfaction infini, and dat I lead her to the altare with great plaisir, sacre!'

Hatch omitted the last word, and reported all the rest with great fidelity. The invincible solemnity of the Dutchman's narrative gave greater zest to the enjoyment of the Indians, who all knew, amidst these forced compliments, what a bitter pill matrimony was to such an indiscriminate gallant.

T'selle'nee came out of her interdict at once, on learning which alternative Baptiste had chosen. Her

black paint was washed away, and she asked but a short notice, to be ready for marriage. The wedding was got up with great eclat, equally to gratify the pride of Mon-son-sah, and the vanity of Baptiste. It was a long struggle in the mind of the bride-groom, whether the ceremony should be performed by a medicine man of the Indians, or by his heretical companion in hunting and trapping, for whom, in those relations, he entertained a great esteem. But his predilection for the modes of the whites finally carried it over his orthodoxy. Elder Wood had acquired considerable and growing influence among the Indians; and they gave full consent, that he should perform the ceremony, as near as might be, after the American mode. That nothing might be wanting, in point of state, Baptiste waited upon the young gentlemen, with the 'totem' of T'selle'nee, and his own coat of arms, which they were requested to paint, and have ready for inspection on the bridal occasion. The Indians are as fond of shows and festivals, as the people of Paris. A vast concourse of the two nations assembled, to see Baptiste lead his red skin 'crapeau,' as he always called her, except in presence of the Indians, to the altar. Buffalo tongues, fresh elk meat, and smoked salmon graced the rustic table of Mon-son-sah's marriage feast. As he was comparatively rich, and of consideration, the appliances of artificial joy were not wanting. The mingled glee and envy, with which the Shoshonee girls regarded the result of the fortunate dream of the bride, the solemn gravity, with which the Indians regarded the forced politeness and apparent satisfaction of Baptiste, the deep seriousness and sacerdotal authority, with which Elder Wood united them in holy wedlock, *a la mode Kentuckaise*, and the awkward efforts of T'selle'nee to fill up the outline of deportment, marked out for her by her husband, gave the whole scene an air of ridicu-

lous gravity, which had the happiest power to create that internal laughter of the mind, the only species that is medicinal.

A circumstance, that deserves to be noted, was, that as soon as Baptiste was married, he became at once as distinguished for a disposition to lay up money, and become snug and comfortable in circumstances, as he had been indifferent and reckless about property before. It did not appear, that T'selle'nee was not happy in her husband, or that she ever evinced jealousy. She had no interdicts afterwards, and the salutary dread, which Baptiste had of his vindictive and high spirited father-in-law, and of the unseemly operation of being roasted alive, had a most moralizing issue, in limiting the visible range of his amours. When the white people wished to enjoy the utmost luxury of his shrug, it was only to compliment him upon his fair spouse, and his particular matrimonial comforts.

The materials are wanting for a series of annals of all, that passed within the green precincts of the valley of the Shoshonee, during this era. The historian, who should be able to delineate with fidelity the incidents transpiring, and the passions and motives in operation between these ridges of the Rocky Mountains, would produce a picture of human thought and action, as really interesting, as the history of all the Russias, modern Europe, or the rise and decline of the Roman empire. The Indian belles painted themselves with the same beating bosom, the same proud dreams of conquest, and the same complacent industry, with which the city toast finishes her toilette in her boudoir. The young warriors, albeit there are philosophers who gravely assert that they have not a temperament to love like the whites, planned their amours, and pursued their objects with the keenest sagacity, developed their ambition in caucus, and, in

their jealousy or their wrath, threatened the knife and single combat, just like the same given number of idle and useless dandies in civilized life. Elder Wood rose in his unwall'd temple, under the covert of the rustling leaves of the white armed sycamores, to preach to these simple people, with feelings of the same general cast, with which the bishop of London makes his inaugural address, or the pope of Rome gives the annual benediction *urbi et orbi*. To them this valley was the whole world, and the events of the reign of Ellswatta as important, as the intrigues of the court of Nicholas of Russia. Within these narrow precincts were love and ambition and vanity and tracasserie, and backbiting, and anecdote and scandal.— Infants came wailing into life, and hoary warriors left it with satiety of what it offers. Sickness and sorrow, good fortune and joy, ambition, wars and rumors of wars, Indian politics and projects, in short, the miniature history of an empire, was here. Let not the favorites of fortune, in the great world, exult as though they were the people, and all, that concerned life, would die with them. The short and simple annals of the Shoshonee are those of a world.

CHAPTER VII.

She sleeps alone! She sleeps alone!
 But yearly is her grave tur'd drest;
 And still the autumn vines are thrown,
 In annual wreaths around her breast,
 And still the sighing autumn grieves,
 And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

M. P. F.

PROJECTS ripened, meanwhile, in the intercourse between the two adopted guests of the Shoshonee and the family of William Weldon. The Indian hunter traced the haunts of the deer, elk or mountain sheep

In the depths of the forest, or the gorge of the mountain. The trapper repaired under the covert of night to the secluded lakes, where the beavers had built their amphibious cities. Jessy had finally fixed her abiding estimates of her daily companions. Blinded at first by the fine person and specious manners of Julius, perhaps influenced in some degree by the studied richness and elegance of his dress, she had paid the natural tribute of juvenile impulse to these advantages. But her strong perception of character soon disclosed to her his innate want of principle, his narrowness of heart, and his cold blooded selfishness.— She saw, that self gratification, at whatsoever risk or expense, or howsoever procured, was the simple and single motive of his pursuit. She was still struck with the elegance of form, the beauty of countenance, the grace of manner, the polished deportment and quickness of tact, which she was sensible the society of the great world only could give; but the superficial admiration, the involuntary homage of a young female eye to these external attractions were constantly giving way to the higher ascendancy of intellectual and moral worth, which was imperceptibly raising her estimation of Frederic. She began to discover, that his seeming sternness was principle; that his silence resulted from the self criticism of a highly disciplined mind; that his moral courage and capacity of self control were great, and that when he did speak, it was always wisely and to the purpose. She observed, that his estimates of character were clear and just, that his judgment was ripe, and generally dictated the true and right in action. When he bestowed an attention, it had the value, as of coming from the heart, and as paid on reflection, and as a felt debt. A compliment from him came with the flattering unctiousness that it was not intended as such, but as the simple tribute of truth. Her eye soon learned to trace

with more pleasure the harsher and stronger lines of thought in his manly countenance, than the perfect model of unmeaning beauty in the other. His words were remembered. His kind remarks were treasured as the testimonies of a sort of external conscience.

Yensi was slower in reaching the same issue. She had at first, with her daughter, paid a like tribute to the personal beauty of Julius. A thousand trifling circumstances, none of them weighing much singly, but together turning the scales, settled her estimate of him. To William Weldon he was simply indifferent. There were no points of union in their temperaments and dispositions, and he gave himself no trouble to study his character. His thinly veiled contempt of religion, in every profession and form, procured the silent, but cordial dislike of Elder Wood. Areskoui had viewed him at first with the bitterness of invidious and jealous comparison of his advantages of person. To this was soon added dislike, the natural repulsion of good to bad, a worthy to an unworthy mind.

The consequence was, the gradual assorting of the elective attraction of like to like, began to take place among the inmates of the valley. Kind feeling and something like friendship began to grow up between Frederic, Elder Wood and Areskoui. No rupture had yet taken place between the two adopted guests, but any keen observer could have remarked a gradual shyness, and an increasing distrust of each other. Whereas Baptiste, Julius, Nelesho and Hatch, were seen imperceptibly to assimilate, and to connect and draw round them, by the ties of common feeling, a party of the more reckless Indians from the two tribes. When a trapping party made an excursion, this division of the whites moved off with the Shienne, while the others as naturally associated with Areskoui, and his faithful Shoshonee.

Nelesho, without any sanguine hopes, after the prize of the salmon fishery, had, according to prescribed custom, waited on the father of Jessy, and solicited her as designed for him by the Wakondah, in the success of that evening. Neither words nor deliberation were needed; and he received from father and daughter an unqualified refusal. He again imprecated the evil influence of the 'little white men of the mountains,' in half audible murmurs, and, as appeared in the sequel, henceforward transferred his claims to Julius.

It was not until after some time, that things had found their bearings in this secluded society. The self complacency of Julius was as slow to be enlightened as the unassuming modesty and the unaffected humility of the other. According to the stipulated arrangement between the young men, as far as might be, without making their purpose known to her, each allowed the other equal and alternate opportunities to converse with her, and have his chances of gaining her good will. When any circumstance engaged her in conversation with the one, the other by the terms of the compact, fixed himself intently in some pursuit, which left the conversation undivided, and unmolested to the other. Frederic loved intensely, in the energy of a first born passion; and felt all the natural diffidence and distrust of such a passion. In presence of the beloved object, he became timid, silent, reserved, and showed to less advantage, than in any other place. This restraint and distance was, in consequence, interpreted by her to indicate any feeling but love.

The other, associating with her daily, his pride and self consequence piqued, having no other object of comparison, or distraction, feeling the power at once of her beauty, and influenced, no doubt, in some degree by the charm of the place, and the peculiarity of the inspiring scenery, showed signs that a seminal

principle of uncorrupted nature remained in him. The feelings which he entertained for her, though not worthy the dignified name of love, were yet new and unexperimented sensations. They brought no inspiration of virtue and high thought, but enough of bitterness and jealousy, enough of wrath and vindictiveness. But, accustomed to conquest from the commencement of his career, he felt no diffidence, no humbling comparisons, no doubt, nor fear. He not only gave scope to all his powers in this pursuit, but there was an excitement in it, which elicited all his conversational talents, all his acquired wit, vivacity and insidiousness. Jessy sometimes sighed, after an hour's conversation with him, and wished, that the other, with his generous principles and elevated mind, had possessed something more of the amusing vivacity, and easy and flowing conversation of the former.

An occurrence soon offered Julius a chance, to bring his standing in her thoughts to the test of experiment. They were together in the bower. It was a beautiful afternoon, toward the close of summer, when the sun and the clouds diffused upon earth, valley, mountains and sky, that mixture of light and shade, of cerulean with gold, purple, orange and green, in which stillness rested every where on the face of nature, and even the eagle suspended his scream, and seemed to be sleeping, as he sailed slowly up and down the sky. The hunter's fires threw up cylindrical spirals of smoke at different points in the cope of vision. Elder Wood and the two young men sat silently admiring the beauty of the day. A flock of mountain sheep bounded by, just above them. Elder Wood and Frederic had too much of the hunter in them, not to be stirred to pursuit. They took their yagers, of which there were always some at hand, and followed them. Julius saw his opportunity, and remained to improve it.

‘You have asked me,’ he said, as soon as they were by themselves, ‘for a view of my long labor, since I have been a visitant with you. I felt reluctant, as you will suppose, to show it in presence of our friend, as I have no particular taste for being the subject of ridicule. If you knew, how little used I have been to patient industry, you would at least allow me that meed, in the painting.’ At the same time, he produced a painting of the vale of the Shoshonee, upon which, she knew, he had been laboring, since his residence in it; and which he had hitherto refused to exhibit. At first look, the painting had an aspect of imposing and dazzling splendor. The period in the season was about the time of the salmon festival, and every point of vision presented all the flauntiness and gaiety and depth of verdure of spring. The coloring was rich and glowing, and rather marked with warmth, than mellowness. Different points of vision were copied with a gorgeous fidelity. There stood the mountains, with their black and awful peaks, high in the blue. There were the lights and shadows, the gorges and waving indentations of the forest, the skirted and meandering river, the green sward enlivened with its Shoshonee, their dogs, flocks and herds, all apparently moving, or ruminating. The sea fowl, with their long necks stretched out, seemed to be in flight up the stream. The very eagles, hawks and buzzards, between the banks of clouds of crimson and brass, showed, as if suspended on the wing, and reposing in the heavens. There were the domestic smokes from the Indian cabins above the dark grey bluff. The drapery was splendid, and the coloring respired the pictured thought of the painter; while it was at the same time admirably true to nature. Those parts of the valley, most remote from the assumed point of vision were first displayed; and as her undisguised admiration, in the keenest degree

alive to the beauty of painting, increased, he uncovered it, nearer and nearer to the point whence it was taken, still evincing a power of the pencil more graphic and vivid. There was no need that she should affect delight. As the scroll was uncovered, she saw that the bower was the centre of the picture. It was completely unrolled. She saw herself just in advance of the bignonias of the bower; and she would have known herself even by the fidelity of her pictured reflection in the sleeping mirror of the blue lake below. She had seen no effort of portrait painting to compare with it. All the taste, skill and power of both the young artists had been thrown into this common effort, until they had disagreed, touching what might be called the keeping of the painting. Frederic would have had the drapery chaste, plain, and even severe. The beau ideal of Julius was the bard's conception of Cleopatra, on her excursion with Anthony. Voluptuous imagery was decidedly predominant. There had been even an attempt to flatter in the richness and the clinging and gossamer humidity of her dress, and the artificial glossiness of her curling tresses. The costume and style were of the ultra and latest fashions of London. The dazzle of gems, which she had never seen, seemed to sparkle on the canvass. She had never before fully conceived the power of the pencil. Never had mind given birth to a more splendid conception of beauty, robed in her most voluptuous attributes, and the whole adjusted and colored to the poet's dream of pleasure.

The natural impulse of a young and unsophisticated female mind, perhaps unduly attached to the creations of the pencil, was the first, she felt in view of such a laborious and expensive compliment. She saw herself in this glorious landscape standing forth in loveliness and light, resembling a thing descended from the spheres, more enchanting, than even her glass

had ever flattered her she was in reality. Julius saw the sparkling admiration in her eye. He noted that he had been able to give birth to unwonted and unconscious feelings of delight, which he enjoyed none the less for knowing, that her sense of propriety would seal up the expression of those thoughts. He remarked her changing countenance. He discovered an embarrassment, the struggle of mingled emotions, a thousand times more eloquent to the effect, than any words or exclamations. There was no single image, to revolt purity of thought. The idea of the painter, and the effect intended to be produced, were gathered from the *toute ensemble*; and this was entirely the conception and the finish of pleasure in the 'Choice of Hercules.' 'I shall know,' thought Julius, as he waited with intense curiosity, to catch the ultimate effect upon her thought. 'I shall know, what choice she would have made. I shall be satisfied, whether she is a prude, or a woman, like my former acquaintance with the species.'

She looked more intently, and seemed perplexed, and in study. His estimation of what she was, or his beau ideal of what he would have her, gradually unfolded to her innate perception of right. 'I have but one question,' she said at length, 'to ask, Julius, respecting this most splendid painting. Was the keeping of this landscape your friend's conception, or yours?' 'Mine, I assure you, entirely,' replied Julius, his self-complacency settling the feeling, with which the question was asked, and wishing to appropriate all the honor and advantage. In the confidence of the moment, he took her hand, fell on his knees, and poured forth a profusion of declarations of love in forms, which he had so often, and so successfully practised before. 'Love inspired the idea,' he said. 'Love colored the landscape. Love imparted patience and industry to finish it. In drawing the figure,

he had only enlarged on the canvass the miniature impress which was indelibly engraven on his breast. His wealth, his rank, his family—all were hers. He would transfer her from these pleasant, but savage solitudes. He would show her to the world in all the embellishments, in which she was here painted. He would remove with her and her parents, to London. He would see her the idol of admiration of one sex, and the general envy of the other.

When he had exhausted his wonted routine of words, the speaking flush of triumph in his eye indicated, that he expected at first an affected semblance of coyness, and then an eager acceptance of his offer. She had withdrawn her hand from the first. She now raised her eyes from the painting, and, looking him calmly in the face, questioned, 'is this all, Julius?' The question and the accompanying look, confounded him, and put his self-complacency for a moment to flight; but he summoned his effrontery, and, coloring a little, commenced another series of protestations.—'Enough! Enough! my friend,' she interrupted him, laughing. 'The first will answer. I ought to be grateful for all this. But we cannot always command our gratitude. The ladies, with whom you have been acquainted, would, probably, have been charmed with such a flattering painter, such fluent protestations, and such an earnest lover. I need not fear to say, that I have found pleasure in your society, and have been so much delighted with your talent at painting, that I wished no evil hour of love-making might occur to interrupt it. But, since you have been so explicit, it becomes me to be equally so. I would not accept your love, if I could. I could not, if I would; and this, on the score of love, is my final answer.' Unaccustomed to control a feeling, and wholly unprepared for such a prompt and unqualified negative, his face reddened rather with anger and wounded pride, than

regret. He recoiled, and made an effort to repress the first words, that rose to his lips. 'I am to consider this, then, as a decided refusal?' She smiled, still looking him calmly in the face. 'I hope, I expressed myself in terms sufficiently clear and positive. It seems to me, Sir, that I remember to have heard you speak rather disrespectfully of marriage.' The blood flashed back in his face, as he eagerly asked, 'was that your reason for refusing me? If a gentleman of opulence and family has conquered that dislike, and has shown himself ready to contract a union, under circumstances of an apparent inequality, which I need not explain, I should deem, you would see in it a triumph of love over all considerations of interest; more complete, and a bond of confidence more worthy of dependence, than any that a mere preaching moralist could offer.' 'You mistake the matter, I see,' she answered, 'altogether. I have no idea of leaving this valley. I do not believe my parents have. If I had, I assure you, I should not accept you, as the companion of my departure, in such a relation, or in any other.'

He stepped back from her, drew himself up, and absolutely bit his lips with undissembled temper. 'I dare say,' he cried, 'I owe the remark that I disregard marriage, and your apparent dislike, to the sincerity and good offices of my friend, Frederic, with you in my absence.' 'Sir,' she answered, manifesting resentment in return, 'you forget yourself, your friend and me. It is time for me to return. Frederic is as incapable of slandering the man, whom he calls friend, in his absence, as he would have been of painting that picture. He ought to know, how little like himself his friend is in these particulars. Sir, my own observation and memory have told me all, I know, touching your general views of morals, and your estimate of marriage in particular. We need have no

discussion. I repeat to you, I have not even thought on these subjects with any relation to you at all. One thing more. I do not say, that our acquaintance is at an end; but I say, that if ever you utter a word, or make an allusion to this subject again, or insinuate a remark unfavorable to your friend, I shall deem it my duty to be invariably denied to you in future.'

She turned from him, as he was mustering his pride and indignation to reply again, and arose to return, calling to her side her simple companion, who had been chasing butterflies, perfectly unconscious of all that had transpired. He, too, walked, as in scorn, in another direction, revolving dark thoughts of pride and revenge.

The marked change in her deportment towards him from that time was only apparent to the parties, who took the keenest interest in it. Frederic and Areskoui, from the same impulse, had misjudged her estimate of him. They had calculated the influence of his beauty and manners by their own jealousies and fears. They discovered that something unpleasant had transpired between the two. Frederic, from the moment that he sincerely loved, had indulged no hopes. But he had become sufficiently enlightened to the principles and character of his companion, not to feel disinterested satisfaction at the idea, that she had broken with him. He had imagined every symptom of a growing affection between them; and would have warned her of his principles, but that it would have had the aspect of originating from selfish jealousy and envy. Happy was he to see, that the right issue had resulted, without the necessity of such a questionable interference. Shyness and distrust had been growing for sometime between him and his quondam friend. It now proceeded to the point of apparent mutual avoidance.

By a kind of tacit understanding, the labors of the pencil, and the charming evening concerts of the bower, were suspended. At least, if Jessy continued to repair there, it was with no other companion, than her girl. In regard to the society of both the young men, she manifested not a studied, but a general avoidance, and seemed imperceptibly sliding into her former solitary way of passing her time, before they came to the valley.

Not long, however, after the interview mentioned above, accident brought the two companions together, as they returned from different hunting excursions, the one with a swan and the other with a wild turkey slung over his back. They were still half a league from home, and they stopped on the green moss at the foot of a sycamore that held out its ancient arms over the Sewasserna. They sat down murkily, at some distance from each other, and each fanned his temples with his hat. 'A rare pleasure this, of late,' said Julius, 'to meet, and compare notes, as we used formerly. I think, we were then accustomed to call each other friend.' 'I am not conscious of having forfeited that appellation,' answered Frederic. A conversation, thus commenced in coolness, shortly verged to crimination and recrimination. Julius, finding that he was in a fair way to be foiled at this kind of rencontre, changed the conversation, by adverting to the ridiculous part they had both been acting for some time; and remarked that, as the return ship might shortly be expected from China at Astoria, he thought it quite time for them both to drop the curtain upon the ridiculous drama, and relieve their friends from the regret of supposing them drowned, by returning to society. Frederic replied, that he felt himself completely an isolated being in the world, that he did not imagine, the news of his supposed death had reached his friends, that he felt himself accountable to no one, that he had

not been the first to propose this sojourn, and that he should not be the first to abandon it, that listless and reckless as his existence was here, he felt himself as useful as he had supposed himself any where, and far happier than in society, and that he had no present purpose to return to it.

To these cool remarks Julius replied in a tone of dryness and decision. He admitted, that his friendly Mentor had formed more accurate estimates of the wonderful daughter of Yensi, than he had. A pretty affair, truly, to give herself such airs, as though she were already an Indian princess. It was not to be denied, that she had a pretty face and beautiful locks, and could converse, in terms, like a book. But what was all that? Was she not after all a simple, affected, awkward thing, an Indian blue-stocking, that was all! They ought to have had too much sense from the beginning, not to have been forewarned, that her modes of life had been so different from theirs, and her scale of judging so humble, as to have precluded the hope, that she would be pleased with any one, but an Indian. 'Lay not,' he continued, 'the flattering unction to your soul, my virtuous and considerate friend, that while she slights me, it is through a preference for you. On the score of putting our mutual chances of interest to trial, I am persuaded, that we are both on one footing. Areskoui is the man, Sir. While he is at hand, we may both paint, and whistle, and pipe, and flatter, and look killing with all our might. The Indian prince will always carry it over us, humble commoners.' 'Be it so,' answered Fred-eric. 'It proves the soundness of her judgment, and the correctness of her taste. She ought to prefer him. He is the nobler person. The more I study him, the more I feel small beside him. True dignity and real greatness lose none of their claims, because we call the possessor savage. He is a study, and a

high mark of imitation for me. I wish, I had a sister for him, as good and as beautiful as Jessy, that I might learn her to love this being, so nobly forbearing and magnanimous, so generous and elevated in motive and action; and that he in turn might learn this simple, awkward, rustic Indian girl, against whom you have indulged in so much tirade, to love me. For a long time, I thought you were the favored man. You would have been, had you deemed success worthy of securing, by a little more concealment and disguise.'

'Frederic,' he replied, 'you know I cannot cant.— Do you think that I am a man to sit down and prate about morals and principles, to gain the good will of a girl among the Indians; I, who have borne the palm of success from females of so different an order? But, Sir, we are wide from the point. You know, I presume, from her own lips, for she rates you in her confidence next to Elder Wood, that I am at this time in *mauvaise odeur* with her? I warrant me, my faithful friend has talked me over with her often enough. At any rate, I can assure you from her own lips, that we are both alike indifferent to her, or rather positively disagreeable.'

'Julius,' replied the other, 'I respect myself too much, and you too little, to answer to such charges. While you supposed me capable of availing myself of her private ear to prejudice you in her thoughts, you measured me by your own conscience. So would you have done, with the chance so to do, and she would have despised you for your pains. That knowledge alone would have kept me from the baseness, to which you allude. That I am indifferent to her, I have no doubt. But, Sir, I do not believe, that I am disagreeable. I have striven to avoid all offence, and she is intrinsically too good, to dislike without cause.'

‘Canting,’ answered Julius. ‘Base canting. It surprises me, to hear, how nearly you both converse in the same strain. I am positive, you must have learned your lesson together. I shall wait to hear, that you have both been under the water with Elder Wood. However, just be pleased to take warning, Sir. In pursuit of love, of his purpose, or his revenge, Julius Landino is neither to be trifled with, nor frightened. It is for those, who come in his way, to fear.’ ‘Julius,’ said the other, ‘I do not mean to understand your threats, until you compel me. But I can assure you, that Frederic Belden fears Julius Landino as little, as he fears any thing beside, and throws down defiance against defiance.’ ‘Look you here, Frederic,’ he replied, ‘I shall not quarrel with you, except at my own time and place, and that is not the present. I only say, that I am persuaded, you two good and pious people have an understanding. It gives me pleasure to believe, that we shall both be alike rejected, and that Areskoui will cage the pretty bird after all; and he shall have all my interest, when I find it will not make for myself. Some boats depart next week for Astoria. I offer to depart with you. We are both egregious fools to remain here longer.’ ‘Sir, let us remember, that neither of us has more than his individual folly for which to answer,’ replied Frederic. ‘You may be thankful, that I will not allow you to have mine upon your conscience. I choose to remain here; and I will not go with you next week.’

‘Well, my Master Frederic,’ retorted the other, ‘if you will not budge, so neither will I. You staid at first, to play Mentor over me. I will shift parts, and enact Argus for you. Good night’—and they murkily separated in opposite directions.

Though the incident recorded below belongs not directly to these annals, yet, as it tends to elucidate the influence of Elder Wood in his Missionary efforts,

perhaps it should be related. It was an affecting passage in the humble history of the valley, and it deeply moved the feelings both of the whites and the Indians. Though Elder Wood had not been favored, in his own phrase, with any special success in his Apostleship among the Shoshonee, his undeviating uniformity of correctness and sanctity, his earnest desire to do good, manifested by his active and discriminating benevolence, was steadily acquiring for him an increasing influence among that silent, but observing people. They saw him disinterested, chaste, temperate and just. His earnest devoutness in his own way, his silent dignity, the tenor of his life giving constant proof of his own undoubting conviction, were steadily operating the natural effect upon the minds of the Indians. A young woman among them had taken a fancy to Elder Wood, as a husband; had dreamed a dream in relation to him; had painted her face in black, and had caused him to be instructed, that she was under an interdict. 'Let her remain interdicted, then, if she will,' was the reply of the minister. 'They may burn me, if they choose, and give the crown of martyrdom to me, when they please. But I will not marry her!' The answer was reported. But there was no one to sustain her. No shadow of suspicion rested upon the minister. The girl became the derision of her own people; and, after an ample experiment of the inefficacy of her interdict, came forth in vermilion again, to make a more fortunate set at some other person.

But though few were so far converted, as to profess the religion of Elder Wood, many were observed, after his earnest sermons and religious exercises, to be thoughtful, and now and then an individual, generally a woman in the more advanced stage of life, went into the Sewasserna with him. He had a small, but growing church, and he felt, when he was dispens-

ing the word of life to this little flock, gathered from the red wanderers of the mountains for the great Shepherd, that he was performing no humble nor useless labor.

Among his converts was Lenahah, or the Song Sparrow, an orphan girl of seventeen, of uncommon attractions of person and mind, for an Indian girl; at least it seemed so to Elder Wood. In fact, except for her black hair, and her peculiar eye, her countenance would have proclaimed her a Creole-Spanish girl. She had always been a selected favorite with Jessy. She was the poetess of the valley, and her songs had sweetness, simplicity, tenderness, and graphic fidelity to nature; for she painted what she saw, and felt; and painted directly from nature. They were in the mouths of all the singers in the nation, and she thence derived her name. She was, in short, one of those gifted minds, that sometimes shoots forth among a simple and unlettered people. The tenderness and the ardor of feeling, that had prompted her songs, finally took the direction of religious impression. She had been among the first, that had been struck with the preaching of Elder Wood. Moral worth and dignity had more charms for her, than youth and beauty, the common objects of attraction for one of her years. It is saying all, that can be said of an uninstructed Indian girl, that she had a heart to feel the charm of worth. Had the handsome Julius, and Elder Wood, reckless as he was of appearance, presented themselves for her favor before Lenahah, she was one of those rare minds, that would instantly have preferred the stern and high minded minister to the handsome and unprincipled youth. This single trait will serve, as an index to her character. The beautiful, tender and gifted Lenahah, though humbly born, a circumstance of peculiar disqualification among the Indians, and an orphan besides, had re-

ceived the best offers of marriage in her tribe, and had refused even the powerful Nelesho himself. But among no people under heaven is the course of love so perfectly free, as among the red people. The rejection even of Nelesho passed off without offence. It was said, that Lenahah did not love him, and there was the end of the affair. The rejected warrior, who afterwards took so much offence at the rejection of Jessy, went his way, and attributed his failure to his destiny, and spoke as kindly of Lenahah, as before. She had been observed, after she had attended the services of Elder Wood, to remain thoughtful, and as if deeply pondering what she had heard. With favorable impressions, in regard to his religion, began to be associated kind thoughts of the preacher himself. She had been heard to say, that it was pity, the good medicine man of the whites had no wife to bring him water, and dress his venison for him. After the arrival of the two young men in the tribe, she was at first strongly impressed with their fine appearance, and she gave an extemporaneous song to the stranger youths of fair hair, and bright complexion. But their gaiety chimed not with the thoughts that Elder Wood had awakened. Her feelings vibrated back, and rested again upon the minister. She went into the Sewasserna, and professed the Christian religion in the form of Elder Wood's worship. Her earnest devotion, her undeviating purity and sanctity of life, corresponded with her profession. Her being the first convert of name among the Shoshonee, her natural attachment to her spiritual father, so artlessly expressed, finally won first the unconscious and unacknowledged tenderness, and finally the avowed affection of Elder Wood. The young people of the ruder sort laughed, when they heard, that the minister was smitten with the Song Sparrow, and that she returned his love. But the Indians generally respected the

one, and entertained kind thoughts of the other, and approved the connection. They had learned from different sources, how the white people conducted towards their ministers, when they settled among them, and they determined that the couple should see that they knew how to imitate such an example. The respectable warriors met, and labored a number of days in succession, to build them a comfortable dwelling, in the same range of the other habitations, between that of Hatch and William Weldon. As was the case with theirs, pine trees caught the breeze in front, and the everlasting battlement of rocks curved for their roof, and formed the rear. They enlisted their pride to make it spacious, convenient and comfortable; and as they are very exact imitators, they succeeded in producing a house much resembling that of Hatch.

The time was announced for their marriage; and it is probable, that this man of profound sentiments, which had been concentrated, and disappointed, loved this tender and gifted daughter of another and a heathen race with a romantic affection, more ardent than he could possibly have bestowed upon a woman of his own people. Her wild and sweet songs, the poesy of the daughter of a red hunter, had first operated on the imagination of this son of a Kentucky hunter.— Where there were few subjects of comparison, she was uncommonly pretty; and it may not be said, how far Elder Wood, like other people, was influenced by his eyes. He first pitied her, as an interesting heathen. She was subsequently his first convert of any consideration, earnest, simple, docile, humble, devoted among the first fruits for the Redeemer between those unnamed mountains. This last tie was strongest of all; and Elder Wood unconsciously gave, more than once, sufficiently amusing proofs that he was under the full influence of the tender passion.— As he walked alone in the forest, or beside the stream,

in his customary vocation, full often had the name of Lenahah been wrought into a hymn, partly religious, and partly amatory, and committed to the echoes of the forests and mountains, as thinking, that echo only heard. But Baptiste had the song in the vilest travesty, and even the long visages of the Indians relaxed, as they chaunted the songs and the loves of the Song Sparrow, and the grave and broad shouldered Kentuckian, so solemn even in love, and whose head was already well sprinkled with snow. But the laugh abated none of their deep respect for the parties and the connection. It may be, the mingled dreams of earth and heaven of the Song Sparrow, and the Indian Missionary, were they as worthily sung, possessed as much intrinsic interest, as those of Eloise and Abelard. The Song Sparrow had been long a selected favorite of Jessy, who had completed for her a wedding dress, after the fashion of the whites. William Weldon and Ellswatta and Areskouï had made liberal contributions to enable the house keepers to commence in comfort; and few pairs had happier expectations for the future.

Though this vale was generally blessed with an air of extreme salubrity, and most of the deaths there were those of nature, sometimes, when the full and enlarged orb of the harvest moon shone in crimson through the dim mists of Indian summer, and a kind of unnatural and relaxing sultriness returned upon the coolness of autumn, at that early period, when red and orange begin to mellow the green of the leaves, diseases sometimes sunk down with the mists upon these vales. At such a time, Lenahah, now within a week of her nuptials, was taken ill of a bilious fever. On the very day, in the evening of which she fell sick, she had wandered, singing extempore songs, on the sides of the mountains, gathering evergreens, to deck the common dwelling for the approaching marriage.

The first night, the fever chiefly touched her head. She sang through the night, and the names of her parents, who died while she was yet an unconscious infant, of Elder Wood, and her Saviour, were woven into her imagery of rocks, streams, woods, and mountains—the figures usually painted on an Indian imagination. Next morning the fever was fixed. Her eyes glistened, and she breathed quick and pantingly. The medicine men of her people stood about her bed; but she motioned them away, and yet with a courtesy, that showed, that she wished not to revolt their customs and prejudices. While she held her arm to Elder Wood, and he felt her tense pulse, and laid his palm on her burning forehead, tears started simultaneously into the eyes of both. ‘My head is wild,’ she said, ‘and every thing whirls in confusion before me. Let the Indian maiden speak, what is on her mind, while that mind is still clear, and before she goes down into the sunless valley. Hearken, my father and my husband! The Saviour, whom thou hast declared to me, hath showed himself the last night to my dreams, all glorious in light and loveliness, as thou hast described him to me. He held out his arms to me, and offered to conduct me to the high and sunny hills of paradise, where he hath a place for me and thee. There, father, will I wait for thee. Do thou commit my body to the dust, after the ways of the Christian people, and do thou sing over my remains those sweet and holy songs, from thy medicine book, which speak of the life to come. Do thou plant flowers and creeping vines over the sod that covers me, and in thy medicine discourse do thou tell, that the Song Sparrow loved thee much, but loved her Saviour more; and that because she loved Him, she was resigned to leave her love, and the green earth, and to go down, confiding and fearless, into the sunless valley; and do thou ask, as my last request, that the Wakona will walk behind the bier of the young orphan.’

From the time, that she had given these last charges, her mind was never long collected; but she continued to utter breaks of her wild songs, still mingling the name of her affianced husband with that of her Redeemer. Universal interest was excited towards this favorite of the nation. Elder Wood evinced, that the man in his bosom was mingled in struggle with the Christian. He remained constantly by her bed, pale, absent, and giving answers wide from the purport of the questions proposed to him. But from the time she was seized till she drew her last breath, he was not absent an hour at a time. From his hand alone would Lenahah receive her food and medicine; and when he spoke to her, however wildly she answered others, to him her replies were collected and calm. But it was in vain, that the white people and the red made joint stock of their experience, and proposed a hundred remedies; it was in vain that Josepha and Yensi, with untiring zeal, lavished their nursing and watching. It was in vain, that Jessy kissed her burning cheeks, and implored her to keep up her courage, and try to get well. It was in vain, that Elder Wood administered decoctions, and sweating drinks, and wiped the starting moisture from her brow, and knelt in earnest wrestlings with the Author of existence for her life. He had numbered her days, and she closed her eyes upon her native vales, and upon sin and sorrow at the same time. Not a noise interrupted the awful stillness of her departure, but the breathing of the breeze of sadness, moaning her dirge in the tops of the pines over her cabin. It was one of those impressive scenes, that carry home solemnity to the most thoughtless bosom. The countenances of the passing Shoshonee and Shienne gave proof, that the departure of worth, innocence and truth, snatched prematurely away, is every where alike a subject of regret.

Lenahah was buried, partly after the Indian and partly after the Christian ceremonial. Directly at that point under the sycamore, where she had been wont to sit, and listen to the preaching of Elder Wood, was her humble grave; in digging it the whites and Indians mingled labors. Elder Wood, his arm and his hat in crape, and Jessy in full mourning, walked behind the bier. The wail of Indian mothers, as they bore her body to its last house, told the tale of real grief, that pierced the heart of the hearer. The Indian medicine men were so far indulged in their ancient usages, that they walked behind the chief mourners, now and then striking a blow on their drums, crying at the same time in their deep and guttural note—'The songs of the Song Sparrow are no more.— Her spirit has gone down to the sunless valley. Weep for the young Shoshonee maiden, for she was true. Weep, and ask the Master of Life, to shed light upon the path of her spirit, as it seeks its way to the hills of paradise.'

When the procession reached the spot of worship, under the shadowing sycamore, they sat down the body, uncoffined after their fashion, but on a bier covered with fawn skin, and strewed with flowers, beside her open grave. Elder Wood drew his bible and psalm book from his pocket, and his first essays to speak were almost inarticulate. But he looked upwards, made a strong effort, opened to his place in the hymn book, and though his voice trembled, the words were articulate, and line by line, translated into the Shoshonee speech.

Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims,
Of all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
They die in Jesus, and are blest, &c.

His own deep and trembling voice, as usual, gave the key note of the dirge. The song of grief, of the grave and immortality swelled, and sunk away, and again increased and fell, and came back, in repeated echoes from the mountains. The eyes of Yensi, of Jessy, and many an Indian maid, of Frederic, and many a stern warrior, filled at the thrilling impression. Beauty and innocence and worth every where leave the same halo around their departing course. Many a warrior, that had never softened before, felt his spirit moved in him. Even the heart of Julius was for a moment impressed, that beauty and guilty pleasure are not the only pursuit on the earth. Some of the closing paragraphs of the funeral sermon follow.

‘My dear red brethren, dear to me, as of my own kind, and for Jesus’ sake, I thank you for the considerate kindness, with which you have performed the last sad offices to one of your own daughters, who was mine also in Jesus Christ, and was shortly to have been my spouse. Though I preach to you a crucified Saviour, it would poorly beseem the sincerity, required of me before the All-seeing eye, not to acknowledge, that I am in the flesh, and a vessel of clay, like yourselves. As such, I loved the deceased; but, I trust, a thousand times more, as a new born child of God. Her poesy was both wild and sweet, when she was an alien from God; but a thousand times more so, after she had learned the name and the high praises of Jesus. You all do know, how kind hearted and true she was to all; I doubt not, that it was only, because she believed, that I, too, was born of God, and loved the Saviour, that she loved me, and was to have been mine. That Saviour whom she loved, had the highest claim to her, and has taken her to himself.—The mortal body of her, we loved, is here before us; but he will take charge of even that. Not an hair of her head shall perish. She shall be raised incorrupti-

ble and immortal. Therefore I have cause to wipe away the tears of nature. I surely need not weep for the meek and gentle spirit, that hath gone to the heavenly country where all are alike good and happy.— But while I remember my beloved, safely gathered to the fold of the Great Shepherd, let me implore you, in presence of Him who formed these ancient mountains, and whose mercies are as unchangeable as their rocks, the fountain of everlasting love, let me implore you to make yourselves acquainted with the same God and Saviour, and the same hope of immortality. This I will ask of God day and night, when I draw near to him. Rivers of water will continue to run down mine eyes, until I see you washed from your sins in the same crimson fountains.

‘I will detain you no longer with my private griefs. Let us hasten to perform the last sad offices to my beloved;—dust to dust—ashes to ashes—but, blessed be God, and the good word in this book, in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection from the dead.’

Four aged chiefs then approached the body, taking it up gently, and depositing it in its last dwelling.— Then every person present walked round the grave, throwing in flowers and a handful of earth in passing. The song of sorrow and death was raised again; the grave was filled, the benediction given, and the concourse thoughtfully returned to their places. The only memorial that remained of Lenahah, except in the country beyond forgetfulness and death, was in the heart of Elder Wood, and the record of a stone tablet, on which he engraved these words in English—‘Lenahah was among the first fruits to the Redeemer from the Shoshonee. She was alike good and gifted. She came forth, as a flower, and was soon cut down.’

CHAPTER VIII.

The streamlet hath shrunk from its full summer tide,
And the forest is doffing its mantle of pride,
And its red leaves twirl in the wind's lightest breath.

M. P. F.

Not long after the burial of Lenahah, the consequences of the brooded revenge and intrigues of Julius began to assume a visible form. Some Black-foot Indians had assaulted a party of the Shoshonee, who had gone to the sources of the Sewasserna, to set their winter traps. Two persons were killed, and the remainder plundered of their horses, guns, traps, provisions, and every thing appertaining to the party, upon which their enemies could lay hands. The party was obliged to return immediately, on foot, at the risk of perishing with hunger by the way. A loud cry for revenge arose. A detachment from both tribes, in proportion to their respective numbers, was ordered by Ellswatta to be levied, and to be commanded by Areskoui, to make a campaign of reprisal against the Blackfeet. The Shienne murmured against the requisition, alledging, that it was the single affair of the Shoshonee; and that the season was so far advanced, that the expedition would, probably, perish with cold and hunger on such a distant winter campaign against an enemy, who would, after all, be found invisible. The demonstrations of the Shienne were so decidedly hostile on this occasion, that Ellswatta, after consulting with William Weldon and Elder Wood, on whose wisdom and fidelity he relied much, determined to relinquish the expedition, until spring; and to defer any notice of the openly refrac-

tory spirit of Nelesho, until an opportunity should occur, when he did not carry the voices of his people with him. But a contumacious spirit, ripe for revolt and rebellion, if it find itself thwarted, and circumvented in one direction, will soon show itself in another.

From the time that Jessy gave a decided rejection to the suit of Julius, he had preserved a distance almost amounting to an entire cessation of intercourse. It was a relief to her to have it so. Her conscience had constantly reproached her, during the intimacy, with the pain which, she perceived, it inflicted upon Areskoui. She had more than once instituted a stern comparison of the truth and magnanimity of the one, with the specious manners and hollow character of the other. She said to herself, 'why should I be influenced by the unworthy prejudice, which considers the possessor of these qualities savage, because he has not been bred in the schools of refinement and deception? Can I retain self respect, while I am caught in the fact of balancing a fair complexion and a polished exterior with true greatness, as I see it in this child of nature?'

Truth was, also, that she had made the discovery, that Frederic possessed, with better principles and a much sounder understanding, more to fix the affections, than his friend. She saw in him unwavering integrity of purpose, and uniform decorum of manners. When he did converse, there was richness and interest, in what he said, and the hearer always wished him to speak again. She had not failed to remark, that in her presence he was silent and constrained; that when, in occasional courtesy, he had offered her his hand, it always trembled; that he seemed to court her society only in the presence of others, and disposed to avoid being alone with her; and that, whenever this occurred, however conversible before, he became grave, and embarrassed. Such conduct, ac-

According to her inexperienced logic, could receive but one construction. In some way, for some unimagined cause, she concluded, that he had taken dislike to her. A compliment from him would have had value with her, for it would have been received as the tribute of sense and sincerity. But compliment, be the occasion as fair as it might, she never received. A little pique, a great deal of respect, and no inconsiderable portion of curiosity, to divine, why he had come to estimates of her, so different from his friend's, induced her to wish a more intimate acquaintance with him. She had enough of the nature of our common mother, after looking in her glass, not to derive any particular gratification, from imagining it probable, that she was disagreeable to the stern youth of high forehead and reserved port.

So estranged had both her former visitants become, that her father, little as he was in the habit of remarking such circumstances, enquired of Yensi, 'why the two young gentlemen, formerly so sociable, were now seldom seen at the house?' He answered his own question by remarking, that he supposed, this joining the Indians was but the passing freak of idle and unstable young men, who would soon get weary of it, and return again to society. His daughter had become accustomed to the high treat of this instructed and accomplished companionship. She was ashamed to admit to herself, how much she suffered, from having it broken off. She felt, more than all, in reference to the imagined coldness of Frederic, more keenly, than comported with the wonted repose of her balanced character. 'This, then, is society, she asked? A beautiful face and person, with a hollow head and heart. A fine understanding and capability of exciting high interest, that is yet cold, capricious, and estranged, it knows not why nor wherefore. Alas! my father is right. There is no truth, except

with the Shoshonee. Old friends understand each other best. I see that I may explore farther, and find worse. Let me remain satisfied with the frank and noble nature of the unsophisticated Areskouï.'

It may be, too, that some almost unconscious disposition to pique the young men in her turn, mingled with her thoughts. The consequence of such thoughts was, that, without any thing, that could be pronounced trifling with the affection of the young chief, she showed him more marked attention, and received his courtesies with unwonted kindness, which, without inspiring him with confidence, satisfied his humble expectations, and rendered him again happy. Gladly would the young chief have resigned his early expectations, so that he might have been with her in the innocent and confiding intercourse of their early years, and been sure, that she would never be more to another, than to him. 'She has found, then,' he said to himself with infinite satisfaction, 'that they are not altogether the children of the Wacondah, though they are so fair. She avoids them, and she regards me with the same look, as when we played together as children.' As he indulged such thoughts, cheerfulness returned to his visage and elasticity to his step.

An undefinable emotion of gladness swelled the heart of Jessy, as she once more felt a return of the full confidence and paternal affection of Ellswatta and Josepha. It is true, they had never shown her unkindness or marked avoidance, from the time of the arrival of the young strangers. But it was not to be expected of any form of human nature, that parents could see a beloved and only son suffering all the tortures of despairing love, on her account, and yet regard her with affection. 'How much misery,' she reflected with herself, 'results from the slightest transgression of the laws of prudence and duty! How much joy flows from a single act of self control and

regulated affection!" In realizing the amount of happiness, she imparted to these faithful and devoted friends, by desisting from more courtesy towards the adopted guests, than Areskoui, she returned to the pleasure of a self approving mind, and felt the pain of these suspended enjoyments alleviated.

Rumor has a hundred tongues, with the Shoshonee, as with the whites. The young men, with whom she had for months past spent so many hours in her bower, were now evidently held in estrangement. No more wanderings to the blue lake. No more music, nor painting. Areskoui visited William, as heretofore; and Jessy received him, as in days gone by. Frederic seemed to have become a disciple and convert of Elder Wood's, so closely did he hold communion with him. On the other hand, Nelesho, Julius, Baptiste and Hatch, met in conclave, whispered, and appeared to have a masonic tie, excluding the uninitiated.

From these strong changes in the deportment of the Shoshonee guests, it soon came to be rumored, that Wakona, on being pressed, had finally made up her mind to discard both her white suitors, and marry the Shoshonee chief. This rumor had obtained undisputed currency and credit, as often happens, while the parties chiefly interested had not the slightest suspicion of the thing themselves. Nelesho heard, and believed it, and his heart rankled with the rage of a fiend. Baptiste announced it to him and Julius, as they discussed their conclave projects. 'May I burn with a hundred fires, and may the Wahcondah's lightning blast me, before I allow it,' said Nelesho. 'I would sooner see the little white men of the mountains feed upon her cheeks.' 'May I descend to the burning abysses of Elder Wood's hell,' said Julius, 'if I do not anticipate them. Nevertheless, it were better so, than, that she had chosen Frederic.' 'You must be prompt, and in earnest,' said Baptiste, 'or you

will come after the feast.' The result of their dark purposes will shortly appear. Frederic heard the report, and repaired to William Weldon's once more, from whose house he had refrained for the unwonted space of four days. Fortunately for his wishes, he found the daughter of Yensi alone, as her parents were visiting Ellswatta's cabin. He made bashful apologies, as fearful of having intruded. She replied, 'that it was equally matter of surprise and regret, to find it necessary, that they, who had until recently met so frequently, should now deem it necessary to frame apologies, when that converse was resumed.—Circumstances, not necessary to be explained,' she continued, 'had induced her to deny herself hereafter to his friend; but the same reasons not existing in his case, she assured him, she should continue to find pleasure in his society, whenever he found no better way, in which to devote it, than in the house of her father. But,' said she, 'you seem sad, and as it were the Knight of the woful countenance. I have observed you drooping, for some time. You are, no doubt, borne down with ennui. Your idle fancy of domesticating among us has had its hour. More sober views of duty have returned to you. Such an one, as you, ought not to remain, thus wasting the prime of your days to no purpose. I counsel you, Frederic, to return to society. You have parents. Render them happy. You are capable of discharging important duties to your country. I say nothing of some fair one, whom providence has probably written for you in the book of its decrees.'

'I am grateful,' he replied, 'for such wise and disinterested advice. I propose shortly to put some part of it in practice. But I have one ungratified wish, that will detain me for a few days in this fair valley. I am informed, our chief expects soon to call you'—
'What?' asked Jessy, laughing through her blushes.

‘It must be some sad name, or you would not make such difficulty, in pronouncing it.’ ‘To call you his own! I wait to see the nuptials; and when they are over, I will away, no matter where; and I will no longer annoy you with the sight of a recreant Knight of the woful visage, loitering his useless days among the Shoshonee. Though, to say truth, I know of no place, where I should be of any more use than here.’

‘If you wait for that event,’ she replied gaily, ‘we shall have the pleasure of your society for a long time to come. You seem so much in earnest, that I have a right to ask you, if there is really such a ridiculous report, as you mention, current?’ ‘There certainly is, and I had not a doubt of the truth of it.’ ‘Well then, allow me to say, that I do not believe the young chief has any more thought of such a thing, than I. At any rate, there is not a shadow of foundation for such a report, nor a word of truth in it.’

‘Thank God! You have removed a load from my mind.’

‘I can hardly imagine, why it could have been to you an object, to remain, until after the event, had it been about to take place; or why denying the idle rumor should remove a weight from your mind. After the assurance, that no such event is likely to take place, at present or hereafter, I may surely ask, why the prospect of it was regarded by you with so much horror? What is there so terrible in Areskoui? Is it in his birth of a white and a Christian mother, or a father the noblest of red men, with more sense and worthiness to rule, than many, who have been in high places among the whites? Is it in his understanding, person, or deportment? Is it in his forbearance towards you and your friend? Why, I ask again, should it inspire so much horror to hear, that I, who seem destined from my birth to pass my days in this valley, should be about to become—yes, I will speak it out—

the wife of Areskouï? Were I compelled to an alternative, which, thank God, I am not, between him, and your handsome friend, Julius, I assure you, I should not hesitate a moment.'

'You have removed still another load from my heart,' he added. 'How I trembled, lest his beautiful person, his specious manners, his birth and fortune, should have proved temptations to you, as I may now say without hesitation, they have to so many others! He is not my friend, nor am I his. Understanding his principles and character, I could no longer be his friend. As to the chief, you misapprehend me too. In view of the truth of the rumor, I might not be able to control my envy; but I have never allowed it to blind me for a moment to his pre-eminent worth. My heart has done ample homage to his character. I know, too, full well, that to be a gentleman is not the gift of society, nor wealth, nor the result of manners, or beauty of person; though these factitious circumstances are generally deemed all, that is requisite.—Areskouï carries in his mind, his heart and deportment, his claims to that high appellation. I admire not to see him, such as he is. Who could have been reared in the midst of this inspiring scenery, and this patriarchal people, with such a father for example, and such a companion, as he has had from infancy, and not have been all, that he is?' 'All this,' she replied, 'explains not, why the refutation of this rumor removed such a weight from your mind.' 'And that,' he answered, 'I may never explain; nor, in fact, trust myself longer in these dangerous confidential conversations.' Saying this, his countenance betrayed extraordinary agitation, as he suddenly arose, and took his leave.

'Can it be possible,' thought she, 'that this man, whom I thought so obdurate, and so unfavorably disposed towards me, conceals an affection too deep and timid, ever to have been committed to words?' A new

train of emotions pressed upon her. She saw the clouds gathering. Harbingers of danger were thickening round her. 'Oh!' she mentally exclaimed, 'that my parents would see, as I do; and remove from these people to the land of law and of order; that we could go under the guidance of this intrepid and wise young man, whose last words and looks enabled me to divine every thing; and who has yet, even beyond the forbearance of Areskoui, the courage not only to have been silent, but to have assumed the appearance of the most perfect indifference.'

Next day the young guests were absent on a hunting expedition, each with the parties of their customary association. Her mind and her heart were full of the meditations, inspired by the interview of the former evening with Frederic. It occurred to her, that the reasons, which had for some time banished her from the bower of the blue lake, did not exist for the moment. She was seized with a strong inclination to spend one more afternoon in that delicious place. She repaired thither with her drawing materials, followed by her customary attendant. The dim and misty air of Indian summer hung over the waning landscape, above, and around. Glorious tinges of orange, red, and green, were blended in the forests, and the rustle of frequent falling leaves in the silence of the woods proclaimed the decay of vegetable nature, and raised the mind to 'solemn thought and heavenly musing.' The sun, broadened, and of the hue of blood, threw a portentous glory behind him, as he climbed over the western peaks. She was profoundly meditating the character and person of Frederic. She remembered the countenance, with which he received the refutation of the idle rumor, in relation to her and Areskoui, when the truth of his feelings, in regard to her, flashed upon her in a moment, speaking a language more emphatic, than any decla-

ration. She recalled the position, in which she had heard him recite the lines of Byron.

But shape or shade, whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart ;
But onward with thee bear my soul,
Where winds can waft, or waters roll.

She was sketching his look and attitude, as he had pronounced these words in one of their former interviews, and was wishing, that she and her parents were flying under his protection from these solitudes, where savage violence had so often had the ascendancy, and where she dreaded the omens of mustering storms.

She was so intently occupied in this employment, that she barely noticed the approach of horses to the foot of the declivity. A moment afterwards, a powerful Shienne Indian rushed upon her. He cried fiercely in his own language, as he raised his hatchet over her head, 'be silent, or die.' He grasped her in his sinewy arms, with a force, to which all her resistance was powerless. Half a dozen Indians, discovered by their dialect to be Shienne, aided him to bear her down to the bank of the stream. Her cries were disregarded, or only redoubled the rude brutality of the force, by which she was borne along. She was lifted, as she had been an article of lading, into a periogue, which was instantly filled with the Shienne. Their paddles struck the stream with unwonted force.—Borne on, at once by the powerful current and this rapid rowing, the periogue glided swiftly down the stream. If she attempted to cry, savage hands were applied to her mouth. If she attempted to struggle, she was in the grasp of the brawny savage, who held her, as if controlled to stillness by the iron machinery of mechanic power. 'Help, Father in heaven!' was all the forlorn daughter could utter, as she saw the peaceful smoke of her father's house disappear from her vision. She glided by the trees with such fear-

ful rapidity, that, with her overwhelming emotions, it made her brain dizzy to behold them. At the distance of a league from the Shoshonee village, where pursuit seemed no longer dreaded, the savages refrained from attempting to stifle her cries, assuring her, that if she remained quiet, and made no attempt to escape, no harm should happen to her. She made efforts to soften them. She fell on her knees, and uttered such words, and made such appeals, as nature would dictate to a child torn from the arms of parents, so honored and loved. Their brutal laugh, their conversation about their own matters, in the midst of her tears and petitions, convinced her in a moment, that wisdom and duty called for silence and resignation, in the assurance, that whatever their purpose was, she might as well expostulate against her fate in the dull cold ear of death. She murmured in a low tone, 'my parents! my home! farewell.' A shower of tears relieved her bursting bosom.

That long night, which seemed to her an age, elapsed, as she still continued to be borne rapidly down the stream. As the beams of the morning began to tinge the orient, and the distant mountains, she perceived, that she was passing the gap of the Sewasserna. The frowning and iron-bound mountains here present a fearful spectacle to a person descending the river, which laves either side of the cleft mountain, that towers with its dark cliffs from the bosom of the stream to an immense height above. The view, dimly discernible by the uncertain dawn, seemed to her imagination in keeping with the inexorable beings, who were hurrying her through these frightful scenes, she knew not whither. Dark and interminable shadows rested upon every part of the outline, except where morning had begun to scatter the light of her watch-fires in her triumphal march.

A mile or two beyond the gap, the periogues came to shore in a thick wooded bottom. The same pow-

erful savage, who first bore her on board, and who sat constantly near her, during the descent, bade her follow him on shore. She answered in his own speech, 'thou canst kill, bad Shienne; but the heart defies thy power. I will not move for thee.' 'We will see to that,' he quickly answered. 'The young bird does not easily resist the bald eagle.' He once more seized her in his arms, and bore her through the woods, preceded by three savages and followed by the same number. Just as a belt of gold began to mark the eastern horizon, they emerged from the wooded alluvion to a little prairie, bounded by a magnificent black parapet of rocks, which sprang up, as it were, to the sky, from the level of the prairie. Amidst the terror, exhaustion and overwhelming sensations of her forlorn condition, she discovered by a glance, that she was brought to the roots of that range of mountains, awful and interdicted to Indian thoughts, sacred to the little white men of the mountains, and known in the Shoshonee dialect by the name Manitouna, the spirit's dwelling, or as Elder Wood rendered it, the devil's house. She had more sensible evidence of the fact, a moment afterwards. Her savage bearer relaxed his grasp, and seated her on the grass at the foot of this stupendous wall. The savages all paused, and clapping their hands to their mouths, and passing them rapidly backwards and forwards, gave forth that sharp and terrible Indian yell, which is so well remembered by those, acquainted with the red men. The mountains rung. The wolves heard in their dens, and answered by a long dismal howl, waking up the sleeping morning echoes. This was repeated two or three times. Soon afterwards, a movement appeared in a small orifice in the wall, a few feet before them. A stone sunk, and left a narrow chasm. The Indians entered one by one, inclining to a position almost horizontal. After three had disappeared in this way, under the superincumbent wall, her muscular tormentor signed

her to incline herself, and follow in the same way the Indians who had preceded her. As she demurred, she was compelled to enter as before, the savage without placing her in the grasp of invisible arms within, by which she felt herself rapidly drawn through a long dark chasm, from which she emerged to the bright light of morning, and was released, as she raised herself erect upon a tender, green sward, and looked round with equal amazement and terror upon a little square prairie, walled in on every side by perpendicular walls of stone, reaching, as it seemed, to the clouds. She saw herself a prisoner in the Manitouna, or spirit house. Renewing the yell, with which they had entered, the sharp notes of which reverberated in a thousand sounds, inflicting pain upon the ear, as they came back like electric strokes from the frowning walls, they disappeared, telling her, that she was now the charge of the little white men of the mountains.

This strange spot, in Shoshonee dialect, Manitouna, was a result of one of those astonishing freaks, that nature is sometimes seen to take in the transition region of mountains, when she seems hesitating between lime stone and sand stone formation. The prairie might contain six acres, of which a parallel belt of two acres was a thick wood. From the roots of the mountain welled a pure spring, which gurgled across the prairie, just on the margin of the wood, and parallel with it, and disappeared on the opposite side, sinking there, in the same manner as it had risen.—The wood was vocal with the song of thousands of birds, the barking of squirrels, and the joyous cries of various small quadrupeds. Sheltered by the high walls from the rude blasts, and open to the influences of the sun, nature had here formed a kind of greenhouse, where spring and autumn showed as in a covenant, to linger, the one until replaced by the other; and, while all beyond this strange enclosure was sear

and brown with the autumnal frosts—spring showed, as if returned without the intervention of winter.— On the thousand flowers, that covered the verdant carpet of the prairie, hummed innumerable wild bees, who were here, unbidden, and unwitnessed of man, pursuing their solitary labors; and here hovered the gay butterflies, seeking admiration from each other, rather than the fairest daughters of women. This strange prison was walled in, nearly in a quadrangular form, by walls on three sides eight hundred feet high; and on the fourth, where it constituted the foot of the mountain, at least half that height. To this there was but one entrance, except from the sky, and that was by the orifice, through which Jessy had been compelled to enter. A huge poised rock, which a single hand was sufficient to move, so as to incline it downwards on a pivoted point, opened sufficient space, to allow but one person at a time to enter the chasm, and pass through it into the interior. The stone required the same force to incline it back, so as that its outer face again completely closed the chasm. The person who commanded the entrance within, had but to block up this pivoted point with rocks, and it remained firmly and immovably barred against mortal power, however great. There was then neither ingress nor escape, except such, as was practicable to the mountain eagle.

This spot bore marks of having formerly been occupied, as a fortress. But for immemorial duration of the Shoshonee annals, it had been a medicine place, interdicted to Indian feet by dread of its invisible terrors, and a consecration to the little white men of the mountains. For some years past, the sole known occupant had been a Shienne woman. From a number of singularly ugly and ill-tempered old women, who had been burned, as happens among most Indian tribes at intervals of some years, as witches, she had been spared, from superstitious dread, on account of

her superlative ugliness. She affected to dress in the skins of female opossums, the most monstrous of quadrupeds. She was belted in the middle with the sloughed skins of yellow rattle snakes; and her whole body, and especially her legs, were ornamented with the crustaceous and crackling bags of their rattles, which, as she moved, subserved the purposes of the favorite Indian brass leg-tinklers, and caused her step to imitate the rattling of a thousand of the horrid serpents. Her grizzly black locks were ornamented with little dried scorpions, newts, chameleons, and other diminutive and loathsome lizards. Dried bull-frogs and toads were reserved, as jewels for days of gala festival, and extra ornament.

Nature had done much to form a body, for which all this was in keeping. Her shrivelled face was adorned with blue and green paint. Her nose was an exact resemblance of an eagle's beak. Her tall, muscular and powerful frame was bent in the middle, so as to leave the beholder in doubt, whether the bending were the work of continual spasm, or of age. The eye almost invariably is of one color among the savages. But nature had awarded her one of green, and the other of blue, for the sake of variety. These were the outlines, which words can catch. But there was a diabolical *j'ne scais quoi* of ugliness, which would baffle all power of language. Years before she left her people, she had dwelt alone. Even the Indian dogs howled, and fled, as she came in sight. She turned her terrors to account; and muttered incessantly about her communion with the little white men of the mountains. She calculated wisely her influence upon the superstitious race. On returning from an unfortunate expedition, some sixteen years before, the Indians in a panic instituted a witch ordeal. Many old women perished in the flames. But this frightful object, called in their language Maniteewah, or the devil's aunt, was spared, on condition, that she

should forever expatriate herself, enter the Manitou-na, and thus as perpetual priestess, dwell alone, to avert the wrath of the little white men of the mountains from her people.

She had been transported here, thrust into the cavity, and left to her native ingenuity to subsist herself on the numerous animals, with which her inaccessible residence abounded. Here she had dwelt alone, till the late intrigues had reminded Julius, and Nelesho, and some infidel spirits of the Shienne, whom the very hardihood of guilt had raised above invisible terrors, how fit a place it was, both by nature and opinion, for the perpetration of their purposes in relation to the daughter of Yensi.

Chilled alike with terror and the cold dews of the preceding night, and rendered almost incapable of movement, by confinement to a single position on board the periogue, the fair and frail girl surveyed at a glance the walls of her prison. She knew the terrors of the place by report. 'No entrance or escape' was written visibly on every side. 'Let me not sink,' she thought. 'I owe it to my dear parents, not to yield to imbecile and childish terror. Omnipotence dwells here, and the strength of Israel hath already scaled these walls. Let me confide in my Father in Heaven.'

Thus fortified, she arose, and moved onward, in efforts to bring circulation to her benumbed limbs.— With what delight would she have surveyed this beautiful and astonishing solitude, had her parents, and friends been with her. As it was, the pleasant hum of the bees, the sportive flutter of the thousand butterflies, the charming verdure of the sward, the magnificence of the wood, enlivened with a thousand joyous cries, the beautiful and brilliant morning, brought to her desolate heart the cheerful omen of the presence of the Author of good, as traced by these marks of his presence in this inaccessible and strange prison.

'He, who hath made this spot so beautiful for himself alone, can protect and rescue me,' was her inward ejaculation. Step by step, she advanced towards the wood, and was already beside the pellucid little brook, when suddenly she saw various figures emerging from the wood, and moving with shouts of laughter towards her. Among them she clearly distinguished Baptiste and Julius. The whole purpose of her abduction stood unveiled before her. A chill perspiration started from every pore; dizziness seized her head; the trees, every thing whirled; she escaped misery in the loss of consciousness.

When she recovered recollection, she found herself on a mattress, in a large tent. The finest linen was spread under her. Her mattress was enveloped with the richest damask curtains. Beside her was a table, spread with refreshments, all denoting arrangement got up from Astoria. In the tent was a female voluptuously dressed on one side, and, moving and muttering on the other, the horrible vision of Maniteewah, of whom she had heard so much, that she instantly recognized the frightful original. She hid her eyes with her hands, and uttered a feeble cry of horror. The two figures disappeared, and Julius entered alone. He took her languid hand, which she had not strength to withdraw. 'Have I frightened thee, my pretty Wakon-bird?' he asked. 'Has that hell-fiend taught thee by comparison, that there are persons uglier than thy Julius?' She answered by a look of astonishment, and eyes swimming in tears.—'Weepest thou, pretty one?' he asked. 'What a beautiful hand, I hold!' 'I have no protector, to punish thee, wretch, nor strength to withdraw it. Findest thou thy prize beautiful, coward,' she faintly replied. 'Indeed is it, Wakona, the prettiest I ever handled; and I have felt pretty ones before.' 'Would it restore me to those, who would protect me, I would cheerfully cut off this hand, and give it thee.' 'No! No!

pretty one. Keep it. I much prefer thee with the living hand, as thou art.' At the same time he gathered in his palm, the silken curls, that hung on her neck. 'These curls,' he said, 'are divine, and fit ornaments for Venus at the drawing room of Jove.'— 'Give me scissors, Julius, and I will cut these curls, and give thee, or aught else, that might bribe thee from thy robber purpose.' 'No. Sweet one; the locks, the lovely head, the hand, the person, all, are mine, without thy giving. In a little time, I dare swear, the heart will follow; and those eyes will survey me with love and pleasure, as marked, as the disdain, that now flashes in them.' 'Julius, is it indeed, then, a monstrous and horrible fact, that such a form can contain not a bad mind only, but the heart of a fiend?' 'Am I then handsome, pretty one, and a fiend, at the same time? I do not take, my bird. I swallow neither the compliment, nor the fiend. Ah! Wakona, canst thou say in thy heart, that it is fiendish, to love to distraction and death, that face, that love-kindling eye—that admirable form—those curls, that hand? Why, dear, there is nothing more of a fiend in it, than there is in loving honey, and sugar, and wine, and disliking vinegar and rhubarb.' 'I would not say to you, Julius, that this is not witty, for I would soothe you. Time was, when I had even kind thoughts, and a partial preference for you, when, in the face and person, I imagined the mirror of a mind as fair.' 'Dear—dear; I do not take, I say—bird of paradise. I love thee to distraction and death; and time was, when I wished your love in return—and offered you, as the boon, what the proudest have sought in vain. But such compliments are now apart from business. My sweet one, my love, my dove, my undefiled, my Wakona, thy handsome Julius has done with wooing and kneeling, and is all for action. When the shades have descended upon this pretty, snug, country-seat—ah, my dove, thou wilt no longer think

me a fiend; and how ready thou wilt be, pretty one, after a day or two, the next time I propose marriage, to say ay, and amen.' 'Julius Landino, thou art, indeed, a fiend. A very vampyre fiend hath taken residence in this form. Would, that all could see externals, as I see them now. I should loathe you less, abhorred wretch, were you in the form of Maniteewah. There would be no mockery then, no label of heaven, on the essence of hell.' 'Ah! pretty one, now I take—thou art thrice more fair, with that pretty glow of indignation and contempt, than when attempting to wheedle me with a compliment.' 'Julius, I fear you not. A mind, poised on itself, is out of the reach of outrage or debasement. I have no more words for you, Sir. You shall know more of me, when occasion calls for it.'

She discovered, that high minded daring, in this way, awed him, and that his licentious and cowardly spirit quailed under the flashing of her eye. She said sternly to him, 'let me pass, and resist at your peril.' His color changed; he shrunk back, and stood aside, and allowed her to pass.

'You see, Jessy,' he observed in a manner, that evidenced, he was struggling for calmness, 'I allow you the customary indulgence of a lover on the bridal day. These hours, and this range are yours. Go and amuse yourself, where you please. You may search for the means of elopement. Nothing, but Omnipotence can deliver you. If you return not to this tent by noon, my faithful Shienne will bring you here by force.—Go, then, and allow me to hope, that, ere night arrives, your good sense will have dictated to you submission, if not affection.'

The hated form of his licentious and base female minion of pleasure was out of her sight; and as she once more respired the free and open air, her suffocating palpitations gradually became less distressing; and she commenced a faithful survey of the means,

resources and purposes, which might arm, and fit her for what was before her. They, who are gifted with a sound mind, and who retain in the last extreme of pressure the firmness and self-possession of innocence, find within them powers of preparation for such emergencies, of which, in the hours of calmness and security, they dreamed not; and could not have believed, that such dormant treasures were locked up within them. It occurred to her, even in the distraction of the moment, when she first saw Manitcewah, that she had imagined, she discovered pity for her in the expression of her countenance, loathsome as it was.—‘The beauty of this wretch,’ she reflected, ‘has proved the Apple of Sodom. Why may not the other extreme be a false semblance? I have found a fiend in Julius. May not heaven have sent me deliverance in this odious form?’ The hope radiated through her heart, like a ray from above—and, such is the power of association, she directed her steps towards this loathsome being, almost with feelings of affection. From afar she saw the deformed and dreaded object approaching her, and renewing within her childish terrors, as she again neared her. She felt how unworthy it would be, to shrink from the harmless repulsiveness of mere appearance. She rather approached, than shunned this deformed mockery of woman. The strange being seemed flattered by this mark of daring. She came in front of the fair captive. ‘Knowest thou our speech, fair pale face?’ she said. Jessy answered, ‘she did.’ ‘Thou fliest me not, Wakona, like yonder vile slave of her own cowardly terrors. I will reward thy confidence.’ So saying, in a tone sufficiently like other Indian women, to show her of their race, but otherwise grating and unearthly, she began to sing—‘The wild creatures of the woods destroy not their own kinds. But the accursed pale faces prey upon each other. The white eagle would clutch the Wakon bird.’ Then the deep Indian cho-

rus followed. The next stanza ran in this strain. 'Mind the word of the Maniteewah, fair daughter of the pale face, change the cup—change the cup!—give him the sleep, which he hath medicined for thee. The Wahcondah will help. The little white men of the mountains will help. Courage, fair daughter of the pale face.' Another chorus followed. She then added. 'Go, daughter of the pale face—Hold a talk with thy Wahcondah. The noble chief will come, with the help of the little white men of the mountains. Change the cup—change the cup! Go forth, and feel the beams of the sun.' With these words the song closed, and the horrible object returned to her recesses, motioning her not to follow.

Obeying the mysterious intimations, Jessy walked into the open prairie, and felt the cheering influences of the sun, banishing chill from her frame. Her heart ascended above the hills, 'whence our help cometh,' for direction and firmness. She revolved all the chances of events before her, tasked her purposes, probed her conscience, and made her final resolves for such emergencies, as her apprehensions pointed out to her. She had little heart to survey, or to feel the beauty and grandeur of this strange and solitary prison. But so deep was her admiration of the beautiful and the wonderful of nature, that it may not be said, that she sauntered round the walls of the enclosure, without some occasional gleams of pleasant sensation, in view of the singular character of this smiling, rock-walled garden, scooped out of the mountains. In prayer, in self communion, in humble attempts to establish unshaken resolve for probable trials, the hours passed; while she sometimes stooped, and plucked a flower, and scattered its petals to the wind; sometimes sat by the little transparent spring, percolating from the base of the mountains; and sometimes walked listlessly forward, every moment looking, as the convict

awaiting execution, to the progress of the sun along the firmament. The sun had passed the meridian, when she saw two Indians approaching her. Having taken no sustenance since her departure from the valley, she felt herself sinking from faintness. 'I will go with them,' she said; 'I will take food, and strive to sustain myself for whatever I have to encounter. I will even make efforts to soothe this abandoned wretch—and may God support the oppressed.' The Indians, with a manner of as much respect and humanity as their office would allow, motioned her to follow them in silence. As they passed on, they were joined by Baptiste, who bowed, and babbled, as was his fashion. His object appeared to be, to persuade her to be courteous and complaisant to Julius. 'He was all kindness to them,' he said, 'who pleased him, and only headstrong and farouche to those, who thwarted his fancies, or wounded his vanity.' Upon the word the unhappy prisoner, calling in aid all her powers, implored him to have mercy upon her, and in some way to aid her, in escaping from his persecutions. He affected, as usual, the most entire devotion to her purposes; but she saw clearly enough, that it was all hollow affectation, and that he was the base and polluted instrument of all the purposes of Julius. He was unwearied in the theme of his beauty and wealth, and the extent, to which he had been courted in his own country, and the honor, he conferred on the object of his preference, and the happiness she ought to find, in being favored with it.

In the endurance of such odious soothing, she arrived at the tent. She entered it with a cheek alternately flushed and pale. Julius was sitting there, in company with his Indians. He instantly motioned them to retire, and ordered Baptiste to remain in waiting. The table was spread with venison, wild fowl, and various kinds of food, from Indian supply, and from

Astoria. Glasses and wine were on the table; and the whole, to one whose palpitations of heart, and whose extreme terror had been less, would have had in contrast with the position and circumstances, a strange mockery of the semblance of comfort and even luxury. He begged her to be seated, and to take refreshments. With apparent docility, she seated herself at the table. 'I shall take food, Julius, thanking the despicable robber, that in tearing me away from my parents, his purpose seems not to have been, to starve me to death. Man of gallantry! Man of honor! I shall take food with far different purposes, from those, to which you will attribute the act;' and she began, without waiting for entreaty, or ceremony, to eat of the plainest food before her. Deported so wide from his preconceived expectations, he was pleased to observe, astounded him. She saw that he was at a loss for words, that he bit his lips, and evinced the meditations and the sufferings of a fiend. He occasionally took a piece of the foreign cake, and sipped wine, apparently at a loss for discourse. At length he spoke quick, and with effort. 'I am charmed, however, notwithstanding your compliments, to see you eat so heartily. I wish, I could persuade you to pledge me in this wine.' 'Most certainly I will,' she replied, 'for I am both faint and thirsty, and since I have been dragged away by your Indians, I have suffered through the long night and day from fatigue and exhaustion and agony of heart. I have been suffocated by the ruffian Shienne, and then turned over to the society of Maniteewah. I shall need all the sustentation that wine and high purpose can impart. Fair faced and honorable friend, repair, I pray you, to yonder spring, and with your own knightly hands bring me water, with which to dash my wine, for I am unused to take it unmixed; and I will pledge you to all generous and honorable purposes.' His

cheek flushed, and he looked her full in the face. 'By —— said he, 'you are the most d—m—d rarity, with which I have ever met—a queer one, by heaven. What infinite vivacity of spirit! What a charming bride I shall have! I fly, for your purposes;' and he took a goblet, and moved towards the spring, which gurgled along at the distance of twenty paces. The song of Maniteawah had rung in her ear in its unearthly tones, from the moment she had heard it; 'change the glass; change the glass.' A large, and full glass sat by her plate, and another by his. She changed them in a moment, and before he was so on the return as to notice it. He sat down the goblet, and she poured her wine into a tumbler, and filled it with water. 'You dilute it too much,' said he. 'You are unused to wine, I see.' 'I am exceedingly thirsty, my very honorable friend,' she replied. 'I pledge you, sir, to this sentiment—May Areskoui storm the dastardly oppressor in his den, and put him to the trial by fire at the stake.' 'I pledge you my dove, my Wakona, but not exactly to that sentiment; may you solicit my hand. May I have the satisfaction of passing you over, a despised and humbled thing, according to my purpose, to Nelesho, to whom you are promised. You are mine, pretty one, understand me, for lawless love. Thy beloved Areskoui is neither eagle to scale the mountains, nor omnipotent to remove the poised stone. Long before the half breed recreant can be here, I shall have accomplished all my wishes. He may besiege this impregnable fortress for a month; I should play the while with thy curls, and laugh at him. But I have cared for that too; and he will have sufficient occupation with thy future master, Nelesho, at home.' They bowed in derision to each other. The one raised his glass, and the other the tumbler, and drank their contents together. She continued to eat, and he in the same strain, to

taunt her with his purposes, and to deride her with the utter hopelessness of rescue or relief.

Let her indescribable joy be imagined, as she observed his cheek flush, and his eye become glossy and swimming, and his words maudlin and unconnected. 'By ——' said he, 'I believe you have played me a trick of hell. I must sleep. My bird, you have changed glasses.' 'Indeed have I, vampyre; and I hope for your sake, that yours contained poison more deadly, than that of the asp. I have no doubt, that you are capable of giving poison.' He attempted an answer in the same spirit; but the weight of unconquerable sleep already pressed upon his eye-lids.— His begun words fell half formed from his lips, and occasional stertor indicated, that some narcotic of potent medication, infused in his wine, had taken irresistible effect. He reeled from his seat, and sank in profound sleep on the ground.

She poured thanksgivings to the Almighty from a full heart, and walked forth, receiving what had happened, as an omen of escape from the power of the villain. As she advanced in the direction of the cave, she again met Maniteewah. 'Hast thou heeded my song, pale face?' she asked. 'I have; and he sleeps,' was the reply. 'Go, then, to thy Wahcondah, and implore him to send thee aid by the little white men of the mountains. Thy tormentor will sleep, till this time to-morrow's sun.' She again beckoned her to go forth into the open prairie, and left her, as before. The desolate heart of the fair captive, now relieved from the pressure of intolerable and immediate apprehensions, gave itself up to dreams of hope and relief. She sat down in meditation on a rock, where the spring issued from the mountains. It becomes necessary, to turn back and contemplate the position of things in the valley, where her abduction had brought indescribable misery.

The customary guests, Frederic, Elder Wood and Areskoui, were at William Weldon's dwelling, on the evening of her departure. She, who was equally the light of the eyes of each, did not appear. When the dusk of evening had come, without her return, Yensi became anxious. An alarm was raised. The bower was explored. She was not to be seen. The tracks of horses were remarked; and the footsteps of men, who wore moccasins, leading to the bower. The mystery was soon explained. Julius, Baptiste, and a number of Shienne were gone. Some Shoshonee, returning from their hunting, had seen two periogues paddling rapidly down the river, and in one of them, they had discovered a white woman, but too distant to be recognized. To Areskoui every thing was explained in the twinkling of an eye. Alarm and horror and wailing filled the dwelling of William Weldon. Yensi fainted, and lost the horror of the hour in unconsciousness. Ellswatta repaired to the habitation of Nelesho. He was gone with his select warriors, as was said, on a trapping expedition. But the experienced eye of the chief traced in the murky countenances of the Shienne, that they were well acquainted with all that had happened. William Weldon's stern and philosophic bosom was moved to distraction and despair. He tore his gray locks, imprecated vengeance on the villains, who had robbed him of his daughter, and cried with the royal bereaved one of old time, 'would to God, I had died for thee, my daughter, my daughter.'

The Shoshonee were summoned to a hasty counsel. Torches gleamed in the dusk of twilight. Arms and a party were expeditiously collected. Frederic and Areskoui consulted together. The community of suffering brought them to a confession of full confidence. 'We are one,' they said, 'for life or death, to recover her.' They would have persuaded Elder

Wood to remain and strive to comfort the mourners. But, he said, somewhat proudly, 'I am a full blooded Kentuckian, and you will not exclude me from a partnership, at once for such righteous purposes, and so full of danger.' Hatch, suspected to be in the interests of Julius, gave some frivolous pretext, as a reason for remaining behind. William Weldon suffered from an agony, too acute, to allow him the requisite calmness to join the expedition, and his stay was pronounced necessary for the care of his unconscious and half expiring wife. Ten warriors, thoroughly armed with knives, pistols and yagers, together with Elder Wood, Areskouï, and Frederic, were descending the Sewasserna in a few hours after the abduction, and with a rapidity not inferior to that of those who bore Jessy away. It would be useless, to think of depicting the misery of the bereaved family. The Shoshonee, who witnessed the departing expedition on the shore, were many of them affected to tears, by witnessing the grief and distraction of William Weldon. Wakona was the common idol of the tribe; and loud and deep curses were imprecated upon them, who had carried her off; and many charges, counsels, and earnest good wishes were uttered for the party thus attempting rescue. It would be equally hopeless, to give the conversations, and describe the mingled emotions of the pursuers, as under the dark shadows of the mountains, and the light of the stars, that twinkled above, they glided down the Sewasserna. They passed the gap in nearly the same time with those they pursued. As they opened on the prospect beyond, 'Yonder,' cried Areskouï, 'are their periogues.' To the eye of the whites no trace of periogues appeared on the shore. But the more acute and observant Indians remarked, as they glided along, near the shore, a narrow bayou, scarcely wide enough to admit a periogue. It had been choked with water-

lilies, and other aquatic plants. They discerned in a narrow line of clear surface, from which the twiny stems of the aquatic foliage had been forced away, that periogues had been pushed along that bayou. The evidence was conclusive, and they landed, moved a few rods up the bayou, and the whites saw that the Indians had reasoned right. There were the two well known periogues, marked with the Shienne totem, drawn up in such a way as to be wholly invisible to people descending the river. 'There they are yonder,' cried Areskoui, 'in the impregnable fastness of the Manitouna. We have not the strength of the Wahcondah, to remove the huge rock at the entrance, nor the wings of the eagle, to scale the high walls, and light among them. There they are provisioned, no doubt for a long siege. They can escape when they choose, and we have no means of entering for rescue.'

He led them to the well known entrance. The poised rock was firm upon the orifice. The Shoshonee clapped their hands to their mouths, and moving them rapidly over their lips, uttered a war cry, that fell away in a thousand broken snatches in echoes among the mountains. In half a minute a well known Shienne cry of counter defiance arose from within. The countenance of the whole party evidenced their desire of vengeance. Jessy also heard the cry from within; and her acquaintance with Indian manners informed her, that attempted rescue was at hand.—Maniteewah heard it, and was directly beside her. 'Courage, pale face,' she cried, 'the little white men of the mountains will aid them.'

The rescue party paused for deliberation. No one could propound the slightest chance of success, or imagine any other expedient, than to besiege them patiently in their own den. 'That expedient is hopeless,' replied Areskoui. 'They are, no doubt, provi-

stoned for a long siege. If they were not, there is water and shelter, and abundance of small game within; and they could easily subsist there through all the moons of the year.' Silent despondence sat upon every countenance. 'Is there no way to scale the walls on any point?' asked Frederic. 'No more,' replied Areskoui, 'than to ascend to the abode of the Master of Life.' 'Will you two follow me?' said he, addressing himself to Elder Wood and Frederic. Frederic sprang to him, and held him in close embrace. 'I will follow the noble young chief to the death; and if Jessy should be recovered by your counsels and daring, admit, that you are more worthy of her, than myself.' 'It is enough for me to say,' replied Elder Wood, 'that I was born in Kentucky; that I love Jessy, as a daughter; that I shall never smile again, until we recover her; and that I fear God, and have no other fear.' 'Of you, my red brethren,' said Areskoui, turning to his select Shoshonee, 'I need not ask the question. We have been together by flood and by field, on mountain and plain, in sport and in the death struggle. Follow me, then. Let us go up to the haunts of the eagle. Let us scale the abode of the little white men of the mountains.' At the word he sprang away, and began to ascend the mountain, bounding from rock to rock, drawing himself up by bushes and vines, outstripping all the rest, and from more elevated points indicating to those behind the proper mode of ascent. It was a long, wearying, and most laborious effort to gain the lowest summit, that overlooked the Manitouna. It might be twelve hundred feet in height. They had some time since reached the elevation, where winter now reigned. Here, on a large table rock, whose shallow pan of earth was in different places covered with laurels, they stopped, at once for rest, and survey of the scene below. Frederic had taken the precaution to carry with him a

pocket telescope. He applied it to his eye. Every object in the prairie of the Manitouna was as distinctly visible, as if they had been at only ten paces distance. 'I see her! I see her!' he exclaimed. 'There she stands, holding forth her hands, as if she saw us, and implored our aid.' He handed the telescope to Areskoui. He saw her, too, as was seen by his flashing eye, and near her Maniteewah, whom he recognized by her uncouth and horrible appearance. The smokes of habitancy were seen arising from the little wood. Next, Elder Wood surveyed the scene below. There could be no question. Jessy was there, and her attitude was as of one imploring aid.

What was to be done? Frederic and Areskoui were for a few moments too frantic in their eagerness, to fix upon any thing. The young chief soonest regained his self-possession. 'My purpose is taken,' said he. 'Who of you will follow me? The attempt is dangerous, and it may be fatal. But we owe one death to the Wahcondah, and I am ready to put mine on the issue of this enterprize. See you yonder wood below us? To that point we can slide on the frozen snow. It may be, we can neither advance, or recede from that point, if we reach it. It may be, we shall be dashed on the rocks, before we reach it. But, if we descend safely there, we shall have made the greater portion of the descent, and another hazard may land us safely, beside Wakona.' As he said this, he began to break off the leafy laurel branches, and to invest himself in them, apparently, that in passing over sharp and jagged points of rocks, the firm and thick foliage might guard his body from being lacerated. Frederic followed his example. 'I am with you by contract,' he said, 'for life or death.' Some of his followers pronounced the attempt hopeless, and wavered for a moment. But, seeing the confident countenance of their chief, they too tore off the laurel

branches, and stood looking askance upon the shining and fearful declivity below them. Elder Wood, though last, showed himself not least in firmness. 'I was born in Kentucky,' said he. 'Shall these dare that for mere human love, which I dare not for the love of God and souls? We can die but once; and for me, I trust, come when it may, death will be gain.' They were all quickly enveloped in laurel branches, fastened in every possible way to their bodies. Areskoui admonished each to take a sharp pointed stick in his hand, by which to guide himself, while gliding over the ice. Each manifested his own way of preparation. Elder Wood looked upwards. The lovers held out their hands towards the captive below. The Shoshonee sang a strain of the death song. It was settled, that Areskoui should precede, and that the rest should follow in an order, which was instantly arranged. The noble countenance of the chief blanched not, as he commenced the fearful experiment; and fearful it was, to see the green mass, for such he seemed, from his envelope of boughs, precipitated down the glazed surface, with the swiftness of a descending avalanche. In the twinkling of an eye, he had disappeared behind a projection covered with green moss. Frederic followed, and the Indians and Elder Wood each in their turn. The descent might be eight hundred feet, and the declivity a fourth of a league. An approving providence guided them safely down, though their envelope had been rudely dissipated, and their leather dress had been much torn. There was not one, who did not bleed from the wounds received in the descent.

They found themselves brought up in a shelving wood, the lower declivity of which overlooked the wood below, and seemed little more than a hundred feet from the level of the prairie. But that descent was perpendicular, without a single apparent crevice

or fissure in the distance, by which the hands could hold, or the fall be broken. Certain death, it seemed, must be the result of a leap to the prairie. The descent, by which they had slidden, it was hopeless to think of ascending again. Thus were they placed between the heavens and the earth, tantalized with seeing themselves near the object of their pursuit, and the level earth; and yet no way appeared, by which that last descent could be accomplished, except at the certain sacrifice of life. Add to this, that their position no longer afforded them a view of the captive, and the sun, sunk behind the peaks above them, would soon be succeeded by the dimness and uncertainty of twilight. Their last condition seemed to the two white men the most deplorable and hopeless of all. They admitted at least, that nothing could be done, until another morning should throw light upon their counsels. 'Acknowledge,' said Areskoui, 'that there are emergencies, when the red and untaught dweller of the solitude commands more resources and forecast, than the pale face. We will be on yonder plain, and rescue Wakona, before the last gleams of twilight are faded.' Frederic embraced him once more. 'Areskoui,' he cried, 'thou art to us both mind and arm, and we are infants compared with thee. I know, thou wouldst not encourage false hopes; and yet my thoughts cannot fix on even the semblance of the means of descent.' 'Let us see,' said Areskoui, and began cutting off and tearing from the trees, grape vines, which enveloped almost every tree in this fertile declivity. When detached and straightened, they were of prodigious length. From the leather of his dress he cut straps and thongs, by which they were tied together, according to necessity. By many of their twiny stems they were made fast to a tree near the verge of the precipice, and the heavier trunks thrown down. The Indians, delighted with the inven-

tion, would have shouted with exultation. Areskoui hushed them. 'We must attack them by surprise, for they are nearly our own numbers; and we descend upon them precisely at the right moment of time, when darkness will favor our attack.' 'Thou art indeed,' said Elder Wood, 'as an angel of God, in counsel, Areskoui.' 'See now, Frederic, and acknowledge, that all wisdom would not have died with us. See there the science of the woods. There is a ladder of ropes, such as I have descended in sport, a hundred times in my young days.' Areskoui deliberately prepared his weapons, his pistols, his dirk, and slung his yager after the fashion of his people. He insisted upon making the first descent himself. When at the foot he was to shake the ladder of vines, to give notice that it was ready for the descent of another.—The order of succession in descent was settled, as before, and the intrepid young warrior fell down, like a sailor on his rope, on his own ingenious contrivance. Scarcely two minutes elapsed, before the notice was given, that he was on the firm ground. Another and another followed, and all reached the prairie in safety. The point of descent was at some distance from the tent. 'See that our weapons are all in order,' said Areskoui; 'and let our hands be active, our eyes true, and our hearts firm. I know not the number of the Shienne, nor the prowess of Baptiste and Julius. But we must prepare for fight. Let us advance to the smokes in profound silence. When there, I will precede, and explore.' They each examined his weapons, and marched in Indian file towards the wood. Arrived there, Areskoui requested each individual to lie close upon the leaves, while he crawled cautiously in advance. He soon returned, informing that the Shienne and Baptiste were all carousing high. 'Let us fall upon them in their perfect security, and in the unguardedness of insanity from the me-

dicine drink.' Accordingly they surrounded them unheeded, uttered the dire Indian yell, and rushed in upon the astounded, and intoxicated party. Almost before they could stand to their arms, two or three were wounded, and the remainder offered the customary signal of submission. 'Where is Wakona?' they all cried together, as they were binding the vanquished Shienne. They replied, with Maniteewah. They were at the entrance of her wigwam in a moment, and, all, unconscious of the observances of form, embraced the fair rescued one, as she made for the arms of Elder Wood. She kissed his hand, as he strained her to his bosom. 'God, I thank thee,' said he, as the tears streamed down his cheeks, 'that this, my daughter, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.' 'My father, my father!' said Jessy, 'it is worth all, I have suffered, this single moment of rescue. Oh God, accept my full heart.' Areskoui held one hand in strong grasp, and Frederic the other; and exclamations of affection, too mighty for control, were the order of this joyous moment. The repulsive spectacle of the bark wigwam looked on, and laughed convulsively. 'Am I worthy to be roasted to death, as a witch,' said she, 'young chief? See, but for me Wakona would have been the prey of a pale face of her own race. I was in the power of the Shienne, and dared no more. Enquire of Wakona, and if I have deserved evil at your hand, I refuse not to die.' This introduced questioning, what had become of Julius? 'The babbling pale faces,' said she, 'are together; the one in the deep medicine sleep, which he had prepared for Wakona, and the other fled, like a base coward, from his drinking to his master.'

As soon as Jessy had recovered calmness to relate what was necessary for the elucidation of the earnest curiosity of the moment, she explained, in a few words, the present posture of circumstances, and how it had

occurred. The tent was secured. Baptiste and Julius were both ordered to be bound, and consigned, as prisoners, along with the captured Shienne, to the care of the Shoshonee. They found the villain, still beautiful even in the stertor of intoxicated sleep from the potent infusions of Indian narcotics. There he lay on his mattress, his cheek flushed, and the expression of anticipated villainy sealed upon his licentious countenance. Baptiste begged mercy of Frederic and Elder Wood. 'Accursed villain,' said the former, 'you richly merit the halter, or the stake. Let Areskoui decide. I shall not interfere.' 'Nor I,' firmly answered Elder Wood. 'It is not in a Kentuckian's heart to be particularly merciful to such a villain as thou hast proved.' 'O mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!' cried the terror stricken coward, 'ayez pitie. Certainement, cher comerade, you will not allow a brother trapper to be roasted alive;' and he continued to implore mercy, until they left the tent.

The question was, whether they should immediately commence their return, or remain, and take the refreshment of a night's rest? Jessy, completely exhausted with fatigue, watching, terror and endurance of every sort, required an hour's repose. Supper was prepared, of the sumptuous regale intended for other uses. The sleeping wretch was dragged forth into the open air, to recover, and awaken at his leisure. A blessing being duly invoked by Elder Wood, they sat down to a repast, which hunger, joy and rapture, and the presence of the recovered Jessy, rendered delicious. Questions without answers, and congratulations and bursts of joyous emotion seasoned that supper. Areskoui and Frederic and Elder Wood, in their blankets round a fire that blazed high and bright among the trees, kept watch at the tent door; while Jessy, after having devoutly made her thanksgivings to her Almighty deliverer, laid her down to sleep.

She awoke before midnight, aroused her friends, and begged, if they were ready, to be on the return. 'My parents, my parents!' she said. 'I dare not indulge longer in sleep. Let me be on the way to relieve their agony.' Julius, removed to the keen air of the night, had recovered consciousness, and was slowly aroused by Baptiste, who lay bound fast, with five of the ringleaders of the Shienne beside him, to a full acquaintance with his situation. He, too, meanly implored mercy, and insisted, that he had entertained none, but honorable designs, in reference to Jessy. He was told, that the baseness of his falsehood would only tend to enhance the certainty and severity of his punishment; and he remained as straightly bound, as the rest.

As they were accelerating their preparations to be on their return, Maniteawah appeared before them in all her horrible decorations. 'Young chief of the Shoshonee and Shienne,' she said, 'mercy and protection. Wakona hath told thee, that I deserve it at thy hand. Thou wilt not account it my crime, that I have been a little while in the power of Nelesho and the bad pale face.' 'Thou hast performed that for me,' replied the young chief, 'which shall never be forgotten. Ask, and whatever is in my power, I will grant thee.' My demands are few, and easily granted, she returned. 'Allow me, when thou art chief, after thy father has gone to the sunless valley, to remain here unmolested in this medicine grove of the little white men of the mountains, as I have been indulged by thy father. Let the medicine men be subservient to my stronger spells. Let my authority with the little powerful dwellers above be always acknowledged.' In short, the purport of her request was, that she might be recognized, sustained, and continued by the chief, to dwell there unmolested, unquestioned and alone, as high priestess of the mysteries of

Manitouna. Her request was readily granted, and it drew from Elder Wood and Frederic remarks of astonishment, in view of the strong propensity of the human heart every where to obtain prescribed authority, and veneration. Here it was sought, at the expense of living in this dreary solitude, this living sepulchre of the mountains; and sustained by bearing the form and wearing the habiliments of horrid and disgusting ugliness. Such is superstition, and such the love of spiritual power. The prisoners, with their arms pinioned closely behind them, were driven before their victors; and Jessy, led by Elder Wood, followed them. Maniteewah brought up the rear, singing in her shrillest and most unearthly tones, 'go forth, red and pale face, joyfully. The little white men guard you. The moon shine brightly on you. The south breeze waft you. Wakona shall see her parents in joy.' The poised rock was removed. The parties were extricated. The periogues raised their sails to the breeze. The moon came forth, with her broad disk resting on the mountains to illumine the dark rolling stream. The bland south pushed them rapidly against the current, constantly inspiring the pleasant sensation of triumphing over nature and difficulty. Elder Wood discoursed of the deep things of God and eternity; and their unfailing obligations of gratitude to the deliverer of the rescued one. The pale gleams of the planet of night on the mountain ices, the black peaks casting their shadows in the stream, the frequent rustling of the falling leaves in the water and in the forest, the position of the rescued one, wrapped warmly in buffalo robes, and between two lovers, the thought that she was returning to her native valley and her parents, the dim, but glorious perspective between the mountains, the season, the deep noon of night, the long, dismal, famished howl of wolves, far up the rock-bound mountains, the dark out-

line of the trees skirting the river, and the stars and the blue between—all conspired to fill her heart with devotion and rapture.

The periogue which carried Julius and Baptiste was rowed close beside that of the young chief and his company. The two miscreants, the one in broken English, and the other in the most earnest and humble tones of entreaty, were attempting to excite compassion. The one implored them, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, to forgive him; promising to redeem his misconduct by the most undeviating fidelity in future. Julius, in stammering accents, and in the humiliation of conscious guilt, went into a defence of his conduct, averring, that love was the impulse, and marriage his ultimate purpose. Jessy requested the chief, that she might not be subjected to the persecution and agony of hearing his voice; and his boat was ordered to advance beyond the rest, until they should be out of the reach of his entreaties.

A sustained southern breeze wafted them steadily on, until the sun arose, and poured his cheering and glorious radiance upon the sublime spectacle, and rolled away the mists from his march over the mountains. 'Yonder,' said Jessy, 'are the Eagle peaks above my native dwelling. Oh God, I thank thee! Heaven grant, that the hearts of my parents may not be broken.' It would be long, such was the strength of the current, before they would reach home, even if the up-stream breeze did not lull; and some part of that precious time must elapse in the necessity which compelled them to land, and take breakfast. A fire was kindled on shore, and a sumptuous breakfast prepared from the ample supply, provided by Julius at the Manitouna. 'Behold,' said Elder Wood, as the venison smoked, and the coffee gave forth its fragrance, 'how God spreadeth for us a table in the wilderness, and exalteth our horn, and hath put all our enemies

under our feet.' At the same time, the prisoners were ordered to sit down on the rocks, and receive the coarse fare, which regarded only the circumstance of necessary sustenance. 'This is the happiest breakfast,' said Elder Wood, 'I have ever made. I shall never forget it.' 'And mine;' 'and mine,' said Frederic and Areskouï; 'and mine,' added Jessy, with swimming eyes, 'but for a single deficiency.' The heart of each had been softened, first by endurance of danger, and fatigue; and now by excess of joy; and story and congratulation, and sketches of the joy preparing for William Weldon and Yensi, and of their future modes of spending their time together, now that Areskouï and Frederic perfectly understood each other, furnished their theme. Emotions of the heart, that are estranged from words, were deeply felt, and joy sparkled in every eye.

The guilty Julius passed pinioned before them on his way to his periogue. It would be difficult to imagine a situation more humiliating and taunting, or more calculated to place the party in the position, which of right belonged to his guilt. Elder Wood moralized upon the natural wages of iniquity, in his hearing, as he passed. 'In that unhappy being,' said he, 'you see a picture and a demonstration of that totally corrupt human nature, of which I preach, and the bible speaks. See heaven in the face, and hell in the heart. Do you not remember, Jessy, the passage which I marked for you? *Ne crede nimium colori.* What a lesson to those, who choose merely by external beauty. See, in this order of things, the righteous reaction of a just and avenging providence. See the lost, but externally fair son of sin and Satan caught in his own devices, and the jaw teeth of the oppressor broken. See, too, the innocent sufferer returning in joy to her father's house, and not an hair of her head harmed. See, and admire in all this, the beautiful

order of an over-ruling providence, and learn to repose unshaken trust in it.'

A Shoshonee runner had been previously dispatched, to precede them to Shoshonee town, and premonish the bereaved parents of all, that had happened. It would be as useless, to attempt description of what her parents felt, on learning that she was returning safe and unharmed, as it would be to paint the agony occasioned by her abduction. Horses were dispatched for them; that by avoiding the meanders of the Sewasserna, and crossing the mountains, they might be able to reach home in half the time which would be required to ascend the stream. The horses arrived, while they were still at breakfast. On rising from their joyful repast, they sent the prisoners on in their periogue, under a sufficient guard, and took their own pleasanter and shorter conveyance on horseback.

As they began to ascend the mountains, now glazed with ice and glittering in the sun beams like a surface of diamonds, the air indeed was keen, but bracing and exhilarating, and inspired those delightful sensations that spring from breathing an atmosphere highly oxygenated, from feeling the consciousness of strong and spirit-stirring existence, and from surveying the summits of a hundred mountains from their own level, and looking down upon a prostrate world. The sublime position causes man to feel himself an ethereal being; and brings to his heart the high and animating conviction, that, in ascending towards the sky, new thoughts and aspirations, and the instinctive movements of his being admonish him, that he is advancing towards his native home.

On the summit of the last mountain to be crossed, far to the west was seen, at the same view, the sacred mountain of the 'little white men;' and to the east the smokes of the Shoshonee habitations, rising up in lines from their valley; just as they showed on the day of

Jessy's abduction. She folded her hands in speechless silence, pointing towards the smokes; and nature claimed her full tribute of tears. While she wistfully gazed, and wished that, 'by one strong bound,' they could spring into the valley; and while they fed their horses, and took refreshments round the blazing hunters' fire, Frederic requested some account of the Indian tradition of the 'little white men of the mountains,' as beings, of whom he had often heard, but never had received any clear and distinct tracing of their history. Tutsaugee, or 'the Changing Wind,' was of the company, and withal a little mellow with the brandy furnished by Julius. Being endowed by nature with the Scotch gift, and his spirit at this time moving nimbly and eloquently within him, he arose from gnawing his venison bone, disengaged his blanket from his brawny right arm, according to custom, and with the usual preludes and flourishes of oratory, began as follows.

'Thou demandest, noble pale face, something of the red man's medicine faith, touching these beings, of whom thou hast so often heard, who make their abode on yonder mountain tops, and choose their altar in the Manitouna. I can see, by certain movements of thy face, that thou thinkest cheaply of these powerful little beings. Pale face—thy people are not so polite, as ours. We hear Elder Wood declare his medicine talk; and whatsoever passes within, we preserve grave countenances, and say nothing. But we well know, that you are an unbelieving race in all points, but the worth of beaver; and you have no politeness to conceal your want of faith. Harken, pale face, and thou shalt know the history of the 'little white men of the mountains.' Ten thousand moons have now elapsed, since the time, when every hollow tree contained honey; and numberless fountains of these ancient hills of the Master of Life flowed, some with

rich and creamy milk; and others with the comforting 'medicine drink,' which I now feel warm at my stomach. The deer and elk were in those days for number, as the black snow fleas which you see there. The buffaloes were for size, as little hills. There were beasts of prey with tusks sharp, as the fangs of a copperhead, and long as the horns of the elk. Then were good times; for there were none but red men on the earth. Listen, pale face. The words, that I now speak, are words of sorrow, and my stomach is already cold.'

At the same time he gave a knowing wink to an Indian, who carried a canteen of brandy. 'Give him of the drink of joy,' said Areskoui, 'to cheer him. For he hath to relate a tale of sadness.' Tutsaugee held his mouth to the canteen, until the tears started in his eyes.

'In truth, pale face,' he continued, smacking his lips, 'thy medicine drink is good drink; and my heart now reminds me again of these good old medicine times, when there were none but red men, and the streams ran milk and strong water. The earth was then alive with red men, who fished beside waters so full of choice fishes, that they leapt on shore, in numbers to yield an ample supply for the wants of the people. The game was so abundant in the woods, and the fowls of the sea and the forests were in such numbers, and so tame, that the people needed not, as now, practise the unerring closeness of the winged arrow, or the mimic thunder and invisible lead for their game. The south wind always blew; and spring, arrayed in unfading green, and decked in ever bright flowers, dwelt on the earth. The moon never waxed, or waned; but always filled her horns. The women were fairer than the daughters of the sun; their faces were rounder, than the full moon; and on yonder hill was a bank of vermillion, from

which they still reddened their fair cheeks, without expense. Little looking glasses, with red frames were as common as the flakes of talc on yon hill side. The men, too, were strong, tall, and bold, and never told the thing, that is not, and were alike without want or fear. The stout warriors and the fair daughters of the red men met, and courted, and loved, and were married, without coquetry or appetite for money. The deer and elk and buffaloes grew with tanned skins, and the stout children were clad in them without money or trouble. When the beasts shed these precious wrought skins, they were instantly clothed with others, fresher and more beautifully spotted, than that of the fawn but two months old. Men's hands were not then red with each other's blood. Under every green tree was a table; and stout red warriors, and beautiful vermilion cheeked girls sat down in love, and feasted high. Neither the one or the other ever grew old. Their teeth were always sound and white; and their breath more fragrant than the flowering acacia, and their club of black hair always nobly large, and never whitened with snow. Ah! fathers, life was then a thing worth possessing. Ah! that Tutsagee had lived then, or were to live in the happier days to come. In those good days were built those mounds, which now rise on the plains of the Missouri. Those desolate sepulchres of the desert cause all the wandering red men, whose hearts are not scorched, to shed tears, as they behold them rise in their path in the unpeopled and trackless prairie; and remember, that they are full of the bones of a gone by world of red men. Ah! my fathers, our medicine men declare, that they often see their dusky forms descend on the slant beams of the setting sun, accompanied by their women and children. As soon as the moon pours her silver beams upon the mountains and valleys, they wander around these mounds, and the places where

they loved and were happy in the spring time of their days. The ears of the medicine men hear the deep songs of grief, which they pour over these graves of their whole race.

‘In those days, the mighty buffalo would not trample on an infant in his way. The tongue of the copper head, as it vibrated from the fiery jaws, was salutary to heal wounds, as it voluntarily licked them; and the long tusked mountain bear employed his terrible teeth only, in currying the necks of the buffalo cows in love, as they held out their necks for that bland office. Pale face—my throat waxes dry, as I come to sing of grief.’

The canteen was once more handed to Tutsagee, to moisten and assuage his sorrow. Tears started to his eyes, as he took down the canteen from his lips; the genuine, poetical tears of the joy of grief. He smacked again, and proceeded.

‘Listen, fathers. Those times were too good to last. Good things waste quick; while bad ones are, like old age and the winter ices. The red men of those times were too full, too fat and happy, and their spirits within them became like those of young warriors, who have swallowed too much of the white man’s drink of joy. Two old medicine men, in those days, saw at the side of a sacred fountain, where they had been quaffing the drink of joy themselves, little white men floating by them in the air. At first they only observed faces dimly seen. See! see! said they to each other. The faces were little, smooth, and of snow whiteness; and they just showed above a bank of yellow mist. Soon after, as they looked again, the hair rose on their heads—long arms were seen behind the misty curtain, hanging down from half formed shoulders, and the taper fingers were as yet no more than the feathery wreathings of vapour, that spring up from the bosom of the lake, at the rising sun. The

wonderful tale spread; and the young men laughed aloud, and said, that their medicine fathers had drunk too deeply of the strong waters. But some young and brave warriors, soon after, saw the same little white men, full formed and distinct. Their shoulders were decked with the wings of butterflies, and their bodies with robes of thistle down. Their faces, long arms, taper fingers and tiny feet seemed as if moulded of snow, and their eyes, shining, and mischievous, and deep in their heads, glistened like glow-worms. Tiny and feeble as they seemed, in their sports they overturned rocks, tore up trees, and danced, and caused whirl-winds to rise about them. When they ceased dancing, they darted away to the summer clouds, and flashes of lightning and peals of thunder followed their track along the clouds. The warriors were stricken with fear, and dared not walk abroad alone. But, Wakona, the red women of those days were not like thy mother. There was no end either to their curiosity, their frolic spirit, or their pernicious courage. They laughed at the fears of the warriors; and wished only, that these little white beings of power might reveal themselves to them. Their husbands trembled, and besought them, not to expose themselves in that mad way. But nothing would satisfy them, short of wandering abroad on the sides of the mountains, by the light of the moon, straining their eyes, and sometimes crying out, sacrilegiously, 'come, little white men, come, and see the fair red faced maidens.' These powerful little spirits of mist were never far off, when they were invoked for purposes of mischief. The red girls came home with satisfied countenances, looking strangely glad, but saying nothing. We saw, that more had happened, than they chose to tell. But the wives and daughters grew thenceforward still more mischievous; and seemed to have poison and fire in their veins,

instead of blood. The hazle rod, applied in discipline to their backs, after the good ancient fashion of the red men, wrought no reforming effect. Soon afterwards, children were born to them with pale faces, of a complexion intermediate between the red mothers and the little white men. The eyes of the accursed little babe imps shone like live coals, and they knew all sorts of medicine tricks almost from their birth.'

'Oh! hand the canteen. Grief and thirst make my throat, like the roasted kettle.' After an energetic draught, the orator resumed.

'From that time, every thing on the earth began to turn upside down. The mountain bears fought with the mammoth, and the buffaloes and elks with the deer. Wolves came forth in troops. The dams of the great waters burst. A roar of terrible sounds was heard, as though the Master of Life had put forth all the sleeping thunders in his magazine in the sky. The waters came rolling on from the rising sun, in one mighty wave, which had a front higher than the tops of the trees. The sun came north about, looking from a throne of bloody mist, surrounded by a thousand rainbows, whose ground color was as of blood. The old council men, the young warriors, the fair red girls, the old mothers, the mammoths, and all the big beasts, wild and tame, the birds in the air, falling with spent and exhausted wing—all—all were whelmed in the wave. The great beasts sunk, where their bones are now dug up by the pale faces, and sold for a show. Masses of floating earth settled over the funeral piles, that reverently covered the innumerable bodies of the red men, and formed the sepulchres of the desert. The few wise and good medicine men took their wives and children, and fled to these mountains, as they heard and understood the sounds of the coming waters. On the top of yonder

Manitou hill, that puts forth those rugged peaks, black with rocks and glittering with ices, that never melt, they rested, and saw the ruins of a drowned world below. Then they drank tears instead of water, and fed on dark thoughts, without a drop of warming medicine drink to cheer their spirits.'

Here Tutsagee wistfully eyed the canteen; but Areskoui motioned him that he had had enough, and that it was time to come to a finish.

'The face of the sky was terrible to behold. The sun continued to come north about, walking through piles of bloody mist. Black clouds hung motionless in the sky. The little white men were often seen capering in masses from cloud to cloud; and their little deep eyes were bright as the fleaky lightning. A malicious joy shone in their faces, as they looked down upon the drowned world, and the wave of a lake without a shore. Their faces were whiter than the petals of the Pannocco, or the mountain snow. Their huge heads were out of proportion with their bodies; and their arms hung down below their knees, as they strode along the clouds. Soon afterwards, they were seen descending from their clouds to the summit of yonder Manitou mountain, where the remnant of the people of the submerged world was congregated. Fathers, I blush for our ancient mothers. Though often warned, sometimes with good words, sometimes with a sharp and harsh talk, often with tears, and sometimes with the hazle rod of good counsel, nothing would answer them, nothing cure them of their propensity to be walking on the mountain top by moon light. They had no fear of these little mischievous men of power; not they. They saw the fair red women, and they sailed down from their clouds; and a sound of joy arose, like that of the medicine corn dance. The husbands and fathers fled in terror; and left their wives and daughters fearless and alone.

Fathers, the sun ceased to roam north about. White and natural and peaceful clouds sailed once more over the mild blue. The waters fell by degrees. The trees budded. The earth sent up an odor of waters that had sunk away, and of fresh starting grass, of half formed leaves, of the fragrant acacia, catalpas, magnolias, the wild apple, and a thousand mingled smells of starting flowers. The steaming cloud of aroma went up, a grateful fragrance to the Master of Life. The red men bowed towards the Master of Life, and went down in joy from the mountain top, to walk once more upon the green, level earth. But, behold, the babes, that were born to the mothers, were no longer true sons of the red men. They showed, that their mothers had looked too intently upon the little white men of the mountains. They were cunning and mischievous from their birth; and ran away from their mothers to deeds of mischief, as the young duckling to the water, or the partridge with the egg-shell still on its head. The red fathers cared little for these gratuitous offerings of the little white men, and would have put them all to death. The fathers of these babes were warned of this purpose, and took them up into their clouds; and sailed with them over the great salt lake towards the rising sun. There this mixed race had sons and daughters. The red men were appeased, and once more dwelt with their wives, and spread over all these forests and prairies towards the rising sun. There was, it is true, but one to a thousand, that had lived, before the world was deluged. They were a musing and sad race, the fathers of the present races of red men, and they lived by fishing and the chase. A few hundred moons, only, have passed, since the mixed race over the great salt lake, taught by their cursed little white fathers, came swimming, in white winged canoes, over the great salt lake. They tricked the red

men out of their lands and beaver; and made medicine covenants, and broke them, and cried still—land—land!—sell us land! red men. They taught us in return to use the thunder of the Master of Life; and the black seeds of fire. They taught us treachery and cheating. They sold us the poison medicine, mischievous, but good.'

Tutsagee looked wistfully at the canteen, and hemmed—but his significant looks were disregarded.

'The pale faces have been steadily driving us before them towards the point, where the sun sinks in the salt lake of the west. The Wahcondah had compassion on his red children, and was angry with the mischievous little dwellers in the clouds. He raised a mighty wind, and blew millions of them into the great salt lake, as the flies fall in the summer pool. Other millions he pegged fast to the rocks with sharp thorns, where they have ever since been fluttering, and struggling to escape. Most of them were killed, or thus fastened. But too many still remain. Their last habitation was on yonder mountain. They often go down to dance in the Manitouna, and Maniteewah could tell you much more, than you have yet heard about them, if she would. Our women are still perniciously disposed to run after them, and fear them not. They are oftentimes seen in the summer, before night thunder showers, chasing fire flies; and sometimes, by the clear sun light, walking, like little snow wreaths, up the sides of the mountain; busy, full of frolic motion, and their little burning eyes as deep in the head, and the expression as mischievous as ever. Sometimes they chase butterflies about the spring fountains; and sometimes they are seen seated, and shining on the summit of a rock inaccessible to mortal foot. Their heads are still monstrous, and disproportioned to their tiny bodies. Their arms still hang down below their knees; and their faces are still white, as the

petals of the pannocco. When they appear, the wild turkies gobble; the wolves howl; the dogs whine, and retreat into their cabins; and the game all hides in the deep woods. We often see circles on the sides of the mountains, where they have run round the trees, and where the green grass became red, withered, and sear under their foot prints. The corn, that they fly over, withers; and the hair of the red men rises on their flesh, as they behold. But to this time, our daughters fear them not. We much fear, that in a few hundred moons, all our children will resemble the pale face. Tutsagee has said.'

Frederic clapped, and thundered applause of bravo! bravissimo! 'Tutsagee has spoken, like a medicine man,' said Areskoui. 'If I have spoken well,' said Tutsagee, 'give me more of the medicine drink, to allay thirst and grief. I shall not be comforted from my sorrowful remembrances, till I see yonder peaks spinning round.'

Elder Wood heard the sly orator at first with a sneering countenance. But, as he proceeded, the attention of the minister, became first fixed, and then profound. When the Indian had done, and was receiving his fee from the canteen, Elder Wood arose, clapped his hands, and cried, 'I have found! I have found! I call on you, Frederic, and you, Jessy, to observe, and bear witness, that here, in the wild and visionary traditions of this poor, fuddling heathen, (this he spoke in his own speech) you have a clear and wonderfully distinct shadowing forth of the fall of man, and the history of the deluge. Wonderful coincidence! Wonderful coincidence! This will tell in a book to a charm;' and he smoked his pipe with a nervous velocity, in self complacent cogitations upon his erudite invention.

Their dinner was over, their horses refreshed, and they set forth anew to descend the mountains, with

the streaming smoke of William Weldon's dwelling full in view, as the pole star of his returning daughter. But the night overtook them, still on the slope of the table summit of the mountains. They kindled their evening fires, under the shelter of a rock, made their cheerful supper, sang their evening hymn, and listened to the prayers and thanksgivings of Elder Wood. Jessy, enveloped in buffalo robes, laid down on a couch of leaves, and fatigue procured her a dreamless sleep.

They took their breakfast, before the dawn, and resumed their journey. Their first advances were painful, from the sharp influences of the frost. But, when at last the sun began to show his red and warm forehead above the summit cliffs of the opposite mountain, as the chaos of the deep and misty valley, and the dark glens, of the thousand caves, crags and declivities of the mountains were defined into distinct visibility, from the pervading brightness, what a spectacle! It was the first time Jessy had ever seen such a sunrise. The mists curled in a thousand graceful forms. The beasts and birds poured forth their varied demonstrations, that they admired the fresh and radiant scene, and felt the joy of renovated being in common with man. With what fervor the heart of Jessy rose to the Eternal Author of this sublime scene, as she reached forth her arms towards the natal spot, now more distinctly in view, and even the pines becoming visible. The morning smoke arose. It bore testimony, that the dear inmates still lived, and had awakened with the rest of creation. 'Thou art my God,' she said, 'as Thou art my father's God; and Thou shalt be my guide even unto death.'

The sun mounted high and bright in the heavens; and the snows were melting, as they descended towards the valley. They paused, from time to time, to listen to the grand sounds of the new formed streams

from the snows and ices, as they roared deep in the glens, or leapt down the sides of the mountains. The splendid red bird, warmed into melody by the influence of this transitory spring, came forth from its tangled covert of brambles, and chaunted its long drawn and mellow song.

At length their feet pressed the level of the vale. The precincts of the town opened to view. Groups of Indians received them on the banks of the Sewaserna, with reiterated embraces and acclamations. The rejoicing song was caught, and perpetuated from mouth to mouth, and preceded them to the dwelling of William Weldon. Even Hatch, who could have given, had he chosen it, ample intelligence of the origin of this expedition, and by a word could have prevented all that had happened, was among the rest offering his congratulations. He was one of those thrifty personages, who have always a hearty welcome for the prosperous, be they whom they may. A moment afterwards, and she was in the arms of her parents, and the burst of nature and unutterable joy had its course. The Indians, meanwhile, were singing and dancing; and the cry was heard from assembled thousands, 'Wakona hath come! The young chief hath come!' Nor were there wanting not loud, but deep imprecations of vengeance upon the refractory and treacherous Shienne, of whom a few were present, to witness this joyful scene. The daughter received alternately the embrace of father and mother. 'Oh Tien, Universal Jehovah, God of Israel, God of my fathers, I thank thee from my full heart,' cried the mother. 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace,' cried the father. 'It is enough; my hands feel; and my eyes see; and thou hast returned safe and in honor.' Long and repeated were these embraces of parental and filial affection. Again and again was the dear daughter strained anew to the

breast, and it was long before the almost suffocating spasm passed away. Hundreds of Shoshonee looked on with a glad participation in this scene, which showed that the human heart every where has the same sympathy with real and deep feeling. Nor was it the least impressive part of the daughter's return, that the wretch who had given occasion for all this grief and joy, shortly after arrived, bound strongly with cords, a fiendish witness of the horror and detestation inspired by her abduction, as measured by the joy of her return. There he lay, a detested and despised thing, occasionally pointed at by the Indians, whose dialect he now sufficiently understood, to know, that they were saying, 'the vile pale face must burn. We must offer him a sacrifice to the Wahcondah of the red men.'

The returned daughter once more tenanted her natal habitation. Father and mother, and Elder Wood, and Frederic and Areskouï, and his parents, sat round her, and the minister repeated the eventful story of the rescue. Areskouï was clearly the hero of it; and as Elder Wood painted, in his own energetic phrase, the noble intrepidity of the chief, when, seeing Jessy in the vale of Manitouna, he determined to throw himself down the icy precipices a thousand feet, and excited the rest by his example, to dare the same self devotion, William Weldon could not restrain a new burst of parental affection; but rose from his seat, strained the noble young chief in his arms, and declaimed that to him he owed the life and honor of his daughter. 'Son,' cried his parents, 'thou art worthy of us and Wakona.' Elder Wood resumed his eulogy, and forgot not to descant on the power of his invention, when arrived at length, almost within comparative reach of their object, they saw themselves tantalized by inability to descend, or ascend; and at their 'wit's end,' in search of devices, to reach

a lower point with safety, except at an unavailing destruction of life. When the expedient of the nature formed ladder of grape-vines occurred to the invention of the young chief, Ellswatta refrained not the native ugh! of Indian gratulation. He arose erect on his toes, flourished his arm, and exclaimed 'who will say that the red men have less medicine thoughts, than the pale face?' As in the bulletin of a battle, each one of the expedition came in for his due share of praise, and received his meed of intrepidity and self exposure. Jessy related her proportion of suffering, and those points of incident, which she alone was qualified to narrate. Her bland tresses floated, as formerly, on her fair neck. Joy had restored to her the wonted brilliancy of her beauty; and the languor of fatigue and suffering that still remained, only softened the glow and the suffusion of joy on her cheek.

'How passed you the time of my absence?' she asked, at length, in her turn. 'I will not believe, that it was not the source of grief and suffering. Relate, dear parents, to your returned daughter, how you sustained it.' They could give no more, than the general tale of the actings of human nature in the endurance of exquisite suffering. They took no food, and knew no sleep. They had seated themselves in the mute silence of despair, at one time raising their eyes to heaven, and at another time to the place selected for the family sepulchre; in this intolerable anguish, longing for the repose of the grave. The father sometimes read aloud the penitential psalms of David, or the deep strains of the afflicted man of Uz. 'Why was this dear one given us, thus to be taken away? Why died we not from the cradle? Why was life given to them, that are in bitterness of spirit, and light to them, that are in darkness?' Then they said, 'the Lord gave. He hath taken away. Blessed be his name. The comfort, we had in her, is sufficient.—'

We will live all the days of our appointed time on the treasured remembrance. Very pleasant hast thou been to us, dear lost one. Thou wert more gentle than the dove. Would God we had died for thee, our daughter.' 'Then we strove to restrain the sinful expression of our grief. We said, 'the way of the Eternal is pathless in the great deep. He hath his purpose in all this; and we ought to enquire, wherefore our souls are so disquieted? and yet to trust in Him for the rescue and return of our daughter.'

Towards the close of the first day of her abduction, they walked to her bower, and there found relief for their suffocating spirits in tears. There were her drawings. There were her footsteps. Every spot, where she had walked, was consecrated. Everyone, to whom they knew her in any way attached, was bound to them by a tie, stronger than death. Then their fluctuating views and feelings suggested to them the courage, affection, noble disinterestedness and enterprise of those, who joined for her rescue; and they said, 'God will strengthen and enlighten them; and the teeth of the oppressor will be broken; and she will return to us with songs of joy.' Then again they framed dark, but natural imaginings of her struggles, her cries, her sufferings in the hands of her brutal oppressor. The object, the purpose, the views of the wretch and his Indians, and the alternate destination of the daughter, all these, when the darkness of night again overshadowed them, and the autumnal wind moaned in the pines, and the wolves howled from afar, were left to the undefined and perpetually varying grouping of the imagination. 'But why talk of sorrow,' they said, 'which has all vanished in joy? Let us bless God, and forget the day of his visitation for all purposes, except to swell our present thankfulness and our unlimited trust in Him for all the future.'

‘See, said Elder Wood, ‘what a world is this, in which our lot is cast! How nearly the sounds of thanksgiving rise to the wailings of grief and agony! Let us remember, that the joy, too, will again pass, and be replaced by days of darkness. Oh! that this might persuade you, and that I could convince you to build on another foundation, than such a changing scene of things. At the moment, while we are rejoicing over the return of a lost daughter to her parents, how many thousands are mourning over their dead, and conveying the remains of those, most dear to them, to their long home!’

‘Thou sayest right, Elder Wood,’ said Jessy. ‘Thou art right, while our hearts are still tender, and our joy overflowing, to temper it with these views, as painful, as they are true. Let us devote ourselves to thy God. Let us feel, that we are pilgrims, and indulge our joys with a chastened and moderated spirit. Let our chief thoughts be on eternal re-union in the Father’s house, in the everlasting mansions in which there are neither tears, accident nor death.’

Upon the word Elder Wood took up the bible and psalm book. He read various affecting passages, appropriate to the occasion. When the hymn was given out, with the sweet voice of Jessy, and with that of hundreds of sympathising Indians without—and the sounds borne along through the mouths of the red men, though harsh and discordant, produced the solemn impression that never fails to result from many human voices joined. The party then all fell on their knees, and accompanied with full hearts the loud and earnest thanksgivings of Elder Wood.

When the prayers and praises were concluded, ‘allow me,’ said Jessy, ‘before we separate, to return to each one of my deliverers thanks, since there is nothing, but words to repay.’ To each one of the Indians,

who had been of the party, that came to her rescue, she gave her hand, and made some appropriate and grateful acknowledgement, after their own phrase and figure. 'To you, Areskouï,' she said, 'my brother, and the soul of honor, I owe more than life. I will engrave on my memory thy descent from the mountain to my relief. I can never forget all, that preceded, and followed.' The young chief pressed the offered hand to his lips, and Josepha, in her energetic Spanish dialect, claimed permission to embrace her. 'And you, Frederic, will not turn away from the grateful thanks of the rescued object of your generous daring.' He approached with glowing cheek, and received her acknowledgements, paid with an averted face and moistened eye, which, he might have seen, were the offspring neither of unkindness nor indifference.

What a night was that to Julius, which followed the return of Jessy! Had he not suffered from a guilty conscience and a coward fear of death, no doubt, he would that night have terminated his wretched life with his own hands. He shrunk from a self-inflicted death, to which his fellow captives urged him. His deep acquaintance with human nature, in revolving his chances, led him to see a vista of light and hope in the future. Conscience and his fears whispered, 'wretch, they will burn thee on the morrow.' Then revenge cried from the secret chambers of his thoughts, and he was not without his secret hopes, that he should yet turn the tables on his victors, and still achieve his guilty purposes. Terrible perverseness and pertinacity of human guilt! Never had he seen his escaped victim so lovely, and taking such a place in his unhallowed thoughts, as when emotions, more than mortal, gave a celestial radiance to her eye, and expression to her countenance, on her return to her parents. 'Fool, that I was,' said he to himself.

'All my purposes might have been accomplished, had I not allowed this simple girl to outwit me. It is her time now. It will be mine next. They will not burn me.' But still there was enough of terror in his position, to cause, that no sleep visited his eyes, for that night.

A morning followed, corresponding to the expected business of the day—dark, misty, chill; one of the gloomy days of the last of November. The announced trial was of a character to assemble the whole population of both the tribes. The drums beat. The medicine men took their places in the council house, in silent and solemn gravity. The chiefs arranged themselves with unwonted regard to ceremonial. A number of stakes and piles of faggots, on the level space between the council house and the river, manifested to the prisoners, that the work of preparation had been going on through the night. The Shienne, ranged round their chief, Nelesho, were painted black and green, as indicating undecided purposes. The Shoshonee more generally wore black, the color of anger, war, and stern resolve. Ellswatta, too, it was observed, was in black. After a brief consultation together, among the chiefs, the common and subordinate Shienne, who had been concerned in the abduction, were beaten with rods, and dismissed. Though the infliction was severe, and unsparingly laid on, not a groan, not a writhe of pain escaped them; notwithstanding their lacerated backs showed that there was ample cause of pain. The same punishment was awarded Baptiste. But although inflicted with a much more tender hand, the Canadian danced and yelled in no gentle measures, and in cries as various and voluble as his customary speech. As he danced, and cried, '*mon Dieu,*' and '*ayez pitie,*' the Indian character and temperament broke forth, in the most unanimous shouts of laughter. Even the girls, who had

given him the tenderest thoughts, not excepting even his wife, laughed as heartily as the rest. This inverted sympathy could not have been in the slightest degree an emollient for his scathed back. Finding, too, that the enjoyment of the joke of his cries, would tend to prolong, and redouble the endurance, he made the first great effort of his life, and shrugged not exactly in the style of that, which graced his common parlance. He ground his teeth at every stripe, cried 'sacre! dem! never mind! sacre crapeau! my turn by and by.' He was complimented, as they released him, that a few more whippings would discipline him to become a real red man, and no woman.

The two chief Shienne in the concern of the abduction were next brought forward, and placed, strongly pinioned, in the centre of the council house. The council fire burned near them. The chiefs smoked long, and silently, before a word was said. Ellswatta then arose. His manner was calm, but stern. 'My red children,' he said, 'hearken. He, who would stain the totem of our nation, by attempting the violation of female honor, deserves to be burned. Our name, for sacredness in this kind of honor, has spread from the rising to the setting sun. Here is a pale face, who came amongst us and received adoption into our tribe. He experienced from us ample hospitality and protection, as one of our own children.—The parents of Wakona admitted him with the confidence which allows no doubt, into their family. He requited it by seducing base and wicked Shienne to aid him, in stealing away from this family their only child. I will not name the crime, which, we believe, he meditated to commit. It is too base, for a red man to permit on his tongue, or even to stain his thoughts. He carried her to the medicine prison of the little white men of the mountains. Your young chief, and these pale faces pursued him, with these

our faithful Shoshonee, who are here before you.— They descended the medicine mountain, by the aid of the Wahcondah. Wakona was brought back by the bravery and good conduct of our red children and our white brothers, in peace. What shall be done to the base Shienne, and the recreant pale face? Pale faces, she is of your race. Declare your thoughts.'

Every one knew, that Hatch had been privy to the plot of abduction, though proof might be wanting, and was a partizan of Nelesho. The brass in his countenance was exchanged for a blush, when asked his opinion. A consciousness of the predicament, in which he stood before them, was equally manifest in every other countenance, as in his own. He had imagined, this affair would have terminated in another way. He stammered, as he gave his opinion. 'The person in trial,' he said, 'was young, handsome, rich, and had been rather favored, as he had heard, by Jessy. He loved, and had eloped with her, intending marriage. If it had taken place, she would, probably, have been a loving and happy wife. At any rate, no crime had been committed; and the most that could be said of it, was, that it was the freak of a wild young man, dictated by love. He rejoiced in the return of Wakona. He was for acquitting the prisoner.' Ellswatta gravely notched a mark on a long white rod. 'What sayest thou, young pale face, who camest here, as his companion? Thou hast proved thyself brave, honest and true in this business. We wait thy sentence.' The pale face of the prisoner was now raised, marked with a conflict of various and terrible emotions. Frederic hastened to give his voice. 'I am a child in counsel,' he said, 'compared with these wise and aged fathers. I once called him friend, and I cannot give my voice against him, although I think him worthy to die.' 'In so saying, replied Ellswatta, 'according to our usages, thou hast

declared thy opinion.' He marked a notch on a corresponding black rod. 'And thou,' medicine man of the pale face, he continued, turning to Elder Wood. 'Thou knowest the will of thy Master of Life; and art wise, to discern the thing, that is true and right. Thou canst make, what is in darkness, bright as the morning; what sayest thou of yonder pale face?' The countenance of the Kentucky minister betrayed irresolution. He made a speech of some length. He said, 'that, by the laws of the whites, such crimes, when committed, were punished by death; but, that they made a distinction between the manifest intention, and the overt act. The end of the young man, no doubt, was too horrible to name. The means were cruel and detestable, beyond all words to describe them. He hoped, it would not be thought, in giving his opinion, that he did not detest, and abhor the act, as much, as any one. He hoped that none would be found, to go beyond him, in sympathy for the sufferings of the parents, or indignation for the outrage practised; to say nothing of what was intended. No punishment, he thought, could be sufficiently severe; or meet the horrible aggravation of the offence; or make adequate atonement to the injured party. But then, he could not forget, that death would cut him off from repentance. He could not forget, that he had parents beyond the seas; that it was the crime of youth, and of the guilty appetite, miscalled love. The beauty and innocence of the party, however, they might have been temptations, he admitted, were no extenuation of the guilt. He gave his opinion, that he should be forthwith transported out of the valley, and punished with death, if ever found visiting it again. He deemed, that, when there was any doubt in the case, it was right to incline to the side of mercy.' His opinion was notched on the white rod. 'And, what sayest thou, father of Wakona,' asked

the chief. 'I say,' replied William Weldon, 'that my heart is too full of joy and affection, to allow my thoughts sufficient calmness and impartiality, to decide upon a case, which touches life.' His opinion was notched on the white rod.

'We will now take the voice of our own people,' said the chief. 'What is thy decision, Nelesho?' Every countenance was turned towards him, to see how he would deport himself in this emergency. He had labored for self command; and he had obtained it. The prisoner arose from his recumbent position, and looked wistfully upon him, as feeling, that life or death hung on his word, and opinion. Nelesho arose, threw his buffaloe robe from his shoulder, squared himself, and showed a form, that seemed of more than earthly power. He had taken counsel of disdain, and as it seemed, contempt of life. 'Thou askest Nelesho, Shoshonee chief, how he would dispose of yonder pale face? They are both pale faces. They are both beautiful. Do not the birds, and the deer, and all the dwellers of the air and the streams and the woods, wed under such circumstances? How comest thou, Ellswatta, by the mother of Areskouï? Yonder pale face is said to be a very great man among his own people. The Master of Life marked in the most signal manner, that Wakona ought to have been to Nelesho. He offered her his love, and she rejected it with disdain. Why should she render so many wretched with her scorn? Did the Master of Life give her the beautiful face and the medicine charm, merely to create torment? The young pale face loved her, did he? So does the other pale face, and Areskouï, and I know not how many more. She has received, I fear, charms of potency from the little white men of the mountains; else she could not so melt away the strong hearts of the red warriors, and the young pale faces. Our fathers were wont to put

to death those women, who communed with the little white men of the mountains. It would seem strange counsel, if Nelesho were to propose, to burn Wakona, who medicines all, that come in her way, as though in communication with the mischievous spirits, and let the pale face whom she has medicined, escape. It is right, that the young and beautiful should love the young and beautiful. My mind is, therefore, that we release the prisoner, and compel Wakona to receive him for a husband. Let us have a marriage between them, and let us all rejoice together. If they become weary of each other, as is likely, Nelesho will still take her, as his squaw.' The reckless and undaunted insolence of Nelesho was received with a distinct grunt of approbation from a few of his Shienne; and with a loud, general and long drawn groan of indignation from the Shoshonee, and most of all, from Areskoui. He arose, pale with wrath, and with a countenance of more uncontrolled fierceness, than he was ever seen to have worn before. Every eye was upon him. Ellswatta saw, that his son would commit himself, and lose his reputation for calmness and self control. 'Areskoui,' he said, 'a more opportune time will come, for what thou wouldst say. No one is answerable for the folly of his heart, unless it escape from his lips.' The young chief stood rebuked, swallowed his words, cast a withering look upon Nelesho, which was met by a corresponding expression of defiance and disdain, and sat down.

The sub-chiefs and warriors were now called upon in turn, to give their declaration of opinion in the case. Burn! Burn! was the general voice of the Shoshonee. 'Burn the pale face and the base Shienne, who have stained our totem.' A few of the Shienne, too, who wavered between allegiance to Ellswatta, and subservience to Nelesho, gave their voices in the same way. The greater portion of the

Shienne, without any of the insolence of their chief, gave their suffrage for releasing all the prisoners. On counting the notches on the sticks of mercy and vengeance, it was found that the far greater number was on the latter.

It was an impressive specimen of the actings of the fierce democracy of nature, where the unwritten laws, though founded only in opinion, operate with terrible, prompt and certain efficacy. On this occasion, deep feelings of mutual jealousy and hate had been developed between the Shienne and Shoshonee, and between rival and hating chiefs and partizans, in fierce and defying speeches, and in that menacing and proud independence, which constitutes such a prominent feature in Indian deliberations. The partizans of a particular speaker cheered him, as he proceeded, by the deep grunt of Indian approbation; and the low murmur was like the gently mustering winds, that precede a tempest. The tumultuous adoption and renunciation of opinion was like the swelling and sinking of the tempest, when acting in its fury.

After all the opinions had been declared, and collected, the counsel chiefs again smoked awhile, and were silent, looking on the ground. They then raised their calumets, and flourished them first to the rising, and then to the setting sun—then to the south, and the north. Ellswatta threw his buffalo robe from his right shoulder, and gave the decision of the council with equal calmness and firmness. 'My red children, warriors of the Shoshonee and Shienne, listen. The Master of Life hath taught us, to mingle calmness with determination, and justice with mercy. The red people, from the salt lake at the rising to that at the setting sun, have received it from their forefathers and the Master of Life, that the honor of women is a bright line in their totem—a medicine—a thing of inviolate sanctity. The pale faces babble all

sorts of slanders and falsehoods against us. But even they allow us this honor. It is our right. Sooner than stain it, we will all sacrifice our lives. I say nothing of the outrage of carrying off Wakona, and of the groans of her parents, while she was gone. I will not expound what, we all believe, was intended; for to speak it would wither the honor and scorch the tongue of a red man. He hath, moreover, seduced the allegiance of the Shienne, and sown the seeds of insubordination and rebellion. I say nothing of the show and effect of this, which you have all heard in the speech of the insolent Shienne chief. He caused, also, that the lives of all the party of rescue were put at hazard, in their throwing themselves down the medicine mountain, when, it would seem, that no power, but the Master of Life, could have saved them. For these crimes the red men determine, that yonder pale face shall burn, or fall on his knees before Wakona, in view of all the nation, and demand her forgiveness; which, if he receive not, he still burns.— But if he receive it, he suffers wis-ton-gah, or running the gauntlet; and is then to be carried out of the tribe, cursed, and forbidden ever to enter it again, on pain of death.

‘Touching our two recreant red children. we also pass, that they draw lots, who of the two, shall burn, or undergo the same humiliation of asking forgiveness of Wakona on bended knees, and then endure the wis-ton-gah, and be banished from the town of the Shienne, to dwell at the remote point of the north pass of the mountains. It is said. Let it be done.’

A general grunt of approbation ran through the vast assembly. Nelesho and his few factious partizans cast a knowing eye over the crowd, and saw, that in this case, there were none to sustain them in opposition, and that purposes of treason and revolt were as yet premature. Judgment and justice and wisdom

and mercy were so blended in the award, that there seemed a general feeling of pride and respect, in regard to the aged and wise chief, as though a second Daniel had come to judgment.

Immediately four young warriors, executioners of the nation, with pistols and hatchets in their girdles, arose, and advanced towards the prisoners. The two Shienne were blindfolded. Prepared lots were placed before them, and drawn. The fortunate drawer was immediately liberated; and, disgraced, and shunned by every eye, he moodily withdrew from the assembly. A message was despatched to Jessy; and she came in her beauty, in a case as trying to one of her character, as could be imagined. Life hung upon her act, and she could not hesitate. But the whole transaction, and every thing that preceded it, was of a character to harrow her feelings. She was pale—but every one could have seen, that mercy had the ascendancy on her countenance. A general murmur of delight ran over the crowd, as the lovely girl, alternately pale, and rosy red, sat down between her parents.

The four warriors seized Julius. All conceivable human passions were marked on his fair face. 'Lead me to Wakona,' he said; but in a voice almost inarticulate. They led him to her. Pride struggled for a moment in his bosom, and its influence was as of spasm. Love of life prevailed. He fell on his knees, amidst a low murmuring hiss, which rose spontaneously from the whole multitude. 'Pardon, Jessy, and let me live. Thou wast lovely; and I fell. Pardon. I depart in guilt and shame to expiate my crimes in repentance, and in remembrance of thee and of this humiliation, which will gnaw upon my bosom, like the never dying worm.' Such were his words, while on his knees before her. To see a youth, so fair and noble in appearance, in such extreme hu-

miliation, must have softened a heart, far harder than hers. 'Julius,' she replied, in words distinctly audible, go; repent, and may God forgive thee, as I do. Let me never see thee more.'

The act was followed by a general groan, the last expression of Indian contempt. Nelesho threw off his robe, as if from excessive warmth, put his fingers to his mouth, giving the true Indian yell, ugh! ugh! it arose even from many a woman present; while the Shienne cried, 'thy countenance is fair, pale face, but thy soul is that of an old woman. Release the despised pale face for the Wistongah,' was the general cry. In a moment there was formed, all the way from the council house to the river, a compact mass of warriors and women intermixed, each armed with a beechen switch, of which hundreds had been prepared for the alternative. Children and aged, male and female, all pressed to the ranks, to have a share in this high frolic; and the very struggle to get forward and administer the switch, was the cause that he suffered little in the application. They let him loose, amidst shouts of laughter, and so many switches were brandished at him, that one fell upon the other. The ranks were disordered, in eagerness each to whip him. He stumbled and fell; and the interval was filled with those who were pressed down in eagerness to get at him. The fallen all caught the switches together, and the shout of merriment rent the sky. He was soon raised, the path cleared, and he ran on, staggering on this side and on that, getting quite as many stripes from the women as the men. The discipline, on the whole, was rather severe, and when he arrived at the river, he was thoroughly scored from head to foot, and was carried away, to receive at the house of Hatch such unction and consoling words, as might prepare him to be transported out of the nation, which was to take place on the following morning.

Meanwhile Hatch was answerable, with his life, to have him forthcoming for transportation in the morning.

The drums beat, and the chiefs assembled in the council house, surrounded by the nation, as before, to witness the termination of the council in the alternative of the remaining Shienne prisoner. Once more Jessy was seated to receive his humiliation, if he chose to make it. It was so signified to him. He indignantly spurned the offer. 'What! a Shienne warrior get on his knees to a woman! No. No. You can burn a Shienne, but you cannot quail his spirit.' The terrible sentence was uttered, that he must burn, and so implicit was the deep deference to modes sanctioned by immemorial usage, that not a groan, not a sign of disapprobation arose from all that mingled crowd, in which the unhappy prisoner had parents, a wife, and children, and a whole train of intimates and friends. The chief arose, and waved his hand towards the West. 'The sun has gone,' he said, to bathe his forehead in the great salt lake. Let the Master of Life look upon our doings. Let him see us cleanse the stained totem of our nation, when he looks upon his red children in the brightness of the morning. The council was dissolved, and the prisoner placed under a guard for the terrible ceremony of the morning. But during the night the guard was beset, and the prisoner liberated; and the information in the morning was, that he had fled to the Blackfeet, who had long opened an asylum for fugitives from the Shoshonee.

During this winter every second warrior of the two tribes was detached on different trapping expeditions; and the annals of the nation resumed their customary aspect. The influence of Elder Wood, as a missionary, had become a very considerable element of influence in the nation. The heart of the good

man began to exult in the hope, that he should yet gather much fruit from among these interesting heathens for the Redeemer, and be known in the annals of the church, as the Apostle of the Shoshonee. Two Indian girls received baptism, and were added to his little church. Various other demonstrations of his growing success filled his heart with joy. Winter howled through the leafless forest, and swept along the most sunny vallies; holding undivided empire upon the icy summits of the mountains. When the mountain breeze descended to the valley, it was as if the concentrated essence of frost had descended with it. Even the hardy and much enduring warriors came in from their traps. But the warm abodes under the over arching wall were plentifully stored with venison, prairie potatoes, and dried salmon; and Indian festivity, holiday and song sojourned in those nature wrought abodes of comfort.

Jessy, warned by the dreadful disaster that had recently befallen her, went little abroad; and never, except when accompanied by numbers, who were able to protect her. The guilty Julius had, indeed, been deported, and left with a periogue and a curse at the Great Falls of the Oregon, to make his way to Astoria alone, as he might. But a thousand circumstances, which could be summed up only by intimate acquaintance with the manners of the people, indicated, that though the master spirit was gone, the influence of his money and his counsels remained. There was too much reason to fear, that through Baptiste, Hatch and Nelesho, he still held the threads of disaffection and revolt in his hands at Astoria, where, it was understood he arrived safely, after his deportation from the valley. Ellswatta well understood all this. But the usages of that patriarchal government gave no countenance to punishment, except upon the clearest and most palpable conviction; and the grand maxim

of the chief was, in the peculiar position of the two tribes, to forbear towards the Shienne, as long as forbearance was possible.

A strange sympathy had grown up, in place of the former estrangement, that existed for awhile between Frederic and Areskoui. The former became a constant inmate in the dwelling of the latter. In walking, in hunting, in their visits at William Weldon's, they were inseparable companions. It was understood, that the young chief had resumed the relinquished studies of his early youth, and under the instruction of Frederic, was making patient and rapid advances in learning; and that he was indefatigable in his efforts to understand, and copy the observances, common courtesies, and modes of the white people. The fruit of these instructions was marked by every one. Sometimes it created painful respect, and sometimes it inspired smiles in Jessy, to remark the stately and somewhat stiff ceremonial of the young chief, in that intermediate stage, where his manners had lost the listless independent ease of his native department, without acquiring the graceful finish of civilized manners.

The compact between the two inmates was similar in character, though based more deeply in truth and honor, than that, which had originally existed between Frederic and Julius, when they first came to the valley. Their covenant ran, that they would be friends, faithful and totem friends, in the language of Areskoui; that no jealousy, distrust or concealment should belong to their intercourse; that the chief should deport himself invariably to his friend, as his father had to William Weldon; that they would spend their days together; and that if Wakona, unsolicited, should show favor to either, the other should relinquish any thought of attempting hindrance. 'But,' said Areskoui, 'it were better, that we continue to live, as we now live; sustaining to her the relation of

brothers to a dear sister; and then neither of us shall wring the heart of the other by the cruel triumph of possession.' In a moment of privacy, which occurred soon afterwards, Areskouï, in very guarded, but sufficiently intelligible language, announced the terms of this treaty to Jessy. 'Wakona,' he said, 'I hope, that thou wilt henceforward gladden my heart by that same smiling and unconstrained confidence, which thou wert wont to bestow upon me in the thrice happy, and never to be forgotten days of our infancy.—Wakona, thy smiles clear the sky, and bring good fortune. Flower of the valleys, thou seest, that I love the pale face, who dwelleth with me, and who giveth, and receiveth all my confidence. I implore thee, therefore, never again to look upon me with the averted eye of distrust, or fear, that I shall vex thee more with talk of my love.'

A thousand reasons rendered such an intercourse the first wish of her heart, and peace of mind was again restored to her. The intercourse was cheerful, unrestrained and delightful; more than compensating for the want of the unconscious communion of their young days, by possessing more of character and heart, and the guarded feelings of higher interest from the relations of sex, age, and more self respect, and matured thoughts. When the storm poured without, and all nature was invested with its covering of snow, and imprisoned in chains of ice, the nation, sheltered in their warm cabins under the great arch of nature, told their tales, and prosecuted their loves, and laid down their schemes for the occupations of the spring; or shivered with horror at superstitious legends of the Maniteewah, and of the little white men of the mountains.—Elder Wood, the while, sat in one corner of William Weldon's spacious parlor, with his table, lamp and religious books before him. Ellswatta and Josepha, half reclined on their buffaloe robes, in earnest con-

verse with William Weldon and Yensi. Frederic touched his flute with the inspiration of love. The fingers of Jessy wandered over her harp. The evening tea and coffee smoked, and diffused their fragrance. A cheerful fire blazed; and lamps at the remote point of the apartment threw an impressive brilliance upon the dark red cave of the glorious and lofty arch of living stone above.

‘There is gladness,’ said Areskoui, as on such an evening, a northern storm poured columns of snow and sleet down the valley, ‘there is gladness in this scene of comfort and peace.’ ‘It contrasts delightfully,’ said Frederic, ‘with the howling of the storm, and the keenness of the frost; and the consciousness, how soon the poor, unsheltered traveller without, would perish under the wrath of winter. How sweet are the security, abundance and comfort within. How doubly dear the faces of those, to whom we are united by domestic and friendly ties. We look round, and here is our paradise, our home, our world.’— ‘My daughter,’ said William, aroused by the enthusiasm of Frederic, ‘sing to us the touching air, you gave us the other evening.’ Without waiting for the painful repetition of entreaty, she sang, to a tender and plaintive air,

‘It was a winter’s evening, and fast came down the snow.’

The sweet notes and the touching words drew tears from the small audience, and aroused the attention of even Elder Wood from his holier meditations. ‘Jessy, my daughter,’ said the good man, ‘in society they would tell you, you sing like an angel. I say to you in truth, that the beautiful ballad on your lips has drawn tears even from these eyes, which are not used to weeping. Jessy, you have made me think painfully of Kentucky.’

Sometimes the conversation was playful, and intermingled with stories by Ellswatta, of conflicts with

the Blackfeet, the Spanish, grizzly bears and panthers, and gambols in the brine of the western sea, as he pursued sea lions and seals to their retreats beneath the billows. He recounted, and it made no mean romance, the story, how he won Josepha with his sword and his bow. The Spanish woman laughed heartily at his version, and occasionally commented, and showed fine eyes and teeth, and informed him, that Yensi would, perhaps, hear from her an entirely different account of the whole matter. Sometimes it turned on higher and holier themes, friendship, the comfort and security and peace of the lowly tenants of the vale. Sometimes it dwelt on comparisons of their position and enjoyments, with those of the dwellers in the great world; and sometimes Elder Wood gave the key note to the theme of religion, and then it turned upon the enduring character of religious satisfaction, the power of that faith, that triumphs over death, and the eternal hopes of the life to come.— Each member of this small social circle was inexpressibly dear to the other. The conversation, thus colored by friendship, thus centered by affection, thus diversified by guests from such remote quarters, and minds of such opposite training, and naturally partaking much of Indian simplicity, and picture painting power, called their thoughts into full and delightful exercise; and their remembrances and affections from their deepest cells.

During the day, if the weather was not inclement, the two friends hunted, by tracing the foot prints of their game in the snow, or angled in the ponds under the ice; or found the covert of the wild turkeys and bustards, or the open places in the Sewasserna, where the geese and swans remained through the winter; and loaded with game, they entered with the departure of light the abode of William Weldon, to feast, and spend the long winter evenings in the renewal of

the delightful talks and amusements and music of the preceding evening. Jessy, too, had for the ear of her mother and Elder Wood, relations still more interesting, than the hunting chronicle of the preceding day, as detailed by the two friends. There are sickness and sorrow every where; and she had been, through the day, a ministering angel beside the sick and the sorrowful and the destitute in the humble Indian abodes of the nation. Her mother, without professing the religion of Elder Wood, felt these obligations, and encouraged these exertions on the part of her daughter. Their stock of medicines and comforts for the sick and destitute was comparatively great; for the Indians are naturally thoughtless, and reckless of the future. It was by such acts, long practised among the humblest of the nation, that Jessy had won the love and veneration of the people. But it was not for blessings, or humble applause, or to have the tale told, that Jessy went to the squalid abode, administered food and medicine, wiped the sweat of pain and agony from the face of the sick, and imparted counsel, consolation and hope to the dying. Her record was on high. She felt, that she owed these painful duties to God and to her kind; and when she could reflect, that she had faithfully performed them through the day, a calm serenity came over her evening thoughts, a perennial and healthful satisfaction, of a far higher order than even the spirit-stirring recollections of the active young hunters, as they narrated the adventures and pleasures of the chase of the past day.

The hopes of Elder Wood, too, were elevated with indefinite anticipations of success. The popularity of Areskoui was manifestly advancing; and the star of Nelesho was waxing pale in proportion. There was every reason to believe, when Ellswatta should be gathered to his fathers, that Areskoui would

be more deeply fixed in the loyalty and affection of the united nation, than even his father had been.— This young chief, Elder Wood had sanguine hopes, would profess the Christian religion. He had written this on the tablet of his heart; and his ardent imagination had gone on, rioting in the glorious vision, that the nation would follow their chief; and that he would be finally written Apostle of the converted nation of the Shoshonee. His creative mind ran on to the civilization consequent upon the Christianization of the people. He saw fields and fences and houses and roads and canals and orchards, and the church with its spire. He heard the sound of the church-going bell. He saw himself invested with the united consideration and sanctity of prophet, priest and king. He went further. His serious and imaginative spirit transcended the bounds of time and space, and the limits of the grave. He saw the books opened, his red converts ascending the holy hill of Zion, and recognizing him in the everlasting mansions, as the instrument of their being brought home to God. Kings, and those, whose names are written on marble, have no illusions so benevolent and glorious, as this picture of the present and final results of a Christian community, thus portrayed in the imagination of Elder Wood.

Alas! for the frailty of human nature. It was unquestionably love, which led the young chief to think seriously and to converse earnestly upon the subject with Elder Wood. He had said to Jessy, to Frederic and himself, that he would be contented with the sisterly regard, the disinterested and common kindness of his sister, such as she could share in equal proportions between him and Frederic. But, in saying this, he had deceived himself. He was of a nature, in which all affections and passions take strong and deep root. This sentiment had been incorpora-

ted with the first germs of natural and moral development. Every year and every scene, and every visit and every conversation, had strengthened the sentiment. It had rooted deeply, and thrown out wide branches, and unconsciously pervaded all his thoughts and associations; and mingled with every plan and colored every future prospect, until it had become a tyrannic and master feeling, not to be reasoned with, or controlled; but, like disease and constitutional madness and the influence and acting of the brute powers of nature, endured, as he might sustain them.

Though Elder Wood had the warmest regard for Frederic, there were more points of union between him and the young chief, than between him and his own countryman. Areskouï was, in the way, to which allusion has just been made, identified with all his bright visions of the future, on earth and in heaven. Elder Wood knew not himself, that he wished Jessy might become the wife of the chief. But he was unconsciously swayed to that wish. His representations of Areskouï to her were always, more or less, colored by that wish. Unhappily, this purpose, latent to him, was clear to her; and deeming it matter of design, it tended in a degree to counteract its own purpose, and induced her to regard his animated statements and his warm eulogy rather with distrust, than confidence.

Long and confidential were the communications, which the young chief held with him, touching the evidences, the doctrines and the immortal hopes of the Christian religion. The system, as a whole, met his respect and his cordial acceptation; though he very frankly demurred to the narrow and exclusive views of the minister. But however the conversation began, whatever turn it took, it always ended upon two points, whether there were unions in heaven, like those on earth; and whether he thought, there was

any chance, that Jessy would ever entertain for him sentiments beyond simple regard? 'Father,' he would say, 'you affirm, that all is disappointment and sorrow here below. My heart is sad, and fondly seeks to rest in some hope, that its earnest longings may somewhere be satisfied. Ah! if it may be in heaven! I will strive to go to heaven; for Wakona will never love me on earth; and you affirm, that in that country, all the adventitious advantages of complexion, speech, form, deportment, and cultivation, will be done away, and every thing will be settled on the test of superior worth and goodness. There I will show Wakona, what she has thrown from her on such considerations. There she shall read the mind and the heart of the young chief.' Then, he would earnestly and anxiously ask, 'father, if all these circumstances, by which we know each other on earth, shall be changed, how shall minds know each other in heaven?'

All these conflicts and solitudes in the heart of Areskouï became matter of unconscious relation to Jessy in the conversations of Elder Wood. To present his catechumen in the attitude of hopeless self-conflict, despairing love, and seeking only the good of the object of his affections even in rejection; such, in all simplicity of heart, was the plan of the minister; and many an unconscious and unwitnessed tear, in her silent meditations, had she bestowed upon the sorrows of Areskouï, as thus painted to her imagination by the man of God.

On the other hand, she had her own peculiar bitterness of heart, from another source. In Frederic she saw dignity, nobleness and strength of character, as in the other. He had not grown up with her from infancy, raising between them associations, that had been formed gradually and imperceptibly. He was descended from her own race, educated, capable of eliciting her thoughts, and divining her undeclared

wishes. The chief was always stern, always solemn, always in earnest. This one could glide in a moment, by a transition natural and decorous, from gay to grave. He was playful and sprightly, when the occasion called. He had wit or wisdom, eloquence or profoundness, according to the exigency of conversation. All these views had developed in a short time; and had been seen in the light of a discriminating judgment. The one in that world, where, although she knew it only by books, or the accounts of her friends, the standard of her estimation was fixed, would be called savage! Savage! that word of horrid import, a word, to which, from all her mother's prejudices, she had learned to attach the most repulsive meaning—a savage, and then her imagination ran out to paint all the subsequent consequences of an union with a savage. The other was high minded, but docile and gentle, showing her in every word, movement and look, the appropriate attractions and influences of society. But the one had loved her almost from a child; had performed for her parents and herself a thousand kindnesses, had recently displayed the most noble intrepidity, and had rescued her from a condition, worse than death. Would not the other have preceded in the same daring, and the same purpose? But, what if he would? He was silent, reserved, seemingly proud, had never made professions except by looks; and had since more than retracted them, by a manner, which he could not have sustained, had he continued to love. There were times, when such views piqued her pride. 'Is it true, then,' she said, 'that all, that has been said about my personal attractions, is mere flattery and illusion?' From this view, native self respect roused her indignantly to reflect, 'I am sufficient, with the love of my parents, for myself. The whole view is an illusion. It is good to be alone. All these struggles are worthy only of

wayward children, who cry, because every inclination cannot be gratified. I will think of neither, and will calculate to remain for the future, as I have been for the past.'

In such alternations of thought and feeling in the inmates at William Weldon's habitation, the winter passed away. It had been of uncommon length and severity. The keen north wind, charged with sleet and snow, had swept down the valley, almost without intermission. Avalanches had, more than once, slid down from the mountains, and filled different points of the vale. The bursting of the ice in the blue lake, and in the still places of the Sewasserna, had sounded like frequent thunder-bolts. The trees all bent their branches in curves towards the ground with their weight of snow. The grouse, bustards and wild turkeys had crowded round the abodes of the nation for food, more strongly drawn by hunger, than repelled by their dread of man. Often, too, had Jessy marked the sustaining wisdom of a wonder-working providence, as she saw, in the most cutting rigor of the snows and frosts, little sparrows of the brightest plumage, and with bodies scarcely larger than an acorn, hopping on the shrubs in front of her dwelling, chirping and active and alert, under a temperature which seemed by its bitterness to threaten all animal existence. Though not inclined to superstition, she had often felt the thrill of painful and dark thoughts come over her bosom, as she retired to her apartment, and heard the fierce storm pour, and the snows drive, and the wind whistle, and ran over in thought the incessant predictions of the medicine men, that the unusually severe winter was a precursor of a bloody and fatal summer.

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