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**LECTURES, SPEECHES, NOTES, AND
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HISTORY AND HEALTH

BIRTHDAY

February 11, 1732.

That mewing infant will so illumine the name of Washington that it will shine to the far corners of the earth. He is destined to rise to an astral plane of celebrity so high that even his faults will dazzle us and become, by reflection, our virtues.

The law of primogeniture was in force, and continued in force until Thomas Jefferson got it abolished, thirty-odd years later. Under it the eldest son received the major part of the family inheritance; the younger children got only the scraps and leavings.

SISTER

Elizabeth (or "Betty") married Col. Fielding Lewis of Fredericksburg, and brought into the world a swarm of sons. Mrs. Lewis resembled her distinguished brother so closely that, it was said, she would have been mistaken for General Washington if she had worn a long military cloak and a three-cornered hat.

We are the victims of our own inventions; we see civilization strangely shattering before the driving power that we hoped would save it.

Daily we are deluged by a flood of half-comprehended ideas, by showers of intricate and plausible falsehoods.

Distant events and unseen men cut us to the heart. Our fate, as individuals, is no longer in our own hands; it comes from remote sources that are both dim and unintelligible. Our careers are twisted out of shape by mystifying economic laws which we have had no part in making, and which possess all the inhuman attributes of invisible gods. There is a feeling of a sinister sleight-of-hand at work in the affairs of men.

TEACHER

There was no regular school near Augustine Washington's home, or so it seems, and George at the age of six or seven was turned over to a Mr. Hobby, sexton of a nearby church, to receive whatever sluggish pothook instruction the sexton could give.

SPELLING

Pretty soon the sexton was dried up; he had taught all he knew; there was no more water in that well. George had acquired a sort of vague capacity to read, a little arithmetic, and the foundation of the fantastic system of spelling that bedevilled him to the end of his days. He was never able to get the i's and the e's right in such words as ceiling; he always wrote blew when he meant the color blue; lie was lye; and oil was oyl in his orthography.

Down in Westmoreland county, near the old home of the Washingtons, a Mr. Williams presided at a more generous fount of knowledge. There George was sent, and as the school was thirty miles or so from his father's home he lived with his half-brother Augustine--the one nicknamed "Austin"--who had grown up and had a home of his own in Westmoreland.

I doubt if we can find in history any other character of the first importance who had a passion for counting equal to that of George Washington. During his whole life he kept his eye on the number of things. Every penny he owned and every foot of land was set down, over and over again, in the most orderly and meticulous manner.

INVENTORY

The enumeration of things seemed to afford an outlet for a sort of mental voluptuousness. At one time when he was managing five plantations and several hundred slaves he calculated laboriously the number of seed in a pound Troy weight of red clover, and found that a pound contained 71,000 seed. Then he calculated the seed in a pound of timothy, and learned that there were 298,000. Large numbers these, but he got into astronomical dimensions when he set out to calculate the number of seed in a pound of New River grass, and discovered the total to be 844,800.

There is also, in his handwriting, a memorandum giving the number of windows in each of the houses on the Mount Vernon estate, and the "no. of Paynes" in each window.

He was never too busy to spare the time to do this counting and measuring. In 1786 he measured the exact altitude of the piazza at Mount Vernon above the high-water mark of the river, and found it to be 124 feet 10½ inches.

SPELLING

It is customary to attribute his errors in diction and spelling to the confused grammar and orthography of the time. It is quite commonly supposed, I believe, that nobody could really spell or write grammatically until well along in the nineteenth century. This supposition is erroneous. Educated people knew how to spell at that time, and they were more familiar with grammar than educated people are today. Alexander Hamilton could spell; and so could Jefferson, and John Dickinson and Benjamin Franklin, and everybody else who had a good education.

DINNER

When he was living with his half brother Lawrence, at the age of 13 or 14, dinner was served at 3:00 P. M.

The nobleman, who was a bachelor and past the age of fifty when he met young Washington, possessed in Virginia an almost incredible estate of five million four hundred thousand acres. He owned more land than there is in the state of New Jersey. It was all in a single tract, in the Northern Neck of Virginia; twenty-one counties have been made of it.

The surveyors left on March 11, 1748, and reached Mount Vernon again on April 13th. It was a busy month for George Washington, and apparently a happy one. On March 23rd he wrote in his diary:

Rain'd till about two o'clock and Clear'd when we were agreeably surpris'd at y. sight of thirty odd Indians coming from War with only one Scalp. We had some Liquor with us of which we gave them Part it elevating there Spirits put them in y. Humour of Dauncing of whom we had a War Daunce there manner of Dauncing is as follows Viz They clear a Large Circle and make a Great Fire in y. middle then seats themselves around it y. Speaker makes a grand speech telling them in what Manner they are to Daunce after he has finished y. best Dauncer jumps up as one awaked out of a Sleep and runs and Jumps about y. Ring in a most comicol Manner he is followed by y. Rest then begins there Musicians to play ye Musick is a Pot half (full) of water with a Deerskin Stretched over it as tight as it can and a goard with some Shott in it to Rattle and a Piece of an horses Tail tied to it

to make it look fine y. one keeps Rattling and y. other Drumming all y. (time) while y. others is Dauncing.

APPEARANCE.

Here we have a glimpse of the remarkable impression that he always made on men. In appearance he was distinctly impressive. He was six feet two inches tall, though he invariably described himself as "six feet in stature"--a curious error for him to have made. His handshake was like hard steel, and his cold grey-blue eyes looked straight at people, in silent appraisal. Whenever he entered a room where he was not known, every one wondered who he was and felt that Somebody Special had arrived.

Mrs. Warren's satire is heavy. It reminds one of Mark Twain's characterization of the Mormon Bible, which he called "chloroform in print." Literature was hardly a feminine occupation.

WOMEN SMOKING

Existence was hard, but these frontier people were so tough and leathery that a life which seems impossible to us did not cause them a great deal of discomfort. A woman in childbirth often called for her pipe and tobacco as a solace for labour pains. Next day she would be up and about, sitting lankily by the fire with the new-born child in her lap.

Jefferson attempted to rewrite the Bible.

REBUKED

But when Washington was President no one hid a Bible. As he never discussed religion at all, and went to church occasionally, he was considered by most people to be a quietly religious man. It was something of a shock, therefore, to the people of Philadelphia when the reverend Dr. Abercrombie, Washington's pastor, criticised him from the pulpit. He told him that, as President, he should not belong to a church unless he could set a good example to others. He reminded Washington that he never took communion, and in short, that his example was bad.

Washington listened to these reproaches in silence, and never went to that church again. His only commend was that he would not annoy Dr. Abercrombie by his presence.

PERSECUTION

Nevertheless, with the attachment to phrases and forms which has always been a characteristic of the American mind, the statutes of Virginia made a denial of the Trinity a crime subject to a penalty of three years' imprisonment. The law was not enforced. There were laws against witchcraft. Free thinkers were excluded from office, and even from the custody of their own children. That is, they were supposed to be, but this law was also a dead letter. Its retention

on the statute books was probably not an oversight, however. We have observed in our own times that such obsolete laws are frequently retained for the purpose of persecution in individual cases.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

Jonathan Edwards was to Puritanism what Herbert Spencer was to the philosophy of rationalisation. On the narrow plane of a bigoted religion he displayed an almost overwhelming intellectual vigour.

A queer strain ran through his family. His grandson was the Aaron Burr who killed Alexander Hamilton.

His mind moved with speed. He was quick and vivid, and somewhat erratic in behaviour. When he was at his travels, and a new idea occurred to him--as many did--he would write it down on a slip of paper and pin the slip to his coat. At the end of a thoughtful day he would ride up to his stopping place for the night with paper streamers fluttering from his garments.

There was more than touch of Dante in him. He was a "hell-fire" preacher of such blazing fervour that he sent his hearers home in hysterics. He told them that God would make blood squirt out of them, that He would hold them over the mouth of hell as one holds a spider over a fire; that the holy redeemed would lean over the parapets of heaven and chuckle merrily at the sight of the wicked writhing in the flames.

All this sounds like the crack of doom, but it is simply the reaction of a poetic soul into which a gross religious materialism has been poured.

Jonathan Edwards was a religious sadist, which is a state of being that is always associated with some form of suppressed sex. But he was much more than a religious sadist . . . much more, indeed.

FRANKLIN

But he was of much heavier weight than this observation implies. At the age of forty-three he retired from business to devote the remainder of his life to scientific research.

He had four distinct careers. In all of them his figure is monumental. He was the greatest of the early publishers, the most renowned scientific investigator of his day, an important American statesman, and by far the most successful of American diplomats. As a politician he had discovered, as Stuart Sherman says, "the great secret of converting private desires into public demands," and that is the essence of American politics. And there was his literary career, besides. In that field he attained such a luminous celebrity that his mantle, worn rather thin, has been passed on from one generation of authors to another. Today, torn into scraps, it adorns the persons of forty or fifty newspaper column writers.

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In this prodigious life there is hardly a trace of effort. He was indolent by disposition and calm in manner. His scientific experiments were really a kind of play, and he went about the solution of problems with the utmost simplicity and directness. Everything he knew had been gathered by reading or observation. He was without intellectual traditions. In their place he had the indestructible sanity of the self-taught. His most striking characteristic was a flaming curiosity. But he was never interested in an idea simply as an idea. He cared only for conceptions that could be turned to practical use. His mind stood permanently at the metaphysical zero.

Physically, he was a large, broad-shouldered man without sharp angles. A smooth, rounded sort of man. There was probably a good deal of the feminine in him.

DEISTS

Franklin and Jonathan Edwards, both powerfully intellectual, existed in different intellectual worlds. Like Washington and Jefferson, Franklin was a deist; which means that he had no religion at all, but only a code of behaviour.

He was a firm believer in chastity and moderation, but he was not a fanatic. Like Samuel Butler, he believed that vice has a purpose, and that its true function is to keep virtue within reasonable bounds. During the year his illegitimate son was born Franklin was deeply absorbed in a plan which he had conceived of writing a literary work to be called The Art of Virtue. He intended to indicate how the virtues might

be acquired--the way to be frugal, chaste, temperate. But the plan was never carried out, though he fumbled with it for years.

FRANKLIN

Despite his wide popularity many Americans considered Franklin and his friends a lewd lot of people. To the end of his days the aristocratic section of Philadelphia called him "a sly old rogue" and would have nothing to do with him socially. Such a posture seems rather absurd, for when Franklin returned from France at the close of the Revolution he was undoubtedly one of the most illustrious persons in the world.

The genius is a symptom of ebbing racial vitality.

The amount of drinking that was done by all classes of society is almost beyond belief. A stranger in Philadelphia in 1744 wrote in his diary that he was "given cider and punch for lunch; rum and brandy before dinner; punch, Madeira, port, and sherry at dinner; punch and liquers with the ladies; and wine, spirit and punch till bedtime; all in punch bowls big enough for a goose to swim in."

DANDY

Sometimes a dandy was provided with two watches, one for each pocket, with a connecting gold chain running across the waistcoat. When any one asked him what time it was, he would look ostentatiously at both watches, and average their respective tallies. For ordinary occasions the knee breeches were of blue or tan velvet, but for highly formal affairs these garments were of white gleaming satin. There were lace ruffles on the shirt front and lace cuffs, which were weighted with shot to keep them hanging down--otherwise they would have interfered with the movements of the hands.

The colonials loved warm colours, but there was no gleam of the genial Mediterranean in the colonial soul. Our forefathers' hard, unrelenting character shows itself in the bitter quarrels which wrangle endlessly through the files of their newspapers. There were libels, charges and counter-charges. When an aggrieved person could not get his grievance into the newspapers, or if he lived in a place where no newspaper was published, he sometimes assailed his enemy in a vituperative handbill or broadside. This document was distributed gratis, the creator of it often standing on the street and giving it away himself.

They had an inordinate fondness for lawsuits. The colonies were full of maladjusted, turbulent people; restless groups which did not fit into the scheme of things. And, besides, I fancy they were greatly bored for lack of amusement.

At any rate, they appeared to enjoy lawsuits, and at the slightest incentive they went to court with the elation of guests attending a garden party.

Patrick Henry, a country lawyer who had studied law for only six weeks before his admission to the bar, conducted 557 lawsuits in the year 1765--an average year. Nearly all of these suits were in the inferior courts--mere trifling squabbles--- but the great scholarly lawyers were busy, too.

The haughty noblesse of South Carolina, who are supposed to have brought to that forest-covered colony a punctilious honour which was so touchy and irritable that it can be compared only with poison ivy in its practical effects.

This picture, with its trailing perspective of English squires and sons of lords, is romantic but untrue.

FIRST AMERICANS

As a matter of historical fact, America was settled by the ordinary run of poor and illiterate folks. Its great prosperity is the achievement of their descendants; it stands today as monumental evidence of the ability of ordinary, common people to create material wealth.

The aristocracy of colonial Virginia, like the aristocracy of every other colony, was self-made and arose in the colony itself. Hendrik Willem Van Loon says, "Dukes don't emigrate," and Mr. Van Loon is right.

Georgia was founded to provide a refuge for poor debtors and converted criminals. Georgia and Pennsylvania are the only two of the thirteen original states that make no claim to a strong admixture of high-class blood. The Quakers of Pennsylvania were common people, and said so; and their descendants say they were, too, greatly to everybody else's surprise.

CONVICTS

Among the indented servants were many convicted criminals. The English jails, always overcrowded in the eighteenth century, were emptied occasionally by sending gangs of prisoners to the colonies. Some of these convicts were persons of rank. A baronet was brought to America for stealing a ring; and Fiske mentions a certain Henry Justice, Esq., barrister of the Middle Temple, who was sent to America for seven years for purloining a book from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Criminals were not deported to America after the colonies became independent, but the traffic in indented servants continued for some years after the Revolution.

Around the time of the American Revolution there were twenty million people in France, while England's population was only eight million. But French world policy was checkmated in every direction by England. Preponderant France and little sea-washed England stood facing each other for a hundred years with daggers up their sleeves.

TOBACCO

In 1763 he raised his largest tobacco crop-- eighty-nine thousand pounds. By 1773 his production had fallen to five thousand pounds, and he had become so implacably opposed to tobacco-raising, that in leasing a farm he stipulated that the tenant should not grow more tobacco than was needed for "chewing and smoking in his own family."

There is a new set of delegates from the western counties; rough, badly dressed men, unaccustomed to polite usage. A rule is put through the House that no member "shall chew tobacco while the speaker is in the chair," nor shall any member spit on the floor at any time.

PATRICK HENRY

Patrick Henry was the man of the hour.

There can be no doubt that he was one of the greatest orators of all time. His art was dramatic. In spirit he was an actor of genius. But he was more than an actor. His subtle dramatic quality was balanced--perhaps a trifle overbalanced--by the rasping attributes of an indignant ward politician.

DIET.

At Mount Vernon his life was simple. He rose invariably at daybreak, which in the summer was at about four in the morning. Without waking Martha, or any of the guests, he would go softly downstairs to his breakfast. This consisted of cornmeal hoe-cakes (these are thin, flat cakes of moistened cornmeal, baked and served hot), honey and several cups of tea.

After breakfast his custom was to ride around his plantations. On these morning rides he wore "plain dark clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, and attached to his saddle-bow was an umbrella with a long staff." He must have made a quaint, sober and Quakerish appearance.

DINNER.

In the course of the morning he would return, and change his clothes. Then he ate a second breakfast, consisting of ham and eggs, or fresh fish, with corn-cakes,

honey and tea. Dinner at Mount Vernon in colonial times was at two o'clock. After the Revolution it was changed to three o'clock. In the afternoon he would appear among the ladies and tea-cups on the verandah in one of the handsome suits which were made for him by his London tailor. His stockings were of silk, and his shoe-buckles of silver. His reddish-brown hair was powdered and tied in a queue.

DANCING

Dancing was another pleasure of which Washington never tired. With him it was a form of physical exercise, and probably without much, or any, emotional or aesthetic significance. He had the active, outdoors temperament which loves movement for its own sake. During the Revolution, when he was about fifty years of age, he danced once with Catherine Greene--the wife of General Greene--for three hours without stopping. All the other dancers paused and looked on; it seems to have been a kind of endurance contest between him and Mrs. Greene.

SUNDAYS

Washington usually devoted his Sundays at Mount Vernon to letter-writing. He was a most methodical correspondent. In writing he would first sketch a draft of the letter he intended to write, and then copy it neatly, making alterations as he went along. The draft was then filed as a record. Occasionally he went to church--about one Sunday in four on an average--but he never mentions the text of the sermon in his Diaries, nor does he give the subject of the discourse.

EPILEPSY

His sister Martha was an epileptic. From contemporary accounts she is made to appear very beautiful and charming; a delicate, fragile, dark child, with eerie, suffering eyes. Everything known to the medical science of the time was tried, but her fits continued. Then George and Martha went into the realms of quackery and put iron rings on her hands, and made her swallow strange and barbarous compounds. She died in 1773.

TEA

In 1768 The East India Company sold approximately nine hundred thousand pounds of tea in America; in 1770 this total had dropped to ninety-seven thousand pounds. By 1773 the Company was on the slippery edge of bankruptcy, with seventeen million pounds of tea stored and unsold in its London warehouses.

There is a throb of drums. Redcoats and bayonets, lines of silver and scarlet, move swiftly over the green field at the foot of the hill. In the river lean spars nod above a smoky haze; there the King's ships fume and growl. Their solid shot rolls around the hilltop. The ships are all smoke and spars, but the swarming rowboats are giant beetles. Their oars rise and fall with rhythmic insect motions. Huge beetles with red backs, for the soldiers are packed tightly in them.

JEFFERSON

As Jefferson travels over the face of Europe a stream of descriptive letters come from him. He is an eye . . . a philosophic eye . . . he sees everything, the inside as well as the outside of places and political institutions. He learns the languages; he notes the various methods of planting; he fingers little mechanical contrivances and writes about them; he observes that bricks are laid differently in Holland; he talks with peasants; he sends to America vast bundles of new plants and fruits; he studies French cooking and astronomy. He is at home in France, among a people so intellectually vivid. He is as much of an encyclopédiste as Diderot himself, and he has a nose for news equal to that of Saint-Simon. But no chronique scandaleuse runs from his pen. He is too much in earnest, too deadly serious, for idle flippancies. His preoccupation is politics, and the relation of man to his cosmos.

LA FAYETTE

On one side of Washington rode a young man who was to play a considerable part in history, and whose name-- somewhat shortened--was to be given to streets, towns, counties, flying squadrons and sleeping cars. He was a French volunteer who had recently arrived in America, and his name was Marie Paul Roche Yves Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette.

He was a red-haired, blue-eyed boy of twenty, related to the great family of Noailles. Seen in profile, his head

sloped backward in a sharp angle from the tip of his nose, making his forehead non-existent. Lavater, the physiognomist, said that men with heads shaped like that are fools. They may be, but if Lafayette was a fool, it must be said for him that he was a fool with high ideals, sincerity, honesty and courage.

There was the flaming quality of a lighted match about Lafayette's bold face, red hair, blue eyes, and vivacious manner.

Through Philadelphia he rode by Washington's side, at the head of the shabby array of men.

At this time he could speak very little English, and his conversation with Washington was interpreted by a stripling officer of the staff who was also to be a prominent historical character and to have a lot of things, chiefly banks, named after him. This youth was Alexander Hamilton.

In December, 1777, Washington's army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, about twenty-two miles from Philadelphia. He had nine thousand men, but before the winter was over three thousand of them had deserted to the British. The deserters came into Philadelphia half-naked, some with no clothing but tattered blankets wrapped around them. So many men were sick as the result of privation, and so many were without coats, blankets, hats or shoes, that one wonders how the army held together at all.

The country seemed to have abandoned Washington and his army. At York, where Congress was in session, his reputation had sunk among the legislators until his friends could keep him in command only by the barest majority.

The opposition to Washington in Congress was led by John Adams, who had nominated him for commander-in-chief, and James Lovell, a waspish delegate from Massachusetts, who appears to have been constitutionally against everybody and everything. But with the opposition we find Washington's old friend, Richard Henry Lee, who said that "Gates was needed to procure the indispensable changes in our army."

RUSH LETTER

The Gates faction was in the saddle . . . a little unsecurely, but in the saddle, just the same. They ruined their position by continuing to plot. Dr. Benjamin Rush, a prominent person whose mouth dripped with the sugar of admiration for Washington, took his pen treacherously in hand to write a string of anonymous letters in which he expressed

an opinion of the great man that was far from sugary.

One of the letters was sent to Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia. The writer declared that "the people of America have been guilty of idolatry by making a man their God" He said something about "Baal and his worshippers," and implied that Washington was Baal. The God of heaven, he went on, would not let America succeed until the people had put an end to this terrible state of affairs.

Patrick Henry forwarded this silly nameless letter to Washington, who recognized Dr. Rush's handwriting; but Washington did not think the incident worthy of comment.

During that winter in Philadelphia Venus cuddled in the lap of Mars. The mistresses of the British officers constituted a social hierarchy. They dressed in costumes which were feminine replicas of the uniforms of their chers amis.

The resources of the British empire poured into Philadelphia; the town was full of money, gamblers and unashamed grafters. Gambling tables were set up in fashionable houses. A Hessian officer who ran a gaming establishment enriched himself and ruined a score of young Englishmen. Mrs. Loring set the pace in feminine gambling. She lost three hundred guineas in one evening as nonchalantly as you please.

The connection between war and gambling, and between gambling and sexual vice, are themes which belong to the natural history of man. Some day an inquiring Buffon will explore this river of emotion to its source, and make the subject clear to us.

Our wars have always been conducted by men of piety; or, at least, by men whose motives were highly moral.

The British have got beyond all that. They have had so many wars that it would drive a historian into insanity to provide a moral issue for half of them, so they stopped trying long before the American Revolution.

We have not failed to give the Revolution a moral tone; and a myth of exceptional vitality depicts Washington as engaged in prayer in the woods at Valley Forge.

The origin of this legend is interesting. It began with a Quaker named Isaac Potts. He said that Washington lived in his house at Valley Forge, and that one day while he (Potts) was strolling over the landscape he heard a supplicating voice in a little dale close at hand. Slipping up unperceived, Potts said that he saw General Washington kneeling on the ground, with his horse tied to a near-by tree. The General's hands were clasped, and he was praying loudly for the Lord's help. He did not ask for Divine aid in any vague, indefinite way, according to Potts, but made it perfectly clear to the Divine Understanding that he wanted God's assistance for the special purpose of giving the British a good beating.

To any one who knows Washington the idea of this two-fisted fighting man going about bellowing in the woods is grotesque.

RELIGION

In direct opposition to the pious Valley Forge legend is the fact that Washington was never known to pray in church; that his own pastor said Washington never knelt when there were prayers; that he never took communion, even in the church where he was a member.

There is much doubt as to whether Potts lived in Valley Forge at all while the army was there. There is no proof that he ever saw Washington there or anywhere else.

Congress attempted to solve its pressing financial problem by issuing paper currency. This money had no backing; there were no metallic reserves behind it; it was simply a promissory note, an obligation based on a rather indefinite belief in payment in the future.

By September 1, 1779, the amount of Continental bills then outstanding was \$160,000,000, and the money was passing from hand to hand at about one-twentieth of its face value. Sixty dollars was paid in Philadelphia for two silk handkerchiefs, and beef sold in Boston for ten dollars a pound. Samuel Adams wrote that he had bought a suit of clothes and a hat for two thousand dollars.

Congress issued a circular to the states in which the subject of depreciation was discussed. Depreciation, Congress said, is either artificial or natural; and Continental money--in the opinion of Congress--had been artificially depreciated. In this circular Congress asserted that thirty million dollars was the probable currency requirement of the country. As \$160,000,000 has been issued, the depreciation ought to have been about five to one; but it was actually twenty or thirty to one. Congress thought something ought to be done about it, but did not say what . . . doubtless

because it did not know what to say.

HAMILTON

Translate that into the technique of the eighteenth century and you have Alexander Hamilton.

But he was not a hypocrite; he had the courage of his belief. He called the common people "a great brute," and was all for an aristocracy of land, money and intellect.

There is in circulation a story that Hamilton was, in reality, an illegitimate son of Washington. I have never seen this story in print, but I have heard it from many people, and I suppose it was being told by one man to another in Washington's time.

BRASS BAND

The French helped us a lot with the Revolution, but some of their most valued contributions had nothing to do with the war. They brought us the cocktail--the ancient French coquetel--ice cream--and the brass band; three pillars of American civilization.

George Washington comes again to Mount Vernon, and there it is as if nothing had happened.

Nothing had changed, yet all had changed . . . for George Washington was different inside. Not outside, but inside. He had been lacerated by the sharp teeth of dilemmas.

He had reached the time of life when men of action feel a dull greyness settle within them. It is the wraith of forsaken yesterdays, and it comes to stay for life. After that, there can be no keen new adventure. A man who is grey inside must follow the road that lies before him; he must keep on doing what he has done before; to live means merely to endure.

Observant people who saw Washington after the Revolution said that he acted like an old man. His chilly blue eyes had a look of introspection; they were turned upon himself. He sat in pensive silence, like a man who is trying to solve the riddle of his own soul.

In the maturity of experience did he catch some luminous gleam of the sorcery of events? Did he realize at last that he had not made events, but that events had made him?

The American Revolution had become a large uneasy ghost loitering in the corridors of History; and George Washington had become the most famous of living men.

In these days he wrote about "gliding down the stream of life"--a figure of speech which he used frequently; about "tranquil enjoyments"--another Washingtonism; and about being freed from "the busy scenes of public life."

A few days after his return to Mount Vernon he wrote to Governor Clinton, of New York, "The scene is at last closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men and in the practice of the domestic virtues."

In another letter written during the same year of 1784 he bids Lafayette good-bye, and says:

I called to mind the days of my youth, and found that they had long since fled to return no more; that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years climbing, and that, though I was blest with a good constitution, I was of a short-lived family and might soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers. These thoughts darkened the shades, and gave a gloom to the picture, and consequently to my prospect of seeing you again. .

How clearly his concealed or unconscious desires and fears bubble through these letters. He was plainly afraid of death. This fear is not incompatible with the highest physical

courage. Brave men are often afraid to die. Fear of death lay deep in his personality, and fear of retirement. To "move gently down the stream of life," to live tranquilly under his own vine and fig-tree--these were to him a sort of death; and he constantly associated the idea of death with that of retirement from public life.

Throughout many years of his life Washington's health was not good. Pulmonary weakness ran in his family; several of the Washingtons had died of consumption. He was frequently ill, and several times at the point of death. Yet he speaks of his good constitution in many letters. People have such extraordinary delusions about themselves. It is entirely possible that he believed himself to have "the best of constitutions," or he may have endeavoured to keep in a cheerful frame of mind by attempting to ignore the fact that his lungs were weak, and that he was often laid on his back with malarial fever and other illnesses.

OLD AGE

People who got through the perils of infancy usually lived long in eighteenth-century America. The country was full of leathery, dried-up nonagenarians who threatened to keep on existing indefinitely. But at the age of fifty-five Washington's handwriting already had a tremour, and his hearing had become so poor that one had to talk very loud to him to make him understand. His eyesight had been feeble for years.

TEETH His teeth became defective as early as 1754, and thereafter they always gave him much pain and annoyance. At that time the casual connection between decayed teeth and bad health was unknown. I wonder if his ailments were not partly due to his teeth? We read in his Diary of "aching teeth and inflamed gums" on many occasions; and we learn that his teeth were extracted one after another.

He began to use false teeth in 1789. At first these fitted badly and gave a sunken appearance to his mouth. The puffiness of his lips in the Gilbert Stuart Athenaeum portrait, and the peasant heaviness of his face in that picture, are not natural, but come from Stuart's attempt to rectify the distortion of the false teeth by placing wads of cotton around his sitter's gums.

Eventually Washington got a set of "sea-horse teeth"--made from hippopotamus ivory--which fitted him much better.

He was subject to colds, as well as to fever and ague, yet he was not ill even once during the Revolution . . . at least, he was not sufficiently ill for the event to get on the records of the time.

Washington's mother died in 1789 of cancer of the breast, and in 1794 he had a cancerous growth removed by an operation.

STRENGTH

Despite his tendency to illness, his muscular strength was astonishing even in an age of muscular men. This combination of physical strength and susceptibility to disease is a common phenomenon among athletes, who seldom live to an old age. Washington could bend a horseshoe with his hands. Most of the present-day feats of vaudeville strong men could have been done by him with ease. After dinner he would often sit at the table for hours cracking nuts and eating them. Usually he cracked them between his thumb and forefinger.

HORSEMAN

His horsemanship was superb. Jefferson, who was himself an excellent rider, said that Washington was "the best horseman of his age, and the most magnificent figure that could be seen on horseback."

Washington adopted two of Jacky Custis' children, a boy and a girl. The boy was George Washington Parke Custis; a mediocre, prosy soul who made a lifelong career of being Washington's adopted son. He built Arlington House, near the city of Washington, and wrote a dull book about the Father of Our Country in which he intimates, in a general way, that Washington was a near relative to God. His daughter married Robert E. Lee, who became the famous general of the Confederacy.

The girl's name was Eleanor--known in history as "Nelly" Custis. Martha Washington took charge of Nelly's education, which seems to have consisted principally of practise on the harpsichord. The poor girl had to practise for hours every day. A visitor describes her as sitting at the instrument, "weeping and playing."

There have been some rather curious speculations as to why Washington and Martha never had any children of their own. In the Washington family there is a tradition--never before published, I believe--that in early manhood Washington had a severe case of mumps which became aggravated by neglect. In these cases mumps frequently results in sterility, a fact well known to physicians. That is the explanation of his childlessness current in the Washington family, and it may be the true one.

At Bath he met the "ingenious Mr. Rumsey," inventory of the steamboat. This mechanician applied the principle of steam propulsion to navigation long before Robert Fulton. Rumsey showed Washington a model of the boat under "the injunction of Secresy." Washington wrote that it ran on the water "pretty swift," but he thought it rather impracticable.

The Potomac enterprise and a similar project for the James River attracted great public interest in Virginia in the decade following the Revolution; and both projects were semi-officially adopted by the state. Washington, who was president of both companies, was presented by the state with a block of stock in each company. He left this stock in his will to educational institutions.

At the time of his death he owned sixty-two thousand acres of land, and was generally thought to be the wealthiest man in the United States.

In the end it was decided that, in determining the population basis for representation, a slave should be counted as three-fifths of a person. The New England delegates were not satisfied. They maintained that, if such

a provision was adopted, they wanted every horse in New England to be counted as three-fifths of a person.

Their argument seems reasonable, for slaves had no more to say about the government than horses.

After the Revolution, when he was a distinguished man, and his house was constantly full of notable visitors, his mother wrote that she would like to visit Mount Vernon and spend some time there with him and Martha. In reply Washington wrote that he did not want her to come; that she would not understand the people who were around him, and that they would not understand her; that she would be miserable in such society, and that it would make him unhappy.

From time to time he went to see her, and occasionally he sent her money, usually accompanying the money with a letter about the many demands made on him. In 1786 he wrote, on sending fifteen guineas, that "I have now demands upon me for more than £500, three hundred and forty odd of which is due for the tax of 1786; and I know not where or when I shall receive one shilling with which to pay it."

The truth is that he was always hard up for ready money. This seems inconsistent with his growing wealth; but it must be remembered that his wealth was principally in land. He was land-poor. Indeed, he was so pressed for cash that he had to borrow money to make the trip to New York to be in-

augurated as President, yet at that time his fortune, over and above all obligations, was probably about four hundred thousand dollars.

Bearing on this subject, there is in existence an interesting letter from Washington's mother, which is unfortunately without date. It is addressed to her son, John Augustine, who died in 1787, so it must have been written before or during that year. She wrote:

Dear Johnne,--I am glad to hear you and all the family is well, and should be glad if I could write you the same. I am a going fast, and it, the time, is hard. I am borrowing a little Cornn--no Cornn in the Cornn house. I never lived soe poore in my life. Was it not for Mr. French and your sister Lewis I should be almost starved, but I am like an old almanack quite out of date. Give my love to Mrs. Washington--all the family. I am dear Johnne your loving and affectionate Mother.

P. S. I should be glad to see you as I don't expect to hold out long.

TITLE

There was indeed a lot for formality about those early Presidential years. Martha was called Lady Washington and was expected to act like a queen. Washington wanted to be called "His Mightiness the President of the United States." The speaker of the House laughed at this title, and was never forgiven by Washington. They finally decided to call him simply "The President of the United States."

No matter; titles were of rubber and there were plenty of people to stretch them. Some called Washington "Mr. President"; others preferred "His Excellency"; and still others went as far as to say "His Majesty."

William Sullivan, who had many opportunities for observing him at this period, says: "His deportment was invariably grave; it was sobriety that stopped short of sadness. His presence inspired a veneration, and a feeling of awe, rarely experienced in the presence of any man."

The kind of man who doesn't shake hands . . . who has no gossip . . . who is not at all anxious to hear what one has to say . . . who listens to your best jokes with a solemn face, and says coolly, "Is that so?" That was Washington. No wonder he was awe-inspiring.

But he laughed sometimes . . . he laughed once, at any rate, at a play in Dunlap's theatre, called Poor Soldier in which he, as a Continental general, was described in good-humoured comic verse. Everybody was looking at his box, and hundreds of people were witnesses at his laughter. Next day the newspapers mentioned the fact that he had laughed.

Very much like a modern President, despite the burden of "His Majesty." Washington was determined to please and handed out compliments on these jaunts, but there is no record of him kissing babies.

By the end of 1795 Washington was near the end of his second term, and his administration was on the rocks. It had lost prestige everywhere and the country was waiting for it to end, as one might wait for a person to die.

Most of the bitter opponents of the administration thought that Washington, though honest and well-meaning, had not been equal to his task, and had become a tool in the hands of unscrupulous people.

Others, not so generous, included Washington himself in a campaign of personal vilification.

Benjamin Franklin's grandson was one of the leaders in the personal abuse. This man, named Bache, was editor of The Aurora newspaper. He declared that Washington was "inefficient," treacherous, had "little passions" and was in "search of personal incense."

ADDRESS

Before leaving office he issued a Farewell Address which has become one of the classics of American political literature. The Farewell Address was not written by Washington, but by Hamilton, at Washington's suggestion. According to the accepted story of his preparation Washington submitted a rough draft to Hamilton with a suggestion that Hamilton go over it and improve it, but Hamilton rewrote it from beginning to end. Washington wrote to Hamilton that there ought to be something about education in it, but Hamilton thought the topic of education should be reserved for a speech by Washington. I cannot find any trace of Washington's style in this document; throughout it bears the marks of Hamilton's crisp literary touch.

The Farewell Address contains Washington's final advice to the American people We must, of course, accept it as coming from him, as he signed it . . . and therefore it represents his mature wisdom.

It is narrow in its scope, and is, in fact, largely a plea for closer union between the states and an admonition against foreign entanglements. It contains nothing about slavery, which was to be the bitter question of the next two generations; and nothing about the basic rights of men under republican institutions.

De Tocqueville's Visit to Flint in 1837.

The following is a free translation from the French in which the book is written, with occasional abstracts.

The next day after arriving in Detroit we hastened to hire two horses. As we desired to keep the horses for a dozen days we offered to deposit a sum of money in the hands of the owner but he refused to receive it saying we could pay on our return. He was not at all uneasy.

Michigan is surrounded on all sides by lakes and wildernesses. We desired to see the woods and it was not necessary to go far. Only a mile from the village which numbered two thousand, or three thousand souls, the road entered the forest. The country was perfectly flat and often marshy; one encountered new clearings and as these were all alike I will describe one of them to represent them all.

The bell which is suspended from the neck of the animals in order that he may be able to find them in the deep woods, announces from a distance the approach to a clearing. And soon one hears the axe cutting the forest as one approaches, clearer evidences of destruction announce more clearly the presence of man. Cut branches cover the road and trunks, half burned by fire mutilated by the axe obstruct the passage. One sometimes finds in the woods trees which seem to have been struck by sudden death. Their dry branches present an image of winter. When examined more closely it is found

that deep circles had been cut in the trunk which arrested the circulation of the sap and caused the tree to perish. This is in fact the ordinary way in which the planter begins the first year - to cut all the trees which cover his property. He sows some corn under their branches, then by killing the trees he prevents them from casting a shade. After passing this field of dead trees one discovers suddenly the cabin of the owner. It is generally placed in the center of the field more carefully cultivated than the rest, but where man still maintains an unequal battle against nature; there the trees have been cut but not destroyed, their trunks encumber the earth which they previously shadowed. Round these dry debris some wheat, some oak sprouts, plants of all descriptions and weeds of every sort grow pele-mele together in half wild soil. In the center of this a variety of vegetation is found, and the house of the planter, which is called in this country the log house.

The house and its surroundings is evidently new and has been hurriedly erected. Its length is usually not more than thirty feet, its width twenty feet, and its height fifteen feet. The walls are formed by trunks of trees, not squared. The crevices have been filled with moss and earth to exclude the rain. As the traveler approaches the scene becomes more animated. Warned by the sound of his steps the children which play amongst the tree trunks suddenly flee toward the paternal asylum frightened by the sight of man, while two half savage dogs, their ears erect and their muzzles stretched out rush out from the cabin and come growling to cover the retreat of their young masters.

Then finally the master himself appears at the door of his dwelling and casts a curious glance upon the new arrival and makes a sign to the dogs to enter the house and hastens to set them an example without showing either curiosity or uneasiness.

Arrived at the door-way of the log house the European cannot avoid an astonished glance at the spectacle which is presented to him.

There is in general only a single window at which is sometimes hung a muslin curtain. In these places where the necessaries of life are not rarely lacking the superfluities are often found. In the fire-place burns a resinous fire which better than the daylight lightens the inside of the building and over this rustic fire place, one sees trophies of war or the chase, a long musket, a deer skin, and some eagle feathers. At the right of the chimney hangs a chart of the United States, which the wind coming in between the crevices in the wall raises and shakes continually. Nearby on a table made badly of squared planks are placed some books among which are seen a bible, the covers and edges of which show the use of two generations of piety; a book of prayers; sometimes a poem of Milton or Shakespeare. Along the wall are arranged some benches made by the proprietor, some instruments of agriculture and some specimens of the harvest. In the center of the room is a box table with legs which still covered with leaves, seem to have grown from the soil where they stand. Around this the family gather for their meals. One sees there a tea-pot of English porcelain, some spoons, most often of wood, some broken cups and some papers.

The appearance of the master of this dwelling is not less re-

markable than the place in which he lives. His angular muscles, his lean figure show at a glance the native of New England. That this man was not born in the solitude where he lives his very appearance shows. His first years have been passed in the midst of an intellectual and intelligent society and he has volenterily placed himself in the midst of this wilderness for which he seems not to be adapted but his physical forces seem to be equal to the enterprize. Upon his face, wrinkled by the cares of life is an air of practical intelligence, of determination and persevering courage of the very first order. His step is slow and dignified, his words carefully measured, his appearance austere. Habit and still more pride have given to his face a stoic rigidity which his actions deny. The pioneer despises it is true those things which greatly concern the hearts of most men. His goods and his life are never jeopardized by any games of chance, but in order to acquire ease he has braved exile, solitude, and miseries innumerable. He has slept upon the naked earth, he has exposed himself to the fever of the woods and to the tomahawk of the Indians, he has done this not only for a day but for many years and will continue for twenty years more without complaint.

Concentrated upon this single object, to make a fortune, the emigrant has created a new type of existance. Deprived of habitual relations with other men he has come to make a pleasure of solitude. When one presents himself at the threshold of his isolated dwelling the pioneer advances to meet you and extends his hand to you according to uses, but his face expresses neither good will nor pleasure. He interrogates you. When he has drawn from you the information he desired

he relapses into silence. One had thought to see a man who would be anxious to obtain information about the doings of the world. When you question him in his turn he will give you that intelligence which you wish but in it all you feel a profound restraint and dryness which indicates entire indifference to the results of your efforts and you feel the iciness of your reception. The pioneer however, is hospitable in his way, but his hospitality has in it nothing that touches you because he himself in exercising it seems to be submitting to a painful necessity of the wilderness. He sees in it a duty which his position requires of him, but not a pleasure. This unknown man represents a race to which belongs the few of the new world; a race uneasy, intelligent and adventuresome; a nation of conquerors who submit to the life of the savage without appreciating its charms, and who shut themselves up in the solitude of America with a hatchet and a few papers.

Amongst people who like all great people have but one thought, a nation which labors for the acquisition of riches, the single object of its toil, with a perseverance and contempt of life that one might call heroic.

A nomadic people which rivers and lakes do not hinder, before whom the forests fall and the prairies cover themselves with crops, and which after having touched the Pacific ocean will turn upon their steps to develop and destroy societies that they have formed behind them.

In speaking of the pioneer one cannot forget to make mention of his miseries and his dangers. Notice at the other end of the fireplace

her little youngest son. Like the emigrant himself this woman is in the full vigor of her age. Like him she can recall luxuries of her early years. Her dress still shows a trace of taste but time has weighed heavily upon her and in her face wrinkled prematurely and her wasted limbs it is easy to see that life for her has been a heavy burden. In fact this frail creature has suffered innumerable miseries. The pioneer woman removed suddenly and without hope of return from the home of her youth exchanges for the solitude of the forest all the charms of society and the choice of a domestic hearth. She devotes herself to her austere duties. She submits to privations of which she little dreamed; she accepts a life for which she was not intended. These hardships have affected her frail organism but have not subdued her courage. Along with the profound steadiness upon her delicate features one notes without difficulty a religious resignation of profound peace.

Around this young woman crowd some half naked children rejoicing in exuberant health, careless of the morrow, true sons of the wilderness. The mother casts upon them from time to time a look full of joy.

The house inhabited by the emigrant has no partition. In the interior in the single room which it contains is the entire family asylum. This dwelling forms in itself a little world. This arch of civilization lies in the midst of an ocean of foliage. One hundred steps beyond the eternal forest, around it in its shade solitude begins.

The voice of religion was rarely heard in the forest. We saw no evidence of religious concern. Nearly everywhere, it is true, some Methodist priests had visited the new settlements. The news of their arrival spread with incredible rapidity from cabin to cabin. It was the great news of the day. At the time fixed the emigrant, his wife and his children took their way to the rendezvous indicated. They came from fifty miles around. They gathered not in a church but in the open air under the branches of the trees. The pulpit was composed of tree trunks roughly hewn; some large trees' trunks cut down to serve as seats. These were the ornaments of these rustic temples. The pioneers and their families camped in the surrounding forest. There during three days and nights the company engaged in religious exercises almost without interruption. The scene must be witnessed to appreciate the ardor with which these men give themselves to prayer; with what attention they listen to the solemn voice of the preacher.

It is generally believed among us that the wildernesses of America are peopled by emigrants from Europe. How does it happen, then, that during our travels through the forest we did not encounter a single European? When we asked this question of our host a smile of superiority appeared upon his countenance. He replied, "It is only Americans who possess the courage to endure such hardships and who are willing to purchase ease at such a price. The emigrant from Europe stops in the large cities, at the sea-side or in the neighboring districts; there he becomes an artisan, a farmer, servant or valet. He lives a more

comfortable life than in Europe and appears satisfied to leave to his children the same heritage. The American, on the contrary, seeks to become a possessor of land and to create by the aid of it a great future."

b After having uttered these words our host paused, he blew out of his mouth an immense column of smoke and seemed to be ready to listen to what we had to tell him of our project. We first thanked him for his wise counsel of which, we assured him, that we should some day profit, and "before settling in your canton, intent to visit Saginaw, we desire to consult you upon this point." At the word "Saginaw" a singular change came over the face of our American; his eyes dilated, his mouth opened and the most profound astonishment was painted upon all his countenance.

"You wish to go to Saginaw!" cried he. "To Saginaw Bay - Two intelligent men, two strangers well brought up wish to go to Saginaw Bay. The thing is hardly credible." "And why not?" we replied. "But, do you know," replied our host, what you are undertaking? Do you know that Saginaw is the last inhabited location this side of the Pacific Ocean, that at Saginaw is to be found scarcely more than a wilderness? Have you considered that the woods are full of Indians and mosquitoes, that you have to sleep, at least one night exposed to the dampness of the forest. Have you thought of the fever, are you acquainted with the road through the forest and are you not afraid that you would lose the way?

After these remarks he paused so as to see what sort of an impression he had made. We replied, "This may all be true but to-morrow we will leave for Saginaw Bay."

Our host reflected a moment, tossed his head and said in a slow and positive tone. "Nothing short of a matter of great importance could induce two foreigners to undertake such an enterprise." We made no reply. He added, "Perhaps you have been sent by the Fur Company of Canada to establish relations with the Indian tribes of the frontier." We remained silent. Our host was at the end of conjecture and he said no more but he continued to reflect deeply upon the hazardous character of our plans. "I think you have never been to Saginaw," we replied. "Unfortunately," said he, "I have been there five or six times but I my reasons for going and I am not able to discover that you have any." But we asked our worthy host not to lose sight of the fact that we did not ask him whether it was necessary to go to Saginaw, but only what was the best way to get there. Returning to the question, our American recovered his composure and the clearness of his ideas and he explained to us in a few words with admirable good practical sense the course we should take through the wilderness, entering into the smallest details. At the end of his instructions he paused again to see if we would not reveal to him the secret of our journey, and perceiving we had nothing to say he took the candle and showed us to our chamber, having very Democratically shaken hands with us, he returned to spend the night in the common hall.

The next day we were up with the sun and prepared to depart. Our host was also very soon on hand. The night had not revealed to him the reason for our conduct which in his eyes was most extraordinary. However, as we appeared to be absolutely decided to disregard his counsel he feared to renew his attack but he moved unceasingly about us and from

time to time and repeated in a low voice, "I cannot comprehend what can lead two strangers to go to Saginaw." Finally I said to him, "There are some very good reasons which take us there, my dear host."

He stopped very short on hearing these words and looking me in the face, for the first time he appeared to expect to hear the revelation of great mystery but I quietly mounting my horse bade him good-bye and started off on a brisk trot.

A DAY OF ADVENTURES.

We had been recommended to apply to Mr. Williams who, having been for a long time engaged in trade with Indians, Chippawas, and having a son doing business at Saginaw would be able to give us some useful information. After having traveled some miles in the woods and feeling we had passed the house of Mr. Williams we met an old man who was busily at work in a little garden. We approached and discovered that it was Mr. Williams himself. This Mr. Williams was Major Oliver Williams who, in 1819 with three men, cut the first wagon road through the woods between Detroit and Pontiac and the same year settled at Silver Lake Pontiac where he lived until his death in 1834.

He welcomed us most heartily and gave us a letter to his son. We asked him if we had nothing to fear from the Indians whose territory we would traverse. Mr. Williams rejected this idea with indignation. "No, no," said he, "you can travel without fear." For my part, I sleep more quietly among the Indians than among the whites."

I not only this as the first favorable impression which I had received of the Indians since my arrival in America. In thickly settled countries the Indians are spoken of only with fear and scorn and I believe that they

merit these two sentiments. An intimate acquaintance with the Indians will give a more favorable impression of the native Americans.

After leaving Mr. Williams we continued our journey through the woods. From time to time a little lake (this district is full of lakes of which there are said to be no less than 440 in Oakland county alone) appeared like a silver mirror glistening through the leaves of the trees. It is difficult to picture the charm surrounding places which man has not yet invaded and where reign profound peace and uninterrupted silence.

I have encountered in the Alps some frightful solitudes, where nature resents the work of man; where she displays even in these horrors a grandeur which transports the soul. Here the solitude is not less profound but it does not give birth to the same impressions. The only sentiment that one experiences passing through these flowery deserts, where, as in the Paradise of Milton all is prepared for the reception of man, is a tranquil admiration; an emotion soft and melancholy; a disgust of civilized life; a sort of savage instinct which causes one to think with pain that soon this delicious solitude will have ceased to exist. Always going on we entered a country with a wholly new aspect. The country was no longer level but diversified with hills and valleys; many of the hills presented the wildest aspect possible. In one of these picturesque places we turned to contemplate the imposing spectacle which we had left behind us, when to our great surprise, we discovered close to the tails of our horses an Indian who appeared to be following us step by step.

He was a man of about thirty years, large and splendidly proportioned. His glistening black hair hung long upon his shoulders with the exception of two braids which were arranged at the top of his head. His face was painted with black and red.

Painted with black and red. He wore a very short blue blouse and carried in his hand a pair of short red pantaloons, and his feet were covered with moccasins. At his side hung a knife; in his right hand he held a long carbine; in his left two birds which he had killed. The first view of this Indian gave us an impression anything but agreeable. The place was poorly adapted to resist an attack. At our right a forest of pines raised to an immense height; at our left was a deep ravine at the bottom of which among rocks flowed a brook which the thick foliage hid from our view. Raising our hands above our heads we turned about and planted ourselves in the road before the Indian. He stopped; he waited a minute; his face presented all the characteristic features which distinguish the Indian race from all others. In his black eyes burned that savage fire which is observed even in half breeds, and is lost only in the second or third generation of white blood. His nose was arched at the middle, slightly flattened at the end; his cheek bones were very high and his mouth showed us two rows of glistening white teeth which testified clearly that the savage, more clearly than his neighbor, the American settler, did not occupy his time with chewing tobacco weeds. The Indian submitted to the rapid examination which was made of him, absolutely immovable, with a firm emotionless expression; and as he saw that we had no hostile intention he smiled, probably noticing that we were alarmed. This was the first time we had an opportunity to observe completely how the expression of gaiety changes the faces of these savage men. Since that time I have had a hundred occasions to make the remark that a serious Indian and a smiling Indian are two wholly different men. There exists in the

immobility of the first, a savage majesty which stirs an involuntary feeling of terror. When the same man comes to smile, his face assumes an expression of benevolence which gives him a ray of charm. When we saw our man smiling we spoke to him in English. He waited until we had finished our remarks and then made a sign that he did not understand. We offered him a drink of whiskey which he took without hesitation and without thanks. Speaking all the time by signs, we asked him for the birds which he was carrying, and he gave them to us in exchange for a piece of money. Having thus become acquainted we saluted him with the hand and passed on urging our horses to a lively trot. At the end of a quarter of an hour of rapid traveling, on looking back I was confounded to discover the Indian right at my horse's tail. He ran with the agility of a savage animal, without saying a single word and without the slightest change of countenance. We stopped, he stopped, we moved on, he moved on. We urged our horses to a rapid run. Raised in the wilderness our horses leaped easily over all obstructions. The Indian quickened his pace. I saw him sometimes at the right and sometimes at the left of my horse springing above the bushes and coming down to earth without noise. He reminded us of the wolves of the north of Europe which follow horse men in the hope that they will fall from their horses and thus be more easily devoured. The sight of this strange figure, which, sometimes losing itself in the obscurity of the forest, then again reappearing in full daylight, seemed to dance at our side. Finally it became pretty tiresome. We were unable to perceive why this man should follow us so precipitously and

why he had perhaps been following us for a long time before we discovered him. Possibly his purpose was to ambush us.

We were occupied with these thoughts when we perceived before us in the forest the end of another carbine. Soon we were beside the one who carried it. We took him at first for an Indian. He was covered with a sort of short riding coat which was bound about his loins. His neck was naked and his feet covered with moccasins. When we came near him and after he raised his head we recognized him as a European and we stopped. He came to us, shaking hands with us cordially, and entered into conversation. "Here you see the wilderness," said he. "Yes, there is my house," and he showed us half hidden by the foliage a hut much more miserable than the ordinary log house. "Alone," said he. "And what are you doing here? I traveled this forest and killed right and left, game which I met on the road but there are no good shots now." "And does this kind of life please you?" "More than all others." "But are you not afraid of the Indians?" "Afraid of the Indians? I like to live among them better than in the society of whites. No, no, I am not afraid of the Indians. They are better than we, at least until after we had brutalized them by strong liquors, the poor creatures."

We then called the attention of our new acquaintance to the man who followed us so obstinately and who, at that moment, was standing a few steps away holding himself as immovable as a land-mark. "He is a Chippawa," said he, or, as Francais calls them, 'a jumper'. I should judge that he is returning from Canada where he has received the annual presents of the English. His family ought not to be far away from here."

Having thus spoken, the American made a sign to the Indian to approach and commenced to speak with him in his language with great facility. It was a remarkable thing to see the pleasure with which these two men, of race and manner so different, found in exchanging their ideas. The conversation turned evidently upon the respective merits of their guns. The white, after having examined very carefully the gun of the savage, said, "That is indeed, a fine carbine." The English undoubtedly had given it to him to use against us, which he would doubtless do as soon as war gives him an opportunity. The Indians soon become very skilled in the use of these long and heavy guns. "There are no marksmen like the Indians," added our new friend, with an accent of the greatest admiration. "Examine the little birds which he sold you. Each is pierced with only one ball and I am very sure that it took only two shots to get them. "Oh!" he added, "there is nothing more happy than an Indian in the country from which we have not yet driven the game; but the large game has been drawn to a distance of more than three hundred miles and have left behind cultivated earth. As we resumed our way our new friend cried, "When you return knock at my door; it is a pleasure to meet white faces.

I have reported this conversation which in itself is nothing remarkable, only to make known a species of man which one often encounters at the frontier of civilization. There Europeans go in spite of the habits of their youth and find in the freedom of the wilderness an inexpressible charm. Clinging to the solitudes of America by taste, and to Europe by religion, their principles and ideals they mix with the love of savage life and the pride of civilization, and prefer the

Indians to their compatriots, although they do not recognize them as their equals.

We then continued our journey and at the end of half an hour reached the house of a pioneer. Opposite the door of his cabin an Indian family had established its temporary dwelling. An old woman, two young girls and some babies were crouched about the fire and to the heat of which, too, were exposed the limbs and entire body of a still palpitating deer. At a distance of a few steps a totally naked Indian lay upon the grass exposing his naked body to the rays of the sun, while a small infant rolled in the dust nearby. Here our silent companion stopped and left us without saying good-bye and solemnly seated himself in the midst of his compatriots.

What had caused this man to follow, the distance of two leagues, the rapid pace of our horses, we were never able to divine.

After having breakfasted in this place we mounted our horses and pursued our journey through a forest of great trees, age 120 to 200 years. The underwood had been burned before. The soil is today covered with ferns which stand as far as the eye can see through the foliage of the trees. Some leagues further my horse cast a shoe which caused us much concern. A little further, however, we met a planter who replaced the shoe. Without this good fortune I doubt if we had been able to go on much further for we had reached the extreme limit of the clearings. This same man, who thus prepared us to pursue our journey and advised us to hasten as the sun was nearly in the horizon, and two long leagues still separated us from the Flint river where we wished to sleep.

Soon, in fact, a profound darkness began to surround us. The night was serene but glacial. There reigns in the depth of these forests a silence so profound, and a calm so complete that one might almost think that the forces of nature there were paralyzed. There we heard only the buzzing of mosquitoes and the sound of the horses feet from time to time. There could be seen in the distance an Indian camp fire, before which, a profile austere and immovable could be outlined in the smoke.

At the end of an hour we arrived at a place where the road divided. Which one of the two should we take was a question. The choice was a difficult one. One of the two paths led to a stream the depth of which was unknown to us; the other led to a clearing. The moon, which by this time had risen showed us a valley full of debris. In the distance we saw two houses. It was so important to make no mistake in such a place at such an hour that we resolved to take instruction before going further. My companion remained to hold the horses and throwing a gun upon my shoulder, I passed down into the valley. Soon I discovered that I was entering a recent clearing. Some great trees not yet trimmed of their branches covered the ground. In jumping from one to another I passed quite rapidly till I reached the houses. The same stream we had already encountered separated me from the houses. Happily its course was obstructed at this place by some large oaks which no doubt the axe of the pioneer had cut down. I succeeded in crossing the stream on one of these logs.

I approached one of the two houses with caution. I feared that these might be Indian wigwams. They were not yet finished. I found the

doors open and no voice replied to mine. I returned to the border of the stream where I could not help but admire for some minutes the sublime horror of the place.

This valley seemed to form an immense arena surrounded on all sides as with a sort of black drapery of leaves of the woods, in the center of which the rays of the moon created a thousand fantastic images which played in silence in the midst of the forest debris. There was no sound of life in the midst of this solitude.

At last I thought of my companion and shouted to tell him the result of my investigation, urging him to cross the stream and come and find me. My voice re-echoed for a long time in the surrounding solitude but I obtained no response. I tried it again and listened and listened. The same death-like silence reigned in the forest. I became very much alarmed and ran along the brook to find the path which crossed it lower down.

There I heard in the distance the footsteps of the horses and soon after Beaumont himself appeared. Astonished at my long absence he had decided to advance toward the stream. He was already passing through the low ground when I called. My voice had not been able to reach him. He told me that he had done his best to make me hear and had been alarmed because he received no reply. If it had not been for the ford which served us as a point of reunion we might have spent the greater part of the night seeking one another. We resumed our journey and promised that we would not separate again. At the end of three-quarters of an hour we discovered a clearing, two or three cabins, and, that which gave us still greater pleasure, a light. The river stretched itself like a

violet thread at the bottom of the valley, showed us that we had arrived at the Flint river.

Soon the barking of dogs made the woods ring and we found ourselves before a log house from which only a fence separated us. As we prepared to jump the fence the light of the moon enabled us to see at the other side a great black bear, who, standing upright on his hind legs and gathering up his chain, indicated very clearly that it was his intention to give us a brotherly embrace.

"What devalish sort of country is this," said I, "where they keep bears for watchdogs." "It is necessary to shout," replied my companion. We shouted at the top of our voices, and, finally a man showed himself at the window. After he had examined us in the light of the moon, he said, "Enter, gentlemen; drink, then go to bed." "To your kennel," said he to the bear, "these are not robbers." The bear waddled off to his kennel and we entered. We were half dead from fatigue. We asked our host if we could have some oats for our horses. "Without doubt," said he, and he started to mow the nearest field with all true American tranquility - just as though it were mid-day. During this time we removed our saddles and placed them, in the absence of a stable, upon the fence over which we had passed. Having thus taken care of our horses we began to think of where we ourselves should sleep. There was only one bed in the house and, this having been assigned to Beaumont, I wrapped my cloak around me and slept upon the floor as profoundly as a man is likely to do after having traveled five leagues on horse-back.

This settlement described by De Tocqueville was the city of Flint in the year 1831. Flint river at this time according to De Tocqueville

was the extreme limit between civilization and the wilderness.

A GENIAL INN KEEPER

We arrived at Pontiac after sunset. Twenty houses very neat and very pretty, some well kept shops and a cleared tract about a league square, this was Pontiac which in twenty years more perhaps would be a city. The sight of this place recalled to me a remark made to me a month before in New York by M. Gallatin; "There is not a village in America, at least not in the sense in which you use the word." Here the houses of the farmers are all amidst the fields; they are not united in a single place so as to create a species of market for the use of the neighboring population. One sees in these so called villages only some lawyer, some printers and some merchants. We were shown to the finest tavern in Pontiac (there were two) and we were introduced, as is the custom into what is called the bar room, which is a room where drink is sold and where the most simple as well as the most rich may be seen smoking, drinking and talking politics together upon a basis of equality comparatively most perfect. The master of the place or the land lord was I should not say a great peasant, for there are no peasants in America, but at least a very great man who carried on his face that expression of candor and simplicity which distinguishes the Norman horse dealers. He was a man who appeared to be intimidated by fear; who never looked you in the face when speaking but waited to look you over at his ease when you were conversing with others. That

race was profoundly politic and according to the American habit vigorously inquisitive. This estimable citizen as well as the rest of the assembly itself, considered us with astonishment. Our traveling costume and our coats showed that we were not laborers seeking employment nor to be traveling as sight seers - something unheard of. Finally he cut short explanations. We declared that we were come to purchase land, and hardly had the words been uttered that we perceived in seeking to avoid error, we had committed a worse one.

They ceased to consider us as extraordinary beings, but each one desired to bargain with us. In order to get rid of them and their farms we sent word to our host that before concluding anything we desired to obtain from him some useful instruction concerning the price of lands and the manner of cultivating them. He took us at once into another room, spread a chart of Michigan upon an oak table, and placed a candle between us three and waited in silence for us to communicate our wishes. "It is not here as in France," said our host. After having listened kindly to all our questions he snuffed the candle. With you hand word is cheap and land is dear; here the cost of land is nothing and human labor is beyond price. In America as well as in Europe capital is needed but it is differently used. For my part I advise that when a person who comes to search a fortune in our wilderness shall have at his disposal from one hundred-fifty to two hundred dollars. An acre of land in Michigan never costs more than four or five shillings (five to six francs or one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents) when the land is yet in a wild state it is about the same as the price of a

day's labor so a man can earn in one day sufficient to buy an acre of land, but the purchase made, the difficulty begins. This is the way the difficulty is surmounted.

The pioneer goes to the place which he has purchased taking with him some animals, some salt pork, two barrels of flour and some tea. If there is a house near, he goes there and receives temporary hospitality; if there is no house he pitches a tent in the midst of the wood which is to become his field. His first aim is to cut down some of the nearest trees with which he habitually builds a log house. It costs almost nothing to keep our animals; the emigrant lets them loose in the forest after having attached an iron bell to the neck. It is very rare that animals thus turned loose stray away from the neighborhood.

The greatest expense is that of clearing, or if the pioneer drives into the forest with a family able to aid him in his first labors his task is comparatively easy, but it is rarely thus. In general the emigrant is young, and if he already has some children they are of tender age. Thus he must himself provide for all the first needs of his family or borrow the services of his neighbors. It costs four to five dollars to clear an acre. The earth being prepared the new planter plants one acre in potatoes the rest in wheat and corn. The corn is providence with the wilderness. It grows in the water that are marshes and under the branches of the forest better than in the rays of the sun and sometimes saves the family of the emigrant from inevitable destruction when poverty, sickness and neglect prevented him from making a sufficient clearing the first year. Nothing could be more distressing than the first year after clearing. "Later comes comfort and still later wealth."

thus spake our host. For us we listened to these simple details with nearly as much interest as if we had wished to profit by them ourselves. When he finished we said to him the soil of the forest abandoned to itself is in general marshy and unhealthy. The emigrant who exposes himself to the miseries of solitude has he nothing to fear for his life? Every clearing is a perilous enterprise for the emigrant and almost never does the pioneer and his family escape the first year the fever of the woods. Often when traveling in the open one finds all the inhabitants of the cabin affected with fever from the emigrant himself to his youngest child. What becomes of these unhappy ones when Providence strikes them thus? They resign themselves and wait for the better future. Can they hope for some assistance from their comrades? Almost none. Can they at least procure help from medicine? The nearest physician is often sixty miles away. They do like the Indians--they die or get well according as it pleases God.

FURTHER INTO THE WOODS.

The next day, July 25, our first care was to inquire for a guide. A forest of forty-five miles separated the Flint river from Saginaw, and the road which leads to Saginaw is a narrow path scarcely recognizable to the eye. Our host approved of our plan, and soon after he brought us two Indians in whom he assured us we might place all confidence. One was a boy thirteen or fourteen years; the other a young man eighteen years. The body of the last, without yet having acquired the vigorous form of mature age, gave however, the idea of agility and

force. He was of medium height, slender small flexible limbs and well proportioned. His long hair fell from his head uncovered. Further, he had taken care to paint upon his face some black and red lines in a symmetrical manner. A ring in the side of his nose, a collar and some ear rings completed his head dress. His implements of war were not less remarkable. On one side his battle axe, the celebrated tomahawk; on the other a long sharp knife with which the Indians lift the scalp of their victims. From his neck was suspended a bull's horn, in which he carried some powder, and he held in his right hand a gun. As most Indians his expression was wild, and his smile friendly. Beside him as though to complete the picture marched a dog with erect ears and long muzzle; much more closely resembling a fox than any other species of animal, and whose wild appearance was in perfect harmony with the face of his master.

After having examined our new companion with close attention of which he appeared not for a single moment conscious we asked him what he would demand for the service which we desired him to render. The Indian replied in his own language, and the American hastened to inform us that he would require the sum of two dollars for his services.

"These poor Indians," said our host, "know not the value of money. You give me the dollars and I will give them the equivalent."

I was curious to see what the worthy man called the equivalent of two dollars, and I followed softly after him as he walked away. I saw him give to our guide a pair of moccasins and a big handkerchief, objects of which the total value was certainly not half the amount of two dollars. The Indian went away entirely satisfied.

The Indians are not the only dupes of the pioneer Americans. We were every day ourselves victims of their extreme avidity for gain. It is very true, they do not steal; they are too intelligent to commit a dangerous infraction of the laws. But I have never seen a hotel keeper in a large city over charge with more impudence than these dwellers in the forest, where I expected to find primitive honesty and patriarchal simplicity of manners.

All was ready, we mounted our horses and fording the Flint river which formed the extreme limit between civilization and the forest we entered the solitude in good earnest.

Our two guides walked, or rather leaped like wild cats over obstacles in the way. When we encountered a fallen tree, a brook or marsh they indicated with the finger the best way and never turned back to see how we fared. Accustomed to depend wholly upon himself the Indian cannot easily understand that another should have need of help. We might have made some complaint of being thus neglected but it was impossible for us to make our companions understand a single word, and then we felt ourselves completely in their power. Plunged into profound obscurity dependent upon his own resources civilized man marched blindly, not only incapable of guiding himself in the labyrinth through which he passed but even unable to find means of sustaining his life. It is in the midst of these same difficulties that the savage triumphs. For him the forest has no secrets. He feels perfectly at home; he marches with his head high, guided by instinct more certain than the compass of a navigator. At the summit of some great tree under thickest foliage his eye discovers game near which the European has passed and repassed a

hundred times without discovering anything.

As we advanced the last traces of man disappeared. We were in the interior of a virgin forest. The trees of the forest were chiefly pines and oaks, straight as a mast of a ship they towered above the surroundings. A majestic order reigned above our heads. Upon the soil however, was a picture of confusion and chaos. The ground was covered with dead branches which had fallen from the trees under the influence of the wind. Some trees had been upset by hurricanes tearing up the ground with their roots as they fell.

Crowded one against the other with interlacing branches the trees of the forest seem to form a single immense edifice, under the roof of which reigns eternal twilight. On glancing around one saw on every side a scene of violence and destruction; fallen trees with torn trunks - everything announced the elements here were perpetually at war. The small animals have left the dense forest to frequent places nearer human habitations. Other animals, have for the most part retired further into the forest. Those which remain keep themselves hidden from the light of day, so great silence prevails in the forest as though the forces of nature were paralyzed.

But now to return to the road to Saginaw. After walking for hours in absolute ignorance as to where we were, our Indians stopped and the oldest, who calls himself Sagan-cuisco made a line on the ground. He pointed to one end of the line and exclaimed, "Miche-coute-ouingue," which signifies burnt plain, a common name for that region. The Indian name for Flint river was De-won-nuc-o-wine-sebeeng. He then pointed to the other end pronouncing the name Saginaw, and marking a point in the

middle of the line, he indicated that we had reached the half way point, and that we should rest a while.

The sun was still high above the horizon and we would have accepted with pleasure the invitation given us if we had seen water in the vicinity; but seeing no water in the neighborhood we made a sign to the Indian that we desired to eat and drink at the same time. The Indian understood us at once and immediately started out walking as rapidly as before. An hour later we stopped again, and he showed us at a place about thirty steps from the path, a place where he indicated water might be found.

Without waiting for a response from us, and without helping us to unsaddle our horses the Indians hurried on to find the water and we hastened to follow them. The wind had a short time before overturned a large tree at this point and in the hole which formerly had been occupied by the roots of the tree there was to be seen a little rain water. This was the fountain to which our guide conducted us, and it never occurred to him that anybody would hesitate to make use of such a beverage.

We opened our knapsacks, but unfortunately the heat had absolutely spoiled our provisions and we were compelled to dine on a little morsel of bread that we had been able to find at Flint river.

A cloud of mosquitoes which had been attracted by the water swarmed about us and it was necessary to beat off mosquitoes with one hand while with the other carrying a morsel of food to the mouth.

While we ate, our Indians sat with crossed arms upon the fallen trunks of which I have spoken. When they saw we had finished they indicated to us that they were also hungry. We showed them our empty knapsacks. They shook their heads without saying a word. The Indian

has no regular hours for eating. He gorges himself with food when he has an opportunity, and then fasts until he finds the wherewith to satisfy his appetite. The wolves do the same. Soon we sought to mount our horses but we discovered to our great dismay that they had disappeared. With considerable difficulty we at last found them and continued our journey. The path which we followed became more and more difficult to recognize. Every moment our horses were compelled to force a passage through thick bushes or jump over immense trees which obstructed the way.

At the end of two hours of extremely difficult traveling we found ourselves at the border of a river which was not deep but had very high banks. We found a ford where we crossed the river and soon found on the opposite bank a field of corn and two cabins somewhat resembling log houses. On coming here we found that we were approaching a small Indian settlement. The log houses were wigwams. The most profound silence reigned here, the same as in the surrounding forest. Our Indian guide indicated by a line drawn upon the earth that we had now covered two-thirds of the journey. He indicated that we should stop and spend the night in these deserted wigwams. The proposition did not please us. We had not eaten for some time and were not pleased with the prospect of going to bed without supper. The somber majesty and wildness of the scene which we had encountered since morning, the complete solitude in which we found ourselves, the wild faces of our guides with whom we could not enter into conversation, none of these things inspired confidence in us.

Besides there was something singular in the conduct of the Indians which did not reassure us. The path which we had followed for two hours seemed to be much less frequented than that which we had previously followed. No one had told us that we would pass through an Indian village, and all had assured us that we could reach Saginaw in one day from the Flint river; hence we could not understand why our guides wished to spend the night in the forest.

The Indians indicated that night would over-take us in the woods. To compel our guides to continue would have been a dangerous attempt. I decided to tempt their cupidity, but the Indian is the most philosophical of all men. He has few needs. I noticed that the older guide had fixed his eyes upon a little osier which had hung upon my side; a bottle which would not break. This was a thing, the utility of which impressed him at once. My gun and my bottle were the only parts of my European equipment which appeared to excite his envy. I made a sign to him that I would give him my bottle if he would conduct us through to Saginaw. The Indian appeared then to be having a great conflict in his mind. He looked at the sun, then at the earth; finally he seized his carbine and placed his hand over his mouth and cried, "Ouh," and then dashed on before us into the bushes. We followed at a rapid rate and soon lost view of the Indian dwellings. Our guides ran thus for two hours with more rapidity than they had previously made. However, the night gained on us and the last rays of the sun disappeared in the tree tops when the older guide, Sagan was suddenly attacked by violent breathing from the nose which compelled him to stop. Habituated as this man appeared to be, together with his brother to bodily exercise it was

We began to fear that our guides would renounce the effort and desire us to sleep at the foot of a tree.

It was a strange sight to see these half naked men sitting gravely on an English saddle carrying our weapons while we painfully picked our way on foot before them.

The night finally came and an icy dampness spread itself over the foliage. Darkness gave to the forest a new and terrible aspect. The eye saw nothing but a confused mass without order or symmetry. Strange ungainly shapes; fantastic images which seemed to be borrowed from the morbid dream of a fever patient. Never had the forest appeared so formidable.

As we advanced darkness became more profound. From time to time a fire fly crossed through like a luminous thread. We recognized to late the wisdom of the Indians' advice. We continued to walk as rapidly as our strength and night permitted us. At the end of an hour we reached the edge of the forest and found ourselves in a vast prairie. Our guide uttered three times a wild cry. A response was heard in the distance. Five minutes later we found ourselves at the border of a river. The darkness was so great that we were not able to see on the opposite side. Here the Indians made us halt. They wrapped their blankets around them to avoid the bites of the mosquitoes, and hiding themselves in the grass they soon form nothing more than a bundle of cloth scarcely perceptible, in which it was impossible to recognize a human form. We dismounted and waited patiently to see what would happen next. At the end of some minutes a wild noise was heard, and something approached the bank. It was an Indian canoe about ten feet long made

approached the bank. It was an Indian canoe about ten feet long made from a single tree. The man who was squatting in the bottom of this frail bark wore the costume and had all the appearances of an Indian. He spoke to our guide. He, at his command hastened to remove the saddles from our horses and placed them in the canoe. As I prepared to enter the canoe the man advanced toward me and placed two fingers upon my shoulder and said to me with a Norman accent which made me start. "Ah!" "You come from old France. Wait, do not go so soon; there is plenty of time." If my horse had spoken to me I should not have been more surprised. I looked into the face of the man who had spoken, and whose face, struck just then by the first rays of the moon shown like a boule of copper. "Who are you then? You speak French and have the air of an Indian." He replied that he was a half blood. That is to say, the son of a Canadian and an Indian mother. For the advice of our wild compatriot I sat down in the bottom of the canoe and held myself in as good equilibrium as possible. My horse, that I held only the the bridle entered the river swimming along-side of me, while the Canadian paddled the canoe, chanting in a low voice an old French air. We arrived without accident on the other side of the river. The canoe returned for my companion. As he approached the bank, the moon which was full threw its rays over the prairie. Half its disk appeared above the horizon; the rest of the moon fell upon the water of the river and produced a remarkable scintillating effect.

After getting across the river we hastened to a house which the moon showed us a hundred steps from the river and where the Canadian assured us we would find lodging. We found the house filled with mosquitoes. During our sojourn in Saginaw I suffered more torment than

I ever before experienced. In the day time the mosquitoes prevented us from drawing, writing and remaining a single moment in any place. During the night they swarmed around one by the millions. Every part of the body left uncovered is immediately attacked by insects. We covered our heads with our robes, but the sharp needles of the mosquitoes passed through them. Pursued thus by them we arose from our beds and went out into the open air to exercise until we finally became so exhausted that we were able to sleep in spite of the torment.

THE SAGINAW SETTLEMENT.

The next morning we were up in good season. The first spectacle that met our eyes in leaving the house was our Indians rolled up in their blankets near the door, sleeping beside their dogs. We saw then for the first time by daylight the village of Saginaw which we had traveled so far to see. A low cultivated plain, bordered on the south by a fine river; on the east, the west and the north by the forest. This comprised at that time the territory of the germinating city. Near us stood a house, the style of which showed that the owner was in easy circumstances. This was the house where we spent the night. A similar house stood at another end of the clearing. In the place between along the border of the forest two or three log houses were half concealed by the foliage. On the opposite border of the river extended the prairie, like an ocean without bounds. A column of smoke arose toward the sky from two or three wigwams which were conical in shape. An overturned plow; some oxen were turning themselves to the plow lot; some half wild horses

this completed the picture. One looked in vain for a church steeple or wooden cross. These evidences of civilization have not yet found their way to the forest. One even found no cemeteries. Death had not yet had time to claim its victims.

The city of Saginaw is the last point inhabited by Europeans, at the northwest of the vast peninsula of Michigan. Once a year a vessel comes up the Saginaw river to visit this detached settlement. It comes loaded with various products of industry and carries away in return fruits of the soil. Thirty persons, men women, old people and children constituted at the time of our visit the entire community.

After dinner we went to see the richest man in the village - Mr. Williams. This Mr. Williams was the son of Major Oliver Williams, who, with his brother had charge of the trading post at Saginaw where they had located in 1828. They were for twelve years agents of the American Fur Company. One of these men, Gardner, died in 1858, his brother died some years later. Major Oliver Williams, father of these two men was an Indian trader in Detroit in 1819. He with three men cut the first wagon road through the woods from Detroit to Pontiac, and the same year settled at Silver Lake beyond Pontiac where he died in 1834. The American Fur company above referred to was owned by John Jacob Astor.

The Sayings of Savarin.

Brillat-Savarin, a French advocate and judge who lived in the latter part of the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth centuries, shortly before his death wrote a charming work entitled, "Physiologie du Gout" (Physiology of Taste), an English translation of which appeared a few years ago under the title, "Gastronomy as a Fine Art, or The Science of Good Living." While Savarin was evidently considerable of a gourmand, he was, nevertheless, an acute observer, and his book contains many suggestions and observations which would do credit to Mr. Horace Fletcher, or any other modern physiologist who has given special study to the subject of eating. The reader will certainly be interested in perusing the following excerpts from the little work referred to:

"The fate of nations depends upon how they are fed."

"Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are."

"In compelling man to eat that he may live, Nature gives appetite to invite him, and pleasure to reward him."

"The discovery of new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a planet."

"A drunkard knows not how to drink, and he who eats too much or too quickly, knows not how to eat."

"This sense (taste) seems to have two principal uses: First, it invites us, by the pleasure, to repair the losses which we constantly suffer from the action of life. Secondly, amongst the different substances presented to us by Nature, taste assists us to choose those which are fit to serve for food.

"The tongue, of course, plays an important part in the action of tasting, since it is by it that the food is moistened, turned about, and swallowed. Moreover, by means of the papillae scattered over its surface, it drinks in the sapid and soluble particles of those bodies with which it comes in contact.

"That, however, being insufficient, several adjacent parts assist in completing this sensation: to wit, the palate, the sides of the mouth, and especially the nasal passage--apart to which physiologists have not directed sufficient attention. From the sides of the mouth is supplied the saliva, necessary for mastication and deglutition; and they, as well as the palate, assist in the appreciative faculty of taste. It is probable that, in certain cases, the gums have a slight share in the tasting sensation; and without a certain appreciation of flavor at the root of the tongue, the sensation of taste would be deadened and imperfect."

"We have seen above that the sensation of taste resides principally in the papillae of the tongue. But by anatomy we learn that these are so unequally supplied, that one tongue may have thrice as many as another. Hence one explanation why, of two guests seated at the same banquet, one has delicious sensations, whilst the other seems to eat only because compelled; the reason being that the latter has a tongue only poorly furnished for enjoyment. Thus the empire of taste also has its blind men and its deaf."

"As to the solid bodies which have taste, they must be comminuted by the teeth, impregnated with the saliva and other gustatory juices, and pressed against the palate by the tongue till the juice so yielded makes a favorable impression upon the gustatory papillae, and the triturated body received from them the passport necessary to enter the stomach."

"The number of tastes perceived in objects is infinite, since every soluble body has a special flavor in some respect differing from all others."

"Since, up to the present time, no taste or flavor has, as a sensation, been rigorously defined, men are compelled to keep to a small number of general terms, such as 'sweet,' sugary, 'sour,' 'bitter', and so on; on further analysis, these can be classified under the two heads of "agreeable to the taste,' or 'disagreeable.' They suffice, however, to make one's self understood, and indicate with tolerable exactness the gustatory properties of any sapid substances about which one is talking."

"For my own part, I am not only convinced that there is no complete perception of taste unless the sense of smell have a share in the sensation, but I am further tempted to believe that smell and taste form only one sense, having the mouth as laboratory, with the nose for fire-place or chimney. More exactly, the one serves to taste solids, and the other gases.

"This theory can be supported by strict reasoning; but as I have no intention of founding a sect, I merely launch it forth to make my readers reflect, and to show that I have looked closely into the subject of my work. At present, I proceed to prove the importance of the sense of smell, if not as an integral part of that taste, at least as a necessary assistant."

"Every sapid body is necessarily odorous, which gives it a place under the under the sway of one sense exactly under that of the other. Nothing is eaten without being smelt more or less attentively; and when any unknown food is presented, the nose always acts as sentinel of the advance guard, and calls out, 'Who goes there?'

"To intercept the smell is to paralyze the taste. This I prove by three experiments, which everybody can verify: first, when the mucous membrane of the nostrils is irritated by a severe cold in the head, all sense of taste is obliterated, and no flavor is perceived in anything that is swallowed, though the tongue retains its normal condition; second, if you hold your nose when eating, you will be surprised to find that the

sensation of taste is extremely dull and imperfect: hence a means of getting down the most nauseous medicines almost without perceiving it; third, the same result is observed if the tongue is kept close to the palate at the moment of swallowing, instead of letting it resume its natural position; for the circulation of air being thus stopped, the sense of smell is not brought into play, and that of taste is therefore paralyzed.

"These different results are due to the same cause--the absence of smell as a fellow-worker; for thus the sapid body is sensible only by its juices, and not by the odorous gas which it exhales.

"These principles being thus established, I consider it is demonstrable that taste gives rise to sensations of three different orders: the direct, the complete, and the reflective.

"The direct sensation is the first perception, arising from the immediate operation of the organs of taste whilst the food is still on the point of the tongue. The complete, is when the first perception is combined with the sensation caused by the food reaching the back of the mouth, and by taste and smell acting upon the whole organ. The reflective sensation is the judgment passed by the mind upon the impression conveyed to it by the organ.

"For an application of this theory, let us consider what takes place during eating and drinking. He who eats a peach, for example, is first agreeably struck by the odor which it yields; he puts it in his mouth, and experiences a sensation of freshness and acidity which induces him to continue; but it is only at the moment of swallowing, and when the flavor also reaches the olfactories, that the perfume is revealed which completes the full taste due to a peach. Finally; it is only an opinion of the sensations, and says to himself, 'That is a delicious morsel!'"

"The same thing takes place, but more energetically, when the

taste is unpleasant. Look at the patient who is ordered by the faculty to take a black draught, such as our grandfathers drank. That trusty adviser, the sense of smell, warns him against the repulsive flavor of the treacherous fluid; his eyes stare as at the approach of danger; disgust is on his lips; and already his stomach rises. Nevertheless, on being urged, he arms himself with determination, gargles his throat with brandy, holds his nose, and drinks.

"Whilst the detestable beverage is in the mouth and in contact with the organ, the sensation is confused and the suspense intolerable; but as soon as the last drop is swallowed, the after-taste is felt, sickening flavors act, and the patient's countenance, in every feature, expresses a horror and disgust such as no one dare encounter.

"With an insipid drink, on the contrary, there is neither taste nor after-taste; no sensation is felt or reflection made; we merely drink.

"The sense of taste is not so richly endowed as that of hearing. The latter observes and compares several sounds at the same time, whereas the former cannot receive impressions from two flavors together. It may, however, have a second or even a third sensation successively, in the same way as a key-note in music is followed by others in concord, easily distinguished by the practiced ear. The succeeding and weakened sensation is termed an 'after-taste,' 'bouquet,' etc.

"These secondary sensations are not perceived by those who eat hastily and carelessly, being the exclusive appanage of a small number, the elect of the gastronomes, who thus are able to classify, in order of excellence, the different substances submitted to their examination."

"First of all, we find here an instance of that, unhappily, too general truth, that man's organization is more susceptible of pain than of pleasure. The introduction of anything extremely sour, acrid or bitter, can excite sensations painful in the highest degree; and it is even maintained that hydrocyanic acid only kills quickly because it causes an agony so keen

that the vital forces cannot endure it without succumbing.

"Agreeable sensations, on the contrary, run through only a limited scale; and if there is a difference perceptible enough between the insipid and the palatable, there is no very great interval between what is good and that which is considered excellent. As an illustration, take the following: positive, hard-boiled beef; comparative, a piece of veal; superlative, a roast pheasant.

"Nevertheless, of all the senses in their natural state, taste procures us the greatest number of enjoyments:

1. Because the pleasure of eating, taken in moderation, is the only one that is not followed by fatigue.
2. Because it is common to every time, age, and condition.
3. Because it must return once, at least, every day, and may during that space of time, be easily repeated two or three times.
4. Because it can combine with all our other pleasures, and even console us for their absence.
5. Because its sensations are at once more lasting than others, and more subject to our will; and
6. Because we have a certain special but indefinable satisfaction, arising from the instinctive knowledge that, by the very act of eating, we are making good our losses, and prolonging our existence."

"The tongue of animals is analogous to the reach of their intelligence. In fishes, it is only a movable bone; in birds, it is generally a membranous cartilage; in quadrupeds, besides being frequently covered with scales or asperities, it has no power of circumflex movement.

"The tongue of man, on the contrary, by the delicacy of its structure, and of the different membranes which surround or lie near it, gives sufficient indication of the high functions for which it is destined. Moreover, I have discovered three movements in it unknown to animals; and I distinguish them by the terms 'spication,' 'rotation,' and 'verrition.' The first occurs when the tongue is pressed in a conical shape between the lips; the

second, when it moves circularly in the space bounded by the cheeks and palate; and the third, from the Latin verro, I sweep, when it bends back, either above or below, to gather anything which remains in the semicircular space outside the gums."

"As soon as anything exculent enters the mouth, it is irretrievably confiscated, with all its juices and gases. The lips prevent it from returning, the teeth take hold of it and crush it, the saliva absorbs it, the tongue mixes it and turns it around, an aspiratory compression forces it towards the gullet, the tongue rises to make it glide down, the sense of smell then taking note of it, and finally it falls into the stomach, to be there subjected to further changes of form. Yet, during all that operation, there is not a single portion, drop, or atom that has escaped the testing and appreciating power of the organ."

"The art of Good Living belongs to man exclusively. By a sort of contagion, however, it is transferred to those animals, which are appropriated to man's use and, in a certain sense, become his companions; such as the dog, the cat, the elephant, and even the parrot."

"Is it possible to desire any improvement in a faculty so refined that among the ancient Romans the epicures were wont, by taste alone, to tell if a fish had been caught above or below the bridge? Do we not see some of our own time who, in eating a partridge, can tell by its flavor which leg it has slept upon?"

"The science by which we are kept in life is worth more than that which teaches men to kill one another."

Gastronomy "also considers how food may influence the moral nature of man, his imagination, his mind, his reason, his courage and his perceptions, whether awake or asleep, in action or repose."

Life among Primitive Americans

One of the most interesting volumes of travel ever written is the account by Noah Brooks of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, in his volume "First across the Continent." We have selected for the benefit of Good Health readers the following interesting paragraphs which we found scattered through the work:

Fruit

p. 17. "As the season advanced, the party found many delicious wild fruits, such as currants, plums, raspberries, wild apples, and vast quantities of mulberries."

p. 18. "After some delay, the messengers sent out to them brought in fourteen representative Indians, to whom the white men made presents of roast meat, pork, flour, and cornmeal, in return for which their visitors brought them quantities of delicious watermelons."

p. 24. "Passing on their way up the Missouri, the explorers found several kinds of delicious wild plums and vast quantities of grapes."

"Having killed two deer, they feasted sumptuously, with a dessert of currants of different colors--two species red, others yellow, deep purple, and black; to which were added black gooseberries and deep purple service berries, somewhat larger than ours, from which they differ also in color, size, and the superior excellence of their flavor. In the low grounds of the river were many beaver-dams formed of willow-brush, mud, and gravel, so closely interwoven that they resist the water perfectly; some of them were five feet high, and caused the river to overflow several acres of land."

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Dried Berries

"The Indians were not much better provided with food than were their half-famished visitors. But some cakes made of service-berries and choke-berries dried in the sun were presented to the white men "on which", says Captain Lewis, "we made a hearty meal!"

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"Captain Lewis made a little paste with the flour and the addition of some berries formed a very palatable repast."

4 "They also feasted on a great variety of wild berries,- purple, yellow, and black currants, which were delicious and more pleasant to the palate than those grown in their Virginia home-gardens; also service-berries, popularly known to later emigrants as "sarvice berries." These grow on small bushes, two or three feet high; and the fruit is purple-skinned, with a white pulp, resembling a ripe gooseberry."

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"In abundance "are the red and black gooseberries, service berry, choke-berry, and the black, yellow, red, and purple currants, which last seem to be a favorite food of the bear."

"Three Indians came in a canoe with mats, roots, and the berries of the sacacommis."

"An abundance of pawpaws growing along the banks sufficed as nutritious food. The pawpaw is native to many of the Western States of the Republic. It is a fruit three or four inches long, growing on a small tree, or bush. The fruit is sweet and juicy and has several bean-shaped seeds embedded in the pulp."

The Solkulks

of
 "The Solkulks seem to be a mild and peaceable disposition, and live in a state of comparative happiness. The men, like those on the Kimooenim, are said to content themselves with a single wife, with whom the husband, we observe, shares the labors of procuring subsistence much more than is common among savages. What may be considered an unequivocal proof of their good disposition, is the great respect which is shown to old age. Among other marks of it, we noticed in one of the houses an old woman perfectly blind, and who, we were told, had lived more than a hundred winters. In this state of decrepitude, she occupied the best position in the house, seemed to be treated with great kindness, and whatever she said was listened to with great attention. They are by no means obtrusive; and as their fisheries supply them with a competent, if not an abundant subsistence, although they receive thankfully whatever we choose to give, they do not opportune us by begging. Fish is, indeed, their chief food, except roots and casual supplies of antelope, which latter, to those who have only bows and arrows, must be very scanty. This diet may be the direct or the remote cause of the chief disorder which prevails among them, as well as among the Flatheads on the Kooskookee and Lewis' rivers. With all these Indians a bad soreness of the eyes is a very common disorder, which is suffered to ripen by neglect, till many are deprived of one of their eyes, and some have totally lost the use of both. This dreadful calamity may reasonably, we think, be imputed to the constant reflection of the sun on the waters, where they

Scanty supply of meat

Sore Eyes

are constantly fishing in the spring, summer, and fall, and during the rest of the year on the snows of a country which affords no object to relieve the sight."

[The eye disease referred to was probably due to the lack of fat soluble vitamins in the food like McCallum and others have shown that the flesh of animals does not contain these substances, which is necessary for promoting the growth in young animals, and the absence of which gives rise to disease of the eye and ultimate blindness in older animals.]

It is also interesting to note the prevalence of bad teeth in these fish eaters, as shown in the following paragraph. This is doubtless due to the lack of lime in the diet.]

"Among the Sokulks, indeed among all the tribes whose chief subsistence is fish, we have observed that bad teeth are very general; some have the teeth, particularly those of the upper jaw, worn down to the gums, and many of both sexes, even of middle age, have lost them almost entirely. This decay of the teeth is a circumstance very unusual among Indians, either of the mountains or of the plains, and seems peculiar to the inhabitants of the Columbia. We cannot avoid regarding as one principal cause of it the manner in which they eat their food. The roots are swallowed as they are dug from the ground, frequently covered with a gritty sand; so little idea have they that this is offensive that all the roots they offer us for sale are in the same condition."

Poor Teeth

"From the white people the Indians obtain," in exchange for their fish, roots, and bear-grass, blue and white beads, copper tea-kettles, brass armbands, some scarlet and blue robes, and a few articles of old European clothing. But their ^{great} ~~first~~ object is to obtain beads, an article which holds the first place in their ideas of relative value, and to procure which they will sacrifice their last article of clothing or last mouthful of food. Independently of their fondness for them as an ornament, these beads are the medium of trade, by which they obtain from the Indians still higher up the river, robes, skins, chappel bread, bear-grass, etc. Those Indians in turn employ them to procure from the Indians in the Rocky Mountains, bear-grass, ^{pasheco} ~~pachico~~-roots, robes, etc. "

"This is a large extent of country lying between the Willamette and an arm of the Columbia which they called Wappatoo Inlet, but which is now known as Willamette Slough. It is twenty miles long and from five to ten miles wide. Here is an interesting description of the manner of gathering the roots of the wappatoo, of which we have heard so much in this region of the country:-

"The chief wealth of this island consists of the numerous ponds in the interior, abounding with the common arrowhead (*sagittaria sagittifolia*) to the root of which is attached a bulb growing beneath it in the mud. This bulb, to which the Indians give the name of wappatoo, is the great article of food, and almost the staple article of commerce on the Columbia. It is never out of season; so that at all times of the year the valley is frequented by the neighboring Indians who come to gather it. It is collected chiefly by ^{the} women, who employ for the purpose canoes from ten to fourteen feet in length, about two feet wide and nine inches deep, and tapering from the middle, where they are about twenty inches wide. They are sufficient to contain a single person and several bushels of roots, yet so very light that a woman can carry them with ease. She takes one of these canoes ~~into a pond~~ into a pond where the water is as high as the breast, and by means of her toes separates from the root this bulb, which on being freed from the mud rises immediately to the surface of the water, and is thrown into the canoe. In this manner these patient females remain in the water for several hours, even in the depth of the winter. This plant is found through the whole extent of the valley in which we now are, but does not grow on the Columbia farther eastward!"

'Wappatoo' stands for potato.
 In the Chinook jargon

Wappatoo an Edible Root.

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Substitute
for
Bread

"The Indian tribes along the banks of the Multnomah, or Willamette, subsisted largely on the wappatoo, an eatable root, about the size of a hen's egg and closely resembling a potato. This root is much sought after by the Indians and is easily bought by tribes living in regions where it is not to be found. The party made use of the wappatoo after they had learned how well it served in place of bread. "

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"We were now situated comfortably, and being visited by four Wahkiacums with wappatoo-roots, were enabled to make an agreeable addition to our food."

"We began to bargain for a small otter-skin, some wappatoo-roots, and another species of root called shanataque.....The wappatoo ~~root~~ is dear as they are obliged to give a high price for it to the Indians above."

p. 240

Barnes

"We soon collected the men of consideration, and after smoking, explained how destitute we were of provisions. The chief spoke to the people, who immediately brought two bushels of dried quamash-roots, some cakes of the roots of cows, and a dried salmon-trout; we thanked them for this supply, but observed that, not being accustomed to live on roots alone, we feared that such diet might make our men sick, and therefore proposed to exchange one of our horses, which was rather poor, for one that was fatter, and which we might kill. The hospitality of the chief was offended at the idea of an exchange; he observed that his people had an abundance of young horses, and that if we were disposed to use that food we might have as many as we wanted. Accordingly, they soon gave us two fat young horses, without asking anything in return, an act of liberal hospitality much greater than any we have witnessed since crossing the Rocky Mountains, if it be not in fact the only really hospitable treatment we have received in this part of the world."

"The salmon not having yet called them to the rivers, the greater part of the Chopunnish are now dispersed in villages through this plain, for the purpose of collecting quasmash and cows, which here grow in great abundance, the soil being extremely fertile, in many places covered with long-leaved line, larch, and balsam-fir, which contribute to render it less thirsty than the open, unsheltered plains.

"By the word 'cows' in this sentence, we must understand that the story-teller means cowas, a root eaten by the Indians and white explorers in that distant region. It is a knobbed, irregular root, and when cooked resembles the ginseng."

Roots

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Quamash

"They now set before them a small piece of buffalo-meat, some dried salmon, berries, and several kinds of roots. Among these last is one which is round, much like an onion in appearance, and sweet to the taste. It is called quamash, and is eaten either in its natural state, or boiled into a kind of soup, or made into a cake, which is then called pasheco. After the long abstinence this was a sumptuous treat."

Pasheco-Root

Overeating

"All around the village the women are busily employed in gathering and dressing the pasheco-root, of which large quantities are heaped in piles over the plain. We now felt severely the consequence of eating heartily after our late privations. Captain Lewis and two of the men were taken very ill last evening; to-day he could hardly sit on his horse, while others were obliged to be put on horseback, and some, from extreme weakness and pain, were forced to lie down alongside of the road for some time."

Onions

"The party were fed on roots and herbs, a species of onion being much prized by them."

Artichokes.(North Dakota)page 59

"When we stopped for dinner the squaw (Sacajawea) went out, and after penetrating with a sharp stick the holes of the mice (gophers), near some drift-wood, brought to us a quantity of wild artichokes, which the mice collect and hoard in large numbers. The root is white, of an ovate form, from one to three inches long, and generally of the size of a man's finger, and two, four, and sometimes six roots are attached to a single stalk. Its flavor as well as the stalk which issues from it resemble those of the Jerusalem artichoke, except that the latter is much larger."

Camas.

^A"The root which the Indian used in ~~so~~ many ways is now known as camas; it is still much sought for by the Nez Percés, other wandering tribes in the Northwest, and Camas Prairie, in that region, derived its name from the much-sought-for vegetable."

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"Next morning, while trying to follow the trail of the lone Indian, they found traces of freshly turned earth where people had been digging for roots".

"Captain Clark was received with much attention, clean mats were spread for him, and a repast of fish, roots, and berries were set before him. He noticed that the Clatsops well well dressed and clean, and that they frequently washed their faces and hands, a ceremony, he remarked, that is by no means frequent among other Indians. A high wind now prevailed, and as the evening was stormy, Captain Clark resolved to stay all night with his hospitable Clatsops."

Bread

"He bought nothing but a little berry-bread and a few roots, in exchange for fish-hooks, and then set out to return by the same route he had come."

"They obtained several bushels of the roots of cows^a, and some bread of the same material."

Parched Meal

"Having killed nothing in the course of the day, they supped on their last piece of pork, and trusted to fortune for some other food to mix with a little flour and parched meal, which was all that now remained of their provisions."

Flour of Cowas Root

"Tunnachemootolt took a quantity of flour of the roots of cow-weed (cowas), and going round to all the kettles and baskets in which his people were cooking, thickened the soup into a kind of mush!"

The Sunflower

"Along the bottoms, which have a covering of high grass, we observed the sunflower blooming in great abundance. The Indians of the Missouri, more especially those who do not cultivate maize, make great use of the seed of this plant for bread, or in thickening their soup. They first parch and then pound it between two stones, until it is reduced to a fine meal. Sometimes they add a portion of water, and drink it thus diluted; at other times they add a sufficient proportion of marrow-grease to reduce it to the consistency of common dough, and eat it in that manner. This last composition we preferred to all the rest, and thought it at that time a very palatable dish."

Account

Beans and Corn

~~p. 42~~

" Presents were exchanged by the Indians and the white men; among the gifts from the former was a quantity of a large, rich bean, which grows wild, and is collected by mice. The Indians hunt for the ^(gophers) mice's deposits and cook and eat them."

"The council was then adjourned, and all the Indians were treated with an abundant meal of boiled Indian corn and beans. The poor wretches, who had no animal food and scarcely anything but a few fish, had been almost starved, and received this new luxury with great thankfulness. Out of compliment to the chief, we gave him a few dried squashes, which we had brought from the Mandans, and he declared that it was the best food he had ever tasted except sugar, a small lump of which he had received from his sister Sacajawea. He now declared how happy they should all be to live in a country which produced so many good things; and we told them that it would not be long before the white men would put it in their power to live below the mountains, where they might themselves cultivate all these kinds of food, instead of wandering in the mountains. He appeared to be much pleased with this information, and the whole party being now in excellent temper after their repast, we began our purchase of horses."

Boiled Moss

"During the winter, they were told, the Indians suffered very much for lack of food, game of all sorts being scarce. They were forced to boil and eat the moss growing on the trees, and they cut down the pine-trees for the sake of the small nut to be found in the pine-cones."

(Dog-Eaters)

"Our arrival soon attracted the attention of the Indians, who flocked in all directions to see us. In the evening the Indian from the falls, whom we had seen at Rugged rapid, joined us with his son in a small canoe, and insisted on accompanying us to the falls. Being again reduced to fish and roots, we made an experiment to vary our food by purchasing a few dogs, and after having been accustomed to horse-flesh, felt no disrelish for this new dish. The Chopunnish have great numbers of dogs, which they employ for domestic purposes, but never eat; and our using the flesh of that animal soon brought us into ridicule as dog-eaters."

When Frémont and his men crossed the continent to California, in 1842, they ate the flesh of that species of marmot which we know as the prairie-dog. Long afterwards, when Frémont was a candidate for the office of President of the United States, this fact was recalled to the minds of men, and the famous explorer was denounced as "a dog-eater'."

Making Salt

The explorers found the natives eating their food wholly without salt, but having been accustomed to the use of this artificial necessity, they had no sooner reached the Pacific than they set to work to devise means for making salt.

"In order, therefore, to find a place for making salt, and to examine the country further, Captain Clark set out with five men, and pursuing a course S. 60° W., over a dividing ridge through thick pine timber, much of which had fallen, passed the heads of two small brooks. In the neighborhood of these the land was swampy and overflowed, and they waded knee-deep till they came to an open ridgy prairie, covered with the plant known on our frontier by the name of *sacacommis* (bearberry). Here is a creek about sixty yards wide and running toward Point Adams; they passed it on a small raft. At this place they discovered a large herd of elk, and after pursuing them for three miles over bad swamps and small ponds, killed one of them. The agility with which the elk crossed

Speed of
Elk

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the swamps and bogs seems almost incredible; as we followed their track the ground for a whole acre would shake at our tread, and sometimes we sunk to our hips without finding any bottom. Over the surface of these bogs is a species of moss, among which are great numbers of cranberries; and occasionally there rise from the swamp small steep knobs of earth thickly covered with pine and laurel. On one of these we halted at night, but it was scarcely large enough to suffer us to lie clear of the water, and had very little dry wood. We succeeded, however, in collecting enough to make a fire; and having stretched the elk-skin to keep off the rain, which still continued, slept till morning."

"On the fifth of January, two of them came into the fort bringing a gallon of salt, which was decided to be 'white, fine and very good,' and a very agreeable addition to their food, which had been eaten perfectly fresh for some weeks past. Captain Clark, however, said it was a 'mere matter of indifference' to him whether he had salt or not, but he hankered for bread. Captain Lewis, on the other hand, said the lack of salt was a great inconvenience; 'the want of bread I consider trivial,' was his dictum."

Greens.

That the original American understood the value of greens is shown by the fact that these forest men made large use of lamb's quarters, wild cucumber, sand-rush and the narrow dock which they found growing in abundance in many localities.

Meat a Luxury

"A large part of the meat we gave to the Indians, to whom it was a real luxury, as they scarcely taste flesh once in a month. They immediately prepared a large fire of dried wood, on which was thrown a number of smooth stones from the river. As soon as the fire went down and the stones ^{were} heated they were laid next to each other in a level position, and covered with a quantity of pine branches, on which were placed fitches of the meat, and then boughs and flesh alternately for several courses, leaving a thick layer of pine on the top. On this heap they then poured a small quantity of water, and covered the whole with earth to the depth of four inches. After remaining in this state for about three hours, the meat was taken off, and was really more tender than that which we had boiled or roasted, though the strong flavor of the pine rendered it disagreeable to our palates. This repast gave them much satisfaction; for though they sometimes kill the black bear, they attack very reluctantly the fierce variegated bear; and never except when they can pursue him on horseback over the plains, and shoot him with arrows."

Mosquitoes

"Early emigrants across the continent were so afflicted by these insects that the air at times seemed full of gray clouds of them. It was the custom of the wayfarers to build a 'smudge', as it was called, a low, smouldering fire of green boughs and brush, the dense smoke from which (almost as annoying as the mosquitoes) would drive off their persecutors as long as the victims sat in the smoke. The sleeping tent was usually cleared in this way before 'turning in' at night, every opening of the canvas being afterwards closed."

Sore Eyes

"The natives of this inland region, the explorers found, were larger and better-shaped than those of the sea-coast, but they were nearly all afflicted with sore eyes. The loss of one eye was common, and not infrequently total blindness was observed in men of mature years, while blindness was almost universal among the old people."

[Doubtless due to the lack of fat-soluble vitamins.]

"They were followed, too, by a train of invalids from the village, who came to ask for our assistance. The men were generally afflicted with sore eyes; but the women had besides this a variety of other disorders, chiefly rheumatic, a violent pain and weakness in the loins, which is a common complaint among them."

~~page 298~~

"There was a great deal of sickness in the camp, owing to the low diet of the men."

Heroic Treatment by

Captain Clark

~~page 298~~

"With one of the men (Bratton) we have ventured an experiment of a very robust nature. He had been for some time sick, but has now recovered his flesh, eats heartily, and digests well, but has so great a weakness in the loins that he cannot walk or even sit upright without extreme pain. After we had in vain exhausted the resources of our art, one of the hunters mentioned that he had known persons in similar situations to be restored by violent sweats, and at the request of the patient, we permitted the remedy to be applied. For this purpose a hole about four feet deep and three in diameter was dug in the earth, and heated well by a large fire in the bottom of it. The fire was then taken out, and an arch formed over the hole by means of willow-poles, and covered with several blankets so as to make a perfect awning. The patient

being stripped naked, was seated under this on a bench, with a piece of board for his feet, and with a jug of water sprinkled the bottom and sides of the hole, so as to keep up as hot a steam as he could bear. After remaining twenty minutes in this situation, he was taken out, immediately plunged twice in cold water, and brought back to the hole, where he resumed the vapor bath. During all this time he drank copiously a strong infusion of horse-mint, which was used as a substitute for seneca-root, which our informant said he had seen employed on these occasions, but of which there is none in this country. At the end of three-quarters of an hour he was again withdrawn from the hole, carefully wrapped, and suffered to cool gradually. This operation was performed yesterday; this morning he walked about and is nearly free from pain. About eleven o'clock a canoe arrived with three Indians one of whom was a poor creature who had lost the use of his limbs, and for whose recovery the natives seem very anxious, as he is a chief of considerable rank among them. His situation is beyond the reach of our skill. He complains of no pain in any peculiar limb, and therefore we think his disorder cannot be rheumatic, and his limbs would have been more diminished if his disease had been a paralytic affection. We had already ascribed it to his diet of roots, and had recommended his living on fish and flesh, and using the cold bath every morning, with a dose of cream of tartar or flowers of sulphur every third day.'

"It is gratifying to be able to record the fact that Bratton and the Indian (who was treated in the same manner) actually recovered from their malady. The journal says of the Indian that his restoration was 'wonderful.' This is not too strong a

word to use under the circumstances, for the chief had been
helpless for nearly three years, and yet he was able to get about
and take care of himself after he had been treated by Captain
(otherwise Doctor) Clark.

Hot Springs

"These warm springs are situated at the foot of a hill on the north side of Traveller's Rest Creek, which is ten yards wide at this place. They issue from the bottoms, and through the interstices of a gray freestone rock, which rises in irregular masses round their lower side. The principal spring, which the Indians have formed into a bath by stopping the run with stone and pebbles, is about the same temperature as the warmest bath used at the hot springs in Virginia. On trying, Captain Lewis could with difficulty remain in it nineteen minutes, and then was affected with a profuse perspiration. The two other springs are much hotter, the temperature being equal to that of the warmest of the hot springs in Virginia. Our men, as well as the Indians, amused themselves with going into the bath; the latter, according to their universal custom, going first into the hot bath, where they remain as long as they can bear the heat, then plunging into the creek, which is now of an icy coldness, and repeating this operation several times, but always ending with the warm bath."

Vapor Baths

"We observed a vapor bath or sweating house, in a different form from that used on the frontier of the United States or in the Rocky Mountains. It was a hollow square six or eight feet deep, formed in the river bank by damming up with mud the other three sides and covering the whole completely, except an aperture about two feet wide at the top. The bathers descend by this hole, taking with them a number of heated stones and jugs of water; after being seated round the room they throw the water on the stones till the steam becomes of a temperature sufficiently high for their purposes. The baths of the Indians in the Rocky Mountains are of different sizes, the most common being of mud and sticks like an oven, but the mode of raising the steam is exactly the same. Among both these nations it is very ^{un}common for a man to bathe alone; he is generally accompanied by one or sometimes several of his acquaintances; indeed, it is so essentially a social amusement, that to decline going in to bathe when invited by a friend is one of the highest indignities which can be offered to him. The Indians on the frontier generally use a bath which will accommodate only one person, formed of a wicker-work of willows about four feet high, arched at the top, and covered with skins. In this the patient sits, till by means of the heated stones and water he has perspired sufficiently. Almost universally these baths are in the neighborhood of running water, into which the Indians plunge immediately on coming out of the vapor bath, and sometimes

return again and subject themselves to a second perspiration. This practice is, however, less frequent among our neighboring nations than those to the westward. This bath is employed either for pleasure or for health, and is used indiscriminately for all kinds of diseases."

No Punishment
of Children by Whipping

p.43. "While at their last camp in the country now known as South Dakota, October 14, 1804, one of the soldiers, tried by a court-martial for mutinous conduct, was sentenced to receive seventy-five lashes on the bare back. The sentence was carried out then and there. The Rickaree chief, who accompanied the party for a time, was so affected by the sight that he cried aloud during the whole proceeding. When the reasons for the punishment were explained to him, he acknowledged the justice of the sentence, but said he would have punished the offender with death. His people, he added, never whip their children at any age whatever."

Tobacco Smoking not a General Custom

"On entering one of these mat houses, Captain Clark found it crowded with men, women, and children, who immediately provided a mat for him to sit on, and one of the party undertook to prepare something to eat. He began by bringing in a piece of pine wood that had drifted down the river, which he split into small pieces with a wedge made of elkhorn, by means of a mallet of stone curiously carved. The pieces of wood were then laid on the fire, and several round stones placed upon them. One of the ^wsqaws now brought a bucket of water, in which was a large salmon about half dried, and, as the stones became heated, they were put into the bucket till the salmon was sufficiently boiled for use. It was then taken out, put on a platter of rushes neatly made, and laid before Captain Clark, while another was boiled for each of his men. During these preparations he smoked with such about him as would accept of tobacco, but very few were desirous of smoking, a custom which is not general among them, and chiefly used as a matter of form in great ceremonies."

No Alcoholic Drinks Used.

p. 42. "These Ricaras made use of no spirituous liquors of any kind, the example of the traders who bring it to them, so far from tempting, having in fact disgusted them. Supposing that it was as agreeable to them as to the other Indians, we had at first offered them whisky; but they refused it with this sensible remark that they were surprised that their father should present to them a liquor which would make them fools. On another occasion they observed to Mr. Tabeau that no man could be their friend who tried to lead them into such follies."

"The harmony of their private life is secured by their ignorance of spirituous liquors, the earliest and and most dreadful present which civilization has given to the other natives of the continent. Although they have had so much intercourse with whites, they do not appear to possess any knowledge of those dangerous luxuries; at least they have never inquired after them, which they probably would have done if once liquors had been introduced among them. Indeed, we have not observed any liquor of intoxicating quality among these or any Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, the universal beverage being ^{pure} water."

MushroomsNo Salt

"The stock of salt had given out, the bulk of their supply having been left on the mountain. Several large mushrooms were brought in by Cruzatte, but these were eaten without pepper, salt, or any kind of grease, - 'a very tasteless, insipid food,' as the journal says."

Wonderful Instinct of
Indian Guides

"The marks on the trees, which had been our chief dependence, are much fewer and more difficult to be distinguished than we had supposed. But our guides traverse this trackless region with a kind of instinctive sagacity; they never hesitate, they are never embarrassed; and so un-deviating is their step, that wherever the snow has disappeared, for even a hundred paces, we find the summer road. With their aid the snow is scarcely a disadvantage; for although we are often obliged to slip down, yet the fallen timber and the rocks, which are now covered, were much more troublesome when we passed in the autumn. Travelling is indeed comparatively pleasant, as well as more rapid, the snow being hard and coarse, without a crust, and perfectly hard enough to prevent the horses sinking more than two or three inches. After the sun has been on it for some hours it becomes softer than it is early in the morning; yet they are almost always able to get a sure foothold."

The Indians Superior to White Men as Runners

"While they lingered at their camp, they were visited by several bands of friendly Indians. The explorers traded horses with their visitors, and, with what they already had, they now found their band numbered sixty-five, all told. Having finished their trading, they invited the Indians to take part in the games of prisoners' base and foot-racing; in the latter game the Indians were very expert, being able to distance the fleetest runner of the white men's party. At night, the games were concluded by a dance. The account of the expedition says that the captains were desirous of encouraging these exercises before they should begin passage over the mountains, 'as several of the men are becoming lazy from inaction.' "

Hindus Who Eat No Meat.

"In Bengal, Madras, Assam, Burmah and Siam the food of the people consists of rice, pulse (dhal), vegetables, fruit and coconuts.

"The Hindus of the Punjab eat no meat, but the Mohammedans of the same region do, although they eat less than the European residents, and their prolonged fasts may assist their organs to recover from any ill-effects.

"Simpson¹ says the European residents would do well to copy the example of the Aryans. 'When the Aryans descended into the plains of India they were meat-eaters, but experience taught them to be vegetarians or sparing in the consumption of animal food, and to refuse alcohol.'²

"It has been observed that Europeans born and bred in the tropics have less desire for meat than full-grown people who arrive there. If they have any special craving, it is for sweet things. The large share which sugar takes in the diet of the tropical inhabitant is remarkable. Sweetmeats of every kind are used, and presents of sweetmeats and fruit are there equivalent to presents of game in colder climates."

--Tibbles.

¹ The Practitioner, 1906, 585-592

Indian Tales of the Kalamazoo Valley

In aboriginal times southern Michigan was the home of several powerful tribes of native Americans. Kalamazoo valley was a point of contact of a number of these, especially the Pottowatomies, the Ottawas and the Shawnees. Shawnee valley, which in a rough way marks the southern border of the ice cap which extended from this point to the pole in the third glacial period and here began its retreat after pausing for an unknown period, also marked for a considerable part of its length the ancient highway which in those primitive days passed across the southern portion of the beautiful peninsula and later became the thoroughfare along which crawled the slow-moving ox teams laden with emigrants and goods seeking new homes, the pioneers and founders of the present populous state of Michigan.

The Kalamazoo river has its origin in the elevated lakes and marshes of Jackson county only a few miles distant from the point at which rises the Huron. The Kalamazoo flows westward to empty into Lake Michigan, while the Huron, flowing east and then south, empties into Lake Erie, the two rivers thus traversing nearly the entire width of the state. Along the banks of these rivers, or within easy reach of them, ran one of the greatest of Indian thoroughfares which served as a means of communication for social and commercial purposes between the numerous and populous Indian villages located along this route, the names of which still survive in many of the towns and cities of southern Michigan. From this primitive highway also surged great bands of painted warriors clad in skin garments and armed with tomahawks, bows and arrows. Great wars were waged. Probably every foot of this choice territory had been fought over many times. Early settlers found the

ground of this region thickly covered with flint arrowheads and other evidences of warfare. The writer when a boy, when working in the garden, frequently turned up flint arrowheads from among the pebbles brought to the surface as the soil was loosened with his hoe. Stone axes and tomahawks were so common in those days that they were not considered as curios. Every schoolboy had his little collection of Indian relics.

Michigan was a choice and hospitable region for the red man. The woods were full of bear, deer, raccoons, beaver and other wild game; the rivers swarmed with fishes; bee trees filled with rich stores of honey were frequently found in the forests. Every autumn brought a rich harvest of walnuts, hickory nuts, beech nuts, hazelnuts and sweet acorns, beside wild cherries, luscious wild grapes, papaws, persimmons and thorn-apples, while the summer months provided generous supplies of huckleberries, cranberries, strawberries, dewberries, raspberries, blackberries and elderberries. These rich food supplies supplied not only the Indian inhabitants but vast flocks of pigeons, wild turkeys, ducks and geese which annually visited this nature-favored spot, often darkening the sky for hours during the period of their migrations. The fertile prairies of southern Michigan also yielded rich returns to the crude agricultural efforts of the Indians of those days.

Judge F. J. Littlejohn, who spent several years as surveyor in the 40's of the last century, in his interesting book, Legends of Michigan and the Old Northwest, gives us the following brief description of the country and its inhabitants:

"A bird's-eye view of this forest land would have disclosed

scenes of rare loveliness, and rich in material, though undeveloped resources. With its genial climate, its productive soil, and its undulating surface, dotted and gemmed with myriads of tiny lakes, and traversed east and west by noble rivers; with its burr oak plains and its white oak ridges; its ranges of hardwood timber, and its richly clustered glades of pine skirting the northern water courses; with its numerous prairies, blooming with an indigenous annual flora, of gorgeous coloring; above all, with a never-failing supply of fish in its rivers and lakes, and an abundance of choice varieties of game in its forests; the Peninsula State was then evidently and in fact, a very paradise for the various tribes of red men, who for ages had been its roaming denizens.

"The aboriginal tribes, inhabiting different sections of the peninsula at the opening of the present century, as well as those found in the more southerly region of the Ohio river, were not descendants of any common stock, or origin. Those of the Saginaw region were in part Chippewas, and in part Hurons, the conquerors and successors of the Osaukies. The latter were for a time seated there, having immigrated from near the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

"The Ottawas as a nation were both numerous and powerful. They were firmly seated in the northern and western portion of the peninsula, occupying the watercourses and hunting grounds from the Straits of Mackinaw southward to and including the Kalamazoo river with its affluents. In their systems of government and internal policy, the Ottawas were separated into several independent clans or tribes, each ruled by its own distinctive chief.

"These various clans, however, acted in concert as confederates, whenever the welfare of the nation was menaced by any external invasion. In such emergencies, a grand council was convened, where schemes were devised for purposes of attack or defence. There the respective ruling chiefs met as equals, in voice and votes. There also the quota of braves for the war path, was duly assigned to each of the lesser tribes.

"Adjacent to the Ottawas on the south, separated in fact from them only by a conventional line east and west, there dwelt a people of a lineage entirely distinct. The Pottowatomies occupied the region of the Paw Paw and St. Joseph rivers, with their tributaries and border lands. These, by the sinuous meanders of the latter grand water-course, embraced quite a territorial area in the present State of Indiana.

"The Pottowatomies were strictly homo-geneous people, and at the period we have named, were governed in all their public policies and movements, both of peace and war, by Pokagon their head chief. He was renowned for wisdom in council, and was also peculiarly gifted in the wily strategy of Indian warfare.

"South-west of this latter people, but separated from them by a respectable belt of intervening neutral ground dwelt the numerous and warlike nation of the Shawnees. They were clustered up and down the Wabash valley, with a wide margin of the contiguous uplands both east and west. Their name and exploits are closely interwoven with many thrilling legends of 'the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky.'

"Still more recently, in the war of 1812-14, their renowned war chief, Tecumseh, in alliance with Great Britain, instigated many atrocious deeds along our borders, until the hands of the Shawnees, Chipewas and Hurons, under his control, were deeply stained with American blood. At our earlier date, the Shawnees acknowledged the authority and princely rule of Elkhart, their Grand Sachem. To him the local rulers and petty chiefs of clans were all subordinated."

Two Famous Scouts

From Legends of Michigan we quote the following thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred in pre-pioneer days:

"In midwinter of the year 1797-8, an Indian hunter a few miles inland from Lake Michigan, had wandered some distance south of an encampment of his people on the river Kalamazoo. The region had a dense covering of intermingled pines, hemlock and hard wood forest trees. The snow was generally deep; the lakes and rivers were ice bound, and the weather as severely cold as twenty degrees below zero usually indicate.

"Our Ottawa hunter was belated by his wide range, and leg weary from the burden of his cumbersome snow shoes. As evening crept on, increasing the gloom under that dense evergreen canopy, he became suddenly bewildered as to his course.. In this dilemma, he finally resolved to camp out for the night.

"By the roots of a large standing tree he hastily scooped a trench in the snow, down to the earth. He next procured with his hatchet a plentiful supply of hemlock boughs. With a portion of these he filled the trench partly full. Then he stuck deep in the snow, a row of larger boughs, on both sides and one end of his bed, having the tops inclining inward till they interlocked above. Finally he threw a quantity of twigs and boughs over the whole. With the chill night air thus excluded, he crept into his narrow berth. There wrapped closely in his blanket, he soon gathered sufficient bodily warmth to fall into a sound sleep, lasting till early dawn.

"His slumbers were at that hour suddenly disturbed by a deafening medley of sounds. There was snapping of teeth, snarls and growls, with yelping barks and howls of eager fierceness. A pack of half famished wolves had scented, silently tracked and finally encircled their prey in his lair. Babbled for the moment by his frail covering of boughs, they had given tongue to their fiery thirst for blood.

"Instantly wide awake, their destined victim within, clearly comprehended the nature and extent of his peril. He knew but too well the native ferocity and persistence of the terrible crew by which he was environed. His doom stared him in the face, certain, horrible, inevitable! Yet instinctively he loosened and clutched in either hand his tomahawk and knife, at the same time freeing himself for action.

"There followed a lull, an instant more of breathless suspense. Then came a din of yells and howls more fierce and concentrated than before. With this medley of sounds then came a leap, a bounding rushing upon his frail tenement. The boughs were torn away and scattered in all directions, whilst a score of eyes were glaring down upon him, and a dozen pair of jaws were tearing at his garments, and beginning to cruelly lacerate his limbs and body.

"With a herculean effort, inspired by the frenzy of despair, the mass of animals was hurled clear of his person. Springing to his feet, and leaping outside of the trench, he placed his back against the body of the tree, at whose roots he had slept, giving voice to his great agony, in several far-reaching shrieks, he made a desperate fight for life with blow and thrust.

"In his front, and upon either side, a barricade of dead carcasses would soon have walled him in. But notwithstanding the death-dealing blows he rained down upon the assaulting throng, with tomahawk and knife, a portion of the famishing survivors snatched away and devoured the dead and wounded as fast as they fell. At the same time, others of that seemingly every increasing horde, continued their murderous assaults upon the now overworked and panting red man. It was manifestly beyond the power of flesh and blood, of bone and muscle, much longer to endure this intense and exhaustive strain."

Just at this moment there arrived on the scene a white man who in quest for game had wandered far beyond the frontiers of civilization, though armed only with a flint musket and a stout hunting knife. His skill and courage were such that he quickly vanquished the savage horde of wolves and saved the red man just as his last hope of escape from a

frightful death was departed. The hunter led the wounded Indian to his hut, bandaged all his wounds with healing leaves and he was soon restored to health. The red man's name was Lynx Eye; the white man was known among the Indian's as Dead Shot because of his remarkable skill with the rifle. The men became inseparable friends. Dead Shot married Mishawaha, the daughter of Chief Elkhart of the Shawnees, whose headquarters was Three Rivers. These three, Lynx Eye, Dead Shot and Mishawaha, became famous and well known through the Indian country as intrepid, sagacious scouts who often delivered their tribes from perilous situations.

The Thrilling Story of the Capture and Deliverance of Alice and Effie,
Two White Girls, In the Early Years of the Last Century

"One of the more important of the settlements of Ottawas of the Kalamazoo river, in the middle section of its valley range, was at the junction of the Battle Creek with the main river. At this point the chief trail branched in its westerly route. One fork ran down the river margin to a center of trails at Kalamazoo, whilst the principal through line, led a point north of west, across Gull Prairie down upon Gunplains, running thence over the intervening uplands to the Big Horse-Shoe river bend at Allegan.

"The latter with full volume and more rapid current, sweeps down around its bold and somewhat elevated westerly and then northerly shore line. Within the lasty sixty rods of its course it curves south again to its confluence with the Kalamazoo.

"At the era of 1807, the native settlement at Battle Creek was grouped upon the elevated platteau west and north of the smaller stream. About an hour before sunset of a warm day in June of that year, two men entered that settlement on the eastern side. These wayfarers were white men, both in the flush of early manhood. They were severally of medium size, possessing well knit, sinewy frames, giving promise of both strength and activity.

"They were evidently intelligent; seemingly also endowed with the requisite courage and enterprise for border life. There was, however, a marked difference in their personal appearance. In complexion the one was dark, with hair and eyes to match. His nose was prominent and slightly aquiline in type. The other had the fair ruddy complexion, the light hair and blue eyes, with the straight nose of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Fording the stream, and ascending the steep bank to the upper level, they there came face to face with a stalwart native Ottawa. Of him the dark-browed youth enquired for his chief, using the English tongue. The wily savage answered the question by proposing another: "'What for you want chief?'

"'We wish to see him on important business,' courteously, but somewhat curtly answered the stranger.

"'Before me tell, you must tell me three things--who you are; where you come from; and what your business is?' calmly replied the native.

"'That is what we came here to tell your chief,' interposed the blue-eyed youth with some asperity of manner.

"'No harm to tell 'em twice; sure then to get 'em right,' rejoined the Ottawa, with the same quiet composure.

"The dark-haired youth here turned to the other saying: 'Easy and steady, Will! Heat now will only delay the news we so much need. I think the readiest way is to tell him all.'

"'Do as you like, Jim,' replied the other. 'But I would like to throttle the impudent red-skin.'

"Jim, as his companion had called him, turned to the brave again and courteously said, 'We are in haste, but I will briefly state what you desire. We are white settlers living over east on the Huron river. We live with our parents. We came from there since dawn this morning. We each had a sister, both women grown, and also living with their parents. Last evening they went out together for a moonlight ramble. They did not return. We searched for them till dawn.'

"'Then we found where they had been. We saw marks of a struggle there. Saw moccasin tracks of men. Then found near by where horses had been hitched. We followed the moccasin tracks there. They were all gone--sisters, men and horses. We flew home, seized our rifles, saddled and mounted our horses, and are here. We pursued the tracks of those horses on the trail all the way to within a dozen rods of this stream behind us. Now we want your chief to return to us those young women, and punish the villains who kidnapped and brought them here.'

"'Aye! and we'll make him do it too! or we'll burn up his dingy town,' added the impetuous Will.

"'You are a boy too much! No business on trail now. No curb to hot temper. Good pluck me 'spect. Mebbe make a man some day,' responded the native. Then turning to Jim he said, 'Your story looks straight. Me 'bieve you mean tell 'em truth. But you be wrong 'bout tracks to this place. Me is chief here; me know where all braves are; me know,

too, where all our horses are; me keep 'em down on this low point you see between the waters. None have been used for three days.'

"' Now you must show me the tracks you followed. Ride horses back over the stream. They much hungry; can feed with mine.' At a signal one of his braves now joined them. They all descended the bank together. The pale-faces rode across whilst the natives passed in a canoe. Dismounting, Jim and Will turned over their animals to the brave, who led them a short distance down the south bank of the stream to a corral fence. This enclosed the tongue of land between the creek and river. There he turned the two within the enclosure.

"The chief and the young men walked out east a dozen rods on the trail. There rod after rod further on they traced the tracks of five horses evidently approaching the village. Two of them were the tracks of full-sized English roadsters, but the other three were manifestly the tracks of ordinary native ponies.

"There had been a smart shower on the previous afternoon, and the tracks had been made since the rain had fallen. The young men in approaching had carefully ridden on the skirts of the trail so as not to obliterate those incoming tracks.

"There had been a lapse of a few minutes only when the brave returning from corralling the horses of the men, reported to the chief that two of his best animals were missing from their enclosure. The chief seemed sadly puzzled for a few moments, then turning to his follower he said, 'White Ferret much keen on trail. Him take these tracks. See where 'em go.'

"As White Ferret started, bending to his work, the chief remarked

to the young men: 'Pale-faces much smart, quick to see, and think straight. All is much plain to me now. White squaws have gone this way. Them interlopin' thieves what stole 'em dont belong to Ottawas. They steal my horses too. Want 'em for pale-faces to ride on. Me must know one thing. Did 'em run off with young men, cause their fathers look dark on them in wigwam?'

"An indignant crimson flush suffused the faces of the young men for a moment, to be instantly succeeded however, by a look of trusting confidence and abiding faith as they replied: 'Our sisters would never stoop to an elopement. They had no lovers under a cloud, who would be guilty of this outrageous abduction.' ' 'Tis enough,' the chief rejoined. 'Them carried off by sneakin' outlaws, for much bad fate. We will all track 'em up. Meb'be git 'em back.

"'But we must go much crafty, and big wise. Great chief Wakazoo now in Kalamazoo. Him have there too, his three famous scouts. Me send to him right away for help. Them come to-morrer sure. We eat then, and plan and sleep.'

"White Ferret fully instructed and well mounted on a fleet horse was speedily galloping down the Kalamazoo trail, to acquaint Wakazoo with the facts and to urge their need of help. The scouts, Dead Shot, Mishawaha and Lynx, were promptly despatched by the old chief to aid the local chief, Tekonsha, and the pale-face strangers.

"At an hour's sun of the next morning White Ferret reached Battle Creek again, accompanied by the trio of scouts on the favorite steeds trained for trail and war path. After a hasty repast and a brief interview with Tekonsha, Jim and Will, the entire group visited the tracks eastward on the trail. These underwent a rigid scrutiny, being finally

followed to near the corral enclosure. All, except the native scout, Lynx Eye, passed through an opening in the fence and resumed their search beyond.

"Lynx Eye, classed as a dwarf, owing to the unnatural shortness of his stumpy legs, contrasted with his long spare arms and hands, selected his own field of research. He turned down the east side of the corral hedge, where on hands and knees, working right and left, he critically examined the ground under the matted grass and herbage. His face presently light up with a glow, and his keen eye glittered with conscious triumph.

"Rising up suddenly erect, he departed south for the river bank. There, on renewing his search, he was equally successful. Again rising, but with eye glued to the earth, he nimbly walked up to the north branch of the river for a distance of forty rods. There he came to the mouth of a rivulet.

"On its sandy narrow beach he clearly traced the tracks of two large and five small horses, they were headed out of a low sand bar, as though aiming to swim the river. Moccasin tracks were also distinctly impressed upon the moist sand, indicating a dismount to make their preparations for crossing over. Our scout there discovered and appropriated two small articles, by him found lying there. Doubtless they had been dropped in the hurry of flight.

"Adroitly concealing the waifs beneath his garments, the dwarf returned to the entrance of the enclosure. There the residue of the party stood grouped already. They had failed of making any fresh discovery beyond the loss of the two choice horses. Somewhat surprised and annoyed at their failure, Dead Shot and wife having noticed the absence of Lynx Eye from the enclosure now glanced abroad in quest of his person elsewhere.

"Dead Shot was remarking to Tekonsha that they must search in a larger circle, when they beheld the dwarf leisurely approaching with impassive face. Mishawaha, being ever a shrewd observer, whispered to her husband that Lynx Eye had news. Dead Shot looked incredulous, but she insisted that she knew it by his walk, notwithstanding his present leaden face.

"The chief, White Ferret and the two young men were all despondent, the latter two being almost distraught with grief. Perceiving this, Dead Shot turned brusquely to the approaching scout saying: 'Well, Lynx Eye, what is it?' This was spoken in a peremptory tone, which the other well knew meant business. The answer came promptly and somewhat proudly.

"'Me found 'em trail; me see where horses swim the river; count 'em horse tracks there; me found out two large, five small ones. See 'em moccasin tracks, too, on sand. Me find out two large, three small ones. Two were pale-face sure. Feet large and toes turn out. Three of tracks small. Feet of red men made 'em. Me too, find these, where 'em get off horses to make ready for swim.' Thus saying he produced a smoking pipe, and an arrow with a flint head.

"The former had a bowl of buckeye wood, with a stem of hollow reed of a peculiar variety. The arrow head was fastened to the shaft in

an unusual manner, the latter being of chestnut wood. Tekonsha after examining these attentively, remarked: 'The interlopin' thieves come from south, sure. Most likely, me 'spect they now turn back agin.'

"Mishawaha, formerly a Shawnee Princess, now the wife of Dead Shot, next passed the articles under a critical review. She finally spoke in a decided manner, and in correct language, learned of her husband.

"'As the daughter of Elkhart, Head chief of the Shawnee nation, I enjoyed frequent opportunities for contrasting the people of many tribes. I noticed their paint, the fashion of their garments; with the make and material of their trinkets and weapons. From what I thus saw in my father's wigwam years ago in the Wabash valley, I recognize these perfectly. They are peculiar to one of the Ohio tribes, the Mingos west of the Maumee swamp. They reed and the chestnut grow there, as well as the buckeye tree.'

"The chief with admiring gaze had fairly devoured her words. As she ceased, he eagerly rejoined, 'Our forest queen speaks wisely. Her eye sees all things. Her memory goes much straight on back trail. Me think pipe and arrow are Mingo sure; can tell at wigwam. Let us all go there.'

"Upon their arrival at the lodge of Tekonsha, he quickly produced divers curiosities, among others, a Mingo pipe with some arrows. All were satisfied that they were identical with those found that morning by Lynx Eye. At this point the young man, Jim, abruptly addressed the others:

"'I, too, have a fact to state which strongly corroborates your present conclusion. You may all be aware of a leading trail south from

Saginaw Bay, running by way of the Shiwassee river past Long Lake, crossing this east and west trail and the Huron river for the Maumee region.

"We had settled and lived on the bank of the Huron, a few miles east of that trail crossing. Now the Mingos a short time since, sent a large deputation north on that trail to Chessaning, ruling chief on the Shiwassee river. I was in the woods on a hunting trip thus seeing them pass. There were white desperadoes in their train.' All doubt seemed thus removed as to whence the abductors came.

"The young man, Will, forcibly impressed by the accumulated evidence burst forth in a tone of bitter anguish: 'May God forbid! that our sisters shall fall into their reckless blood-stained hands! Yet it must be so. Let us at once move forward on their track.'

"Tekonsha, moved by his grief, replied soothingly: 'Be quiet now. Others work for you. Me have meat 'nuff for two days ready in half hour, for three. That will be for scouts of Wakazoo, cause them go first to hunt up and foller trail. Lynx Eye never miss that. Mishawaha never fall into any ambush trap. Dead Shot allers ready to kill 'em far away with rifle, or snup up with knife. Them three 'nuff ennyway fur all your fingers can count of braves; with next day's sun, we four, with plenty meat, will take the trail they leave. White Ferret won't miss it. We all ride fast, and catch 'em much soon.'

"All being ready within the half hour assigned, the three scouts went up to the rivulet where the tracks showed a previous crossing. They were passed over by canoes, their horses swimming at the stern. Lynx Eye finding the trail now plain, they all mounted and struck off briskly in a southeasterly direction.

"Whilst they are thus pressing unremittingly forward, with all their skill and caution in lively exercise, as well to keep the track and avoid surprise or misadventure, as to rescue those unfortunate damsels from a horrible fate, we will seize the opportunity for the formal introduction to our readers of other personages figuring more or less in our narrative, together with other quite necessary explanations.

"Arthur Wingate and Robert Archer were neighbors of long standing in the western part of Pennsylvania. Many years previous to the date of which we write, they had together embarked in active life. They had married, purchased farms and entered energetically upon the task of clearing up and improving their homesteads, and suitably rearing and providing for their children. Having reached the noon of life, and with their oldest born fast approaching their majority in years, those fathers were seized by a sudden mania for selling out and immigrating father west.

"Their farms were sold mainly on credit for years, resting on mortgage securities. Drifting to Michigan with their families, they ascended the Huron river by canoe. Arriving at a point now within the lower town, or that portion of the city of Ann Arbor under the hill, they landed on the northern side. Here they made their claims of Government land by the process of 'squattling,' as then understood and practiced in border life. They had thus pushed inland of the then line of white occupation. This was in 1805, and two years prior to the opening of our narrative.

"Their eldest born were both sons of nearly equal age. At the period of their removal west, these sons were severally of about the age of nineteen years. The second child of each was a daughter, and at the same period they were respectively of the age of seventeen years. The sons were named James Wingate and William Archer. The daughters were

christened Alice Wingate and Effie Archer. There were junior children in each family, both sons and daughters.

"During the two years of their family sojourn in that locality, they had each made handsome improvements with substantial log houses and barns. There was an appearance of thrift and home comfort rarely witnessed in the incipient stages of border life. They had teams, horses, and oxen. There were also cows, swine, and all the varieties of barnyard poultry.

"The heavy log fence was confined to the interior sides of their enclosures. At the same time a smart Virginia fence of split rails fronted their actual occupation in line, designed as the boundary of a future highway. Small hand-made gates in front of the dwelling broke the monotony of the worm fence, adding also to the convenience of passage. The yards between gate and dwelling were cleanly raked and already ornamented with growing plants and flowering shrubs.

"Vines previously trained, were blossoming on the door porches and climbing the casings of the windows. Inside, those dwellings were models of neatness, and specimens of both orderly and tidy housekeeping. The floors made of split puncheons, hewn with the narrow axe, were yet firmly laid and kept clear of dirt or stain. Everything indicated the presence of a woman's handy touch, and tasty arrangements.

"Those mothers cheerfully and lovingly filled their positions, adorning them with all those endearing qualities which lend a witching charm to the hearthstone of common domestic life. The fathers, industrious and frugal, exercised a ceaseless vigilance and prudent forecast. With courage they met the duties of the hour, whilst indulging in cheerful anticipations for the future of their promising families.

"Of the oldest of these men we have already spoken in general terms. The eldest daughters of each family being the victims of the infamous kidnapping raid, bore in complexion and features, each a marked resemblance to her elder brother. Having severally reached the age of nineteen, as our story opens, they demand at our hands a more special notice, than we have as yet accorded to them.

"The two maidens had no secrets from each other. Each had been long avowedly and devotedly loved by the brother of the other, and each had in turn surrendered the full treasure of her heart to the keeping of her betrothed. They were both passionately fond of fields and flowers, with the thousand charms of forest scenery. Hand in hand they often roamed a field, or to the skirting forest shadow on moonlight evenings, in the absence of the young men, without any thought of wrong, or dream that harm might thus befall them.

"Thus had they sauntered forth, on that bright warm evening in June, to the edge of the forest shade. They were standing where vagrant moonbeams came glinting through the leafy canopy above, and went shimmering in bright, fantastic forms upon the earth around them. There they yet stood conversing about the absent ones, and conjuring up a rosy-tinted future out of their great love and trusting faith,--when they were both seized, each by a burly, bearded ruffian. A gag was thrust into their mouths; their arms were pinioned behind their backs, and they were foisted up on horseback in front of a man in the saddle, who flung one hand around the waist, whilst guiding the horse with the other.

"They thus galloped a mile away, with three mounted natives closely following. Here pausing in their flight they removed the gags from the mouths of the captives, warning them, however, that on the least outcry they would be replaced. The young women fully recovered from their momentary fright, finding their own arms pinioned firmly behind, with their waists tightly circled by a ruffian clasp, knew how utterly vain any resistance on their part would surely prove.

"By a brief glance in that short stoppage, each read in the eyes of the other the thought then uppermost. With Alice, that thought was of unshaken fortitude, and for a watch word, 'I bide my time.' With Effie the belligerent spirit was fearfully aroused, but in the cold steel-glitter of her eye, Alice read the sign that prudence had conquered; in fact, that resistance would be postponed until it could be effectual.

"To each there was infinite relief in that glance. Effie saw in Alice a new and wonderful development, where she had feared a dead faint, abject terror, or utter despair, she beheld heroic fortitude. Alice perceived in Effie a new phase of character, also.

"Where she had looked for rebellion outright, with resistance to the death, she found a reserve force of prudential resolve, with the promise of personal resources equal to any emergency.

"The journey was promptly resumed by the band of desperadoes. Using a broad, well-beaten trail, with the bright light of a full moon to guide their steps, and with the cool night breeze to invigorate both man and beast, that journey was successfully prosecuted hour after hour, bringing them to Battle Creek at early dawn. But prior to their arrival the moon had sunk from view. The darkness was thus so far increased as to shroud their movements in a safe obscurity.

"The two white leaders were either possessed of heart enough to realize how uncomfortable the position and seat of their captives really were; or what is more, probable, tired of their own cramped and overburdened attitude in the saddle, resolved upon a change. They resorted to the ready expedient of stealing a pair of native ponies from the Ottawas. Openly they had made their trail thus far. Covertly they designed to leave. It was an ingenious artifice to throw any pursuers off their track. Thus also they hoped to throw the quarrel of the abduction upon the denizens of that locality.

"To their native followers the task of taking the two animals from the corral enclosure was easy. Then groping their way in a scattered manner up to the rivulet, they next prepared for crossing the river. The maidens were now first placed upon the backs of the stolen animals. Then the passage of the river was safely effected by swimming all the horses.

"Striking off boldly then on their course, they pursued it for a time. Becoming emboldened by the success of their scheme, at sunrise they stopped out among the hills for food and rest. Hoppling out the animals for feeding, the natives next produced a supply of prepared food. The two white men were attentive to the wants and comfort of their captives.

"For them they arranged easy positions to rest, by sitting or reclining. They removed the ligatures from their arms, finally offering them food. The weary, overtasked, and heart stricken ones had no appetite for the eatables. But as Effie was on the point of scornfully rejecting the offer with bitter words, Alice whispered, 'Keep quiet and silent, but eat for the strength it will impart, and which we may yet sorely need.'

"Effie gave her a furtive but beaming glance of acknowledgment for

the hint. Both then bravely made the effort, actually forcing the palate at first, but finally eating with some relish, for they were really faint from hunger. As the renegades, now in the full morning light found the maidens to be both young and handsome, their purpose in that abduction was suddenly most radically changed.

"The pair of desperadoes had been for some time previous to the opening of our narrative, idle vagabonds, consorting with the Mingos on the west side of the Maumee river and swamp. Having attached to themselves three natives, as unscrupulous and unquestioning tools, they had embarked in a roving crusade of thieving depredations. They were equally ready for any paying scheme of atrocious violence and bloodshed. With this view they followed in the wake of the Mingo delegation to Chessaning on the Shiawasse river.

"Failing in their design for want of victims on the way, and being deterred from the perpetration of any outrage within the jurisdiction of the ever vigilant Chessaning, they took their homeward track as far as the Huron. Whilst on their way north they had there learned of the white settlers, who had so boldly pushed up the Huron to within a short distance of the trail they were then traversing. On their return they had resolved to make them a clandestine visit for the purpose of plunder.

"They had accordingly taken the eastern trail at the crossing, and after reaching the clearings of those settlers, had spent hours in prowling about their outskirts in the edge of the timber. They had seen four stalwart white men busy near the two dwellings. But they shrank from a hand-to-hand "scrimmage" with them. They were disinclined to

hazard an assault upon those strong log structures. Disheartened by the general outlook they were about abandoning their expedition, when chance brought those unsuspecting maidens within their power.

"A mad scheme took possession of their teeming brains. They would capture and carry off the females to the Maumee region, and at a future time exact a handsome ransom for their liberation. Cold-hearted and fiendish as was the plot, their reckless depravity was equal to the undertaking. They promptly entered upon its execution, and successfully prosecuted their scheme up to the point of the first encampment southeast of Battle Creek.

"There, as we have intimated, a change came over their plans and ultimate purposes. Looking with admiration upon the many charms of their blooming captives, they resolved to convert their lawless abduction into a permanent investment. Out of this sudden desire for exclusive appropriation no jealous rivalry was likely to arise. Their tastes proved to be dissimilar. For whilst the one was captivated by the blonde, the other was equally ready to kneel at the shrine of the brunette.

"The maidens meanwhile after partaking of their rude repast, were permitted to recline and refresh themselves with sleep for a couple of hours. Awaking from their slumbers so imperiously demanded by overtaken nature and acute suffering, they rose up to meet their captors, with the horses in readiness to resume their wild forest ride.

"There was in the deportment of those two rough, bearded outlaws, a kindly change from the previous heartless brutality. There was a fair approach to galantry in their demeanor, as they stepped forward, and each placed his favorite in the saddle. There was even tenderness in the tone and looks of both, as they enquired of the maidens, 'If they

would take no advantage of the liberty, if permitted to ride with their arms unbound.'

"Buoyed up by that wonderful reserve force they both so eminently possessed, the maidens answered in calm even tones, using language almost identically the same: 'The freedom would relieve us of much discomfort and pain, but we will make no terms with those who have wantonly outraged both humanity and law in our captivity.'

"'Well,' replied one of the desperadoes, 'I like the tone and spirit of that frank avowal, bating the undertow of bitter feeling.' 'And I,' added the other outlaw, 'am willing to give the freedom guarding against its abuse, and trusting to time for soothing the irritation, and softening the present asperity of feeling.'

"Thus they started forward, the captives unbound, and wondering much at this novel change in the demeanor of those two men. They little dreamed of the sad havoc the rosy god had been making in their behalf, or of the actual conquest the charms of each had achieved. They marvelled much, also, that men with such traces of good breeding and cultivated intellect, as their bearing and language imported, should have fallen into such an abyss of crime and infamy.

"All that day they journeyed^{ed} forward till evening twilight, only stopping an hour at noon to lunch and bait their horses. Crafty even in their seeming security, they passed no stream large or small, without taking the precaution of riding up or down the current for several rods, before leaving it on the opposite side. This stratagem so easy of execution, actually cost the acute and skillful scouts on their trail, hours of vexatious search to find and take up the broken thread.

"At their twilight camp the renegades rested for three hours, waiting for the full moon to be brightly shining aloft again. Shortly after they were encamped, one of the native followers, who had made a slight detour during the last half hour's ride, came in with the hind quarters of a deer that he had succeeded in approaching within arrow shot. The savory smell of the broiled steaks aroused the appetites of even those tired and disconsolate captives.

"They were able to make of it a fair repast, when it was politely presented by the outlaws. Reclining next for repose, when nestled down side by side, Alice whispered her companion. 'Courage Effie! I feel that men are stirring in our behalf. I have mentally seen Jim and Will riding fast and far, in the saddle. God will send them in the right path for our deliverance.' In the same whispered tone Effie responded:

"'You were born for a heroine, Alice. I have had none of your poetic visions, but I am not losing heart. If help comes not from other sources, we will free ourselves. I am watching our course. It is southeast for Maumee. Before we reach our destination we shall strike the Saginaw trail, of which Jim once informed us. When there we will give them the slip.' Sleep here closed the colloquy.

"When the allotted period had elapsed, and all was ready for a start, the outlaws awoke the maidens, placing them again in the saddle. The country was more or less uneven, but the timber was small, sparse, or gathered in groups. The moonbeams bathed the landscape and lighted up the dense forest gloom. Their headway was at an ambling pace, and nearly equal to that of the preceding day.

"At dawn they again encamped, broke their fast with a fresh broil, rested, baited their horses and at sunrise were ready for the saddle again.

Just then there came to their ears a ringing whoop from the east. Next a half score of native braves came hurriedly into view, and then paused to reconnoiter. They were a small raiding party of Miamis on the war path against the Lenaweesseated further north on the grand trail.

"Having turned the big Maumee swamps at the south, they had descended the river to the principal landing of the Saginaw trail, which there made several miles west, and then turned sharply north. The Miamis had just rounded this angle, when they discovered the smoke of the renegade camp-fire. They latter when encamping there in the early dawn, had not the remotest idea of their close proximity to the trail.

"Between the two parties thus confronting each other, there was an instant mutual recognition as enemies of long standing. The renegades having formerly resided among the Miamis, east of the swamp, were for their crimes finally outlawed and hunted from the territory, barely saving their lives by flight..

"Hurriedly the renegades placed the maidens in the saddle, and then as they with their native followers also mounted, one of the two white men, pointing their captives to the right of the Miamis, urged them to ride for life, promising soon to overtake them after charging the enemy. The order was obeyed with alacrity, the maidens pressing their animals to a swift gallop, with one absorbing thought alone occupying their minds. The trail; the trail was surely there! Oh! could they but reach it, and then turn north for home.

"With tomahawk in hand the charge was made by the mounted renegade band. Hitting out right and left they dashed through the line. But the Miamis nimbly taking to cover escaped unharmed. Their bows were unstrung

for travelling, and they were otherwise unprepared for that sudden assault. They sent, however, after the passing horsemen the startling news, that they would find plenty more Miamis down at the landing. The renegades heard but pressed right on after the flying maidens already almost lost to their view.

"Alas! for all the hopes of the forlorn captives. They were not only headed too far south to hit the trail, but quickly discovered that their animals were no match for the swifter steeds of their pale-face captors. Perceiving that they were about being overhauled Alice remarked: 'It is no use Effie. Let us quietly submit. We shall be rescued, but we must bide our time.' Effie, upon looking back reluctantly yielding, replied:

"'You are right again. We will now voluntarily draw rein. They will not then suspect our intended flight.' Thus saying they halted, wheeling their horses about so as to stand facing their pursuers.

"As the renegades speedily rode up beside the maidens one of them remarked: 'You've give us a right smart chase.' To this salutation Effie promptly replied: ''Twas for life it was.' The other outlaw replied: ''Twas bravely done. But we have simply escaped one peril to fall into another.' Their native followers joining them at this juncture, the conversation ceased.

"A hasty aside consultation of the band succeeded. At its termination the outlaws turning to their captives again, informed them that enemies lay in their track, at least the one they had intended to pursue. They were thus compelled to resort to a new, rough, hilly route, where the horses must soon be abandoned.

"The party was next hurriedly arranged in a cavalcade headed due south, and in a line nearly parallel with that particular section of the Maumee river. The ground surface rose rapidly, though unevenly, so that they were shortly in the midst of uplifted hills, with precipitous slopes and narrow valleys between. Halting in one of the valleys with greater width of bottom than usual, the renegades informed their captives that their horses were to be left there whilst they advanced on foot.

"Alarmed by the presence of the Miamis in that vicinity, and also by the report of a party on their trail in pursuit, they resolved to seek for present concealment, at the same time hoping by their movements to bewilder and mislead the foe upon their track. They despatched a native with the horses, instructed to take them by a detour to the right around the hills. Then with their captives the remainder of the band ascended a steep slope to what appeared to be a high plateau of wide extent.

"Meanwhile the half score of Miamis, after the charge of the renegades, and seeing in their headlong career no intention of returning, advanced to the camp fire of the latter, to secure any valuables that the outlaws might have left behind in the hurry of their unceremonious departure. But ere they had fairly encircled the fire, their attention was challenged by a single whoop from the northeast. Glancing off between the bodies of the standing timber they discovered three mounted persons rapidly approaching.

"That whoop was really an inadvertant yell of exultation by the foremost rider. He was laboring under the mistaken idea that the kidnapers and their victims were in sight. A closer view dispelled the

illusion, by showing him distinctly the tribal insignia of the group by the fire. Holding up his open palm in token of amity, the incoming party were permitted to ride up without any hostile demonstrations. Upon the arrival of Lynx Eye, the foremost rider, he sententiously spoke:

"'You are Miamis; we are Ottawas. There is peace between us.'

The leader of the standing group, advancing a step, responded:

"'The Ottawas are welcome, but what brings them so far away from their own hunting grounds?'

"Dead Shot, dismounting and stepping forward, explained by saying that they were scouts of their tribe, on the trail of some thieving outlaws, who had abducted and carried off two white young women from the Huron river, and had also stolen horses from the Ottawas at Battle Creek. He further detailed the steps they had taken for the recapture of the maidens, stating that four more pursuers would join them on the trail a few hours later.

"Mishawaha here added to what her husband had said: 'We come willingly to rescue and to punish. We think it a great crime to mistreat women so. We intend to have the victims out of their hands, and to teach the kidnappers the lesson of a severe handling.' To her remarks the Miami leader rejoined:

"'Me hear much of grand squaw scout of the Kalamazoo. Me see her now sure. Me like her brave words, and will help make 'em true. My people much want revenge on them thieving sneaks. Hunt for 'em long time. Me see them here sudden. Not ready for fight. Then ride away swift with their Mingos and two white squaws.'

"'Me tell 'em more Miami braves at the landing. So me think they go to the hills to hide away. You take 'em trail and hunt 'em close.

Mingos will come to help them. We go back to river for thirty more warriors. Meet you 'fore long in the hills here away south.'

"As he closed, Lynx Eye abruptly asked: 'Can you show me tracks where 'em pale-face squaws rode away? 'Cause where them go others sure to follow.' The Miami stepped a few rods southeast and pointed to tracks of galloping horses, saying: 'There go 'em white squaws.' The dwarf glanced at the deep imprint of the springing leaps, himself starting forward then without futher word or sign.

"Dead Shot and Mishawaha both bowing their adieus to the Miamis, who were already moving east, now rode briskly after their comrade. The three made good time to where the maidens were again overtaken by their captors. Here they saw by the irregular stepping of the horses in various directions, that a pause for consultation had occurred. Mishawaha, whose eyes had been roaming about, now spoke:

"'The Miami chief told the truth, and judged correctly. Yonder goes the trail of the outlaw band to the south.'

"On trail or war path, Lynx Eye paid little heed to the others. He now dismounted and deliberately struck a large circle around the spot where the stoppage had occurred, critically scanning every foot of ground as he went, he completed the circuit. This done, he vaulted into his saddle again, remarking: 'Me see all right so far. Not one has turned aside.' With the word he led the pursuit again, the others closely following, but keenly examining both sides of the trail marks as they progressed.

"Diligently and patiently pursuing this, they at length reached the valley among the hills, whence the band had separated, the horses making their western detour, whilst the outlaws and maidens departed on foot. The scouts fearing some artifice might have been practiced, dismounted, and the two men critically examined all the foot prints both animal and human that they could detect or trace.

"Mishawaha first looking keenly at the surrounding objects, and then at the sun about on his meridian, suddenly stepped lightly in that direction, up the ascent a few rods. Kneeling there she commenced a minute search laterally, both right and left. Finally rising she smilingly lopped the branch of a small shrub as a mark, returning then to the other scouts.

"Dead Shot and Lynx Eye had ascertained that all the horses had gone westward, but had discovered no trace of the departure of a single person on foot. As Mishawaha approached she remarked to them. 'Two white men, two natives and two women have gone on foot up the hill.' Dead Shot laughingly replied: 'That is being too precise by half. To gain implicit credence you had better drop out of your report two or three foot prints.'

"Lynx Eye promptly took up the gloves in her defence, remarking: 'Me don't know 'bout that. Me 'spect 'em true. Her's very apt to be right. Me now look to horse tracks out there.' He then walked away west some distance, shortly after returning he now said: 'Her is right, any how. Me 'spose all the horses 'cept one went off without 'em rider. Steps mighty uneven like, and overlap too much for bitt and weight.'

"Dead Shot still in merry mood, rejoined: 'Well, I may without censure be pardoned for yielding to such accumulated weight of authority. After all, seeing is believing. I must request to be shown the footprints on the hillside.' 'I will show them most willingly,' answered Mishawaha, while with secret exultation she led the way up the ascent to the lopped twig she had left as a token. Upon a horizontal line just above, there was an evident outcrop of the top surface of a lime rock ledge.

"This served as the substratum for a heavy body of top soil. The moisture accumulated by the latter, settling by percolation upon the ledge, had oozed out and trickled down so as to make the belt of earth below moist, spongy, and yielding to any pressure. Persons in walking up the ascent would naturally make two or three steps in that moist belt.

"There Mishawaha had discovered and now pointed out to the others the moccasin tracks of four, two large and two small ones, with two of a woman's shoe having heels. 'I yield the point,' Dead Shot now remarked: 'Only one native has gone with the horses. But can we possibly follow those footprints upon the dry table land?' 'We can nose out fresh footprint every made by white man,' was the confident reply of Lynx Eye.

"'Well then,' said Dead Shot; 'We will first hopple out our horses in this valley; stow away their rig, with our superfluous luggage safely; eat our lunch; look to all our weapons; and then we will follow your steady, if not rapid lead.'

"The duties of the hour announced were all punctually performed. Thus, within an hour's time the scouts were all astir again. Lynx Eye now on foot was staunch on the track. He kept the others at a fair walk.

The scenery became for a time wild and rugged as they advanced. At length whilst traversing an upper plateau, they came suddenly to the brink of a broad, deep chasm, of irregular angling course.

"The walls were of lime-stone, perpendicular and oft times belting over the dark abyss. In fact, the entire plateau bore the appearance of having been riven asunder by some awful convulsion of nature. In the gloomy abyss below, a rapid foaming stream went roaring by, now tumbling in cascades, or tossing in boiling whirls and eddies. There were intervening long stretches of smooth current with deep soundings.

"The foot prints, so unerringly traced by the scouts, came to an abrupt halt, within a short distance from that chasm brink. There they were found to separate. The smaller moccasin foot steps turned up the gorge, but the larger moccasin tracks and shoe prints traversed the margin down stream. Opposite their then stand point, and as if to mark that peculiar elbow in the chasm, stood a venerable tree.

"It was a large cotton wood trunk, close on the verge of the cliff, with high-reaching, but dead top limbs. Towards this land mark their course had been for some time tending. Dead Shot, in looking at their back track, the land mark and the yawning chasm, remarked to the others: 'This is doubtless their hiding place. The four tracks probably lead to some gorge or defile, down into the chasm, where there is sure to be some grotto, or cavern in this rocky formation. This one would naturally infer from the character of the rock, and the evidence furnished by this extensive chasm, itself.'

"'Mishawaha,' remarked Dead Shot, 'may as well stay here, and both rest and watch. We must first look after these up-stream tracks. I think the two have also separated and are now outlying spies. If so, they are dangerous and must first be disposed of.' Thus saying the two males took those two tracks up stream to where they parted. There each took one, but both now found it tedious and difficult to follow a track thus singly made.

"Meantime Mishawaha seating herself by the roots of a large tree, kept for a time a sharp outlook up and down the line of the chasm and northward in her front. Quite a period having thus elapsed she left her seat, and, with bow and arrow in hand, crawled to the chasm brink and peered down into those fearful depths veiled in obscurity. As her eye became familiarized with the gloom, she saw above the angle a heavy fall of the stream, having a boiling eddy crested with foam at its base.

"She also discerned that the current in her front ran smooth and with deep water for many rods below. Next she discovered in the opposite angle and just above the water a projecting shelf or rock, with a yawning cavern above and in its rear. Looking intently at that dark aperture in the face of the wall, she caught a wavering reflection, a faint light, as if coming from a torch far within the recess, flickering in fitful gusts of air.

"Mishawaha had found the hiding place of the renegades, and the gloomy prison of the captive maidens. She crept back to her seat by the tree again with bow and arrow still in her hand. But before the chance was given to run her eye over her old field of view, her acute ear detected a sudden rustling of dry leaves. Quick as thought she dropped prone upon the ground, as an arrow from out in her front, struck the tree slightly above her recumbent form.

"Then with the spring of a forest pard, she was on her feet as her assailant, sure of his previous aim, stepped out from his tree cover. In a single breath her bow came up with arrow notch on string. The bow was drawn and the lethal missile striking the throat passed half its length through the neck of the unsuspecting brave. But as Mishawaha thus summarily disposed of one enemy out there in front, her own arms were pinioned to her sides in the vise-like grasp of another burly Mingo warrior.

"Darting from behind the tree at her back, as he uttered a triumphant whoop the foe had thus pounced upon his victim. During her absence at the chasm brink, he had crept in the herbage and shrubs to the vicinity of the spot, and the rustling of leaves which came to her ears a few moments previously had arisen from some motion of his. Upon the discharge of her arrow she had instantly placed another in the hand beside the bow.

"These she retained in her grasp when thus seized from the rear. Without the slightest pause, the stalwart savage, raising her clear of the ground, sped swiftly down the margin of the chasm for the distance of twenty rods. There by a deep fissure in the rock he descended to the waters edge. Here he found a canoe afloat, but held in place by two thongs fastened to the gunwale near the bow and stern. The fastenings were looped over a strong thong line stretching above the water away up to the cavern landing on the opposite side of that chasm stream.

"Throwing his captive prostrate in the bottom of the canoe, the Mingo applied himself to hauling on the line, hand over hand, with one foot braced in the bow of the canoe. Steady progress was thus made towards the up stream landing. His female captive had been neither bound nor disarmed. She had remained entirely passive whilst in his arms, and with consummate tact lay quiet in the canoe where she had been thrown, until the brave had acquired headway up stream. Then she furtively got in position to spring to her feet, with her weapons in shape for use.

"In the meantime Dead Shot and Lynx Eye, each slowly tracing up the track of his intended victim, were both relatively within forty rods of the position of Mishawaha by the tree, but having their view intercepted by intervening bushes. When the startling whoop of the Mingo fell upon their ears they knew it boded instant peril to Dead Shot's wife. Both the scouts bounded frantically forward for the spot. Lynx Eye nearly stumbling over the writhing body of the man whose track he had been so skilfully tracing up.

"Reaching the spot at the same moment, they found Mishawaha had disappeared. The track which Dead Shot had pursued, was finally headed for that tree. Lynx Eye pointed to his man lying prostrate out in front. They easily fathomed the secret of her absence. They saw the arrow sticking in that tree body. She had slain the brave who sent it, but had been surprised and captured by the other. Glancing to the earth they discovered the deep foot prints of the native flying with his burthen down the chasm verge.

"Lynx Eye hurriedly exclaimed, 'Me go, chase 'em up. Dead Shot stay here. Look sharp over bank down the gorge. Mebbe see 'em. They'll be there 'fore much long.' With those words, he bounded swiftly away on the track. The pale-face, uttering a groan of anguish, stood like one paralyzed by the shock. A few moments later, Lynx Eye, standing at the verge of the fissure leading down to the water, shouted back, and motioned with his hand that they were moving up the chasm stream.

"Dead Shot now roused to action from his stupor, rushed to the extreme brink and lying at full length on his chest, peered anxiously down into the gloomy abyss. At first he could distinguish nothing by sight, but he heard the noise made by the loops as they rendered on the thong line. Soon his eye, accommodating itself to the obscurity, pierced farther below. He now caught the dim outline of some moving object. Soon he discerned the canoe distinctly with the method of its advance.

"Maintaining that steady gaze fixed on his object, he next raised himself to his knees, gathering up his rifle for use. As the canoe grazed the side of the flat table rock, it became stationary, whilst the Mingo leaped on the solid platform to make fast. Mishawaha sprang suddenly erect in the canoe and notched her arrow on the string. Her further purpose was unexpectedly frustrated. With a shriek the brave threw up his arms and fell backwards further within the mouth of the cave.

"As his arms were thus frantically raised, there came echoing through that chasm the crack of a rifle from the upper and opposite bank. Dead Shot had sighted and slain the abductor of his wife. As the latter thus stood robbed of her arrow shot, and about unfastening the canoe again, a gleam of light darted out from the cavern, quickly vanishing again, as if an inner door had been transiently opened, or a dark curtain lifted.

Then the body of the victim was suddenly snatched inward from view.

"There came another gleam of light closely followed by darkness. Then a heart rending shriek in female voice and tone rung out from the inner depths of the cave. That dauntless woman in the canoe, forgetful of all else, with that agonized cry yet ringing in her ears, leaped, with bow and arrows in hand, upon the rocky platform where the Mingo had stood.

"This was done on sharp impulse, just as she had unfastened the canoe. The buoyant craft was borne by the strong current swiftly beyond her reach. Guided by the loops on the thong line it was soon anchored at the lower landing. Lynx Eye had previously arrived at the same point by descending the fissure declivity.

"Startled by the sudden rifle report, with no suspicion of that unlooked for return of the canoe, he hurriedly ascended the gorge, and flew up the margin of the bank to the side of Dead Shot. But previous to his arrival there another thrillingly tragic event had occurred at the mouth of the grotto below. The spring bound of Mishawaha upon the table rock, and the drift of the canoe instantly down-stream were events so startling to Dead Shot, that with eye glued to the scene, he had neglected to reload his rifle.

"Before Mishawaha had time to shift her first foot on that flat stone surface, another gleam of light shot out from those inner depths, to be as suddenly extinguished. In the lapse of a few seconds more, one of the outlaws, rifle in hand, came stealthily out on the ledge. He was in plain sight of Dead Shot, and within ten feet of Mishawaha, but so absorbed in his one single fell purpose, as not to notice her.

"He came gliding forward, with rifle grasped in both hands, holding the muzzle slightly elevated. His eye was directed searching-ly upward, as if seeking his object for a return fire to the previous shot. Our scout could not minutely discern those minor movements. But he keenly realized his own fatal mistake in failing to reload his rifle. He saw his wife, as he supposed unarmed, now thrown helplessly within the ruffian's power, whilst he could neither aid or shield her. In that wild moment he forgot his own deadly peril.

"He heeded not the motion by which the renegade now brought his rifle to the shoulder with the muzzle in range of his own person. But there was another who saw clearly how imminent his danger was. There was another, whom no emergency every took unawares, and no calamity ever disarmed of the power to act. Quick as a heart throb, the arrow was on the string--the bow was bent, and the arrow of Mishawaha sought the brain of the outlaw through the inlet of the ear.

"The renegade was not only prostrate, but his pulse had ceased to flutter, ere Dead Shot realized the fact of his own hair breadth escape. At this juncture Lynx Eye reached his side. Then the shrill whoop of Tekonsha rang out near at hand, and on the instant the Chief with Jim and Will and White Ferret all came striding up.

"On the fall of her victim down on the platform ledge, Mishawaha had disappeared in the darkness of the inner cavern. As this fact was revealed to him, Dead Shot, now assured that his wife was armed, became composed. By him the new comers were succinctly placed in possession of all the facts of the trail pursuit. They also learned the incidents of the present position of the scouts, and gained a knowledge of the site of the prison house of the captive maidens.

"Tekonsha whilst regretting the separation and apparent peril of Mishawaha, still regarded the present posture of affairs as quite hopeful. He was on the point of suggesting a plan of action, when Jim shouted the alarm, 'To cover all! The opposite bank is lined with Mingos!' To this Will responded, 'Then God have mercy on Alice and Effie! We can't git across to fight the red skins!' 'And me 'spect them can't git down to harm the pale face squaws,' Lynx Eye rejoined. 'So we've all got plenty time to make plan, and lay 'em big trap.'

"Dead Shot now cool headed and self-possessed again, but warming up as the situation was becoming more complicated, now interposed by curtly issuing his orders. 'Get to cover near the brink from here to where the canoe lies lodged. They are hovering over there for a discharge. Let Jim with his rifle stay hereaway. I go to guard the canoe. Will comes in half way between. Those with bows and arrows fill the intervals.' Tekonsha added his approval in his own laconic phrase, 'It is well.'

"Dropping suddenly among the shrubs, they all crept hastily to their stations. Upon their sudden disappearance, the Mingos fathoming their strategy, let fly across the chasm, a volley of arrows in such numbers as to indicate a force of at least fifty there present. In fact it may as well be stated here, that when the outlaws despatched the native with the horses from that more northerly valley, they sent by him for fifty sturdy braves to come to their relief at the grotto in the chasm.

"There succeeded a short lull in the warfare. Then Jim drew forth the death shriek of a Mingo, by an accurate rifle-shot. The echo up and down the chasm had barely subsided when Will duplicated the shot and the shriek, by an equally skillful aim. Next Lynx Eye toppled over a red skin with a lethal arrow.

"The order of this was now reversed, for Dead Shot sighted and dropped his man. White Ferret followed with a lucky arrow shot. Then Tekonsha closed the first round by sending his arrow into the side of a dusky imp hovering so near the brink, that in his convulsive spasms he rolled over the precipice plunging sheer down to the bottom of the chasm.

"The Mingos disrelishing this species of one-sided entertainment, and disheartened by this fatal decimation of their numbers, rose up with a yell of rage, retreating back from view. Whilst in the act of thus retiring, the rifle of Jim put in its second appearance by dropping a seventh. For a full half hour nothing further was seen or heard of the Mingos. Most of the scouting party had grouped themselves up at the angle again.

"Whilst busily discussing the next phase of the well-known Mingo subtlety, the crack of Dead Shot's rifle broke the stillness, Will ran fleetly down to his stand, learning that he had seen a canoe far below in the stream, crawling up against the current. He had waited to outline the native handling it, and had then sent the canoe adrift, bearing a lifeless carcass down stream.

"This intelligence will be brought to the others. It suggested a thought on which Lynx Eye acted. He crept out to the chasm brink in that angular point, bending his eye searchingly upon the water above the falls. He there discerned what bore the semblance of a compact heap of green boughs evidently floating on the current. Beckoning Jim to his side, he pointed out the object, telling him there was a Mingo underneath that moving mass.

"Jim ran hastily up the bank above the falls, for a good outline view. With deliberate aim he now fired at the center of the leafy canopy. The ball severed the thong binding the boughs together underneath. Thus loosened, they fell off in fragments on all sides, thus disclosing a disabled warrior clutching with one hand a single stem. Lynx Eye on the lookout quietly spoke, 'Him useless now, may as well drift. Me see 'em past falls, ef him keep afloat.' The scout did watch but saw nothing of him below the cataract.

"The main body of the Mingo band, had crept deftly back to their old station on the brow of the chasm, to watch up and down, the result of their stratagems for reaching the cavern. They saw the effect of the rifle shot upon the Mingo in the canoe. They next witnessed the untimely fate of their comrade under the brush. They had heard nothing from the occupants of the grotto, and knew not how many were there concealed.

"They were in a quandary as to what relief it was possible for them to render their beleaguered friends. Their inactivity was most unceremoniously terminated at this juncture, by a pealing war-whoop in their rear. Starting to their feet, they found that landward they were environed by a picked corps of Miamis. Thus startled into a full exposure of their persons, the Mingos were instantly saluted by a galling discharge of arrows decimating their number a second time.

"A weak, irresolute fire was hurriedly returned. The Mingos in a body then dashed madly down along that chasm verge; breaking through the single line of Miamis at that extremity. The latter in turn wheeling swiftly eastward in open column, went leaping after them in hot pursuit. At intervals, they continued to send forth their pealing war-cry, until from far away, it but faintly reached the scouting party at their station on the opposite bank of the chasm.

"To keep the various personages of our story properly up with its progress, we will at present direct our attention to the inmates of that gloomy cave, down in that deep abyss. It but little recked them that the setting sun was already allowing the first twilight shadows to creep into the glens and nestle in the leafy nooks of the forest world outside.

"For them there was no bright sunshine at noon-day, and no gloaming at eventide. The darkness of the chill damp vaults in which they were all for the time immured, was but partially dispelled by a pitch pine torch kept steadily burning. This being one of the places of rendezvous for the renegade band, they kept there a liberal supply of blankets and robes of large furred animals.

"Rough and depraved as those two white desperados had often proved themselves, they had yet endeavored to soften, for Alice and Effie, the rigors of their harsh confinement. They had used them kindly, even tenderly, within the scope of their limited means. Both captors and captives had been now for hours in a state of fearful agitation. The maidens had been alternately hopeful and depressed. They knew that friends, from some source, were near. They also believed that a fierce conflict was at times raging above them.

"They felt that the issue of that conflict might be doubtful, possibly fatal to those whom they dearly loved. They realized how utterly impossible it was for those friends to find or reach them, except by the canoe in which they had been transported thither. They even dwelt upon the fact, that if that slender guiding line were cut in twain, or that canoe wrecked, or set adrift, even if their friends should be slain, or fail to reach them, they could never escape from that gloomy prison, but must stay to pine and starve. 'O! They were lost! Irretrievably lost!'

"The renegades were equally exercised by alternations of hope and fear. One of them had been listening for some little time on the outer platform ledge, when the first whoop of their follower announced some triumph above. He at once realized that they must have been tracked, to their lair, and that the crisis had come. Next he saw the brave appear with a captive at the lower landing, evidently about to come up to the cavern.

"Hastily stepping within he thoughtlessly and rather exultingly stated the facts to his comrade, in the hearing of the maidens. He abruptly turned back to lift and pass the curtain again. But before it was done they all heard a fall without and a rifle report above. It was then that the outlaw raised and quickly fastened the curtain.

"In gliding along that dark passage he came near stumbling over the body of the dead Mingo. His mood was in a twinkling of the eye changed to one of desperate, despairing frenzy. Seizing the stark warrior by the arm, he dragged him within, and fiercely flung the body almost at the feet of the three sitting on the piled up robes near the rear wall.

"It was this rough, uncouth act of the half demented outlaw, that drew from the captives those heart-rending shrieks, which being heard by her, brought Mishawaha from the canoe to the platform ledge. A few moments previously, the maidens had been told of a captive taken and on the way to the cave. They had thought chiefly of their two brothers, Jim and Will, as the most likely to come to the rescue, and to be foremost in pursuit.

"They had feared that those young men might recklessly plunge into personal risks in their behalf. Thus in their keen anxiety and gloomy forebodings, they had assumed the fact that the captive now being brought to the cave was either Jim or Will. But whichever it was they expected to see him alive. When therefore a stark and bloody corpse was thus flung rudely at their feet, without a glance at form or feature, race or color, or even costume they gave voice to their great agony in that wild scream.

"The impulsive Effie after the first paroxysm, flung herself down upon her knees to caress the prostrate form, whether brother or lover. She then first gave to the person and features a scrutinizing glance. The revulsion was instantaneous and the reaction was violent. A look of disgust and loathing flitted across her speaking features. Then a beaming joyous gleam suffused her countenance, dancing in her liquid eye, and smiling in her parted lips.

"With a single bound she was on her seat again. Throwing her arms around the neck of Alice she whispered in her ear the comforting assurance: 'O! Alice! It is not one we love. It is one of those odious followers of the outlaws! Alice came bravely through the ordeal from grief to joy. She neither subsided into a dead faint, nor a hysteric spasm. But with

crystal drops of joy trickling down her cheeks and a look of serene happiness lighting up her eye and countenance she replied: 'I am grateful that we were so utterly mistaken. God's mercy is ever beyond our deserts.'

"Both were again silent as the most active outlaw abruptly spoke. 'If the Mingos fail us we are now lost. Both our native followers are doubtless slain. I go now to avenge them.' Thus saying and snatching up his rifle, he looked to the priming and left for the front platform ledge.

"Mishawaha after slaying him there as we have heretofore related, resolved upon going at once to the rescue of the hapless maidens from imminent violence and possible butchery. Drawing another arrow and placing it beside the bow in her left hand, she essayed to grope her way to the interior of the cave. She caught the direction of the previous gleams of light she had seen. She felt reasonably certain that but one man was now with the captives. She could hold him in check, and if need be send an arrow to his heart.

"She groped her way to the drop curtain, and there listened with bated breath. All within was still as the grave. Believing the curtain to be simply suspended upon a horizontal line above, she passed her hand lightly along its surface, searching for the edge at one side. Without a tremor of heart or nerve, she drew that curtain aside and stepped briskly into the lighted grotto.

"Standing there as the curtain dropped back to its place, her attitude, aspect and whole demeanor were eminently imposing. Fastening that falcon eye, now scintillating with a steel glitter, full upon the renegade sitting on the opposite side of the apartment, she advanced her left foot slightly, and elevated her bow with arrow notch on string. She next addressed the miscreant in tones not loud, but having a clear metallic ring.

"'Stir not! Vile woman stealer! Or I will send an arrow to your false heart! Your native followers are dead. I have just slain your confederate, and stand ready to seal your doom also. I have friends outside, and so have these maidens. We came to rescue them out of your hands, and take them home. We shall do it. What say you? Shall it be life or death for you?'

"Terror stricken and ghastly was the visage of that craven man. Trembling in every limb, and with a cold sweat oozing out and standing in beaded drops on his pale brow, he gaspingly replied: 'I surrender and beg for my life.' 'Tis well! she answered. 'But I make no pledge for others. I will not kill you, if you submit to be disarmed and bound. Draw your weapons and toss them half way to me on this rocky floor.'

"The outlaw promptly complied, drawn and tossing both tomahawk and knife as directed. Again Mishawaha spoke, this time to the maidens, seated a few feet distant from their captor.

"One of you poor sufferers take the knife from the floor, and cut a piece twice the length of your arm, from that thong hanging on the wall at your right.'

"Effie stepped forward, raised the knife and severed the required piece. 'That is well,' resumed the forest queen. 'Now bind his arms securely above the elbows and behind his back.' Effie made eager efforts to comply, but her trembling fingers were powerless for the performance. Seeing this, Alice went to her assistance. Taking the thong, she firmly and even artistically pinioned the passive renegade.

"Mishawaha next advanced, lowering her weapon, and satisfied herself by inspection that the bonds were secure. Then stooping over the body of the dead Mingo, she drew a knife from the waist belt. Picking up the other knife which Effie had dropped after cutting the thong, she presented one to each of the maidens, with the injunction, 'wear them. To us, when thus environed with perils, both life and honor may depend on being armed.

"'But now I cannot longer defer the inquiry and you must answer. Have these base woman stealers dared to use violence to you on the trail, or here in this gloomy cavern?' Both looked her calmly in the face, whilst Alice frankly replied:

"'Beyond the personal violence of our forcible abduction, with the inevitable hardships of our journey, and the loss of freedom since, we have suffered from no rudeness, or brutality on the part of our captors, or their native followers.'

"The forest queen, with kindling but humid eye, and features all agleam with radiant smiles, impulsively clasped the damsels each in a warm embrace, murmuring, whilst thus engaged, in cooing flute-like tones, as though communing with herself, and unconsciously giving voice to inner thoughts, 'I knew it must be so, as my eye first fell on these lovely faces, I felt that the Great Spirit had shielded their innocence and purity.

I traced the deep lines of mental anguish and bodily suffering; but I saw no stain of dishonoring outrage imprinted there.'

"Addressing them now in cheerful tones, she added, 'Now all can soon be made right with brothers and lovers again. For that you are each dearly loved by the brother of the other, I clearly perceived in my half hour's interview with them back at Battle Creek. You can trust me, for I am the wife of Dead Shot the Ottawa scout of the Kalamazoo, although he is like yourselves of the pale-face lineage.

"'I know by the rifle shots above, which we occasionally hear, that my husband with your brothers are now united in fighting for us up in the open air. In his own time and way, the Great Spirit over all, will send them here for our deliverance. We will seat ourselves, for we have now only to watch and wait.'

"Reassured by the loving and hopeful words of their wonderful visitor, and protectress, Alice and Effie seated themselves one on either side of her listening with wrapt attention to her winning words. She informed them how the scouts were called in to aid in the pursuit; of the incidents occurring on the trail up to the period of her capture; and then of the events on the platform ledge before she found her way within.

"We leave them thus communing, to revisit the upper and outer world, and to look after the fortunes of other actors there. We last spoke of the flight of the Mingos down the southern margin of the chasm, and of their close pursuit by the Miamis. That extended rift of the rocky formation by some natural convulsive throe, so singularly opened, had its eastern terminus one mile below the cave.

"Like as it often occurs in the shore line of lake or river, that elevated table range had an abrupt and sheer descent of many feet, meeting at its base the margin of a flat marshy region. Into this the water of the gorge stream was discharged. Thence it found its way by a devious and obstructed channel to the sluggish Maumee river.

"At the immediate mouth of the chasm the debris of sand and disintegrated ledge stone, borne down by the current and there deposited, had formed a compact and firm bottom somewhat elevated. Over this the volume of the stream took a lateral spread, becoming shallow, and only knee deep to a person fording it. Here then by descending, crossing over, and then ascending the steep, a transfer from one side of the chasm to the other was easily effected.

"A passage thus made and the summit regained, an admirable stand could be made against a pursuing foe. This was the point aimed at by the Mingos in their flight down the chasm verge. The Miamis being familiar with the region, fathomed clearly the attempted stratagem of their enemies.

"One of their number wounded in the leg and disabled for that exciting race, remaining near the angle, crawled to the brink and hailed the scouting party on the opposite side. He informed them of the distance to the fording place; of the admirable stand the Mingos could make against the Miamis, and of the probable defeat of the latter there. In that event the Mingos would soon be upon them at the angle.

"The scouts grasped the situation at a glance. They saw their peril and the only means for avoiding it. Never did six men make better time than they did down their own side of the gorge. They had a well defined trail making a short cut of two ox-bow bends, thus materially

shortening their route as compared with that of the Mingos over opposite. The latter also stood twice at bay, during their flight, spending several minutes each time, in arrow discharge, seeking to check the hot pursuit of the Miamis. These efforts proved futile beyond wounding some on both sides.

"With their attention thus absorbed during their second halt, the Mingos failed to discover through the fringe of bushes, that the scouts were passing them in the last quarter of a mile heat. The fact was nevertheless one of which they were painfully aware a few minutes later. For about thirty rods short of the abrupt descent, when the Mingos were running compactly near the chasm brink, they received three rifle and three bow shots from the scouts in ambush over opposite, all of which told fatally.

"The scouting party flew onward again to the summit of that sheer descent. There their rifles were reloaded and fresh arrows fitted to the bow strings. With these a half dozen more Mingos were laid low, just as they were about plunging down that descent to the fording place.

"The effect of those two discharges was decisive. The Mingos wheeled suddenly south, and dashed away in headlong career on the top of the table range, with the exultant Miamis close on their heels, and sending forth most demoniac yells. The surviving Mingos, now barely a score, bent their energies solely upon an escape with life. The Miamis forgot their long cherished revenge against the outlaws. Wildly excited by a triumph over hereditary foes all their efforts were now for additional scalps.

"The scouting party thus left sole occupants of that coveted summit, being satisfied that the rout and dispersion of the Mingos was

now complete, turned back with rapid strides for the angle and the cave again.

"The three pale-faces with feelings keyed up to the highest pitch not only vied with each other in speed, but actually left the three natives ingloriously beaten.

"Dead Shot, Jim and Will, controlled by a common impulse, as they arrived at the fissure in the bank, descended to the water's edge. There they found the canoe in proper position. Will now addressed the others. 'All aboard! You two had better watch, I will pull on the line.' When all had stepped into the canoe, Jim responded to Will's suggestion saying, 'Let Dead Shot watch from the bow whilst we both pull on the line.'

"The vigorous outlay of strength by those excited and impatient young men, carried the bark steadily and swiftly up to the platform ledge, in the waning twilight of that eventful day. They ceased to pull seasonably, allowing the craft to come safely to its mooring. In their eagerness the three leaped upon the flat rock, neglecting to fasten the canoe. Heedless of its instant departure, the three men were now intently peering into the thick darkness of that yawning cavern.

"Eyesight was wholly unavailing in their present extremity. Quivering with emotion they stood, with bated breath, listening for the slightest sound. All was quietly rayless and silet as the grave. The strain on the nerve and spirits of the young men was fearful. Dead Shot, whose faith in the forecast and resources of his wife, was almost boundless, gathered both hope and courage from that very stillness. He resorted to one of their usual signals.

"He gave the natural and nicely modulated notes of the cuckoo. The slight echoes had barely ceased, when the three heard them distinctly

answered from the interior. Mishawaha had waited long, and latterly with sore misgivings, for some token of their presence at the landing. When those notes fell upon her waiting ear, she instantly responded, her imitation being so true to nature that Alice and Effie both started and gazed about for the living bird.

"The forest queen next rising up tripped lightly to the curtain, drew it on one side and trilled forth the spirited notes of the whipporwill. Now Lynx Eye with the other two natives pursuing the steps of the white men, had reached the bottom of the fissure, just as the canoe was by the current returned to its regular station. Imagining it to have been purposely sent back for their use, the three stepped aboard and pulling up, landed on the platform where the others were yet standing. Tekonsha however carefully fastened before he relinquished the canoe.

"At the very moment Lynx Eye gained a firm footing on the rock, Mishawaha was in the act of trilling those bird notes. By thus brushing the curtain aside, the light gleamed steadily outward. She was to shrewd to stand exposed, but sheltered her person behind the screen until she made sure of the friendly character of those approaching. Our dwarf needed no additional evidence of her identity. The notes he knew, with the one who gave them as well. He answered promptly and so perfectly that it seemed like a responsive echo.

"As he closed the strain he spoke out audibly. 'As true as me lives, 'tis our queen of scouts. Her have good news. Me know it by 'em lively notes.' Shortas his speech had been, the pale-faces were gone before he had ceased to speak. The three were already half way to the curtain entrance. Dead Shot next sped around its hanging folds to embrace his wife, whilst Jim and Will fairly flew across that inner

apartment to wildly clasp, each maiden to his bosom. To those four beating hearts that moment of blissful reunion was like a paradise regained.

"Yet singular as the fact we record may seem to our readers, the pairs who thus met in that first loving embrace, and so passionately and then lingeringly tasted that intoxicating lip dew, were not brothers and sisters. Afterwards, indeed, there was a short change of partners, when the ties of affectionate kindred were duly acknowledged. But pleasant and ecstatic as those several reunions were, they were necessarily abbreviated, for other claims and duties were then too urgent to be disregarded.

"The various individuals who were yet strangers were duly introduced and all the scouts received the fervent, tearful thanks of Alice and Effie, for all their generous efforts and sacrifices on their behalf. Mishawaha then narrated briefly what had occurred to her out on the platform and within the apartment. She detailed the method of her capture up at the angle tree. She also related what she had said and done to the outlaw then present, as well as what the maidens had said touching the kind treatment they had experienced during their captivity.

"Alice and Effie then succinctly gave their relation of the time and manner of their captivity and the leading incidents of their journeying. They reiterated their statement to Mishawaha, that beyond holding them in captivity, the renegades had treated them as kindly and considerately as circumstances seemed to allow. At this point, and upon the suggestion of Dead Shot further discussion was postponed to some future time, when they stood again fairly on the upper bank, in the outer world.

"Lynx Eye and White Ferret proposed that they would handle the canoe, alternately back and forth till all were transferred to the other side. The offer was accepted and they now went in pairs. Tekonsha and the bound captive being the last ferried over. So soon as they were landed each pair had ascended by the fissure to the upper table.

"When all were there grouped, except the two native scouts, they walked up to the angle, and seated themselves. The two scouts left behind returning to the cave, collected and rolled up in convenient packages, the blankets and skin robes that had been used or kept there by the desperadoes. In a couple of trips these were passed over and then taken up by the scouts and deposited at the fissure summit.

"Whilst they were thus employed, Tekonsha took the bound captive out upon the point of the angular projection. He there examined and added to his present bonds by lashing his ankles firmly and his hands across his chest. Then leaving him there, helplessly bound, and incapable of rising, he returned to the tree at whose roots Mishwaha had been captured, and around which the others were now grouped.

"Shortly after the two native scouts also came up each with a blanket and furred robe compactly rolled for carrying. Dead Shot enquired of Lynx Eye for what purpose they were intended. The only answer he received from the dwarf was, 'Me 'spose 'em needed by somebody 'fore long.' As his remark was finished they were all startled by sundry whoops half a mile down their side of the chasm.

"Dead Shot's first order was, 'Let every one look to his weapons, especially knife and tomahawk. Lynx Eye will start a fire ten rods down the trail. White Ferret will gather and pile on dry sticks and limbs. Then both come back to us.' These orders were promptly executed. Even

Alice and Effie felt for the knives Mishawaha had given them, and which they had since carefully worn. The fire was ablaze, whilst the scouting party now prone upon the ground were keenly watching the shadowy forms which had just reached the fissure.

"Seeing the fire but no figures flitting about it, the chief heading the approaching band, knew that it indicated preparation and boded fight. Just then observing the heaps lying there in the shadow at the fissure mouth, he made of them a hasty examination. His conclusion was that the scouting party had visited and thoroughly cleaned the cave of its contents. If so then none but friends were there before him. Acting upon the thought he shouted aloud: 'The Miamis welcome the Ottawas. We much glad you get back pale-face squaws. Hope you'll get horses too.'

"Tekonsha recognized that voice, and further identifying the speaker as the leader of the Miami band, rendering them such efficient aid in the Mingo fight, springing to his feet exclaimed: 'It is all right. We much alarm for no cause. They are Miamis, much our friends.' Therefore, stepping briskly to the fire, he in turn shouted aloud:

"'The Miamis are welcome to our camp-fire. Them made big fight with Mingos. Make 'em run like dogs. Take many scalps, too.'

"As he closed his speech the scouting party grouped themselves on the west side of the fire, whilst the Miamis advanced to the opposite one, bringing with them the packages and robes and blankets. Dead Shot now thanked them for their assistance in rescuing the pale-face maidens, and punishing the woman stealers. The Miami leader next enquired after the fate of the outlaws. Tekonsha replied: 'Two Mingos dead. One renegade pale-face dead. One alive. Him lay out there bound.' pointing

in the direction of the chasm angle.

"There was an instant and vehement outcry by the Miamis. 'He must be ours to punish. We have the best, the oldest claim. We take him back to our people. Then burn him at stake, and have big pow-wow.' The desperado from where he lay could distinctly see and hear his doom thus pronounced. When, therefore, the Miamis rushed towards him in a body, he gave a piercing shriek, writhing in helpless agony.

"Then, before they could reach him, seized by a sudden inspiration, he rolled over and over to the brink of the fearful precipice. The Miamis redoubled their leaps and strained every nerve to frustrate his evident purpose. But they were too late to arrest the last frenzied effort of his strength. For raising himself almost to a sitting posture he dashed both body and limb head foremost over the chasm verge, plunging out from the wall into the dark abyss.

"'Ugh!' Exclaimed the Miami Chief, turning away in open disgust. 'Miamis no burn him now. Him seem to like water best. Him go to bottom like one big stone.' They all returned to the fire. Tekonsha explained to them standing there, that the scouting party were in haste to return. That when the rising moon made it light, it was their intention to leave for the valley where their horses had been left.

"He further stated that as a recompense for their assistance, they would bestow upon them the blankets and robes of the renegades, except the small packages held by Lynx Eye and White Ferret. The Miamis, delighted by this unexpected liberality, testified their thankful acceptance by a clamor of voices, wild gesticulations and uncouth antics.

"In the midst of these friendly demonstrations, the scouting party making their ceremonious adieus, set forth on their back trail for the valley. Lynx Eye and White Ferret, with shouldered packages, took the lead. Then came by twos, Jim and Effie, Will and Alice, Dead Shot and Mishawaha with Tekonsha in the rear.

"In due time and without incident, they arrived at the southern verge of the valley, in which their horses had been successively hobbled out to feed. There they halted, as the thought first occurred to a majority of them, that there were not horses enough, even if they found their own, to supply the wants of the present party. Lynx Eye perceiving the drift of their perplexed ideas, met the emergency, speaking in his peculiar style.

"'Me think of this over at chasm. When Mingos come there, then me think outlaws sent for 'em. Ef so, them surely mean to kill us there. Then them come back here. Again me think. Meb'be all horses come here to, so them ride 'em away. Now you all stay here much still. Me and White Ferret go see. Ef we find horses, we fetch 'em so you see 'em plain. Then you come too.'

"The project was approved, and the scouts started warily down the slope, each carrying his package. They veered obliquely to the right so as to strike the valley higher up, where their animals had been hobbled out to feed. They soon discovered a drove of horses compactly clustered but grazing. Their own seven were there, but with them were seven others. Of the latter number White Ferret recognized the two that had been stolen at Battle Creek.

"Lynx Eye remarked: 'Me spect to find it so. Mingo keep 'em together close.' The scouts laying aside their bundles, looked to their weapons, sank to the ground and crept to within a dozen rods of the herded animals. There were, dotting over that valley, scattering trees and clumps of bushes. They separated right and left to make the circuit. When Lynx Eye had crept one-half his distance, he espied a brave seated by a tree evidently watching the horses while feeding. The scout made a detour so as to approach that tree at the back of the brave.

"This maneuver was speedily accomplished and he thus reached the spot without being discovered. With upraised tomahawk, darting around the tree he drove the weapon deep into the brain of his unconscious victim. Next facing towards the horses he gave a whoop. It was answered from beyond the animals. The dwarf then passed his knife to the heart, and lifted the scalp of the Mingo.

"The scouts met beside the horses. White Ferret addressed himself to the task of putting them in traveling trim, whilst Lynx Eye went for their packages. On his return all was ready for a start. Believing the maidens had ridden the native animals stolen at Battle Creek, those packages were lashed to the saddle of each of those ponies.

"Down the valley bottom they then headed. After making some eighty rods they were met by the main scouting party. Great was the joy of all to find that each was now provided with a serviceable horse. Lynx Eye pointing to the packages on the backs of the recaptured ponies, remarked in patronizing tone: 'Me 'spose sure pale-face squaws like 'em much on long trail.'

"Jim and Will, although with a vivid blush, warmly thanked the native scouts for their thoughtful care, where they had themselves been so remiss. Dead Shot and Tekonsha also commended the two scouts for their sagacity about the outlaw horses, and their shrewd manner of overreaching and slaying the Mingo.

"All being now comfortably mounted they started forward in the order they had first assumed, with the young people in cheerful chat. The fiveriderless horses readily fell into the line of march on the trail. At early dawn they arrived at the outlaw camp, near the elbow of the grand Saginaw route. Halting there Dead Shot at once disappeared with his rifle, whilst Lynx Eye kindling a fire quietly awaited his return.

"Twenty minutes had barely elapsed when the crack of that rifle was heard. The dwarf spoke out in seeming response, 'That's the talk. Now me git venison for broil. Me 'spose so when me make 'em fire. All soon welcome to big eat.' Dead Shot shortly put in his appearance with the hind quarters of a deer. A plentiful repast followed. At its close the venison was all consumed. Jim laughingly remarked to Dead Shot: 'It will be my turn next, if I can spare the time from more pleasant employment.

"As the hour for starting arrived, and after a conference with his wife apart, Dead Shot came forward with a proposal for the entire party to change its homeward route. 'Mishawaha,' he said, 'was anxious to see Alice and Effie safely housed under their parental roof again.' He then added, 'It is desirable to shorten their travel, and our own distance will not be largely increased. I am, therefore, for taking the Saginaw trail; thence down the Huron to where four of us now seek their homes.'

"The proposal was greeted with universal acclamation. Striking that beaten track easily, they pressed steadily northward, until an hour past midday. Then finding good ground for a wayside rest, with a running brook and luxuriant grass for the animals, they dismounted. The men were quickly busy; some placing out the horses; other kindling a fire; and others still, spread blankets and robes for Mishawaha and the maidens. None but Effie had noticed the absence of Jim from trail or camp until he suddenly appeared with a venison saddle duplicating the first contribution by Dead Shot.

"After the repast and a rest for a couple of hours, their journey was resumed and diligently prosecuted until only a half hour's sun remained. Then Lynx Eye in the van, shouted back that he and White Ferret would rejoin them in camp. Thus saying the two hauled off the trail at their left. As the cavalcade swept on Dead Shot, with a merry twinkle of his eye, said to the others: 'He scents game. The two will win. We shall doubtless have a change in our flesh diet.'

"Sure enough, when in the gloaming they had settled down in the camp for rest, till the moon should rise, the two native scouts came in, each bearing a brace of fine fat turkies. They were greeted with a shout of applause. Under its stimulus the two speedily dressed and nicely cooked the birds. As their feast was finished, Will seeing only a pile of bird bones remaining, felt that in a few hours his own skill as a purveyor would be tested.

"Onward again was the word. For the moonbeams glinting over hill and dale now lighted their way, bathing the broad landscape with her silvery radiance. At early dawn Will dropped away from the trail, leaving the others to pass on their way. Advancing, but in the direction of

their route, for half an hour, his search for game was fruitless. Then arriving at the base of a low ridge traversing his course he dismounted and crept up to its summit.

"Down the opposite slope, not more than ten rods distant, a fat large sized doe was standing with a full side exposure. His aim was quick, the trigger was pulled and the bullet lodged in the vitals of his game. The hide was soon removed and the saddle dressed. Hastily remounting with his prize, he carried it into camp, a trifle late but equally acceptable to all, with the contributions that had preceded it.

"Again they journeyed forward, this day reaching and traversing the bank of the Huron down to the clearings and in view of the dwellings of the Senior Wingate and Archer. For several days those families had been bowed down with grief, and for as many nights the elder inmates had tossed upon their beds in sleepless anguish.

"The united heads of the two households had mourned each a darling eldest daughter, not only ruthlessly torn away from the fond endearments of home, but possibly subjected to a fate far more appalling than death itself.

"Those days had rolled wearily past with no intelligence of the lost ones, or of those who had gone in swift pursuit. A fearful foreboding was fast settling into a conviction with those stricken parents that the first born son of each had also come to a bloody, untimely end. The younger brothers and sisters of the absent ones, alternated more frequently between the extremes of grief and the hope of their return.

"As our scouting party with the rescued maidens came within view of those dwellings, Mishawaha, with true womanly intuitions and wise forecast, drew rein and turning addressed the others:

"It is not prudent for these sons and daughters to rush suddenly

into the presence of their grieving parents, sisters and brothers. The news of their safety must precede them. We must let hope and trust first shine into and steady their anguished hearts. Dead Shot and I will ride forward and pave the way for a meeting. You will all keep out of view till we give the signal for your approach.'

"The wisdom of the suggestion commended itself to all, and notwithstanding the eagerness of the young people to make a headlong rush, they cheerfully submitted to the delay. The two experienced scouts rode leisurely along outside the fence till they reached the front of the nearest dwelling. Dismounting they hitched their horses and stepped within the gate. The front door was open and they saw the members of both households there assembled.

"Approaching the door, Dead Shot saluted the inmates courteously at the same time enquiring for the houses of the Wingate and Archer families. The eyes of the entire group were wistfully turned upon the strangers now stepping within the door. The elder Wingate sadly replied: 'Their homes are both within these clearings, and this is one of them. But why do you thus inquire?'

"'We have heard of the disappearance of your daughters,' Mishawaha rejoined 'and also of the absence of your sons, making strenuous efforts for their recovery.'

"'But whence came you? How did you learn these facts?' abruptly enquired the senior Archer, at the same time taking a hasty step forward, with eager look and his face aglow with a wild hope of news.

"'We belong away west on the Kalamazoo, but we came now from the Mingo country far south of this,' calmly rejoined Mishawaha, and then added, 'we first heard the rumors out west, and then among the Mingos.'

"Wingate and both those mothers now sprang to their feet with intense anxiety depicted on every feature, and with eyes seemingly devouring face and form of both the strangers. Archer impulsively broke in again, 'How could you hear it so soon and in places so widely asunder? unless you are! oh God! It must be so! you are the famous Ottawa scouts? You have been on our children's trail.'

"'Friends!' said Dead Shot, 'listen calmly to our words. We are those scouts. We have been far, very far on that trail, as you have wisely conjectured.' Ceasing to speak for a moment, Mishawaha shrewdly interposed, saying: 'We have seen your four children all alive.'

"Parents and children united in a chorus of shouts, 'Alive! alive! Alice and Effie! Jim and Will all alive!'

"Next those mothers, with tear-bedewed cheeks, sprang together forward, each clutching an arm of the forest queen, and each with a piercing look fastened on her features, they ejaculated, rather than uttered the words. They are safe! Oh! tell us so! You have rescued our daughters! You have shielded our sons! Blessed woman! Blessed scouts! Tell us you have plainly! We can all bear the news now. Your faces have let in the light of hope and trust. You two have been to us and ours angels of deliverance.'

"Mishawaha wept in sympathy with those mothers as she folded each in warm embrace. Dead Shot stirred to his inmost soul by that touching scene spoke hurriedly, 'Yes, you can all bear the news we bring. Your children free and safe will soon be here.' Thus saying he stepped to the door giving the signal to those in waiting.

"For that token those sons and daughters had impatiently watched. Spurring forward now in a wild gallop, Jim and Will leaped from the saddle

at the gate, aiding Alice and Effie to alight. Their parents and the children were already in the front yard. The young men opening the gate, passed the maidens through, but staid themselves outside to witness those loving, blissful reunions. Soon after, with heaving breasts, tear-stained cheeks, but radiant countenances, they too were welcomed with like embraces and loving tokens."