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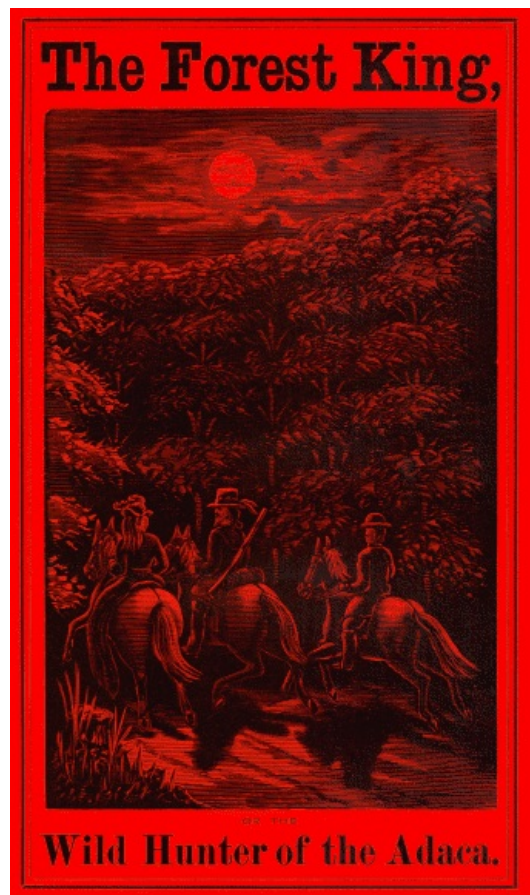
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## **THE FOREST KING;**

OR,

## **THE WILD HUNTER OF THE ADACA.**

**A Tale of the Seventeen Century**

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## PREFACE.

To Mayall the Valley of the Mohawk was a land where flowers bloomed, where one fair girl flitted about through green glades and virgin forests, and lifted his mind to the supernatural, and he seemed to listen to the voice of seraphs. Then sweet memory brought him again to the morning of life, and he stood by his mother's knee, and leaned upon the cradle where he was rocked to soothe his infant mind. Again he rose to manhood. The power of the music of the groves, and the sweet voice of Nelly Gordon, was the angel of the moment, that unlocked the harmony of the universe. Her eyes appeared as pure as the first rays of morning, as it danced on the heaven-kissed hills of Paradise. Her heart expanded with thankfulness, as she thought how rich she was in everything that made life desirable to Mayall, her lover. She longed to give out the stores of her own happiness, and Mayall seemed to think this lovely girl had a special claim on him for life, which he seemed proud to admit and willing to accept, as the richest gift that Heaven could bestow upon man was Nelly Gordon.

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In writing this short history of Mayall and his family, the hunter and trapper of the Valley of the Adaca, I have gathered the main facts from the first settlers in my youthful days, who found him in this then wild but beautiful valley, a place of bloom and shade, dimpled on the face of creation with a smile that renders life pleasing in solitude. The song of birds, and the music of the rills that came rushing down the ravines, to water the flowers and swell the rapid current of the Adaca, under the arching of the woodland forest that hung out its green plumes to wave in every breath of summer, formed an earthly Paradise, in Mayall's estimation.

The bounty and grandeur of Eastern cities faded into insignificance, when compared with his surroundings; for here he reigned lord of the valley's long and wide domain, that abounded in deer, game and furred animals, whilst its streams swarmed with fish. He was truly one of Nature's noblemen—kind and affectionate to his beautiful and lovely wife and children, charitable and humane to all. He was ready at all times to hazard his own life to assist a friend. When attacked by his enemies, he seemed to anticipate all their designs at a glance, and destroyed them without remedy. After the storm of the Revolution had passed away, and the muttering of its thunder was no longer to be heard, adventurers from the East, who were searching for new homes in the productive valleys of Tryon County, found this Friend, as he styled himself, and settled on the same stream, charmed by the beautiful forests, the crystal streams, and the fertility of the soil.

The history of this remarkable hunter is wrapped in mystery. His daring adventures, his wonderful escapes from danger, his presence of mind in the most trying scenes of danger, all combine to render his life wonderful. With his chosen companion to rear a family amid the wild scenes of Nature, far from the civilized world, surrounded by the wild beasts of the forest, he worshiped at the shrine of Nature's God, and gloried in the wild scenes of beauty. The romantic courtship and marriage of Esock Mayall with the adopted daughter of a famous Indian chief, her grace of manners, her remarkable beauty, and courage in time of danger, her journey to her new forest home and return to the land of her birth, seem to be one of the great events of Providence, together with her journey to Niagara Falls with the Indian chief, her father, to witness the sacrifice of a young Indian maiden of high rank to the Great Spirit of the Falls.

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## CHAPTER I.

In the romantic days of the frontier settlers of Tryon County, there lived in the valley of the Mohawk River a young man by the name of Mayall. He was by nature strong, courageous and active, always foremost in pursuit of the Indians that lurked about the advanced settlements of the whites. Mayall was young and handsome, and would have been considered a prize for a young lady of merit, who was not looking for a companion that possessed lands and money. He seemed to be a favorite among the young ladies of the Mohawk Valley who dressed in linsey-

woolsey—I mean that class

"Who slept on down their early rising bought,  
And wore the garments their own hands had spun"—

but was looked upon with suspicion by some of the more aristocratic and wealthy, who possessed broad farms and extensive grants of land, and wished to trace the pedigree of their relatives to some old ancestral pile, surrounded with wide-spread manors.

Mayall was a hero by nature, and had all the quickness of perception to carry it out successfully; and yet he had cultivated the most refined manners of that wild, romantic age. He was fond of hunting, as the abundance of game and furred animals gave the hunter a rich reward. Mayall had reached his majority, and had become enamored of a beautiful young lady of a wealthy family, the only daughter and heir to a rich inheritance, by the name of Nelly G., who returned his advances in the same warmth of love and fidelity. As soon as the parents of the young lady became aware of Mayall's intentions and their daughter's attachment to young Mayall, they commenced a furious and determined opposition, and refused to allow Mayall to visit their daughter or even enter their house. Mayall took the matter calmly, and was no longer seen at the house of the farmer, but found many opportunities to meet the lady of his choice at evening parties and places of amusement. Their love was mutual, and every reasonable means was used to overcome the objections of the lady's parents—but all seemed in vain. They had promised the heart and hand of their daughter to the son of a wealthy farmer (a distant relative), who was void of merit, and one who was despised by the young lady, on account of his awkward manner of behavior, and his ignorance of what constituted a well-bred gentleman. Nelly G. informed her father and mother that she chose a companion and protector without money, in preference to money and lands without a companion and protector.

One sunny morning, in summer's golden days, when the Valley of the Mohawk appeared like an Eden outstretched in loveliness, and bowed in summer's rosy bloom, the father of Mayall's intended wife saw Mayall coming with hurried steps towards his house, dressed in a green hunting-frock and cap with a green plume shading his forehead, a double-barreled carbine in his hand, with a tomahawk and hunting-knife sheathed in his belt, which was the favorite dress of a hunter when rambling through the green, overgrown forests of the Valley of the Mohawk, to prevent being noticed by wild game or Indians.

Fearing he might have some message for his daughter, whom he did not intend he should see, he started hastily towards him, to intercept him and turn him back before he reached his house. He met Mayall some distance from his house, and forbid his nearer approach.

"I have a message for you and your daughter, which will freeze her young blood and wring her heart with pain, and make your eyes start like stars from their spheres, whilst each hair upon your head will stand erect like the quills of the affrighted porcupine."

The farmer's courage failed, and his knees began to tremble and smite each other like Belshazzar's; for he had heard of the undaunted courage and manly bearing of young Mayall in times of danger.

"Look yonder," said Mayall, as he pointed his carbine up the Valley of the Mohawk. "Do you see the smoke and flames that light up the concave of the skies? That is the funeral pile of your friend and neighbor. Around that fire stands the savage band that have come to plunder and burn your houses and barns, lay waste your fields, and murder and scalp your wife and daughter, Nelly G.; and now where can I find her?"

"She is at the house," said the farmer, "and her horse is in the stable."

"Then come with me," said Mayall; "there is not a moment to lose; flee for your life, and the life of your wife and daughter. I will guard and defend your property."

Mayall ran to the stable, and in a few moments appeared before the farmer's house with Nelly's horse, saddled and bridled, and called for Nelly, who quickly appeared at the door in a plain homespun dress.

"Mount this horse," said Mayall, "and flee for your life to the fort, a place of safety."

"Wait a moment," said Nelly, "until I change my dress."

"No," said Mayall, "your retreat may be intercepted; there is death in delay. The Indians are near, your father and mother will soon follow you to the fort. Tell the commander to fire the alarm-gun, for the valley is swarming with Indians."

Mayall kissed Nelly's hand and said, "My prayer is that Heaven may protect you. There is no time to lose in useless words."

Nelly leaped upon the saddle, and the spirited animal took the nearest road for the fort, and in a few moments was lost from sight by the thick grove through which she had to pass. Mayall's eyes followed her lovely form until it vanished in the sylvan shade, and then hastened to get her father and mother on the way to a place of safety.

Mayall, fearing that he might have been discovered by the Indians, made a hasty retreat to the nearest woods in the direction of the fort, until he disappeared among the shrubbery. Then,

returning by a circuitous route, hid in a thicket from which he could have a view of the road leading to the farmer's house. He had scarcely reached his hiding-place before he heard the booming of the alarm-gun at the fort, which thrilled through his bosom with a joyful sound and gave a fresh impulse to all his energies, as it echoed from mountain-top to mountain and glen, on all the forest hills that bordered the then wild Valley of the Mohawk, and seemed to say, "Nolly is safe."

Mayall had but a few minutes to reflect on what had been accomplished, before he espied from his hiding-place five Indians coming up the road leading to the house. Mayall fired both barrels of his carbine, bringing down the two foremost Indians, and without loss of time had his gun in readiness for two more. Then, looking out from his hiding-place, he saw the three remaining Indians retreating in great haste, leaving young Mayall master of the farm and buildings. The inhabitants of the valley rushed for the fort at the sound of the alarm-gun; but several were overtaken by the Indians, and scalped and murdered in the most inhuman manner. But Mayall kept guard over the farm and buildings. The Indians made quick work in plundering and burning dwellings, and murdering all the helpless women and children that fell in their way, and then made a quick retreat towards Canada. After the Indians had left, and the terror-stricken inhabitants had returned to their farms and once-loved homes, only to find many of them a heap of ashes, the old farmer returned with his wife and daughter, and found Mayall walking about keeping guard over his farm and dwelling. He had buried the two Indians and was enjoying a season of rest. Mayall greeted them all with the warmest friendship, and felt happy when he saw them once more safe in their own house, which he had saved from the Indians' torch. But the ungrateful farmer and his wife treated Mayall with cold neglect, if not contempt. The old farmer had seen his intended son-in-law and spent a few days with him at the fort, and renewed his promise to give him his daughter in marriage without her consent, and in spite of her most earnest protest.

And now, reader, put yourself in her place, and meditate awhile, and see if you would have done as she did.

Nelly was a wild, lovely girl by nature, and had added to her store of knowledge many of the accomplishments of education. She had pledged her hand and heart to Mayall, and said she would go with him to some deep, unknown valley of the wilderness, before she would live with a man she hated and could not love, and informed Mayall that her father was determined to have the wedding take place the next Wednesday. She said she once knew a lady who was separated from her lover, and yielded to her parents' choice, who lived in perpetual torment, surrounded by a profusion of wealth. In a few years she pined away, and died broken-hearted, entered Charon's boat with her first love, and sailed over the River of Death together, to join their friends on the Elysian Fields of Paradise, and left her parents and the man of their choice digging in the mud and dust for gold. But that lady was not Nelly Gordon. She would sooner seek the wild wood's shade; for, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." "I would yield all due respect to my parents, remain single, and cheer them in the winter of their declining years; make downy pillows for their aching heads, and ring their funeral knell; but, oh, misery! when they attempt to force me to take a partner for life, not worthy the name of a man, for his property, I shudder at the thought, and my better judgment compels me to rebel against parental authority. They have gone thus far without my consent—have even invited the guests; and I assure you the groom may come, but the bride will be absent."

Mayall's mind was made up at a glance, for he had long known Nelly's love and fidelity to him, which, he had returned with the kindest respect, and said to Nelly: "If you dare trust yourself in my care, meet me at the large gate that leads to the highway as soon as your father and mother retire to rest, with such articles of clothing as you may need on your journey, and we will fly to some green valley of the West. I will see that your horse is in readiness. I have a friend that will accompany us to Cherry Valley, and return with the horses before the morning star rises, which will prevent our place of retreat being discovered."

As soon as Nelly's father and mother were lost in dreamless slumbers, Nelly passed out of her chamber with noiseless steps, carrying her wearing apparel in a bundle, closely packed, and found Mayall and his friend in readiness, with three horses saddled and equipped for the journey. The company were quickly mounted on three spirited horses, and reached Cherry Valley at eleven o'clock P. M.—a place Nelly had never seen before. No cottage window showed the light of a taper; but the light of the full moon fell in tranquil loveliness upon the rounded hill-tops, and the glittering stars added their beauty to the heavens, while the green forest and flowering shrubbery clothed the earth with beauty, and the sweet-scented clover perfumed the surrounding air. The company dismounted under a broad, spreading forest tree at the south end of the village, near which ran a little rivulet, that meandered in graceful curves southward. Here Mayall and Nelly G. gave the hand of their friend a hearty shake, and an affectionate farewell, enjoining on him the strictest secrecy as he started on his return journey to the Valley of the Mohawk, which he reached just in time to return Nolly's horse to her father's stable and his own to the pasture, before the morning sun dashed her light on all the western hills, and painted the surrounding groves in all the glory of summer.

The father of Nelly awoke with the morning light, and called for his lovely daughter to rise and behold the beauties of the morning. No voice gave back the welcome response. He called again. The voice that used to cheer him with her morning song was far away with her lover. Her bedchamber was as silent as the house of death. He rushed wildly about his outbuildings, calling for his Nelly. No answer came, as usual, floating on the morning breeze, to greet his listening

ear. He returned to the house. His wife had searched in vain for her daughter; but found her most valuable wearing apparel was missing, which told a sad tale, whilst no traces could be found of her place of retreat. Next the stable was examined, and Nelly's horse was found as he had left him the night previous. He rode to every place where he thought she would be likely to go, but no trace could be found. He inquired for Mayall, and was told that he was seen the evening before equipped for a hunting excursion. He returned home in grief and loneliness. His house no longer echoed to the musical voice of his lovely daughter. His wife, who had been the most anxious for her daughter to marry a farm instead of a man of worth, now began to murmur and find fault with her husband for his unkindness to Mayall, who had saved their lives and the life of their daughter, and protected their property. She could then see how nobly he had acted, and shielded them from the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Indians; and now their only daughter had flown to his arms for protection, and to reward him for his noble deeds of humanity—flown from a man she was determined never to marry.

"Has she not frequently told you she had rather have a brave and noble youth without money, than to have a coward she hated with his land and money—that, should his money be lost by misfortune, she would only have the wreck of a man left? And now she is gone, perhaps we shall never see her face again; and, what is worse than all, we have been the cause of our own misfortunes by our own folly and blindness. Had we heeded her warnings we might have enjoyed a pleasant life, with our daughter to cheer us in our declining years; and the brave young man to defend us."

From cloudy turrets evening crept  
To watch the day's retreating light,  
Then o'er the heavenly pavement swept  
The trailing garments of the night,  
By God's own hand was quick unfurled;  
Then came the mighty roll-call of the skies,  
And Nelly, at her father's gate,  
Quickly answered, "Here am I!"

On the appointed day the man possessed of land and money came to receive his lovely bride—but, oh, what grief! the bird had flown to the wilderness—there to dwell in some green valley, there to build her nest and rear her young, far from the haunts of men, and cook the hunter's savory fare, and wear the beaver's richest furs, when sullen winter there may frown.

The day was turned into a day of sadness and mourning, and at evening the guests returned home gloomy and disappointed. A month of grief and loneliness passed away, and Nelly's father learned, from one of the early settlers of Cherry Valley, that, on the day following the evening that Nelly left her father's home, she was married at Cherry Valley, by a clergyman of that place, to a young man by the name of Mayall, and had not been seen or heard from since. A search was made to discover Mayall's place of residence; but it all proved useless, as no trace of his place of retreat could be found. The father and mother of Nelly G. lived and died without seeing again the face of their lovely daughter. Soon after Nelly G. changed her name to Nelly Mayall her father and mother met with many reverses of fortune, their property vanished away like dew before the morning sun. The Revolutionary war broke out, a party of Tories and Indians visited the Valley of the Mohawk for plunder, their buildings were burned, their property taken, and they fell a sacrifice to the tomahawk and scalping-knife. After the war had ended, and one adventurer after another came to the Valley of the Adaca to select homes, Nelly Mayall learned of the sad fate of her parents. She dressed her hat with the dark plumes of the birds of the forest, and for a time mourned their sad fate. Time passed on—the changing beauties of the forest scenery, the kind attention of her devoted husband and the prattling of her children, once more revived her drooping spirits, and she was again Nelly Mayall, with all her youthful charms.

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## CHAPTER II.

"Fresh from the fountains of the wood  
A rivulet to the valley came,  
And glided on for many a rood,  
Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame;  
The air was fresh and soft and sweet,  
The slopes in spring's new verdure lay,  
And, wet with dewdrops, at my feet  
Bloomed the young violets of May.  
No sound of busy life was heard  
Amid those forests lone and still,  
Save the faint chirp of early bird,  
Or bleat of deer along the hill.  
I traced the rivulet's winding way,  
New scenes of beauty opened round.  
Where woody shades of brightest green  
And lovely blossoms tinged the ground.  
'Ah, happy valley stream,' I said,

'Calm glides thy waters 'mid the flowers,  
Whose fragrance round my path is shed  
Through all the joyous summer hours.'

After the storm of the Revolution had passed away, and the Angel of Peace once more brooded over the forest, there was a daring hunter with his family found living in the Valley of the Adaca, now called Otego Creek, by the name of Mayall, who had become perfectly familiar with every hill, mountain, valley and glen for many miles around his humble cottage. He led a wild and romantic life, living and lodging wherever night overtook him, when the distance was so great that he could not reach his home, where the smoke of his cottage fire curled in blue wreaths over the forest trees, whilst its walls furnished a safe abode for his wife and children from the wild beasts of the forest. His cabin was strongly built of logs, with small windows, which looked more like port-holes to a fort than windows. A deep hole was dug beneath his cottage floor, from which there was a secret passage leading under the foundation outside, that one might make his escape, if necessary. A bed of straw was thrown down into this hole, and here his children slept, descending by means of a trap-door, which was closed in time of danger, and made a safe retreat against the wild beasts of the forest in his absence. There was abundance of game scattered over the forest, and the multitude of furred animals that inhabited the valleys and congregated along the streams, living on the swarms of fish that then abounded in every mountain rill, made it an easy matter to support his table with fresh and dried venison, choice fowls and speckled trout, whilst the furred animals, that were abundant, would furnish him with clothing to protect him from the frosts of winter.

About the year 1774 this wild forester was found cultivating a small spot of ground near a little crystal rill that flowed from a deep gorge in the hill. Eastward of his cabin was a high bluff of rocks, crowned with lofty pines, that overlooked the valley, which stretched away towards the Susquehanna. From this rocky promontory the forest appeared unbroken, excepting the small spot cleared by his own hands, and seemed to lie beneath this rocky throne in tranquil loveliness. Here at his cottage, when at home, his wife cooked his frugal but delicious repast. The Oneida tribe of Indians made their main path to the Susquehanna Valley through the Valley of the Otego Creek, for the purpose of procuring their yearly supply of lead, which they used to carry away in abundance. The first settlers of this valley used to say that they would leave Laurens Village, and, after an absence of two or three hours, return loaded with their yearly supply; yet, with all the search that has been made by the white race, this mine remains a secret, known only to the red man to this day, and probably will remain so until the end of time, unless found by accident. This state of affairs moved on quietly until the breaking out of the Revolution. Great Britain, with her warlike bands, invaded the eastern and southern coast, whilst the Indian tribes westward, aided by the Canadians and Tories, swarmed through all the western forests.

Mayall began to shun them as much as convenient. They appeared very different from the Oneidas, and seemed now to be hunting for men and plunder, instead of wild game. They cleared away and made their war-paths more plain along the broad-armed Susquehanna and her tributaries. They came, painted and plumed for the fray, with their scalp-locks waving in the air; and the frightful war-whoop echoed through the valley and died away upon the mountain top, frightening the wild beasts to their lair, as they marched towards the nearest settlements, to kindle the terror-awakening fire, and massacre and plunder the inhabitants. The war-whoop awoke the child from the cradle—the infant was torn from its mother's arms, the aged fell by the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and the earth fattened with their blood. Such was the state of affairs when autumn arrived, and hung out her flag of many colors from the forest trees over hill and vale, as the sun, with fiery crest, gilded every forest tree with the glory of the season, whilst the bold hunter gathered in the ripening fruit to increase his scanty winter store. The furred animals had now put on their winter robes, which nature so wisely prepares for their comfort during the frosts of winter.

Mayall, who styled himself one of that religious sect called Friends, in order to soothe the fears of his enemies, always hailed them, wherever he met them, as friends.

Autumn, with him, was the season for rambling and hunting to lay in his winter store of furs and provisions, and he prepared for a hunting excursion up the Cherry Valley Creek. The next morning, when the first rays of light appeared in the east, he was seen to emerge from his cabin with a knapsack of provisions on his back, a bundle of traps thrown over his shoulder, powder-horn and bullet-pouch by his side, and his trusty gun in his hand. Thus equipped, he took an eastward course for the Cherry Valley Creek. At the head of that creek was the nearest settlement, where he sometimes went to dispose of his furs and purchase stores and ammunition, distant from his home about twenty-seven miles. As soon as he reached the mouth of the stream, which is a tributary of the Susquehanna, he began to reconnoitre the stream, and set his traps wherever signs appeared of beaver, animated with the prospect of a rich harvest of furs and venison. He had not proceeded far before he saw a fine buck, which had come to the creek to drink. He instantly raised his trusty gun to his face. A flash and report, and the noble animal fell dead upon the bank of the stream. The day had now far advanced, and he drew his knife from its sheath and dressed his venison with dispatch. He then hung up three of the quarters upon the trees, cutting off a limb to form a hook on which it would hang safely from the wolves that were nightly prowling along the stream. He then took the remaining quarter and wrapped it up in the skin of the buck, retired into a thick, dark swamp that lay near the stream, until he reached a large, spreading hemlock, that afforded a convenient resting-place at its root. Here, in this dense thicket, he built a small fire, examined his trusty gun, and laid down to rest. He afterward said he

used every caution, for he had three enemies upon his track—the panther, the wolf and the red man. The night seemed to pass away quietly, excepting the howling of a wolf occasionally upon a distant hill, which gave him no uneasiness. Rosy morn soon appeared, and he could see the sun send his blush upon the highest hills, from his camping-ground in the swamp. He then prepared his breakfast, and feasted on the loin of the buck that he had killed the day previous. Emerging from the swamp, he intended to examine his traps, and then take the skin of the buck and the choicest part of the venison to his family. In this calculation he was sadly disappointed; for, as he proceeded along a path near the stream, suddenly three Indian warriors appeared in the path before him. He walked directly up to the party and said, "Good morning, brothers." They returned the compliment by saying, "Good morning, brother." One of the party said, "Let me see your gun." He handed it out. The Indian took from his pocket a knife and turned back the screws that held the lock, and then took the lock and put it in his pocket, handing the gun back to Mayall, informing him that he must go with them. Mayall bit his lips in silence, to think a hunter who had faced his enemies in every form could be so easily frustrated in his plans. They then informed him that they were on the war-path and he must consider himself their prisoner, to which he made no reply.

They immediately commenced their march in the following order: the stoutest Indian led the march, next came Mayall, the prisoner, followed by two Indian warriors. In this manner they marched down the creek, and then down the Susquehanna, to a place near where the Schenevus mingles with and loses its name in the waters of the Susquehanna. Here they encamped for the night, and after starting their camp-fire in a thicket of hemlocks, they all four eat their supper from the venison cooked by Mayall in the morning. Then, binding their prisoner's hands behind him, and tying his feet firmly together, they laid down to sleep, with an Indian on each side and the remaining one to keep guard. As soon as the blaze of the fire died away, Mayall tried to disengage his hands, which began to pain him cruelly, but all in vain. If he could once free himself, he could reach his home before the sun could rise again, and once more see his wife and children; but six miles of forest parted them at this time, on a straight line. Oh, the misery of being dragged from home! And who could foretell his fate? Was he to wear the bearskin moccasin, and be tied to the fatal stake and burned for Indians' sport, and his poor family left to starve and perish amid the frosts of a long, dreary winter? He dreamed of the red war-post, the terrific dance of the red man round his burning victim, and all the refined torture of the savage. Morning broke his dreams; the sun again kissed the mountain-top. Mayall was unbound—his mind became calm, his resolution was formed. It was the last night that he was to endure the horrors of being bound. Little did the Indians know the danger of driving to desperation so terrible a foe, who was perfectly acquainted with the forest many leagues around them. The Indian warriors soon resumed their march in the same order of the previous day, but with greater haste. They moved forward rapidly, as if they feared an enemy in the rear. Mayall scanned every movement with the eye of the vulture, for a chance to deal the deadly blow upon his captors. The day seemed to wear away without an opportunity for the deadly combat, until they halted at a ford above where the village of Unadilla now stands. Here they held a parley, as the stream was swollen and rapid. Mayall looked on in sullen silence, as he began to feel the demon rise. He said he soon felt the courage of a lion, and the strength of a Samson before he had trifled with Delilah.

They hesitated for a short time over the danger. The foremost warrior finally ventured into the stream with his rifle and it was with great difficulty he kept his footing. He struggled against the rushing waters, and finally reached the opposite bank; the second one now stepped into the stream and ordered Mayall to follow. Mayall made every appearance of preparing to follow, until the Indian reached the rapid current; then, turning suddenly upon the Indian on the shore, at one blow with the stock of his gun he laid him dead at his feet. As quick as thought, before his body had fairly reached the ground, Mayall seized his rifle and shot the Indian in the stream. Then tearing the Indian's belt from his body (for it was hurrying times), he jumped behind the trunk of the nearest tree that would shelter him, as a ball from the Indian's rifle on the opposite bank whistled by his head, which he had anticipated, and moved as quickly as possible, to avoid his deadly aim. They now stood on opposite banks, each behind the trunk of a tree, with an empty rifle in their hands. The rifles were quickly loaded and prepared for the deadly combat, and the life of one at least must be sacrificed. After Mayall's gun was in readiness he cautiously peered out; but seeing the Indian's rifle aimed directly at him he dodged suddenly back, just in time to save his life; for the very instant Mayall dodged back his head, a ball from the Indian's rifle grazed the bark of the tree, and whistled away among the forest trees. Mayall now thought of taking the advantage of the Indian by aiming his rifle directly at his hiding-place and firing at the first appearance of the Indian's head, but in this he was disappointed; for the Indian, seeing Mayall's rifle aimed at his head, drew it back so quickly that the ball cut a channel in the bark where the Indian's eye appeared. Mayall loaded again as hastily as possible, and stood for a moment, hesitating what course to pursue, satisfied that the Indian warrior was his equal in aim and courage. He cast his eye back into the forest, and readily saw the trees stood thick, and by drawing the Indian's fire he could make a quick and safe retreat. But that would not answer—he would be hunted down and surprised, and his life would never be safe. Mayall quickly resolved that the Indian or himself must fall on that ground, and the only means now left him was stratagem. He drew his ramrod from his rifle, and putting his hat on the end, pushed it out carefully, to prevent the Indian from discovering the deception. It had the desired effect; for scarcely had the hat shown its full size outside the trunk of the tree, before the Indian sent a ball from his rifle through the hat, which Mayall lowered quickly to the ground, and then listened with breathless anxiety the result. In this condition he waited a long time.

All was silent as the tomb, excepting now and then the scream of a fish-hawk or the singing of a



hermit-thrush that had approached the bank of the river after the firing had ceased, and seemed singing the funeral dirge of the red warriors who had already fallen. All of a sudden the thrush flew past Mayall into the forest, and the practiced ear of Mayall heard a rippling in the stream, like running water dashing against some slight obstruction. Anticipating the approach of the Indian warrior, he stepped suddenly from behind the tree, whilst the Indian was struggling with the current, and sent a ball from his rifle through the warrior's heart. He then floated down the rapid current, and sunk in the deep water below the rift.

Mayall then took his gunlock from the pocket of the Indian on the shore, who had stayed behind to engineer and direct the crossing, placed it upon his own gun, dragged the Indian into the current of the river, and he, too, floated down, and sunk with the first two in the deep, dark waters of the Susquehanna. He then washed out all traces of the bloody strife, and bent his course homeward. He hurried on, avoiding the trodden path of the red man, until he reached the mouth of the Otego Creek, when night's sable curtain began to darken the landscape around him. He then ascended a high peak of the mountain, that not only overlooked the Valley of the Susquehanna, but also overlooked the lovely Valley of the Otego Creek. Here, after finding a suitable spot, and examining his rifle, and seeing that all was right, he laid down, weary and exhausted, to rest, without kindling a fire.

The experience of the last two days had taught him a lesson long to be remembered. As the night grew dark and chilly, he could see the fire from his own cottage window gleam warm and bright from his lofty mountain bed, distant twelve miles. The night seemed long and wild, and still wilder round his lonely bed. The war was now raging between the United States and Canada. The inhabitants of Cherry Valley had been massacred, and he had come near losing his own life and liberty, and time would only tell what would become of himself and family. The Oneidas knew his home and place of rest, but at present they were his friends; but how should he escape these western savage tribes, that delighted in kindling the terror-awakening fire, and causing the midnight to glitter with the blaze of some solitary dwelling, whilst they stood at the door with the scalping-knife and tomahawk, to deal the death-blow to the inmates, and triumph with savage glee over their untimely death? Such were the reflections of Mayall, solitary and alone in his mountain bed, when the wild beasts of the forest were in motion, and no human being within twelve miles of his mountain camp. At length the morning dawned; the sun arose in all his glory, throwing a rosy blush, as it touched one peak and then another along the Catskill mountains, which he could see clothed in all their autumnal glory above the intervening hills. Long lines of clouds lay along the highest peaks of these mountains, painted with all the hues of vermilion and gold, but soon faded to a leaden hue, as they began to veil the sun.

Mayall was now aware of the approaching storm, which he considered a stroke of good luck. He took the Indian's rifle, which he had brought thus far with him, and secreted it in a hollow log, lest it might be a tell-tale of what had happened. He then took a general survey with his practiced eye, to see if there was any smoke rising from the valleys. He could see none but his own in the distance. He then hurried down from the mountain, and took the nearest path to his home with rapid and hurried steps, in order to get as near home as possible, that the rain might wash out all traces behind, and took special care to avoid soft ground, as he well knew the shrewdness of the Indians on the track if they should miss their tribesmen. He reached home before the rain began to descend, and had hardly closed the door before the wind began to blow and the rain fell in torrents.

His family were surprised to see him return, after three days' absence, with nothing but his gun and ammunition, and appearing careworn, weary and hungry. He walked to the door and looked out, and said, "Nature weeps for me!"

Mayall was a bold, daring man, and none was found more brave; but when he looked upon his little prattling children and lovely wife, he thought of the three Indian warriors lying at the bottom of the dark, deep stream, and he wept, thinking they might have wives and fatherless children, who would look out evening and morning for their fathers and husbands, who would never return again to their homes.

His wife and children hailed him with joy, but nothing they could say seemed worth his notice; he seemed to be wrapped in deep meditation—not a smile was seen to light up his sunburnt countenance. No one could read the secret of his meditation.

Autumn quietly wore away, and Mayall confined his hunting excursions to his own quiet valley, where game appeared quite plenty, until the snows of winter began to whiten the hills. He then remained most of the time at home, excepting now and then, when the weather was favorable, he made an excursion up or down the valley in quest of deer, to supply his family with fresh venison. The deep snows had drifted over the war-path of the red man, and Mayall had enjoyed a quiet season, spending most of his time by a warm winter fire.

At length winter began to resign his sway, and took up his march for his northern icy throne. The rays of the sun began to dissolve the deep snow, the southern breeze began to whisper among the dumb branches of the forest trees, the warm rains pattered down, the little mountain streams were swollen, and noisily hurrying down to pour their tribute into the Otego, which overflowed its banks and inundated the lowlands along the streams, and Spring began to put on her glorious robes of beauty. The violet opened its young leaves with all its youthful blush, the honeysuckle displayed its glistening cups of gold, and the forest trees were again clothed with living green, while every tree that bore the fruits of Autumn was dressed with Nature's fairest wreaths, which art can scarcely imitate. The feathered choir had fluttered up the valley, borne on the southern



breeze, to cheer the woodland with their song.

Such was the earthly Paradise of Mayall. Not all the halls of state, with their artificial splendor; not all the retinue of kings, with golden crowns, surrounded with warriors glittering with burnished gold and ornamented with diamonds—all these faded into insignificance, when compared with his green forest home.

"What city," said Mayall, "with all its towers and domes, can compare with these sylvan shades and waving arches, the music of these waterfalls, and that of the tall pine's quaking cone standing on its high and lofty throne? And what music can compare with the notes of these feathered songsters, that morning and evening hymn the praise of Nature's God, where He sits enthroned with all his glory?" Such were the reflections of Mayall, as he sat beneath a clustering vine that his lovely companion had trained, in his absence, to form an arch over his cottage door, and shelter him from the burning sun.

The flowers of May soon began to drop their leaves, the streams had become confined within their banks, the red men from the Western lakes and Canada were again upon the war-path, and it required all the skill of a forest life to elude their pursuit. Mayall knew every sound of the night; his eye and ear had long sought in the dark; not a beast that walked the forest by night, or prowled around his cabin or camp-fire, but he could name readily by the sound of his footsteps. Mayall had remained most of the summer at his forest home, cultivating a small field that surrounded it, and capturing such game as frequented his own valley, and the streams that meandered through it abounded with fish of the finest quality for his table.

Summer had quietly passed away, and the golden sun of September began to change the bright green of summer to all the varied hues of autumn. Mayall once more began to feel a desire to roam over the hills, which had long been his favorite employment; he finally resolved on visiting his more distant hunting-ground in quest of deer, which had become scarce near his home. He accordingly rose with the sun and prepared for a journey over the distant hills and valleys, which had only appeared to him in his dreams since his capture by the three Indian warriors. He took an eastern course, crossed the highlands between the Otego Creek and Susquehanna Valley, crossed the Indian war-path that passed up the Susquehanna, and thence up Cherry Valley Creek at right angles, and soon began to climb the steep ascent of the Crumhorn mountain, in the direction of a small lake situated on the top of the mountain. As he began to ascend the mountain the sun had passed the meridian, and poured its heated rays against the western slope of the mountain. Mayall, coming to a noisy little rill that spun its silver thread down the mountain side, to mingle with the water in the valley below, slaked his thirst at the stream, and, walking up to a little mound near the stream, scraped together some leaves that had fallen in wild profusion around, to carpet the mountain-side with all their varied hues, and seated himself for his noonday meal. After satisfying his hunger and again quenching his thirst at the stream, he sat down to rest; a stupor came over him, as the gentle breeze fanned the mountain-side and whispered among the lofty branches of the forest trees, like the Æolian harp of passing time.

Mayall soon became unconscious of the fearful dangers that were hovering around him; time, to him, passed unheeded; the sun was fast sinking towards the western hills, and the wild beasts of the forest were again in motion. Mayall slowly awoke to consciousness, and, to his surprise and horror, he heard the tread of a panther walking about him, and covering him with leaves. Being perfectly acquainted with the habits of this animal, he knew that to move a hand or foot would cause his instant death, as the old panther was then preparing a feast for her young ones, as he had seen them prepare a deer that she had found in the same manner, and then go and bring her young ones. He lay in fearful suspense until the panther had finished her covering of leaves. He heard her footsteps begin to recede, until the sound was lost in distance; then, creeping out from his covering of leaves, he discovered near him an old decayed log about the length of a man. This he moved to the spot where he had lain, and covered it with leaves, then, casting his eyes around, he saw a tree that he could easily climb, and, slinging his gun over his shoulder, fastened by a strap to his belt, he lost no time in ascending the tree to the height of twenty-five or thirty feet, where he found a convenient branch to rest upon, above the height of the panther's ground-leap. He waited quietly for the return of the panther and her family, not knowing how many guests would be invited to the feast.

Whilst sitting on this lofty perch, in painful suspense, he carefully examined his trusty gun and hunting knife, which he sheathed in his boot in readiness for the combat, should the panthers attempt to attack him by ascending the tree. After resting on one of the branches of his chosen tree for a short time he heard the rustling of the leaves in the distance, and could plainly see through the branches of the trees that the old panther was advancing towards his bed of leaves, accompanied by three large cubs. He now felt thankful there was but one old one in the company, and waited in silence to see the exploits of the old panther, which advanced steadily towards the bunch of leaves with cautious steps, as if she feared to wake her prey until she came within leaping distance; then, settling down on the ground, waited until her young ones came to her side; then springing forward with one tremendous bound, she struck upon the log covered with leaves. The rotten wood-bark and leaves flew fearfully around for a moment. The panther seeing her mistake, dropped her tail and ears like a shamed cur, and taking a careful survey with her eyes of the surrounding forest, stood at fault for a few moments. Then raising her head and ears, she seemed to resume all her native fierceness, and seemed maddened with rage at her disappointment, and, seeming to have caught the scout of the victim of her rage, she raised her eyes and fixed them on Mayall in the tree, and advanced directly towards him, her young panthers following, which were about the size of a large wild cat.

Mayall awaited her approach, with his gun in readiness, until the panther came in full view, and as she settled towards the ground to make a bound up the tree he sent the contents of his gun through her head. For a few moments there was a fearful struggle among the small brush and saplings, and then she dropped lifeless and exhausted upon the ground. Mayall lost no time in loading his gun, but the young panthers, seeing their protector and provider fall, were quickly out of reach of the fearless hunter. Mayall descended to the ground just as the sun was casting his last crimson blush on the Crumhorn hills, and kindled his camp-fire on the leaves that the panther had scraped together for his funeral pile. After he had kindled his fire and made preparations for the night he then laid down near his camp-fire, where he could get a fair view of his surroundings. The shades of evening soon gathered around him. The stars shot forth in beauty one by one, and the evening dew fell in silence. Thinking the young panthers might return for their dam, he had placed her in a sleeping position in a conspicuous place, to draw them to her side if they came within sight. Mayall waited in sleepless anxiety, thinking that when the embers of his fire died away the young panthers might approach. In the midst of his watchfulness the moon arose and showed her maiden face, and walked among the stars, reflecting her borrowed light among the branches of the forest trees.

Mayall was delighted with the grandeur of the scenery around him, which drew out his mind in pure devotion to Nature and Nature's God. The night seemed to pass like a pleasant dream, and the day-star began to twinkle in the east. Mayall kindled again his fire to prepare his morning repast, that he might retrace his steps to the Valley of the Otego, knowing that the hunter finds no deer in forests inhabited by panthers. The day-king soon arose and dispelled the darkness of night. Mayall went forward and circumnavigated the little lake in pursuit of the young panthers. Not finding their hiding place, he sat down on a log for a few moments to view that beautiful sheet of water, reflecting on its bosom the surrounding forest. Eolus was slumbering. Not a breath of air played over its surface, but lay like the mirror bright and fair. Mayall in his excitement viewed it as one of the lovely dimples on the face of creation, which held him for a time like a charm, until his thoughts roamed over the forest hills to his loved ones at home. He then arose and retraced his steps to the Valley of the Otego, considering the past day and night one of the most charming incidents of his past life.

The war of the Revolution had now ended, and new adventurers began to visit the Valley of the Otego. Charmed with the beauty of its forests and crystal streams, they would return and soon appear with their families.

And behold the green hills in distance laid,  
Where the wild hunter often strayed,  
Where through the forest swift as light  
The wild deer shunned the bullets' flight.

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## CHAPTER III.

Summer had resigned her sway to Autumn in the green valleys of the Susquehanna and her tributaries, which spread out among the hills like the branches of some mighty forest tree, over whose curving and playful waters the green plumes of the forest trees had waved during the summer, now changed with the season; and Summer, the queen of flowers and ripening fruit, had wrapped herself in a mantle of green, and laid down to die as the sun gradually declined to southern skies and the Autumn Queen put on her gorgeous robes of many colors. The squirrel was seen to play on nimble feet through oak and chestnut groves gathering in his winter store. The deer, with her fawn, wandered through the grove unmolested, excepting at such times as Mayall needed venison for his own table.

One day, while seated beneath the vine-clad porch of his cabin, where the vines had been trained by his wife to tie in leafy coil over the door, he saw a woman in homespun dress advancing with hurried steps, weeping and mourning as she advanced towards him, and fell exhausted at his feet. Mayall raised her from the ground and inquired the cause of her grief. She soon recovered sufficiently to inform him that a party of nine Indian hunters had been prowling about her cabin for a couple of days, and that morning they had stolen her little daughter Nelly, but four years old, and bore her away in triumph without any regard to her screams or the lamentations of her mother for her only child.

Mayall listened with pity and grief to the poor woman's tale of woe, and impatiently said, "Why did not your husband follow the black thieves and bring back your child?"

"Oh dear," cried the poor woman, "what could he do with so many Indians?"

Mayall replied, "Follow them, and when a good opportunity offered, kill them, shoot the thieves and bring back your child. Better die like a man than live a coward here in this forest land, dreaming of robber band that bore away his only child to be a slave in some proud savage's smoky hut."

At this reply the woman became frantic with despair and cried out, "Oh, Mayall, for mercy save my child. You are the only man now living that can do it, and I will give you all I possess on earth and be your slave in the bargain."

Mayall was not deaf to sympathy. The fire of revenge began to kindle in his bosom; but how should he withstand the power and vengeance of nine brave men skilled in battle and the chase? He sat silent for a few moments. The flames of revenge began to burn in his iron will, which, when aroused, was terrible. He inquired the direction the Indians had gone with the child, and where their trail could be found, then told the woman to go home and take a good night's rest; he said the Indians had gone, and of course would not return unless they came to bring her Nelly back, and further she could do nothing to recover the child herself. He thought the child would be returned in the morning.

These words seemed to pacify her, and she returned home. As soon as his only neighbor, Miss Murphrey, was out of sight, Mayall examined his trusty gun and prepared cartridges equal to twice the number of Indians, placed his tomahawk and hunting-knife in his belt, then turned to his wife and said, "You must not look for me until I return. I will be back as soon as my mission is accomplished."

His mind then became calm and he sallied forth from his cottage as cheerful as a hunter in quest of game, and soon disappeared in the forest that surrounded his dwelling. The sun was descending towards the western hills in all her flaming glory as Mayall reached the summit of the dividing ridge between the Otego Creek and the Susquehanna Valley. Cautiously and slowly he descended the hill, keeping on the Indian trail.

As the shades of night hovered over the forest, Mayall left the trail and took his post on a small hill not far from the river, where he could hear the Indians preparing wood for their evening fire, and occasionally he could hear the child, Nelly Murphrey, crying for its mother. Mayall cautiously advanced through the thick forest, guided by the sound of the child's voice weeping and often calling for its mother, who lay wrapped in wakeful dreams several miles away. The voice of this weeping child nerved the old hunter's arm with the strength of a Samson, and filled his heart with a vengeance not his own. The hours seemed to linger into days as he lay crouched in the dark. At last the camp-fire of the Indians blazed up and illuminated the forest. Mayall lay secreted in a little thicket behind a knoll, where he could hear every word that was said, and he well understood the Indian dialect.

One Indian, who seemed to be their leader, said there would be no danger unless they got the old hunter on the trail, and to avoid him they must be up and away as soon as the day-star appeared.

The Indians partook of their evening meal and laid down to slumber and rest, not dreaming that the bold hunter, like the panther, was crouching near with sharpened tomahawk and knife, panting for an opportunity to avenge a woman's wrongs.

As the night wore away all became silent, excepting an occasional outbreak from little Nelly Murphrey, calling for her mother. The camp-fire no longer blazed, but the dying coals were yet red, and gave sufficient light to see the nine dark forms stretched on the forest floor. Mayall now began to move forward with cautious steps. He soon discovered by the flickering of the embers that the Indian on the watch had fallen asleep, with the stolen child nestling between him and the Indian warrior beside him.

Mayall took a cautious look. No Indian in his blanket stirred. All was silent, excepting the low murmuring of the Susquehanna rolling by. He noiselessly rested his gun behind a tree, and leaped like a tiger upon his prey, with his tomahawk in one hand, which he swung as fast as death could deal a blow, and his long knife gleaming by the light of the fire in the other. The last Indian in the circle, wakened by the screams of the child, leaped from his leafy bed and fled into the forest with the speed of a panther. Mayall, seeing his retreating form, sprang to the Indian's guns and fired three in quick succession after him, to speed his flight, and then, gathering up the remaining guns as quickly as possible, threw them upon the coals with the muzzles in the direction the Indian had gone, in order to keep up the firing until he could get out of hearing with the affrighted child before the Indian returned. He then took up Nelly, who was half dead with fright, and hurried off in the opposite direction as fast as possible. The sharp report of one gun after another broke the stillness of night until Mayall had got more than two miles from the bloody conflict with his prize, and had soothed the child's fears by softly whispering in her ear that he was carrying her home to her mamma.

Mayall now diverged from the trail and reached the place of his destination by a circuitous route, at times traveling in the channel of small brooks, in order to deceive the Indians, should they undertake to follow on the trail, to avenge the blood of his tribesmen. Mayall hurried on with his prize. The stars had faded from his view, and the morning sun had lighted up the concave of the skies, before he could reach the weeping mother with her little Nelly. Her mother had passed a sleepless night, and her wakeful eye had been turned in every direction to see if she could catch a glimpse or a sound from her little Nelly. None but a mother could realize her pain and anguish at the loss of her lovely child. As she stood looking she fancied she heard the faint sound of her prattling voice. A moment later she saw Mayall come in full view with little Nelly in his arms. The fond mother, now as frantic with joy as she had been the previous day with grief, rushed to meet Mayall. She met him some distance from her cabin, and little Nelly leaped with joy into her mother's arms as she fell at the feet of Mayall, to thank him for restoring to her loved embrace her only child. Mayall raised her to her feet and said, "I have done no more than my duty, and I have no time to waste. Swear to me before the God of Heaven that all that pertains to the loss and return of this child shall be kept a secret whilst I live."

After receiving her sacred promise not to reveal the secret, he disappeared again in the forest,

and there was no human being left at liberty to tell the frightful story of the Indians' fate, excepting the Indian that made good his retreat.

The seasons rolled around, Autumn had again hung out her flag of many colors, and Nelly Murphrey, under the fond care of her mother, had grown to be a beautiful little girl, with her auburn hair drooping fondly in ringlets upon her shoulders, and appeared in all the beauty of innocence.

Whilst the mother was seated at her door, playing with little Nelly, she raised her eyes and saw a tall, stately Indian standing before her at a respectful distance. As soon as her eyes rested upon the Indian, she recognized him as being one of the band that stole her child. As Nelly saw him she screamed and flew back into the house. The sudden scream seemed to freeze her mother's blood, and she sat as immovable as a statue. The Indian stood perfectly quiet, without coming nearer. When she had recovered, he said he would not harm her nor her child; but she must tell him who brought back her child. She told him she found the child in the edge of the woods the next morning, and supposed that he had returned it. He then told her he had not, and she must find out who it was and let him know when he came around again. The mother watched the Indian until he disappeared in the forest, and then stealing away slyly in the opposite direction, and by taking a circuitous route, soon reached Mayall's cottage, and told Mayall that one of the same Indians that had stolen her Nelly had been at her house, trying to find out who brought her back. "I told him where I found her, and thought he had got tired of her and brought her back." Mayall then told her to go into his cottage and remain there with his wife and children until he returned. Taking good care to keep the doors securely bolted, and the axe in the house to use if they were molested, Mayall then took down his gun, prepared some cartridges, put on his belt, with his tomahawk and knife depending from it, and hanging by his side, and left the cottage.

Night came, but the hunter did not return. There was no moon, but the stars shone forth in tranquil loveliness as the night wore away. About midnight they heard a noise outside and near the cottage, and they crept cautiously to the window, which was nearly as high as one's head, but not of sufficient size to admit a common sized man, and looked cautiously out, and Mayall's cow was in his garden. Mrs. Mayall then told her that the Indian was near, and she must not show her head at the window, or she might be taken for her husband. The minutes now seemed to drag into hours, when that hungry cow was walking over the choice melons and devouring them, and in a few moments more she was eating and stamping down the corn which they had cultivated with care for their own domestic use. But time wore away, and all was still, excepting the cow in the garden. The sharp report of a gun was heard, and loud groans followed, which seemed to shake everything within like a clap of midnight thunder, and my brain seemed to reel, for deeds were going on I dare not look upon.

Soon after, some one, whom I took to be Mayall, for I could see by the light of the stars he had a gun in his hand, came and drove his cow out of the garden. Mrs. Mayall then told me her husband would be back in the course of an hour, and they would then be out of all danger; that her husband was then near the house. Our fears seemed to vanish, and we commenced talking and anticipating what had happened. Mrs. Mayall said the report was from her husband's gun; that she knew the sound from all other guns, and that, when in the hands of her husband, was sure death against prowlers of the night, whether they walked on two feet or four.

She then said she knew their game. The Indian had let the cow into the garden, expecting that her husband would come out, whilst he lay secreted to kill him. She said Mayall never slept in his house when he knew there were Indians watching for him, but always kept near enough to protect his house and family. Whilst we were anticipating what had been done in the dark, Mayall suddenly knocked three times on the door, then paused and struck one. Mrs. Mayall, without farther hesitation, sprang to the door and opened it. I said, "How dare you open that door?" She replied that his knock was different from all other men; she said she could tell by the day of the week, and no one knew the secret but herself.

Mayall entered the house without saying a word, bolted the door after him, laid down his gun, knife and tomahawk, and after telling me that I could go home in the morning if I chose, there would be no danger, he then laid down on his bed of straw, and was sound asleep in less than five minutes; and when I left his cottage in the morning he was still asleep. I took my little Nelly and returned to my cabin. Many strange thoughts passed through my troubled brain. Occasionally I seemed to hear the sharp report of a rifle; and then how came the blood on that tomahawk? The Indian never appeared again, nor could there be any trace of him found.

Roam on the high mountain's crest, fearless ranger,  
The Indian no more shall dye his coarse blanket  
In citizens' gore; he has left, aye, forever, the vales  
Where you met him, and fought for my Nelly,  
So gifted, so fair and so young.

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## CHAPTER IV.

The Oneida Indians came annually from the Valley of the Mohawk and the Oneida reservation to the Valley of the Susquehanna, by their path down the Valley of Adaca, to lay in their store of

dried venison for the long and dreary winters of this latitude, accompanied by their wives and daughters, who prepared the meat taken in the hunt, dried and smoked it, and put it in deerskin sacks ready to be conveyed to their winter quarters. They always encamped at their place of rest at the outlet of the Adaca Creek into the Susquehanna River, where they had planted an orchard to supply them with apples during the fall hunt.

Mayall lived near their path where they usually stopped to make inquiries and gain such information as was necessary to guide them where deer were most numerous. They usually gave Mayall an invitation to join the fall hunt, which was his favorite amusement at that season of the year, being an expert in the game of hunting. The Indians gave Mayall his full share of the venison and furs taken. They ranged the hills and valleys in every direction from their camp at the place of rest, and returned at night with their venison and furs, which they handed over to their squaws to be dressed and dried, excepting such parts as would not bear transportation, which were taken to supply the daily food of the camp. A number of large gray wolves had been heard nightly from their camp howling on the mountain south of the Susquehanna, which caused the deer to leave the South Mountain and cross over to the hills on the north side.

On the morning following one of their howling frolics, one of the hunters shot and wounded a deer on the south side of the river. In their endeavors to capture it they drove it up the mountain side. There were a number of hunters joined in the chase, but as the hill grew steep and rocky they all fell back and returned to camp but Mayall and two Indians, who had now reached the high range of hills, where they made a temporary halt to view the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On the one hand they surveyed the famous Susquehanna, rolling in silent dignity and marking its course with inconceivable grandeur, while in the distance the hills lifted their venerable brows.

Here they had paused a few moments to view the beauties of Nature as it came fresh from the hand of Omnipotence. The sunlight was streaming from the western skies, kissing each mountain top, clad with crimson and gold, like the morning light that dances on the heaven-kissed hills of Paradise. Mayall viewed the scene with unspeakable delight, as he thought how rich he was in everything that made life desirable to him. From this lofty eminence over the valley forest he could mark the smoke curling from his quiet home, where his lovely companion rested. Youth, beauty, wealth, love, all seemed to be his. All his past life seemed to pass in grand review. The sun sank in silence toward the horizon, and called to his mind that the chase was leading them too far from camp to return before dark.

Before they had time to decide which course to pursue they heard the deer returning with a gang of wolves close in pursuit, made ravenous by the scent of the warm blood gushing from the deer's sides at every bound, in consequence of his wonderful springs to escape the wolves, which were so near that one miss-jump would have been fatal, as a dozen wolves were ready to tear his flesh from his bones.

It now became hurrying times. Mayall looked round to find a safe retreat. The two Indians that had ascended the hill with him were wild with affright, and beat a hasty retreat. The deer became exhausted in its exertions to escape, and fell to the ground within two rods of the place where Mayall stood, and three of the wolves rushed upon him with open jaws, to devour him. Mayall was just the man for that place; for as quick as a flash of electricity all his presence of mind returned. The contents of his gun, with his deadly aim, brought down the first or foremost to the ground. He dropped his gun and met the second with his tomahawk, which he dispatched at a blow. The third had then reached him. He aimed a blow at his head, his weapon glanced, and the wolf's mouth came in contact with his body and fastened his teeth in his hunting-frock. At that instant Mayall gave him a thrust with his long hunting-knife, which he had drawn from his belt with his left hand. The knife entered between the wolf's ribs and split his heart, and the wolf fell back and expired with a mournful howl. Mayall was now clear from the wolves. The remainder of the drove was devouring the deer with such haste, he saw there would be no escape unless it was effected without delay. He instantly placed his tomahawk in his belt and sheathed his knife, then fastening his gun to his belt by means of a spring, commenced climbing the first favorable tree he reached.

He had barely time to climb ten feet from the ground before the wolves made a rush for the tree, and commenced jumping at him, mingled with a howl of rage and disappointment. Mayall continued to climb until he reached a safe and convenient place for loading his gun. He soon loaded and brought down the fourth wolf, and then gave a shout of triumph to inform the Indians that he had reached a place of safety. The Indians shouted back from the tree-tops far down the mountain, with joy that echoed through every glen and ascended above the mountain-top; for hearing the howling and growling of the wolves after Mayall's first fire, they supposed the wolves were devouring Mayall and would soon be upon their track, and had taken the precaution to reach a place of safety in time. Mayall now continued to load his gun and fire upon the wolves with success, until the thinned band made their retreat up the mountain. He then descended from his lofty perch, made his retreat in the same direction the Indians had, down the mountain.

Mayall soon reached the place where the Indians had fled for safety, and found them perched in a tree like two owls on their nightly roost. As soon as the Indians saw Mayall they quickly descended, and the three took up their line of march for their camp with the double-quick. The curtains of night were fondly drooping upon the hill-tops, and the stars were shooting forth in glory one by one from Heaven's blue concave as the three hunters reached the Indian encampment.

The Indians shouted with joy at their return, after hearing the firing of guns and the fierce howling of wolves. They had been much alarmed for their safety. The squaws and Indians flocked round Mayall to hear the Indians relate the story of their adventure and act over the frightful scene with gun, tomahawk and knife, to show the amount of skill used by Mayall in handling the deadly weapons of war. Their war-chief, being present, addressed his Indians in the following manner: "Your pale-faced chief, whom I shall this night adopt by the name of Wolf-hunter, must ever be revered by our tribesmen for his deeds of skill and daring. He has driven our enemies from our hunting-ground. Yon skulking thieves that destroyed our game, and tore the white squaw's papoose from her arms, and bore it over the high hills to where the Susquehanna winds her course among the alder groves, there the pale chief left them in their leafy bed of gore, and returned the white papoose to the embrace of her mother. The Indians who returned to avenge their fallen tribesmen have been slain by him, and their bones will ever rest on our hunting-ground, unmolested either by sire or son. He has met this day in deadly combat the gray wolves of the forest that destroyed our venison. They spared neither the deer nor its fawn; and to-night they sleep in death, high on the bleak mountain-side. The God of battle helps him in every strife, and no arm has yet been found able to cope with his. And we should be proud of such a friend to lead the hunt and move the whirlwind of the battle on."

Mayall related the story of his adventure with the wolves to Mr. Powel, one of the first settlers of the Adaca Valley, and at the same time informed him that Molly Brant, then an Indian maiden of beautiful form and suavity of manners, was with the Indians at their camp, and was after that the wife of Sir William Johnson. He said her manners were as gentle as the south wind that rocked the tree-tops in autumn.

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## CHAPTER V.

The place of rest where the red man unstrung his bow and slept two hundred years ago, beneath the shades of an overgrown forest, where the grandsires of that much-abused race planted their orchard, which bore the gems of bright abundance in autumn's golden days to regale their taste and satisfy their appetites, whilst they rested from the chase, this Garden of Eden so much famed in Indian story, the red man's resting-place, where he gathered in his stock of furs for his winter clothing and dried his venison to sustain his own life and the life of his family during the cold stormy winters of this latitude, around whose fertile plain the towering hills stand as sentinels to guard the plain below from furious winds and drifting storms, was highly esteemed by the Indian tribes for the abundance of fish that inhabited the waters of the Susquehanna and its tributaries.

There has long been a story of revolutionary days connected with this renowned place. Sir William Johnson, a Major-General in the British army, came to Johnstown and took up his residence in that place. Whilst there he had some business to transact with the Indians, who frequently came to that place to trade. He there became acquainted with a young squaw, Holly Brant, the daughter of the famous war-chief of the Mohawk Indians, and was so much enamored with her virtue, wit and beauty, that he asked the chief's consent to give him the hand of his daughter in marriage. After some hesitation the chief consented, and his daughter, the Forest Queen, was sent for. She came dressed in simple Indian costume, ornamented with wampum, wearing fawn-skin moccasins embroidered with the quills of the porcupine; her long flowing dress was decked with roses. Sir William had been a guest at the Royal Court of England, where fair women flashed with diamonds and brave men whirled in the giddy dance, but none seemed to him to possess that beauty and grace which appeared in this young Forest Queen. In short, he admired her more than he did all the fair daughters of Eastern climes.

Sir William was so much enamored with her artless grace that they were soon united in marriage, and he took her to his mansion to grace its stately halls as she had the cabin of the Indian chief, her father, who was considered by the Indians equal in rank to Sir William Johnson.

Beauty's spell flowed from her eyes,  
A radiant splendor wreathed her hair,  
And fondly sweet perfection lingered there,  
From which all human virtues gently flow.

In due time the chief came to visit Sir William and his daughter, and was invited by them to tarry with them for a time. The invitation was accepted by the chief. After viewing the stately halls hung with maps, pictures and mirrors, he retired to rest. Not being accustomed to sleep on beds of down, fenced in with lofty ceiling, his sleep was disturbed with dreams. He dreamed of palaces beyond the sea, with high towering domes and gilded halls, and warriors with golden epaulettes and flashing sabres, and plumes that nodded as they marched to battle. All these grand views formed within his breast a desire for military glory.

Finally he awoke with the first rays of the morning, with a pleasing dream impressed upon his memory, and when he arose he related the dream to Sir William and his wife. He said he had dreamed that Sir William gave him his uniform, covered with gold lace of costly texture, with his sword, epaulettes, pistols, and hat covered with plumes. Sir William, not being unacquainted with the Indian custom, seemed at a loss what answer to give the chief. His wife, seeing his embarrassment, took him by the hand and led him to the hall and informed him that he had

better fulfill the dream of her father by giving him his war equipage, which would give him an opportunity to dream in return.

"What can I dream," said the Major-General, "to compensate me for that splendid war equipage?"

His wife, with a sly look, replied, "Leave that to me;<sup>1</sup> but give him the uniform and other equipage."

<sup>1</sup> The author of the History of Schoharie County and Border Wars of New York, states that the lands dreamed for by Sir William Johnson, with the famous Indian chief Hendrix, of the Mohawk tribe, were situated in the Valley of the Mohawk, which statement is denied by the first settlers of the Indian's place of rest in the Valley of the Susquehanna, which lands were purchased of the heirs of Sir William Johnson, who used to relate the story of the dream as they learned it of their mother, whose maiden name was Molly Brant, and had been at the Indian place of rest with the Indians in their fall hunt when an Indian maiden.

The Major-General then brought forward his beautiful uniform and equipments, that had been manufactured with care in England to adorn men of rank and high renown in the British service, and worn with honors. The Indian chief looked with pride upon the dazzling prize, so easily won from a British officer. He then took off his Indian dress and put on the General's uniform, which he said was a very good fit for a chief to wear in time of peace, but not well calculated for the battle fray. He wore his uniform through the day while a guest at the house of Sir William Johnson. When night came he took off his uniform and folded it carefully and packed it in a suitable form to transport it to his own village, situated many miles away in the forest. After the chief had retired to rest for the night Mrs. Johnson informed the General he must dream that the chief, her father, gave him one thousand acres of land situated on each side of the Susquehanna, at their place of rest, where they could remove after the war had ended and live in tranquil loveliness upon the banks of the gently flowing Susquehanna.

There on the runway long and low,  
Coursed the buck, the fawn and doe;  
The finny tribes in lengthened shoals  
Swarm through all the crystal stream;  
There in the summer sunshine blaze  
Will rise green rows of twinkling maze,  
Where the sweet waters of the mountain rill  
Will ever turn your grinding mill.

The glowing account of so lovely a valley, given by Sir William's wife, caused him to dream that the Indian chief gave him one thousand acres of land at the Indian's place of rest. The next morning when the Indian chief and Sir William met, he related his dream. The Indian chief sat in silent meditation for a few moments, and then replied that if he had actually dreamed the dream that he had related he must have the one thousand acres of land, but one thing was certain, he would never dream with him again whilst he had that young fox at his elbow.

The one thousand acres of land were deeded to Sir William, according to the tenor of his dream, and the land was sold to actual settlers by the heirs and descendants of Sir William Johnson, years after the storm of the Revolution had passed away, and the grant was confirmed in the settlement of peace with the government of Great Britain.

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## CHAPTER VI.

After the storm of the Revolution had subsided, the Indian's bow was unstrung, the tomahawk and scalping-knife were laid idly by, and the Angel of Peace had spread her guardian wing over the waters of the Susquehanna and her tributaries. The hardy sons of New England came flocking to this section of country, and many of them found a home for their families in the lovely Valley of the Otego. Here they purchased lauds and commenced cutting down and clearing away the forest along the valley, and erecting rude houses to shelter their wives and children, and mills to grind their grain.

In a few short years the smoke from their morning fires curled above the forest trees for more than twenty miles along the winding banks of the crystal waters of the Otego, and began to present a scene of activity. School-houses were erected by the industry of the settlers along the valley at the most convenient places, and these served a double purpose—for schools through the week and meeting on the Sabbath.

Orchards soon began to blossom in spring, and fields of grain to wave in summer, both yielding the gems of bright abundance in autumn. Then the reapers, robust and ruddy with health, thrust in the willing sickle, whilst the young maidens with glowing cheeks gathered up the gavels and bound them in sheaves and raked the new-mown hay. Health, beauty and prosperity spread their glory over the lovely scene. The axeman's blows, that lowered the forest and frightened away the game, were displeasing to Mayall, and all his thoughts were now turned on finding a new home. The thought of living in a country where the primeval forest was fast disappearing, the thick boughs that had sheltered him from the storms and the green plumes that had waved over his



head in summer to protect him from the scorching rays of the sun in his daily rambles, for so many years, where the wild game had lived and fattened for his table—all seemed like departing friends.

Mayall could endure the scene no longer, and started in quest of a new home. He traversed the country to the north in every direction, with his gun in his hand and his hunting-knife and tomahawk in his belt.

Thus equipped he wandered over a vast section of country, winding around lakes and crossing streams, at times climbing the highest hills, there from some lofty tree-top taking a view of the surrounding country, to see if the smoke from the cottage of some adventurous settler or that of the Indian wigwam dimmed the air. He was seeking a lone retreat where human footsteps seldom fall. At length he learned from an Indian of the Oneida tribe that he would find that secluded and happy retreat he was searching for on the head-waters of East Canada Creek, where the sparkling waters swarmed with speckled trout, where the buck and the doe, with her fawn, coursed on their runway undisturbed, where beautiful little lakes nestled among the hills, and abounded with fish and water fowls, where the green forest in summer reflected its image upon the waters so smooth and fair, and stamped upon its bosom creation's image, the sun and clouds reflected in their waters by day and the moon and stars by night, with the beautiful arch of heaven's high concave.

Whilst conversing with the Indian, his daughter came from his cabin near by and informed her father that his morning meal was ready, and invited Mayall to come with her father to breakfast. Mayall was struck with the youthful simplicity and beauty of the Indian maiden. After they had enjoyed their delicious meal of venison together, and smoked the long pipe of peace, Mayall informed the Indian that he had a son equal in height, years, activity and beauty with the Indian chief's daughter, and if the chief had no objection he would take them both with him to the beautiful and romantic country he had so graphically described, after their marriage, and the Indian chief could come to visit her every fall and enjoy the Indian summer in hunting deer and procuring furs for winter.

The Indian replied that if his daughter was pleased with Wolf-hunter's son, and he was as good a hunter as his father, he would consent. The Indians had adopted Mayall into the tribe, by the name of Wolf-hunter, which made Mayall's son equal in rank with the daughter of the Indian chief.

Mayall now parted with the chief and his family in friendship, and left the proposed marriage to abide future events. Mayall directed his steps towards East Canada Creek, where he arrived in safety, and commenced his journey up the valley which had been scooped out by the stream since the morning of creation. He soon passed beyond the noisy bustle of civilization in the Valley of the Mohawk River, and launched into a solitude which appeared to him as a divine retreat, and was better fitted for a wild hunter than a civilized man.

Mayall carefully examined the forest along the banks of the stream and its branches, from its outlet into the Mohawk to its source far away among the forest hills. He found many traces of beaver and other furred animals, and plenty of deer.

Mayall said it so nearly resembled the Otego Creek in its wild state, shaded with the primeval forest, that it made him think of home in gone-by days. The speckled trout swarmed in the creek and its small tributaries, the feathered songsters sung their evening and morning hymn, unmolested by man.

Mayall selected the most beautiful place he could find, on an elevated spot of ground, near a small rill fed by springs, where the creek formed a half circle like a new moon, on one side of his cottage. This fertile spot, lying in the bend, he intended to clear and cultivate.

Breeze of the woodland and breath of the prairie,  
Sweet with the fragrance of flower and vine,  
Proclaim o'er the hill-tops and deep-shaded glens  
That the sweet songsters of spring have returned,  
And the little birds chirp, flutter and sing,  
And make the groves again with melody ring.

Their music charms me like the voice of love,  
And chains me to this wild, uncultivated grove,  
Where spring flowers vary their beauty and bloom,  
And spread their morning and evening perfume.  
How beautiful the hills and forest land,  
Where Nature spreads her loam and fertile sand;

Where seeds long-buried in the drifting snow  
Spring forth in beauty when the south winds blow.  
The sun, with golden beams and brighter rays,  
Shines forth to warm the earth and lengthen out the days.

He there built his camp-fire, and reared a rude cabin to shelter his family, until he could build a more permanent residence.

Here Mayall rested for a few days, charmed with the music of the woods, and the water-fowls

that had stopped along the stream to lay their eggs and rear their young. Mayall then pursued his journey up the stream until he reached its utmost spring among the distant hills, and then bent his course eastward among the highlands of that region, where he found the beautiful little lakes so graphically described by the Indian, stored with fish, and covered with water-fowls during the summer season. All the wilds of the forest appeared more beautiful than he had anticipated.

After exploring the hills and valleys for a few days, during which time he never saw a human being, Mayall resolved to return once more to his wife and children. As he passed down the valley he stopped at the rude cabin he had erected, and passed the night in quiet sleep. Mayall declared that in his chosen bower Nature appeared fresh from the hand of Omnipotence. He described one of the lakes he had seen as the most beautiful sheet of water that human eye ever saw, surrounded with a belt of white sand, where the buck, the doe, and the spotted fawn came and slaked their thirst from the crystal waters of the lake, unmolested by man, and fed tamely upon its grassy shores; where the wild rose, queen of bowers, shed her perfume, and the lily displayed her spots of beauty, as second in rank among the flowers; the third in magnitude and adorning was the wild honeysuckle, with all her tints of beauty. These encircled the snow-white sands upon its beautiful shores, whilst the low undertone of its waves kept time to the music of the grove.

Mayall was enchanted with the beauties of Nature around him, and made his bed at night under a low branching tree, covered with a wild grape-vine, so nicely tied and coiled by Nature that it served every purpose of a tent. Mayall made his evening meal on trout he took from the lake, and laid down to sleep upon the wild, enchanted shores of an earthly paradise. His sleep was quiet and undisturbed. He awoke with the first rays of rosy morn, and listened to the lovely song of Nature's harmonists, the songsters of the grove.

After Mayall left his cabin on Canada Creek he bent his course for home, where he arrived after three tedious days' journey along an Indian path, fording streams, and crossing hills and ravines, and was once more in the bosom of his family. All were glad to see him, and listened with rapture to the glowing account he gave of a country so wild and beautiful, until Mayall reached the story of the proposed marriage of his young son with the daughter of an Indian chief. The young man was of the Caucasian race, young and sprightly. He declared that he would not marry a squaw—he would live solitary and alone before he would marry the daughter of a race he had always learned to hate, if she was allied to the royal family of chiefs. Mayall heard his resolves with a twinkle in his eye, and here the matter rested, whilst every preparation was making for their now home.

Mayall was truly one of Nature's noble philosophers. When he had resolved to leave the Valley of the Otego Creek, where he had enjoyed so many scenes of strife and pleasure, his friends, both old and young, gathered at his cabin for a farewell visit. In the course of the evening the question was put to Mayall, who was the most advanced in years of any of the company, what season of life he had found most happy. In reply he inquired of the company if they had noticed the forest trees that once shaded the valley. They all replied they had. He then said, "When spring comes and the soft south wind blows up the valley, the buds on the trees open and they are sweet with blossoms, I say how beautiful is Spring, representing the morning of life.

The light winds are her laughter,  
The murmuring brooks her song;

and when Summer comes and clothes the trees with foliage and shields me from the rays of the flaming noonday sun, cools the wind that sighs among the branches filled with singing birds that charm me to the grove, I say how glorious is Summer, the noonday of life.

The sunbeams are her lovely smiles,  
The rose and lily are her footsteps light;

and Autumn, in her turn, comes with golden fruit, and the leaves bear the gorgeous frost-tints so variegated with all the glory of colors, with the full ear, and Ceres has bound his golden sheaf, I say how beautiful is Autumn, crowned with fruit that perfumes the surrounding air, representing the fruits of maturer years.

The branches bend with riper fruit,  
The grapes in royal purple shine  
When Autumn yields the glory of the year;

and when Winter comes, and there is neither opening buds, green foliage, or ripening fruit, nor gorgeous frost-tints upon the leaves, I look through the bare branches of the trees better than I could in spring, summer and autumn, and lo, how beautiful are the stars that spangle the heavens and twinkle in the pale light of the moon, with maiden face sweeping through the heavens, veiled with fleecy clouds, like the bridesmaid of heaven, to direct our thoughts to the celestial city to meet the great Author of our creation. For the spirit came from God, and to God it must return, it being that part of Divinity that dwells with man during the journey of life.

And we shall hail with joy  
The glorious sunset of life."

And the company recorded his wise sayings and poetical phrases for the benefit of future generations that should inhabit the Valley of the Otego.

## CHAPTER VII.

Their household goods were few, and those of the plainest kind. They loaded all their goods, with their children and Mrs. Mayall, into the wagon, and Mayall and his son Esock performed the journey on foot, each one carrying his gun in readiness for any emergency, with Mayall in advance to pilot them through the forest. In their journey they had to ford streams and climb with difficulty the hills.

Not meeting with anything of importance, the fourth day they encamped within five miles of the Indian chief's wigwam. After feasting on some ducks they had killed along their road, they all laid down to rest from the toils of their journey, and all but Esock slept soundly. He was meditating on what course to pursue, and what excuse he should make on arriving at the Indian chief's wigwam, to excuse himself in so grave a matter. Mayall, his father, had gone thus far in match-making without his consent, and now he wished the whole affair could be passed by without seeing the Indian chief or his daughter.

In the morning Esock Mayall resolved to take a different route from his father and the rest of the family, and pass the Indian chief's wigwam without being seen, and informed his father of his resolution. Mayall then told Esock that he was ashamed of having a coward in his family; said he must go boldly to the chief's wigwam, where they would all stay over night, and if he was not pleased with the chief's daughter he would excuse the matter. Esock finally resolved to go forward and brave the consequences, as his father always had some way to get out of a bad affair. Their tent was soon taken down, and Mayall and his family pursued their journey toward the Indian chief's wigwam.

The sun had risen fair, but as they proceeded along their journey dark clouds began to curtain the heavens. The wind roared among the forest trees, the lightning flashed from the storm-cloud, the thunders rolled through the forest with deafening roar, splitting and shivering the forest trees, whilst the rain at intervals seemed to descend in torrents. Just as Mayall and his family emerged from the thick woodlands into a small clearing, where the Indian chief's wigwam stood, he saw the chief and his daughter stand looking out of the door, for Mayall's approach had been heralded by an Indian runner the previous day, and they were prepared to receive him. As they came into the clearing there was a lull in the storm for a few moments, and the chief's daughter rushed forward to welcome Mayall to their home. The words had scarcely dropped from her lips before the lightning began to crash among the trees and the storm beat down fearfully, and she glided back to the wigwam with speed that seemed like the flight of a bird.

As she approached Mayall, Esock Mayall was standing in a position that brought her in full view from her head to her feet. He was struck with a strange, mysterious spell. Her neck was as pure as the alabaster, her bosom as white as ivory, her soft blue eyes like liquid orbs adorning the face of beauty, whilst her fair hair flowed in graceful ringlets upon her neck and shoulders. Her form was simply perfect; her breath was like the eglantine, and her cheek wore the morning blush of the moss-rose. She was a perfect Cleopatra, all but the royal crown, and that was supplied with plumes—the royal crown of the Indian Queen of the Poorest.

Esock Mayall stood as one amazed as he viewed the beautiful figure before him, dressed in a neat flowing dress that came down to her feet, covered with wampum and such beautiful moccasins, embroidered with the quills of the porcupine, with a border of the same around the bottom of her flowing dress. Had he seen one of the fairies of olden times, a fabled goddess of the sylvan shade, or had he seen a human being in this image of beauty that appeared before his father and welcomed him to her home and then glided away to her father, the Indian chief?

Esock Mayall no longer seemed to notice the flashes of lightning, the roaring of the thunder, nor the pelting of the storm, but kept his eye upon the departing form of that beautiful angel amid the rushing of the tempest. Could this be the chief's daughter, her face as white as a pond lily with the rose's blush upon her cheek and her eyes as blue as the violets of May, with her flaxen hair flowing in unbound ringlets upon her shoulders? No, never. No Indian blood ever flowed in the veins of a being so white and fair. It must be a phantom of his bewildered imagination. He was sure that when he reached the wigwam he should see the chief's daughter with her red skin, long, straight black hair and snaky eyes, just as he had pictured her in his imagination ever since his father first mentioned her name.

A few moments more and they were unloading from their canvas-covered wagon before the Indian chief's wigwam, with the same fair being he had seen retire so hastily to the wigwam amid the fury of the storm, flying about, leading the children into the wigwam and kindly assisting them in drying their wet garments; for the fury of the storm had passed by. After Mayall and his son had taken care of their team they walked to the wigwam, Mayall leading the way, whilst his son, Esock, walked timidly behind, straining every nerve lest he should lose his presence of mind when the chief's daughter appeared before him. He entered the wigwam. Curiosity stood on tiptoe.

The Indian chief welcomed Mayall and his son to his most ample hospitality, and then, turning to the fairy queen that stood near him, he said he was pleased with having an opportunity of making Esock Mayall, the son of his old friend, acquainted with his adopted daughter. The maiden stopped gently forward and took young Mayall by the hand. The secret was out. The vision of

beauty constantly appeared before him, by night and by day.

The Indian chief had taken this young squaw, as he called her, a prisoner in one of his excursions into Canada during the war of the Revolution, and adopted her into his family on account of her comeliness and natural graces.

Their clothes were soon dried by a warm fire, and they all sat down to a sumptuous dinner of venison and wild fowls, which was a favorite dish with the Mayalls, and pleased them more than the most sumptuous feast that could be set upon the President's table at the White House. After dinner the long pipe was handed round, each taking a few puffs, whilst the blue smoke curled from the emblem of peace,

Whilst the forms of love are round us  
And our hearts with pleasure glow.

The eyes of the lovely Blanche rested on the form of Esock Mayall, when his first glance met hers, which was often and still oftener as the rose bloomed brighter on her cheek, her breath grew quicker, her smile more radiant, and the first blue flower of love bloomed into fondness for the young hunter, as he gazed upon her rounded waist, her snowy neck, ornamented with a shower of curls that fell loosely upon her shoulders.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

The landscape around the chief's wigwam was sublime. First his little field of corn clustering with golden ears; beyond, the beautiful tall forest trees formed arches overhead and locked their boughs in social harmony. A winding path led from the wigwam to the grove, bordered with wild roses, which must have appeared beautiful and gay in summer, but now began to droop and fade like the leaves of the surrounding forest. Esock Mayall wandered along this path of faded flowers to the edge of the dark overgrown forest, and stood for a time viewing the large, massive branches that had been torn from their parent trees by the fury of the wind and rain the previous day. The splinters of every form lay scattered where the currents of electricity in their fearful descent had rent in fragments some giant of the forest, torn out its oaken heart and scattered its ribs and limbs upon the forest floor.

After viewing the wonders of Nature, Esock Mayall was returning to the wigwam along the path of flowers, when that wood-nymph, the chief's daughter, appeared before him, gentle as the ring-dove.

And the glory of youth clung around her,  
I felt her ambrosial breath on my cheek  
Like the scent and perfume of wild roses.

She seemed to appear in all the beauty of innocence. Esock Mayall asked her who planted those roses.

"I planted them," said the maiden, "to perfume my path and wanton in the summer air around me whilst I walked to yonder grove in summer days, for twelve long years, to hear the evening and morning song of birds which charmed me to the grove; and then again I love the solitary woods, the sylvan shade. I learned, when but a child, to wander in yon shady grove to hear the squirrels chirp and bark."

Esock Mayall wished her to inform him how and when she first came to live in this overgrown forest. She said, "I could not tell, but when I was a child I lived in a cottage on a lake shore, where one could sit in its vine-clad porch and look out upon the windings of its beautiful shore and hear the fury of the waves amid the fearful storm. The Indians came one sunny day, when I was sitting under the arbor over the door, and killed my mother, robbed the house, and bore me away in their arms. The next morning one of the Indians took me on his back, and in three or four days they reached this place, and I was adopted into the chief's family. My mother used me kindly whilst she lived. After ten years she sickened and died. Since that time I have lived with the chief, my father. I have planted these flowers in rows to imitate the shores of the lake where I was born. That long half-moon curve you see was a wide, open bay, and that short turn yonder was a bluff of rocks."

Esock Mayall listened with admiration to her story, and then replied, "Would you go with me and walk the shores of that lake once more?"

That question seemed a spell that chained her tongue, whilst the crimson flush faded from her cheek. In a few moments her young blood began to course freely in her veins, and the flush of roses warmed her lovely cheeks. She raised her eyes and looked Esock Mayall full in the face, and appeared as lovely as a dream.

"Do you know where that lake is situated? My captors have always refused to inform me. If you do, I will go with you cheerfully, and walk once more upon its lovely shores. Twelve long years, in the dreams of midnight, I have wandered on its shores, and its coves and bays have appeared to me with the white swan with snowy sail and air of pride floating upon its mirror waves; but there

is a bitter mingled with the sweet; in those dreams I see my mother pale in death, slain by my captor's hands, and oh, my father, who was absent from his home, where is he? When rosy morn blushed on the concave of the skies I always found myself within the wigwam's prison-walls."

Esock Mayall told her frankly that he neither knew the name or locality of the lake she described, but added, "If you would consent to be my wife and go with me to my forest home, I will endeavor to learn from your captors the name and locality, and take you back to the home of your childhood, once more to ramble on the beautiful shores where you had roamed in childhood's sunny days."

The maiden then replied that she would consult with her father and answer his request to-morrow.

To-morrow came. The chief appeared gloomy and thoughtful. He well knew the undaunted courage, the sure and steady aim of the Mayalls to guide the bullet in its airy track, the power of their strong arms in wielding the tomahawk in battle strife. He had no reason to fear the protection of his daughter, but the thought of parting with the sunny face of one he had ever idolized, whom he had carried for more than a hundred miles on his back through the wilderness when she was a child, because he loved her snowy face and flowing hair—this thought pained him. Long years he had dressed her in robes of beaver during the winter, and made her bed of down; the fawn had yielded her skin to clothe her naked feet, and the brightest wampum had encircled her waist, the most costly jewels had ever sparkled in her ears, and he had employed the most skillful of his race to teach her to border her flowing dress in summer with the quills of the porcupine. He had hunted weeks to capture the swan to deck her hat with snowy plumes to wave in open air and clothe her queenly neck.

"I have acted the part of a kind father," thought he, "and if I give her hand to young Mayall, who would cheer my wigwam in sickness, and smooth the winter of my declining years? Who would ring my funeral knell, and plant the wild rose upon my lonely grave?" No tears flowed to soothe his troubled brain; there was no wanton moisture in his eye. "And then, again, if I should deny my daughter's request I fear the consequences. Mayall had the shrewdness and courage to take her from me, and then, again, I have taken her from her parents and her home, and she might be left unprotected when I am dead and gone."

The chief passed a sleepless night, but rose bright and cheerful in the morning, and informed his daughter, if she chose to leave his wigwam for that of her lover, she might go, with his blessings upon her youthful head; but one thing he must insist upon, in order to preserve harmony, that the tribe that lived in the surrounding forest should be invited to the wedding, and the whole tribe should join in the marriage dance, according to the ancient customs of the Indian tribes.

Young Mayall was informed of the Indian chief's decision. He walked boldly up to the chief, who was seated in his wigwam, and took his daughter by the hand, and said, "When I have received from you the hand of your daughter, and have conformed to the usages of your tribe in all things, we want you to go with us to our forest home, and we will provide for you in old age in the same kind manner you have provided for your daughter. You shall have your choice in the dainty pieces of venison and wild fowls, and find protection under the roof of our cottage home.

'There I'll sit by my bride, where the rushes are green,  
While the sun weaveth gold o'er the robes of my queen.'

In answer to some questions with regard to the home of her childhood, by Esock Mayall, she related the following story of her journey to the great Falls of Niagara, which the chief said would enable me to keep my course through dark forests from the Oneida Lake to the great lakes and rivers towards the setting sun:

"I started on a journey to the great Falls of Niagara, with my father and mother, to witness the voluntary sacrifice of a young Indian maiden to the great Spirit of the Falls, or Naiad God of the Water. We pursued our journey through beautiful forests, over wood-crowned hills, fording the valley streams without interruption, until the second day, near sunset, we came in sight of a beautiful lake, whose surface

'Seemed so placid, smooth and fair,  
That Naiad might look on to plait her hair.'

"We traced the shores a short distance, coming to a little crystal stream, the waters of which were cool and refreshing. We concluded to encamp near this stream, that spun its silver thread to the lake from a dark ravine over which the branching tree-tops leaned. We followed the stream a short distance, and built our camp-fire under shelter of a large branching tree that stood on the bank of the ravine. Near this tree a cool fountain gushed from a large rock, and made music for us as it dashed over its stony bed to join the stream below. Taking into consideration all the surroundings, it was a grand place for a lover of scenery and solitude. There we ate our evening meal, and, after slaking our thirst at the cooling fountain that flowed from the rock, laid down to rest our weary limbs by our camp-fire, that blazed up and illuminated the forest for several rods around, making the forest look grand, with its branches interlocked in social harmony, fanned by the gentle breeze from the lake that whispered through the tree-tops, and sung of passing time, like the Æolian harp that hung upon the willows along the streams of Babylon.

"All nature seemed to invite us to repose, and the waters of Lethe swept over us. As the Angel of

Dreams threw his mantle over me, through this gauzy mantle I seemed to trace the Queen of the Falls from earth, with her guardian angels, to the fields of Paradise, which appeared in my dream as described by the Jesuit that used to come and preach to the tribe I lived with, and give me books, teach me to read them, and teach me etiquette, such as used by the English and French. All of a sudden I thought the bolts of hell had burst asunder, and the devil incarnate walked again over earth and sea—that Gabriel had sounded his trumpet for all to assemble at the judgment hall on the borders of two worlds.

"Slowly awaking to consciousness, I cast my eyes towards the big rock. I felt the rain pattering down in my face from the tree-tops, and, lo! there I saw two eyes that looked to me like two orbs swimming in liquid fire, which frightened me to such a degree that I attempted to scream for mercy.

"I seemed to be paralyzed. In this awful moment of fear, the Great Spirit sent an arrow of electric fire from the darkest pavilion of the storm-cloud, selected from the quiver of the Eternal Jehovah, down into the top of a mighty oak that leaned over the dark ravine a few rods above our camping ground, which tore off the top and splintered its massive trunk to the ground. The awful crash frightened me nearly out of my wits. I screamed with all the power of voice I possessed, for I thought the ebon paw of Satan was upon me. The panther then set up the most unearthly scream I had ever heard leaped from the rock, and seemed to make the forest jar at every scream, until he was far away on the lake shore. The clap of thunder awoke my father and mother. The chief, hearing the screams of the panther, seized his weapons of war and tried in vain to penetrate the surrounding gloom, for the blackness of the storm-cloud made the forest a dungeon, occasionally illuminated by flashes of electric fire from the arching clouds over our heads, which could not be penetrated by mortal eye. The chief again gathered up the few burning brands that remained, and piled high his fuel. This only served to light a few rods from the fire, whilst all beyond seemed black as the regions of darkness. There was no more sleep during the night.

"Morning dawned. The storm-cloud passed away, and we resumed our journey with cautious and timid steps toward the place of our destination, arriving late in the afternoon at the Upper Falls, on the Genesee, where the waters dashed from rock to rock, until it reached the valley below the Falls. We traced the river bank three or four miles, to Gardow, a village on the west bank of the Genesee River, where the roar of the Upper Falls could be distinctly heard, where we were received with great cordiality, and conducted to comfortable lodgings, and furnished with all that nature required for comfort. After one day's rest we again started for the great Falls of Niagara, with a part of the Genesee tribe of Indians that resided at Gardow. We took the most direct Indian path that led to Niagara, which led us over hills crowned with forests, and through dark wooded valleys, reaching the Falls about sunset the second day, and encamped on the banks of that mighty rushing river, with the numerous throng that had reached their place of destination before us.

"We all encamped like a family of friends, upon the banks of a river that was destined to divide a kingdom from a republic. Early the next morning preparations were made for offering a human being as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit that created the earth and the heavens, and all things contained therein. The most beautiful and gifted young Indian maiden, just blooming into womanhood, was chosen by the priests and prophets of that ancient tribe, to appease the anger of the gods, and bear a message from that tribe to their friends that had gone over the River of Death before them, to the land of the olive and the vine in the clear Southwest, known only to the brave and just, where the wild doe and her fawn feed on flowers, where the flowers wear their everlasting bloom, and the grass is greener and more luxuriant than was ever seen, and softer than the Persian silk. In that beautiful land mortals put on the garments of immortality. When the young maiden was informed that she was chosen for the sacrifice, she came forward with a smile upon her countenance, adorned in all the glory of the Indian costume, as a bride adorned for her husband, and entered the arena. The Indian priest then stepped forward and poured upon her head the oil of venison, and placed a crown of roses, intermixed with swans-down, to give it a snowy-white appearance, and crowned her, in the name of the tribe, Queen of Niagara.

"A more beautiful or graceful being could not be found to offer up her life for her friends. The whole tribe then sang and shouted the glories of their youthful queen, each one handing her some little token of remembrance to their friends in the spirit world, and kissed her hand. After a short time had been allowed her to receive the homage due an earthly queen, two young Indian warriors came forward, one taking her by the right hand and the other by the left, and led her to the shore of the river, followed by twelve young Indian girls.

"Moored on the sandy shore above the Falls was a little white tiny boat, just large enough for one person, loaded with ripe fruits and fresh-blown roses. In this beautiful boat, surrounded by the odor of ripe fruit and perfume of roses that wantoned in the surrounding air, the young warrior placed her, put a paddle in their young queen's hand just as the sun reached the meridian, and darted his rays from his eternal quiver upon the waters of Niagara, and the young warriors cried over the river, at the same time pushing the boat from the shore, when the young queen applied the paddle with all her might and main, until she reached the middle of the river above the Falls, every Indian, young and old, shouting and singing the glories of their brave queen.

"The moment she reached the middle of the river she turned the bow of her little boat towards the Falls, then applying the paddle with force the boat shot down the rapid current with the speed of an arrow, whilst two rainbows faintly spanned the boiling flood. Down, down among the caverned rocks and foaming waters went the beautiful form, whilst her guardian angels received

her spirit and soared above the rainbow's arch, up through the concave of the skies to life eternal.

"We tarried until the chariots of the sun rolled down the western sky. The full moon in her diamond car rose, and threw her pale light over the foaming waters of Niagara. The whole tribe then assembled on the high rocks below the Falls, and the Indians declared by the Eternal that they could see troops of fairies waltzing around their departed queen on the glassy waters of the Falls, clothed in all the splendors of the rainbow, chanting the glories of their queen. And here upon the rocky altar they built their night-fires to light the spirit of their queen and her guardian angels to the Elysian Fields of Paradise on the shores of life eternal. And here we join the American poets in their majestic song of time:

'Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty! God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud  
Mantles around thy feet, And He doth give  
The voice of thunder power to speak of Him  
Eternally, bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence, and upon the rocky altar pour  
Incense of awe-stricken praise.'

"The next morning we started for our home near the shores of Oneida Lake, which we reached without being molested in our journey. We traced the flowery banks of babbling brooks, walked beneath the grand arches of beautiful forests made melodious by the songsters of the grove, but I could not forget the terrible scenes I had witnessed at Niagara."

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## CHAPTER IX.

The day was set for Esock Mayall and the chief's adopted daughter to be joined in Hymen's silken bands, according to the custom of the tribe, commanded by their war-chief. A young Indian maiden was sent for, and arrived one day in advance, to arrange the bride's dress and ornaments in true Indian style, and dress her hat with flowing plumes so much admired by the native hunters of the forest. The bride's hair was trimmed to flow gracefully upon her shoulder, and ornamented with brilliants that sparkled like diamonds among her flowing hair. Her dress was covered with wampum, and her moccasins ornamented with bead-work stars that reflected their dazzling light. Her arms were encircled above the elbows and around her wrists with silver bands, and jewels of gold hung from her ears and nose.

Esock Mayall was dressed with blue pants, a light hunting-frock of the same color, and embroidered moccasins. The day had arrived, the morning had dawned with a clear sky, and heaven's concave shone in unclouded blue. The October sun rose and threw a golden blush over hill and vale, and bathed the groves in light, reflecting all the varied hues of the falling leaves as they fluttered from the tall forest trees to form a carpet for the children of the forest, who now began to arrive, dressed and plumed for the wedding-dance, with their bouquet of flowers in their hands, dressed similar to the bride, but with less expense. The young Indian warriors were dressed with tight leggings or pants, and smoke-tanned hunting-frocks. The hour having arrived for the ceremony, the young Indians formed in a ring on the green, in front of the chief's tent, each with his partner to his left, with an open space toward the tent, whilst the spectators or older Indians formed an outer circle at a respectful distance.

Esock Mayall, son of the adopted white chief, now advanced from the chief's tent, with his bride leaning on his left arm, arrayed in all the glory of Indian simplicity, followed by the Indian chief and the adopted chief, Wolf-hunter, young Mayall's father. As the young couple advanced to the centre of the ring the two chiefs closed up the space. The marriage ceremony was brief and simple, and amounted to little more than the mutual promise made by the bride and groom to live together in love and harmony.

The two chiefs now retired from the space they occupied, the ring closed up, each Indian maiden throwing her bouquet on the ground, forming a circle around the young couple. A signal was given, the music sounded they then chased each other around the circle with measured tread, all keeping time with the music for a few moments, when the music stopped and each couple faced inward and picked up their bouquets, when the music again started its hollow, rattling sound. Then the bride and groom joined the circle, and the ring danced round and round for the space of an hour or more, stopping at intervals and facing inward, until the music ceased and the ring was seated on the ground and partook of a supper of wild fowls, venison and corn-bread, after which they all shook hands with the newly married pair, wishing them peace and prosperity in their forest home to which they were about to remove. The guests then returned to their homes, and no time was lost in preparing for their journey to their new home.

The following morning all things were in readiness. Their team was hitched up and the wagon was loaded with a few cooking utensils. Esock Mayall's mother, three children, himself and young bride, started early for their home in the wilderness, whilst the Indian chief who was to accompany them to their new home and enjoy the Indian summer in the forest, and spend the hunting season with them, traveled on foot with the elder Mayall, and piloted out the best route



for the wagon, removing such obstructions as they found in the path. Mayall said he would take the axe and the Indian chief the gun, and one would clear the path of logs and the other of game.

In this manner they proceeded for three days, arriving near sunset on the bank of the East Canada Creek, at a place now called Russia, opposite the cottage built by Mayall when he passed up the creek on his summer excursion. Not finding a suitable place to cross with their team, the creek being somewhat swollen by rains on the head-waters of that stream, they concluded to cut some grass on a small island and leave their team on a little elevated spot near the river, with the elder Mrs. Mayall and the children to sleep in the wagon and the rest would take off their clothes and ford the stream, carrying with them some blankets.

The young bride, like the Naiad of the stream, stripped off her beautiful robes, and advancing to a deep, still place, tied them up in a handkerchief, fastened them on the top of her head, rushed into the stream, swimming with her head out of the water to her breast, and was soon on the opposite shore, and dressed before the rest were half ready to cross. Whilst the rest were packing up their blankets and skins in a suitable manner to cross over, the young nymph of the forest came running back and called on the party to bring over their knives, tomahawks and guns. She said that a company of bears lived in that cottage, and had only gone out to hunt and would soon return; she requested them to take her rifle, load it and leave it with her new mother to defend herself, and bring over the remaining four guns. These tidings put the camp in a fluster. Young Mayall proceeded to pattern after his wife, stripped, and commenced carrying blankets, guns, ammunition, tomahawks and knives. In a short time all that was needed was over, each one armed, and proceeded to the cottage.

Wolf-hunter carefully examined the room and said there was one she-bear of tremendous size and two large cubs that had taken up their quarters in that cottage, and every one must examine his gun and see that it was well primed and sure fire, for they were liable to be attacked any moment. The Indian chief, Wolf-hunter and Esock Mayall each examined their guns, put on their belts with a large tomahawk and hunting-knife by their side, and Wolf-hunter stationed himself about twenty rods up in the direction the bears had gone, behind a large tree; the Indian chief about ten rods nearer the tent, and Esock Mayall about the same distance from the tent, but nearer the creek, whilst young Mayall's wife was clearing out of the cottage the leaves that the bears had carried in. There had risen a dark cloud where the sun went down, and muffled sound of distant thunder could be heard, whilst night was dropping her sable curtain around the horizon. But no hunter on his nightly post was heard to stir.

Wolf-hunter was now in his glory, nerving his muscular frame for battle. All of a sudden this mammoth bear and her two cubs were heard by Wolf-hunter advancing rapidly for the cottage. The moments seemed to fly more rapidly. The instant the bear appeared in sight Wolf-hunter raised his gun. The bear, as quick as thought, raised on her hind legs and struck at his gun, which, firing at the same instant that the bear's paw struck it, had a tendency to lower the gun and carry away a part of the bear's under-jaw. Wolf-hunter's gun became useless from the nearness of the bear and quickness of her motion. He seized his tomahawk, but the strength and power of the bear was such that it seemed of no avail.

Becoming heated with the strife, the God of Battle nerved his arm to grapple with the monster of the woods in deadly strife. He dropped his tomahawk and drew his long knife, keenly sharpened for such game. As the hunter raised his left hand, and darted his knife with tremendous force for the bear, it struck the loose skin on his neck, rolled the blow one side, and passed the bear's neck, whilst the hot breath of the monster came full in his face. It now became hurrying times. He raised his knife once more, and made a thrust with all his power, and ripped the bear open from his flank to his brisket, and sprang back with all his power, and fell on the ground about ten feet from the bear. Whilst lying there he heard the heavy report of two guns, which he took to be those of the Indian chief and Esock Mayall, as the cubs passed them for the cottage.

The Indian chief had slightly wounded the young bear that passed him, and, quickly loading his rifle, started to assist Wolf-hunter, where there had been the constant growling and snarling of the old she-bear after the first report of Wolf-hunter's rifle. The Indian chief soon arrived on the spot, and found the bear sitting up on her hind legs, with her life-blood ebbing away, and put an end to her misery by shooting a ball through her head, and then asked Wolf-hunter why he lay there in that condition, with that long bloody knife in his hand? Wolf-hunter replied that he had but one hand he could use, and he laid still, knowing that the bear would not touch him as long as he appeared to be dead, and he further knew that the monster's life-blood was fast ebbing away, and that she would soon be too weak to move. The Indian chief had all this time been loading his gun as fast as possible, and had just driven down the ball, when screams were heard from the cottage, coming from the young bride.

These brought Wolf-hunter to his feet, and, not feeling the pain of his wounded hand, he went through the forest for the cottage with the speed of the panther, with the long bloody weapon in his right hand, closely pursued by the Indian chief. Esock Mayall came with all possible speed from the creek, where he had killed the young bear that passed him, to rescue his young wife, the three arriving at the same time.

When within about twenty feet of the cottage they saw the flash and heard the loud report of a gun, and all was hushed to silence. And there stood Esock Mayall's young wife, who had fired the last gun and killed the last bear, proud of her success. The young bear which passed the Indian chief and received his fire was only slightly wounded, and fled to the cottage for safety, and plunged into the door, and finding the young bride in possession, cleaning out the leaves,

attacked her with great fury. Not being able to get her rifle, she defended herself with a club that had been cut for a fire poker. At length giving the bear a lucky blow, she seized her rifle and leaped out the cottage door, and only had time to bring it to her face before the young bear leaped out after her. Her rifle was quickly brought to bear upon him. A flash and a report, and the young bear lay dead at her feet, with three brave men coming to her assistance, but too late to be of use. The battle of the bears, so well begun with Wolf-hunter, had ended by a maiden's hand. Three prowling monsters of the wood lay cold in death amid their native wilds, and the party, proud of their success, concluded to dress the young bear killed at the cottage and have a feast of roasted meat. A large fire was built before the cottage, that illuminated the forest for some distance around, which made a wild and beautiful appearance, with the high leafy arches over their head, and the yellow and crimson leaves of autumn carpeting the forest as far as the eye could penetrate the surrounding darkness.

The young bear was hastily dressed, and a part of it roasted, from which they made a sumptuous feast with corn bread. After the feast was over, the Indian chief, Esock Mayall, and his wife, remained at the cottage, whilst Wolf-hunter took a part of the roasted meat and corn bread and recrossed the stream, to feed his wife and children, and guard them from danger through the darkness of the night.

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## CHAPTER X.

The three that remained at the cottage retired to rest. As the blaze of the fire in front of the cottage died away, young Mayall discovered that the Indian chief became restless and uneasy, and would suddenly awake from sleep and grasp his rifle and then peer out into the dark surrounding forest, as if some monster of the wood was about to make a deadly leap towards him. After straining his eyes for naught he would again resume his rustic bed.

As soon as sleep began to steal over his troubled brain he would spring from his bed and grasp his weapons of war. The night gradually wore away, and the great luminary of the world began to light up the East. Esock Mayall and the Indian chief rose from their restless beds and finished dressing their bears, and got the wagon and goods, with his father, mother and the three children that wore on the opposite side of the creek, over to the cottage, whilst the young bride was preparing their breakfast.

Breakfast being over, the Indian chief said he must be up and away before the sun licked up the morning dew. He had lodged in that cottage the first and last night; that thrice in his sleep he had dreamed of death and a dishonored tomb, when no phantom of the night was near, not even the sound of waters or the whisper of the breeze was heard among the lonely trees; and yet the dream was thrice repeated. Esock Mayall told him he must wait a short time, and his wife would prepare him some provisions, and he would let him have a horse to ride as far as the Mohawk River, and that would carry him beyond danger. The chief consented to wait a short time for the horse and provisions, but said there was danger in delay.

Whilst the young bride was preparing her father's provision, Wolf-hunter cast his keen eye up the creek in the direction of the bear fight, and saw three strange Indian hunters approaching with their silver-mounted rifles, armed with tomahawks and hunting-knives. They came rapidly forward until they reached the place where they killed the mammoth bear, then halted, viewed the meat that hung on the branches of some trees, and then came directly towards the cottage. The Indian chief began to retreat, when Wolf-hunter cried out:

"No danger. Face the music."

This Esock Mayall understood to mean, "Never fear, but be ready," and sat his gun down by his side, and Wolf-hunter did the same. The three Indians came near the fire, when Wolf-hunter addressed them in the Oneida tongue:

"Good-morning, brothers."

They replied: "Good-morning, brother. We have followed the trail of three bears, and we find you have killed them, and we want some of the meat."

Wolf-hunter told them to be seated near the fire and they would bring them some; the three Indians sat down their rifles and came near the fire. As the young bride came out of the cottage with a large piece of bear's meat in a long handled pan, and placed it over the fire, the three Indians stared at her in amazement, and then turned and looked at each other. One of the Indians said: "She looks just as her mother did before she was murdered. She is a Wan-nut-ha."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> A beauty.

They paused a while, and one of the Indians called her Dora, to which she made no reply. He then called her Dora in a louder tone. To which the maiden replied:

"My name is Blanche."

"Well," said the Indian, "your name was Dora. Twelve years have passed away since I saw your sunny face, and looked upon your silky flaxen hair; you have changed to a graceful young lady

squaw, and when I now look upon you—

"Your sparkling eyes and glossy flaxen hair  
Seem the same your mother used to wear  
When the lake lay calm with silver breast  
Beneath pale Luna's beams at rest.  
And when the lurid morn arose,  
And flashed her light on land and sea,  
The silvery foam beat on the lonely shore  
Where Dora and her mother used to roam.  
Death had hushed the voice of her fond mother,  
The Indian's war-axe parted her fair locks,  
The bloody tide ran down her snowy neck,  
Her ivory bosom dyed with crimson gore,  
Then fled with Dora to the forest wild.  
There a captive in the chieftain's tent,  
Whilst twelve successive years went by;  
But now a hunter's young and lovely bride,  
And cooks the savory venison, night and morn,  
Upon the streamlet's flow'ry banks,  
Where the woodland choir with melody of song  
Chant the praise of God that watch'd o'er all,  
And saw the sparrow in his lonely fall.  
When spring, with balmy air, bids vegetation rise,  
And all the flowers put on their bloom;  
The emerald reeds, along the sandy bay  
Washed by the blue waves, beat upon the shore,  
Then Dora, with her loving mate,  
Will walk in summer's golden days,  
By Cynthia's evening silver light,  
And call to mind those infant days  
When her fond mother led her by the hand,  
And her little feet made impress on the sand;  
And plant a flower beside the monumental stone  
In yonder church-yard, o'er her mother's tomb,  
Then ramble o'er the green and flow'ry lawn,  
Leaning fondly on her lover's buoyant arm,  
The valiant, happy man, who Fate ordained  
To write his name, in love, upon her heart  
And fondly claim her for his own."

Dora was delighted with her new name, believing it to be the name given her by her parents, whom she had so often seen in her dreams, whilst sleeping in the Indian's tent. And then it seemed so familiar to her—it seemed like the voice of her mother floating in music-tones upon the morning air. And the Indians seemed to her sent by the Great Spirit to inform her of the place of her birth, of the Eden of her childhood, and the path that would conduct her to her once-loved home, which now came up in grand review before her youthful mind, as the Indians related the sad story of the death of her mother, the capture of her lovely child, and the curling flames that consumed their earthly home.

The picture set forth by the Indians was forcibly impressed upon the mind of Dora, and she persuaded her husband to accompany her on foot through a dense forest, for more than a hundred miles, following a blind Indian war-path which she had been trained to follow through other forests by her tutors, in other days. This war-path led them to the lake shore, where they obtained a boat, with a skillful oarsman, to land them on the shore of that lovely bay which Dora had so often seen in her dreams, whilst sleeping in the Indian chief's wigwam. When they arrived at the birthplace and youthful home of Dora, she could only find the place by the remains of part of the burnt and cracked walls of the foundation, and a few trees that had escaped the fury of the flames.

Here Dora called to mind the scene that occurred when the Indian's war-axe parted the fair forehead of her mother. She seemed to see the crimson tide run down her neck, her ivory bosom stained, as her parental life-blood ebbed away. She wept long and loud for her fond mother. She lingered round the fatal spot until the sinking sun began to cast her last rays in lengthened shade over the waters of the lake below. She then hurried to the nearest house with her husband, where her neighbor recognized her and called her Dora. Like the Indian, he said he knew her by the hair her mother used to wear, and her being the exact likeness of her mother.

Here she first learned of the death of her father, who, feeling the heavy loss of his wife and the unknown fate of his darling child, grieved so immoderately over their loss that Disease laid her fatal hands upon him, and in one short year they laid him down gently to sleep by her mother, until Gabriel's trump shall awake them again at the resurrection morn. Here they tarried for the night—but the night appeared long and sleepless to Dora—and in the early morn was accompanied by their friend and neighbor to the church-yard where lay the remains of her father and mother, unmarked, except by a rude stone, to guide them to the place where their kind neighbors had gently laid them down to rest from the turmoil of life's uneven ways. The summer

months were spent among strangers and the scenes of her early childhood, and visiting the burial-place of her parents weekly, to water the moss-rose and the eglantine she had planted on their graves, and scatter the most beautiful flowers that bloomed in that region upon their graves at the hour of falling dews, to wanton and perfume the surrounding air.

As summer wore away Dora and her husband became tired of fashionable life, and longed to return to the shades of forest life, for which they had a fondness—to feast again on the rich and savory dishes of venison, wild fowls and fish, and rest in tranquillity at their own cottage home, surrounded by shady bowers. Dora had paid the last debt of gratitude to her deceased parents at the earliest opportunity, and then started with her husband by the same route they came for their forest home, again to retrace their steps, guided by a blind Indian war-path, long since abandoned by the Indians.

After a weary march of several days they arrived at their forest home, and were warmly greeted by the elder Mayall and his learned and accomplished wife, who received them more warmly on account of some good books Esock Mayall had purchased for his mother, to repay her for his early education, which she had superintended in her own cottage, when her husband was absent on the chase. When they arrived at their forest home, Autumn, with all her charms, with yellow and crimson loaf and falling fruit, charmed the young hunter and his faithful and devoted wife, as they looked with pride upon their forest home, surrounded with all the charms which Nature has so wisely lavished upon the untarnished works of his adorable hand. They came to the conclusion that Contentment and Modesty were two beautiful flowers that flourished only in secret and retired places, where the God of Nature reigned.

"Dora again, in her wild forest home,  
Where, in wavy masses fondly flowing  
Droops the graceful mountain vine,  
And the yellow sunbeams, glowing  
Cross the shadows line on line;  
Where the zephyrs, softly sighing,  
Woo the gently pearling rills;  
Where the feathered songsters, vieing,  
Each a different measure trills;  
Where the echoes, now replying,  
Die amid the distant hills;  
Where the skies are ever changing;  
Where the slanting moonbeams quiver  
On the noisy mountain streams:  
Where the placid flowing river  
Like a thread of silver gleams.  
Oh, my heart is ever yearning  
For the sweet, remembered ones,  
Where magic roses blossom  
In the evening golden light,  
And tender, enchanting songs  
Float on the balmy breeze at night."

THE END.

**[Transcriber's Note: The original edition of this book did not contain a Table of Contents. A Table of Contents has been created for this electronic edition.]**

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE FOREST KING \*\*\*

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