

THE
RECLUSE OF THE CONEWAGA;

OR,

THE LITTLE VALLEY OF THE BLUE SPRING.

A Legend of Adams County.

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BY W. T. B.,  
A JUNIOR OF DICKINSON.  
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“ War and love have various cares;
War sheds blood, and love sheds tears,
War has swords, and love has darts,
War breaks heads, and love breaks hearts.”



CARLISLE:
E. CORNMAN, PRINTER.

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1853.

TO THE BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY,
OF DICKINSON COLLEGE,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE.

This little volume, it is evident, was not written for the perusal of our venerable *Seniors*.—By no means!—Whoever heard of a *Junior* presuming to offer the production of his unfledged mind for the enlightenment of a *Senior*?—"Ea vero dementia sit." Lest, however, some one of this honorable body should chance upon it, it might be well enough to state, that the Author endeavored to gratify the imagination more than the understanding, in its composition and style.

In depicting the several transactions, enacted at "Rogue's Harbor" and "Bloody Run," as well as the street-fight at Germantown, the excitement of mind attendant upon it, denied strict adherence to rhetorical rules; and, consequently, many defects are observable. Had we, however, in view of this fact, consulted our own inclination, this little volume would not have been introduced to public notice; but, yielding to the desire of our classmates and fellow-students, with much compunction and regret, we publish it, well-knowing that its imperfections will remain unnoticed by the wise and intelligent, and heeding little—if at all—the objections of others.

THE AUTHOR.

THE RECLUSE OF THE CONEWAGA;
OR,
THE LITTLE VALLEY OF THE BLUE SPRING.

CHAPTER I.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.

PURNELL.

INTRODUCTORY.

The college year had terminated. The anniversary exhibitions together with the customary exercises attendant upon Commencement had all passed. I stood alone in the much admired, much frequented campus, fronting Dickinson College. It was the tenth day of July. The sun had just begun to peep over the mountains, and send his bright beams over the valley, dispelling the darkness of night and liquifying the sheeted mists into sparkling dew-drops. The thick grove of locust, situate on the western division of the campus, poured forth upon the gales its delicious perfume, which, intermingling with the luscious odor of the full-blown clover and the fragrance of the mignonette, lulled my senses into a dreamy forgetfulness, in which I might have remained—perhaps forever!—had not the warbling robin and blue-bird, together with the heat of the sun's rays, which was becoming intense, made me sensible of my existence.

I shouldered my rifle, which had been leaning against a veteran oak, and whistled for my dog, who like myself, had been overcome by the genial influences of the morning, and had stretched himself upon the downy sward.

After having furnished myself with the ammunition requisite for a hunt, I sallied out of the campus enclosure, and bent my steps toward the "Conewaga," where I arrived early the next morning, greatly fatigued with the journey.

I will now explain to the reader the primary object of this hunt, which he has doubtless considered to be scarcely equal to the pleasure, that awaits the wearied student at home.

Some eight years ago, when the down of virility had not yet appeared on my chin, I was permitted, through the intercession of very dear friends, to attend my uncle, in a notorious fishing frolic, which had been for some time projected at the "Conewaga" creek.

It is needless to fatigue the reader with a detail of the incidents and issue of this frolic, further than to recount an adventure, which happened to myself, and which terminated in the disclosure of the following legend.

While standing on the shore, and gazing into the magnificent stream, at a considerable distance from the party, the moist earth beneath my feet, suddenly gave way and precipitated me into the creek. I was so terrified by the thought of instant death, that I swooned before I sunk beneath its surface.

After a long and death-like trance, I revived; and, on opening my eyes, I found myself lying on a mat of husks, in a small and dismal-looking tenement, from the appearance of which, I supposed it to be unoccupied. I was soon undeceived however, by the entrance of its inmate, who, by the smiles upon his furrowed cheeks,—engendered, doubtless, by the obvious recuperation of my faculties,—and, by his tender, consoling words, soon succeeded in relieving me of all my fearful anticipations.

My uncle, in the meantime, having been informed of my disappearance, instituted a search, and soon found his way to my humble couch; when my preserver informed him of my misfortune, and the manner in which he rescued me. I visited this old hermit frequently; and entertained such a filial affection for him, that the dreamy days of Winter—when I was denied the privilege of meeting him—seemed almost like so many centuries.

The last time I called upon him, I found him occupying his favorite seat, erected between two gnarled, umbrageous oaks, that rise high into the air, from the shore of the Conewaga. It was early in the morning—a fine summer morning under the oaks,—the oaks that had long been the tacit companions of my dear old friend. The sun was just rising above the semi-pellucid waters of the creek, and lit up the beauteous valley—the valley of the “Blue Spring”—like an emerald. The noisy blue-bird and the robin—as noisy as any at sunrise—were chirping among the branches over our heads, and all went merry as a marriage belle!

My tears flowed copiously, as I beheld the emotion and obvious anguish of heart, evinced by the old man, when I informed him of my determination to go to college, and, consequently, of the termination of our frequent and affectionate interviews. After the first ebullitions of impassioned grief had subsided, he remarked that the thread of his existence had well nigh run out; that soon his seat under the oaks—the dear old oaks, whence oftentimes he had ejaculated his Ave Maria and Pater Noster, would sink into decay and be forgotten; that the wild flowers would bud,—open the velvety petals, and die, over his head, but no inscribed tablet would indicate to the traveler the spot where he lay!

I beseeched him to give himself no uneasiness on that score, as I considered myself obligated, by the bonds of friendship and love, to attend to that last and most sacred duty.

He appeared greatly relieved; and, when the setting sun and the thickening shades of night, admonished me to depart, he took me by the hand, conducted me into his lodge, and, having removed a slide, on the back part of his cross,—supported by a huge post sunk deep in the ground,—he drew forth a small, cylin-

drical tin box, which he placed in my hands, enjoining me, at the same time, *never to unseal it until I was assured of his death!*

Having vowed implicit obedience to his request, I prepared to return home. I will not prolong this introductory chapter, by depicting the scene of our last parting. It can be better imagined than described!

The reader may now be better able to appreciate the object of my hunt—the hunt of my old friend. The mist hung thick over the majestic creek as I wandered toward his hut. The “Chapel” bell was tolling its solemn peals; and far down the road I beheld a solemn spectacle,—a pageant of death! Borne on the shoulders of four stout friars, came the bier, and on the bier was the polished coffin, containing all that was mortal of—my holy, affectionate friend!

I mingled in the crowd and praised my Maker for having brought me thus opportunely to witness the burial and funeral rites of my friend, and pour forth upon his newly-covered grave the heartfelt tribute of long-cherished friendship and intimacy,—the tears of sorrow and affliction.

After the services were concluded, I sauntered carelessly along in the direction of my late friend's secluded abode; and, what was my astonishment, on approaching the dilapidated tenement, to behold this inscription on its portal: “*Let no one enter this structure, after my decease, but my ONLY friend!*”

I will not tire the reader with an account of the feelings, which possessed me, or the heart-rending affliction, which the above inscription engendered; suffice to say that a major part of the day had gone by, before I could summon sufficient courage to cross the threshold! As soon, however, as I entered, I perceived a billet, lying upon one of the arms of the cross. I took it up, and lo!—my initials were inscribed upon it! I opened and read it; and all, dear reader, of its contents, which you may know, is, that he gave me permission to present to the public, the legend of the *Recluse of the “Conewaga.”*

CHAPTER II.

“’Tis uproar all; like tipsy bacchanal
The crowd to arms precipitately spring;
And now are heard fierce cries, seditious calls,
Shields clash, hoarse trumpets stern defiance fling.”

The consternation and enthusiasm, which pervaded the country and agitated every patriotic breast, after the battle of Brandywine, burst forth in the little valley of the “Blue Spring,” in the most vivid coruscations of patriotic fervor. For several days after the reception of the tidings, the bell of the “Conewaga Chapel,” was tolling its solemn peals and assembling the patriotic denizens of the valley to hear of—the slaughter of their countrymen!

The holy Father Coleman was unceasingly engaged in exhorting his little flock, from the pulpit, to join in the cause of freedom, and was fervently imploring the Almighty to strengthen their arms in the day of battle, and fill their souls with patriotism and valor, to repel the invaders of their country, the murderers of their kindred!

The shouts of the excited multitude, as they were wafted through the valley, upon the tepid gales, were echoed by the hills, and floated over the bosom of the waters, arousing the torpid and striking the old and feeble with deathly terror!

Imbosomed in a grove on the shore of the Conewaga, stood a crumbling tenement, whose external appearance and internal arrangement obviously marked the want of "woman's untiring hand," while the air of seclusion, that reigned about the place, bespoke for its inmate the bitter, corroding silence, which his heart so much coveted, and his stern nature strove to preserve.

As soon, however, as the enthusiastic shout echoed in his little fabric, the fiery temperament of the Recluse, caught up the strain, and rushing out, in the direction of the Chapel, "God and Liberty," "Washington and the Continental Congress," burst from his lips and started the multitude, who, in their turn, as soon as they recognized him, made the welkin ring with the repeated shouts of "the Recluse, the Recluse!"

A small band of some ten or twelve horsemen, with the Recluse at their head, was speedily organized; and as they presented themselves to the assembled concourse, on that fine sunny morning, with the banner of the cross floating over their heads, the little valley of the "Blue Spring," again resounded with the enthusiastic exclamations of its patriots.

After receiving the blessing of Father Coleman, the troopers sallied forth, and wended their way along the shady bank of the Conewaga, with hearts eager to join their countrymen in the struggle for freedom. As they rushed through the village of "Rogue's Harbor," the affrighted citizens poured forth to meet them, exhibiting on every side, their amazement and trepidation. On, like a torrent, they swept through the narrow streets, with their streaming banner playing in the breeze, while the shouts of "God and Liberty," "Washington and the Continental Congress," rising on the gale, thrilled their souls and sank them still deeper in the whirlpool of enthusiasm and excitement!

A strange and stirring sight met their eyes as they journeyed over the field, which a few days before had been moistened by the warm blood of their countrymen,—the battle field of Brandywine! "The sun sat high in his meridian tower," lighting up the plain, and discovering to their vision, the pools of blood, that had flowed like water from the veins of their kindred!

"Enough!" cried the Recluse, "forward valiant sons of the Conewaga," and sinking their spurs in the flanks of their chargers, they dashed furiously over the field, disdaining longer to behold the scene of blood, and eager to avenge their countrymen in the conflict, which they were assured would be commenced on the morrow.

The virgin goddess, Aurora, had just opened the portals of the sun, with her "rosy fingers," and, old Sol, driving into the purple horizon, shed his golden

flashes over the sky, and was driving the dusky shades of night before him, when the shrill notes of the trumpet and the thundering roar of cannon, wafted on that misty morning's air, broke upon the ears of the Recluse and his band!

While halting for a moment to consult as to the course they should pursue, in order to join the main army, suddenly a troop of horse, was descried in the distance, sweeping towards them and evincing by their uniform of green, and by their muscular proportions, that they were the sons of freedom, coming to greet their brethren in arms.

They were received by the Recluse and his followers, with a shout of joy and exultation; and, as soon as they had halted on the plain, the gallant sons of the "Blue Spring," with the banner of the cross, waving over their heads, planted themselves in their rear, and the whole cavalcade swept back to the scene of action with the invincible "Mad Anthony" at their head!

The battle was raging with all the fury of the storm; the cannon were belching forth their thunder and their iron; the dusky troopers were dashing on in their hurricane charge, trampling the corpses of British hirelings, and hurling death and destruction into their ranks!

As the roar of the artillery gently raised the veil of mist from the field, the British ranks were seen to waver, and several divisions, which had been terribly thinned, by the incessant charges of the continentals, were withdrawing into Germantown, when the quick eye of the Recluse, observing the diversion, kindled up like a flame, and calling to his comrades to follow, away, like the winds they rushed in pursuit, with the gallant Rangers of Wayne by their side.

Their wild shout as they rode over the plain, soon attracted the attention of the pursued, who, reinforced by a detachment sent for that purpose, faced about and prepared to receive them.

"On! noble sons of the Conewaga," shouted the Recluse, "vengeance for the blood of Brandywine!"

"Charge!" rang the voice of Wayne along the line of his valiant Rangers, "on them—and remember Paoli!"

Half-mad with excitement, their steeds appearing to breathe fire, from their dilated nostrils, leaped frantically over the ramparts of steel, while their riders, utterly reckless of life, hewed down the opposing columns with their scimitars, till the street became red with their blood!

"Blood for blood," cried the Recluse, as his ponderous scimitar cleft the skull of the Hessian, "on them, boys—vengeance for the blood of Brandywine!"—and his majestic form towering in the air, his countenance flushed with excitement, and his flowing ringlets of hair waving in the breeze with each bound of his charger, he dashed over the masses of the slaughtered, with the banner of the cross fluttering in the tumult, striking consternation into the hearts of the hirelings and appearing like a spirit risen from the bloody field of Brandywine!

The British ranks were speedily broken and put to flight; and as the ardor of the Recluse began to yield to his exhausted strength, for the first time, since the engagement commenced, he took a calm survey of the scene spread out before him, and gazed around for his followers, of whom but two survived the onslaught!

One of these being unhorsed and slightly wounded, and a troop of British horsemen, issuing from one of the cross streets, being seen to bear down towards them, the Recluse, seizing him by the girdle, in which his vacant scabbard was still hanging, raised him to the front of his saddle, where he bade him cling firmly; then furiously plunging the rowels of his spurs into the withers of his foaming steed, with his remaining companion by his side, he rushed upon his nearest opponent and his powerful scimitar falling upon his head cleft him to the groin!

"God and Liberty," he shouted, dashing on toward the next Hessian, who, rapidly advancing, with his gleaming sword extended in the air, would have leapt off his head in an instant, had not his gallant comrade, observing the well-directed blow, parried it off; and with one sweep of his scimitar, sent the upper part of his huge trunk heavily to the ground, while the lower part, adhering firmly to the saddle, as the steed wheeled about and galloped up the street, presented to the awe-struck Hessians a spectacle, which obviously diminished their speed, and elicited a simultaneous exclamation of horror, and fear!

"Now for the retreat!" cried the Recluse, and followed by his companion, they galloped down the wide street and soon left the astounded troopers far in their rear!

The Rangers under Wayne had left the ground, as soon as they discovered the discomfiture of the enemy, and were making good their retreat in the direction of the main army, when the Hessian cavalry, coming to the rescue of their infantry, apart, rushed in pursuit of them, while the remainder, as we have seen, thundered down upon the Recluse.

The former having failed to overtake "Mad Anthony," were returning to join their comrades, when the Recluse and his companion came into view; and, having disposed themselves properly in order to intercept them, they moved slowly forward.

On came the Recluse in his wild career, like an earth-shaking thunderbolt, his ponderous scimitar extended in the air, reflecting the golden rays of the sun, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils dilated, and his countenance flushed with excitement, looking like the bloody god of war himself!

As he drew nigh to the phalanx of cavalry drawn up to oppose him, "God and Liberty," burst from his lips, and waving the now bloody banner of the cross over his head, and determined not to perish unrevenged, he shouted to his companion to follow in his rear, and sinking his spurs into his reeking charger, he rushed upon his adversaries, striking right and left with his keen-edged scimitar, which, as it cut the air from side to side, poured a stream of blood over the Recluse, that almost blinded him.

He had well nigh cut a path through their ranks, when the cry of "Quarter!" rang in his ears, and wheeling about, he beheld his companion unhorsed, and a fiendish Hessian about to sink his sword in his skull; when, pouring all his strength into his arm, with one sweep of his scimitar he clove him to the saddle; and then hurling his weapon into the air, he fell exhausted upon the neck of his charger!

CHAPTER III.

"In thee alone, my brightest, fairest, best!
My wandering heart seeks refuge like the dove;
Bearing the olive branch of peace and love,
To find sweet shelter in its ark of rest;
My flight has been wide o'er the angry wave,
Nor bower nor tree nor mantling vine was there;
But, like rich pearls deep in some ocean cave,
Where hidden all things beautiful and fair."

Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns to her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

MOORE.

The young man whom the Recluse had raised to the front of his saddle, as we have narrated in the previous chapter, disengaged himself from his position and cast himself to the ground, as soon as he perceived the bristling array of the troops, drawn up to intercept them; and dragging himself, serpent-like, into a gully by the way side, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the enemy, whose every eye was intensely riveted upon the mad-like countenance of the Recluse, as he came toward them.

The latter and his companion, however, were forthwith despatched, under a strong guard to Germantown. While passing through the streets, with his huge frame enveloped in the blood-stained banner, many a tear trembled upon the terror-stricken countenances of the patriots, and even the fiendish gratulation of the loyalist was subdued into admiration and awe.

As the conflict had, for the most part, taken place, in the town it was beheld by the peaceful citizens with the most intense anxiety; and, although presenting a spectacle at once shocking and horrible, it had beguiled many a young damsel to peep through the curtain of the window, and enunciate the most heart-piercing exclamations of compassion and anguish, as she beheld the noble sons of the Conewaga, fall under the stroke of the ruthless hireling.

When they approached the gothic mansion occupied by Major-General Gray and his family, the eyes of the Recluse again began to dance in their sockets and assume their accustomed brilliancy and animation. Nothing daunted by the savage aspect of his guard, who, by their significant looks of revenge and mortal hatred, but too plainly evinced the treatment he would meet with at their hands, the Recluse, raising his majestic form in his saddle, unwound the banner from his person, and, waiving it in the air, in defiance of the threatening gesticulations of his guard, and at the same time, shouting, in tones of thunder, "God and Liberty," "Washington and the Continental Congress," he bounded from his charger and followed his highly enraged custodians into the mansion.

His voice was still pulsating on the gale, when a shriek, issuing from one of the apartments of the upper story, rang through the air, and filled the assembled

through with wonder and alarm. As soon as this prophetic scream burst upon the ears of the Recluse, his whole frame trembled with emotion, and sinking down upon the floor of brick, his every muscle seemed paralyzed, while his countenance, bedewed with the tears of joy and long-concealed grief, wore a heavenly appearance and discovered the insuperable felicity of his soul.

It was approaching the hour of midnight when he awoke from his halcyon dream of joyfulness, and passing through the thick darkness that encompassed him, striving to catch some glimpse of external light, a gentle breeze emanating from a small aperture in the wall, fanned his cheek and discovered the orifice, for which he was searching. Moving eagerly toward it, he struck his foot against an object, that threw him against the wall with such violence as to deprive him of reason for some minutes.

When he recovered, he found himself lying on the breast of his companion, who had been immured with him, and who, overcome by the arduous struggles of the day, had, unconsciously, sunk into a profound sleep. The latter after narrating what had occurred during his aberration, and describing the position of the cell in which they were incarcerated, soon aroused the Recluse to a consideration of their circumstances, and urged him to meditate upon the means of their escape, in order to preserve that life and strength, of which he had been utterly reckless, but which was now as dear as earthly happiness could render it.

Moving, therefore, toward the aperture, to which he had previously directed his attention, in order to examine the wall, and find, if possible, a frangible point, upon which to commence operations, he distinctly heard the measured tramp of the sentinels, as they paced their wearisome rounds about that wing of the edifice. Placing his ear to the orifice, he quickly perceived the impracticability of making a breach in that quarter, as the sentinels were so numerous as to maintain a continuous tramp, to and fro, immediately in front of the opening; owing doubtless to the dilapidated state of the wall.

Decision of character was one of the most striking qualities in the constitution of the Recluse, and hence, unlike many others, who surrender themselves up to despondency, at the first appearance of insurmountable difficulties, he did not despair; but, laying this out of the question, an acute observer might have readily discovered from his manifest tardiness and obvious indifference and want of ingenuity, that he was not as desirous of effecting his escape as the portentous circumstances of his position would naturally demand.

His companion quickly perceived this; and adverting to the incidents that occurred on their arrival at the mansion, he easily divined the cause, and, therefore seemed rather to encourage his indisposition than to urge him to renewed efforts, partly on account of his fraternal affection for him, and, because of his belief in the Recluse's having a very dear acquaintance at hand, through whose interposition he expected they would be released.

He was not deceived in his expectations: for he had scarcely arrived at this conclusion, when the glimmering rays of a waxen taper shot through the darkness and lit up the whitened walls.

As soon as the flickering light fell upon the dreamy eye-balls of the Recluse,

shaking off that apathy, in which his tranquil meditations had submerged him, he darted toward the avenue, whence it proceeded, and, in a moment, a faint, suppressed scream of unbounded felicity, in which "William," "Ida," alone were intelligible, echoed along the walls, and divulged the fires of the souls, whence it issued.

We shall not attempt to describe the gratitude, which glowed in the hearts of these hitherto unfortunate lovers, to the Almighty, for having thus unexpectedly restored them to happiness and to each other. Their long, fervent, though speechless embrace denoted the most intense inward joy, intermingled with vagrant fears for the future.

* * * * *

The story of Ida Bradley and William Forney, dear reader, is a story of the heart—a story of true, genuine love—of love as immortal as the soul!

Ida was a charming girl of fifteen—a laughter-loving, prattling girl, with a countenance resplendent with smiles and beauty, and a complexion, whose blooming fairness contrasted elegantly with her dark silky tresses, which fluttered in the breeze, so smooth and mellow were the lights and shadows; when William Forney, a young gentleman of respectability and scholastic refinement, was engaged by her father to act in the capacity of a tutor in his family. Could he have but foreseen the calamitous circumstances, in which he was involving himself and family, by this installation, he would have shrunk from its fulfillment, as the bird from the entrancing gaze of the serpent.

The continual associations consequent upon the positions of Ida and her tutor, soon produced an intimacy, the more affectionate and confiding, the longer it was nourished. In the sunny days of summer, when they rambled over the green meadow in the rear of the mansion, and along the purling steamlet, winding through it, breathing the balmy air, laden with the mellifluous fragrance, exhaled by the wild flowers, springing up spontaneously on its banks, their young hearts bounded with delight, and swelled with the enrapturing prospects of the future, which their lively imaginations, inspired by the glowing appearance of everything around them, had painted with the brightest hues of the rainbow, upon the silvery transparency of hope!

Three summers had thus passed by—summers of unalloyed felicity—summers of love! The slender, romping Ida of fifteen had blossomed into the full-formed maiden of eighteen. The smiling countenance of youthful fruition, had yielded to the thoughtful expression of the loving heart.

Her parents, arrogant, self-opinionated and ostentatious of their nobility of descent, had long noticed the intimacy that subsisted between the young folks, but had never a thought, that *their* daughter whom they supposed to be possessed of a disposition, kindred to their own, would condescend to associate with the *dependant*—as they contemptuously termed him—with any other motive than to learn from his communications, the maxims of philosophy and wisdom, with which they were so richly interspersed.

Indeed this latter consideration was the primary cause of their intimacy, as Ida had, in *primis*, sought his society with no other object; little thinking that

it would result in involving her soul in the deepest chasm of love, which could be gratified only after years of intense suffering. Well-knowing the haughty disposition and extravagant scruples of her father, as well as the violent opposition he would make to the chosen of her heart, she would not encourage her beloved to press his suit, until the agonizing suspense of their souls, rendering their existence almost insupportable, urged upon them the necessity of making a proposition, which would determine at once their future happiness or misery.

The appointed day arrived—a glowing May-day; and, early in the morning, Ida and William had repaired to their accustomed seat on the shady bank of the little streamlet in the meadow, where they were busily engaged in concerting measures to be adopted, in the event of her father's disapprobation.

The sun shone brightly over the green verdure, melting the sheeted mist, resting on the brook, and gilding the soft dew-drop with silver and gold. The robin and martin enlivened the air with their songs, and the busy bee was humming among the flowers and extracting their sweets.

The beauties of the morning failed not to dissipate the melancholy, into which their serious meditations had thrown them; and, being encouraged by the pleasurable prospects surrounding them, they interchanged vows of eternal love and constancy and proceeded toward the mansion, with hearts replete with anxiety and cherishing the fond hopes of success. As they approached the house, they beheld the baronet standing alone under the shade of a large oak, evidently absorbed in some wild speculation. Ida observing him, whispered to her companion to accost him immediately, and then bounded behind an angle of the wall to await the issue; not, however, without fearful forebodings as to the result.

The interview was short and decisive. The baronet considering himself and family highly insulted by the request, and enraged at the boldness with which he was addressed, would have instantly struck the offender to the earth, had not the muscular proportions and unwavering firmness of the latter, deterred him. As it was, however, he contented himself with ordering him to quit his presence forever, and threatening to visit him with condign punishment, should he ever deign to cross the threshold of his house!

The storm that raged in the heart of Forney, as he gazed with scorn and contempt upon the baronet, was about to burst over the head of the latter, when, recollecting himself, he rushed toward the road, determined never again to behold the earthly tenement, that retained the jewel of his heart. The darkness that succeeds the vivid flashes of lightning was never more unfathomable, than the black despair of his soul.

He had just reached the gate of the enclosure, and stretched forth his hand to hurl it open, when a shriek close behind him arrested his progress, and, turning around he received the delicate form of Ida in his arms. His anger and despair melted away into the soothing balm of love; and, pressing her fainting form to his heart, while he gazed upon her marble features, Love, Hope, and Despair shot electrically through his majestic frame, now effusing his countenance with playful smiles, now with radiant sparklings of joy, and now with all the blackness and torture of hell!

Ida had witnessed all that transpired between her father and William; and, when the violent ebullitions of wrath of the former burst upon her ear, she left her place of concealment and was fast approaching them when Forney darted off toward the gate. Passing by her father, with the fleetness of the hind, her tiny feet scarcely touching the sod, with despair marked upon every feature of her deathlike countenance, she flew after her beloved, with her arms stretched forth, imploringly, as if some monster of the forest were every moment about to pounce upon and devour her.

Not a sound escaped her lips in her flight until she saw that her lover was about to pass from her forever, when a shriek from the depths of her soul, rent the air, and bounding forward she fell fainting upon his breast.

The baronet beheld this maniacal conduct of his daughter, with abhorrence, and his wrath being enkindled, he rushed toward them, like a demon loosed from the fiery torments of hell!—and seizing his daughter, while he forced her arms from their embrace, he bore her away to the mansion. Forney, almost heart-broken, looked after them until the thick foliage of the shrubbery concealed them from his view, and then he rushed away from the premises, to go—he knew not whither!

The shades of night overtook him in a dense forest, wandering, in sorrowful silence, over the prescriptive dominions of the reptiles of the earth, now reverting to the happy scenes of his childhood, now to the afflicting occurrences of the day. His horrible situation never disturbed the equanimity of his mind; and self-preservation, one of the first laws of our organization, was obviously alive in his bosom.

When the light of day began to appear in the east, his thoughts returned to the determination he had expressed to Ida on the previous morning of embarking for America. He immediately resolved upon that course, and, finding the main road, he soon came to a small town, at no great distance, where, taking a coach, he speedily approached the busy thoroughfares of Liverpool. Having made the necessary preparations for a voyage, he embarked upon a vessel, destined for the New World, and in a short time was safely lauded, in the commercial city of Baltimore.

Desirous of finding a quiet resting place, where he could brood over his misfortunes and worship his Maker, and where, the contending elements of the busy world would not disturb the tranquility of his abode, he quickly forsook the noisy city and journeyed northward, until the placid little valley of the "Blue Spring," with the mighty Conewaga cleaving it in twain, burst upon his view.

Treading along its noiseless bank, he beheld, in the distance the holy Chapel of St. Paul, with its walls of granite and whitened dome reflecting the beams of the noon-day sun, and appearing like a mass of silver emerged from the lucid bosom of the Conewaga. Passing by the temple and entering a little grove close by, he fell upon his knees, and pressing to his lips the little cross of gold, suspended from his neck by a chain of the same material, which Ida had thrown over his head on the fatal morning, he poured out his soul in thanksgiving and

praise to the Almighty, for having thus brought him into his own sacred valley—the valley of the “Blue Spring”—the valley of the Lord.

He soon erected for himself a small cabin, and nursing the wild flowers, that grew luxuriantly about it, and pruning the grove, his habitation soon presented an appearance of cheerfulness and romantic beauty, that never failed to attract the eye of the traveler, and call forth an exclamation of surprise and rapture.

In this little paradise dwelt William Forney, the Recluse of the Conewaga; known and beloved by every denizen of the valley, respected for his intellectual refinement, revered for his unremitting piety, the light of the valley, the patriot of the revolution!

The deep seclusion of three years had reigned over the serenity of his abode, when the startling intelligence of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, came wafted over the placid bosom of the Conewaga, arousing the inhabitants of the valley, and filling their souls with patriotism and wrath. These tidings, doubtless highly exaggerated by the indignant populace, produced a new train of thoughts in the mind of the Recluse, which, affording an agreeable variation to his monotonous meditations, failed to bring about the dereliction of his seclusion. This, as we have previously intimated, did not take place until the thundering of the battle of Brandywine and the account of its issue, swept over the valley, and urged its inhabitants to buckle on their armor and unsheath their swords, in defence of their liberty, for the protection of their homes.

A deep and apparently tranquil sleep followed the successive paroxysms in which the delicate form of Ida writhed for hours after she had been conveyed to the mansion by her father. Her countenance pale as the snowy whiteness of the pillow, on which it reclined, wore an expression of the deepest distress. Her soul, so delicately and exquisitely susceptible—so full of hope and innocence, seemed to have taken its flight from its earthly tabernacle and flown to the ethereal regions of bliss!

With the light of morning, however, came a recuperation of her faculties: the gentle depletion and anodyne of the physician having had their proper effect. Having lain in a quiescent state for some minutes, suddenly a smile of joy played over her sylph-like features, dissipating their deathly paleness and pouring forth the radiant hues of the rose and lily upon her cheeks. This manifestation obviously indicated the truth, that a bright ray of hope had shot athwart her heart and displayed in the mirror of the future a realization of all her expectations.

She was aware of the destination of her beloved, and determined to make all the efforts, that her versatile imagination could suggest, in order to join him in the land of his exile. To aid her in this undertaking, she had a cousin in the city of London, Mrs. Gray—formerly Clara Bradley—who had eloped with her husband, Major-General Gray of the British army, several years previously.

Encouraged by the warm asseverations of success and the untiring intercession of her cousin, Ida never despaired of the successful issue of her enterprise; and when the proper time approached, at which her health would permit, and she could with any plausibility prevail upon her still disaffected parents to grant a

cave of absence from the mansion, she made all haste for London, where she arrived, just in time to embark with her cousin for the New World.

This sudden change in the fortune of Ida, so consonant with her own feelings—so adventitious—so foreign to her most sanguine expectations, revived her drooping heart and made it as happy as the terrific storms of the ocean, and the long, transatlantic voyage would admit. As the sun arises out of the quiet bosom of the ocean, and grows warmer and warmer as he ascends to his meridian, so the germ of hope, deep-rooted in her breast, waxed stronger, and stronger, as she approached the land that nourished the *idol* of her soul.

It is not our intention to fatigue the reader with a detailed account of the voyage, or the fruitless attempts made by our heroine and her cousin, to discover the retreat of her beloved, during the two years previous to their removal to Germantown. We will leave the imagination of the reader to fill this vacancy, with the remark, that the warm heart of Ida was not insensible to the injuries inflicted by her countrymen upon the noble sons of America; and, moreover, that she soon espoused their cause; feeling, doubtless, that the home of the exile was the home of her heart.

When the Recluse—as we shall again call him—and his companion, surrounded by their guard, approached the mansion, as we have narrated in the preceding chapter, the noise and confusion, their sudden arrival occasioned, attracted the attention of Ida, who was sitting alone in her chamber, in a state of deep melancholy, having again despaired of ever beholding the loved object, now about to enter under the same roof with herself!

The mutual recognition of the two lovers and the events that immediately succeeded, the reader has already been acquainted with.

How long the Recluse and his Ida remained in the trance of felicity, in which we left them, we are not with any degree of accuracy informed; it was sufficiently long, however, to fatigue his watchful comrade, who, having gazed upon them for some time, had withdrawn to the outer apartment of the cellar, in order to make some observations with respect to the vigilance of the sentinels, and the practicability of enlarging the before-mentioned aperture, so that if no other means were presented, and they should be favored by the negligence of the guard, they might effect their exit through the opening and secure their escape.

Cautiously advancing to it, he listened intently for the footsteps of the sentinel, but all in his immediate vicinity was as quiet as the grave, save the tumultuous throbblings of his own heart. Then, having braced his nerves, he attempted to displace a large stone, when a musket ball whistled by his ear, and buried itself in the wooden sill of the house.

The report of the musket aroused the Recluse and his beloved from their stupor, and calling to his companion to follow, he said:

“Come, my dear Ida, let us go hence, ‘the night fleeth away and the morning cometh.’”

With her eyes filled with tears, but tears that glistened with joy, she obeyed; and conducting them up a narrow flight of stairs she brought them into

the hall of the mansion, when lifting her eyes toward heaven, she ejaculated:

"Blessed be God for his goodness to us, and for restoring to me my beloved! and now, William, since your life—which may God preserve—depends upon your speed, fly quickly hence! In the rear of the church you will find your steeds! The army, for the most part, is moving into the city. We shall remain here for a short time. Flee, and come soon to my rescue!"

Pressing her for a moment to his breast, "next week, my dear Ida, I will be here," said the Recluse, and beckoning to his companion to follow, he sprang into the street, and made all haste, for the church, situate about three hundred yards westward of the mansion.

The noise of their footfalls, resounding in the stillness of the night, aroused the drowsy sentinels, some of whom, suspecting that their prisoners had escaped, rushed into the cellar. They soon found the truth of their conjectures and shouted to their remaining comrades on the outside to fly in pursuit.

In the meantime the Recluse and his friend came to the church, and finding their steeds ready saddled, as they were told, they sprang upon them, just as their pursuers became audible in the distance.

It was a moment of intense interest. While hope excited the pursuers to a delirium of delight, the Recluse and his companion felt an anxiety that almost amounted to alarm.

The moon had just gone down, and the fixed stars were twinkling, while the planets with steady and many-colored ray, were gazing on the peaceful earth, whose quiet was only disturbed by the clatter of the feet and the heavy breathing of the steeds. "Away, away, on pinions, that out-strip the winds" dashed the Recluse and his comrade, as the shout of their pursuers broke upon their ears.

With the approach of day ended the chase; the British troopers fearing to venture over their prescribed limits.

CHAPTER IV.

'Twas a lovely morning—the morning of the 7th of October, 1777,—a gay, jovial morning with the denizens of Rogues' Harbor.

The lofty poplars in front of the inn, commonly known by the formidable appellation of the Black Bear, flung their lengthy shadows far across the square, affording an agreeable retreat from the warm rays of the sun, and a grateful relief to the eye from the glittering yellow surface of clay.

A party of Indians, perhaps twenty or thirty, had already assembled about the inn, and, as was their custom, were preparing their bows and arrows, and

planting deep in the ground, each his own post, with the proper incision at the top, for the reception of such piece or pieces of coin, as the spectator might feel willing to insert, and which the wily savage possessed himself of, by displacing it, at the distance of fifty yards.

As this was the day of the "fair," some half-dozen men and as many old women were busily engaged in putting up stalls, for the reception of their viands and trinkets, which the assembling multitude, from the village and vicinity, eagerly purchased and stowed away.

Among the numerous concourse, that had collected together, standing under the shade of one of the poplars, was a group of young men and maidens, evincing by their comely attire and modest deportment, their English extraction and good breeding.

Conspicuous above all, in this little group, was Mabel Johnston, a maiden of surpassing loveliness, and possessed of an intellect, that shone forth the more brightly, as it was nourished in this region of superstition and profound ignorance. Her blue eyes—beaming with all a woman's love for the gallant youth, who stood by her side—contrasted beautifully with her massive forehead of snowy whiteness, and the locks of golden hair, which, falling in soft undulations around her neck and shoulders, floated luxuriantly upon the morning breeze.

Many of the Indians had already succeeded by their skill, in possessing themselves of the where-with-all to obtain the morning potion at the bar; but there was one, whose post was planted nearest the above mentioned group, who, by his vestments and lofty bearing, together with his obvious indifference to the "game," evinced his superiority over the rest, while his dark luminous eye and open manly countenance denoted a mind of more than ordinary penetration, and a heart susceptible of the charms of beauty. He was attired in a bear-skin robe of glossy black, which reached from his shoulders to the calves of his legs. A broad leathern belt, variously dyed, from which his tomahawk and scalping knife depended, confined the robe, at his waist, and displayed the well moulded configuration of his person. His arms were covered with wrappers of otter-skin, whose soft, silky fur glittered in the sunlight. These were full and flowing, and were stitched from the shoulder to the wrist, with soft threads of half-tanned deer-skin, having interwoven in each of the great stitches, a profusion of variegated porcupine quills. On his head, unlike the other warriors, he wore a small cap, made of beaver-skin, with a heavy plume of party-colored feathers. His feet were encased in moccasins, which were adorned with beads and shells, and, in the usual manner of the Indians, with curiously painted figures; forming on the whole, a singularly beautiful and gaudy costume. This was Conowa, a noble young chief, who, with about three hundred warriors, had encamped upon the Alleghanies, in the neighborhood of what is now called Laurel Hill, some two years previous to the opening of our story. They were in the habit, saith the legend, of making wide incursions into the country, South and West, especially following up the several chains of mountains, joining on to the Alleghanies, and that by accident rather than by incli-

nation or premeditation, they had found their way to the "Macha Hills."*

Henry Palmer—the young man before alluded to, as standing by the side of Mabel Johnston—being struck by the majestic appearance and noble bearing of Conowa, had, early in the morning, called her attention to him, intimating, at the same time, that her attractions were not unnoticed by the young chief. Whether she considered this observation, coming as it did from him, as being merely an effusion of his own prejudiced heart, or, whether, she did not plainly comprehend the allusion, and consequently, gave it no consideration, it was obvious that she did not notice the incessant glances of the young chief, until a considerable portion of the morning had passed by, and his soul, intoxicated by his long and passionate admiration of her charms, seemed to illumine his whole countenance, and burst forth in streams of sparkling radiance from his eyes.

Having glanced for a moment at the Indian and observed the impassioned gleams, that shot across his rudy visage, Mabel, pressing closer to her companion, with anxiety and fear stamped upon every feature of her now richly illumined countenance, whispered:—

"Behold that Indian's gaze, Harry, how intently and painfully fixed!—how powerfully penetrative! I really feel alarmed."

"There is no cause for fear, my dear Mabel; I predicted truly this morning, when I called your attention to him. The development of his features, and the glowing brilliancy of his large, expressive eye, fully assured me of his greatness of soul and susceptibility of the softer emotions of love. "I'll wager," added he playfully, "if you put up this piece of coin for him"—at the same time placing a guinea in her hand—"that he will fail to displace it!"

In order to gratify that womanly desire, or, perhaps, rather to test the perspicacity of her companion and satisfy herself with regard to the young chief's good or evil intentions, Mabel advanced to the post, inserted the coin, and then withdrew to his side, to await the issue. Conowa lowered his eyes under the ardent gaze of the spectators, and, perhaps, with an inherent consciousness of his own ability; but, after a moment of hesitation, in which he displayed the contending emotions of his soul, he slowly raised the well-bent bow—discharged the arrow—and immediately withdrew from the scene; either cognizant of his disgraceful failure, or indifferent as to its issue. Mabel's heart shrunk within her, when she saw the arrow flit by the post, and the immediate disappearance of the Indian. For a moment every feature of her countenance seemed paralyzed, and the pink's soft hue gradually vanishing from her cheek, melted into the snowy paleness of death! Silent, intent, like the rayless orbs of a marble statue, were her large eyes riveted upon the unmoved coin!

"Mabel, my dear Mabel," exclaimed Henry, passionately, as he beheld the tremulous motion and death-like appearance of her features; "what on earth has befallen you? I am sure that the young Indian meditates no harmful designs, although he has but too truly manifested the invincible power you possess over him. The disgrace, which his failure will inevitably bring upon him

*Now called Pigeon Hills.

with his tribe, together with the transient love and humiliating estimation of the savage, for the female race, will soon make him forgetful of this adventure, at least, as far as his love for you is concerned, and urge him to retrieve his reputation as a skillful warrior."

However incompatible this assertion would seem to the sentiment he expressed a few moments before, it nevertheless effected a total revolution in the mind and feelings of Mabel, who now began to recover herself, and assume her accustomed gravity and staidness.

The disappearance of Conowa was soon followed by the stealthy withdrawal of the remaining Indians, many of whom, it was plain, were highly enraged by his opprobrious failure and furtive departure. This movement on the part of the Indians, together with the evident declension of the sun, aroused the multitude from that stupor, into which their assiduous attention to the games, had thrown them, and made them sensible of the approaching shadows of night.

The placid serenity of twilight had just begun to settle over the village, and the genial queen of night, in all her majesty and pearly lustre, poured forth her quivering streams of silvery radiance, which, reflected by the yellow streets of clay, and the snowy whiteness of the houses, enveloped Rogue's Harbor in a flood of light, that gave it the aspect of midday;—when, suddenly, the clatter of horses' feet broke upon the stillness, and three chargers, fleet as the wind, wound up the narrow street, sending fire and gravel from their heels, while their riders made the welkin ring, with the shouts of "God and Liberty," "Washington and the Continental Congress!"

Hundreds of men, women and children simultaneously rushed up the streets, and crowded around the panting riders to hear the astounding reports, which their sudden appearance but too plainly foretold. After the lapse of a few moments, the older of the three, a large, muscular man, apparently about thirty years of age, with features considerably worn and weather-beaten, yet pre-eminently handsome, dismounted from his charger, and threw off his surtout and military cap; and as the rays of the moon lit up his noble features, the whole multitude, with one accord, exclaimed, the "Recluse of the Conewaga!"

CHAPTER V.

Mabel and Henry had departed from Rogue's Harbor, about half-an-hour before the arrival of the Recluse and their other friends; and, while the latter was arousing the multitude by a recital of the skirmish, in which he had been engaged, and, by depicting to their excited imaginations, the deplorable situation of the American army, in consequence of the desertion of many of the enlisted soldiers;—

the former were gaily wending their way, by the light of the full-orbed moon, through the magnificent woodlands, which then almost encompassed the beautiful little valley of the Blue Spring,—in the direction of the “Conewaga Chapel;” near which, on the mossy bank of that clear stream, stood the old-time mansion of Colonel William Johnston, looking down upon the waters, from its green, shady eminence.

The Colonel and his lady were anxiously awaiting the return of the young folks, and were busy in conjecturing the possible causes of their detention, when a loud rap at the hall door announced their arrival, and at once put an end to all their fears.

While gayly recounting the romantic adventures of the day, and excusing their tardiness by pleading the beauty and serenity of the evening, suddenly the euphonious notes of the bugle were heard in the distance, so soft and melodious, that they almost seemed an echo to the tones of the lute. They all ran, simultaneously, to the door, and Mabel and Henry, recognizing the strains of the bugles, bounded over the downy sward, in front of the mansion, passed across the bridge, and in a few moments, were locked in the arms of their brothers, whose blood-stained apparel denoted the recent conflict, in which they had been engaged.

While this mutual interchange of fraternal affection and joy was transpiring, the majestic form of the Recluse came into view; and he was received by the young folks, with a shout of exultation which plainly showed their affection for him.

A jovial evening was this in the old mansion—the gray old mansion on the bank of the Conewaga.

The repeated exclamations of joy and surprise, from the faithful old servants, as they severally made their appearance, soon succeeded in bringing the holy Father Coleman from the Chapel—close by—where he had been earnestly petitioning the God of Gods to preserve his oppressed children, who had gone forth to meet the enemies of their country.

The Recluse met him on the threshold, and, snatching him up in his herculean arms, bore him into the mansion; not, however, without forcing sundry significant groans from his capacious corporation, by the violence of his embrace.

The lively disposition of the Recluse, so vastly discrepant to his former habitual taciturnity, was not unobserved by the holy father, who, during the entire evening, and, even while the former was relating the incidents of the battle, through which his valiant band had passed, was, nevertheless continually revolving in his mind the probable causes, which combined to effect such a change in his deportment.

The Recluse failed not to notice the sedate mood and meditative expression of the holy father, and, being fatigued by his long journey, he retired with him to the Chapel, where, having praised the Holy Virgin for her guardian protection and received absolution, he candidly confessed the circumstances, that had intervened to effect the abandonment of his former secluded habits, and which, if affairs terminated as he ardently hoped, would eventuate in his restoration to happiness and usefulness.

What had thus so benignly occurred to change the destiny of the Recluse, and render his future so replete with exhilarating prospects, the reader has been informed of in the preceding chapter.

The Recluse arose early, the next morning. His sleep had been deep and refreshing. Sauntering along the placid creek, he approached his little cabin in the grove. The exciting events of the last few days, the most eventful of his life, rushed through his mind in quick succession. The remembrance of the bitter past, was now sweetened by the hopes of the future; and his heart was gladdened by the expectation of soon possessing his long lost Ida.

Henry Palmer arose, likewise, with the sun; and, having been acquainted, by his brother—who had just returned with the Recluse—of the romantic adventure of the latter, as well as his determination to return as soon as he could procure the co-operation of a few friends, he started off in the direction of the Chapel, intending to await his appearance. Walking carelessly along the bank of the creek, suddenly a sound broke upon his ear, at first, low and unintelligible, but, as he drew nearer, it became more and more distinct, until finally he recognized the voice of the Recluse. Not wishing to molest him in his orisons, he withdrew toward the creek.

But a short time elapsed until he saw him issuing from the grove, and proceeding toward the Chapel. Following speedily after him, he soon overtook him and immediately declared his intention to attend him in his expedition.

Whatever forebodings the Recluse may have had, as to the difficulty of obtaining co-adjutors in his perilous undertaking, they now quickly vanished; and, having always cherished a fraternal affection for, and placed all confidence in Henry Palmer, he unhesitatingly revealed to him all the circumstances of his late happy meeting with his beloved, and the course he intended to pursue to effect her rescue.

Feeling that delay was dangerous, he told Henry to be ready the next morning, and they would be off “to the wars again.” The bell now began to toll for Mass, and mingling in the throng, that poured in from all sides of the valley, they together entered the Chapel.

While they proceed in the worship of God, return thanks for His mercies, and solicit His guidance and protection in the enterprise they are about to engage in, allow us to transport the reader, in imagination, to the camp on the Macha Hills—the camp of the red-men.

The Indians had returned from Rogue’s Harbor; and, with their faces painted in red and blue stripes, their heads shaved close, except a tuft of hair on the crown, and the upper parts of their bodies bedaubed with a mixture of yellow and black, they presented a hideous spectacle, as they moved in a circle of about thirty feet in diameter around a fire of pine logs.

Within this circle sat some three or four young warriors, beating upon a sort of gong, made of a large keg, over one of the ends of which a skin was stretched. With these, rude as they were, very good time was preserved with the performers, both in the inflection of their bodies, and the movement of their features.

Conowa had not yet made his appearance, and the anxiety, which his absence created, in his tribe, was shown by the frequent and searching glances they bestowed upon all sides of the camp. Their suspense finally became so great, as to produce a perfect cessation of the dancing and music; and, uttering the terrible war-hoop—as was their custom at the termination of their orgies—they retired to their seats around the fire.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the breathing stillness was broken by one of the warriors, who leaped up and struck the "flag-staff," they had erected, with the butt end of his rifle. This ceremony they termed "striking the post;" and whatever was then said, might be relied upon, as being either the truth, or, what the person so doing, esteemed to be the truth; and in case of an exaggeration or palpable falsehood, the offender was immediately disgraced.

All eyes being riveted upon him, he proceeded to state what he had observed in the conduct of their chief, during the day, and to explain the probable causes of his disgraceful failure and stealthy disappearance, when a scream echoed along the hills, and a young Indian maiden, named Wyannowe, came rushing into the camp, and announced the approach of the chief.

Wyannowe, or the Blue Bird, was the daughter of one of the oldest warriors, who had become illustrious in the tribe for his skill and valor. Her figure though exquisitely proportioned and graceful, was diminutive; and her dark, sparkling eyes and darker hair, shone brilliantly, but softly, over her strikingly feminine countenance, of blended red and yellow. Her tiny feet, enveloped in moccasins of deer-skin, displayed their beauteous proportions; while her many colored garment, hung over with glittering feathers, gave a romantic air to her wild beauty. She had long loved Conowa; and, being happy only in his presence, had left her home in the Alleghenies, to accompany him hither.

Whether the young chief was aware of her attachment or not, he always bore himself toward her, with the most rigid formality; and, in the present instance, when she was informed of his absence and had stolen away, resolved to find him before she returned, he changed his direction, as soon as he saw her, uttering, at the same time, an exclamation of disgust, which brought that scream of anguish from her heart.

The individual who had struck the post, resumed his seat; and, as the light tramp of the chief, broke the awful stillness, the swarthy countenances of the warriors lit up with joy, forgetting their recent animosity, and exhibiting their attachment to him.

Conowa approached within a few feet of the ominous circle and halted; seemingly in doubt whether to advance or recede. Gazing for a moment upon his warriors, he quickly perceived that they meditated no evil against him; and being overjoyed at the prospect, so adverse, to what he might have reasonably expected, he sprang toward, and bounded into, the midst of them.

They all rushed instantly around him, and expressed their satisfaction at his return, in the liveliest manner. As soon as the tumult subsided, and the warriors took their seats, Conowa stepped forward to address them. He spoke of his delinquency, and the causes which produced it, in the most pathetic manner;

and, when he saw that his warriors were affected by his narration, and interested in his case, he laid before them a proposition, unfolding his designs, to which he solicited their acquiescence. The affirmatory exclamation ran around the ring, at first low and ambiguous, but, as it proceeded, it swelled louder and louder, until it seemed as though the hills had burst forth in volcanic thunder.

There was but one dissenting voice; unheard, however, in the outburst. It was Wyannowe's. She had heard the rehearsal of Conowa, and the unanimous concurrence of the Indians to assist him in his undertaking.

What there was in this enterprise to affect her so materially, will be disclosed in the following chapter.

If the reader will be kind enough to run down the hills, and accompany us up the banks of the Conewaga—it's but a short journey—we will re-enter the little valley of the Blue Spring, and see what has transpired in our absence, and what the morrow may bring forth.

After the Holy Father had pronounced his Benediction, the Recluse and Henry Palmer withdrew from the chapel, and directed their steps toward the mansion of Col. Johnston.

William Johnston, Jr.—the young man, who had been slightly wounded, in the street fight at Germantown, and succeeded in making his escape, at the time, and in the manner, we have elsewhere recorded—fell in with the Recluse and John Palmer—Henry's brother—at the Susquehannah river, on their way home. His wound, though slight, had, by neglect, become virulent, and, consequently painful; and, as soon as he entered his father's mansion, he called in Barney McClain, the coachman who had been taken prisoner by the Indians, at Braddock's defeat, and had learned from them the healing art,—to prepare an application for him. The Recluse was desirous that the latter should accompany himself and Palmer, in the expedition, on the morrow, and was now approaching the mansion to make inquiry with respect to his ability. They found him sitting under the shade of a wide-spreading Elm, in the yard, listening to Barney, narrating his adventures among the "red skins," apparently free from pain, and in excellent spirits. The countenance of the Recluse brightened up, when he addressed him, as if assured of the latter's fitness and desire to return with him to the rescue. Nor was he deceived in his expectation; for the emollient application of Barney allayed the irritation, and rendered the injured parts perfectly easy.

The romantic mind of young Johnston was highly gratified by the request.—He assured the Recluse that unless something should intervene, over which he had no control, he would be in readiness to join him in the morning.

The sun was by this time sinking behind the hills, when, the hour to start being appointed, they withdrew to their respective homes—the Recluse abiding with father Coleman,—to make whatever private arrangements they might deem necessary.

The Recluse had, as yet, made no plans of procedure; and his ardent, passionate nature never cherished a thought of disappointment in his undertaking.

As the light of day began to spread over the valley, the euphonious notes of the bugle, aroused the Recluse, from the deep slumber, into which he had sunk, toward morning, and hastily equipping himself, he joined his companions, who were mounted and ready to set out. Not a cloud could be seen in the sky, save a fleecy little speck in the east, which, gilded by the bright rays of the sun with silver and gold, seemed like a pillar of fire, indicating to the travelers the course, they should pursue. As they passed by the mansion of Col. Johnston, the latter and his daughter were just entering their coach, intending to accompany them as far as Rogue's Harbor. The balmy air of the morning made the heart of "old Barney" leap within him, as he sat in his high seat, proudly flourishing his whip, and directing his spirited steeds in the course of the horsemen. When they drew nigh to the village, their ears were greeted, with the shouts of hilarity, which they found, on their arrival, to be produced by the Indians, who had again assembled hither, and were engaged in play at ball.—Not wishing to be detained, the Recluse and his comrades took leave of their friends—one of whom the reader will remember, was very dear to Henry Palmer—and made a hasty departure from the village. While they are journeying toward Germantown, and deliberating together as to the best mode of procedure, we will remain for a short time, at Rogue's Harbor, and observe the events about to transpire here.

CHAPTER VI.

The game was very exciting. Hundreds of men, women and children had flocked into the capacious square, and were intently gazing upon the Indians, who were exhibiting their feats of strength and agility.

Having secured his horses and obtained a "wi bit of the crater," at the Black Bear, Barney McClain mingled in the concourse, not a silent spectator of the scene. Although considerably advanced in age, he still possessed a good share of his youthful vigor and vivacity; and, having always cherished a mortal enmity for the "bloody nagers," on account of the cruel treatment he received, when detained a prisoner, in their hands, many a vengeful look he cast upon them, as they bounded by him in pursuit of the ball.

"By the five crasses, but I'll be a'fter having a wi bit o' sphort with the figured divils inyway," said Barney as the ball flew by him, and several Indians were coming toward him, in pursuit of it. He quickly snatched up a club, that lay near him, and held it behind him, until the last of the Indians came bounding up; when hurling it rapidly before him, with a circular motion, he threw the savage violently to the ground. Springing to his feet, in an instant, the Indian

rushed upon Barney, who received him in his embrace, and, raising him, in his powerful arms, dashed him again to the ground. In a moment he was up again; and, with his eyes flashing fire he sprang upon Barney, with such violence as to bear him to the earth. The latter clasping him in his iron grasp, would have forced the life's blood from him, had not the remaining Indians, uttering their terrific war-whoop, came to his rescue, and disengaged him from his torturing position. The yell of the Indians and their inimical movement, brought all the males, in the concourse, around the combatants; and Colonel Johnston leaving his daughter Mabel on the back porch of the inn, ran to the assistance of Barney. He had hardly entered the throng, when an Indian came stealing around the corner of the inn, and, springing on the porch, snatched up Mabel, in his brawny arms, and, dashing through the vestibule into the alley, in the rear of the building, he soon emerged into the large open space, north-east of the town, usually designated the Common. He here mounted a steed that he had previously stationed under a bushy young mulberry, and, tenderly supporting the now lifeless form of Mabel, before him, he rushed over the Common into the open road, and directed his course toward the range of mountains, now forming a boundary line between Cumberland and Adams counties.

At a given signal the Indians vanished from the village;—all taking different directions. As soon as the disappearance of the Indians was observed, the Colonel and Barney withdrew to the inn. Not finding his daughter at the place he had left her, he ran into the house, supposing her timidity had occasioned her withdrawal. He was soon undeceived, however, by the report of a young maiden rushing in from the adjoining house, pale with affright, whose cries had been hitherto drowned by the clamorous outbursts on the square.

The announcement of the seizure of Mabel, spread through the multitude still thronging the square, like wild-fire, and, as Colonel Johnston was known and respected by everybody, large parties soon formed themselves, and started out of the village in pursuit.

As soon as the maiden delivered her statement, the Colonel and Barney ran to the stable, saddled and mounted their horses and dashed over the Common, toward the Macha hills; the latter swearing to avenge himself upon the "bloody nagers," should he ever overtake them. All night long was the little Dutch village of Rogue's Harbor, and the dense woodlands, that encompassed it, on every side, scoured by different parties in pursuit of the Indians and their victim.

The Colonel and Barney never halted until they reached the hills; and finding the camp of the Indians entirely deserted, and every thing in the immediate vicinity, denoting that it had not been lately evacuated; and furthermore, reverting to the incident, that had occurred at the village, a few days previously, as narrated to him by his daughter, he at once concluded that her seizure was premeditated, by the Indians, and that they were moving toward the Alleghanies.

He conjectured truly; and, if the reader will remember our visit to the Indian camp, a few evenings ago, and the proposition, that was made by Conowa, and so cordially received by his warriors; but which, not comprehending it, we did not then explain to him, the above is the exact import of the affair, with the

addition of the plan of operations, already enacted in the village, though somewhat hastened by the sinister conduct of Barney.

"Great God!" cried the Colonel, as this truth flashed across his mind and the big tears began to chase each other down his furrowed cheeks, "she will certainly be murdered."

"Devil a bit o' that will they do," said Barney, as he overheard the ejaculation of the Colonel. "The bloody nagers will niver think o' that till they git to their camp. Sure Barney McClain would'nt be decaived afther being in their hands for five and sixty days?"

The truth of Barney's remarks aroused the Colonel, who, feeling that no time was to be lost, sank his spurs in the flanks of his steed, and followed by Barney soon approached the yet noisy village. As soon as they entered the square, the terrified citizens flocked about them, anxiously enquiring after the success of their excursion. The Colonel briefly related what he had seen, and reported the conclusion he had arrived at; expressing a hope, at the same time, that he might obtain the services of a few persons, who would be willing to join in the immediate pursuit of the Indians.

He was not long kept in suspense; for, as the light of day began to dawn over Rogue's Harbor, and he was awaiting the consultation of the assembled throng, a small band of horsemen came dashing down the street, and halted in front of the concourse.

One of them the brother of Henry Palmer,—who the reader will recollect, accompanied the Recluse to Germantown in his first expedition—stepping forward to the Colonel, informed him, that the Indian with his daughter, had been seen the previous evening, passing through the valley, in the direction of the mountains; and that he had collected the small band before him to go to her rescue.

The appearance of the horsemen inspired the younger portion of the concourse, with renewed courage, and while the Colonel and Barney were preparing to join them, some half dozen exhibited themselves mounted and ready to set out.

"Hope, sweet Hope!" revived in the breast of the Colonel, as he beheld the little squadron of horse awaiting his commands. His thoughts, for a moment, reverted to his military days, and, flushed with the assurance of success, he put himself at their head, and with Barney for a guide, they sallied out of the village, at sunrise.

While these things were transpiring at Rogue's Harbor, Conowa—for it was none other than he—with his loved charge in his arms, was rapidly pursuing his course toward the mountain. He had not diminished his speed, until he had gone a considerable distance, and his steed began to falter and give other signs of exhaustion under his weighty burden; when, springing to the ground, he would run along by his side, with Mabel in his arms, occasionally halting, an instant, and placing his ear to the ground to listen for the approach of the pursuers.

As we have before intimated, Mabel had fallen into a paroxysm, as soon as the Indian seized her; and she remained insensible the greater part of the journey. When she recovered, however, the Indian was bathing her temples with an embrocation, that soothed their violent pains; and gazing upon his countenance, she recognized the noble features of Conowa.

Her thoughts instantly reverted to the incidents, that occurred at Rogue's Harbor, a few days previously, when he discovered by his conduct, the insuperable power, she possessed over him. These reflections had a talismanic effect upon her feelings; and the affectionate regard for her convenience, manifested by Conowa, plainly evinced the nobler feelings of his heart, and her perfect security from danger under his protection. Beside she knew that her father would leave no means untried to insure her rescue; and, from the anxious expression, that hung over the Indian's features, as well as the incessant glances he bestowed on all sides of him, as they advanced, she had no doubts but that the former would speedily overtake them.

While they ascended the craggy mountain, the last rays of the declining sun were dancing upon the tops of the lofty trees, and the valley, stretching out beneath them, as far as the eye could reach, assumed the sober livery of twilight. They followed the bank of a small rivulet, that came dashing down the mountain, now gushing out into numerous little channels, and now gathering into one transparent volume, here winding about gently rising knolls, and then leaping over rocks into the chasms below, until they reached the brow of the mountain. Their path now took a westerly direction, for the most part, leading along the summit, but, occasionally it inclined to the one side or other of the declivity, as huge rocks would rise up before them, or the clumps of young pines became impenetrable.

Mabel was perfectly free from fear. As they entered the gloomy solitudes of the wilderness, and the cool breeze of the mountain began to make itself felt, the watchful chief wound his blanket about her delicate form and laid her head upon his breast, where the pitchy darkness of the forest and the universal stillness soon closed her eyes in a deep sleep. The terrific howling of the wild beasts and the monotonous hootings of the owl, alike fell unheard upon her ear. She was away in the dream-land—skipping along the stilly banks of the Conowaga—plucking the wild flowers, and weaving for her companion—her Henry—a chaplet of affection—a wreath as unending as her love. The incoherent ejaculations, that occasionally burst from her lips, and the playful smiles, that danced over her lovely features, sent a thrill of joy through the heart of Conowa, as he watched over, and protected her, from the bushy limbs of the trees, and pressed her fondly to his loving breast.

The sun had been up for some time when Mabel awoke from her slumber; and, on opening her eyes, she was agreeably surprised to find herself on a soft couch of leaves. At a short distance from her, Conowa was busily employed in roasting a steak of venison for their breakfast. Being refreshed by her long sleep, she arose quickly; and, seeing a stupendous mass of rock, not far off, she tripped over the mossy surface and began to ascend it, when she heard the foot-

steps of the Indian close behind her. She was about to stop, when he came to her side, and threw his blanket over her shoulders, saying at the same time, "pale face git cold," and immediately returned to his seat by the fire.

This affectionate care for her welfare and open evidence of the fine sensibility of the young chief's heart, caused the tears of sympathy and sorrow to flow down her cheeks, as she clambered up the moss-covered rock. When she arrived at the summit of it, a most magnificent panorama spread out before her. For miles to the east, south and west, it was one unbroken view. The dense forests, stretching out on every hand, bathed as they were, in the mellow glories of the morning sun, seemed in the distance like a vast lake; while far down, beneath her feet, as it were, extended a beautiful valley, bounded, on the one side, by the mountain, and on the other, by a gurgling streamlet, from which clouds of light vapor were rising in spiral wreaths, as if to welcome the genial blaze of the rubied sun. In vain she gazed to the east for those, whom her heart told her were coming to re-capture her; not a trace of humanity could she discern in all that vast expanse. How far they had traveled, she could not, with any degree of accuracy, determine; but, when she beheld the composure of the Indian, and the careless ease, in which he was indulging, she began, for the first time, to despond; and, descending from the rock, she sobbed aloud, until she had given vent to her overcharged heart. As soon as Conowa observed that she was weeping, he ran up to her, and tenderly brushing the warm tears from her cheek, he gave signs of the most intense inward suffering.

"Oh, cruel Conowa!", screamed Mabel, "why have you brought me into this wilderness to perish?"

"Conowa not cruel—he love the pale face—shan't die in the woods. He take her to his wigwam, and he draw the water—he raise the corn and he cook the venison. The heart of Conowa die, if the pale face leave him!"

The pathetic manner, in which the latter clause was uttered, struck a cord, in the heart of Mabel, that vibrated with the deepest sympathy, and dried up the fountain, that had been gushing from her eyes. Partaking freely of the well-roasted venison, the chief placed before her, her spirits again assumed something of their accustomed buoyancy; and, being raised to the saddle, where she was tenderly held by Conowa, who ran along by her side, they resumed their journey, still holding a westerly direction.

CHAPTER VII.

Eumoke's rock—as it is still called—was thus the scene of another painful transaction; less afflicting, however, than the former. The subjoined account of it, we copy from an old time chronicle, which, we think, may be relied upon:

"Eumoke was a beautiful Indian girl, the daughter of a warrior of great notoriety, commonly designated the Strong Arm. She had pledged herself, it appears, to a young warrior of her own tribe, who had, for a long time, been very much attached to her. Her parents, however, were violently opposed to their alliance, and desired her to marry an old chief, conspicuous for his wisdom and influence in the nation.

The marriage ceremony having been deferred from one cause or another, for a long time, and her parents becoming wearied with her frequent expostulations, a day was appointed for their union. All her efforts, in the interim, to avoid it, proving abortive, and determined rather than violate her former vow, to sacrifice herself, when the appointed day arrived and the preparations were making for the nuptials, she stole away, unnoticed to the rock, and, bounding from its dizzy height, she was instantly dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath!"

The feelings that possessed Mabel as they threaded the narrow path were peculiarly torturing. Her delicate sensibility, so averse to the infliction of pain, caused her to ponder over the unfortunate position of Conowa, with deeper distress than over her own unhappy condition.

As the sun began to sink behind the western hills and shoot his streaks of silver and gold over the towering oaks, ushering in the genial hour of twilight, they emerged from the dense woodlands and began to descend the western declivity of the mountain. The darkness of night had already settled over the broad expanse of the valley from which, at a short distance from the mountain, a dense column of smoke rose perpendicularly into the air, looking black as Erebus at its base, but growing whiter and clearer as it ascended above the mountain, until the lingering rays of the declining sun bathed it in a flood of golden light.

Mabel was scarcely able to suppress the joyous emotions, which this, the first indication of human existence she had beheld the entire day, had created in her bosom; but as they descended into the vale and began to draw nigh to the huge column of fire, flashing and blazing up in the air, her joy was quickly changed into fear, as the light disclosed the swarthy countenances of the Indians, moving to and fro, through the camp.

When their approach was observed by the Indians, a simultaneous shout broke the stillness, and echoed along the mountain side, like the distant roar of thunder. Springing from their seats around the fire, they rushed forward to meet their chief, and congratulate him upon his success.

Mabel swooned away, as soon as the terrific whoop of the savages broke upon her ear. She fell from her horse into the arms of the ever watchful Conowa, who bore her into the wigwam prepared for himself, where she lay in a death-like

trance, till his soothing applications and the cool air of the morning restored her. When she opened her eyes and saw the ominous movements of the Indians, who were assembling together in a group, in the middle of the camp, and showed by their gesticulations and clamorous colloquy, that they anticipated the approach of their pursuers, a ray of hope shot athwart her bosom, so auspicious and cheering, as to effuse a smile of joy over her countenance and dispel the fears, which had subverted her reason.

Her hopes were soon strengthened by the appearance of Conowa, who came rushing into the wigwam, with anxiety and alarm exhibited on every feature of his countenance, and, lifting her softly in his arms, he bore her forth and raised her upon the steed, that was ready bridled for the journey.

The warriors were moving along before her, in their characteristic gait, with great caution, casting occasional furtive glances behind them, and keeping the course of their females and escort, whom they usually kept a day's journey in advance.

On the arrival of Conowa in the camp, he had immediately despatched a small band of warriors to the mountain, in order to maintain a watch during the night, and, in the morning, to reconnoiter the eastern declivity and the valley. As soon as daylight dawned over the landscape below, they descried Colonel Johnston and his troop drawing up to the mountain; then, returning instantly to the camp, they informed their chief of the proximity of their pursuers, when the council was held, and the sudden movement took place, which we have just noticed.

The Colonel and his troop had taken a more westerly direction, as Barney assured them that the precaution of the Indian would incline him to avoid the clearing, somewhat farther to the east, and strike into the forest; that appeared in the distance to extend to the mountain.

In this, as we have seen, he was deceived; for under the cover of night, the chief had issued into the clearing in order to accelerate his speed and gain the brow of the mountain, before his pursuers could overtake him, where, he knew he could elude their observation, and conceal himself at a moment's warning.

When, therefore, they arrived in the valley running parallel with the mountain, and Barney had searched in vain for a path up the acclivity, they proceeded along the base of it, in a western course, until they came to the point, where they had been seen by the Indians, and where they struck upon a path leading up the acclivity.

After he had examined the impressions in the sand for sometime, and endeavored in vain to discover their tracks, Barney concluded, that the Indian had either dispensed with the horse, or had led him up the mountain at some other point, where his ascent could not be so readily detected. While they threaded the circuitous path, each leading his steed by the bridle, Barney, somewhat in advance of the rest, was closely examining ever broken twig and visible impression upon the leaves and sand, to find some vestige, that would assure him of Mabel's having journeyed that way. All his former sagacity and skill were brought into requisition; yet, the higher he ascended, the less evidence was there of what he sought, until coming suddenly upon a deep indentation in the

sand, what he conceived to be the truth, flashed across his mind; and, looking back toward his followers, he shouted:—

“By the holy St. Stephen an’ the twelve apostles, barrin one o’ them, who was a thrailer, Barney McClain was niver among the bloody divils for five and sixty days, to be chated in this way. The red-faced thafe was ather thinking that her wi foot would make too prethy a mark to be seen by ivery body; but, the divil take auld Barney McClain, if he don’t give the same bloody serpent some lead for his breakfast and a wi bit o’ powder and wadding, for sasoning and desart;” and bounding up the steep acclivity, he soon reached the brow of the mountain, where he again began his critical examinations; and, by the time the party had all gained the summit, he had discovered the tracks of the horse, and the proper course to pursue.

After halting for a few moments to recruit themselves and horses, and listen to the seemingly elaborate explanations of Barney, who was always eager to enlarge upon the traits of Indian character and discover his own familiarity with them, they again mounted their steeds, and following their guide, were soon buried in the dense foliage of the forest.

As the reader is aware, they came upon the path at a short distance from the place, at which, it wound down the mountain; and, hence, they had journeyed but a short time, when they emerged from the woods, and began to descend rapidly into the valley.

The Indians, with their habitual sagacity, had taken every precaution to conceal the place where they had encamped; and, while the greater part of them with their chief and Mabel, were rapidly advancing toward the Alleghanies, a few still lurked in the impervious undergrowth, that skirted their late camp, to watch the manœuvres of their pursuers, and see whether they would discover their recent occupation of the ground.

They were not kept long in doubt; for as soon as Barney approached the ground, and saw the green twigs and the piles of newly-gathered leaves, lying here and there, over the camp-ground, he burst into a loud laugh, which evidently denoted his knowledge of the *ruse de guerre*, and which well nigh put an end to his earthly career.

It happened that the young warrior, whom he had handled so roughly in the unhappy transaction at Rogue's Harbor, was one of the number, who were lying in ambush; and, as soon as he recognized the guide, his savage heart burned for vengeance, and, in defiance of the threatening array of troopers and his own hazardous position, he fired at Barney, and leaping into the path, he bounded along its windings with the fleetness of a deer. The ball whistled by the ear of the guide, and buried itself in a young sapling close behind him. Looking, instinctively, in the direction it came, he beheld the Indian vaulting into the path; and rushing immediately in pursuit, with his eye keenly fixed upon him, until they issued upon a narrow clearing, Barney slowly raised his rifle and fired; and, bounding into the air, while he uttered with his last breath the fear-inspiring war-whoop, the young warrior fell across the path a lifeless corpse!

“By the black god, Ploutus, and all the other infarnal dainties, the snakin’ dog

will niver be afther sending iny more o' his lead afther dacent people, inyway," said Barney, as he rejoined his companions, who were anxiously awaiting his return.

"So you shot him, Barney?" interrogated the Colonel, wishing to indulge his garrulity for a moment.

"Faith an' I did that same thing; and the divil take his bloody saul, but he came nigh makin' a martyr o' me, inyway. You see the red faced serpent jist lay in the bushes yander, and as soon as he saw that auld Barney was makin' his rock'nings about thir camp, and laughed at their decavin' contrivances to secrate it, the divil's own son that he was—if so be that his infarnal majesty have any—was afther belavin' that a dead man tells no sacrets; and, faith, he knows the truth o' that inyhow; for if the inimy hear nōthing of us, till he tells them, the divil burn my eyes, if we don't fall upon them like a thunderbolt afore morning."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Valor in vain, in vain despair,
Nerves many a frantic bosom there
Furious with the unequal strife,
To cling with desperate force to life.
There fighting still, with mad endeavor,
As on the dizzy edge they hover,
Their bugle breathes one rallying note,
Pennon and plume one moment float;
Then, swept beyond that frightful brink
Like mist, into the chasm sink;
Within whose bosom, as they fell,
Arose as hideous, wild a yell
As if the very earth were riven,
And shrieks from hell were upward driven."

Having carefully inspected the arrangements of the camp, and examined every thing, that the sagacity of Barney could detect, they entered the narrow path, and pushed forward as briskly as the numerous obstacles in their way would permit. The discoveries they had made, in addition to the well-founded predictions of their guide, filled them with the hope of soon falling in with their enemy and obtaining the object of their journey.

They were not a little chagrined, however, when night came upon them, to discover nothing, that would indicate their propinquity to the Indians. They had travelled the whole preceding night, and many of them, unaccustomed to such hardships, were almost unable to proceed, and jogged along more asleep than otherwise, when suddenly, the shout of an Indian rang in their ears and aroused them from their stupor.

Barney, as usual, was in the advance, critically examining the path and its borders of young pines; and moving as stealthily and lightly over the coppice as if he had followed the "bloody nagurs" all his life. He had got a considerable distance from the drowsy troopers, and was quietly stealing along, now dodging under the impending branches, and now gliding into the bordering thicket, when the moon, just peeping over mountain into the valley, showed him an Indian, who was standing in the middle of the path, at a short distance from him, in the act of loading his rifle; obviously ignorant of his near approach.

Springing from his shady canopy, he raised his rifle, as if about to fire and moved rapidly toward the warrior. As soon as the latter perceived his perilous condition, aware, that any defensive movement on his part, would instantly draw the discharge of his adversary, he threw down his musket, and deliberately awaited his approach.

When Barney observed this manœuvre of the Indian and arrived within a few yards of him, he lowered his rifle and motioned his captive to advance in the direction whence he himself had come. The warrior immediately obeyed; and, moving along with his eyes apparently fixed on the ground, until he came to the side of his antagonist, he instantly wheeled about and sprang upon him with the agility and fierceness of a tiger.

The passive submission of the Indian, as well as his stealthy pace, had prepared Barney for his reception; and, as soon as they closed, they came to the earth, twining their muscular arms about each other in pliant and subtle folds. Thinking that he would be able to hold his wiry adversary until his comrades should arrive, the guide had made no preparations for a close combat; and, with the exception of a heavy steel ring, which he was accustomed to wear, on all such occasions, containing a small circular blade, which was opened by means of a spring, he was entirely destitute of defensive weapons.

They appeared at first to be pretty equally matched; and, the violent exertions of the Indian to obtain his knife, which had fallen from his girdle, at the first onset, and lay at a short distance from them, were effectually resisted, until the guide began to feel his strength yielding to the powerful struggles of his antagonist, when, sinking the keen blade of his ring into the main artery of his arm, he renewed his embrace with all the power he possessed; while the purple stream poured from its duct and moistened the dust beneath them.

The Indian appeared not to notice the puncture; but maddened as it were, by the inhalation of his own blood, and hearing the approach of the troops, he sprang to his feet, with the ponderous body of the guide still clinging to him, and, with his last whoop rattling in his throat, he fell dead to the earth!

"By our Lady," cried Barney, as the troopers came up to the scene, "the murther villan will never be after nading the doether, inyway; and I jist made a wi' hole in his arm, to remind him of Barney McClain, when he gits on his new huntin'-grounds. Sure, the poor divil is bether off, too, for his huntin'-grounds hereaway, begin to be careumscribed, and he won't have the bother of dyin' agin; besides, he has the good wishes of meself, which no other bloody varmint, like him, was iver afther gettin' before."

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Barney, as he raised his eyes from his bleeding victim, and beheld a column of smoke worming along the forest at a short distance westward.

"Kurnel, du ye mind that now?" he continued, while he pointed it out. "There's where the ragged varmints are kapin' themselves; and the devil spile my vision if Barney McClain don't have a look at ivery one o' their purty countenances afore mornin'," and, leaving the Colonel and his men, with the injunction to abide his return, he cautiously dodged into the thick margin of the path, and was soon concealed from view.

"Faith there's good luck betides me in the hivins," said he to himself, as he softly crept over the coppice, and an impenetrable mass of clouds came rolling from the west, obscuring the light of the moon, and overwhelming the valley with pitchy darkness. The wind, likewise, began to sweep over the plain, filling the air with the purple foliage of the forest, as if to heighten the sombre gloom, that fell from the impending canopy of the clouds.

Encouraged by this favorable interposition of the elements, the guide moved forward at a brisk pace, until he arrived in the vicinity of the camp, when he turned a little to the north, and ascended a bushy ridge, immediately in the rear of it, where he halted and began to make his observations.

The deep moanings of the wind seemed to have lulled the brawny warriors to sleep; and, as the dense column of flame shot up in the air, flashing and waving, with each blast of the gale, the guide could distinctly see the dark forms of the warriors, as they lay by the fire, their hands still clutching their rifles, as if expecting, every moment, the assault of their pursuers.

The camp was favorably situated at the base of a high ridge, enclosed on three sides, by thick hedges of hazel, and limited on the south, by a rapid streamlet, which, dashing over its rocky bed, added its monotonous roar, to the shrill whistlings of the winds. The increasing violence of the gusts, seemed to deepen the slumber of the Indians, as they lay around the fire, as motionless and heedless as the dead.

"Now's the time to 'stinguish the varlets," muttered Barney, as he fleetly strode back to his companions; whom, when he came up, he quickly, but correctly, informed of the disposition of the camp, and the auspicious opportunity to assail it. Concurring in opinion with the guide, the latter briefly instructed them, as to their course of procedure, and, as the Indians were almost double their own number, he particularly enforced upon them, the necessity of withholding their fire, until they were sure of their fatality.

"Whinever ye hear the scrach of an owl, march up to the camp, and let them have it," said Barney, as he disappeared in the underwood, and hastened to resume his former position.

They had not long to wait; for they had scarcely renewed their priming, when their ears were greeted with the preconcerted signal, and, moving rapidly, though circumspectly, with the Colonel at their head, they soon reached the little stream. Noiselessly fording it, they entered the camp, and, each man singling out his victim, fired; and then brandishing their rifles in the air, they rushed upon them.

In an instant, the shrill war-whoop rang through the camp, and the warriors bounding upon their enemies, dealt their blows with the swiftness of lightning.

The battle raged with all the fury of the storm; frightfully congenial with the clashing of the elements overhead. Here two combatants, having lost their arms in the contest, were rolling over the ground in the death gripe. There a huge warrior, plunging his knife into the heart of his opponent, lay panting in his stiffening embrace. Yonder in a whirlwind of leaves and dust, stood two muscular combatants, each having clenched the throat of the other, gazed in his eyes until they protruded from their sockets, and, with the death-rattle gurgling in their throats, they fell lifeless to the earth.

The vivid flame of pine logs, in the middle of the contest was reflected by the short sword of the trooper, and the scalping knife of the warrior, as they clove the air and clashed together; and, fanned by the stormy gusts of wind, the sparkling sheet bent over the combatants and poured a flood of light over the scene, as if to guide the fatal steel to its destination!

For a moment, the intermingled cries of the wounded and the exulting shouts of the victors would rise above the din and echo along the mountain, and then, in horrible contrast, the gloomy silence of death would succeed; and the gales, sweeping close to the earth, seemed to whisper their dull moanings to the dead.

As soon as his companions had fired, Barney rushed toward the wigwam, at the northern limit of the camp, and seeing Mabel crouched in one corner of it, he snatched her up in his arms, and flew toward the path, where the horses of the troopers had been stationed. He had gone but a short distance, when he felt the grasp of a warrior upon his shoulder, and, telling his terror-stricken charge to flee, he turned about, and seizing his adversary, he wound his keen little blade around his neck, and then flung him into the bushes. Wheeling about to follow after Mabel, another savage, came gliding up behind him, and springing upon him, with the fury of the lion, he brought him to the ground; when, flourishing his glittering knife about to sink it into his bosom, a third came bounding up, and not perceiving the combatants interwoven with the bushes, he rushed over them and struck the bloody knife from the hand of its possessor!

Taking advantage of the loss of the fatal opportunity, the guide bound the pliant form of his antagonist to him and effectually subverted his efforts to regain his weapon; and, when the latter had exhausted all his strength, in evident struggles, Barney dispatched him in the same unique and unfailing method he had the other.

Hearing the groans of his companions and perceiving through the gray dawn of day, some half dozen Indians approaching the summit of the ridge, bearing the apparently lifeless form of Mabel, in their arms, he dejectedly sauntered into the enclosure. A rustling of the leaves, on its southern border, denoted that the contest had not yet terminated; and snatching up a tomahawk, he sprang to the spot, and its sharp edge falling upon the neck of his adversary, sent his head whirling into the noisy streamlet!

"Great God!" exclaimed the Colonel, as the guide dashed the hideous, headless form from his person, "Are we all that survive?"

"Sure the bloody varlets have made a clane work o' it, inyway," said Barney, mournfully, while he endeavored to stench the blood effusing copiously from several deep gashes, in the arm and side of the Colonel. "Look to the rest," said the latter, "they are surely not all destroyed?"

"By the golden crass," said Barney, moving toward the centre of the camp, "I fear me th' are cauld enough; but it's not miself, that's going to let these unchristian thaves exult over their murders, as long as there's pudor and lead in the land. Faith, if auld Barney must follow the reptiles himself, he will kill ivery one o' thim and fetch his young mistress home yet. Oh, by mi saul, if the Recluse were here, would'nt he make the rampaging nagers think that the devil himself was upon them!"

"Up, boy!" he shouted, as he released one of his comrades from the stiffened embrace of a savage; "sure you have opened a passige in that nasty varmint big enough for daylight to look through inyway!"

"Where are the rest?" interrogated the young man, bounding to his feet and appearing as though he had just awoke from a deep sleep.

"Faith, th' are layin' around on all sides o'—no, by the holy Virgin!" exclaimed he, as young Palmer and two others made their appearance in the enclosure, returning from their unsuccessful pursuit of the Indians; "th' are not all kilt yit!"

They now together took a calm survey of the disfigured and horrible scene.—The sensations produced in their minds as they distinguished the mutilated bodies of their companions, were painfully sorrowful. Death was everywhere; and in his most revolting and hideous aspects.

The blood of the trooper and warrior as they lay in each other's embrace, flowed down in one warm current, and tinged the foliage of autumn with a deeper dye; while the reeking exhalations seemed to have already attracted the hungry raven, that was soaring over the little field, eagerly waiting an opportunity to descend into that recess, where its abhorrent food so plentifully abounded.

When they had examined all the bodies of their comrades, and a sickening sensation produced by the appalling sights, that met their eyes, on every hand, began to steal across their bosoms, they turned away from the revolting spectacle and went to the Colonel, who had somewhat recovered from his exhaustion, but was unable to rise in consequence of his excessive loss of blood.

With the exception of Barney, who had witnessed many a more disgusting scene, and ever cherished against the Indians,—for reasons before mentioned,—the most bitter enmity, which this fatal struggle contributed greatly to heighten, they all wore an expression of the deepest dejection; and as they conveyed the portly person of the Colonel to the wigwam, and heard his groans of despair and lamentations over the noble youths, who lay weltering in their blood before him, their souls were aroused from their depression; and, urged on by the frightful anathemas of Barney, they declared their eagerness to follow in pursuit, exterminate the remaining savages, and fulfill the object of their expedition.

"Faith you spake accordin' to rason inyway," said the guide, "and if you'll tramp in the footsteps of auld Barney McClain, for four and twenty hours, it's

himself that'll 'stinguish ivery one o' the rampagin divils, and deliver his young mistress—the holy Virgin preserve her—from her thralldom."

"Do you stay with the Kurnel," he continued, addressing the younger of the four, "and kape the wild bast from demolishin' him; for sure they grow as fast here, as paraties in Ireland."

He then instructed the young man how to dress the wounds of the Colonel, and, gave him such other advice as his new position seemed to require. The dead bodies were next deposited in their final resting place, at a beauteous spot on the bank of the brook, and the remaining horses were brought into the enclosure. All things being now ready, with the blessing of the Colonel resting upon them, they struck the trail of the Indians, and in a few moments were again lost in the wilderness.

This, dear reader we believe to be an authentic account of the conflict—variously accounted for—which terminated so fatally on the banks of that little stream in Bedford county, Pa., which preserves its tradition to posterity by its own cogitive denomination—Bloody Run.

CHAPTER IX.

In this wild world the fondest and the best,
Are the most tried, troubled, and distressed.

CRAIGIE.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

SHAKS. OTHELLO.

The sun was just rising above the Macha Hills, as three travelers might have been seen to wend their way in an easterly direction, along a rugged road leading to the Susquehanna river. It was a fine October morning; and many-colored Autumn tinged the trees with its soft hues, and nipped the purple foliage with its frosty breath.

Although it was the main road, upon which they journeyed, the infrequency of travel in those days, rendered it exceedingly unpleasant—if not laborious—to pursue it. On either side it was confined by a dense margin of underwood, and the lofty oaks and chestnuts stretching their branches across it, as if to greet each other, formed an impervious canopy over head.

The "bird of night" appeared unconscious of his encroachment upon the day, and was swooping along before them, uttering such dismal, inharmonious cries, as would have confounded a priest of Appolo, were he to have undertaken their divination. One of the travelers was a short distance in advance of the other

two; apparently, however, ignorant of it. His downcast look and utter disregard of the movements of his steed, betokened the greatest perturbation. The occasional smile that would struggle over his features, vanished almost as soon as it appeared.

His two companions rode tacitly behind him, evidently amazed at his unique deportment. Sometimes, where the road would permit, they would ride side by side, and whisper words, perhaps of like import with the following:—

“There’s something in his soul,
O’er which his melancholy sits in brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger.”

In this ambiguous manner they proceeded for nearly half-an-hour, when they found that the pathway rose in an ascent, which became the more shaggy and difficult of pursuit, the farther they advanced, until the interwoven bushes and vines rendered their progress almost impracticable.

The Recluse—for it was he—was still jogging along in advance, in the same inexplicable mood; the obstacles in his path, and the frequent plunges of his steed, not appearing to disturb the concentration of his thoughts. Suddenly, however, his horse halted, and made a movement as if to wheel about, when his rider raised his head with a quick jerk, as if aroused from a frightful dream, and discovered, a few yards before him, a large panther perched upon the branch of a tree extending across the road, in the act of bounding upon him. He instantly seized the reins and whirled his steed about with such violence as to hurl him with himself into the bordering thicket.

The panther thereby missed his mark and rolled down the declivity, over the rocks, for some distance. Maddened with pain, he roared furiously, and before the horse and rider could recover themselves, he made a desperate plunge at the former, with jaws distended, ready to sink his sharp tusks into his victim. As he flew through the air, the simultaneous reports of three rifles echoed along the forest, and a thick sheet of smoke veiled the scene.

The beast received one of the random shots and fell short of his victim. He had scarcely touched the ground till he made another bound; and the shrill, wild cry of the horse, as the panther sank his claws, into his tremulous flesh, denoted his success.

In an instant, the Recluse was by his side and partially concealed by the bushes, the breech of his rifle falling upon the head of the animal crushed it. His steed as if cognizant of his deliverance—and perhaps he was, though it differs little—began to raise himself, leisurely, to his feet, and gave no signs of any material injury, save a few lacerations on his back, from which the blood was slowly trickling down.

“Surely we have strayed from the road,” said the Recluse to his companions, as they gathered around the lifeless beast. “I thought my steed was sagacious enough, to discriminate the highway, over which we traveled but a few days ago. I feel assured, my dear Johnston,” he continued, in a playful manner, addressing one of the young men, “that you were aware of our mistake, eh?”

“I was,” replied the youth, “and communicated the fact to Palmer; but, as I knew your familiarity with these parts, and supposed that you had determined upon a new and perhaps shorter route across the hills; and, more especially, because you were obviously revolving in your mind something of perhaps paramount importance, not unmixed with pain, I considered it my duty to follow and not to break the spell, that was upon you, with any puerile suggestions my forebodings might occasion.”

“Speak not thus,” quickly rejoined the Recluse, “you know full well the reliance I have ever placed in your perspicacity and judgment;—indeed the success of our undertaking will depend entirely upon your ingenuity.” This encounter truly appears providential; for I verily believe that night would have found us in our own loved vale.”

“Were it not for the presence of this animal, I should suppose that we were in close proximity to the camp of the Indians. However, *tempus fugit*—time flies—let us endeavor to regain the main road as speedily as possible, we must reach our destination by to-morrow’s sun.”

“What now!” he exclaimed, as he perceived young Johnston making an incision in the dead animal, “What on earth are you about?”

“Well,” replied the latter, “I’m under the impression that this beast’s hide will be of some service to me, if I rightly comprehend the part I am to act, in this comedy or tragedy, whichever it turns out to be.” “Moreover, my dear friend,” he continued, as he threw the skin across his saddle, and mounted his steed, “I beseech you not to entrust the difficulties which are to be overcome, to hands so inexperienced and unskillful as mine. Have you not shown, in this same village, we are journeying to, your puissance to demolish those sombre-looking hirelings by platoons, and to frighten their pompous generals into hysterics? If artifice must be resorted to, however, I flatter myself, that the wisdom and experience of Barney McClain, may—although in a very indifferent manner—be brought into service through my hands.”

“After we have crossed the Susquehanna, which is but a short distance ahead of us, I will acquaint you with a circumstance, which renders my position in this enterprise, particularly hazardous,” said the Recluse, as they quickened their pace, and approached the mighty river, which dashed over its rocky bed, and sent into the air dense, spiral wreaths of vapor, that wholly excluded the observation of the opposite shore; and made their passage across it, exceedingly difficult, if not dangerous.

The monotonous roar of the cataracts added its fear-inspiring voice to augment the terror of the transit; and, when they had crossed and ascended the precipitous bank, a storm of wind, suddenly rising, filled the atmosphere with clouds of the frost-bitten foliage, and whistled through the forests of oak and chesnut, increasing the sombre gloominess of the wood and presaging the approach of Winter.

Silently they journeyed in their rugged path, each appearing engaged with his own thoughts;—none heeding the impediments, over which his steed was floundering.

Henry Palmer was particularly languid. An unhappy expression had hung over his fair countenance the entire morning; occasioned, mayhap, by some evil presentiment, as to the result of the expedition, or, possibly, it was nothing more than the thoughtfulness of the lover's heart.

Little did he think that the *idol* of his soul, was in the possession of a savage, who was bearing her away into the gloomy solitudes of the wilderness, perhaps, never again to return to her home—the delightful valley of the Blue Spring,—and cheer his heart with her fond smiles and musical voice, singing her little sonnets of love, and breathing forth the unquenchable fires of her soul, which had so often kindled up the latent sparks, that his over-anxious heart would, by times, almost extinguish by its deep melancholy, and cause it to blaze up with renewed ardency and fervor.

The difficulties attendant upon the fording of the river, together with the tumultuous impetuosity of the storm, had caused the Recluse to remain silent, with respect to the intention he had expressed of disclosing to his comrades, what had occurred to render his own situation so hazardous, and the reason that the success of their mission, depended entirely upon their hearty co-operation and ingenuity; but, when toward evening the gusts had subsided, and they had emerged into a broad, commodious road, the Recluse coming up to the side of the young men said:—

“As the winds have somewhat abated, and we are favored by a more pleasant road, it behooves us, before night sets in, to deliberate together, upon the best mode of procedure. Our success is wholly dependant upon a well-concerted stratagem, into the concocting of which all our contrivance and machination must be brought. I have heard nothing with regard to the disposition of the British army, but sanguinely hope that all offensive operations, for this summer's campaign, have ceased, and that it has gone into winter quarters.”

“I hardly think that you shall incur any danger whatever; but my having a private enemy, at the very threshold of the enterprise, renders me very liable to be taken; in which case, the interposition of the Almighty alone could avail to secure me from the infliction of the most horrible death. This extremity of danger, I have before alluded to, and will now proceed to detail.”

“Major General Gray and I were fellow-students at a University in England. Of an arrogant disposition, he united with his other naturally unseemly imperfections, a pompous, imperious manner, and a vengeful, passionate temper. It will be readily conceded that a being possessed of such a despicable nature, would soon incur the odium and disaffection of his classmates, as well as the disregard of his dignitaries. This, naturally came to pass soon after his matriculation; and, enraged by the sinister appearance of every thing around him, he gave himself up to the most unbounded licentiousness, and indulged in intoxicating liquors to such an extent, as to make a very beast of himself!”

“It was about this time, that an incident occurred, which brought upon me the full measure of his wrath, and which might have resulted fatally to me, had not the intervention of the vice-chancellor, subverted his fiendish schemes, and took me into protection.”

“I will not relate, in detail, the circumstances of the transaction; suffice it to say that he laid his polluted hands upon the stainless person of a young lady, with violent intentions, and, being close by, and having heard her scream, myself with several others flew to her assistance. Arriving at the spot before my friends, I struck the offender to the earth, and released his victim from her perilous situation.”

“To hell, allegiance! vows to the blackest devil
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand—
That both the world's I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: only I'll be revenged,”

shouted the demon, as he sprang to his feet, his countenance burning with rage, and his bloated eyes almost bursting from their sockets.”

“He would have sprung upon me in a moment, had not my companions having by this time reached the spot, stood by me and manifested their readiness to intervene. Uttering the most virulent anathemas against me, he staggered away toward his lodgings.”

“The report of the transaction, as if born on the wings of the winds, was circulated among the students, with the greatest rapidity, and quickly reached the heads of the College, who, in consideration of his previous reprehensible conduct, immediately decreed his expulsion. Mortified beyond measure, by the sneers and disrespectful treatment he received on every hand, he did not afflict us long, with his presence, but made a hurried departure from the University.”

“Through the intervention of his family and connexions, he soon afterward obtained a commission, in the British army; and, as luck would have it—for it certainly was propitious to me—he was ordered a year or two ago, to this continent, to eradicate the germ of freedom sown deep in the hearts of its people, and nourished by the divine effusions of the Almighty. Surely he is an impotent instrument to contend against the armed warriors of the King of Kings!”

The Recluse finished his narration, just as the moon, resplendent in her fullness, began to emerge into the bespangled vault, and pour her rays,—her soft, quivering rays of silver—over the wide-extended plain. The gusts of wind, were, apparently, hushed to quiet, when the radiant countenance of Luna, wearing her most bewitching smiles, as she floated in her vast domain, exhibited herself. The evening was delightful; far from being so uncomfortable as the driving storms of the day betokened. They had journeyed a considerable distance; and thirty miles—seemingly growing longer as they advanced—still lay before them. Their steeds, however, gave no indications of fatigue, and frisked along apparently as lively as they had been in the morning. The spirits of their riders were equally exhilarated; and, as they jogged along the smooth, commodious road, their shadows dancing in the moonlight, and their hearts in their bosoms, the difficulties, that at first seemed insurmountable, now appeared as frivolous as child's play.

The heart of the Recluse bounded against its bony casement, when they drew nigh to the village, that contained its invaluable jewel, as though it desired to

be emancipated from its prison. His countenance, now flushed with the hopes of success, and now, while the vagrant alternations of fear and doubt affected him, in aspect gloomy and sad, wore a changing ambiguous expression, that would have perplexed a beholder to comprehend its signification.

Just as "gray morning rose in the east," they descried a little piece of woodland, situate about two hundred yards north of Germantown, rendered highly eligible for their quarters during the day, on account of its wild, entangled growth and the impervious border of young pines facing the main road.

"There," said the Recluse, as he beheld the grove, "is all the shelter we can avail ourselves of for the day; and, forsooth, it is more suitable than I had anticipated. My summary glance at it, when the Hessians were on my heels, left me in doubt, whether its narrow limits would sufficiently elude observation; but, by our Lady, a gun-shot would never disturb the village in these times."

"What hinders our entrance into the town?" interrogated the vivacious Johnston.

"Why, my dear friend," quickly rejoined the Recluse, "if the enemy still hangs about these regions—and there is every reason to believe that it does—we would be in continual jeopardy of being taken and perhaps recognized, when all efforts to effect our object, would not only prove fruitless, but also render us incapable ever to accomplish it. And beside, if Gen. Gray happen to be with his family—which would be a sinister circumstance, indeed, and, I fear, would totally subvert our enterprise—I would most certainly be discovered, in which case, as I remarked last evening, I would meet with the instantaneous infliction of such torture, as the callous heart of the avenger only throbs to invent."

Having wound around the grove to its south-western border, they effected with no small labor, a passage into the centre of it, where they dismounted, and made such regulations, as their convenience seemed to demand; when, sitting together upon the soft bed of leaves, the Recluse, with that earnestness of expression, which words will assume, when they come from a heart as deeply interested as his, thus addressed his companions:

"You are manifestly aware, my dear friends, of the obstacles, which we have to encounter and overcome in the successful prosecution of our design. I have made known to you the safest course of procedure, that my anxious heart could suggest, and have heard your opinions and profited by them. The first step necessary to be taken, is, as I have just said, to ascertain whether Maj. Gen. Gray is residing with his family in the village, or is still at his post in the army. To determine this, I am constrained to solicit one of you, who under whatever habit, he may deem the most impenetrable, and will least expose him to scrutiny and detection, may be able to make a visit to the village; and, provided the General be absent, to strive, under some pretext or other, to obtain admission into the mansion, and advise the object of our expedition of the vicinity of those, whom she is doubtless daily expecting. And furthermore, my dear Johnston, I think that you alone are adequate to the undertaking, both on account of your knowledge of the situation and internal arrangement

of said mansion and the mutual acquaintance between my Ida and yourself, and likewise on account of your powers of imitation."

"I am at your service," said Johnston, hardly giving the Recluse time to finish his peroration, while the playful smiles on his countenance denoted the gratification he anticipated in the performance of his part of the play; "give me whatever instruction and commands, you deem advisable, and I will straightway set out upon my errand."

"Take this my noble-souled fellow," said the Recluse, while he placed in his hands a little billet-doux, in the Latin language—the language, which he himself had taught the elfish, laughter-loving Ida, and in which he had first discovered to her the consuming fire of his soul, by the dedication of a lyric, which, a propos, the reader may be willing to peruse:

T O I D A .

The sparks that shot from thy sweet eyes
Kindled a flame within my breast,—
A flame as bright as that which dyes
The clouds that swim along the west.

'Tis not the flame the lightning flings
In livid gleams across the skies,
Which just has time to flash its wings,
Then in its natal moment, dies.

'Tis not the sun's meridian blaze,
That dries the mournful night's pearl tears;
Scorched by whose hot and glaring rays,
Fair nature's face a languor wears;

O no! this flame is clear and bright,
(And now I feel it in me burn)
More like the pure and steady light
That flows from Cynthia's silver urn.

The spark was struck by thy bright eyes,
'Twas fann'd to flame by thy sweet breath,
Cherished by thy sweet love 'twill rise
And higher burn 'till quenched by death.

Placing the note in his bosom and disarranging his apparel, in such a manner, as to present a facsimile of Jonathan from way down tu Varmount, he strode forth in the same way they had entered, and struck an hypotenuse to the triangle, formed by the grove and the highway. As soon as he came to the broad street, gently winding down into the village, he observed one of those philharmonic wanderers, who, in modern times, are vulgarly called "organ-grinders," slowly plodding along, but a short distance ahead of him.

Running up to, and kindly addressing him, he soon prevailed upon the wearied itinerant to accompany him back to the grove, where, having informed him of his design, and liberally compensated him for the use of his instrument and vestments—which later he forthwith donned, and which admirably fitted him—he again issued into the road, and moved on to the village.

The spirits of the young man were highly elated by the unique metamorphosis in his appearance, and by his new vocation. He felt assured that he could ac-

comply his object with much ease, and without subjecting himself to suspicion.

The mellow strains of the organ were much more attractive in those days than now, and the infrequency of those musical visitants, rendered them at all times acceptable and pleasing.

Having adopted the characteristic gait of the original, and bending low, as if the weight of the instrument disallowed a more erect posture, he slowly wended his way into the village. He was in doubt, at first, whether he should restrain his pipes until he arrived in the vicinity of the mansion, or, whether it behooved him to salute each small fabric, as he proceeded. After a moment's deliberation, he concluded that the latter would be the safer, although the more tedious method to pursue; and, having reached the nearest tenement, situate upon the same side of the street with the mansion, he ground out a portion of "Auld Lang Syne"—or something very similar—with great zest and vigor; but, as he perceived no appearance of life about the place, he passed on, until he came to a substantial-looking building, whence he beheld the gray edifice occupied by Gen. Gray.

He again halted and went on with the unfinished tune; and, in a shorter time than we can write it, the windows and door of the house were thronged with rosy-cheeked maidens and flax-headed urchins, intently listening to the music; and the former whispering to each other in "Dutch," and scrutinizing the performer, as though they saw under the unseemly exterior, a heart as ardent and enthusiastic as their own.

Johnston noticed the animated countenances and penetrating glances they bestowed upon him; and, occasionally, as their admiration of the music—but more especially of himself—would elude expressions of applause, from their rubicund lips, he had the greatest difficulty to suppress the joyous emotions, which these demonstrations excited in his youthful heart.

After he had played several tunes for them, and delayed as long as the circumstances of his vocation would admit, he shouldered his instrument and hastened toward the mansion.

William Johnston, Jr., alias the organ-grinder, was a lover of nature's charms; and the beautiful, romantic scenery, which enveloped his home—his home in the valley of the "Blue Spring"—had afforded him ample opportunity to indulge his passion. Particularly was he fond of flowers; and the luxuriant spontaneousness of their growth, on the banks of the Conewaga, and the attention he had given to the science of Botany, rendered him familiar with their classification and the natural families.

On this account, he carried with him in all his excursions, little treatises on the production and interpretation of flowers. It happened that he had with him at this time, a small volume, very neatly bound, entitled the "Language of Flowers;" and, as he leisurely strode toward the mansion, he took the billet of the Recluse, and, having written under its superscription; "I will be back again to-morrow. Inform me then, in what manner our design can best be consummated, by means of this book," he slipped it within the folds of the volume, which he bound tightly with a cord.

The perfect silence, that reigned about the mansion as he approached it, gave evil forebodings, as to his success; but, as soon as the liquid notes of his instrument streamed upon the gale, the massive portal before him, grated on its rusty hinges and swung heavily back, disclosing the delicate form of a maiden, whose silken tresses of black, fluttering loosely about her neck and shoulders, heightened the ashy paleness of her countenance, which but too truly foreshadowed the melancholy of her soul.

The youth recognized her in a moment, and having arranged the notes of the organ, he commenced a familiar air, which he accompanied with his euphonious voice, singing the following floral stanzas:

A willow, old, on the margin stood
Of a rippling stream that softly crept;
Sighing a song in solitude,
To the flowers that on its bosom wept.
When the Peri of the Flowers trip'd,
In her matchless beauty o'er the glade;
She placed in my hands this little book,
Then, sat her 'neath the willow's shade.

A Blue-bell zone her waist enclasp'd,
Of the Pink's soft hue her garments were;
The Rose and Lily shone in her face,
The graceful Cactus wreathed her hair.
While the Mignonnette its fragrance gave
To many a zephyr, that by it ran,
She snatched her Harp from the willow's bough
And, blooming Maid, to thee she sang.

There's not a flower that gems the side
Of this clear rill I oft stroll by;
There's not a playful wave can glide,
Whose sun-lit beauties catch my eye;
There's nought of pure or bright I see,
But the Queen of Flowers thinks of thee.

When I behold the radiant blaze
Of Sol just peeping o'er the billow,
When I behold his evening rays
Sink lightly on their gorgeous pillow,
When aught of pure or bright I see,
I'm but reminded, Maid, of thee.

There's not a bird whose varied wing
Displays a thousand glittering dyes;
There's not a beautiful flower can fling
Its dawn of glory o'er the skies;
There's nought of pure and bright I see
But its first whisper is of thee.

When I behold the stars of night
(A lonely hour at eve beguiling,)
Pour down their streams of quivering light,
Like groups of youthful Angels smiling;
When aught of pure and bright I see,
Its first smile, always, seems for thee.

I send thee, then, this spotless Book
And would resemble it to thee,
For nought a fitter emblem is

Of what thou ever seem'st to be.
For nought within these lids I see
But musically speaks of thee.

Ye flowers tell the Maid that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, had ye in lone deserts sprung,
Ye must have uncommended died.
Tell her when aught of pure ye see
Ye say at once "the Maid and Thee."

Go teach her flowers, that though ye fade
Still from thy leaves will fragrance rise;
That Goodness time's rude hands evade;
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.
Teach her—to dwell in purity
Insures a sweet eternity.

When he came to the stanza commencing, "I send thee, then, this spotless Book," suiting the action to the words, he snatched the volume from his bosom, and gently tossed it into the hands of Ida.

As soon as she caught the book, she ran to her chamber, and having unwound the cord and opened its lids, the billet-doux fell upon her lap. She quickly snatched it up and tore it open; and, as her anxious eye scanned each letter of its soul-inspiring contents, a thrill of joy ran through her frame and dissipated the palor on her countenance, whose soft features, the tears of love and excessive felicity copiously bedewed.

By inadvertently mentioning the name of her lover, one day, in the presence of Maj. Gen. Gray, she discovered the fiendish malevolence, that the latter cherished against him; but, as he was now absent with the army, and there was no indication of his speedy return, Ida gave herself no uneasiness on that score; and, therefore, felt as though her rescue was already accomplished. Her note, however, pressed the necessity of using expedition, and appointed a place of meeting at sun-set; but, as that luminary had already disappeared, and night was overshadowing the earth, this, she knew, was impracticable.

"Well," said she to herself, while she stood at the window of her chamber, and gazed upon the pearly disc of the gibbous moon, "*William will not leave without me*; and to-morrow, oh! to-morrow, how happy *we* will be! Shine on ye paly stars—ye diamonds in blue! Why gaze ye all at me? Do ye see the raptures of my soul?—the kindly vicissitude of my fortune? Methinks ye do.—Sparkle, twinkle on, then;—laugh and dance in your interminable domain! To-morrow's eve will find me as happy and free as ye are;" and kissing her taper fingers to the moon, she lay down to sleep.

Being freed from the torture of suspense, and her heart overflowing with sweetest hopes, her eyes were soon closed in a deep, tranquil sleep, from which she awoke not, until the sun had gone several hours of his diurnal journey.

As soon as Johnston had finished his song, he raised his instrument to his shoulders, and, having observed a group of youths at a short distance, intently regarding him, he bent his steps toward them, and, when he arrived at the spot, having relieved himself of his burden, he approached the oldest of the boys, and

predicting from his ruddy, healthy countenance, and honest, manly look, his origin and simplicity of heart, he made a low bow and immediately addressed him.

"I hope, my friend, that my music inharmonious as it is, hath cheered thee a little in these turbulent times?"

"Indeed, it has fallen upon my soul, like the emolient balm of a physician. You speak truly when you say *these turbulent times*. The deadliest scourge that the Almighty could inflict upon us, would be scarcely more intolerable, than this hellish massacre of our kindred and friends,—the despoiling of our property and homes, and the violation of our civil and sacred institutions, by the hands of these hireling invaders!"

"The blood of our fathers," he continued, while his countenance glowed with indignation, and his bosom swelled with the fullness of his wrath, "now moistens the fields, from which they reaped our nourishment and support! What an array of slaughtered spirits will rise up at the judgment bar, against the author of this sacriligious war! Truly the King of Kings will mete it unto him, even as he hath meted it unto us."

"I have come from the 'far-west,'" interrupted Johnston, as he perceived the grey of twilight stealing over the village, and fearing lest the speech of the young man might draw others into their circle, and thereby prohibit the inquiry he wished to make;—"where the blood-thirsty fiends dare not appear, and where the unerring aim of the back-woodsmen, would fell them, as it doth the more subtle inhabitants of the wilderness. But tell me, who occupies that antiquated edifice, whence I have just come? Methinks it contains a world of Beauty!"

"A pompous General of the British army, named Gray, with his family, I believe," replied the youth.

"In truth, the unbroken silence that hangs about it, but illy betokens its occupation by a blustering General?" said Johnston enquiringly.

"The General scarcely ever makes his appearance here; and then only when he has an efficient guard in attendance. He appears to think himself unsafe out of the city, the arrant coward!—and, if he ever does present himself in these regions, without good backing, we will deprive the British King of his services, for awhile, and let him lie at anchor, where the blood of his slaughtered victims, like dusky spectres, shall haunt him in his dreams, and follow him in his wanderings!"

Having learned all he desired, he again raised his instrument to its accustomed place, and bid the patriotic youth adieu. The suspense, which he knew his long absence would engender in the Recluse, made him quicken his pace; and the smooth moon-lit street, echoed his steps in the twilight stillness, and enabled him in a short time to reach the little arbor, where his companions were silently and eagerly awaiting his return.

His presence soon dispelled the prevailing gloom, and his smiling countenance anticipated him in the rehearsal of his successful mission and the glad tidings, which he bore. After he had explained to them the ingenious method, by which he had succeeded in placing his message in the hands for which it was intended,

and told them the obvious prediction of its import on the part of the receiver; together with his romantic adventure previous to, and his happy interview immediately after, his so doing, the Recluse, highly agitated, interrogated:—

“What on earth has prohibited her compliance with my petition?—since you say that there be no obstacles to impede her action? I begged her to meet us at sun-set, at the eastern angle of the wood; and her non-appearance at the appointed time, together with your protracted absence, filled us with the saddest forebodings. However, as you have been in the vicinity, and seem to have met with no difficulty, you can, doubtless, explain the matter satisfactorily.”

“That I can,” replied Johnston, in his jovial manner, as the truth, at one sweep, flashed across his mind. “It was after sun-set when she received your note; and I feel exceedingly sorry that I was not acquainted with its contents—in which case, I am positive that our design would already have been accomplished, and we be on our homeward journey. I wonder, moreover, that the expediency of accelerating my visit, as much as possible, never crossed my mind.—However, ‘everything is for the best,’ is an old proverb, and I shall dine at the mansion to-morrow, when Ida will inform me of the place where, and the time when, our meeting and departure shall take place.”

The explanation of the young man allayed the irritation of the Recluse, and the propitious prospects of the morrow, restored the cheerfulness of his mind, and caused the machinations of his perturbed heart to vanish, like mist before the morning sun.

They now partook of some food, which they were careful to supply themselves with on their journey hither; and, after Johnston had laid before them his plan of operations for the morrow, and assured them of their perfect security in the grove they collected the fallen foliage in a pile, and having wound their blankets about them, they stretched their wearied limbs upon the mound, and were soon wrapped in the embrace of sleep.

Although unaccustomed to such exposure, their long and wearisome journey, as well as the incessant anxiety of their minds, rendered their sleep sweet and dreamless; and the enfeebled rays of the sun and the black-birds and crows were dancing on the tops of the trees over their heads, when they awoke.

Johnston instantly arose and began to make preparations for his visit. He now donned the Green Mountain suit, which he had been compelled to relinquish for that of the organist, the preceeding morning. The transformation—externally—was complete; and his lofty, steeple-crowned hat gave him so grotesque an appearance as to educe a hearty laugh from his companions.

The youth was again in his element; and to increase the merry cast of his hat, he gathered a parcel of many-colored feathers and stuck them on all sides of it. Determined to have a substantial dinner for his pains, he took his panther-skin under his arm and strode forth to the village once more.

“Faith, I’ll murder the Yankee jargon this day; and, should I meet with one of that nation I am mum, for certain,” he muttered to himself, as he hastily moved down the quiet street.

The industrious denizens of Germantown, were, as usual, busy in their daily

avocations; and, with the exception of a few dirty-faced, ragged-tailed urchins, that ran away, as soon as they saw him, our hero met with no molestation; and, between a walk and a trot, he moved up to the door of the well-remembered edifice. He thumped against it with the butt end of his musket, with such force as to bring, from the back part of the building, three round, shiny-faced blacks, whom, as soon as they opened the ponderous portal, in as bold and imperious a manner as he could assume, he interrogated: “What are ye a looking at, you snowballs you? Did you never see a live bein’ but your musty selves? Git eont of the way and let me cum in.”

The two younger darkies vanished; but the other stood firm; and, when the young man had ceased speaking, he enquired rather gruffly, “what he wanted.” “What does that consarn you, you tarnation lump of charcoal?—jist git eont of the way and let me cum in,” and placing the muzzle of his musket, as he spoke, against the most protuberant portion of his corporation, he gave him a shove, that sent him sprawling upon the floor.

The noise produced by the fall of the negro, soon brought Lady Gray to the vestibule, and several dragoons, who remained about the mansion, to the front of it. As soon as Johnston observed the former, he bowed Jonathan Slick-fashion, and said!

“Good mornin’ tu yu, marm, I’m Hezekiah Townsend, from Townsendtown, ’way deown tu York. I cum to see the Ginerall, marm, on very partic’lar bissiness. That black varmint there, wanted to know what it was; and I jist give him a little smell of my iron, to make him more perlite to gentlemen, when they cum this way. Well marm,” he continued, “kin I see the Ginerall? I have some mighty important bussiness tu tell him.”

“The General, sir, is not at home,” replied Mrs. Gray, “won’t you walk in?”

“Thankee, marm,” said our hero, as he stepped into a superbly furnished apartment.

“Pray be seated, Mr. Townsend,” said his hostess, as she perceived him staring wildly about the room; “You may confide to me whatever information of importance, you bear for General Grey, as I expect his return in a few days.”

“Wal that’s jist what I was a thinking on,” said Johnston, as he again made a low bow, which, unfortunately, precipitated his towering “solger hat,” to the floor. “I’le be darned to darnation if I don’t think there’s some *traction*—as poor old Richard used to say—atween that ar’ purty carpet and my hat. The folks deown tu Townsendtown always say that “Birds of a feather flock together,” an’, by the livin’ hokey, my solger-hat is about a leetle the nicest in these parts; an’ the way it makes these Liberty-men—as they calls ’em—look, whenever I pass ’em, beats all the menageries in creation.”

“Howsomever,” he proceeded, “I must tell you my business, as it’s ’tarnal near tu dinner-time an’ I’m all-fired hungry. Oh! if I was down to hum, wouldn’t my marm kill the fatted calf? Wal she would!”

“Wo’nt you stay and dine with us, Mr. Townsend?” interrogated Lady Gray. “Our dinner hour is near at hand.”

“Wal, I deon’t care if I du. I deon’t like to go ’mongst strangers much,

anyway; an' these fellars about here, look as savage as if they were all eben-ezered tu 'tarnation at me; but I du say, if they'd a bin deown to Bosting, when the Ginerol was thar, an' made such a scatterment 'mong the blue-coats, darned a one of 'em would stick himself up so. You see when the Ginerol was deown in Townsendtown, I showed him as purty a nest of those liberty-fellars as ever 'sembled together; and I guess he wasn't long a stowin' 'em safe in York! Wal he wasn't. An' when he left our diggins tu cum up tu here, he give me partienlar orders to watch the tarral oneasy critturs; and, if I ever found any more of 'em a squatting together, I should bring him the news instanter."

"Wal, no more nor six weeks ago, I was tramping through our district an' cum on one of these parties a sittin' at the mouth of a dark cave, which looked eenmost as if it would swallow 'em. I felt a kinder skeered at first, myself, but I got in the bushes and heard 'em a talking about meowing down the Tories—as they calls us—like grass; my eben-ezer 'gan to riz, an' I run hum 'terminated that Ginerol Gray should hear of it, as soon as my nag John—his name is John-athan, but I calls him John for short—as soon as my nag John could scamper over to here; an I du say he goes over the ground eenmost as smooth as grease.

Wal, now I'm raly sorry that the Ginerol hain't tu hum; for these "rip and cut" fellars—as they calls themselves—should all be tucked up, instanter. When I seen them, they were all eben-ezered about something, an' swore they'd roast every Tory deown thar like a fat pig, on a Christinas. They'll not touch Hezekiah Townsend, for double-sartain; if he has tu hunt a week for the Ginerol, he shall know every word of it, afore I go deown to hum. But thar's Pap an' Marm an' our Angeline—an' I du say she is an Angel—they calls 'em Tories too; an' my blood biles in me, when I think how that th'are circumvolutud with these ragga-muffins. Arter I'm gone, an' the Ginerol cum, hum, afore I see him, I wish, Mrs. Ginerol, that you weold tell him that Hezekiah Townsend, of Townsendtown, was here to see him, and has trapped as nice a nest of them ar' sneaky rats as he ever heard on: an if he comes deown to our section, he'll open the trap, an' give the critturs into his hands, as safe an' sound as my grand-mother's turkey rooster."

He had just finished his narration, when dinner was announced; and following his mistress into the dining-room, he seated himself to a more sumptuously filled board than he had anticipated.

Ida had overheard his conversation with her cousin, and instantly recognized his voice. She then ordered the domestics to hasten the luscious meal, while she ran to her chamber to finish the requested response. As soon as she had completed it and placed it between the folds of the little volume, which she bound tightly in the same manner as she had received it, she put it in her bosom—after bestowing a few kisses upon it—and ran back to the dining room, having furnished herself with a pretext for its return, provided the youth had made no fabrication for the occasion.

When Mrs. Gray and her guest entered the apartment, the latter, of course, received an introduction to Ida; and could the former have discerned the

cognitive glances, that passed between the young folks, she might have easily detected the vivacious Johnston in the Vermonter envelope.

The affected embarrassment, the ludicrous bowing and scraping, &c., &c., of the latter, caused his hostess to turn away in order to conceal the smiles, which they produced, and which effectually shielded him from exposure.

After they had seated themselves around the heavily laden board, and Johnston had partaken plenteously of the substantial fare, he glanced toward Ida and enquired:

"Have you ever bin deown tu Townsendtown, Miss?"

"No sir, I have no recollection of the place," she modestly replied.

"Wal, I always thort that our gals deowp thar, and our Angeline, speci'ly, were the purtiest critters on arth; but I'll be darned tu darnation, if the gals up tu here deon't beat them all holler. What *will* my sweet—I mean our Angeline say, when I tell her about the lasses-sweet gals up tu here? Won't she wriggle her shoulders and look as sassy as a turkey-gobler? Wal she will. And then, when I 'gin tu talk about the shining curls, as smooth and glittering as if they'd a bin soaked in spermaisty ail, for a fortnit, dangling about their necks; and thar rosy cheeks, and lips sugared all over with love-letters scraped deown, how she will raise her eben-ezer, and look as pouty as a mouse in a cage! Oh! Julicum Cæsar, what crossed the Rubicund! weon't I larf outright and tease the critter? Wal I will! I'll do nothing else for a hull season.

"I cum across a fellar this mornin'," he continued, changing from soliloquy to narration, "with a music-machine on his back—a tarnation clever fellar he was tu, for he wound out as much music for me, free-gratis, for nothing, as I could hear tu; and if I hadn't a had sich a mighty bissness with the Ginerol—a life an' death bissness—I'd a staid eenmost the hull day with him. Howso-ever he's a goin deown tu Townsendtown with me, and he axed me, when I started up tu here, tu look eout for his book, which he gave tu a gal up tu here, somewhere, as his heart was intirely carried off by the beauty of the crittur."

"He gave me the book," quickly interrupted Ida, blushing, but inwardly rejoiced at the simple circumvention of the young man; "and you will confer a favor upon me by returning it to its owner," she said as she produced it and extended it towards him.

Johnston took the book, and wrapped an enormous cotton handkerchief about it, for fear of "spileing" it, as he said, and then carefully laid it in his steeple crowned hat; and as he rose from his seat and moved toward the vestibule to depart, he said:

"I du say the musicianer will be glad for it, and I'll take it tu him, right straight, lest he may git tired a waitin' on me. If I deon't find the Ginerol, marm," he continued, addressing Mrs. Gray, "I'll call agin, afore I start tu Townsendtown."

"We shall be happy to see you at any time, Mr. Townsend," replied Lady Gray, as the former crossed the threshold and hurried from the mansion.

CHAPTER X.

As soon as Johnston and Mrs. Gray had left the dining room, Ida tripped off to her chamber to make arrangements for her clandestine departure.

Mrs. Gray and herself had always borne a sisterly affection for each other, and, as we have in an early part of our narrative recorded, the former actively engaged herself in the promotion of the design of the latter. The bitter denunciations of her husband, however, against the object of her pursuit, obviously diminished her efforts, and rather inclined her to dissuade her persevering, ever-loving cousin to abandon her researches.

On this account, therefore, Ida had never revealed to her, the happy interview she had had with her lover, when he was detained in the mansion, and still less the fact of her intervention to release him. She knew, likewise, as matters were arranged for the present, that she needed no external aid, and, however much, she desired to disclose to her cousin, the benignant alternate, in her fortune, the fear of being retarded in her movements, restrained her from making a revelation, and imposed upon her the necessity of acting cautiously and promptly in the affair.

She now selected from her ward-robe such apparel as she deemed requisite to protect her from the chilly winds of the night; and then, having seated herself to indite a note to her cousin, setting forth in detail an explanation of her unique demeanor, &c., suddenly she heard the clatter of horses feet in the distance. Somewhat alarmed at the ominous sounds, she threw aside her sheet and ran to the window; whence, in a short time, she beheld with surprise and trepidation, the approach of Gen. Gray and his staff!

For a moment her heart was replete with the bitterest emotions of despair; but, when the lively gratulations from below, broke upon her ears, she aroused the drooping energies of her soul, and determined, at all hazards to keep her renewed appointment. The day was fast waning away, and having supplied herself with everything she thought requisite for the journey, she left her sweet little chamber, and, for the sake of eluding observation, stole out of the house by the back door, whence a narrow alley wound around to the main street.

As she tripped over the ground, her tiny feet, keeping time with the quick beatings of her heart, scarce touched the sod. Like a child in the thick darkness of night, every sound, that caught her ear, sent a cold chill through her frame, and quickened her pace, until she emerged into the main street, when she assumed a more ordinary gait.

The little grove was in view—the place where she was to meet him, whom her soul longed for, as the hart panteth after the water-brook;—him, who was to crown her happiness forever. Her steps naturally accelerated, and she was fast approaching the appointed spot, when the noise of heavy footfalls, behind her, arrested her progress. She instantly turned about, and what was her anguish of soul to behold the supercilious person of General Gray!

The weight of her affliction almost bore her to the earth; but, as the General drew nigh, and she felt the importance of concealing her design, she quickly dispelled her confusion, and received him with apparent joyfulness and warmth.

“Why, General, how do you do!” she exclaimed taking his proffered hand; “I left the mansion but a short time since, and no one informed me of your return!” “I just arrived; and feeling somewhat indisposed, I concluded to join you in your evening walk, which your absence from the mansion, led me to believe, that you were, as usual, pursuing.”

Having acknowledged the kindness of the General, she kept him busily engaged, as they walked along in the exposition of her repeated interrogatories, and thereby retained his constant attention until they came to the grove. Her quick eye soon discriminated the forms of the Recluse and his comrades, moving lightly behind the thick border of pines; and having called his attention to the observation of something on the opposite side of the road, she intimated her wishes, and offered an opportunity for their accomplishment.

The Recluse failed not to comprehend the manœuvre, and gave the signal to his companions. Before the General could wheel about, the young men bounded from their cover behind him, and, while the one fastened him in his embrace, the other proceeded to bind his hands and divest him of his weapons. The Recluse and Ida were mounted on their steed in an instant, and swept off from the scene, like a phantom. When the General caught the triumphant gaze of his enemy, he made the most violent exertions to extricate himself; and, doubtless his superior strength would have prevailed, had not one of his own pistols been presented to his breast, which arrested his struggles.

Having bound his arms tightly and taken up his weapons, the youths were just mounted on their steeds, when they heard the near approach of horsemen and an imperious shout from the General. Driving their spurs into their steeds, they rushed from the spot, and urged their beasts to the utmost speed, in order to overtake the Recluse, and apprise him of their pursuers. Notwithstanding the ponderous burden of the horse of the latter, the few minutes, which had been purposely given him, enabled him to proceed several miles before they came up with him.

“We must increase our distance from them, before the moon rises,” said the Recluse, after he had heard the unwelcome tidings; and spurring up his steed, he darted forward, with his loved Ida nestling close to his heart, and his vigilant companions by his side.

The all-pervading silence was broken only by the regular strokes of the hoofs, and the heavy breathing of the horses, as they sped over hill and dale. After they had traveled in this way for about a half an hour, and the steed of the Recluse began to lag under his burden, they drew up for a moment to ascertain the whereabouts of the pursuers.

They had no sooner halted than the apprehensive sounds, broke upon their ears; and Johnston having exchanged horses with the Recluse, rode unnoticed into the woods, that extended along the way, while the others dashed onward at full speed. He had not long been in ambush, when he descried one of the horse-

men, considerably ahead of the others, rushing over the ground, as if he saw the object of his pursuit, and was about to grasp it.

The youth cautiously raised his rifle, and, as soon as the rider came up fired. The horse of the latter made a spring into the air, and, giving forth a wild cry, fell dead to the ground. Vaulting into his saddle, Johnston struck out into the road, and, riding a short distance, loading his rifle as he proceeded, he re-entered the forest. He well knew that the report of his discharge would quicken the speed of the troopers, as well as that the thick darkness of the forest, added to their delirious excitement, would, in all probability prevent the recognition of their fallen comrade.

He was not long in discovering the truth of his supposition; for, the next rider coming up, his steed, terrified at the unusual appearance in the middle of the road, sprang violently to one side, and threw him to the ground. Johnston heard the cry of the fallen dragoon, and again dashing out into the road, he pursued the riderless horse, which ran on in his own direction. He soon overhauled and secured him.

The Moon now began to rise and shoot her long, pale streaks of light through the woods. The sudden effusion of her rays, urged the youth to speed forward, and gliding swiftly along, under the shady canopy of the impending branches, until he arrived at the summit of a steep hill, he halted and looked back for his pursuers. Not a sound broke the breathing quietude of the night, save the occasional whoop of an owl, or the momentary movement of some quadruped upon the leafless oaks. Feeling satisfied that the pursuit was relinquished, he rode briskly on, and led his captured horse by his side.

The sun had been up for some time, when Johnston overtook his friends, who exhibited their anxiety for his safety, by the liveliest demonstrations of joy and gratitude.

"Ah, Hezekiah!"—said Ida, intermingling the jocose with the grave, "I had the most fearful forebodings as to your welfare. Had those vengeful Red-coats—as your countrymen, yea, and my countrymen, call them;—overhauled you, nothing on earth could have saved you from the excruciating death of a spy! They are truly "blood-thirsty tigers," who spare neither women, nor children in their relentless course. Did you meet with any of them?"

"Wal, I did," replied Johnston, assuming his Townsendtown air, and in the same manner going through the rehearsal of his adventures during the night.

"Is it possible that you thus thwarted those bravadoes!" exclaimed Ida after he had finished his narrative. "I always thought, from what I had been told by these valiant officers, that the Colonists were exceedingly ignorant and unskilled in the use of arms; but, I am happy to find that there are some, who are able to teach *them* lessons, which the military schools of Britain can never inculcate, and which many of them, like the recommendations of Caius Marius, a Roman General, will bear back to their fatherland, indelibly engraved upon their bodies."

"And now, my dear William," she continued turning to the Recluse, "how much are we indebted to these noble youths, who have left their peaceful homes

and kindred, and endangered their lives for our happiness! May the Almighty smile benignantly upon them, and ever preserve their hearts, as uncontaminated and philanthropic as they now are!"

"Amen!" quickly burst from the warm heart of the Recluse, and then succeeded a long and religious silence, which remained unbroken, until they arrived at the Susquehannah river.

Unlike the awful appearance, which the river and neighboring ridges wore a few days previously, with the exception of the loud gurgling of the waters, the most placid calmness universally prevailed. The morning—the autumn morning was a delightful one. The sun steadily approaching his meridian shone clear and bright; and the vast amphitheatre of the heavens, blended its bright azure with his golden lustre and assumed a purple hue. The leafless trees shooting into the air, reflected back the splendors of the sky. Calmly and slowly the majestic River rolled along as if its mighty volumes delighted to linger beneath the grandeur of the aspect, which here presented itself.

After they had crossed the river, and clambered up the verdant bank, they halted a moment to admire the romantic and richly picturesque scenery spread out before them.

"The ways of Providence are, indeed, inexplicable," said the Recluse to Ida who was tenderly leaning on his arm. "How free and undefiled, roamed the red man along this magnificent stream, before the deteriorating influences of the white man were thrown about him. In the child-like simplicity of his heart, he worshipped the great Manitou, who spoke to him from the storm, whose voice he heard through the rushing of the waters. Unlike many of his more refined contemporaries, the revolution of the heavenly bodies, the uniform alternations of light and darkness, the perfect felicity of all terrestrial creatures from the Elephant, the largest mass of flesh, to the Mosquito, that can revel in a cubic inch of air—all convinced him of the existence of an over-ruling being, all-powerful, beneficent, just!"

It was now verging toward mid-day, and several hours travel still lay before them. They hastily partook of some refreshments, and the young men having given due attention to the horses, they again pushed forward, en route for the Conewaga.

The wild and shaggy path over the mountain ranges, which run almost parallel with each other, and perpendicular to the river, restrained Ida from indulging her humorous disposition; and the party moved tacitly on, until they had crossed the numerous ridges, and issued into an extensive clearing, through which, in a westerly direction, ran a circuitous, but commodious road.

"Now, my dearest Ida," whispered the Recluse, "we will soon reach our home—our home in the quiet valley of the Blue Spring; when, in the holy Chapel of St. Paul, our happiness will be speedily perfected. Although of itself a paradise, how many days of misery, of mental and corporeal suffering, have I dragged out in that glorious vale! And now, as if to countervail them, how many years of unbounded felicity may we not anticipate? I can now gaze with rapture upon the translucent waters of the Conewaga, and the sublime

landscape circumjacent. I can retrospect to the past and bring before my imagination those painful reminiscences, only to augment my present joy."

"Ah, my dear William," said Ida, as her eyes moist with the warmth of her feelings, met his, "the years that were so full of sorrow to you, passed not more congenially over me. What have I left undone to secure this hour of fruition? I have forsaken home, parents, friends—all; traversed the hoary deep, suffered the harshest treatment of enemies, to yield myself to thee!"

"Thy love—all thy love, dearest of my soul is fully reciprocated!" exclaimed the Recluse, while the ebullitions of his heart, melted by her soul-stirring words, distilled from his eyes in big tears!

"Let us forget the past—the past that has been so cruelly overshadowed for us. Let us now begin a new life—a life of joy, of piety, of peace," said Ida soothingly, as she beheld the violent outburst of the Recluse produced by her excited declamation.

"Yea, my adorable Ida, your presence in this country, but too truly manifests the trials and afflictions you have undergone; and oh! what a debt of gratitude I owe you, for having delivered me from a dungeon of wretchedness, from an existence of unparalleled misery!"

The tender, enrapturing endearments and soul-inspiring blandishments of Ida soon dispelled the melancholy recollections, which had overflowed his soul; and the merry shouts of the boys, who had rode somewhat ahead, announced their approximation to the Conewaga.

The sun was fast sinking in the west, when they entered the little valley—the wood embordered valley. The sweet shades of evening began to stretch themselves over the face of nature. The "breeze's rustling wing" was in the tree. The Conewaga rolled heavily and slowly over its smooth bed; scarcely breaking the silence with its low murmur. The distant waterfall which the confluent streams of springs made to echo throughout the whole extent of the valley, could now be but faintly heard. The lonely whip-poor-wills stationed themselves in the groves and meadows, and seemed to sing a requiem to departed summer.

A few minutes ride brought them to the mansion of Col. Johnston. The non-appearance of the latter, as well as that of Barney McClain, who was always at his post, struck the youths with amazement. For a moment they gazed silently at each other, when the Recluse and Ida coming up, they all dismounted and ran over the lawn into the mansion. As they rushed into the hall, an undefinable scream, proceeding from an adjacent room, burst upon their ears. In an instant they were gathered around the fainting form of Mrs. Johnston, who had swooned away in a delirium of joy, having seen Ida as she skipped over the sward.

The holy father Coleman was by her side, where he had, day after day, since the departure of Col. Johnston, endeavored to alleviate the grief of the disconsolate mother; and, by spiritual exhortations to patience, and by frequent supplications to the Almighty for the lost one, and those who had gone to her rescue, he had succeeded in supporting her drooping soul.

Having warmly greeted the Recluse and Ida, as well as the heart-stricken youths, the venerable father detailed the unhappy incident, that had occurred in their absence, and the fears that he entertained on account of the long-continued detention of the Colonel and his band.

"We must hasten to their assistance," said the Recluse, arousing the young men, who were overwhelmed by the unexpected disaster. "Let all things be in readiness by to-morrow's sun."

The absorbing grief of Henry Palmer quickly abated, when his thoughts recurred to the transaction, which he had witnessed, in company with Mabel, at Rogue's Harbor, and which, he doubted not, originated the primitive design of her seizure. An instantaneous glow of hope radiated in his countenance, as the circumstance, which induced the Indian to the commission of the act, appeared to him to be satisfactory evidence of her safety. He knew Conowa well; having frequently seen him in the village; and his sober, manly aspect, so unlike that of his followers, had attracted his attention and admiration. He, therefore, believed that the noble sensibilities of the young Chief, would influence him, on his own application, to restore him his beloved.

Young Johnston, however, having no such extenuating circumstance, discovered the deepest grief, and his youthful mind viewed the situation of his sister, as being in the highest degree immutable and perilous. The distressing condition of his remaining parent, in addition to the portentous deductions of father Coleman, augmented his despairing melancholy; and he would have forthwith started in pursuit, had not Henry Palmer suggested to him the mitigating circumstances in the case, and apprized him of his own seemingly consistent prognostications.

The youth, thereupon, was greatly relieved; and the cooling applications of the Holy Father soon restored the dejected mother to consciousness. He hastily informed her of the ameliorating incident, which Palmer had related, and impressed her with the belief of the security and speedy re-capture of her daughter.

"The sun of peace will soon disperse the gloom of these distressful hours," said the good father, as he perceived a gleam of joy, occasioned by his recital, steal athwart the pallid features of the bereaved one. He then made known to her the return of the Recluse and his Ida—both of whom had retired from the apartment. The tender-hearted matron insisted upon an immediate interview with the latter, and the compliant father proceeded to an adjoining room, where the young folks were making preparations for the morrow, and quickly returned with Ida, who was instantly received in the embrace of the enfeebled mother, with the fullest expressions of affection and sympathy.

This parental manifestation, melted the heart of Ida to tears, and opened to her mind the kindly regard that was attached to her lover. The cold formalities and sensibilities of the world, which she had met with on every hand, so dissimilar to the present exhibition of heavenly beneficence, and ever inimical to the glowing warmth of her own soul, were never implanted, nor nourished in this sacred valley, whose inhabitants, even to this day, we are constrained to

extol for their big-souled generosity, their philanthropy, and the purity and unremitting exercise of their religion.

They are for the most part farmers; and the products of their well-tilled fields, furnish them abundantly, with all the necessities of life. They are frank, hospitable and intelligent. To vice and dissipation they are strangers, and their wealth and plenty never sink them into luxury.

Reader, should you ever wish to withdraw yourself from the friendless, unfeeling world, and seek a spot, where the balm of Gilead luxuriantly grows, and the physicians, who are faithful in its administration, numerous dwell, go to the little valley of the Blue Spring—to the shady banks of the Conewaga.

If thy soul be overburdened with grief and longs for a peaceful seclusion from the busy haunts of men, the all-pervading serenity of this modern Auvernum, will afford you every solace your heart can desire. Here you may behold the beauties of nature, in their richest garb—all-varied and unceasing.

Contemplate, for a moment, the smooth-rolling Conewaga—now, an expansive mirror of limpid purity—a mirror reflecting from its bosom the mellow ray of the morning, the dazzling brightness of the noon-day, and the many-colored spangles of the evening sun. How placidly its waters move, when Æolus has locked up the winds;—indeed you doubt whether they move at all! Your eye rivets itself upon the middle of the stream,—and, fixedly gazing, you bend down and raise up slowly,—but to you it stirs not. The visual organ then inactive recedes toward the bank, where you are standing, and watches intently the little ebb and flows, about the narrow pools at your feet; but these deceiving plashes would have you believe that the waters ran up stream! So purls the waters of the majestic Conewaga, in the melting sunshine of summer,

Through many a grove of genial shade,
Through many a flowery mead.

'Tis early spring-time now; and the tumultuous blasts of March have not yet ceased their boisterous howlings. Can you hear or see the movement of the waters, now? Yes, like the low rumbling of the distant thunder, echoes the dashing stream, as its bosom heaves with the numerous rivulets, that pour down the hill-sides, and bound upon it.

The Conewaga has lost its pelucid cast, and now looks like a vast stream of molten gold! It is, therefore, still grand to look upon; and the big dam, at the mill, blending its monotonous roar with the heavy moanings of the aged oaks, which emborder it, deepens the sublimity of the scene.

We have now a beauteous May-day, and, as there is nothing to prevent us, we will, with all due reverence, enter the magnificent Chapel of St. Paul, and ascend to its silver-capped dome. The Chapel sits upon an eminence, high above every other object in view, and the cupola, in which we are standing, is, perhaps, two hundred feet above the surface of the creek, which reflects the whole front of the edifice from its transparent bosom.

Let us first turn our eyes toward the south. The forests of oak and chesnut,

which, at the time of our story, stretched for miles over the undulating lands, are now circumscribed to as many acres. They, still, however, serve to protect the valley from the perturbed inroads of the outer world, and form a sublime margin to the picture.

To the west our eyes extend over a soil, at one time gently swelling into agreeable elevations, and, at another, spreading itself into vales of the most enchanting verdure, interspersed with orchards, arbors, and happy-looking farm houses.

To the north they extend over a succession of high ridges, cleared to their summits, and, although, comparatively beneath us, they embarrass our view; and the blue mists, that hover over the mountains, more grand and lofty, arrest them in their excursions.

Eastward we naturally follow the gentle sinuosities of the Conewaga, upon either side of which, fields, gardens, meadows, and rich pastures, spread over the face of the valley, producing in their seasons, the lovely flowers, fruits and foliage of spring, summer, and autumn.

The verdant splendors of spring are magnificently displayed, on all sides of the valley. The light gales, laden with the ambrosial perfume of the blossoming fruit and locust trees, and breathing revigorating coolness from the waters, tremulously agitate the foliage of the groves, and waft by us on their lithesome wings.

The robin, martin and blue-bird, enliven the air with their songs, and the cluster of oaks and weeping willows, that surround the Chapel, rings with varying, artless melody, while the refulgent beams of the sun, gild the circumambient landscape, with a thousand forms of beauty and loveliness.

The Conewaga has divested itself of its yellow hue, and assumed its wonted lucidness. Slowly and calmly it moves along, as if its inanimate waters delight to linger beneath the influence of the enchanting spell, that is here thrown over the face of nature; but, as soon as it leaves the quiet precincts of the valley, as though enraged at the rugged, winding course it has to pursue, it dashes, like the furious war-horse, over its rocky bed, and foaming, and roaring, pours its waters over a high precipice, into the swelling bosom of the Susquehanna.

Yonder, about three hundred yards from the Chapel, is the gem of the valley—the Blue Spring. Where in the world does it find an outlet for the waters, that incessantly bubble up to its surface?—you ask, as your eye vainly searches the solid mounds of earth that enclose it on every side. Not a drop of the limpid water escapes from its confines! Strange! “passing strange!” There with the lustrous blue of the summer sky upon its face, it sits in the lap of a green sward, motionless, but pure, and like the sea without bottom!

We will not vouch for the truth of the latter assertion; but, the oldest traditions of the valley, and many of its present inhabitants—doubtless, however, without critical investigation—affirm the truth of the statement. From a recent examination of the spring, and its environs, we have come to the conclusion, that a subterranean duct communicates with the creek, which thereby receives the unceasing discharges of the spring, and that the latter has a bottom!

At the time of our story, its waters were supposed to possess many medicinal properties, and, being on the Chapel grounds, great attention had been directed to its preservation and embellishment. At present, it is wholly neglected; and the younger portion of the residents are scarcely able to point out its situation.

The "*Conewaga Chapel*" stands, as we have elsewhere remarked, upon an eminence, on the south-eastern bank of the stream. Its massive walls of grey stone have well resisted the corroding influences of time. The grounds appertaining to it, were ceded to the Jesuits by Lord Baltimore; explicit evidence of the settlement of the valley, by the Catholics, at a very early period.

We are not informed of the precise date of the erection of the "Chapel;" but infer from the various accounts we have gathered, that it was built almost a century and a half ago. Of course it has undergone many repairs in the interim, and, lately, it received an appendage, which renders it more capable to accommodate the hundreds of worshippers, who flock hither, upon the Sabbath to breathe of the heavenly effusions, that are poured forth within its precincts.

We hope the reader will pardon this monster digression. The description, which we have attempted seemed to demand a place in our little book, and the conclusion of this, the first portion of our narrative, appeared relevant to its admission.

The Recluse and his two companions set out on their journey, the next morning, before the sun. They followed the well-beaten track of the Colonel and his band. The return of her son, and the explication relative to the condition of her daughter, had greatly relieved Mrs. Johnston; and while the charming Ida was by her side—whence she would not permit her to withdraw—the affliction that had preyed so heavily upon her heart, melted away; and hope, like an ever-bubbling fountain, boiled up in her bosom, and apparently restored her accustomed cheerfulness.

The magnificent view of the valley from the mansion, so pleasing to the romantic mind of Ida, caused the days, during the absence of her betrothed, to pass by with less anxiety and suspense, than they would, otherwise, naturally have done; and his piety and the infallibility of success, which always attended him, gave additional security for her safety.

CHAPTER XI.

"How slow the languid moments move,
How long to him their lapse appears
In whom remorse, or fear, or love,
Concentres griefs untold by tears,
The gathered agony of years!
But o'er the Indian warrior's soul
Uncounted and unheeded roll
Long hours, like these in watching spent,
The moments that he knows within,
When on the glorious war-path sent,
Are calm as those which usher in
The thunders of the firmament."

How painful are the recollections of home and those we love, when our situations are such as to preclude all hope of ever beholding them! When that blasting *cohort*, fear, misery, despair, has taken possession of our souls, and incessantly marshals itself and attacks our hearts, how deeply does it sink us in the gloom of despondency!—how quickly it accomplishes the annihilation of the vital principle! Self-preservation, to a considerable degree, is disregarded!—life has lost its charms, and its prolongation is no longer desirable! The pleasures derived from the perception of what is beautiful in nature, augment the affliction of the mind, while the increasing terror of a horrible death, inspired by the portentous appearance of every thing, by which we are surrounded, produces the most violent agitation and leads to the dethronement of reason.

Such was the pitiable condition of Mabel, after the battle of Bloody Run.—All hope of release from captivity was banished by the unsuccessful and fatal encounter. The suspense, in which she was kept, with respect to the fate of her aged father, and her lover, of whom, the former, she felt assured, was engaged in the sanguinary conflict, and the latter she knew to have accompanied the Recluse—almost drove her to madness!

The Indians had suffered the greatest loss in the battle, owing, upon the one hand, to the advantages which the storm and the darkness of the night, furnished the assailants, and, on the other, to the consummation of the orders, as given by Barney McClain.

This disaster, so foreign to their expectations, had greatly disaffected them toward their Chief; and, but one of the six, that survived, remained obedient to his commands. He and Conowa, alternately, bore the fainting form of Mabel in their arms, until they had gotten a good distance from the camp, when they halted, and prepared a sort of litter for her conveyance. The young Chief still displayed the greatest concern for her convenience; and many a tender glance did he cast upon her countenance, as he strode along by her side, and watched the rose fading from her cheek and a livid paleness stealing across her features.—Her fine form was rapidly wasting under the calamities, which preyed upon her, and the exposure consequent upon her situation.

The four unfriendly warriors moved swiftly along in the advance, evincing the utmost indifference to the progress of the Chief, who, with his companion, labored severely to keep within view of them. Conowa was highly agitated at the unseemly conduct of the warriors, and showed great uneasiness with respect to his reception by the tribe on the Alleghanies. He could readily foresee the commotion, which the loss of his followers would produce, and the execrations it would bring upon him, from the older warriors, the widowed and the fatherless. Moreover the plausibility of his conduct would not be appreciated by the injured parties, and that awful vengeance, which alone can remunerate the savage heart, would, there was every reason to suppose, be gratified, either by the banishment of himself from the tribe, or the execution of his adored captive.

With respect to the former, his mind was not ill at ease; for the most desolate and solitary region he could conceive of, would, by the presence of Mabel, be converted into a paradise for him. The latter he determined to prevent, though his own life be sacrificed in the event.

Wyannowe—the elfish Wyannowe, was another object—of no small account, either—of consideration. Her passionate temperament and jealous disposition, linked to her all-absorbing, but misplaced love, all of which, he had long since been acquainted with, presented embarrassments of the greatest moment. Beside, her father, one of the discontented warriors before him, would, he feared, urge on and assist her, in the prosecution of any scheme, which her aggrieved heart could fabricate to his detriment.

As far as regarded the security of his own person, however, he had nothing to apprehend; well-knowing that all her efforts would be directed against the one he loved, when she perceived his devotedness to, and continual watch over her.

Such were the thoughts that occupied the mind of Conowa, as they were rapidly approaching the Alleghanies. The violent storm of the night, was succeeded by a glorious, sunshine day, and the interminable forest, through which their path lay, sufficiently tempered the rays of the sun, and made their journey by far more agreeable—at least to the Indians—than the opposing ruggedness of the way, would have led them to suppose.

All day long they traveled, in this equivocal manner, and, when the shadows of night began to fall over them, they reached the cloud-capped Alleghanies.—The chilling winds, as they swept through the deep ravines of the mountain, kissed the pale cheeks of Mabel, and restored her, partially, to consciousness—to a consciousness, alas! of her frightful condition!

The sonorous hootings of the owl, and the cries and roar of the wild beasts, increased her terror, while the mountain, black and inauspicious, rising up before her like some huge monster, seemed to welcome her arrival.

The warriors in advance, still pushed rapidly onward and began to ascend the steep acclivity, without regarding in the least the movements of their Chief. The latter, on the other hand, and his fellow-laborer, put forth all their exertions to keep up with them, foreseeing the disadvantage which would accrue, if these, so inimical to his interest, should arrive at the camp before him.

The ascent of the mountain was very laborious; the path sometimes extending diagonally, winding around the shaggy rocks, that projected from the acclivity, and sometimes, following the verge of a precipice, whence the yawning chasm below looked black as Erebus, while it echoed the roar of the rivulet, that rushed through it.

Toward morning the moon arose, and her paly rays falling, perpendicularly, upon the mountain side, lit up the path, and somewhat lessened the difficulty of the ascent. To Mabel the night seemed almost endless, and the impracticability of changing her position, in her rude couch, added a painful inconvenience to her absorbing grief. The entire night was passed in retrospections, the most sorrowful and afflicting. Her overburdened heart found not relief in sleep. Dim visions of the past—the happy past—would float across her mind, in brief array, making her forgetful, for the moment, of her present misery—only to augment her anguish by their volatile transitions.

Home—the home of her childhood—the home of her *love*, and the pleasing reminiscences therewith connected, like a gleam of sunshine would flash before her; and then, like the same, when a massy cloud swims fleetly by, would they vanish.

Higher and higher, they rose in their ascent, and more, and more intricate became the labyrinthian path. The numerous transparent springs, which gushed out the mountain side, and sent their noisy streamlets down the declivity, attracted no attention; and the nearer they drew to the camp, the faster they moved onward. The moon was gayly floating upon her sea of blue, but her white rays were beginning to lose their brilliancy, as the grey of morning began to climb up the eastern horizon.

When they gained the mountain-top, the rubied sun looked full upon them, emitting life and freshness to both animate and inanimate nature. The wonted light, however, revealed to Conowa, a truth, which threw him into the greatest confusion, and caused him, involuntarily, to halt. His comrade, mute with astonishment, gazed, first at Mabel, and then at him, as if eagerly desiring an explanation. The Chief immediately motioned him to observe their enemies, in front, of whom but three remained, the other having gone ahead, as soon as they turned the angle on the summit, for the express purpose, as Conowa surmised—and that rightly too—of making an exposition of affairs to, and exciting the sympathies of, the tribe against him.

For a moment the two Indians regarded each other in profound silence, as if each awaited the deliberations of the other. Finally, the Chief made a movement, which was instantly succeeded by a similar one, on the part of his assistant, and snatching up their burden, they sprang forward with the agility of the deer, and rushed by the hostile warriors, who were carelessly—and studiously so, too—jogging along in the well remembered path.

The latter appeared very much surprised at the manœuvre, and supposing that the sagacity of the Chief, had penetrated their delusory scheme, and was hastening to avert its prosecution, they darted off after him, determined to prevent his reaching the camp before their messenger, though his life be the forfeit of his failure.

Self-preservation was again excited in the soul of Mabel, as she flew through the air, expecting every moment, by some misstep or blunder, on the part of either of her bearers, to be hurled down the declivity and dashed to pieces. Her lustrous ringlets of hair fluttered in the breeze. The sudden change from the characteristic gait, to the utmost speed, by the Indians, led her to suppose that they were threatened by imminent danger, and aroused her from that death-like stupor, into which her resigned submission to fate, had plunged her.

The inconvenience, under which Conowa and his adjutor labored, soon became evident to the former, as he felt himself growing weary, and the footsteps of the warriors, coming up in his rear, became audible. Intimating his desire to his companion, as they made a sudden turn in the path, they bounded into the bordering thicket, where they remained until the other Indians had passed by, when, having ordered his friend to protect his charge and abide his return, Conowa again sprang into the path, and summoned all his strength to outstrip them.

The old camp-ground was still about two miles distant; so that there was ample space for the Chief, incited by the two-fold danger, to overtake his adversaries and reach the goal before them. Almost as soon as we can write it, he was beside them, and, making a leap to pass, one of the warriors, quick as thought, wheeled about and bounded against him. The violence of the concussion brought them both to the ground; with the advantage, necessarily, in favor of Conowa, who, instantly cognizant of it, seized upon it, and dealt his antagonist a blow, that stunned him.

Springing to his feet, he was off again in a moment, and, but a short time elapsed, until he again neared his competitors. Fearing lest another diversion to detain him, would be attempted, he kept close behind them, until they came to an acute angle in the path, when, vaulting into the air, with all his strength, he cleared the bushy space, and lit in the way before his enemies, whom, amazed at the feat, he soon left far in his rear. A few minutes sufficed to bring him within the confines of the old camp-ground. He had scarcely entered it, before he saw the elfish form of Wyannowe, coming, like a spirit, to greet him. The deserted appearance of the premises filled him with astonishment; but six or eight of the hundred wigwams, which had studded the ground, remaining.

Wyannowe was quickly by his side, and to his numerous interrogatories, with relation to the sinister condition of the camp, she with much gladness, responded, and informed him of its evacuation by their warriors, long since, and depicted the signs which still existed and made known the causes of departure, and the direction taken by the tribe.

This system or mode of picture writing, as practiced by the North American Indians, is well exemplified, in the annexed quotation.

NOTE.—“In Schoolcraft's Journal of travels through the North-western regions of the United States, we are told that the party in passing from the river St. Louis to Sandy Lake, had, with their Indian attendants, gotten out of the way, and could not tell where they were.

The Indians not knowing what might be the result, determined to leave, at a certain place, a memorial of their journey, for the benefit of such of their tribe

Elated by these unexpected and joyous tidings, Conowa, abruptly, turned away from Wyannowe, and made all haste to return for Mabel. One half of the burden, that had weighed so heavily upon his heart was removed; and, with the aid of his attendant,—who, unfortunately, deserted him, when they entered the enclosure—he hoped to overcome every emergency, which the incidents of the day might originate, until the morrow, when he determined to follow after the tribe.

The messenger, that had been sent by the disaffected warriors, had anticipated Conowa, in reaching the camp; in consequence of the latter's detention, by the circumstances we have noted; and when the latter came into view, the squaws and youths—who, the reader will remember, traveled in advance of the warriors—had assembled around the panting Indian, eager to hear his accounts, and predicting their fatal import.

The appearance of the chief, at this juncture, made known by Wyannowe, drew the attention of the assembled throng, and caused the warrior, in their midst, to delay his rehearsal. As soon, however, as Conowa was observed to withdraw, the savage again plucked up courage, and went through with his protracted narration.

Wyannowe was filled with joy, when she beheld the Chief enter the camp; and her versatile imagination had depicted to itself the failure of his enterprise—all for her especial benefit,—for her subsequent happiness; but, when, after she had tenderly and explicitly related everything, that she thought would interest him, she saw him quit her so unkindly and unceremoniously, and hasten away in the direction, he had come, her heart was pierced with the intensest agony, and, for a moment, she stood fixed to the spot. As soon as she recovered herself, wild with despair, she ran after the Chief; still, however restrained, by the knowledge of her own insignificance, from making any overtures to him.

Conowa, busy with his own musings, which were now by far pleasanter than they had been, for a long time, did not perceive the elfish form, gliding like a sunbeam, in his wake; but, when he came to the place, where he had left Mabel, and himself and his companion, raised her up and issued into the path, a hollow, unearthly shriek broke upon their ears, and the ardent, passionate Wyannowe fell across the way before them, with a gleaming knife clutched in her grasp, which she intended to plunge into her bosom, but nature kindly withdrawing her reason, averted the fatal blow!

Here was another object to awaken tenderest emotions in the heart of Mabel, and abstract her thoughts from the consideration of her own terrible position.—

as might come in the direction afterwards. In the party, there was a military officer, a person, whom the Indians understood to be an attorney, and a mineralogist; eight were armed; when they halted they made three encampments.

The savages went to work and traced with their knives, upon a piece of birch bark, a man with a sword, for the officer, another with a book for the lawyer, and a third with a hammer, for the mineralogist; three ascending columns of smoke denoted the three encampments, and eight muskets the number of armed men.”

Various and equivocal were the conclusions, at which she arrived, and every thing, that the surrounding indications could suggest, save—strange to tell—the truth in the case, received due deliberation. It was well that she knew not the fact; for, her soul, so full of sympathy and compassion, would have received an additional weight of misery to bear.

Involuntarily the two Indians shrunk back from the prostrate form of Wyannowe, and both being cognizant of the circumstances, which led to the peculiar manifestation, they looked upon the wretched maiden, beautiful even in deformity, with sensations of the deepest sorrow and commiseration. At length Conowa took Mabel upon his own shoulder, and ordered his companion to bear Wyannowe,—having first divested her of her weapon,—and together they hastened to the camp.

As the latter was raised by the Indian, "Conowa!" she faintly articulated, and her finely tapered arms, she flung, convulsively, around his neck. They had not gone far, however, in this manner, before she opened her eyes, and, bursting from the arms of the savage, she bounded into the bushes, when, casting a glance at Conowa, she gave a wild, piercing scream, and then ran away; sometimes taking the direction of the camp, and again pursuing a quite different course, until she was lost to sight.

Wyannowe was frantic! and, as she apparently flew through the air, her glossy black hair waving on the gale, and her hands tearing her garments from her bosom into shreds and hurling them in all directions, she presented a spectacle at once shocking and deplorable.

Conowa regarded these maniacal exhibitions with evident alarm, and watched the mysterious being, until the interposing obstacles hid her from his view, when, uttering the usual exclamation, "Hugh!" himself and his associate again started off.

A goodly portion of the day had, by this time, waned away, and the sun's disc was waxing larger and redder, as he sank behind a misty cloud in the western horizon. As they came near to the camp, their ears were greeted with a most inharmonious, unceasing yell; and, on the northern portion of it, where most of the wigwams stood, a revolting scene presented itself.

The widowed squaws and offspring of the warriors, who were slain at Bloody Run, were filling the air with shrill cries, and some were plucking the hair from their heads, and lacerating their countenances and bosoms, until their blood distilled from the incisions, and gave them a frightfully abhorrent appearance. Others threw themselves upon the ground and gave vent to their feelings, in the most dissonant howlings and contortions of the body.

The wildest confusion every where prevailed; and, perhaps, a half-hour elapsed, before the warriors, who had delivered the distressing tidings, succeeded, by certain assurances of revenge and protection, in restoring them to comparative quietness.

These demonstrations awakened in Conowa apprehensions of a very unpleasant, if not fear-engendering nature; and he halted on the border of the camp, as if in doubt whether to advance or recede. He soon came to a determination,

however, well knowing that any cowardly demonstration, on his part, would be interpreted to his detriment, and, possibly, give rise to consequences of a serious character. He, therefore, stalked boldly into the enclosure, and advanced with unwavering step toward the agitated concourse.

The intermingled cries and lamentations of the squaws and youths, increased as he drew nigh, and, although apparently undaunted, he evinced a most painful uneasiness. Luckily, one of the wigwams stood about a hundred yards from the others, in front of which the furious scene was being enacted. Seeing that it was unoccupied, Conowa, with his charge entered it. With trembling hands he set about making the alterations and improvements which their occupation of it, for the night, required; and darkness had come upon him before he had satisfied himself of the efficiency of his arrangements.

The clamor had gradually subsided, and the breathing silence, that succeeded, seemed the more profound and unbroken, as the day had been stormy and riotous.

The wigwam sat—as did the others,—in the bushy margin of the camp-ground; being constructed of skins, depending from crosspieces, which laid in the forks of the young saplings, that thickly studded the mountain-top.

We will leave Mabel and Conowa for the present, after, first, having taken a glance at them,—for we are enabled to do so, by the brilliant light of the blazing fire, which the latter has kindled, and which, being immediately in front of the wigwam, illuminated its interior nicely—to return to the Recluse, Colonel Johnston and "cauld" Barney.

Conowa is setting at the ingress of the domicile; a little to one side, in order that the light may penetrate every part of it, and he can have an unembarrassed view of things internal as well as external; for his mind is flooded with fears, and the deathlike silence of the night, speaks to him of danger. His trusty rifle is beside him. His head hangs negligently upon his breast; but his eyes are open—wide open, rolling in their sockets and surveying, accurately, every movement in their vicinity. The tremulous motion of a twig, or a leaf, in the intermissions of the cracklings of the fire, makes him shudder and, warily, take hold of his rifle.

As for Mabel, the genial blaze has shown her the downy couch of leaves and skins, prepared by the loving Conowa for her, and she has availed herself of it, exhausted by the fatigues of the journey, and sick at heart, with the innumerable apprehensions, that overwhelm her. The well-roasted venison, before her, remains untouched. Her eyes are closed and their heavy lashes throw dim streaks of shadow over her pale, forlorn-looking countenance. May she sleep sweetly!

CHAPTER XII.

All's to be fear'd, where all's to be lost.

BYRON.

As we have remarked, in a preceding chapter, the Recluse and his two companions—William Johnston, Jr. and Henry Palmer—set out from the Conewaga, early the next morning after their return from Germantown.

The morning was a delightful one. A re-invigorating breeze blew fresh and steady from the west. The sun rose into a sky unclouded and beautiful.—These, as far as they went, might have been esteemed auspicious omens; and we opine that they were. They certainly exhilarated the young men, as they loped through the thick woodlands, following the beaten path of the Colonel and party.

"Were it not better to strike for the main road at once? We could reach it much sooner, and, in all probability, the trail inclines toward the clearing, in which event, we would save considerable time and trouble?" interrogated Johnston, addressing the Recluse, as they rode side by side, and began to ascend a steep hill.

"I am disposed to believe that your father pursued the route of the Indians, who, doubtless, took the nearest course to their destination;—and, beside, in our present course, we have the judgment of Barney McClain."

"You're right," rejoined the youth, the latter consideration having waved all doubts from his mind; and, having gained the brow of the hill, they galloped onward as swiftly as the winding, rocky path would permit.

Unlike their recent expedition, in which but one of them was truly concerned, they all now felt interested—deeply interested, and the Recluse, almost as much so as either of the others, partly on account of the belief, that grew out of the circumstances, in respect to the time and place of the seizure, and which caused him to feel uneasy from the fact of his own unintentional agency therein, and partly because of his fraternal affection for Mabel.

Henry Palmer was greatly agitated, and constantly urged his steed onward, so that his associates were sometimes far in his rear. However easy he appeared on the preceding evening, with regard to the security of his beloved, it was now obvious from his eagerness and sedative mood, that some doubts had arisen in his mind, which he was unable to resolve.

The shock, which her sudden seizure would occasion, he feared, must have been too overpowering for the delicate form of Mabel to have withstood; and then so tenderly reared as she had been, the hardships and exposure, her condition, unavoidably imposed, could scarcely be endured for any length of time.—Revolving such things in his mind, he heeded not the Recluse and Johnston behind him, until, having reverted to the last scene enacted at Rogue's Harbor, and taken into account the conduct of Barney McClain, when a thought flashed

across his mind, as painful as it was sudden, he wheeled about, and in a composed manner as he could assume, addressed the Recluse:—

"I have just been thinking about the transaction at Rogue's Harbor, and am dubious whether the solution I have given of it, be the correct one. The unfortunate intrusion of old Barney upon the games of the Indians, may have stimulated them to vengeance, and led to the committal of the deed; in which case, the situation of Mabel, may be far more dangerous, than we have heretofore conceived of; especially, if she be not under the protection of Conowa!"

"That were, indeed, a lamentable phase in our fortune," replied the Recluse, after he had mused several moments, upon the feasibility of the suggestion, "we must look, however, upon the bright side of the future, and hasten to join our friends."

It was almost mid-day, when they arrived at the mountain. Their steeds were covered with sweat, foam and dust. Having dismounted and given them rest for a short time, they took the reins and led them up the declivity. When they reached the summit they halted a moment to breathe, and then vaulting into their saddles they pushed on again in the trail. Ten minutes' ride brought them to the point, where the path wound down the mountain-side into the valley, and in as many minutes more, they had descended and began to move swiftly over the plain.

"What have we here?" said the Recluse, while he entered the camp, where the Colonel and his party had the first obvious intimation of their proximity to the Indians; "this has, without doubt, been very lately vacated."

"Jupiter Hammon!" exclaimed young Johnston, who had ridden toward the opposite extremity of the camp and beheld the ghastly features of the savage, who had vengefully fired at Barney, and had been slain by him. "The battle has commenced and the Indians have fled," he shouted at the top of his voice; and grasping the reins, he dashed over the revolting obstacle into the path.

The Recluse and Palmer followed at full speed, which they kept up for some time, when, not finding any additional evidence to substantiate their conviction, they relaxed into their ordinary gait, and silently and with great regret, at their deception, rode along.

Soon after Barney McClain and his companions left Bloody Run, in pursuit of the Indians, with their victim, Colonel Johnston sunk into a perturbed sleep, which was caused by his loss of blood, and the utter prostration of his bodily vigor and spirits.

The youth that had been selected by Barney, to remain with, and watch over, the Colonel, seemed very well satisfied to act in the capacity assigned him, and sat by the couch of the sufferer, to await his commands; and busied himself, in the meantime, in loading and preparing the rifles, which he had gathered from the battle field, in order to meet any emergency that might arise.

As the Colonel rolled about uneasily upon his couch, the inchoent expressions, which he frequently gave utterance to, denoted the most bitter mental agony, and gave sad forebodings as to the result of his sufferings. Ever and anon as these wild ejaculations would burst from his lips, his attendant would

bound from his seat and bend over him, eager to offer his services in whatever they might be required; but the eyes of the aged veteran were invariably closed, and his tongue refused to tell the misery, which was consuming him.

All day long he lay in this precarious situation, and it was not until the light of day had faded away, and night—dark night had enveloped the plain, that he gave any token of recovery.

“Build a fire in the camp, my son,” at length spoke the hoary-headed veteran, whilst he endeavored to raise himself into a sitting posture, but being unequal to the task, sunk back again upon his bed, “its light may be the means to conduct some friend to our humble lodge.”

These words had scarcely passed his lips, when a splashing was heard in the rivulet, and three horsemen came rushing into the enclosure. Dumb with astonishment, the youth sprang out of the wigwam, rifle in hand, and, not recognizing the intruders, put himself in a posture of defence; but, before he had time to determine upon anything, he was bound in the arms of the Recluse.

Johnston and Palmer ran into the wigwam; but not being able to discern anything through the deep gloom of its precincts, were about to pass out again, when a fervent, but half-smothered exclamation, from the lips of the Colonel arrested their steps. They stood motionless, at the egress, in doubt whence the sound proceeded, and the Colonel surmising their withdrawal, began to breathe more freely, and praise his Maker for having thus again delivered him from those whom his sick heart bespoke to be enemies.

His voice hardly struck the air, before the son recognized its cadence, and, shrieking out “my father,” threw himself upon the breast of the prostrate sufferer.

The Recluse with his captive now entered the wigwam, and, after the Colonel and his affectionate son had given vent to their surcharged hearts, the former, by the assistance of the Recluse, was enabled to rise and sit up on his couch. He then proceeded to detail the incidents of their unfortunate expedition, beginning with the insipient scene at Rogue’s Harbor, and going through a relation of all the particulars connected with it, adding, parenthetically, his own convictions, with regard to certain unaccountable occurrences, and finishing with a vivid, but still deeply mournful description of the battle and its fatal consequences.

“We must hasten to join Barney,” said the Recluse, after the Colonel had ceased to speak, and, through exhaustion, sunk down upon his bed; “every moment renders the interposing distance greater, and the mountain fastnesses are but too well known to the savages. Barney is, doubtless, close upon them; but the Indians are too many to be overcome by his small force. We will make the number equal, and I have no doubts, but that we shall speedily vanquish them.”

“Our horses are ready,” said Henry Palmer, just then appearing in the wigwam, having selected three, the finest of the steeds, which had been kept in the camp, after the battle, at the suggestion of the youth, who had abided with the Colonel.

The younger Johnston was at a loss what to do, whether to remain with his aged parent and comfort him in his affliction, or go to the rescue of his sister. The old gentleman perceived the dilemma he was in, as he cast an enquiring look, now at him, and then, at the Recluse;—for a bright flambeau now lit up the dismal tenement, and, likewise, gave it a rather cheery, comfortable aspect. “Flee to the assistance of our dear Mabel. I am out of danger,—the Lord be with you,” said the tender-hearted parent, finally.

The youth sprang to the side of his father and while he embraced him, he bedewed his silvered locks with tears, and then, without uttering a word, he bounded from the wigwam, and followed by the Recluse and Palmer, they mounted the well-rested steeds and striking into the trail soon buried themselves in the glooms of the wilderness.

The fatal issue of the battle and the partial discomfiture of his friends, in addition to the sad situation of the Colonel, greatly depressed the spirits of Henry Palmer; and as he rode through the forest, unheeding the tangled growth, over which his steed was plunging, and contemplating upon the probable consequences, which the late disastrous engagement might produce, new fears came crowding upon his soul, and began to hurl him headlong into despair.

“Might she not already have been sacrificed to the vengeance of the savages?—he soliloquized, “and could her delicate frame possibly withstand those repeated misfortunes!—Never!” he almost spoke aloud, and heaving a hollow sigh—a sigh of despair, his head fell upon his breast. “Cheer up!—my dear brother in misfortune!” said the Recluse conjecturing the cause of his grief, and his susceptible heart deeply sympathizing with him. “There is no doubt as to the perfect safety of Mabel, so long as Barney McClain is in her vicinity. The faithful, sagacious Irishman will thwart them in every scheme, they can contrive; and I will wager, he is almost treading upon their heels, and foresees their every design. Did he not deliver your own dear mother,” he continued, turning to Johnston, and becoming animated, “when she was held a captive at the springs, whence flows the beauteous Juniata? Did he not have a whole tribe of Indians to contend against, himself?—and didn’t he slay a greater number of them, than he has to battle with, now? While Barney lives, our dear Mabel will live; he will shield her to the latest moment of his existence!”

Day light now began to show itself in the east, and the sun, with his coronet of rosy spangles, ascended, majestically, into a clear sky—the harbinger of a delectable day.

The words of the Recluse fell, like balm, upon the desponding heart of Henry Palmer; and the youthful Johnston smiled at the eulogium pronounced upon his old favorite. The glories of the morning likewise aided to disperse the sadness, which impended over them; and they now rode on with livelier spirits and lighter hearts, than they had yet possessed, since they left their lovely Conewaga.

The blueish mist, that hovered over the hills, in the distance obscured the observation of the Alleghanies, to which they supposed, they were fast approaching; and, it was not until several hours ride, that the lofty mountain became visible. Their path became exceedingly rough as they advanced, and retarded

their progress very much,—so much, indeed, that night overtook them, before they reached that stupendous mass, which was then considered the boundary of civilization in the new world.

Undaunted by their laborious journey, they began to clamber up the craggy acclivity, with renewed vigor, fearless of the yawning chasm, upon the verge of which their path sometimes extended, and which emitted horrid, discordant sounds from its black and pluvius realms, as if it were filled with demons, just broke loose from the fiery torments of Hades, vying with each other to enunciate the most hideous accents!

The minds of the travelers, as they silently jogged along, were too busily engaged in subduing other fears, which would naturally arise, to regard these frightful exhalations. The fact of their not having yet fallen in with Barney McClain and his adjutors, now produced various and fluctuating impressions upon their hearts.

Had they have had the light of day in their favor, however, they might have easily distinguished, from the green twigs, that were lately broken, and many other ostensible signs, which the considerate Hibernian left in his wake, their approximation to their friends. The summit of the mountain was almost gained and the Recluse was on the point of congratulating his companions, upon their safe ascent, when the loud and repeated warblings of a solitary bird echoed through the dense wood, that crowned the Alleghanies.

"There's Barney McClain!" shouted Johnston, while his countenance beamed with delight, and his young heart bounded for joy. "There are no martins, nor robins, this time of year; and I know that old Barney can imitate any living creature;" and, spurring up their horses, they reached the brow of the mountain in a few minutes.

"Och, bi my saul, an' its not dhraming that I am," said the fearless guide, as he issued from behind a large tree, where he had taken his post, and came up to the horsemen.

"I expected ye, this long time; an' a sorry thravel you've had, besure; but divil the much further nade ye go, for these runaway thaves, I guess, have camped not far off, an' we will have a look at 'em about mornin'."

"Have you seen the Indians since they left the battle-field?" inquired Johnston, pressing closer to the guide.

"Do ye mind that, now!" exclaimed the latter with marked astonishment at the interrogatory. "Sure, ye don't think that auld Barney would thravel this far, without seein' the bloody varlets? Faith, I've bin in gun-shot o' them all day; and if it hadn't 'a' bin for our swate young misthress, whom two of the cunnin' bastes carried in the rear, they'd 'a' had a many a good smell o' my puder afore this, inyway."

"Where are the savages?" asked Henry Palmer, eagerly, the latter sentence having aroused him from his reverie, to the consciousness of his presence.

"Well you see when we came nere the mountain, we had to secrate ourselves in the bushes, an' wait till the nagers got up;—and divil a bit do I like to wait on nagers, either,—and so they got a little the start o' us; but they'll be ather

stoppin' for the night, somewhere, hereabouts, and then we'll pay them a short visit, jist to let them know, that we haven't forgot them, and feel much interest in them, you know; and—"

"What has gone with the young men and my brother, who attended you?" interrupted Palmer, the thought of the latter's kindly intervention in his behalf, and his fraternal affection, arising, for the moment, above every other consideration.

"Bad luck to me, inyway! Do ye mind that, now! Here I've bin a standin' an' relatin' these things, while the boys are abidin' us. When I heard yee's a comin' up the mountain, I told the boys to go ahead, while I staid to greet ye, for I hadn't any doubts, but that it was ye that I heard a comin'. Now we must hurry up the cakes—as my swate Betty used to say—and look to our inimies."

He then quickly led forth his horse from the place where he had concealed him, and moving into the dark and toilsome path, he was followed by the others at a rapid pace, which soon brought them up to their friends; who had been slowly riding along, in wonder at the protracted absence of their guide, and uneasy as to the result of it.

After having warmly saluted each other, they rode on briskly, until the wide-spreading light of the camp-fires, reflected on the heavens, burst upon their view; when, at the suggestion of Barney, they dismounted and led their horses into a thick clump of hazel, where they fastened them; and then, they warily strode toward the camp, guided by the admonitions and hortatory counsel of Barney.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mabel Johnston and Henry Palmer were reared together. Habits of intimate association from early youth, awakened in them the warmest attachment, which subsequent years only served to strengthen. The lively picturesqueness of the scenery, which encompassed their homes in the little valley of the Blue Spring, so congenial to the romantic sensibilities of their souls, was admirably adapted to inspire them with love; and Henry claimed the sprightly, blue-eyed maiden as his bride, while yet the rosy tints of youth played lightly upon her cheek.

Although the heir of a scanty inheritance, it was deemed sufficient for the daughter of his father's bosom friend—Col. William Johnston; who, ever repugnant to the unnatural, eligible consideration of the world, smiled upon the son of his deceased friend, and blessed him, as he asked the boon so dear, and urged no other plea, than their long-cherished, reciprocal love.

His character for virtue, honesty and truth was not unequal to her own; and, as the Colonel was richly possessed of this world's goods, the disproportionate legacy of the youth was but little heeded. The vast extent of land owned by the former, entirely enclosed the Chapel premises, and the farm of the Palmer heirs was contiguous to it.

The valley of the Blue Spring was a world within itself—a world large enough and pretty enough, too, to meet every desire of Mabel and Henry. The commotions of the outer world came not to disturb the felicity of their dreams; their youth was passed in one continuous cycle of pleasure, unrestrained by the formalities of etiquette, unchanged in the vicissitude of time. The cottage of the Recluse was their favorite resort, and full many a garland of roses, and pinks, and lilies, interwoven with the fragrant mignonette, and soft-petaled blue-bell-zone, did the joyous Mabel pluck and weave for her Henry.

The delicious shade of the grove, too—which enveloped the cottage—how it delighted their young hearts, to revel in its cooling bosom, and watch the sun-beam as it danced upon the billowy wave. Oftimes they would sit for hours, upon that comfortably constructed seat of the Recluse, under two large oaks, in the shadow of whose wide-spreading branches, they would watch the rapid movements of the sleek pike at the bottom of the creek, and the still more rapid whirlings and twistings of the younger portion of the finny tribe about the glassy surface.

There was nothing to mar their happiness in the least, save the endlessly miserable condition of the Recluse, the secret of which they had long known. How often did they expostulate with and beseech him to drown the sorrows that were rankling in his heart! How affectionately they carressed and frolicked around him, endeavoring, in every wise, to draw a smile upon his stern countenance! And how it grieved them to find all their devices in pursuit of that end, fruitless!

Ah! they knew not the depths of his love, the roots of which spreading wider and sinking deeper in his heart, like those of the forest oak, were the only support of his existence! Although he was unusually happy in their presence, and spoke in a lively manner, of the joys in store for them;—for that was the most pleasing thought he cherished,—a rigid sternness was ever observable on his features; and, moreover, a mournful expression, would, at such times, heighten their melancholy cast.

Mabel and Henry were to be married, the very eve on which she was borne, by Conowa, into the Indian camp, on the Alleghanies! Ever since her capture, she fondly hoped that she would be released before that day, in order that the engagement might be fulfilled, and her lover be spared the pains, which, she knew, her absence, on his return, would inflict;—but now, as she lay upon that downy couch, and cast an occasional, sidelong glance at Conowa,—which never escaped his notice, but rendered him still more vigilant—the painful sensations which these thoughts begat, almost overwhelmed her.

There were no extenuating circumstances; Conowa loved her to madness; and the inimical demonstrations she witnessed during the day, on their journey and on their entrance into the camp, in connexion with the frantic solicitude of the

Chief, were ostensible evidences of the general disapprobation he had incurred, and rendered it highly probable, that, having gone thus far, his heart, brave and immutable as it was, could not be prevailed upon, by any minor considerations.

The universal stillness, that succeeded the violent outbursts of the evening, to the mind of Conowa, portended evil; while the occasional discernment of a savage, as he stealthily moved from wigwam to wigwam, and reconnoitered his own position, gave additional apprehension.

To both Mabel and Conowa the night seemed almost endless, and many a lingering glance did he cast toward sun-rise, to watch for a glimpse of approaching day. The stars shone brightly,—almost as brightly as in the cold, long nights of Winter;—and not a cloud interposed to dim their sparkling lustre.

It was now drawing on toward day break. The disappearance of Wyannowo had not been noticed in the general tumult, and she had been wandering through the forests, in a state of mental aberration, ever since she flew from the presence of Conowa. Finally she came within the precincts of the camp, and sauntering along, presented herself pale and haggard, at the ingress of the lodge, which was then occupied by the warriors, who were busily engaged, in deliberating upon the best means of sating their vengeance on the chief.

An involuntary exclamation of surprise ran around the circle, as they beheld the spirit-like form before them. Silent, intent, they looked upon the maniacal being, while she beat the air with her arms, and made the wildest gesticulations and contortions. In their present excited condition, such a manifestation alone could avail to abstract their attention from the weightier matters then pending; for the Indian has always considered that an irrational being is not of earth, nor born of man.

An unbroken spell of quietness, pervaded the assembly for some minutes.—All watched the varying features of the parent, as he gazed, with pain and terror, upon his child; who retired his gaze, and, by and by, as if by mesmeric or psychological influence, began to give signs of restoration to reason. As soon as this became evident, the father, divining the cause of her intolerable sufferings, sprang from his seat and placed a knife in her hand.

The significations, which attended the action, were but too fully comprehended by the "Blue Bird;" and her vengeful, hardened heart—hardened by her cruel treatment and despair—delighted to consummate the mission.

It was now that sombrous hour before daylight, when darkness hangs her thickest, blackest folds over the earth, and sleep seems sweetest. Gliding into the bordering hedge, Wyannowo sped, like a shadow, as noiseless and dark, in the direction of the wigwam of Conowa. The latter still maintained his watch and position; his long vigil did not make him remiss. Mabel, however, having consigned herself to the beneficent guardianship of the Almighty, and consoled herself with his manifold, infallible promises, had in this auspicious hour, sunk into a profound sleep.

The fire was still flashing and blazing up, and now illumined the interior of the wigwam more brightly than ever. Conowa's countenance likewise appeared

redolent with smiles; for the hour of danger he supposed to have passed. His eyes were intently fixed on Mabel,—too intently, indeed, for he scarcely saw the dark arm that protruded through the bear skin, immediately over her, until the gleaming knife it held, and was about to plunge into her heart, reflected the sparkling blaze upon his face.

His deadly rifle was directed toward it, on the instant; but, oh! the spastic feelings, that convulsed his frame, in that instant! Death on either hand must ensue! It was Wyannowe!—and oh! the consequences! The fatal blow was descending—he fired, and the knife but grazed the pale cheek of Mabel!

The report of the rifle as it reverberated along the mountain top, blended horribly with the unearthly scream which followed it. Before it had ceased to vibrate upon the air, the shrill war-whoop rang through the camp, and by the little speck of light, which now shot off from the east, Conowa perceived the dusky forms of his enemies to come running fleetly toward his lodge. He instantly sprang into it, and stood over the prostrate Mabel, and then, having reloaded his rifle, and made ready his other defensive weapons, he awaited their arrival.

Mad with excitement and rage, two of the warriors came bounding into the wigwam; but the well-poised rifle of the Chief, and the fiery flashes that shot from his eyes, brought them to a stand. While these whooped and shouted to excite the attention of Conowa, two muscular forms emerged steadily through the bear skin and grasped the tiger-like Chief in their arms. The latter made a desperate plunge to free himself, and the three fell together in front of the fire. The rapid evolutions of their bodies on the ground, at first, prevented the other warriors from assisting; but, the two proving themselves too powerful for him, soon held him fast enough; and then, with the aid of the others, they bound him to a tree,—for, he knew not, cared not, what purpose!

Half dead with affright, they now bore the shrinking, quivering Mabel from the wigwam, and likewise bound her to a sapling, directly opposite Conowa.

The Indians then vanished for a moment—a moment of extreme torture to the Chief, who well knew what was to ensue, but one of great relief to Mabel, who surmised their departure. They quickly returned, however, and then it was that she received a full knowledge of the awful catastrophe, which was to befall her.

A delicate mind is always a quick interpreter. She was to be burned!—burned alive!—before the eyes of Conowa!—for whose punishment the immolation was to be made!

A cold chill ran through her frame, as she opined this calamity, and colder still was the dowy moisture that settled on her brow! The bitterness of that moment, when the happy reminiscences of by-gone days, in panoramic view, floated swiftly before her imagination, was too deep for expression. The paly ray of a lone star lit upon her paler cheek, as if to soothe its chilling torture! Her eyes were turned heavenward; her lips moved—but gave forth no utterance! Motionless as a statue, she stood by the tree, to which she was fastened, and which with the sharp thongs almost rending her flesh, supported her.

The agony, that shone upon the countenance of Conowa, as he discerned the fiendish gratulations of his enemies, who were indulging themselves, for a moment, in dancing around their victim, was too painful for his ardent soul to bear; and he struggled to free himself, until the blood trickled down from his lacerated limbs, and he became exhausted.

At length the fire for the sacrifice was kindled, and a little column of smoke began to rise, when a solitary whip-poor-will struck up his plaintive song, and immediately a rustling of the bushes close by, was heard, from which the Recluse and his associates emerged with a shout, that made the welkin ring.

Henry Palmer, not heeding the savages, ran quickly ahead toward the fire.—One of the warriors made an effort to spring upon him; but a ball from an unseen rifle that instant entered his breast! By this time they had all come to the spot. The Indians perceiving the advantage they had lost, by carelessly leaving their rifles at the wigwam, about a hundred yards off, stood quiet, intending to close in with their enemies as soon as they neared; but, as Henry Palmer had hurled aside the burning faggots, and, having released his fainting Mabel, was bearing her away, the war-whoop of vengeance burst from the savages, who all rushed around him, knowing that they would not be fired at, and thirsting for the blood of their victim.

The diversion was so sudden and unexpected, that the Recluse scarcely knew how to proceed. One of the warriors seized the curling ringlets of Mabel in his fingers, as her head reclined upon the shoulder of Henry, and was about to dash his tomahawk into her brain, when another fire, as if from heaven, sent a bullet into his skull! The remaining savages, rendered desperate by their perilous situation, flung their tomahawks at Mabel and Henry, and then made for the bushes. The report of five rifles instantaneously followed this movement, and the Indians fell dead to the ground!

A convulsive bound on the part of Mabel, elicited by the report of the rifle, almost precipitated herself and Henry, and saved them from the glittering weapons, which flew over their heads and quivered in a large oak beside them. The battle was now over.

“Well now I guess these devilish thaves will niver bother anybody in the future,” said Barney, while he descended from his lofty station in the tree, where he had posted himself, in order to amaze the Indians, and watch calmly the progress of the battle; determined that none of his comrades should fall, which the deficiency of arms, on the part of the warriors, assured him, might be affected.

An exclamation from Conowa, whom they had not as yet noticed, now drew their attention; and they all turned about with their rifles ready to fire. “Save him!” shrieked Mabel, in most compassionate accents, just restored from her paroxysm, and clinging more firmly to her lover and preserver; “Let him live!”

Both her orders were obeyed. The withes, that had tormented him so cruelly were severed; and weak and broken-hearted the majestic form of Conowa sank down to the ground. Mabel then tenderly dressed his wounds, in the doing of which, s’ could hardly restrain from tears, as he looked upon her, with des-

pair—black despair fixed on every feature, of his countenance, and muttered faintly, “Conowa die, if the pale-face leave him!” The party all now drew around the prostrate Chief, and scanned his fine proportions, as he lay supine, with his arms folded upon his bosom.

Mabel was exceedingly pained at his unequivocal wretchedness; and clinging more closely to Henry—the horrible fears of the morning still shivering her nerves—she watched the ever-varying lineaments of the Chief, while his heart heaved and swelled as if it would break asunder its bony casement. “Faith we’d bether be aither starting off, inyway; one of these nasty varmint has given us the slip,—by the Virgin it was no lead of auld Barney’s that let him off, ither!—and may be he’ll be aither bearing the news to some other quarter, whence another race o’ these devils might come upon us;” said Barney, as he led forth the horses, which he had gone for directly after the Indians had been vanquished.

A tear of heart-felt commiseration trembled upon the pallid cheek of Mabel, as her lover raised her to the saddle; and, having mounted his own steed, he rode along by her side in the rear of the others.

The sun was now shining full upon them, and gilded the leafless oaks with his own radiant hues. The young men, elated by their success were profuse in their panegyrics upon “old Barney,” who amused them with egotistical rehearsals of his own adventures among the “Red devils,” and soon made them forgetful of the hardships, which they had lately encountered, by the droll expressions and comical mimicry, in which he delighted to indulge.

It was far otherwise with Mabel and Henry. They heeded not the joviality of the party; but each listened intently, to the narration of what had occurred, in the interim, in the experience of the other.

The pungent trials of Mabel, as her gloomy feelings forced her to relate them, pathetically, drew many a heavy sigh from the loving heart of Henry; while his accounts, although that which had reference to the rescue of Ida and the thought of soon meeting her, gave her a momentary pleasure—grieved her heart, when she heard of the sorrowful condition of her aged father; notwithstanding the circumlocution, by which the youth endeavored to make it appear very lenient, premising that her presence would greatly re-invigorate the Colonel.

They had by this time, traversed the whole extent of their mountain path, and they now began to descend. Henry led his steed by the bridle, and, walking beside Mabel, held her tenderly upon her seat. The mountain air seemed propitious to her; the death-like palor of her face began to dissipate, as her fears passed lightly away, and her thoughts became more settled and calm.

A deep tint, like that of a rose bud at its first opening, marked a little spot on her cheek; the precursor of renewed animation. Henry perceived this, and he inwardly rejoiced at its prognostication.

When they were come to the foot of the mountain, the youth again mounted his steed; and they were slowly riding along as before, when a rustling in the underwood close by, was heard, and looking in the direction it proceeded, they

saw the stately form of Conowa, now almost bent to the earth with the weight of his agony, approaching them.

A shout from Henry brought the whole party to a halt. Mabel was not in the least alarmed; but her heart was almost melted within her, when she gazed upon the broken-hearted warrior, who came up to her side, and discovered such a depth of misery, as would have moved the most callous to have beheld.

“Oh! won’t the pale-face be squaw to Conowa?” he firmly interrogated, with a distress so poignant as to contort the features of his face!

Mabel was so deeply affected by this manifestation, as not to be able to reply for several minutes; but the torturing suspense she knew she was inflicting, at length compelled her to respond.

“No! no! the pale-face must go back to the wigwam of her father, or the grey hairs will go sorrowing to his grave!”

The Chief with a heavy groan fell to the ground, and uttered emphatically, “Conowa die!”

“Come, my dear,” said Henry finally, “his heart full of emotions the most gloomy and dejecting, “our absence will be a great relief to him;—we can certainly benefit him, nothing.”

They drew up the reins of their horses, which had been leisurely nipping the scathed verdure, and hastened away from the scene. They had gone but a few rods, however, when a cry of mingled anguish and despair, broke upon their ears, and wheeling about, they saw Conowa on his knees, facing them, with his bosom bared, and a shining knife in his upraised hand, about to plunge into it!

“Run, Henry!—quick!—save him!” screamed Mabel, as she turned from the revolting spectacle.

Henry bounded from his steed instantly, and sprang with all haste to the Indian, to arrest the blow; but he came too late! The sharp, ruthless steel had pierced his heart, and he lay in the last struggle of death!

Many were the tears that were shed over the grave, to which the remains of the noble-souled Chief were consigned an hour afterward. At the foot of Laurel Hill, and on the bank of a purling brook, that gushes from it, stands, or rather, now, lies, the mossy sand-stone, upon which is inscribed very rudely, the following epigrammatic epitaph:

HERE LIES THE NOBLE CONOWA,
A CHIEF OF THE SHEWANEEES,
A victim of Love.
Pax secum.
M.

The younger Johnston had left the party before this tragedy transpired. He hastened onward to Bloody Run, in order to bear the glad tidings to his father, and prepare him for the reception of his lost child. He found him in a much better condition than he had even hoped; his gratifying intelligence also wrought a magic charm in his mental, as well as—apparently—in his physical constitution. His habitual vigor of body was to a wondrous degree, restored; while his characteristic vivacity and liveliness began to exhibit themselves, in the active preparation he set himself about, to receive his “chirping dove,”—as he affectionately called her—and her rescuers.

It was midnight when the party arrived at Bloody Run. Although the moon withheld her mellow fulgence, the full-stared heavens diffused a sparkling splendor; while the Pathagorean music serenaded the legions of worlds. Barney, too, made the air vocal with the notes of all sorts of birds; and, occasionally, “to scare the boys,” he would produce a low, monotonous growl, not unlike that of the black bear, which was in the same wilderness with him.

While the men were thus amusing themselves, Mabel and Henry rode swiftly in advance of them; the latter predicting that they were nigh to the Run. When they reached the brow of the hill, against whose bosom, stood the lodge, tenanted by her father, they instantly observed the ruddy flame, which had been kept up for their guidance, and fearlessly plunging over the thick coppice, they entered upon the late battle ground.

The Colonel was still sitting by the fire with his son, anxiously awaiting their friends; but as soon as they heard the trampling of the horses, they rushed toward the path; and a few moments brought the daring riders to view.

“My daughter!” exclaimed the overjoyed father, as she leaped from the steed into his arms. He could say no more! The flood-gate of paternal love was opened, and in a warm gush, it poured out; a most grateful relief to a delirium of joy or sorrow.

The Recluse and his band soon afterward came in; and having congratulated the Colonel, upon his happy restoration, they prepared to remain for the night and start off early the next morning, for their sweet Auvernum—as the Recluse happily styled it—their blissful valley of the Blue Spring.

As it would be wearisome to the reader, we will omit the rehearsal of the proceedings of the two days’ journey, which brought our adventurers to their homes. We must state, however, that the Colonel was quite well enough the succeeding morning to set out with them; and that Mabel being now relieved of all her fears, assumed her accustomed sprightliness; and, from the description of Ida—the princely-looking Ida—as given by Henry, who was, without doubt, anxiously awaiting her return, with another circumstance, that was to speedily ensue,—which circumstance we would not mention for the world!—nothing, but the distance that intervened, gave her the least displeasure;—and even that was greatly mollified, and, at times, entirely forgotten, by the smiles and tender blandishments of Henry.

CHAPTER XIV.

After long storms and tempests overblowne,
The sunne at length his joyous face doth cleare;
So when as fortune all his spight hath showne,
Some blissful honres at last must needs appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despaire.

FAERIE QUEENE.

Beneath a moving shade of fruits and flowers,
Onward they march to Hymen’s sacred bowers:
With lifted torch he lights the festive train
Sublime, and leads them in his golden chain;
Joins the fond pair, indulgent to their vows,
And hides, with mystic veil, their blushing brows.

DARWIN.

We have frequently had occasion to intimate, in the course of our narrative, that the virtuous character of the Recluse was duly appreciated by every inhabitant of the valley; and few there were, who had not visited him, in his wood-embosomed lodge, at whose door, the wayfarer never knocked, without being hospitably received, and never left it, without breathing a fervent prayer for its inmate.

Although a rigid sectarian, his eloquence and erudition, added to his uniform sweetness of disposition and zealous piety, brought to his humble abode, those who were “weary and heavy laden” of all denominations; and none passed from his threshold, who did not feel themselves spiritually profited, and landed their gracious Maker for the goodly instrument he had placed in their midst.

Mrs. Johnston loved him as her own. Under his paternal guidance and instruction, her children had imbibed largely of his own inherent perfections, while the admiration, which his strikingly commanding address engendered, warmed their young hearts into a love for him, not less than fraternal.

It was not a matter of wonder, then,—although wholly inexplicable to Ida—that, since her arrival at the mansion, every day brought with it an accession of acquaintances, who invariably expressed the highest satisfaction at seeing her; and, being enraptured by her brilliant colloquy and more dazzling charms, evidenced a feeling of regret, when they were forced to withdraw from her enchanting presence. Her entire past history, her queenly appearance and deportment, were breathed over the valley, as if borne by the Peri of the Conewaga.

Well might the Recluse, thought they, have gone into exile to cherish in his bosom such an image; when *their* own little world at least, could not furnish another like her!

These courteous demonstrations infused into her heart the happiest emotions;—and, seemingly, threw off the veil, that hung over the future. She thought that she was surrounded by a new class of beings—beings whose greatest delight was to intensify her felicity, and render the pathway of life, smooth and agreea-

file. Kindness and love breathed from every one, that saluted her; and each succeeding day aided to fill her cup of happiness.

Mrs. Johnston smiled at the joyfulness of her adopted daughter, and prayed that no unforeseen occurrence might break the auspicious spell. Her own afflictions were very much alleviated by her presence; indeed the unspeakable pleasure, which she derived from her company, could not tolerate her absence. To the kindly matron, she was as a guardian Angel; ever hovering about her to meet her wants, and to be a light to disperse the darkness, which would, at times, encompass her. Her soft endearments, her brilliant conversation, her tender watchfulness and attention—all made impressions upon the heart of the good old lady, the most benignant, the most lasting.

Thus time hung not so heavily upon them, as it must otherwise have done. As we have before said, the goodly dames and maidens of the valley, flocked to the mansion, day after day; and when evening would come, and they would depart to their homes, Ida and Mrs. Johnston would sit on the porch, in front of the building, and breathe of the cooling zephyr as it ran up on the stilly wave of the Conewaga; while the rays of the declining sun, casting their golden light upon the rainbow foliage of Autumn, beautified the landscape, and showed forth the glories of the season.

They were sitting here one evening—a glorious evening—side by side, gazing upon a large cloud, that stretched athwart the western horizon. It was a magnificent sight. It rose like a vast pyramid, not quite so regular in its gradations, but sufficiently so to give it, in the distance, a naturalness of form and architecture, that art could not successfully imitate.

Its base was tinged with a deep yellow, which gradually softened into a roseate hue, and the apex was of blended purple and blue. These various colors were harmoniously diversified, with the declension of the sun; and it was this sublime variegation, that they were so abstractedly regarding, when the oft-heard notes of the hunting-bugles of the boys, resounded in the breathing stillness; and before Ida and her companion could reach the gate of the yard, Mabel and Henry came bounding over the bridge, and, springing from their horses, rushed into it.

"My mother, my sister!" shouted Mabel, as she flung her arms about both their necks and pressed them to her bosom!

In a few moments the Colonel, the Recluse, and the younger Johnston came running in; and then followed a scene of hilarity, past description. "Old Barney was as happy as any of them; and he gave vent to his feelings in a lively ballad, which had a most desirable influence upon all of them.

"Come, girls, let us have a good supper," said Col. Johnston, finally, as they began to brush away the tears of joy; "for it's a long time since we had tea!"

Away ran Mabel, and her adopted sister, hand in hand, to the back part of the house; and, the former having received the gratulations of the old domestics, a terrible rattling among the "tea things" succeeded; and soon there issued from the kitchen into the dining room, the well-flavored dishes, that put an end to

the consideration of all minor affairs, and to which, the weary travelers did ample justice.

They had scarcely got through with their meal, when the holy father Coleman, having recognized the voice of Barney, made his appearance among them.

That night the old mansion rang with peals of laughter and merriment; and it was whispered, that Barney, to his infinite satisfaction, had the cooks dancing till the kitchen was all topsy-turvy!

Ida and Mabel were constantly together during the evening; and it seemed that all their hopes, with regard to each other, were signally realized. Their mutual, sisterly affection and sympathetic feeling were evinced by the long, speechless embrace, which followed every joyful ebullition in the party. The cognitive glances, that passed between them, while they watched, stealthily, the movements of the Colonel, who had been secretly addressing himself to father Coleman, and, afterward, to the Recluse and Henry Palmer, penetrated their hearts and communicated the most welcome intelligence; especially since he was engaged in its furtherance. "But, my dearest friend, you are certainly apprised of my inability to enter into a matrimonial connection, for a month or two!" said the Recluse, rather sadly, as he was about to leave the mansion, and had been told the arrangements gone into, by the Colonel.

"I am apprised of no such thing!" said the latter, quickly, "I owe you more than I can ever repay; beside, I have separated my land into farms,—which I should have done long ago,—and have plenty—more than plenty—for all; so see that you be here in the morning with suitable smiles to meet your adorable bride; and trouble not yourself about this, if you value my happiness!" With this he urged him off, unwilling to hear any extenuation he might offer.

"Now you baggages, be gone!" he said, playfully, as he re-entered the room, "and look to it, that ye wear bright countenances, and equip yourselves with the paraphernalia of brides, in the morning!"

Looking, enquiringly, at the mother, for a moment, and perceiving the truth in her meaning nod, they ran out of the room. Too overjoyed at the prospect to give utterance to their thoughts, they threw themselves upon their snowy pillows, and were soon wrapt in a sweet sleep, not dreaming of the perils they had encountered, the sufferings they had endured, but only the bliss, which would so soon be vouchsafed to them.

The next morning ushered in the day, which was to consummate the felicity of these hitherto unfortunate lovers. There was nothing now to interfere with their happiness, no irreconcilable father, no obdurate mother, to interrupt their transports. It was the latter end of October; the sun blended his soft lustre with the landscapes variegated hues; health-inspiring breezes frolicked over the expansive bosom of the Conewaga; the whip-poor-will caroled his lithesome song!

"The air was fragrance, and the world was love."

Father Coleman was up early, and, invested with his sacerdotal robe, manifested excessive joy,

"To tie those bonds, which naught but death could sever,"

for those whom he loved so dearly and whose happiness he so longed to complete.

The melodious peals of the organ now swelled through the chapel, with their varying strains, and denoted that the hour had arrived.

Forth from the mansion issued the happy group,—too happy, indeed, to break the sacred silence, that obtained.

First came father Coleman, bearing the ~~Adem~~ of Heaven—the cross. Then followed the Recluse and Ida; after them Henry and Mabel, with Col. Johnston and his Lady, who were succeeded by a goodly number of guests—the whole making a grand procession.

Mabel and Ida were attired precisely alike, “in robes white as the southern clouds, spangled with silver, and trimmed with superb lace.” Their floating curls were confined by wreaths of artificial flowers, whose lustre dared not vie with the brilliant tints of the rose and lily, which were again blended on their cheeks.

They entered the holy chapel. The organ instantly ceased its melody. A breathing stillness for a short time, pervaded the hallowed precincts; and then the good father arose before them; and, with the Holy Virgin and our infant Redeemer smiling upon them, they were joined in the sacred bonds of wedlock.

The major part of a century has passed away, dear reader, since these events transpired. Many changes have, of course, been wrought in the little valley of the Blue Spring; but amid these changes, the crumbling remains of the mansion of Col. Johnston,—which not many years ago had been converted into a flour mill—are still visible.

Of his descendants as well as those of the Recluse, although some have left the valley, the greater part still linger in its poetic confines, over whom the bell of the chapel has a magic influence, the Conewaga a bewitching power!

How often have I angled in that glorious stream, and basked in the sunny smiles of a *very near friend*, who was a Forney!

Rogue’s Harbor,—now Hanover, did not obtain that opprobrious epithet, from any evil characteristic, on the part of its inhabitants. It seemed to have been given it, by the “ferflucter Marlanders,” who were perpetually contending for it, until the epoch of Mason and Dixon’s line. We may venture to give its history—which is full of interest—to the world, some time or other, but not soon!